Mgr Paul Guérin

LES PETITS BOLLANDISTES: LIVES OF THE SAINTS, VOLUME VIII

3–23 July

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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 VIII, which covers 3–23 July.

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.

3 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Alexandria, the feast of the holy martyrs Tryphon and twelve others. — At Constantinople, Saint Eulogius and his companions, martyrs. 4th c. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, Saint Hyacinth, chamberlain of the emperor Trajan, who, having been accused of being a Christian, was tormented with divers punishments, then cast into prison, where he died of hunger. 2nd c. — At Chiusi in Tuscany, the holy martyrs Irenaeus, deacon, and Mustiola, a Roman lady, who, having passed through several very cruel torments under the emperor Aurelian, merited at last the palm of victory. 273. — The same day, the holy martyrs Mark and Mucian, who were beheaded for Jesus Christ. There was also a little child who, for having said to them in a loud voice that they should beware of sacrificing to idols, was scourged with rods; and, as he nevertheless persisted in confessing more strongly the name of Jesus Christ, he was at last slain with one named Paul, who exhorted the martyrs. — At Laodicea in Syria, Saint Anatolius, bishop, whose writings have been a subject of admiration not only for pious persons but also for philosophers. 283. — At Altino in Italy, Saint Heliodorus, bishop of that see, renowned for his doctrine and for his holiness. About 390. — At Ravenna in Italy, Saint Dathus, bishop and confessor. 190. — At Edessa in Mesopotamia, the translation of the body of Saint Thomas, apostle, brought from eastern India, where he had died. His relics have since been transferred to Tortona in Italy.[1]

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Meessenen in Flanders, Saint Sidonius, martyr, whose body was taken from a cemetery of Rome, and brought to that place by Adela, wife of Baldwin the Pious, count of Flanders. — At Toulouse, Saint Raymond, confessor, founder of the hospital of the Thirteen Poor Clerks, and regular canon of the church of Saint-Sernin of that city. About 1074. — In West Flanders, in Belgium, Saint Guthagon, recluse. Sprung from the royal blood of Ireland, he renounced the world and plunged into a solitude to occupy himself solely with prayer and the exercises of penance. Having left his country to pass into Flanders, the blessed Gillon joined him and they lived as recluses in the village of Oostkerk, on the canal of Bruges, near Knocke. Saint Guthagon died in his cell; but the year and even the century of his death is not known. As several miracles had been wrought by his intercession, Gerard, bishop of Tournai, made, on 3 July 1059, the translation of his

relics. — In Brittany, Saint Gunthiern or Gonthiern, king of Cambria (ancient Wales) and afterwards a solitary. 6th c. — In the diocese of Chartres, Saint Monegund, recluse, named yesterday in the Roman martyrology.[2] — In the diocese of Clermont in Auvergne, Saint Gall I, bishop, named on 1 July.[3] — In the dioceses of Laval and Le Mans, Saint Bertrand or Bertichramn, bishop, named on 30 June.[4] — At Perpignan, the translation of the relics of the holy Eulalia and Julia, virgins and martyrs, whose feast is kept on 10 December. In the year 1602, on 2 July, a great part of these precious remains was deposited in the church of Saint John the Baptist of Perpignan, and it was decided that to perpetuate the memory of this translation a solemn office of thanksgiving should be celebrated each year on the anniversary day, or rather on the next day. — At Dijon, Saint Amable, priest and patron of Riom in Auvergne, named in the martyrologies of 11 June, 18 October and 1 November. 475. — At Anchin, a hamlet of Pecquencourt, near Marchiennes (Nord), the blessed Gelduin, abbot of the monastery of that name. 1123. — In the diocese of Lyons, Saint Irenaeus, bishop of that see and patron of the whole diocese, already named on 28 June, where we have given his life. — At Nevers, Saint Arigle or Arille (Agricola), bishop of that see.[5] — In the diocese of Nice, Saint Paul, pope and confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of 28 June, the day under which we have given his life.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Regular Canons. — At Mechlin, in Belgium, Saint Rumold or Rombaud, martyr, son of a king of Scotland and bishop of Dublin, who abdicated the episcopate, founded a monastery of Regular Canons and was put to death by the plots of the wicked whose vices he had reproved.[6] *Martyrology of the Camaldolese.* — At Vicenza, in the monastery of Saint Mary of Vangacia, Saint Theobald, confessor, Camaldolese, illustrious by his miracles, who passed to the kingdom of heaven on 1 July.[7]

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — At Rome, on the Aurelian Way, the holy martyrs Processus and Martinian.[8]

Martyrology of the Servites. — The feast of the Humility of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Syracuse in Sicily, Saint Chrestus, bishop of that see, disciple of the blessed Marcian, first apostle of those regions. When his master had passed to a better life, Chrestus inherited his charge and also his virtues, and after a long life every day of which was marked by a good work or some edifying action, he flew away to heaven to receive there the reward promised to good servants. 1st c. — The holy martyrs Theodotus and Theodota, Diomedes, Eulampus, Asclepiodotus and Golinduch, who perished by the sword, under the emperor Trajan, after having suffered the horrors of prison. The menologies of the Greeks cite their names, but do not indicate the place of their martyrdom. Beginning of the 2nd c. — At Tarsus in Cilicia, the holy martyrs Severus, Helion, Trategus, Montanus, Atranus, Eusucus, Germanus, Parthenus and Paul, entered in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Constantinople, the saints Euphemia, Acacius, Ammon, Thomas, Menelaus, Cerealis, Eulogius, Julian, Timothy, Cyrian, and fourteen of their companions, martyrs, cited by the same martyrology. — Again at Constantinople, Saint Anatolius, bishop and confessor, different from the saint of the same name cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. An anonymous author of the fourteenth century makes his eulogy thus: “It would be easier to count the stars which decorate the firmament and the grains of sand which encumber the shores of the sea than to undertake the enumeration of all the prodigies which have illustrated the life of Saint Anatolius. The royal city of Constantinople, which possesses his precious body, draws from his tomb the healing of the most inveterate maladies.” 458. — In the Isle of Man, near the south-west point of Scotland, in the Irish Sea, Saint Germanus, companion of Saint Patrick, first apostle of those regions, who established him bishop and charged him to preach the word of God to those islanders still idolatrous. 5th c.

Saint Anatolius, Bishop of Laodicea, in Syria

283. — Pope: Saint Eutychianus. — Roman Emperor: Carus.

Quid autem habes quod non accepisti? Si autem accepisti, quid gloriaris quasi non acceperis?

What have you that you have not received; and if you have received all that you possess, why glory as if it came from you?

1 Cor. iv. 7.

This holy prelate was one of the greatest men of his time; it was toward the decline of the third century. He was born at Alexandria, capital city of all Egypt, of Christian and honourable parents. His childhood having been passed with great innocence and restraint, he afterwards rendered himself so commendable by his virtues and his learning that he was regarded with admiration by all those of his country. No one surpassed him, either in rhetoric or in philosophy, or in the knowledge of the most hidden secrets of nature. Even when he appeared in the assemblies of the men most skilled in these sciences, they always gave him the first rank and respected him as their master. He was also very versed in arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and the other parts of mathematics. In short, what he knew he knew how to express with great force and grace, being endowed with a natural eloquence which he had still further perfected by art and frequent exercises. Such rare qualities engaged the Alexandrians to give him the principal chair of the school, where the doctrine of Aristotle was taught; he occupied it with honour and to the applause of all those who had the happiness to hear him.

But if the erudition of Anatolius was so considerable, his virtue and piety surpassed it still by far. Neither the beauty of his mind nor the great number of the sciences with which he had enriched it were capable of puffing him up or of giving him pride. He walked always in the humility and simplicity of Christianity, often saying these words of Saint Paul: “What have you that you have not received; and if you have received it, what subject have you to glory in it?” His charity and his prudence appeared admirably in the siege of Alexandria, made by Theodosius, general of the armies of the emperor Gallienus, against Aemilianus, who had also taken the purple in that city and had himself proclaimed emperor. According to the report of Eusebius of Caesarea, as the people was afflicted at that time with a cruel famine, our Saint did many memorable things for the relief of those who were in need. He could do so the more as he had been raised to one of the first magistracies. But, seeing at last that there was no more bread in the city for the number of mouths that were in it, he bethought himself of a very judicious invention, which was the cause of the salvation of his country. He obtained from the chief of the besiegers, through a powerful friend whom he had near him, that those of Alexandria who should wish to give themselves up to him and take refuge in his camp should be well received there. The women, the children, the old men and the sick went there; so that there remained in the city only strong and robust men, capable of defending it well, with enough provisions to feed them until the raising of the siege.

This action, and many others of like merit, having acquired for him an extraordinary reputation in the East, Theotecnus, archbishop of Caesarea, cast his eyes on him to make him his successor. In effect, he had him come to Caesarea, and ordained him bishop, that he might help him, during his life, to bear the weight of his charge, and might bear it all after his death; but God had ordained otherwise: for these two holy personages were called to the council of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. As they passed through Laodicea in Syria, near Antioch, Anatolius was arrested there to fill the see, which had just been vacant by the death of Eusebius, one of his best friends, and the one who had served him so well in the camp of the emperor when Alexandria was besieged. The instances of the clergy and people to retain him were so great that it was impossible for him to defend himself from them; and it was also by a singular providence of God that he ascended this episcopal throne (269), since he employed himself there with marvellous success in confounding idolatry, in preserving his people from the nascent heresies, and in

strengthening it in the faith and in the maxims of Christian piety.

There was wanting to his zeal only a persecution, to show that he preferred his religion to his life, and that he was a good pastor, ready to give his blood for his sheep. But if persecution failed him, one may say that he was a hard persecutor to himself by the spirit of penance which possessed him, and which carried him to extraordinary austerities, little common among the learned.

He died before Diocletian and Maximian, those two great enemies of Jesus Christ, had declared war on his altars and had begun to make martyrs. Eusebius of Caesarea mentions some books which he composed, and even reports fine passages from them; but there remains to us of him only his Treatise on Easter: it suffices to make us judge of the merit of the others. Saint Jerome gives him great praise.

His name is written with honour, as well in the menology of the Greeks as in the Roman martyrology, in those of Usuard and Ado, and in Baronius. It is from these materials that we have composed this short biography.

Saint Gunthiern or Gonthiern, King of Cambria and Afterwards a Solitary

6th century.

Solitudinem veluti matrem orationis et munditiae quisque amplectatur.

Attach yourselves to solitude: it is like the mother of prayer and of purity.

Saint Bonaventure.

Gunthiern, one of the British kings of Cambria (Wales), left the crown, by a movement of piety, and, generously trampling under foot the grandeurs of the earth, he gave all that he possessed to buy the precious pearl of the Gospel, and withdrew into the isle of Groix or Groais,[1] situated a league from the mouth of the river Blavet.[2]

It was in this frightful solitude that Gunthiern came to hide his rank and his virtues, after having stolen away from his courtiers and domestics. He dwelt there several years, known only to the fishermen of that coast. But at last heaven manifested him by so many prodigies that the two lords who owned the place, named Chemen and Heboen, rendered him every kind of respect, and made him known to Count Grallon, on whom the island depended. The latter sent to beg Saint Gunthiern to come and see him. The Saint obeyed, and Grallon remained so edified by his conversation and his humility that he wished to withdraw him from his rock, and gave him a portion of land in a place named Anaurot, situated at the confluence of the two rivers Isol and Elle, at the eastern extremity of the country of his dominion, which is the very place where the city of Kimperellé[3] or Quimperlé was built.

The count of the country of Vannes, Guerech I, seeing his vassals threatened with famine, because the worms, which ate the wheat in the blade, utterly ruined the hope of the harvest, judged that there was no better means of stopping this calamity than to have recourse to the prayers of Gunthiern. Persuaded of their efficacy, he deputed to him three of the principal inhabitants of Vannes, Guedgual, Catuoth and Cadur, to beseech him to have pity on the whole country. The Saint, sensible to the miseries of the peoples, sent holy water, and ordered that a few drops of it be cast upon the fields; which was no sooner done than all the worms that were ravaging them died, as if this water had become a poison to them. The count, in gratitude, gave Saint Gunthiern a land situated on the river Blavet, named Vegnac, and afterwards Kervegnac or Chervegnac, which has since passed into secular hands.[4]

Saint Gunthiern died at the beginning of the sixth century, and was buried at Chervegnac, where he had retired. During the incursions of the Normans his body was transported and hidden in the isle of Groix; it was discovered there in the eleventh century.

Worship and Relics His memory has always been preserved in the abbey of Holy Cross of Quimperlé (*Sancta Crux Trecorensis*, of the Order of Saint Augustine, in the ancient diocese of Tréguier, the present diocese of Saint-Brieuc, Côtes-du-Nord), of which he was believed to be the founder, in the isle of Groix, and in other places. In 1088 a chapel in honour of Saint Gunthiern was built in the enclosure of the monastery of Quimperlé, which was blessed in 1089, and rebuilt on its ruins, in 1497, by Brother Peter de Kaer, chamberlain. Nothing remained of it but hovels in 1678, and it was finished off by destroying it entirely to trace the plan of the abbatial palace. The head of the Saint was borne into the underground chapel of Saint-Gurloës, and placed on the epistle side. The church of the priory of Doëlan, situated on an arm of the sea, two leagues from Quimperlé, was dedicated to Saint Gunthiern. There was also a chapel under the same name, at one of the points of the isle of Groix, where formerly was the oratory of Saint Gunthiern, and this place still bears the name of Loc-Guthiern. There was held there every year an assembly on the day of the feast of the Saint, which was of double solemnity, and which, falling on 29 June, the day consecrated to the memory of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, was transferred to 3 July. An act of the abbey of Quimperlé, of the eleventh century, makes mention of the cemetery of Saint-Guthiern, and in another act, of the year 1283, there is mention of the port of Saint-Guthiern.

We have made use, to complete this biography, of the *Lives of the Saints of Brittany*, by Dom Lobineau.

Saint Raymond of Toulouse, Regular Canon of the Church of Saint-Sernin of That City

About 1074. — Pope: Gregory VII. — King of France: Philip I.

Solutus es ab uxore? Noli quaerere uxorem.

Are you freed from the bonds of marriage, seek not to renew them, but remain in continence.

1 Cor. vii. 37.

This excellent man, whom we may call, according to the style of Holy Scripture, a man of mercy, whose acts of piety were continual and could end only with his life, was born at Toulouse, capital of Languedoc, in the reign of Henry I, Pons III being count of Toulouse, and Roger occupying the see of that city. His parents, illustrious by their birth, took particular care of his education, and imprinted on him early the esteem and fear of God, as far as his age was capable of it. He gave, from that time, signs of the eminent holiness to which he would one day attain; for, instead of delighting in the games and amusements which are almost the whole occupation of childhood, he gave himself to the worship of God; his greatest joy was to pray to Him and to visit Him in the churches. After brilliant studies, as he testified to be inclined to ecclesiastical functions, he was placed in a community of young clerics attached to the chapter of the basilica of Saint-Sernin or Saint-Saturninus, which then belonged to the regular canons of Saint Augustine. He performed there for some time the office of precentor, not as a religious but as a secular cleric. However, distrusting himself too much and fearing that he might not be able to resist temptations against chastity, he left this employment and married in the fear of God. He showed no less virtue and devotion in this new state than in the preceding ones. He acquitted himself in it of all the duties of a true Christian, rendering to God and to his neighbour what the law of the Gospel orders to render to them, avoiding all the vices which corrupt holy morals.

His wife having died by a particular conduct of divine Providence, which destined him for a more perfect life, he followed this counsel of the Apostle: “Are you freed from a wife, seek not another, but remain in continence.” In effect, he made from that time profession of a most perfect chastity; and, to prevent its loss, he began to chastise his body by fasts, vigils and other very rigorous macerations, regarding it as a rebel that must be tamed, and as an enemy from whom must be taken the power to fight him and to harm him. He no longer considered himself the proprietor of his goods, but only the steward and dispenser, and he distributed them so liberally to the poor that he seemed to have received them only to put them into their hands: the sick,

the prisoners and all sorts of other unfortunates had a share in his charities, and he did not exclude even the Jews, because he knew how to distinguish in them the quality of men, which is the work of God, and that of unbelievers and obstinate, which is the work of the devil and of the human mind.

His mercy being unable to content itself with some particular alms, he undertook great things for the utility of the public, and happily put them into execution. The first was the foundation of a college for the maintenance and instruction of thirteen poor clerics, in honour of Our Lord and the twelve Apostles; he had the house built at his own expense, and gave it afterwards good revenues, so that these servants of God, being disengaged from all the cares of earth, should have no other solicitude than to make themselves capable of glorifying Jesus Christ and of procuring the salvation of their neighbour. He was ordinarily with them; and, although he was not yet in sacred Orders, he did not fail to animate them greatly, by his examples and by his discourses full of fire, to fulfil all the duties of the ecclesiastical state. The second work which his charity made him undertake was the construction of two bridges over the river Hers, near Toulouse. People were formerly obliged to cross it by boat to enter this great city; and, as great storms often arose there, the boats sank to the bottom and many people were lost there. This misfortune touched with pity this man of mercy, who took part in all the afflictions of his neighbour; he saw no other remedy than to have bridges built there; and, although the expense was very great for a simple private person, he nevertheless found, with the help of divine Providence, which fails not to assist those who put their confidence in it, more than was needed to satisfy it. The two bridges were therefore built, and it may be said that by this means he gave life to as many persons as this public convenience preserved from shipwreck. Finally, his fervour finding nothing impossible, he formed the design of having rebuilt anew, and with more magnificence and splendour, the basilica of Saint-Sernin, which was falling from decay. He employed thirteen years on this work, furnishing the money necessary for so great an undertaking, watching over the fine disposition of the edifice, and urging the workmen to put all their industry into it, because it was not a profane house that they were building, but the house of God.

It was not yet enough to consecrate his goods to the service of Jesus Christ and to the utility of his neighbour: it was necessary, for his entire satisfaction, that he should also make a perfect sacrifice of himself, by embracing the religious life. When this church of Saint-Sernin was almost finished, he asked to be admitted to the number of the regular canons who served it. His merit was too great, and his benefits to this house too considerable, for him not to be received there. He took the habit, made his novitiate, and pronounced his vows with an uncommon fervour, which gave admiration to all who were witnesses of it. When he was professed, he made a new enterprise much nobler and more agreeable to Our Lord than all those he had made while in the world; it was to labour at the reform of this regular community, which had fallen extremely from its ancient splendour, and kept almost nothing of the regular observances. His example served much for this design; for his life was a continual lesson of silence, of modesty, of mortification, of assiduity in prayer, of reverence in the chanting of the psalms and in the celebration of the divine offices, and of detachment from all the things of earth; but he contributed to it still much by his remonstrances, by his prayers and by a thousand other pious industries which he used to win the heart of the other religious, and so to bring them to the accomplishment of the duties of their profession. The good odour of this house, renewed by his care, made several persons leave the world and renounce the vanities of the age to range themselves under the yoke of Jesus Christ in so holy a school; so that, if he had the honour of being the restorer of the material edifice of Saint-Sernin of Toulouse, it may be said that he had also the glory of re-establishing its spiritual edifice, by making this abbey one of the most regular and most flourishing there was in France. Finally, when he had lived there some years in a great reputation of holiness, God rewarded his alms, his austerities and his zeal for the salvation of souls by a happy death which served as passage to a still happier eternity, on 3 July of the year 1073 or 1074. Admirable thing! this excellent religious, who had so well deserved of his confreres, and who was as the second founder of the abbey, nevertheless judged himself unworthy to be buried there. He therefore begged with insistence that he be buried with the poor clerics whom he had

founded, and of whom we have already spoken. This was to take from his house a great treasure and a pledge more precious than all the riches of the world; but they dared not refuse his request. Thus he was laid in a stone tomb which he had had hollowed out near the college of these thirteen clerics. God has since illustrated this sepulchre by a great number of miracles: the possessed have been delivered there, the blind, the crippled, all kinds of sick healed.

We have drawn this life from the lessons of his office, which are in the Breviary of Sainte-Geneviève of Paris. — Cf. *General History of the Church of Toulouse*, by the abbé Salvan.

The Blessed Gelduin, Abbot of the Monastery of Anchin, in the Diocese of Cambrai

1123. — Pope: Callistus II. — King of France: Louis VI, the Fat.

Studeat abbas plus amari quam timeri.

A true abbot applies himself rather to making himself loved than to making himself feared.

St. Benedict, in his Rule, chap. lxiv.

Saint-Sauveur d'Anchin (*Aquiscinctum* or *Aquicinus*) is an ancient abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, situated near the Scarpe, two leagues from Douai (Nord). Its name comes from its being surrounded by water. It had for founders two illustrious men of Douai, Sicher and Wauthier. Anselm of R ibemont, a gentleman of great birth, gave them, in 1079, a site where a holy hermit, named Gordan, had served God with great edification. They built a monastery there which they endowed with their own revenues, with the assent of Gerard, bishop of Cambrai and of Arras. The latter consecrated its church in 1086, in honour of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin. He moreover loaded it with considerable benefits, which was imitated by Hugh, dean of Cambrai. The abbey belonged to the diocese and county of Arras. The abbot of Anchin sat and had the right of vote in the Estates of the province.

After the abbot Haymeric, who died in 1102, the religious of Anchin chose, to direct them, Gelduin, brother of Arnold, provost of the castle of Hesdin (Pas-de-Calais). Nothing is known touching his early years. At first a simple monk in the monastery of Saint-Vincent du Mont,[1] at Laon, he was afterwards named abbot of Saint-Michel in Thiérache.[2] But his great humility and the lively and persevering attraction he felt for a life of prayer and recollection led him to refuse this dignity. It was even then that he asked and obtained permission to withdraw to the abbey of Anchin, where he became for all the religious an accomplished example of regularity and virtue.

His holy life and his spirit of wisdom had made on all his brethren so happy an impression that at the death of Haymeric they elected him unanimously to succeed him. The venerable religious refused for a long time, representing his incapacity and the extreme desire he had to continue that life of prayer and silence which made all his happiness. Obliged to yield and to take in hand the government of the monastery, he acquitted himself of it with so great wisdom that all the hopes that had been conceived of him were fully realized. He obtained, whether from the bishops of the country assembled at Reims or from Pope Paschal II, the confirmation of the pious donations made to his monastery, as well as full and entire liberty for the religious of Anchin to elect, at the death of the abbot, one of their brethren or some religious taken from another monastery of their choice, to replace him.

It appears that the blessed Gelduin was in rather intimate relations with Saint Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury in England. There is found, among the letters of this illustrious prelate, an answer to questions which had been proposed to him by the abbot of Anchin on certain matters of spiritual or temporal administration of his community.

In the midst of the multiplied solicitudes and continual occupations to which his charge of abbot subjected him, the blessed Gelduin still found time to follow the pious attraction which carried him to meditation and recollection. Soon he even thought he ought to resign his dignity, to resume the simple and austere life which he had led before at Laon. In spite of all the instances that could be made, he withdrew to the monastery of Saint-Bertin[3] and began to practise there the religious observance with the most scrupulous fidelity. The brethren of Anchin, who always deplored his departure, made new solicitations to recall him to the community which he had directed with so much wisdom; but nothing could ever shake the resolution of the humble Gelduin. Whether to avoid such instances or for other reasons that remained unknown, he determined, a short time after, to pass into England. There, by the counsel and support of his illustrious friend Saint Anselm, he retired to the priory of Saint Magulphus or Machut, situated in the country of Wales, and which depended on the abbey of Anchin. It was in this place, where his pious soul gave itself with delight to the contemplation and meditation of the things of heaven, that the blessed Gelduin peacefully awaited the hour of his passage to eternity. His death occurred in the year 1123.

The religious of Anchin, having heard it reported by men worthy of faith that a prodigy had been wrought near his tomb, obtained that a part of his bones should be transported to their community. They were deposited in the chapel of Saint Michael, with the bones of some other holy abbots.

We have borrowed the substance of this notice from the *Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras*, by the abbé Destombes.

Saint Mustiola, Roman Virgin, and Saint Irenaeus, Deacon, Martyrs at Chiusi, in Tuscany (273)

Mustiola was an illustrious maiden of Rome, of patrician race, kinswoman of the emperor Claudius II. Her father was called Jucundinus and her mother Artemia. Being quite young, she entered, guided by Providence, a place where a Christian priest was preaching. Her heart was so touched by grace that she resolved to embrace the faith: she returned to her father's house, repeating in her soul the sublime things she had just heard. The following night Saint Peter appeared to her to encourage her to perseverance and to engage her to convert her mother. Artemia, who was an upright soul, let herself be persuaded and went with her daughter to ask baptism of a priest named Felix. Jucundinus was not long in perceiving the change in his wife, but above all in his daughter, so much did her modest and retired conduct contrast with that of the pagan maidens: he inquired the reason of this manner of acting. Mustiola declared frankly that she was a Christian, and by her tears as much as by her prayers tried to make him embrace the Christian truth. Jucundinus grew angry, even had his daughter scourged like a vile slave and shut her up in a secluded room of the house, hoping to conquer her by length of time. However, this blind father went to render his account to God: Artemia was free to consecrate her goods to the relief of the poor, and Mustiola to serve God according to her desires. Artemia also came to die and left her daughter heiress of great wealth: the emperor Aurelian resolved to strip the young Christian of it. Warned of the matter, she took flight and took refuge at Falerii with the holy priest who had instructed and baptized her. There Felix was arrested by the lieutenant of the emperor, Turcius, and treated in so barbarous a manner that he died under the blows. Irenaeus, his deacon, buried his body, which had been thrown on the dunghill, and then took, with Mustiola, the road to Chiusi. The persecutor discovered them there later: he seized the deacon, Mustiola and several other Christians. "Why," said Turcius to the noble Roman, "do you follow another way than that of your ancestors?" — "Because they followed an evil way, which leads to the eternal abysses." The wicked judge, who had at first put the other Christians to death, reserved the deacon Irenaeus to frighten, by his torment, her who had put herself under his direction; but strong with the strength of God, Irenaeus mocked the tortures and died as a hero. As for Mustiola, he had her beaten without pity with leaded scourges. So barbarous a treatment made the people murmur, who loved the holy victim because of her tender compassion for the unfortunate. Turcius, fearing a riot, ordered the

executioners to lead her to his house, where a spit was driven into her head with blows of a hammer: her soul escaped by the horrible wound, and went to enjoy her Saviour: it was 3 July of the year 273. — A pious Christian, by the name of Mark, buried the bodies of the holy victims, near Chiusi, where God honoured them by numerous miracles. Saint Mustiola is, with Saint Secundian and Saint Irenaeus the deacon, patroness of Chiusi. The scourge, which was one of the instruments of her torture, figures as her proper attribute in the images that have been made of her: some authors even believe that she expired under the scourges.

Acta Sanctorum, volume I of July. — Cf. Baillet.

Saint Heliodorus, Bishop of Altino in Italy, and Disciple of Saint Jerome (about 390)

Heliodorus was born in the middle of the fourth century, in Dalmatia, in the Austrian States, and attached himself early to Saint Jerome, whose compatriot he was and whose disciple and friend he became. He lived in the world like an anchorite, wholly given to the exercises of piety and to the study of the sciences, above all the divine sciences.

Saint Jerome having left Aquileia, a city of the kingdom of Illyria, where he had passed some years with Heliodorus, the latter accompanied him in the journey he made to the East about the year 311, and followed him into Thrace, Pontus, Bithynia, Galatia, Cappadocia and Cilicia, visiting the servants of God with whom those countries were peopled. Arrived at Antioch, they stopped there some time to follow the lessons of Apollinaris, who explained Holy Scripture with great reputation; and although his errors had not yet pierced into the public, Heliodorus was not long in perceiving the venom which his lessons contained. From Antioch the pious travellers withdrew into a desert of the province of Chalcis, between Syria and Arabia. After passing some time there, Heliodorus, tormented by the desire to see his parents and his country again, wished to return to Europe, in spite of all Saint Jerome could do to retain him near him. He obtained nevertheless that his disciple would come and rejoin him after having satisfied what he regarded as a duty of filial piety.

After having waited a long time, Saint Jerome, not seeing him return, wrote him a pressing letter to exhort him to break entirely with the world; but God had other designs on Heliodorus. After having left his country and his kindred, he passed again into Italy, and was admitted into the clergy of the Church of Aquileia, then very flourishing by the great number of learned and virtuous ecclesiastics who served it. Some years after, he was raised to the priesthood and chosen afterwards to be bishop of Altino, a suffragan city of the metropolis of Aquileia, not far from Treviso, but since ruined by the Huns, and whose see has been transferred to Torcello. He was of the number of the Catholic prelates who upheld the orthodox faith against the Arians. He assisted, for this cause, at the council of Aquileia (381), assembled by order of the emperor Gratian. Since this council Saint Heliodorus, withdrawn into his church, applied himself wholly to leading his people in the sure ways of the Gospel, to nourishing it with the word of God, and to sustaining it by the example he gave it of all sorts of virtues.

He died about the year 390. Saint Jerome never forgot his former pupil, and, in one of his letters, he bears him witness of having lived in the episcopate with as much fervour and regularity as in a monastery.

Baillet: *Lives of the Saints*.

Saint Amable, Priest and Patron of Riom, in Auvergne (475)[1]

In the city of Clermont, in Auvergne, flourished a priest of Riom, of admirable holiness. He was born in the latter city and showed from his youth inclinations so virtuous that he was judged worthy of the priesthood. He had administered for a long time the Church of Riom as pastor when the bishop of Auvergne, who was then, as is believed, Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, had him come to his episcopal city and established him precentor of his cathedral. Saint Gregory of Tours says he saw before his tomb a possessed man delivered,

and a perjurer who became stiff as an iron bar, and who, having confessed his crime, obtained immediately pardon of it with his healing. In a book written about the middle of the tenth century by an anonymous author, on the Churches and Altars which exist at Clermont, one reads: “In the church of Saint-Hilary, the altar of Saint Hilary where Saint Amable reposes in body.” His life was first composed in verse by Saint Prix, bishop, and afterwards at greater length by Justus, archpriest. His worship is celebrated principally in the city of Riom, where his relics are preserved with great respect in the parish church, called then Saint-Benignus and afterwards Saint-Amable, and now a secular collegiate church. His feas t is celebrated throughout the diocese of Clermont on 18 October, although he died on 1 November of the year 475.

In the year 1686 the abbot and the chapter of the church of Saint-Stephen of Dijon made a solemn vow to Saint Amable, to obtain for the future his protection against lightning, which had just ruined their church. It is since that time that, in fulfilment of this vow, his feast is celebrated in that church. Saint

Amable, of whom a relic is preserved at Saint-Pierre-de-Roye, in the diocese of Amiens, is invoked against the bite of vipers.

Proper of Dijon, and *Hagiography of the Diocese of Amiens*, by the abbé Corblet.

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[1] Henry the Liberal, count of Champagne, brought from the East an entire rib of the apostle Saint Thomas. He gave it to the collegiate church of Saint-Stephen of Troyes (Aube).

[2] See the preceding day.

[3] See this day.

[4] See his life at this day.

[5] See his notice at 26 February.

[6] We have given his life on 1 July.

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] See 2 July.

[9] Island of France, near the coast of the department of Morbihan.

[10] This river rises in the department of Côtes-du-Nord, passes at Hennebon and becomes navigable there. It falls into the roadstead of Lorient.

[11] *Kemperellé*, in Breton, signifies confluence of the Elle. This city is three leagues from Port-Louis, and eight from Quimper.

[12] Some calendars of the province give the saint the title of abbot; this is an error. There was no abbey in the place he inhabited before the tenth century, the epoch at which Alan Cagnart, count of Cornouaille, founded that of Quimperlé.

[13] On Saint-Vincent of Laon (*Sanctus Vincentius Laudunensis*, or *Sanctus Christophorus Laudunensis*). It was a monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded in the year 580, in the city of Laon, under the invocation of Saint Vincent, martyr. Its foundation is attributed to Queen Brunehaut, widow of Sigebert I, king of Austrasia. Devastated by the Normans in the ninth century, it had afterwards much to suffer, whether from commendatory abbots or from the Calvinists. At last, in 1643, it repaired its ruins and flourished anew by its union with the Congregation of Saint-Maur.

[14] Saint-Michel in Thiérache (*Sanctus Michael in Thieraschia*, Aisne), was an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, in the ancient diocese of Laon, present diocese of Soissons, founded about the year 940 by the blessed Malcalen the Irishman. This monastery united itself, in the year 1661, to the reformed Congregation of Saint-Vanne. The ancient Thiérache forms today the northern part of the department of the Aisne.

[15] Saint-Bertin (*Sanctus Bertinus* or *Sithiu*, Pas-de-Calais) is an ancient and illustrious abbey of which the magnificent ruins are still seen near the city of Saint-Omer. It was founded about the middle of the seventh century, under the invocation of Saint Peter. The Revolution pulled down this holy house

[16] See 11 June, 18 October and 1 November.

4 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The prophets Hosea and Haggai. 766 and 520 before Christ. — In Africa, the feast of Saint Jucundian, martyr, cast into the sea for Jesus Christ. — In the diocese of Bourges, Saint Ladrien, bishop of Seville and martyr. His head was carried to Seville in Spain. 544. — In the ancient city of Sirmium, in Pannonia, the holy martyrs Innocent and Sebastian, with thirty others. — At Madaura in Africa, Saint Namphamon,[1] martyr, with his companions whom he encouraged to the combat and led to triumph. — At Cyrene in Libya, Saint Theodore, bishop, who, during the persecution of Diocletian, having been beaten with leaded scourges, had his tongue cut out under the president Dignian, and in the end died in peace with the quality of confessor. About 310. — The same day, the death of the holy Flavian, second of the name, bishop of Antioch, and Elias, bishop of Jerusalem, who, having been exiled by the emperor Anastasius for the defence of the council of Chalcedon, entered victorious into the rest of the Lord. 518. — At Augsburg in Bavaria, Saint Udalric or Ulric, bishop, admirable for his abstinence, his liberality, his vigilance, and illustrious by the gift of miracles. 973. — At Lisbon, Saint Elizabeth, widow, queen of Portugal. Her feast is celebrated only on the 8th of this month, according to the disposition of Pope Innocent XII. 1336. — At Tours, the translation of the body of Saint Martin, bishop of that see and confessor, and the Dedication of the church which bears his name, consecrated on the same day on which he had been ordained bishop, some years before.[2]

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Cologne, Saint Udalric or Ulric, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Cahors, Saint Florentius, bishop of that see and confessor. He illustrated his Church by the gentleness of his manners, his skill in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, his unshakable patience and his rare goodness toward the needy. He assisted at the council which was held at Valence (Drôme) in 374, under Pope Saint Damasus and the emperors Valentinian and Gratian. His name is marked in the third rank in the list of the numerous bishops who were present there, which says enough of the reputation he enjoyed in Gaul. — In the diocese of Reims, Saint Thierry, priest and confessor, already named in the Roman martyrology of 1 July, the day under which we have given his life. — In the dioceses of Langres and Lyons, Saint Odolric (called also Odalric, Odelric, Udalric and Udulric, archbishop of Lyons, and before that canon and archdeacon of Langres. 1046. — In the ancient province of Artois, Saint Bertha, widow, foundress and first abbess of the monastery of Blangy (*Blangiacum*), of the Order of Saint Benedict. 723. — At the village of Griselles, near Molesme (Côte-d'Or), in the diocese of Dijon, Saint Valentine, confessor. He is patron of Bagneux and of Lantages (Aube), in the diocese of Troyes. 547. — At Lyons the venerable Aurelian, archbishop of that see. 895. — At the village of Ennemain (Somme), in the diocese of Amiens, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Joys. In the thick of the battle which the French delivered against the English troops, in 1522, on the banks of the Somme, the French commander made a vow to raise, on the site of the field of carnage, a sanctuary to the Blessed Virgin, whose image was engraved on his arms, if she obtained him the victory. The English were in fact routed, and the sanctuary of Mary was raised in 1525. Fifty years later a shepherd named Heler discovered, on the very field of battle, a statue of the Virgin which was placed with great pomp in her sanctuary: from this it took the name of Our Lady of Joys. The demolishers of '93 wished to raze this pious oratory, but a rich proprietor of Ennemain bought it, and, after the days of the Terror, restored it to its first destination, endowing it with large revenues. The pilgrimages began again then, and, even today, the concourse is always considerable. — In the church of Saint-Sulpice of Fougères, five leagues from Landivy (Mayenne), Our Lady of the Marshes, where the inhabitants of Landivy have the Mass of the vow celebrated every year. It is presumed that this vow was made on the occasion of an epidemic from which the Blessed Virgin delivered this parish, at what epoch is no longer known.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Mytilene, Saint Andrew, bishop of Crete, of the Order of the Basilians.

Martyrology of the Regular Canons. — In the diocese of Reims, Saint Thierry, priest, disciple of Saint Remigius, very celebrated for his miracles, who founded a monastery of regular clerics near Reims, and reposed in the Lord on 1 July.[3] *Martyrology of the Franciscans.* — The feast of the Dedication of the churches of the three Orders of Saint Francis.

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Irenaeus, bishop and martyr.[4]

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Piacenza in Italy, Saint Anthony or Antonio, martyr, also named in the Roman martyrology of 30 September.[5] — Saint Asclepias, wonder-worker, Saint Theophilus and Saint Menignus, martyrs. The first had her head cut off, Theophilus perished by the sword; the manner of death of Menignus and the scene of the torture of these athletes of the faith are entirely unknown. — In Libya, Saint Theodotus, martyr, and Saint Donatus, bishop. — Saint Mare, confessor. — In the ancient isle of Crete, today Candia, in the Mediterranean, Saint Andrew, bishop and confessor, different from Saint Andrew of Crete, named in the Roman martyrology of 17 October. He was born of pious parents who feared God and who instructed him early in the duties of the Christian religion. Having become a chosen subject, illustrious by his learning as by his piety, he was judged worthy to be promoted to the episcopate. After having edified his flock for some time, he died in the peace of the Lord. About 720. — At Canterbury in England, Saint Odo, archbishop of that see. He was born in the province of the East Angles, and showed from his childhood much inclination to Christianity; he frequented the churches and often spoke in praise of the divine founder of our religion. His parents did not think as he did; often they punished him severely on account of his zeal for a religion which they did not love: they went so far as to disinherit him and drive him from their house. This treatment became for Odo a subject of joy; he esteemed himself happy to be stripped of all that might have attached him to the world. He embraced from that time the ecclesiastical state. The esteem and respect that people had for him increasing from day to day, he was chosen to fill the see of Wilton. In 942 he was transferred to that of Canterbury. Some hagiographers say that he was also bishop of Sherborne. His name is celebrated in all the martyrologies of England. His relics were anciently in a shrine. It appears that at the time of the so-called reform they were put under a small tomb which is still seen today at the place where the shrine formerly was. 961. — At Prague in Bohemia, Saint Procopius, abbot and confessor, already named in the martyrology of 1 April. He was born about the year 980, at Chotum, of an honourable family, and showed himself from his youth a model of innocence and piety. While he was pursuing his studies at Prague he determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state. The conversations he had afterwards with an anchorite having inspired him with the resolution of withdrawing into solitude, he left Prague to go and live in a forest some leagues from the castle of Curm and established himself there in a cave. His retreat was discovered by Ulrich, duke of Bohemia, who afterwards built a monastery under the invocation of Saint John the Baptist, of which Saint Procopius took the government. He died there, and was canonized in 1804 by Pius VII. 1053. At Birschau, present borough of Württemberg, and ancient abbey of Benedictines, the blessed William, confessor and abbot of this monastery. 1091. — At Lodi in Italy, Saint Albert, bishop and confessor, patron of that city which celebrates his feast with the greatest pomp. After having holily governed his Church, healed his clergy of the horrible wound of schism which desolated it, and given to all examples of edification, he died full of days and of good works. His body was buried in his cathedral church, where he afterwards wrought many miracles. In 1588 one of his successors piously enclosed his relics in the confession of the altar of the Holy Trinity and put his head in a beautiful silver shrine, which in our days still is the object of the veneration of all the faithful. 1179. — At Florence in Tuscany, the blessed Barduccio and John Vespignano, lay confessors. John was born and lived in the capital of Tuscany: he belonged to a distinguished family and was a member of the Senate at an epoch when his native city was a republic. The Lord gave him the grace to find a faithful friend, named Barduccio, and piety was the bond of their union. The body of the latter, buried in the church of the Holy Spirit at Florence, was consumed in a fire which destroyed that edifice in 1370; that of the blessed John

is still preserved in the church of Saint Peter, and his worship was approved by Pope Pius VII, on 1 October 1800. In the year 1331.

Hosea and Haggai, Two of the Twelve Minor Prophets

766 and 520 before Jesus Christ. — Kings of Israel: Jeroboam II; Darius, son of Hystaspes.

Deus prius per Prophetas, deinde per seipsum, postea per Apostolos locutus est.

God spoke first by the Prophets, then by Himself, afterwards by the Apostles.

St. Aug., de Civit. Dei, book xi.

While, docile to the counsels of Jonas, Nineveh was bending by a sincere penance the wrath of God, the prophetic ministry was exercised in Israel by eloquent voices which made Jeroboam II and his people hear the terrible threats of the Lord. The permanent unfaithfulness of the ten tribes and the obstinacy of the kings of Samaria in the way of a gross idolatry had wearied the patience of Jehovah. His word made itself heard to Hosea, son of Beeri. “Give to your son,” the Lord said to him, “the name of Jezrael, because the hour approaches when the kingdom of Israel shall have ceased to be. Give to your daughter the name of Loruchama (without mercy), because the time of mercy is past for Israel, and its name is going to disappear into oblivion. Give to your second son the name of Lo Ammi (people repudiated), because you are no longer my people and I cease to be your God.”

One easily conceives the terrible effect which this prophecy in action, and so to speak living, must have produced on Samaria, in which the future calamities were personified in the children of Hosea. A name, among the Israelites, was always significant: the names of the children of Hosea became therefore a permanent threat, a perpetual warning of which the word of the Prophet, terrible as the sword of Jehovah, ceaselessly renewed the commentary. “Sons of Israel,” he said to the multitude, “the judgment of the Lord is going to pass over the guilty brows; truth, mercy, the fear of God have disappeared from the earth; injustice, lying, violence, rapine and adultery overflow like the waters of a flood; blood has called blood. Therefore this land shall be desolate and all its inhabitants shall weep their impotence.”

The threats of the Prophet were addressed not only to the people, they reached the king on his throne, the great in their palaces, the unfaithful priests in their temples. “Hear my voice, priests,” he said, “princes of Israel, listen. It is on you that the judgment of Jehovah is going to pass, because you have become for the people what the net stretched by the fowler is on Thabor. You have turned aside the victims of expiation for the altars of false gods, but I have seen your crimes. The princes have acted like those fools who tear up themselves the boundary of their inheritance; I am going to pour out on them my wrath like the water of a torrent.” Finally, as the term of all the misfortunes he predicts, the prophet makes shine on the horizon the hope of a Saviour. “In the day of their tribulations,” he adds, “the peoples shall rise at dawn, saying: Let us return to Jehovah our God. It is He who has made us captives, it is He who will deliver us; it is He who has wounded us, it is He who will heal us. After two days He will give us life, and on the third day He will raise us up.”

When he had fulfilled his mission, which was to announce to the ten tribes of Israel the judgments of God, the prophet Hosea fell gently asleep in the Lord, aged more than eighty years.

He is represented: 1st, standing, the hand raised like a man who speaks to the people; in the other hand he holds a rod; 2nd, standing near an altar from which a broken statue falls. The history of his life explains these attributes well enough.

Haggai, of whom neither the family nor the tribe is known, was doubtless of the number of the Jews returned to Judea after the captivity of Babylon. In the second year of King Darius, the first day of the tenth month, the Lord made His voice heard to His prophet, and charged him to transmit His oracles to Zorobabel, son of

Salathiel, prince of Juda, and to Jesus, son of Josedech, the high priest. He had for mission to order, in the name of Jehovah, the resumption of the works of reconstruction of the temple. Arrived in the presence of those whom the Lord had named to him, he said to them in the name of God: “Is it then for you the time to dwell under sumptuous panelling, when my house is deserted? You have amassed for your own dwelling, and my breath has scattered the fruit of your savings. And behold, while my house is in ruins, the heavens have not poured out their dew on your fields, and the earth has not had its accustomed fertility.” At this discourse Zorobabel, Jesus and all the people were seized with fear; but the Prophet reassured them, and then all set to work, and they began again to build the temple of Jehovah.

To encourage the efforts of the multitude and to prevent the regrets which the memories of the past, compared with the sad situation of the present, might give birth to in hearts, Jehovah made Himself heard anew to His prophet and showed him in the future the glorious destinies of the second Temple. “Address yourself to the prince of Juda, to the high priest and to all the people, and say to them: Who is there among you who has survived the disasters and who knew the temple of Jerusalem in its first glory? Let him contemplate the humble edifice which now rises under his eyes. Is it not true that the present temple is nothing in comparison with the first? Courage, however, pursue your work; yet a little while and I will shake the heaven and the earth, the sea and the continents; I will shake the peoples, and the desired of nations shall make His advent. I will invest this house with an immortal glory, it is in this place that I will give peace.”

The book of the prophecies of Haggai, such at least as has come down to us, extends no further. Scripture and tradition have transmitted to us no other detail on the actions of the man of God; it is known only that he lived until the dedication of the new temple.

He is represented: 1st, unrolling the scroll or banderole on which are inscribed some salient passages of his prophecies; 2nd, which comes to the same thing, holding a large phylactery on which are read some prophetic texts.

Worship and Relics The Greeks keep the feast of the prophet Hosea on the seventeenth day of October. This is also observed by the peoples who follow their rite, among others the Russians or Muscovites, in whose calendar some authors have read wrongly Josias for Hosea. The Egyptians likewise render a regular worship to the prophet Hosea, and they have chosen for this feast a day which corresponds to the 22nd of our month of February. The Latins also honour his memory, but on the fourth day of July and only since the middle of the ninth century. This appears from the martyrologies of Ado and of Usuard, and from that which is called the old Roman.

The memory of the prophet Haggai is celebrated on 16 December among the Greeks and the other peoples who follow their rite. The Latins have joined his worship with that of Hosea on 4 July, as is seen in the martyrologies of the ninth century, in the old Roman and in that of Ado. We have made use, to compose this biography, of the *General History of the Church*, by the abbé Darras; and of the *Lives of the Saints of the Old Testament*, by Baillet.

Saint Bertha, Widow, Foundress and Abbess of Blangy, in Artois

723. — Pope: Gregory II. — King of France: Theodoric II.

All you who suffer and are in pain, remember that God chastises those whom He loves. Rejoice when He tries you by the losses and disgraces of the present life. Turn your eyes toward the goods to come.

Saint Jerome.

If nobility of blood could add anything to holiness, the blessed Bertha, more than any other saint, would have a double right to our homage, since in her veins flowed at once the blood of kings and of heroes. But religion, despising all these vain distinctions, has placed Bertha on our altars only to offer us in her an accomplished

model of the heroic virtues she practised, virtues which the earth honours, and which Heaven has rewarded with blessed immortality.

Rigobert, count of the palace under Clovis II, after having cut to pieces the hordes of Huns who, in the seventh century, invaded Picardy and the Morinie, acquired, by this brilliant expedition, all the confidence of his sovereign. Soon after the marriage of Clovis, Rigobert, seduced by the beauty and virtues of Ursana, daughter of Ercombert, king of Kent, asked and obtained the hand of this princess, and the two noble spouses came to settle at the castle of Blangy, which Clovis had given to Rigobert, with several lands of the Ternois which depended on it, to reward him for his valiant services. There, as united by the bonds of piety as by those of marriage, they obtained from heaven, in 644, a daughter whom they named Bertha, that is to say Brilliant, Luminous, sweet presage of the splendour and brightness that her virtues were to spread in the Church!

Ursana would not entrust to strange hands the precious treasure committed to her keeping, and in nursing the little Bertha she made her suck in with the milk piety and virtue. Thus this tender plant, raised for heaven by so holy a mother, gave from childhood those fruits of virtue with which the Holy Spirit delights to enrich innocent souls. The moral beauty of Bertha was in such perfect harmony with the modest graces spread over her whole person that one could not see her without loving her; thus she was proclaimed the most amiable and the fairest maiden of her age. Under the eyes of so wise a mother, a true Christian woman, Bertha made rapid progress in the science of the Saints and in human sciences. The vivacity of her mind and the elevation of her intelligence rendered her superior to persons of her sex and age; but Bertha appreciated early the things of here below at their just value. She resolved to consecrate herself to God, whose infinite perfections ravished her with so delicious a love. She had no greater pleasure than to converse in prayer with her heavenly Beloved.

Ursana was too perfectly a Christian mother not to know that example is the most efficacious lesson; thus Bertha accompanied her in all her works of charity. With Bertha she visited the poor, the sick, the prisoner; with Bertha she went to the foot of the altars to relax from the labours of the day and to thank God for the blessings poured out on her family. Under the vigilant eyes of her mother she formed herself also in the virtues of her sex, and gave promise that, after having been the example of Christian maidens, she would offer to married persons a perfect model of the woman such as Christianity knows how to give to the world.

Bertha wished to bury in the obscurity of the paternal house all the qualities with which she was adorned; but they were too brilliant to remain unknown. Thus soon the report of them spread even to the court of France. Sigefroy, a young lord of the noble line of the kings, and first cousin of Clovis, seduced by all that was told of marvellous concerning the young countess of Blangy, asked her in marriage. His request was accepted, and he obtained, with the hand of Bertha, the land and castle of Blangy, as well as great properties in the Ternois.

Bertha, after having been the model of maidens, showed, in her new state, to what degree of perfection a woman can attain in the married state, when she views it from the Christian point of view. Wholly occupied with the care of pleasing her husband, she succeeded, by her gentle virtues, in making him share her pious sentiments. Sigefroy, of a naturally undecided character, hesitated no more to give himself wholly to God, and both had henceforth but one heart and one soul to walk with the same ardour in the path of perfection. God blessed their union by granting them five daughters: Gertrude, Deotila, Emma, Gisa and Geste; these last two died very young, and the three others, raised by their mother, answered by their virtues to the care of so holy an instructress. After twenty years passed in the sweetest union, God called Sigefroy to Himself. This noble son of the dukes of Douai, full of virtues and merits, preceded Bertha into heaven, in 672, and from the blessed abode watched lovingly over the wife and daughters he left on earth.

Bertha, whose natural sentiments religion had purified but not extinguished, wept bitterly the husband whom heaven took from her, and had him buried at Blangy, near the church, with all the honours due to his rank and his virtues.

Free henceforth from every earthly fetter, she resolved then to consecrate herself entirely to God in the monastic life, and began to put her project into execution. She renounces all the interests of earth with the same zeal that Saint Rictrude, her sister-in-law, had shown, who was directing at that time with so much success the monastery of Marchiennes. She implores with tears the lights of the Holy Spirit, and believing she knew, by the purity of the motive which animated her, that such was the will of God, she disposes herself to follow the divine impulse. She chooses in her land of Blangy a place suited to build a monastery; she makes the vow of it, and at once sets her hand to the work.

About a quarter of a league east of the abbey which was afterwards erected, she has built beside the Ternoise a church and cells of which one still saw, in the time of Father Malbrancq, the ancient foundations and a chapel of the Blessed Virgin. The sanctuary alone remained to be built when Bertha, wishing to say a last farewell to Saint Rictrude and to consult her on the carrying out of her project, gave her a meeting at Quiéry, one of her lands, where the two Saints met.

Bertha and Rictrude, after the first outpourings of joy, went to the church to thank God for this favour; then they conversed of all that had happened since their last interview, and shed tears at the memory of the two virtuous spouses whom God had called to Himself. Bertha then declared to Rictrude the resolution she had taken to embrace the religious life, and spoke to her of the use she had made of a part of her great wealth. But suddenly her face grows pale, speech expires on her lips, and a trembling seizes all her limbs. — “What is the matter, my beloved sister?” said Rictrude to her, alarmed at this sudden change, “what is the matter?” — “Nothing,” answers Bertha, whose face grows calm again, “nothing; but it seems to me I heard a noise like that of an edifice crumbling. I know not what presentiment makes me believe that God is sending me still a new trial. May He be blessed! All His views, though hidden from our penetration, are sovereignly adorable.”

In effect, as she was preparing to return to Blangy, word was brought her that her monastery had just fallen down entirely. Bertha, at this news, overcoming the sentiments of nature, submitted without murmur to this unfortunate event, and was afflicted only at the delay it brought to her design of burying herself in retreat. “My good sister,” said Rictrude to her, “God perhaps wishes to make you know by this that it is not in this place that He wishes you to build a monastery.” — “Yes, my dear Rictrude, I see, by the painful impression that I felt, that I am not yet sufficiently detached from earth, and God wishes by this to teach me to renounce myself even in what concerns His service. But how to know that He wishes me to build another monastery? How to know the place which will please Him? Ah! my sister, let all your house pray with me, and heaven will unveil to us its will.”

The whole community set to prayer for three days, and during this time observed a rigorous fast. On the night of the third day an angel showed Bertha, in the midst of a green meadow watered by the Ternoise, and dependent on the castle of Blangy, the place where the monastery was to be built. A sweet dew covered the thick grass, and an angel, drawing a Latin cross, designated the place where the church and the monastery were to be built.

Returned to Blangy, Bertha hastened to go and visit the place which the heavenly vision had indicated to her; she saw there four stones arranged in such a way that two marked what was to be the length of the edifice, and two others the breadth. Bertha, blessing the Lord who manifested His will to her so visibly, had new constructions made on the spot. She employed the most skilful architects: the church and the monastery were built with such sumptuousness that they excited general admiration; for there was none in Artois that could be compared with them.

At the end of two years all the works were finished. Bertha had the consecration made in an extremely solemn manner. Ravenger, bishop of Thérouanne, in whose diocese Blangy was then situated, came to make the dedication; the archbishop of Rouen, the bishops of Paris, of Meaux, of Noyon, of Tournai, of Cambrai and of Arras, and a great number of abbots, were present, as well as several lords of the court, out of consideration for Bertha, a near relative of the king. The church was dedicated to the Mother of God on the 5th of the ides of January, 682.

After the consecration of the church was finished, Bertha presented herself before the altar; there, in the presence of all the assistants edified by such a spectacle, animated by the liveliest faith, she made to God the consecration of her person, and received the veil from the hands of Ravenger. To detach herself better from everything, she gave in full ownership her land of Blangy and its dependencies to the new monastery. But what cannot the force of example do! Gertrude and Deotila, daughters of Bertha, penetrated by the sacrifice their holy mother had just accomplished, not wishing to let her walk alone in the way of perfection, renounced from that very day all that the world, their rank and their beauty could offer them of seduction, and the same hand which had blessed the mother placed on the head of the daughters the veil of the spouses of Jesus Christ.

This holy and memorable day left in the hearts of the assistants a profound impression, and all were filled with admiration at the rare spectacle of which they had just been witnesses.

In a short time the Morinie saw rise, where one perceived only marshy ground, three monasteries under the invocation of the Mother of God. This region, lately issued from the darkness of idolatry, was peopled with a throng of holy virgins and pious cenobites whose life savoured more of angels than of men; their examples implanted in the heart of the Morini a lively and tender faith, and drew down on them the blessings of heaven. Retired in her monastery, of which she was named abbess, Bertha lived now only for heaven. Applying herself without relaxation to the duties of her charge, she watched assiduously to have the rule observed in all its purity. Prayer, work, the chanting of psalms followed each other alternately, and the holy abbess was the first to give her religious the example of the greatest regularity. As much as she was above her holy daughters by the brilliance of her birth and of the rank she had held in the world, so much did she surpass them by the brilliance of all the religious virtues. Gertrude and Deotila, happy in the part they had chosen, blessed each day heaven for the quite special grace it had done them, and granted no regret to that world of which they had only glimpsed the brilliant seductions. As for Emma, the last of Bertha's daughters, she lived in the monastery without being subject to the Rule; for her mother, as prudent as virtuous, not finding in her sufficient dispositions to engage herself by irrevocable vows, had not permitted her to pronounce them.

While Bertha defied the world to trouble her repose, the demon, jealous of this angelic life, raised against her a persecution as strange as unexpected, which put her maternal tenderness to a very cruel trial, but from which she came forth victorious by the help of the Almighty. Ruodgaire, a young lord of the court of Theodoric, became desperately enamoured of Gertrude, whom he had seen at Blangy, and resolved to marry her at any price. He got his project agreed to by the king, and, accompanied by a numerous escort, he went to find Bertha. He declared to her the intention he had of marrying Gertrude, and the royal authorization he had received for it. Bertha remains speechless, and tells him that his request is altogether untimely, since her daughter, as spouse of Jesus Christ, is bound by irrevocable ties.

Ruodgaire then tries to remove the obstacle by telling her that he has consulted on this subject the most enlightened men, and that he acts only according to their decisions. "For a long time," he adds, "I have loved Gertrude; her too great youth alone put an obstacle to my project; but now nothing can prevent her becoming my wife, and it is in your interest to consent, for I enjoy great favour at court, and at my solicitation nothing will be refused you for your monastery." Bertha makes him in vain all the necessary observations; he persists none the less in wanting the hand of Gertrude.

Dismay then seizes Bertha. What to do, she, a poor woman, against an ardent, impetuous young man? She does not hesitate, she lifts her soul to the God of all consolation, to Him who knows how to give so much strength and love to mothers, and conjures Him not to suffer that Gertrude belong to any other than Himself. She goes then to her daughter, informs her of what is passing, and conjures her not to violate the holy engagements she has contracted. More tranquil then, and feeling herself strong with the protection of heaven, she assembles the whole community in the church to sing there the praises of God, and orders Gertrude to embrace the right side of the altar and to remain attached to it, then she has the doors of the church opened. As the tiger springs upon its prey, assured that it will not escape him, Ruodgaire springs into the church with his numerous escort, determined to carry off Gertrude in spite of the sanctity of the place. But he was ignorant of all the strength that confidence in God gives to a Christian soul, and of what is imposing in a mother who defends her daughter. “Approach,” Bertha said to him, “approach, and look at the spouse of Jesus Christ. She is there, without human defence, but strong with the protection of her God. Tear her away, if you dare, from Him to whom she has given her heart and whom she has chosen for her only inheritance. Dare to make her violate the oaths she has sworn at the feet of the altars; but tremble lest the God whose rival you wish to make yourself make you feel the weight of His vengeance; for He is the jealous God and abandons not those who have put their confidence in Him and who invoke Him in their distress.” Ruodgaire dares not pursue his criminal projects; he dares not advance toward the altar, a superior force holds him as if motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; he casts on Bertha thunderous looks, renounces carrying off his prey, and with rage in his heart and imprecation in his mouth, he goes out threatening Bertha to ruin her without return.

The holy abbess, delivered from so imminent a danger, renders thanks to God for so visible a protection, and disposes her soul to bear the consequences of the vengeance of her enemy. It was not slow to make itself felt. Calumny, the ordinary resource of cowards and of the wicked, was the weapon he made use of to torment our Saint. He accused her before Theodoric of conspiring against the kingdom, of having established herself in the country of the Morini to entertain relations there with the princes of Great Britain; he insinuated even that the castle and monastery of Blangy would facilitate the descent of the enemy on the coasts of the province if the king did not make sure of the person of Bertha. A calumny so atrocious and so devoid of foundation found no credence. Nevertheless, Theodoric believed he ought to make Bertha appear before him to give account of her conduct, seeing that it was a question of a grave offence, on which she must justify herself. Bertha set out for the court in an equipage suitable to her birth and to the high rank her husband had held. But the vindictive Ruodgaire, warned of the arrival of the noble countess, went to meet her; after exhaling all that hatred and vengeance have most atrocious, he tore from her all the marks of her dignity, forced her to descend from her equipage, and made her mount, by a cowardly derision, on a wretched horse. Bertha suffered this bloody affront with all the patience of a Christian, spouse of the Crucified. She was proceeding quietly toward the palace on her sorry mount when she was met by Ridulph, a lord of the court, a man very religious and full of veneration for Bertha, whose high rank and eminent virtue he respected. Filled with indignation against Ruodgaire, he accosts him, addresses to him the liveliest reproaches, and demands, in the name of the king whose favour he equally shared, that he restore to the countess of Blangy her equipage, and himself accompany the Saint to the court.

Ruodgaire, whose rage knew no more bounds, had preceded them there, and, more embittered against her than ever, was preparing to sustain his infamous accusations.

But God will not permit innocence to succumb under calumny. As He is the God of all goodness to His beloved servants, He is also the God of vengeances against those who oppress them, and Ruodgaire experienced it. At the moment when the Saint appears before Theodoric, Ruodgaire casts on her fierce looks full of contempt; but at that very instant he is struck with blindness, and his eyes start from their sockets. All the court and the Saint herself are frightened at a punishment so sudden and so terrible. Theodoric, by an

involuntary movement, throws himself at Bertha's knees, asks her pardon for his too great credulity, and begs her to pardon the culprit. Bertha, who had learned from her Saviour to forget offences, has Ruodgaire called, assures him that she has against him no resentment, exhorts him to repentance, and raising her eyes to heaven, she beseeches the Lord who had avenged her to pardon Ruodgaire. Her prayer is heard, and, by a second miracle, the culprit recovers sight on the spot. Theodoric, full of veneration for Bertha, granted her great privileges for her monastery, and made her considerable presents. The Saint left the court blessing God for the striking manner in which He had protected her, and returned to Blangy to find again, in her solitude and near her dear daughters, her first tranquillity, for an instant troubled by the malice of the enemy of salvation. She occupied herself more than ever with consolidating her monastery; she had several churches built in the different fiefs depending on Blangy, in order to propagate as far as lay in her the glory of God, in a country lately conquered from idolatry. After having exercised for nine years the functions of abbess with wisdom and success, and having established there the Rule of Saint Benedict in all its purity, she thought of resigning her charge in order to work exclusively at her own perfection. She implored for a long time the divine lights to be enlightened on the choice of a superior capable of continuing the work she had begun. After having thought maturely on it, she believed she found in Deotila, her second daughter, the qualities required to fulfil worthily such holy functions. Such was the humility she had inspired in the holy daughters she directed that Gertrude, though the elder, deferred without hesitation and with joy to the decision of her mother, and recognized her younger sister as superior.

Ravenger, bishop of Thérouanne, ratified the choice of Bertha and came to give Deotila the abbatial blessing. Deotila justified the choice of Bertha and governed the abbey for nineteen years with an admirable wisdom. Bertha, discharged of all temporal occupation, withdrew to a place separated from the community, and wished to live only for heaven. She conversed now only with God, and attained a sublime degree of prayer. But divine love, overflowing so to speak from her soul, needed to spread itself in order to kindle it in the hearts of others; therefore she had an opening made which gave into the chapter-room of the community; it was from there that she addressed to her dear daughters exhortations so touching that, after having heard her, they felt as if inflamed with heavenly fire and protested with more fervour their love for the God who knows how to spread so much sweetness in the soul that gives itself entirely to Him.

Pearls formed in stormy seas are, it is said, the most beautiful and the most perfect; so virtue tried by adversity is also that which has the most price in the eyes of God. As He wished to bring Bertha to an eminent holiness, He permitted that the peace she enjoyed should be troubled once more in her dearest affections.

As we have seen, our Saint had not wished Emma, her third daughter, to take the veil and engage herself in the monastic life. This young countess was edified by the examples she had under her eyes, and waited under the wing of her mother for Providence to dispose of her lot. Heiress of all the titles of her illustrious family, she could aspire only to a princely match, which came to pass. Swaradin or Sward, an Anglo-Saxon prince, after his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, visited King Theodoric, and profited by the kindnesses he showed him to ask him for the hand of Emma. Theodoric consented with pleasure, and gave full powers that the marriage be concluded in concert with Saint Bertha. She received the request coldly, perhaps she had a presentiment of the future. After having sounded and known the dispositions of Emma, she gave her consent, and the marriage was made with a wholly royal pomp. Acclamations of joy greeted the arrival of the young princess in England; but Emma, far from being as happy as might be believed, was wholly preoccupied with sinister presentiments. Her separation from her mother had been very painful, and, scarcely arrived in Great Britain, she regretted with bitterness the abbey of Blangy. Confident in God, and formed in the school of her mother, Emma took care to inspire piety at the court and to live there as a Christian. But the demon, who had troubled the tranquillity of Bertha and who had attacked her by the impure weapon of calumny, unchained himself also against the innocent Emma, who became the victim of the most infamous jealousy. A lady of the

court, named Theida, jealous of the ascendancy Emma was taking over her husband, and conceiving the most frightful projects, first knew how to spread suspicions in the mind of Swaradin; then, by false reports, she so indisposed him against Emma that he repudiated her and substituted Theida. Not only was Emma deprived of all the honours attached to her title of wife and queen, but she saw herself treated as a vile slave and employed in the most abject functions of the palace.

Worthy daughter of Bertha, she murmured not against the Providence which sent her so cruel a cross to bear, and she opposed only a heroic patience to all the ill treatment inflicted on her. But the most sublime virtue does not prevent one from feeling the impressions of nature. She suffered the more as she had no one to whom to confide her bitter sorrows; for Swaradin, at the instigation of Theida, had taken the severest precautions that his unhappy victim should not inform her mother of the persecution she was enduring, and it was impossible for her to send any message to France.

Meanwhile Bertha, receiving no news of her dear daughter, and by a presentiment she could not defend herself from, sent a man in whom she had all confidence to learn the reason of so prolonged a silence. He, in disguise, arrived at the palace, and what was his astonishment when he perceived this Emma whom he had seen so beautiful at Blangy, pale, sad, and covered with unworthy garments, fulfilling at the approaches of the palace the functions of a slave! “What! madam,” he cried out grievously, “what! you reduced to such an employment!…” — “Alas!” answered Emma, “speak low, for I am watched so closely that I cannot explain myself freely. Go and tell my mother that you have seen Emma repudiated, treated as a slave, and replaced by a depraved woman, and that, while submitting to the will of God, I aspire only to see Blangy again.” At the news of the sad state in which her daughter was, Bertha had no more rest until she had made her come back to her. After the first movements that escaped from nature and maternal tenderness, she adored the designs of Providence and submitted to them without seeking to penetrate their secrets. She wrote then to several lords of the court whose credit with Theodoric she knew, to obtain through their intermediary that Emma should return to France; none refused her his support. They set out and arrived in England.

Swaradin was so absorbed by his criminal passion that he consented easily to give Emma back to her mother. What joy for this unhappy young woman to leave this inhospitable land and to see again her beloved mother, and the abbey where she had passed so sweet and so pure a life! The walls of Blangy appeared to her like the port of salvation; but, alas! she was not to see them again, she bore death in her bosom. Seized with a violent fever, her end appeared inevitable and near. In vain did the sailors redouble their efforts to reach the soil of France, death had seized its prey, and the blessed Emma expired murmuring the name of God and that of Bertha.

Arrived at Quantovic, today, according to the most common opinion, the bay of Étaples, the deputies had the sad news of the death of Emma announced to Bertha. How to paint the grief of this mother condemned to see only the lifeless remains of her daughter? She offered to God this sacrifice so cruel to her heart, and, to relieve her grief, she wished to render to these sad and dear remains all the honours due to her name, to her title of queen and to the virtues she had so heroically practised. She obtained from the bishop of Thérouanne permission to go out of the monastery with the community to go to meet the funeral procession, and she waited at the place called the Grand-Pré, situated near Hesdin, a quarter of a league from the abbey.

It was there that the lords who had charged themselves with bringing back the body of the holy princess stopped; it was there that Bertha wished to have the painful satisfaction of seeing her daughter one last time. “O my daughter, my Emma!” she cried, bursting into sobs when the coffin was opened, “my eyes see you, but yours cannot see your desolate mother!” Emma had always testified the liveliest desire to see her mother again; God, who had not granted her this favour at her last moments, permitted that then her eyes should open again. In sight of all the astonished assistants, she looked tenderly at her mother, after which death resumed its empire, and they closed again for ever. The convoy resumed its march, which then became triumphal, for chants of praise and thanksgiving were at once heard in the air. The body of Emma was

deposited in the monastery. A chapel was erected at the very spot where the miracle had taken place; it is still frequented by a great number of pilgrims, as is also a neighbouring fountain where the pious faithful go to quench their thirst and afterwards fill bottles with this water which, according to popular tradition, keeps several years without corrupting.

The grief which Saint Bertha felt at the death of her daughter faded little by little, assured as she was of the eternal happiness of Emma, who, during the harsh trials she had undergone, always showed an unalterable patience and a sublime resignation to the will of God. All Bertha's thoughts turned toward heaven, and, during her last years, she lived more than ever the life of angels; each beat of her heart was a leap of love toward the heavenly country. She could say with the royal Prophet: "What have I to desire, if not You, O my God! My heart speaks to You, my eyes seek You! Alas! how long is my exile!"

At last there came that so desired day on which the faithful servant of Jesus Christ entered the house of her Lord. She was seized with a fever apparently very light, but which she foresaw was to lead her to the tomb. In effect, there was soon no more hope. She then had Gertrude called, who governed the community since the death of Deotila, and having assembled all the religious: "My dear daughters," she said to them, "the term of my course has at last arrived, and in a short time I shall be reunited to my Creator. I rely less on my works than on the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, thus I leave the earth with an inexpressible joy, for can the spouse fear to see her Beloved again? But you, my dear daughters, who are condemned to groan still in exile and to fight the enemy of salvation, take confidence in Him whom you have chosen for your portion. Let charity, that bond of all perfection, reign in your hearts and direct your actions, let it make you observe exactly the holy Rule which you have embraced, it will make the yoke of the Lord sweet and easy to you. God, at this moment, makes me glimpse that a day will come when the daughters who have inhabited this monastery will be subjected to cruel trials. Barbarians will carry everywhere the sword and fire; they will burn this house, and the virgins who inhabit it will be forced to seek an asylum in the strange land of exile. But let them have confidence, virtue is purified in adversity, God will be with them, and their patience will find its reward in the heavenly country."

These holy daughters answered this discourse only with tears; they understood in all its extent the loss they were about to suffer, and their grief yielded only to the thought of having in heaven one more protectress. But suddenly the face of Bertha appears resplendent with joy, her eyes, a moment ago cast down by suffering, shine with an unaccustomed brightness; she perceives her guardian angel near her, and he holds in his hands a cross luminous as the sun. The sight of this cross makes the Saint understand that, having always suffered with resignation during her whole life, the hour to exchange the instrument of torture for a crown of glory has at last arrived for her. My God! how liberal You are toward Your friends, and with what torrents of sweet delights do You not load them! You soften for them the bitterness of death, and give them a foretaste of heavenly sweetnesses! Bertha, whose ears were about to close for ever to the discourses of earth, heard, as did all her daughters, a harmonious melody accompany these words pronounced by the angels: "Come, my beloved, come!" Could she have desired to live still after having heard that heavenly concert? Oh no! thus her soul exhales like a sweet perfume, and goes to receive, in the midst of the choirs of angels who carry her to heaven, the reward due to her heroic virtues.

It was on 4 July 723 that this new inhabitant of the heavenly Jerusalem rendered her soul to her Creator, at the age of seventy-nine years. Saint Erkembode, who had succeeded Ravenger in the see of Thérouanne, presided at the funeral, at which a great number of bishops and an immense concourse of people assisted. Saint Bertha was buried in the abbey church, and God confirmed the holiness of His servant by the great number of miracles which were wrought at her tomb.

Saint Bertha is found represented: 1st, with a church on her hand, because she is foundress of a monastery; 2nd, holding the abbatial crozier, symbol of her dignity; 3rd, in company of her two daughters Gertrude and Deotila who took the veil at the same time as she; 4th, before the altar, with one of her two daughters. A lord

having formed the project of carrying her off from her monastery, Bertha led this child to the foot of the altar saying to the suitor that he had God for rival and that he might pass on if he dared; 5th, tracing with her distaff a little furrow at the foot of a spring, and returning to her monastery followed by a brook which goes to quench the thirst of her sisters who lack water.

Worship and Relics — Abbey of Blangy

The abbey of Blangy, founded in 682 by Saint Bertha, continued after her death to distinguish itself by a great regularity. Toward the end of the ninth century it gave a generous hospitality to the religious of Fontenelle, obliged to flee before the Normans. Then, forced themselves to withdraw by flight from the fury of these terrible men of the north, the religious of Blangy retired into Germany, where they in their turn received hospitality in the abbey of Herasten. They had carried with them the most precious of their treasures, the relics of Saint Bertha and of her daughters, and these relics had been glorified all along the road by an uninterrupted series of miracles. Nevertheless the Normans destroyed the abbey and the churches, and for a century this angelic dwelling was transformed into a desert. At the beginning of the eleventh century some priests came to settle at Blangy; two of them, Albin and Ebroin, went to Germany in 10:il, and brought back the bodies of Saint Bertha and of her daughters. In 1032 Roger, count of Saint-Pol, brought religious from the abbey of Fécamp, who, joined to the ecclesiastics of whom we have just spoken, formed a community of men which began to lead a holy life according to the Rule of Saint Benedict. This abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict existed until 1791. Toward the middle of the sixteenth century the religious were obliged to carry the relics of Saint Bertha and of her daughters to Saint-Omer, for fear of the Spanish soldiers who, in 1550, destroyed from top to bottom the cities of

Thérouanne and Hesdin. At Saint-Omer the relics passed through various hands, and were found again miraculously by a pious woman, who warned the abbot of Saint-Jean du Mont. After having proceeded, with the abbot of Blangy, to the examination of the bones which the shrine contained, and having ascertained their authenticity, the precious relics were transported in procession to Blangy. In 1606 Baldwin Lallemand, abbot of Blangy, had the relics placed in a new shrine, in the presence of Claude Dormy, bishop of Boulogne. In 1791 the shrine was transported from the church of the monastery to that of the parish. It was placed in a niche made behind the high altar.

On the 20th of Vendémiaire, year III of the Republic, the administrator of the district of Montreuil, Prévost-Lebas, came to Blangy at the head of a squad of gendarmes, to carry off the shrine and give the relics to the flames; but the night which preceded the departure of the relics for Montreuil, they were saved, at the peril of their lives, by the heroic devotion of three inhabitants of Blangy, Barbier, Gilles-Joseph Desmons and Hannedouche, wife Terrier, who went and hid them between the floor and the ceiling of one of the halls of the abbey. It was there that they were found later. At last they were transported into the parish church of Blangy, where they now are still, and placed above the high altar where, by an ordinance of Mgr de la Tour d'Auvergne, bishop of Arras, dated 6 August 1803, they are exposed each year, from 4 June to 12 July, to the veneration of the faithful. Some relics of the Saint have been detached from the treasury of Blangy by Mgr de la Tour d'Auvergne in favour of several churches of the diocese of Amiens.

Legendary of the Morinie, by the abbé Van Drival. — Cf. *Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras*, by the abbé Destombes; *Life of Saint Bertha*, by Peter Biem, of the Fathers of Mercy.

Saint Udalric or Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg[1]

893–973. — Popes: Formosus; Benedict VI. — Emperors of Germany: Arnulf; Otto I.

Episcopatus dicitur status perfectionis activae, quia alios debet perficere, scilicet subditos.

The episcopate is called the state of an active perfection, because the bishop must perfect others, that is, those who are entrusted to his charge.

Saint Antoninus.

Saint Udalric, whom we call also Ulric, was born about the year 893. He belonged to the first nobility of true Germany, that is to say of Swabia. His father was called Hubald and his mother Thietberga. He was so frail and puny that he would have died if, on the advice of an unknown ecclesiastic, he had not been weaned twelve weeks after his birth. His health grew strong at once and he became a very beautiful child.

When he was of an age to learn letters, he was sent to the abbey of Saint Gall, a school then very flourishing and very illustrious, that he might form himself there in virtue as well as in human sciences. He won the esteem and friendship of all the monks, who pressed him earnestly to take their habit. Udalric consulted on this his spiritual directress, the illustrious virgin Saint Guiborat, who lived as a recluse near the abbey. After having fasted and prayed, she told him that Providence destined him not for the monastic life but for the episcopate, where he would have much to labour and to suffer for the Church of Jesus Christ. Our Saint returned therefore to his parents, his mind filled with fair knowledge and his heart inflamed with the ardours of charity. On his return they put him with Adalbero, bishop of Augsburg, who received him with much kindness. This prelate, when he had come to know the erudition and merit of his disciple, named him, at the age of sixteen, chamberlain of his church: an office which consisted in distributing the ornaments and vestments of the clerics. Afterwards he raised him to sacred orders and gave him a canonry in his cathedral.

At that epoch (909) Udalric made a journey to Rome to visit the tombs of the holy Apostles. The Pope gave him the most favourable reception, told him that God had revealed to him that Adalbero, bishop of Augsburg, was dead, and that Udalric was to be his successor. The humble pilgrim avoided this dignity by alleging to the Pope his youth and his incapacity. The Pope answered him that since he refused this charge now, he would be obliged to accept it later in much more difficult circumstances. In effect, on his return, after having spent some fifteen years with his mother, who had become a widow, he was obliged, at the death of Hiltin, successor of Adalbero, to occupy the episcopal see of Augsburg (924). He found, according to the prediction of the Pope, the city of Augsburg in the most deplorable state: the Hungarians and the Slavs had pillaged it a short time before, burned the cathedral, ruined the abbey of Saint Gall; they had also massacred Saint Guiborat, whom the Germans honour as a martyr. The new bishop had a church built in haste, while awaiting a more magnificent temple, to assemble the people. He succoured, he consoled his flock. He dispensed himself, as soon as he could, from following the imperial court, as his quality of temporal lord obliged him; he charged his nephew to replace him in the army, and confined himself to his spiritual functions. He rose regularly at three o'clock in the morning to assist at the office with his canons, and recited afterwards other prayers. At daybreak he said in choir the office of the dead, with Prime, and assisted at the high Mass. Terce finished, he offered the holy sacrifice and did not leave the church until after None; he went then to the hospital to console the sick there. Every day he washed the feet of twelve poor men, to whom he distributed abundant alms. The rest of the day was employed in instruction, in visiting the sick, and in the accomplishment of the other duties of a vigilant pastor. He made but a single meal, and that only in the evening before Compline. There was served for the poor and for strangers a dish which he never touched. He forbade himself the use of linen: he lay on straw, and took only a few hours of rest. In Lent he redoubled his austerities, and gave a still more considerable time to his practices of devotion.

Every year he held two synods and made the visitation of his diocese, discouraged neither by the rigour of the seasons, nor by the difficulties of the roads, nor by the frequent irruptions of the barbarians. He did not travel with the train of a prince, but with much simplicity, escorted only by the persons who were necessary to him to instruct the faithful, confer the sacrament of confirmation and fulfil the other pastoral functions. He was indefatigable, and often he remained fasting until night listening to the complaints and depositions of the most virtuous of the parish he was visiting, judging the causes of the accused, terminating differences,

remedying the disorders of which he had been informed, confirming the faithful, preaching to them the word of God and reproving them for the vices to which they were addicted. However painful the dedication of temples and chapels may be, he never refused to do it, either for seculars or for regulars; and one day, poor people having come to beg him to dedicate an oratory they had built for themselves in a deserted, remote place of very difficult access, where no other bishop had ever wished to go, he went there without delay.

His visits being finished, he assembled his priests and his curés, either in the deaneries or in his metropolitan city, where twice a year he held his synod. There he reproved them with a generous zeal, but accompanied with a wholly paternal gentleness, for the defects he had recognized in their conduct. He recommended to them to acquit themselves worthily of their ministry, to instruct the peoples whom God had entrusted to their vigilance, to animate them to virtue by their word and their examples, to visit the sick, to administer carefully the Sacraments to them, and to employ the tithes and offerings of the faithful in the assistance of the poor and the lodging of pilgrims. He forbade them, among other things, to keep dogs and hunting birds, to attend wedding feasts and public games, to nourish quarrels and lawsuits, to live in idleness, and, what is more considerable, to traffic in holy things by the detestable crime of simony, which then desolated the Church.

One could not believe the good he did in his diocese by this solicitude and by so many holy instructions. The city and the boroughs changed face; the ecclesiastics reformed, the laity became pious, and one saw everywhere how advantageous it is for a flock to have a good pastor, and for the Christian people to be governed by a holy bishop. He watched also with great zeal over the temporal interests of his people. Thus he surrounded with walls and fortified the city of Augsburg and some other places of his diocese; but this security, this peace, procured with so much solicitude, was troubled by two great wars in Germany, in which the city of Augsburg and all the surrounding country were enveloped. The first was between the emperor Otto I, of whom we have already spoken, and the prince Ludolf, his son, who preferred to arm against his own father rather than give back to his uncle Henry, duke of Nuremberg, some lands which he had usurped from him. As Saint Udalric, in this great quarrel, remained always faithful to the emperor, Arnold, count palatine, who held for Ludolf, profiting by the moment when our Saint had gone to lead troops to the imperial camp, entered Augsburg, ruined its fortifications, pillaged the churches and the houses of private persons, and carried off a great booty. This desolation was very sensible to the holy Prelate, the more so as the conqueror had not spared the sacred vessels, and had stripped his cathedral of all its ornaments. He came back in haste to Augsburg, which Arnold had abandoned; but, finding the city without defence, he remained there only a day, and was constrained to withdraw into the castle of Mechingen, which was of his domain, and to fortify himself there. Arnold, being informed of it, had the temerity to come and besiege him there; but God, who had permitted this tempest only to try or exercise his patience, made it appear, by admirable events, that he was under His singular protection. The army of Arnold was defeated and cut to pieces by a small troop of soldiers that Theobald, brother of our Saint, gathered hastily and without any preparation for war. God punished the impiety of those who had pillaged the cathedral. One was possessed by the demon, another lost his reason, a third was killed by the horse which he had bought with the price of his theft. Arnold himself, having gone to invest Ratisbon, was killed there at the first sortie of the besieged. Meanwhile Udalric, who had no gall against those from whom he had received wrong, employed himself so diligently to reconcile the emperor with his son that, going from one camp to the other to negotiate this great affair, he at last terminated it happily, and by this means restored peace to all Germany, in the year 954.

But this public tranquillity lasted hardly: the following year the Hungarians, who were then still a barbarous and idolatrous people, threw themselves in such great number into the country of the Norici, from the Danube to the Black Forest, that no one remembered ever having seen so formidable an army. They pillaged all this country, burned most of the cities and villages, with the monasteries and churches, among others that of Saint Afra, and came at last to lay siege to Augsburg. The Saint made a good number of soldiers enter it to defend it, but his principal confidence was in God. He had public processions made, invited especially the

women to pray in his cathedral, prayed himself, with tears in his eyes and his face to the ground, offered himself as a victim to the justice of God, to turn aside the scourges from his people; finally, having placed his soldiers in the places where the strongest attacks were feared, he went himself to animate them to do well, not with helmet on head and cuirass on body, but in his church dress and his stole. At the first assault, one of the chiefs of the barbarians having been killed, the others were obliged to withdraw; before the second, the Saint said Mass and gave communion to a part of the assistants; the Barbarians scarcely dared approach the walls, seeing there too great a number of defenders. At last the emperor Otto arrived, and, having given battle to the Hungarians, he won over them so glorious a victory that almost none remained …. Some were killed in the melee; the others, in fleeing, were massacred by the peasants or by those who guarded the passes; these were drowned in the Lys or in the Danube, from which all the boats had been withdrawn, and those died of their wounds, or of hunger and misery. After so happy a day the emperor entered Augsburg, where he testified loudly that it was to the prayers of our Saint and to his constancy that he owed so great an assistance from heaven. They rendered together their thanks to the Almighty, and had public prayers made for the Christians dead in the combat. Theobald, brother of Udalric, and one of his nephews, named Raimbaud, were of this number. He went himself to seek their bodies among those of the other dead and buried them solemnly in his church. Afterwards he applied himself entirely to repairing the ruins that so lamentable a war had caused in the country. He had the church of Saint Afra, celebrated patroness of Augsburg, rebuilt, and had even the happiness to find the place where her relics were. He fortified his metropolis anew, he had brought in the provisions which it needed; and, as he knew that his canons were in extreme poverty, because their farms had been burned and their lands had remained fallow, he fed them charitably at his table until their property should produce revenues sufficient for their subsistence. All things being restored to a better state, he made a second journey to Rome (958); he was received there with much honour by the prince Alberic, and the head of Saint Abundius was given him to enrich his church. He had already obtained from the king of Burgundy, eighteen years before, the body of one of the martyrs of the Theban legion, coming from Saint-Maurice in Valais.

Heaven, whose interests Udalric defended everywhere, granted him great favours. He had prophetic visions. He was sometimes assisted in the celebration of the holy mysteries by Adalbero and Fortunatus, two holy bishops who already reigned with God in heaven. They assisted him above all in the blessing of the holy oils on Holy Thursday. The oils consecrated by Udalric had so much virtue that they wrought many miracles. Several sick were healed by them; the Saint himself, having had himself anointed by an excellent religious named Hiltin, in a dangerous illness, recovered suddenly perfect health. Water had so much respect for him that, crossing a ford where his officers were wetted to the girdle, he alone was not wetted at all. Having one day found the Tar overflowing, with no hope of being able to cross it, he had an altar set up on the bank and celebrated Mass there, after which he and all his people crossed it without difficulty. A boat which was carrying him on the Danube, having struck against a pile, was near sinking to the bottom: all his people saved themselves and left him alone in it without reflecting, so much had fear seized them; but this boat sank only when he had been taken out of it.

This great Saint, seeing that the end of his days was approaching, desired to visit once more, for a third time, the sepulchres of the blessed apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul. His great age did not prevent him from making this journey with joy (967). The Pope, the cardinals and the other prelates whom he found at Rome, being well informed of his merit, gave him many testimonies of veneration and friendship. He accomplished his vows there, and received there also extraordinary favours from heaven through the intercession of the prince of the Apostles. Having learned that the emperor Otto and the empress Adelaide, his wife, were at Ravenna, he betook himself there to salute them. Otto did him the honour of coming to meet him as far as the door of his chamber, although he was shod as yet on only one foot. Adelaide also wished to enjoy, for some time, the happiness of his conversation, which kindled in her heart a new fire of divine love. Our holy old man profited by these so benevolent dispositions: full of esteem and affection for the abbot Adalbero, his

nephew, whom he had formerly placed near the emperor, he begged this prince to accept him as bishop of Augsburg after his death, and to grant him the commendam and administration, in his place, of all the temporal of the bishopric. The emperor, who could dispose of most of the bishoprics, granted him willingly both requests, the more so as he was content with the services his nephew had rendered him: he also made him a present of a considerable sum of money for the needs of the diocese. Thus the holy Prelate returned to Augsburg, laden with honours, consolations and riches.

But as he had acted too humanly in this affair, and had even contravened the holy canons, which forbid bishops to procure successors for a time when they will no longer be alive, God did not permit him to depart this world without having been punished for this fault. Having been summoned to the council of Ingelheim, where the emperor and his son were present, the prelates who composed it reprimanded him for it and obliged the abbot Adalbero to lay aside the marks of the episcopal dignity which he had taken on the simple word of the prince, against ecclesiastical law. This same abbot, his nephew, died suddenly on returning from this Council, without Saint Udalric, who was in the same house, having had time to succour him. Finally, besides the penances which he imposed on himself, to satisfy the justice of God, he received still other punishments which we do not know, since his historian assures us that, coming one day out of a deep sleep in which he had had a prophetic vision, he cried out quite dismayed: “Woe to me, woe to me for ever having known my nephew Adalbero! for, because I let myself go to his desires, these Saints will not receive me in their company until I have been punished very severely.” One sees by this that the greatest men are not exempt from sinning, and from following in their actions the inclinations of flesh and blood; but that God does not leave them unpunished, and that He chastises them with so much the more rigour as they were obliged to live with a greater detachment from the things of earth.

The intention of Saint Udalric had been, in discharging himself of the cares of the episcopate, to retire into an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, whose habit he had taken, in order to prepare himself more tranquilly for his last hour, which could not be very far off; which shows well that he had sinned only through inadvertence; but this design not having succeeded, he resumed with a new zeal the conduct of his diocese, the instruction of his people and the application to the reform of his clergy and of the monasteries which were in his charge. He asked of the emperor the abbey of Ottobeuren, which his nephew had held in commendam, and remitted it to the election of the religious, which he had made in his presence, so that it might fall on a person capable of re-establishing in that place the vigour of regular observance. He said Mass every day, prayed to God continually, ate almost nothing and took very little rest. At last Our Lord made him know the time when He wished to call him to Himself. Having fallen ill, he had distributed to his ecclesiastics and to the needy all the furniture he had, except his bed, with a tapestry and a table service which he left to his successors. On the day of Saint John the Baptist, finding himself strengthened by a heavenly apparition, he went to say two Masses in the church of this holy Precursor, which he had built; afterwards, his weakness having taken him again, it was necessary to put him back to bed; he remained there several days more, during which he had always his mind and heart raised toward heaven. At last, on the sixth day of the octave of Saint Peter, having had ashes put on his floor in the form of a cross, and having had it sprinkled with holy water, he had himself laid upon it, and there rendered his spirit to God, on 4 July 973, by a sweet drowsiness, which was for him a happy passage to eternal glory. His body, which was stripped to be washed, exhaled so agreeable an odour that the whole chamber was perfumed with it. He was buried, with extraordinary solemnity, in the church of Saint Afra, by Saint Wolfgang, bishop of Ratisbon, who came expressly to Augsburg to render him this last duty.

One cannot believe the number and the excellence of the miracles which have been wrought since at his tomb. The blind, the lame, all the infirm were healed there, and the possessed delivered from the tyranny of the evil spirit. This it was which led Pope John XV, in the year 993, twenty years only after his death, to make the decree of his canonization. In the year 1183 his holy remains were found in a vault of the abbey

church called of Saint Ulric and Saint Afra, where they had been deposited, and were transferred to a more honourable place. Saint Udalric founded the monastery of Saint Stephen, for religious women of the Order of Saint Benedict. It is today a chapter of secular canonesses. The memory of this holy bishop is in great veneration in the portion of Lorraine bordering on Alsace. There exists, not far from the city of Sarrebourg, a chapel long since raised in his honour, in which some of his relics are preserved and which is the goal of a frequented pilgrimage.

Saint Ulric is represented: 1st, perceiving in a vision Saint Simper, his predecessor in the see of Augsburg, who complains to our pious bishop that his tomb remains exposed to the injuries of the air, since the barbarians burned the church of Saint Afra of Augsburg where he reposed before: he begs him to bury his body anew in an honourable place, which was done; 2nd, in the costume of a bishop, receiving from the hand of an angel the cross which is to guide the German army in conflict with the Hungarians: this is an allusion to the battle of the Lech, where the troops of Otto, whom Saint Ulric accompanied during the combat, cut to pieces the Barbarians who threatened to ruin the episcopal city. The Bollandists report that this golden cross has been preserved, in memory of that miraculous victory, in the abbeys of Saint Afra and of Saint Ulric; 3rd, on horseback, this same cross in his hand, separating the armies of Otto and of his son Ludolf, ready to come to blows; 4th, in a group, with Saint Afra, martyr, as patrons of the city of Augsburg; 4th, holding a fish in his hand or on a book: this is an allusion to the following fact. He was supping one Thursday evening with his friend Saint Conrad, bishop of Constance: as they spoke of the things of God, they perceived not the length of the time. Now behold, an envoy of the duke of Bavaria, charged with a message for Ulric, found the two friends seated, on Friday morning, before a table served with meat. Ulric, consulting only his good heart, took one of the dishes which were before him and offered it to the courier to indemnify him for his trouble. This wicked man did not touch it, kept the dish, and ran to relate what he had seen. To give a peremptory proof of what he advanced, he wished to present the piece of meat which had been handed to him; but, by a miraculous permission of heaven, he found he had nothing now but a fish, which justified the servant of God and made the messenger pass for a calumniator.

He is invoked principally against the bite of mad dogs, for which it is the custom to drink from the chalice which was found on his breast at the opening of his tomb, and against the dormice which gnaw the goods of the earth. In effect, we find in an author who lived toward the end of the twelfth century that, since his death, no dormouse could remain alive in all the environs of Augsburg: to such a degree that a little earth from his sepulchre, being devoutly carried elsewhere, drove out these animals at once. This author assures us that in his time this marvel was often renewed.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. Surius, at 4 July; Godescard; Baillet.

Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal

1336. — Pope: Benedict XII. — King of France: Philip VI of Valois.

Elizabeth was an angel of piety, an angel of charity, an angel of gentleness; never did monk pray more constantly than this Saint, never did penitent mortify himself more, never did devout person undertake greater things for the glory of God and the good of his neighbour.

Father Ceriziers, Eulogy of Saint Elizabeth.

As it is difficult to find together the splendour of a royal crown with the lowliness of Christian humility, we can regard only with admiration the illustrious persons who, by an inviolable love for Jesus Christ, have known how to ally these two things incompatible in the eyes of the world. We are going to see in the life of Saint Elizabeth that she found the secret of this divine alliance. Princesses and ladies of the highest rank will see in her an example which will strongly engage them to virtue, and which will render them inexcusable at the judgment of God; since, being no less obliged than she to serve Him, it is no less possible for them than

for her to do so in spite of the obstacles of grandeur; and women of middling condition will blush to see that they find so much trouble in doing what so great a princess practised faithfully throughout the whole course of her life.

Saint Elizabeth was the daughter of Peter III, ninth king of Aragon, and of Constance, daughter of Manfred, king of Sicily, grandson of the emperor Frederick II. She was born in the year 1271, under the reign of James I, her grandfather, surnamed the Saint, on account of his virtue, and the Conqueror, on account of his valour. She was given the name of Elizabeth in consideration of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, duchess of Thuringia, her aunt, who had been canonized by Pope Gregory IX in 1235. Her birth brought so much joy to the whole royal family that it re-established good understanding between her grandfather and her father, who had together differences very prejudicial to the State: a happy presage that one day she would be a powerful mediatrix who would manage peace between kings and kingdoms. King James, who foresaw well that she would surpass in piety all the princesses of the blood of Aragon, wished to have her at his court and to take himself the care of her education, so as to inspire her early with the desire of virtue and the solid maxims of the Christian religion. Elizabeth, whom he left at his death in the sixth year of her age, having returned to her father's house, showed at once, by her modesty and her conduct, how much she had profited near her grandfather. At the age of eight years she recited every day the divine office; which she practised afterwards until death. She had so much compassion for the poor that she could not see them without assisting them by all the means her charity furnished her. She despised the luxury of dress, which is so ordinary among princesses. She fled pleasures and amusements, which are often almost their whole occupation. She had prescribed to herself fasts which she observed inviolably. In a word, she led a heavenly life, which made the king her father say that the piety of his daughter was the cause of the happy success of the affairs of his State. The brilliance of her virtue having spread through all Europe, she was asked in marriage by several princes; but Denis, king of Portugal, had the good fortune to prevail over all the others, to the great contentment of his subjects, who received their new queen as a saint whom heaven gave them to load them with all sorts of felicities.

The honours of royalty with all their charms touched in no way the heart of Elizabeth and did not hinder her from practising her ordinary exercises. By a truly Christian prudence she tempered, the one by the others, the various functions that she fulfilled at court. Her abstinence was the rule of her delights; her joy was moderated by her tears; all her actions were accompanied by prayer, and, failing in nothing of what she owed to the king her husband, she did for the service of God all that piety exacted of her in her condition. To this end all the hours of her time were holily distributed. As soon as she was risen she recited Matins and Prime, then she betook herself to her chapel where she heard Mass on her knees, during which she always made her offering, so as not to appear empty-handed before the majesty of her God. She had also the custom of kissing the priest's hand out of respect. She approached often to holy communion, to which she brought an admirable purity of conscience. At the end of Mass she said the office of the Blessed Virgin with that of the dead. After dinner she returned to the chapel to hear Vespers there and complete her office; it was there also that she retired to make her prayer and her spiritual readings, and to pour out her heart in the presence of the Lord: and all her pious actions were accompanied by a great abundance of tears which the tenderness of her love drew from her eyes. As to the time that remained to her after her exercises of devotion, she employed it in making herself with her royal hands ornaments for the altars or garments for the poor; and all the ladies of the court, touched by her example, helped her in these pious works. Her whole exterior announced simplicity, she was affable and full of goodness to everyone; she possessed eminently the spirit of compunction, and often it happened to her, in prayer, to shed abundant tears.

As she was almost always applied to God, she practised a very rigorous abstinence, for fear that her body being too well nourished her mind should not be so fit for contemplation. Therefore, besides the fasts which the Church prescribes during the year, she fasted three times a week, the whole of Advent, and from Saint

John the Baptist's day until the Assumption of Our Lady, after which she began, in honour of the Angels, a Lent which ended only on the day of Saint Michael; the Fridays and Saturdays which preceded the feasts of the Blessed Virgin she fasted on bread and water. Her zeal would have driven her to make other austerities still greater; but prudence made her moderate them, so as not to disobey the king her husband, who forbade her to do more.

Her charity toward the poor was incomparable. Her almoner had an express order to send none away: so that it often happened that the funds destined for her alms could not suffice for them. She sent wheat and provisions to the monasteries of religious men and women that she knew to be in need. Her liberality was not enclosed within the limits of the kingdom of Portugal; it extended even to distant countries, which public calamities rendered miserable. She took particular care of persons of quality whom reverses of fortune, or rather divine Providence, had reduced to poverty. Not only did she give hospitality to poor pilgrims and to strangers, but, after having received them with all imaginable kindness, she had them clothed and gave them wherewith to continue their journey. She took orphans under her protection, and promptly succoured young girls who were in indigence, in order to draw them from the peril to which misery exposed their purity; she sent garments to those who needed them, and she found good matches for those who were inclined to marriage. She was not content with having given to the sick the things necessary to them, but she wished moreover to serve them herself. Every Friday of Lent she washed the feet of thirteen poor persons; and after having kissed them very humbly she had them clothed in new garments. She practised the same on Holy Thursday toward thirteen poor women. God authorized these devotions of Elizabeth by miracles. One day when she was washing the feet of the poor, there was found among the number a woman who had on her foot an ulcer whose bad odour was insupportable: the queen, in spite of all the repugnances of nature, took this infected foot, dressed the ulcer, washed it, wiped it, kissed it and healed it. Having done the same charity to the poor at Santarem on Good Friday, there remained one in the palace, crippled and covered with leprosy, who had not been able to follow the others because of his great weakness: a gatekeeper having met him, grew angry with him, discharged a blow of a stick at him and wounded him. Elizabeth being informed of it, first sent for the guard, whom she reprimanded severely for his harshness toward the poor; then she had the cripple brought to her, put herself the first dressing on his wound and ordered that great care be taken of him; but the next day, by the merits of the Saint, he was found perfectly healed, as much of his wound as of the leprosy with which he was afflicted. Carrying one day in her robe a great sum of money to distribute to the poor, she met who asked her what she was carrying; she answered: "They are roses"; and, in effect, unfolding her robe at once, it was found, by a marvel of divine Providence, that it was roses, although it was at a time when naturally there could be none. It is in memory of this miracle that one of the gates of the monastery of Saint Clare, which she had built, was called the Gate of Roses, on account of the great alms which she had distributed there to the poor.

One of the principal functions of charity is to re-establish peace between persons who are in dissension: it is in this that one may say that of Saint Elizabeth triumphed; for if from her birth she reunited her grandfather with her father, in the course of her life she made reconciliations which, according to human appearances, seemed impossible. Alfonso of Portalegre, her brother-in-law, was in quarrel with her husband on account of some domain which he claimed belonged to him, and he was resolved to do himself justice by force of arms. But our Saint stifled this civil war, by sacrificing a part of her revenues and ceding them heartily to the king to indemnify him for what he relinquished to the prince, his brother. The principal duty of a queen is to soften the king's spirit toward his people and his subjects; to represent to him on occasion the abuses which creep into the administration of affairs, and to prevent his being surprised or deceived by ill-intentioned persons, who regard the interest of their master only so far as their own is bound up with it. This is what Elizabeth laboured at incessantly. She often gave good advice to the king; she urged him efficaciously to govern his States well; she inspired him with sentiments of gentleness and compassion toward his people; she exhorted him particularly not to lend an ear to the vain discourses of flatterers, nor to the false reports of

the envious; she restored him two or three times to good understanding with Prince Alfonso, his son, when the State, finding itself divided for them into two parties, they were on the point of coming to blows. When she knew that families were at law, she contrived to arrange them amicably to prevent their consuming themselves in costs. If any one of the parties lacked money to satisfy the other, according to the conditions proposed, she gave liberally of her own, so as not to delay too long the bonds of peace, which she preferred to all the gold in the world. But her charity never appeared more heroic than in a popular riot which happened at Lisbon. The citizens, of whom some held for the king and the others for Prince Alfonso, his son, being already under arms, ready to fight each other, our generous princess mounted a mule, and, going hither and thither in the midst of the two armies, to solicit them by her tears as well as by her words to lay down their arms and treat of peace, instead of thinking of war, she succeeded so happily in her negotiation that she obliged the son to ask pardon of his father, and the father to pardon his son. Portugal was not the only kingdom where she made peace reign; she laboured strongly also to establish it among the other kings of the Spains, so that being united together they might exterminate the Moors, who occupied a rather considerable part of them and ravaged the other by their continual incursions. She reconciled Peter, king of Aragon, her father, with Ferdinand, king of Castile, her son-in-law: which some princes had several times tried to do in vain. She also restored to peace the king, her husband, with the same Ferdinand, when they were preparing to make war on each other. Finally, one may say that she died of the fatigues she took to extinguish a cruel dissension between Alfonso, king of Portugal, her son, and Alfonso, king of Castile, her grandson. This love of Elizabeth for the public tranquillity well deserved, it seems, that she should enjoy the sweetnesses of a private peace with the king, er husband; but God, wishing to try her virtue, permitted discord to take birth from that which ought to have produced between them only a perfect concord. Prince Alfonso, her son, had risen against the king. The queen spared nothing to put them on good terms again: besides her prayers and her mortifications, to appease the anger of God and to obtain from His mercy a solid peace in the royal house, she did all she could to persuade Alfonso to lay down his arms, to submit to the king his father, and to implore his clemency. Meanwhile some ill-intentioned persons poisoned, in the king’s ear, negotiations so charitable, making him understand that the queen secretly assisted the prince with money and soldiers, and that she revealed to him the secret of the council: which had several times prevented, they said, his being arrested. This report so embittered the king that, without informing himself of the truth, he deprived Elizabeth of all her revenues and relegated her to Alanquer, with prohibition to leave it without his order. As soon as this was known in the kingdom, several great lords, indignant at so ill a treatment, came to find her to offer her their services, so that, by force of arms, the king might be obliged to revoke this exile, and to re-establish her in the honours due to her quality. But far from profiting by this disposition of her subjects, she did what she could to appease them and stifle their fury. “Let us abandon our interests,” she said to them, “to divine Providence, and let us have confidence in God alone; He will know well how to show our innocence and to remove from the mind of the king, my lord, the evil impressions that have been given him of our conduct.” She passed therefore all the time of her exile in shedding tears, in macerating her body, in fasting whole weeks on bread and water, and in praying almost without relaxation, until at last the king, entirely undeceived, recalled her to his person and conceived for her new sentiments of tenderness and veneration.

Her patience appeared again on other occasions, particularly in the illicit loves of the king. Although this prince had by her children, namely Constance, afterwards married to Ferdinand IV, king of Castile, and Alfonso, who succeeded him, and although, moreover, he was a courageous, liberal, just man, father of the poor and adorned with all the qualities proper to make a great king, he was nevertheless incontinent; and, without regard for the fidelity he owed to the queen his wife, or the scandal he gave to his people, he let himself be won by several mistresses, who also gave him children. Elizabeth conceived an extreme grief at it, and it was doubtless to her a great subject of discontent to be obliged to see every day before her eyes persons who shared with her the heart of her husband. Nevertheless, more touched by the offence of God

than by the injury done to herself, she never showed them anything of it, and applied herself only to withdrawing the king from his debauches by the ways of gentleness. It is with this view that she took care of the children who sprang from this criminal commerce, having them nursed herself, and rewarding their nurses and governesses with the same goodness and liberality as she could have done for those of her own children; and, by these heroic actions, she so changed the heart of her husband that, recognizing at last that so wise a wife was for him a rich treasure, he renounced all sorts of illegitimate pleasures, and kept to her thenceforth conjugal faith until death. But, because great changes are not made in the heart of a prince unless God, who holds it in His hands, manages them by His Providence, a terrible accident completed opening the eyes of the king and making him know the holiness of Elizabeth. She had a page whom she ordinarily employed to make her alms and for other works of piety, because he was wise and virtuous, and acquitted himself prudently of all the commissions given him. It happened that another page of the king's chamber, jealous of the honour which the queen did the first, resolved to ruin him, and, to bring it about, as he had his master's ear, he gave him to understand that the queen had more affection for this young boy than the law of God permitted. No more was needed to be said to this prince to embitter him, because the disorder in which he still lived rendered him susceptible of all sorts of evil impressions against his wife: he conceived therefore at once the design of secretly putting this innocent to death; and, having mounted on horseback the same day to go for a ride, as he passed by a place where there was a lime-kiln, he drew aside those who kept up the fire and ordered them that, when a page should come and ask them whether they had done what the king had commanded them, they should seize him on the spot and cast him into the burning furnace to be consumed. The next day the king failed not to send thither the queen's page, so that these men might execute on him what he had told them; but God assists His servants and takes the part of the innocent against the impious: here is how He disposed things by His Providence. The queen's page, passing before a church, and hearing the little bell ring at the elevation of the holy host, entered it and remained there until the Mass was finished. After this Mass he heard still another, and, this one being finished, he remained still in the church until the end of a third which had begun. Meanwhile the king, impatient to know whether this page of the queen was dead, called one of his own, who was precisely the calumniator, and sent him in haste to the furnace, to know whether what he had commanded had been done. The workmen, believing that this one was the page of whom the king had spoken to them, seized him at that very hour, bound him and cast him quite alive into the fire, where he was consumed at once. The page, innocent and falsely accused, having finished hearing his three Masses, arrived soon after and asked whether His Majesty's orders had been executed. He was told that the thing was done. He came back on his steps to give account to his master. The king was much surprised to see him and to learn that his design had had an issue quite contrary to what he had proposed to himself. "What have you done then, and where have you been so long?" he said to him in anger. "Sire," answered the page, "going to execute the orders of Your Majesty, I passed near a church where a Mass was being said, I heard it to the end; and, before it was finished, another was begun which I heard also; and then a third, because my father, giving me his blessing before dying, recommended to me particularly this devotion of hearing all the Masses that I should see begin, and so I remained in the church until the end of the last, after which I did what Your Majesty had ordered me." Then the king, admiring the judgments of God, recognized the innocence of the queen, the virtue of his officer and the malice of the calumniator who had accused them.

Elizabeth had need of a great abundance of graces to resist such rude tempests; thus she did on her side all she could to dispose herself to receive them well: besides the good works that we have reported, she lost no occasion of practising ever new ones. No public edifices were made in her time, whether churches or hospitals, ports or aqueducts, to which she did not contribute considerably by a truly royal liberality: and people were so persuaded of her munificence that a lady of illustrious rank, who had begun to found a monastery of Bernardines near Santarem, seeing herself on her deathbed, begged her, by her will, to finish this pious work: which the Saint accepted willingly; and not only did she have this religious house finished, but she assigned it also great revenues for its subsistence, without wishing that for this reason the title of

foundress should be given her; she left it always to that lady, who had laid the foundations of it. The bishop of Santarem had undertaken to build a hospital for foundlings; and, seeing that by his death he left his design imperfect, he also had recourse to the piety of the queen; he begged her, by his will, to be so good as to be heir of the work he had begun. This commission was very agreeable to her; she even had the edifice made more spacious, increased its revenues, so as to maintain more people there, and prescribed good regulations for its administration. Her care extended to choosing nurses for the children, and sometimes she gave them food herself, as if she had been their own mother; and, when they were of an age to learn a trade, she charged herself with placing them with masters, to whom she singularly recommended them. A lady of Coimbra had begun to found in that city a monastery for the daughters of Saint Clare; but, money failing her, she had been able to build only the chapel, and very little lodging. The queen, who embraced with ardour all the occasions which could contribute to the glory of God, resolved at once to finish this undertaking. For this purpose she bought neighbouring houses which she united to what was already done: and so she rendered this monastery capable of receiving religious, whom she introduced there at once: her humility was so great that she served them sometimes at table with the princess Beatrice, her daughter-in-law. She founded also in the same city, near the palace, a hospital for the maintenance of thirty poor persons, of both sexes: she also had another built in a place called the New Towers or Torres-Novas, to serve as asylum for debauched women who should wish to withdraw and do penance for their licentious life.

However hard the conduct of the king her husband was toward her, she nevertheless always preserved for him a very profound respect and all the tenderness of a perfect wife, as we have already remarked on several occasions; but one may say that her conjugal love never appeared stronger and purer at once than in the illness of which he died, and after his death. In effect, as soon as she saw him dangerously ill, one cannot say how much she was afflicted at it, nor the cares she brought to assist him in this state: she did not leave him a moment, and rendered him herself all the necessary assistances; whatever instance the king made to her to take a little rest, she spared her health none the more for that; she passed the nights near his bed to make him take, at the precise hours, the remedies ordered by the physicians; she tried to console him in his pains, and to banish from his mind the melancholy which the violence of the illness caused him. She studied favourable moments to speak to him of God and of the rigour of His judgments, of the compunction with which one must detest one’s sins to obtain their pardon, of the purity of conscience which a soul must have to appear in the eyes of the divine Majesty, before whom kings are no more than shepherds; in short, she spared nothing, whether for his relief or to dispose him to die as a Christian, if God wished to call him to Himself. It was also with this view that she made extraordinary prayers, and had them made in many places, that she distributed great sums of money to the poor, and that she practised a quantity of other good works.

After the death of the king, which took place at Santarem on 6 January 1325, however overwhelmed with grief she was, she did not abandon herself to tears which, far from profiting the dead, often make one forget to procure for them the succours they need; but she withdrew to her chamber to receive consolation there in converse with her God. Her charity carried her farther: for, to engage heaven to open its treasures for the relief of her husband’s soul, she stripped herself of her royal garments, cut off her hair herself, and took the habit of Saint Clare; then, in this holy attire, returning to where the body of the king was, she said generously to the great ones of the kingdom who were present: “Know that, in losing your king, you have at the same time lost your queen; death, at one stroke, has taken from you both the one and the other; render to the body of your sovereign all the honours that his dignity merits. For me, I shall assist very suitably with this poor habit, since none richer is needed for funerals, and since, as this cord and this vile tunic will represent my grief, so this veil on my head will bear witness to the constant fidelity I have had for my spouse.” She placed herself then near the body of the king, and did not leave it again until it was buried. It was carried to the monastery of the Cistercians of Odivelas, which he had built in his lifetime, and where he had chosen his sepulchre. The queen remained there still some days, not to receive consolation in her widowhood, but to continue her prayers at the tomb of the king. She had many Masses said there also for the repose of his soul;

and, with the same intention, she clothed several poor persons, and distributed alms to a very great number of people. After having thus rendered him the last duties, she went away to Coimbra, to the monastery of Saint Clare, with the design of shutting herself up there and finishing her days there under the Rule of that Saint. But she was turned from it by some servants of God; they represented to her that, if she did it, that innumerable multitude of poor whom she maintained by her liberalities, being deprived of her assistance, would be reduced to the last extremity; she preferred therefore the advantages of her neighbour to the movements of her particular devotion and to her own satisfaction, and did not shut herself up entirely in the cloister. Meanwhile she always kept the habit of penance of the Third Order of Saint Francis; and, having had built near the monastery an apartment from which she could enter it, she often retired with the religious, whom she had permission to go and see when she wished. In the year of the death of the king her husband, she went, for the repose of his soul, on pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint James, in the city of Compostella in Galicia. As soon as she arrived at the place from which one begins to descry the lofty towers of that church, she dismounted and finished in that state the rest of the way: which she did with so much fervour that no one dared oppose her devotion. During her stay in that holy place the feast of this holy Apostle was celebrated on 25 July, and she chose that very day to offer him the rich presents she had brought. She presented him therefore her golden crown, garnished with the most beautiful gems in the world, her royal garments, all glittering with embroideries and pearls, vessels of gold and silver of inestimable price, a complete ornament to serve at pontifical Masses, tapestries and stuffs bristling, so to speak, with gold and precious stones, a prodigious sum of money, and so many other considerable gifts that it was avowed that, by her munificence, she had surpassed all that the greatest princes of the earth had ever done in honour of Saint James. Having thus fully satisfied her devotion, she betook herself to the monastery of the Cistercians at Odivelas, to celebrate there, with royal pomp and magnificence, the anniversary of the death of the king her husband, after which she returned to Coimbra. It was then that she had the monastery of Saint Clare finished, to which she assigned anew very ample revenues. As she had still many precious stuffs and a quantity of ingots of silver, she sent for goldsmiths and embroiderers, and gave them all these treasures to make sacred ornaments for the altars: chalices, crosses, censers, candlesticks, lamps and other vessels destined for divine worship; she left a part to the monastery of Saint Clare, and distributed the rest to various churches of Portugal.

We have related up to this point the virtues that Saint Elizabeth practised during the life of the king her husband, and the first year of his decease; we must now see what she did from that time until her death. One may say that, being delivered from the law of marriage, as Saint Paul says, and having no longer any other care than that of living in Jesus Christ, she displayed the same virtues with a new lustre. Abstinence, retreat, prayer and charity toward her neighbour were still her ordinary exercises; but, as she was no longer obliged to spare herself in order to obey and please the king, she gave them a much greater extent. Her great age, which was nearly sixty years, did not prevent her from making very rigorous fasts; and although, by her ancient mortifications, she had already perfectly subjected the flesh to the spirit, she did not cease to chastise it always to contain it in its duty; not only did she deprive herself of delicate dishes, but she refused herself even necessary food. She entered often into the monastery, according to the power the Pope had given her for it, to make her prayer there with the religious; she ate in their community, and her greatest pleasure was to converse with them; she exhorted them with a holy fervour to observe their Rule and to render themselves the faithful spouses of Jesus Christ, to whom they had consecrated themselves. She had five religious near her person, with whom she recited the whole divine office. She said Matins at midnight; in the morning, as soon as she was risen, she assisted at a low Mass to begin the day holily. A little after, she heard a high Mass, which she had celebrated each day for the repose of the soul of her husband; then she assisted at the solemn Mass of the day, and said Terce, Sext and None with her holy companions.

After dinner, instead of amusing herself, according to the usage of the court, she gave audience to all the persons who had recourse to her; and it is an admirable thing to see with what patience she listened to all the requests made to her, and with what presence of mind she answered them; now a poor woman asked her

wherewith to feed her family, reduced to the last misery; at other times she was begged to succour poor orphans; here a widow implored her assistance and protection in her affairs; there a sick man sent to represent to her that he was abandoned by everyone and had nothing to relieve himself. Sometimes it was a question of poor monasteries to succour, of desolate temples to repair. In short, people came from all sides to find her the more freely as they were assured of being well received at her house. Neither people of the lowest condition with their dirty and torn garments, nor villagers all covered with dust, nor the sick who already bore on their faces the image of death, and the ulcerous who exhaled from their bodies an insupportable odour, were excluded from her chamber; they were on the contrary received like great lords, and one always went away content from her. She gave salutary advice to all who consulted her; she urged efficaciously to penance those whom she knew to be in disorder; she tried to procure some consolation for those whom she saw in grief; she sent to distribute alms to the prisoners, and she paid the price of the ransom of the captive. Above all she showed well, in a famine which happened at Coimbra, that her charity had no bounds: for, the inhabitants of this city being reduced to extreme scarcity, to the point of being forced to eat rats and mice, the virtuous princess spared nothing to succour them in so great a need; she bought a great quantity of wheat and other provisions which she distributed liberally to all the needy; and, as the desolation was so strange that the dead remained without burial, she took care to have them buried, sending for this purpose, into the streets and into the houses, persons to whom she furnished abundantly all the things necessary to bury them. The officers of her household, apprehending, by a human prudence, that the excessive expense she made might reduce her herself to indigence, represented to her that it was fitting to moderate it so as not to expose herself to that inconvenience. But, far from relishing their reasons: “You could not,” she said to them, “hold me a discourse more disagreeable to me; do you wish to limit my charities because your hearts are narrowed by a vain fear of lacking necessaries? Are you so weak as to believe that God will abandon us when we employ all we have to succour our neighbour? Is it not He who governs the world and who, by His Providence, causes there the events we see happen? A fine imagination, to persuade ourselves that we shall perish if we continue to do charity to our brethren who die of hunger, and, on the contrary, that we shall live if, by a pitiless cruelty, we let them perish of misery. Do you not know that Jesus Christ has forbidden us to occupy ourselves with the morrow? Remember that He has assured us that He would have far more care of us than of the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, which nevertheless never lack anything. No, I cannot hear the groans of so many poor mothers of families, and the voices of little children, nor see the tears of old men and the dead bodies of so many persons, without employing the goods God has given me to supply all these needs. Banish therefore this fear from your hearts, take good courage, put your confidence in God, and spare my treasures in no way to assist the miserable.” Can anything be added to a charity so pure, so brilliant, so constant and so universal?

When the functions of charity gave her some moments of relaxation, she employed them in the contemplation of heavenly things, retiring into a secret closet, where she could be seen and heard by no one; and there she gave full liberty to her heart to sigh, and to her eyes to shed tears; she often passed there a good part of the night. At other times she went to visit the hospital she had had built in honour of Saint Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, and served the poor there herself. She conversed familiarly with them, exhorted them to patience in their misery, and, after having softened their ills by her words full of tenderness and a certain heavenly unction, she raised them up, made their beds, prepared dishes for them in the kitchen, and then, like a servant, brought them to them. The pale faces of the sick did not frighten her; the stench of the ulcers did not repel her; the fear of catching their ills did not disquiet her; in short, her dignity of queen did not hinder her from giving herself to the most vile ministries of the hospital. It is in these holy practices that Elizabeth passed the rest of her days, waiting until the hour should come to appear before her God. The great graces she had received in her pilgrimage to Saint James made her undertake this journey once more, in order to obtain from this great Apostle new favours for dying well: it was a year before her death, on the occasion of a plenary indulgence extraordinarily granted to the pilgrims of that holy place; but it was not with the suite and

equipage of a queen, as the first time: she clothed herself in a poor habit to be unrecognized, and had herself accompanied only by two women. She did it on foot, burdened with her little baggage, like persons of the vilest condition, although she was then sixty-four years old, and it was during the greatest heats of summer; and, in short, she made no difficulty of asking alms from door to door, to receive her subsistence from the charity of the faithful. Prodigious humility! which should confound the delicacy of certain women who shrink from the least inconvenience, and dare not take a step unless they are quite at their ease.

On her return from this pilgrimage, word was brought her that Alfonso IV, king of Portugal, her son, and Alfonso XI, king of Castile, son of her daughter, were at variance with each other, and that their quarrel, if it were not promptly stifled, threatened to set these two kingdoms in flames. This news was capable of making her die of grief; but, as there was no putting off applying a remedy to an evil so pressing, having no regard to the feebleness of her age, she betook herself promptly to Estremoz, where the king her son then was, ready to take the field against his nephew: she wished to wring from him words of peace and at once pass into Castile, to complete this great work with the king her grandson. But she was no sooner arrived at Estremoz than she fell ill. She saw that this fever would lead her to the tomb. As the illness was not very violent, she did not cease to assist every day at divine service, according to her custom; but, when the danger was extreme, after having made her will in the presence of the king and of Queen Beatrice, her daughter-in-law, she would not delay to receive the Viaticum. For this purpose she had an altar prepared outside her chamber and had the august sacrifice of the Mass celebrated there, and, when the time came to communicate, she rose herself from her bed, her fervour giving her strength enough to support herself, clothed herself in her habit of penitent of the Third Order of Saint Francis, and, dying as she was, without the help of anyone, but fortified only by the grace of God, she went and threw herself on her knees at the foot of the altar: there, melting into tears, and heaving sighs of devotion which touched all the assistants sensibly, she received the holy Eucharist. She acted thus from a feeling of profound humility and singular respect toward Jesus Christ, not believing she ought to suffer Him to be brought to her in her chamber, as long as she had strength to go and seek Him herself at the foot of the altars. What is more admirable, and shows the greatness of her courage, is that she made these pious efforts on the very day she died. At last, toward evening, after having conversed with the king her son, to bring him to make peace with the king of Castile, she rendered her soul to God, imploring the help of the Blessed Virgin, who had appeared to her, accompanied by Saint Clare and other holy religious women, and reciting the Apostles' Creed. It was on 4 July of the year of Our Lord 1336, which was the sixty-fifth of her age.

Saint Elizabeth of Portugal is painted tending the poor sick; in the costume of a Franciscan, assisting at the funeral of the king her husband; in the costume of a queen, trampling under her feet the earthly crown; carrying a pitcher, to recall that the water that was brought her was changed into wine, for the physicians having ordered her to abandon at least for a time the austerity of her ordinary life, she continued none the less to drink only water, when heaven itself intervened by a miracle in favour of the disciples of Hippocrates; there is attributed to her, as to Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, her great-aunt, the miracle of the coins changed into flowers. Our Saint is particularly honoured at Saragossa, Estremoz, Coimbra and throughout Portugal.

Worship and Relics

Her body was carried from Estremoz to Coimbra, to be buried in the monastery of Saint Clare, where, by her will, she had chosen her sepulchre. There came out of it a kind of very agreeable perfume, which lasted until it was put in the earth. The peoples came in crowds to her tomb to pray her to continue to them with God the effects of the goodness she had always shown them on earth. They could not be prevented from honouring her publicly as a saint; and this worship, without being authorized by the superiors, was not condemned. Pope Leo X permitted first, at the solicitation of Don Emmanuel, king of Portugal, that her memory should be publicly honoured in the city and diocese of Coimbra, at Mass and in the divine office on the day of her death. Since that time Pope Paul IV granted to King John III, son of Emmanuel, that this commemoration

should be made throughout the whole kingdom of Portugal. In the year 1612 the body of the Saint was found still entire, wrapped in a cloth of silk, in a wooden chest covered with leather, which had been enclosed in a tomb of marble. Alfonso, bishop of Coimbra, had built in her honour a rich chapel, with a great silver shrine of admirable workmanship, to put in it so precious a relic; and, death not having permitted him to make the translation, besides the twelve thousand gold crowns which he had already employed in this act of religion, he left thirty thousand more to have the process of the canonization of our Saint worked at, which was made at last by Urban VIII, on 25 May 1625, at the instance of the Catholic king Philip IV, and of Queen Elizabeth of France, his wife. In 1630 the same Pope permitted the whole Church to make her office semi-double, but without precept, ordering only that in the places where there should be devotion to her, care should be taken to name her first in the martyrology, on the fourth day of July. In 1695 the office was declared of precept by Pope Innocent XII, and transferred to 8 July.

We have drawn this life from that which Rev. Father Hilarion de Coste, religious of the Order of Minims, composed in Latin, a year after she was canonized. — Cf. Godescard, and *Acta Sanctorum*.

Saint Valentine, Priest and Confessor, Patron of Griselles, in the Diocese of Dijon (547)

Saint Valentine belonged to a powerful family of France. Brought up at the court of King Childebert I, he did not attach his heart to riches or to human grandeurs. He found, on the contrary, satisfaction only in coming to the aid of the unfortunate and in visiting churches and monasteries. When he was twenty, his father wished to engage him in the bonds of marriage and to make him marry the daughter of a rich citizen of Troyes, named Palladius. Valentine, who felt no inclination for that kind of life, asked a respite of five years, which was granted him. That time elapsed, Valentine’s father renewed his proposal; but the holy young man could not resolve to yield to the desires of his parents. To escape more lively instances, he took flight and went and hid in a lime-kiln. His father, alarmed, had him sought on all sides, but in vain. He then set out himself, and, his paternal tenderness suggesting to him an ingenious means of success, he had himself accompanied by his hunting dogs. He was persuaded that the delicate scent of these intelligent animals would be of useful help to him, and he was not mistaken. Seeing himself discovered, Valentine understood then that God willed him to return with his father. He returned therefore to the domestic hearth; but he remained unshaken in his resolution to serve God alone and to know no other love than that of his Creator. The father admired the virtue of his son and constrained him no further. Valentine profited then by his liberty; he retired to a neighbouring mountain, built himself an oratory which he dedicated to the holy Apostles, and soon, by the holiness of his life, he merited to receive the honour of the priesthood from the hands of the bishop of Langres. A great number of miracles wrought by this holy priest are cited. Let us recall, among others, a miraculous multiplication of wine, in the presence of the king and his court; the deliverance of two criminals, one of whom had already undergone his punishment and the other was on the point of undergoing it; finally the punishment of thieves who, having stolen from the Saint the horse he rode, could not enjoy the fruit of their rapine and were obliged to implore pardon.

Valentine was only twenty-eight years old when the Lord judged him ripe for heaven. He departed this world in the year 547, having edified by the spectacle of his virtues all who had the happiness to know him.

He is not only patron of Griselles, but also of Bagneux and of Lantages, in the diocese of Troyes.

The Saints of Troyes, by the abbé Defer; — Cf. *The Lives of the Saints of Dijon*, by the abbé Duplus; *Acta Sanctorum*, volume II of July.

Saint Laurian, Bishop of Seville, Martyred in the Solitude of Vatan in Berry (554)

Laurian, born in Pannonia on the banks of the Danube, of idolatrous parents, was brought early by his uncle to the city of Milan, where he received the faith with the elements of Christian doctrine. Become deacon of that Church, he attacked Arianism with so much talent and success that the Arian prince who then reigned in Italy constrained him to leave that country. Departing from Milan, he arrived, after various peregrinations, at Seville, where the bishop received him with kindness and made him his coadjutor; after his death he was elected by common voice to succeed him. But the persecutions and threats of the Arians, to whom he reproached their errors, soon forced him to retire; he took refuge at Rome. A heavenly voice warned him to come into Gaul; after having venerated the tomb of Saint Martin, bishop of Tours, he came to the little town of Vatan (Indre), in Berry.

As soon as the Arian king of Italy learned that Laurian had come into Italy, and that afterwards he had passed into Gaul, to labour there in the interest of religion, he sent assassins who, having set out on the Saint's tracks, surprised him in the place of his retreat and cut off his head. His head was carried to Seville, and procured the salvation of that country, afflicted with the scourge of drought for seven consecutive years. Scarcely was the holy relic present on that desolate land when torrents of rain inundated it, and the other scourges which had desolated it since the departure of the holy bishop ceased suddenly.

The trunk of the holy Martyr, at first abandoned in a cavern, was buried, by Eusebius of Arles, on a heavenly warning, at the very place where the church stands which is called the chapel of Saint-Laurian, two miles from Vatan. His relics reposed in this place until, to put them in a more suitable place, they were transferred into the church of Vatan itself, then dedicated to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and which was later to the blessed Laurian. This translation was accompanied by numerous miracles. The Calvinists burned the relics of Saint Laurian. Only a few particles have been preserved, which are in the church of Vatan. He is represented: 1st, beheaded and handing his head to his own executioners that they may carry it to Seville; 2nd, a lily in his hand, perhaps to recall that he remained pure in the midst of the idolatry of his country and the errors of the Arians.

He is patron of Seville.

Proper of Bourges.

The Venerable Aurelian, Archbishop of Lyons, Founder of Saint-Benoît of Seyssieu (895)

Aurelian was born in the province of Lyons: his father bore the same name as he, and his mother was called Adalsona. Admitted from his youth to follow the ecclesiastical career, he became first archdeacon of Autun and was afterwards elected abbot of the monastery of Aisnay, at the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône. Aisnay or Ainay (*Athenacum*) was an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, situated formerly outside the walls of Lyons and is enclosed today within its circuit. One of the most ancient in the Gauls, it was already flourishing in the year 534, when the kingdom of Burgundy was united to France. This place of Athenacum had become celebrated as the theatre where the illustrious martyrs of Lyons, whom Saint Gregory of Tours calls Athenacenses, suffered death under Marcus Aurelius, in the second century. The bodies of these glorious confessors of the faith, cast, by a barbarous order, into the Rhône, were gathered by the faithful and placed on the altar of a vast basilica which they built in their honour. Later there was joined to this basilica a notable monastery under the title of Saint Martin. Ravaged by the barbarians, Aurelian re-established monks there and restored to it its first splendour.[1]

Some time after, Aurelian had the government of the abbeys of Saint-Claude (Jura) and of Kantua (Ain). They were two illustrious and ancient monasteries of Benedictines. It was not the lure of fortune or ambition, but the sole interest of these religious houses that engaged him to accept these new functions. At the end of ten years he resigned them to go and found the abbey of Seyssieu. It was in the year 859. He placed it on the

Rhône, four leagues from Belley, and put it under the invocation of Saint Benedict and of the holy martyrs Florentinus and Hilarius. In the year 878 he received in this asylum the religious of Saint-Maur des Fossés, near Paris, who sought a refuge from the fury of the Normans.

Meanwhile the high reputation of virtue of Aurelian had caused him to ascend, from 875, the metropolitan see of Lyons, vacant by the decease of Saint Remigius. He was present in June or July 876 at the council held at Ponthion (Marne) by John of Toscanella, John of Arezzo and Ansegisus, of Sens. In 878 he assisted at that of Troyes, presided over by Pope John VIII, and spoke several times there. The day of his death is commonly placed in 895, but there is no agreement on the precise day of his decease. The necrology of the Church of Lyons, which we have followed, marks it on 4 July. Cf. Fisquet: *La France Pontificale*.

Saint Odolric, Canon and Archdeacon of Langres, Archbishop of Lyons (1046)

Henry III, emperor of Germany and king of Burgundy, wearied by the troubles which had desolated the Church of Lyons in the time of Burchard II, archbishop of that city, and which continued during the long years of the vacancy of this see, designated to fill it Halinard, abbot of Saint-Bénigne of Dijon,[1] whom he had formerly known particularly and whose piety and religious conduct had won his sympathies. The latter declined the burden they wished to impose on him and which in fact was too heavy for the shoulders of a monk. He persuaded the prince to turn his choice upon Odolric, cleric and archdeacon of Langres, as advanced in age as in holiness, very learned in sacred letters, and who was then in the palace of the king, but quite unknown and forgotten. On the report that was made of him at Besançon and at the request of both the bishops and the faithful, the king named Odolric to the archbishopric in 1041, after having had him invested with the pontifical insignia. Tranquillity was at once restored to the province, and everyone showed himself satisfied with a peace so long awaited. Odolric governed the Church of Lyons for five years, and edified his flock by his words, by his works and by his example. His zeal created him enemies who meditated making him perish by the sword, then resolved to rid themselves of him by poison. They accomplished their execrable design in 1046, and afterwards Halinard, the devoted friend of Odolric, was obliged to succeed him.

La France pontificale, by Fisquet; *Lives of the Saints of Haute-Marne*, by the abbé Godard. — Cf. *Chronicle of Saint-Bénigne of Dijon* and *Chronicle of Hugh of Flavigny*.

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[2] The Roman martyrology spells *Namphanio*, which was translated as Namphanion. Now, Christian inscriptions found recently in Algeria since the French occupation give the spelling *Namphanio* and *Nomphamo*; proof of the popularity of this martyr among his compatriots: this popularity was so great that Saint Namphamon was called the archimartyr, that is to say the prince or first of the martyrs; he was in fact the first who shed his blood in a public persecution — that of Septimius Severus, end of the second century. — His worship was so widespread in Africa that Maximus of Madaura, a pagan grammarian, complained to Saint Augustine of seeing this barbarous name efface the name of all the gods. The holy doctor, touching adroitly the patriotic chord, admires that the wit of a man of letters should imagine raising ridicule among the Africans on the occasion of a Punic name; the more so as its signification has nothing that prompts to laughter, since it means in Punic good omen (Aug. Epist. xvi and xvii). The companions of the martyrdom of Saint Namphamon are: Miggin, Lucitas and Sanae, whose names seem Punic. — Cf. *Memories of the Church of Africa*, by Rev. Fr. Cahier.

[3] See 11 November.

[4] See his life at this day.

[5] See his life on 28 June.

[6] See this day.

[7] *Udalricus, Walclricus.*

[8] Today the ancient abbey of Ainay is no more than a church of Lyons which one still visits with a pious interest as one of the most curious monuments of ancient Lugdunum.

[1] *Sanctus Benignus Divionensis*, in the Côte-d'Or, noble and ancient monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded outside the walls of the city of Dijon, about the year 509, by Gregory, bishop of Langres, under the invocation of Saint Benignus, martyr. The church of Saint-Bénigne of Dijon is today the cathedral of that episcopal city.

5 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the feast of Saint Zoe, martyr, wife of the holy martyr Nicostratus. As she was offering her prayer to God near the tomb of the apostle Saint Peter, she was arrested by archers, under the emperor Diocletian; she was first cast into a very dark prison; then she was hung from a tree by the neck and the hair; stifled by a horrible smoke which was made beneath, she gave up her spirit confessing the name of Our Lord. 286. — In Syria, the triumph of Saint Domitius, martyr, who by his miracles procured great goods for the inhabitants of that country. 363. — At Cyrene in Libya, Saint Cyrilla or Cyprilla, martyr, who, during the persecution of Diocletian, held for a long time on her hand burning coals with incense, without moving it, for fear that some of these coals falling, she should appear to have sacrificed to false gods. She was very cruelly torn, and, being thus adorned with her own blood, she went to present herself to her Spouse in heaven. 310. — At Jerusalem, Saint Athanasius, deacon, who, having been seized by the heretics because he defended the council of Chalcedon, underwent the cruelty of the most refined torments, and perished at last by the sword. 452. — In Sicily, Saint Agathon and Saint Triphina, martyrs. — At Tomi in Scythia, the holy martyrs Marinus, Theodotus and Sedophus. — At Trier, Saint Numerian, archbishop of that see and confessor. 657. — At San Severino in the March of Ancona, Saint Philomena, virgin. 6th c.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the archdiocese of Sens, Saint Paul, fifteenth archbishop of that see. Brother of Saint Heraclius, he merited by the holiness of his life to succeed him. He was buried beside his brother in the abbey of Saint John (*Sanctus Joannes Senonensis*, ancient monastery of women founded, about the year 496, in a suburb of the city of Sens, by the same Saint Heraclius). 525. — In the ancient abbey of Saint Peter of Lobbes, in the diocese of Cambrai, the memory of Saint Abel, twenty-eighth archbishop of Reims. Irish by origin, Abel, before his election, was a religious in this monastery. He could not long fulfil the episcopal functions, being prevented by the intruder Milo, who oppressed the Churches of Reims and of Trier from 747 to 753. Abel then withdrew to the monastery of Lobbes, where he laboured with fruit at the conversion of unbelievers. He was buried in the church of Binche, between Mons and Charleroi (Hainaut), where his feast is also celebrated.[1] 751. — In the ancient episcopal city of Conserans (Ariège), Saint Valerius, called also Valier and Vallier, first bishop of that see, already named on 9 and 20 February.[2] 504. — At Paris, the blessed Hugh of Saint-Victor, regular canon of the abbey of that name (*Sanctus Victor Parisiensis*, celebrated monastery of Regular Canons of Saint Augustine, raised by the pious munificence of King Louis the Fat, about the year 1113, near the walls of Paris, at the foot of the mountain of Sainte-Geneviève, and dedicated in honour of Saint Victor, martyr of Marseilles). He was born in the territory of Ypres in Flanders, about the year 1097, and, after excellent studies, entered, in 1115, the Congregation of the Canons of Saint-Victor. He became afterwards prior of the house of Paris, and taught theology there from 1130 until his death. The resemblances remarked between him and Saint Augustine on the side of piety, polemical and oratorical talent, caused him to be called a second Augustine. The calendars of France give him only the title of venerable; but Pope Benedict XII having had his body raised from the ground, ordered that it be transported to the abbey church; which was equivalent to a decree of beatification. 1142. — At Bayeux, Saint Sever or Severus, bishop of Avranches, whose holy remains repose in the church of Notre-Dame of Rouen. That city keeps his feast on 1 February.[3] Toward the end of the 7th c. — At Ligny, in the diocese of Verdun, the blessed Peter of Luxembourg, cardinal and bishop of Metz. His mortal remains were placed in the cemetery of Saint-Michel of Avignon, where his feast is celebrated on 2 July. 1387. — At Rode, Saint Fleuret, called also Florez or Florege, already cited on 1 July.[4] — At Bourges, the holy martyrs Marcellus and Anastasius, already named

in the Roman martyrology of 30 June, the day under which we have given their life. — In the diocese of Viviers, Saint Ostianus, priest and confessor, already mentioned in the Roman martyrology of 30 June. — In Brittany, the venerable Yves d'Alam, discalced Carmelite and missionary, known in religion under the name of Brother Bruno of Saint-Yves.[5] 1661. — In the ancient abbey of Corbie (*Corbeia*, in the diocese of Amiens, illustrious monastery of Benedictines, founded about the year 662, under the invocation of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, by Queen Bathilde, near the little town of that name which owes its celebrity to it), Saint Fulbert, novice. Struck mortally by one of his fellow pupils, he showed a heroic patience in his sufferings, and his professor Saint Anskar saw him, in a vision, crowned with the aureole of martyrdom. 818.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — In the monastery of Saint Mary of Serra, near Massache, in the diocese of Iesi, in the March of Ancona, the blessed Ange, Camaldolese monk, killed by the heretics.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Alcamo in Sicily, the birth into heaven of the blessed Archangel of Calatafimi, provincial vicar of the Order of Minors, celebrated for his love of solitude, the austerity of his life and the innocence of his morals. He shone with the glory of miracles before and after his death. 1460.

Martyrology of the Discalced Trinitarians. — At Vich in Catalonia, Saint Michael of the Saints. 1625.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the desert of Scete in Egypt, Saint Sisoes or Sisoy, anchorite. About 429. — At Mainz, the translation of the relics of Saint Martin, bishop of that see and confessor. He flourished in the fourth century, and died about 350. The people of Mainz keep his feast on 28 February, the day under which he is mentioned in the Roman martyrology. — At Reggio in Calabria, Saint Stephen, first bishop of that see, and his companions, Saint Sueras, also bishop, Saint Agnes, Saint Felicity and Saint Perpetua, all martyrs. Stephen was born at Reggio, capital of the ancient Bruttii, peoples of the most southern part of Italy, and was made bishop of his native city by the apostle Saint Paul, who converted him to the faith. As he preached boldly and in public the new religion, and as a great number of pagans were converting, the servant of God was enveloped in the persecution of Nero, and paid with his head for a zeal too dangerous at that epoch. 1st c. — At Alexandria, Saint Arpon or Arpotes, confessor. — At Cyrene in Libya, with Saint Cyrilla or Cyprilla, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day, the holy Lucy and Aroa or Roa, her companions, martyrs. 310. — At Scythopolis in Samaria, Saint Basil and his seventy companions, martyrs. — Among the Greeks, Saint Agnes, virgin and martyr. — At Patti in Sicily, Saint Trophima or Trophimena, virgin and martyr. She is patroness of the cathedral church of Minori, in the kingdom of Naples. About the year 304. — In England, Saint Modwenna or Modovena, virgin, foundress of monasteries. Irish by birth, she embraced the religious life in her country and lived there several years in the exercises of piety. She passed into England about the year 840, under the reign of Ethelwolf. This prince, knowing her holiness, entrusted to her the education of his daughter Edith, and founded for her the monastery of Polesworth, near the forest of Arden, in the county of Warwick. Modwenna had before founded two celebrated abbeys of women in Scotland, of which one was at Stirling and the other at Edinburgh; she also made several other pious foundations in England. Desiring afterwards to lead the anchoretic life, she passed seven years in an island of the Trent, called Andresey, from the name of the apostle Saint Andrew, under whose invocation she had dedicated her oratory. The relics of our Saint having been transported from the abbey of Andresey to that of Burton, on the Trent, the latter took from then the name of Burton-Modwenestow. 9th c. — On Mount Athos, in Rumelia, Saint Athanasius of Trebizond, confessor, Saint Lampadus and another Saint Athanasius, commonly called Saint Athanasius in the tree, because the hollow of a tree served him as a cell. 551.

Saint Sisoes or Sisoy, Anchorite in the Desert of Scete, in Egypt

About 429. — Pope: Saint Celestine I. — Emperor of the East: Theodosius II.

Solitarius est forma terrestris angeli, qui orationem suam charta desiderii, desidia et torpore liberavit. The solitary is in a way an angel on earth, whose prayer, free from all desire, from all lukewarmness, rises freely toward heaven.

St. John Climacus.

Saint Sisoes was one of the most brilliant lights of the deserts of Egypt after the death of Saint Antony. He was Egyptian by birth. Having left the world from his youth, he retired into the desert of Scete, in Lower Egypt, west of the Delta, near the mountains of Nitria, and lived some time under the guidance of the abbot Hor. The desire to find a place still more solitary having made him cross the Nile, he went and hid on a mountain where Saint Antony had died a short time before. The quite recent memory of the virtues of this great man wonderfully sustained his fervour; he imagined that he saw him and heard from his mouth the instructions he had given his disciples. He applied himself therefore with all his strength to imitate his most fervent practices. His penance was very austere, his silence rigorous, his prayer ardent and almost continual. His holiness acquired for him such a reputation that he merited the confidence of all the solitaries of the neighbourhood. There were even some who came from very far to ask him advice on the interior ways of perfection; and in spite of the care he took to hide himself, he was constrained to make his love of silence and retreat yield to charity. Often he passed two days without eating; he was so mortified and absorbed in God that he forgot to take his food; Abraham his disciple had to warn him when the hour of eating had come; even then he was sometimes astonished at it, believing he had already done so, so little attention did he give to the needs of the body.

His prayer was so sublime that it went frequently as far as ecstasy. At other times his heart was so strongly inflamed with the fire of divine love that, almost unable to bear its vehemence, he relieved himself by frequent sighs which escaped him without his perceiving it and even against his will. He held as a maxim that a solitary ought not to choose the manual labour which pleases him most. Ordinarily he occupied himself in making baskets. One day when he was selling the fruit of his labour, he had a temptation of anger; at once he threw his baskets on the ground, left them there and took flight. By dint of conquering himself, he acquired a gentleness which nothing could alter. He was not astonished at the faults of his brethren; and instead of reproaching them with indignation, he helped them to rise from them with a truly paternal tenderness. When he wished to recommend to others gentleness and exactness in observing the rules, he related the following story: “Some brethren, twelve in number, being on the road, night surprised them, and they perceived that their guide was going astray. They did not however warn him of it, for fear of breaking silence, thinking in themselves that he would see his mistake when day should have come and that then he would put them in the true way: they followed him therefore in patience and went as far as twelve miles. The day come, the conductor, remarking that he had gone astray, made them great excuses; and as it was permitted to speak, the brethren answered him quietly: ‘We saw well that you were leaving the road, but we did not wish to say anything.’ This man admired their patience and was very much edified by their exactness in keeping the rule.”

Some Arians, having come to his mountain, dared to dogmatize there among the brethren. The Saint answered them nothing; but he ordered his disciple to read in their presence a treatise of Saint Athanasius against Arianism, which shut their mouths. After having confounded them, he sent them away with his ordinary gentleness.

Saint Sisoes was also an accomplished model of humility; he returned always to this virtue in the counsels and instructions he gave to others. A solitary having said to him one day: “My father, I consider myself as being always before God”; he answered him: “That is not enough, my son, you must also consider yourself as being beneath all creatures: that serves efficaciously to acquire humility.” Unceasingly he walked in the

presence of God, concentrated in his nothingness and lowliness. “Become little,” he said to a brother, “renounce the satisfactions of the senses, disengage yourself from the vain anxieties of the age, and you will find peace of heart.” He said to another who complained of not having yet attained the perfection of Saint Antony: “Ah! if I had in my heart a single one of the sentiments of that great man, I should be all inflamed with the fire of the love of God.” He had such low sentiments of himself that, in spite of the austerity of his manner of life, he regarded himself as a sensual man, and wished that others should have of him a like idea. If by chance charity for strangers obliged him to advance the hour of the meal, he afterwards made up for it by a long fast, and made, so to speak, his body pay for a condescension of which the motive had been so praiseworthy. He feared praises so much that, praying sometimes with his hands raised toward heaven, he lowered them at once when he thought that someone might perceive him. He was always ready to excuse himself. He saw nothing good in others that he did not take occasion from it to condemn himself.

Three solitaries having come to see him, one of them said to him: “Father, what shall I do to avoid the fire of hell?” And he answered nothing. “And I,” continued the second, “how shall I be able to avoid the gnashing of teeth and that worm which dieth not?” The third added: “What shall I do also? for every time I picture to myself the exterior darkness, I am seized with a mortal fright.” Then the Saint, taking the word, answered them: “I confess to you that I do not think of these things; and as I know that God is full of goodness, I hope that He will have pity on me. You are blessed,” he added, “and I envy your virtue. You speak of the pains of hell, and you are so penetrated by them that they can help you powerfully to avoid sin. Ah! what shall I do then, I whose heart is so insensible that I do not even think that there is after death a place of torments destined to punish the wicked? which is doubtless the cause why I commit so many faults.” The three solitaries, edified by this answer, returned home.

The Saint said that for thirty years he had made to Jesus Christ the following prayer: “Lord Jesus, permit me not to sin today by my tongue; and yet,” he added, “I always commit some fault on that side.” This discourse could be only an effect of his humility: for he kept exactly retreat and silence; he kept the door of his cell always closed, in order to be less interrupted; and when he was consulted, he never answered except in few words.

The servant of God, being worn out with old age and infirmities, yielded at last to the advice of his disciple Abraham, and went to dwell some time at Clysma, a city situated on the edge or at least in the neighbourhood of the Red Sea. Ammon or Amun, abbot of Raithe, came to visit him. Seeing him afflicted at having left his solitude, he consoled him, representing to him that, being broken with old age, he had need of help that he would not find in the desert; but the Saint cast on him a look of sadness, and answered him: “What do you say to me? Was not the liberty of spirit I enjoyed there enough for me?”

Sisoes returned to his solitude. When he had come to the end of his course, the solitaries assembled around him. Rufinus says that, being in his agony, he cried out: “Behold the abbot Antony, the choir of the Prophets and the Angels come to take my soul.” At the same time his face became luminous; and after having conversed inwardly with God, he cried out anew: “See Our Lord who comes to me.” He expired pronouncing these words, and his cell was embalmed with a heavenly perfume. His death occurred about the year 429, seventy-two years at least after he had retired to the mountain of Saint Antony. His feast is marked in the menologies of the Greeks under 6 July, and in some calendars of the Latins under the 5th of the same month.

This saint must not be confounded with two other Sisoes who lived in the same century. One, surnamed the Theban, dwelt at Galamon, in the territory of Arsinoe; the other had his cell at Petra. It is of Sisoes the Theban that the following trait is related, which some authors have attributed by mistake to Saint Sisoes of Scete.

A solitary who had been offended by another came to find Sisoes and told him that he was resolved to avenge himself. The holy old man conjured him to leave to God the care of vengeance, to pardon his brother

and to forget the injury he had received from him; but seeing that he gained nothing on his mind, he said to him: “Let us address ourselves at least both together to the Lord.” And then, rising, he made aloud this prayer: “My God, it is no longer necessary that henceforth You take care of our interests and make Yourself our protector, since this brother maintains that we ought ourselves to avenge ourselves.” The solitary was so singularly touched that, throwing himself at the feet of Sisoes, he asked his pardon and promised to forget from that moment the injury he had received.

The same saint loved retreat so much that, when he was in the church of the solitaries, he left it as soon as the sacrifice was finished, and hastened to betake himself to his cell. He did in this only follow the Spirit of God, and his taste for silence and prayer. On occasion he knew how to lend himself to the duties of society, above all if charity required it. He was not attached to his practices with that obstinacy which comes from self-love.

Ordinarily he did not eat bread. The brethren having invited him, at the feasts of Easter, to take part in the little meal they made at that holy season: “I will eat,” he said to them, “either bread or the other things that you have prepared.” On the answer they made him that they would be content if he ate bread, he ate some at once, contrary to his custom.

He is represented working the earth: this is the ordinary attribute of the Fathers of the deserts of the East.

We have borrowed this life from Godescard. — Cf. Bulteau, *Hist. mon. Orient.*, book I, ch. 3, no. 7; Tillemont, vol. xii, and Pinius, one of the continuators of Bollandus, under 6 July.

Saint Athanasius, Deacon of the Church of Jerusalem, Martyr

452. — Pope: Saint Leo the Great. — Emperor: Marcian.

Non est mediocris animi fortitudo, quae sola defendit ornamenta virtutum omnium et justitiam custodit.

Fortitude is not the virtue of a mediocre soul; it alone defends all the virtues; it is the guardian of justice.

St. Ambrose, book I of the Offices, ch. xxxix.

Eutyches and his followers, who confounded the natures in Jesus Christ, had been justly condemned at the holy council of Chalcedon, and the bishops whom they had caused to be deposed at the brigandage of Ephesus restored to their sees, among others Saint Juvenal to that of Jerusalem: these heretics excited great tumults in the empire. First, they spread everywhere the report that the council, in condemning Eutyches, had justified Nestorius, and that in establishing two natures in Our Lord, against the first, it had also established in Him two persons with the second; a great imposture: for this council had equally fulminated anathema against these two heresiarchs, and holily defined that “Jesus Christ was a single person composed of two natures.” After having imbued many minds with this false persuasion, they passed to the last violences, above all in Palestine and in the city of Jerusalem, where the authority of Eudoxia, widow of the emperor Theodosius the Younger, engaged in their party, gave them much power. They made great efforts to oblige Saint Juvenal to condemn this council: this prelate was constrained to flee from Jerusalem, and to retire to Constantinople, to place himself under the protection of the emperor Marcian and the empress Pulcheria. While he was there, a solitary named Theodosius, a great partisan of Eutyches, seized his see, and, bearing himself as patriarch, did there evils that barbarians and idolaters would not have done: for, the orthodox not willing to consent to his impiety, he exercised against them unheard-of cruelties, according to the genius and character of heresy, which always joins tyranny and fury to impiety and rebellion against the Church. He was not content to strip them of their goods and to set fire to their houses; he afflicted them also with divers torments, in which they lost their lives for the confession of the truth.

He who appeared with the most glory in this new combat was Saint Athanasius, deacon of Jerusalem. This holy personage, seeing that the false bishop continued his violences, without being stopped either by the fear of God or by that of the emperor Marcian and of the empress Pulcheria, who were very orthodox, and whom

distance alone prevented from chastising so soon such great disorders, addressed him, in the midst of the church, and said to him courageously: “Cease at last, Theodosius, to fill with murders this holy city, watered with the blood of Jesus Christ; cease to make war on Himself by combating the truth of His two natures; cease to throw yourself on His flock like a robber, or rather like a ravening beast; lay aside the marks of pastor which you bear unjustly, and range yourself with us under the obedience of our lawful bishop.” At these words the soldiers who always accompanied this heretical monk, to execute his impious orders, seized Athanasius and drew him out of the church. They made him undergo all sorts of torments: they tore his body with blows of the scourge, and broke his limbs with iron pincers; they employed against him burning torches and leaded rods, and each soldier took pleasure in tormenting him, like wolves that throw themselves all together on one prey. The constancy of the Martyr in enduring these torments was not less than his freedom in reproving the tyrant; at last he lost his life by a stroke of the sword; it was the key that opened to him the kingdom of heaven. The rage of the persecutors not being yet glutted by his death, they bound his feet with a rope, and thus dragged his body through the midst of the streets to the outside of the city, where they exposed it publicly to be devoured by dogs. This cruel execution happened the year after the council of Chalcedon, that is to say in 452.

We have drawn this history from Nicephorus Callistus, book xv, ch. 9. Surius reports it on this day. One may see, in Baronius and in de Vence, the other wickednesses of the impious Theodosius, and how the emperor Marcian punished him for them.

The Blessed Peter of Luxembourg, Cardinal, Bishop of Metz

1369–1387. — Popes: Urban V; Urban VI. — Emperors of Germany: Charles IV; Wenceslas.

Who could sufficiently admire the blessed Peter of Luxembourg? At the age of ten he exercises all the functions of an accomplished archdeacon; at the age of sixteen he fulfils all the duties of a very zealous bishop; at the age of seventeen he possesses all the virtues of a most perfect cardinal.

Durand, Characters of the Saints.

The house of Luxembourg is one of the most illustrious of Europe, since it has given kings to Hungary and to Bohemia, five emperors to Germany, and a queen to France, Bonne of Luxembourg, first wife of King John II and mother of Charles V, called the Wise. It received still a great increase of glory when it became as the stock of our kings of Bourbon, by the marriage of Francis of Bourbon, duke of Vendôme, great-grandfather of Henry the Great, with Mary of Luxembourg, daughter of Peter, count of Saint-Pol. But it must be avowed that all this cannot equal the glory which it received by the birth of its illustrious prince, our blessed Peter of Luxembourg; if this noble race appears extinct on the male side from the year 1616, it remains immortal in this holy personage, who eternizes its memory in heaven and on earth by his merits and his incomparable virtues.

He came into the world on 20 July 1369, in the city of Ligny-en-Barrois, in the diocese of Verdun. His father was Guy of Luxembourg, count of Ligny, lord of Roussy; and his mother Mabault, otherwise called Matilda of Châtillon, countess of Saint-Pol, sprung from the ancient counts of Champagne. This virtuous princess conceived at first so tender a love for this son that she would never permit him to be nourished with any other milk than her own, so as to be able to pour into his heart with the milk the seeds of true piety. At the age of three years he lost his virtuous father, and a year later his mother went down to the tomb and left him thus an orphan almost at birth. He was then put under the guidance of Joan, countess of Orgières, his aunt. She was a lady who made profession of a very high virtue, and who failed not to bring up this dear nephew in all the practices of Christianity; she gave him also good preceptors to make him learn the elements of human letters; but on condition that the sole end of his studies should be to please God, and to render him capable of serving Him more perfectly.

Thus his incorruptible morals, always accompanied by humility and modesty, soon drew to him the admiration of everyone; nothing childish was seen in his discourses or his manners; his devotion did not make him troublesome in company: he knew how to temper his gravity by a charming affability; he did not fail to spread on every occasion a sweet odour of holiness; it was easy to judge that he would be one day an excellent light of the Gospel, a firm column of the Church and an ornament of great brilliance in the edifice of Jesus Christ. At the age of six years he vowed his virginity to God, and made Joan of Luxembourg, his elder sister, who was twelve years old, vow hers, so that she should be no less his sister by the resemblance of virginal purity than by participation in the same blood. Having learned that his ancestors had distinguished themselves particularly by charity toward the poor, he wished also himself to make it his principal virtue, and he forgot nothing to exercise its works.

At the age of ten years he was sent to make his studies at Paris, where, in a few years, he made great progress, as much in the humanities as in philosophy and in canon law, which he learned perfectly. He was nevertheless interrupted in his course by an untoward accident: the captivity of Valeran, his elder brother, become count of Saint-Pol, who was made a prisoner of war by the English in a combat between the troops of the king of France and those of the king of England. The blessed Peter had no sooner learned this news than he left all to betake himself to Calais, where he agreed with the enemies to remain with them as a hostage while his brother should come himself to collect the sum they demanded for his ransom. This affair lasted nine months, during which the holy young man so won the hearts of the English that they gave him liberty to go where he would on his word. The king of England even begged him several times, by very obliging letters, to come and find him at London, where he assured him he would be welcome.

But the count of Saint-Pol having at last returned with the sum which was to restore them liberty, our Saint made his curiosity yield to his obligations and took again the road to Paris, to finish his studies there; he returned to his exercises of piety with more fervour than ever, and accompanied them with new mortifications, afflicting his body by fasts, vigils, disciplines and other austerities which he practised with an invincible courage. It was then that he formed a close friendship with Philip of Maizières, former chancellor of the kingdoms of Cyprus and Jerusalem, who, having recognized by a thousand experiences the vanity of the grandeurs and pleasures of this world, had retired among the Celestines of Paris, where, under a secular habit, he led a penitent and religious life. This excellent man moderated a little the ardour with which our blessed scholar bore himself toward bodily austerities; but at the same time he served him much to profit in the life of the spirit, to advance in the practice of prayer, and to render the presence of God and humble and loving converse with Him familiar and almost continual to him.

On the other hand, the count of Saint-Pol, his brother, who was afterwards constable of France, fearing that this pious assiduity in the convent of the Celestines might steal him altogether from the world and from his family, by engaging him in the monastic life, procured him a canonry in the cathedral church of Paris, while waiting until his age should permit a more considerable ecclesiastical dignity to be arranged for him. The Saint accepted this benefice with respect, as an honour of which he esteemed himself unworthy, and he comported himself in it with so much humility that one day, the cleric who was to carry the cross at a procession having, out of pride, refused to do so, he took it with an incredible joy and ardour, and carried it indeed in so modest a manner that he drew on himself the esteem and admiration of all the Parisians; it seemed, on seeing him, that one beheld an angel under human form, and there came from his eyes and from his whole countenance sparks of a heavenly fire, which made it sufficiently appear that his heart was wholly filled and possessed by divine love. His holiness and the illustriousness of his family led several prelates to attach him to their Church by some dignity. Thus he was named successively archdeacon of Dreux, in the diocese of Chartres, and of Brussels, in the ancient diocese of Cambrai. The antipope Clement VII, who was recognized as true Pope in France, where he had established his seat in the city of Avignon, being informed of his eminent holiness, and desiring besides to have great men on his side to authorize his party, made no

difficulty of creating him bishop of Metz, although he was as yet only sixteen years old. Our holy Canon did what he could to defend himself from a charge which he believed to exceed his strength and to be capable even of frightening the Angels, as Saint Bernard says. Believing himself nevertheless obliged to obey him whom his good faith made him recognize as head of all the faithful, he bowed his head under the yoke and submitted his shoulders to the weight of this burden.

He came then to his diocese and made his public entry at Metz, not with the majesty of a prince nor with the display and pomp of a great lord, but barefoot, mounted only on an ass, like a humble disciple of Jesus Christ. Having taken possession of the episcopal dignity, he applied himself generously to fulfil all its duties, and God giving him in an age so little advanced the wisdom and maturity of an old man, he laboured throughout his diocese with marvellous success to strengthen the faith, to disarm vice and to put in vigour the holiest laws of Christianity. His charity then appeared in all its splendour: for, being persuaded that the revenues of bishops and beneficiaries are the goods of the Church and of the poor, he divided his own into three equal parts, destined the first to repair ruined temples and to build new ones, and then to furnish them with the vessels and ornaments necessary for the celebration of the divine Mysteries; consecrated the second to the maintenance of the poor, widows and orphans, and took for himself and for all his family only the third, from which he even cut off rather often something to increase the portion of the needy and of all those whom he saw in misery.

Some cities revolted against him, and chose new magistrates without his participation, which was to attack a right of which his predecessors had always been in possession. The count of Saint-Pol, his brother, had no sooner been warned of it than he advanced with troops to bring the rebels back to their duty. The holy Bishop was extremely mortified at this accident, and with his patrimony he even indemnified the rebels for the losses they had sustained. Such a charity won him all hearts. The untiring care he had of his flock did not make him forget his own sanctification. He had so delicate a conscience that even the shadow of sin frightened him, according to the testimony of those to whom he was obliged to disclose the most secret folds of his heart; he preserved his baptismal innocence until death, and was never stained by any mortal sin. Nevertheless he did not fail to confess very often with the same compunction as if he had been a very great sinner; and, before approaching the holy tribunal, he expiated his faults, which were ordinarily only slight imperfections, by the tears of his eyes, by the contrition of his soul and by the rigour of penance. One day when he was on the road for his visitations, having felt a rather violent movement of the flesh, and fearing he had shown cowardice in combating it, he wished to bear the penalty at once, and, finding himself near a wood whose thickness could hide him from the eyes of men, he entered it, and gave himself there so rude a discipline that his body was all torn by it: which took from him all the feelings of pleasure that youth and the boiling of the blood had caused him.

Meanwhile the report of a life so full of marvels continuing to spread on all sides, Clement VII wished to have him at his court to load him with new honours. It was only with repugnance that the blessed Peter left his diocese to betake himself to Avignon, to be near him; but, holding him for the lawful Pope, as he was held in France, in Spain and in other places, he believed himself still obliged to submit to his orders. As soon as he arrived, His Holiness created him cardinal of the title of Saint George at the Golden Veil, with the thought that a star so brilliant and so beneficent ought to be placed in a spot of the Church which would be in view of all the faithful, so that they might receive its lights and feel its favourable influences. Peter remained quite confused at an honour of which he esteemed himself unworthy, and which no other motive than obedience would ever have been capable of making him accept. Thus, apprehending that the pomp and the delicacies of the court of Avignon might inspire him with vanity and softness, he redoubled his vigils, his prayers, his fasts and his other mortifications; on the days of fasting commanded by the Church he was content with bread and water; he fasted still very rigorously during the whole of Advent, and on Monday, Friday and Saturday of each week; the use of the hair-shirt, of haircloth and of the discipline was also very

ordinary to him; in short, he reduced himself to a manner of life so austere that those who were informed of it were astonished that he could subsist with so great a rigour. Clement being warned that, if he did not put order to it, he would soon lose this excellent subject whom he had just raised, and who might be afterwards so useful to the Church, sent for him to make him a remonstrance. When this blessed penitent entered, he appeared to the Pope, as well as to the cardinal of Cambrai who was conversing with him, all radiant and all surrounded with light. Clement, having dismissed this cardinal, said to Peter: “I am happy to see that there are still in the Church holy personages who enlighten the faithful with the pure lights of their interior, by breaking, so to speak, by mortification and penance, the fragile vessels of their bodies; as for you, you honour me by the holiness which shines in all your actions: for everyone, on seeing you, applauds the choice I made in naming you cardinal. Nevertheless I cannot approve the great rigour and the inexorable severity you exercise against yourself, in the rank to which divine Providence has raised you! you ought to live less for yourself than for the souls redeemed at the infinite price of the blood of Jesus Christ; you ought to preserve yourself for them, instead of killing yourself by indiscreet austerities; I exhort you therefore and even command you to bring moderation to this severity, to treat henceforth your body, not as an enemy, but as a faithful companion of your labours, for fear of making yourself the homicide of yourself and guilty before God by giving Him more burden than He could bear.” The humble Peter, confused at these words, answered modestly that he was but a useless servant, and promised nevertheless to do what His Holiness ordered; then he threw himself at his feet to receive his blessing. Clement embraced him as his brother by the episcopal dignity, and as his son on account of his youth and his quality of sheep of Jesus Christ; but he was much surprised, in embracing him, to feel an excellent odour that exhaled from his whole person. He believed at first that his garments had been perfumed; but, having inquired whether it was so, he learned that, far from wearing perfumed garments, he did not even suffer any of his people to use scents to make himself more agreeable; thus he recognized that the one he had smelled in embracing him was a supernatural odour which came from the purity of his soul, which overflowed upon his body: he assured it afterwards to a cardinal, who was himself surprised that the blessed Peter always smelled so sweet, and that one could not approach him without being perfumed.

If he had had so much charity for the poor before his episcopate and during his stay in his diocese, it seems that he wished to practise this virtue in the supreme degree since he saw himself promoted to the cardinalate. In effect, not content with having destined, by an express vow, the third part of his revenues to the relief of the suffering members of Jesus Christ, nor with having applied another third to the repair of churches, he still stole from himself and from the comforts of his household almost all the rest that he had reserved for his use, to pour it upon the necessities of his neighbour; and, as he knew what Our Lord prescribes in the Gospel, to make one’s alms in secret as far as possible, he disguised himself sometimes to go and throw to the poor, through their windows, what his mercy inspired him to give them. He who had the care of his expenditure, seeing that these excessive liberalities made him sometimes lack the necessaries for food and clothing, took the liberty of testifying his feeling to him and of telling him that in truth it was a very praiseworthy thing to supply the needs of the poor, but that, after all, one had to avoid excess in this and not take the bread from oneself to give it to those who could have it elsewhere. But the blessed Peter, to whom this prudence of the flesh was unknown, answered him without being moved: “That his house would never lack anything, provided it established its treasure in heaven, and that it was from thence only that it must expect its needs and its abundance.” Thus, in spite of this remonstrance, he remained always firm in his charitable practices. He had this holy custom, when he went out, to have alms given to all the beggars who showed themselves at his door. One day, seeing one of his people treat somewhat roughly one of these unfortunates, he reproved him strongly for it, and from that time he did the charity himself without relying on anyone. Another time, going through the city, a poor man addressed himself to him, and, exposing to him his misery and his hunger, begged him, in the name of God, to give him alms. He had then no money; but, unable to send away a member of his Saviour, he sent at once to sell the ring on his finger: which served to relieve this unfortunate

man and many others who presented themselves afterwards.

If his love for the poor was so ardent, that which he had for poverty was not less; although he was born in the splendour of an illustrious and opulent house, and although his rank in the Church obliged him to live in the midst of the splendours of a court, he nevertheless never had more than a single garment, and did not leave it to take another until it was quite worn out. His table was extremely frugal, his furniture common, and his savings so empty that after his death there were found in all but twenty sous in his coffers, the hands of the poor having carried the rest of his treasures to heaven. He extended this zeal of poverty even to the ceremonies of burial: he chose it in the cemetery of the poor, and ordered that his body should be covered only with a sheet of coarse linen, marked above with a red cross, and that only three lighted tapers should be carried, two at the head and one at the feet, to honour the most holy Trinity.

There is no doubt that a man of so high a perfection loved mental prayer much, and passed in it his most precious hours of day and night. One cannot tell the extraordinary graces he received in particular in this exercise, because his humility made him keep them secret; but Our Lord wished to give us some samples of them by two raptures which happened to him in public after a strong application to the mystery of the Passion and of the wounds of the Saviour. One day when he was going from his palace to the church of Saint Peter of Avignon, Our Lord, having surrounded him with a great brightness, appeared to him on the cross and filled him with a marvellous ardour and unction; his heart melting with devotion, he fell fainting into the hands of those who accompanied him; they were obliged to carry him into the nearest house, which is believed to have been the hospital of Saint Antony, where he was half an hour in ecstasy. The other ecstasy happened to him at Neufchâtel, near Avignon, in the suite of Clement: finding himself suddenly covered with light and consoled by the presence of Our Lord, who had again the goodness to visit him, he knelt in the midst of the mud to adore Him, and remained there long quite ravished, without his garments being in any way soiled. It was to be desired that a life so adorable should continue long to enlighten and edify the faithful; but God, who had advanced the holiness of His servant by giving him, before eighteen years, what the greatest Saints have had trouble to acquire in sixty years, wished also to advance his crown. Thus, ten months after his promotion to the cardinalate, he was seized with a fever which was attributed at first to his penances, but which the physicians soon judged to be dangerous and mortal. They advised him to change air and to have himself carried to Villeneuve, on the lands of France, beyond the bridge of Avignon; he consented very willingly, not that he desired health, but to withdraw farther from the troubles and tempests of the court, the air of which was insupportable to him. He was also obliged to baths, which he did not refuse, because he was so dead to his own will that he let himself be led blindly in all things. And afterwards the water in which he had been bathed served for the healing of many sick. However great his illness was, he did not fail to recite his whole office, or, if the violence of the illness and his extreme weakness prevented him from pronouncing the words, he had it recited in his presence, so that, in hearing it, he might have a new help to raise himself to God and to produce acts of the most excellent virtues; and it was remarked that while his tongue, all burning with the ardours of the fever, remained without speech, his heart, still more inflamed with the flames of divine love, sent forth continual sighs toward heaven, where was all his happiness and all his hope. He also communicated every day, and confessed twice a day, morning and evening, in order to receive with more abundance the grace of interior purity. His illness having increased and leaving no more hope of recovery, he received the holy Sacrament as Viaticum, which he did with a fervour and devotion worthy of his piety. Then, having perceived one of his brothers, named Andrew, who was afterwards bishop of Cambrai, he gave him very salutary instructions for his conduct, and, recommending to him their beloved sister, Joan of Luxembourg, he begged him to hand her a little Treatise on perfection which he had composed for her. It is this sister whom he had made vow virginity at the age of twelve years, and who always led a very exemplary and very holy life.

Our holy cardinal made yet, in his last moments, an act of humility and penance very surprising; having had all his domestics come before him, he asked their pardon for not having always edified them and for having treated them as his servants and not as his brothers, although they were in truth his brothers, since they were the children of God and members of Jesus Christ, and he absolutely obliged them to strike him on the shoulders with his discipline. It is easy to judge that they defended themselves from it as much as they could; but they could not refuse this chastisement to his prayers and his tears, the more so as he had made them promise beforehand that they would do what he should ask of them. Then he gave them the kiss of peace and his blessing, and, a short time after, having his spirit raised to God and his heart all burning to possess Him, he rendered to Him his beautiful soul, which had not been eighteen years in its chaste body, on 9 July 1387.

Clement VII, informed of this death, betook himself at once to Villeneuve, to honour this great servant of God. Thus he was himself a witness of the extraordinary beauty that appeared on his face and of the marvellous odour that came from his limbs, which surpassed all the sweetness of the perfumes of earth: which made him say many things in praise of the holy deceased. If some authors are to be believed, while he was gazing fixedly at him, the blessed cardinal cast on him a look which filled him with astonishment and terror and obliged him to retire the following night to the Charterhouse of Villeneuve, where he passed it in prayer; it was perhaps to warn him that, recognizing then the truth about his schism, which he had not known while he was on earth, he no longer had for him the veneration he had had until his death, and to exhort him to put an end to the division and to restore peace to the Church. However that may be, Clement, knowing that he had ordered, by his will, to be buried in the cemetery of Saint Michael of Avignon, if he died within the Comtat, and in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, at Paris, if he died outside the Comtat, had his body transferred to Avignon, where it was buried in the place he had chosen for his sepulchre. The blessed Peter of Luxembourg is represented: 1st, in prayer, clothed in his pontifical vestments; 2nd, crowned by an angel: beside him are seen the insignia of the cardinalate; 3rd, barefoot and mounted on an ass, making his entry into his episcopal city; 4th, seeing Jesus crucified who appears to him to reward him for his spirit of stripping himself, which he carried to the highest degree; 5th, near the bridge of Avignon, as patron of that city; 6th, there was kept in the collegiate church of Our Lady of Autun a picture which represented him in ecstasy, and at the foot of which were read these words, which he often repeated: “Despise the world, despise yourself, rejoice in the contempt of yourself, but take care not to despise anyone.”

Worship and Relics

The miracles which our Saint wrought before he was put in the earth and since he has been in the tomb are so illustrious and so numerous that there are few blessed whose holiness God has declared in a more authentic manner; as many as forty dead are even counted who were raised by his intercession. This is why soon afterwards a chapel was raised above his sepulchre, and then the church and convent of the Celestines of Avignon were built on the same spot; it is in the church of these religious that the body of the Blessed was kept, enshrined under a magnificent mausoleum. The city of Avignon took him for patron in 1432, on occasion of a striking prodigy which happened at his tomb on 5 July, the day of his burial and on which his feast has since been celebrated. It carried in procession, under a canopy, his precious head. On this feast Pope Clement VII authorized the recitation of his office, which is that of a confessor not a pontiff. Memory of him was made at Roubaix, before the Revolution, in the chapel of Saint Elizabeth, built by the parents of the Blessed. The present chapel of Saint Druon, at Carvin-Épinoy, chief town of a canton twenty-six kilometres north-east of Arras, was dedicated to Saint Druon and to the blessed Peter of Luxembourg. The chaplain was at the nomination of the abbot of the monastery of Saint Peter of Ghent. This benefice had been created and founded by the prince of Melun-Épinoy, husband of Yolande of Luxembourg, lady of Roubaix, Cysoing, etc. His precious relics are still preserved today at Avignon, in the church of Saint Didier.

We read in a monograph on the blessed Peter of Luxembourg, which bears the date 1710: “The city of Avignon is not the only one that honours the holy Cardinal and implores his intercession in its needs. There

is no monastery of Celestines where he is not invoked by the people, and their church of Paris sees every day sick persons who come to address their prayer to him and to ask to touch his mantle. It is of the colour of dry rose, such as the cardinals wear on the third Sunday of Advent and the fourth of Lent. God, who has renewed at the tomb of this blessed child the miracles which were wrought at those of the greatest Saints, renews at Paris, by the touch of his mantle, those which were formerly wrought by the handkerchiefs of Saint Paul, by the shadow of Saint Peter and by the fringe of the robe of Jesus Christ." One still shows at Ligny, among the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of Luxembourg, the chamber where our Blessed was born. It is a square room, vaulted in the cloister-vault fashion, lighted by two windows whose embrasures are flanked by benches of, and on the vault of which one reads the date 1191. This hall serves still in our days to shut up malefactors, vagabonds, condemned persons: it is called the Chamber of Saint Peter. It is to be regretted that an apartment, once illustrious by so glorious a birth, has so profane a destination. The tower, called of Luxembourg, adjoining the chamber, formed formerly the north angle of the castle of Ligny. It was built in 1191, and was one of those which defended the eastern gate of this castle; its collateral, which bore the name of Tower of the Cannons, was demolished in 1747. It presents a height of twenty-two metres, on a diameter of about seven metres. The town of Ligny possessed of the remains of the holy Cardinal only a tassel of his hat. Informed that his relics, formerly dispersed in consequence of the wars and of the Revolution, had been happily found again by Mgr Debelay, archbishop of Avignon, it claimed, through the organ of its parish council, a share in this precious treasure. The venerable prelate received with as much benevolence as generosity wishes so legitimate, and sent to the parish a notable relic, the arrival of which at Ligny (9 July 1854) was the signal of one of those religious and popular feasts which faith alone knows how to inspire. Mgr Rossât, bishop of Verdun, went himself to Ligny to preside at its translation. Mgr Didiot, bishop of Bayeux, then vicar general of the diocese of Verdun, delivered the panegyric of our Blessed.

As to the writings of our Blessed, here in brief is what we read in the monograph cited just now: "The attentive reading of his works contained in an ancient manuscript of the Celestine Fathers of Paris gives occasion to distinguish them into five different writings. 'The first is an instruction which the Saint gives to a sinner to teach him how he must return to God, and what he must do after he has been reconciled with Him to preserve the grace he will have received; this work is full of very solid rules and maxims. 'The second is an apology for prayer, considered as a means of obtaining the grace without which the sinner cannot return to God by a true conversion: the author gives ten rules or precepts on the manner of praying.

"The third is a collection of short and simple maxims, but solid and useful, on morals. The Saint composed them for the peoples of his diocese, for he begins them with these words: Dearest brothers and sisters.

"The fourth is a letter which he addresses to his sister Joan of Luxembourg: as she felt herself shaken in the design she had taken of being wholly God's and of never engaging in the world, the author strengthens her in her first projects. This letter recalls that which Saint Paul addressed to the faithful seduced by false teachers. 'The fifth is a second letter to his sister: he makes in it the apology of prudence and of charity, two virtues essential to resist the strongest temptations of the demon.'" *Acta Sanctorum*; *History of the Catholic Church*, by Mgr Jager; *Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras*, by Abbé Destombes; *History of the Diocese of Toul*, by Abbé Guillaume; Godescard; *Chronicles of Barrois*.

Saint Michael of the Saints, Discalced Trinitarian[1]

1591–1625. — Popes: Innocent IX; Innocent X. — Kings of Spain: Charles V; Philip IV. — Kings of France: Henry IV; Louis XIII.

Difficillimum aut impossibile asserunt sapientes in praesenti gaudere cum mundo et in aeternum exultari cum Christo.

The Saints assure us that it is very difficult and, so to speak, impossible to rejoice here below with the world and to share in eternity the felicity of Christ.

John of Salisbury.

This saint was born at Vich in Catalonia, on 29 September 1591; his father was Henry Augemit; his mother was named Margaret of Monserrada. Both were of good family, and were remarkable for their probity as well as for their sentiments of religion. This child of benediction despised the world before knowing it; and, from his tenderest youth, he made a vow of perpetual chastity. His father, who was informed of it, proposed to him one day, laughing, to enter the state of marriage. Frightened at this proposal, Michael burst into tears; and, running to an altar of the Blessed Virgin, he renewed with great fervour the vow he had already made. At the age of six years, pressed by the desire to walk in the footsteps of the Saints, he went to hide himself in a cave. He gave himself there to pious meditations on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and abandoned himself to tender sentiments of compassion, when those whom his father had sent in search of him obliged him to return home. On re-entering the paternal roof, he diminished nothing of the severity of the manner of life he had proposed to follow. Wholly occupied with his salvation, this holy child lived only for heaven, and kept himself unceasingly in the presence of God. His mortifications were so rigorous that one has difficulty in understanding how so tender an age could bear them. He fasted three times a week, lay on vine-shoots, had only a stone for a pillow, and took the discipline frequently. He had chosen Saint Francis of Assisi for model, and did not fear to imitate this perfect disciple of Jesus crucified.

Michael was only twelve years old when he took the resolution to embrace the religious state. With this intention he went to Barcelona, and presented himself to the Trinitarians, who admitted him to the novitiate. As soon as he had reached the age fixed by the canons of the Church to be able to make profession validly, he pronounced his vows, and consecrated himself thus to the Lord in an irrevocable manner at Saragossa, on 30 September 1607. Few months had passed since this epoch, so important for him, when he learned the success of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, which the blessed John Baptist of the Conception[1] had just undertaken. The new professed had too much zeal for his perfection not to profit by this precious means of salvation which Providence offered him. He hastened therefore to go and join the holy religious who seconded the blessed John Baptist in this salutary enterprise, and soon he distinguished himself by the fervour with which he practised the primitive rule of the institute, which the reformed observed in all its rigour. His virtues soon shone with the liveliest lustre; they were so well established in his soul that the studies to which he gave himself, by the will of his superiors, diminished in no way his fervour. His fidelity to the least observances was so great that he was never found at fault on any point of the rule. Full of esteem for chastity, of which he had made the vow from his first childhood, he preserved intact, until death, and with extreme care, this inestimable treasure. His poverty was such that he had for all clothing only a single tunic. Time had not weakened the ardour which the servant of God had had from his earliest years for mortification; thus he afflicted his body with rough hair-shirts, with bloody disciplines and with a continual fast. He never drank wine, and sometimes passed an entire week without taking any nourishment; and that which he took habitually was so slight, and so little fit to flatter the taste, that it became for him still an exercise of penance. He gave very little time to sleep, and passed the rest of the night either in pious meditations or in the contemplation of heavenly things. He was so occupied with heaven that he appeared quite beside himself when he spoke of it or heard anyone treat this sublime matter.

A virtue so perfect was in Michael only the effect of the ardent love which he had for God. He asked the Lord unceasingly, by urgent prayers, to give him a new heart which should burn with the purest flames of charity. Desires so holy deserved to be heard: thus his soul was as if inundated with those spiritual sweetnesses which God reserves for His most faithful friends and which are a foretaste of eternal happiness. It was above all at the altar that he received these precious favours; he celebrated the holy mysteries with so much devotion that he excited to piety all who assisted at his Mass. He was seen several times ravished in

ecstasy during the elevation. But whatever consolations he tasted in the exercises of piety, he knew how to tear himself from them to fulfil the duties which charity imposed on him toward his neighbour. Penetrated with the importance of these duties, he devoted himself wholly to the service of his brethren. He gave counsel to those who asked the help of his lights, instructed by his preaching, and consecrated each day a considerable time to hearing the faithful in the tribunal of penance. A conduct so charitable, joined to his reputation for holiness, made him the object of the veneration not only of the people, but also of the great and even of princes. Far from being lifted up in his heart on account of these marks of esteem which he received frequently, he had such low sentiments of himself that he believed himself worse than the demons, and he did not fear to assure it. His merit caused him twice to be chosen to govern houses of his Order, as superior. He was at the head of that of Valladolid when the Lord made him know that his death was near. It seemed that heaven envied the earth so perfect a man, and that the Lord wished to hasten to reward a soul at once so innocent and so penitent. The holy religious told his brethren that he was soon to leave them. In effect, on 10 April 1023, he rendered his spirit to his Creator, in the place and at the time which he had foretold; he was only thirty-three years of age. God, who had granted him the gift of miracles during his mortal life, permitted several to be wrought at his tomb. The process of his beatification was soon begun, and Pope Pius VI solemnly placed him among the blessed on 24 May 1779. Finally he was canonized on 8 June 1862, with the twenty-six martyrs of Japan.[2]

He is represented praying before an altar where the blessed Sacrament is exposed. This recalls the great devotion which he professed, from his childhood, toward the Eucharist.

We have borrowed this biography from the continuators of Godescard, Lefort edition.

The Blessed Archangel of Calatafimi, Provincial Vicar of the Order of Friars Minor

(1460).

This holy man, of the illustrious family of the Placentini, was born at Calatafimi, in the diocese of Mazzara, in Sicily. From his childhood he showed a marked taste for solitude; he withdrew at first into a grotto near a chapel, where he passed days and nights in prayer and where he had an apparition of the most holy Virgin: then, as the holiness of his life and the report of his miracles brought him numerous visitors, he hid himself in the neighbourhood of Alcamo. It is in this retreat that he raised, under the protection of Saint Antony, a little hermitage known only to a few men; he himself lived in a grotto which was later called the grotto of the blessed Archangel. When the hermitages were suppressed in Sicily by Pope Martin V, he betook himself to Palermo, where he received the habit of the Franciscans from the hand of the blessed Matthew of Agrigento; he returned then to Alcamo to make his novitiate there, and there converted his hermitage into a convent of which he was named provincial vicar.

His whole life was filled with the most ardent piety. His humility was such that he would have wished to be known by no one; his food consisted of roots and water. A faithful observer of the rule of the Order, he gave to all who approached him the most salutary example. Uniting all merits, endowed with the gift of miracles and the gift of prophecy, he died in 1460, broken by fatigue and by the weight of years.

The inhabitants of Alcamo obtained that his body should be given them; they buried it in a marble coffin which they placed at the foot of the altar of their church; those of Calatafimi and of the neighbouring villages also kept for him a quite particular devotion. Lastly, his body rested in the convent of the Friars Minor Observant, at the foot of the chapel of Saint Francis; Pope Gregory XVI fixed his feast on 5 July, on which a Mass is celebrated in his honour by the Friars Minor Observant and throughout the diocese of Mazzara.

Seraphic Palm-Tree.

[1] His second feast on 5 August. See that day.

[2] See his notice at 20 February, vol. II, page 607.

[3] We have given his notice at this day, vol. II, page 207.

[4] We have given his notice at 1 July.

[5] See the volume devoted to the Venerables.

[6] In Spanish: Miguel de los Santos.

[7] See the life of this blessed on 14 February.

[8] See their notice on 5 February, volume II.

6 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The Octave of the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul. — In Judea, Saint Isaiah, prophet, who, under King Manasseh, was sawn in two and buried under the oak of Rogel, near the course of the waters. — At Rome, the feast of Saint Tranquillinus, martyr, father of the saints Marcus and Marcellian, who was converted to Jesus Christ by Saint Sebastian, martyr, baptized by Saint Polycarp, priest, and ordained priest by Pope Saint Caius. On the day of the Octave of the Apostles, as he was praying at the tomb of Saint Paul, having been taken by the pagans and stoned, he consummated his martyrdom under the emperor Diocletian.[1] 286. — At Fiesole, in ancient Etruria, Saint Romulus, bishop and martyr, disciple of the apostle Saint Peter, who gave him the mission of preaching the Gospel; after having announced Jesus Christ in several places of Italy, being returned to Fiesole, he received, with some of his companions, under the emperor Domitian, the crown of martyrdom. — In Campania, Saint Dominica, virgin and martyr, who, after having broken idols, under the emperor Diocletian, was exposed to the beasts; but, having received no harm from them, she had her head cut off, and her soul flew away to heaven. Her body is preserved with great veneration at Tropea, in Calabria. 4th c. — The same day, Saint Lucy, martyr, born in Campania, who, having been taken and cruelly tormented by the lieutenant Rictiovare, converted him to Jesus Christ. There were joined with them Antoninus, Severinus, Diodorus, Dion and seventeen others, who shared their torments and their crown. — In the territory of Trier, Saint Goar, priest and confessor. 575.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Chalon-sur-Saône, Saint Gervase, deacon of the Church of Le Mans and martyr. — In the ancient monastery of Saint Peter of Caunes (*Sanctus Petrus de Caunis*, abbey of Benedictines, founded by Saint Aignan, toward the end of the 8th century), in the diocese of Carcassonne, the holy martyrs Amand, Alexander, Lucius and Audalde, whose notice we have given on 5 June. Beginning of the 4th c. — In the environs of Ostend, in Belgium, Saint Godeleine or Godelive, a woman of signal piety, who, after an infinity of insults and ill treatments which long exercised her patience, was cruelly massacred by the order of Bertulphe, her husband, to whom her innocence and her holy life were insupportable. 1070. — At Menoux, near Faverney (Haute-Saône), the martyrdom of Saint Berthaire or Berthier, priest, and of Saint Athalène or Attalein, deacon, whose relics are honoured at Florival, in the duchy of Luxembourg. 764. — At Magné, near Niort, in the diocese of Poitiers, the saints Macrina, Pézenne and Columba, virgins. Pézenne, called also Pécine, Pexine, Péchinne and Persévérande, is cited in the Roman martyrology of 26 June. 9th c. — At the monastery of Diessen, in Bavaria, Saint Mechtilde or Matilda, virgin, whose eminent holiness has been manifested by several miracles. About the year 1160. — In the diocese of Auxerre, Saint Hugh, solitary. Beginning of the 9th c. — In the diocese of Besançon, Saint Amand, bishop of that see. After the destruction of Besançon by Attila, the residence of its bishops was transferred to Nyon. This city, situated on the banks of Lake Léman, belonged still to Greater Sequania, but its position put it out of reach of the invasion of the

barbarians who inundated this country during the second half of the 5th century. It is believed that it was Saint Amand who effected the translation of the see from Besançon. About the year 515. — At Pontivy (Morbihan), in the diocese of Vannes, Saint Noyala or Noaluen, virgin and martyr. Her cult, today null, was very celebrated in Brittany, and du Bonetiez, curé of Pontivy, questioned in 1719 on the cult of this Saint, wrote to the Bollandists: “There exists here, two steps from my parish, a very ancient and very elegant chapel, under the title of Saint Noaluen. I saw there an ancient canvas on which the rather coarse brush of an artist had reproduced the principal episodes of her life: the whole was accompanied by inscriptions in Gothic characters. Here is her legend: She is made to come from England with her nurse, and to land in our Brittany on a leaf of a tree. It is reported that she was beheaded not far from a village called Reignan, by the order of a certain Nizon or Nizan, and that she herself came to bring her head to Pontivy. The people celebrate her feast with the greatest pomp, and during Lent a great concourse of pilgrims flock to her chapel from all the burghs of the neighbourhood. This chapel, by its architecture and its ornamentation, yields to none of our most beautiful monuments of Brittany. Several villages, burghs or towns, and several families still bear today the name of the Saint and say enough of the popularity which she enjoys.”

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Fiesole, in ancient Etruria, and at Volterra, in the same country, with Saint Romulus, bishop, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day, the saints Marchitian, Crescent, Dulcissime and Carissime, martyrs, his companions. When, in 1491, the ancient basilica of Saint Justus of Volterra was restored, the workmen discovered a well filled with bones; they lifted its cover and suddenly the church was perfumed with the sweet odour which exhaled from it. All the spectators were seized with admiration, and the recognition of the holy bodies was proceeded to, but only three inscriptions were discovered which gave the names of Dulcissime, Carissime and Crescent. The abbot of the monastery of Saint Justus had these precious relics carried with great pomp to the abbatial church, and enclosed them religiously in a marble shrine, with the inscription of which we have spoken. 1st c. — At Alexandria, Saint Artote, called also Arithon, Ariote, Artole and Arthote, martyr. He is perhaps the same as Saint Arpotes, named yesterday. — In Syria, the saints Zoticus, Palladius, Severus, Zetes, Philip and Arateur or Orateur, martyrs, cited in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — The saints Isaurus, Felix, Peregrinus, Hermias, and their companions, martyrs, in what place is no longer known. They were born at Athens, under the emperor Numerian. Having left their country and distributed all their goods to the poor, they retired into a city which the ancients called Apollonias; there they plunged into a deep cave and gave themselves to contemplation. The president of the city having discovered their retreat, he had the deacon Isaurus beheaded; his companions were thrown on a burning brazier: but the flames having respected them, they were beheaded. 4th c. — Among the Greeks, the holy martyrs Archippus, Philemon, Apollonius, Alexander, Epimachus and Onesimus. The first was quartered, the second fastened to a cross, the third thrown into the sea in a boat to which fire was set; Alexander, a millstone tied to his neck, was cast down from the top of a hillock; Epimachus perished by the sword, as did Onesimus. — At Durazzo, in Macedonia, Saint Aste, called also Astée, Astius and Abériste, bishop and martyr. Under the emperor Trajan and the judge Agricola, he was, in hatred of Jesus Christ, tied to a tree after his body had been smeared with honey, and thus exposed, during the heats of summer, to the voracity of gnats. The Roman martyrology makes mention of him on 7 July. — At Brescia, in Lombardy, the holy martyrs Nicholas and Jerome. They were converted to the faith and baptized by the bishop Saint Apollonius, who, aided by some generous Christians, encouraged them to martyrdom and passed to them the bread of angels, during the night, through the narrow iron window of their prison. Their bodies were deposited in the church of Saint Afra of Brescia. 123. — At Fordun, fifteen miles from Aberdeen, in Scotland, Saint Palladius, bishop and confessor, apostle of the Scots. He arrived among these peoples in the year 431. One understands how many pains and fatigues the mission he undertook of converting them to the faith must have cost him. The Scots having gone to establish themselves in the north of Britain, about the time when the Romans began to abandon the country, the Saint followed them thither: he preached among them with much zeal and formed a numerous

Church. His relics were formerly kept in the monastery of Fordun. In 1409, William Scènes, archbishop of Saint Andrews and primate of Scotland, put them in a new shrine which was enriched with gold and precious stones. About 450. — In Great Britain, Saint Darerque, called also Monynne, virgin, celebrated for her great austerities and the gift of prophecy and of miracles with which the Lord gratified her during her life. or 6th century. — At Cesena, in Italy, Saint Severus, bishop and confessor. While a long drought desolated his diocese, he obtained by his fervent prayers a beneficent rain which rejoiced the heart of his sheep and caused him to be held in great veneration. End of the 6th c. — At the monastery of Ely, in England, Saint Seiborge, abbess. End of the 7th c. — In Bohemia, Saint Angela, Carmelite virgin. A king's daughter, she left the world early and gave herself wholly to God; she was buried at Prague, and the city of Cologne, in Rhenish Prussia, possesses a small portion of her relics. — At Viterbo, in Italy, the blessed Peter of the Cross, of the Order of Servites. 1522.

Saint Isaiah, the First of the Four Great Prophets, and Martyr

About 715 before Jesus Christ. — King of Judah: Manasseh.

One ought not so much to regard Isaiah as a prophet as an evangelist, for he has spoken with so much clearness of the mysteries of Jesus Christ and of His Church that he appears less to announce future things than to recount past events.

St. Jerome, Praise of the Prophet Isaiah.

Isaiah, the first of the four great Prophets, was of the tribe of Judah and of the royal blood of David, according to the tradition of the Hebrews. His father Amos, different from the Prophet of that name, was the son of Joas, king of Judah, and brother of King Amasias. His manner of writing, noble and elevated, made some of the ancients judge that he had received an education suitable to the greatness of his birth. He married a woman to whom he himself gave the name of prophetess, and he had by her two sons whose names are figurative: the first, Scar-Jasub, that is to say *the remnant shall return*, marked, according to the interpreters, that the captives who were to be led to Babylon would return from it after a certain time. The second, Chas-Bas, which signifies *hasten to ravage*, seemed to announce that the kingdoms of Israel and of Syria would soon be ravaged. Isaiah was still young when he began to prophesy, and he did so for a very long time. He tells us himself that he announced the oracles of Jehovah under the reign of four kings of Judah: Ozias, Joathan, Achaz and Ezechiel, which makes a space of more than a hundred years. But we believe, with Saint Jerome, that he began to prophesy only in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Osias, nearly eight hundred years before Jesus Christ. It was in the very year of the death of this prince that our holy Prophet had the heavenly vision of the divine Majesty on the throne of glory, of which he has left us the description in these terms: "I saw the Lord seated on a very lofty throne; His robe filled the vast enclosure of the temple. The pressed ranks of the Seraphim formed around this throne as it were an impenetrable hedge; they had each six wings: two with which they veiled their faces, two with which they covered their feet, and two others which served them to fly in the immensity of the temple. Their melodious voices blended in sublime accords, and I distinguished these words: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord, the God of hosts: the earth is all filled with His glory. Suddenly the door of the heavenly edifice was shaken by the resounding of these formidable voices and its enclosure filled with smoke. I said then: Woe to me who have held my peace, because my lips are unclean, and I dwell in the midst of a people which also has defiled lips. At the same time one of the Seraphim flew toward me, bearing a burning coal which he had taken from the altar; having applied it to my mouth, he said to me: This coal has touched your lips, your iniquity shall be effaced and you shall be purified from your sin. I heard then the Lord who said: Whom shall I send to carry My word to My people? I answered: Here am I, send me. And the Lord: Go, and say to this people: Hear My voice and understand it not, see what I make you see, and discern it not. Blind its heart, make its ears deaf, lest they hear, close its eyes lest they see: then it will be converted and I shall heal it."

As the Lord had predicted to him in confiding to him his mission, Isaiah, in the course of his preachings, had much to suffer from the Jews, to whom his reproaches were odious. He complains himself in several places of the little success of his instructions and of the little zeal which his hearers showed in responding to them. But what consoled him in the midst of his afflictions was that, having God for judge, he hoped that He would take account to him of his good will and of his labour.

Toward the end of the reign of Joathan, or the first year of that of Achaz his son, Isaiah predicted not only the ruin of the kingdom of Israel, which was to happen twenty-one years afterwards, but also the annihilation of the name of Ephraim, which was its principal tribe, and was to perish in such a way that it would cease to be counted in the rank of peoples. The Prophet marked plainly the term of sixty-five years for the accomplishment of this prediction, and it has been remarked that at the end of this time the king of Assyria sent strangers into the land of Samaria to form another people under other laws.

At the time when Isaiah made this prediction, the city of Jerusalem was besieged by Rasin, king of Syria, and by Phacee, king of Israel. Achaz, who had quite newly ascended the throne of Judah, kept himself shut up in his capital, all trembling in the apprehension of being taken with the city, and of perishing there or being led away captive. The Lord then told Isaiah to go to meet this prince with his son Scar-Jasub, and to bid him remain in peace, fearing nothing and without being troubled “before these two ends of firebrands smoking with fury,” Rasin and Phacee. These kings, in effect, not having been able to take Jerusalem, were obliged to withdraw soon after: this was however only a delay of the chastisement prepared for the impiety of the king of Judah. Two or three years passed: the armies of the Syrians and of the Israelites resumed their hostilities on the lands of the kingdom of Judah, and the Lord wished again to speak to King Achaz by the ministry of the prophet Isaiah. The latter, addressing the prince to whom Jehovah had deputed him: “Ask of your God,” he said to him, “that He make you see a prodigy, either from the depth of the earth, or from the highest of heaven.” — “I will not ask a prodigy,” answered Achaz, “and I will not tempt the Lord.” And Isaiah: “Adonai Himself will give you a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son: she shall call Him Emmanuel, that is to say God with us. A shoot shall come forth from the stem of Jesse, a flower shall be born from his root. And the spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon Him; justice shall be the girdle of His loins, and faith His baldric. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down by the kid; the lion and the sheep shall abide together, and a little child shall lead them.” These words, Jews and Christians understand of the Messiah: history and the world are there to show us the accomplishment of them. The redoubtable nations figured in Scripture by fierce beasts, the Goth, the Vandal, the Hun, the Cimbrian, the Teuton, we see them, as they enter upon the holy mountain, into the Church of Christ, lay aside their natural ferocity, ally themselves insensibly with the more civilized populations of Gaul, of Italy, of Sicily, and make at last but one Christendom, whose supreme law shall be no longer the force of the sword, but the knowledge of God spread over all the earth.

Isaiah predicted next the total destruction of the kingdoms of Israel and of Syria by the kings of Assyria, declaring that the Assyrians would be exterminated in their turn. He announced soon after the misfortunes which were to overwhelm the Philistines, then the Moabites. Under the reign of Ezechias, son of Achaz, he predicted the ruin of the kingdom of Judah, of the city of Jerusalem, and the captivity of the people by the Babylonians; then the desolation of Babylon by the Medes and the Persians, and the deliverance of the Jews, who were to rise from their oppression after the ruin of the kingdom of the Babylonians. He prophesied next against Arabia and Idumea, which were to be chastised in their turn. Finally, in the year that the general of Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, went to attack the cities of the Philistines, God caused to be announced by Isaiah the desolation of Egypt, which was to be the result of the war that this king was about to carry into those countries. The event came to confirm the prediction.

Isaiah prophesied still in the time of Ezechias. This prince having fallen dangerously ill, the Prophet went to find him to announce to him, on God’s part, that he would not recover; but the Lord, touched by the tears and

prayers of the holy king, sent his Prophet back to him to announce that he would be cured, and, to give him assurance of it, He made the shadow of the sun go back ten degrees on the dial of Achaz. This prince had for Isaiah a great veneration; but Manasseh, his son and successor, far from inheriting his sentiments, was offended at the reproaches which the servant of God addressed to him on his impieties, and, to rid himself of an importunate censor whom he hated, he had him cut in two through the middle of the body with a wooden saw. It is at least an ancient tradition among the Jews, and supported by the testimony of several Fathers of the Church, that Isaiah was put to death by the torment of the saw, toward the beginning of the reign of Manasseh, king of Judah (about 715 before Jesus Christ). Saint Justin the martyr accused the Jews of having cut out of the text of Scripture this circumstance of the death of Isaiah, which did so little honour to their fathers. One applies besides to this Prophet what is said in the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Hebrews: “Some of them were sawn asunder.”

Isaiah is represented: 1st, at the moment of his heavenly vision, when a seraph, as we have said, touches his lips to purify them with a coal taken from the fire of the altar; 2nd, showing the tree of Jesse, to prophesy the Incarnation; 3rd, with a sundial on which he makes the shadow go back as far as ten degrees to guarantee to the sick King Ezechias the promise he has made him that he will return to health; 4th, holding in his left hand an open book which he shows with the right, and on which is read the word *Maria*, in allusion to the prophecy: “A virgin shall conceive”; 5th, unrolling with both hands his scroll which contains his salient prophecies; 6th, having at his side a great wooden saw, instrument of his torment; 7th, laid in the earth in a pit, near an oak.

Worship and Relics. — Writings

The constant tradition of the Jews and of the Christians, affirms Dom Calmet, is that the body of Isaiah was buried near Jerusalem, under the oak of the fuller, near the fountain of Siloam, from whence it was transferred to Paneas or Caesarea Philippi, toward the sources of the Jordan, into the basilica of Saint Lawrence, and from thence to Constantinople, under the reign of Theodosius the Younger, in the year 442 of Jesus Christ. According to Mgr Mislin, between the upper pool and the lower pool of Siloam there is a little mound which serves as a place of prayer to the Mussulmans; a forked tree, which is in the middle, marks to the faithful the spot where the most illustrious of the Prophets was martyred. Isaiah is the most eloquent of the Prophets, and with David the most sublime of the poets who have ever appeared. Contemporary of Homer, who has all the purity of the Greek tongue, Isaiah has all that of the Hebrew tongue, united to an energy of thought and a magnificence of language incomparable. Saint Jerome says that his writings contain all that is contained in the Scriptures, and that one finds in them all the knowledge of which the human mind is capable: natural philosophy, morals and theology.

The title which we read at the head of the prophecies of Isaiah proves clearly that he wrote them down only toward the end of his life, or at least that he put this title there only after the work was finished; for, when he began to prophesy, under the reign of Ozias, he did not know without doubt that he would do so still more than fifty years afterwards, under the reign of Ezechias. He appears wholly occupied in predicting the vocation of the Gentiles and the coming of Jesus Christ, the establishment and the glory of His Church; it is to this that all his prophecies must be referred, and without this it is almost impossible to understand them. Those which are contained in the first twelve chapters are of the reign of Ozias, of Joathan and of Achaz, and regard what happened in their time; the fifty-four others are of the reign of Ezechias.

Besides the Prophecies which we have, Isaiah had written a Collection of the actions of King Ozias, as we learn from book II of the Paralipomena, chapter xxiv; but this work is lost. There has been attributed to him also a work entitled: the *Ascension of Isaiah*, and another under this title: the *Vision of Isaiah*; but all the learned put them in the number of the apocrypha. Among the literary labours made on Isaiah one may cite the Commentaries of Saint Hippolytus, of Eusebius of Caesarea, of Saint Basil the Great, of Saint John

Chrysostom, of Saint Jerome, of Saint Cyril of Alexandria, of Theodoret, of Procopius of Gaza, of Thierry, monk of Saint Matthias at Trier, of Saint Bruno of Segni; the sermons of Saint Augustine, and of Elrède, abbot of Riedval; and the homilies of Saint John Chrysostom.

For the composition of this biography we have made use of the *General History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors*, by Dom Ceillier; of the *Hagiographical Dictionary* of Abbé Migne; of the *Lives of the Saints*, by Abbé Rohrbacher; of the *Holy Places*, by Mgr Mislin; of the *History of the Saints of the Old Testament*, by Baillet; and of the *Bible without the Bible*, by Abbé Gainet. Bar-le-Duc, Louis Guérin, 2 vols., 1871.

Saint Gervase, Deacon of the Church of Le Mans, Martyr in the Chalonnais

or 6th century.

Si cupis vestimenta parare et ornare animam, eleemosyna et largitas praecipue sunt animae vestimenta atque nitidissima indumenta.

Do you wish to adorn and deck your soul? Alms and liberality are the principal adornments and the most beautiful ornaments of the soul.

St. John Chrysostom, Homily xxi.

Gervase was born in the city of the Cenomani, today Le Mans, where his parents held a very distinguished rank; but they were still more remarkable for the virtues they practised than for their birth and fortune. Deprived of children and seeing themselves near old age, they turned all their hopes toward heaven, and begged the bishop of Le Mans, Innocent, to intercede for them and to obtain for them posterity. He did so and was heard. The holy bishop himself conferred baptism on the son of his prayers and gave him the name of Gervase, to honour in this manner also the new patron of the Church of Le Mans.

It is related that at the moment when, following a very ancient custom, which was peculiar to a small number of Churches in the first centuries, the pontiff was about to place the Eucharist in the mouth of the child, he perceived on his lips a drop of blood. He recognized by this mark, and announced at once, that he to whom he had just conferred the grace which makes Christians would one day have the happiness of shedding his blood for Jesus Christ. The rest of the life of Saint Gervase was worthy of so marvellous a beginning; his virtues made him admired by the whole community of the faithful, and there was but one voice to applaud when he was called by the bishop of Le Mans to the ministry of the altar and ordained deacon.[1]

Gervase was soon seen to distribute to the poor all the riches he had inherited from his parents, and to set out with a great number of pilgrims of Le Mans to go and visit the tombs of the holy Apostles at Rome. His desire was to remain in that city, far from his country and his kindred, occupied solely with the service of God; but a faithful observer of the rules of discipline, he could not obey this pious thought, because he was attached by his ordination to the Church of Le Mans, and he had not been able to obtain from the bishop who then governed it authorization to separate himself from it entirely. After having satisfied his devotion near the tombs of the holy Apostles, he returned with his travelling companions into the Gauls. But while he was crossing the country of the ancient Aedui, of which the Burgundians had already made themselves masters, after having crossed the Saône, in a forest situated on the banks of that river and named Corinna or Coriana, at some distance from Chalon, having strayed a moment from his road, he fell alone into the hands of a band of brigands. They took him for a spy, and believing their safety compromised, they threw themselves on him with fury, pierced him with several blows and left him expiring. After having committed this crime they took flight, but one of them, touched suddenly with repentance, remained beside the body of Gervase to guard it, and prostrated himself before his victim, imploring his pardon.

Faithful of the country, warned of this event, ran up to honour the body of the holy Martyr, and to give it burial with all the respect that was possible to them. Soon the devotion of the peoples was excited by the miracles which were wrought at this tomb; the account of the last moments of the holy deacon is preserved with care and with love. He had sought to make his murderers hear words of salvation, he had prayed heaven for them until his death. These circumstances were transmitted by that one of the brigands who had been converted, and it was even ascertained that all the others perished miserably.

The remains of the martyr were first placed on a car drawn by two horses to which no direction was given, in the hope that God would mark the place where He wished His servant to be buried. This is in effect what happened. A little wooden oratory was built over the tomb of Gervase, and the faithful people hastened to come and bring there the tribute of their homage.

Worship and Relics

At the beginning of the 7th century, Saint Lupus, bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône, was warned by the holy deacon, who appeared to him in a dream, to have a church raised in his honour. The holy prelate hastened to obey, had a basilica built on the place where the martyr rested, endowed it with considerable property, and united it to the monastery of Saint Peter, the most important of his episcopal city. This place, and the village which has been built around the basilica, bear still today the name of Saint-Gervais-en-Vallière.[2]

The relics of the holy martyr escaped the religious troubles of the and of the 18th century; they are preserved and venerated in the church whose origin we have just related, and their authenticity was recognized by canonical act on 19 June 1808. The diocese of Chalon-sur-Saône, until its union with that of Autun by the concordat of 1801, celebrated the feast of Saint Gervase, with the rite of semi-double, on 6 July.

We have borrowed this biography from the *History of the Church of Le Mans*, by the Reverend Father Dom Piolin. — Cf. *Legendary of Autun*, by Abbé Pequegnot.

Saint Goar, Priest and Hermit, in the Territory of Trier

575. — Pope: Benedict I. — King of France: Chilperic I.

Goar as a child preaches to us innocence and flight from the world; Goar calumniated is for us a beautiful model of resignation and generosity toward enemies; Goar refusing the bishopric of Trier makes for our instruction the panegyric of humility and of detachment from earthly grandeurs.

Abbé Martin, Sermon on Saint Goar.

This holy priest, whose life is so edifying and contains such salutary instructions for all sorts of persons, was of Aquitaine, and son of George and Valeria, noble persons and of a very illustrious blood. He was born in the time of Childebert I, son of the great Clovis. His first years were not only innocent and exempt from the faults ordinary to youth, but also filled with good works and with great testimonies of the holiness to which he was one day to attain. He received even then extraordinary graces from heaven, and performed miraculous actions for the consolation and relief of his neighbour. He mortified himself by frequent fasts and long vigils. The dearest occupation of his heart was prayer; that of his mind, the meditation of holy truths. The ardent desire he had to please God in all things made him exact in observing all His commandments, and perfectly submissive to His orders: which made him advance continually in the practice of all Christian virtues. A life so pure and so holy was soon a subject of admiration to all his neighbourhood: which made him take the liberty to instruct the ignorant, to exhort sinners to do penance and to animate good people to practise the most excellent virtues of Christianity. His example aiding his word, he made great fruit among the people. Those who had served the demon began to serve Jesus Christ faithfully; those who had loved the world and its vanities began to walk in the ways of justice and to follow the rules of the Gospel, and those who had lived in lukewarmness and indevotion began to give themselves with fervour to the exercises of the interior

and spiritual life.

These happy progresses having acquired much reputation for Saint Goar, his bishop believed that he would procure a great advantage to the Church if he made him enter the ecclesiastical order. He ordained him priest and committed to him the office of evangelical preaching. This honour was a new spur to his zeal. He mounted the pulpit and made public war on the vices and disorders which reigned in his time. He combated luxury, discord, vengeance, homicide, incest, simony and other like monstrosities which then disfigured the whole face of Christianity; and his labours had such success that by their means a considerable change was made in the morals of the faithful. Meanwhile the love of God and the contempt of all the things of earth went on increasing in his heart, become wholly heavenly; he sighed now only after the goods of eternity: he took therefore the resolution to leave his parents, his friends, his country and all he possessed, and to retire to an unknown place, where, a stranger as regards the world, he might be the true citizen of heaven (519). The place of his retreat was on the banks of the Rhine, a few leagues from Trier, near a little brook called Wochaire. The bishop of Trier, whom the history of his life calls Felix, and who was rather Saint Fibice, of whom mention is made on 5 November, having permitted him to establish himself there, he built there a hermitage and a little church, which he enriched with several very precious relics which he had brought from his country.

His retreat in this solitude was a source of graces and blessings for all the country; for, after having long exercised himself in vigils, fasts, prayers and the other practices of Christian piety and mortification, which rendered him worthy of the apostolic spirit, he set himself to traverse all the places round about, from which idolatry and the worship of false gods had not yet been able to be entirely banished, and he preached there with so much success the unity of God and the mysteries of Jesus Christ that several pagans opened their eyes to the truth of the Gospel, and, abandoning their errors, embraced Christianity. His preaching was sustained by miracles: there were sick whom he healed by the invocation of the name of the Saviour, and persons were seen who had lost the use of their limbs recover it happily by his prayer and by the sign of the cross which he made on the afflicted parts.

He had made himself an inviolable law to say Mass every day, for the common good of the Church, and to recite also the whole Psalter: which he did with a marvellous reverence and attention. After having acquitted himself of these duties, he applied himself to the instruction and relief of the poor and of pilgrims, of whom there was always a good number at his hermitage. He gave them a great horror of vice, animated them to virtue, warned them to forestall that redoubtable hour when it will no longer be time to do penance, and which will be the decision of a blessed or unhappy eternity; but because he knew by experience that the means of winning the poor to God was to exercise toward them corporal charity, he received them with joy, lodged them comfortably, and gave them also dinner and supper with all the abundance that his poverty could permit. In effect, there is no Saint who had more zeal for hospitality than Saint Goar; although all his other virtues were very eminent, it is nevertheless principally in this one that he excelled and that he distinguished himself from other Saints. When the pilgrims who had slept at his house wished to continue their journey, often, after Mass and the recitation of his prayers, he ordered his disciple to lay the table, to give them to eat: this was a favourable occasion to entertain them with heavenly things, and to confirm them in faith and piety; making himself all to all, according to the practice of the apostle Saint Paul, he sat at table with them, kept all the rules of the severest sobriety and ate only what was necessary to preserve his life; he administered to them at the same time the delicious food of the word of God. A conduct so charitable, and from which all the country received such great helps, displeased nevertheless some envious persons, above all Albiwin and Adalwin, officers or domestics of the bishop of Trier, named Rusticus. They came to the hermitage of Saint Goar, under pretext of levying there a tribute for the upkeep of the lights of the church of Saint Peter; and, having seen the number of pilgrims who were there, and how, after the recitation of the divine offices and the celebration of the redoubtable mystery of the Mass, he sat down to dine with them,

they made a rash judgment of it, and resolved to denounce him to the bishop. They returned to Trier with this design; they told Rusticus that Goar did not follow the custom of the holy hermits who took a little nourishment only at midday or even at the hour of Vespers, but that he ate much earlier and took part in veritable feasts. Doubtless he preached with success; but it was probable that he did so only the better to hide his intemperance and his libertinage; this disorder must not be suffered at all in the diocese, above all on the part of a stranger. They were of opinion that he must be judged and punished. The bishop of Trier, giving credit to these calumnies, charged the calumniators themselves to bring him the pretended culprit.

When they presented themselves at the dwelling of the Saint to enjoin him to follow them, Goar received them with his ordinary kindness. He offered them hospitality for the night, which he passed according to his custom in prayer; for he scarcely slept at all: and, at the break of day, he began his office with the chanting of the Psalms and canticles to the praise of God almighty, and celebrated the adorable mystery of the Mass with all the calm and devotion of a man perfectly united to Jesus Christ. After his thanksgiving, he invited his guests anew to take a little meal with him before setting out on the road. They refused and told him injuriously that it was wrongly that he bore the name of hermit and solitary, since, against the rule of monks, he made no difficulty of eating so early, and of inviting them to do the same. The Saint was not rebuffed by this reproach, but, after having represented to them that monastic rules were not contrary to those of hospitality, he caused a pilgrim to come in, had him placed at his table and breakfasted with him. His calumniators wishing to depart, he gave them provisions for the road, although they were on horseback; as for himself, he followed them tranquilly on foot, his mind raised to God and his heart disposed to all the orders of divine Providence.

Our Lord soon began to show that He was the protector of the innocence of His Servant; for, scarcely had his envious persons gone a league or two when they were seized with a hunger, a thirst and a lassitude so strange that they believed themselves two fingers from death. Having communicated their ill to one another, they sought a brook which they knew to be near, to quench their thirst there; but they found it no more. They had recourse to the provisions which the Saint had given them, to appease their hunger; but these had disappeared. They wished to spur their horses to arrive promptly at Trier; but their lassitude put them out of state to advance, and even caused one of them to fall half dead to the ground. All that they could do in this extremity was to wait for the Saint, who came after them, and to implore humbly his assistance, although they had rendered themselves unworthy of it by their malice. Goar, who had learned from the Gospel to love his enemies and to do good to those from whom he received evil, after having represented to them very gently that this inconvenience had happened to them to give them more esteem for charity, restored to them miraculously the strength they had lost; convinced then of the holiness of the servant of God, they presented themselves before the bishop of Trier, no longer as the adversaries and denouncers of Goar, but rather as his panegyrists and admirers of his virtue.

Rusticus, far from believing the miracle which his two priests related to him, accused them of having let themselves be deceived by some prestige, and, persevering in his evil dispositions against the hermit, he ordered that on his arrival he should be made to enter the chamber of his council, where the greater part of his clergy was assembled. The first thing Goar did on his entrance into Trier was to go to the church to adore there the sovereign majesty of God and to commend to Him his person and that of his disciple, who was with him. Then he betook himself to the episcopal palace and into the chamber of his prelate with an angelic gravity and modesty. Having stripped himself of his mantle, he hung it on a ray of the sun which he took for a bar or a cord. The bishop, far from being touched by this prodigy, made use of it, on the contrary, as a proof that the Saint was a magician, and reproached him with it as an effect of his pride and of his communication with the demon; he told him then that he could not be a good priest nor a good solitary, since, far from exercising himself, like the ancient hermits, in fasts, abstinence and the other mortifications of the body, he took a road quite opposite, and ate from the morning with pilgrims. The Saint was a little surprised at the

miracle that was reproached to him, and of which he had not been aware; he made excuses for it to his prelate, and said to him “that he took God to witness, who knows the most hidden things, and to whom the most secret intentions of the heart are manifest, that he had never had commerce with the demon, and that, if he had done some supernatural actions, it was by the divine virtue alone that he had done them. As for the gluttony that was reproached to him, he felt himself in no way guilty of it. If he had sometimes advanced the morning meal on days when fasting was not commanded, he had done it by charity toward his guests, and not by intemperance. Besides, it was a great error to put all perfection in fasting and abstinence, since the greatest Saints have always recognized that charity was preferable.”

While he was defending himself with his ordinary meekness and calm, a cleric of the bishop brought a child which had been found in the cathedral; for there was a marble basin destined to receive the children whom their mothers wished to expose, and they were brought to the bishop, who took charge of having them brought up. Then this prelate, whom God wished to humble and correct, turning toward his ecclesiastics, said to them: “We shall see well now whether the works of Goar are of God or of the demon: let him make this child speak, and let him make it declare who is its father and who is its mother, and we shall believe that the miracles he has wrought until now are effects of the divine power; but if he cannot do, we shall have an evident mark that he has done nothing but by magic and by commerce with the infernal spirit.” The Saint shuddered at this proposal; he represented to Rusticus “that so great a marvel ought not to be exacted of him; he was but a miserable sinner, to whom it did not belong to undertake so extraordinary a thing; besides, it was useless and could only serve to discover the shame and infamy of those who had put this child into the world; charity had made him work some miracles by the will of God; but the same charity prevented him from working that one.” Rusticus mocked at these reasons, and, persuading himself that by ordering the Saint a thing which he could not execute he would cover him with confusion, he commanded him, if he did not wish to pass for an impostor and a magician, to make the child speak on the spot. Goar, in this extremity, raised his eyes to heaven, and, God having made him know at that moment that it was only by a secret conduct of His providence that his bishop obliged him to this action, he asked the cleric who carried the child how long it was since it was born; the cleric answered him that it was three days. Then, addressing the child itself, he said to it: “I adjure thee, little child, in the name of the most holy Trinity who created thee, that thou declare to us at this hour, distinctly and by their name, the father and mother who put thee into the world.” Scarcely had he finished these words when the tongue of this little creature was loosed; it stretched out its hand toward the bishop, and, showing him with its finger, said: “Behold my father, the bishop Rusticus, and my mother is called Flavia.” O terrible stroke of divine justice! Rusticus wishes to ruin Goar by imputing to him a crime of which he is innocent, and God confounds him himself by making known the crime of which he was guilty, and which he believed to be known on earth only to his accomplice. Shame and confusion at once cover his face, and, unable to deny a disorder of which heaven itself rendered so evident a testimony, he throws himself at the feet of the servant of God, acknowledges his innocence and his virtue, and avowing, on the contrary, his own iniquity, he begs him to serve him as intercessor with Our Lord to obtain mercy from Him. Our Saint was extremely surprised at having been the occasion of the publication of the crime of his bishop; he wept bitterly over it, he groaned for it from the depth of his heart; and, addressing this prelate, he said to him: “It would have been much more fitting that you should have washed away this offence by a confession and a secret penance which would not have dishonoured the ecclesiastical order: but, since God has permitted your crime to be discovered, the counsel I can give you is to enter into the sentiments of a true contrition; there is no sin which is not remissible, and one must never despair of the mercy of our God, which surpasses infinitely the greatness of our malice; but it must be merited by a sincere sorrow and by a holy severity against oneself. It is by this means that your crime, however enormous and scandalous it be, will be remitted. As for me,” he added, “I offer myself to do seven years of penance for you, although I doubt not that there are many persons more perfect and more agreeable to God than I am, who will willingly employ their tears with the austerities of a penitent and mortified life, to reconcile you with heaven.” These words

charmed all the ecclesiastics of the assembly: the bishop was at the same time confused and consoled by them; and he profited so well that, after having passed several years in the rigours of canonical penance, he gloriously resumed the functions of his charge, and has become a great Saint who is honoured in that quality in the diocese of Trier. Meanwhile the report of this great event having spread on all sides, Sigebert I, son of Clotaire I, and king of Austrasia, was informed of it. To be more certain of it, he wished to learn it from the very mouth of Saint Goar, and sent to him deputies who brought him to him. When he was in his presence, he begged him to relate all that had passed between him and the bishop of Trier; but the Saint, whose modesty was incomparable, and who took good care to say nothing that was to his own praise and to the dishonour of his neighbour, answered nothing and kept a religious silence. The king was indignant at it and commanded him, by all the authority which his royal power gave him, to disclose to him what he asked. Goar, forced by this command, begged His Majesty to tell him what he already knew of this affair and what others had told him of it. The king having explained it to him, Goar answered him that he was obliged to obey him; but that he could not tell him anything further than what he had just reported to him. An answer so humble and so judicious filled this prince with astonishment; all the court also admired its wisdom and discretion, and everyone cried out that Goar was worthy of the episcopate, and that he must be put in the place of Rusticus. The servant of God was the only one who opposed it: he represented that, man being fragile, this bishop ought not to be dispossessed of his see for a first fault of which he was disposed to do penance; that, as for him, he was in no way fit for so great a dignity; that God called him to solitude, and not to the employments of the pastoral charge, and that he would die rather than suffer that they should proceed to his consecration.

As these sentiments only increased the inclination of the king and of the great to make him bishop, he asked twenty days' delay to retire into his cell, and there consult the oracle of the Holy Spirit. Having obtained this delay, he returned to his dear hermitage, from which obedience alone had torn him, and having prostrated himself on the ground, his face bathed in tears, he begged Our Lord earnestly to send him an illness which should render him incapable of undergoing the charge of the episcopate. His prayer was heard: for at the same time he was seized with a violent fever and a languor which lasted seven years, without his being able to go out of the chamber where he was: which caused him to be pressed no more to consent to his nomination. During so long an infirmity this wholly heavenly man had no other occupation than prayers and tears: he groaned assiduously for himself, acknowledging himself a very great sinner, and he groaned for his bishop, remembering the offer he had made him, to do seven years of penance for him; he groaned for the Church, to draw down upon it the blessings of heaven and to render it victorious over all its adversaries. After these seven years, which acquired for him infinite treasures of merit, the king, believing that he was better, renewed his instances to make him accept the bishopric which he had offered, and of which Rusticus, who had shut himself up in the church of Saint Mary of the Martyrs, had not yet resumed the functions: but the Saint answered him that the time of his death had come, and that all the grace he could ask of him was that he would send him the priests Agrippinus and Eusebius, to assist him at that last hour. The king failed not to satisfy his desire. Thus this blessed solitary, after having partaken of all the Sacraments of the Church, and having worthily prepared himself for this great passage by all the acts that Christian piety can inspire, died peacefully in his hermitage, on 6 July 575.

Saint Goar is represented: 1st, hanging his mantle on a ray of the sun; 2nd, accompanied by three hinds which run up at his voice. As he was going to the bishop of Trier, three men who were spying on him, surprised by hunger and thirst, asked him for some help. The holy hermit called three hinds that were passing in the forest, began to milk them and dismissed them; 3rd, trampling a dragon under his feet, to symbolize the souls which he snatched from paganism, or again the demon of calumny which he knew how to triumph over with the weapon of patience and that of miracles; 4th, crowned with a little canopy, as founder of a chapel, or, according to a more modern interpretation,[1] to indicate quite simply that he is admitted into the eternal tabernacles, that is to say into heaven; 5th, making a newborn child speak, in the presence of his

calumniators; 6th, having near him a vessel of domestic use, either to recall that he miraculously procured milk for his calumniators seized by thirst, or again because he is honoured in the country of Trier as patron of Potters, no one knows quite why; 7th, having at his sides, on the tombstone, angels who hold a little model of a fortified gate flanked with towers, to recall that he is the founder and the patron of the town which bears his name, Saint-Goar, near Coblentz.

Worship and Relics

His body was buried in the little church which he had built, by the priests Agrippinus and Eusebius, who had come to visit him; but King Pepin the Short, father of Charlemagne, having afterwards had a more ample and more magnificent one built on the same spot, to the memory of this holy confessor, this august remains was transported thither with much honour. The miracles which were wrought in this new place were numerous; it has often appeared by terrible chastisements how displeasing to God was contempt of the worship of Saint Goar. Those who have violated the immunity of his church have been either seized by the demon, or struck by sudden death, or afflicted with long illnesses which have exhausted their strength and their goods; it was an ordinary thing that those who passed before this temple, on foot, or on horseback, or by boat, without going to pay it their duties, promptly received the punishment of it. It is said even that the emperor Charlemagne, so religious a prince, having neglected to do so, because the journey he was making on the Rhine was very urgent, his vessel was at once tossed by so great a tempest, and surrounded by so thick a fog, that it wandered all the rest of the day on the water, and could not arrive at the place he had marked, but only at a little village, where he and his people suffered great inconveniences. The very next day he sent to the church of Saint Goar twenty pounds of silver, with two silk carpets, to expiate his fault. Two of his children, on the contrary, who turned aside from the road to go thither, received there so many blessings that, being in discord for a long time, they were perfectly reconciled there; and the empress Fastrada, his wife, having gone there another time, was delivered there from a toothache which tormented her cruelly: which caused this prince to give to the house of Saint Goar the land and lordship of Nasson, which long belonged to it.

It remains for us to add that King Pepin, having founded the celebrated abbey of Pruym, willed that the abbot of this monastery should be perpetual superior of the house of Saint Goar: which was ratified and confirmed by a solemn decree of the same emperor Charlemagne, notwithstanding the oppositions of the bishop of Trier. The collegiate church and the town of Saint-Goar arose on the spot where formerly his cell was (between Coblentz and Mainz). This collegiate church was abolished at the time of the Reformation, when the country fell into the power of the landgrave of Hesse, and the body itself of Saint Goar, which had formerly rested in the crypt of the church now Lutheran, was lost. The church of Saint Castor, at Coblentz, alone still possesses some relics of the Saint.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. *Lives of the Saints of Limousin*, by Abbé Labicce de Keignefort.

Saint Berthaire or Berthier, Priest, and Saint Athalène or Attalein, Deacon, Martyrs in Franche-Comté

764. — Pope: Paul I. — King of France: Pepin the Short.

Qui ambulat in justitiis, et loquitur veritatem, iste in excelsis habitabit.

He who walks in the paths of justice and renders homage to the truth, he shall dwell in glory.

Isaiah, xxxiii, 15, 16.

Saint Berthaire lived under the reign of Pepin the Short, king of the French. We do not know the date of his birth, but the principal actions of his life passed from the year 755 to 764. Berthaire was a native of Aquitaine, and the holiness of his life merited him the honour of being raised to the priesthood. A proof of his merit and of his virtue is that he always knew how to keep himself pure in the midst of the wicked among

whom he was obliged to live. In effect, the functions of his ministry called him to the court of Waïfre, duke of Aquitaine. This lord had for father the duke Hunalde, who had revolted several times against the authority of Pepin. When Hunalde saw his son strong enough and skilful enough to continue the struggle, he transmitted to him his duchy, and, after having bequeathed to him his hatred against the king, he retired into a monastery, less to sanctify himself there than to taste there an easy repose.

Waïfre had a warlike humour and a crafty character. His morals were so depraved that his court is called an infamous house, where Berthaire was obliged to live in the midst of the wicked, as formerly Lot at Sodom. Driven by a sacrilegious avarice, Waïfre invaded the goods of the monasteries and the ecclesiastical properties. King Pepin, who had constituted himself the defender of the Church, forced him to return to his duty. He marched against him, at the head of his army, and, after several combats, defeated him completely. Waïfre, obliged to flee toward Saintonge, was killed by his own soldiers, and Aquitaine was definitively reunited to the crown of France, in 768.

Such was the man at whose court Berthaire was forced to live. Thus his austere virtue gave umbrage to the courtiers of Waïfre, because it was a continual accusation against their iniquitous works, over which the Saint groaned every day. It seems, says the historian of his life, that there was no place for holiness in those places, where there reigned a rebel power, a perjured government, a corrupt justice; where the military chiefs were unceasingly in revolt against the king, and the army against the order established by God; where the most iniquitous projects had for result acts still more iniquitous. It is nevertheless in the midst of all these overflowings of vice that Berthaire lived holily, and that he could say, like the Prophet: “Lord, all the waves of the abyss have passed over me.”

Duke Waïfre, in spite of his vices, felt a profound veneration for Berthaire. For such was the meekness, the affability of the Saint, that he drew to himself the affection of those in the midst of whom he lived, or forced them at least to respect his virtue. Berthaire had a nephew, named Athalène. He was the son of his sister, and he loved him particularly because he had himself held him over the sacred baptismal font, and had given him the first teachings of the Catholic religion. Athalène had marvellously profited by the instructions of his uncle. Good morals and purity of life had been with him the companions of study, and he added to all these fine qualities a quite filial affection for Saint Berthaire. Initiated in the study of the holy letters, he merited to be admitted to the first degrees of holy orders, and received the diaconate. It was then that Berthaire formed the pious design of making the pilgrimage to Rome, and of going to prostrate himself at the tomb of the Apostles, with his nephew Athalène.

Berthaire made his project known to Duke Waïfre, and asked him permission to depart. “It is a difficult enterprise,” the duke said to him; “so long a journey would be too painful for you, and your absence would be more painful still for us. Remain therefore among us, and do not afflict us by leaving us.” Berthaire answered that he had made a vow to undertake this pilgrimage, and that he held to fulfilling his promise. Waïfre then let him depart with his nephew, wishing them a happy journey.

The two pilgrims set out on their road and directed themselves first toward the city of Tours, to venerate there the tomb of Saint Martin. There they prostrated themselves humbly beside the relics of the great wonder-worker, conjuring him with tears to obtain for them the pardon of their faults and to protect their journey. They betook themselves next to Orléans, where they visited devoutly the celebrated church of Holy Cross.[1]

After these first visits and some others still to the sanctuaries of Gaul, Berthaire and Athalène took the road to Italy and arrived on the confines of Burgundy. Their route had led them to the county of Port, which formed part of Upper Burgundy. They stopped in a village called Manaore (today Menoux), not far from which dwelt a knight named Servat. This man was versed in every crime, and passed for a notorious robber and assassin. He infested with his brigandage the roads which traversed that country, and lived only on the

booty which he took from travellers. To facilitate his rapine he had, among others, a servant named Agenulfe, still more wicked than his master. From morning Agenulfe traversed far and wide all the neighbouring places, seeking to recognize whether there was some good prey to seize; and, when he had made a discovery, he informed his master of it at once, who took his measures to plunder the travellers.

Now Agenulfe was thus scouring the country, according to his custom, when he perceived Berthaire and Athalène. The two pilgrims had just come out of Menoux, and had stopped near a spring to rest there and let graze the ass which carried their baggage. Agenulfe saw them approach the fountain, and draw from their bag a pewter vessel, which they used to draw water. He believed that this vessel was of silver. Cupidity coming to the aid of his imagination, he persuades himself that these travellers are rich merchants, and that their bags are full of gold and silver. His plan is soon fixed. He approaches, asks them adroitly whence they come, whither they go, and appears to take a real interest in their journey. “If you will,” he added, “I shall procure you at my master’s a suitable lodging for this night.” Berthaire and Athalène consent to it, and arrive soon with Agenulfe at the house of Servat. The mother of the latter was there at that moment. She was named Boblia, and dwelt in a neighbouring village, which was called Rosières, where there stood a church in honour of the holy martyr Valerius. She was a recommendable woman, known in the country for her goodness, her hospitality toward strangers, and her piety toward God. But, unhappily, her examples had no influence on her son, and it would have been better for her, says the historian, to have been barren than to have given birth to a being as wicked as Servat.

Boblia received the two pilgrims with joy, and inquired with interest the object of their journey. They answered that they came from Aquitaine, that they had left the court of Duke Waïfre to go to Rome; that one of them was priest and the other deacon. Boblia recognized easily, by the holiness of their discourse, that they were true servants of God. As she had to return to Rosières, she invited them to betake themselves the next day to her house. Nevertheless, because she knew the evil nature of her son, she took him apart and conjured him to do no harm to these strangers. Servat promised it; but cupidity was soon to prevail over filial respect. The next day, which was a Sunday, the two Saints set out from the morning to go to Rosières, probably to celebrate Mass in the church of Saint Valerius, while paying Boblia the visit they had promised her. Agenulfe, seeing them depart, went to find his master, and, with fury in his soul, asked him why he let this prey escape. Servat pretended that he had promised his mother to spare them. “Your mother,” answered Agenulfe, “has given you a pusillanimous counsel. Must one, to obey her, lose so rich a booty? Do you not see that these men are laden with an enormous weight of gold and silver? Let us hasten therefore to pursue them before they have found an asylum against us in the house of your mother.”

The thirst for gold then stifled the feeble sentiment of pity which had risen in the heart of Servat. He mounts at once on horseback, as does Agenulfe, and behold them pursuing at full speed the servants of God. Berthaire perceived them, and understood soon that his friends of the evening before had become his most cruel enemies. “My beloved son,” he said to Athalène, “let us flee, if it be possible, not only to escape death, but also to spare a crime to these men.”

Athalène, who had all the vigour of youth, wished to engage in a struggle and defend himself. For want of arms, he tore from a neighbouring hedge a stake of ash, and set himself to resist vigorously. But Berthaire, understanding that such a struggle would be useless, said to him: “I conjure thee, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, lift not thy arm against them. Throw this stake to the ground and resign thyself to martyrdom. God forbid that we should defile by the shedding of blood a journey undertaken by devotion. He who commands us to possess our souls in patience will sanctify the death which we suffer in the accomplishment of a work of piety.” Athalène then planted his stake in the earth, and waited.

The two brigands arrived sword in hand, and, after having killed the pious travellers, they set themselves to strip them. But they found in their bag only sacerdotal vestments, a copy of Genesis, a Missal, and the Acts of Saint Eugenia. There was neither gold nor silver, nor any of the precious objects they hoped to find there.

Then spite, confusion, terror even, seized them. They feared that Count Galeman, who was then in Burgundy, at the head of the troops of King Pepin, might come to learn of this crime and punish the guilty. Fearing also that the clerical tonsure of the two victims might occasion more scrupulous inquiries and more severe chastisements, they cut off the two heads and threw them into the river called the Lantenne, in a place which the inhabitants of the country called Artanus.

The same day a fisherman of the village of Bourguignon[2] went down the course of the Lantenne to cast his nets, and arrived at the place where the two heads of the Saints were floating. He perceived them, and this sight filled him with such stupor that he sprang first on the bank and began to run with all his might. Nevertheless, when his first emotion was over he wished to know the cause of all this, and, getting again into his boat, he made the sign of the cross and gathered the two heads in his nets. When he saw that they were adorned with the tonsure, he carried them with respect to the village of Bourguignon. Meanwhile the report of the death of the two Saints had already spread in the country. Their trunks had been seen stretched on the ground, on the side of Rosières. The inhabitants of Bourguignon then placed the two heads in little wicker baskets, carried them back to the place where the corpses lay, and laid each near the body to which it belonged.

Faverney was not far from the place where the crime had been committed. This town was then the most important centre of the country. It was a castrum, that is to say a fortified place, surrounded by walls bathed by the waters of the Lantenne. A monastery of women, whose church was under the title of the Blessed Virgin, rose in the midst of the town. Saint Gude was abbess of it. When she learned the murder which had taken place, she ordered the priests and clerics who dwelt at Faverney to betake themselves with her to the place where these dead lay, in order to transport them to the abbey, if there were occasion. They placed the bodies of the Martyrs in a coffin, and, having set them on their shoulders, they wished to set out. But a supernatural force rendered them motionless to such a degree that, in spite of their efforts, they could not take a single step forward. At the sight of this prodigy the will of heaven was understood, and the two Saints were buried in the very place where they had received death, about the year 764.

Worship and Relics

As soon as our two Saints were buried, a sort of chapel of wood was provisionally constructed, to cover and protect their venerable remains. Later, the abbot of Luxeuil, Bozon, and the archbishop of Besançon betook themselves to the place where the Martyrs rested, and, after the usual inquiries, recognized that God had already glorified His servants by several miracles, and raised, near their tomb, an altar dedicated to the Virgin. From that day this place became a sanctuary illustrated by a great number of miracles s. The infirm of every kind betook themselves there from the neighbouring places to obtain their healing. Near the chapel was the stake planted in the earth by Athalène, which had developed into a great ash tree. Those who suffered from toothache took the leaves of this tree and covered their head with them. This, it is said, sufficed to calm their pain at once.

As it was the custom, at that epoch, to give the title of martyr to all the saints who died a violent death, even for a cause foreign to religion, Berthaire and Athalène were honoured under this title. The place where they were buried was surrounded by a thick forest. At first only a wooden chapel had been raised there, to which the peoples nevertheless ran in crowds, attracted by the miracles which were wrought there. Later this oratory was overthrown, and in its place there rose an elegant edifice of stone, surrounded by a cemetery, from which an abundant spring issued. The author of their life reports that their relics were transported later into the village of Saint-Lideric.

But there is nothing more precise on this first translation. We see by other testimonies that the relics of the saints Berthaire and Athalène were preserved and honoured at Florival, in the duchy of Luxembourg. This is what Chastelain says in his universal martyrology, and what the Bollandists have ascertained by authentic

testimonies. These two Saints were still honoured at Bruréville, in the diocese of Toul. An ancient manuscript copy of the martyrology of Usuard mentions them on 6 July. P.-F. Chifflet cites also the martyrology of Luxeuil, which indicates their feast for the same day. Their cult has long been in honour in the diocese of Besançon, where their feast is celebrated on 3 July, with the rite of semi-double. We have extracted this biography from the *Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté*, by the Professors of the college of Saint Francis Xavier of Besançon, and from the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Saint Godeleine or Golelive, Martyr

1070. — Pope: Alexander II. — King of France: Philip I.

Omne quod tibi applicitum fuerit accipe, et in dolore sustine, et in humilitate tua patientiam habe.

Accept all that befalls you, remain in peace, and in the time of your humiliation keep patience.

Ecclus. ii, 4.

Under the pontificate of Gregory VI, and under the reign of Henry I, king of France, was born, about the year 1049, Saint Godeleine, whom the Church proposes to our veneration as the most accomplished model of Christian patience in the state of marriage.

Hemfrid, her father, lord of Wierre-Effroy, in the Boulonnais, had chosen for companion Ogine, a young girl worthy of his tenderness, still more by her virtues than by the nobility of her origin and her exterior charms.

Christians in heart and mind, the two spouses, who dwelt in the castle of Longfort, applied themselves above all to make happy their vassals, whom they regarded as their children, and whom they treated with a goodness wholly evangelical.

God blessed their union by the birth of three daughters, Ogine, Adèle, and Godelive or Godeleine, whose name signifies, in the Flemish language, Friend of God.[1]

The virtuous châtelaine, tender toward her three daughters, felt herself drawn by inclination above all toward the youngest, whose precocious intelligence developed as soon as she could lisp. Her mother profited by this happy disposition to sow in this young soul the sentiments of the tenderest piety, and as, to this effect, a mother is never replaced, it was on the knees of Ogine that Godeleine received her first religious impressions. Directing her little hands and her eyes toward heaven, each day she made her offer to God the offering of her innocent and pure heart, and a sweet kiss placed on the child’s brow was the reward of the attention which she brought to this religious act. Christian mothers, if, as soon as the first gleams of their reason shine, your children learned from you to know God, to love Him and to pray to Him, soon one would see the piety of the ancient days reborn; for immense is the influence exercised on her family by the truly religious mother.

Arrived at the age of a young girl, the exterior of Godeleine was most seductive. Her slender figure was full of grace and nobility, nothing equalled the sweetness of her eyes, the delicacy of her features; and the whiteness of her complexion, agreeably coloured, was set off by the beautiful and silky black hair with which her head was adorned. We remark designedly the colour of Godeleine’s hair, because this colour was for her, in the sequel, the pretext of the most bloody injuries and of the aversion which she inspired.

Beauty was the least of the advantages of our Saint; better than any young girl she handled the needle and the spindle, and under her skilful fingers wool and silk took the most diversified and most graceful forms, and no one surpassed her in all the works proper to her sex. But her virtue was by far superior to her talents and to her beauty. Who could tell her ardent love for God, her docility toward her parents, and above all the sensibility of her heart and her tender compassion for the unfortunate? To relieve them was her dominant passion, and to work for them her favourite occupation. A young child, she deprived herself even of her food

to appease their hunger, and she found a thousand ingenious means to interest her parents in their favour, and to satisfy this noble and sweet inclination of her generous heart. The steward of Longfort, astonished to see the provisions of the castle disappear little by little, could not explain how these so multiplied subtractions took place, when one day he surprised, laden with provisions of the mouth, the young Godeleine at the very moment when she was preparing to distribute them to the poor. This man, fearing that his probity might be suspected, overwhelmed Godeleine with the bitterest reproaches, complained to Herafrid, and begged him to reprimand his daughter who, he said, not content with ruining the castle by her prodigalities, exposed him himself to have his fidelity doubted and to have an ineffaceable stain cast on his administration.

Hemfrid reassures the steward, has his daughter called and addresses reproaches to her. Godeleine throws herself at her father's knees, beseeching him to pardon her. But when Hemfrid had signified to her that she must renounce what he called indiscretion in her charity, Godeleine, who regarded herself as the advocate of the poor, melted into tears, and pleaded their cause with so much force and persuasion that Hemfrid, surprised and charmed at once by this warm eloquence of his daughter's heart, embraced her tenderly, permitted her to continue her alms, and even assigned her a part of his patrimony for the relief of the unfortunate. Free then to follow the generous impulse of her heart, Godeleine, from that day, regards herself as the mother of all the poor of Wierre and of the environs, and God alone knows how many tears she wiped away, how many privations she knew how to impose on herself so that none of the suffering members of Jesus Christ should implore her assistance in vain.

Thus, dividing her time between prayer, labour and the care of the poor, Godeleine saw pass in the paternal house the first eighteen years of her youth. Finding in creatures nothing that could equal the love she had for her God, she resolved not to rob Him of a heart to which this God knew so tenderly how to respond by the sweet delights which He poured into it. She thought then of embracing the religious life; but, as a Christian daughter, she believed she ought to defer to the counsels of her parents, who, in spite of their high piety, and without precisely opposing her inclinations, obliged her to reflect maturely before taking a determination. Godeleine obeyed, and, while waiting for the moment when she should celebrate her betrothal with her heavenly Spouse, she applied herself to practise the virtues which rendered her to all an object of admiration and respectful affection. Meanwhile Eustace II, count of Boulogne and father of the illustrious Godfrey of Bouillon, king of Jerusalem, convoked his vassals to deliberate with them on the interests of the country. Hemfrid betook himself to his suzerain, and was received by him with benevolent distinction. The assembly ended, Hemfrid approached Eustace and begged him to deign to honour his manor with his presence. On the favourable answer of his lord, he hastens to betake himself to Longfort to warn Ogine to dispose everything to receive her suzerain. At once Ogine prepares all things for this purpose, and forgets nothing so that the feast should be served in the most splendid manner and worthy of the illustrious guest whom she was to receive.

Eustace arrived on the day appointed. Hemfrid, warned of his approach, went to meet him with his vassals, and having received him with all the honours due to his rank, conducted him to his castle, which that day had taken on a festive air, and the guests, seeing this unusual luxury, thought they were assisting at the preludes of Godeleine's betrothal. At midday the feast was to begin. Meanwhile the crowd of the poor, more numerous than usual, stood at the entrance of the castle; while knowing the heart of Godeleine, they thought nevertheless that on a day when she was forced to remain beside her mother to do honour to her guests, it would be difficult for her to occupy herself with her dear indigent. But the young châtelaine, whose heart bled at the sight of all these needy, went out furtively, and brought them, hidden in the folds of her robe, some of the dishes destined for her father's table.

The steward of the household, perceiving this new disappearance, went to warn Hemfrid, who, this time, admitted none of his daughter's excuses, and spoke to her even with harshness and anger. "My father," Godeleine said to him, "I thought that today was a day of feast for all, and that the poor ought also to feel the

honour which the lord Eustace does us. I did not believe I offended you by taking this superfluity from the sumptuous meal you give to these gentlemen, who every day are satiated with the most succulent dishes. But these poor who suffer and groan at our door, while we are in abundance, ought we to leave them thus, and not consider that Jesus Christ suffers in their person? No, I did not believe I failed you by succouring with your alms Him who commands us to have pity on our miserable brethren; and, besides, what I have taken away is so little that your guests, my father, will have well beyond what is necessary to be satisfied."

But Hemfrid, far from being appeased, was only the more irritated, and Godeleine, after having uselessly tried to calm him, withdrew to her chamber to pray and weep. Meanwhile the guests sat down to table; the feast was served with great sumptuousness, and Ogine did the honours of it with all the grace and amiable urbanity which characterized her.

The meal ended, all prepared to return to Boulogne, and the finest charger of Hemfrid was put at the disposal of the count. But he would not depart without seeing Godeleine, whose virtues and beauty he had heard praised. At the voice of her mother Godeleine betook herself into the hall of honour of the castle, and presented herself with so much grace and modesty before Eustace that he rose, and, kissing respectfully the candid brow of the young girl, made her sit beside him.

"Godeleine, our dear daughter," he said to her with an affectionate goodness, "may heaven bless you more and more, for you well deserve it. As the rose shines among all the flowers, so you shine among all the young girls by your qualities and the charms of your person. You have arrived at the age to think of marrying; as soon as your choice shall be fixed, count on our protection and our munificence, which will never fail you."

Godeleine answered with as much wisdom as modesty to these benevolent words of her lord, and declared to him that, having reflected on all the advantages of the religious life, she hoped that her parents would adhere to her desires, and that one day she might gird the virginal band of the spouses of Jesus Christ.

All the assistants were surprised at so wise an answer; but not one dared to dissuade the holy young girl from taking such a determination, and all, addressing to Hemfrid their felicitations on his happiness in possessing such a daughter, took leave of their host and betook themselves to Boulogne. Meanwhile Count Eustace could not hide the lively impression which the wisdom and beauty of Godeleine had produced on him, he spoke of it to all whom he saw, and the young Saint was soon known afar. Several young lords made friends with Hemfrid, with the intention of obtaining the hand of his daughter. Her reputation passed even the limits of Artois and spread to Flanders. A young lord of that country, Bertolf of Ghistelles, at the sole portrait that was made to him of her, resolved, at whatever price it might be, to have her for wife, and betook himself in great pomp to the castle of Longfort, with the hope of being happier than the other suitors.

The sight of Godeleine produced on him an impression such that he declared on the spot the motive which brought him to Longfort. But Hemfrid, too Christian to dispose without her consent of a heart which wished to consecrate itself to God, answered Bertolf that he would not thwart the inclination of his daughter, and that he left her free to accept or to refuse the brilliant match that was offered her. Bertolf, afflicted by such an answer, tried to plead his cause himself with Godeleine; but neither his protestations nor the rich presents which he displayed before her could shake her resolution; and Bertolf, with despair in his soul, left the castle of Wierre with his heart full of the image of Godeleine and seized with admiration for her wisdom, which he appreciated equally with her beauty.

Nevertheless he did not give up and knew how to gain to his interests Baldwin, his kinsman, count of Flanders, who promised him his intervention with Hemfrid and his daughter. A few days after, he convoked all the great vassals of Flanders and of Artois to settle the general interests of his county. The count of Boulogne, Hemfrid, and Bertolf betook themselves thither, and the latter appeared there clad in magnificent garments, by turns agitated by fear and hope, and counting much on the influence of his noble kinsman. When the council was dissolved, Baldwin, faithful to the promise he had made Bertolf, said, in the presence

of all the nobility of the country, that a young girl, named Godeleine, is loved by a young and powerful lord, and that, if their union can take place, nothing will be more advantageous to the one and to the other, and nothing also will be more agreeable to him, their suzerain lord. At these words all eyes turned toward Bertolf and toward Herafrid; but the latter answered that he would in nothing thwart his daughter, and that he left her mistress to dispose of her hand and her heart. Bertolf then besought Eustace anew, who decided that he would go himself to Longfort to make a last attempt with Godeleine, hoping that his eloquence would triumph over the resistance of the young châtelaine.

In effect Godeleine, fearing to displease her parents, and seeing in this step of Count Eustace a manifestation of the will of heaven, gave her consent. She prepared herself, by prayer and multiplied good works, to embrace a state of life for which she felt repugnance, but in which she resolved to sanctify herself, seeking, for the love of God, to fulfil all its duties with the most scrupulous exactness. Brilliant festivities were celebrated in the castle of Longfort. Godeleine showed herself affable to all the guests, who proclaimed Bertolf the happiest of men in possessing in his young wife so rare an assemblage of graces and perfection, and the two spouses prepared to set out for Ghistelles, residence of Bertolf and patrimony of his ancestors.

It was not without shedding many tears that Godeleine left her excellent parents and the people of the castle of Wierre, who regretted in her a young mistress full of goodness and sweetness toward them. A numerous crowd of the poor followed her for some time, weeping in her their benefactress, loading her with blessings and beseeching heaven to render to her also a hundredfold all the good she had done them. Godeleine, mingling her tears with theirs, answered their sorrowful demonstrations, and assured them that her parents, for the love of God and of herself, would always take care of them as before.

Several young lords accompanied Bertolf to Ghistelles, and their joyous talk, and the testimonies of tenderness which her young husband lavished on her, prevented Godeleine from giving herself up to all the sadness which her departure from the paternal house caused her. Bertolf had often spoken to his wife of his mother's tenderness for him, so Godeleine proposed to herself to regard her as her own mother, and to have for her all the deference and tenderness of a daughter. At last, after three days' march during which they stopped at the houses of some lords of their acquaintance, they arrived at Ghistelles. The heart of the young wife was wrung at the aspect of this flat, marshy country, destitute of every kind of agreeableness, where nothing could give her illusion or recall to her the Boulonnais so smiling, so well wooded, so picturesque. "Heaven is the true fatherland," she said, "it matters little to me what places, provided I can love and serve God there, and relieve the unfortunate; for there must be some in this country so little privileged." Arrived at the castle, Bertolf hastened to present to his mother his beloved wife: but this harsh mother-in-law, at the sight of the dazzling beauty of Godeleine, felt circulate in her veins the poisons of the blackest jealousy, and said brutally to Bertolf: "What is this you bring us? We have crows enough in the country, without your going so far to seek this one!…." She then left them, leaving the one and the other in a stupefaction difficult to depict. From this moment Bertolf felt extinguished in his heart the burning love he had for his wife; with despair in his soul, he went to rejoin the young lords who had accompanied him, striving to stun himself as to the misfortune he had of being united to a wife whom he foresaw must be detested by his mother-in-law. As for Godeleine, such a reception made her presage the sad future which awaited her; she raised her heart to God, and begged Him to be her protector and her support. "My God," she said, "keep pure and without stain my body and my soul, and the rest matters little to me, since no one can ever ravish from me the liberty of loving you."

The rest of the day passed agreeably for the companions of Bertolf, and they retired to taste the sweets of sleep. When Godeleine appeared in the evening without foreign ornaments, and her mother-in-law perceived floating on her shoulders her long black hair, she entered into a species of rage; she called her chambermaids, and, showing them Godeleine: "See," she said to them, overwhelming her daughter-in-law with the bloodiest sarcasms, "see the beautiful crow that my son has chosen for himself. The wretch has dishonoured our house,

and opprobrium has entered it from the moment this woman set foot on the threshold of the door. Shame, misfortune and malediction upon thee," she said to Bertolf, who appeared at this moment in the nuptial chamber; "thou wilt make the torment of my life by having given me such a crow for daughter-in-law; never more rest for me, so long as the same roof shall shelter us! Accursed, accursed be thou a thousand times!"

Let us pause an instant to explain the cause of the aversion which the hair of Godeleine inspired in her mother-in-law.

It must be remembered that Bertolf was of Norman or Germanic race, and that all the men of this race had a lofty stature, blue eyes, very white skin and hair either red or of a very pronounced blond. Godeleine, on the contrary, had received birth in the Boulonnais, which for a long time remained under Roman domination, which was almost always an object of horror to the natives. As these conquerors had black hair, one may suspect, from the colour of Godeleine's, that Roman blood flowed in her veins, which explains the aversion she inspired in the wholly Germanic soul of her mother-in-law, an antipathy of race which always exists between the conquerors and the conquered. History teaches us that the antipathy of the peoples of the North still subsisted in the eleventh century, and that it burst forth in all its energy at the insurrection of Flanders against the power of Richilde.

When Bertolf had heard anew his detestable mother vociferate against his wife and against him, terrified at the maledictions she had pronounced, he held his marriage in horror, and thought from that time of the means to take to have it broken. His mother furnished them to him: "Absent thyself from the castle," she said to him, "leave there the young gentlemen who accompanied thee; weary of waiting for thee, they will go away; and then I charge myself with the Boulonnaise; I shall overwhelm her with so many ill treatments that she will be forced to return to her parents, or else she will succumb. Thou shalt be free then to contract a marriage more worthy of thy noble race." These words, worthy of the hell which suggested them, found an echo in the heart of Bertolf. By an inexplicable reversal of the human heart, passing suddenly from the tenderest love to an excessive hatred, he left on the spot the abode of Ghistelles and went to the neighbouring castles, a prey to the most sinister thoughts. His mother, to excuse him to the young lords his friends, told them he had gone to make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Bruges for the happy fruitfulness of his wife. No one was the dupe of this lie, and, without being able to guess the cause of so sudden a departure, all, the next day, took leave of Bertolf's mother, and left to this shrew a free field to persecute her virtuous daughter-in-law.

In effect, as soon as she saw herself alone in the castle, she went to find Godeleine in her chamber, and, after having again insulted her and called her crow, she enjoined her to render on the spot all the jewels, the gems and the precious objects which she had had as dowry. Godeleine, who loved only the things of heaven, and who, quite different from other young women, attached no price to these baubles, gave them without pain to her mother-in-law. The latter had her then conducted to a cell at the extremity of the castle, and assigned it to her for dwelling; she gave her next for company, or rather for spy on all her actions, a young girl who was also charged to bring her her food.

Godeleine, treated as a prisoner, turned her eyes toward heaven: "My God," she said, "Thou wilt not abandon me, and I thank Thee for associating me with Thy sufferings."

Considering then her persecutors as the instruments which the Lord used for her sanctification, she ceased not to pray for them, spoke to them with kindness, and opposed to the injuries with which, by order of her mother-in-law, the lowest valets overwhelmed her, only a patience worthy of the regards of the angels and of the heavenly rewards. Having always before her eyes the image of her crucified God, she delighted to meditate on the different circumstances of His passion to excite herself to suffer with courage. Alone, in her sad cell, she thought still of the unfortunate, and she worked unceasingly for them. Although she had hardly enough to sustain herself, she shared with the poor the little food that her barbarous mother-in-law sent her. But the latter, having learned that Godeleine still found the means of giving alms from the little she gave her,

commanded that her portion of food should be diminished, so that Godeleine was continually tortured by the cruel goad of hunger. Nevertheless she did not leave off, in her extreme distress, to give alms still, for she fasted so as not to let the needy suffer, remembering these words of Tobias: “If thou hast much, give abundantly, and if thou hast little, give even of that little which thou hast.”

Meanwhile, at the end of a few days, Bertolf returned to Ghistelles and inquired after Godeleine. The horrible old woman painted her to her husband in the blackest colours, saying that she was a woman incapable of ever being able to govern a house, and so shrewish that it was impossible to live with her. Bertolf had Godeleine called; she, thinking they wished to make her undergo a new trial, raised her heart to God, put on her shoulders a poor mantle which had been left her, and betook herself to her mother-in-law. At the aspect of her husband her face blossomed with joy, and she held out her hand to him with kindness; but Bertolf, outraged with anger, repulsed her with indignation and went out. The lady of Ghistelles, seeing herself alone with her daughter-in-law, began again to vociferate against her, overwhelmed her with insults and vomited imprecations so horrible against this poor woman that the people of the castle, attracted by her cries, were terrified at them.

Godeleine, unshakable in her patience, and like a rock against which the fury of the waves comes to break, believed she could appease by reasoning this irritated woman: “Madame,” she said to her with a suave sweetness, “I know not in what I have had the misfortune to displease you; if I have done something that could be disagreeable to you, make it known to me, and I am ready to repair my fault on the spot; but if you have no motive to act thus, why rage against me, and above all why do you seek to take from me the affection of my husband?” At these so measured words the mother of Bertolf became furious, and striking with redoubled blows the unhappy Godeleine: “Yes, it is I,” she said, “depraved woman, it is I who have raised against thee the hatred of thy husband, and thou darest ask me why? It is on account of thy insupportable pride, abominable woman!”

At this moment Bertolf entered the apartment, and Godeleine, turning toward him her angelic face: “Dear husband,” she said to him, “turn from me, I beseech you, the anger of your mother! Remember the love you had for me, how much you desired to unite your lot with mine. Alas! did I know they would so soon see an end, those days of happiness! Why do you persecute me? Why do you hate me, I who love you tenderly? I wish not to command here, I wish to obey here, to obey you, Bertolf, as your slave, to work for you, and above all to love you; but, I pray you, turn from me the hand of your mother, have pity on me! in the name of God, have pity on me!” Bertolf, moved, was about to yield to the pity which already rose in his soul, when his infernal mother, suggesting to him again barbarous counsels, told him that a crow such as his wife was good only to chase crows.

Godeleine was therefore sent into the fields with the girl who had been given her to serve her, and it was enjoined on her to chase the crows with which those countries were infested at that epoch. Without complaining of such a treatment, the daughter of Hemfrid obeyed, remembering the oath she had pronounced at the altar, and respected it even in the abuse which Bertolf made of his authority, the authority of God, who has placed the wife under the dependence of her husband. She did not grieve over her lot, but she grieved over the danger Bertolf ran for his salvation; and in fulfilling these functions so vile in the eyes of men, but so exalted by the spirit of faith which made her accomplish them, she ceased not to offer to God her prayers and the humiliation she endured that He might deign to touch the heart of Bertolf and of his unworthy mother.

Bertolf, meanwhile, little careful of the lot of his victim, left Ghistelles, and, running from town to town, from castle to castle, went pouring on the pure and chaste life of Godeleine the poison of the blackest calumny; and when he had returned, it was to deplore his fate in having been united to the daughter of Hemfrid, and to complain that he was not yet rid of her. And Godeleine heard all, suffered all in silence, and prayed for her cowardly persecutors.

Meanwhile the report of Godeleine's misfortunes spread in the environs. A pious woman, touched with compassion, came to find her one day, and told her that she carried the heroism of patience too far. "God," she said to her, "does not ask that one expose oneself to persecution; but one ought to take up the cross of Jesus Christ only when it presents itself of itself. Besides, you risk the salvation of your husband and of your mother-in-law by furnishing them the occasion to exercise unceasingly against you all their wickedness, and it seems to me that it would be wise on your part to return to your parents."

Godeleine received with kindness and simplicity these wise observations. While fearing what such a step might have of danger for her, she decided to return to her family. She knew how to gain to her interests the young girl who served her, and who had attached herself with all her heart to this unhappy young woman; and both, after having implored the assistance of heaven, set out by stealth to betake themselves to Longfort. After many difficulties and fatigues across an unknown and marshy country, twenty leagues distant from Wierre-Effroy, Godeleine and her young companion arrived at last at Longfort. When she presented herself at the castle, no one recognized her, so much had ill treatment and hunger disfigured her, and when Godeleine named herself, her mother uttered a long cry and fainted. Hemfrid, run up at the clamours of the domestics, stupefied at the sight of his beloved daughter, felt his heart fail and fainted also. When they were a little calmed, Godeleine tried to reassure them by words of sweetness, and it was only through the young girl who had accompanied her that they learned the whole truth and the whole extent of the misfortune of their dear child. Hemfrid went to find Count Baldwin to pray him to interpose his authority to re-establish peace and harmony between the two spouses. The count was extremely afflicted at such news; but as this affair concerned the ecclesiastical authority, he engaged Hemfrid to go and find the bishop of Tournai and of Soissons, on whom Ghistelles depended. Hemfrid, furnished with letters of recommendation from his suzerain, went to Soissons, and was received by the prelate with much benevolence. Touched by the sorrow of this unhappy father, after a mature examination of the facts, he issued a mandate by which he enjoined Bertolf to take back his wife and to live in good understanding with her, under pain of the thunders of the Church. Baldwin, on his side, wrote to Bertolf that he should have to dread the whole weight of his anger if he acted as in the past, and the latter, frightened at so many threats, went to Longfort to fetch Godeleine. He cast all upon his mother, who, he said, could not bear the thought of having a daughter-in-law and of being no more mistress at Ghistelles; he promised to remove her, and to have for his wife the sentiments and the regard due to her high virtue, and to make her forget by his good proceedings the ill treatments she had endured. Hemfrid and Ogine blessed anew their beloved Godeleine, and, reassured by the protestations and oaths of Bertolf, they let her depart, beseeching heaven to protect her.

It was with an inexpressible tightening of the heart that Godeleine separated anew from her parents; but as at that epoch a wife, however unhappy she might be, could not abandon the conjugal domicile without letting the most injurious suspicions hover over her, our Saint was forced to return to Bertolf. The latter, constrained to take her back, swore in his heart that he would not long bear such a yoke, and in concert with his mother he put everything in action to desolate the patience of Godeleine.

Arrived at Ghistelles, she was no happier than before; she was relegated to her sad cell, where she prayed and worked as formerly. She received only enough food not to die of hunger; but this little she shared still with the poor, and Bertolf and his mother, having perceived her distributing the bread she had just received, overwhelmed her with raillery and atrocious insults, and caused her portion of food to be diminished again. Godeleine, patient and meek, bore all and prayed for them. The ill treatment she endured having excited the compassion of some charitable persons, several came to see her and console her, and as they spoke ill of her husband: "Do not speak so," she said to them, "you give me pain by speaking ill of Bertolf; what he does to me happens by the will of God, who will know well how to change his heart. Let us pray rather for him, but do not speak ill of him, I beg you." — "You think me very unhappy," she said to a religious who had come to visit her, "well! I am not so. God pours into me so sweet a grace that, suffering for His love, the persecutions

I experience become dear to me. God knows how to draw good from the bosom of evils, and the divine unction knows how to sweeten all."

It was a year since Godeleine had returned from her parents', and Bertolf and his mother, furious that they could not manage to make her perish of hunger and misery, resolved at last to make an end by ridding themselves of her by a violent means.

He feigned suddenly to repent of his conduct, and approaching Godeleine: "Dear wife," he said to her, "I believe in truth that a spell has been cast on me, for I cannot explain otherwise how I was able to hate thee so promptly after having loved thee with so much tenderness. Now I wish to change and to make thee happy as much as thou deservest and as it shall be in my power. Come back with me to resume thy rank, and to receive the honours attached to it."

Godeleine, astonished at such language, pardoned him with all her heart, lent herself to all that Bertolf wished, dressed magnificently to please him, and appeared with him at church. She went also to visit her mother-in-law, who no longer lived at the castle; the latter, as profoundly hypocritical as her son, received her with a benevolence which surprised and enchanted Godeleine at once, too upright and too sincere to suspect the slightest falsity in this infernal manoeuvre of hypocrisy.

Eight days passed thus, during which Godeleine ceased not to thank God for the change of her husband. Bertolf said to her one evening: "Dear Godeleine, as I wish altogether to break off my hateful sentiments, and as I wish to love thee with a love without end, I have consulted to this end a matron who might heal me of my evil inclinations, and make us cherish each other with a love so lively that nothing can any more alter it. I have charged Lambert and Hecca, my two faithful servants, to introduce her near thee; thou canst trust them. I warn thee of this resolution that thou mayst not be afraid when they present themselves before thee…."

As the hunter imitates the cry of the doe to draw her fawn into the snare, so Bertolf spoke the language of tenderness and goodness to remove all suspicion from the mind of Godeleine. He embraces her affectionately, goes down from the apartment, mounts his horse and betakes himself to Bruges to pass the night there, for he did not wish it to be suspected that he was an accomplice in the frightful crime which he had ordered and which was about to be executed.

Godeleine passed the rest of the evening in the chapel of the castle, prayed there with still more fervour than usual, and, after having given her people her orders for the next day, which she was not to see again, she withdrew to her chamber, there commended anew her soul to God, and fell asleep.

When all was at peace in the castle, Hecca and Lambert, whom Bertolf had charged to execute his orders, knocked softly at the door of Godeleine's apartment. "Madame," they said to her respectfully, "the woman of whom Monseigneur spoke to you has arrived, she desires to speak to you here, be pleased to come down." Godeleine rises on the spot, and prepares to dress. "No, Madame," said these scoundrels thirsting for her blood, "it is in undress and with your hair dishevelled that she wishes to see you, she says that what she has to do will act more efficaciously." Godeleine, suspecting nothing, hastens to go down, her hair in disorder, and clothed in a simple tunic. Scarcely is she in the courtyard when these tigers rush upon her, and strangle her with a long narrow cloth which they had taken for this purpose. They did it with so much violence that the Saint uttered not a single cry, and lost at once voice, breath and life. As blood issued from her eyes, her mouth and her nostrils, they threw her head into the well which was in the courtyard; then, after having washed her, they carried her up again to her chamber, laid her in her bed to make it be believed that she had died naturally, and withdrew. It was in the night of 6 to 7 July 1070 that the angels received into their glorious phalanxes the soul of this Christian heroine, admirable model of charity, of patience and of love of God.

The domestics, not seeing their mistress betake herself to the chapel, as she was accustomed, went up to her chamber, and, finding her lying down, thought she was sleeping. Finding that her sleep was prolonged, they entered again, and seeing her extreme pallor and the stiffness of her limbs chilled by death, they knew then the frightful truth and uttered groans and long cries of sorrow. Having examined her more closely, they perceived around her neck the bluish imprint of a cord drawn too tight, and this trace of the crime revealed to them the horrible mystery. Everyone regarded Godeleine from that time as a martyr, and already several invoked her, for they remembered, says the chronicle, having heard during the night heavenly songs, doubtless at the hour when the angels were carrying to heaven the soul of our Saint.

Meanwhile Bertolf arrived in the course of the day, anxious as to the success of his crime. As soon as he learned the death of his wife, this hypocritical scoundrel feigned the most violent despair; he threw himself on the lifeless remains of his victim, uttered long sighs, accused heaven of punishing him too much in not leaving him time to repair his wrongs toward this dear wife. The mother of Bertolf ran up also, and this abominable pair tried to impose by lamenting in the most pitiable manner. But they deceived no one: the fatal imprint testified sufficiently whence the crime came. However, as Bertolf was as powerful as he was wicked, everyone feared him and kept silence, so that Hemfrid and Baldwin believed the death of Godeleine natural, and did not seek to avenge it. When he had finished playing his odious comedy, he ordered that magnificent obsequies should be made for his wife. He appeared there in mourning garments, and shed during the service lying tears, while he was drunk with joy at being delivered from a wife whom he detested.

Meanwhile Bertolf contracted a second union; but the hand of God weighed upon him. He had by his new wife a daughter, blind from birth, a continual object of sorrow to her mother and of remorse to Bertolf. This child, arrived at the age of nine years, having heard speak of Godeleine and of her virtues, began to love her with the tenderest love: full of confidence in her intercession, she prayed to her every day. Driven by an extraordinary impulse, and full of that lively faith which removes mountains, she drew water from the well into which Godeleine had been plunged, and begged her to obtain her cure. Her prayer was heard; she recovered sight, and, full of happiness, she went to find her parents and related to them the prodigy which had just been wrought in her favour by the intercession of Saint Godeleine. Bertolf and his wife, penetrated with joy and admiration, doubted not then of the holiness of Godeleine, and from that moment remorse ceased not to gnaw the heart of Bertolf. He resolved to be converted and did so. Then he went to Rome to obtain pardon for his crime, and made afterwards the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After having prayed and wept at the holy sepulchre, he resolved to end his days in a monastery. One day the abbot of Saint-Winoc, at Bergues, near Dunkirk, received in private conference a mysterious personage. After their interview, the doors of the monastery closed again on the stranger, who from that time showed himself the most humble and most penitent of religious. A profound sadness was habitually imprinted on his countenance, and the deep wrinkles which furrowed his brow, still young, announced the ravage which the passions had wrought. When he died, a cuirass of iron mail which he wore under his religious garments attested the long penance he had imposed on himself, and when, several years after his death, his body was exhumed, a sweet odour issued from his tomb, and the worms had respected his mortal remains. This penitent religious was Bertolf, the murderer of Godeleine, converted doubtless by the prayers of his blessed wife. Women ill-treated by their husbands have here a fine example to imitate, and at the same time a subject of great consolation, since this domestic persecution alone, provided that on their part they live in a well-regulated devotion, and that they do not draw upon themselves, by their evil conduct and their little condescension, the ill humour of their husbands, can merit for them a great abundance of graces on earth and an illustrious crown of glory in heaven. They may even hope that their patience will serve for the conversion of those who persecute them and will change their fierce spirit into a gentle, tractable and religious spirit.

Painters hold Saint Godeleine for a virgin, since they represent her with two crowns: that of virginity and that of martyrdom; she is painted also with a cord, but preferably with a twisted linen or a scarf around her neck;

the saving which she made from her meagre portion during her seclusion may be recalled by a morsel of bread which she gives to the poor. She is invoked against sore throat and quinsy.

Worship and Relics

The daughter of Bertolf, after the death of her mother, had built at Ghistelles, according to the desire of her father, a monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict under the invocation of Saint Godeleine, and hid herself from the world in this solitude. The well sanctified by the death of Godeleine was enclosed within the precincts of the monastery. But nothing remains of this ancient dwelling of the Benedictines of Ghistelles. The tradition of the site of the convent is preserved in the country by the recollections of the inhabitants, who say, showing the little chapel where a limpid water flows, that it was there the abbey stood, and that it was there also that Godeleine took her flight toward the heavens. The worship rendered to Saint Godeleine goes back to the very epoch of her blessed decease, or at least to the year 1084, when her body was raised from the earth by the bishop of Tournai and of Noyon. These holy relics were visited by the ecclesiastical authority in the years 1380, 1557, 1623 and 1119. This last recognition of the mortal remains of the Saint was made by the bishop of Bruges, Henry-Joseph, in whose diocese Ghistelles is now found. Parts of these relics have since been distributed to different churches where the worship of Saint Godeleine has also spread. They were found at Tournai, at Ghent, at Sleydinghe near Ghent, at Ypres, at Courtrai, at the monastery of Eeckhout, at Mechlin. The town of Bailleul possessed also some of her relics: they were enclosed in a very beautiful silver shrine, and presented to the veneration of the faithful on the feast of the Saint, in the chapel of Saint Mary Magdalen. On that day a Mass was celebrated, which was preceded by an instruction in keeping with the feast. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages came in crowds to commend themselves to the prayers of the holy Martyr of Ghistelles, and on all sides, in her chapel, ex-votos were exposed which testified to the healings and benefits obtained by her intercession.

The diocese of Arras celebrates on this day the feast of Saint Godeleine, with the rite of semi-double. Extracted from the *Legendary of the Morinie*, by Abbé Van Drivai. — Cf. *Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras*, by Abbé Destombes.

Saint Mechtilde or Matilda, Abbess of the Monastery of Diessen, in Bavaria

1160. — Pope: Alexander III. — Emperor of Germany: Frederick I Barbarossa.

Humilitas in honore honor est ipsius honoris et dignitas dignitatis.

Humility in honours is the very honour of honours and the dignity of dignities.

St. Bernard, book v of the Flowers, ch. ix.

Saint Mechtilde was born in Bavaria, at the castle of Diessen, from which she took her name. Her father was Berthold, count of Andechs, a relative of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and her mother was a lady of equal condition called Sophia. They gave a signal mark of their piety: they changed the castle of Diessen, which belonged to them, into a monastery of religious women, that God might be continually invoked and served there. As soon as Mechtilde, their daughter, was five years old, they put her in this house to be brought up in the fear of Our Lord and in the faithful observance of His commandments: which makes Engelhardt, abbot of Lanchaim, who first wrote her life, say that she knew no other father than God, nor other mother than the superior of this convent, who had taken care of her education. She found her sanctification in this place, which had been that of her birth and had served her as cradle. Her only care there was to please Jesus Christ, who had chosen her so early for spouse. She had not much to combat the world, because it was unknown to her and she had received from it no dangerous impression; small as she was, she had so much modesty, discretion and maturity in her manners that she was the example of the house and a subject of admiration to the oldest. Neither lies nor useless or worldly words ever came out of her mouth, and

one would have said, seeing her, that it was an angel who had taken the form of a child.

When she was a little more advanced in age, she began to mortify her body by the excesses of a very rigorous penance. She forbade herself for ever the use of flesh-meat and wine, and it is remarked that she kept this resolution so exactly that in all the rest of her life she ate flesh only once: which she did by an evident miracle, as we shall relate in the sequel. In her illnesses, which were rather frequent, she would use no remedy: imitating in this the great Saint Agatha, who said that she had never taken bodily medicine. Prayer, tears, perfect conversion to God and union of heart with Him were all the means she used to recover her health. However acute her pains might be, far from complaining of them and uttering great cries, she on the contrary testified joy at them, saying with the Prophet: “We have rejoiced in the days in which Thou hast humbled us, and in the years in which we endured greater evils.” One can see nothing more perfect than her obedience. She did nothing of herself, and she had so much deference for her superior that she undertook nothing against her order, neglected none of her commandments, and did not defer the execution of them for a single moment. Often she left a work imperfect and a letter half written to betake herself as soon as possible where she was called, either by the bell of the offices or by an order of the superior. She triumphed over the demon by an invincible courage, and by resisting him with all her strength: which put her above his temptations; she triumphed over persons who persecuted her or envied her, by suffering their insults patiently, and by loading them with favours and benefits. It could not be denied that she was the noblest of all the sisters, since she was cousin of the emperor and daughter of the lord of all the country. Besides, she was foundress of the monastery, her father having given his castle to establish it. Nevertheless there was none to surpass her in humility and modesty: she regarded herself only as the servant of the others, and abased herself for that to the vilest offices of the house. Her silence was so exact that one would have said she was mute; and if necessity or charity obliged her to speak, she did it with so much wisdom and sweetness that it seemed it was an angel who spoke.

She was so detached from all the things of earth that the very visits of princes, her brothers, were burdensome to her, and she could bear neither that presents should be sent her nor that anyone should come to testify to her friendship, respect and deference. When she was forced to see people, she ended the conference in a word, for fear that too long a conversation might make her lose something of the purity of her heart, which she wished to preserve entire to be more agreeable to her spouse. Singularity in living, clothing and lodging was insupportable to her, and her quality of princess never made her accept or wish for anything particular. As her soul was full of tenderness and charity for her sisters, she made her own, by compassion, all the ills that befell them, and forgot nothing to relieve them. Thus, after the example of Saint Paul, not only did she rejoice with those who had joy, but she wept also with those who wept; she was sick with the sick, and the pain of others was a pain which tormented and consumed herself. One saw then in this young girl all the virtues that might have been expected of the oldest: submission for her superiors, respect for the ancients, love and deference for the sisters of her age and for the youngest; meekness and benevolence for the lay sisters and for the servants of the house, in a word, an admirable concert of all the qualities of a holy and perfect religious. Her nobility made the domestics wish to call her Madame; but she forbade them absolutely to give her that name, and, preferring her state to all the grandeurs of the age, she would never be called otherwise than my sister.

Meanwhile, as honour follows those who avoid it and in proportion as they flee it, the superior of the monastery having died, the whole community cast eyes on Mechtilde to raise her to her place. In effect, whom could they elect more capable than Mechtilde of consoling them in their pains, of strengthening them in their temptations and of making them advance in virtue? It was on this occasion that this incomparable religious showed for the first time resistance to what was required of her. Until then she had always obeyed, without reasoning on what had been ordered her; but when it was to be superior, she defended herself from it with all her strength, and could be decided to take this charge only by the command which her prelate gave

her of it, by virtue of holy obedience. She showed soon, nevertheless, that she was worthy of it and that she had all the qualities that can be desired in a good abbess. Her conduct was a living rule which showed all her daughters what they ought to do. She was always found the first at prayer, the most fervent at mortification, the most exact at silence and the most punctual at all the regular observances. She had watched much, fasted much and prayed much in the time of her private life; but she believed she had as yet done nothing and that her new state obliged her to redouble all these exercises. She became another Mary, sister of Moses, to precede the people of God in the singing of hymns and canticles. She became another Judith, to fight Holofernes and cut off his head. She became another Esther, to destroy the tyrannical power of the proud Aman. Nothing distinguished her from her daughters, except that she lived more poorly than they and that she was the most wretched of her community. One read on her face a modesty, a meekness, a humility and a joy heavenly which ravished all those who had the happiness of conversing with her. She took besides an extreme care, as much of the spiritual as of the temporal of her house, and she made of it a veritable school of Jesus Christ, where one studied only to know Him, to love Him and to please Him. If any inconvenience befell the sisters, she applied herself at once to relieve them of it. In a word, she fulfilled all her duties so perfectly that no one was found who complained of her conduct.

There was in Swabia, at Edelstetten, between Ulm and Augsburg, a celebrated monastery composed of religious of illustrious birth; it had been much esteemed for regular observance and for the great goods which it possessed; but it was extremely fallen from regularity, and had then lost a part of its goods by the negligence of the abbess who had governed it. This abbess having died, those who had interest in the re-establishment of so notable a house cast eyes on our Saint, whose reputation had spread on all sides. The bishop and the lords of the place, the founders and the religious themselves, who knew that they had need of a superior who should have much authority and virtue, elected her to this charge by a unanimous suffrage, and deputies were sent to her, praying her not to oppose the will and the glory of God. The religious of Diessen, learning this news, were keenly afflicted by it. They represented that it was not just to deprive them of their mother to give her to daughters who were nothing to her; that their peaceful possession of several years ought to prevail over this new election; that in truth the convent of Edelstetten was more considerable than theirs, but that Mechtilde being foundress and professed of the latter, she belonged to it by right without the other being able to claim anything. The Saint, on her side, had much repugnance to leave a house where she had received so many graces from the liberal hand of God, and where, after the pains she had taken for the sanctification of her sisters, she already enjoyed the fruit of her labours. But the bishop, who was zealous for the reform of the abbey of Edelstetten, commanded Mechtilde, by all the power that his character gave him, to betake herself thither as soon as possible to fulfil there the functions of abbess.

When she had arrived there, he blessed her solemnly and put the crozier in her hand to give her more authority and draw upon her more ample blessings from heaven. The Saint, sustained by this blessing, applied herself at once to the good regulation of this family. The example of her virtue, so different from that of the superiors who had preceded her, made a marvellous impression on minds. The religious, who had strayed from the ways of observance because they saw no one walking before them, re-entered them with joy in the train of their holy abbess; they were ashamed not to watch with her, not to observe the fasts of the rule which she observed, and to neglect prayer while they saw her so exact and so assiduous in it. They kept no enclosure: people entered their house, and they had the liberty to visit their relatives and friends. Mechtilde had trouble in making the rule accepted on this point; but she represented to them with so much force and unction how important it is that religious should be enclosed, following that word of the canticle: *Hortus conclusus, fons signatus, soror mea sponsa*: “My sister, my spouse, is a garden enclosed and a fountain sealed,” that they yielded at last to her reasons and had themselves solemnly enclosed by the bishop. From that time this convent changed its face entirely, and religious virtues were seen to shine there with such lustre that it could be proposed as a model to all the communities which wished to reform themselves. As for Mechtilde, the place which she frequented most ordinarily was the choir, where she was found so disengaged

from the senses, so absorbed in God and so occupied with His perfections that one would have thought one offended His divine majesty by turning her from it for a single moment.

This occupation, nevertheless, did not prevent her from watching over the needs of her sisters and providing for them by a wholly maternal charity. She lay only on a pallet, and she would even willingly have deprived herself of it to lie only on the floor, had she not too much feared the esteem and praise of the world. But for her religious she wished there should be mattresses, bolsters and even sheets on their beds, saying that this did no harm to the soul, provided superfluity were avoided. She recommended to them also much cleanliness, having for maxim that one must be poor without being unclean, and flee luxury without loving dirt. No more merciful superior was ever seen, nor one who compassionated more the weaknesses and faults of her inferiors; she employed not to raise them the severity of reprimands nor the rigour of chastisements, but an abundance of tears which she shed at the feet of Jesus Christ crucified: this was always so efficacious that there was no sister whom she did not bring back to her duty by this means. She wept also very often for the crimes of the world, for the persecutions of the Church, for the misery of the po or, for the dangers of tempted persons and for the defence of all those who were in tribulation, striving to draw to them by her sighs and her tears the help of heaven and a prompt deliverance from their pains. Finally, her least sins were for her a subject of much weeping and groaning: which will appear by an example that it is not fitting to pass over in silence. It happened that a sister came to present herself before her, carrying something in her hands; but, by inadvertence or negligence, she let this object fall; the abbess, without reflecting, said to her: “Walk over it.” At once she recognized that she had pronounced a useless and too hasty word, and she was so penetrated with the greatness of this fault that she wept for it no less, says the author of her life, than if she had broken down the doors of the churches of Rome. She was not content to testify her sorrow by streams of tears; she punished herself for it also by vigils, fasts and other extraordinary austerities which lasted several days, putting continually before her eyes the words of the Son of God: “There is not an idle word for which account must not be rendered on the day of the last judgment.” What shall we say after an example so holy and so striking, we who speak so often against the reproaches of our conscience, who tear so easily the honour and reputation of our neighbour, who vomit so many blasphemies against God and so many injuries against our brethren, and who yet shed not a tear to weep such enormous crimes? Will there be another judgment for us than for these souls so touched with regret for their faults? and if they could not escape the rigour of the justice of God except by an inexorable severity against themselves, shall we escape it by living as we live, and producing no more fruits of penance than we do?

After Saint Mechtilde had laboured so usefully for the re-establishment of observance in her monastery, the obligation of recovering the goods which it had lost in the time of the disorder led her to make a journey to the court of the emperor Frederick. She did her best to dispense herself from this going out, and to finish the affair by a proctor; but the prince, who was her cousin, and who desired extremely to see her on account of the esteem in which everyone held her, wishing to grant nothing unless she were present, she had at last to yield to necessity. She was received by him with great testimonies of friendship and honour, less for her nobility and because she was a princess of his blood than for her eminent holiness. He lodged her in his palace, granted her all that she asked and ordered that she should be treated magnificently. She did not refuse to eat at the table which had been prepared for her, but on condition that, while the other guests ate all sorts of delicious dishes, and drank the most exquisite wines, she should eat nothing else than vegetables, according to her custom, and drink only water, which was the repast of the holy prophet Daniel. In effect, the steward who was to serve her drink was warned to bring her only water; this he did. But when she tasted it she found that it was excellent wine. She made complaint of it to him, and, returning him the cup, she begged him secretly to bring her what she had ordered. The steward assured her that nothing else had been presented to her; and nevertheless, to satisfy her, he sent again to fetch the same water. But when she tasted it, she found again that it was wine, because Our Lord, to honour His servant, wished to renew in her favour the first miracle which He had wrought publicly when on earth. The Saint, believing that she was being deceived,

obliged the steward to taste himself whether what he presented her was not wine. He tasted it, and was obliged to avow that neither Bavaria, nor Austria, nor Alsace, nor France, nor Greece, and even the island of Cyprus produced any better. To make sure a last time that there was no fraud, he went to draw the water himself and brought it to the abbess. She, having tasted it, found that it was wine of the same nature as the preceding. Thus she recognized the miracle, and all the company recognized it also and admired the goodness of God, who exalts the humility and mortification of those who study to please Him. The honours which this prodigy caused to be rendered to Saint Mechtilde engaged her to return promptly to her monastery. She was no sooner arrived there than a dumb girl was presented to her, possessed by a demon who made her do an infinity of shameful and extravagant actions. The sisters had tried to deliver her in her absence; but they had succeeded no better than the disciples of the Son of God when they tried to heal the deaf and dumb demoniac of whom mention is made in Saint Mark, chapter ix. But the Saint, who was filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ, having made her prayer, and having then commanded the demon to go out of the body of this Christian, he was constrained to obey, and could not resist the force of the word of this incomparable virgin. This new miracle, in making her great merit known more and more, served also much to encourage the religious and to inflame them with the desire of perfection. They all ran with their holy abbess to the “wedding of the King’s Son”; there were some who arrived sooner than she by a death precious before God and before men. As for her, not being yet very old, she had a revelation that her decease was near, and that she must return to Diessen, place of her birth and of her profession, to await there the happy moment of her deliverance and of her crowning. She betook herself thither as soon as possible, was received there as the mother and lady of the monastery, and gave herself there with a new fervour to all the exercises which prepare a soul to appear safely before God. Having yet strength enough, she made a powerful exhortation to the sisters; reproving them because there were still jealousies and quarrels among them, she told them that “neither their fasts, nor their abstinence and their vigils, nor their diligence in assisting at the divine offices, nor their promptness in obeying the commands of their superiors, nor the lustre of their virginity would serve them for anything, if they had not charity and mutual love in the heart, and did not make them appear in their actions.” Then, having had her father and mother come, she begged them earnestly that, since they had given her no dowry, and she did not pretend to inherit their great goods, they would have the goodness to give to this convent of Diessen all the tithe which belonged to them around Diegen-sur-l’Issoire. She obtained easily what she desired, because her parents were pious, and gave willingly a part of their lands to the poor and to monasteries. By this means this convent had wherewith to subsist honestly with the brothers who were destined for the spiritual assistance of the religious.

The day on which they began to receive the revenues, Berthold, father of the Saint, gave this holy community an innocent feast. In the fear that Mechtilde would take no part in it, and would content herself with bread and water with vegetables, her director commanded her for that day to eat meat and drink wine; which she had not done since her childhood. Nevertheless, sacrificing her judgment and her will to that of her spiritual father, she did what was commanded her, and, on leaving the refectory, as the religious were going to the choir psalmodizing, a voice was heard from on high, which said: “O blessed Mechtilde, know that thou hast been fed today, not with Esau the reprobate, but with Elias who was carried off into the air.” This word consoled her marvellously, and gave also a sovereign contentment to all this assembly of holy daughters. They had no trouble after that in granting her what she asked of them: it was that a part of the revenues which her father had given them should be destined to give alms to the poor and the needy, so that it should be refused to no one.

Meanwhile the time approached when this holy dove was to fly away into the bosom of the Son of God; she healed beforehand a girl who had put out her eye with her bodkin. Being on her death-bed, she saw on one side the demons who reproached her with something: which made her appear a little sad; but at the same moment she saw the angels who repulsed these infernal spirits, and who awaited her to carry her into heaven: which made her smile for the first time in all her life. The Blessed Virgin appeared to her also with an

inestimable grace and beauty. This made her turn aside the picture of the same Virgin which was presented to her, because the image was useless where the truth appeared in itself. She had already received the sacraments which the Church gives to the sick to help them at the important hour of death; but it is believed that she communicated yet from the hand of the angels a little time before expiring, for she was seen to open her mouth and put forth her tongue, withdraw it and then swallow something, as one does in receiving the body of Jesus Christ, and she was seen also to do the same as a priest who drinks the precious chalice of His blood. This action was followed by a breath almost imperceptible, which made her enter into the clear and manifest enjoyment of Him whom she had received under the species of the Sacrament. This happened on 6 July, about the year 1160.

Her obsequies were made with the greatest solemnity; although her body was so meagre that one saw in it only a skin glued on bones, her face nevertheless was beautiful, shining, agreeable and as of the colour of the rose. She was carried in procession, in the presence of a great concourse of nobles and people, into the church of Diessen, before the altar of Saint John the Baptist. The lights which were carried in this ceremony could not be extinguished, although the wind was so impetuous that men themselves had trouble to stand. Several miracles were wrought soon after at her tomb. The hair of Saint Mechtilde of Diessen was of marvellous help against thunder and tempests, and it sufficed to suspend it in the air to arrest their fury. It is reported that this marvel has been renewed so often in the country that there is no one who doubts it. Saint Mechtilde of Diessen, whose life we have just related, must not be confounded with Saint Mechtilde of Spanhein, of whom we spoke on 26 February, nor with another Saint Mechtilde, honoured on 10 April. Saint Mechtilde is represented: 1st, on her death-bed; at her sides angels bring her the holy Viaticum; 2nd, healing, by simple touch, one of her religious who had lost sight; 3rd, with Jesus Christ depicted enthroned in her heart.

Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Sexburga, Abbess of Ely, in England

(End of the 7th century.)

Saint Sexburga was daughter of the pious Anna, king of the East Angles, and of Hereswitha, sister of Saint Hilda. She was brought up with great care in the principles of piety and laid, from her childhood, the foundations of that eminent virtue which rendered her so recommendable the rest of her life. She married Ercombert, king of Kent, and she strengthened, as much by her examples as by her counsels, the excellent dispositions which this prince had received from the Author of nature. She seconded him with all her strength in the enterprises which he formed to procure the advancement of piety and the happiness of the peoples; she was also of great help to him in the wise laws which he enacted to extirpate the remains of idolatry and to have Lent, as well as the other ordinances of the Church, observed in all his States. Her fervour and her humility excited respect and admiration; her beneficence and her charity for each of her subjects, and principally for the poor, won her all hearts.

For a long time she had desired to be able to serve God in retreat. She wished at least to facilitate to others the means of devoting themselves night and day, for her, to the exercises of prayer. This was what determined her to found a monastery of religious women in the isle of Sheppey, on the coast of Kent; but she did not complete it until 664, after the death of her husband. The community was in a short time composed of seventy-four religious.

Sexburga, struck by the reputation which the monastery of Ely had, retired there, before the year 679, to occupy herself no more than with her sanctification; she had the government of it after Saint Ethelreda or Audry, her sister. She had been fifteen years abbess when she caused the body of this Saint to be raised from the earth. She died at a very advanced age, on 6 June, toward the end of the 7th century. The monastery of

Sheppey, known under the name of Minster of Sheppey, was destroyed by the Danes. It was rebuilt in 1130, and William, archbishop of Canterbury, dedicated it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint Sexburga. It had Benedictine nuns until the destruction of the abbeys in England.

Taken from Godescard.

The Saints Macrina, Pézenne and Colombe, Virgins at Magné, in the Diocese of Poitiers

(9th century.)

Macrina, called very often Magrine, Matrine, Materne, and better still, in the popular language especially, Maigrine, had for sister Saint Colombe. Sprung from a noble race and devoted from their tenderest youth to works of piety, the two holy girls had formed the project of consecrating themselves wholly to the Lord, when they saw arrive near them a companion animated by the same sentiments. This was Pécine or Pexine, called also Péchinne and Persévérande, of whom has been made today Pézenne. She was a native of Spain, and this is what has made it thought that the two holy sisters whom she came to join might have come from the same country. They betook themselves to Aquitaine and came to settle on the confines of Poitou, a few days' journey from the town of Niort. The report of their virtues having attracted to them holy companions, they had a monastery built.

Disturbed in their solitude by the vexations of turbulent lords, of which Saint Colombe was even the victim, the two other virgins took flight. After seven days' march across forests and desert places, overcome with fatigue, they stopped to take some rest; but suddenly Macrina saw her companion grow pale and expire almost on the spot in her arms. Aided by generous Christians, she had the remains of Pécine transported to a village quite near Niort, on the right bank of the Sèvre. This village, called then Tauvinicus, took later the name of the Blessed, and is today Sainte-Pézenne (Deux-Sèvres). Meanwhile Macrina ended by discovering a deep retreat: she settled there. The name of the Saint, which these places still bear today, the existence of the remains of an ancient chapel, all confirms on this point the popular tradition. But this retreat not being yet sufficiently safe, the holy girl crossed the Sèvre anew, landed in the little isle of Magné, and placed herself behind the belt of marshes which formed as it were a rampart inaccessible to the world. It was there, on a wild plateau, that Macrina fixed her abode and that she lived in the practice of the most sublime virtues. She died in peace in her dear solitude about the year 850. The populations whom she had edified ran at once to her tomb. Their gratitude raised altars to Macrina, named from her name Butte of Saint Macrina the plateau which she had inhabited, and this name, which it bears still, testifies to the perseverance of a merited worship. Soon a chapel was built in honour of the Saint, and was served by priests whom successive foundations attached to this work of piety, which was the origin of the collegiate church of Magné, established in 1508. Then, when the evil days dispersed the ministers of the altar and the stones of the altar itself, tradition survived all that the hand of man had destroyed; the ruins were seen honoured, in their sad nakedness, by pious pilgrims who still venerated the memory of what they could no longer see or touch as formerly. Meanwhile, calm having succeeded the storm, a happy chance caused to be found, some forty years ago, a sarcophagus containing the skeleton of a woman whose precious remains were deposited with care in the very mass of the altar of the chapel.

The eager populations flock on certain days, on 6 July above all, to invoke this powerful virtue whose effects they have many times felt. Attestations worthy of all confidence put at four thousand the number of the pilgrims who visit annually the hermitage of Macrina, and grave men estimate that this devotion has contributed much to preserve a remnant of faith in the midst of the populations of the environs, so tormented by the spirit of indifference and incredulity.

Among the popular images which represent Saint Macrina there are two which seem more than all the others to give the reason of this persevering worship of the country people. One reproduces a miracle of charity wrought by Macrina at the prayer of a ploughman whose ox is healed of a frightful wound. The Saint is represented holding in her hand the horn which she is about to solder to the mutilated forehead of the poor animal. In another page Macrina, in the form of an angel, hovers in the midst of the air; kneeling at the door of their cottage, a labouring family invokes the Saint in favour of the harvest which the ploughman's plough prepares in the distance, and Macrina, drawing from her apron fruitful grains, casts them from the height of heaven into the furrow which she blesses. Abridged from the biography given of her by M. Ch. de Chergé, in the *Lives of the Saints of Poitou*.

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[1] A hip-bone of the Saint was sent from Rome to Harbonnières, to the abbot Isaac de Pas-Feuquières. It is since that time that he has become the secondary patron of that church, where a chapel is consecrated to him. In the modern shrine, of flamboyant style, there is found a procès-verbal of 17 Messidor 1795, certifying that the relic was put in a glass shrine, when the copper reliquary was carried to the district of Montdidier. A novena of pilgrimage begins on 6 July. — Abbé Corblet.

[2] This took place, not by Saint Innocent, but by one of his successors.

[3] Département of Saône-et-Loire, arrondissement of Chalon-sur-Saône, canton of Verdun-sur-le-Doubs.

[4] That of Father Cahier, in his *Characteristics of the Saints*.

[5] This church, one of the most ancient and most venerated of Orléans, was assailed in 865 by the Normans, who tried to burn it. But it escaped miraculously from the touch of the fire.

[6] Bourguignon is a league upstream from Faverney.

[7] God. God, and *lief*, friend: it is the same sense as Theophilus.

7 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the triumph of the holy martyrs Claudius, registrar of the treasury, Nicostratus, chief registrar of the prefecture of Rome, Castorie, Victorinus and Symphorian, who were brought to the faith of Jesus Christ by Saint Sebastian, and received baptism at the hands of Saint Polycarp, priest. As they were occupied in seeking out the bodies of the holy Martyrs, they were arrested by order of the judge Fabian, who ceased not for ten days to solicit them, now by threats, now by caresses, to return to the worship of idols: but finding them always inflexible, he had them put three times to the torture, and thrown at last into the sea. 302. — At Durazzo, in Macedonia, the holy martyrs Peregrinus, Lucian, Pompeius, Hesychius, Papius, Saturninus and Germanus, all Italians, who, having taken refuge in this city during the persecution of the emperor Trajan, and finding there Saint Aste, bishop, put on the cross for the faith of Jesus Christ, declared themselves aloud that they were Christians; the judge having knowledge of it, had them arrested and cast into the sea. 2nd c. — At Perugia, in Italy, the blessed Benedict XI of Treviso, of the Order of Friars Preachers, who, during his short pontificate, contributed marvellously to the strengthening of peace in the Church, to the re-establishment of discipline and to the propagation of the faith. 1304. — At Alexandria, the birth in heaven of Saint Pantaenus, an apostolic man and endowed with universal wisdom. He had so much zeal and love for the word of God that in the ardour of his faith and of his devotion he went to preach the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the East, after which he returned to Alexandria where he died in peace under the empire of Antoninus Caracalla. 214. — At Brescia, Saint Apollonius, bishop and confessor. — In Saxony, Saint Willibald or Guillebaud, bishop of Eichstädt, who laboured, with Saint Boniface, at the preaching of the Gospel, and converted several peoples to the faith of Jesus Christ.[1] 786. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Allyre, bishop.[2]. — At Urgel, in Catalonia, Saint Eudes or Odo, bishop.[3] 1122. — In England, Saint Hedde, bishop of the West Saxons. 705. — At Gray, in Franche-Comté, the blessed Peter Fodrier, canon regular of the Congregation of the Saviour, celebrated for his virtues and his miracles. 1640. — In England, Saint

Edelburge, commonly called Saint Aubierge or Adalberge, virgin, daughter of an English king. About 695.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Trier, Saint Navit or Navite, bishop and martyr, who sealed with his blood the doctrine of the faith and of the good morals which he had preached by his life, by his word and by his great miracles. — Again at Trier, the feast of Saint Goar, named yesterday in the Roman martyrology.[4] — At Vienne, in Dauphiné, Saint Eolde, fortieth bishop of that see and founder of the church of Saint Maurice of that city. 718. — In the church of Saint-Germain of Auxerre, in the diocese of Sens, Saint Angelaume or Angelelme, confessor. He was a native of Bavaria; if he is honoured particularly at Saint-Germain of Auxerre, it is because he was buried there. Some authors give him the title of bishop, and pretend even that he occupied the ancient see of Auxerre; but the fact is not certain. — At Avranches, in the diocese of Coutances, Saint Sever or Severus, bishop of that see, whose feast is celebrated at Rouen on 1 February, and at Coutances on 5 July.[5] — At Séez, Saint Sigibold or Sigebold. He succeeded Saint Lain or Latuin, first bishop of that see. This prelate, of Saxon race, suffered, it is said, much from the incursions of the Alans and of the Huns in the diocese, which would place his episcopate about 451, and at a very advanced age. 5th c. — At Nantes, Saint Felix, bishop, whose eminent virtues Saint Venantius Fortunatus describes in his poems. 582. — At Jargeau (Loiret), in the diocese of Orléans, the translation of Saint Véran or Vrain, bishop of the ancient see of Cavaillon (*Cabellio*, Vaucluse), made by Pope Innocent IV.[6] — At Tours, Saint Monégonde, widow, already named on 2 July.[7] — In the diocese of Meaux, Saint Adalberge, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Périgueux, Saint Eparchus or Cybard, already named on 1 July.[8] — In the diocese of Perpignan, Saint Pulcheria, virgin and empress, named in the Roman martyrology of 10 September.[9] 453. — In the dioceses of Verdun and of Saint-Dié, the blessed Peter Fourier, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Tarbes, Saint Prosper of Aquitaine, confessor and doctor of the Church.[10] — In the archdiocese of Reims, the feast of all the holy archbishops of that see. — In the Limousin, Saint Carissime, widow. History teaches us that she was of the noble family of Saint Yrieix, abbot of Attane, in Limousin; it is believed that she married a lord of the house of Aubusson. Already illustrious by her birth and by that of her husband, she became soon incomparably more so by her virtues and her eminent holiness. Having recognized that God called her to live in the midst of the world, she wished at least to lead there a truly regular and Christian life which might, by sanctifying herself, draw to Him whom she loved alone numerous and fervent adorers. Regretting not to have been able to consecrate herself to the Lord in retreat, she wished at least to procure for others this inestimable advantage, and desired that there should be on her lands pious cenobites who should sing there day and night the praises of God. It was to these pious sentiments of our Saint that the monastery of Rauzeille, a league from Aubusson (Creuse), owed its birth. She placed it under the invocation of Saint Martin of Tours, and it subsisted until the incursions of the Normans, who destroyed it. The pious foundress died as she had always lived, and her body was buried in the church of Saint-Yrieix (Haute-Vienne). God honoured her tomb by miracles. She is invoked principally to find lost things. Gentlemen especially formerly claimed the help of her prayers to recover the hunting birds which they had lost. — In the ancient burgh of Yvoy, today Carignan (Ardennes), in the diocese of Reims, Saint Valfroy, the only stylite of the West.[11] 594. — At Troyes, commemoration of the holy bishops who have occupied that see: Amateur, Mélan, Ours, Loup, Vincent, Leucouius, Bobin, Prudence and the blessed Manasses.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Emesa, Saint Simeon Salus, monk of the Order of Saint Basil, named on 1 July.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Gray, in Franche-Comté, the blessed Peter Fourier, canon regular.

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, of the Camaldolese, of Vallombrosa and of the Cistercians. — Saint Guillebaud, Benedictine monk, who was the first bishop of Eichstädt.

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — Saint Benedict XI.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Lisbon, the blessed Lawrence of Brindisi, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, who, after great labours accomplished for the faith, rested happily on 22 July. Pope Pius VI placed him in the rank of the blessed. 1619.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — The memory of the benefactors of the Order.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Saint-Gall, in Switzerland, the saints Vivrède, Rachilde and Kébinine, virgins, whose life we have given on 2 May. — In Portugal, Saint Pulcheria, virgin and empress, whose life we give on 10 September, the day on which she is cited in the Roman martyrology. — At Alexandria, the saints Parmenius, Heraclius, Elias, Apollonius, Eudomius, Anovius, Publius, and eighteen others, martyrs. — The saints Parthonius, Animat, Pivide, Alexander, Partinime, and seven others, martyrs, cited by Saint Jerome, without further details. — In Laconia, province of ancient Greece, in the Peloponnesus, Saint Thomas of Malea, monk and confessor. The Menaia of the Greeks report that he was always seen standing on the mountain of Malea, occupied in praying to God. He obtained from heaven the gift of healing the sick, of driving out demons, of restoring sight to the blind, and to the lame the use of their legs. It is said even that at his prayer fountains of living water gushed from the most abrupt rocks. These prodigies were renewed still after his death, at the simple invocation of the servant of God. — Among the Greeks, Saint Acacius, surnamed *in Scalis*, confessor, and the saints Eustathius, Polycarp and Evangelus, martyrs. — At Ravenna, in Italy, Saint John, surnamed the Angelopte, bishop of that see. One day when he was celebrating the divine mysteries on the altar of Saint Agatha of his metropolis, those present saw an angel perform near our Saint the office of deacon; it is perhaps from this that his surname came to him. 432. — At Como, in Lombardy, Saint Consul, bishop of that see. He was born in Germany, and it was his high reputation for knowledge and piety that made him ascend the see of Como. He was buried in the church of the holy apostles Peter and Paul of this metropolis, at the sides of Saint Abundius, his predecessor. 495. — In Ireland, the saints Medran or Medrain and Odran or Odhrane, brothers, confessors. 6th c. — At Barberino, in Tuscany, the blessed Davanzato, called also Avanzato and Neavanzato, priest of the Third Order of Saint Francis. 1295.

Saint Pantaenus, Doctor of the Church and Apostle of the Indies[12]

214. — Pope: Saint Zephyrinus. — Roman Emperor: Caracalla.

Apostolus medicus spiritualis est.

An Apostle is a spiritual physician.

St. Jerome, Ep. xii to Eustochium.

Saint Pantaenus was a native of Sicily and had made profession of the Stoic philosophy before embracing Christianity. Even after he became a Christian he continued to apply himself to the study of the dogmas of philosophers and of other profane sciences. It appears also that he did not neglect the writings of heretics, since Origen, to whom this study was wished to be made a crime, defended himself by the example of Pantaenus. “When I had,” he says, “applied myself entirely to the study of the word of God and the reputation of my name, spread through all the world, had drawn around me a great number of heretics and philosophers, I believed I ought to inform myself exactly, as much of the errors which some have invented as of the progress which others boast of having made in the search for truth. I imitated in this point Pantaenus, my predecessor, who laboured much to teach the holy truths of our religion to a great number of persons, and who was very skilful in profane sciences.”

Pantaenus was not less instructed in the divine Scriptures, which he had studied under the disciples of the Apostles. Nevertheless his humility made him remain hidden in Egypt. But God raised at last this lamp upon the candlestick, that it might give light to those who were called with it to the feast, according to the expression of Saint Clement. Pantaenus was therefore drawn from his retreat to govern the celebrated school of Alexandria; it is not known exactly in what year; what is certain is that he exercised this charge when Julian was made bishop of the same city, at the beginning of the year 179, in the first year of Commodus. His great reputation drew him many disciples, among others Clement of Alexandria and Saint Alexander of Jerusalem, one of the most illustrious bishops of the 3rd century. He taught by word of mouth and in writing; "and this veritable bee of Sicily ran with joy over all the spiritual meadows, and, gathering with care all the flowers of the writings of the Apostles, formed in the souls of those who listened to him, as in a sacred hive, very pure combs, not of honey, but of gratitude and of light." Saint Jerome says that Saint Pantaenus taught at Alexandria until the reign of Antoninus Caracalla; that is to say, that he received in his house those who wished to come and hear him; for, as to the public school of the Catechesis, it was held then by Origen, to whom it had been confided even before the death of Severus, which happened in

Commerce drew the Indians as far as Alexandria, and the Christians who were in those remote countries might have known by this means the merit of Saint Pantaenus. His reputation having passed even to the Indies, the peoples of that country begged him, by their deputies, to come and announce the Gospel among them, and to combat there the philosophy of the Brahmans by that of Jesus Christ. Demetrius, who was then bishop of Alexandria, having succeeded Julian, in the tenth year of Commodus, of Jesus Christ 189, knowing that Pantaenus burned with an ardent zeal for the propagation of the faith, had no trouble in determining him to yield to the wishes of the Indians. Thus Pantaenus was established by his own bishop preacher of the Gospel among the oriental nations. It is not known whether Demetrius, before sending him, conferred on him episcopal ordination. We do not even know any of the ancients who gave him the title of priest, except Anastasius the Sinaite, who calls him priest or pontiff of the Alexandrians.

Eusebius gives no detail of what Saint Pantaenus did in the Indies and in the other countries where he carried the light of the Gospel. He says only that this Saint found in the Indies, in the hands of some persons who knew Jesus Christ, a Hebrew Gospel of Saint Matthew, which the apostle Saint Bartholomew had left in that province when he had come there to preach. He brought it afterwards with him when he returned to Alexandria; for he did not remain in the Indies until the end of his life. He returned again to Egypt, where he continued to teach, but only in private, those whom his reputation drew to him. Saint Jerome says that he had left divers commentaries on the Scriptures. There remains to us of them only a small fragment, reported by Clement of Alexandria, and which appears drawn from a commentary on psalm xviii. He gives there this rule for the understanding of the Scriptures, namely that, in the style of the

Prophets, one ought to pay little heed to the tenses of the verbs, the present, the past and the future being often taken one for the other. Routh has collected another fragment of Saint Pantaenus, drawn from the scholia of Maximus on Saint Gregory the Theologian, edited by Thomas Gale with the work of John Scotus on the Division of Nature. The Latin translation is by Scotus. In this fragment Pantaenus, the friend and master of Clement, is questioned by proud men on the manner in which God, according to the Christians, knows the things that are. He answers that God knows what is as His wills, because voluntarily He has made what is. Saint Anastasius the Sinaite puts him in the number of those who have written on the creation and who have applied its history to Jesus Christ. But Eusebius and Saint Jerome say nothing of this work. Saint Pantaenus died at Alexandria, under the reign of Antoninus Caracalla, and finished, according to the expression of Rufinus, a life full of glory by an excellent and admirable end.

Taken from Dom Ceillier, History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors; — Cf. Acta Sanctorum, volume ii of July; Carras, History of the Church; Mgr Freppel, Course of Sacred Eloquence: Clement of Alexandria.

Saint Felix, Bishop of Nantes

682. — Pope: Pelagius II. — King of France: Childebert II.

Virtutum bonum quoddam et stabile fundamentum humilitas est; si nutet, illa virtutum aggregatio nonnisi ruina est.

Humility is the one good and solid foundation of the virtues; if it totters, the whole edifice of the virtues is soon but a ruin.

St. Bernard.

Saint Felix was born in the city of Bourges, in Berry. His father was also called Felix, and was son of another Felix who was raised to the consulate, with Secondinus, in the year 511. His mother was of a very illustrious race in the country of Aquitaine: so that there was scarcely any nobility in that province with which our Saint had not some alliance, and even Saint Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, in the verses which he composed in his honour, makes him draw his origin from the ancient kings of that country.

When he had passed the first years of childhood, his parents took care of his education. He gave himself to study with much ardour; and as he had a docile nature, an excellent mind and a memory so happy that he forgot nothing of what he had been taught, he made much progress in it. He was besides meek, modest, serious and so inclined to virtue that he took pleasure in none of those games and diversions which other children seek with so much passion. His studies being finished, as he felt himself called to the ecclesiastical state, he entered holy Orders, according to the rules established by the canons, and celebrated his first Mass in the year of grace 540, the twenty-seventh of his age. He lived in this state several years, with an integrity of morals and a piety so exemplary that the reputation of his holiness spread soon through all France, and even as far as Armorican Brittany, which was not then under the dominion of our kings. Evemer, otherwise Eumerius, bishop of Nantes, being dead, the people and clergy chose with one voice Felix to fill his place and to be their pastor. All the diocese conceived great joy at this election; deputies were sent to him at once who brought him to Nantes; he was received there with all the honours due to his dignity and to his great merits (550).

The odour of his virtues and of his doctrine was not confined within the bounds of Gaul, it extended also through all Europe; but the praises which he received from men gave him no sentiment of vanity: he took from them, on the contrary, occasion to humble himself the more and to refer to God alone all the good that was wished to be attributed to him. This worthy prelate governed the flock confided to him with great meekness, marvellous wisdom, an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls and an incomparable charity. He always had much care of the religious and hermits of his diocese, particularly of Saint Friard, who had retired into an island of the river Loire, opposite the parish of Benais. He honoured him often with his visits, and furnished him with the things necessary for life. He caused to be assembled in his episcopal palace a certain number of young clerics whom he trained and instructed himself to render them capable of serving him in the reform of his diocese, and of carrying even the torch of the faith to infidels and heretics. It is from this seminary of doctrine and holiness that came forth the glorious Martin of Vertou, whom Saint Felix made archdeacon of Nantes. He sent him to Herbauges to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants who were still plunged in the darkness of paganism; but these detestable idolaters having treated with outrage so holy a missionary, they were punished for it in all the rigour of the justice of God: for their city sank, and is no more at present than a lake named Grand-Lieu. The application of this holy pastor to the spiritual functions of his charge did not prevent him from extending his cares also to the temporal; he thought therefore of completing his cathedral church, which his predecessor had left imperfect. He employed to this end not only the revenues of his bishopric, but also the goods of his patrimony, with many alms which he received for this object; but as the wars which supervened often caused this work to be interrupted, it could be done only at the end of seven years. The bloodiest was that which Clotaire I, king of France, made in Brittany, against his son

Chramne, who, although revolted for the second or third time against his royal and paternal authority, had nevertheless found an asylum and a protection with Conobert, count of Rennes and of Nantes. It is known that this monarch, not having been able to oblige the count either by his prayers or by his threats to put his son into his hands, put himself at last at the head of a powerful army which he led himself before Nantes: Conobert and Chramne having come out to meet him, near the sea, were entirely defeated there: the first remained on the spot, and the second was made prisoner in his flight; this unhappy prince was burned alive in a thatched cottage with his wife and his children, by command of the king his father (560).

This victory having put the country out of state to resist Clotaire, the city of Nantes was obliged to open its gates to him and to put itself at his discretion; but Saint Felix, who received him at his entrance, touched by his prayers and tears this inhuman spirit, and obtained that his people should be treated with all sort of gentleness. He entered even afterwards so far into the good graces of this prince that, when he wished to return to France, he left to the holy prelate the government of the city and county of Nantes. It was for him a very heavy charge, and one for which he had an extreme aversion; but, as he saw that it was also a favourable means which divine Providence presented him for the relief of his diocesans, reduced by the war to the last misery, he accepted it for a time. It was then that his prudence and strength of mind appeared in all their lustre; for, without diminishing any of the cares which he owed to his pastoral charge, he acquitted himself so worthily of all the duties of a good governor of city and province that it was necessary to avow that the king could never have made a better choice. He was in such esteem throughout all Brittany that the greatest lords remitted to his judgment the differences which arose between them. By the credit which his virtue gave him he turned aside Conon (Canao), count of Vannes, who had already put three of his brothers to death in order to have no competitor in his State, from treating in the same way Macliau his fourth brother. Nevertheless Macliau gave our Saint much trouble, for, first, to remove all suspicion from the count, his brother, and to avoid his fury which might rekindle, he put his wife into a monastery, embraced the ecclesiastical state, and was even consecrated bishop of Vannes; but his brother having come to die, he resumed the spirit of the world, and, driven by an ambition more than diabolical, he abandoned the altars, trampled the priesthood underfoot, and, by a scandalous apostasy, renounced the august quality of prelate in the Church of Jesus Christ to take up again his wife and make himself master of the sovereignty. Saint Felix did all he could, by his prayers and by his remonstrances, first to prevent him from coming to this point, then to bring him to penance and withdraw him from so fatal an abyss; but this apostate remained obstinate in his sin and always resisted the grace of Jesus Christ, who spoke by his servant: he was punished for it, for he was killed by Theodoric, son of Budik, count of Cornouaille.

All these things passed outside the jurisdiction of Nantes; but this county, which Clotaire had united to his crown, and where he had left a garrison, did not remain long in peace; for Dunalic, son of Conobert, wishing to re-enter the States of his father, brought thither a strong army with the aid of the other princes of Brittany, and made great ravages there, and that which King Chilperic, son of Clotaire, sent against him did no less damage: so that the holy bishop had the sorrow of seeing his diocese exposed to the pillage of two powerful adversaries. He went unceasingly to find the chiefs of the one and the other party to arrange between them a peace which should restore the province to repose; but, as neither the one nor the other would yield anything of their pretensions to Rennes and to Nantes, all he could gain from them was that they would spare, out of consideration for him, the country which divine Providence had committed to his charge: which gave him a little relief and respite. This excellent prelate had fine public works made for the convenience of his diocesans. He gave a new bed to the Loire and caused it to surround the walls of the city; he dug and deepened that of the Erdre to render it more fit for commerce; he caused to be constructed the port of la Fosse, one of the finest in all Europe. The care of the temporal slackened in nothing his solicitude for ecclesiastical affairs. In the year 567, under Pope John III, a national council was assembled at Tours, for divers needs of the Church. The archbishop Euphronius presided there, and our Saint, who was of his province, failed not to be present. Very fine canons were made there for the reformation of morals and for the

utility of the dioceses. The third ordains that the body of Jesus Christ be kept on the altar, not in the rank of the images, but under the cross.[1] The fifth, that each city nourish its poor and that ecclesiastics, as well as citizens who have the means, nourish each his own, in order to prevent mendicity and vagabondage. The twenty-second, that curates and priests fail not to correct by ecclesiastical censures those who, still retaining remains of paganism, should offer sacrifices to Janus on the first of January, or present meats on the day of the chair of Saint Peter, or perform ceremonies unknown to the Church near certain stones, trees or fountains. Saint Felix subscribed to these canons in these terms: “Felix, sinner, bishop of the Church of Nantes, I have consented and I have subscribed.” Having returned to his diocese, he made the visitation of it, beginning with his metropolis, to have them observed more exactly. He took particular care that the blessed Sacrament should be placed on all the high altars with much decency and honour. Desiring that no one should dispense himself from succouring the poor, he gave the example of it first. He chose a good number of the most miserable whom he charged himself to support, and to whom he had given every day what was necessary for them for an honest maintenance. People hastened to imitate so edifying an action: the ecclesiastic and the layman, the gentleman and the citizen, the magistrate and the private man, each, according to his means, took one or several poor and contributed according to his power to draw them from their pressing necessities, so that in a short time no beggars were seen in the streets of Nantes.

He had no great trouble in establishing the same order in the other places of his diocese; but what he found more difficult was to have the twenty-second canon observed, above all in certain villages, where the peasants, in embracing Christianity, had nevertheless still retained many superstitions of paganism. Nevertheless he applied himself with so much prudence and vigour to reform this abuse that he happily came to the end of it and that everywhere, at least in public, all the observances and ceremonies which idolatry had introduced there were got rid of.

His charity, which was without bounds, could not be enclosed within the precincts of his diocese; he spread it abroad, by sending money to ransom prisoners who were in the hands of the Saxons. The edifice of his cathedral being completed with a magnificence and a beauty which had no equal in any other church of France, he made the dedication of it in the presence of several prelates. Saint Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, was of the number: and this is what gave him occasion to make the description in verse of the works of architecture, the rich pictures, the sacred vessels of gold and silver, and the other ornaments which he saw in this superb temple. When it was dedicated, Saint Felix took care to have celebrated there with much solemnity and reverence the divine offices and the august sacrifice of the Mass, and to assemble there often all the people to distribute to them the bread of the word of God. Here is another trait of the zeal which this blessed prelate had for the sanctity of the house of God. A young libertine, captain of the French garrison, having often asked and caused to be asked his niece in marriage without being able to obtain anything, had the effrontery to carry her off with the help of his soldiers, in order to marry her in spite of him; and, to avoid the pursuit of justice, he took refuge with her in the church of Saint Alban. The Saint was not ignorant of the sanctity of asylums, for which emperors and kings and above all pontiffs and bishops had always had a sovereign veneration; but, knowing well that they were for criminals and not for crimes, and that they ought not to serve as retreat for the impious, to commit more freely their sacrileges, he entered himself courageously into this church and snatched from him this prey which he wished to immolate to his passion at the foot of the sanctuary.

It is to be wished that the authors who lived in his time had marked to us more particularly the other heroic acts of virtue which he practised during his life; we should see in them doubtless a continual exercise of faith, hope and charity, of humility, penance, Christian austerity and all the other virtues which compose the perfectly spiritual man. He had toward the end a dispute with Saint Gregory of Tours, who, immediately after his promotion to this archiepiscopal see, was offended at a service rendered by Felix to Riculphe, who had been his competitor, and wrote to him on this subject letters very sharp. The zeal of Saint Gregory was

doubtless on this occasion a little hasty. One must admire the meekness and patience of Felix who, in spite of these reproaches, always preserved toward him the respect and love which he owed to his dignity and merit. At last, in a contagious illness which depopulated almost all Brittany, he was himself cruelly attacked; a fever and a languor remained to him from it, which caused him extremely acute pains, and took him at last from this world about the year 582, in the seventieth year of his age. His body was buried with great honours in the superb cathedral which he had caused to be built, and several miracles made his merit known from that time. The number of the healings which took place afterwards at his tomb engaged one of his successors to raise him from the earth, and to have him enclosed in a shrine of silver gilt. His head, nevertheless, was separated from the rest of the body and put in a head-reliquary of silver. He is invoked particularly against the plague, against war and against dislocation of the limbs. The city of Nantes preserves no longer any relic of Saint Felix since the French revolution. No chapel of the cathedral is dedicated to this holy bishop. Since 1857 the feast is made a double minor, on 7 July, the day of the translation of his relics; before the 17th century the feast of Saint Felix was celebrated on 8 January, the day of his blessed death.

We have drawn this life principally from the verses which the learned bishop of Poitiers, Saint Venantius Fortunatus, composed in his honour, and from local notes furnished by M. J. Richard, vicar general. — Cf. *Lives of the Saints of Brittany*, by Dom Lobineau.

The Blessed Benedict XI, of the Order of Friars Preachers, Pope

1304. — King of France: Philip IV, the Fair.

Cast between a pope insulted by schismatic subjects and the long line of Pontiffs who forgot Rome to make themselves captives of France, the blessed Benedict XI will make us remember that if the cross is in this world the privileged portion of the vicars of Christ, peace has always its turn.

Dominican Year.

Benedict XI was born at Treviso, of the obscure family of the Bocasini, and received at baptism the name of Nicholas. Poverty knew him from his cradle, and when, at the age of fourteen years, he vowed his life to it in the Order of Friars Preachers, he had already been able to appreciate its rigours. It was at Venice that he received the habit of the Order. Fourteen new years saw him in the silence of the cloister labouring at science and virtues. The Order abounded then in religious; the ministry pressed less, and ten years of study awaited the young man who enrolled in this laborious militia. The time of the active life opened at last for Nicholas Bocasini: he was charged to teach his brethren the sacred sciences. This ministry, however painful it be, could offer him no difficulty: he had sounded in his strong studies all the secrets of science, and it sufficed him to open his soul to let its abundance pour forth. Commentaries on holy Scripture which have come down to us attest his profound knowledge as much as his piety. Fourteen years saw him in this occupation: then, when he had given in secondary charges new proofs of his prudence and devotion, his Order chose him for head. It was at the General Chapter of Colmar that this election took place. It is said that the religious ran together there in such great number that seven convents of nuns of the Order, which flourished then in that city, had to send considerable alms to make them subsist: their number rose to nine hundred. The choice was nevertheless unanimous, and the voice of Bocasini alone was wanting to it. This unanimity was to be renewed later, at his election to the supreme pontificate.

The new general devoted himself wholly to the good of the Order. The General Chapters held under his presidency attest his zeal and his fervour, and one cannot tire of hearing the praises which the monuments that remain to us from that epoch give him. The Order of Friars Preachers was then finishing the first century of its existence. The first generation, that pleiad of illustrious men who had cast so much lustre on the Church, had rejoined Saint Dominic in heaven. Saint Thomas, Saint Hyacinth, Saint Peter Martyr, Saint Raymond, Albert the Great, the blessed Ambrose, Innocent V, and so many other great doctors surrounded

him already with the aureole of their genius and of their holiness; the Friars Preachers were everywhere in Europe; the number of their martyrs in the East rose to several thousands; and already the congregation of the Travelling Brethren for the love of Jesus Christ had received from the Holy See the crown and the red girdle, insignia of the martyr. It was this congregation which, aided by the Friars Minor, had just made Catholicism flourish again in the East, and converted the Tartar kings whom we shall see conquer Jerusalem. Bocasini, who had grown up in the midst of this strong generation, saw rise in its place other doctors, other Apostles and other Saints. The blessed James of Voragine died under his generalate, and while this last memory of another age fell, the blessed Jordan of Pisa, the blessed Simon Convers, the blessed bishop Augustine illustrated this holy family by the lustre of their virtues. Then lived still that amiable flower of solitude, Agnes, so dear to men and to God, whom Saint Catherine visited later in her tomb, and whose bones showed themselves sensible to the piety of the humble visitor. Then lived Margaret of the Castle, the austere lover of Jesus Christ, who, deprived of corporal light, merited to enjoy from this life the purer lights of heaven. The Order had just received from the hands of Charles, prince of Salerno and son of the king of Naples, the guard of the relics of Saint Mary Magdalen; and already the blessed Dalmatius and the blessed father Elias were preparing to imitate in the deserts of the Sainte-Baume the penance of this Saint. It was also toward this time that brother Eckhart founded in Germany a celebrated ascetic school from which were to come later Tauler, the illuminated doctor, and the blessed Henry Suso. Nicholas Bocasini showed himself worthy to govern these illustrious men, and his prudence, soon known, caused him to be charged by Pope Boniface VIII with the care of reconciling France and England. His mission had a full success, and while on the return from this legation he visited the convents of the Order, he learned his promotion to the cardinalate. He had to hasten to Rome. “Holy Father,” he said to the Pope, “why have you imposed on me so heavy a burden?” — “God reserves you a heavier,” answered Boniface in a prophetic instinct of the future. Soon he had to go into Hungary to calm the discord which divided that kingdom, and after other legations, he was back near the sovereign Pontiff when William of Nogaret, deputy of Philip the Fair, and Sciarra Colonna, a Roman schismatic and rebel, insulted him at Anagni, pillaged his palace, and kept him three days captive. Cardinal Bocasini remained alone with Cardinal Peter near the outraged Pontiff, while the others, taking refuge in their palaces, abandoned him to the insults of a troop of profaners. Boniface VIII, delivered from their hands, touched the soil of Rome only to die there.

The state of the Church was alarming. The Turks, masters of Palestine, attacked the Lower Empire, and awaited only the favourable occasion to throw themselves on Constantinople. The Greeks seemed to conspire among themselves against the Latins, so violent was their hatred against Rome. The Latin dynasty of Constantinople had no other representatives than Catherine of Courtenay, wife of Charles of Calais. It was these progresses of the Ottoman power which had preoccupied the great soul of Boniface VIII. He felt the need of coalescing all the States of Europe to arrest its victorious course, and unceasingly legates went from Rome to all the capitals to impose his mediation and end the differences. The public law of the Middle Ages recognized in the Pope this privilege. But Philip the Fair, prejudiced against the Pontiff, bore his intervention impatiently: redoubtable accusations arose besides against Boniface; he was said to be an usurper, a heretic, and charged with all crimes. There was nothing in it, history has proved. But it remains that Boniface had treated his predecessor harshly after his abdication, and that the vigour and austerity of his character made him sometimes push justice to its extreme limits. He had withdrawn from the universities of France the right of conferring degrees; he had forbidden to provide for vacant churches, and had laid censures on the ecclesiastics who had not betaken themselves to Rome according to his orders. His thought was misunderstood, his zeal treated as pride and ambition. A bull falsified by traitors pushed to its last limits the anger of the king. He convoked the Estates General of the kingdom, refused to recognize the authority of Boniface, and appealed to the future Council and to the lawful Pope. It was then that Nogaret, sent to signify this appeal, outraged at Anagni the majesty of the Holy See, while other ambassadors betook themselves to Rome to appeal to the general Council and to beseech the cardinals to aid the king in his convocation.

Rome itself was troubled: one of its most powerful families, that of the Colonna, had braved the obedience of the Pope; the two cardinals of this illustrious house had been degraded and subjected to anathema, their fortified town ruined, and their goods confiscated.

Such was the situation of the Church at the death of Boniface VIII. The cardinals entered the conclave eleven days after, and the very next day they elected unanimously the dean of the Sacred College, Nicholas Bocasini. The first act of the new Pontiff was a testimony of gratitude to his outraged predecessor: he took the name which the latter had received at baptism, the name of Benedict.

Benedict XI was known and respected. While he was general of his Order, Philip the Fair had written to him to thank him for the part the Friars Preachers had taken in the canonization of Saint Louis, and to offer him a magnificent convent of nuns which he was having built at Poissy, birthplace of his holy ancestor. It was still at his prayer that he had made peace with England. As soon as he had learned his election, Philip wrote him a letter full of confidence and respect, in which he congratulated the Church on having received such a head, and the Order of Friars Preachers on having given him to the world. Benedict XI answered him in these terms: “Judge of our solicitude for your salvation and of our tenderness for you by the care we have had to forestall you and to give you what you did not ask, the absolution of all the censures you may have incurred. We do not regret having acted in this manner… for we are the Vicar of Him who, in the parable of the feast, orders His servant to go into the highways and byways, and compel them to come in, to fill His house. We have done it: we have left the faithful sheep to run after the strayed sheep, take it on our shoulders and bring it back to the flock.” The holy Pontiff begs him to consider that Joas, king of Judah, had a glorious reign as long as he followed the counsels of the high priest Joad; but that, having departed from them, he fell under the sword of his servants. “Hear therefore,” he cries, “your father, lend the ear to his words, that God, in His goodness, may deign to strengthen your reign, and to load you in this world with glory and prosperity.” This letter pleased Philip the Fair: the Pontiff besides hastened to appease the discussions raised by his predecessor. He revoked all the bulls unfavourable to France, annulled the censures, restored to the universities the right to confer degrees, and to the whole kingdom the privileges which it enjoyed before this quarrel. He lifted the prohibition to provide for vacant churches, and displayed so great an activity that in the space of a few months all this affair was lulled.

Rome had its turn. To restore peace to it, he pardoned the Colonna, lifted the excommunication which weighed on them, and opened to them the gates of their country; but he would not restore the Roman purple to the two cardinals of this family, nor the confiscated goods. One felt in the goodness of the father who pardons the justice of the sovereign.

These preoccupations could not make Benedict XI forget the enemy of Catholicism. From the first days of his reign he had congratulated Charles, king of Naples, on having expelled the Saracens from Mocera. A deputation come from the East made him soon think of a general crusade against them. The Tartar kings, converted to Catholicism by the Friars Preachers and the Friars Minor, had just taken possession of a part of Palestine; but it was necessary to preserve the conquests and pursue them: they solicited the help of Rome. Benedict XI set himself to the work: his legates, dispersed throughout Europe, had orders to reconcile the various States among themselves to make them enter a common coalition; they succeeded in pacifying Denmark and the kingdoms of the North; but their efforts failed in Italy. Florence refused to hear the voice of the Pontiff, and it was necessary to subject it to anathema. Benedict XI, amid so many affairs, had not forgotten the Order that had formed him. He wrote to his Brethren a letter full of affection, and recommended himself to their prayers. He did more. Boniface VIII had believed he ought to restrict the privileges of the mendicant Orders. Benedict XI, without fearing the blame that might fall from it on the memory of his predecessor, annulled the effect of his bull, and restored their privileges to his Order and to that of Saint Francis. When the most pressing affairs were thus calmed, when he had, by his prudence and meekness, prevented schism, pacified Europe, restored peace to Rome, he remembered the outrages done to his

predecessor, and launched this bull against the authors of the attempt of Anagni: “An infamous wickedness has been committed by impious men who have dared the greatest of crimes on the person of our predecessor of good memory, Pope Boniface VIII. Until now just causes have made us defer the pursuit of it. We cannot delay further. We must rise, or rather God must rise in us, that His enemies may be scattered, and that those who hate Him may flee before His face; that they may be scattered, I say, if they repent of their crime, as the impiety of Nineveh was at the preaching of Jonas; otherwise let them be confounded. For, while the same Boniface resided with his court at Anagni, his native place, sons of perdition, first-born of Satan, children of iniquity, have seized him by an armed band, him their Prelate, their lord and their Father; in their insolence they have cast impious hands on him, and covered him with outrages and blasphemies; and this publicly, before the people, in the sight of all and even under our eyes. Rebellion, lese-majesty, sacrilege, violence, rapine, theft, felony, such have been their crimes, and so many others that we have fallen into stupor at them. What fierce soul would not melt in tears? what hatred would not soften to pity? what judge so cowardly would not hasten to vengeance? what mercy would not change into rigour? Security is violated, immunity infringed; the fatherland has no more safeguard, the dwelling has no more asylum; the supreme pontificate is outraged, and by the captivity of its head the Church itself is reduced to chains. What place of safety now, what sanctuary still respected, after the Pontiff of Rome has been violated? O inexpiable crime! O unheard-of misdeed! O unhappy Anagni, who hast suffered these things in thee: let dew and rain fall no more upon thee, let them descend on the neighbouring hills and forget thee, since, under thy eyes, when thou couldst prevent it, the hero has fallen and the strong one has been laid low! O most unfortunate and most criminal of men, who have not imitated him whom we take for model, the holy king David: his enemy, his persecutor, his rival was at his feet, but he would not strike him, because the Lord had said: Beware of touching My elect; and he put to death by the sword him who had stretched out his hand against him. Cruel sorrow! pernicious example! inexpiable evil and manifest confusion! Intone, O Church, a mournful chant, flood thy face with tears, and that, to aid thy just indignation, thy sons may come from afar and thy daughters rise at thy sides.” The Pontiff adds that William of Nogaret, Sciarra Colonna, others named in the bull, and all those who have aided them by their help, their counsel or their credit have, by the advice of the cardinals, incurred the excommunication laid down by the canons, and he cites them to appear personally before him for the feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, to hear the just sentence which their crimes deserve, and humbly submit to it, otherwise, he continues, without taking account of their absence, we shall proceed against them.

The voice of the Pontiff was not heard, the guilty did not present themselves; but God seemed to charge Himself with the vengeance. Anagni, under the weight of the malediction of the holy Pope, fell rapidly into decay, and in the year 1526, by the testimony of a traveller, it already offered heaps of ruins. The three sons of Philip the Fair had no heirs and succeeded one another in the space of fourteen years, leaving at last the throne to the posterity of Charles of Valois, friend of Boniface VIII and brother of Philip the Fair. France, which had forgotten itself with regard to the Holy See, was to see soon, under a king in dementia, its provinces invaded by the stranger, until, reduced to the territory of a single city, it at last owed its deliverance to a young girl inspired from heaven. Rome, ungrateful toward the sovereign Pontiff, one of whose most powerful families had just betrayed him, claims her share; she saw the Popes prefer to her for more than half a century the abode of Avignon, and in this period of abandonment she believed she was falling, like Anagni, until she was no more than a heap of ruins.

Benedict XI could have prevented many of these misfortunes; the little time he lived on the throne of Saint Peter made the Church hope for one of its most glorious Pontiffs. God willed it not. After eight months and a few days of reign, Benedict XI died at Perugia, on 7 July 1304. The love of the peoples followed Benedict XI to his tomb. They remembered his virtues, his zeal, his meekness and his simplicity. His mother, it is said, wished one day to visit him during his pontificate; she was a poor old woman, humbly clad; the ladies of Rome believed they ought to adorn her with precious attire. She was therefore announced to Benedict XI, who asked: “What are her garments?” and when he was told that out of respect for the first throne of the

world she had been covered with silk: “This is not my mother,” he cried; “my mother is a poor woman.” She had to resume her humble garment, and the Pope then running to meet her loaded her with testimonies of affection and respect. The poor loved the Pontiff who had so cherished poverty, and remembered his tomb. He had wished his body to be deposited in a humble sepulchre, in the church of the Friars Preachers of Perugia; but numerous miracles raised its glory; his name was inscribed in the Roman martyrology, and Pope Clement VII authorized his worship. His feast is celebrated with the rite of double, with office and Mass, in the whole Order of Friars Preachers.

Dominican Year.

The Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi, General of the Capuchins

1619. — Pope: Paul V. — King of France: Louis XIII, the Just.

O venerabilis sanctaque obedientia, salus omnium fidelium, custodia omnium virtutum, tu caelum aperis et infernum claudis.

O venerable and holy obedience, salvation of all the faithful, guardian of all the virtues, thou openest heaven and shuttest hell.

St. Augustine, Serm. v to the brethren in the desert.

On 22 July 1559 was born at Brindisi, in one of the most distinguished families of the city, a child who was soon to illustrate by his high virtues and his superior merit the city which gave him birth, and the Seraphic Order, which counts him among its greatest figures and the most perfect disciples of Saint Francis. The native place of Cardinal Caraffa, become pope under the name of Paul IV, has the right to be proud as much of the humble monk who, under the name of Lawrence of Brindisi, fulfilled with the most powerful sovereigns of Europe the most difficult and most dangerous missions, as of the illustrious pontiff who instituted the Rule of the Theatines and the Congregation of the Index. The parents of our Blessed were William de Rossi and Elizabeth de Masella, both born at Brindisi; but the family of Rossi, originally of Venice, had come down into Italy only about half a century before the birth of Lawrence; it was at Venice that it had shone with all its lustre, counting among its ancestors magistrates, men of war and even illustrious prelates; for one of them occupied the throne of Saint Peter under the name of Martin V; some of its members, among others an uncle of the young Lawrence, still dwelt at Venice, and we shall see him soon betake himself to that city to finish his studies and nourish himself there, near his uncle, on the sound traditions and salutary examples which the cradle of his family could furnish him in great number.

Baptized under the name of Julius Caesar, it was only later, on receiving the habit of the Friars Minor Conventual, that our Blessed took the name of Lawrence; his father had a presentiment from his birth of the high destinies to which the Lord was to call his son, and he wrote to his brother of Venice: “Heaven, in its goodness, has just given us a son, but what a son! The features of his face are so admirable that it is impossible not to see in him a child of benediction. And think not that paternal tenderness makes me illusion and dictates to me this language; all those who have seen your nephew ask whether he is not rather an angel than a man.” The child was not slow to justify, and beyond, all these hopes; his education, confided to two religious, announced itself at first under the auspices of the most perfect docility and the liveliest intelligence; at the same time, we know not what perfume of piety exhaled from this young flower and made the care of cultivating it as agreeable as easy. Penetrated, from the cradle, with the fear and love of God, accustomed, from his mother’s womb, to murmur His name, Julius Caesar showed early as much zeal for piety as for study, and when he manifested the intention of consecrating his life to the Lord in the Order of Saint Francis, his father, a truly Christian man, penetrated with the excellence of the religious life, encouraged him in this holy enterprise rather than turned him from it. But this beloved father came to die before having seen his son clothe himself in the habit of rough cloth, and when Julius Caesar addressed to his

mother, remaining a widow, the same instances that she would permit him to separate himself from the world, the heart of the poor woman broke at the idea of losing yet the society of her only son, and of burying him in the retreat of a cloister. Who would take care of her in the decline of age, who would help her to bear life after the loss of a cherished husband, who would be her society, her support, her existence? “God,” answered the child; “it is His voice that calls me, it is His hand that will lead me, it is His designs that I wish to serve as a docile instrument. It is He who will give you strength, consolation, hope and the glory perhaps of having a son martyr, dead for his faith and for the happiness of souls, after the example of the divine Master.” His word had so much persuasion, his soul so much warmth, that the mother accomplished the sacrifice, and Julius Caesar entered the convent of Saint Paul, at Brindisi, where he was not slow to gain the esteem of his masters, the confidence and affection of his companions. Under the direction of Father Giacomo, a celebrated preacher to whom he was specially confided, our Blessed soon made astonishing progress in his studies, to the great satisfaction of his masters, whom his docility and intelligence rewarded largely for their cares. According to an ancient custom which had been preserved at Brindisi and in some other cities of Italy, children who recommended themselves by their exemplary piety and lively speech were listened to by the people as little apostles. They made in the churches veritable discourses, and it was not rare to see them produce on the crowd an impression which more authorized preachers would not have obtained. Julius Caesar acquitted himself of this care with a rare happiness; animated by the life-giving breath of the Holy Spirit, he knew how to make pass into souls the fire which burned him, and his young eloquence, energetic and naïve, produced the most salutary effects; the children of his age especially listened to him with admiration; he knew how to reprove gently their faults, their bad habits; he made them better, and their parents had the greatest gratitude to him for it. Thus the Lord often uses the humble to accomplish His greatest designs, and spreads the fruitful seed of His word by the mouth of a little child.

At this epoch a considerable event came suddenly to change the manner of life of our Blessed; a Turkish fleet which had long coasted the shores of Apulia landed one day on the country an army of heretics who reduced to ashes the episcopal city of Castro; terror invaded all the region, and the parents of Julius Caesar, his mother and his uncle, went to take refuge with him at Venice, to escape the devastating scourge. The fugitives found shelter with the uncle de Rossi, who still lived in that city. This worthy man, a secular priest, was charged to receive at his house and govern the young men who followed the lessons of the college of Saint Mark of that city; endowed with great learning and a profound piety, he received with joy his nephew among his disciples; he knew already what a treasure of goodness, piety and intelligence he had just acquired, and he neglected nothing to make this young tree, so full of promise, bear all the happy fruits that might be expected of it. The pupils of the school of Saint Mark wore the soutanelle, and Julius Caesar had to leave his cordelier’s robe to take this new costume; but such was the respect already felt for him, such also the confidence in the excellence of his life, already filled with the favours of heaven, that some of his relatives piously gathered the habit he had just put off and preserved it as a precious relic; the simple contact of this holy object inflamed their heart with divine love, and the apostolic process opened at Venice for the canonization of our Blessed reports that it wrought several prodigies.

The gift of miracles fell early to the share of our Blessed, and here is how the Lord permitted its first manifestation. It was a day of great feast at Venice; the doge celebrated, according to custom, his betrothal with the sea, and the waves disappeared under the multitude of gondolas which furrowed them in every sense, escorting and acclaiming the galley of the prince, proudly seated in the midst of his senators in purple robes and in great array. Julius Caesar and his pious family had fled the city and its rejoicings, to go and pass the day in a convent of Capuchins which they often visited, on the other side of the water. Suddenly a frightful tempest gathers in the clouds and threatens to engulf the fragile apparatus of these worldly demonstrations; at this moment Julius Caesar crosses the strait; standing at the prow of the boat, his hands crossed on his breast, he addresses to the Lord a fervent prayer; his arm, inspired, stretches over the waves to conjure them in the name of the almighty God. O prodigy! the clouds disperse, the waves are appeased with

the anger of heaven, and faces, passing from fear to hope, turn with gratitude toward him who, by a sign of the cross, has just saved a whole people from an inevitable shipwreck. But he scarcely touches the shore when he withdraws from the acclamations of the crowd; his heart too is full of gratitude; he is in haste to reach his retreat to prostrate himself at the feet of the Saviour and thank Him with effusion for having used so feeble an arm to work so great a prodigy. Meanwhile the voice of the Lord, which had called Julius Caesar toward the cloister, had not ceased to make itself heard to him; among the pupils of his uncle he had met one who had vowed him a particular affection and who was the worthy confidant of his secret aspirations. When the labours of study left them some leisure, they betook themselves together to the Capuchins, whose austere and regular life particularly attracted them; they conferred with them, prayed in their church, and followed them even to the refectory, so much did they feel attracted by a manner of life so conformable to their taste and their desires. Soon, no longer doubting their vocation, the two friends opened themselves to the Fathers of the convent, who led them to the provincial, alone charged to admit or dismiss postulants. Father Lawrence of Bergamo, as the provincial was named, wished to assure himself by himself of the dispositions of our two young men and make them undergo a trial; without questioning them at all on their past life, their parents or their studies, he led them into a cell, and in this humble retreat made them a sombre picture of the sacrifices they would have to accomplish, of the austerities which the religious life comports, of the pains and fatigues of all kinds they would have to endure; then, showing them the bare walls and the empty chamber, he spoke to them of prayer as the only charm they might hope for in this retreat. “Let this cell contain a crucifix,” cried Julius, “and it will be for me more beautiful than the sumptuous halls of the richest palaces.” At this manly answer the provincial understood that the vocation of these two young men came to them from on high; touched to tears by so heroic a courage, he had them inscribed among the postulants, and soon he gave them a letter of obedience that they might betake themselves to Verona, to the convent of the novitiate.

It was on 18 February 1575 that Julius Caesar entered among the Capuchins of Verona; these religious were soon able to know the treasure which they had acquired and which they possessed. Attentive to all his duties, the first at all the offices of day and night, faithful in the observance of the least points of the Rule, submissive to his superiors and respectful to his brethren, Julius won the affection of all. He added several fasts and many austerities to those which are prescribed by the Rule of Saint Francis. Finding his only happiness in conversing with God, the time of prayer always seemed to him too short; what raised still his merit was that, although he fulfilled his obligations with the most scrupulous exactness, he avoided singularity in everything. Far from this austere life altering the serenity of his soul, he had preserved something of the naïveté of childhood, and he mingled naturally in the innocent recreations granted to the novices; it is reported that he liked to caress in the garden a little lamb with which he played, because the meekness and innocence of this animal recalled to him those of the divine Saviour who had chosen it for symbol. At the end of his year of probation he pronounced his vows and took the name of Lawrence, under which he was known afterwards; thus we shall call him henceforth. Although it is the custom among the Capuchins that the subjects who have just made profession remain two or three years under the direction of a guardian, that they may strengthen themselves in the piety which they must have acquired during their novitiate, the superiors believed they could without any danger dispense Lawrence from this new trial, and sent him at once to finish his studies at Padua. Lawrence applied himself there with extraordinary ardour; he understood that science and literature open to the studious man immense horizons, and that, if piety and devotion do not always draw new strength from them, at least one finds there always a source of enjoyments and victories unknown to less cultivated minds; by his solid and well-directed studies he prepared himself, without perhaps knowing it, for the difficult ministry which he had to fulfil later with the great powers of Europe; his mind became free and supple in the reading of holy Scripture and of the Fathers of the Church, which he had come to understand in their own language, Hebrew, Greek or Latin; the great lessons of the past, the magnificent teachings of the doctors became familiar to him; history, philosophy, theology had no

more secrets for him, and when he had later to dispute with the Jews, to combat heresy or to defend, in many delicate circumstances, the interests of the faith and of the Church, he always entered the lists armed at all points, equally skilled in attack and defence, strong in his faultless cuirass and in his armour tempered in the good furnace. Lawrence was aided in his passion for study by a prodigious memory. To cite but one example, he attended one day the sermon of a celebrated Dominican preacher; he listened to it with so sustained an attention that on his return to the convent he was able to transcribe it word for word; the Dominican, informed of this fact, refused to believe it; he betook himself to the guardian of the Capuchins to assure himself of the truth; but when he had run through Lawrence's manuscript, he was obliged to avow that it was completely and literally conformable to his own.

Our Blessed was not to delay in putting into practice the lessons he had drawn from the reading of the Bible and the Christian authors; although the important ministry of preaching the word of God is not ordinarily confided to deacons, the distinguished talents and exemplary piety of Lawrence determined his superiors to have him mount the pulpit before he was promoted to the priesthood; if he had no great joy in it, modest and diffident of himself as he was, he did it through obedience. It was at Venice, in the church of Saint John, in presence of his family, that our religious made himself heard for the first time; from the first words one could be persuaded that he would not deceive the hopes that had been placed in him. His voice, full and sonorous, commanded and captivated attention at first; then it became insinuating and penetrated farther into hearts; when he had thus prepared them and held them as though suspended on his lips, he gave free course to the floods of his eloquence and spread everywhere with profusion the lights of truth. So, from the first days of the Lent which he preached at Venice, a number of strayed souls betook themselves to the tribunal of penance, brought back to the fold by the penetrating word of Lawrence; a woman, among others, rich and beautiful, but who had let herself be corrupted by contact with luxury and the pleasures of the world, could not resist the unction of his discourses; at first rebellious to the truth which flowed from the lips of the inspired preacher, voluntarily closing her eyes to evidence, she soon felt herself vanquished by the power of the man of God: her heart opened in spite of her, light penetrated it, remorse then invaded it, and her unsealed eyes could not hold back their tears; humble and confused as much as she had been proud and guilty, she wished on the spot to abjure her errors at the feet of the minister of the Lord; she found again the peace of her soul and appeared no more in this world which she had loved too much, except to edify it by her piety and repentance.

Genoa, Naples, Pavia, Padua, Verona, Vicenza resounded in turn with the brilliance of that powerful voice; Lawrence gathered on his passage the testimonies of the enthusiasm which his talent aroused, and, what was far more sensible to him, the conversions of sinners. One day, at Vicenza, he was called to a sick child: "May the Blessed Virgin come to your help and restore you to health," said the religious, making over her the sign of the cross; and the young girl could rise at once to go to the church to thank her benefactress. Such miracles increased still more the faith that was had in him. At Padua he rose with force against the disorders to which the young men who frequented the University publicly gave themselves; the unbelieving and curious youth which had invaded the church strove in vain to oppose irony and sarcasm to the language of truth which Lawrence spoke. Faces soon became serious, hardened hearts softened; the word of the Blessed was like a mysterious seed which, scarcely sown, germinated and bore its fruit; how many of these young men, but a moment before so dissolute and so impious, implored with tears the divine clemency, and begged mercy of the flaming sword which had bruised them while flooding them with light; so the disorders disappeared, and those who, in spite of all exhortations, remained attached to vice had to seek the shade and flee the gaze of the public.

Our humble religious wished to content himself with the order of deacon which he had received; the sanctity of the priestly character and the importance of its functions, filling him with fear, prevented him from aspiring to it. When his friends pressed him on this point, he defended himself by citing the example of Saint

Francis who, in spite of his high piety, the signal favours and graces which he obtained from heaven, never let himself be persuaded to receive the priesthood. But the humility of Lawrence could not resist obedience; he was promoted to the priesthood, determined by the command which his superiors had given him of it; he prepared himself for this holy ceremony by long exercises of penance and by prayer. After his ordination he resumed the labours of the evangelical ministry. An important mission was reserved to him, which demanded a man nourished like him in strong studies, and which he fulfilled to his praise and to the glory of the Christian name: it was no longer the preacher who was to let overflow on an attentive and moved crowd the floods of his sweeping eloquence, it was the scholar, the theologian, who was to use his erudition and his pitiless logic to confound error and the false science of the most terrible enemies of the faith. Informed of the merit of Father Lawrence, Pope Clement VIII found no instrument more worthy of the high designs he meditated on the conversion of the Jews, whose errors he deplored while ardently desiring to enlighten them; he had him come, therefore, and having communicated to him his intentions, blessed him and made him descend into the arena. In him there was no foregone conclusion, no prejudice or animosity: a Hebrew Bible in hand, he goes into the midst of the rabbis who, seeing him so full of his subject and so familiar with the language he speaks to them, take him at first for one of their own; his affable manners, his courteous and polite tone win him at once the good will of his adversaries; they are curious to hear him, they press in crowds around him; interest gives place to mistrust, and the attention of the audience encourages the champion of the Catholic faith. The conferences are frequent, they multiply; Brother Lawrence draws from his faith and his erudition irresistible arguments; the crowd of the Jews is moved; ignorant like all crowds, it lets itself be won by the insinuations of the religious. O triumph! some of the most solid pillars of Judaism range themselves to his opinion, doubt invades the others, and a considerable number of proselytes come to ask baptism, without the rabbis who remained faithful to their errors being able to grant the soldier of Jesus Christ anything but admiration. Charmed with this result, Pope Clement VIII, who was then at Ferrara, summoned Brother Lawrence to him; he had him preach publicly before him in his own chapel, and spared him not the expression of his satisfaction and gratitude. These astonishing successes soon won Father Lawrence the highest dignities of his Order. In 1587 he was charged to teach theology and holy Scripture in the province of Venice; in 1590, scarcely thirty-one years old, he was elected guardian by a unanimous voice in the chapter held at Padua by the chapter of that province; his humility and modesty suffered inwardly from all these honours; he submitted to them through obedience and fulfilled these different functions to the satisfaction of all. The following year he was provincial in Tuscany; then, some time after, at Venice. We shall pass rapidly over the details of his administration, which was as prudent as skilful, and we shall speak of this epoch of his life only to cite some miracles which will sufficiently prove with what favours God never ceased to strew the career of our Blessed. Here are three which we borrow from the life of our Saint by the Reverend Father Lawrence of Aosta.

“Among this crowd which pressed (at Venice) at the convent of the Capuchins was one day a poor blind man who had had himself led thither in the hope of being able to recommend himself to the prayers of the holy provincial, and of obtaining by them his cure. Not being able to penetrate to Father Lawrence, he besought aloud those about him to lead him near him. His confidence was not deceived; the Blessed, having perceived him, approached our blind man himself and made a sign of the cross upon his eyes. This same sign which, in the same hand, had already, fifteen years before, calmed the waves of the Adriatic, exercising again the same power, suddenly opened to the light the eyes of this unfortunate. At the sight of this miracle, proclaimed with all the effusion of gratitude by him who had been its object, the astonished, softened crowd gave way to its enthusiasm and bore the wonder-worker in triumph.

“Another time, as he was going from Padua to the convent of Bassano, there were presented to him two women possessed by the demon. Using then the power which God had given him over this spirit of darkness, Father Lawrence made over them the sign of the cross, commanding him, in the name of Jesus, to cease that instant to torment these creatures of God. One of them was at once delivered, and, turning to the other, our

Blessed said to her: My daughter, go in peace and console yourself; the Lord will leave you yet some time in affliction, but the day is not far off when it will cease." The exact truth of this prediction was recognized afterwards. "A physician of Verona, who prided himself little on religion, had vainly exhausted all the resources of his art and of his tenderness to cure his wife, stricken with a mortal malady. In his grief and despair he learns the arrival of the holy provincial of the Capuchins, of whom he had heard so many marvels told. Although he had hitherto shown himself incredulous on this subject, urged by some members of his family, he went to find him to beg him to come and see his wife. Father Lawrence received this request with kindness, and betook himself to the sick woman. He exhorted her first to revive her faith and to place all her confidence in God; then he laid his hands on her and cured her radically. Transported with joy and gratitude, the husband published everywhere that Father Lawrence had raised his wife from the dead, since she had an incurable ill which was naturally to have led her to the tomb in a few days; and then another kind of prodigy was seen to occur: the physician's colleagues, who had often been consulted on this woman's malady, penetrated with the same sentiments, humbly acknowledging that health and sickness, life and death, are in the hands of God, that all the efforts of human faculties remain powerless and ineffectual unless God bless them, conceived the happy thought of presenting to the provincial all the sick of the city, in the hope of obtaining for them by his prayers the same favour. An act of faith so lively and so brilliant had to be rewarded and was in fact, by a great number of cures, among which may be cited that of two women, one of whom, afflicted with a cancer, was delivered from it by a sign of the cross and without any trace of the ill remaining on her; and the other saw disappear for ever frequent attacks of epilepsy, by eating the remainder of a bread served to her liberator."

In 1596 Father Lawrence was deputed to the general chapter which was held at Rome: he was at this time only thirty-nine years old; but less attention was paid to his age than to his merit, and he was named definitor general, one of the highest and most important posts of the Order. He rendered in this post great services to his congregation and to the public; for his capacity in affairs was not less great than his talent for eloquence. An admirable prudence tempered the zeal which animated him; he knew perfectly when to press and when to yield; he knew the time to speak and the time to be silent, and whether he treated with his superiors, his equals or his inferiors, he adapted very well to the circumstance both his manners and his speech.

Here begins for Father Lawrence what might be called his political role, if in the different missions he had to fulfil with the most illustrious sovereigns of Europe the interests of faith and religion had not always been his sole preoccupation and the only aim of his negotiations. We see him first set out for Germany, with eleven brothers of his Order and two lay brothers, to found convents of Capuchins at Prague and at Vienna; received at first with kindness by the Archduke Matthias, who governs the empire in the absence of his brother Rudolph, detained in Hungary by the threatening armaments of Turkey, Father Lawrence soon collides with the ill will and the snares of the heretics and enemies of the faith; the celebrated astronomer Tycho Brahe, a hardened Protestant, governs at his pleasure the mind of the emperor, to whom he teaches the sciences: his ascendancy over this prince is such that he determines him to repulse the advances of the Capuchins, and even to drive them from the empire. Already the religious gather their wallet and their staff; Father Lawrence shuts in its case the little statue of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought from Italy as a holy protectress of the work he wished to accomplish; in touching farewells the holy religious recalls the sacred aim which had led him to Germany, the modesty of his pretensions, his regret at being obliged to put out again to sea after having glimpsed the port and deliverance; the good Catholics, among whom are princes and ministers of the empire, cannot hide their emotion and their tears. Guided by the finger of God, so visible in all these events, they go to find the emperor and cast themselves at his feet. Then occurs a scene which the author we have already cited relates thus: "Sire," they said, "we are penetrated with the keenest grief on account of the departure of the Capuchin Fathers. We have just heard Father Lawrence; he made us farewells so touching that we could not help weeping." — "But," said Rudolph, "how will they manage to carry to Italy all their baggage?" — "Let Your Majesty take no care of it: the Father commissary has publicly protested that, having

come here carrying with them only a crucifix, a breviary, a travelling staff, they would carry away with them only these three things." Then the emperor, troubled and visibly softened, cried, raising to heaven eyes full of tears and repentance: "Father Lawrence is an apostle! he is a saint! I cannot banish them, these religious; they shall not depart, I will not have them depart, I will not!" Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Father Lawrence, who said to his brethren to exhort them to patience: "It is the cause of God, He will know how to defend it." The emperor's dispositions being thus happily changed, our religious were able to found at Prague, at Vienna and at Graz three convents which were the origin of the three provinces of the Order of Saint Francis of Austria, Bohemia and Styria. The institution of these three convents established between the religious and the emperor close relations, on which both had only to congratulate themselves; the occasion was not slow to present itself for Rudolph to profit by the eminent qualities he had recognized in Father Lawrence, and when he had need, before the ever more pressing threats of the Turks on the frontiers of the empire, to appeal to his neighbours to help him repulse an imminent attack, he found no one more worthy of such a mission than the holy religious whose renown for piety and prudence was already universal. The Father set out at once and succeeded fully: his ardent word carried along all the princes of Germany, even the most timid; succours in men and money arrived from all sides, and an imposing army was gathered under the orders of the Archduke Matthias. But it was not enough for Rudolph that the concurrence of Father Lawrence had helped him double his forces; he felt that a man of such good counsel and so ardent a faith would be of great help in the very midst of the army, and, sure beforehand of the assent of the holy religious, he asked of the Pope the favour of giving this chaplain general to his troops. Father Lawrence was then seen in the midst of camps, exhorting everywhere the soldiers to discipline, reminding them that they were first of all Christians and that they must trust in God before counting on their sword. The day of battle arrived, he mounts on horseback and appears in the foremost ranks, clad in his religious habit and the crucifix in hand. The attack of the Turks is furious, but the Catholic army resists and closes round the man of God: it rushes after him and in its turn charges the infidels vigorously; for a moment Father Lawrence is surrounded by the enemy; he is extricated, and when they wish to signify to him that this is not his place: "You are mistaken," says he, "it is indeed here that I must be; let us advance, let us advance, and the victory is ours." At these words the onset of the troops is such that the enemy, overthrown, struck with terror, flees in all directions. At the beatification of the Blessed there was seen above one of the doors of the Vatican a medallion recalling this glorious episode of his life, with this inscription: "The Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi saves Austria in distress, and, crucifix in hand, routs the enemies of the Christian name."

This victory brought about the retreat of the Turks from all the positions they occupied beyond the Danube, and put them for a long time in the impossibility of attempting anything against the hand that had just chastised them so roughly. As for Father Lawrence, his glory was still increased: the emperor and the Christian princes loaded him with thanks and praises; what was much more sensible to him was the friendship shown him by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria and the Duke of Mercoeur, who, a new crusader, had equipped a small troop at his own expense, and left France to enlist under the Catholic banners against the infidels; this close, indissoluble friendship touched the heart of Father Lawrence; when he had to part from the Duke of Mercoeur, whom he was never to see again, he shed abundant tears, and the noble duke, who never forgot his companion in victory, favoured the Capuchins of France in his honour with special gifts.

The war being ended in the extraordinary manner we have just related, Father Lawrence thought at once of leaving Germany; he took leave of the emperor, who saw him depart only with pain, and he made his way toward Italy. He stopped, however, at Graz, at the convent he had just founded; he found all things flourishing there and passed the Easter feasts there. On Holy Thursday, the Fathers assembled in the chapel were prostrate in prayer when a dazzling light suddenly invaded the choir: in the midst of an aureole of glory, and surrounded by legions of angels, the divine Master Himself appears, approaches Father Lawrence and communicates him with His hand; the other religious receive each in his turn the divine nourishment from the very hands of the Lord, who disappears with the dazzling brightness that surrounds Him when He has

accomplished this charitable office; this miracle, attested by all the witnesses, testifies once more to the goodness of God toward our Blessed, and to the signal favours with which He thought it just to reward his zeal and his piety.

If Father Lawrence had made the least account of the dignities which most men seek so avidly, he would have been greatly satisfied by the new honour which awaited him at Rome when, after having traversed all Italy in the midst of the ovations which he tried in vain to avoid, he arrived at Rome for the meeting of the chapter of his Order; by unanimity of voices he was named general of all the Orders of Saint Francis, in spite of his repugnance for such functions and his repeated denials. The Pope having approved the election, the holy man had to submit, and he had no other thoughts than to show himself worthy of the unlimited confidence that was testified to him. He set out on the spot to begin the visitation of the different provinces of the Order, and one may say without fear of exceeding the truth that this painful and difficult work of inspection, regulation and reform, accomplished with an admirable zeal, devotion and tact, will constitute in the eyes of posterity the finest period of his life and the most meritorious, if not the most brilliant and admired. Everywhere on his way he is surrounded and acclaimed: “There is the Saint, there is the Saint”; but he withdraws from these enthusiastic demonstrations; he reaches the convent which is the goal of his journey, and, before taking any rest, he visits in all its details the place he has come to inspect; he has an exact account rendered him of the material and moral situation of his brethren, of their resources, their expenses, their needs. Here it is a poor and bare church he meets beside a comfortable and almost luxurious dwelling; he makes severe reproaches to the guardian: “God first, you afterwards,” says he almost roughly; “are you not ashamed of all these pictures, of all these rich hangings, of this blazing hearth and this furnished table, when beside you your chapel threatens ruin, and the rain of heaven floods the sanctuary?” There, on the contrary, it is on the altar an unheard-of luxury of precious vessels, of chiselled objects of art of great price: “God has no need,” says he, “of this magnificence; have you then forgotten your vow of poverty?” and he fears not to break with his own hand on the ground all that he finds unworthy of the simplicity of Saint Francis and the severe majesty of worship. However, he found almost always only praises to give his brethren, and the further he advanced in his tour of inspection, the more he congratulated himself in his heart to find so flourishing and so perfectly conformable to the thought of the founder the situation of most of the convents of the Order. At the same time he strewed his road with numerous miracles.

One day poor religious women come to find him and set before him the miserable situation of their community, beseeching him to do something for them; Father Lawrence mounts the pulpit and depicts the distress of these poor servants of Christ with accents which he alone knew how to find in his heart; in ending his address he throws his mantle into the midst of the assembly, saying: “This is all I possess, and I give it with all my heart; in your turn give a little of your superfluity,” and alms abound from all sides. The sisters insisted long that the holy religious should take back his mantle; but he would not consent. The good sisters obtained through his virtue the favour of several miraculous cures.

Another time there is brought before him a little girl of seven years, completely paralyzed and infirm; Father Lawrence makes over her the sign of the cross, but without apparently curing her. The next day a little companion of the child asks her why she does not walk since she has been blessed by Father Lawrence: “Have you not faith, then?” she adds ingenuously. The child, suddenly struck by this idea, concentrates all her belief on this thought that God was able to cure her, and at once her legs are loosed, she begins to run and throws herself joyous into the arms of her astonished mother.

When the time of his generalship came to expire, our Blessed might believe that he would be at last permitted to repair in rest his strength exhausted by long journeys and fatigues of all kinds, and to end in a modest retreat a life which precocious infirmities seemed to be about to shorten. This ardent wish of his heart was not to be realized: he was scarcely back at Rome when the Pope cast his eyes on him to fill the high post of apostolic nuncio and extraordinary ambassador of the Holy See in Austria; the Emperor Rudolph was again

beset with embarrassments of all kinds; the Turks were still in arms on his frontiers, and his brother Matthias, whom he had named to the government of Austria proper and of Hungary, thought of nothing less than having himself proclaimed king of these two provinces. The emperor asked urgently for a prudent and skilful counsellor in these difficult circumstances, and Father Lawrence, who already knew these countries, who had rendered the sovereign such real services, was designated beforehand for such a mission. He resigned himself and departed; this time again he knew how to give proof of the prudent wisdom and consummate skill we already know in him; his mere presence in Austria restrains the infidels, who fear him like the thunderbolt and dare not expose themselves to a fresh rout; on the other hand, his touching and persuasive word succeeds in reconciling the two brothers, and the eventuality of a schism in the empire is henceforth averted. The most important episode of his ministry with the emperor is the struggle he had to sustain against the Dane Laiser, to defend the Catholic faith against the insults of the Protestant heretics. This theologian, a disciple of Luther, feared not to preach the abolition of Catholicism in Austria, and his party, already numerous and bold, would not have failed to triumph over the weakness of the emperor if Father Lawrence, with his lively and sweeping word, had not put a curb on the encroachments of these audacious men, and victoriously retorted their doctrines.

A Protestant league having formed in the north of Germany for the defence of Lutheran interests, the Duke of Bavaria, a fervent Catholic, conceived the project of constituting a Catholic league to protect the States subject to the Holy See against heretics and Mussulmans; and as the King of France, Henry IV, had promised his concurrence to the first, the Catholic league hesitated not, to counterbalance this powerful influence, to ask the support of Philip III, King of Spain. It was again Father Lawrence who was charged to sound the intentions of this sovereign and to win him to the holy cause. Philip received the religious as a man whose piety and merit he had long known, and lent a benevolent ear to his overtures. Father Lawrence had no trouble in convincing him; then, the success of his mission once assured, he conceived the project of profiting by his presence in Spain to render to the cause of the Church a more direct and more immediate service. In accord with the intentions of Pope Paul V, he proposed to His Catholic Majesty to attempt an effort to expel the Moors from Spain. There were then seen renewed almost identically the facts which had passed some years before on the banks of the Danube. Under the conduct of Peter of Toledo, a small army corps directs itself toward the possessions of the Moors, trusting in its valorous chief and above all in the presence of the holy religious who had already made his proofs against the infidels. The hope of the troops is not disappointed; in spite of their numerical inferiority, they rapidly expel the Moors from their best positions, chastise the rebellions, and take a considerable number of prisoners. The moment had not come to deliver Spain completely from the ball and chain she dragged at her foot; nevertheless this first expedition, followed by full success, failed not to prepare usefully the ways for that which was later to free totally the soil of that country. Peter of Toledo attributed to Father Lawrence all the success of this campaign, during which our Blessed accomplished again several miracles.

Returned to Madrid, our holy religious had no more than one thought: to leave in this city a trace of his passage by founding there a convent of Capuchins. King Philip owed him too much gratitude not to profit by the occasion offered him to be useful to him in his turn: he granted Father Lawrence therefore a vast site and a rich subsidy, so that before his departure the latter had the joy of blessing the new convent rising from its foundations.

From Madrid our Blessed betook himself to Bavaria, where, at the instance of Duke Maximilian, he had been named extraordinary ambassador of the King of Spain with the assent of the Pope. All these dignities weighed heavily on Father Lawrence, who had long thought of returning to obscurity and ending his days in retreat; but Maximilian was the head of the league, and, ever threatened with an attack by the heretics, he had need of the lights of Father Lawrence, for whom he had as much veneration as friendship. He always submitted, for the Pope commanded, and he knew only how to obey. In this high post, at Munich, he had the

happiness of averting several times an imminent war, and of settling always peacefully differences which seemed capable of being cut only by the sword. The spirit of God was manifestly with him; we have again several proofs of it. “One day,” says his principal biographer, “while he was celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass, after the consecration, Our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him visibly in the holy host, under the form of a little child who took pleasure in caressing his devout servant and smiled on him with a wholly divine grace. By the heavenly brightness which lit the whole chapel, Brother Adam of Rovigo, who served the Mass, saw also the Child Jesus, fell as if dead at the foot of the altar, and remained in this state for half a quarter of an hour. Having recovered his senses, he prostrated himself to adore the divine Saviour until the consecrated host had resumed its sacramental form. What were then the emotions of the so tender soul of our Blessed!… only an inhabitant of heaven could describe them.”

“About a month after, there were seen on the head of Father Lawrence, at the holy altar, three crowns in the form of a mitre, resplendent with brightness: two of white colour, the third adorned with red fringes; they could be seen and contemplated for a quarter of an hour. In disappearing from the eyes of the bystanders, they remained visible to our Blessed, whose soul, so closely united to Jesus Christ, had already had the foretaste of the glory of the virtues of which these crowns were the symbol.”

Among the miracles which he also accomplished at this epoch, we shall cite the cure of the Duchess of Bavaria, who seemed afflicted with an incurable hysteria and condemned to an irremediable sterility; after having celebrated at length the holy sacrifice in her presence and for her intention, he blessed her and delivered her on the spot from all her sufferings; moreover, he announced to her the birth of a son, heir of the name, the merits and the rank of his father. This news filled her with joy, as also the duke and all his court. Another time, in a public ceremony, there was brought before him to the church, lying on a litter, a poor paralytic who did not seem destined to remain long in this world. “Rise,” Father Lawrence said to him as he passed before him, and the unfortunate man stood up on his legs, but without being able to change place. As they wondered not to see him move further, he said to those about him: “When Father Lawrence comes back, he will order me to walk, and I shall walk.” In effect, the holy religious passed again before him and said: “Walk, my son, and be blessed, because thou hast believed”; and the paralytic, filled with joy, began to run, announcing to all his deliverance.

After a short apostolate in Saxony and the Palatinate, destined to sustain the zeal of the Catholics and strengthen them against the perfidious doctrines of the heretics, Father Lawrence returns to Bavaria; then he goes to salute at Vienna the new emperor Matthias, recommends to him the convents which he has founded in that city and at Prague, and at last regains Italy, hoping always to leave it no more, and to enjoy, after so many fatigues, a well-deserved rest. But the time for it had not yet come. At the general chapter of the Order held at Rome in 1617 he was named a second time definitor, and soon after provincial of Genoa, to the great displeasure of the religious of Venice, who had hoped to attract and retain him among them.

Ever humble and submissive when the Pope had spoken, our Blessed set out for Genoa, where his apostolic zeal and his diplomatic skill had occasion to give themselves free course: very grave differences which he knew how to resolve between the King of Spain and the Duke of Savoy; a conflict by force of arms which he had the happiness to bring to an end between the Duke of Parma and the Duke of Mantua, carried to the highest degree his reputation as a pacifying diplomat. The miracles we are going to relate testify to his ardent desire to do good in his province, and prove how agreeable his efforts were to the Lord, who wearied not of seconding him. We leave the word again to Father Lawrence of Aosta, who relates with so much charm these touching episodes of the life of our Blessed. “A girl of ten years, named Apollonia, had been afflicted for four years with a paralysis which affected all her limbs; she was carried from one place to another like a little child. To this paralysis of the legs was joined that of the tongue: the sick girl had become dumb. She was brought to present to Father Lawrence, who was making his visitation in the country, with a prayer that he would bless her. Our Blessed looked at this child with great compassion, blessed her and laid his hand on her

forehead. The mother of the sick girl, seeing her return in the same state, without movement and without speech, said to her: My dear daughter, now that thou hast received the blessing of the holy Father, why dost thou not devoutly pronounce the holy name of Jesus? Have confidence, and thou shalt be cured! The child believed her mother's word, and said in a feeble but intelligible voice: Jesus! looking at her mother, drunk with joy. The inhabitants of the village, attracted by the noise of this woman's demonstrations, were all witnesses of the miracle. There remained, however, still one to be done; for the sick girl had indeed recovered speech, but not movement. She was therefore brought back the next day to the provincial, who blessed her a second time and restored to her, with speech, the use of all her limbs."

"At Genoa a woman devoured by a burning fever was on the point of dying. Already she had prepared herself for this passage by the reception of the sacraments. One of her cousins, a Capuchin religious, begged the provincial to be so good as to visit her. He betook himself to her and made on her forehead the sign of the cross, saying: Now would you die willingly? — I am resigned to the will of the good God, answered the sick woman; I confess, however, that I should desire to live yet for my little children, too young to do without me. — Console yourself, said our Blessed to her, smiling; you shall not die yet; it pleases Our Lord to restore you to health. This mother, quite softened, begged him to bless one of her little children whom a slight indisposition kept in bed. Father Lawrence satisfied her request; but suddenly, on considering this child, he began to sigh gently and said in a moved tone: Blessed soul, O dear little child, who soon shalt be a little angel in paradise! The next day the mother rose quite cured, and the child flew away to heaven."

Meanwhile the Capuchins of Venice wearied not of claiming the presence of the holy religious who cast on the Order of Saint Francis and on Catholicity so lively a lustre. Venice was his native land, although he had not been born there: it was the cradle of his ancestors, and it was from that city that he had set out to fulfil, in Italy, in Germany, and even in Spain, the duties of his pious ministry. Father Lawrence could not resist longer the supplications of his brethren; having therefore faithfully fulfilled all the duties of his charge, he set out for Venice, whither such lively friendships and such dear memories called him.

We shall not insist on the details of this journey, which was for the Blessed a long series of ovations and touching receptions. Cities and villages came to meet him, disputing the honour of keeping his person and offering him a lodging to rest at night. His limbs crippled by gout did not permit him long journeys; he was forced to stop in the smallest villages, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who always obtained from him something, a miraculous cure or a holy relic. He arrived at last at Venice, exhausted with fatigue, and the veritable triumph which welcomed him on his entry into that city did as much harm to his health as it displeased his extreme modesty.

Wherever he was, at the house of an illustrious prelate or in a great community, he had to satisfy the ardent curiosity of the crowd, which demanded his blessing with great noise. Not being able to suffice to content all those who asked his intercession for the healing of their infirmities or the appeasing of their conscience, Father Lawrence had drawn up in writing his blessing, which he sent to those whom he could not see.

This formula has been preserved to us, and we give it here after Father Lawrence of Aosta:

"Blessing of the Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi. Jesus, Mary. By this sign and by the virtue of the holy cross, and by the intercession of the Virgin Mary, may the Lord bless you and have you in His holy keeping! May the Lord show you His holy face and have pity on you! May He turn His countenance toward you and give you peace! May He restore you the health for which you sigh, through Our Lord Jesus Christ! May Jesus Christ by the sign of the cross heal you, He who heals all languors, all infirmities, and delivers all those who are possessed by the demon! May Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary bless you by the sign of the holy cross! Brother Lawrence of Brindisi, Capuchin."

We shall cite yet the following traits of Father Lawrence's stay at Venice, reported by the same author.

Surprised one day by his infirmities, some miles' distance from the city, he found himself in the impossibility of returning on foot to the convent. The curate of the place had sought in vain a horse, a mule, to have him transported to Venice; there was in all the village only a young horse, untamed and fiery, which unseated all who had the temerity to mount it. Nevertheless, in the hope that God would well know, on this occasion, how to make this animal respect the holiness of His servant, the curate offered it to him, warning him that no one dared use it because it threw to the ground all the best horsemen. In spite of this warning, our Blessed hesitated not to take this mount. He began to caress it and blessed it, saying: "Little creature of the good God, have patience and do me no harm; thou must carry me to the convent, because it is impossible for me to walk." At these words the noble animal lowers its head, as if to assure the rider of its obedience, lets him settle quietly on its back and carries him with the gentleness of a lamb to the convent, where Father Lawrence's confrères were awaiting him with anxiety, and received him with a joy equal to their admiration at seeing how Providence had protected him. His mission accomplished, the animal was caressed and blessed a last time by the holy man; then, relieved of its precious burden, it resumed its ordinary fire and set off at a great gallop.

One day when pain kept Father Lawrence on his pallet, two young religious of another Order asked to see him. Led into his cell, they knelt before him and besought him to give them some counsel in the state of spiritual desolation in which they found themselves, and which strongly tempted them to abandon the monastic life. He excused himself at first, telling them that it did not belong to him to give them counsels; that there were in their congregation enlightened, wise men, experienced in the art of directing souls, and that they should address themselves to them. But, pressed by new instances, deeply touched by the sad state of these young men, he ended by answering them: "Remember, my children, that a mother who has begun by nourishing her little child with her milk accustoms him little by little to more solid food. So acts the Lord toward us: during our spiritual infancy, when we begin to serve Him, He has pity on our weakness, He strengthens us with the milk of interior consolations, with the sweetnesses of virtue; then when we have reached a certain degree of virtue, He feeds us with the bread of the strong, that is, with dryness, aridity, tribulations of all kinds, to make us valiant in the combats of faith, and make us walk with giant strides in the ways of perfection. Be not astonished then nor saddened at this kind of abandonment by God of which you complain; but remain firm in your resolutions, and hope in God, even against all hope; He will have pity on your souls and console them!" These words, accompanied by the blessing of the holy man, restored to these religious the joy of the heart, the peace of the soul, and they returned, thanking God and blessing His servant.

The meeting of the general chapter recalled our Blessed to Rome, who parted with regret from his beloved brethren of Venice, whom he was never to see again; as if he had had a presentiment of it, he made them touching farewells and left more than once the tatters of his garments in the hands of the crowd, which disputed them as precious relics. Arrived in the eternal city, he received the visit of the greatest personages and the holiest prelates, who venerated him as a saint and loved him as a father. Our Blessed received these homages with modesty and often bowed first at the knees of those who came precisely to present to him the expression of their profound respect.

He meditated once more in his heart the thought of asking the chapter the favour of a pious retreat, desiring more ardently than ever to shut himself in a convent and absorb himself wholly in meditation and prayer; but events decided otherwise again, and a last mission, thornier than all the others, was to crown his long career, which ended in these negotiations. To set forth briefly the facts which determined Father Lawrence's departure for Portugal, we recall that the kingdom of Naples then belonged to the crown of Spain, which had confided its government to a viceroy, the Duke of Ossuna. This man, of a dissembling character, skilful but little loyal, had for some time given himself to exactions which revolted all minds. The complaints which arose from all sides soon became so lively that, before the menace of a civil war and a general conflagration of the kingdom, the Holy Father resolved to intervene and inform the King of Spain of the misdeeds of his

representative. The principal inhabitants of Naples met secretly and adopted unanimously the resolution of charging Father Lawrence to carry their grievances before Philip III. In vain our holy religious wished to excuse himself, alleging his age and his growing infirmities; in vain he set before the delegates that one of their own would present the situation far more clearly; the Pope, consulted, confirmed the choice made by the inhabitants of the city, and Father Lawrence had once more to depart. Such sacrifices are of a man of courage as much as of a man of heart; he who, broken by age and pain, took in hand the cause of others and sacrificed his life for the reparation of an injustice, he was indeed the man of God and the disciple of Saint Francis, having no other torch than faith, no other means than his word, no other aim than the happiness of his fellow men.

After having miraculously escaped the satellites of the viceroy, who had him sought as a thief and would not have recoiled before a crime to prevent him from accomplishing his holy mission, Father Lawrence betook himself to Rome to receive there the pontifical blessing, as well as the instructions of the Holy Father for His Catholic Majesty. From Rome he wrote to the Duke of Bavaria, for whom he had so lively a friendship, and announced to him that he was setting out on a long journey which, considering his age, might well be the last before his passage to heaven; he made him touching farewells; he recommended to him ardently always to safeguard the interests of the faith, as he had not ceased to do in the past, and to teach his son early that it is less meritorious for a man to be the sovereign of a great nation than the submissive subject of the King of kings.

At Genoa, where our Blessed first landed, he received the farewells of an enthusiastic crowd which threatened to keep him under watch that he might not flee; the Fathers of all the convents nearly shared the exaggerated sentiments of the crowd, and it was a near thing that Father Lawrence was forced to abandon his journey. One morning, however, by the favour of a disguise, he was able to reach the port and put out to sea without being otherwise disturbed. This voyage, like all the others, was marked by numerous miracles. At Genoa he meets a poor blind man who, warned doubtless by heaven of the passage of our Blessed, cries with confidence: “Father, heal me!” — “How do you know,” answered Father Lawrence, “who I am, and whether I can heal you?” The poor man was much troubled by this question; nothing, in fact, had been able to assure him of the presence of Father Lawrence, unless a warning from on high; but after a moment he resumes with the same faith: “You are Father Lawrence; Father, heal me.” Our religious, himself struck by such a prodigy, stretches his hand over him, and by this sign restores to him the use of sight. Paralytics, lame, blind are likewise cured by his intercession, which will make it easily understood that the city of Genoa saw him go away with pain. At sea new miracles are still accomplished. Here it is a furious tempest which he conjures by a sign of the cross, as formerly in the gulf of Venice; there, it is a fishermen’s boat which he blesses piously, promising it an abundant catch; and in less than an hour the nets are so full that the boat, near to sinking under the weight of the fish, regains the port in all haste.

At last they arrive at Barcelona, and our Blessed lands amid the applause of an enthusiastic multitude which surrounds him crying: “There is the Saint, there is the Saint.” But Father Lawrence was in haste to reach Madrid, and did not stop at Barcelona. Whatever his high rank as ambassador, whatever the importance of the mission he was about to fulfil, our religious would not depart from the ordinary habits of the Friars Minor on a journey: he resolved therefore to go on foot, begging his bread on his way, and asking shelter from the rain and the cold of the trees of the road or the huts of the shepherds. If night or his attacks of gout surprised him at a great distance from any dwelling, he relied on God for the care of providing his nourishment, and he never lacked it. At last, after two hundred leagues of a painful journey, Father Lawrence arrived at Madrid; but what was his displeasure to learn that the king had just left this residence to pass into Portugal, a kingdom which, by the death of King Sebastian, had just been united to his crown! Our Blessed arms himself therefore with fresh courage, and, after some days’ rest, pursues his road. He arrives exhausted at Lisbon, and yet asks on the spot to see the king; an audience is granted him, and our Blessed can at last set forth his mission

before the king, charmed to see and hear him; in a second interview which Philip grants him the same evening, he develops all the grievances of the Neapolitans against the viceroy, depicts in sombre colours the situation of that unhappy people, and boldly asks the king for the dismissal of the Duke of Ossuna. However, the latter has powerful protectors at court; he sets all his friends to work and seeks by all means to avert the peril with which he feels himself threatened; but the frank and bold word of Father Lawrence soon confounds all impostures; the warmth of his language when he speaks of the oppressed, the truth which manifestly overflows from his heart and spreads over his whole physiognomy, triumph over all ruses, and at the end of ten days the king signs the dismissal of the Duke of Ossuna.

Neither the king nor Father Lawrence was to know the happy changes which the dismissal of the viceroy was to bring about in the situation of the kingdom of Naples; death was about to ravish them both, the one near the other, as if the Lord had willed in His wisdom that the naturally weak soul of Philip III should receive, at the moment of leaving earth, the life-giving teachings and powerful consolations which the heart of our holy religious knew so well how to pour forth. Father Lawrence boldly foretold him his death, and although he himself was to precede him to the tomb, he gave him this warning to engage him to set in order the affairs of his kingdom, and to think seriously of his eternity.

It was in the year 1619; Father Lawrence was nearing his end, and he had a presentiment of it; when he took to his bed in consequence of an attack of gout that did not seem more grave than the others, he said at once to the two Fathers who never left him that it was his last illness. A rather violent fever wearied him night and day, and his pains, become insupportable, prevented him from making any movement; he then took his dispositions to end his career holily before losing the lucidity of his mind; having called to him his two companions, Father Jerome of Casanova and Father John Mary of Montfort, he made them approach his bed, and looking at them with tenderness, holding their hands in his, he said to them: “My dear confrères, here is the moment when my poor soul is to be delivered from the prison of its body, where it has groaned so long, to enter into its eternity. I ask your pardon for all the pains I have caused you, though involuntarily, and for all the bad examples I have given you.” Here the holy man, deeply moved, kept silence and began to weep; then, resuming a moment after his discourse, he added: “I thank you with all my heart for the great charity of which you have made use toward me, as also for the labours and fatigues which you have accepted and endured so patiently for me to this day: may God reward you for it by loading you with all His graces! Henceforth here you are alone, far from your country and your province, exposed to new tribulations; but have confidence, count firmly on the divine assistance and the feeble concurrence of my prayers. I beg you further, beloved brethren, to go on my behalf, after my death, and prostrate yourselves at the feet of our most reverend Father General, and to supplicate him to pardon me the faults I have committed since my entry into this holy religion, as well as the scandals by which I have perhaps afflicted him. Thank him for his kindnesses to me and recommend me to his prayers, assuring him that the step I charge you to take I would have taken myself had my strength permitted. And since, as supreme head, he represents the whole Order, ask that he accept, in the name of all the provinces which were confided to me, and above all of my dear province of Venice, the testimony of humility, affection and gratitude which I humbly lay at his feet.”

We have reported these touching farewells after Father Lawrence of Aosta, because they show well what unction and what humility were on the lips of our Blessed when he spoke of himself, even at the threshold of eternity. He recommended further to his brethren a great cross full of relics which he always carried on his breast and by which he accomplished so many glorious miracles. It was a present from the Duke of Bavaria, which Lawrence destined for the convent of the Poor Clares of Brindisi, his native city; these religious always preserved it among their most precious relics.

The supreme hour was approaching for our Blessed; his last moments were those of a saint. Although tortured by suffering, he found a smile and a kind word for all who came to give him the last farewell; Peter of Toledo, with whom he had driven out the Moors, came to visit him on his bed of pain and began to

dissolve in tears: “Weep not for me,” said Father Lawrence, “I touch eternal felicity, but reserve these tears for suffering humanity, which has so much need of compassion and generous examples.” Extreme Unction was administered to him by two Observantine brothers of the convent of Lisbon; furnished with this supreme consolation, his face bloomed in a radiant serenity, and his lips softly repeated these simple words: “God be praised! praised be the Blessed Virgin Mary.” Father John Mary of Montfort wished to relieve his oppressed breast of the weight of the great cross hanging from his neck; but our Blessed pressed it harder to his heart, making a sign that he wished to embrace it closely to his last breath. After he had stretched forth his hand toward the company by a supreme effort, to give to all his last blessing, his soul flew to the Lord into the abode of eternal felicities. It was on 22 July 1619: Father Lawrence of Brindisi was sixty years old, he had passed forty-five in religion.

We renounce painting the grief which this sad event gave rise to in all souls: King Philip was consternated by it, and when the news of this death reached Italy there was general mourning. The body of the Blessed left Lisbon to be brought back to Venice; but at Villafranca the Poor Clares of the town, aided by the very daughter of Peter of Toledo, seized this holy remains and buried it in their convent. The two companions of our religious felt great affliction at it: they had promised themselves to conduct this sacred deposit into the midst of his brethren of Venice; all their efforts to reach this end remained vain; they obtained only to carry away his heart, a part of which was given to the Duke of Bavaria, and the other to the convent of the Poor Clares of Brindisi, with the great cross which was destined to them.

To sum up in a few lines what we have just written on Father Lawrence of Brindisi, we cannot do better than to relate , after Father Lawrence of Aosta, the portrait which the Abbé Tisbiardo has traced of our Blessed in his panegyric delivered at Modena:

“Father Lawrence of Brindisi was a man honoured by Popes, esteemed by princes, acclaimed by peoples. Virtuous even to heroism, he was humble without baseness, magnanimous without ostentation, courageous without pride. His faith would have moved mountains, his hope defied all trials, and his charity knew no bounds. Uniting the active life with the contemplative, he gave himself to unceasing labours for the defence of the Church and the salvation of his neighbour, without ever losing sight of the holy presence of the divine Majesty. Invested with that strength from on high to which nothing resists, he surmounted all difficulties, overthrew all obstacles that the malice of men or the powers of hell opposed to his undertakings. Become the scourge of heresy and impiety, he dealt them, by the sole power of his word, ruder blows than the princes of the earth could have done with their armies. God, who had predestined him to such great things, had prevented him with His richest blessings and had endowed him with those natural qualities which exercise over men a sovereign sway: a lofty stature, a broad and elevated brow, piercing and gentle eyes, a graceful and smiling mouth, a noble face radiant with intelligence, a just, lively and penetrating mind, a tender and generous heart, a grave and yet attractive aspect, a language always dignified, but stamped with a sweet affability; all this embellished, heightened by a virtue which shone in all his features, in all his gestures and in all his words, formed an ensemble in some manner so decisive that it was impossible to see him without feeling oneself dominated, subjugated, carried along as by a superior soul, without venerating, without loving him. In a word, he was the most prodigious man of this century and the most useful to the Church.”

Five years after the death of Father Lawrence, petitions were addressed to Pope Urban VIII by the Emperor Ferdinand II, by the Duke of Bavaria and by the guardians of different convents for the beatification of the holy religious. Fifty years after, according to the express Rule instituted by the sovereign Pontiff, the processes begun underwent a fresh instruction, and the Congregation of Rites began its inquiry on the writings left at Venice by Father Lawrence. However, the formalities to be fulfilled having suffered various delays, it was only on 29 March 1783 that the Congregation of Rites decided unanimously that one might safely proceed to his beatification. Pope Pius VI approved this decision by a decree of the following 17 April, and on 1 June of the same year he published, in the most solemn manner, the decree of beatification in the

basilica of the Vatican; he fixed our Blessed's feast on 7 July.

These are the facts most generally reproduced in the images of Saint Lawrence of Brindisi: 1st, the Child Jesus appears to him while he celebrates holy Mass and caresses him with His little hands; 2nd, he is at the head of the Christian squadrons which repulse the Turkish army: the valiant Duke of Mercoeur avowed that the presence of the Blessed Lawrence had been worth many generals to him before Alba Regalis; 3rd, as with all the preachers of the holy war, one may put in his hand the standard of the cross or a military banner.

Saint Lawrence is particularly honoured at Lisbon, at Brindisi, at Villafranca del Vierzo and among the Capuchins.

Writings of the Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi

The writings which Father Lawrence left, and which have remained in manuscript, are the following: 1st, Dogmatic Dissertation against Luther and Laiser, in Latin, Hebrew and Greek; 2 vols. folio; 2nd, Sermons for Lent; 2 vols. folio; 3rd, Sermons for Advent; 2 vols. folio; 4th, Sunday Sermons; 3 vols. folio; 5th, Sermons on the Gospels; 1 vol. folio; 6th, Panegyrics of the Saints; 1 vol. folio; 7th, Discourses on the Blessed Virgin; 1 vol. folio; 8th, Explanation of Genesis; 1 vol. quarto; 9th, Reply to a Libel of Laiser; 1 vol. folio; 10th, Explanation of the Prophecies of Ezekiel; 1 vol. quarto; 11th, Four Letters on the Perfect Observance of the Seraphic Rule; 1 vol. quarto; 12th, Treatise on Preaching for the New Preacher; 1 vol.; 13th, Plans and Materials for Sermons; 1 vol. folio.

The examination which they underwent before the Congregation of Rites is entirely favourable to them, and one must regret, with the privileged persons who have had the happiness of running through them, that these solid writings were never printed and given to publicity for the great glory of our Blessed and the edification of the Catholic faithful.

Seraphic Palm-tree.

The Blessed Peter Fourier, Parish Priest of Mattaincourt (Vosges), Founder of the Congregation of Our Lady, Reformer and General of the Congregation of Our Saviour

1565–1640. — Popes: Pius IV; Innocent X. — Kings of France: Charles IX; Louis XIII.

Fourier touched everything in the things of God. Pastor of souls, founder of an Order, reformer of another, mingled in the councils of his prince and his country, he gathered in his person memories that would suffice for several illustrious lives.

Lacordaire, Panegyric of the Blessed Fourier.

This worthy personage was born at Mirecourt in the Vosges on 30 November 1565. It was in a time when ignorance and heresy were at their greatest strength. His father was called Dominic Fourier, and his mother Anne Nacquart. They were moderately provided with the goods of the earth, but in recompense they were favoured with great gifts of heaven: for both led a very innocent and very edifying life, and God granted them a precious death, proportioned to the pious conduct which they had faithfully observed while they lived on earth. They had as the fruit of their marriage five children. One of them died in infancy, and four remained, namely a daughter and three sons. Peter Fourier, whose merit we undertake to disclose, was the eldest. The other two, called John and James, having profited by the holy counsels and good example of their parents, also made themselves a great reputation throughout the country, and Mary, their sister, likewise upheld with great fidelity and signal piety the honour of her family.

Peter, who was the first-born, was in that quality consecrated to God by his parents, who destined him for the holy altars from the cradle, hoping that God would receive and bless their offering, by inspiring this dear

child whom they presented to Him with the sentiments of remaining in His service when he should have come to the age of discretion; they omitted nothing to give a good education to this amiable son, whom they regarded now only as a precious deposit which belonged to God. From his most tender years he showed such noble inclinations for virtue that one would have said it was as it were natural to him; he could not suffer the least part of his little body to be uncovered, even when it was necessary to change his linen; he shed so many tears and cried so loud when he was not covered that nothing was capable of appeasing him, and as soon as he had been clothed in his little garments he became in an instant gentle and peaceful as a lamb. The more he advanced in age, the more also he testified love and esteem for the virtue of purity. He always kept away from persons of the other sex, and could not even be persuaded to remain a few moments beside his own sister. His masters admired with pleasure the inclinations of the young child, who had nothing childish in his conduct. He was modest in his looks, moderate in his laughter, innocent in his manners of acting, showing in all the diversions which are granted to that age a certain maturity which caused admiration in all who observed him. He had a heart full of kindness for his companions; he suffered everything to have a perfect union with them, and gave all the marks of a very good mind; so he was always the most advanced in the schools. He liked to be reproved for his faults, confessed them ingenuously, and failed not to correct himself of them when he had come to know them. He was very sober at his meals, and as soon as he had taken his little refection he went up to his room to occupy himself innocently in adorning a chapel, in singing hymns, in rendering a particular cult to the images of the saints and in thus exercising himself in several other like practices of piety. So edifying a conduct gave rise to a singular pleasure in the heart of his parents, who saw with satisfaction this young child bear himself toward actions preparatory to the state for which they had destined him.

He was no sooner of an age to study than he was sent to the university of Pont-à-Mousson, which was then very celebrated, on account of the learned masters who composed it, and of the multitude of scholars who repaired to it from all sides: it was there that the young Peter Fourier showed to the eyes of all the virtues he possessed and the penetration of his mind for the sciences.

He was of a tall and majestic stature, had beautiful eyes, vermilion lips, a face of a lily’s whiteness strewn with the colours of the rose. These qualities exposed him to great dangers; but, well resolved to lose life rather than baptismal innocence, he took such good measures, and persevered always in remaining so modest, so recollected in the presence of his God, and so judicious in the choice he made of his companions, that he never gave any hold upon him to the enemy of purity: knowing that this wholly angelic virtue is a beautiful flower which is well preserved only in the midst of thorns, he joined the rigour of discipline to the good will by which he felt his heart sustained. He often left his ordinary bed during the night to go and take his rest on vine-cuttings or boards. He denied himself the most lawful things, and when his parents procured him conveniences to come to see them in the time of vacation, he deprived himself of them by mortification, making his journeys on foot in spite of the bad roads.

As he knew that of all the senses that of taste is the most to be feared, he accustomed himself from his youth to eat only once a day, about eight or nine o’clock in the evening, and used only very coarse meats and in small quantity. He knew not what the use of wine was, and he had all his life regret at having once found himself in a little innocent recreation which he called a debauch, and in which he had been obliged to taste it. He approached the sacraments as much as he could. He took pleasure in serving Masses, which he did with an angelic modesty. All his occupations were regulated, and he never failed in the hours he had prescribed himself for prayer or for study, for this was what divided all the time of his day.

But there is a devotion for which young Peter above all had a particular attraction: it is confidence in the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of the divine Saviour, our mother to all. Each day he paid her his tribute of homage by piously running through the beads of his rosary, and he raised his heart unceasingly toward her. At college he associated himself early, and with an admirable fervour, with the Congregation of the Children

of Mary; and from that time he ceased not to display his zeal, during all his long career, for the glory of the Queen of Angels.

A manner of living so wise and so regular gave this young student occasion to make great progress in the sciences. Besides the Latin language, which he knew very well, he possessed also the Greek to such a degree of perfection that he read and understood easily, without interpreters, the most difficult authors who have written in that language. He took a singular pleasure in reading, in the original, the works of Saint Chrysostom, Saint Basil, Saint Gregory Nazianzen and other Fathers of the Church.

As he had as great talents for explaining well to others as for penetrating and understanding the sciences himself, his friends persuaded him to accept as his pupils several children of gentlemen and other persons of distinction, who would take a singular pleasure in receiving the lessons of so good a master. This employment, which obliged him to watch over the scholars entrusted to him, was for him as it were a trial stroke by which God disposed him to the conduct of souls in the ways of grace. Nothing was better regulated than his house; each fault was punished by some penalty, as also extraordinary actions of virtue were never without reward; immodesties, of whatever kind they might be, and lying were insupportable to him. One would have said that the place where he gave his instructions was rather an academy of all the virtues than a school where human sciences were taught.

Let us hear on this point one of his pupils, M. Clément, afterwards mayor of Lunéville: “The vices he held especially in horror were lying, blasphemy and impurity. The last two had their effective punishment, and the body suffered for it. For lying he had a method which he esteemed perhaps milder, but of which we had more apprehension than of the whip and other school executions. Listen, he said to us, since God permits difference among men, you will well suffer me to put some myself. My gentleman, for my part, shall not be the richest, the best clad, the noblest; no, true nobility consists in virtue; and therefore the most virtuous shall be my gentlemen, and the vicious shall be my commoners; and among the vicious the liar shall be the most common of all, because he is the child of the demon, father of lying, the first liar of the world. What shame to be the child of such a father! God has put him under the feet of the Angels; well then! the liar shall be under the feet of his fellow pupils; he shall be the valet of all, shall rise first, light the candle, make the fire, sweep the room, and serve his companions at table, bareheaded.” One guesses the progress that pupils so directed, whose master was as capable as virtuous, must have made both in science and in piety. So the children who were entrusted to him lost, later on, no occasion of testifying their gratitude toward him; they liked to publish his virtues, and regarded as their first happiness that of having had him for preceptor and guide. Meanwhile Peter Fourier was thinking of an affair serious above all, the choice of a state of life. He did not feel himself born to live in the midst of the world; he dreaded, the timid and humble young man, to embark on that stormy sea, so fertile in shipwrecks of all kinds. For a long time he had asked the Lord to make known to him His will: resolved as he was to follow it, and to renounce everything rather than be unfaithful to it. Decided at last, with the help of the grace of God, the wise counsels of the director of his soul, and the consent of his good father, to leave the world to enter religion, there remained to him to choose the Order in which he should seek to sanctify himself.

All the religious Orders have holiness for their aim; but God has different ways to guide souls, according to the character, the taste, the temperament of each, or the various needs of society, and each of these ways ends in heaven. Lorraine was then covered with monasteries, with those houses of retreat founded by the piety of our fathers and the munificence of those good and Catholic sovereigns, the hereditary dukes of Lorraine and Bar. The ancient Orders of Saint Augustine and of Saint Benedict, the apostolic Orders of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis of Assisi, the Carthusians of Saint Bruno, the Premonstratensians of Saint Norbert, counted in this country numerous establishments. A more recent company, full of life and future, the Society of Jesus, shone there in all its lustre. Now the most fervent Orders would have opened the doors of their monasteries to a young man so distinguished as Peter Fourier was; but, by a resolution in which one can see nothing else

than a secret inspiration of the Holy Spirit, who disposes all according to His providential views, he determined for that of the Canons Regular, fallen then into a sad relaxation. The abbey of Chaumouzey, situated five leagues from Mirecourt, near Épinal, had then for abbot a religious of his acquaintance: he conceived the desire to retire there with him, and to consecrate himself there to the service of God, under the spiritual Rule of Saint Augustine.

This famous abbey had been created in the year 1 09 ï; Séhérus of Épinal had been its founder and first abbot. For a long time fervour had reigned there; but disorder had slipped in, as in several other houses of the country, when Peter Fourier presented himself there. So people were strangely surprised at his resolution; they went almost to the point of being scandalized by it. Perhaps, in his candid and naïve innocence, the holy young man did not think that religious could be perverse: the pure and simple soul divines not evil, above all divines it not so high. Our young postulant needed all the virtue he had to endure the trials he had to undergo during the course of his probation and his novitiate. But the pious servant of Jesus Christ had all that is needed to suffer with merit: the grace of God, a great desire to procure His glory, an extraordinary ardour for penance, a profound humility and a courage proof against everything. He surmounted the difficulties of probation with an angel's patience, and, toward the end of 1586, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, he took the habit at Chaumouzey, to the stupefaction of all who had known him. The surprise increased still more when, after his year of novitiate he was seen to engage himself definitively in this community. It was in 1587 that Fourier made his three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, into the hands of Francis Pâtissier, of Mirecourt, then abbot of Chaumouzey. By the vow of poverty he engaged himself to possess nothing on earth but the goodness of that Providence which clothes the flowers more magnificently than kings, and which gives the little birds of heaven their food. By the vow of chastity he renounced his body, to live from here below like the Angels. By the vow of obedience he made the sacrifice of his own will, to conduct himself in all things only according to the will of God manifested by his superiors.

The abbot of Chaumouzey was one of those men of good intentions, who love good, who groan at evil, who counsel virtue, but who have not the courage and strength necessary to impose its practice on their subordinates. However, struck by the virtues of his young and fervent religious, virtues which belied themselves in no circumstance and which held out against the bad examples by which they were surrounded, he thought of having him raised to the priesthood. By his orders the young religious had given himself, almost alone and without other help than the grace of God and his natural talents, to the study of theology, the essential science of the priest. It was a preparation for the course which he was to make later in a broad and brilliant manner; nevertheless, from that moment he was judged capable and worthy of the priesthood. The humble Fourier was frightened at such an elevation; but heaven came to his help; he resigned himself through obedience, and disposed himself, by a new fervour, to receive the Holy Spirit with abundance on the day of his ordination. It is not known when and how he received the tonsure, the minor orders and the subdiaconate; but it was on 24 September 1588 that he was ordained deacon, in the collegiate church of Saint Simeon at Trier, by the hands of Peter, bishop of Azotus, suffragan of the archbishop of Trier. On 23 February 1589 he received, in the same place and from the hands of the same prelate, the order and sacred character of the priesthood. The Spirit of God had chosen Himself a new apostle, whose zeal was to win to heaven a multitude of elect. The new priest did not dare for a good while to go up to the altar to offer there the holy victim of the salvation of men: he withdrew into his rude and dear solitude of Chaumouzey, to prepare himself for that august day when for the first time he should ascend the altar of the Lord. He passed several months in penance, prayer and tears; and it was only on the day of the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist, that great saint whom he seems to have taken for model, that he celebrated the divine mysteries in the chapel of the abbey. The young priest continued, for more than a year still, to edify by an irreproachable conduct and by examples of an extraordinary austerity this house which had so great need of edification.

After having sanctified the retreat of Chaumouzey, Peter Fourier was sent by his superior to complete his theological studies at the university of Pont-à-Mousson. If our young religious always showed a great inclination for the sciences, this appeared far more when he was applied to the study of theology, where he discovered truths far nobler and far more useful than those with which philosophy deals. He was animated in this school by the example of several subjects who happily found themselves with him. He was also marvellously aided by the cares and good counsels of the Rev. Father John Fourier, his relative, then rector of the university, and who became afterwards provincial of Lorraine, then of Champagne, and finally of Lyons; he put himself entirely under his direction. Could he have chosen better than this great master, who had already so well formed the illustrious Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva, whose eminent sanctity already excited public admiration? Peter Fourier advanced with giant strides in the ways of perfection with so good a guide; his director himself was in astonishment to see the progress he made in virtue, without his exercises of piety bringing any delay to his advancement in the sciences; he excelled above the others, and a singular pleasure was taken in hearing him speak in the discussions, where his wisdom and modesty were admired no less than the depth of the questions he agitated and the clearness with which he explained himself. Although he had an extreme facility in conceiving the most difficult things, he was nevertheless very assiduous at study and faithful in filling the least moments of his time, which he husbanded like a precious balm of which not “a single little drop must be knowingly lost,” following his own words.

The last year he passed in the university of Pont-à-Mousson, Peter was for a moment raised upon the candlestick. His talents and high virtues had shone even to the court of Nancy. The Cardinal of Lorraine, bishop of Metz, desiring to attach him to himself, had the cure of Saint Stephen of that city offered him; but the humble religious refused. The bishop insisted, and wished at least to obtain him as administrator of the parish of Saint Martin of Pont-à-Mousson, which depended on his episcopal jurisdiction. Powers were granted him for this purpose, by letters patent of 13 May 1595, signed by a vicar general of the diocese. Father Fourier, however, did not exercise these functions long; this parish enjoyed only for an instant the happiness of possessing such a treasure. At the end of three months Peter was recalled suddenly to his convent of Chaumouzey by order of his abbot. The obedience of the religious is without limit: Fourier submitted to the orders of his superior; and we are going to see this vessel of election, this treasure of science and virtue, bury itself in solitude, to ripen still better under the wing of the Lord, in the school of contradictions.

After having well strengthened himself in theology and made a deep study of the divine Scriptures and of the holy Fathers, Peter Fourier returned therefore to the abbey where he had made profession. His design and the desire of his superiors was that he should re-establish there, as far as he could, the ancient regularity. It was not so much by powerful discourses, salutary advice and frequent exhortations as by his own example that he laboured at this great affair: so that, without speaking, or criticizing, or complaining, he reproved everyone easily and opposed all bad customs. He observed a very strict abstinence and sometimes deprived himself even of necessary food to give it to the poor with the permission of his superiors; he ate only once a day, and a few vegetables and roots sufficed for his needs; he drank only water and used even that only in case of serious necessity. Always the first at choir, he loved work, took pleasure in rendering all kinds of good offices to his brethren, and had rather compassion than indignation for those whom he saw in disorder.

One admired especially in him a particular kindness for the novices; he relieved them and helped them in all their offices, even rose during the night to go and do the most painful works which were their duty, took pleasure in the most humiliating actions and observed an admirable secrecy in all his practices of piety.

It was not with impunity that Father Fourier led, in this declining monastery, so exemplary a life. Hell, unable to bear so holy a conduct, raised against him a horrible tempest. Three or four of the least regular of the community, resolved not to suffer longer that he should censure their life by the brilliance of his virtues, leagued together to do him all the affronts they could and wickedly plunge him into all kinds of confusion;

they used for this effect threats, insults, mockeries, intrigues, even to overwhelming him with blows and attempting his life, seeking the means to extinguish this fair light just when it was beginning to be in a state to appear. They made use several times of poison which they threw into the vessel where he was accustomed to prepare the vegetables he used for his nourishment; but God, who permitted all these persecutions only to dispose His servant to sustain still more considerable labours afterwards, knew also how to preserve him from all these dangers. The austere religious ate so little that the venom found at the bottom of the vessel was taken in too small a quantity to put his health in peril: Fourier was saved by his mortification.

Father Fourier lived thus for two years in the midst of contradictions, without being rebuffed by the ill treatment, and without carrying the least complaint to his abbot, who seemed to ignore it to the end; he ceased not to redouble in patience, meekness and kindness toward his persecutors. Providence at last, weary of seeing its servant suffer, drew him, without his having asked it, from this cruel servitude, to employ him for its glory. However secret a persecution may be, when it lasts long something of it always pierces to the outside. The relatives and friends of Peter were informed of the vexatious and painful situation in which he found himself: perhaps they were warned by the abbot himself, who certainly could not ignore it but for a time. It is the property of weak men to turn difficulties instead of surmounting them. Not having energy enough to bring his subordinates to reason, he withdrew at least the just man from the persecution of the wicked. However that may be, the moment of deliverance had come, and we see that his superior, far from putting the least obstacle in its way, lent himself to it with all his heart; he went farther; as the humble Fourier represented that, being ignorant, without virtue and without experience, he was incapable of becoming a parish priest, the abbot gave him an express command to accept.

The choice was offered Father Fourier among three benefices: Mattaincourt, Saint Martin of Pont-à-Mousson and Nomeny. These last two parishes, situated then in the diocese of Metz, were offered by the cardinal, who already once had attempted, for his diocese, the conquest of our Blessed, as of one of the pearls of the University founded by his glorious father, Charles III. There was everything to gain on that side: the favours of a great bishop, prince of the ducal blood, apostolic legate; favours already acquired and which needed only to be maintained; a magnificent benefice, whichever choice were made. Pont-à-Mousson offered besides all its memories to the young scholar, to the licentiate in theology, to the administrator once loved; he would find there old and dear friends, and above all Father John Fourier, whose good counsels he could again turn to profit. Nomeny presented a rich prebend, a most honourable and peaceful post, and an advantageously known family who cherished him. Ambition would never have let the balance incline toward Mattaincourt. It seems there was nothing to deliberate: Fourier did not deliberate either. However, to conclude nothing without maturity and without counsel, he flew to his father in God, to his relative and faithful friend, the rector of Pont-à-Mousson. This worthy man spoke to him in a tone full of frankness: “If you desire,” said he, “riches and honours, you must take Pont-à-Mousson or Nomeny; if you want to have much pain and no temporal reward, that is what you will find at Mattaincourt.” That was saying enough, and Mattaincourt was chosen. Thus act the Saints: in all things and before all things the glory of God; then the interest of the neighbour; they themselves come only after.

Mattaincourt is a beautiful village of the Vosges, situated in a smiling valley watered by the river Madon, at the foot of hills fertile in wine and wheat, half a league below Mirecourt, native place of Peter Fourier. In those unhappy times it was rich only in temporal goods: Mass was heard only on the greatest feasts of the year; the sacraments were neglected, the feasts profaned, the altars despoiled and the church deserted: in all the neighbourhood this borough was called little Geneva. It was, in fact, from the metropolis of Calvinism that the misfortunes of Mattaincourt came. The inhabitants of the village having then, for the most part, no other means of subsistence than commerce, carried to Geneva their laces and the cloths of their factories: in exchange they brought back gold, but also the leprosy of heresy, and Mattaincourt had ended by becoming the scandal of the country.

The new pastor was no sooner charged with the care of this flock than he occupied himself very seriously in making an exact search into all its needs and the particular state of each of its members; he discovered, not without great compassion, that ignorance, voluptuousness, public libertinism, heresy and atheism had taken deep root there; these disorders caused him astonishment, but he was not discouraged by them; he armed himself with a holy zeal and a perfect confidence in God. He took possession of his cure in the thirty-second year of his precious and holy life (1597), on the feast day of the Blessed Sacrament, which he carried in procession with gravity and a modesty which charmed everyone; he then made his first sermon, in which he told his parishioners that, as Jesus Christ gave Himself to men under the sacramental species, without seeking any other interest than the very good of those who receive Him in communion, so he gave himself to them that day, not for the honour nor for the advantages he might receive from it, but only for the salvation of their souls, which he was resolved to procure though it should cost him his blood and his life. He explained himself with sentiments so tender and terms so pathetic that he touched the hearts even of the most hardened, who shed a great abundance of tears.

He soon gave proofs of what he had advanced; he never exacted anything from the poor as reward for his pains, and what he received from the rich served solely to make liberalities to those who were in need. His relatives were always the last to whom he rendered service: one of his brothers having believed, on a certain occasion, that he would receive from him some preference because he was his brother, he sent him away and made a simple parishioner advance, saying to him who was his relative: “It is true that you are my brother and my nearest on the side of the flesh, but here is my child and the child of my spirit, who would accuse me of injustice before God if I did not love him more than you and did not give him the preference, today that he has recourse to me.”

He invented an infinity of pious devices to imprint Christian truths on the minds of those who were ignorant of them; besides public instructions, he went into the houses of private persons, where, having three or four families assembled, he taught them the precepts of the Gospel and inculcated more vividly the principles of our salvation; he had general confessions made by those who had need of them; labour made him diminish or defer nothing of what appeared to him necessary. However touching his preachings were, the fruits which he made in the tribunal of penance were incomparably more considerable.

As he was preparing to take a curate to watch better over his flock, it was represented to him that he had not revenues enough to associate an auxiliary in his labour. “Frugality,” he answered, “is a bank of great return.” In effect, it was in the treasures of abstinence and sobriety that he found wherewith to maintain his curate.

His zeal made him go to find the libertines and drunkards in the place of their debauches, to reproach them with their disorders; he went also to seek secretly the impious and hardened in their houses, to convince them of their blindness; he threw himself sometimes at their feet and watered them with his tears to soften their heart, and conjured them, by what they had dearest, not to cause their pastor, who loved them tenderly, the grief of having been the father of the damned. When all these means did not succeed with him, he went to groan and shed tears at the foot of the altars, and there he formed loving complaints to Jesus Christ, as to the first of pastors, representing to Him the extreme misfortune of his sheep, who wished of their own full will to remain in the jaws of the wolves. “Thou art,” he said to Jesus Christ, “the chief parish priest, I am but Thy curate, and, permit me to tell Thee so, with all the humility of my heart, Thou art as it were obliged to make succeed what is not in my power.” Then, clothed with a wholly new zeal and courage, he dared sometimes to take the Blessed Sacrament from the altar to carry it into the house of these hardened men, where, with a voice of thunder, after the example of a Saint Bernard with regard to a duke of Aquitaine, he apostrophized them with as much authority and firmness as if he had had to conjure demons. He used several times these extraordinary means as the last remedies fitted to cure such sick men.

He never went to the feasts which were sometimes made after burials nor to those of weddings, unless to give the blessing before the meal or to make some familiar exhortation against the excesses of drinking and

eating. He accepted no present: one of his parishioners having had a hogshead of wine put by stealth into his cellar, this sober pastor, who never used anything but water to satisfy his thirst when pressed by it, forgot that this hogshead had been given him, and it was found full, all covered with cobwebs, at the end of several years. No fire was ever lit in his house, not even in the greatest colds of winter, unless charity obliged it for the convenience of the poor. He begged one of his parishioners to do him the favour of baking his bread and his vegetables, and, to reward him, he lodged him for nothing in a place which belonged to him. His stepmother[1] having presented herself to live with him, in order to take care of his household, he answered her, to turn her from it, that he was far from accepting that offer, adding that it would be shameful to him to take his mother for his servant, and that the very laws of nature did not permit it to him. A bench a foot and a half wide was the ordinary place of his rest, and often he even passed the nights in the sweet sleep of contemplation, without lying down.

His continual vigils gave him the means of being always ready to answer, by night as by day, the least needs of his parishioners. He never refused to go where he was called, at whatever time and in whatever season it might be. He was for this purpose continually clothed in his surplice and had always his breviary under his arm, to succour, he said, the pressing necessities which might arise in so great a parish as his; he was even often seen, in the middle of winter, waiting at his door, to give his parishioners who passed a greater facility of laying their needs before him, and there, like an ever-favourable judge, he decided an infinity of difficulties which each proposed to him with perfect confidence and entire liberty.

After having satisfied the needs of his church, he went to see his sick, visited the schools, questioned the masters on the conduct they kept, perfected their method, forbade them ever to receive girls in their classes, and himself made catechisms and exhortations on all occasions. He gave all his revenue to the poor of his parish and repeated to them often that they should ask him freely for the things they needed, telling them that his goods belonged to them; he assembled them twice a week and distributed to them bread for three days, taking care to give them of the whitest on Sunday and adding some pieces of meat and even wine, according to their need; he treated them with munificence on the days of the greatest feasts, and engaged those who married to take care to have all the remains of their wedding feast kept, to give, the following day, another feast to his poor, which would draw down, he said, great blessings on their marriage. He sustained by his alms the artisans and merchants in their misfortunes and thus indemnified them for their losses as far as he could. As charity is ingenious, Father Fourier devised, to raise up the innocent victims of fortune, the creation of a fund which he called the Purse of Saint Evre. It was a sort of mutual insurance; this purse was composed of voluntary gifts, pious legacies, fines and other waifs. When one of these merchants found himself behind in his affairs, and his need was constant and manifest, a certain sum was lent him, to furnish him the means of continuing his trade, on the sole condition of returning it if it came to fructify in his hands. This establishment succeeded beyond hopes; the purse of Saint Evre had so much success that, from the money repaid and collected in every other manner, a fund could be made long assigned to the same work. Thus it is that more than two centuries ago, by an admirable institution, one of the saints of Christianity anticipated and practised the finest institutions of which our time is proud: savings banks and insurance companies. Father Fourier visited especially the bashful poor, and, bringing them some well-filled purse, he slipped it adroitly into a place in their house where they could find it when he had gone out. He had the finest meat of the butcher’s bought for the sick of his parish; he furnished them not only the necessary, but also the agreeable, giving them the most exquisite preserves he could find, and regarding them with the eyes of faith as very distinguished persons and as the principal members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. He passed whole nights beside them, doing at once the office of pastor and that of nurse or attendant, rendering them the vilest and most disgusting services. He lent his bed to those who had none, and, one day, having lent from compassion to one the blankets, to another the sheets, to another the straw mattress and to a last who came yet the bedstead, he had a great satisfaction in seeing himself entirely deprived of it. The good curé took good care not to ask again for what he had lent, giving it with a good heart to those who kept it; besides, he had no

need of such a piece of furniture, since he never used it.

One day when he was going on a journey, he told the mayor of the town that, if he should die on the road, he should hasten to declare that all his goods belonged to the poor, and take great care to distribute them to them; that, if he did not do so, God would chastise him as for a theft and a sacrilege. He had a particular gift for extinguishing dissensions and putting an end to the most inveterate divisions; he reconciled parties who were in lawsuit; knowing perfectly well ecclesiastical law and civil law, having above all a good knowledge of the customs, he was the first to uphold the cause of the poor, the widows and the orphans against the strongest parties, and he undertook few lawsuits of which he did not remain victor. Meanwhile Father Fourier was meditating an institution broader and more useful still to the public good than that of the purse of Saint Evre. He remembered having seen in his young age, at the bailiwick of the Vosges, a single advocate, “who, under a market-hall,” says his historian, “cleared more business in a day than our formalities finish in a year.” Arrived at mature age, he saw with repugnance the officers of justice multiply, because the more numerous they became, the less the affairs felt it, and the more there was to complain of frequent lawsuits and of interminable length. His own maxim was that of Saint Augustine: “No lawsuit, or make an end of it quickly.” He conceived the design of an association, in which would be engaged the noblest and most influential persons of the country. Two of them, accompanied by some advocates and experts chosen among upright and able men, were to work each week to end amicably all the lawsuits and difficulties arising within the jurisdiction of the bailiwick where they should have established their abode. If one of the parties refused to acquiesce in this amicable judgment, there was to be a common purse, from which the money necessary for the prosecution of the suit against the obstinate one would be taken, without the other party suffering at all. Father Fourier had already drawn up the statutes of this association, he had sounded the dispositions of the nobles and influential persons of the country, among whom he enjoyed a renown for wisdom which only an eminent sanctity can win. The good curé had then become the man of Lorraine as much as the pastor of Mattaincourt. No doubt he would have obtained the consent of the princes of the country, who had in him an entire confidence and had vowed him a wholly fraternal friendship. Unhappily the troubles and wars which supervened ruined at once the hopes of his fair association and the country that was to gather its fruits. Was it not anticipating the establishment of our justices of the peace, by going farther and doing better still, by the application of the fruitful principle of association, which would have given it an incalculable force? Thus it is that, going up the course of ages, history shows us that all that is beautiful and great in our present society has its source in a Christian thought. So fair a conduct changed the face of the whole parish of Mattaincourt in a few years. It became as it were a precious garden where all the Christian virtues came into bloom, through the wise regulation of morals which the fervent pastor of whom we speak introduced there; the use of the sacraments was very frequent there, married persons lived as brothers and sisters, many fasted on Fridays and Saturdays; a great number made use of the instruments of penance proper to the ancient anchorites; some went commonly to their work with the hair-shirt or the cilice on their loins, and all had so high an esteem for their virtuous curé, who sustained by his example all that he said in his exhortations, that they easily put in practice all the holy counsels he gave them. The thing came to such a point that those of the neighbouring parishes, who formerly shunned the inhabitants of Mattaincourt, came to admire with pleasure the great change that had been wrought in them; this made the bishop of the place say one day that, to make his diocese one of the most flourishing of the Church, he would wish to have only five men like the vigilant pastor whose virtues we exalt; this prelate wearied not of proposing him as a model to all the other curés. An ecclesiastic, who did not well know the rare merit of Father Fourier, being sent on behalf of the bishop to visit the diocese, recognized in the parish of Mattaincourt so fine an order in all things, so great a union among its inhabitants, so much decency in the celebration of the divine mysteries, a youth so well instructed, a people so modest, so pious, and rendering such good testimonies of their curé, that he was ravished with astonishment at having found in this parish what he had never seen and what he had never believed he could find elsewhere; so, addressing this wise pastor, he asked him what classes he had followed: to which this

great personage, who desired nothing so much as to hide himself, answered humbly that he had “studied in the fourth form,” without explaining further. The ecclesiastic, reporting to the bishop the marvels he had seen in the parish of Mattaincourt, said he was the more surprised at it as the curé had assured him that he had done only his fourth form; which gave matter for laughter to all who knew his profound erudition; the visitor was undeceived, being shown that the humble pastor had indeed told him, through modesty, that he had “studied in the fourth form,” but not to the exclusion of the other more advanced classes. The prelates, his superiors, were all so well persuaded of the science and exemplary virtue of this true servant of God that they employed him several times for very famous missions, and even made him visitor of their dioceses, which he always discharged with a singular vigilance and piety, and to the great content of the peoples, as well as of those who sent him.

These important employments of visits to dioceses, of missions in the neighbouring countries, and other like offices concerning the salvation of souls obliged him to penetrate so far into the knowledge of the vices and corruption of morals of the peoples that this remembrance made him shed a great abundance of tears and send a thousand sobs toward heaven. Considering all the disorders which had been met with for so many years in Christianity, he meditated frequently on the means that might be brought to diminish at least the number and the sequel of so many disorders; he fasted, prayed, covered his body with hair-shirts, chains and cilices, and offered every day the holy sacrifice of the Mass, that it might please the Father of lights to inspire him with what he had to do to labour efficaciously at so great a work. He knew then, in the fervour of his meditations, that it would be a thing very agreeable to God, and very suitable to the end he proposed, to take possession of youth, as soon as it should be capable of instruction, and to submit it to the direction of wise and pious persons who, training from the lowest age all the movements of the mind and heart of these young children, would form them thus to piety and preserve them from the common corruption of the age. He persuaded himself moreover that it would be necessary, to succeed well in this design, that there should be in the Church an Order whose principal office should be thus to form young children to virtue, without exacting anything from the parents for the instruction that would be given them. He wished to attempt two works at once: one for the education of boys, the other for that of girls. But each work has its hour marked in the decrees of divine wisdom; it was reserved by it to the Venerable de La Salle to institute the Brothers of the Christian Schools for boys. If the efforts of Peter Fourier failed on that side, he succeeded beyond his hopes for the girls’ schools. What makes especially the honour of the blessed Father is to have anticipated by much all the foundations of teaching Orders: thus divining, in the bosom of a country parish, the great need of his epoch, the true remedy for the evils which devoured the Church and religion. The zealous servant of God whose projects we set forth was thinking seriously of the execution of this work when divine Providence sent him some girls of spirit, who, touched by his exhortations, and despising worldly vanities, came to declare to him that they were resolved to consecrate themselves to God and offer themselves to His divine service, on the conditions and in such state as it should please him to mark out for them (1597).

The holy curé recognized in this step a stroke of heaven; he profited by the good will of these girls, instructed them, tried them in many ways and for a very long time, and formed them for the end he meditated. He thanked God for having given him subjects to begin the work he undertook; and, being henceforth in pain only for a dwelling, which he intended to convert into a monastery, Judith d’Apremont, sister of Esther d’Apremont, who was mother of Monseigneur des Porcelets, bishop of Toul, offered first both her credit and her fortune and gave very graciously her house of Saint-Mihiel, which was very rich and situated in one of the finest places of the town. It is this house which had the advantage and glory of being the place of the first establishment of this Order. This fair donation soon engaged the Rev. Father of Mattaincourt to seek the means to obtain the necessary permissions from the bishops, who, as one may well think, could only approve with great pleasure a work so useful to the Church. He needed above all the approbation of the bishop of Verdun, in whose diocese Saint-Mihiel is situated; now this was then Prince Eric, cousin of the reigning duke. The good curé went therefore on foot, according to his custom, from Mattaincourt to Verdun, to solicit

this favour. He set forth simply the request, the provisional approbation of the bishop of Toul, the advances and devotion of Madame d'Apremont, whose letters he handed him, and the good he hoped from his pious daughters for the instruction of youth. The bishop of Verdun received him favourably and gave him a letter for Duke Charles III and another for Madame d'Apremont. The good Father went from Verdun straight to Nancy, where, thanks to the recommendations of the prince-bishop, he was received very graciously. Rich at last with the harvest made in this little campaign, he hastened to return to relate to his benefactress the news of his successes, handing her the letters he had received for her. The girls of Saint-Mihiel lived in an extremely austere manner, and much as they had done when they were not yet united in this house; they ate only vegetables and milk food, using a very brown bread and having only water for drink; lying on straw, wearing hair-shirts and very rough cilices of which they were themselves the makers; fabricating iron girdles and very uncomfortable chains, with which they armed themselves against the attacks of the enemies of their pious designs. One admired with pleasure the fervour and generosity of these innocent girls, showing in the weakness of their sex a heroic strength which seemed to befit only the strongest men. God poured out such abundant blessings on this little nascent flock that they made admirable fruits in the instruction of youth; so that the city of Nancy, which learned of their happy progress, did all it could to have some of these admirable girls. The magistrates obtained several at last, and the functions they exercised wherever they were distributed appeared of such great help that the most eminent Charles of Lorraine, cardinal and legate, authorized this institute by his bulls. By virtue of these patents the monastery which was established at Nancy was the first which received enclosure and whose daughters pronounced the solemn vows of religion. The girls of Saint-Mihiel imitated their example, and these two houses were the model and the source of a great number of others, very famous, which were established in France, in almost all the cities of Lorraine and in some of the Low Countries. So that the Reverend Father Peter Fourrier, the worthy founder of this new Order, was able to see, before his death, thirty-two fair monasteries solidly established, formed by his hand and filled with very good subjects.

In the course of the year 1618, at the repeated instances of the bishop of Toul, the establishment of Bar-le-Duc took place. God so blessed the labours of the pious girls in that city that in 1621, three years after, their house was erected into a monastery. Afterwards it became one of the most flourishing of the Congregation, through the benefactions of Madame du Jard, who showed herself its generous foundress and was its first superior. On 2 December of that same year, the feast day of Saint Francis Xavier, the seven first Mothers of the Institute of Our Lady made their profession in the monastery of Nancy. The novices of Saint-Mihiel and of Châlons were convoked there to be witnesses of the engagement of their companions; but they made not their profession there: it was judged more fitting that they should make it each in her own house. The holy founder himself, by express commission of the Ordinary, had the happiness of receiving the vows of these first-fruits of his Congregation, and these good girls found themselves happy, in their turn, to deposit them in the venerated hands of their Father in God. Immediately after the ceremony they proceeded to the first canonical election of a superior for the new monastery; the man of God presided at it again. The unanimous concurrence of the suffrages fell on Mother Alix Le Clerc, who saw herself obliged, in spite of her representations, to accept this charge for the space of three years, according to the constitutions of the Institute. First daughter of the good Father by her vocation, first religious of the Congregation of Our Lady by her vows, she was its first superior, under the name of Sister Teresa of Jesus.

Mirecourt, the cradle of the holy founder, wished also to enjoy the benefits of his institution. Several girls of the houses of Nancy, Châlons and Bar came to open a school there in the month of September 1619; the following year these good Sisters received help from the monastery of Saint-Mihiel, which lent them two of its mistresses. Three or four Sisters set out from Nancy the same year for Épinal, where they arrived on the first day of the year 1620. This house owed its foundation to the benefactions of Madame deBagrone, canoness of the famous chapter of Remiremont, and of M. Pâtissier, abbot of Chaumouzey. In 1621 a house was founded at Dieuze, diocese of Metz, by three religious of Nancy, under the protection and by the

benefactions of Madame de la Ruelle. Her virtuous daughter, who was the true foundress of this monastery by the gift she made it of her goods and her person, was then making her novitiate at Nancy.

Although the establishment of this fair Congregation, which brought so much ornament and utility to the Church, might have contented the zeal of an Apostle less inflamed with love for the interests of God than was the Father of Mattaincourt, this admirable pastor nevertheless offered himself yet with all his heart to labour at the so necessary Reform of the Order of Canons Regular, of which he was a member. Cardinals, legates, bishops and several other prelates had already attempted, before the worthy reformer of whom we speak, to make revive the ancient lustre that belonged to this Order; there had been employed to this effect gentleness, threats, prayers, and even forces, both ecclesiastical and secular, suited to this end, without anyone ever being able to succeed in it, heaven having reserved this fair work for the humble religious whom we eulogize. It was in the year 1621 that the work of reform began. Gregory XV sent a brief of 10 July which authorized this undertaking; Monseigneur des Porcelets, bishop of Toul, omitted nothing to make this pious design succeed, and, as he had full knowledge of the rich talents and rare virtues of the Father of Mattaincourt, he confided to him with entire assurance the whole economy of this so desired Reform.

They were in pain to find a house to begin the work, when there was happily offered the ancient abbey of Saint-Remi of Lunéville, to serve as the base of the edifice they wished to renew.

They found first six good subjects, whom they drew from the ancient houses and from the University of Pont-à-Mousson; entrusted to the care of the wise Father of Mattaincourt, who was established their master, they withdrew first into the abbey of Sainte-Marie-Majeure, in the city of Pont-à-Mousson, of the Order of Prémontré. After having made a retreat there of some months, to draw down the blessings of heaven on their enterprise, the six novices were solemnly clothed in the habit of the Order on the day of the Purification of Our Lady, in the year 1623. Some time after, they withdrew to Lunéville, to begin their novitiate under the direction of the good master who was to form them for the noble end that was meditated. An old professed member of the house, touched by the holiness of the examples he saw in these humble and fervent disciples, joined them in the novitiate. The Father of Mattaincourt taught them all they should know and do, to serve as perfect models to those who would accept the Reform. The following year they pronounced their vows solemnly, and made their profession on the day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, into the hands of the former prior of the monastery. God poured out such abundant blessings on this nascent enterprise that, in the space of four years, eight of the most considerable houses embraced the Reform.

The Pope having approved this new Congregation, the Reverend Father Nicholas Guinet, a man of singular merit, was elected its general, and not the Father of Mattaincourt, who was not yet professed and had deferred only to avoid that dignity. Nevertheless, after the death of Father Guinet, the Blessed was constrained to accept these functions, in spite of all that his humility inspired him to be dispensed from them.

While the venerable Father Fourier was thus labouring with all imaginable success at this so fair work, there was no ruse nor malice of which hell did not think to cause trouble and discontent to him who laboured at the destruction of its empire, in the establishment of two Orders, one of girls and the other of men, whose end was to extinguish all vices as far as possible, and to make virtue reign in all hearts.

The demon attacked the Father of Mattaincourt openly, and even upon the altars, trying to distract him by all kinds of means; the book which he used at Mass was sometimes seen to close without anyone touching it; but the holy priest, who was offering the sacrifice, discovered quite clearly whence this effect proceeded, since he then apostrophized and drove away from him the malign spirit whom he saw under horrible forms.

What caused him the greatest grief was to learn that the demon, in hatred of all he was doing in his new establishments, had taken possession of forty persons in the village of Mattaincourt, of which he had been curé, and that these persons were the source of astonishing disorders in all the families and even in the church of the parish. The Father of Mattaincourt left all his affairs to go to the succour of his former sheep, who

were always very dear to him, and to draw them from the jaws of the wolf who had seized them; he combated the enemy and triumphed over him by the use of fasts, prayers, continual groanings before God, penances and exorcisms.

When the evil times had come, Father Fourier failed neither his country nor his humanity. He had recourse first to prayer. To appease the wrath of God, which manifests itself by the scourges with which He tames men, is the act of every soul that lives by faith. He had recourse above all to the Blessed Virgin, and we see him establish in his desolate parish, and propagate in the houses of his sons and daughters in Jesus Christ, the devotion to the Immaculate Conception of Mary. Innumerable medals bearing these words: “Mary was conceived without sin,” were spread by his care: this devotion took hold of souls, consoled them, strengthened them, and wrought prodigies throughout the country. In France, the medal struck with this motto has scarcely been widespread except for ten years, and as the badge of the members of the archconfraternity of Our Lady of Victories. In Lorraine, for more than two centuries, it has been in common use, and it is in the face of the sun that hundreds of thousands of sodalists have worn it.

His charity extended to the needs of the body as it had provided for those of the soul; he always found bread for those who were hungry, remedies for those who suffered from sickness, garments for those to whom misery refused them. He did it not only in his parish, but in the neighbouring parishes, and far off for the multitudes of unfortunates with which Lorraine overflowed. One would not explain where he could draw such abundant resources, if one did not know that Providence has hidden treasures of which the Saints are the admirable stewards.

Alas! for a last bitterness, that he might be ignorant of nothing of the sufferings of the heart, the blessed Fourier saw himself forced to leave his desolate country: the faithful counsellor of the Lorraine princes had to flee before the minister of Louis XIII, who wished to lay hold of his person. He chose as place of exile the Franche-Comté, then belonging to the Spaniards; but, before departing, he wished to visit the principal houses of men and girls who served God under his Reform and his conduct in the cloisters; he strengthened them marvellously against all future adversities.

Everyone on his road, priests, religious and seculars, hastened to see him, to admire him, and to try to have something that had served him: his garments were cut, a thousand blessings were given him, and the more he hid himself and fled these testimonies of honour, the more he was sought, the more he was surrounded on every side. He consoled by his holy exhortations all persons who were in sadness, and procured health to the sick by miraculous cures.

At last, in the year 1636, having arrived at Gray, in the county of Burgundy, he remained there the space of two years in the thought that he would live there unknown; but his heroic virtues betraying him, as had happened everywhere else, he was honoured in that city as in all the others; he rendered a thousand good offices there in the time of the plague, both by his admirable exhortations and his catechisms and by the care he took of the sick in the hospitals. He even, during his last years, kept school for little children “as if to pay his share,” says his historian, “to the compassionate city that had received him.”

He was still in the full exercise of all these good works when God willed to crown his labours.

Toward the middle of the month of October of the year 1640, the good Father felt the first attacks of the illness which led him to the tomb. It was a fit of fever, but at first too slight for a soul of his temper to pay attention to it, above all to interrupt his work and take necessary rest. A second fit came at the end of three days, and assailed him “with so furious a shock” that his approaching end had to be foreseen from then. Our Blessed had had knowledge of this end, he had even announced it in a striking manner to his confrères. At the third fit, the good old man suffered a physician to be called. The sick man declared to him, before his religious, all his thought: “All that you shall do around me will be time lost.” Nevertheless, in a spirit of obedience, he wished to execute all the orders of the physicians: only, he saw with pain the expense that was

made, and the extraordinary cares taken to relieve him. Full of the thought that he must die and that it was good for him to go to his God, he forbade that any prayer be made for his recovery, as if such a prohibition could have been executed.

The illness grew worse and worse. Feeling himself near his end, the servant of God asked for the Sacraments of the Church, and he received them with the sentiments of the most fervent and edifying piety. At the moment when the divine Saviour entered his poor chamber, the good Father, annihilated before His divine Majesty, cried out: “Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come to me; no, I am not worthy of it, Lord! I ought far rather to be cast on a dunghill, to be there visited by dogs and ravens, than to have the honour of Thy presence.” A humility pushed to its last limits needed to find, to express itself, a language wholly strange to human ears. Humility draws grace; when the fertilizing rains descend from heaven, the deep valleys are inundated by them; the Blessed felt his God fill the abyss of his nothingness, and he remained plunged in an immense ecstasy. Then, in the transport of his gratitude, the holy man cried out anew: “What can I render Thee, O my God, in return for so many favours? Must I, to please Thee, but take in hand the chalice of my death? Willingly, my God, willingly! provided it be with Thy grace.” The whole day passed in these conversations of love and gratitude. It was the fair day, the so beloved day, of the Conception of Our Lady.

In spite of the burning ardour of a fever which dried him to the bones, in spite of the continuity of his pains, in spite of his old age, the servant of God had, against all hope, prolonged his life to this feast, which he loved most among the feasts of his good and tender Mother, the august Mary. He regarded as a special favour this surplus of life, which led him to such a happiness. The following night and the day of the morrow, until nine o’clock in the evening, passed in a sweet and tranquil confidence in the merciful goodness of God: all the terrors which had first besieged him had vanished; he was perfectly delivered from them; fear had entirely given place to love.

Careful, more than ever, to employ well the few hours that remained to him to live, he had read to him the finest passages of the Imitation, which he called his book of gold, and, conforming his heart to the sense of the words, he believed, he hoped, he humbled himself, he prayed, he resigned himself; above all, he loved; his soul melted in ecstasies of charity. A disciple of Saint Augustine, he wished to die as that holy doctor and pontiff had died; he asked that the history of his last moments be read to him, to imitate him. Like that illustrious bishop, he recited the Miserere alternately with his good religious, amid the tears and sobs of the bystanders. He felt, at the bottom of his heart, that colloquy of repentance and love between the sinner and the God who is about to be his Judge. When he came to that verse: Ne projicias me a facie tua, “Lord, cast me not away from Thy face,” he pronounced it in an accent to break the heart and with a burning ardour: one might fear for a moment that his soul, following the impulse of his voice, would detach itself from its mortal envelope, to fly before the face of his God, for whom he thirsted. At nine o’clock in the evening he asked for Extreme Unction, and he received it in that perfect resignation to the will of the Lord which is the seal of the elect. At eleven o’clock he turned toward his weeping children and asked them in a dying voice: “What hour is it?” Then, seizing his crucifix: “O Jesus, forsake me not at the moment of my death!” Then, taking an image of Our Lady: “Thou knowest in whom I have always had confidence, O Mary, assist me.” He made then, over himself, three great signs of the cross, and entered into a gentle agony which lasted but a few moments. His lips still moved in prayer; one could distinguish by their movements those names he so loved: Jesus! Mary! He expired at last without any effort; like a perfume that exhales, his soul flew gently from its corporal prison. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age (9 December 1640).

At the moment when his soul was exhaled there was seen to rise above the house where his lifeless body lay a globe of resplendent flame, which hovered some time in the air and directed itself toward Lorraine. The soul of the holy man, before reascending to God, took pleasure in visiting a last time his beloved country, that unfortunate country for which he died in exile. The good Father had wished to leave a testament in favour of his dear children; but, like his spiritual ancestor Saint Augustine, the poor servant of Jesus Christ

had not, in earthly goods, the wherewithal to form the matter of any legacy. His testament was therefore this: to the religious of the Congregation of Our Lady, his very dear and beloved daughters, he bequeathed the constitutions of their Order, which were scarcely finished. Father George was charged to address without delay, to the Sisters of Mirecourt, the copy written in his hand; these good girls were to make five copies of it as soon as possible, and send them to the monasteries of Châlons, Saint-Mihiel, Bar, Pont-à-Mousson and Metz, with charge to communicate them to all the others. Such was the share of the canonesses of Our Lady. The good founder left also to his daughters pious and charming opuscules, and a multitude of letters, in which, as in a fruitful spring, they might draw the principles of the spiritual life. To his canons the blessed reformer could leave only unfinished constitutions; but one could, by means of the admirable letters which he had written them, complete a work which so many crosses had not permitted him to bring to its perfection.

The dawn of the morrow spread everywhere the news of this death. The whole city of Gray was covered with mourning; people wept as at the death of a common father, and from all sides these sad words resounded: “The Saint is no more!” The magistrates of the city came to testify their grief before his lifeless remains, and mingle their tears with those of the sons and daughters of the Blessed. They honoured his death as that of a prince of the earth, and the bells were tolled as at the death of a king. Under the pallor of death the noble and serene face of Peter Fourier offered something heavenly; it had all the appearances of innocence asleep in a peaceful slumber. An autopsy was made of this venerated body. Outwardly it presented all the signs of a rigorous penance. Within, the vital parts, the liver, the heart, the lungs, all was perfectly sound; a vesicle of blood was found in it, in which linens were dipped; nevertheless one particular thing extremely struck the physicians: in spite of the most minute researches, no trace of gall could be discovered. The entrails were extracted and buried, at the request of the magistrates, in the parish church, with a magnificent funeral train and a most solemn service, at the expense of the public treasury. A crowd of people, eager to contemplate the remains of the servant of God, hastened to gather some memorial of him: some had wished for a few drops of his blood; others a lock of his hair or a tuft of his beard; others had pared the nails of his feet or hands; force had to be used to put an end to this kind of holy dilapidation. But, to withdraw these sacred remains from public veneration, a coffin was needed, and this poor priest had left nothing to meet the expense: the young ladies of the city made a collection to have one for him, and this collection was so abundant that he had two, and magnificent ones: the one of lead, the other of carved oak. The precious body in which so great a soul had dwelt was laid in them, and placed in a chapel of the church, awaiting its translation.

Soon the news of this death spread far; the princes of Lorraine took a large share in the common grief, and expressed their regrets by their letters of condolence. The princesses esteemed themselves happy to possess, one his rosary, another his medal or some other object. Christian pulpits resounded with his praises. For a long time his children had groaned at the long absence of their Father: unable to see and receive him alive any more, they were impatient to have him at least such as death had left him to them. It was a question therefore of transporting his mortal remains to Lorraine; but the city of Gray, the hospitable city, opposed it: it pretended to keep a treasure which Providence had sent it; it struggled six months to preserve these precious remains, which it yielded only after a vigorous resistance. However, in the month of April 1641, on an express order of the court of Spain and of the regency of Brussels, an order solicited and obtained by Duke Charles, the magistrates of Gray consented to let the body of the Blessed be carried off by his dear sons, the canons of Our Saviour, who destined it for the seat of the generalate of their Order, at Pont-à-Mousson. Nevertheless, they supplicated with so good a grace, and with so tender an affection for the Father, that the children, to their great regret, consented that the Franche-Comté city should keep the heart of the Saint. It had been preserved apart: the canons left it in testimony of their gratitude for the hospitality it had accorded to the venerable old man in his distress. This precious deposit was enclosed in a little vault, made on purpose in the wall of the chapel where the body had been kept with love for six months.

The passage of the coffin through the populations was a veritable triumphal march: from each village a considerable concourse made a cortege for it; people ran to the remains of the poor religious as to a precious relic; the curés came there at the head of their parishioners, and accompanied it in procession. Everywhere it passed, it had to be set down, for some moments at least, in the church, to bequeath to each place the memory of its presence. Enthusiasm was carried to the point of forestalling the judgment of the Holy See, to which alone it belongs to decree the honours of sanctity, and, instead of the mournful chant of the dead, in many places the joyful hymn of the triumph of the confessors of Jesus Christ was sounded. Amid these ovations the venerated body arrived, against the will of the canons, at the village of Mattaincourt. One knows not what concurrence of circumstances could determine those who presided at this translation to pass by this place, by this former parish of the good Father, which they had resolved beforehand to avoid.

At the unexpected news of the arrival of their holy pastor, all the parishioners, the curé at their head, had gone in procession to meet him, a good league away, and had brought him back as in triumph. The coffin was laid in the church, where he had prayed, where he had preached, where he had so many times glorified God! The religious, at the sight of the enthusiasm of the parish, began to fear for their dear treasure and had decided to pass at Mattaincourt only a single night. Their fear was well founded: possessing once more their good pastor, though lifeless, the people of Mattaincourt resolved to keep him at any price. What was the surprise of the poor canons the next day! They present themselves at the church to carry off the deposit which they had entrusted to it the evening before; but they must begin again at Mattaincourt the suit sustained at Gray: the inhabitants refuse to let the relics of their curé depart; they wish to keep the ashes of their Father in their midst, and no one, they cry, shall ever be able to tear them from them.

The good Fathers, quite repentant of their clumsiness, protest against the violence done them; but their words fall on insensible rocks: they see themselves forced to leave that dear deposit there. Nevertheless they do not hold themselves beaten: to carry it off from Gray they had obtained a favourable order from the court of Spain; they will solicit against Mattaincourt an order from that of Lorraine. They fly to Épinal, to Duke Charles: on both sides the cause is pleaded solemnly; the canons win, for the reason that he is their general, that he had as it were ceased to be curé of Mattaincourt, that it was the canons who followed the suit at Gray, and that it was they who brought him back from Burgundy. Armed with this document, they present themselves at Mattaincourt, they notify it to the commune, and ask that it be executed without contradiction. The men answer that they are disposed to obey the decree of His Highness, and that, out of respect for the authority of the prince, they will submit; but the women and children gather on the tomb, to guard the relics of their beloved pastor. Strong by their very weakness, stronger still by the weakness of their children, they press together in very close order. Armed force was employed, it failed; people yielded before the admirable bearing of the heroic and Christian women of Mattaincourt: to them the honour of having kept for their country the ashes of its protector.

The body of the good Father, in its double coffin, remained, until the month of September, exposed in the very midst of the choir of the church, on two trestles. Every day it was covered with fresh flowers, which embalmed it with their perfumes; candles were lit there without interruption, and a silver lamp burned there continually in his honour. It was in the power of no one to stop the enthusiastic ardour of the parishioners, nor to prevent the devotion of strangers, who thus forestalled the judgment of the Church. The concourse of the neighbouring populations ceased not, and two or three hundred pilgrims hastened there on feast days. At last the two coffins were enclosed in a third; a grave was dug in the middle of the choir, under the great crucifix, in the very place designated by the good Father in advance; the body was laid there, the earth was packed down, and the pavement replaced, without any inscription. Later, on an enormous tombstone, these two verses were engraved, whose sort of play of wit one could hardly condemn, because the accent of tenderness is felt in them:

Hic, sine corde jaces, Pastor venerande! Tuorum, Ne tibi quid desit, corda foveto sinu.

“Here rest, beloved pastor, thy venerated remains, far from thy heart, which another land keeps; that nothing may be wanting to thee, open thy bosom and receive the weeping hearts of thy children.” It is time now to enter into the detail of a great number of cures and other operations esteemed miraculous which he wrought during his life or which others obtained after his death, by invoking him or by piously using something that had belonged to him: there are counted dead raised, incurable maladies dissipated, fevers extinguished in a moment in the most violent ardour of their fit; persons suddenly delivered from the greatest perils, by imploring the help of this heavenly man whom they had known. We shall content ourselves with citing a few of the fittest to edify the reader on the power of the Blessed with God.

The last day of the month of May 1620, God declared publicly, for the first time, before men, the sanctity of His servant. The good Father was returning in the evening to Mattaincourt, accompanied by the honourable M. Jennin, curé of Châlons. Children were playing at the edge of a well from which they drew water; at the sight of the curé of Châlons, who was unknown to them, they ran away, except one little girl who tried to hold back the bucket in which they were drawing water; but the bucket dragged her with it into the well. A cry was raised in the street: “To the water, to the water!” but people ran up slowly, they disputed over the means of drawing out the child, they made several useless attempts, so that when they succeeded in finding her again she was dead. The father of the poor little one, who was a shoemaker, runs up, finds his child drowned, goes and throws himself at the feet of his good pastor, as if to demand his daughter back of him: “What shall I do, my Father,” he cries, “what shall I do?” And he: “Pray to God, my son, pray to God.” The child was carried to her father’s house, the man of God went back into his chamber, prostrated himself before the Lord, shedding abundant tears with fervent prayers; at the end of some hours the little girl had come back to life; put to bed, she slept, and the next day she came to school. Thirty-six years later she herself related her resurrection to the glory of God and the praise of the Father of Mattaincourt.

Another time, Mattaincourt was witness of a prodigy perhaps still more astonishing. A poor servant had a frightful ill in the knee, which reduced him to such an extremity that the physicians, to save his life, decided on amputation; the day was fixed, and the surgeons arrived. The good Father had run to the patient, and while awaiting the arrival of the operators, he had withdrawn apart and put himself in prayer. When they had come, the holy man went to meet them: “Ah! gentlemen,” he cried, “I beg you; defer your operation.” They approach the young man. “Eh! why,” adds the good Father in a tone full of gentleness, “why cut off the leg of this poor lad? There is not so much harm!” The physicians beg him to look closely, and to convince himself with his own eyes. The knee of the sick man is uncovered, the Father touches it lightly, and in an instant the ill disappears, before the eyes of the surgeons, motionless with admiration! Shut up in a cloister of Lunéville, where he was occupied with his great reform of the Canons Regular, the curé of Mattaincourt, in the course of the month of August 1623, was suddenly summoned to Nancy by the ducal court in alarm. The young prince who was afterwards Charles IV, sick with smallpox, was at the last extremity, and the good Father was begged to employ his credit and his prayers before the sole Master of life. The news of so grievous an accident, and the peril in which so precious a child found himself, afflicted him greatly and made him set everything to work to avert a fatal blow. He assembled his novices, publicly exposed the holy Eucharist, invoked all the Saints of heaven by the chant of the litanies, put his dear children in prayer; he wrote to his daughters, asking each of them for fervent prayers for the intention of the young prince. He, for his part, passed the night in the exercises of the most austere mortification. The next day two of his novices, going to visit him early in the morning, found him very gay and with a wholly smiling face. One of them took the liberty of telling him that he consoled them much by showing himself so joyful: “Ah!” said he, “it is because he will not die!” This word, which had escaped him, made him blush extraordinarily; his brow was coloured with a holy shame, as if he had, by this word, betrayed his dear humility. It was to be put to another trial: the poor curé planned to make his journey to Nancy on a peasant’s cart; but the court had provided for it; he had to undergo the honours of a superb carriage. Arrived at the capital, he was led before the bed of the prince, who conceived, on seeing him, so great a confidence in his merits that he said to himself, like the

woman of the Gospel: “If I do but touch his garment, I shall be healed.” The child gently advanced his hand and touched the robe of the good Father: from that moment the malady ceased its ravages; the dying boy entered into convalescence, and soon he was completely restored. The news of this marvel spread far, with the renown of the saint of Lorraine. Charles IV never forgot, in after years, him who was then his benefactor, and, in spite of his own aberrations, this prince always held him in profound veneration.

In 1630 an officer of the king, at Châlons, severely wounded in the right arm by an arquebus shot, had vainly applied to surgeons and physicians to obtain his cure. In spite of the most assiduous cares he was seen to be in danger of losing his life; at least the arm had to be amputated. At this news the sick man, a violent man, fell into a fury of a demon; he began to blaspheme, to curse, to deny God; in his despair he declared that he wished to die, and to die without confession. The religious of Our Lady, having learned from the physician the horrible state of this unhappy man, gave him some object coming from their holy founder, and engaged him to apply it to the sick man’s wound. The physician, a man of faith, did as they desired: he gently engaged his patient to place his confidence in God, to count on the prayers that were going to be made for him, and to implore his cure by the merits of the blessed Peter Fourier, then he applied the precious specific and went away. Returning to him the next day, what was his astonishment to find him entirely changed, asking God’s pardon and praying with all his heart! This man confessed, communicated devoutly; and his wound, on which nothing had been done but to apply the pious object, was perfectly healed. This officer, in gratitude, vowed himself to the good Father of Mattaincourt for the rest of his life, and always, from that time, he carried about him the precious relic to which he owed his salvation.

In 1663 a surgeon of Nancy, Peter Poirot, was attacked with a pleurisy which brought him to the gates of death; hoping nothing more from the help of men, he turned to the Author of life, and prayed Him, by the intercession of the venerable Fourier, to prolong his own. A linen cloth which had been in the use of the servant of God was laid on his head; he fell peacefully asleep, and on waking he found himself in full health. Eight years later, in 1671, the same man was seized with an unknown ill which swelled both his arms and his right leg, with intolerable pains; his tongue hardened and became covered with ulcers to the point that he could no longer say a word or swallow a drop of water. All human remedies were useless, and his desolate family expected to see him perish for want of breath and nourishment. The sick man thought again of him who once already had restored him to life; he swallowed, in a little broth, a hair of the good Father, cut into tiny pieces, and found himself on the spot radically cured. In 1670, on 17 October, two children, sons of Theodore de Huz, a magistrate of Toul, crushed by a large cask of wine which rolled over their bodies, giving no more sign of life, and abandoned by the physicians, were raised to life by the application of linens soaked in the blood of the Blessed: the next day they returned to the public schools and never felt any effect of this grave accident.

A shoemaker of the city of Mirecourt had a child, aged three years, crippled in all his limbs; every imaginable means had been employed to relieve him; there remained only the way of miracles. Faith made the parents of this little unfortunate take it; they made a novena of prayers, and asked for a Mass in the church of Mattaincourt. On the last day of the novena the child recovered the use of his limbs, and never afterwards felt any effect of this paralysis.

Two hundred and nine miracles were thus attested under oath at the process of the beatification of the blessed Peter Fourier. So Pope Benedict XIII, by the Bull of 10 January 1730, declared him Blessed, and authorized the faithful to render him public worship.

The blessed Peter Fourier is represented: 1st, with the rochet, or mi fax, the white cord worn in sash, badge of the canons regular; 2nd, distributing images of the Blessed Virgin and rosaries to little children to interest them in Christian doctrine.

Worship and Relics — Pilgrimage — Writings

In 1741 the general chapter of the Congregation of Our Saviour decided that for the future the feast of the Blessed, which formerly was solemnized on its proper day, 7 July, should be transferred to the Sunday, to give it more solemnity. This feast was celebrated in this manner, amid enthusiastic populations, until the time of the great French Revolution. At last came the terrible days, the days of blood and mourning. During this horrible tempest the ashes of the blessed Fourier rested in peace in their venerated shrine: for they were entrusted to the keeping of his children. The Catholics of Mattaincourt will deserve for ever the gratitude of the faithful for their eagerness to withdraw the precious deposit from devastating hands.

The worship of the blessed Peter Fourier ceased not a single instant, even in the most frightful moments of the Terror. Pious souls still came to Mattaincourt from the various surrounding provinces, and, unable to enter the places which kept his precious remains, they knelt on the cemetery which surrounds the church, or went to accomplish their pilgrimage under an ancient tree, near a fountain, called the tree and the fountain of the good Father. As for the faithful of Mattaincourt, they prayed and groaned in secret, like all the Christians of France, but they invoked unceasingly their holy pastor, to obtain an end to the frightful evils which weighed on the fatherland. Every year they celebrated the feast of the Blessed, having the august sacrifice of the altars offered in the silence of the night. Fairer days rose at last on our poor France. The relics of our Blessed were to resume their place in the choir of his church. They proceeded carefully to the recognition and exposition of the shrine in which they are enclosed. The faithful were able to continue their pious devotion, and several new favours were obtained. The epoch of the first centenary of the beatification of Peter Fourier was approaching. It was wished to make of it a solemn feast. The sun of 30 August 1832 lit up this fair day. In that same year a horrible scourge, cholera, spread over France an immense veil of mourning and desolation: it fell on Lorraine; it raged cruelly at Mattaincourt, and the terrified inhabitants thought not of imploring their good Father. Suddenly an idea of salvation appears, it circulates among the people like an electric spark: they fly in crowds to the foot of the holy pastor who so loved this desolate village, and the scourge from that time suspended and ceased altogether its ravages. At last, on 7 July 1853, Mattaincourt was the theatre of a splendid feast, that of the dedication of the magnificent church raised over the tomb of the good Father, by the care of M. Hold, curé of the parish, with the alms of the pious faithful of France, Belgium and the banks of the Rhine, and the subsidies of the State and of the commune. This fair manifestation of Christian art realizes, and beyond, all the hopes that had been conceived: we see there, resuscitated before our eyes, one of the architectural and monumental fairy-works of Christianity in the Middle Ages. The consecrating prelate was His Eminence Cardinal Mathieu, archbishop of Besançon, assisted by all the bishops, his suffragans. An immense crowd of ecclesiastical and lay pilgrims pressed in the enclosure of this admirable temple, and, in the midst of this vast audience, the panegyric of the Blessed was pronounced by the first of the religious orators of France, the Rev. Father Lacordaire. The good curé of Mattaincourt, the founder of the Congregation of Our Lady, the reformer of the Canons Regular, found a worthy interpreter in the illustrious disciple of Saint Dominic. Every year, on 7 July, the feast of the good Father is as it were the feast of the patron of the whole country; it is celebrated with a solemn octave, and on each day of the octave the crowd presents itself continuous and compact at the tomb of the Blessed. Not only at the time of this feast, but on all the days of the fair season, bands of pilgrims descend unceasingly from the mountains of the Vosges, or flow in from the plains of Franche-Comté, Lorraine and Champagne. We have said that the heart of the Blessed is preciously preserved at Gray; it rests there in a richly ornamented reliquary: every year, on the same day, it is exposed on the altar to the veneration of the faithful. The Ursulines of Amiens possess a relic of the Blessed. The writings of Father Fourier are: 1st, a manuscript on the Constitutions of the Order of which he is the founder; 2nd, another having for title: On Ecclesiastical Goods, and against the Abuse of those Goods; 3rd, a letter on the principal Duties of curés; 4th, an amplification of texts of holy Scripture, or The Way of Salvation; 5th, Conferences and Spiritual Discourses addressed to his religious; 6th, Rules for the young men enrolled in the confraternity of the Child Jesus. The additions we have made to the abridgment contained in the old editions of this work have been taken from a

history of our Blessed by M. the Abbé Chapia, of the diocese of Saint-Dié; from the Panegyric of Peter Fourier by the Rev. Father Lacordaire; and from the Analecta Juris pontificii.

Saint Edelburga, Commonly Called Aubierge and Adalberga, Third Abbess of Faremoutier, in the Diocese of Meaux (688)

This Saint was the daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles. Animated by an ardent desire to attain Christian perfection, she passed into France and consecrated herself to God there in the monastery of Faremoutier. It was an abbey of women, called in Latin Fars monasterium, from the name of Saint Fara, daughter of Agneric, one of the principal officers of the court of Theodebert II, king of Austrasia, who was its foundress. It was of the Order of Saint Benedict, depended on the diocese of Meaux and dated from 617. Saint Fara being dead, as also the first superior who succeeded her, Aubierge, whom her virtues had long rendered commendable, had the government of the monastery. She died there, loved by her religious, cherished by the poor, the infirm, and all who had known her. She has sometimes been painted holding in her hands the instruments of the Passion, and with a crown beside her. This attribute perfectly characterizes her who, for love of the heavenly Spouse, left pomp to put on the poverty of Jesus Christ. The name of Saint Aubierge is famous in Brie, because it is attached, though by a gross chronological error, to a Druidic monument called the Gable of Saint Aubierge. It is under this name that, on account of its shape, an immense block of sandstone is designated, which is seen at Beauteuil, in the arrondissement of Coulommiers, between the Yères and the Aubetin, on the culminating point of the plateau which separates these two rivers. It is about a hundred metres from the dam of the vast pond of the Rigauds and at the summit of that of Pierrefitte. Its height is 3 metres 50 centimetres above the ground; its thickness does not exceed 50 centimetres. Wide of 2 metres 25 centimetres at its base, it narrows little by little and ends in a point. One notices, at 80 centimetres from the ground, on the great face exposed to the south-east, a shallow groove of 3 centimetres in width which extends horizontally from one edge to the other. This stone, whose setting up is anterior to our era, belongs to the primitive monuments. It is one of those which are called Druidic. The proofs of the monumental character of this rock abound. Planted upright in a ground without roughness and softly undulating, it is distinguished by a special and grand stamp from the stones of the region, which, in their natural state, are found lying and covered by the vegetable earth. This contrast testifies to human intervention. At a time remote from our civilization, much art and force had to be deployed to raise on its edge a block whose weight, including the part sunk in the ground, cannot be less than thirty thousand kilograms. So the travellers who traverse the roads near the field where it is remarkable, solicited by its extraordinary aspect, approach it, and several, making of it a passport to posterity, have had the patience to engrave their names on it.

Another proof, independent of the physical conditions of the menhir, consists in the name which the region has borrowed from it. The land where it stands, one of the ponds that adjoin it, the oak woods that surround it, are called the field, the pond and the woods of Pierrefitte (petra fixa), a denomination in use for the designation of Menhirs. It is therefore true to say that doubt is not possible, since the thing strikes our sight, and the name which characterizes it our ears. Legend furnishes a new proof, though its tendency is to refer to Christianity a work which preceded it. — Saint Flodoberta, having finished her chapel of Amilis, wished to offer her sister Saint Aubierge, who was building hers at Saint-Augustin, a stone fit to constitute one of the gables of the edifice. She was carrying it on her shoulder when, half-way, the two sisters met. As Saint Aubierge told her that she had likewise finished her oratory, she let fall the stone become useless, which, by its own weight, entered the earth and remained standing there. This tradition, according to custom, makes a large part for the supernatural. Here the transport and erection of the rock are the deed of a religious woman who lets it fall on the road; elsewhere it is the work of a fairy accomplished under analogous conditions; elsewhere again it is the devil who, frightened at the sight of the virgin, abandons the stone he was carrying. The legend is necessarily apocryphal, since it presents Saint Flodoberta and Saint Aubierge as sisters and

contemporaries, whereas they lived a hundred years apart. Nevertheless we thought we ought to relate it, for we could not pass by a monument which the piety of the faithful attaches to the venerated name of Saint Aubierge without saying a word of it.

Godescard. — For more details on the Gable of Saint Aubierge, see *Archaeological Bulletin of Meaux*, 1866.

The Blessed Davanzato, Priest, of the Third Order of Saint Francis (1295)[1]

This holy priest was born about the year 1200 at Semifonte, near Florence, in Tuscany. His childhood was remarkable for the virtues of obedience, resignation and perseverance which shone early in him. He liked to frequent churches and to isolate himself in meditation, while his companions gave themselves to the noisiest games. His particular devotion to Saint Francis made him take, while still very young, the habit of the Third Order. Named to the cure of Barberino, he gave himself wholly to the salvation of the souls entrusted to him, preaching and teaching without relaxation the love of God and contempt of the things of earth. He dwelt in a humble house where he passed in prayer all the time he did not consecrate to the faithful. This fervour in prayer, the recollection he showed during the sacrifice of the Mass, proved well that he knew how to put into practice the holy teachings he gave. His charity became greater every day, he visited the sick not only in his cure, but also in the neighbouring parishes; poor pilgrims found a shelter with him, he offered them his own bed while he himself slept on the bare ground. All the revenues of his church he consecrated to the poor. He was often seen, at the hour of noon, distributing to them the meal that was prepared for him, reserving to himself only water and bread, which was moreover his habitual nourishment. God, in return, loaded him with His favours, as the numerous miracles he wrought during his life prove. A young man whom he had trained in the school of his high virtues served him as companion; he charged him to distribute to the poor his wine and his butter, and, though he did it often, the cask of wine was always full and the butter did not diminish; Father Davanzato was not astonished at it and remembered that word of the Lord: “Give, and I will repay thee.” The neighbouring priests who came to say the office in his church sometimes stayed to dine with him. One day when he had sent his companion to draw water at a neighbouring fountain, his guests were surprised to see this water changed into wine; they threw themselves at his knees, and, recognizing in him the elect of the Lord, asked his prayers.

Arrived at an advanced age, he often saw heaven half open before him. Some months before his death he heard the singing of the angels. One day when he was in his church with his companion, reading the litanies of the saints, he stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed on heaven in a holy ecstasy: “I hear them, my son,” he cried; and, as the other heard nothing, he took his hand and asked whether he heard now, and the young man heard a heavenly harmony which filled the sonorous nave of the church; but, when he had let go the hand of Father Davanzato, he heard nothing more. Meanwhile the holy religious desired fervently that his soul might at last free itself from its corporal prison to fly toward the heavenly fatherland. He felt, at the approach of his last illness, that his wishes were about to be granted. Surrounded by his desolate faithful, he gave them his blessing: “My heart is ready, Lord,” he said, his looks turned toward heaven, “I commend my soul into Thy hands,” and, in finishing these last words, he expired on 7 July 1295. At that moment the angels made songs of joy heard, and a divine music resounded in the astonished ears of the bystanders.

The gift of miracles was preserved to him after his death. A young water-carrier, who had been gravely hurt in falling from his mule, was carried to the tomb of Father Davanzato and miraculously cured. Several other sick persons were also cured spontaneously by touching his relics. His feast is celebrated every year at Barberino with great pomp. An altar of his church is specially dedicated to him, and on certain days of the year his relics are exposed there, which always work striking miracles.

Seraphic Palm-tree.

[1] He died at Eichstädt in his eighty-seventh year. He had been forty-five years a bishop. He was buried in his cathedral, where his holiness was attested by several miracles. Pope Leo VII canonized him in 938. Bishop Hildebrand built at Eichstädt, in 1270, a church under the invocation of Saint Guillebaud and transferred his relics there, which are still preserved there today. There is a part of them in the town of Furnes in Belgium.

[2] See his life on 5 June, volume vi, page 468.

[3] He was buried in his cathedral church of Urgel, and one still reads this epitaph on his tomb: "Under this stone rest the precious remains of Odo who was the pastor of Urgel and the honour of the city. Of illustrious birth, he added one more pearl to the crown of his ancestors. The Church calls him with reason her defender, for he possessed in an eminent degree knowledge, piety, charity, munificence."

[4] See his life on this day.

[5] See his life on 1 February, volume ii, page 207.

[6] See the life of Saint Véran on 11 November.

[7] See her life on this day.

[8] Ibid.

[9] See this day.

[10] See his life on 26 June, volume vii, page 344.

[11] We give his life on 21 October, the day on which he is specially honoured in the diocese of Reims.

[12] See his life on this day.

[13] *Ut corpus Christi in altari non imaginario ordine, sed crucis titulo componatur*. Others see in these words the following sense: "The loaves which are to be consecrated for the communion of the people must not be arranged on the altar in an arbitrary order, but in the form of a cross."

[14] Dominic Fourier married secondly Michelle Guérin, nurse of Christine of Lorraine, afterwards Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. By reason of this alliance he became an officer of the household of His Highness Charles III, and was ennobled by that prince on the 2 1591.

[15] *Alias:* Avanzato and Neavanzat.

8 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Saint Elizabeth, widow, queen of Portugal, illustrious by her virtues and by her miracles, and placed in the rank of the saints by Urban VIII.[1] — In Asia Minor, Saint Aquila and Saint Priscilla his wife, of whom mention is made in the Acts of the Apostles.[2] 1st century. — At Porto, in Italy, fifty blessed soldiers, martyrs, who, brought to the faith by the confession of Saint Bonosa, and baptized by Pope Saint Felix, were massacred during the persecution of Aurelian. About 274. — In Palestine, Saint Procopius, martyr, who, having been brought from Scythopolis to Caesarea, under the empire of Diocletian, was, from the first interrogation, to which he answered with much courage, condemned by the judge Fabian to have his head cut off. 303. — At Constantinople, the holy Abrahamite monks, who, for having resisted the Emperor Theophilus on the subject of the holy images, consummated their martyrdom. 832. — At Würzburg, in Germany, Saint Chilien or Kilian, or again Kulu and Kilian, bishop, who, having been sent to that place by the Pope to preach the Gospel, drew several idolaters to the knowledge of Jesus Christ; after which he was put to death with his companions Saint Colman or Colomau, priest, and Saint Totnam or Dotnam, deacon. 689. — At Trier, Saint Auspicius, bishop and confessor.[3] 5th century.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Toul, in the diocese of Nancy, Saint Auspicius, different from him whom the Roman martyrology names today. He is considered the fifth bishop of Toul: Sidonius Apollinaris speaks of him with praise. About 487. — At Braine-sur-Vesle, in the diocese of Soissons, Saint Evodius or Yved, archbishop of Rouen, whose sacred remains repose in that place. 550. — In the diocese of Nevers, Saint Ithier, bishop of that see, honoured chiefly at Nogent-sur-Vernisson (Loiret), where he was born. About the year 695. — In the diocese

of Versailles, Saint Theobald of Marly, abbot of the monastery of Vaux-de-Cernay (Vallès Cemaii or Sarnaii, Order of Cîteaux). He had a marvellous devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and it was he who obtained by his prayers children for King Saint Louis, to prevent his divorce from Queen Margaret his wife. 1247. — At Saint-Omer, in the diocese of Arras, Saint Grimbald or Grimbaud, confessor, first a religious of Saint-Bertin, of the Order of Saint Benedict, and then abbot of Winchester, in England. He made his great humility appear by the refusal of the archbishopric of Canterbury, which King Alfred, whose preceptor he had been, long urged him to accept. 903. — At Ghent, in Belgium, Saint Landrade, abbess of Munsterbilzen, in the country of Liège. She was niece of the Blessed Pepin of Landen and of Saint Arnulf, bishop of Metz. Desiring to remain a virgin, she had a little cell built for herself in the house of her parents, where she led a solitary and penitent life. All her time was divided between prayer, the labour of her hands and the visiting of the poor and the sick. Bread and water made her ordinary nourishment. Later she left her family and went into a wood, planted a cross in the place she had chosen for her dwelling and made herself a little cell there. The alms she gathered enabled her to build a church, which Saint Lambert, bishop of Maastricht, came to dedicate under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, in 670. Many young persons and widows then came to range themselves under the direction of the virtuous Landrade to imitate her examples and work at their salvation; she was then obliged to have cells built for them around her own, which gave birth to the celebrated monastery of Bilsen. The religious buried her body in the church of the monastery; later it was transferred to Wintershoven, where it remained nearly three hundred years. In 980 it was carried to the church of the abbey of Saint-Bavon at Ghent, which became afterwards a cathedral and where these holy relics are still found today. About 700. — Near Villepreux (Seine-et-Oise), in the diocese of Versailles, Saint Non or Nom (Nummus), confessor. — At Mémont, a neighbouring village and formerly an annex of Sombernon, in the diocese of Dijon, Saint Baudry, Beurry or Baldéric, shepherd. There was preserved not long ago in the abbey of Ogny (Ongiacum, Ogniacum, monastery of Canons Regular, founded in 1106, under the title of the Virgin, Saint Lawrence and Saint Nicholas), in the diocese of Dijon, his precious relics. About 709. — At Allonnes (Maine-et-Loire), in the diocese of Angers, Saint Doucelin, who was born in this parish, passed a great part of his life there and was its apostle. His relics were, until the end of the last century, the object of the veneration of the inhabitants of Varrains-les-Saumur, whither they were transferred under the reign of Henry IV. The Revolution profaned these precious remains, and it is not known what has become of them. 5th century. — At the monastery of Neumoutier (Novum monasterium, Order of Saint Augustine, under the invocation of Saint John the Baptist), the Blessed Peter the Hermit, first prior of the canons regular of that place, and preacher of the first crusade. 1115. — In the Limousin, the Blessed Mark and Sebastian, founders of the priory of Artige, and solitaries. Their life was extremely hard, and Mark, in particular, clad day and night in a coat of mail or iron cuirass, added to this rigour all the other mortifications that hatred of his body could suggest to him. Their cult has fallen. 12th century. — In the diocese of Saint-Dié, Saint Deodatus or Dié, whose life we have given elsewhere. — Again in the Limousin, Saint Vaulry or Valeric (Valericus), hermit and confessor. About 620. — In Périgord, Saint Amand, monk. Born in the neighbourhood of Limoges, of a noble family, he came to practise the monastic life in Périgord with Saint Sour and Saint Cyprian. He retired later into a forest near Terrasson where he founded a monastery. This place took his name later and became a celebrated house of the Order of the Augustinians, Saint-Amand de Coly (Sanctus Amandus de Coli, ancient diocese of Sarlat, present diocese of Périgueux). One can still see the magnificent Romanesque church of the 12th century, which is one of the most beautiful of the Sarladais.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Toulouse, Saint Raymond, confessor, who built a monastery of Canons Regular near that city, contributed to the development of the Order, and restored it by the example of his life and by his counsels. *Martyrology of the Benedictines.* — At Würzburg, in Germany, Saint Chilien or Kilien, bishop.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — In the diocese of Versailles, Saint Theobald, abbot of Vaux-de-Cernay, of the Order of Cîteaux.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Coimbra, Saint Elizabeth, widow, queen of Portugal, remarkable for her piety, her prayer, her patience, her charity and her chastity, who, under the habit of the Third Order, accomplished admirable works of humility, mercy and penance, and who, resplendent in miracles, flew to heaven on 8 July.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the ancient city of Almyride, in Scythia, the saints Epictetus, priest, and Astion, his disciple, both solitaries and celebrated in the annals of the Fathers of the desert; their life was only a tissue of miracles. They had their heads cut off during the persecution of the impious Diocletian. 295. — Among the Greeks, Saint Theodosia and twelve of her companions, martyrs; moreover, the saints Antiochus and Nicostratus, likewise martyrs; they all perished together by the sword. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, Saint Quartus and Saint Procopius, different from him whom the Roman martyrology names today and whose life we give. They suffered martyrdom together. — Among the Greeks, the saints Abdas and Sabas, martyrs. — At Sirmium, today Sirmich or Mitrowitz, in Pannonia, the holy martyrs Ostratus or Sostratus, Spire, Heraclius, Eperence and Cecilia, cited in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — In Sicily, the saints Pramane, Severus, Cornelian, and sixty of their companions, martyrs, cited by the same. — At Nicaea, in Bithynia, the holy martyrs Elade, Emine, Senator, Alethe, Sever, Honoratus, Encolle, Eleutherius, Fraton, Arthemius, Eudemine, Helias, Novase, Alope, and eighteen others, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Heraclea, the holy martyrs John, Apriante, Theologus, Glitere, Parent and Straton, Agrestus and Primale, cited by the same. — At Benevento, a fortified city of the kingdom of Italy, Saint Apollonius, bishop and confessor. He succeeded Saint Dore in the episcopal see of Benevento, but the persecutions of the enemies of the faith having forced him to leave his metropolis, he remained some time in a little cell which he built outside the walls of the city: from there he attended, as far as he could, to the duties of his charge. His remains were preserved under the principal altar of the cathedral of Benevento. 332. — At Milan, in Lombardy, Saint Ampelus, bishop and confessor. Already celebrated for his eminent virtues, he became more so by the gift of miracles with which heaven favoured him, both during his life and after his death. There was at his tomb an immense concourse of sick persons whose infirmities he had the reputation of healing. He died under Pope Agatho, and his sacred remains were religiously deposited in the basilica of Saint Simplician of Milan. 672. — In the ancient city of Dysenberg or Disemberg, in the territory of Mainz, Saint Disen or Disibod, bishop and confessor. He was born in Ireland at the beginning of the 7th century, embraced the monastic life, and made his name celebrated by his learning and his virtues, and above all by his zeal for the salvation of souls. After having drawn into the ways of perfection a great number of his compatriots, he betook himself to France about the year 652, and his exhortations produced admirable fruits in all the places through which he passed. The extraordinary success of his apostolic labours caused him to be raised to the dignity of regionary bishop. He founded, in the diocese of Mainz, a monastery which was called, from his name, Disenberg or Mount Saint-Disibod (Mons Sancti Disibodi, Order of Cîteaux), which became afterwards a collegiate church of secular canons. About 700. — At Constantinople, Saint Paul, surnamed the New, martyr. Being chief of the imperial militia, he sharply reproved the heretical emperor Constantine for profaning the images of the Saints. This act of courage won him prison: he was taken from it to be made to suffer all kinds of torments in the midst of which he rendered his spirit to God. The heretics threw his body into the fields that it might become the prey of wild beasts, but the Christians secretly carried it off; later it was transported to Venice, to the monastery of Saint George the Greater, where it is claimed to be still. 766. — At Nonantola, a monastery of the diocese of Modena, Saint Adrian III, pope. Roman by birth, he succeeded, in 884, Marinus, whom he imitated in his zeal for the defence of the faith against the impious Photius. He is honoured also at Siplimbert, in the same diocese. 885. — In Norway, Saint Summiva, called also Sumniva and Suniva, virgin and martyr, and her

companions. — At Città di Castello (Tifernum Tiberinum), in Italy, Saint Illuminatus, hermit, celebrated for his miracles. — At Glastonbury, in England, Saint Edgar, confessor and king of that country. 975. — At Sigestri, near Genoa, Saint Albert, confessor, Cistercian monk. He died at a very advanced old age: his body was deposited in a church dedicated under his name, outside the city of Genoa. — At Rome, the Blessed Eugene III, pope and confessor.[4] 1153.

Saint Procopius, Martyr in Palestine

303. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Roman Emperor: Diocletian.

Of all gains, martyrdom is the most precious that one can make, for one buys the kingdom of heaven for a little blood, and, in exchange for perishable and temporal goods, one receives an eternity of glory.

St. Gregory Nazianzen.

Here is one of the most illustrious martyrs who endured death in the cruel persecution of the emperors Diocletian and Maximian. His parents were among the first of the city of Jerusalem, rebuilt by the emperor Hadrian. His father made profession of Christianity, and died in peace in the faith of Jesus Christ and in the hope of eternal life. His mother, on the contrary, called Theodosia, was a pagan, and even extremely attached to the worship of idols. As she remained a widow, guardian of our Saint, who was then called Néanie, she failed not to bring him up in the worship of the false gods. When he was grown and in a state to bear arms, she led him herself to Antioch, to the emperor Diocletian, to beg him to take him into his service and give him an employment in his armies, assuring him that he was full of zeal for his prince and for the religion of the empire. No proposal could be made to this emperor more agreeable: he embraced the young man, complimented him on the good education, he said, which he had received from his mother, and promised to consider him and advance him according to his merits. In effect, the post of governor of Alexandria falling vacant, he provided him with it, and ordered him to betake himself thither as soon as possible, to exterminate all the Christians there. And as this new governor represented to him that this enterprise was very difficult and that he would never come to the end of it unless he were assisted by a great number of soldiers to prevent seditions, he gave him two troops of men-at-arms, whom he commanded to execute faithfully all his orders.

Procopius, surrounded by this militia, set out therefore from Antioch, and took the road to Alexandria, with the same design with which Saint Paul had formerly gone out from Jerusalem with letters of the pontiffs to go to Damascus. But He who had arrested the fury of that Apostle in the middle of the road, and from a persecutor had made of him a vessel of election, wrought with the same success in the soul of this same captain, and before he arrived at Alexandria subjected him to the yoke of His Gospel. In effect, as he was marching one night with his people, on account of the great heats which were not bearable by day, there came suddenly an earthquake, and in the midst of the thunderbolts and lightnings which fell and scattered all his company, he heard a voice which said to him: “Néanie, whither goest thou, and against whom marchest thou with so much impetuosity and fury?” — “I go,” he answered, “on behalf of the emperor, to Alexandria, to put to death all the Galileans (for thus, in contempt, the Christians were called), if they will not renounce Jesus Christ.” — “It is then against Me,” adds the same voice, “that thou goest to make war.” — “And who are you, Lord?” said this captain; “for I have not the honour of knowing you!” At the same instant a cross as of crystal appeared to him, and Our Lord replied to him from the midst of that cross: “I am Jesus Christ, Son of God, crucified.” This word, which had formerly converted Saint Paul, produced also a marvellous effect in the heart of this furious man; nevertheless he took still the boldness to speak to Him whose sign he saw, and said to Him: “I have learned from the emperor that the God whom the Christians adore has no wife: how then can you be His Son? And if you are so great and so noble, how comes it that you were condemned, scourged, crowned with thorns and crucified?” He spoke as a pagan and infidel; but Our Lord, enlightening him suddenly on the mysteries of His eternal generation, of His incarnation and of His death for the sins of men, so changed his heart that He made of him on the spot a true Christian. In effect, having betaken himself the

same night to Scythopolis, he sent for a goldsmith whom he commanded to make him a cross of gold and silver, according to a model which he traced for him. The goldsmith excused himself at first, because the cross being the sign of the Christians, the emperor did not permit any to be forged or cast in a mould: but, on the word the captain gave him never to betray him, he cast one, on which, by a great miracle, the image of Our Lord was found engraved at the top, with the word Emmanuel, and on the two sides the images of Saint Michael and Saint Gabriel, with their names.

Procopius, strengthened by this prodigy, consoled at carrying a cross upon him, passed to Jerusalem, the place of his birth, where the favour of the emperor and his new dignity of governor procured him a very magnificent reception. A few days after, the inhabitants complained to him of the tyranny of the Arabs, who came continually into the villages and the small neighbouring towns to carry off the young girls, whom they married or made their children marry. He promised to free them from this servitude; and, taking his cross with him, he took the field, went to attack these barbarians in their entrenchments, and killed as many as six thousand of them without losing a single man of his army. He saw well that this was a miraculous effect of the cross, the more so as Our Lord had assured him twice that he should be victorious by this sign. Meanwhile his mother, who knew nothing of his change, having embraced him after his victory, urged him to render thanks for it to the gods of the empire, and to offer them sacrifices for it. “It is not to them,” Procopius answered her, “that I am indebted for this great happiness, but to Jesus Christ crucified, whose divinity I have recognized and adored.” — “What say you,” replied his mother, “have you then renounced the worship and religion of our gods?” — “They are not gods,” said Procopius, “but insensible statues, which cannot hear our prayers, nor give us help in our needs and most pressing necessities.” Entering then the chamber where his mother had a certain number of idols, he overthrew them, trampled them under foot, broke them, and made of them gold and silver coin, which he distributed liberally to the poor. This action[1] threw Theodosia into an extraordinary fury. She renounced at that very hour all the sentiments of nature; and, without considering the love she owed to her only son, she went herself to denounce him as a Christian to the emperor Diocletian, who was still at Antioch. This prince consoled her, and made her hope that he would easily come to the end of bringing back her son to the religion of his ancestors. He gave her therefore a rescript, addressed to the prefect of Palestine, named Justus: “Having learned,” he said, “that Néanie, governor of the city of Alexandria, had embraced the superstition of Christianity, he ordered him to arrest him, to employ every kind of means to make him return to his duty, and, if he remained obstinate in his resolution, to deprive him of his dignities, and even of the military belt, and to make him pass through the most cruel torments.” Justus, having received this order, came to find Procopius, communicated it to him, begged him to read it, and, testifying to him the grief he would have if he were constrained to execute its tenor, conjured him to defer to it of himself, without putting him under the necessity either of robbing him of his fortune, if he disobeyed the emperor, or of ill-treating him in spite of all the respect and all the friendship he had for him. Procopius, without being astonished, took the paper which he presented to him; but, having seen in it execrable blasphemies against Jesus Christ, he tore it in pieces, and threw the fragments to the wind. Then, although he could defend himself against the prefect, and oblige him by force to retire, desiring nevertheless ardently to suffer for Jesus Christ, he renounced in his presence his quality of governor, threw him his baldric and put himself in his hands to be tried by all the torments that he pleased. Thus he who was yesterday at the head of a victorious army is today a captive and laden with chains; he whose benevolence and friendship were yesterday ardently sought is today abandoned by his own and despised by those very persons who regarded him as the author of their fortune. But the disciple of Jesus Christ esteems that he gains much in losing all for His glory, and that he is richer and stronger in having only Him alone than in possessing all the treasures and advantages of the earth.

Justus, having seized him, had him conducted to Caesarea Philippi, which was in his prefecture; there he had him scourged with such cruelty that there no longer appeared on his body any human form, and that, his skin and flesh having fallen in tatters, almost nothing but bones could be seen. Those who were present, touched

with compassion, chiefly on account of the high birth and youth of the sufferer, melted all in tears; but he had yet voice enough to cry to them: “I beseech you, my fathers and my brothers, not to weep for me, who shall gain by these torments an immortal crown; but weep for yourselves and for the loss of your souls, since, if you be not converted, you can expect only torments which will never end.” The constancy of the sufferer, the weariness of the executioners put an end to this torture: the Martyr was led back to prison. The jailer, named Terence, who had formerly received great benefits from Procopius, did all he could to relieve him; he made him enter the inner chamber, and, having wrapped his limbs with linens, laid him on fresh hay. But Our Lord consoled him far otherwise: for in the middle of the night two angels in human form came to see him on His behalf, to congratulate him on his combats and his victories. He asked them who they were; they answered him that they were angels sent by Jesus Christ: “Ah!” said then the holy Martyr, “I am not worthy that my Lord should have me visited by heavenly spirits; it is true that He once sent an angel to the three children of Babylon to preserve them from the burning furnace; but I, a sinner, what have I ever done in comparison with those innocent souls full of fervour? If then you are truly of Jesus Christ, adore now His divine Majesty, and make the sign of the cross upon yourselves.” They did what he wished, and filled him at the same time with an unspeakable consolation. Our Lord also made Himself seen by him with a face full of a loving majesty, and, having sprinkled him with water to baptize him, He changed his name of Néanie into that of Procopius, and restored him to perfect health, such as he was before his scourging. The Saint had no words to acknowledge so many benefits; but, in the sense of his weakness, he besought his Lord not to abandon him in the other combats he had to sustain. “Fear nothing,” Our Lord said to him then; “I shall be always with thee.” The next day a great number of persons were informed of this prodigy, and there were several who left the foolish superstition of paganism to embrace the worship of the true God. Justus, furious at this success, which was so contrary to his designs and the will of the emperor, had the Martyr appear before him, and ordered that he be led into a temple of the false gods to be constrained to adore them there. Procopius refused not to go; but, having entered, in sight of an immense crowd, he caused thirty images of the demons that were there to dissolve into water, by making the sign of the cross against them in the air. This new miracle produced still new conversions; two tribunes, named Nicostratus and Antiochus, and several soldiers of their troop had themselves baptized, and were beheaded a few days after by sentence of the prefect, as is marked in the Roman martyrology of 21 May. Twelve illustrious ladies, wives of senators, also had part in his triumph. They were first put in prison with him, that, as they were of the same religion, they might be also in the same torments. The Saint consoled them, strengthened them and kindled in their heart so great a desire to suffer something for the divine Master that they endured with joy the greatest torments: their bodies were torn with the whip, their sides and armpits burned with blazing torches, and their breasts cut off to the root, without their opening their mouth except to praise God and thank Him for having joined them to the number of His Martyrs. The mother of the admirable Procopius, who had followed him to Caesarea, was witness of so surprising a generosity. She regarded it at first only as an obstinate stubbornness: but she was afterwards so touched by it, grace working secretly in her heart by virtue of the prayers of her son, who offered his blood to Jesus Christ to obtain her conversion, that she despised in a moment all she possessed in this life: we mean pleasures, riches, honours, the friendship of princes and the abundance of a very opulent house, and published aloud before all the world and before the judge himself that she was and wished to die a Christian. As much as our Saint was consoled by this so unlooked-for change, so much was the judge irritated and reduced to despair by it. He tried all sorts of ways to corrupt her and make her return to her superstition; but, seeing that he lost his pains, he had her led to prison with her son and with the twelve ladies whose example had been so salutary to her. God permitted this little delay of her martyrdom only to do her the favour of receiving Baptism. Procopius took care to procure her this sacrament the following night, sending her, with the permission of her jailer, to the bishop Leontius, who had already baptized the tribunes and their soldiers. The grace of regeneration animated her courage still more: she came back from the church and re-entered the dungeon, burning with love for Jesus Christ, and with desire to expiate the blasphemies which she had before vomited against His divinity, by the most cruel death and the most violent tortures: when the judge had her

recalled before his tribunal, with her twelve companions, she appeared there with the same brilliance as if it had been to mount a throne. Neither the remonstrances of Justus, nor his promises, nor his threats, nor the sight of a thousand instruments prepared to hack her limbs and make her suffer a hell on earth, could ever shake her constancy. She was struck on the face, her whole skin was flayed, her sides were torn with hands and nails of iron, her jaws were broken with leaded cords: which was done also to the other holy ladies; but, instead of crying out and complaining, they did nothing but render thanks to God. The judge was in rage, spite and torture; and the sufferers, on the contrary, were in a holy joy. At last they were all condemned to have their heads cut off; which happened on 29 May, the day on which their triumph is marked in the Roman martyrology.

After this execution Justus, addressing Procopius, said to him: “Art thou not yet content with having been the cause of the loss of so many souls?” — “I have not been the cause of their loss,” answered Procopius; “but of their eternal salvation; for they were in the way of perdition, and they are now in the port of life and in a happiness which will never end.” Justus, outraged by this answer, commanded the executioners to throw themselves on him, and tear his face with hands of iron. They did so at once, like wild beasts that fall on a prey; but the Saint stirred no more than a statue: so that it was not known what one should admire more, the strength of the blessed Martyr or the barbarity of the judge. He showed the same firmness when his neck was scourged with cords armed with balls of lead, and when he was tried by other like torments: which obliged the prefect to send him back to prison. He did it to have time to invent new kinds of torments; but God gave him not the time: for, while he was thinking how to content his fury, he was seized with a violent fever which carried him off in a few days, and made him appear himself before the tribunal of Jesus Christ, whom he had so cruelly persecuted in His servants.

Before his successor had arrived, Procopius had a little respite, which he employed in exhorting the Christians, in converting the infidels and in driving out the demon from a great number of possessed. He whom Diocletian named in the place of Justus was Paulinus, who, in spite of his nobility and eloquence, had no less hatred of our religion, nor less blind complaisance for this prince, than his cruel predecessor. He undertook to win Procopius by reasoning, telling him “that he knew not how a man of intelligence like him could believe that God was born of a woman, and that He had been crucified and put to death by the hand of men.” Procopius, whom the Holy Spirit had admirably instructed in our mysteries, explained to him thereupon what we believe of the Incarnation of the Word, of the two natures in Jesus Christ, one of which is immortal, and the other was subject to death, and of the necessity of His Passion for the salvation of the world corrupted by sin. He confirmed this doctrine by the predictions of the Sibyls, who were in great veneration among the Romans, and also by the avowal, though forced, of Apollo and Ammon, whom the Greeks consulted as oracles. He showed him also the unity of God, not only by reason, but also by the testimony of the greatest philosophers, above all Trismegistus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Heraclitus, who all recognized that the multitude of gods absolutely destroyed the divinity. So judicious and learned an answer only embittered the mind of the prefect. He told Procopius to sacrifice promptly to the gods of the empire, instead of reasoning so much, if he did not wish to be treated still worse than he had been under his predecessor. The Saint mocked his command and the folly of his gods, which were only wood, stone, gold or silver, or else had been vicious men laden with every kind of infamy. Paulinus, unable longer to bear such constancy, commanded one of his guards to pass his sword through his body. This soldier set about obeying; but his arm lost all its strength and he himself fell to the ground. Thus Procopius was led back to prison, so laden with irons that he could not remain standing. It was then that this divine man addressed to God the excellent prayer which the author of his life reports to us: after having published His greatnesses and the effects of His power, and thanked Him for the infinite number of His benefits, he conjures Him to end at last his combats and to give him, by His grace, a holy perseverance.

Six days after, he was brought back before the prefect; there he was beaten with ox-sinews and then his wounds were burned with live coals; salt was also put on them and points of steel all heated red were passed over them. This torture was so terrible that it seemed to be beyond the most heroic patience. Meanwhile the Martyr, insulting the tyrant, said to him with incomparable strength: “Thou thinkest, Paulinus, to ill-treat me, and thou seest not that thou procurest me the greatest happiness I can receive: for what is sweeter to a soul that loves Jesus Christ than to suffer something for His love? In truth, if thou knewest this mystery, the hatred thou bearest me would hinder thee from tormenting me, so as not to do me so desirable a good.” Meanwhile Paulinus, whose fury went ever increasing, bethought himself of a frightful artifice: to make it believed that the Martyr had offered incense to the idols, he commanded that an altar be set up in his presence, and, having his hand stretched out by force, he had live coals and incense put on it, so that when he should let these smoking coals fall, it might be cried out that he had at last satisfied the will of the emperor. But, O admirable strength of Christian generosity! Procopius, notwithstanding the pain of the fire which roasted his hand, held it nevertheless always motionless, without ever shaking off the coals which tormented him so terribly. He raised then to heaven his eyes all bathed in tears, and speaking to God, said to Him with the royal Prophet: “Thou hast, Lord, held and stayed my right hand; Thou hast preserved my soul from sin, Thou hast wiped away my tears and strengthened me with Thy virtue from on high.” Paulinus said to him: “Since torments are so agreeable to thee, why dost thou shed tears?” — “I weep for my torment,” answered the Saint, “only as much as a mass of mud dissolves at the heat of the fire; but I weep for the misfortune of thy soul which, for thy unbelief, will be plunged into hell.”

A whole volume would be needed to express all the other tortures which this invincible athlete overcame. He was led back to prison; thence he was brought back to the tribunal, he was suspended in the air by the hands; in this state great blocks of stone were put to his feet, then he was thrown into a burning furnace whose flame consumed several of the executioners who approached too near; in a word, there was tried on him all that the malice of men can invent of the most cruel; but he came out of all these combats victorious and full of glory, and nevertheless so humble and so convinced of his weakness that he had continually his eyes toward heaven to implore its help. At last the final sentence of death was pronounced against him, and he was led to the usual place to be beheaded. Before the execution, having turned toward the East, he prayed God with much fervour for the whole city where he was, for the sick deprived of help, for the poor, the widows, the wards and the orphans, for persons tempted, afflicted and persecuted, and for every other sort of wretched. And he heard a voice which assured him that his prayers were heard and that his crown was wholly prepared. Thus he stretched out his neck to the executioner, who cut off his head on 8 July, some time after the abdication of Diocletian. His body was honourably buried by the Christians, and his memory was immediately afterwards marked in the registers of the Church. The Roman martyrology makes mention of him on this day.

Saint Procopius is represented: 1st, in the costume of a general of an army or at least of a superior officer, in his quality of soldier of the court of Diocletian; 2nd, thrown from his horse, like Saint Paul, when he was going to Alexandria to exterminate the Christians there; 3rd, perceiving in the sky, near Apamea, a cross which suddenly changes his heart from persecutor and which later assured him a brilliant victory; 4th, thrown into a great fire: it is told, in fact, that he was cast into the midst of the flames, but without suffering the least damage from them, and he perished only by the sword. *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. ii of July.

Saint Evodius or Yved, Archbishop of Rouen

550. — Pope: Vigilius. — King of France: Childebert I.

Pietas certissima vitae norma est et conversationis optima disciplina.

Piety is the most sure of life and the best rule of conduct.

St. John Chrysostom, Hom. xii on 1 Tim.

Before the country which is today called Normandy was occupied and erected into a duchy by the nations come from the North, it was already very religious and Catholic; it already had its bishoprics, its abbeys and its parishes, its Saints, its relics and its sacred vessels, and was known under the name of Neustria, one of the most flourishing provinces of Christendom. Rouen was its capital, not only for political power, but also for ecclesiastical authority, and it is certain that this city had had from that time bishops very considerable by their holiness, by their birth and the great charges with which they had been honoured in the State; among others, Saint Godard, Saint Ouen and Saint Ansbert. Saint Evodius or Yved was not of the least commendable; his father was called Florentin and his mother Celina. Florentin was a noble Frank, sprung from those first captains who had subjugated the Gauls and driven the Romans out of them. His valour and his piety corresponded perfectly to his nobility, and he had the fear of God so deeply imprinted in his heart that nothing was capable of turning him from his duty and making him commit an injustice. Celina, who yielded to him in nothing for the glory of her ancestors, was also a woman of great virtue, chaste, gentle, modest, charitable to the poor and the wretched, and an enemy of all disorder.

Our Saint, being born of so good a stock, toward the end of the reign of Clovis, gave at once marks of the holiness to which he was one day to attain. He had, in a body among the most beautiful and best made that could be seen, a mind so pure, so enlightened and so inclined to good that it was easy to recognize that God destined him to render Him signal services in His Church. Having been put under good preceptors, he made great progress there in a short time. As he grew in age, he was seen to grow in wisdom, in science, in devotion and in maturity of morals. Although he surpassed his companions in studies, he caused them nevertheless neither envy nor jealousy, because his prudence, his humility and his gentleness charmed them: they could look on him only with much respect, admiration and love.

At the age of fifteen he testified to his parents that the engagements of the world, and above all those of arms and the court, appeared to him insupportable, and that his inclination bore him to the ecclesiastical state. They had cast their view elsewhere, doubting not that he would become a great man of war or of State if he gave himself to the service of the prince; but, as they had the fear of God, and regarded His will as an inviolable rule of their actions, they would not oppose the movements which He put by His grace in the heart of their son. He received therefore the clerical tonsure and clothed himself in the habits proper to the condition he had chosen. Soon after, he was provided with a canonry in the cathedral church of Rouen, whither he betook himself in haste to acquit himself of the obligations of this holy profession. His angelic beauty, his grave and majestic bearing, the gaiety and serenity of his countenance, but above all his honesty, his modesty and his chastity, won him at once the friendship of everyone. He had nothing of the lightnesses nor the transports of youth. He was often seen in the churches; he assisted at the divine offices, both by day and by night, with a fervour and presence of mind which served as example to the oldest of that Chapter. He employed himself outside that time in all sorts of good works, that is to say in the study of the sacred letters, the meditation of divine truths, the succour of the poor and the afflicted, the visiting of prisons and hospitals, and pious pilgrimages to honour the relics and the memory of the servants of God.

While he was perfuming the whole city of Rouen by so pure and edifying a life, the see of that metropolis came to be vacant by the death of Flavian, whom some authors make the fifteenth bishop. It was then the clergy and the people who chose their prelates, although the consent of the king was necessary. The election on this occasion was not balanced: there was no one, whether among the ecclesiastics or among the laity, who did not ask Yved for pastor; everyone believed that the happiness of the diocese depended on so judicious and equitable a choice. Clotaire I, who reigned then, consented to this election, being well informed of the wisdom and fidelity of the holy Canon.[1] One cannot express the joy and acclamations of the whole of that great city when the new prelate made his first entry into it: the praises given him were not studied, but came from the filial heart which all his diocesans had for him. His conduct deceived not their expectation. He had been an excellent canon, he was a still better bishop. His new dignity served him as a spur to bear him

with more force than ever to the practice of all the virtues. The great affairs, which are inseparable from a prelacy as considerable as that of archbishop of Rouen, did not hinder him from continuing his assiduity at the divine offices. He even redoubled his prayers, his alms, his fasts and his other exercises of devotion. He failed in nothing of what can be required of a good pastor; he instructed his people by his preachings, he consoled them by his visits, he relieved them by his charities, he defended them by his power, he obtained for them the graces and blessings of heaven by his tears, and he corrected them by his wise reprimands: so he had the consolation of always having docile sheep, and of sowing in a good soil, which yielded with advantage the fruits of what he had cast into it by his word. God, to whom his humility was sovereignly agreeable, soon heightened his virtues by several miracles; he gave voice to one dumb from birth, by anointing his tongue with a drop of holy chrism, and by making over him the sign of the cross. A fire threatening the whole city with a general conflagration, because the houses were only of wood, he stopped it suddenly by his prayer and by another sign of the cross: which he could not keep secret, because at the very instant when he stretched out his hand, the flame was seen to go out and change into a thick smoke. He was so formidable to the demon that he drove him from the bodies of the possessed by his mere blessing, and without his needing to lay his hands on their head. Sometimes even he compelled this infernal spirit to leave them by imprinting on them this salutary sign with the point of his pastoral staff. All that he had carried or touched became miraculous and wrought supernatural cures: the very straw that was taken from his bed has often restored all sorts of sick persons to health. He gave alms abundantly to the poor; but, however little he gave them, it profited them far more than what they received from the charity of other persons, because it multiplied divinely in their purses or in their wallets, to make them know the merit and holiness of their almoner. Although this great man was desired in all places of France, where his reputation spread in a short time, he did not nevertheless go out of his diocese, being well persuaded that residence is necessary to the pastor to know his sheep and to apply a fitting remedy to their needs. But, as his flock was not all enclosed in Rouen, and he had a great number of sheep in the country parishes and the other towns, he faithfully fulfilled the obligation of making his visitations there, without relying on his vicars general and his archdeacons, and his care in this function was not only to reform the curés and priests and to correct the abuses which may slip into their ministry; but also to instruct the poor peasants, to insinuate piety into the most limited minds, to exhort them to penance and a good life, to confer on them the sacrament of Confirmation, to console, strengthen and relieve them in their ills, both bodily and spiritual.

It was in this labour that he found the end of his life: for having betaken himself to Andelys, seven leagues from Rouen, he fell ill there of a fever, and foresaw that he was about to pass from this life to a better. The principal persons of the clergy of Rouen, being warned of it, came to find him to have the happiness of hearing his last instructions. He received the Sacraments in their presence, and, having had them approach his bed, with the men of the people who could find place in the chamber, he made them a wholly paternal exhortation and explained to them how important it is to forestall the moment of death by a serious penance and by a life worthy of the august quality of Christians and children of God. After this last testimony of his love, he peacefully rendered his spirit to Our Lord, to receive the reward of his labours and his faithful administration: which happened on 8 July 550, as Farin, prior of Notre-Dame du Val, relates in his *Normandie chrétienne*. He says that he had been bishop fifteen years, having succeeded Flavian from the year 535; but, as Flavian subscribed to the fourth council of Orléans, held only in 541, the election of Saint Yved cannot be placed before that time, and it is necessarily so that either he was bishop less than fifteen years, or he passed 550: which is not beyond reason, provided it be not advanced to the year 557, the epoch at which Saint Pretextatus, his successor, subscribed to the third council of Paris. The monk of Saint-Evroult makes of Saint Evodius a very fair eulogy, saying that this pious bishop rendered himself considerable by his eloquence and by his courage; by the purity of his morals; by his prudence, by his piety and by his modesty:

Eloquiis plenus sanctus successit Evodius, Fortis et innocens, prudens, pius atque modestus.

The body of our blessed Prelate was carried back with much solemnity to Rouen, to be buried in his cathedral. At his entry the doors of the public prison opened, and thirty criminals, whose irons broke miraculously, were delivered. Other miracles were also wrought in the church: it was remarked that four blind men and eighteen lame were cured.

Worship and Relics Under the second race of our kings, the Normans having descended on the country of Neustria, and sparing neither the living men, nor the sepulchres of the dead, nor the relics of the greatest servants of God, whose religion they had not yet embraced, the sacred remains of Saint Yved were saved from their hands and transferred to the town of Braine, on the river Vesle, in the diocese of Soissons. They were deposited in the collegiate church of the château. Later, in 1130, André de Baudiment, become lord of Braine, and his wife, Agnes of Champagne, resolved to build, to enclose the body of Saint Yved, a vaster and more majestic sanctuary.

In 1153 a confraternity of Saint Yved was erected, composed of the most notable burgesses of the country. They alone were in possession of lowering the shrine of the Saint. In 1844 Mgr de Simony, bishop of Soissons, re-established this confraternity.

The church of Saint-Yved, closed during the revolution, was on the point of being demolished. Restored in 1828, it was not given back to worship until 1837.

From the middle of the 9th century until the French revolution, and from the revolution until today, the relics of Saint Yved or Evodius have always remained at Braine. The present church, begun in 1180 and finished in 1216, was built only to deposit more honourably the body of Saint Yved or Evodius; and in fact, in that same year 1216, the archbishop of Reims, Albéric, and Haymard of Provins, bishop of Soissons, solemnly transported, from the old church to the new, the coffer enclosing the body of Saint Yved. — In 1244, Gerard, abbot of the monastery of Braine, put the body in a new shrine, in presence of the bishop of Soissons, Raoul, and the bishop of Laon, Garnier. — His veneration for this holy relic was so great that the church, although dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was from then called the church of Saint-Yved. — In 1650 the sacred edifice was invaded by men of war; but they respected the shrine of the blessed Archbishop of Rouen. Dom Martène was present, in 1718, at the procession in which the shrine of Saint Yved was carried. Hugo, abbot of Estival, attests, in 1734, that the body of Saint Yved was revered at Braine. Several old men still living at Braine attest that they always saw, before the revolution, this shrine venerated by all the faithful. — It was a masterpiece of sculpture and goldsmith’s work. It was of gilded silver, one metre sixty centimetres long, and surmounted by an elegant little belfry. The sides were divided into small niches, each furnished with statuettes in vermeil. In the middle niche was the statuette of Saint Yved. This shrine was placed at the back of the apse and above the high altar. It is there that the revolutionaries came to take it to drag it through the streets of Braine. They broke it under a great gateway, at the corner of the rue du Martroy, and the fragments were sent to the Mint. Several of the faithful hastened to gather rapidly some of the holy bones and handed them to the Abbé Maugras, then fulfilling the functions of curé. M. Maugras transmitted them to M. Soher, the first curé-dean of Braine after the Concordat. His successor, M. Petit de Reimpré, after a serious inquiry, had their authenticity recognized by M. Leblanc de Beaulieu, bishop of Soissons (1813), who called in a physician to name the preserved bones. The prelate took a portion for his cathedral, where they form part of the treasury of the church. — On 16 and 17 October 1865, the archbishop of Rouen, Cardinal de Bonnechose, having had himself preceded by two magnificent shrines which the metropolitan church of Rouen offered to the church of Braine, came to receive solemnly the portion of the relics of Saint Yved or Evodius which the bishop of Soissons and the curé of Braine consented to part with, that is, an iliac bone, an entire femur, the two thirds of a humerus and two fragments of the skull. — The church of Braine still keeps of Saint Yved a fragment of a humerus, an entire femur, an entire iliac bone, two pieces of the skull and five little bones of the hands and feet. *Acta Sanctorum*; notes furnished by M. Henri Congnet, dean of the chapter of the cathedral of Soissons.

Saint Vaulry or Valeric, Hermit and Confessor in the Limousin

620. — Pope: Boniface V. — King of France: Clotaire II.

Eremitae perfectio est exutam mentem a cunctis habere terrenis, eamque unire cum Christo.

The perfection of the solitary consists in detaching his heart and his mind from all the things of earth, to unite himself with all his strength to God.

John Cassian, Conf. xix, abbot John.

Saint Vaulry or Valeric was born about the year 530, in the province of Reims, of noble and Christian parents, who took the greatest care of his education. Valeric showed early of what he would be capable and made rapid progress in science and virtue; from his tender age he would have been taken for an old man, so wise, grave and prudent was he in his words and actions. So God took pleasure in rewarding then his purity, his gentleness, his piety by the gift of miracles. Valeric, fearing the sin of vainglory, thought of leaving his country and resolved to go and honour the relics of Saint Martial in the city of Limoges (about 565). Arrived at the sepulchre of the great Apostle, he passed long days there in prayer, vigils and fasting, supplicating him to make known to him the will of God concerning him. The canons of Limoges, delighted with his piety, offered him a solitude about ten leagues north of that city, in a place where was built afterwards the church of Saint-Julien, martyr, and which gave birth to the town of Saint-Vaury.[1] It was there that he had a cell built for himself at the foot of Mount Bernage, anciently Benoarge, a cell in which he passed all his life in prayer, orison, fasting, vigils and all the other exercises of penance. More than once he had to undergo the terrible assaults of the demon, who tried to discourage him and represented to him the advantages and honours he would have had in the world if he had remained in it, and that without having to fear for his salvation. Valeric then redoubled his prayers and mortifications. But God could not leave so many virtues without reward, nor hide from the world so brilliant a light. Soon the sick and infirm of every sort came in crowds to the cell of Saint Valeric; to some he restored bodily health, to others he lavished the counsels and consolations of which their mind and heart had need, and all returned praising and glorifying God, who is admirable in His Saints. Thus Valeric passed on earth doing good, and arrived at an extreme old age. He fell asleep in the peace of the Lord on 10 January, about the year 620. All the sick who were present at his death were cured by his intercession. He was buried in the church of Saint-Julien, martyr, which he had so often and so religiously visited, and where he continues his miracles in favour of those who come to invoke him.

The solitude of Saint Valeric is still a place of pilgrimage; there is venerated a grotto where he often went to pray, and which is called the Cradle of Saint Valeric. M. Siryeix, curé-dean of Saint-Vaulry, has planted a cross there. No glory is comparable to that which God gives to His Saints, even in this world. Many centuries have elapsed since the passage of Saint Valeric in our regions, and his memory is there still as living: *In memoria aeterna erit justus.* The precious shrines which contained the relics of our Blessed escaped the vandalism and profanation of the Revolutionaries through the care of Doctor J.-B. Loriol, formerly prior of the white penitents. The church of Saint-Vaulry possesses also a statue without any artistic merit, and precious only for the Saint whom it tries to represent. It was hidden at the estate of La Valette; and all still tell that the terrible storm which, at that epoch, ravaged these regions over an extent of twenty-five leagues, respected the estate of La Valette alone. The feast of Saint Valeric is celebrated with much pomp, on 8 July and the following Sunday. According to an ancient usage, the bells are chimed when the holy Wonder-worker has granted some signal favour, otherwise they are rung in full peal. This usage comes, it is said, from the bells ringing of themselves at the moment of our Saint's death.

Hagiological Annals of M. Ch. Barthélémy.

Saint Chilien or Kilian, Bishop of Würzburg, in Germany, and Martyr[2]

689. — Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Theodoric III.

Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona! How beautiful are the feet of those who announce the Gospel of peace, the Gospel of true happiness!

Rom. x, 15.

Saint Kilian was an Irish monk, who sprang from a family illustrious by its virtues as much as by its nobility. From his most tender infancy he was brought up in the fear of God and in human sciences, in which he made rapid and serious progress. It is told that when quite young still, when he meditated on the love of Jesus Christ, who shed His blood on the cross for our sins, his soul flew, so to speak, from the earth; for this holy inspiration inflamed his heart with the desire to carry the light of faith to the pagans who were still plunged in the darkness of death, and to plant the standard of redemption among these unhappy slaves of sin. But his parents and friends strove, by all sorts of instances and observations, to weaken this project in him and to direct his zeal toward other objects. Nothing availed.

Distant missions attracted this ardent soul, for which the mortifications of the cloister were not enough. Accompanied by the priest Colman and the deacon Totnam, Kilian crossed the Channel, traversed the western and eastern provinces of Gaul, as Saint Columbanus had done before him, passed into Germany and came to settle on the banks of the Main, in a borough then called Herbipolis, today become a great city under the name of Würzburg. The population was still pagan. Kilian and his companions soon learned the language: the descendant of the Irish kings proposed to evangelize these regions, but would not undertake it before having received the mission from the sovereign Pontiff. He set out therefore for Rome. “The Roman Church,” say the acts, “was then presided over by Gonon, venerable pontiff, profoundly versed in divine and human letters, vigilant administrator, faithful dispenser of ecclesiastical functions. He received the man of God with joy, and rendered thanks to Providence, which raised up in the remote islands of the Ocean new missionaries and doctors. He conferred on Kilian episcopal ordination, and charged him to preach the faith of Jesus Christ to the Germanic peoples.”

On his return the missionary bishop passed through the city of Meaux, where Saint Faro spoke to him of the Irish hermit Fiacre, the wonder-worker of the banks of the Marne; Kilian visited this compatriot, in whom he recognized one of his near relatives. The interview was touching, and revealed the origin and birth, till then unknown, of the pious hermit. Fiacre besought Kilian to remain some days with him, says the hagiographer, so great was his joy at being able to speak of his country and his family, so long abandoned. Kilian lent himself to his desire. The two saints passed therefore together delightful hours, not only in speaking of the memories of the earthly fatherland, but in conversing of the joys of heaven. At last, commending themselves each to the Lord, they gave each other the kiss of peace and parted, never to see each other again here below.

The first conquest of Kilian at Herbipolis was that of the duke of Franconia, Gozbert, soon followed by the conversion of the whole tribe. But the pious missionaries were to pay for this victory with their blood. Gozbert, before his conversion, was married to his sister-in-law Geila. When he was baptized, the bishop warned him of the irregularity of his union. The duke, surprised at first at this exigence of the Christian law, ended by finding it what it really is, that is, eminently preservative of the holiness of the domestic hearth. He thought therefore of repudiating Geila, when this vindictive woman had Kilian and his two companions, the priest Colman and the deacon Totnam, murdered during the night (8 July 869).

The executioners buried the bodies of the martyrs with the furniture, books and garments which had belonged to them. Geila had given this order, reserving to herself to spread the rumour that the three strangers had spontaneously taken flight, and that it was not known what had become of them. Such was in fact the official version which they tried to make prevail. But the crime had had for witness a pious Christian woman, named Burganda, who had scrupulously noted the place where the martyrs were interred. Their relics were transferred, in the following century, by Bishop Burchard, into the cathedral of Würzburg. As for

the murderers, one of them died a prey to fits of madness, confessing his crime; the other drove his sword into his own breast, Geila went mad. She went about repeating these words: “Kilian! Kilian! thy name means chalice, but it is poison that thou pourest into my entrails!” At last Gozbert, dethroned by his own children, perished by the dagger of a slave.

Saint Kilian is represented: 1st, with a sword in his hand, or his breast pierced by a dagger, to recall his martyrdom; 2nd, in a group, with his two companions, Colman and Totnam.

Acta Sanctorum, vol. ii of July, translation of the Abbé Darras, in his *History of the Church*; — Cf. Godescard, Brussels edition.

Saint Grimbald or Grimbaud, Religious of the Abbey of Saint-Bertin, in the Diocese of Arras[1]

About 903. — Pope: Leo V. — King of France: Charles III the Simple.

Verae virtutes nisi in eis quibus vera inest pietas esse non possunt.

True virtues cannot exist except in those who possess a true piety.

Saint Augustine, De civitate Dei.

One of the most learned and holiest religious that the annals of Saint-Bertin present in the ninth century is Grimbald, who passed the greater part of his life in that abbey. Authors are not agreed on the place where he was born. Meyer, in his annals of Flanders, says that it was at Tournai; others believe that it was at Tournehem or even at Thérouanne. This last opinion appears more probable, above all when one considers that his parents, who were full of religion, placed him, from the age of seven years, in the monastery of Saint-Bertin, that he might be formed there to the practice of good. Gotzelin, one of the historians of this illustrious abbey, speaks of him in these terms: “Like a new Samuel, Grimbald devoted himself to the worship of the Lord from his most tender infancy. Brought up at Saint-Bertin, in the school of all the virtues, having a taste only for the things of heaven, he became a perfect man, and was for the angels a ravishing spectacle. Who could describe all his virtues? Nature had lavished on him outward graces. He had an unalterable goodness and gentleness. His conversation was in heaven. All earthly objects were insipid to him, and he testified for them only contempt. Holy reading and orison were his principal occupations; it was always with pain that he was obliged to abandon them. He declared a continual war on the infernal powers who tried to corrupt his heart; he combated them with the arms which his innocence gave him.” Such was the conduct of Grimbald from his first years.

According to the computations of the Bollandists, Saint Grimbald was nineteen years old when Abbot Hugh received him, as a religious, in that monastery where he had passed his childhood and adolescence. He became at once for his brethren an accomplished model: so his superiors were not slow to raise him to the priesthood. Grimbald lived tranquil in his dear community of Saint-Bertin, when Alfred the Great invited him to come and communicate, to religious whom he had gathered after the disasters of the Danish invasions, the treasures of his science. This request of the king of England astonishes little when one knows that this prince, on returning from a journey to Rome, stopped at the abbey of Saint-Bertin, where he had occasion to appreciate the virtue and learning of Saint Grimbald. Moreover this monarch, since he had been on the throne, kept up a correspondence by letters with Fulk, archbishop of Reims, and formerly abbot of Saint-Bertin. Grave authors assure us that it was on this occasion that the following letter was written, which is found in the annals of England, published by Alford. It contains the fullest eulogy of the blessed Grimbald, addressed to the king by Fulk himself. Here are some passages: “You ask us, King Alfred, one of our own and in particular Grimbald, priest and religious, that he may be employed to drive out the wolves which have penetrated into the flock of the Lord, and that he be charged as pastor with the government of souls. The

whole community renders good testimony to this religious, who, from his most tender infancy, has been nourished by it in the true faith and holy religion, and whom, according to the rites of the Church, it has raised successively to the different orders up to the dignity of the priesthood. It even judges him very worthy of the pastoral charge and fit to instruct others in the truth. We should have preferred that he did it in this kingdom, our fatherland, and, by the will of God, we were disposing ourselves to employ him on the first occasion. Our desire was to have as collaborator in our ministry and as a very prudent coadjutor in the accomplishment of our duties him whom we regard as our most faithful son; this is why it is not without a profound grief that we suffer him to be torn from us and so great a space of lands and seas to separate him from us. Moreover, charity knows no prejudice, nor faith any damage, and there is no interval which can separate those whom the bond of true charity unites; this is why we acquiesce in your request, we who could refuse you nothing…"

Saint Grimbald went therefore to King Alfred, who received him with honour. Almost at once the monarch assembled at London a council of bishops, abbots and the principal personages of the kingdom. Saint Grimbald was present. At the king's request he delivered a remarkable discourse on the dignity of human nature, which God, in His goodness, deigned to create in His image and likeness. Then he showed how, by the ingratitude and sin of our first parents, this dignity fell and was annihilated. He added next several considerations to turn his hearers from carnal passions, and recall them to a holy, grave, chaste and severe life, to greatness of soul and a generous contempt of all earthly things. He awakened in them the memory of the benefits which God had granted them as well as all men. And in order to remove them still further from vice and to excite them more efficaciously to virtue, he recalled to them the rewards promised to the just and the eternal punishments reserved for sinners. This discourse was listened to religiously and produced abundant fruits in souls. All blessed the Lord and thanked Him for having sent to them a man so holy and so versed in the knowledge of His law.

During his stay in England Saint Grimbald corresponded successfully to the intentions of King Alfred. He taught the sacred sciences in the university of Oxford, founded or at least re-established by this great monarch. It appears even, according to the annals of Winchester, that the humble monk of Saint-Bertin was the first chancellor of this so renowned school. Saint Grimbald passed several years there, as also the religious who had followed him. In spite of his eminent learning and the superiority of his method, he could not satisfy the narrowly jealous mind of some men. Their pretension moreover of continuing a first school, which, if they were to be believed, went back to the epoch when Saint Germanus of Auxerre came to England, inspired them with an aversion, an opposition even, which easily finds its explanation in national self-love. Witness of these malevolent dispositions, Saint Grimbald, who sought only the glory of God, withdrew and returned to his dear abbey of Saint-Bertin, where his presence was about to become necessary.

In effect, shortly after his return, Abbot Rudolph died, and the count of Flanders, Baldwin II, sought to seize the monastery by imposing himself as abbot, as he had already done elsewhere. Saint Grimbald showed then great presence of mind and an admirable disinterestedness. Deputed to King Charles the Simple by his brethren, who had entire confidence in him and whom he had directed since the death of Rudolph, he declared to this prince that all the religious were disposed to leave their abbey to seek an asylum elsewhere, if he yielded to the unjust pretensions of Baldwin. The monarch, struck by the rare merit of the man of God who spoke, wished to name him himself abbot of Saint-Bertin, but Grimbald refused, and understanding that to impose upon the count of Flanders and not yield to his violences a man of great authority was needed, he proposed to the king the blessed Fulk, who, on more than one occasion, had already resisted that lord. This counsel was accepted, and the archbishop of Reims named for the second time abbot of Saint-Bertin. It is seen in the life of this prelate how he perished by the hand of assassins, a victim of his love for the Church and of his fidelity in defending its rights. At the news of this murder, Saint Grimbald understood that Baldwin, oppressor of ecclesiastical liberties, would not stop at his first victim, and that he would seek to

reach himself. He learned soon, in fact, that they were about to set out in pursuit of him, and in order to accomplish the word of the Saviour, who commands to flee from one place to another when persecuted, he returned to England to King Alfred. The monarch received him with joy, and named him soon afterwards abbot of the monastery of Winchester which he had just built. It is there that this pious child of Saint-Bertin continued, up to a very advanced age, the holy works which he had practised from his infancy. Feeling that his end approached, the venerable old man asked the Lord that it might please Him to send him a long and painful infirmity which would purify him of his least stains and prepare him to enter the heavenly city. His prayer was heard: an acute malady with which he was seized gave him the means of suffering for God and of offering his children the most touching example of patience and resignation. Saint Grimbald gave his soul to his Creator on 8 July 903 or 904, in his eighty-third year. His body, deposited in the monastery of Winchester, was not slow to receive there the homage of the faithful, who all had a high opinion of his holiness. From the middle of the following century the following prayer is read, which supposes that the memory of the holy abbot was already being celebrated: “Bless, Lord, all this people, assembled for the solemnity of the most blessed confessor Grimbald, and grant that, being strengthened by his shining examples, it may merit to be inscribed in the book of eternal beatitude.”

Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombe [asterisk in the printed text, no note]. — Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*, 8 July; *The Legendary of the Morinie*.

Saint Theobald of Marly, Abbot of Vaux-de-Cernay,[1] in the Diocese of Versailles

1247. — Pope: Innocent IV. — King of France: Saint Louis.

Never did a Saint, after Saint Bernard, love the Blessed Virgin more, and if it is true that he who invokes Mary is assured of his salvation, there is no doubt that Saint Theobald is admitted into the eternal tabernacles.

Anonymous: Eulogy of Saint Theobald.

Theobald was the son of Bouchard, lord of Marly, of the ancient house of Montmorency, and of Matilda or Mahaud of Châteaufort, persons equally noble and virtuous. Marly was the place of his birth and education. He was the eldest of three boys and a girl, great-grandson of Matthew, first of the name, constable of France under Louis the Young. He was made to learn very little of the polite letters, but all the exercises proper to the nobility of that time; he became very skilful in them: there was none who knew better how to ride and bear arms, nor who distinguished himself more in public games, ring-races and tournaments. Nevertheless he neglected not piety, and above all he had a singular devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, whom he honoured as his good Mother and dear Mistress: it was also this devotion which gave occasion for his entire conversion. For, going one day to a celebrated tournament, where several lords were to contend against him, as he passed before a church he heard a Mass ring; he dismounted, entered the church and heard the whole Mass with the more devotion as it was celebrated in honour of the Blessed Virgin; after Mass he spurred toward his companions; but he was much surprised to see them come to meet him to compliment him on the victory he had won in the games. He testified at first some astonishment; but recognizing at once, from what they said, that his good angel had taken his figure and had jousted in his place, he explained himself no further. Withdrawing then into the church from which he came, after having rendered thanks to the Mother of God for so signal a favour, he made a vow to leave the world and renounce all the grandeurs and satisfactions which the age promised him.

The abbey of Vaux-de-Cernay was then very flourishing. Our Saint retired there; scarcely had he taken the habit when all the religious virtues were seen to shine in him. His companions, who could not follow him, admired his modesty, his silence, his humility, his fervour, his assiduity in prayer, and above all his gentle

and pliable spirit, which was like soft wax in the hands of his superiors. The oldest blessed God for having sent them a young man who joined to the nobility of his blood and the perfections of his body a soul so well born and so many rare spiritual qualities. As he had hardly studied at all, a master was given him, who taught him in a short time what is learned in the public schools. His virtue ever growing with age, he was elected prior of the monastery, and, some time after, Abbot Richard, under whom he had exercised this charge with a singular prudence, having died, he was put in his place. He resisted for some time this inclination of his brethren; but, unable to make them change their resolution, he was obliged to yield to their urgent prayers. As they had elected him only after a long trial of his justice and charity, they had no cause to repent of their choice. They had in him a wise, vigilant, merciful superior, full of compassion for the needs of his brethren and always ready to succour them.

Theobald did not think that the abbot should have other rights and privileges than to be the example of his house, and to surpass the other religious in all the monastic virtues as much as he surpassed them in dignity. His humility was so prodigious that there was no employment in the monastery, however vile, to which he did not abase himself with joy. He often charged himself with lighting the lamps of the church, the dormitory and the infirmary; he cleaned the shoes and habits of his brethren; he sang in choir, in his turn, the responsories which are ordinarily made the youngest clerics sing. He made no difficulty of serving as assistant to the masons, and of carrying stones and mortar on his shoulders to advance the buildings of his convent. In short, he was so poorly clad that he surpassed in that the last of the lay brothers. These practices of humility being known in the Order of Cîteaux, the abbots made him a reproach for them in the General Chapter, where his quality obliged him to be present; but he closed their mouths at once by telling them that "they would not reprove him and would find nothing to say against his conduct if he had come well mounted and they saw him in a precious and brilliant habit."

What made him especially admirable was his devotion and tenderness for the Blessed Virgin; he thought continually of her; and he had the skill to refer to her glory all he said and all he did. When books were written for the choir, he wished her name always to be formed in red letters; when he heard it pronounced, his love made him say these fair words: "Sweet Name of the blessed Virgin, venerable Name, blessed Name, ineffable Name, Name lovable through all eternity." If he passed before the high altar, where the Blessed Sacrament was, he said with a heart full of joy: "Blessed be Jesus Christ, Son of God, who by His temporal birth has filled with an unspeakable glory Our Lady, His most worthy and most glorious Mother." He was told one day that there might be excess in this affection for the Virgin Mary, because it seemed that he divided his heart between God and her, and that Jesus Christ had not entire possession of it. But he satisfied this complaint by an answer as Christian as modest: "Know," said he, "that I love the Blessed Virgin as much as I do only because she is the Mother of my Lord Jesus Christ; that if she were not, I should not love her more than the other holy virgins. So it is Jesus Christ Himself whom I love, honour and revere in her." He added that he doubted not at all that she was raised above all the angels and all the elect, and that she merited, consequently, to be loved above all things after God.

This great love often merited him the sight, the converse and the holy caresses of this august Queen. He was also one day consoled by a vision of the most adorable Trinity, and he learned on this occasion that God took a singular pleasure when the canticle of the three children of the furnace of Babylon was sung with fervour. The abbot of Clairvaux bore witness to this fact after the death of Theobald, at the ceremony of the elevation of his body. His prayers were so efficacious that they obtained of God all he asked of Him. We have two memorable examples of it. One day a novice of his monastery, violently tempted, wished to renounce the religious life: the master of novices omitted nothing to make him know that it was an artifice of the demon; but it was in vain. The holy abbot went to find him himself, and, in the fervour of his zeal, said to him all that a father full of charity can say to his child to prevent him from being lost; but he gained nothing. At last he begged him to wait at least till the next day to execute so fatal a resolution: which he obtained only with pain.

After Compline he put himself in prayer for him, and continued it throughout the night, but with such success that the next day the novice was found so changed, so confused at his lightness, so resolved to persevere in his vocation, that he protested he would not go out for all the treasures of the world. Queen Margaret, wife of Saint Louis, having no child, was quite desolate at it, and the whole of France with her. Prayers were made everywhere for her. Saint Theobald, animated by the spirit of God, said that one ought not to despair so quickly, and that God, prayed to with perseverance, would come to the help of the kingdom of France. In effect the prayers of the Saint were of such efficacy that the queen had several children. This princess was so grateful to Saint Theobald that after his death she came to his sepulchre, and, having prostrated herself with her face to the ground, she rendered him her duties as to her singular benefactor.

This great man went out of his abbey only with regret, and, when he was outside, he was like a fish out of water: “O my soul!” said he, “thy Beloved, he whom thou seekest and desirest, is not here; let us return, I beg thee, to Vaux-de-Cernay, it is there that thou shalt find him, that thou shalt converse with him and have the happiness of seeing him by faith in prayer, till thou see him face to face and such as he is in himself.” He added again, in the fear of dissipating himself too much: “Return, Sunamite, to thy monastery, return thither promptly, and there thou shalt adore thy God with more devotion and security!” Would to God, says on this subject a learned author of the Order of Saint Benedict, that those giddy religious, who take pleasure only outside their cloister, would reflect on these words; they would love solitude more than they do, and would not set all their affection on making useless journeys and conversing with seculars! Our Saint could find no other consolation than that which came to him from God; he was most of the time retired in his cell where, for all dish, brown bread and water were brought him. If, during this time, letters came to him from outside, even from prelates and great lords, they were put on the little window of his oratory, to have an answer, without thereby interrupting him or speaking to him. He had a particular care to refer to God all he saw or heard. Being at the court of Saint Louis, where a musician was entertaining the company, he was raised to a high contemplation of the divine holiness and the joys of paradise, so that tears flowed from his eyes in abundance; which made that holy king say that Theobald had found the secret of converting temporal joy into a spiritual joy, and of drawing profit from the losses of others. In short, the life and conversation of this holy Abbot were so edifying that his monastery, far from relaxing the rigour of observance under his government, became a monastery still more regular and more austere than it was before: so that it was commonly called the prison of the Order, and only the most fervent religious wished to dwell there. William of Paris charged Theobald also with the government of the religious women of Port-Royal, two leagues and a half from Vaux-de-Cernay. This was not the only monastery of religious women which our Saint was obliged to take under his direction; there was confided to him that of the Trésor, in the Vexin, between Gisors and Mantes. He governed moreover an abbey of men, called Breuil-Benoît, daughter of that of Vaux-de-Cernay and mother of that of La Trappe, in the diocese of Séez. He lived thus until the year 1247. God, to reward his labours and crown his merits, sent him a malady which was the instrument of his deliverance and the road by which he arrived at a blessed death. His body was first buried in the chapel, where Queen Margaret, and, afterwards, Philip the Bold, her son, visited it. Fourteen years after, it was raised from the earth and transferred to a chapel, where it has always been honoured since. His cowl was found entire and so well preserved that Abbot Geoffrey, one of his successors, used it for the rest of his life on certain days of ceremony. The miracles which have been wrought and are continually wrought at his tomb are without number.

We have drawn this account from the monastic martyrology, commented on by Hugh Ménard, and from the menology of Cîteaux, commented on by Henriquez. MM. de Sainte-Marthe, conscientious authors, speak of him also in the rank of the abbots of Vaux-de-Cernay.

Saint Auspicius, Fifth Bishop of Toul (about 487)

The date of the writings of Auspicius which have reached us determines nearly that of his episcopate. He governed the Church of Toul about the middle of the 5th century. The rare merit and holiness of this prelate drew him the esteem of all the persons who knew him or heard speak of him. Sidonius Apollinaris, who was bishop of Clermont, loads him with praises in a letter which he wrote to Count Arbogast, governor of the city of Trier. This count had begged Sidonius to instruct him in his duties; the latter counselled him to apply preferably to Lupus of Troyes, and to our Auspicius, from whom he could draw the more help as they were his neighbours and as moreover they possessed all the qualities which befit their character. Arbogast applied therefore to the bishop of the Leuci. He received from him an answer, in measured prose, which tradition has preserved and whose thoughts and style, while inspiring piety, perfectly justify the idea which Apollinaris had given of his illustrious friend. After having expressed to him the pleasure he had felt at seeing him at Toul and how he had thanked God for having procured him such an enjoyment, he congratulates him on his birth, on his family, on his virtues; he congratulates the city of Trier on being administered by a personage illustrious on so many titles, but more illustrious still by his devotion to the religion of Jesus Christ. He recommends to him next to keep precious the gifts he has received from God; to avoid avarice and cupidity, which soil hearts and which, according to Scripture, are the source of all evils.

Saint Auspicius died about the year 487 or 490 and was buried in the cemetery of Saint-Mansuy, where his body was found under the episcopate of Pibo. At the prayer of this prelate, Richard, legate of the Holy See, raised it in 1107, and placed it in a decent place, with great solemnity. These venerable relics were again recognized and deposited in a new shrine in 1401. The oldest breviaries have given him the title of Saint, and his office was marked there on 8 July, among those of the diocese. In the new liturgy of Nancy he is placed on 26 February. Taken from the *History of the Diocese of Toul and of that of Nancy*, by M. the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy.

Saint Ithier, Bishop of Nevers (695)

Saint Ithier (Itherius) was a native of Nogent-sur-Vernisson, between La Bussière and Montargis (Loiret). To a lively faith, to an exemplary holiness, he united varied and extensive knowledge. Not content with giving himself to the study of morals, he had wished to work ardently at physics, which comprised medicine, in order to be doubly useful to his neighbour, by procuring him the health of the soul and that of the body. From all sides people ran to him, and the sick returned relieved of their infirmities, because God blessed the remedies of His servant. As for him, far from attributing to himself the glory of the cures he wrought, he engaged the sick whom he had cured to reserve for God all their gratitude. Nevertheless, fearing that vainglory might seize his heart, he withdrew to a desert and uncultivated place. Soon his retreat was discovered, and people came to him from all sides as before. The report of his holiness and of the prodigies he wrought reached Nevers, whose Church was widowed by the death of its bishop. The clergy and the people asked for Ithier to replace him. He, fearing to resist the divine will, consented. He was therefore ordained priest and received the pontifical unction about 690.

On entering his episcopal city, he met at the gates of the city a man crippled for long years; he cured him on the spot of his infirmities; he also delivered a possessed person on this occasion. After having made shine on the pontifical see the virtues which had been remarked in him in his retreat, he died full of merits, about the year 695 or 696. The inhabitants of Nogent show at the extremity of that parish a fountain beside which was, they assure us, the dwelling of the parents of Saint Ithier. It is there that the Saint passed the first years of his life. A cross has been planted there, and, for many centuries, the inhabitants of Nogent and the neighbourhood go there in procession in public calamities. The sick also run thither to obtain, by the intercession of the holy bishop, the cure of their ills. The feast of Saint Ithier was celebrated at Nogent on 17 June, when that parish formed part of the diocese of Sens; since it depends on that of Orléans, the feast of Saint Ithier takes place only on 9 July. The old martyrology of Nevers marks his death on the 25th of the

same month; nevertheless his feast is celebrated in the diocese of Nevers on 8 July. This variation must have been the consequence of some translations of the relics of our Saint.

It appears certain that he died in Berry; his body was carried to Nogent, his native place. In the 11th century his worship was already widespread. Several churches of Berry were put under his invocation, among others the collegiate church of Saint-Ithier of Aix-d'Angillon. In 1403 John, duke of Berry, gave to this collegiate church a part of the head and of an arm of the holy bishop, relics which he had obtained from the prior of Nogent. The collegiate church of Sully-sur-Loire also acknowledged him as its patron. When the Huguenots entered Nogent, they dispersed the relics of the holy bishop. Before the Revolution of 1793 there remained at Nogent only a single finger, which had been brought back there, in 1656, from the treasury of the collegiate church of Sully-sur-Loire.

Taken from the *Nivernais Hagiology*, by Mgr Crosnier.

The Blessed Peter the Hermit, Founder of Neumoutier, Preacher of the First Crusade (1115)

Peter the Hermit was of a noble family of Amiens and bore arms in his youth. Having afterwards renounced the world to become a hermit, he undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and found the holy Places in so deplorable a state that on his return he spoke of it to Pope Urban II. This Pontiff, touched by his account, charged him to go from province to province, to excite the peoples to deliver the Christians of Palestine from the harsh oppression under which they groaned. His exhortations had so much success that they gave birth to the first crusade, led by Godfrey of Bouillon. Peter was charged to command a part of the expedition, and, after losing a portion of his troops in various engagements with the Turks, he rejoined Godfrey and the other chiefs at Constantinople. Finding himself in 1097 at the siege of Antioch, he wished to resign a command which he had accepted only in spite of himself; he even proposed to leave the crusaders to return into solitude; but Tancred, foreseeing the bad effect which his departure would produce, seeing above all that he was as it were the soul of the expedition, made him swear not to abandon those who had put their confidence in him. He distinguished himself at the siege of Jerusalem in 1099, and, after the taking of that city, the new patriarch made him his vicar general during his absence.

He left the East at the beginning of the 12th century and founded the abbey of Neumontier near Huy, in Flanders. The monastery was of the Order of Saint Augustine, under the invocation of Saint John the Baptist. He founded it at the expense of Lambert of Clermont and Conan of Montaigu, the companions of his journey and of his return from Jerusalem, and confided it to Canons Regular. He died there on 8 July 1115. In 1242 his body was raised from the earth and carried to the crypt of the church. When it was repaired in the 18th century, his bones, placed in a chest, were deposited in the sacristy. His name is found in the calendars of Flanders under 8 July. Taken from Migne: *Hagiographical Dictionaries* and *Abbeys*.

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[1] See her life on 4 July, the day on which she is also cited in the Roman martyrology.

[2] See our life of Saint Paul, on 29 June; he is spoken of there at some length.

[3] As there is reason to suppose that the ancient chroniclers of the metropolis of Trier made no scruple of borrowing from the Churches of the suffragan sees the names of their bishops, in order to fill the gaps of their own particular catalogue, it would not be impossible that the holy bishop placed fourth by Harigerus on the list of the prelates of Trier should be none other than the Saint Auspicius named on this day in the martyrology of France, and of whom the Church of Toul has so much to boast; as it is evident that the saints Mansuetus and Celsinus, entered as seventh and fifth on the same list, and the saints Clement and Felix, who are ranged there as eighth and sixth, are transported there from the catalogues of Toul and of Metz. — Note of M. the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy.

[4] The immemorial cult of Pope Eugene III was confirmed by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites dated 28 September 1872, and special lessons for his feast, fixed on 8 July of each year, were approved by the same Congregation on 6 May 1873.

[5] This zeal of Procopius can be laudable only in the intention, or in the case where he acted under an inspiration of the Holy Spirit: it is therefore not imitable. That a son make respectful remonstrances to his mother to draw her from error, nothing better; but it would be neither reasonable nor Christian nor prudent to break in her house the objects of her superstition.

[6] It is perhaps not inopportune to say here a word on the nomination of bishops: it has always been composed of two elements, and of three wherever the Catholic religion is more or less recognized by the State; always each church has elected or approved its bishop, either wholly, ecclesiastics and faithful united; or by the clergy, or by the chapter of the cathedral. It was the same with kings; sometimes they have nominated, sometimes they have simply approved the bishops. It belongs to the Pope to confirm them, to institute them. This confirmation is made today immediately by the Pope; formerly it was made only mediately, that is, by means of the metropolitans; the bishops were confirmed by the metropolitan, who was in communion with the Pope, subordinate to the Pope. But by virtue of articles iv and v of the Concordat of 1801 the bishops in France are nominated by the sovereign and confirmed by the Pope. It is the same in many Catholic kingdoms. Doubtless what the sovereign Pontiff has done is well done. Doubtless the nomination of bishops as it is made today is very canonical, since it has been so regulated by the vicar of Jesus Christ, for the greater good of the Church, in view of the circumstances. But it is permitted to desire that these circumstances change and that the sovereign Pontiff may bring some modification to these articles iv and v of the Concordat. If a bishop were either elected, or approved, or simply presented by the chapter of the Church which he is to govern, he would have beforehand the affection and esteem of that Church. He would be more independent in regard to the temporal sovereign, to whom there would always be kept the right either not to approve or not to present or to eliminate the candidates who might seem hostile to him. The two interests would thus be conciliated without one being sacrificed to the other. Ah! let us not forget that the liberty of the Church rests chiefly on the independence of the episcopate, which depends much on the nomination or election of bishops.

[7] Saint-Vaury counts 2300 inhabitants, and belongs to the department of the Creuse, to the arrondissement of Guéret. It is the chief town of a canton.

[8] *Alias:* Kilian, Kuln.

[9] *Alias:* Grimaud, Grimaus, Grimoald, Grimoaldus, Grimbaldu».

[10] Vallès Cernaii or Sarnaii, abbey of the Order of Cîteaux, founded in the year 1128 by Simon, lord of Néaufle-le-Chlet, constable of the king, and by his wife Eva, who were both buried there. It was situated at the extremity of the diocese of Paris: it is even said that a part of its domains and its buildings belonged to the diocese of Chartres. The church was under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and Saint John the Baptist. Vaux-de-Cernay is today of the diocese of Versailles.

9 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, at the place named the Drop that Always Flows,[1] the feast of Saint Zeno and of several other holy Martyrs, to the number of ten thousand two hundred and three. — At Gortyna, in the island of Crete, Saint Cyril, bishop, who, during the persecution of Decius, under the president Lucius, was cast into the flames; but his bonds having been burned, he came out safe and sound: then the judge, stupefied at this miracle, released him. Seeing afterwards that he continued to preach Jesus Christ with a new ardour, he had his head cut off. — At Thora, on the lake of Velino, in Italy, the martyrdom of Saint Anatolia and Saint Audax, under the emperor Decius. Anatolia, a virgin consecrated to God, having drawn to the faith of Jesus Christ a number of persons whom she had cured of their maladies throughout the whole March of Ancona, was, by sentence of the judge Faustinian, subjected to various kinds of torments. Having been delivered from a serpent let loose against her, she converted Audax: at last, while the holy girl was praying with arms outstretched, she was pierced with a sword thrust; as for Audax, he was put in prison and immediately beheaded. 251. — At Alexandria, the saints Pathermuthius, Coprès and Alexander, martyred under Julian the Apostate. — At La Brille, in Holland, the cruel death of the Nineteen Martyrs of Gorkum, who, for having defended the authority of the Church and the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, were outraged and tormented in divers manners by the Calvinists, and at last consummated their martyrdom by the last punishment. 1572. — At Martole, in Umbria, Saint Brice, bishop, who, having suffered much for the faith, under the judge Marcian, and converted to Jesus Christ an infinite multitude of people, died in peace with the quality of confessor. End of the — At Citta di Castello, in Italy, Saint Veronica Giuliani, of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchins, abbess of the monastery of that city and native of Mercatello, in the diocese of Urbino. She was illustrious for her ardour for sufferings, for all her other virtues and for the heavenly favours with which she was loaded. Pope Gregory XVI has placed her among the virgins. 1727.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Cologne, Saint Agilulf or Agilolf, bishop of that see and martyr. Of illustrious birth, he gave himself to study with much zeal in his youth, and, when he was raised to the episcopal see of Cologne, he illustrated it by his firm character and his vigilance. He was massacred in hatred of the faith during the troubles which desolated the Church of Germany in the. About 770. — At the monastery of La Ferté-sur-Grône (Firmitas ad Gronam, Order of Cîteaux), in the diocese of Chalon-sur-Saône, present diocese of Autun, the memory of fifty religious of this abbey, slaughtered with their abbot by the heretics. 1300. — At Arras, Saint Godeleine, whose life we have given on 6 July. — At Autun, Saint Agrippin, bishop of that see, and whose birth in heaven is marked on 1 January. He had the consolation of ordaining deacon and afterwards priest Saint Germain of Paris.[2] 541. — At Nîmes, Saint Honnèt or Honeste, priest and martyr, whom Saint Saturninus converted in passing through Nîmes and who was afterwards apostle of Navarre.[3] 2nd century. — At Sens, the feast of Saint Héracle, bishop of that see. Born in 487, friend and contemporary of Saint Remy, bishop of Reims, he assisted, in 496, at the baptism of Clovis and founded, about 505, the monastery of Saint John the Evangelist where he had his sepulture. His body was later transferred to the cathedral of Sens, and his tomb soon became celebrated by numerous miracles. The Roman martyrology mentions Saint Héracle of Sens on 8 June. About 515. — Again at Sens, Saint Paul, brother and successor of the preceding. He was buried beside his brother in the abbey of Saint-Jean. About 525. — At Orléans, Saint Ithère or Ithier, bishop of Nevers, whose life we gave on the preceding day. About 695. — In Maine, Saint Brice, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. After having led the cenobitic life at Micy or Saint-Mesmin (Miciacum), a very ancient abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded near Orléans, about the year 498, under the invocation of Saint Stephen, he dwelt in the solitude of Passais. There is still seen today, in the very place where the hermitage of Saint Brice was, a borough and a church which bear his name and acknowledge him as patron. This parish is now of the diocese of Séez. There is in that of Le Mans another parish which bears the same name and honours the same patron. Saint Brice led on earth a wholly angelic life, and attained, in spite of his austerities, an extreme old age. End of the — At Trier, Saint Cyril, bishop, who flourished in the middle of the 5th century. His body was buried in the church of Saint Matthias, and, afterwards, a part of his relics was carried to Prague, in Bohemia. About 458. — At Gannat (Allier), in the diocese of Moulins, feast of Saint Procula, virgin, put to death by her betrothed. 11th or — In a great number of dioceses of France, feast of the miracles of the most Blessed Virgin, honoured under the title of Our Lady of Wonders. It is not without reason that the Church honours the Blessed Virgin under this title, for everything is miraculous in this incomparable Creature: 1st, Wonders in her Conception: by a special grace and by a quite particular privilege of the divine Goodness, Mary is not only sanctified in her mother's womb, but she is exempt and entirely preserved from every stain of original sin at the first instant of her Conception. 2nd, Wonders in her birth: by a wholly heavenly favour, Mary comes into the world with the perfect use of her reason and her liberty, adorned with all the fullness of grace. 3rd, Wonders in the Incarnation and birth of the Son of God: Mary, by the most inconceivable miracle, becomes the Mother of God, and, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, and without ceasing to be a virgin, Mary conceives in her womb and of her own blood brings forth, nourishes with her milk the Son of the Eternal, the Creator and Saviour of the world. 4th, Wonders in her death: to reward her for her exemption from all sin, God preserves her from all pain in her passing. 5th, Wonders in her sepulchre, for if Mary descends into the bosom of the earth, she triumphs over the corruption of the tomb, as the prize of her angelic purity and her divine maternity. 6th, Wonders in her assumption and her coronation in heaven, for, while the bodies of other mortals fall into dissolution and remain in the bosom of the earth until the day of the resurrection, the body of Mary comes out of the tomb three days after her death, and, clothed with all the qualities of glorified bodies, is borne triumphantly toward heaven on the wings of the angels.[4] — In the dioceses of Quimper and Rennes, Saint Goulven, bishop of the ancient see of Léon, whose life we have given on 1 July. — In the diocese of Poitiers, Saint Auremond, abbot of Maire, disciple and successor of Saint Junian. He was called Auremond, that is, pure gold, because Saint Junian gave a sum of gold to his mother, who was very poor, to meet the needs of his education.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At La Brille, in Holland, the punishment of the nineteen Martyrs of Gorkum, among whom were three canons regular, John of Oosterwyck, Adrian Becan and James Lacop.

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — Saint Elizabeth, queen of Portugal. *Martyrology of the Cistercians.* — The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. *Martyrology of the Dominicans.* — In the city of Gorkum, the Blessed John of Cologne, of the Order of Friars Preachers, and his companions.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At La Brille, in Holland, the punishment of the nineteen Martyrs of Gorkum, among whom were eleven friars minor, Nicholas Pik, Jerome of Werden, and nine others.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — The feast of the Wonders of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Martyrology of the Capuchins.* — At Citta di Castello, in Italy, Saint Veronica Giuliani. *Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites.* — The Octave of the Visitation of the most Blessed Virgin. — At Reggio, in the duchy of Modena, the Blessed Joan Scopelli, virgin, Carmelite, whose immemorial cult Clement XIV approved, and permitted her feast to be celebrated on 9 July in the whole Order of Carmelites, and in the States of the duke of Reggio and Modena. 1491.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Milan, Saint Moch, martyr, cited in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Tomes, a city of Lower Moesia, the saints Zeno, Mimia, Vitalis, Rufinus, Evangèle, Vrise and Agnite, martyrs, cited by the same. — In Sicily, Saint Felician, martyr. — At Rome, the saints Florienne and Faustine, virgins and martyrs. — At Todi, in Italy, Saint Pontian, bishop and martyr. During the cruel persecution of the emperors Diocletian and Maximian, he took refuge with a pious matron of Todi who hid him in a cistern; but the spies of the persecutor ended by discovering him and made him endure prison, chains and all the torments. — In the ancient city of Furconium, in Further Abruzzo, Saint Eusiane and his companions, martyrs. Imprisoned in hatred of the faith during the persecution of Maximian, an angel appeared to him in his dungeon, as to another Saint Peter, and encouraged him to suffer generously for Jesus Christ. — Among the Greeks, the saints Andrew and Probus, martyrs, who endured the punishment of fire. — At Genoa, Saint Felix, bishop and confessor. Born at Genoa, he was instructed in the sacred letters by Saint Valentine, bishop of that see, to whom he succeeded. It is reported that, while he was celebrating holy Mass, a flame was seen to descend on his head and the hand of Our Lord to extend over the holy host. After having wisely governed his diocese, he died at the age of seventy. — At Corneto, in Italy, Saint Theophanes, confessor, of whom Saint Gregory of Tours speaks in praise. — In England, Saint Evérilde, virgin. Kinéglis, king of the West Saxons, having been baptized, in 635, by Saint Berlin, Evérilde had the happiness of attaining the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The desire to consecrate herself more entirely to the service of God led her to flee secretly from her father’s house to go and seek some monastery. On the road she was joined by two other virgins named Bège and Wuldrède. Having found a suitable place, she formed several persons of her sex to perfection, and ceased not to give them the example of the most sublime virtues until her death. — At Minden, in Westphalia, Saint Hérombert, bishop and confessor. He showed his zeal in the conversion of the Saxons still idolaters. Charlemagne, knowing his worth, placed him on the see of Minden, which he had just founded. About the year 800.

Saint Procula, Virgin and Martyr, Patroness of Gannat, in the Diocese of Moulins

Eleventh or twelfth century.

Omnis qui reliquerit patrem aut matrem propter nomen meum, centuplum accipiet et vitam æternam possidebit.

He who, to please God, leaves his father and his mother of the earth, shall receive a hundredfold in this world and eternal life in the other.

Matth., xix, 29.

Saint Procula, only daughter of one of the most illustrious families of the Rouergue, was born at Rodez. From her most tender infancy, God seemed visibly to predestine her to high sanctity; for, like some other saints in this, on Tuesday and Thursday of each week she took her mother's milk but once in the day. Thus, at an age when children follow only the instinct of nature, she already obeyed the movements of grace.

Prevented so early with the blessings of heaven, scarcely could she know her God when she consecrated herself entirely to his service. Though born and brought up in the midst of luxury and grandeur, she set not her heart upon it; she showed only aloofness and disgust for frivolous amusements and profane festivities. She often visited the churches and appeared in public only when necessity or propriety obliged her to; then she showed a modesty so amiable, a tact so delicate, a courtesy so Christian, that all were seized with admiration.

She was endowed with all the gifts that could make her pleasing to men. Her lively and penetrating mind, her gentle, affable and kindly nature, her piety above all, which gave so amiable a form to these natural qualities, and finally her remarkable beauty, which was but the reflection of her soul, made the young Procula an object of esteem and admiration for all who saw her.

But God had formed that heart to reserve it to himself alone; the world was not worthy of it, and Procula, urged by the grace of the Holy Spirit, had early consecrated and vowed her virginity to the heavenly Spouse, to the spotless Lamb; she had given him her whole heart.

Her parents, Christians besides, but imbued with the maxims of the world, had other views for her; they possessed only this daughter as heir of their illustrious name and their great wealth; in her lay their worldly hopes. So they followed with an anxious eye her progress in holiness; they already had some presentiments; but they were reassured on account of her great youth and her perfect obedience. They did not yet know the generous firmness of her heart.

As soon as she had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen years, they thought of seeking for her a husband who should be worthy of her and of the great wealth of which she was to be the sole heiress. They believed they had found what they desired in the person of a young and rich lord, named Géraud, who, charmed with the qualities of Procula, aspired to become her husband. The Saint's parents hastened to make known to their daughter this desire and this choice of their hearts. Procula answered them with much respect and gentleness, but with a firmness that was not known in her, that she had already disposed of her affections, and that Jesus Christ alone was the king of her heart and alone would be her spouse for eternity.

Her parents, much surprised at an answer so little expected, employed everything their love suggested that was best fitted to shake her constancy: they spared neither tears, nor caresses, nor even threats, to make her change her design; but all their efforts were useless.

When the Saint had retired to her apartment, she hastened to throw herself on her knees to renew to her divine Spouse the engagement she had already taken, and to ask him for strength to overcome the obstacles that threatened to separate her from him. Jesus Christ, who so loves the gift of pure hearts and who deigns to be the spouse of chaste souls, was touched by so much love and generosity. He willed in his turn to honour the Saint with his favours and to grant her a sensible testimony of the acceptance of her heart. He therefore sent her, by the ministry of the angel Gabriel, a ring of gold as a pledge of his love and of the holy alliance which he was contracting with her. Saint Procula was so strengthened by this glorious mark of the love of her heavenly Spouse, that she no longer feared to sustain the hardest combats to keep her fidelity to him.

The occasion was not long in presenting itself. The Saint's parents, obstinate in their design, after having passed some time without speaking to her of marriage, resolved to break her resistance by doing her a sudden violence. They betrothed her against her will to Géraud, and fixed the time of the wedding ceremony. Procula, firm in her resolution and confident in her faithful Spouse, awaited without fear the dreaded day.

It came, and, from the morning, everything was arranged for the feast with the pomp and magnificence that befitted a family of that rank. The friends of the house had come to assist at this brilliant ceremony, and the bridegroom Géraud had already arrived, followed by a magnificent train: he was waiting, with all the guests, for Procula his betrothed, who alone was lacking, to begin the ceremony.

Meanwhile Procula, retired alone in her apartment, threw herself at the feet of her divine Jesus, and begged him earnestly to protect her in so perilous a conjuncture, and to make known to her what she should do. She heard then a voice which addressed to her the same words that God had addressed to Abraham: "Go forth out of thy kindred and out of thy country, and come into the land which I shall shew thee."

Immediately she rises, full of strength and courage, puts off the sumptuous garments with which she had been adorned, and clothes herself in poor garments the better to hide her flight, and to make herself more conformable to the poverty of her heavenly Spouse. Under this disguise, she goes out furtively from her parents' house, and flees into the woods and the mountains, with no other guide than the guardian angel who accompanies her.

She thus crosses the very mountainous country which separates the Rouergue from the Auvergne; nothing stops her, neither the rocks, nor the precipices, nor the dark forests. She crosses the whole of Auvergne also, escapes all dangers, surmounts all the fatigues to which she was so little accustomed; but the love of her God gives her strength and wings, and protects her against all perils.

She arrived as far as the Bourbonnais, a quarter of a league from the little town of Gannat. There she stopped before this picturesque and deserted site: at the bottom, the limpid brook of Andelot, overlooked by two graceful hills, and at their foot, a rock in which she discovered a little cave. The Saint, wearied by her journey, established herself in this cave to rest, and to converse in solitude with her heavenly Spouse, waiting till he should dispose of her as he would.

Géraud and all the assembly were in extreme impatience to see the solemnity of the wedding begin; nothing more was awaited but the bride. At last, a maidservant of the house was sent to bring the queen of the feast; she found the apartment deserted and the wedding dress thrown on the ground. She returned at once, to impart this sad news, and, at the sight of the festal garments which Procula had left, no one doubted any more her disguise and her flight.

The whole house was then filled with confusion, noise and trouble; the preparations for the brilliant feast increased still more the universal disappointment. Procula's father, at first consternated, soon entered into a violent anger; he made some excuses to Géraud, permitted him, even begged him, to seek the fugitive, no longer to offer her an alliance of which she had made herself unworthy, but to chastise her, as she deserved; and, in the transport of his fury, he yielded to him all his rights as a father and even recommended him not to spare Procula's life, if, after having found her, he could not bring her back. Géraud, more irritated than any other, both at his scorned love and his wounded pride, darted with ardour in pursuit of the fugitive.

He wandered some time, as at random, but he ended by discovering the traces of her whom he sought, and, from indication to indication, he succeeded in following slowly, but surely, her who could no longer escape him. He thus crossed Auvergne and came into the Bourbonnais, close to the retreat of Saint Procula, who thought herself in safety. Not far from there, he met shepherds who were keeping their flocks, and he asked them whether they had not seen a stranger whose portrait he described to them. The shepherds answered that they had seen her; but suspecting some evil design on the part of this young lord, they refused to betray the

retreat of her whom they already venerated as a saint. Géraud then made the lure of a rich reward glitter before their eyes, assuring them that his design was to bring her back to her parents, from whom she had escaped. The shepherds, dazzled and overcome, gave up their secret and discovered the Saint's retreat.

Géraud advanced toward her; at the sight of her, he recovered all the vivacity of his passion, and undertook to bring her back by the means of gentleness and persuasion. She, after the first moment of surprise, remained inflexible in her resolution and made to all Géraud's entreaties only this firm answer: "I will never acknowledge any but Jesus Christ for my spouse, and I will be faithful to him even to the shedding of my blood, if need be."

This refusal changed Géraud's moderation into a violent rage and an insensate hatred; he draws near his victim quickly, to exercise over her the authority with which the father had invested him, and to carry her off by force or to put her to death. Procula at once takes flight, and, to avoid her persecutor who blocks the road for her, she passes through inaccessible rocks, which, seeming to wish to give her passage, soften under her weight, and still keep the imprint of her fingers and her knees.

Her executioner, more insensible and harder than the rocks themselves, darts in pursuit and overtakes her a hundred paces from the town of Gannat. There he repeats his orders; the Saint persists in her resolution, and Géraud, exasperated by such resistance, draws his sword and says to her: "Procula, you are no less unworthy of life than of my alliance; you would not have me for a husband, you shall have me for an executioner."

The Saint, at these words, falls on her knees, makes the sign of the cross, pronounces the name of Jesus, her divine Spouse, offering him her heart and her life; and her head rolls under the sword of the murderer.

But, O prodigy! the virgin rises, as if she were full of life; she takes her head between her arms, and walks with a firm step toward the town of Gannat which was quite near. At the sight of so astonishing a miracle, Géraud, enlightened by grace, prostrated himself at the Saint's feet, to implore her pardon. The Saint, stopping then, turned toward her executioner all bathed in the tears of repentance, and, by a new miracle, assured him in a few words of her most generous pardon; then she resumed her march toward the town.

Géraud persevered in his conversion; to expiate his crime, he passed the rest of his days in a solitude, leading the life of an anchorite, and, after having practised the most admirable virtues, he died in the odour of sanctity, and was even honoured as a Saint.

Saint Procula, arrived at Gannat, traversed several streets, to the stupefaction of the inhabitants. Several of them threw a thousand insults at her, treating her as a sorceress, and attributing to the action of the devil so surprising a prodigy. They bore the penalty of their impiety; some were afflicted with incurable diseases; others, reduced to extreme indigence, after having possessed great wealth; others were deprived of burial after a violent or shameful death.

Saint Procula came thus to the church of the Holy Cross, and went to prostrate herself at the foot of an altar, where a priest, named Paul, was celebrating the holy sacrifice. She was seen on her knees, holding between her hands her severed and bloody head, and offering it to Jesus Christ, as a supreme testimony of her fidelity and a brilliant proof of her love; then, her fainting hands let her head fall, and her body sank down upon itself to rise no more. The priests having assembled, deliberated on the burial with which such holy relics should be honoured; they deputed two of the oldest among them to Clermont, to give notice to the bishop of what had happened.

At this news, the prelate, accompanied by his archdeacon and the chief of his clergy, betook himself to Gannat, to celebrate in person the obsequies of the holy Martyr. The report of these prodigies so extraordinary, spread promptly through the country, and a prodigious concourse of people pressed to assist at the ceremony, and to venerate the body of the Saint, which was afterwards buried near the high altar of the church of the Holy Cross.

Worship and Relics — Pilgrimage The tomb of Saint Procula soon became celebrated; it was the goal of the pilgrimage of a multitude of the faithful who came to venerate her and to ask of her numerous cures. The miracles which were wrought there attracted still greater crowds, and the bishop of Clermont saw himself obliged to make the translation of these holy relics. He therefore betook himself to Gannat, accompanied by a numerous clergy, enclosed the body of the Saint in a shrine of wood wrapped in a red stuff, and placed it on the altar.

The miracles were so multiplied there again, and the inhabitants of Gannat received from them such signal benefits, that gratitude obliged them to make a second translation of these so precious relics into a magnificent shrine of silver, that they might be better honoured. This ceremony took place under the episcopate of Joachim d'Estaing, bishop of Clermont. The report of the numerous miracles wrought by Saint Procula spread as far as Rodez, which had been her native place. The inhabitants of that city, desirous of rendering to their holy fellow-countrywoman a more particular worship, and of drawing upon themselves her special favours, conceived the design of acquiring a notable relic of this holy Martyr. The religious and priests of the fraternity of Saint-Amans, presided over by Antoine Monmaton, curé of that church, deputed, on 17 July 1673, two priests of their society, to present to the curé and priests of Sainte-Croix of Gannat a petition asking of them a notable relic of their glorious patroness, and offering them in exchange a relic of Saint Naaraas, the bone of the thigh. The two deputies betook themselves to Gannat, on 7 August, and presented their request, which was agreed to by the clergy.

The silver shrine was opened and a bone of the arm was taken from it, the ulna, which was put into a sealed box, and all the people with the clergy accompanied the relic in procession as far as outside the town, with the testimonies of respect due to so illustrious a saint. When notice was given at Rodez of the arrival of this relic, a crowd of people preceded by the clergy, by all the religious bodies and by all the civil corporations, together with all the bands of music, advanced more than a league outside the town, to receive with honour a treasure so venerable and so precious.

A part of this relic was lost during the Revolution; what could be saved of it has since been shared with the cathedral.

The inhabitants of Gannat, full of veneration and gratitude for their beneficent patroness, raised a chapel at the place where Saint Procula had stopped on her arrival in the country; it was named the Step of Saint Procula; they built another at the place where she had suffered martyrdom. Moreover they established in honour of their Saint two confraternities which were long flourishing, and contributed not a little to maintain the fervour of piety in souls.

The church of Saint-Amans has a chapel adorned with a stained-glass window, dedicated to Saint Procula; this saint is one of the principal patronesses of the congregation of young persons, and her feast is celebrated each year with a particular solemnity. The diocese of Rodez celebrates her martyrdom on 3 September; the town of Gannat, on 13 October, and the translation of her relics, on 9 July. The miracles which Saint Procula has wrought are innumerable; they have attracted to Gannat a great concourse of pilgrims. The relics of Saint Procula were religiously preserved there until the moment when the revolutionary hurricane blew upon them and scattered them beyond return. However, when after the tempest calm and serene days returned, the town of Rodez, which had obtained from the town of Gannat a notable relic of Saint Procula, gave in its turn a fragment of this relic to the ever-subsisting piety of the inhabitants of Gannat. It is still preserved in our days in the chapel of Saint Procula, and each year, the young girls of the town, clothed in white robes and girt with purple-coloured cords, to recall by this double symbol the purity and the martyrdom of Saint Procula, count it an honour to carry it in triumph at the procession which is made around the town of Gannat on the day of her feast. This feast, originally fixed on 12 October, is now celebrated throughout the diocese of Moulins on 9 July of each year. At Gannat, when 9 July is not a Sunday, the solemn feast is put off to the following Sunday.

We have extracted this biography from the *Saints of the Rouergue*, by the Abbé Servières, and from the *Life of Saint Procula*, by the Abbé Cornil, priest of the diocese of Moulins.

The Blessed Joan Scopelli, Religious, Carmelite, Honoured at Reggio, in the Duchy of Modena

1491. — Pope: Innocent VIII. — Dukes of Modena: the princes of Este.

Sicut mors separat animam a corpore, sic amor Dei a temporalium amore.

As death separates the soul from the body, so the love of God detaches it from the affections of the earth.

Glossa interlinealis, sup. Canticum.

Reggio, a celebrated city of the duchy of Modena, among all the servants of God whom it honours, renders a special worship to the Blessed Joan Scopelli.

Reggio saw her born in 1328: her father was called Simon and her mother Catherine; their piety equalled their nobility. Joan, having resolved to leave the world to her two sisters and to take God for her portion, met the obstacles and difficulties which rise before the steps of most young girls who choose for themselves the better part. To cut short all objections, our Blessed put on a hair-shirt, and over it the habit of Carmel; then, thus costumed, she resolutely awaited, in the paternal house itself, the hour of God.

Her parents came to die: now, at the very moment when she was meditating the foundation of a new convent of Carmel, she had the courage to renounce all the goods which her parents had left her. “Where will you find resources?” she was asked. “But have I not the crucifix left me,” she answered, “and with it does one not possess all riches?” At the same time, a widow offered her her house and offered herself at the same time to the Blessed, with her two daughters, to begin the nucleus of a new community. Joan accepted with joy, and remained four years in this house: the time necessary for the organization of a larger convent which she was able to buy and rebuild, thanks to the largesses of the persons whom her virtue touched.

During this time, her sanctity grew, and God was soon to permit the world to admire its lustre.

A new Monica came one day to pour out her grief into the bosom of the pious religious and to relate to her, with ineffable anguish, the wanderings of her son who, by a singular coincidence, was called Augustine and had fallen into the errors of the Manichæans. The Blessed sent for this unfortunate man and tried all the means that human persuasion suggested to her, to open his eyes: it was in vain. Then she dismissed him and addressed herself to God. The impulses of prayer, the movements of grace, were more powerful than all the reasons alleged: Augustine was converted. Joan was elected prioress of the house which she had taken four years to found. She placed her foundation under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and called it Saint Mary of the People. She had a particular devotion to the Queen of heaven, tender protectress of virgins. When she wished to obtain some grace from heaven, she recited a great number of Hail Marys, ending each hundred with a Salve Regina. After that, she recited seven times the *Ave, Maris Stella* and as many times *O Gloriosa Domina*. She called that weaving a robe for the Blessed Virgin. To vocal prayer she joined five hours of meditation a day.

An enemy of her body, she afflicted it by the practices of the most austere mortification: from the Exaltation of the Cross to Easter, she took no other nourishment than bread and water. In a word, she gave her sisters the example of all the virtues.

The devil, jealous of so much sanctity, neglected nothing to trouble this soul which would belong only to God. He first tempted her to despair, and told her in the depth of her soul that heaven was not made for a proud woman like her: Joan humbled herself and prayed. Her prayer, at last, obtained that these clouds should be dispersed, and that the pure light from on high should come anew to enlighten and guide her mind.

At other times, the evil spirit went so far as to strike her, according to the power he had received. Our Lord rewarded his servant for the generosity with which she bore all these trials: thus on the anniversary days of his birth and of his resurrection, for example, he permitted her to assist with the eyes of the body at the mysteries of those days, as if she had been really present.

Meanwhile forerunning signs of death began to show themselves. One day when she was gravely ill, she saw the heavenly physician of the human race, in the form of a young man and clothed in white, who brought her, from the eternal gardens, spring roses and other sweet-scented flowers, which he plaited in the form of a crown and with which he adorned his servant. But this was not enough: Our Lord came to indicate to her the precise day on which she should enter the nuptial chamber which the Lamb reserves for those who have walked in his train.

The transports of joy of Joan at this news, it is permitted neither to our feeble intelligences to conceive them, nor to our tongue to tell them again. She sent for her religious and dictated to them her testament in these terms: 1st. My dear daughters, since you have abandoned all on earth, practise obedience and frequent the Sacraments; 2nd. Tear from your heart the ever-living plant of self-love; 3rd. Pray without ceasing; let your prayers be like perfumes that breathe forth from your mouth; 4th. Have always present to your mind the terrible day of death; 5th. Picture to yourselves that the judge who is to ask account of you for your actions looks ceaselessly through your window or hides himself behind your wall to surprise you. You are not ignorant what a severe account you will have to render to him and that nothing can either deceive him, or corrupt him, or frighten him, or appease him; 6th. Bear temporal afflictions generously: they are nothing in comparison with the inheritance of eternal joys; 7th. Finally, I recall to you the great commandment of charity toward God and of charity toward the neighbour…. It is because their lamp was empty of the oil of charity that the foolish virgins were shut out of the banquet hall.

Then she gave all her sisters the kiss of peace, blessed them, and then gave back her soul to her Creator. It was 9 June 1491; Joan had lived sixty-three years the life of the angels on earth.

Worship and Relics Two years after the death of the Blessed Joan, the religious of her monastery, whose veneration for their prioress had only increased, visited her holy body: they found it not only without corruption, but giving forth a very agreeable odour. They gave notice of this prodigy to the bishop of Reggio, who betook himself to the spot and verified the prodigy with admiration. The prelate had the remains of the servant of God transferred to a more conspicuous place: they were placed on the left of the high altar of the convent church, where they remained until the destruction of that house. Today they are venerated in a chapel of the cathedral of Reggio. Pope Clement XIV approved, on 24 August 1471, the worship rendered for three centuries to this Blessed. This worship has spread in our days in Tuscany, through the care of Mr. Ignatius Scopelli, who is proud to be of the family of this holy Carmelite.

Acta Sanctorum, 9 July, new translation.

Saint Agrippin, Bishop of Autun, and Confessor (541)

The name of Saint Agrippin is dear to the people of Autun because it is closely bound up with that of the great Saint Germain of Paris, the most brilliant glory of the abbey of Saint-Germain. Saint Agrippin was already a bishop in 533 at the latest, for he subscribed in that very year to the second council of Orléans, convoked on 23 June by the care of King Childebert. Twenty-eight bishops of France composed this august assembly. Five years later, on 7 May, Agrippin subscribed again to the third council held in the same city, with Saint Grégoire of Langres, Saint Agricole of Chalon-sur-Saône and Saint Placide, first bishop of Mâcon, prelates who are all glories for the diocese of Autun. Probably our holy Bishop is no other than that Agrippin, archdeacon of Langres, of whom mention is made in the life of Saint Jean of Réome; for Saint Grégoire, then bishop of Langres, who was of Autun, must have taken a lively interest in the nomination of

the bishop of his native city. He therefore doubtless employed the high influence that the episcopal character, a recognised holiness and his former dignity of count of Autun gave him, so that a choice so important might be the best possible. Now, knowing all the merit of his archdeacon Agrippin, he presented him and had him accepted as the successor of Procule II. If it was so, we ought not to be astonished to read in history that the new bishop governed his Church holily, fulfilled all the duties of a good pastor and deserved to receive after his death the worship of the Blessed. The choice of the holy Bishop of Langres promised no less. Saint Agrippin had the consolation, so sweet to his heart as a bishop, of admitting into the clergy of Autun and of raising to holy Orders the admirable young man who was to cast upon those places a ray of his glory, Germain, the pious abbot of Saint-Symphorien before being the great bishop of Paris. Our Saint is named in the martyrology of France on 1 January, and in that of 9 July. D:net: *Saint Symphorien and his Worship*.

The Nineteen Martyrs of Gorkum, Executed at La Brille, in Holland

1572. — Pope: Gregory XIII. — King of France: Charles IX.

Magna est virtus quæ sub magnis persecutionibus constituta et pene oppressa, tamen suum non est oblita præsidium nec mandata Dei dereliquit.

It is a great virtue that which, assailed and almost crushed by the effort of persecutors, has neither yielded the ground nor failed in the law of God.

S. Ambr., sup. psalm. cxviii.

Gorkum (originally Gorinchen) is a small town of six to seven thousand souls, chief town of the district of Arkel, in Holland, about six hours' walk from Dordrecht. It is not comparable, in greatness, to the opulent cities its neighbours; but the fertility of the fields which surround it, the salmon fishery and the navigation of the Meuse, do not fail to maintain in it a certain animation.

This little town, formerly given wholly to agriculture and trade, offered in miniature the image of the whole country. There, as elsewhere, the two parties, at once religious and political, were astir: it was in 1572. The Catholic party still seemed the more numerous. The curé, Leonard Wichel, whose name will often recur in this narrative, flattered himself that he could oppose two faithful to one heretic; but the always considerable mass of the pusillanimous and the uncertain, who formed the make-weight of this majority so long as the standard of Catholic Spain floated over their heads, might, at the first reverses, turn about and furnish a contrary majority. This was promptly perceived at the news of the taking of Dordrecht by the Beggars. So the rebels were called. They had given themselves this name, which has remained historic, and they deserved it, as much by the abject condition of most of them as by their habit of recoiling before no violence.

It was not unknown at Gorkum what was to be expected from these new and redoubtable neighbours: the magistrates foresaw at once that their tranquillity had only a few days to last: the good people trembled for their fortune, for their families, for themselves, and still more, if it is possible, for the ecclesiastics and the persons consecrated to God, whom they knew to be the preferred object of the furies of heresy. However, as usually happens with good people, they contented themselves with trembling instead of making head against the storm.

Among the most threatened were in the first rank the peaceful inhabitants of a community which, for a long time, had been regarded as the centre and the heart of Catholicism at Gorkum: it was a convent of Capuchins: they were few in number; but the ardour of their zeal, the purity of their life, multiplied their influence, their virtue radiated around them, like a hearth which maintained afar the sweet warmth of Christian life. They had then for guardian, that is to say for superior, a man of rare virtue and whom his actions, in the sequel of this history, will praise better than our words would do.

His name was Nicholas Pik: a glorious name henceforth, a name which the Catholic world will invoke on its knees! It is with a holy respect that we trace it here for the first time.

Nicholas Pik was born at Gorkum. His brothers, his sisters and all his family lived there also and had not waited for the moment of peril to urge him to take some precautions. A son of his sister, a pious young man who lived with him, Rutger Estius, brother of the historian, made the greatest efforts to determine him to it. To attain this end, he related to him the horrors and cruelties of which the Beggars made themselves guilty.

“All that is frightful,” answered Father Nicholas; “my natural weakness shudders at it and I should think, assuredly, that I was tempting God, if I ran of my own accord to meet such evils. But I owe it to myself and I owe it to my brethren not to flee them, and to trust in the Almighty. If he sends me the trial, he will send me the courage to bear it.” The young man insisted that he should withdraw with all his religious: prudence was also a Christian virtue, and there was neither shame nor sin in fleeing persecution. “Granted,” replied the worthy guardian, “but have you thought of the deplorable impression that the news of our flight would produce? It would be concluded at once that the Catholics have no longer confidence in being able to defend themselves, and the audacity of some, the dejection of others, would be increased by it. Do you think that abandoning our friends is the means of engaging them not to abandon themselves? No, it would be, on the contrary, the means of making prompt and infallible the evils that you dread.” He did not wish, he added, that it could be reproached to the Franciscans that they had contributed to the disaster. Meanwhile, he ceased not to encourage, to revive the faithful, now in private, now in public discourses. He conjured each to put the affairs of his conscience in order and to hold himself ready for every event and to die rather than deny the truth.

However, as his nephew’s fears were only too well founded, he would not leave the sacred vessels, the relics of the Saints, the library of the convent and other precious objects exposed to the peril which he accepted for his own person. He had them carried to his brother-in-law’s, the father of young Rutger. Then, reflecting that, if a misfortune happened, the heretics would not fail to search the houses of the principal Catholics and would begin with that of his brother-in-law, he had them taken back and carried into the citadel.

This citadel, backed against the walls of the town and bathed by the course of the Meuse, did not perhaps appear to him a very assured refuge; it was hoped that it could hold out at least the time necessary to await help, and it was known that the gravity of the situation had been signalled to the royal commanders of the neighbouring cities.

The Protestants of Gorkum had not lost time either. They had hastened to send to Dordrecht to set forth the chances that a stroke of hand upon their town would meet in these first days of stupor, and suddenly, on 25 June, at eight o’clock in the morning, thirteen ships carrying about a hundred and fifty soldiers were signalled arriving from Dordrecht and coming up the Meuse. They came alongside, almost without a blow struck, in the approaches of Gorkum. At the sight of them, the tumult and the confusion were at their height. The secret partisans of heresy ran to join them: the faithful citizens deliberated. The holy guardian saw clearly that there was nothing more to be spared. He assembled his brethren, and, after a short but warm exhortation, he authorized them to separate and to take refuge each where he would. “And you, what will you do?” several of them asked him. “For myself,” said he, “I reckon to remain at the convent as long as I can, then to withdraw into the citadel.” — “Well!” cried almost all the brethren, “we will not leave you alone.” And they obstinately refused to leave him.

The next day, 26 June, the Beggars barred the river both above and below the town. They brought, they said, complete liberty, political and religious, even for the papists; the reduction of taxes, cheap living: the ordinary lures of the promoters of revolutions. Father Pik made a last appeal to his brethren, authorizing them anew to look to their personal safety. On their reiterated refusal, he took with them the road to the citadel, carrying what remained to be taken away of the precious things. They were soon joined there by some of the

most considerable among the Catholics of Gorkum, by the brothers-in-law and the two nephews of Father Pik, and by the two curés of the town. These last were called Leonard Wichel and Nicholas Poppel, men commendable for their learning, the integrity of their life and the authority which long services had acquired for them, especially the first, who was the oldest, the most eloquent and the senior in his pastoral charge. These two holy personages had neglected nothing to revive the confidence and courage of the citizens. They had visited the magistrates, made the round of the walls, harangued even the town militia; but the interests of the king of Spain had seemed to touch this inconstant and light people only moderately, among whom periodic revolts were so to speak a tradition. The interest of the Church had seemed to move it more; however, as the Beggars were the first to proclaim their respect for religion, what was the use of fighting for what was not attacked? The two curés had therefore been unable to find access to hearts; they had scarcely been listened to. Full of the saddest presentiments, they had had no other course to take than to leave the town. They had no sooner gone out than the Beggars entered it, secretly introduced by their partisans within. Their leader, one Marin Urant (or Brancio), a Fleming, was not without some military talents. Sprung from the dregs of the people, this Brant had been at first a labourer on the dike works; then he had followed the trade now of sailor, now of pirate; he had associated himself with those sea-scum who served under William Lumay, count de la Marck, receiving no other pay than the fruit of their plunder, and who were the worthy nucleus of the faction of the Beggars. His audacity, his coolness, his muscular strength, had acquired for him much ascendancy over his coarse companions.

As soon as he was master of Gorkum, he had the bells rung and the inhabitants assembled in the great square. There he proposed to them to swear hatred to the Spaniards and to the duke of Alba, and fidelity to Duke William of Nassau, as well as to the holy Gospels: an accommodating expression and very well invented to reassure the lukewarm and the undecided, since it could be understood as well of the religion of the Pope as of that of Calvin. He added that those who accepted the new oath should proclaim it by raising their hats, and at once almost all the hats of those present flew into the air, to the cries many times repeated of “Long live the Beggars!” Marin declared himself satisfied with this enthusiasm, but without amusing himself to enjoy it, for he knew its value, he assembled the senate or council of the town and busied himself in completing the success of the day.

The citadel was hardly in a state to offer a long resistance. Ill provided with victuals and munitions of war, it had not even smiths for the most urgent repairs, nor surgeons to dress the wounded. All the hope of the refugees was in the help hoped for from without. The governor, Gaspard Turc, counted on his son who was to bring him troops of the count de Bossut, governor of Utrecht for the king. He expected him from hour to hour. He showed letters of the count by which this help was positively promised him.

So the first answer that he made to Marin’s summonses was stamped with a wholly manly resolution. Carried back to Marin Brant, it irritated him profoundly. He had his artillery placed opposite the part of the rampart which seemed to him the weakest and opened fire vigorously.

Night was beginning to fall. The besieged answered as best they could; but the disproportion of forces was too evident. Marin had nearly two hundred combatants. The governor, on the contrary, could dispose of only about twenty real defenders; the others were ill accustomed to the handling of arms, or else the use of them was forbidden them by their sacerdotal or monastic character. They could not prevent the enemy from setting fire to a gate of the first enclosure of the fortress, that which touched the walls of the town, and they had to fall back behind the second line of ramparts. This second line itself was still much too extensive for the small number of those who guarded it. Towards midnight, great clamours announced that the Beggars had just forced it in its turn, and the little garrison had only time to retire into the third and last enclosure which was called the Blue Tower, on account of the colour of the stone. The governor did not despair of being able to hold out in the Blue Tower until the arrival of his son. This tower was completely surrounded by a ditch full of water. Built all of blocks of stone, it offered an imposing mass, at least to the sight. But, when the enemy,

inflamed by his first successes, began to riddle with his projectiles all the openings, as nothing yet announced the promised reinforcement, the governor's soldiers began to repeat that they were being deceived, that this reinforcement was only a lure and that they would no longer fight. Some threw down their arms or went over to the enemy.

The governor, not knowing how to discern and arrest the mutineers in the midst of the darkness, cried out that he would fight alone if he were abandoned, and that the Beggars should enter only over his corpse.

But another kind of confusion came to add yet to his embarrassments. Most of the wives of the refugees, believing all lost, raised clamours which no reasoning of their fathers or husbands succeeded in appeasing, and which the night and the noise of the muskets increased still more in terror. The governor's wife and daughter threw themselves on his neck, held him embraced as if to bind his arms, entreated him to have pity on them, to make his fatal obstinacy yield. He repulsed them, and, calling Father Nicholas Pik, asked his advice. The Father answered that he was not a soldier so as to form an exact idea of the situation; that he judged it grave no doubt, but not such that they could not hold out some hours more; that it was necessary at all costs to await the day to see whether help would not appear; that, moreover, he augured nothing good from a capitulation, whatever it might be, for what faith did the word deserve of people who had violated their oaths to God and to the king? At the same time he joined example to counsel. He strove, with his brethren, to give heart again to the soldiers, to calm the women, to help in the defence as far as their holy and pacific profession permitted. The balls of the Beggars followed one another almost without intervals. The Tower trembled, as if shaken on its foundations; one would have said at certain general discharges that it was all on fire, and the disorder only redoubled within. The governor asked to parley.

At this news silence was at last restored on both sides. The governor proposed to surrender the tower; the chief of the Beggars accepted, and these were the conditions of the capitulation: Marin engaged to do no harm to those who were in the citadel, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, and to send them all back free. Only, all that could be found there belonging to them would become the property of the victors. Meanwhile, the ecclesiastics and the religious, who expected everything, confessed to one another or heard the confessions of the laymen. The curé Nicholas Poppel had brought with him the holy hosts, in order to withdraw them from the usual insults of the heretics. Almost all the refugees came piously to receive communion from his hand, like those first Christians who, in the night of the prisons, nourished themselves a last time with the bread of the strong before appearing in the amphitheatres.

The Beggars entered renewing their assurances; and a thing which must have been particularly painful to the venerable servants of Jesus Christ was to see how many of their fellow-citizens, of their parishioners, and even of those whom they had until then counted among the best, had swelled the ranks of the victors.

Once entered with all his troop, Marin had all the persons he found in the fortress gathered in an upper hall. This hall was a square room in the middle of the tower. There the Beggars threw themselves on the captives like wild beasts, crying to them: "All that you have is ours! Show us your hiding-places, empty your purses, turn out your pockets!" And they searched them, stripped them, trampled them with brutality, especially the Capuchins. They could not bring themselves to believe these pious cenobites when they affirmed to them that their vow of poverty did not permit them to have upon them either money or any object of value for their use. At last they pushed them into a kitchen and from there into a rather spacious hall, where they made them all give their names, which they then inscribed on a list.

The purpose of this list was to put the chiefs of heresy at Gorkum, and in particular two influential members of the town council, in a position to satisfy, if occasion arose, their private vengeances. In fact, as soon as these two men had run over the names of the captives, one was called, named Theodore Bommer, and he was made to go out with his son. He had long been feared and detested as one of the firmest champions of the Catholic faith. He was reproached with having called the Beggars, when they had appeared before the town,

“pillagers and thieves of sacred vessels.” He confined himself to expressing the wish that he had been mistaken. “Would to God,” said he, “that I had been ill informed! Make me a liar, it depends on you; respect what I accuse you of violating, and I am ready to retract with joy.” The Beggars would have taken good care not to accept this challenge. Already the most hurried among them had despoiled the churches of Gorkum, and everyone could see at the top of the mainmast of their principal ship the venerated banner which served in the public processions. They led Theodore Bommer away, and a few days afterwards, in contempt of the capitulation, they hanged him in the public square of Gorkum.

The insults, the reproaches, the jests of which the captives became the object, may easily be imagined. Error is little merciful by its nature. People succeeded one another at the door of the prisoners’ hall as at a theatre; each made it a point of honour to bring there his imprecation or his witticism. They had them at last, these tonsured ones and these frocked ones, these supports of popery and Spanish despotism. They were going to make them pay for the evils with which the duke of Alba overwhelmed the reformed. Already their fate was decided; the executioner of Dordrecht had been sent for.

The captives, in general, answered only by the firmness of their attitude. The governor Gaspard Turc having bethought himself, as was his right and his duty, to recall Marin’s solemn promises, they put irons on his feet and cast him into prison, without permitting him to see his wife again. “This man is a rabid papist,” said Marin of him: “if his heart were opened, nothing would be found in it but curés and monks.” A soldier having found a paten among the sacred vessels brought into the citadel, threw it with all his force in the face of Father Nicholas Pik and wounded him in the mouth. The holy guardian appeared scarcely affected by it and kept his serene air, smiling rather than saddened.

Beside him Nicaise and Willald, both Friars Minor, meditated and read as in the silence of their cell. Willald was a Dane by nation. Driven from his country for his fidelity to religion, he had taken refuge in Holland. His advanced age, almost decrepit, made the strength of his character stand out still more.

The curé Nicholas Poppel showed a certain dejection. His pallor and his sadness were attributed to fear, but quite wrongly, as could be satisfied in the sequel. He was thinking of the cowardice, the apostasy of his flock.

The other curé, Leonard Wichel, could not imagine that the threats were serious and the danger real. He had so often helped or even saved heretics in the course of his long ministry, that it seemed to him impossible to meet no pity in return. Having recognized a certain Anabaptist whom he had formerly snatched from death and reconciled with the Church, he did not fear to appeal to his memories and to claim his good offices for himself and for his companions. The latter did not at all contest the benefit and spoke of his gratitude, of his commiseration; but whether he dared not compromise himself, or whether his return to Catholicism had been only apparent, he hastened to re-enter the crowd and lose himself in it.

At last, after a day passed between hope and fear, new captives were again called by their names, with the women; but this time for liberty and not for punishment. All the laymen saw themselves successively released before evening. They were not so without having taken an oath and added, each according to his fortune, a heavy ransom to what had been found in the fortress. Ransom and oath manifestly contrary to the terms of the capitulation, but which were only the least of its violations. The religious and the priests, instead of following their companions toward the drawbridge, were dragged toward the prison, where they were thrown pell-mell. An old secular priest, called Godfrey van Duynen, an old man of very upright morals, but who passed for no longer having all his reason, alone had permission to depart. As he was being conducted to the drawbridge, an inhabitant of Gorkum asked the soldiers where they were taking this curé. “He is sent away because he is mad,” said one of the soldiers. “Mad!” replied the Gorkumian; “he has head enough to fabricate his God by saying his Mass: he will have enough to be hanged.” The soldiers burst out laughing, and thanks to this horrible blasphemy, Duynen was brought back to prison.

The young nephew of the Father guardian, he whose tender affection for his uncle we have already related, was to remain also; but he escaped. The Father guardian could have escaped in the same way. One of his sisters had a nephew who was on the best terms with the Beggars, among whom he had formerly served. He had even, for that, been condemned to death by the count de Bossut, commanding for the king at Rotterdam; Father Pik had then made for him the journey to that city, and it was only out of consideration for him and his urgent supplications that the count had granted the guilty man's pardon. The latter had become neither more faithful nor more prudent for it, but he had preserved for the Father a lively gratitude. He came to find him, and in the presence of the other religious, seeing the impossibility of speaking with him alone, he entreated him to depart, charging himself to furnish him the means. The Father guardian, at this proposal, turned toward his brethren, as if to consult them. Several of them showed themselves keenly affected by the prospect of this departure. One of them even (it was doubtless not one of those who drew so much glory upon themselves by their courageous perseverance) went so far as to say: "It is you, Father guardian, who brought us here, and you abandon us!" A reproach doubly inconsiderate, as has been seen, and which the Father in no way deserved, but which did not fail to move him. "No, my friends; no, my brethren," he replied. "If they will deliver us all, I accept. But God forbid that I should abandon you! As long as a single one of you remains here, he will find me at his side, and if anyone is to die, either it will be I, or else we shall die at least two!" Then, turning toward the kindly visitor: "I thank you; but, my friend, you see, I am a Father, and in vain would you try again to carry me off from my children."

The prisoners had as yet eaten nothing since the day before; exhausted by a night and a day so laborious, they were fainting with inanition. It was a Friday: there were brought them, precisely, meats of every kind for supper. We need not add that they preferred to fast still rather than give the heretics the joy of seeing them infringe the law of abstinence.

Here begin, properly speaking, the acts of their martyrdom, of which what precedes had been only the prelude. We ask the reader beforehand to pardon the inexhaustible cruelty and the long series of diabolical inventions with which we have to weary his delicacy. But must not everything be told, and would it not be a sort of sacrilege to steal a single jewel from the crown of our blessed ones, to veil a single ray of their aureole? The soldiers charged with the guard of the fortress and of the dungeon were, in general, old pirates; that is why they were called the Sea Beggars. The least at odds with justice and the law of nations were nevertheless exalted by the pride of success and Calvinist fanaticism. They had naturally laid hands on all the provisions of the castle. The excesses of drunkenness and good cheer pushing to vertigo their hatred for the habit and the sacred character of their prisoners, to make merry at their expense seemed to them an excellent way of completing an evening of debauch. They rise from table, like madmen, and run to the prison calling with loud cries for these "idolaters, fabricators of God," and asking one another what they would cut off from them first, the nose or the ears, the hands or the feet. They dragged ladders with them and brought cords. The captives believed that it was to hang them on the spot, when a sentinel entered precipitately, crying that William Turc, the governor's son, he whom they had awaited the day before, had just arrived, and that the Spaniards were already entering Gorkum. The soldiers dash out in tumult and run to the walls. The prisoners made use of this moment of respite to give one another courage and to ask it together of God. The hope of deliverance began again to shine in their eyes, but the illusion was short. The report of the approach of the Spaniards was false. The soldiers returned to their cruel diversions. "So much the better," they said, "we shall have to deal tonight only with the black robes and the grey robes; it would really be a pity if the red coats should come to disturb us in so agreeable a task." — "But," added one of them, "it is not a question of working for nothing, let us make them come each in his turn and let us see in detail the state of their pockets and their purses." The curé Leonard Wichel still had some money. He gave it up to them with a good heart. After him, Godfrey van Duynen was ordered to advance. "You must," said the soldiers to him, "discover to us a treasure." — "I know of none," answered the priest simply. — "It is possible," resumed the soldiers: "you are half mad; it is not to you that the great secrets would have been confided. It is rather to that old

confessor of nuns." They thus designated Father Thierry Embden, director of the nuns of Saint Agnes. They ordered him, with many threats and imprecations, to show them the treasure of the Church. They pressed at the same time a loaded pistol against his breast. On his calm and persistent declaration that he knew nothing, they passed to Nicholas Poppel, the youngest of the curés of Gorkum. They were in fact persuaded that the Catholics had brought immense riches into the citadel the day before. They pressed the pistol likewise against the breast of Nicholas Poppel: "Your treasure or your life!" they cried to him. Then, their avarice yielding for a moment to their passion as sectaries: "Deliver to us at least the gods that you have fabricated at Mass: it is said that you carry a supply of them upon you. Is it true? You who have so often declaimed against us in the pulpit of your church, what do you think now, before this pistol, of all the follies that you retailed to the imbeciles?" — "I believe," answered Nicholas Poppel, "all that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church believes and teaches, and in particular the real presence of my God under the sacramental species. If you see in that a reason to kill me, kill me: I shall be happy to die as a result of the confession of faith that you have just demanded." And believing his last hour come, he threw himself on his knees crying in a voice so loud that it was heard by the whole citadel: *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*

But his sacrifice was not yet consummated; God, who wished to add to his merits, held back the stroke ready to go off, and the soldier dared not fire. His comrades tore from one of the Friars Minor the cord of his girdle. They wound it several times around Poppel's neck; then, attaching it by one end to the door of the prison, they began to pull on the other, to lift the sufferer into the air and let him fall back heavily, then to raise him again and so several times, renewing each time their question on the hiding-place of the treasure. He, unable to speak, because the knot, which tightened more and more, cut off his speech along with his breath, ceased not to affirm, by his gestures, that he knew nothing. At last, they left him half dead on the spot. The cord had imprinted all around his neck a deep mark which remained visible until his death. Then came the turn of the Friars Minor.

These answered that they had no money and could have none, that the Rule of Saint Francis forbade it formally. "Bah!" said the soldiers. "Go and tell that to others; you counterfeit poverty so that the simple may enrich you the better with their alms; but surely your convent must have a pretty strong-box, not counting the little hoards that each of you rounds out in private." They fell with fury upon the youngest religious, in the hope of finding them weaker or less able to dissemble. They knocked out of one of them a molar tooth by striking him on the cheek. But all was useless. One only of these young confessors, overcome by suffering, declared weeping that he knew of nothing like what was asked of him, but that after all, it did not concern him and that it was the Father guardian who had the charge of the temporal needs of the community. "And where is he, the guardian of these traitors?" cried the soldiers with one voice.

The soldiers, seeking the guardian, laid hands on Father Jerome of Werden, vice-guardian, who, willingly accepting to be taken for another in this circumstance and to suffer in the place of his superior, placed himself peacefully at their disposal. But the true guardian refused to use the benefit of this error, and presented himself, declaring his name and his quality. These madmen began by loading him with blows, and by sending him from one to another like a ball with which children play.

The first fury once passed, they summoned him like the preceding ones to deliver to them his treasures. Nicholas Pik answered with the greatest calm: "My treasures are the chalices and sacred vessels of my church which I have brought here: you have found them, I know; let that suffice you, for there are no others." — "And the produce of your quests and of the alms of the devout," was asked of him? — "I do not know," said the guardian, "if anything remains of those alms. They feed us, but they do not belong to us, and it is pious laymen who are kind enough to take charge of preserving and dispensing to us what is given us for our maintenance." — "You lie! impudent monk!" — "I say the simple truth, and as I have nothing to add to it, suffer me to say no more." He fell silent, and neither blows, nor promises, nor threats, could wring from him one word more. They took off his girdle and tightened his neck, as had been done to Nicholas Poppel, but

with still more barbarity. As the cord did not hold solidly enough on the door, a piece of oak wood was driven in to fasten it, and they continued to suspend the holy Martyr, to let him fall back and to pull him in every direction, until the end of the rope broke, worn by the friction. The body sank down heavily and remained without movement on the ground.

The soldiers, astonished to see him dead so soon, raise him up and seat him with his back against the wall. Then, whether to insult his corpse, or to assure themselves whether he was really dead, they apply burning torches to him and at their leisure burn his forehead, his mouth, his ears, his chin. They make the flame mount into his nostrils to see whether his brain will not catch fire. They open his mouth by force and burn the tongue and the palate. One needed a heart of bronze not to be moved at the aspect of that face defiled and blackened, of that beard irregularly ravaged, of that forehead stripped of hair, of those haggard eyes deprived of eyebrows, of that mouth full of white blisters and smelling of burnt flesh, of that neck finally deeply furrowed with red and bleeding circles. The soldiers, this time, believed him quite dead. They pushed him away with the foot, saying: “One monk the less: bah! who will ask us an account of it?”

However, they judged that it was enough for that night, and they went away.

Father Pik was not dead, however. He was still useful here below to strengthen his companions, who did not all run to meet sufferings with an equal ardour, and God reserved him to serve them as a model to the end.

When, after the departure of the soldiery, the blessed ones pressed around him, showing one another his wounds, they were greatly astonished to hear a deep sigh come from his breast. They hastened to raise him, to warm him, to wash his neck and his face. The Martyr, as he recovered his senses, took account more exactly of what had happened: “What!” said he, in his voice still weak and broken, “have I then no more beard or eyebrows? They have burned me even in the mouth. Would to God that they had finished me; I have confidence that this good Master would have received me into his bosom. But let his will be done! He has doubtless found, and with reason, that it would have been buying heaven too cheap!”

The next morning, the soldiers came back with an axe, with the design of cutting into pieces the “chief of the traitors,” whom they had left for dead. It was in fact the custom, in the Low Countries, to add this surplus of ignominy to the punishment of traitors.

Finding him come to himself, they took it upon themselves, so to speak, to avenge on this feeble body scarcely revived the privation of the new pleasure which they had promised themselves. “He will not die then, this tonsured one; has he then his soul riveted in his belly? Well! we shall know how to make it come out!” And they struck him with foot and fist and made him roll again on the ground, but without adding any torture that could again put his days in danger. Such are, in brief, the acts of the Martyrs of Gorkum in the first night of their glorious combat. They remained ten days and ten nights at the mercy of the soldiery of the citadel. It was especially in the evening that they had to suffer; the habit was so well taken of coming to insult and torture them after dinner, that it seems digestion would have been impossible without this amiable pastime. When a part of these executioners was sated or rather tired, another band took the place and began again with a better will. If a visitor presented himself at the citadel, the first spectacle of which he was shown the honours was that of “the traitors,” and often the visitors and those who brought them racked their wits to find some new invention of cruelty.

A certain Frisian, chief of a company, imagined making them puff out their cheeks like hunting-horn blowers, then he buffeted them with all his force, so that the blood spurted from the mouth, from the nose, even from the eyes; then the Frisian, charmed with his invention, began the experiment again on another. Two religious only, who had hidden in the embrasure of a loophole, escaped this inhuman game. Once, a French visitor cut open with a knife the face of a Belgian Franciscan, who had thought to soften him by speaking French. At other times the soldiers amused themselves by kneeling before the priests most venerable for their age, and mimicking Catholic confession, they murmured in their ear all sorts of follies or

impieties which they usually ended with a hail of blows. “What do you answer to my confession?” asked one of these false penitents of the Dane Willald; “are you going to give me absolution?” — “Alas! no, my brother,” answered the monk peacefully; “I cannot absolve you, since contrition is lacking to you; but I will pray for you.” — “Pray for me, you, proud monk!” And, instead of being disarmed by so much charity, he threw himself upon him, fist raised, like a wild beast. The good religious, at each blow he received, contented himself with answering: *Deo gratias!*

Meanwhile the fate of the detainees began to move the hearts of their fellow-citizens. It entered into Marin’s policy to noise abroad as little as possible in Gorkum what was passing with regard to them; he held to making it believed that they were well lodged, well fed, well treated: so the Father guardian having sent him through a schoolmaster, one of his friends, the request to have a surgeon, he feigned not to guess what need there could be of a surgeon in the citadel. “Are they wounded, then? How could they be?” — “Perhaps by the fall of some stone,” answered the embarrassed messenger timidly. — “Ah! ah! the fall of some stone,” resumed Marin, bursting out laughing. And he repeated several times, laughing always, these words which, for him, constituted an atrocious jest; for no one knew better than he what to hold to, and nothing escaped him; but he had forbidden his soldiers to speak of it. He did not dare nevertheless to refuse the surgeon. The latter happened to be a brother-in-law of Father Pik. He made anew, while lavishing his cares on him, the greatest efforts to engage him to let himself be carried off, or at least ransomed for money; but he could not shake his constancy.

The accounts of the surgeon and of the schoolmaster, those of some of the captives who saw themselves released about the same time, whether by the influence of powerful friends, or on account of the rich ransoms they were able to pay, the grief above all of the relatives of Nicholas Pik and of the old mother and the sister of Leonard Wichel, all contributed to interest public pity. Steps, supplications, offers of money, multiplied in their favour. A rather considerable sum had been subscribed for the ransom of Poppel; it is true that it was stolen by him who had charged himself with collecting it, but it attested none the less the affection of a great number for the worthy curé. The question had been raised in full Town Council and there had been found a “senator” or member of the Council bold enough to take up openly the cause of justice and humanity and to summon Marin to remember the clauses of the capitulation. Marin, rather surprised at this audacity, had to answer nevertheless. He pretended that he was not the master, that he was awaiting orders. An excuse hardly admissible for a man of heart; if he had not the quality to have the capitulation observed, neither had he had it to conclude it; he had unworthily deceived the besieged, and the Gorkum senator did not hesitate to tell him so. The Beggars therefore conceived some fear that their prey might end by escaping them. They resolved to hasten the dénouement.

The distance of the duke of Nassau, who had not yet arrived in Holland, served this project marvellously. They contented themselves with asking instructions of the ferocious count de la Marck, surnamed the count de Lumay, that man who had never given quarter to a Catholic, and who was at La Brille, where he was organizing the maritime insurrection. The count answered by an order to bring him all the detainees of the citadel of Gorkum; and, to be surer of the rigorous execution of his will, he charged with it a deserter from the Catholic priesthood, John Omal, formerly canon regular of the cathedral church of Liège. In that time, as today, to hate vigorously the true priests, one could rely on apostate priests.

This wretched man arrived all athirst for blood. Marin dared not or feigned to dare not make any objection. One likes to think, for the honour of the Gorkumians, that they would have shown themselves less docile; but care was taken, to avoid any popular emotion, to effect the removal under cover of darkness.

In the middle of the night of 5 to 6 July, the holy confessors of the faith were therefore awakened with a start, stripped of all those of their garments which had any value and thrown into a large barge. The night was cool. The venerable Willald, to whom only his shirt had been left, vainly begged that either his cassock or his cloak be given back to him. He received at first for all satisfaction blows and insults; then one of the

bystanders less barbarous than the others, a sailor doubtless, had pity on his white hair and his aged limbs trembling with cold, and gave him a cloak.

On entering the barge, Leonard Wichel recognized at the helm one of his parishioners named Roch, to whom he had formerly given particular testimonies of his solicitude: “What then!” said he to him, “Roch, it is you then who lead us to death?” The sailor bowed his head and answered: “Alas! Mr. curé, I am not the master!” The curé added no remark.

Standing in the barge which slowly detached itself from the shore to abandon itself to the current of the Meuse, he saluted a last time, through his tears, his dear town of Gorkum, whose steeples and houses were faintly outlined in the shadows, behind the masts of the ships of the port. Having left at one o’clock in the morning, they passed before Dordrecht at nine o’clock. It was a Sunday. The apostate priest could not resist the double pleasure of going to refresh himself on shore and of showing his captives there like a trophy. The boat was therefore moored at the quay; but Omal permitted no one, except two or three companions in debauch, to go down with him. In compensation, whoever wished to come there to insult the martyrs had free access, and the heretics, warned, did not fail to do so, so that the soldiers who guarded them had the idea of exploiting to their profit the avid curiosity of the crowd. They surrounded the barge with a large cloth, and made of it thus a sort of tent on the water, into which one was admitted by paying a few sous at the entrance. We shall not attempt to tell again all the insults that the blessed ones had to undergo in these visits. It could be said of them as of Saint Paul “that they were made a spectacle to men and to angels.” They put to sea again in the afternoon, at the moment when the ebb of the sea swells the bed of the river. The prisoners had still received no food since the day before. A piece of bread was given to each in the evening, not by the apostate priest or his soldiers, but by the master of the barge. After a new night passed in the open air, in a state so near nakedness, they landed at La Brille on 7 July in the morning.

The holy Martyrs, on leaving Gorkum, were nineteen in number. We shall see that there were defections among them, but that the cowards were exactly replaced and that, by a special permission of Providence, this number of nineteen was kept complete until the consummation of the sacrifice.

The count de la Marck was still in bed when the arrival of the prisoners of Gorkum was announced to him. At this news he leaped from his bed, forgetting the habit he was in of prolonging his sleep in the daytime, after the orgies or the labours of the night. He took scarcely time to dress, mounted his horse and ran to meet them.

On arriving in presence of the boat where the blessed confessors of the faith still were, the count stopped his horse and considered them a long time in silence, as an agreeable spectacle. Then suddenly he burst into a ferocious, satanic, inextinguishable laugh, so that he threw himself back upon his horse’s back as if he had lost all feeling of himself: “Behold,” said he, “behold the grey robes, behold the black robes who bring us their machinations. That will make two, three, ten, nineteen the less.” And he counted them on his finger, laughing always.

After this kind of salutation, he made them all get down from the boat and signed to them, as they touched the ground with their feet, to kneel before him. Then resuming a face of human appearance he said to them in Latin: “*Surgite, Domini*; rise, gentlemen”; and he obliged them to range themselves two by two as in procession and to make slowly three times the round of a gallows which was there quite ready. Then, to add to the ridiculousness of this ceremony, they were made to pass round it backwards. An executioner, or one of the count’s followers, who prided himself on knowing how to supply the executioner at need, even applied a ladder to it and seemed to wish to hang them all on the instant. “Here,” he said to them, “is the term of your pilgrimage. Sing then, pious pilgrims; we are going to bring you nearer to heaven.” But his intention was only to frighten them. Lumay did not wish to deprive of this sort of masquerade, which he found so gay, his companions in arms and in plunder. At a signal from him, the procession was directed on La Brille, always in

the same order. The executioner walked at their head, holding raised in his hands, in derision of the Catholic worship, the august standard of the Redemption. Peter of Assche and Cornelius of Wyck, lay brothers of the Order of Saint Francis, opened this heart-rending march on which the Calvinists fed their eyes. Two mounted soldiers caracoled along the ranks, like masters of ceremonies charged with maintaining order, or rather like those dogs whose function is to bark around the flock and to bite the sheep that are too slow. They had cut branches from the trees and spared not their blows. The count, a riding-whip in his hand, gave them the example: “Sing then,” he repeated, “lecherous monks, idlers, sing! and let it be seen whether you are afraid!” The captives submitted, and it was with full and firm voices that they intoned, first the Salve Regina, then divers canticles in honour of the Virgin and the Saints. They were singing the Te Deum when they entered La Brille.

One may say that the whole town was afoot to receive them; but what a welcome and what hospitality! They advanced slowly, always between two close hedges of insulters who, as soon as they had passed, ran to re-form before them a little farther on. It was not, however, a very diverting spectacle, that of these pale, worn, half-naked men, all already more or less disfigured by the traces of former violences. One of them was a sexagenarian, a second a septuagenarian, a third was nearing his ninetieth year; but crowds, on certain days, exalt and intoxicate themselves to the point of losing all human feeling. One awaited them with hands full of stones or sand to throw in their faces; another with pots of dirty water the contents of which he flung in their faces, repeating, to the acclamations of the neighbours: *Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo et mundabor*. It was remarked that the women, so accessible ordinarily to pity, showed still less than the men. Jerome of Werden, who had formerly travelled in the Holy Land and undergone captivity among the infidels, declared that he had never seen the like among the Turks. The savage kills, but he does not insult.

The martyrs were halted in the great square of La Brille, before a gallows which stood there permanently, and they were forced to make the round of it three times, as for the first time, then to kneel and to sing again the litany of the Saints. They did so with so good a heart that one would have said they took a liking to it. Only, arrived at the end of the invocations, they all fell silent at once, none judging himself worthy to pronounce alone “the collect” which, according to the rites of the Church, the officiating priest recites in the name of all the faithful. “The Oremus! the Oremus!” vociferated the bystanders; “let us be served the Oremus, for it will not be soon that there will be occasion to hear it again in this country.” Then Godfrey van Duynen, in his quality of the oldest priest, pronounced in a clear, slow voice, without hesitation, the prayer which could be heard by the whole town in the midst of the universal silence.

The martyrs answered with one voice: Amen! and the crowd remained dumbfounded, mute and as if shaken. But this good movement had no duration, and the insults began again. At last they were conducted to prison. They found there unexpected companions. Not counting the malefactors, habitual guests of that dwelling, two priests were shut up there for a short time, and two others were brought there scarcely an hour after the Gorkumians. The former were the two curés of Maesdam and of Heinort, villages in the environs of Dordrecht, from which they had been carried off by the Beggars; the latter two were two religious of the Order of Premonstratensians. As these had the honour of being included in the number of the nineteen martyrs, it is fitting to consecrate a special mention to them. They were named Adrian Becan and James Lacop, and they filled, Adrian the functions of curé, and James those of vicar in the parish of Munster, where they had been sent by the celebrated abbey of the Premonstratensians of Middelburg, in Zeeland. Surprised in the preceding night by one of those bands of plunderers which ran through the islands in search of priests and churches, they had been brought to the count de la Marck with James’s father, a man already advanced in age. The count, admiring their all-white garments, feigned at first to have difficulty in recognizing them as men. He asked the old man what his country was. The old man answered in French that it was Flanders. “Good,” resumed the count in the same language; “if you persuade your son to quit his popery, I will send you both away free”; but James, taking the word in the name of his father, declared that at that price he

would never accept anything. “Then,” said Lumay, “you shall die!” — “I shall die,” said James; “or rather no, I shall not die; I shall live!” — “What!” resumed the count, “do you think then that I have not the power to kill you?” — “You will kill my body,” said James; “but my soul is immortal; it will escape you.” Irritated at the liberty of this answer, the count let the old man go; but he had the two monks taken to prison.

The prison of La Brille was composed of three dungeons superposed and so disposed as to render uninhabitable the lowest of the three, that precisely where our martyrs were. No special conduit had been contrived for the filth; it flowed along the walls to the bottom of the lower storey. In the bosom of a darkness such that at full noon one recognized one another only by the sound of the voice, the blessed prisoners knew not where to put themselves to escape somewhat from the mire and the fetid odour with which they were asphyxiated. By dint of feeling with their feet, they succeeded in recognizing a spot where the ground was higher than elsewhere; they heaped themselves there so to speak one upon another, so that they were stifling. Their first meal of the day was brought them about three o’clock in the afternoon; but their other discomforts had not permitted them to think of the goad of hunger.

The evening was employed in interrogating them on the religious faith in presence of the count, in the town hall. Their firmness, however, drew on them no new outrage, except for Leonard, whom one of the count’s soldiers, irritated by his answers, struck with the back of an axe which he held in his hand. “Strike again,” said the priest without emotion; “strike: my flesh is in your power; it will not be so long.” A word which recalls that of the divine Redeemer in his passion, when he said: “This is your hour and the power of darkness.” Another soldier threw at Leonard a little hammer which struck him on the forehead and made the blood gush in streams. They were taken back to the prison, but this time to an upper storey less damp and less foul, and there was brought them for supper bread and a large jug of water. But a grief more lively than that of physical sufferings was to perceive that the holy phalanx was beginning to be broken into by the enemy. The Calvinists, after this first interrogation, had conceived some hope of shaking the curé of Maesdam, the young Capuchin brother Henry and a canon of Gorkum, and they had done them the injury, too justified, alas! by the sequel, of giving them a more comfortable lodging in the house of the chief of police.

The next day, 8 July, heresy, already proud of this first triumph, proposed a victory more general, more brilliant and more definitive. An answer full of simplicity from a young Capuchin brother, “that he believed exactly what the Father guardian believed,” had given the thought that if the principal confessors were got the better of, the others would follow without resistance. They chose therefore the seven of them most learned, and made them appear for the second time, in chains, before the Town Council. Those whom they honoured with this choice were the two Premonstratensians, the guardian and the vice-guardian of the Capuchins, the two curés of Gorkum and Godfrey of Merville, Capuchin. This new examination took place at the instigation of two brothers of Father Nicholas Pik, come to La Brille to obtain his deliverance, and more careful of his bodily safety than of his eternal salvation.

The session was presided over by the count and directed by two ministers, assisted by a clerk who took down in shorthand all that was said. The two ministers were: one, an ex-sailor of Gorkum, called Cornelius, an intrepid drinker, but who did not know three words of Latin and who, every time an answer embarrassed him, knew only how to turn to the magistrates repeating: “But hang them then, hang them, and let all this end!” The other, more instructed and quite stuffed with quotations from the Bible, was named Andrew. He was the former Catholic curé of Saint Catherine of La Brille. Seeing the Beggars masters of his parish, he had changed religion that very year, at the same time as political flag. They began by asking the confessors whether and why they believed in the authority of the Roman Pontiff. Leonard Wichel protested that he regarded this point as the corner-stone of Christian unity. He added that, moreover, he did not understand how Protestants could find it wrong that this belief should be kept, for faith is free, according to them, and each has the right to find in the Bible what the Holy Spirit inspires him to find in it; but if the Holy Spirit inspires someone to discover in it the primacy and infallibility of Peter and of his successors, by what title

can they find fault with it? and will they refuse to that one alone a right of interpretation which belongs essentially to all? The minister was greatly embarrassed. To answer affirmatively was to deny the fundamental principle of the pretended reform. To answer negatively was to avow the radical impotence in which Protestantism is to affirm the error of Catholicism. He did what those ordinarily do who, in a discussion, seek something other than the truth: he shifted the question.

“Since,” said he, “you seem to me disposed to reason from Holy Scripture, accept a conference in due form, and let us argue in form from the Bible.” The discussion was accepted, it did no honour to the Protestants and ended abruptly by the expulsion of the Catholic theologians from the hall.

But before sending them away definitively, the count wished to speak in private with James Lacop, Premonstratensian, whose gentleness of face and grace of elocution had made on his fierce heart almost an impression. He omitted neither promises nor threats to seduce him; but he obtained nothing.

In the meantime a messenger was announced to the count, bearer of a letter from Marin Brant, of another from the Town Council of Gorkum and of a third from Prince William of Orange. The count had him brought and took cognizance of the various objects of his mission. Marin Brant’s letter was only a simple passport written in his hand, and which even at first put the count out of humour, because Brant took in it the title of “lord.” The Senate or Town Council of Gorkum set forth the circumstances of the capitulation and the promise of life safe, made to all the prisoners; it attested besides the good reputation of each of those who had been carried off from the citadel of Gorkum in the night of the 6th of July, certified that they had never done anything but good to their fellow-citizens, and ended by interceding formally in their favour. The messenger was besides charged to add verbally that they were disposed to make some sacrifices for them, and that the sister of the curé Wichel, in particular, promised ten thousand livres for the deliverance of her brother.

As for the letter of the prince of Orange, it seemed more decisive still, if that is possible. The prince had written it at the request of the Senate of Gorkum. Unfortunately there is every reason to believe that it had an effect contrary to that which it proposed. Lumay appeared indignant. He protested that William of Orange strangely mistook if he thought that he, Count William de la Marck, had shaken off the yoke of a king for the pleasure of bowing the head before an equal. He renewed the oath which he said he had made, to avenge the counts of Horn and Egmont, immolated by Spain, by immolating all the papist priests who should fall under his hand. He was supported in this barbarous design by several heretics of Gorkum, who had made the journey to La Brille on purpose. On the other side, it is true that Catholic Gorkumians, and among them two brothers of Father Pik, had hastened to try to move him; but his heart was accessible only to pitiless inspirations.

Meanwhile the guardian’s two brothers, by dint of insistence, obtained a thing which they had scarcely dared hope, the permission to take away their brother free and without his being obliged to renounce his faith, on the condition however of taking away only him. But the holy religious had already several times refused a similar favour. To their great astonishment he refused it anew, and begged that no more be said to him of abandoning his companions whose direction the Rule of Saint Francis had confided to him. The two brothers lost not courage. They returned to the charge with the Calvinist ministers and the principal Beggars, and they wrung out as second and last concession the promise that all the captives would be set at liberty if they would only renounce the Pope, even though they continued to persist in the other Catholic dogmas.

To put the two brothers in a position to draw all possible advantage from this assurance, they were authorized moreover to have the guardian go out momentarily from the prison, and to invite him to supper with them in a house of the town. It was judged that if the Father guardian came to yield, he would not yield alone: such was the motive of this unexpected toleration with regard to him. The three brothers were therefore seen assembled at table, at nightfall, and this meal was to be the last for the Capuchin. We could not tell again all

that fraternal tenderness, stimulated by the imminence of danger, put of caresses, of obsessions and of ruses of every kind into the mind and upon the lips of those of them who played the sad part of seducers. The holy Martyr thanked them effusively for these affectionate testimonies by which he was touched more than it became him to let appear. But what was the use of all these projects for an earthly future? They knew well that there was none for him, if it had to be bought at the price of an apostasy. The two brothers did not hold themselves beaten. They had recourse to theological arguments of which they had laid in a supply; but the Capuchin, very versed in the sacred letters, had no trouble in reducing them to nothing. Seeing then the little effect of their words, they feigned to forget for a moment all discussion, and to think no more than of eating, drinking and rejoicing, in the hope that wine would perhaps soften this indomitable resolution. Father Nicholas, weakened by a long fast, did not refuse to give himself up moderately with them to the innocent enjoyment to which he was invited. His air betrayed not the least sadness. Like a friend in the midst of his friends, he was the first to enliven the conversation, and one could not sufficiently admire the tranquil serenity of this man who was not to see the sun rise of the morrow.

But as soon as his brothers returned insidiously to the object of their interview, he resumed a serious, firm face, and begged them to cease once for all to show him so much solicitude for the present moment and so little for eternity. “Do you think,” he added, “that by the cowardice you propose to me I shall escape death? No, my friends; I shall die only a little later, in five, in ten, in thirty years perhaps, no matter, to fall from thence into hell. I shall be well advanced! Rather let me go up to heaven at once. Death does not frighten me; we already know each other, for I have had foretastes of it in the fortress of our city.”

At this last declaration, his brothers burst out into a feigned anger, treated him as obstinate, overwhelmed him with insults. Nicholas, to give them a convincing proof of the inefficacy of this new stratagem, stretched himself on a bench and soon fell profoundly asleep there. Seized with stupor, his brothers kept silence. They looked at him without daring to stir, for fear of troubling this last sleep, and in the depth of their hearts they could not help being proud of so courageous a brother.

During this time the count was giving himself up to his nocturnal orgies. He even passed the ordinary bounds of his intemperance, under the impression of the lively vexation with which the letter of the prince of Orange had affected him. Full of wine and anger, he set himself, whether by chance or by design, to re-read this letter and remarked (what in fact was true) that Marin had kept the original and had sent him only a copy certified conformable. This want of regard on the part of the commandant of Gorkum seemed to put the climax to his excitement: “He too,” he cried, “he too thinks himself a personage superior to us; he, this Marin Brant, who yesterday still handled pick and shovel instead of the sword! Everyone here pretends to command me, and those who dare not send me orders transmit me some! By all the devils of the Antichrist of Rome, we shall see!”

He rose, called the officer who filled near him the functions of justiciary, or rather of grand executioner, and ordered him to go and hang on the hour all those Gorkumians with whom they were breaking his head. Then, addressing John Omal, the apostate priest of Liège, he charged him personally with watching over the strict and complete execution of his will. “You answer to me,” he said to him, “that neither by fraud, nor by connivance or weakness, a single one of these prisoners shall be withdrawn from my vengeance; they shall all be hanged, the great as well as the small, the young as well as the old.” And while reiterating these instructions, he ceased not to repeat that he was master, that he wished to remain master, and that he cared for the prince of Orange as much as for that lout Brant.

The officer and the apostate took good care not to make him observe that it is not at midnight, and on rising from table, that sentences of death are passed. They run to the house where they had permitted Nicholas to sup with his brothers. They find him profoundly asleep on his bench, awaken him and bring him back to the other martyrs who were already waiting, to the number of twenty, bound two and two by the arms. Numerous soldiers surrounded them, some on foot, others on horseback, and the crowd was not long in flocking, in spite

of the darkness, at the news of the spectacle impatiently awaited. It was 9 July 1572. One o'clock in the morning had just struck. They were led out of La Brille, and a convenient place for the punishment was sought. There was, not far from the town, at the place called Ruggense, a monastery of the name of Saint Elizabeth, lately inhabited by canons regular of Saint Augustine, but now empty, sacked by the Beggars and half demolished. It was there that a halt was made, in a building which had served as a granary and the walls of which were crossed by two beams, the first long and going from one wall to the other, the second much shorter.

The blessed Martyrs embrace one another, give or receive for a last time the absolution of their faults and lavish upon one another the example of courage. One thing was painful to them all: it was to be completely stripped of their garments. One might have spared them this useless outrage, but they accepted it as one more point of resemblance with the great Victim of Calvary.

The Father guardian mounted first the fatal ladder. After having given all a last kiss: "Behold," he said to them, "I show you the way, the way to heaven! Follow me as valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ, and after having fought together, may none fail of the eternal triumph which awaits us up there!"

He ceased not to exhort them until the rope, tightening his throat, intercepted his voice. This heroic chief of the martyrs of Gorkum was in his thirty-eighth year.

As soon as his strong voice failed, his vicar, Jerome of Werden, and Nicaise Johnson, as well as the two curés of Gorkum, took charge of the care of supplying his place. And this care was not useless. There was there a Calvinist minister who strove to seduce the laymen and the young religious, and offered them life and other advantages if they would renounce popery. Nicaise, who knew the simplicity of several of them and knew them incapable of surely disentangling by themselves the quibbles, the captious or truncated quotations, and all the sophisms of heresy, threw himself, so to speak, like a shield between them and the tempter. Nicaise ordered them to avoid discussion and to confess simply by an affirmation the constancy of their faith. Often he even answered for them and said to the minister: "You lose your time, they will not listen to you; we are all papists to death!"

As the vicar Jerome of Werden was mounting the rungs of the ladder invoking the Blessed Virgin and divers saints, the minister came and placed himself straight before him and reproached him a last time with his pretended idolatry: "Adore God alone," he cried to him, "and leave there the saints, silly idols who do not hear you!" Jerome, holily indignant at these blasphemies, launched his foot toward him through the rungs and struck him so roughly in the middle of the belly that he made him fall over backwards.

This act of violence may seem strange in a martyr; but what excuses it even better than the indignation caused by the minister's blasphemy was the afflicting spectacle which the blessed one had the grief to see at that moment. The novice Henry, the youngest of the confessors, after having given a first proof of weakness by saying he was only sixteen years old, whereas he was eighteen, a lie inspired by the hope of moving the executioners, had just made a sign that he accepted the minister's conditions. He was untied, and made to go out of the circle of those who were dying or were about to die.

"O misfortune, worse than all torments," cried the vicar at this defection: "it is you, minister of Satan, who will answer before God for the eternal loss of this adolescent whose inexperience you seduce!" The Beggars shut his mouth with pike blows and disfigured all his face. Then, as the unhappy apostate to whom God gave the grace of being converted afterwards related, they set about effacing, with the edge of their swords, the image of the cross which the vicar, in his journey to Jerusalem, had tattooed on his breast and on his right arm, and they were not satisfied until these symbolic marks were either removed with the flesh, or vanished beneath the blood which inundated them. The courageous vicar still breathed and ceased not for that to pray and to encourage his companions.

Nicaise Johnson and Nicholas Poppel did the same, but they pronounced many words in Latin, which the novice, little versed in that language, did not know how to repeat.

Another defection, more deplorable still than that of Henry, was that of a Capuchin named William who, at the moment when he touched the term and the reward of so many ills, cried out in French that he did not wish to die, that he renounced the Pope and all that was wished, and begged the soldiers to save him. The soldiers cut the cord of this coward, covered him with one of their tunics and a helmet, that he might not be recognized, and made him escape. For the rest, this wretch prolonged by only a few days a life bought at the price of an apostasy. Enrolled among the Beggars, and the more abandoned of heaven as he had abused more graces, he was not long in falling into every sort of excess; he was hanged two months after, no longer, alas! for a holy and glorious cause, but for the crime of theft.

There were also one or two of the youngest martyrs who, seized with the horror of death, a horror so natural to all men, implored in secret the pity of the executioner and asked that their cords be cut, but without consenting however to deny Catholicism; so they were not listened to. God, ever compassionate to human weaknesses, has permitted nevertheless that they be counted in the number of the martyrs of Gorkum. They were like the prince of the Apostles, “they stretched forth their hands, and another girded them and led them whither they would not.” Godfrey of Merville repeated before dying the words of Jesus Christ on the cross: “Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do!” Leonard Wichel thought of his family, and said that one thing only saddened him at that moment, it was the thought of the grief of his mother, already much weakened by age, when she should learn of his death.

He slackened his pace under the weight of this thought and did not seem to climb the ladder with enough diligence. Godfrey Van Duynen cried to him: “Courage! Master Leonard, today we shall sit down in heaven at the banquet of the Lamb!”

Godfrey Van Duynen was hanged last. As the soldiers hesitated to withdraw the ladder from under his feet and said to one another: “Ah! let us spare at least that one, we all know that he is an innocent!” — “No, no,” he said to them, “make haste to associate me with my brethren: I see the heavens open!” And he added: “If I have offended or scandalized anyone, I pray him to pardon me.”

Here the narrator feels the need to suspend his recital and to stop, in a mute recollection, to contemplate this glorious row of sufferers and to count them by their names as the Church herself does when she decrees to them the supreme honours.

They were nineteen in all, of whom eleven Capuchins, two Premonstratensians, one Dominican, one Canon Regular of Saint Augustine and four secular priests.

We have said that the granary was crossed by two beams, one long, the other shorter. To the latter three only of the martyrs were attached: Saint Nicholas Pik, guardian or superior of the Capuchins. Beside him Saint Godfrey Van Duynen, secular priest. Next, Saint Cornelius of Wyck, that is to say born at Wyck. He was a Capuchin brother who knew, by the promptness and simplicity of his obedience, how to acquire in the vilest occupations merits which lofty functions do not always procure so easily. It is related that being at Bois-le-Duc, his superior said to him one day, without adding any explanation: “Brother Cornelius, go to Utrecht.” Cornelius set out for Utrecht and presented himself at the convent of the Capuchins of that city where he was asked the reason of his visit. He could give no other than this word: “Brother Cornelius, go to Utrecht,” and he was sent back to Bois-le-Duc to ask what mission had been meant to be charged on him.

On the longest beam fifteen of the martyrs were lined up: Saint Jerome of Werden, vicar or vice-guardian of the Capuchins, born at Werden, in the county of Hoorn, and who had dwelt some time in the convents of his Order in the Holy Land; Saint Thierry Embden, born at Amersfoort, near Utrecht, director of the nuns of Saint Agnes, at Gorkum; Saint Nicaise Johnson, commonly called de Hèze, Capuchin, bachelor of the

university of Louvain, eloquent preacher, and who knew by heart the whole New Testament; Saint Willald, Capuchin, Dane by nation, aged ninety years, a man of lofty stature, but so emaciated that he had no more, according to the vulgar expression, than bones and skin, and who after having confessed the Catholic faith in his country even to exile, confessed it on foreign soil even to the sacrifice of his life; Saint Godfrey of Merville, Capuchin, born at Merville, a town situated on the left bank of the Lys. He filled in the convent of Gorkum the functions of confessor and was charged with all that regarded divine worship. Saint Anthony of Werden, Capuchin, born at Werden in the county of Hoorn. An eloquent preacher, he consecrated long years of his life to repelling the attacks directed against the faith of Jesus Christ, and to combating error wherever he met it. His charity for the poor led him not only to succour souls, but to relieve the miseries of the body by means of the alms which he went himself to collect to distribute them afterwards to them; Saint Anthony of Hornaer, Capuchin; Hornaer was a little village near Gorkum; Saint Francis of Roye, of Brussels, Capuchin, still young and ordained priest only a few years; Saint Peter of Assche, in Brabant, lay Capuchin, who employed himself with zeal in the service of the other members of the convent; Saint Leonard Wichel, born at Bois-le-Duc, an important town of Brabant, curé of Gorkum; Saint Nicholas Poppel, of Weerd, a little village of Holland, other curé of Gorkum; Saint John of Oosterwyck, in Brabant, a man already advanced in age, canon regular of Saint Augustine and of the monastery itself of Saint Elizabeth, within the enclosure of which he gathered the palm of martyrdom; Saint John of Cologne, curé of Hornaer, Dominican of the province of Cologne, who was not in the citadel of Gorkum at the moment of the siege, but had been taken there since, because he had been surprised baptizing a child; Saint Adrian Becan, of the Order of Premonstratensians, aged thirty-nine to forty years, born at Hilvarembeck, in Brabant, brought only the day before yesterday from Munster, where he filled the duties of the holy ministry; Saint Andrew Walter, curé of Heinort, in the territory of Dordrecht; Finally, as room ended by failing on the beams, the nineteenth and last martyr was hanged at the top of a ladder. This was James Lacop, Premonstratensian, born at Audenarde, in Flanders, vicar at Munster. The agony of most of the victims was long and painful. The soldiery had acquitted itself of the last preparations with a barbarous negligence: provided they died, it mattered little when and how. One was supported by the rope, by the extremity of the chin; another had it in his mouth and bit it like a bridle; others had it indeed around the neck, but not tight enough for strangulation. Nicaise did not expire until after sunrise.

The soldiers, so pitiless to the living, were furious against the dead. They employed two hours, from two to four in the morning, solely in mutilating and insulting them: “Here are two skewers of fine game,” they said to one another in their ignoble language, showing each other the two horrible beams. “Monks’ muzzles and curés’ hams, these are dainty morsels; one does not have them every day!” And they slashed in all directions the corpses become unrecognizable. One would have said that they were going to feed on them; they did not however push ferocity so far, but they cut off, one a nose, one an ear, one a hand, a foot or other parts of the body: they fixed them to their helmets by way of cockades, suspended them on their pikes and came to parade them through the town, stopping the passers-by by force and seeking out the women, and particularly the nuns, to throw in their faces, with ferocious jests, these shameful trophies. Some, persuaded that the fat of those condemned to death is an efficacious remedy against certain maladies, opened and rummaged the entrails, with a view to speculation. They suspended among others from a ladder, under a window, the body of the vicar Jerome of Werden, cut it up at leisure like a butcher’s animal, and sold what they drew from it to dealers in ointments. Entrails, the provenance of which was boldly indicated by labels, were carried even to the market of Gorkum.

Numerous curious persons, and among them many children, ceased not to fill the granary during the whole day. The soldiers exploited this avidity, as they had already done at Dordrecht, by making whoever went out of the town to enjoy the spectacle pay. But the pen refuses to describe longer these scenes of cannibals.

Toward evening, a Catholic of Gorkum, a grave and considered citizen, who had gone to the place of the execution, represented to the magistrates of La Brille the uselessness of these ignominies, which covered with shame those who had done nothing to repress them. He obtained, not without disbursing a certain sum to which other Gorkumians contributed, the authorization to bury the martyrs. He therefore came back the next day, 10 July, at daybreak, to acquit himself of this pious duty; but he found that the soldiers had anticipated him during the night by order of the magistrates.

Two pits had been dug, the one wider, in which the fifteen bodies of the long beam had been heaped, the second narrower, and in which the other four were thrown. “It is there,” wrote Estius in 1603, “that they rest in a foreign land, in the midst of the enemies of the Church, until God, appeased by their merits and their prayers, restores peace to these Belgian countries so long troubled, and inspires his servants with the will and the power to gather these sacred remains to render them the honours which are due to them.” The wish of the pious historian was granted in the twelfth year after that in which he expressed it. As for the ferocious count de la Marck, the justice of God reached him in this world. He had retired, after the wars, into the country of Liège where he lived very tranquilly, thanks to the lustre of his name and to a sort of retractation. One day he was bitten by one of his dogs which appeared quite inoffensive, and which none the less communicated rabies to him. This noble scoundrel, for whom his high birth caused all crimes to be pardoned, died in the frightful embraces of rabies.

The Bollandists give on this day the representation of a marvellous bouquet composed of nineteen flowers, a number equal to that of the martyrs. Here is the explanation of this engraving, which recalls a prodigy perhaps unique in the annals of the Saints.

The venerated bones of our heroes still rested in the place of their martyrdom, when suddenly, at the beginning of the, there rose on this earth watered with their blood a little white and fragrant flower. It grew rapidly, it was so beautiful and of a form so marvellous, that it could be compared to no other plant, not only of those countries, but of all Europe, as the most skilful and learned botanists of Holland then attested. At the news of this marvellous phenomenon, a crowd of pious visitors of every sex, of every condition, drawn by the ardour of their faith and the impulse of their piety, hastened to the tomb of the martyrs, to contemplate the dear plant, admirable testimony of their sanctity. For a long time a continual concourse of pilgrims invaded this blessed place; all carried away with them some branch of the miraculous bush which, far from diminishing, ceased not to grow and to multiply its stems. Thus the veneration and devotion of the faithful toward the holy martyrs whom God wished to glorify on the altars grew still more. This prodigy produced another still more astonishing. Adrian-Anthony de Oorschat, curé of Saint Gertrude at Utrecht, had deposited a branch of these flowers in a little box; from time to time he looked at them, and always he found them beautiful, fresh and moist with dew, as if he had just gathered them. Once he remained eight or nine months without going to contemplate his dear flowers; but what was not his astonishment when, at the prayer and in the presence of several persons, he opened the box. His flowers had not only kept their first freshness, they had multiplied, and their number represented exactly that of the glorious athletes of Christ, martyred at La Brille. This miracle was solemnly attested and filled with admiration all Belgium and Holland.

The generous martyrs of Gorkum are represented having under their feet a personage bitten by a dog: this is the famous William de la Marck, the instigator of the butchery of La Brille; it is reported that, being on his properties in the environs of Liège, he perished miserably of the bite of a mad dog. — Some, the priests especially, sometimes hold in the hand a chalice or a monstrance, with the manifest purpose of recalling that they suffered death for the faith in the real presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

It is not rare to see beside them the bouquet of nineteen flowers, of which we have spoken above.

Worship and Relics

As soon as the news of the martyrdom had spread in the Low Countries, the people, knowing that "God holds precious in his sight the death of his Saints," began to invoke them and to render them a worship at least in private. Estius relates thirty-two official reports of cures or other miraculous favours obtained by their intercession. He tells how he himself, suffering from a long and cruel illness, recovered almost suddenly his health after having made a vow to go on pilgrimage to the place of their punishment.

In 1615, during a truce between Spain and the United Provinces, the venerated tombs were opened in secret by trustworthy men, and the precious bones brought to Brussels where they were solemnly recognized by the archbishop of Malines, Matthias Hovius, and deposited in gilded shrines, in the church of the Franciscans, except some fragments which were sent to the Recollects of Louvain, Ath, Malines, Cambrai, Tirlemont, Antwerp, Saint-Trond, Binche, Tournai, Lille, Douai, Valenciennes, Mons, Nivelles, Namur, Cologne and several other cities. The archbishops of Cambrai and of Malines and the bishop of Namur permitted from then on the invocation of the names of the martyrs of Gorkum; but on the advice of the bishops of Antwerp and of Ypres that public worship could not be authorized without the approval of the Apostolic Holy See, a regular process of canonization was solicited at Rome.

This process was begun, in 1628, at Gorkum, at Haarlem, at Utrecht and at Leyden, where twenty-two witnesses were heard; at Amsterdam and at Haarlem in 1634, where seven were heard, and at Namur, between 1658 and 1661, where nineteen were examined. The Belgian bishops, on various occasions, then, in 1664, the emperor Leopold, the electors of Bavaria and of Trier and the three Orders of the province of Brabant insisted piously to hasten the conclusions of the Congregation of Rites. At length the decree of beatification was given at Rome, by Pope Clement X, on 24 November 1675, and the august ceremony took place with all the accustomed splendour and amid an immense concourse of the faithful in the basilica of Saint Peter. Rome had taken a century to examine and ripen this great cause. It was reserved to the glorious pontificate of Pius IX, after two new centuries elapsed, to give it the final consecration. In effect, on 29 June 1867, day consecrated to the memory of the princes of the apostles Peter and Paul, to the applause of the Catholic universe, the immortal Pontiff Pius IX inscribed in the book of the Saints the martyrs of Gorkum, who thus received the most brilliant honours of our worship. In this narrative we have in part analyzed and often reproduced the fine work of Mr. Villeïïauche.

Saint Veronica Giuliani, Virgin, Abbess of the Monastery of the Poor Clares of Citta di Castello, in Italy

1660–1727. — Popes: Alexander VII; Benedict XIII. — Kings of France: Louis XIV; Louis XV.

Formositas lucis corporeæ index animæ fuit: vultus vitæ similis.

The resplendent beauty of her body was the reflection of that of her soul: her face was the mirror of her life.

Acta Sanctorum.

This Saint was born on 27 December 1660, at Mercatello, a small town of the duchy of Urbino, in the States of the Church. She had for father Francis Giuliani, and for mother Benedicta Mancini, both of honourable and well-to-do families. She was the last of seven daughters who were the fruits of their union. She received at Baptism the name of Ursula. She was not heard to utter any of the cries usual to children. On Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, days consecrated to honouring the Passion of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin, she would accept her mother's milk, or any other nourishment, only twice and in small quantity, beginning even then her fasts. On the 12th of the month of June, day of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1661, she escaped from her mother's arms and went with a firm step, all alone, to venerate a picture fastened to the wall, and representing the mystery of the day. From that moment she walked without the help of anyone. A year afterwards, finding herself in a shop, with a servant of her mother, she said, in a clear voice, to the merchant who sought to cheat in the weight: "Be just, for God sees you."

Scarcely three years old, she had familiar communications with Jesus and Mary. She had made before an image of the Blessed Virgin holding the child Jesus an altar which she adorned with a marvellous taste. In her simplicity, she addressed Our Lady and the divine Child as if the image had been living. Often she placed her breakfast on the altar, praying Jesus to take his share of it. The most Blessed Virgin took pleasure in so much innocence and so much simplicity. Sometimes the image became living, and Jesus, detaching himself from the frame, came down into Ursula's arms and let himself be embraced. At other times the divine Child shared with his little servant the fruits placed on the altar.

One morning when Ursula was gathering flowers to adorn her altar, the child Jesus said to her: "I am the flower of the fields."

Her mother died when the Saint was about four years old; before expiring, she had the five daughters who remained to her come near her, for she had lost two; after having given them salutary counsels, she placed them under the protection of the five wounds of Our Lord; she assigned one to each of them. The wound of the side was the one that fell to Ursula. This wound, which became the particular object of her devotion, was also for her the source of all graces and of all virtues.

She had early a tender charity for the poor. One day she gave her two shoes to a poor man who lacked them; some time afterwards, she saw them at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, all resplendent with precious stones. She seized the least occasion of suffering in union with Jesus Christ. Her hand having been caught under a door which she was shutting abruptly, the blood flowed from it abundantly. "I tasted then," she said, "a delicious consolation, thinking of what Saint Rose of Lima had suffered. The remedies that were applied to me were a burden to me, for I should have wished to suffer like her without relief."

In her excessive zeal for good, she reprimanded, she even maltreated those whom she saw commit the least faults. One day, she who was so gentle and so patient, could not help giving a slap to a servant whom she saw commit a bad action; she soon reproached herself for these excesses of zeal, as for great crimes, for which she did penance. Ursula's father having obtained the post of superintendent of finances at Piacenza, went to establish himself there with his family. It was in this city that Ursula was admitted for the first time to holy Communion, on the day of the Purification, in the year 1670, being only ten years of age. The care she took to prepare herself for this great action won her a precious favour; for, as soon as she had received the body of Jesus Christ, she felt her heart all inflamed. Returned home, believing that this effect was common to all who communicated, she asked her sisters with simplicity whether this ardour would last long. The surprise her question caused them made her understand that it was a particular grace the Lord was granting her. He soon granted her new ones, inspiring her with the taste for prayer. It was in this holy exercise, so necessary to sustain oneself in the practice of Christian life, that the young Ursula, then twelve years old, understood the dangers of the world and the advantages of the religious state. So she took from that time the invariable resolution to consecrate herself entirely to God. Her father, who loved her with a particular affection, had quite different designs for her; he wished to make her contract an honourable marriage. She was sought by several nobles, on account of her beauty, and they tried to give her the love of the pleasures of the world; but all was useless. "Do what you will," she said, "I shall be a religious." After three years' sojourn at Piacenza, Ursula was sent back by her father to Mercatello, to one of her uncles; she gave there new proofs of her vocation, and had new combats to sustain to remain faithful to it. After having overcome a great number of difficulties, she obtained at last permission to enter among the Capuchinesses[1] of Citta di Castello, a city of the State of the Church. It was on 17 July 1677 that she presented herself there; she took the habit the following 28 October, and received the name of Veronica. Her novitiate was painful by the efforts the devil made to discourage her and cast her into despair. The Passion of Jesus Christ served the fervent novice as consolation and strength in her temptations, and she made with an admirable ardour, at the age of seventeen, her solemn profession, on 1 November 1678. She experienced so much joy at being consecrated to God, that until her death she celebrated the anniversary of this happy day with an extraordinary devotion.

Veronica was not long without receiving the reward of the sacrifice which she had made with so much generosity, in renouncing the world and all the advantages which she might have found in it. God communicated himself in a quite special manner to this innocent soul, and loaded her with his most precious favours. In the occupations of the different offices of the community in which she was employed successively, such as those of cook, of steward, of infirmarian, and in the midst of the embarrassments of her charge of mistress of novices or of abbess, she was as recollected as if she had had to think only of her soul. Always equal to herself, she regarded herself as the servant of all, and put the greatest attention to filling well the employment confided to her. The Lord made her know the price of crosses and sufferings; so Veronica said that they were her joy and her pleasure. She studied to bear with patience the defects and imperfections of her sisters; she put in practice this maxim, which she often repeated to her novices, and which she regarded as capital above all in religious life: “Whoever wishes to be God’s must die to himself.”

At the age of thirty-three, our Saint knew that Our Lord wished to associate her more intimately with his sufferings, with his merits, and to unite her to himself by the bonds of the purest love. In 1693, she had several times the vision of a chalice which was presented to her now by the hand of Jesus Christ, now by that of his holy Mother: it contained the sufferings to which Veronica was invited. She felt at the same time the pains of the crowning with thorns, and soon there were observed on her head the traces of a crown, as if it had really been put on her. These traces formed pimples which appeared produced by pricks. The physicians who were called increased still more Veronica’s sufferings by the violent remedies which they employed to cure her. Thus, they applied a button of fire to her head; they pierced the skin of her neck with a large red-hot needle, to make a seton for her. The religious, frightened at the evil she was about to endure in this operation, would not assist her; she prepared the needle herself, and bore with admirable patience the pain that was caused her. Other means of this kind, employed to relieve her, produced no effect, and the physicians were forced to abandon her, avowing that they knew not to what cause to attribute these ills of which they did not know the nature.

Meanwhile Veronica’s union with Jesus Christ increased each day; she lived only for him, and she showed him, by her submission in the pains which she experienced, the ardent desire she had to do in all things the divine will. Is it then to be wondered at that the Lord, who found a soul so docile, favoured her with gifts which he grants only to the most perfect of his servants? She had, in 1675, begun, with the consent of her superiors, a rigorous fast on bread and water. It was during this fast, which lasted three years, that she received a wound which Jesus Christ himself made in her heart. On Good Friday of the year 1697, wholly occupied with the sufferings of Jesus Christ, she was groaning over her past faults, asking him pardon for them and testifying to him the ardour she had to share his torments. The Saviour appeared to her crucified, and from his five wounds came five flaming rays which made her as many wounds in the feet, the hands and the side. She felt then a great pain and found herself in a state of constraint like that of a person who should be fastened to a cross. Veronica was, by obedience, obliged to declare this extraordinary favour to her confessor, who, in his turn, informed the bishop of Citta di Castello. The prelate thought he ought to consult on this fact the tribunal of the Holy Office of Rome. He received an answer, by which he was engaged to give no sequel to this affair and not to speak of it; but in the same year the miracle having been renewed several times, and the stigmata being apparent enough for all the religious of the house to have seen them, the bishop wished at last to assure himself of it by himself, and, accompanied by four respectable religious, whom he had chosen as witnesses, he called Veronica to the grating of the church, and examined her with care. He was fully convinced of the reality of the wounds, which were sometimes bleeding, and sometimes covered with a little scab. The wound of the side, placed on the left, was four to five fingers long, transverse, half a finger wide, and seemed to have been made with a lance; it was never closed. The white linens that were applied to it were at once bloodied. Unbelievers will regard these prodigies as imaginary, and the witnesses who have reported them as simple people, whom one could easily deceive. We fear not to assert that all the precautions which human prudence can inspire to know the truth well were taken by the bishop of

Citta di Castello, guided by the instructions which he had received from the tribunal of the Holy Office. Veronica herself sought so little to impose upon others, that, in all circumstances, she testified a fear that what was passing in her might be an illusion of the demon. Nevertheless, for fear lest she might be seduced by this spirit of darkness, or lest she might be a hypocrite, her patience, her humility and her obedience were put to the proof: a sure means of knowing whether she was led by the spirit of God. They began by taking from her the charge of mistress of novices, by depriving her of all active and passive voice in the house; then she was treated roughly, to the point of calling her sorceress, excommunicated; she was forbidden to write any letter to other persons than her own sisters, religious at Mercatello, to appear in the parlour, to hear Mass and the office, except on days of obligation, and to approach the holy Table. She was separated from her companions, subjected to the surveillance of a lay sister who guarded her closely, and, by the order of her abbess, she was shut up in a cell of the infirmary. The bishop undertook to have her wounds healed; she was dressed every day; gloves were put on her; and for fear of some trickery on her part, these gloves were closed and sealed with the episcopal seal. Veronica was very sensible of the privation of communion and of attendance at the divine offices; for the rest, she preserved the peace of her soul. This is the testimony rendered by her bishop himself, who had treated her so severely. In a letter which he wrote to the Holy Office, on 26 September 1697, he expresses himself thus: “Sister Veronica continues to live in the practice of an exact obedience, of a profound humility and of a remarkable abstinence, without ever showing sadness; on the contrary, she makes appear an inexpressible tranquillity and peace. She is the object of the admiration of her companions, who, unable to hide this sentiment which she inspires in them, entertain seculars with it. I have much trouble to restrain them as I should wish; nevertheless I threaten those who speak most of it to impose penances on them, in order not to increase the curiosity and the talk of the people.”

The bishop was not the only one who tested Veronica’s virtue. A celebrated missionary, Father Grivelli, Jesuit, having come to Citta di Castello, the bishop gave him as confessor to this holy girl, with the power to act toward her as he would have done himself. The Father, who had great experience, employed the roughest manners toward her, humbled her in the most sensible manner, and spared nothing to be well enlightened on her conduct; he was at last fully convinced that Veronica’s virtue was as pure as the spiritual favours she received were extraordinary.

We shall end the account of these marvels with a fact not less surprising than the others. Veronica suffered pains which recalled all the torments of the Saviour during his Passion. The cross and the instruments of this holy Passion were imprinted in her heart in a sensible manner. She made the description of it herself to her confessor, and she handed him a cardboard cut in the form of a heart on which she had traced the position of each instrument, as well as the place of the cross. It might be believed that this was only a pious imagination; but this cardboard had been kept, and when after her death her body was opened, her heart was likewise opened, in presence of the bishop, of the governor of the city, of the professors of medicine and of surgery, of seven other witnesses worthy of all confidence; it was found with admiration such as she had described it, bearing also the marks of the wounds she had received in it. The certainty of this miracle is so great, that the image of this cardboard heart has since been engraved, with the signs which fill it, and it is found in the Italian original of the life of this Saint.

Veronica’s companions had long been edified by her virtues. She inspired them with a boundless confidence when she was mistress of novices. They elected her triennial abbess in the month of March 1716, and continued her in this charge until the moment of her death. Full of the spirit of God, the holy Superior made, during the whole time of her government, the most exact observance and the most perfect concord reign in her monastery; so one could not find a religious house better conducted and better regulated. Veronica joined to humble manners sentiments of affection and a solicitude for her companions which won their hearts. In their pains, they had recourse to her as to a tender mother, assured of being always well received and of finding the consolations they needed. Her zeal, regulated according to her knowledge, made her take care of

the temporal of her house. She built a large dormitory, raised an interior chapel, and procured for the monastery several other considerable advantages.

The example of this admirable girl was a perfect model for the religious who had the happiness of living in her society. Her faith was firm, and she felt so vividly the price of this gift, that one of the particular objects of her prayers was that all peoples might consent to open their eyes to this divine light. She was full of the fear of God, but she tempered this fear by the sustained hope she had in his mercy. She often sang psalm cxxxv which so well expresses her sentiments of confidence. Her whole life was consecrated to divine love; she was in some sort intoxicated with it. She would have wished to bring all creatures to love and bless their adorable Author. When as superior she spoke of him to her sisters, she used the tenderest expressions, calling him the father, the friend and the spouse of souls. One day, which was the eve of Pentecost, she expressed herself with so much force and energy on divine love, that she melted the whole community into tears.

A soul so perfect did not fear death; she sighed after that moment which was to be the end of her exile and the beginning of her eternal happiness. The Lord, who had favoured Veronica with the gift of prophecy and that of miracles, had made known to her the epoch of her passing. She announced it to her sisters. On 6 June 1727 the air of sanctity spread over her face was most particularly remarked. She had that very day communicated, when she was struck with apoplexy. During the time her illness lasted, she gave admirable proofs of her obedience and her humility. Having received the holy Viaticum with extreme consolation, she had her daughters called, addressed to them the wisest counsels, and then blessed them. At last, on Friday, 9 July 1727, this fair soul flew away into the bosom of her divine Spouse, at the age of sixty-seven years: she had passed fifty of them in religion, seventeen as a simple religious, twenty-two as mistress of novices, and eleven as abbess.

Her reputation for sanctity was so well established, that work was begun on her canonization from the very year of her death. The process was continued during almost the whole of the last century. Several miracles wrought by the intercession of Veronica were authentically proved. In 1796, Pius VI published the decree which recognized the heroism of her virtues; in 1802, Pius VII published that which established her miracles. The same Pontiff declared her Blessed on 8 June 1804.

On 22 May 1822, the Congregation of Rites recognized the validity of the proceedings made on the new miracles which had been examined. In 1839, Pope Gregory XVI placed her solemnly in the rank of holy Virgins. Saint Veronica Giuliani is represented holding a heart surmounted by a cross and marked with all the instruments of the Passion; — crowned with thorns and bearing the imprints of the stigmata. Taken from the continuators of Godescard and from the *Choix de lectures ascétiques*, Clermont-Ferrand, 1846.

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[2] It is a question of the Salvian Waters, the place where Saint Paul was beheaded.

[3] See the Supplement.

[4] See the martyrology of France of 16 February.

[5] The Abbé C. Martin.

[1] France possessed before the Revolution some houses of this institute. Louise of Lorraine, widow of Henry III, king of France, left at her death a rather considerable sum to found at Paris a convent of Capuchinesses. Her intentions were fulfilled by the duchess of Mercœur, her sister-in-law, who had built in the rue Saint-Honoré a house for the religious of this Order. They entered it in 160$. Louis XIV transferred them to the monastery which he caused to be built for them, and which was situated in the street which still bears their name. They were driven from it in 1792, and their house has been demolished. The religious formed later a reunion in the rue de Montreuil, where they lived in an edifying manner, observing exactly their rule which is very austere. In 1823, lack of pecuniary resources forced them to disperse. Of all the ancient convents of Capuchinesses in France, that of Marseille is the only one which subsists today.

10 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the martyrdom of the Seven brothers Januarius, Felix, Philip, Silvanus, Alexander, Vitalis and Martial, all children of Saint Felicitas, who was also a martyr. These Saints suffered death in the time of the emperor Antoninus, under Publius, prefect of the city. Januarius, first beaten with rods, endured afterwards the rigours of prison, and was killed with cords loaded with lead; Felix and Philip were beaten to death with clubs; Silvanus was thrown down from a high place; Alexander, Vitalis and Martial had their heads cut off. 150. — Again at Rome, Saint Rufina and Saint Secunda, her sister, virgins and martyrs, who, during the persecution of Valerian and Gallienus, endured divers torments, after which the one had her head split by a sword stroke, the other was beheaded. Their bodies rest in the church of Saint John Lateran, near the baptistery, where they are preserved with the honour that is due to them. 257. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Januarius, Marinus, Nabor and Felix, beheaded. — At Nicopolis, in Armenia, the holy martyrs Leontius, Maurice, Daniel and their companions, who, first tortured in divers manners under the emperor Licinius and the president Lysias, completed their martyrdom in the fire into which they were cast. 4th century. — In Pisidia, Saint Bianor and Saint Silvanus, martyrs, who, after having suffered most cruel torments for the name of Jesus Christ, were beheaded and thus received the crown of glory. — At Iconium, in Phrygia, Saint Apollonius, who consummated on the cross an illustrious martyrdom. 4th century. — At Ghent, in Belgium, Saint Amelberga or Amalberga, virgin.[1] 772.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Liessies, in Hainaut, Saint Etton or Saint Zé, missionary bishop in the environs of Avesnes, in the diocese of Cambrai, and colleague of Saint Fursey in the preaching of the Gospel; his signal merit appeared by the striking miracles which have been wrought at his tomb.[2] About 670. — At Nantes, Saint Pasquaire or Pasquier (Pascharius), bishop of that see and confessor. Not content with labouring himself for the salvation of the flock confided to him, he sought constantly apostolic men who might unite their efforts with his, in order to procure the sanctification of souls. — In the diocese of Cologne, the saints Rufina and Secunda, martyrs, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the ancient abbey of Cluny (Cluniacum, Order of Saint Benedict, founded near Mâcon in 910), in the diocese of Autun, Saint Udalric or Ulric, monk. 1093. — At Lens (Pas-de-Calais), in the diocese of Arras, the Blessed Brother Pacificus, of the Order of Saint Francis, first provincial minister of the convents of that Order in France. — At Saint-Jouin-de-Marne (Deux-Sèvres), in the diocese of Poitiers, Saint Generous (Generosus), abbot of that place. He is honoured in the diocese of Poitiers on the 16th of this month.[3] 682. — At Maubeuge, in Hainaut, the decease of Saint Amalberga or Amelia, widow, religious in that monastery, already named in the martyrology of France of 10 June. Her relics are, in our own days still, honoured at Binche, on the Haine, in

Belgium. 690. — In the same country, the Blessed Witger, husband of Saint Amalberga. His life is known only very imperfectly, and only from what the biographers of his children, Saint Reinelde, Saint Gudula and Saint Emebert, bishop of Cambrai and of Arras, report. However their account proves sufficiently that he was a leude of great virtue, equally beloved of God and of men. His high position in the world, far from being for him an obstacle to good, only inspired in him a greater desire for it. Faithful to his duties toward God, he was equally so to those which he owed to his neighbour. He acquitted himself of them toward the great whom he edified by his virtues, and toward the little and the poor to whom he procured all the succours of charity. When Saint Amalberga retired to the monastery of Maubeuge, Witger consecrated himself to God in that of Lobbes.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Among the Greeks and the Orientals, anniversary commemoration of the holy assembly of the first ecumenical council, that of Nicaea, composed of three hundred and eighteen Fathers, and convoked by the emperor Constantine. 325. — At Tomes, in Lower Moesia, the holy martyrs Marcian, Domnus, Diomedes,

John, Sisinnius, Aurelian and thirty-eight of their companions, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Antioch, the holy martyrs Maximus, Rodigue, Veronia, Domnina, Maxima, Diogenes, Macarius, Timothy, Zacchæus and Isicus, cited by the same. — At Nicopolis, in Lesser Armenia, the holy Million, Décomède, Anthony, Tliéole, Cesse, Gagien, Clirique, Susanna, Nécien, Théote or Théodote and Cyril, whom the Roman martyrology of this day calls the companions of the holy martyrs Leontius, Maurice and Daniel. 4th century. — On Mount Caprario, near Perugia, in the kingdom of Italy, Saint Peter, abbot. He was born in a village of Tuscany situated about six miles from Perugia, of parents rather illustrious who took care to have him brought up in the study of the sciences. The young Peter applied himself chiefly to making great progress in the science of God and of his religion, and piety developed rapidly in his soul. He embraced later the ecclesiastical state and had himself ordained priest. It was then that he busied himself with having the old basilica of Saint Peter, situated outside the walls of Perugia, raised from its ruins: several miracles came, while the workmen were labouring at this reconstruction, to attest the sanctity of the servant of God. The new basilica was dedicated in honour of God and of his holy Mother, and under the title of the prince of the Apostles, in 969. A monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict was formed there, of which Peter was the first abbot: Pope John XIII himself raised him to this dignity. After a wise government, and a long life marked by works of mercy and the most striking miracles, he fell gently asleep in the Lord and was buried in the basilica which he had devoted himself to raising from its ruins. 1007. — In the island of Fionia (Dauemark), Saint Canute IV or Knut, king and martyr. He died in the city of Odense, capital of the island, on 7 June. The Roman breviary makes a particular office of him on 19 January. 1086.

The Seven Brothers, Martyrs at Rome, and Saint Felicity, Their Mother

Behold the blessed Felicity, whose birthday we celebrate today: by faith she was the handmaid of Christ; by preaching she became His mother. She did not lose her sons, but sent them before her. [Latin: *Beata Felicitas, cujus hodie natalitia celebramus, credendo extitit ancilla Christi, et prædicando facta est mater Christi. Non amittebat filios, sed præmittebat.*] — St. Gregory, Hom. iii; St. Augustine, Serm. cxx.

These Saints, whose triumphs are so celebrated in the writings of the Fathers, suffered under the Emperor Antoninus Pius.[1] Saint Felicity was a Roman lady equally distinguished by her virtue and by her birth. She brought up her seven children in the fear of the Lord, and took care to imbue them with the most sublime maxims of Christianity. After the death of her husband she served God in continence and occupied herself with nothing but good works. Her examples, together with those of her family, drew many pagans away from their superstitions, at the same time that they encouraged the Christians to show themselves worthy of their vocation.

The pagan priests, furious at the losses suffered by the religion of which they were the ministers, laid their complaints before the Emperor Antoninus. “You cannot endure,” they said to him, “the boldness with which Felicity professes the doctrine of the Christians; many are abandoning the worship of the immortal gods, who are the guardians and protectors of the empire; this abandonment and the toleration of a foreign cult outrage them, and so they are extremely angry against the city and against the whole State. They can be appeased only by obliging Felicity and her children to offer sacrifices to them.” Antoninus, who was himself superstitious, answered the priests’ complaint favourably. He charged Publius, prefect of Rome, to give them satisfaction and to do what they asked in order to appease the gods. In consequence of this order Publius had Felicity brought to him with her seven children. When they had come, he took the mother aside and employed every possible means to determine her to sacrifice, adding that in case of refusal he would be obliged to have recourse to severe measures. “Learn to know me,” answered Felicity, “and do not flatter yourself that you can frighten me by your threats or seduce me by your fine words. I hope, by the virtue of the Spirit of God, who will fight with me, to triumph over Satan and come out victorious from the trials to which your assaults will put my fidelity.” “Wretched woman,” said Publius, carried away with rage, “how

can death appear so desirable to you that you expose your children to be deprived of life and force me to take it from them by cruel torments?" "My children," replied Felicity, "will live eternally with Jesus Christ if they are faithful to Him; but they must expect torments which will never end if they sacrifice to idols."

The next day Publius, seated on his tribunal in the Field and before the temple of Mars, sent for Felicity and her children; then, addressing the mother, he said to her: "Have pity on your children, who are in the flower of their age and may aspire to the first offices of the State." "Your pity," answered the saint, "is a real impiety, and the pretended compassion to which you exhort me would proclaim the cruellest of mothers." Then, turning to her children, she said to them: "Look up to heaven, where Jesus Christ awaits you with His Saints; persevere in His love, and fight generously for your souls." At these words Publius had her slapped in the face, saying that she was very bold to give such advice in his presence, which showed an unpardonable obstinacy in disobeying the emperors.

He resolved to make a fresh attempt, taking the Saints separately to try to shake them by the combined force of threats and promises. He began with Januarius, the eldest of the seven brothers; but he received from him only this answer: "What you advise me to do is contrary to reason. I expect of the goodness of the Lord Jesus that He will preserve me from such an impiety." He ordered him to be cruelly beaten, after which he sent him back to prison. Felix, the second of the brothers, was next brought in. As he was pressed to sacrifice, he answered: "There is only one God, and it is to Him that we must offer the sacrifice of our hearts. We shall never forget the love we owe to Jesus Christ. Employ all the artifices and refinements of cruelty, you will not be able to rob us of our faith." The other brothers, being questioned, made a similar answer, and protested that nothing would be capable of depriving them of the eternal reward promised to the just. Martial, who spoke last, said: "All those who do not confess that Jesus Christ is true God shall be cast into a fire that will never be extinguished." The interrogation over, the saints suffered the penalty of the scourge and were taken back to prison. Publius, despairing of conquering their constancy, sent the whole proceedings to the Emperor.

Antoninus, having read the interrogation, ordered that the confessors be sent to different judges and condemned to various kinds of torments. Januarius was beaten to death with whips loaded with balls of lead. Felix and Philip ended their lives by violent blows of a club which were dealt them. Silvanus, the fourth of the brothers, was thrown head first into a precipice. Alexander, Vitalis and Martial, who were the youngest, had their heads cut off. Felicity died in the same manner four months afterwards. She is named on 23 November in the Roman

Martyrology, which makes mention of the seven brothers on 10 July. It is on this latter day that the feast of these saints is marked in the ancient Roman calendar published by Bucherius. There was on the Salarian Way a church built in honour of Saint Felicity and over her tomb.

It was in this church that Saint Gregory the Great preached his third homily on the Gospels, on the day of the feast of the holy martyr. This is how he expresses himself there: "Felicity, having seven children, feared more to leave them on earth after her than other mothers fear to survive their own. She was more than a martyr, since she suffered in a manner what each of her children suffered. She fought as the eighth, according to the order of time; but she was in pain throughout this whole bloody scene; she began her martyrdom in the eldest of her children and consummated it only by her own death. She received a crown for herself and for all those she had brought into the world. In seeing them tormented she lost nothing of her constancy. As a mother she experienced all that nature makes one suffer in such a circumstance; but she rejoiced in her heart through the sentiments which hope inspired in her." The same Father takes occasion from this to show how weak faith is in us: "In Saint Felicity it triumphed over flesh and blood; and in us it is not capable of checking the outbursts of our passions, or of detaching our hearts from this treacherous and corrupt world. Let us at least be covered with confusion," he adds, "seeing that we are so far from the virtue of this saint, and that we allow evil inclinations to stifle faith in our hearts. Often a word troubles us, the slightest contradiction irritates or discourages us, and yet the torments of death itself could not shake the courageous soul of

Felicity… We weep unceasingly when God takes back the children He had given us, whereas Felicity grieved that hers did not die for Jesus Christ, and rejoiced to see them seal their faith by the shedding of their blood."

In art the seven children of Saint Felicity are grouped before their mother: each of them holds a palm. Besides the palm, Saint Felicity carries a broad sword. As Saint Felicity had only boys, she is invoked to obtain them.

Taken from their genuine Acts, published by Dom Ruinart. See Tillemont, vol. ii, and the remarks of Pinius, one of the continuators of Bollandus, vol. iii of July, p. 5. — *Acta Sanctorum*. — Cf. Saint Gregory the Great, Homily iii on the Gospels.

Saint Rufina and Saint Secunda, Virgins and Martyrs at Rome

257. — Pope: Saint Sixtus II. — Emperor: Valerian.

Magna piæ virginis libertas quæ, septa agminibus persecutorum, inter maxima pericula integritatis et vitæ, nequaquam inclinata est.

Great is the liberty of a pious virgin who, surrounded by numerous battalions of persecutors, in the midst of the greatest perils that her virginity and even her life can run, knows not how to falter.

Saint Ambrose.

These two saints were Romans and of illustrious blood, daughters of Asterius and Aurelia. When they were of marriageable age, they were betrothed to Armentaire and to Vérin. When the persecution stirred up by the emperors Valerian and Gallienus raged violently at Rome, the betrothed of our saints abandoned the Christian faith and even exhorted the servants of God to imitate them. To escape these fatal solicitations, they went out of Rome and made for a villa which they possessed in Etruria. Count Archelaus, warned by Armentaire and Vérin, mounts his horse with his satellites, pursues the noble fugitives, overtakes them, arrests them and brings them back to the city, where he hands them over to the prefect Junius Donatus, to give account of their flight and of their religion. The prefect sent them to prison for three days, and, after that time, having recalled them before him, he said to Rufina, who was the elder:

"Daughter of noble race, what could bring you to take so low a condition? Do you prefer then to live in the bonds of captivity rather than to lead a pleasant and free life with a husband?" Rufina answered: "This temporal captivity preserves from eternal captivity, and temporal bonds break the bonds of those other chains which shall never be loosed." The prefect: "Leave there these vain old wives' fables, and sacrifice to the immortal gods, that you may afterwards attain the happy possession of your betrothed." Rufina: "You wish to persuade me of things that are useless, and you promise me another that is very doubtful. For you tell me that I must sacrifice to idols, that is to say that I must lose myself for eternity; and after that, take a husband, sacrificing thus the glory of my virginity. And after these proposals so hard for me and so opposed to my views, you promise me that I shall attain old age in joy and pleasures, you who are so uncertain of life that you do not even know whether you will see the day of tomorrow." The prefect: "Put an end to these speeches, for the instruments of torture are ready. I think therefore that I ought to exhort you to taste better counsels, to renounce these vain superstitions, and not to lose the time which you can still enjoy." Rufina: "I see that you correct a little your first sayings. In fact, when you speak of the time which remains for me to live, you give to understand that the life of man is not assured, and it is true that nothing is more uncertain. But I embrace that life which is summed up in eternity, and which promises nothing uncertain to those who love it. It is that life which Christ taught, the master of truth. When the hardened hearts of the Jews opposed only doubt or incredulity to his teachings, he made the dead come forth before them from their tombs, ordering them to bear witness to the truth of his doctrine, that those who would not believe his words might

give faith to his miracles."

The prefect Junius Donatus then said to her: "Leave there all these vain speeches and marry your betrothed." Count Archelaus replied: "This girl is guilty of sacrilege, she cannot contract the matrimonial union." Rufina answered: "As you say, I cannot take the course of marriage; for, if I desired to become the wife of a man, it would not then be sincerely that I vowed my virginity to Christ, Son of God. Wherefore, hear, Count Archelaus: seek some other whom your threats can inspire with fright: for me, they will be able neither to take from me the palm of virginity, nor to separate me from the love of Christ, Son of God." The Prefect had Secunda brought, and ordered a rude flagellation to be inflicted, in her presence, on her sister Rufina; for he hoped, the sacrilegious man, that Secunda, yielding to fear, would surrender to his persuasions. But she, seeing her sister who was being beaten with rods, began to cry to the judge: "What are you doing, O perverse man and despiser of the kingdom of heaven? why do you glorify my sister and dishonour me?" The Prefect said to her: "As I see, you are still more senseless than your sister." Secunda: "My sister is not senseless, and I do not rave either; but we are both Christians. And since we confess the Lord Christ together, it is just that we be scourged together. The glory of the Christian name increases with the blows of the rods, and it counts as many eternal crowns as it shall receive wounds here below." The Prefect: "Exhort your sister rather to yield, that you may be delivered from this infamy, and that you may be handed back to your betrothed in all the glory of your nobility." Secunda: "You torment yourself for vain terrors, and you trouble yourself about frivolous promises. As for us, we are so intimately smitten by the charms of virginity, that we prefer far to undergo death rather than lose it." The Prefect: "And if that virginity is taken from you in spite of yourselves, what will you do then with Christ?" Secunda: "The virginity pleasing to Christ the Son of God consists in a pure heart. A virgin cannot lose her integrity so long as she does not consent to abandon purity: for violence produces suffering, and suffering prepares the palm of victory. You have taken your arms to obtain our consent, to constrain us to will what we will not, and to take pleasure in things that we repel. Employ then upon us fire, whips, the sword: as many torments as you inflict on us, so many subjects of glory shall I count in our martyrdom; and all the violences you use toward us will be for us so many crowns. For it is a great glory to us, the pains of every kind that we endure for the love of Christ; and it cannot be said that she has been defiled who, strong in the integrity of her soul, has lost by violence that of her body: it is on consent that one is judged before God, who loves the will when it is pure."

The Prefect ordered them to be shut up in a dark place and a foul smoke to be made to penetrate it. But after his orders had been executed, this smoke was changed into a perfume which delightfully flattered the sense of smell. The darkness of the prison had given place to a luminous day. The order came afterwards to draw them from there, and to shut them up in the baths of their house. They were at once cast into a bath filled with boiling water. Two hours after, men entered to remove their bodies; but they found the bath cold and all the water evaporated. The Prefect, having learned it, was stupefied. Then he commanded that they be led, in a boat, to the middle of the Tiber, and cast into the water with a heavy stone which should be fastened to the neck of the two sisters. They remained thus submerged for about half an hour; then these two virgins, who had been thrown without garments into the middle of the river, showed themselves on the bank, clothed in garments entirely dry, exalting the triumph of the Lord, and singing the glory of Christ. When this news had been carried to the Prefect, he said to Count Archelaus: "The girls whom you brought me triumph over us by the effects of magic art, or else sanctity truly reigns in them. I give them back to you as you delivered them to me; I leave you master either of making them undergo their sentence, or of releasing them." Archelaus had them conducted into a forest, on the Via Cornelia, ten miles from Rome, on a ground called Buxo, and ordered that both be beheaded there, and that their bodies be left there without burial, exposed to the teeth of wolves.

But the grace of the Lord, which had not failed those who believed in Christ, did not abandon them either after their death. A matron, named Plautilla, on whose lands their martyrdom had been consummated,

perceived them in a vision, adorned with rich precious stones and stretched on a couch; they said to her: “Plautilla, put an end to your idolatry and renounce your unbelief; believe in Christ; then come into your orchard, and you will find our bodies: you shall bury them in the same place where you shall have found them.” Plautilla, rising at once, betook herself to the place indicated; having found there the bodies of the holy virgins without bad odour and without any lesion, she prostrated herself, she believed and had a tomb erected for the virgins of Christ.

The stone with which they were cast into the Tiber is given as an attribute to these Saints.

Worship and Relics A chapel was built over their tomb, for which Pope Damasus substituted a great church. A city formed in that place which was called Silva-Candida, and which became an episcopal see; but the church having been destroyed by the barbarians in the, the bishopric was united to that of Porto. In 1120, the relics of the holy Martyrs were transported to the basilica of the Lateran, near the baptistery of Constantine.

The entire body of a Saint Rufina, virgin and martyr, was preserved in the abbatial church of Schwartzach, of the order of Saint Benedict, in the diocese of Strasbourg. It is not known whether she is the Saint of whom we speak. The feast of the translation of her relics was kept there on 27 August. The body of Saint Rufina is now under the altar of the church which is dedicated to her and which bears her name in the quarter of Trastevere. The French Ladies of the Sacred Heart occupy the house which is joined to this church.

We have substituted the true acts of our holy Martyrs, somewhat abridged, for the narrative of Father Giry.

Saint Amalberga or Amelia, Widow, Religious in the Monastery of Maubeuge, in Belgium

690. — Pope: Sergius I. — Duke of Austrasia: Pepin of Héristal.

Bonæ viduæ sunt quæ jejuniis, eleemosynis et orationibus serviunt Deo.

Those are truly commendable widows who serve God in fasts, alms and prayers.

Saint Cæsarius of Arles.

Saint Amalberga was born at Santés in Hainaut, between the towns of Halle and Braine-le-Comte, of a family as distinguished for its power as for its riches. She lost her parents when still of very tender age, and ran great dangers in the midst of the seductions by which she was surrounded. But the continual vigilance which she exercised over herself, her ardent desire to please God, the singular affection she had for modesty made her avoid the snares to which her innocence was exposed. Above all she had recourse to prayer on all difficult occasions, and found in her pious conversations with God consolation in her pains and strength against the temptations which might assail her.

A reflection, which the hagiographers have not disdained to make, deserves to find its place here: they say that Saint Amalberga had so great a goodness of heart that after the death of her parents she could not resolve to dismiss any of the servants of her family, but that she sought on the contrary to procure them every sort of good service. The touching conduct which she held toward the poor and the unfortunate, who addressed themselves to her to obtain some succour, sufficiently explains these regards and this benevolence toward servants devoted to her house. The inclinations of the young and virtuous orphan led her to consecrate her virginity to God, and to retire into some monastery to serve him, in the practice of the works of religion, to the end of her life; but the Lord, before granting her this favour, had chosen her to bring into the world a whole generation of the predestined, a family of Saints. Proposals and entreaties were in fact made to her, about this time, by the Blessed Pepin of Landen, who was her relative, perhaps even her brother, and they determined her to accept as husband Witger, a noble lord of the country, and who filled important functions at court.

These two virtuous spouses were well worthy of each other by the purity of their conduct and the uprightness of their hearts: so their union was happy and loaded with the blessings of heaven, which they strove to draw upon their heads by their fidelity to the duties of religion and by the practice of all kinds of good works. This holy family may be placed in the number of those which, at that epoch, cast so great a lustre in our provinces by their virtues and their acts of beneficence, and which contributed much to spreading there the precious teachings of the Gospel.

Unhappily a profound obscurity hides from us the knowledge of the acts of religion and charity which souls animated by dispositions so Christian must have wrought. Here again it is only by the results that it is permitted to judge in particular this admirable life of Saint Amalberga, who burned for God with the most ardent love. Let it suffice to recall, for her glory and for the appreciation of her merits, that she had the happiness of giving birth to Saint Aldebert or Emebert who, after the death of Saint Vindician, governed with wisdom the churches of Cambrai and of Arras; to Saint Reinelde, who received death at the hand of the barbarians and fertilized by her innocent blood the land that had seen her born, and finally to Saint Gudula who deserved to become the patroness of the capital of religious Belgium. When Saint Amalberga bore in her womb this last and precious fruit of her union, it is reported that an angel, to dispel the frights and the anxieties which agitated her, appeared to her in a dream, and revealed to her the future destinies of this illustrious virgin, over whom the Lord had great designs. “Banish from your soul the anguish and the perplexities which weary you,” she thought she heard, “the fruit you bear is a precious fruit. It is God himself who sends me from the height of the heavens to you: you shall be the mother of a holy daughter: from her most tender infancy she will attach herself to the works of piety and will persevere in them to the end: her life will be short, and she will arrive promptly at the term of blessed eternity.” When later Saint Amalberga and her husband saw their children disposed to enter the priestly or religious career, they themselves thought of retiring, by mutual consent, into some monastery, where they might prepare themselves tranquilly for death, and busy themselves no more than with the great affair of their salvation. The Blessed Witger went to the monastery of Lobbes. Saint Amalberga betook herself to that of Maubeuge, which she edified by the practice of the fairest virtues. The universal regrets which burst forth at her death, the tears of the poor who called her their mother, the testimony which everyone rendered to her piety are the fairest eulogy of her so holy, so charitable and too little known life. Her body, transported to the monastery of Lobbes, was buried in the church of Saint Mary, beside that of her husband: miraculous cures wrought at her tomb augmented still more afterwards the high opinion that was held of her sanctity. During the wars, her relics, with those of the other Saints of that illustrious abbey, were placed in safety in the house of refuge at Binche and since then her feast has been kept in that city, as at Lobbes, on the tenth day of July.

Saint Amalberga, widow, is represented under the features and costume of a religious. Or else there is formed, with her person, that of her husband and of her children, what is called a holy family. In this case, the holy widow holds a razor to recall that at the birth of Saint Gudula, iron had to be employed.

The Abbé Destombes: Lives of the Saints of the Dioceses of Cambrai and Arras.

Saint Pasquaire or Pasquier, Bishop of Nantes

Eighth century.

A Christian who possesses true zeal takes no umbrage at the successes of others: he is far from seeing them with an eye of jealousy, because he knows that charity makes him a sharer in the successes which they obtain and the merits which they acquire.

Dom Lobineau, Eulogy of Saint Pasquaire.

Pasquaire was born at Nantes, of parents distinguished by their rank and their riches. Having received a good education and being penetrated with the importance of salvation, he renounced the world, which offered him

however temporal advantages, but in the midst of which it is so easy to lose oneself, and consecrated himself to the Lord, embracing the ecclesiastical state. His merit caused him to be chosen to fill the see of Nantes, after the death of the bishop Harco, who occupied it, and who is known only by name. The Saints, penetrated with the maxims of the Gospel of which humility is one of the principal, have always fled elevation and honours; so Pasquaire protested strongly against his election, and submitted to receive episcopal consecration only when he saw clearly that such was the will of God. Knowing all the importance of the pastoral charge and the extent of the duties which it imposes, he acquitted himself of his obligations with the exactness and zeal of a man animated by the spirit of God. He applied himself above all to regulating his clergy well, to instructing his people and to relieving the poor, to whom he distributed all his patrimony, which was considerable. Although he gave himself wholly to the service of his neighbour and spared nothing to enlighten and save the souls confided to his care, he felt nevertheless that he did not accomplish all the good he would have wished to do. His desire was to have pious coadjutors who would preach as much by their examples as by their discourses, and whose regular and penitent life might serve all as a model. Speaking one day to his flock of the two states which are found in the Church, that is the clergy and the simple faithful, he spoke to them also of the religious state and of the perfection to which this profession could lead, according to the testimony of Jesus Christ. His discourse so touched his hearers that they all showed the greatest eagerness to obtain some of those men of God, who were to enlighten them by their words and edify them by their holy life.

Seeing his people in dispositions so benevolent, Pasquaire sent to the monastery of Fontenelle, to Saint Lambert who was abbot of it, persons of confidence to ask him for some of his religious, in order to establish them in the diocese of Nantes. Answering the wishes of the holy prelate, the venerable abbot sent him twelve of his brethren, at the head of whom was the celebrated Saint Hermeland. They arrived soon at Nantes, and their first care was to go into the church of Saint Peter to implore the help of heaven and draw down its blessings on their enterprise.

Informed of their presence in the holy place, Pasquaire, full of joy, goes to find them, receives them as angels, and blesses God that, fulfilling his most ardent desire, he gave to his diocese men who would praise ceaselessly his divine majesty and would help him to procure the salvation of souls. After having passed some time with them in pious conversations, he conducted them to the island of Aindre, placed in the midst of the Loire and distant from Nantes two leagues. He established them there and granted them several privileges. The other actions of the holy pastor are not known to us; but his zeal for the sanctification of his flock, and his charity toward Saint Hermeland and his companions, are so many titles which prove how well founded is the worship which his Church has long rendered him. He died toward the beginning of the, on 10 July, the day on which he is honoured in the diocese of Nantes. His feast was formerly celebrated there with the rite of double; since 1790, it is only of the rite of semi-double. It does not appear that his body was ever raised from the earth, and it is not known where his tomb is. We have extracted this biography from the *Lives of the Saints of Brittany*, by Dom Lobineau, from the *Proper of Nantes*, and from the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Saint Udalric or Ulric, Monk of Cluny, in the Diocese of Autun

1093. — Pope: Urban II. — King of France: Philip I. Ad perfectionem facilior et compendiosior via est obedientia, extra quam vix et raro perfecti fiunt.

The easiest and best-chosen road to go to perfection is obedience; outside it, it is very difficult and very rare to become perfect.

Saint Peter of Mois.

Saint Udalric or Ulric was born at Ratisbon, a city of the kingdom of Bavaria, of a very distinguished family. His father, Berold, occupied an eminent place at the court of the emperor Henry III. “From his childhood,”

says the historian of the Saint, “like the industrious bee, Udalric gathered into the hive of his heart the sweet honey of the divine word, and preserved it faithfully.” After having passed some time at the court of the emperor Henry III, where he edified all who knew him by his virtues and his piety, he was raised to the diaconate by Nilon, his uncle, bishop of Freising, in Bavaria, who had called him to his side, and who then named him provost of the cathedral. The re-establishment of ecclesiastical discipline, the salvation of souls and the relief of the poor occupied all his moments. He was so animated by the spirit of charity that during a famine he pledged all his lands to come more effectively to the succour of the unfortunate. His fervent devotion for the mysteries of the passion of the Saviour led him to make the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. On his return, he betook himself to Rome with a pious scholastic or schoolmaster of Ratisbon, named Géiald, and from there to France where they pronounced their vows in the monastery of Cluny, directed then by the illustrious Saint Hugh. Under the guidance of this excellent guide, Udalric made great progress in perfection. His prayers became more frequent and longer, his fasts and mortifications more austere, his labours more continuous and harder. He kept the most profound silence, walked always with eyes lowered, obedient as a child. The fruits of a life so holy were peace of soul, gentleness, affability and a profound humility. In a word, his life was the model of all the virtues.

Saint Hugh, appreciating so rare a merit, raised Udalric to the priesthood, made him his chaplain and his counsellor, and even established him confessor of the monastery. Such a choice could not fail to be approved. People ran from all sides to the holy religious, and thought themselves happy if they rested upon him for the affair of salvation. He answered this general confidence by a sincere affection, winning all hearts by his goodness, his affability and his zeal for the happiness of his brethren.

Some years afterwards, he was named prior of Marcigny-les-Nonnains (Marciniacum, Côte-d’Or). Leading in this monastery a very hard life, employing in writing a great part of the day and even of the night, he contracted violent headaches there. One day when he suffered most, he washed his forehead with wormwood of which a few drops entered his eye. This accident, which nearly deprived him of sight, obliged Saint Hugh to recall him to Cluny.

When he was restored there, he was sent to Germany to found a monastery there. Mont-Roger, in the diocese of Mainz, seemed to him suited to this design; not being able to set to work at once on account of the winter, he went to bury himself with his brethren in a solitude to devote himself there tranquilly to the exercises of penance. This solitude could not however withdraw him from the eagerness of the peoples. People came from all sides to him to receive the cure of the maladies of soul and body. Returned to Cluny after the foundation of Mont-Roger (Mons sancti Remigii), he was sent as prior to Payerne, in the diocese of Lausanne. There, his zeal having drawn upon him some persecutions, Saint Hugh charged him to found and direct a monastery near Old Breisach, in the grand duchy of Baden.

The holy man soon perceived that this place was not solitary enough for a convent, whose tranquillity and silence would have been too often troubled by the dwellings scattered round about. He sought therefore to establish his spiritual sons in a place farther from the tumult of the world. After having examined divers places, he fixed his choice on a solitude, surrounded with woods and mountains, which had always borne the name of Cell. He betook himself to Burchard of Hasenburg, bishop of Basel, concluded with him an exchange, and received from him the property of Cell in perpetuity. Soon the church was seen to rise, which was dedicated to the apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul. All the Christian virtues illustrated this holy retreat and drew there a great number of souls eager for their salvation. Severe in the admission of religious, when rich ones presented themselves, Udalric represented to them in the greatest detail the rigours of monastic discipline and the poverty of the house; and it was only after having several times tried their constancy and the purity of their intentions that he granted them entrance into his community.

He established also at Boleswiller a monastery of nuns. It was in this house that, by the invocation of the most holy Trinity, he cured a girl of a cancer which she had on the face. Already, at Griningen, he had

delivered a woman possessed by the devil; and, later, by the sole invocation of the holy name of Jesus, he extinguished a fire. Such an empire over nature is the proof of a high sanctity. In fact, his words and his actions betrayed an angelic purity of heart, and an ardent desire to do good to others, a modesty which never belied itself, an extraordinary gentleness and uprightness. One could not weary of admiring the patience and the equanimity he showed in adversities, his moderation and his humility in success. As to the observance of monastic discipline and of the rule, his inferiors had in him the most perfect example, an example ceaselessly speaking. He had for principle, with regard to mortification, to eat only when nature forced him to it. He was a friend of silence, and possessed in the highest degree the gift of contemplation. Often he was seen entirely plunged in it, as if he had been before the throne of the eternal judge, his face bathed in tears. A religious having asked him on this subject why he was night and day in sadness and tears, he answered him with a profound sentiment of humility: “I weep to wash myself, by the tears of penance, of the stains of sin; what draws these tears from me are the miseries of this life and the distance from our heavenly fatherland; I weep, because we religious are worth more by our number than by our merits.” He was no less distinguished by his affability toward strangers and by his charity for the poor, all of whose needs were the object of his paternal solicitude. He has been seen even to take off his own garments to give them to the needy.

To so many virtues, Udalric joined still the gift of miracles, a high wisdom and an erudition which spread his reputation everywhere. He composed, at the request of the abbot William of Hirschau, two books on the customs of Cluny, which were introduced into many monasteries of Germany. The Saint, before his death, had still a rough trial to bear, that the measure of his merits might be filled; during the last years of his life, he was entirely deprived of sight, probably in consequence of the accident which had happened to him at Marcigny. After this so painful loss, he devoted himself with a new ardour to prayer and to the contemplation of eternal truths. He died probably on 10 July about the year 1093; for it is on this day that the monks of Cluny have from all time celebrated his feast. He was buried in the cloister, and later, at the request of Saint Hugh of Cluny, raised from the earth by the pious bishop Gebhard of Constance, and transferred to the church of the priory.

The only work which remains to us of Saint Ulric is the *Collection of the Ancient Customs or Usages of Cluny*, written for the monasteries of Germany.

Taken from the Légendaire d’Aulun, by the Abbé Pequegnot. — Cf. Mabillon and the Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Etton or Saint Zé, Missionary Bishop, in the Environs of Avesnes, in the Diocese of Cambrai

(About 670.)

Coming from Ireland, his fatherland, where he had drawn in a monastery the principles of virtue and the knowledge of the Scriptures, Saint Zé came, by the inspiration of God, to preach the faith in the environs of Cambrai and of Arras. After a pilgrimage to the tomb of the holy Apostles, during which he received episcopal unction, he betook himself to the land of the Franks and settled in the Thiérache, not far from Avesnes (Nord). According to the account of his biographer, God himself, as often happened in those first ages of Christianity, made known to him that he destined him to evangelize the inhabitants of that country. All the memories, in fact, and all the popular traditions, represent him exercising his apostolate in that part of the diocese of Cambrai. It was there that he founded, under the patronage of Saint Peter, a church where were received the numerous visitors who came to ask of him counsels and the succours of religion. It was from there also that he went to the neighbouring places to spread the good news of the Gospel.

Saint Zé died about the year 670, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, leaving a rather considerable number of disciples who imitated his virtues. Before leaving them, he addressed to them his instructions to invite them to charity, to peace, to the faithful accomplishment of all the duties of the Christian and of the religious. It

was in the monastery of Fiscau, in the village of Dompierre, that he gave back his soul to his Creator. His memory has been preciously preserved in that place and in the neighbouring countries.[1]

The name of Saint Zé is found in almost all the martyrologies, where he is designated as missionary bishop. His body rested long in the church of Fiscau, at Dompierre. That village having become dependent on the abbey of Liessies, the relics of Saint Zé and those of several other Saints were transported to Mons, into a house of refuge of the abbey, during the wars of the. When peace was restored to the country, Louis of Blois, abbot of Liessies, had them placed in the church of his monastery.

At Liessies and in the priory of Fiscau, at Dompierre, the feast of Saint Zé was celebrated with solemnity, on 10 July, the anniversary day of his death.

A confraternity has been erected in honour of Saint Zé in the parish of Dompierre. A similar one exists in the parish of Duinvillers, in the diocese of Arras, where the holy missionary has left a memory which is doubtless connected with preachings that he made there. There was in the church of Dompierre an ancient tomb on which the Saint was represented in mitre, crosier in hand, clothed in pontifical vestments. This monument is still seen there today, and its presence recalls to the inhabitants the blessed apostle who instructed their fathers in the faith, nearly twelve centuries ago. There is also, at some distance from the church, a fountain which bears the name of Saint-Zé. The parish of Buinvillers, near Arras, possesses a bone of the arm of this Saint; but it is at Dompierre that the remains of his venerable body are preserved, which rested previously in the abbey of Liessies.

Acta Sanctorum Belgii, translation by the Abbé Destombes.

The Blessed Brother Pacificus, of the Order of Saint Francis

(Thirteenth century.)

At the moment when the seraphic Saint Francis was beginning to evangelize the towns and countryside of Italy, and to work everywhere on his passage the most astonishing conversions, there lived in the courts and palaces of the great a personage who had become one of the religious glories of that country. He was of the number of those who were called in Provence trouvères or troubadours. The emperor Frederick II had crowned him as prince of poets, which caused him to be ordinarily named the King of Verses.

One day when he was crossing the little borough of San Severino, he entered the church of a monastery to hear the preaching. It was Francis of Assisi himself who was speaking to the assembled faithful. Our troubadour did not yet know him; but, while he was listening attentively, his eyes fixed on the face of the Saint, he saw as it were two luminous swords form a cross on his head and two others on his breast. Struck by this vision, the young worldling recognizes all the nothingness of the vanities to which he has given his life; he comes, the sermon finished, and throws himself into the arms of Saint Francis and asks him to receive him among the number of his disciples. The Saint rendered thanks to the Lord on seeing this new spiritual son pass almost without interval from the agitations of the world to the peace of Jesus Christ: he named him Brother Pacificus.

In 1216 the mission of France was confided to the new Franciscan, who began, with several brothers, to preach in different places. They bore the cold, the heat and all the inconveniences of the seasons without ever complaining. If there was in the place a church or community in which the office of Matins was chanted during the night, they betook themselves there all together; if not, they recited it in private, at the house in which they dwelt. The first part of the day was consecrated to adoring Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and if no one at noon had furnished them a little nourishment, they went to ask alms from door to door. The rest of the day, till evening, was employed in visiting the hospitals, in consoling the poor, in tending the lepers, in relieving the sick and all those who were in any spiritual or corporal need. Such was the

simple and edifying conduct of Brother Pacificus and his companions. His quality of provincial minister of the mission of France obliged him to traverse a considerable part of the kingdom. Arrived in Hainaut, he was powerfully aided in his pious enterprises by the countess Joan, daughter of Baldwin of Constantinople. There were soon seen to rise in those countries houses of the Order: at Lens, at Saint-Trond, at Valenciennes, at Ghent, at Arras, at Bruges and at Oudenarde. All these communities were in a short time filled with religious, who spread afar the good odour of the virtues of Jesus Christ.

Brother Pacificus died about the middle of the, in the monastery of the Franciscans of Lens, which appears to have been the first of all those that were founded in the north of France.

Taken from the Life of Saint Francis of Assisi, by Rev. Father Chalippe. — See our Palmier Séraphique.

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[1] She must not be confounded with Saint Amalberga, widow, whose life we give below and who lived a century before Saint Amalberga, virgin. The latter was a religious at Munster-Bilsen, near Liège, died at the age of thirty-one years and was buried at Temsche, a village of her lordship where she had caused a church to be raised in honour of the Blessed Virgin. At the end of the, her body was transferred to the abbey of Blandinberg, at Ghent: it is there that the heretics of the found it to cast it into the fire.

The attributes given to Saint Amalberga, virgin, are: a crown, a sieve, geese, a fish; a crown, because it is claimed that she was of the royal family of Pepin; a sieve, because the people of Temsche having only one fountain which was in the midst of a private property, the Saint let herself be touched by their complaints, filled a sieve with water and went to create with this water a fountain elsewhere: the new spring became very abundant and the old one dried up entirely. It is said that this fountain is the one seen at Temsche, beside a little chapel, and which is visited by a great number of pilgrims. — The geese recall doubtless the suitors and the impure spirits whom she succeeded in putting to flight, before her entry into the convent. Finally, it is claimed that the Saint not knowing how to go about passing the Scheldt, a fish, a sturgeon, it is said, came and placed itself under her feet and carried her on its back to the other bank. Hence the custom which the fishermen still observe today of offering a sturgeon to the Saint on the day of her feast. The Belgians derive from Amalberga or Amelberga the name of Amelia.

[2] He is honoured on the same day in the diocese of Cambrai.

[3] See this day.

[4] This monastery of Fiscau afterwards became a priory of the abbey of Liessies. Fissiuux or Fussiaux is today no more than one of the nine hamlets of the commune of Dompierre.

[5] Footnotes in the text: (1) “We have given her life under this day, vol. I, page 476.” (2) “Many authors place the martyrdom of Saint Felicity under the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, in the year 164.”

11 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Borne, Saint Pius I, pope, who received the crown of martyrdom during the persecution of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. 157. — At Nicopolis, in Armenia, the feast of Saint Januarius and of Saint Pelagia, who, having been tortured during four days by the torments of the rack, the iron nails, the potsherds of broken pots, happily accomplished their martyrdom. 4th century. — In the diocese of Sens, Saint Sidroin, martyr. — At Iconium, in Phrygia, Saint Marcian, who, tried by many torments, attained the palm of martyrdom under the president Perennius. 243. — At Side, in Pamphylia, Saint Cindée, priest, who, under the emperor Diocletian and the president Stratonicus, was, after several torments, cast into the fire; but, having received no harm from it, he gave up his spirit praying to God. — At Bresci», in Lombardy,[1] the holy martyrs Savin and Cyprian. 5th or 6th century. — At Bergamo, in Lombardy, Saint John, bishop, who, for the defence of the Catholic faith, was massacred by the Arians. 683. — At Cordova, in Spain, Saint Abundius, priest, who obtained the crown of martyrdom for having risen up against the sect of Mahomet. 854. — In Poitou, Saint Savin or Sabin, confessor.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Trier and at Saint-Dié, Saint Hidulphe or Hidou, bishop of that see, who left that great prelacy to make himself a solitary in the deserts of the Vosges, where Saint Dié, former bishop of Nevers, had already retired; he led there a life more angelic than human and gathered there several disciples who were afterwards the fathers of several monasteries. Pope Saint Leo IX has made his eulogy. 707. — In the dioceses of Bayeux and of Laval, Saint Bertivin, martyr. He was born at the end of the, in the diocese of Lisieux, and showed from his most tender infancy great dispositions to virtue, which caused him to be admitted early into the ecclesiastical state. At the invasion of the Normans, he withdrew to the environs of Laval. His high reputation soon reached the ears of the count of Laval who confided to him the education of his children, of which he acquitted himself with much zeal. Unhappily his virtues made him enemies, and a familiar of the count, profiting by the moment when our Saint was at prayer, pierced him with his sword and cast him into the water of a neighbouring fountain: this water received from then on the virtue of curing the infirm. Pilgrims soon flocked to the scene of the massacre, which gave birth to the church, then to the parish of Saint-Berthevin-sur-Vicoin (Mayenne), and to that of Saint-Berthevin-la-Tonnière (Mayenne). The holy body, drawn from the water, was religiously buried, with those of the saints Ursinus and Patrick, in the church then cathedral of Lisieux, and these precious remains were kept there until the Revolution of ’93. — In the dioceses of Orléans, of Saint-Flour and of Le Mans, translation of the bodies of Saint Benedict and of his sister, Saint Scholastica, from Monte Cassino (kingdom of Naples) to France; the first was deposited in the abbey of Fleury or Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire

(Floriacum ad Ligarim, diocese of Orléans), the second in the city of Le Mans. 653. — At Cahors, Saint Aleth, bishop of that see and confessor. A Roman by birth, he was the husband of Saint Rufina and son-in-law of the celebrated Saint Paula. It is told that having lost his wife, he was sent to the see of Cahors. Saint Paulinus of Noie has made his eulogy. He illustrated the Church of Cahors until his death. 440. — At Bordeaux, Saint Leontius the Younger, bishop of that see and confessor, who, having well governed his house in the state of marriage, governed still more holily the house of God, which is his Church, in the solicitudes of the pastoral charge. 564. — At Malines, in Belgium, the triumph of Saint Norbert. — At Bourges, Saint Justus, confessor, who seconded the apostolic labours of Saint Ursinus, first bishop of that see. He died near a little borough on the banks of the Auron, named Chambon (Cher), where he is also honoured. End of the — At Le Puy, feast of the Dedication of the church of Our Lady of Le Puy. — At Saint-Claude, Saint Viventiolus, monk of Condat and archbishop of Lyon.[2] — At Cologne, feast of Saint Agilulf or Agilolf, already named on 9 July.[3] — At Besançon, feast of the Holy Shroud of Our Lord, brought from the East to that city after the taking of Constantinople. 1204. — At Chelles (Calensis abbatia, Seine-et-Marne), in the diocese of Meaux, the saints Flour, Fabricien and Florentin, martyrs, whose relics are at present in the church of Saint-André of that place; they had, before the Revolution, belonged to the abbatial church of that city. — In the diocese of Quimper, Saint Turiar, bishop and confessor.[4] — In the diocese of Clermont, Saint Sidonius Apollinaris, bishop.[5]

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — The blessed sons of Saint Felicitas, crowned with martyrdom on the 10th of this month.

Martyrology of the Premonstratensians. — The feast of Saint Norbert, confessor, archbishop of Magdeburg, founder of the Order of Prémontré, whose entry into heaven is on 6 June. *Martyrology of the Benedictines.* — Saint Veronica Giuliani, abbess, of whom mention is made on 9 July.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — Saint Elizabeth, widow, queen of Portugal. *Martyrology of the Augustinians.* — Saint Veronica Giuliani.

Martyrology of the Servites. — Saint Veronica Giuliani.

Martyrology of the Capuchins. — At La Brille, in Holland, the triumph of the nineteen Martyrs of Gorkum, among whom were eleven religious of the Order of Friars Minor, namely: Nicholas Pik, guardian of the Cordeliers, Jerome of Werden, vicar, Villald, Nicaise, Thierry, Anthony of Hornaer, Anthony of Werden, Godfrey, Francis, Peter and Cornelius.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Reggio, in Emilia, the Blessed Joan Scopelli, virgin, Carmelite, whose birth into heaven is on 7 July.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Messines, a small town of West Flanders (Belgium), Saint Sidrone, martyr. He suffered at Rome, under the emperor Aurelian, but his relics were carried to Flanders after the middle of the 11th century by the Blessed Adela, widow of Count Baldwin IV. She had them placed in the monastery of Messines which she had founded. Messines (Messina and Misseniacum) was an abbey of women, of the Order of Saint Benedict, created in the year 1060, near the city of Ypres, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. About 272. — At Rome, the holy martyrs Stephen, Leontius, Maurice, Domnus, Militon, Achilles, Daniel, Diomedes, Cyricus, Anthony, Jason, John, Sisinnius, Eustasius, and thirty of their companions, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Alexandria, Saint Eutychius, martyr, named by the same. — At Antioch, the holy virgins Prodocie, Veronica and Spéciose. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Marian and Januarius. — Among the Greeks, Saint Martyrocle, martyr, who was pierced with arrows. — Among the Greeks again, Saint Leo, confessor. — In Scotland, Saint Drostan, confessor. Born of the blood of the kings of Scotland, he despised early all the vanities of this world and took the habit of Saint Benedict in a monastery of his country. His worship was formerly celebrated, and a number of altars were raised, a number of chapels were dedicated under his invocation. About 600. — In the diocese of Chur, in Switzerland, Saint Sigisbert or Sigebert, monk of Luxeuil and first abbot of Dissentis (Disertinn), and Saint Placid, his companion. 615. — At Viborg, a small town of Denmark (Jutland), Saint Kétille, confessor. Born of illustrious parents who took care to have him brought up in the study of sacred and profane sciences, he made rapid progress in the former, and showed from his early age a great aptitude for the service of God. His humility, his charity, his gentleness made him commendable and caused him to be loved by everyone. The growing reputation of his sanctity reached the ears of the bishop of Viborg: he attached Kétille to his cathedral church, and soon after ordained him priest. In his new functions, the servant of God gave the example of all the virtues. They made him enemies: one day when he was piously reciting the canonical hours in his church of Saint Margaret, strangers invaded the basilica and pierced the virtuous priest with their darts. It is thought that he died a Canon Regular of the Order of Saint Augustine. 1151.

Saint Pius I, Pope and Martyr at Rome

142–157. — Emperor: Antoninus the Pious.

The sovereign Pontiff ought to have the tender love of a mother and the severity of a father, that he may be firm toward the proud, and full of gentleness toward those who are modest.

Gloss. ord., sup. Epist. ad Tit.

This blessed Pope was born at Aquileia, in the State of Venice: his father was named Rufin. He was elected successor of Saint Hyginus, in the year of Jesus Christ 142, under the empire of Antoninus the Pious. During his pontificate, he took extreme care to make the Catholic religion flourish, and made many fine ordinances for the utility of the universal Church. He imposed rigorous penalties on the priests who treated with any negligence the adorable body and precious blood of Jesus Christ in the mystery of our altars. He published also two very severe laws against blasphemers. He ordained that the property given in land to the Church should be inalienable, being destined to the establishment of the divine offices and for the subsistence of those who serve at the altars. He forbade that the sacred vessels and the other ecclesiastical ornaments should

be employed for the ordinary uses of men, and that virgins should be received to make solemn vow of perpetual chastity having twenty-five years. We have still of him a decree, by which he ordains that the feast of Easter shall be celebrated every year on Sunday, in memory of the glorious resurrection of the Saviour, which happened on such a day: he wished thereby to abolish the superstitions of certain Churches, which seemed to imitate the Jews in this holy solemnity. He was impelled to so pious an action by one of his brothers, named Hermes, to whom an angel appeared under the figure of a shepherd, and ordered him to exhort all Christians to take Sunday only for solemnizing the Passover. So that this pious custom, which was already observed by the tradition of the Apostles, became, by this decree, an inviolable law in the Church.

But a very considerable mark of his zeal for the faith of Jesus Christ was the consecration of a parish title erected on the site of the Baths of Novatus, in honour of Saint Pudentiana, at the prayer of Saint Praxedes her sister. He joined magnificence to zeal, by the rich presents which he ceaselessly made to this church: often he celebrated there the holy sacrifice of the Mass. He established there also a baptismal font which he blessed and consecrated with his hand, and where he himself administered the Sacrament of regeneration to a great number of pagans converted to the faith. It was later a monastery of Feuillants, near Saint Mary Major, and one saw in the middle of the church the mouth of the well where Saint Praxedes lowered the bodies of the Martyrs to give them sepulture.

At last, after having governed the Church holily for the space of fifteen years, he received the crown of martyrdom. Fontani, a learned and judicious critic, maintains, against Tillemont, that this Saint ended his life by the sword. The *Liber Pontificalis* does not give him the title of martyr. He conferred Orders five times in the month of December, in which he made twelve bishops, eighteen priests and twenty-one deacons. His body was buried at the Vatican.

In the catacomb of Saint Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, a painting contemporary with Pius I represents this Pontiff, clothed in the Colobium, and seated on an episcopal chair. The holy virgin Praxedes stands before him holding an unfolded veil. The Pope lays his hands on her. A priest assists at this holy ceremony. It is Pastor, brother of Saint Pius I.

There are relics of the Saint at Saint-Leu, at the Clarisses and the Ursulines of Amiens, at the Holy Sepulchre of Abbeville, at Saint-Pierre of Roye and at Montreuil.

We have completed this biography with the *History of the Sovereign Roman Pontiffs*, by Artaud de Montor; and the *Hagiography of Amiens*, by the Abbé Corblet. — Cf. *History of the Church*, by the Abbé Darras.

Saint Savin and Saint Cyprian, Martyrs in the Diocese of Poitiers

Fifth or sixth century.

Sancti martyres Christi præsentem vitam non despicerent, nisi certiorem animarum vitam sibi scirent.

The holy martyrs of Christ would not despise the present life if they were not sure that a better life awaits them in heaven.

Saint Gregory the Great.

In the course of the fifth century, two brothers, born in that part of Lyonnese Gaul which has since been called Bresse, left their country and their family, which held a high position there, to spread afar, by a voluntary apostolate, the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Savin, the elder, was a priest, to all appearances; for their acts show us that they were accompanied in their pious pilgrimage by two other priests, named Asclepius and Valerius. After having stopped in several provinces, they arrived in Poitou and continued their preachings there.

It was the time when the Church, delivered in Gaul from the poison of Arianism, was breathing on the tomb of Saint Hilary after long and animated combats. Nevertheless error did not fail to appear in Poitou with the barbarian hordes who possessed Aquitaine: the Visigoths were the masters there, and that country especially had to bear their brutal exactions. Arrived in that part of Upper Poitou where the Gartempe flows into the Creuse, the two young men found the country occupied by some detachments of these barbarians. The faith of the Trinity which they preached displeased the fierce enemies of that adorable mystery: they pursued the two Saints, who saw themselves thus forced to separate to escape them more easily through the woods with which the country was covered. But God permitted that the same fate should soon reunite them in an abode that no one could take from them. Savin had taken refuge in a little island of the Gartempe, named the Gué-de-Sceaux, between the present town of Saint-Savin and Antigny (Vienne). He was already exercising there his charitable zeal toward some poor souls who listened to his instructions when he was discovered there, quite near a place then called Le Cerisier. His persecutors seized him, and, to force him to renounce Jesus Christ, made him undergo cruel torments. The whips, the rack, the iron combs tried in turn his constancy; but pain could not overcome this intrepid soldier of Jesus Christ: he forgot his torture to exhort his executioners to be converted, and they could impose silence on him only by cutting off his head on the very spot of his generous combat. Cyprian had been able to reach Antigny, but he was not long in safety there. Men ardent in pursuit of him had darted upon his tracks and overtook him there. Pressed to renounce Jesus Christ, in the name of his youth which these barbarians seemed to wish to respect, the young man repelled with horror this unworthy apostasy, and died the death of his brother. The two priests, who had been forced to separate from the two Martyrs, had not lost sight of them, and hastened, the following night, to come and withdraw their bodies from the earth with which they had been covered. They were carried and buried in the same tomb, at the Three Cypresses, a country house of the neighbourhood, which occupied the eminence known today under the name of Mont Saint-Savin. The name of the two brothers was not long in becoming celebrated in the country, and spread afar the renown of their miracles.

Worship and Relics Charlemagne founded, in 806, on the banks of the Gartempe and near a place sanctified by our two Martyrs, a magnificent abbey. The Rule of Saint Benedict was followed there until its destruction in 1791. Miracles continued there, numerous and striking, so that Pepin I, king of Aquitaine, who had his court at Poitiers, jealous to possess there some of these pious riches, obtained from the monks, what had not been granted to other churches, remains of Saint Cyprian. They were transported to Poitiers in 828, amid great pomp and an immense crowd of people, who had gone to fetch them in the abbatial church and who accompanied them as far as the capital of Poitou.

There was then outside the city, and on the banks of the Clain, a little church dedicated to Our Lady and to Saint Martin: it was there that the holy bodies received a new asylum, and that a larger and more beautiful church was raised under the invocation of Saint Cyprian. Pepin added to it a monastery where Benedictines were placed, and which he endowed with lands and revenues. Shortly afterwards, in 846, the Normans came to besiege Poitiers and overthrew the church and the buildings. Rebuilt in the first years of the by the bishop Frottier II, it was dedicated, in 936, to the Blessed Virgin and to the holy Martyr. But it seemed that the two brothers, whom God had united during their life in so holy a friendship, whose death had been the same, who had rested nearly four centuries in the same tomb, and whom they had at last separated only to honour them the more, it seemed, we say, that they ought to find themselves together in the devotion of the great city. Therefore a parish church was dedicated there to Saint Savin shortly afterwards, and was suppressed, like the abbey of Saint-Cyprien, only in the unhappy days when it was given to the enemy of God to “prevail for a time against his Church.” It was to recover in our century its first splendour.

The church of Saint-Savin is today a basilica of two hundred and forty feet in length, recently restored by the State and pointed out as the masterpiece of the Romanesque style, not to speak of its frescoes of the, which make of it a veritable museum, and have an almost European reputation, of its spire which is incontestably

today one of the most beautiful in France, and of its inscriptions of the 11th and centuries with which all its altars are covered. The frescoes of the crypt of this basilica give, in painting, the most complete history of Saint Savin. The materials of this biography were furnished us by Mr. the Abbé Auber, who made the *Lives of the Saints of Poitiers*, and by the curé-dean of Saint-Savin.

Saint Leontius the Younger, Archbishop of Bordeaux

564. — Pope: John III. — King of Austrasia: Sigebert I.

Eleemosyna quodammodo animarum aliud est lavacrum, ut si quis forte post baptismum humana fragilitate deliquerit, supersit ei ut iterum eleemosynis emundetur.

Alms is in some sort a new bath of salvation for souls, so that if, after baptism, a Christian comes to sin, he can still purify himself by alms.

Saint Ambrose.

A native of Aquitaine and born at Saintes (Charente-Inférieure), about 510, Leontius the Younger was one of the greatest and most pious bishops of his time. A birth of which he did not boast, and great wealth of which he showed himself liberal, gave a new lustre to the personal merit which distinguished him. Son of a Roman senator, he served under the standards of King Childebert and acquired some glory in the wars against the Visigoths in Spain and in Narbonese Gaul. He was made to marry in his youth Placidine, sprung from the imperial blood, since she was daughter of Arcadius, grandson of Sidonius Apollinaris. The latter had had by Papianilla his wife, daughter of the emperor Avitus, Apollinaris, who, in his turn, had for son Arcadius, father of Placidine. Such is the genealogy of Leontius, as it results from several passages of Gregory of Tours, and from the notes of Dom Ruinart on this subject. Fortunatus speaks thus of this illustrious marriage of Leontius: “At that time, what there was of most distinguished in the world by nobility and by merit thought itself much honoured to accept ecclesiastical dignities. The integrity of Leontius’s conduct, the purity of his morals, his love for justice, his piety and his alms caused him to be judged worthy of the episcopate. After the death of Leontius the Elder, the people and clergy of Bordeaux gave him their suffrages and elected him for first pastor. Ordained bishop, Leontius regarded Placidine no longer but as his sister. She was a woman of great piety, and who had sentiments worthy of her high birth. She did not separate from her husband, however, as regarded good works, for she wished to take part in all those which he undertook.”

Fortunatus, in mentioning Leontius, counts him as the thirteenth bishop of Bordeaux, saying that he will be the first by his virtues:

Tertius a decimo huic urbi antistes haberis, Sed primus meritis enumerandus eris.

This passage of the contemporary poet shows us that four bishops have escaped the catalogues preserved by the church of Bordeaux. A Saint Fort, patron of several villages of his name in the ancient provinces of Aunis, of Angoumois and of Saintonge, and whose tomb is seen in the church of Saint-Seurin, is perhaps one of the bishops of whom history has transmitted us nothing. The Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy speaks of a certain Felix, bishop of Bordeaux, about the year 510, who had cast a silver vessel in the form of a tower (turribulum), to preserve the holy Eucharist. It might certainly be that Bordeaux had a bishop of that name omitted in the diptychs, but Lenglet du Fresnoy is mistaken in attributing the fact in question to a bishop of that church. Felix, who had a precious vessel made in the form of a tower to preserve the body of Jesus Christ, was Saint Felix, died in 576, bishop of Bourges. Fortunatus of Poitiers speaks of this vessel, and ecclesiastical historians have made the remark of it to prove that at that epoch the body of the Saviour was already kept in the churches, outside the time of the sacrifice.

Leontius had not entered the episcopate to enrich himself with the goods of the Church, he wished rather to enrich the Church with his own goods; he employed, with the consent of his wife, his great riches in building

and endowing a great number of churches. He had one built in honour of Saint Martin on one of his estates, and two others in honour of Saint Vincent, martyr of Agen, the first on the banks of the Garonne, which he had covered with plates of bronze, the second in a borough of Aquitaine then named Vernemetam, which signifies in ancient Gaulish Great Temple, which makes one judge that there had been a famous temple in that place, perhaps today Verdelais. This holy bishop also had built a church in honour of Saint Nazarius, another under the invocation of Saint Denis, which had been begun by Amelius, one of his predecessors, and a third at Bordeaux, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and where he founded, it is said, so great a number of lamps that the clearness of the night did not yield to that of the day. Leontius extended his munificence to the neighbouring cities: he had rebuilt at Saintes the church of Saint Eutropius, first bishop of that city; he had completed there the church begun by the bishop Eusebius in honour of Saint Vivian and he had the tomb of that holy bishop covered with plates of silver and gold. The most general opinion indicates Leontius the Elder as one of the Fathers of the fourth council of Orléans, and Leontius the Younger, not being able to attend the council held in October 549 in the same city, had himself represented there by the priest Vincent. He attended in person those which were held at Paris, the first in 552, where Saflarac, bishop of that city, was deposed; the second in 557, where ten canons were made to prevent the dispersion of the goods of the churches which the Frankish kings gave to the first comer.

Leontius assembled in 582 or 563 at Saintes a council of the bishops of his province and deposed there Eumère or Emère, bishop of that city. The reasons for deposing this bishop appear just. He had been ordained without the suffrages of the clergy and of the people, and had obtained a decree of King Clotaire to be consecrated without the consent of Leontius, his metropolitan, then absent from his diocese. The one and the other were against the ecclesiastical discipline established in the last council of Paris. In the place of Emère, the bishops elected Héracle, priest of the church of Bordeaux, and sent to King Charibert the decree of election signed by themselves. The priest who was charged with it, having arrived at Tours, told the metropolitan Euphrone what had passed, begging him to sign the decree also. This holy prelate, who knew Charibert, and whom besides this affair did not concern, did not think it fitting to sign it. He foresaw also the scandal that this election would cause. Nuncupat, that was the name of the priest, arrived at Paris, presented himself before the king: “Prince,” he said to him, “the apostolic see salutes you.” In the style of that epoch, all episcopal sees and principally metropolitan ones were so named apostolic. Charibert answered nevertheless, feigning not to understand him: “Have you been to Rome to bring me compliments from the Pope?” The priest replied: “It is your father Leontius who salutes you with the bishops of his province, making known to you that Emère has been deposed from the bishopric of Saintes, which guilty intrigues had made him obtain in contempt of the canons. Therefore they have sent you their decree to put another in his place, that the chastisement of those who violate the canons may draw down blessing on your reign.” At these words, the king trembling with anger: “Do you think then,” said he to him, “that there remains no more son of Clotaire to drive away thus without our order a bishop whom he has chosen?” At the same time, driving Nuncupat from his presence, he commanded that he be put in a cart full of thorns, which was a mark of opprobrium, and had him conducted into exile. He sent at once ecclesiastics devoted to him, to re-establish Emère on the see of Saintes, and officers of his chamber to pay to Leontius who had deposed him a sum of a thousand gold sous, and to the other bishops of the council, in proportion to their means. Thus, says Gregory of Tours, Charibert avenged the injury done to his father. This affair was nevertheless arranged, and Emère was acknowledged by Leontius, bishop of Saintes.

Fortunatus speaks of three estates on the Garonne which belonged to Leontius the Younger, and which he names Bissonum,

Voreginem, and Premiacum, which are believed to be Bisson, Vérines and Preignac.

Leontius the Younger died on 15 November 564, at the age of fifty-four years, as Fortunatus informs us in the long epitaph which he consecrated to him and which is thus conceived:

“Beneath this stone lie the ashes of Leontius, that venerable pontiff whom fame raises to the heavens. From the cradle, the nobility of his birth made him an illustrious name, and the senate of Rome perhaps counted none as great. Although patrician blood flowed in his veins, he, by his own talents, increased the glory of his ancestors. Extremely dear to kings, he was the head of the fatherland, the support of his family, the protector of his friends, the ornament of the people and the honour of the city. Full of respect for the holy temples, he poured out without noise his largesses into the bosom of the poor, and welcomed the pilgrim distributing food to him with his own hands. The stranger who arrived from the end of the world had scarcely seen him when he said it was a father. His mind was penetrating, his heart full of mansuetude, and serenity always shone upon his face. And for me, what was he not? I say it only with my heart oppressed with tears. This illustrious bishop who has not his like in Gaul, behold him laid in this humble tomb with all his glory. He appeased kings, he made his administration sweet to his fellow-citizens, he was the joy of so many peoples, alas! one single day has ravished everything from us. He lived happily fifty-four years, and at the rising of dawn, he was taken from us. To render to his ashes the last duties, that is today the only consolation permitted to the tenderness of Placidine.”

Extract from the Gallia Christiana nova, by Fiaquet.

Saint Sigisbert or Sigebert, Monk of Luxeuil and First Abbot of Dissentis, in Switzerland

615. — Pope: Boniface IV. — King of France: Clotaire II.

Sic te amabilem exhibeas et imitabilem, ut tota conversatio tua ædificet alios ad salutem.

Show yourself so amiable and so exemplary that all your conduct may be for others a salutary edification.

Peter of Blois.

Saint Sigisbert was an Irishman by origin, and served God at Eenchor, when Saint Columban formed the project of passing into the Gauls. He had the honour of being one of the twelve religious whom the Saint took with him. He accompanied therefore everywhere the illustrious apostle, and shared all his tribulations and all his joys. Entered at Luxeuil with him, he lived there twenty years under his guidance, and went out of it before the persecutions of the king of Burgundy. He accompanied his master always in the peregrinations across France, and passed thus three years at Bregenz. He was following Columban into Italy, when, in the midst of the Alps, he separated from him, for reason of illness perhaps, or by a secret inspiration of heaven. Advancing toward the east, across the heights of Mount Crispait,[1] he arrived as far as the source of the Rhine, and from there descended into a vast solitude, called in Latin Diserlina, in French Dissentis. There, stopping at the foot of a mountain of the name of Vaccareccia, near a spring of limpid water, he built himself a cell of trunks and branches of trees, and a little oratory to the Virgin, then led the life of a solitary. An angel, says tradition, came every day to bring him a bread from heaven. The inhabitants of the country were idolaters for the most part; the holy man strove by word and example to bring them to the worship of the true God. He had the joy of seeing his efforts crowned with success. On all sides the woods and the temples consecrated to false gods were cut down. At his prayer, they resolved even to cut down a tree of prodigious height, which was more especially the object of the superstitious worship of the country. But this act of vigour nearly cost the solitary his life. An idolater, irritated at what he considered a frightful sacrilege, was about to discharge his axe on his head, when he turned aside the blow by making only the sign of the cross. This striking miracle, and above all the sanctity of his life, spread afar the reputation of Sigisbert.

Not far from there, in a castle called Tremisium, dwelt a rich and powerful man, named Placid. Attracted by curiosity, he assisted one day at the preaching of the Saint, and was so struck by it that he threw himself weeping at his feet and begged him to make him a Christian. Sigisbert received him with a paternal tenderness, instructed him and baptized him. Soon the rich lord felt himself pressed by the desire of a more

perfect life, offered to God and to Mary all his possessions, and took the monastic habit under the direction of the Saint.

The number of his disciples increasing every day, Sigisbert raised another oratory, which he dedicated to Saint Martin, and built all round cells to lodge his monks. He had consecrated to God and to Mary these immense solitudes. There was seen again the spectacle so common in those ages of faith: a congregation of brethren united by the bonds of the closest charity, and practising emulously the most sublime virtues. Sigisbert animated them still more by example than by voice; and, God seconding his efforts, he succeeded in establishing and maintaining in his foundation the rule and spirit of Columban, his illustrious master.

However, tribulations were not spared him. The devil, jealous of his successes, raised up against him a powerful enemy in the person of a count or judge of the country, named Victor, who took it upon himself to persecute him in every way, and carried injustice to the point of seizing the properties with which Placid had endowed the monastery. The latter having betaken himself to Willinga,[2] where Victor dwelt, reproached him with his injustice, and, with the liberty of a new John the Baptist, dared to reprimand him for the shameful commerce he kept up with a woman. Victor felt himself keenly wounded by this reproach; but, in his turn, a new Herod, he ordered his servants to wait for Placid in the middle of the road, to kill him, and, that nothing might be wanting to the comparison, to cut off his head, as was done in former times to the Forerunner of Jesus Christ. The order was executed point by point. However, the barbarous murderer did not long enjoy the fruit of his crime: for, a short time afterwards, crossing the Rhine on a bridge, he fell with his horse and his servants, and was carried away by the waters.

Sigisbert did not survive long his faithful disciple Placid. About the year 615,[3] the very year when his glorious master Columban died, he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord. He was buried in the same tomb as Placid, that death might not separate those whom friendship had so closely united on earth. Numerous prodigies attested the sanctity of the servants of God: to such a degree that Dissentis soon became the goal of a much frequented pilgrimage. The greatest personages and even kings held it an honour to go there. A magnificent church was raised on the very spot where Placid had been killed; it subsisted until these last centuries, when an enormous avalanche buried it, and with it the inhabitants of the country and the very memory of the holy martyr.

As for the abbey of Dissentis, it perpetuated itself all along the ages, and still subsisted at the moment when the learned Mabillon was drawing up this short notice, from ancient manuscripts communicated by D. Albert Funsi, abbot of that monastery.

According to Bucelin, the feast of the saints Sigisbert and Placid was celebrated solemnly in the whole diocese on 11 July.

Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté.

Saint Hidulphe,[4] Archbishop of Trier, Founder of the Monastery of Moyenmoutier, in the Diocese of Saint-Dié

707. — Pope: John VII. — King of France: Childebert III.

Vitæ cœlestis cupidus cuncta terrena facile derelinquit.

He who desires the heavenly life easily abandons all earthly goods.

S. Gregory the Great, hom. xi sup. Evang.

If there were a great number of holy religious drawn from their solitude or their cloister, to be raised to the episcopal throne, there were also many bishops who came down from their thrones to make themselves religious and to withdraw into the cloister and into solitude. We have two very striking examples of it in the

persons of Saint Hidulphe and Saint Dié, of whom the one left the archbishopric of Trier, in Lower Germany, and the other the bishopric of Nevers, in France, to go and hide in the deserts of the mountains of the Vosges, which separate Lorraine from Alsace and Burgundy, and give birth to the Moselle on the north side, and to the Saône on the south side.

Saint Hidulphe was of a very noble family of Bavaria: he was born at Ratisbon. He preserved in his childhood, in his youth, during his studies, the innocence and purity of his baptism, and kept himself from the vices to which that age is subject. He made it his delight to relieve the poor and to come to the help of all the unfortunate. Prepared from his childhood for ecclesiastical virtues, he renounced the flattering hopes which the world offered him, embraced the ecclesiastical state and had himself received among the number of the clerics in the city of Ratisbon. His example was followed by Erard, his brother, who became afterwards regionary bishop at Ratisbon and in Bavaria. It was Erard who baptized Saint Odilia, and our Saint Hidulphe assisted at that baptism, which produced so miraculous an effect.

Hidulphe, hearing one day this word of the Saviour: “He that shall leave house, or father, or mother, or brethren, or sisters, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting,” left at once his family and his country, took the road of Sicambria or Guelders, and arrived in the city of Trier, then illustrious by religious who spread everywhere the good odour of their virtues. Without fearing the rigours of penance, the intrepid soldier of Jesus Christ mingled in their ranks. Under monastic discipline, his life was so fervent that the less virtuous envied his piety, and that he was cherished by his equals and his superiors.

The holy archbishop of Trier, Numerian, considering the learning, the maturity, the angelic life of Hidulphe who, on the wing of all the virtues, flew to perfection, drew him from his monastery, and kept him near him, that he might succeed him after his death. He associated him from then on in his pastoral life, and Hidulphe acquitted himself of it with as much piety as courage. Numerian having come to die, the clergy and the people at once cast their eyes on Hidulphe whose talents and virtues shone with a lively lustre; but our Saint, frightened at the burden they wished to impose on him, repelled it with all his strength, regarding himself as unworthy of so lofty a charge. The princes, the bishops, the clergy, the monks and the people redoubled their entreaties, and Hidulphe at last ended by accepting the pastoral charge.

From then on he redoubled his austerities, which were already very great. His charity toward the poor was admirable: he had nothing which was not theirs and which he did not distribute to them liberally. The care of the salvation of souls was his principal occupation. He laboured at it by his preachings, his visits, his exhortations, his reprimands, his good examples, his continual prayers, and above all by the virtue of the august sacrifice of the Mass, which he celebrated every day. Among the memorable actions of his episcopate, one must remark the raising and translation of the body of Saint Maximin of Trier, one of his predecessors, into a chapel which he had had built in his honour. It was still in the place where Saint Paulinus, bishop of the same see, had buried it, and it was covered with a tomb so heavy that it could not be lifted from its place; but Saint Hidulphe moved it quite easily by himself; and, having found beneath it this incomparable relic, he put it in a shrine of cypress and transported it with great solemnity to the place which he had destined for it. He then built a monastery in that place, and enriched it with his benefactions.

About the year 665, he introduced the Rule of Saint Benedict into the monastery of Saint-Maximin, founded in the. He augmented its revenues and re-established there so perfect a regularity that this house became the admiration of that age. This abbey was destroyed during the French Revolution. The holy prelate had long envied those religious who had the happiness of living far from the world, in the contemplation of heavenly things: he sighed after the hour when it should be given him to imitate them. He was at last able to have put in his place, on the episcopal see of Trier, some say Saint Veomad, abbot of Saint-Maximin, others, Saint Basin; after which he went and shut himself up in the monastery of Saint-Maximin. But seeing that he could not find, in his own diocese, the obscurity which he sought, he withdrew secretly, about the year 371, to the

borders of Lorraine, into the mountains of the Vosges. He built there a monastery, which was called Moyenmoutier, because it was in the midst of those of Senones, of Étival, of Saint-Dié and of Bonmoutier, then he had two churches built there, the one in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and the other in honour of Saint Peter; later he added a third, outside the enclosure, for the pilgrims and the sick who came to implore his help and that of his religious, giving it the name of Saint John the Baptist; then a fourth which he dedicated to Saint Gregory. He placed this last on a hill to the south of the monastery, in the midst of the ground which he had chosen to make the cemetery of the community.

After these constructions, which were rapid, he gave himself to contemplation for which he had left the episcopal dignity: that did not prevent him from receiving as disciples many persons distinguished, whether by their birth or by their merit, who came to place themselves under his direction. In this way, his monastery was soon filled with holy religious, whose life was wholly heavenly. There came also a crowd of sick and crippled to receive relief in their misery, because God had given him the grace of miracles to so high a degree that, by his prayer alone, he restored health to those who implored his assistance. Hence it came that many seculars built houses in the environs of Moyenmoutier, and that this place, formerly desert and uninhabitable, began to be extremely populous.

Among those who ranged themselves under the guidance of Saint Hidulphe, are counted Saint Spinulus or Spin, Saint John and Saint Benignus, whom he used profitably for the propagation of monastic life in those countries. Saint Erard, his brother, came also to find him and stayed long with him. A very admirable thing is reported: Hidulphe, apprehending that the crowd, which came continually to his monastery, attracted by his miracles and by those of Saint Spin, his disciple, who died long before him, might end by ruining regular observance and by diverting him, as well as his religious, from the exercises of the contemplative life, addressed himself to this dear disciple already deceased, and prostrate before his tomb, he begged him, with tears in his eyes, and even commanded him to cease to work miracles. At once the miracles ceased to be so numerous: the Blessed Spin thus obeyed the voice of a mortal man, to make known to us the merit of obedience, preferable to the greatest miracles.

We shall not stop to report here the gifts which divers princes and lords made to Moyenmoutier and to the other houses founded by Saint Hidulphe; his reputation was so great in the country that all that was noblest and most distinguished regarded him as a man come from heaven: people hastened to show him respect and benevolence.

Saint Hidulphe formed an intimate friendship with Saint Deodatus or Dieudonné, commonly called Saint Dié,[1] who, having left the bishopric of Nevers for a motive similar to that of our Saint and to that of Saint Gundelbert, bishop of Sens, founder of Senones, had taken refuge in the desert of the Val de Galilée, where he had built the monastery of Jointures, afterwards called Saint-Dié, as well as the town which has formed there. This monastery was named Jointures on account of the junction of the brook of Rothbach with the Meurthe, which takes place in the neighbourhood. Hidulphe and Dié, stationed about two leagues from one another, visited each other once every year to enlighten and support each other mutually in the common career of the spiritual life. On the day destined for this visit, they set out at the same hour to come to meet one another. When they had joined, they knelt on the very place of their meeting; and after having made prayer, they gave each other the kiss of peace, and then conversed on the future abode of the other life. This holy commerce lasted nearly eight years. At the end of this term, Saint Hidulphe lost this excellent friend, if one can say that the Saints suffer a loss when they let themselves be preceded by him whom they must follow into the eternal rest to which they aspire and toward which they march. As Saint Dié had recommended his community to Saint Hidulphe at his death, the religious of Jointures would have no other abbot than he. Our Saint saw himself thus obliged to take charge of their conduct. He governed them nevertheless without leaving Moyenmoutier, and he put at Jointures a vicar, who filled there the functions of prior. He maintained these two houses in an admirable union; and, in honour of that which had existed between Saint Dié and

himself, he permitted the religious of the one to visit those of the other once a year, in turn. He continued the rough exercises of his penance from the death of Saint Dié, during the space of twenty-eight years that God left him to live after his friend, with a courage and a uniformity of conduct which surprised everyone. He was of so robust a health that, even in his last old age, he still occupied himself with manual work, and earned what was necessary to supply his food and his garments. He had to so high a degree the gift of compunction that his example alone inspired it in others, without his being obliged to preach it to them. The number of his disciples increased in such a way that he saw himself father of nearly three hundred religious, of whom some dwelt at Moyenmoutier, the others in the environs, in divers cells. One must doubtless include in this number those of the monastery of Jointures, who considered themselves as his true children, although he always had the modesty to regard them as belonging to Saint Dié his friend. He had besides so much tenderness for them that, thinking of unburdening himself and procuring time for himself, thirteen years before his death, to devote himself to contemplation, he would not quit the direction of the monastery of Jointures. He preferred to resign Moyenmoutier, to which he gave Leutbald for abbot in his place. He wished to show how precious to him was the memory of so holy a friend, who had conjured him, by all that was most sacred in their friendship, to take care of his disciples. To excite himself to bear the pain which this employment gave him, he represented to himself ceaselessly the reproaches that the friend would make him one day before God, if he did not execute his last will with the fidelity he had sworn him. He did still more; for the abbot Leutbald having died in the year 704, he resumed, at the instance of the religious, the government of his former house, and, during the three years still that he lived, he governed the two abbeys simultaneously. He dwelt ordinarily at Moyenmoutier, whence he went to make his annual visit to the brethren of the Val de Galilée. Saint Dié, in a vision, warned Saint Hidulphe of his approaching end: the pious bishop prepared himself for it with a new fervour. That happy moment arrived on 11 July of the year 707. He was buried by his religious in the church of Saint Gregory, to the right of the altar. In 787, his body was transferred to the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and placed under a monument of stone worked with art, and covered with plates of gold and silver. Under the government of Adalbert, abbot of the monastery of Jointures, his body was raised from the earth and deposited in a wooden shrine. In 1130, the religious of Moyenmoutier placed it in a shrine of the greatest richness. His holy relics are still preserved today in the church of his monastery, become parochial. The silver shrine in which they were enclosed disappeared during the French Revolution. He is represented: 1st, assisting at the baptism of Saint Odilia; 2nd, giving order to the corpse of his disciple, Spin, to cease his miracles; 3rd, delivering the possessed: this is his most ordinary characteristic; 4th, having near him a mitre and a crosier, symbols of his renunciation of the episcopate. He is invoked for troubled minds, the possessed, against the plague and tempests.

See the acts of Saint Hidulphe in the History of Lorraine, by Dom Calmet; and the Saints of the Val de Galilée, by the Abbé Guinot.

The Holy Shroud of Besançon

According to the most probable opinion, the Holy Shroud was brought from the East to Besançon, after the taking of Constantinople, in 1204. Othon de la Roche, a Burgundian lord, having distinguished himself in this expedition, obtained, say the ancient chronicles, one of the most beautiful relics of Constantinople for his reward. Othon sent it to his father, Ponce de la Roche, lord of Saint-Hippolyte, who gave it, in 1206, to Amadeus of Tramelay, archbishop of Besançon. This relic was none other than the Holy Shroud of Besançon. It was composed of two cloths sewn together very delicately. The authors who have seen and touched it tell us that it was made of terrestrial flax, common and soft like that of Egypt and wrought like the small Venice, but of a work so ancient that it was unknown and had long been out of use. It was eight feet long and four wide. The body of Jesus Christ, says Dunod, was painted on it in a pale yellow, equally imprinted on both sides, without any sensible difference, having the two hands crossed one upon the other, so that the places of each hand were distinctly seen as well as that of the side. The head of Christ bore the beard

and long hair, and the imprint of the body, from the heels to the top of the head, was in all five geometric feet and nine inches. This venerated relic was deposited in the church of Saint Stephen. The Holy Shroud was shown twice a year, on Easter day and on the day of the Ascension, and innumerable multitudes came each time to venerate it. It was preserved miraculously in the fire which devoured the church of Saint Stephen, in the month of March 1349. In 1544, the plague was ravaging the city of Besançon. The inhabitants then vowed a feast and an annual procession to the Holy Shroud, and the plague ceased at once. In 1668, a new plague was again dispelled by devotion to the Holy Shroud. The Holy Shroud, wrapped in a crimson satin, was kept in a little coffer of silver-gilt, adorned with precious stones. This precious relic was kept in the cathedral of Saint Stephen, until the time when, by order of Louis XIV, Vauban had the church demolished to build the citadel (1674). Then the Holy Shroud was solemnly brought to Saint John's. It remained there until the French Revolution. On 25 May 1794, one read in a periodical sheet of the time, the *Journal de Paris*: "The Convention has ordered that lint should be made of a linen formerly called Holy Shroud, which the administrators of Besançon have sent to Paris." Was this order executed or not? The *Moniteur* and the other journals of the epoch keep on this point the most complete silence, and, since that time, no mention is made anywhere of the Holy Shroud. It is supposed with some likelihood that the orders of the Convention were not put into execution, and that this relic venerated by our fathers still exists. There is preserved at the archbishopric of Besançon the wooden casket in which was enclosed the little coffer of silver-gilt which contained this precious linen.

Extract from the Lives of the Saints of Franche-Comté.

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[1] The Roman martyrology doubtless meant to say La Bresse, an ancient province of France and native country of these Saints, rather than Brescia, which is a city of Italy and has nothing to do with our pious personages. It is more than probable, in our opinion, saving the respect that we profess for the letter of the Roman martyrology, that its last mention: "In Poitou, Saint Savin, confessor," is only a repetition.

[2] See his life on the following day.

[3] See this day.

[4] See his life on 18 July.

[5] See his life on 23 August.

[6] *Crispait» montis.* The most northerly summit of the Saint-Gothard.

[7] A castle situated on the other side of the Rhine, not far from the monastery, and today in ruins.

[8] Mabillon, from whom we borrow these details, places them under the year 615: which authorizes us to believe that Sigisbert died that year. (See *Ann. bened.*, bk. XI, no. 20.)

[9] Alias: Hydu,lphe, Hildulphe, and commonly Saint Hidou.

[10] We have given his life on 19 June, volume VII, page 160.

12 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At the monastery of Passignano, near Florence, the death of Saint John Gualbert, abbot, founder of the Order of Vallombrosa. 1073. — At Milan, the holy martyrs Nabor and Felix, who were put to death during the persecution of Maximian. 304. — In Cyprus, Saint Mnason, disciple of Our Lord.[1] 1st century. — At Aquileia, the birth into heaven of Saint Hermagoras, disciple of Saint Mark the Evangelist and first bishop of that city, who suffered many evils in the continual exercise of healing the sick, of preaching the Gospel and of converting the peoples, and was at last beheaded with Fortunatus, his deacon: which merited for him to triumph eternally in heaven. Reign of Nero. — At Lucca, in Tuscany, Saint Paulinus, ordained by Saint Peter first bishop of that see, and, after several combats, martyred with his companions, under the emperor Nero, at

the foot of the mount of Pisa. 1st century. — On the same day, the martyrdom of Saint Proculus and of Saint Hilarion, who arrived at the palm of victory by very cruel torments, under the emperor Trajan and the president Maximus. 2nd century. — At Lentini, in Sicily, Saint Epiphane, who gave up her spirit after having had her breasts cut off, under the emperor Diocletian and the president Tertyllus. — At Toledo, Saint Marciana, virgin and martyr, who was, for the confession of Jesus Christ, exposed to the beasts and torn by a bull, which acquired for her the crown of glory. 4th century. — At Lyon, Saint Viventiole or Juventiole, bishop. 6th century. — At Bologna, Saint Paternien, bishop. About 470.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Bourges, and in the ancient town of Mouilly, in the Bourbonnais (today Saint-Menou, in the diocese of Moulins), Saint Menou (Menulphus), bishop of Quimper and confessor, who gave his name to a celebrated monastery of women, because his sacred bones were found again there, by a divine inspiration. 7th century. — In the ancient monastery of Prüm or Pruim (Prumia, Order of Saint Benedict, founded about 762), in the diocese of Trier, Saint Ansbald or Ansbaud, abbot. It is said that he governed also the monastery of Saint-Hubert in the Ardennes (Andaginum Sancti Petri or Andainum, diocese of Liège, Order of Saint Benedict, founded in 687). 886. — At Ploubalay (Côtes-du-Nord), in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc, Saint Baiay or Balley (Biabailus), monk. He was lord of Rosmadeuc, in Brittany, when he left the world to put himself under the guidance of Saint Guignolé, abbot of the monastery of Landévennec (Landevenechum, diocese of Quimper, Order of Saint Benedict, founded about the year 480). He is patron of the parish of Ploubalay, and celebrated for his holiness and his miracles. 6th century. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, the translation of Saint Prix or Prict (Prœjectus), bishop of that see, whose birth into heaven is marked on 25 January by the Roman martyrology.[2] — At Toulouse, Saint Honnôt or Honeste, priest and martyr, whom Saint Saturninus converted as he passed through Nîmes, and who was later the apostle of Navarre. Sent into Spain, he preached the Gospel at Pamplona, where he converted Saint Firmin who became the first bishop of Amiens. He returned afterwards to Toulouse to put himself again under the orders of the bishop Saint Honoratus; he was at last martyred. His head is kept in the treasury of the church of Saint-Sdinin, at Toulouse. He is likewise honoured, on different days, at Nîmes, at Amiens and at Pamplona.[3] 2nd century. — In Franche-Comté, the Blessed Lambert, abbot of Clairefontaine, of Morimond and of Cîteaux. He consecrated himself to the religious life at Morimond (Morimundus), celebrated abbey of Cistercians, founded, in 1115, in the diocese of Langres. The abbey of Clairefontaine (Clarus Fons, Haute-Saône, canton of Amance, near Polaincourt) is today transformed into a faïence factory. The hamlet of Clairefontaine and seven or eight villages and farms of the environs were created by the monks. 12th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrologies of the Benedictines, of the Camaldolese, and of Vallombrosa. — At the monastery of

Passignano, near Florence, Saint John Gualbert, abbot, founder of the Order of Vallombrosa, under the Rule of Saint Benedict.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Caesarea Philippi, today Banias, near the source of the Jordan, in Palestine, Saint Veronica, who is believed to be the woman with an issue of blood miraculously healed of whom the Gospel speaks. 1st century. — At Rome, the birth into heaven of Saint Primitivus, martyr, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Caesarea of Cappadocia, today Kaisarieh, near Mount Argaeus, the holy martyrs Dive or Die, Cornie or Cormnsie and Lavence. — At Fano (Fanum Fortunæ), a little town of Italy, Saint Paternien, bishop of that see and confessor, different from the one whom the Roman martyrology names today. He governed his Church during forty-two years, and made it illustrious by his learning, his zeal and his miracles. He was buried in his cathedral church which was dedicated soon after under his invocation. 4th century. — At Constantinople,

Saint Mamas, martyr. — Among the Greeks, Saint Michael of Malea, confessor and monk. Malea (today Malia) is a promontory of the Peloponnesus, between the Laconian and Argolic gulfs: Michael probably led a solitary life there, and from there his surname will have come to him. — Again among the Greeks, the saints Andrew, soldier, Faustus, Mene, and their companions, martyrs. — In the diocese of Como, in Italy, Saint Uguzon or Luguzon, martyr. He was a shepherd and kept the flocks of a rich lord of the country. As he gave many alms to the poor, his master, thinking that he abused his riches, had him put to death by blows of the fist. A church was raised later on the place of his martyrdom. He is painted in a shepherd's dress, holding in his hand a cheese which he distributes to the poor. He is invoked for the preservation of sight. — At Corneto, a little town of Italy, Saint Lithard or Lithuard, confessor. German by birth, he left his country and betook himself to Italy to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God. Corneto preserves his relics and honours him as its patron. — At the monastery of La Cava, near Salerno, in the kingdom of Naples, Saint Leo, abbot, of the Order of Saint Benedict. 1075. — At Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, the Blessed Andrew, a child, murdered by the Jews, in hatred of the Christian religion, not far from that city. He was buried at Rinn, near Innsbruck. The Blessed Andrew became very celebrated throughout the Tyrol; whole villages went in procession to his tomb, which the Lord glorified by several miracles.[4] 1462.

Saint Nabor and Saint Felix, Martyrs at Milan

— Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Quam mirandi generis mors est, cui parum fuit non esse in pœnis, nisi esset insuper in deliciis.

O admirable death of the martyrs! It was little that death put an end to their sufferings, if it had not been besides a source of delights.

S. Aug., tract. 65 sup. Evang. Joan.

These two illustrious witnesses of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the truth of the Christian religion had as their panegyrist one of the greatest doctors of the Church, Saint Ambrose, in his Commentary on Saint Luke and in his Letter to his sister Marcellina; and the Church honours their memory by an annual commemoration in her office. They appear in history like Melchisedech, without father, without mother and without country. What the Ecclesiastical Annals teach us is that, in the cruel persecution of Maximian Hercules, they were arrested as Christians, quite near Milan, and cast into a dark prison, with express prohibition to give them anything to eat or to drink, in order that hunger and thirst might oblige them to abandon the worship of the true God and force them to offer incense to the idols. But these generous Christians, whom God sustained by his word, diminished nothing for all that of their constancy and of their firmness in the faith, and endured so generously not only hunger and thirst, but also the darkness, the infection and the discomforts of their dungeon, that it was despaired of winning them by this first trial.

The tyrant therefore had them appear in his presence; and, as he found them more courageous than ever, he had them loaded with blows of the stick. Then, hoping that the torture of Nabor might intimidate Felix, he had the first put to the torture; his sides were burned with burning torches, and his whole skin was torn with iron nails. The martyr, in the midst of these torments, did nothing but praise God for the grace he did him in suffering something for his glory. As to Felix, far from being shaken by this spectacle, all his pain was that he was not the companion of Nabor's sorrows, as he was his companion in the profession of Christianity. The minister of Satan, furious at this constancy, had them both thrown into a great furnace, which was to consume them in a moment; but the flames so respected their bodies and even their hair that they had no harm from it. So brilliant a miracle should have confounded their persecutor, and made him know the power of the God of Nabor and of Felix; but his heart hardening, like that of Pharaoh, without giving place to the lights or to the movements of grace, he had the martyrs led back to prison, from which a few days later he had them drawn out to complete their sacrifice. They were beheaded on 12 July, about the year 304, near the brook named Silaro, where Sabina, a lady equally illustrious by her birth and by her virtue, gave them burial.

Afterwards they were carried to Milan, to the basilica of their name, of which the same Saint Ambrose makes mention in the letter to his sister.

They were kept in the same church, which bore the name of Saint Francis until 1798. At that time, the government of the Cisalpine Republic, whose seat was at Milan, drove out of their cloister the Conventual Franciscan religious who served this church, and had it demolished. Before it was destroyed, the archbishop of Milan gave the order to remove the relics of the saints Nabor and Felix, as well as several others which were preserved there. They were deposited in the Ambrosian basilica, where they now are.

See the Fasti of the Church in Italian, volume of January, Milan, 1824; Sollier, Acta Sanctorum, volume III of July.

Saint Viventiole or Juventiole, Monk of Condat, in the Diocese of Saint-Claude, 24th Archbishop of Lyon

— Pope: John I. — Kings of the Franks: Clodomir and Thierry I.

Vir valde admirandus atque laudandus est cujus cursus multorum profectus est.

The man whom one must admire and praise is he whose life has been truly useful to his fellow men.

S. Eus. Emiss., hom. vii ad monachos.

Saint Viventiole was at once the ornament of the monastic state and the glory of the episcopate. The place and the time of his birth are unknown, but he was one of the most distinguished monks of Condat (called also Grand-Saint-Claude and Saint-Oyend-de-Joux, Condalescense, Order of Saint Benedict, diocese of Saint-Claude), when Saint Oyend governed this monastery. At the beginning of the sixth century, this holy abbot had founded at Condat a school which became one of the most celebrated of the Gauls, and Viventiole was charged to teach letters there. The office of scholasticus was one of the most important of the monastery. Viventiole possessed a learning as varied as it was profound. Such is the testimony which was rendered to him by one of the greatest prelates of his century, Saint Avitus, bishop of Vienne, whose esteem and affection he had known how to merit. He composed learned works which the injury of time has destroyed, but which still subsisted three centuries after him, and which made Agobard, one of the greatest bishops of Lyon, say: “Viventiole was celebrated by his own works and celebrated by those of others.”

After the death of Saint Oyend, which occurred on 1 January 510, some troubles arose in the monastery of Condat, perhaps on account of the nomination of his successor. Viventiole, who might fear that the votes would unite on him, chose the time of the election to undertake a journey to Lyon. He was in that city when he received from Saint Avitus, bishop of Vienne, a letter which thanked him for a stool of wood very artistically worked. Saint Avitus, in gratitude, wished him soon an episcopal chair, and exhorted him to take the government of the monastery of Saint-Oyend, to dispose himself for the fulness of the priesthood. This wish of Saint Avitus was a sort of prediction. The Church of Lyon having soon after lost her bishop Saint Stephen, Viventiole was placed on the see of that city, about the year 514, and the friendship which united him to Avitus became still closer. It was Avitus who had himself chosen and designated him to be bishop of Lyon. Saint Viventiole assisted at the council of Agaune, today Saint-Maurice in the Valais (Switzerland), which assembled on 1 May 516, by the care of Sigismund, king of Burgundy, in the monastery newly built by that prince. He pronounced in this synod a discourse which has been preserved to us in great part, and which attests the profound knowledge which the holy bishop had of the ways of God and of monastic discipline, and the zeal with which he sought to keep ignorance and the least disorders far from the cloisters.

In concert with Saint Avitus, he convoked the council of Epaone, which assembled on 6 September 517. There were seen gathered twenty-four bishops of Burgundy, among whom was Claude I, bishop of Besançon. Forty canons were made there on ecclesiastical discipline and on the rule of morals. The thirtieth

canon condemned marriages between brother-in-law and sister-in-law. It applied to Stephen, steward of the finances of King Sigismund, who had married Palladia, sister of his first wife. Sigismund took the defence of the culprit, but the resistance of the bishops could not be overcome, and in another council held at Lyon (518), by Viventiole, eleven bishops confirmed the thirtieth canon of Epaone. Sigismund exiled the bishops, but without gaining anything, and they returned to their churches a short time after.

Viventiole died at Lyon, in the year 524, according to the most probable opinion. He was buried in the church of the Apostles, which has become that of Saint-Nizier, where an altar was afterwards raised over his tomb. An ancient manuscript, discovered by Severt, historian of the Church of Lyon, reports a part of the inscription engraved on the tomb of the holy bishop. One read there: “Our pontiff Viventiole, a man powerful by his works, rests in this tomb. He was the organ of the Church, the preacher of the word, the honour of his brethren, the example of the peoples, and knew how to fill with merit all the degrees of the ministry. … May, among the feasts of the Saints of Lyon, this day of feast be for you one of the most solemn. Good Father, crown of all the bishops, be propitious to our prayers, and remember us who invoke thee.”

Extract from the Life of the Saints of Franche-Comté and the Gallia christiana nova.

Saint Menou, Bishop of Quimper and Confessor

7th century.

> *It is almost at the end of a long and painful journey, when he is near seeing his flock again, that Saint Menou is obliged to make to God the sacrifice of his life, in the midst of a people which is not his own; but he submits without murmuring to the orders of Providence.*
>
> *Dom Lobineau, Eulogy of Saint Menou.*

Ireland was the native country of Saint Menou. In order to serve God in a more perfect manner, he left, from his youth, his country and his family and betook himself first to Great Britain, whence he passed into Armorica and landed at Quimper, a city which, at that period, formed part of the country of the Ossimians. Saint Corentin, the second of the name, was then its bishop. He called the young stranger, asked him whence he came and what was the motive of his journey. Menou answered him, in the Breton language, that he was a native of Ireland and that the desire to occupy himself solely with the service of God had led him to this region. His piety touched the holy prelate, who, seeing him moreover very learned, admitted him into his clergy and raised him to the priesthood. Menou, clothed with this august character, was not content to immolate each day the divine Victim, he offered himself to the Lord as a living host, by the practice of bodily mortification. His lively faith made him the object of the respect and affection of the people. Thus, at the time of the death of Saint Corentin he was called to succeed him, by the united wishes of the clergy and of the faithful.

Become pastor of souls, the Saint did not confine himself to edifying them by a regular life; his principal care was to instruct them assiduously in the truths of salvation and to distribute to them the sacred bread of the word of God. His charity, which occupied him unceasingly in providing with solicitude for the spiritual needs of his sheep, made him equally sensible to their bodily ills. It is related that a nobleman of the country, whom the prince held in prison, having heard of the eminent holiness of the bishop, testified the desire, if he were restored to liberty, to be converted by his preachings and to receive his blessing. The zealous pastor, informed of the pious dispositions of the prisoner, sent him his ring and had him told not to despair of God, that he would soon have thanks to render to his infinite goodness. The prisoner received this ring with pleasure and touched his chains with it, which broke in the sight of all the bystanders, in such a manner that he could go freely to find the holy bishop, to whom he hastened to betake himself. Having prostrated himself at his feet, and having testified to him his lively gratitude, he received from him the benefit of Christian instruction and the sacrament of baptism, after which he returned home full of joy.

It appears that Saint Menou had made the vow to visit the tombs of the holy Apostles. What is certain is that he set out for Rome accompanied by some of his priests. Arrived in the capital of the Christian world, he could not long keep his holiness hidden there; for a miracle soon made him known. He granted to a paralytic, who asked him for alms, a much greater advantage, that of his healing. This prodigy came to the ears of the Pope who rejoiced at it and wished to see the holy prelate. He urged him much to prolong his stay at Rome; but the servant of God, having satisfied his devotion, resolved to return to his flock. He therefore left Rome, accompanied by his priests, and having re-entered France, he arrived as far as Mouilly, a little town of the Bourbonnais and today of the diocese of Moulins. There he announced to his disciples that his death was near, and he foretold to them the day and the hour. Desolate at learning this sad news, they no longer left him, and, gathered around him, they begged him to be willing to be their perpetual protector in heaven, as he had been their master in the ways of perfection on earth. The virtuous bishop exhorted them to perseverance in good; he then received the holy viaticum, and, placing himself as if he had wished to give himself to sleep, he expired praying, and was as exempt from the pains of death as he had been during his life from the contagion of sin. His humility had made him ask to be buried in the least conspicuous place of the cemetery of Saint-Germain, and his intentions were fulfilled; but a miracle wrought at his tomb led a lord, named Arcade, to have a church built in that place in honour of the holy bishop; a monastery of women was founded there, and Adalgise, third abbess, had his body raised from the earth in the ninth century. The abbey is now destroyed, but the relics of Saint Menou are still preserved in the ancient church, which is today parochial.

The worship of Saint Menou has long been established, not only in the place which today bears his name, but throughout the diocese of Bourges. The Breviary of that church, printed in 1512, marks his office at three lessons. It is now only of the simple rite. This holy bishop is not honoured in Brittany, doubtless because he died outside the province and his actions were not known there. His name, however, is found rather frequently in the country; Pont-Menou, le Vau-Meno and Kermeno visibly recall it. We believe that Saint Nolf, whose name a parish of the diocese of Vannes bears, is none other than Saint Menou, who is called in Latin Menulphus.

Dom Lobineau: Lives of the Saints of Brittany. — Taken from his acts, formerly preserved in manuscript in the church of Saint-Autrille-du-Château, at Bourges, published first by Father Labbe, and reproduced by the Bollandists, volume III of July, and from the lessons of his office, printed at Paris in 1686.

Saint John Gualbert, Founder of the Congregation of Vallombrosa, in Italy

— Pope: Saint Gregory VII. — Emperor of Germany: Henry IV.

Non putet aliquis futuram in se esse misericordiam Dei, si est in se immisericors.

No one must hope to obtain the mercy of God, if he is himself without mercy.

Saint Augustine.

The Order of Saint Benedict is that vine of which the Prophet speaks; planted by the hands of God himself, not only does it rise upon the highest mountains and upon the strongest and mightiest cedars; but it has also extended its branches to the shore of the sea and to the farthest ends of the earth. In effect, this holy Order, having been established by the inspiration and the help of God, has acquired so high an esteem in the world that it has been seen to occupy the first dignities of the age and of the Church, and that it has spread, in a short time, into all the habitable places of the earth; but what shows us more clearly its blessed fecundity is that not only is it composed of an infinity of houses and abbeys, which have been, during several centuries, the asylums of piety, the seminaries of holy bishops and the public schools where divine and human letters were preserved; but that it also contains several different Orders and Congregations, which, by the variety of their institutions, serve marvellously for the ornament of the Church militant, of which it is written “that she is clothed with cloth of gold and surrounded with variety.” Among these Orders or Congregations, that of

Vallombrosa, of which there are several houses in Italy, is not one of the least illustrious, and it well deserves that we should give here the life of its holy Founder, one of the richest in virtues and the most edifying that can be proposed to the faithful.

This virtuous disciple of Saint Benedict, called John Gualbert, was born at Florence, about the beginning of the 11th century. His parents were noble and among the most considerable of the country. His father was named Gualbert, and made profession of arms; as for his mother, we have not her name. Whether our Saint had not been brought up in the true maxims of piety, or whether he had put them aside at the age of the passions, he threw himself into dissipation and display. He had already exercised himself in the handling of arms, when one of his relatives, perhaps Hugh, his own brother, having been killed, his father urged him to take vengeance for it and to seek, as he did, all the occasions of destroying the author of that homicide. One day when our Saint was going to Florence, dreaming in his mind how he might find his enemy and be rid of him, he perceived him coming to meet him, in a place so narrow that they could turn aside neither the one nor the other. The sight of his enemy only increased his thirst for vengeance; he seized his sword and prepared to run it through his body; the other, who was not prepared for this encounter, threw himself at the feet of Gualbert, and with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross, he conjured him by the passion of Jesus Christ, of which the memory was being celebrated on that day, not to take his life from him. John Gualbert was singularly struck by what he saw and heard. The example of the Saviour praying for his own executioners softened the hardness of his heart; he held out his hand to the gentleman, then said to him with gentleness: “I cannot refuse you what you ask of me in the name of Jesus Christ. I grant you not only life, but even my friendship. Pray God to pardon me my sin.” Having then embraced one another, they parted. John continued his road as far as the abbey of Saint-Miniat, which belonged to the Order of Saint Benedict. Having entered the church of the monastery, he prayed before a crucifix with extraordinary fervour; the crucifix before which he prayed lowered its head and bowed toward him, as if to thank him for the pardon which he had so generously granted for love of it. This crucifix is still kept in that church. From then on, Gualbert conceived for the world such a disgust and so great a love for God that, either on leaving the church, or some time after, he went to find the abbot of the monastery, prostrated himself at his feet and asked him for the monastic habit. This grace was refused him through fear of his father. He was only permitted to follow in secular dress the exercises of the community. His father, in effect, had made the greatest threats to the religious. Accordingly, no one dared to undertake to give the monastic tonsure or the religious habit to the holy postulant. Then, being animated by an extraordinary spirit of fervour, he cut his hair himself, and, having begged one of the brothers to lend him one of his habits, he put it first upon the altar, then clothed himself with it in the presence of the whole community, which could not refrain from applauding him and helping him in so courageous an action. His father, informed of the step he had just taken, ran to the monastery, where he burst out into invectives and threats against the religious. At last, touched by the piety and constancy of his son, he came back to gentler sentiments, approved his resolution, and was among the first to exhort him to perseverance.

John Gualbert, seeing himself therefore a religious, at once put his hand to the work to root out the vices of his heart and to acquire the most solid virtues. He was the most temperate, the most humble, the most gentle and the most devout of the whole convent. Abstinence, fasts, vigils and the other bodily macerations were his delights. He regarded himself only as the last of the brothers. He was never offended, because he believed that he was always treated with more honour and charity than he ought to be. His conversation was so sweet, his answers so respectful and all his manners so full of circumspection that he never gave anyone occasion to be saddened. In contradictions and sicknesses, he showed an invincible patience; he obeyed his superiors blindly, and their will was for him an inviolable law. In short, his whole life was to be with God, to sing his praises, to have him always before his eyes, to raise himself to him by prayer, and to converse with him in the secret of his heart. It is thus that this great man passed his novitiate and the first years of his profession. Meanwhile the abbot of Saint-Miniat having died, Gualbert was elected his successor by the votes of the

whole community. But the Servant of God, who preferred the safety of obedience to the lustre of prelacy, refused this charge, and begged the religious earnestly to proceed to a new election. Some time after, our Saint left the monastery of Saint-Miniat with another religious and went to seek a more complete solitude. He visited the hermitage of Camaldoli, to be edified there with those who dwelt in it; then he reached a very pleasant valley called Vallombrosa (Vallis Umbrosa), on account of the multitude of willows which cover it with their shade. It is in the diocese of Fiesole, distant from Florence half a day's journey. Two religious, who were already in a little hermitage, received him and his companion with much joy. His reputation drew many other persons also, who thought that it would be a great happiness for them to live in the company of so holy a man; thus the band, growing larger from day to day, he built there a little monastery of wood and earth, on a site which the abbess of Saint-Hilary gave him.

These new religious, considering his prudence and his holiness, elected him unanimously for their abbot. He resisted as he had done at Saint-Miniat; but his resistance had not the same success; he was at last obliged to yield and to take charge of the spiritual and temporal conduct of this nascent community. The first care he took was to have the Rule of Saint Benedict observed there, according to the spirit and according to the letter. It is something so great that it demands a marvellous address and strength of mind in a superior. He wished his religious to have only habits of coarse stuff which he had made of the wool of his flocks; he exhorted them even to wear the hair-shirt continually to subdue their flesh and make it subject to the spirit; he permitted them to go out only for indispensable necessities, knowing well that the religious easily loses, outside, the spirit of prayer and devotion which he has acquired in silence and retreat. He ordained that there should always be a lamp lit at night in the dormitory: which has also been established very wisely by other founders of Congregations, and ordained by Pope Clement VIII, for all regular houses.

What gave an invincible force to his word was that he commanded nothing without first giving the example, and he practised everything himself with more exactness and rigour than he required of his religious. He had a universal charity, a sincere humility, an invincible patience and a fervour which was never seen to slacken. If he was severe in the correction of vice, none was gentler than he toward those who acknowledged their faults and promised to correct themselves of them. Temperance was so dear to him that he ate only what was necessary to him not to die. Far from having more delicate dishes than the religious of his community, he wished, on the contrary, to be the worst provided of all, in order to keep abstinence with more perfection. This mortification gave him a pain in the stomach and an asthma which lasted him all the rest of his life; his sufferings were so violent that, without the care his children had to make him take often a little food, he would have fallen several times a day into dangerous faintings. It was thought that God sent him this infirmity, in order that the experience of the evil might make him a little more indulgent toward his disciples, and that he might diminish somewhat of that extraordinary austerity which prevented many persons from embracing his institute.

He received several lay brothers for the external ministries, so that the choir religious, not being obliged to the labours of the field, might apply themselves more tranquilly, and with less distraction, to prayer and the other functions of the spirit.

While he governed his abbey with this admirable wisdom, the emperor Henry III came to Florence: informed of his virtues, he conceived a particular goodwill for him, and sent him a bishop to perform the consecration of the high altar of his church, which was afterwards dedicated entire by Cardinal Hubert. His reputation increasing always more and more, several rich men offered him funds and revenues to build new monasteries of his Congregation, and he was begged to reform some ancient ones on the model of the observance which he had established in Vallombrosa. His zeal for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls made him embrace this great labour, and he applied himself to it with such success that he soon had the consolation of seeing the Rule of Saint Benedict, with the constitutions he had added to it, observed very exactly in eight or ten different houses. He took care to visit them often to maintain in them the spirit of poverty, of silence, of

prayer and of mortification which he had introduced there, and to correct there whatever he should find worthy of correction. One day, visiting that of Moscetta, which was of new foundation, he found that the abbot, named Rodolph, had made there buildings more splendid and more ornate than was becoming to religious poverty. He felt a keen sorrow at it, and, looking at this abbot with indignation: “You have,” he said to him, “employed on your edifice great sums with which several poor might have been fed, and you have built yourselves palaces to lodge in like lords; it shall not go so.” Then, turning toward a little brook which watered the walls of the convent, he prayed God, who employs the least things to overthrow the highest, to make use of this water to ruin that superb building which was only the work of display and human ambition. His prayer was at once heard: for he was no sooner gone out of that place, where he could never be stopped a moment, than this brook, which had almost no force, swelled so immoderately and became so violent that, rolling down from the top of the mountain trees, rocks and masses of earth and sand, it overthrew the whole convent entirely, without leaving any mark of magnificence there. The abbot and the religious, frightened at this accident, wished to transfer their dwelling elsewhere; but the Saint prevented them, sending them word that this inundation was only for this time alone, and that, in the future, the little river would overflow no more.

In another monastery, Gualbert learned that, in receiving a novice, he had been made to make a general donation of all his goods in favour of the community, without leaving anything to his heirs: he asked to see the contract; it was at once brought to him; but when he had it in his hands, he tore it and threw the pieces to the wind, saying “that it was far more becoming to have few goods than to enrich oneself by ways so little charitable.” He was not content with that; but, going out of the convent in anger, he prayed God to make him feel on the spot the weight of his indignation. In effect, he was not a hundred paces off when the fire took there suddenly, without it being possible to know who had lit it: the greater part of the building was consumed. The religious who accompanied him, having perceived the fire from afar, begged him to turn back to bring a remedy for it; but he would not even turn his head to see it, and, in the ardour of this zeal, he betook himself promptly to his monastery of Vallombrosa.

His charity toward the poor was extreme, and he would willingly have given them, in necessity, all the provisions of his monasteries: on divers occasions he had the wheat of his granaries and the flesh of his flocks distributed to them very liberally. God endowed him, in recompense, with several gratuitous graces, as with the gift of miracles, that of prophecy and the grace of the discernment of spirits. His biography, reported by Surius, cites some supernatural healings which he wrought by the efficacy of his intercession. He read in the depths of hearts and saw there the most hidden thoughts and inclinations. A young man, named Gerard, preparing to receive the habit, made his confession according to custom; but he concealed in it his gravest sins. The Saint warned him of it and marked out to him so distinctly the circumstances of his faults that he was obliged to avow them, with the sacrilege which he had committed in confession, and that he asked for the penance. So many extraordinary gifts acquired for Saint John Gualbert so high an esteem in the world that the Popes themselves desired to see him and to converse with him. Saint Leo IX, knowing that he was in his convent of Passignano, came there with all his court to take a meal. There was then no fish in the monastery to present to His Holiness, and everyone assured that none was to be found in the lake which was near. But our Blessed one did not fail to send to fish there, and, by a miracle of divine Providence, which wished to testify its love for these two holy personages, the Pope and the Abbot, two large fish were caught there, which served to entertain so illustrious a guest. Stephen IX, being in a town rather near Vallombrosa, sent to fetch the servant of God. The Saint, who loved the silence of his poor solitude better than the noise of the pontifical court, prayed God earnestly to deliver him from this embarrassment, without his being guilty of disobedience: he was heard; a furious storm, with an impetuous wind, having suddenly risen when he was already on the way, the deputies recognized well that Our Lord did not wish him to make this journey, and, in effect, they had him led back to his monastery. The Pope, warned of what had happened, showed no displeasure. Gualbert had the greatest horror of the detestable crime of simony, which was also the subject of

the tears and groans of the greatest men of his time, as may be seen by the Letters of the Blessed Cardinal Peter Damian; he pursued constantly, at the risk of his life, Peter, archbishop of Florence, whom he accused of having bought his bishopric. This false bishop avenged himself by the ill treatment which he made the religious of the Congregation of Vallombrosa suffer. One day his satellites came to the convent of Saint-Salvi, pillaged it, set fire to it, and having shamefully despoiled the greater part of the religious, beat them with much cruelty and covered them with wounds. Gualbert congratulated these religious: "You are now true religious," he said to them, "oh! that I had had the happiness of being here when these executioners came here, to have a part in the glory of your crowns!" He won at last a glorious victory by this great event, to which the whole ecclesiastical history bears witness. His religious having offered to prove, by fire, the iniquity of the bishop of Florence, one of them, named Peter, who was afterwards, for that reason, surnamed Igné (Igneus, of fire), and was raised to the dignity of cardinal, entered generously into a burning brazier and remained there a long time in the presence of the whole city of Florence, without receiving any damage from it: then the Pope, at the prayer of the clergy and of the people of that city, solemnly deposed the archbishop and restored, by this means, peace to that Church, which the malice of this tyrant had desolated.[1]

This triumph crowned all the actions of our Blessed Abbot. Thus, a short time after, having devoutly received the sacraments of the Church and exhorted the abbots of his Congregation, whom he had caused to be summoned, to maintain everywhere the regular observance, he rendered his soul to God, more laden with merits than with years, although he was seventy-four years old. It was on 12 July 1073. The angels accompanied his death with a heavenly music. There was put in his tomb a note which he had dictated before his death, containing these words: "I, John, believe and confess the faith which the holy Apostles preached and which the holy Fathers confirmed by four Councils." As he died at Passignano, he was also buried there. Many miracles were at once wrought at his tomb, which led, afterwards, Pope Celestine III to put him in the number of the Saints (1193). Only a commemoration of him was made in the Roman Breviary; but Pope Clement X permitted the office to be made semi-double. It is now double and of precept, by a decree of Innocent XI.

He is often represented at the moment which decided his conversion, that is to say with the sword in his hand and ready to pierce a man who asks him for mercy; at other times carrying on his hand a church or a hermitage, because he established the Benedictine Congregation of Vallombrosa.

Acta Sanctorum, vol. III of July.

Saint Leo, Second Abbot of the Monastery of La Cava, in the Kingdom of Naples (1075)

Leo was born in the city of Lucca, in Tuscany; but he left his native country early and was brought up at Salerno (kingdom of Naples). He devoted himself to the monastic life and formed himself to piety under the direction of Alferius or Alfieri, founder and first abbot of the monastery of La Cava. The holy founder, in consideration of the extraordinary graces with which he saw that God favoured his young disciple, chose him for his companion in order to give more weight to the influence which the examples of his virtue might exercise on the other religious. When, in 1050, he was chosen to succeed Saint Alfieri, he strove to continue with vigour the edifice of piety which his predecessor had placed on such solid foundations. Far from raising himself above his brethren, he lowered himself below them and charged himself with a visible joy with all the manual works which were done in the community. He went himself to cut wood in the forest, brought back his load on his shoulders, went to sell it at the market and distributed the price of it to the poor. He sought thus to subdue the spirit of pride and vanity, which is so prompt to poison all good works.

Gisulf, prince of Salerno, esteemed our Saint particularly, and more than once he moderated his proud and cruel humour on the severe remonstrances of the modest abbot. Leo, having become very old, discharged

himself of the direction of his monastery on the Blessed Peter who had been for some time at Cluny, and who, having been made bishop of Policastro, had left his bishopric to work for his salvation in solitude. Saint Leo died in 1075 and was honoured at once with a public worship.

Taken from Godescard, Brussels edition. — Cf. Acta Sanctorum, vol. III of July.

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[1] He was bishop of Cyprus, his native land, and one of those who accompanied Saint Paul in his voyage from Caesarea to Jerusalem. He is sometimes called, but wrongly, Jason and Nason.

[2] See his life on this day, volume I, page 604.

[3] See, for more details, the Life of Saint Firmin and that of Saint Saturninus, and note 1 of volume II, page 546.

[4] One may see in the Bollandists, Palmé edition, 1867, volume III of July, page 441, a very curious plate, copied from a copy published at the house of Michael Wagner, at Innsbruck, in 1658, and giving, in a series of twenty-one pictures, the complete history of the tragic life of the Blessed child.

[5] This ordeal of fire, like all judgments of this kind, is no less contrary to the precepts of the Church than to reason. Accordingly the Pope had always refused to accept the proposal of the religious of Vallombrosa. But in fact, this superstitious and immoral custom still reigned in the Middle Ages, as in antiquity, among certain peoples, among others among the Indians; Gualbert and his religious were in good faith; moreover, scarcely any other means remained to them of proving their accusations against the simoniacal Peter, whom a council of bishops, most of whom were guilty of the same crime, had refused to judge. Finally it is historically certain that Peter Igné came out miraculously safe and sound from this ordeal. As to the simoniacal bishop, this prodigy converted him; he renounced his dignity and became a religious in the very congregation of Vallombrosa.

13 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, Saint Anacletus, pope and martyr, who governed the Church after Saint Clement, and honoured it by a glorious martyrdom. 96. — On the same day, the holy prophets Joel and Esdras. 7th and 5th centuries before Jesus Christ. — In Macedonia, the Blessed Silas, who, being one of the first among the Brethren, was destined by the Apostles to go with Saint Paul and Saint Barnabas, to the Churches of the Gentiles. He acquitted himself of this mission with all the zeal of a man filled with the grace of God; at last, after having glorified Jesus Christ by his sufferings, he died in peace. 1st century. — Further, Saint Serapion, martyr, who, under the emperor Severus and the president Aquila, attained by fire to the crown of martyrdom. 3rd century. — In the island of Chios,[1] Saint Myrope, martyr, who, under the emperor Decius and the president Numérien, having been beaten to death with levers, passed from earth to heaven. About 250. — In Africa, the holy confessors Eugène, bishop of Carthage, recommendable for his faith and his virtues, and all the members of the clergy of the same church, to the number of about five hundred, or even more, who, during the persecution of the Vandals, under Hunéric, an Arian king, endured the scourges and hunger; and, among them, several children who served as readers; all suffered with joy the rigours of a cruel exile. The most considerable among them were the archdeacon named Salutaire, and Muritle, the second of the officers of that Church, who, being for the third time confessors of Jesus Christ, had the glory of having persevered constantly in his service. — In Brittany, Saint Turlaf, bishop and confessor, a man of admirable simplicity and innocence. 749.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Beauvais, Saint Maure and Saint Brigide, virgins and martyrs; they were massacred at Balagny, near Creil (Oise), with Saint Hyspade, their brother, and two others of their company, in defence of their virginity. 5th century. — At Paris, Saint Sponse, virgin and martyr. She was one of the companions of Saint Ursula and was massacred with her, near Cologne, by the Huns. Her body was kept anciently at Paris, in the church of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and her feast was celebrated there on the same day. This monastery of

Paris, called also Bois-aux-Nonnains and Notre-Dame aux Bois (Abbatia libera, Roseum Nonnarum), was a house of women, of the Order of Cîteaux, founded in the year 1202 by John, lord of Nesles, castellan of Bauges, and Eustachie of Saint-Paul, his wife. About 453. — At Liège, in Belgium, the Blessed Albert, abbot of the monastery of Saint James (Sanctus Jacobus Leodicensis, Insula Mosæ), of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded at Liège under the invocation of Saint James the Less, in the year 1014, on an island of the Meuse, by Baldéric the Younger, bishop of Liège. — At Deventer, a town of Holland (Over-Yssel), Saint Mildrède, virgin and abbess of Minstrey, in England. She was daughter of Merwald, prince of the Mercians, and of Ermenburge. Her brother Mervin and her sisters Milburge and Milgilhe are likewise named in the calendars of the Saints of England. She is honoured in England on 20 February. If her worship was established at Deventer, it is because her relics were transferred there, it is not known at what time.[2] 7th century. — In Auvergne, Saint Perrounelle or Pétronille, first abbess of Aubeterre (Alba Terra), an ancient monastery of the Order of Saint Benedict, in the diocese of Périgueux. She was first married to Saint Gilbert, first abbot of Neuffontaines, in Auvergne, whose life we have given on 7 June. She had by him a daughter named Ponce. Her husband, on his return from the crusade which took place in 1147, under Louis the Young, resolved to leave the world to embrace the religious life. As Saint Perrounelle shared the tastes of her husband, it was not difficult for him to obtain the consent he needed to execute his pious resolution; and as their daughter entered also into their views, they gave half of their goods to the poor, and the other half was employed in building two monasteries, one of men and the other of women. The latter was placed under the invocation of the saints Gervasius and Protasius. Perronnelle, having retired there with her daughter, became its first abbess, and governed it until her death with so much wisdom that the Church has placed her in the number of the Saints. 12th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — At Genoa, the Blessed James of Voragine, of the Order of Friars Preachers, archbishop of Genoa, who shone by his doctrine, his preaching, his holiness and his miracles. 1298.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — At Alba, in Spain, in the monastery of the Holy Incarnation, the translation of the body, found exempt from corruption, of Saint Teresa, Carmelite.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the diocese of Cologne, Saint Anacletus, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — At Alexandria, the holy martyrs Serapion, Trophime, Mêlée, Evangèle, Propose, Attale, Zenon, Menée, priest, Trophima, virgin, and Macrobe, martyrs, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Trieste, a fortified town of the Austrian States (Illyria), Saint Justine and Saint Zenon, martyrs. Justine, condemned to death for having refused to sacrifice to the idols, was going to the place of execution when the judge, named Zenon, said to her in mockery: “Spouse of Christ, do not fail at least to send us fine fruits from the garden of thy Spouse.” The virgin made her prayer to God, and at once gave to a child who was near her a cloth filled with fruits of every beauty, saying to him: “Go and give to Zenon these fruits that he asked of me.” The child obeyed, and so manifest a miracle converted the judge, who received the same day the palm of martyrdom. 3rd century. — In the desert of Scete, in Lower Egypt, Saint Sara, virgin and abbess. During thirteen entire years, she had to overcome the most violent temptations, and by this single prayer: “Lord, grant to thy servant the gift of strength,” she always came out victorious from the assaults of the demon. End of the 4th century. — At Eichstœdt, in Bavaria, Saint Juvénien the Great, confessor. In 1023, there were discovered in the abbatial church of the Benedictines of Hersfeld (Hesse-Cassel) the relics of our Saint, and a portion of them was transferred to the church of the Jesuits of Eichstätt. — At Hierapolis, a town of Phrygia, Saint Cholinduche or Golinduche, surnamed the living martyr. Sprung from an illustrious family of the Magi, she was brought up in their superstitions. She married one of the first personages of Persia by whom she had two sons. Three years after

her marriage, she learned from an angel, in an ecstasy, the mysteries of the Christian religion which she hastened to embrace. Her conversion having become public, the Magi made her undergo divers torments to force her to apostasy, but she triumphed over their efforts. God favoured her with the gift of miracles and the gift of prophecy, so that she foretold the future and discovered sacred things. After having converted her family and a great number of Persians, she fell sweetly asleep in the Lord. Beginning of the 7th century. — In Palestine, Saint Stephen the Wonder-worker, monk of the laura of Saint Sabas, near Jerusalem. He was nephew of Saint John Damascene. 794. — At Würzburg, in Bavaria, Saint Arnton, bishop of that see, which he accepted at the urging of Charles the Fat, king of France and emperor. He distinguished himself by his virtues and made himself celebrated by the reconstruction of his cathedral; he was massacred by wretches, at the altar itself, while he celebrated the divine mysteries.

Joel and Esdras, Two of the Twelve Minor Prophets

7th and 5th centuries before Jesus Christ.

> *Sicut nubes bajulant pluviam et effundunt eam super terram, sic prophetæ, qui nubes dicuntur, accipiunt verba a Deo et effundunt super rationabilem terram.*
>
> *As the clouds carry the rain and pour it upon the earth, so the prophets, called clouds by Scripture, receive from God their oracles and go to spread them upon the field of reason.*
>
> *S. Joan. Chrys., hom. xx sup. Matth.*

Scripture teaches us nothing of the life or the death of Joel, nor of the time at which he lived, nor of his native country. It says nothing else of him but that he was the son of Phatuel. Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine and Theodoret believed that this Prophet was contemporary with Hosea, either because they both foretell the same things, or because Joel follows Hosea immediately in the Hebrew text, according to this maxim received from several interpreters: “When the epoch of the Prophets is not marked at the head of their books, it is a proof that they exercised their ministry with those who precede them.” If it were quite certain that the famine and the ravage of the locusts, of which he speaks in the first chapter of his prophecy, was the same plague as that which Amos had in view when he complained that it had come without having been able to touch the hearts of those who had been afflicted by it, one could fix the time at which Joel began to prophesy about the twenty-first year of the reign of Ozias, in which this scourge began to be felt. But this point is much contested, and several able interpreters maintain that the sterility and drought marked in Joel are those which came in the time of Jeremiah, of whom they pretend that Joel was a contemporary.

However that may be, this Prophet does not speak of the ten tribes: his whole prophecy regards those of Juda and of Benjamin. At the same time that he announces to these tribes what was to befall them, he foretells the coming of the Messias, whom he calls the teacher of justice, the establishment of his Church, the descent of the Holy Ghost upon all flesh, the virtue of the name of Jesus Christ, which he says must be so great that whoever shall invoke this holy name shall be saved. The style of Joel, in the first two chapters, is simple and suits perfectly the matter which he treats there; but, in the sequel, it rises and becomes more pompous and more figured, which renders the end of his prophecies much more obscure than the beginning.

He is seen represented: 1st, between two lions who tear him; this characteristic appears rather bizarre, all the more since it seems to accuse a martyrdom which the Prophet never endured; it can be only an allusion to the words which he addresses to the Jews when he foretells to them the devastation of their country: “A nation has thrown itself upon my land, it is strong and innumerable; its teeth are as the teeth of the lion, and its jaw like that of the lion’s whelp”; 2nd, standing, holding the cartouche or phylactery on which are read the principal texts of his prophecy; 3rd, standing, seeing in vision the sun and the moon: we do not well grasp the sense of this characteristic. Perhaps it was meant to say by it that the Prophet receives the hidden oracles of Jehovah, figured by the moon, which is the star of the night, and that he spreads them upon the earth with words of dazzling clearness, symbolized by the sun, the star of the great day; but then this characteristic

would be general and would apply indifferently to all the Prophets.

Esdras, son of Saraias, the high priest whom Nabuchodonosor put to death at Reblata, after the capture of Jerusalem, was of the priestly race of Aaron by the branch of Eleazar. Carried off quite young to Babylon, he was brought up there in the obscurity and tribulations of the captivity. But he applied himself seriously to the study of the holy books, and Scripture says of him that he “was a Scribe, and very skilful in the law of Moses”; that is to say a man very well instructed in the affairs of police and of religion, according to the laws of Moses and the customs of the Jewish nation.

The seventy years of captivity foretold by Jeremiah were almost run out, when Cyrus, king of the Persians, having taken Babylon and made himself master of the empire of the Medes, of the Assyrians and of the Chaldeans, published an edict giving permission to the Jews to return to their country, with order to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. They set out to the number of nearly fifty thousand persons, under the conduct of Zorobabel, prince of the royal family of David and grandson of Jechonias. Among the names of the priests who followed Zorobabel, that of Esdras is found. But he returned afterwards to Babylon to solicit the permission to continue the re-establishment of the temple. He was in that city the seventh year of the reign of Artaxerxes, surnamed Longimanus. That same year he obtained from this prince letters of return for himself and for all who should wish to follow him to Jerusalem. These were letters of recommendation, in the form of an edict, to the governors of the provinces comprised in the extent of the kingdom of Artaxerxes, to oblige them to assist Esdras and all those of his nation in all that depended on them, with the effect of favouring their re-establishment. The king ordered also his treasurers to furnish Esdras all that he should ask of them as well in silver as in wheat, in wine, in oil and in salt. He granted moreover the immunity from tribute and from all public charges to the priests, to the Levites, to the singers and other ministers of the temple of the Lord. Finally he gave full power to Esdras to establish magistrates to judge the people, with power to condemn and to punish with fines, and even with corporal penalties and death, leaving him besides master to teach the law to those who should need to be instructed in it.

Esdras, provided with these letters on the part of the king and “sustained by the hand of the Lord,” assembled a rather great number of Israelites, and set out to return to Jerusalem. Having arrived on the bank of the river Ahava, and having remarked that there were among the people neither priests nor Levites, he sent to ask some of Eddo, chief of those who dwelt at Chaspia; he sent him thirty-eight Levites and two hundred Nathinites, who were the servants of the temple. After having published a fast and implored the help of God by prayer, Esdras set out from the bank of the river Ahava on the twelfth of the first month of the year of the world 3537, followed by seventeen hundred and seventy-five men, and arrived happily at Jerusalem in the fifth month of the same year.

On the fourth day after his arrival, he offered holocausts to the Lord, to thank him and to draw down his blessings upon the people. At the same time he deposited in the treasury of the temple the vessels, the furniture and the offerings with which he was charged. He gave also the edicts of the king to the satraps of his court and to the governors of the country beyond the Euphrates, and these officers began to favour the people and the house of God. But Esdras having learned that several Israelites, as well of the number of the priests and Levites as of that of the magistrates and the common people, had allied themselves with strange women, felt a keen sorrow at this detestable abuse; he rent his garments, tore out his hair, and, quite cast down with sadness, he sat on the ground in the temple, abandoning himself, to appease the Lord, to tears, fasts and prayer. At this sight, the people shed a great abundance of tears, and wishing to expiate the abomination into which it had fallen, resolved to do penance for it and to send away the strange women with the children who had been born of them. Esdras, seeing the people thus disposed and quite ready to renew the covenant with the Lord, rose up and obliged the princes of the priests and the Levites and all Israel to promise him with an oath that they would do what they had just said. They swore it to him, and, after a general assembly in which the resolution which had been taken was made known to all Israel, commissioners

were named to betake themselves into the cities and execute what had been agreed upon touching the expulsion of the strange women. It is thus that Esdras succeeded in abolishing these profane marriages.

After having reformed the abuses which had crept in among the people, Esdras applied himself to instruct it in its duties, and this was his principal occupation the rest of his life. In the seventh month of the year of the world 3551, the children of Israel, assembled at the gate of the temple for the celebration of the feast of Tabernacles, begged him to read to them the law of Moses and to explain it to them. Esdras, having therefore placed himself in the middle of the square on a wooden step, made a reading of the law from the morning until noon. The people were so touched by it that they melted into tears. Esdras, seeing the Israelites penetrated with sorrow, consoled them, saying to them that they must not weep on the day of so solemn a feast, but rather rejoice in the Lord. All this people, consoled by these words, went away to take nourishment, and thus the feast of Tabernacles was celebrated with joy. The next day the heads of families, the priests and the Levites came to find Esdras to pray him to continue to explain to them the words of the law. They fell upon the place where it is written that the Lord had ordained by the ministry of Moses that the children of Israel should dwell in tents during the solemn feast of the seventh month. The people, having heard these words, went to seek branches of trees on all sides, and, having brought them, each made himself booths in the form of tents, on the top of the houses, in the squares, in the streets and even in the court of the temple. Esdras continued to read the book of the law, each day of the feast, from the first to the last, explaining to the people the places which needed elucidation.

On the twenty-fourth of the same month, the day on which a great fast had been appointed, the children of Israel assembled covered with sacks and ashes, with the design of making to the Lord a public satisfaction for the violation of the law which they had ignored or despised until their return from captivity. After they had confessed their sins and made long prayers to obtain pardon for them, the covenant with the Lord was renewed, and an authentic act of it was drawn up, which was signed by Nehemias, by the priests, the Levites, the heads of families and the rest of the people. The names of the high priest Eliasib and of Esdras are not found in the enumeration of those who signed this act: apparently they were forgotten, or they are there under other names, for Esdras was still living. He was present afterwards at the dedication which was made of the walls of Jerusalem in 3550. He is given more than a hundred and twenty years of life, but the time of his death is not known exactly. Josephus says of this great man that he died full of glory and of years, and that magnificent obsequies were made for him in the city of Jerusalem. Scripture itself makes his eulogy in few words when it says “that Esdras had prepared his heart to search into the understanding of the law of God and to have its precepts taught in Israel.”

The characteristic of Esdras is that of the greater part of the Prophets: he holds in his hand the cartouche or banderole on which the principal texts of his prophecies are read.

Worship and Relics. — Writings

Joel is honoured among the Greeks who keep his feast on 19 October, as do the Russians and the Muscovites who follow their rite. Usuard is the first who fixed for him the thirteenth day of July and he has been followed by the modern Roman. As for Esdras, the Greeks do not appear to have decreed him a particular worship: the Latins began to insert his name in their martyrologies in the ninth century, as is seen by the old Roman and by those of Ado and of Usuard followed by the modern Roman. The prophecy of Joel contains three chapters, with this single title: On the destruction of Jerusalem. As to Esdras, we have four books under his name. The first two, which according to the remark of Saint Jerome were counted only as one among the Hebrews, are canonical and received unanimously in all the Churches, as well Greek as Latin. The last two are apocryphal and have in the Latin Church no authority; but the Greeks put the third among the divine books.

The sequel of the history contained in the first book is of eighty-two years from the first year of the reign of Cyrus at Babylon, the year of the world 3468, down to the nineteenth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus who sent Nehemias back to Jerusalem in the year of the world 3550. The Latins, in dividing into two the first book of Esdras, have not changed the title, and they give ordinarily to the second the same name as to the first; however it appears quite certain that they are of two different hands.

Esdras, in the first of the books which bear his name, speaks almost always in the first person and as principal author and head of the enterprise which he relates. On the contrary, in the second of these books, he is spoken of only in the third person, and even rather rarely… Nehemias appears in all the chapters of the book; it is he who speaks, who acts, who presides everywhere, so that one may say that this book contains no less the history of this prince than that of the Jews. From the beginning of the book he declares himself its author. It contains the history of about thirty-one years, that is to say from the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, which is the 3350 of the world, until the reign of Darius Nothus, his son, who began to reign in the year of the world 3581. One finds in the ancient editions of the Vulgate a book IV under the name of Esdras. Some ancient Greek and Latin Fathers have cited it in their writings, and have reported from it several passages, which we still read today in this book. But this work cannot have come down to us whole, since Clement of Alexandria quotes from it a passage which we do not find in it. Saint Ambrose often speaks of this book, and always with praise. The author of this book is, according to the most probable opinion, a personage posterior to Jesus Christ. The work has received from a Christian hand some additions which are found only in the Latin version.

Dom Ceillier: Histoire des auteurs sacrés et ecclésiastiques. — Cf. Baillet: Vies des Saints de l'Ancien Testament; Rohrbacher, Darras: Histoires de l'Église.

Saint Anacletus, Pope and Martyr at Rome

— Roman Emperor: Domitian.

Ecclesia solet passionis falce crescere, et persecutionum plagis in sancto populo semper augeri.

The Church grows ordinarily under the scythe of persecutions, and the more the holy people is struck the more it increases.

Cassiodor., sup. Psal. lxxix.

Saint Anacletus, a Greek by nation, was of the famous city of Athens, and his father was called Antiochus. He had been converted to the faith by Saint Peter, who, according to the report of Saint Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Trallians, seeing his exemplary piety and the integrity of his morals, made him deacon to serve him as minister and afterwards consecrated him priest. As he was of an excellent mind, and as his holiness became ever more brilliant, the Holy See having come to be vacant by the martyrdom of Saint Clet, he was chosen to be his successor, with the consent of all the faithful, in the year of Jesus Christ 83, under the empire of Domitian. Such is, in substance, the notice which is consecrated to him by the *Liber Pontificalis.*

It is true that at that time, the persecution which the emperor had begun against the Church, instead of diminishing, became ever more violent; nevertheless, so furious a tempest gave no blow to the faith of the Christians; on the contrary, the sacred seed of the Gospel, watered with the blood of the Martyrs, far from suffering alteration or languor from it, received from it new strength, and put forth its germ with more vigour than ever throughout all the earth.

Accordingly our holy Pontiff forgot nothing to animate the faithful to expose their lives generously for the glory of Jesus Christ. He made fine ordinances, to keep them to their duty, to preserve good regulation in the universal economy of the Church, and to oppose the disorders which might have crept into it. He ordained that all the Christians who assisted at the holy sacrifice of the Mass should be obliged to communicate at it, and that entrance to the Church should be refused to those who neglected to do so; that there should always

be three bishops to perform the ceremony of the consecration of another bishop, as Saint Paul had already established himself, and that all ordinations of ecclesiastics should be made in public. He forbade priests, and all those who were admitted to the sacred Orders, to wear long hair and to let their beard grow.

To give some mark of his devotion and of his gratitude to the Prince of the Apostles, to whom he was indebted for his conversion, he had built and adorned, at his sepulchre, a church which he dedicated in his honour, and which, by a quite particular providence of God, was preserved in the midst of the persecutions. Caïus, an author who lived at that time, according to the report of Eusebius, names this church, or this memory, as they spoke then, the trophies of the Apostles. He had also adorned at the Vatican some particular places for the burial of the sovereign Pontiffs who should succeed him, and in all the cemeteries of the Christians, he had some places marked expressly to bury there those who suffered martyrdom. He celebrated the Ordinations twice, in which he created six bishops, five priests and three deacons. Among the multitude of condemned Christians, whom the fury of a tyrant sent each day to martyrdom, Pope Saint Anacletus could not long escape the searches of the executioners. In foresight of the fate which awaited him, he had, the year before, conferred episcopal ordination on the priest Evariste. At last, this blessed Pope, after having governed the Church nine years, three months and ten days, won the palm of martyrdom, on 13 July, in the year of Jesus Christ 96, and was buried at the Vatican. Saint Ignatius, in a letter which he wrote to Marie Casabolite, speaks with great praise of Saint Anacletus.

A great number of authors have believed they could affirm the identity of Saint Clet and of Saint Anacletus; yet the circumstantial details furnished on the Greek origin of Saint Anacletus, his birth at Athens, the name of his father Antiochus, do not permit him to be confounded with Saint Clet, Roman by origin, born at the Vicus Patricii, in the quarter of the Esquiline, and having for father Emilien. Another circumstance is not less decisive against the system of identification of the two Popes. It is known that Saint Clet was ordained bishop by the very hand of Saint Peter. Now, the *Liber Pontificalis* notes expressly that Saint Anacletus had received from the head of the Apostles only the priestly consecration.

Liber Pontificalis; History of the Church, by Darras. — Cf. History of the Roman Sovereign Pontiffs, by Artaud de Montor.

Saint Maure and Saint Brigide, Virgins and Martyrs, in the Diocese of Beauvais

5th century.

> *Tu qui calcasti mundum, ut calcato eo gradum tibi quemdam ascendendi ad cœlum faceres, mundi gloriam ne requiras.*
>
> *You who have trodden the world under foot, in order to make of it for yourself a step to mount to heaven, do not seek the glory of the world.*
>
> *S. Jerome, Ep. i ad Dem.*

The devotion of the city and diocese of Beauvais toward these holy Virgins, and the extraordinary graces which are received by their intercession, invite us to give here an abridgment of their life. Their history says that they were twin sisters, daughters of Ella, king of Scotland and of Northumberland, and of Panlilémone, his wife. At their birth, the plague, which was depopulating Scotland, was happily extinguished: Maure, who was the elder, spoke at the moment of her baptism, to declare that her mother, who had died in giving birth to these two daughters, already enjoyed eternal life, and Brigide, who was the younger, came out from the baptismal font all surrounded with lights. They could have only one and the same nurse: the one who had been given to Brigide having lost her milk, the little one would take no other than that which her sister took; at last their nurse having milk on one side only, they both sucked the same breast.

The place of their education was the castle of Edinburgh, capital of the kingdom of Scotland, in the county of Lothian. Some authors have written that it is for this reason that this castle was called Agnetes or the castle of

the Maidens. At the age of thirteen, Our Lord having invited them to be his spouses, they made together a vow of virginity: they persisted in it so courageously that the king, their father, offering them very advantageous matches which were to make them sovereigns, and put them in the enjoyment of all that the present life has of charming and delightful, they answered with firmness “that having given themselves as spouses to the Son of God, they could in no wise engage in the alliance of men.” This resolution afflicted that prince, who pretended to draw great advantages from the marriage of his daughters with his neighbours: he had nevertheless virtue enough not to do them violence, and a short time after he died, leaving his crown and his States to Hyspade or Espain, his son.

This young man had as much aversion to command as the ambitious have passion to procure it. The sceptre and the diadem, which appeared to others all laden with flowers, appeared to him all bristling with thorns. The difficulty he felt in governing himself well made him believe that it would be impossible for him to govern a great people well. Thus, not being able to resolve to reign, he begged his sisters, whose prudence and virtue he knew, to charge themselves with his States and to take the helm of them in his place. This proposal surprised these holy virgins extremely, all the more since they saw well that, if they carried themselves for queens, the great ones of the country and the commons would force them to marry in order to have heirs of their crown. Thus, without hesitating over this affair, they said resolutely to their brother that they could not accept his offer, because, having consecrated themselves entirely to Jesus Christ, they could have no other care than to please him. However, as they had reason to fear that the counts and lords of Scotland, who might pretend to their alliance, would force them to be their queens, they determined together to abandon their country secretly and to pass into a foreign land to deliver themselves from their pursuits. Hyspade, their brother, from whom they could not conceal their resolution, on account of the great union of heart and mind which reigned between them, wished to be of the party. Thus, one night having escaped on foot from Edinburgh, they betook themselves promptly to the port of the British sea which faces France.

God made it appear on two occasions that these chaste princesses were under his special protection. Having been obliged to sleep one night at the house of a poor widow, they were there miraculously delivered from the insolence of the son of that woman, who cast an impudent look upon Saint Maure, without the brilliance of her face, which shone in the middle of the night like a sun, being able to enlighten his understanding, or to deaden the violence of his passion. The chaste virgin, having perceived his evil design and the danger in which she was, had recourse to prayer, and asked her spouse earnestly that it might please him to change the heart of this wretch, and, from impudent and lascivious as he was, to make him pure and a friend of continence. Her prayer was heard: for, at that very hour, there was made so great a change in the soul of this sacrilegious man that he himself extinguished the fire of his passion by his tears, and that, throwing himself at the feet of the Saint, he besought her earnestly to pardon his folly and to obtain for him the pardon of the mercy of God. The second occasion was still more miraculous. In another inn, a man dared likewise to come with a criminal desire to the chamber where the two virgins reposed. He believed that they could in no wise escape his passion; but, while they slept, their angel, watching over them, was beside them to guard them. In effect, when this man entered, he saw a priest, in sacerdotal vestment, who had in one hand a lighted lamp with which he lit the whole chamber, and in the other a censer with which he perfumed it. Full of spite, he set fire to the chamber to avenge himself.

The fire was great and spared neither the furniture, nor the walls, nor the floors of the chamber; but, by a prodigy of the divine power, the bed where the chaste sisters were could not be attacked by the flame, and they were found there both safe and sound like the three children in the midst of the furnace of Babylon.

These prodigies would have made them discovered if they had not passed the sea promptly. They came therefore to France, and from there betook themselves to Rome, to visit there the tombs of the blessed apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, for whom the English and the Scots had a very particular devotion. We know nothing of what befell them during this great journey; but their history teaches us that, being at Rome,

they lodged with a man named Ursicin; they delivered him by their prayers from a demon who obsessed him.

From there, they made the journey to Jerusalem with their brother and this Ursicin, who, to acknowledge the grace he had received through their intercession, devoted himself to their service and would no longer abandon them; after the visit of the holy places which they watered with their tears, they crossed again into Italy, and then into France, where God prepared for them a most glorious martyrdom. The place where it is said they landed was the port of Marseille, on the coasts of Provence. They came from there into Anjou, where Ursicin, having broken his leg, was miraculously healed by the sole touch of the veil of Saint Maure, which she gave him to serve as a bandage. A kiss of Saint Brigide also restored sight to a little blind girl: which put the chaste sisters in great reputation, and caused them to be honoured as Saints.

Meanwhile their faithful companion having relapsed into sickness, after eight days of fever, was ravished in ecstasy; he learned by divine revelation that these glorious princesses, with their brother, would soon receive the palm of martyrdom. The notice which he gave them of it was so agreeable to them that, as a reward, they merited for him a second healing: then, they entered Angers, and lodged with an honest widow, named Aldegonde, who had just lost her son; Saint Maure raised this young man to life, and gave him back alive to his mother. A grace so little hoped for filled the son and the mother with an extraordinary gratitude, and, as two or three days did not suffice to thank their benefactress worthily for this signal favour, seeing her resolved to depart with her company, to go to the tomb of Saint Martin, they accompanied her thither and would no longer leave her. It was in this journey that the same Saint Maure raised again the son of a lord named Géronce, who was called Johel, and who had been killed, by accident, by an arrow-shot; but she foretold to him at the same time that he would soon lose his life for the faith: which would procure for him the honour and crown of martyrdom. In effect, he had his head cut off at twenty-two years by the enemies of our holy religion. Besides this resurrection, she restored health to the son of a shoemaker, afflicted with a paralysis, which took from him the use of his limbs: on the other hand, Saint Brigide, her sister, and Saint Hyspade, their brother, delivered many possessed and healed several persons in fever who came to present themselves to them in the house of Géronce, or who were found in the borough. It is for this reason that this house, which is near Sainte-Catherine de Feribois in Touraine, has since been changed into a church which bears the name of Sainte-Maure.

We do not know by what road these admirable pilgrims came into the Beauvaisis; but their history teaches us that, having arrived near a fountain, with their companions, in a place named Balagny, to take some nourishment there, they were met by brigands, or rather by barbarians of whom France was then full: for it was after the invasions of the Alans, of the Vandals, of the Suevi, and other peoples of the North. They massacred those who refused to satisfy their superstition or their avarice or their brutality. Saint Hyspade put himself in a state to defend his sisters, but a sword-stroke cut off his head. It is said that this blessed prince picked up his head at the same moment, and carried it to the feet of Saint Maure, pronouncing these last words of the Lord’s Prayer: *Sed libera nos a malo*, to which the holy sisters answered: *Amen.* The cruelty of these impious men was not sated with the blood of Saint Hyspade; they threw themselves upon Aldegonde, that pious widow of Angers whose son Saint Maure had raised, and upon that same son called John, who had followed the sisters after the example of his mother, and put them both to death; and as our two princesses did not the less continue to resist with all their strength the desires of these barbarians, they were also massacred.

Ursicin, of whom we have spoken in this history, was not present at this cruel execution: he soon knew what had befallen the two saints by a heavenly light which appeared over the place of their torment; he saw also a troop of blessed spirits who bore their souls to heaven, and, on the other hand, he perceived the barbarians who were cutting one another’s throats by a just punishment of their crime. He gave notice to the inhabitants of Balagny of what had passed, and the honour of burial was rendered to the holy Martyrs. The bishop of Beauvais made inquiry into the affair, and, having recognized the truth of it, he permitted Maure and Brigide

to be honoured as two holy virgins and martyrs.

There are some who believe that the Virgins of Touraine, Saint Maure and Saint Britte, whose notice we have given on 28 January, are the same as those of the Beauvaisis, of whom we have just spoken. In effect, the names are little different, and the time agrees rather well, since Saint Euphrone died after the middle of the sixth century; but, as the former were buried in the diocese of Tours, and the others in that of Beauvais, where their sacred remains have been found and honoured from all time, it is more probable that they are Saints entirely different, all the more since Saint Gregory calls those of Tours only Virgins, whereas those of the Beauvaisis are Virgins and Martyrs. The feast of these is marked, in the diocese of Beauvais, on 13 July, which is believed to be the day of their martyrdom.

They are invoked especially in times of mortality and dearth. At Bus, in the diocese of Amiens, the solemn feast of Saint Brigide is celebrated on the first Sunday of May, with a novena. The object of the pilgrimage is to draw the blessings of heaven on the cows. A similar pilgrimage, to which many inhabitants of the Santerre go on the same date, takes place at Candor, canton of Lassigny, in the diocese of Beauvais.

Worship and Relics

Saint Bathilde, queen of France, having learned the miracles which were wrought by their intercession, betook herself to the borough of Balagny, to honour their sacred bodies and to have them transported to the abbey of Chelles, which she was having built near Lagny, with great magnificence. In effect, they were loaded on carts, and were already on the road to Paris, to go to Chelles. But when they were at the crossroads of Nogent, near Creil, the oxen which drew them stopped short, without its being possible to make them advance. It was therefore necessary to leave them the liberty to go where instinct should lead them; and, at once, they turned of their own motion toward the place which is called the Cross of Sainte-Maure; and, from there, taking the road to the church of Nogent, they carried there the sacred burden with which they were loaded. It was put in the cemetery opposite the altar, on the east side, and remained there until the pontificate of Urban III, who was made Pope in the year 1185. This Pontiff, informed of the miraculous healings which were wrought continually by the merit and at the tomb of these illustrious Martyrs, commanded the bishops of Beauvais and of Senlis to raise their precious bones: which they did with much ceremony; and, to preserve the memory of this elevation, they gave, by the authority of the Holy See, a hundred days of indulgence in perpetuity, to all those who should visit the church of Nogent, from the Sunday within the octave of the Ascension until the day of Saint John the Baptist. The borough, on account of our Saints, is called Nogent-les-Vierges.

In the year 1242, King Saint Louis, by a singular devotion toward Saint Maure and Saint Brigade, visited their church, and, having found it too small, he had it enlarged by the whole choir, and their relics transferred into new shrines: which was executed by Eudes, coadjutor to the bishopric of Beauvais, as was recognized in the opening which Jean de Marigny, bishop of the same city, and afterwards archbishop of Rouen, made of them, in the year 1343. At last, these shrines being too old, the Ordinary had them renewed in the year 1635: which revived the devotion of the peoples toward our holy Virgins. It became still more fervent in the city of Beauvais, by the powerful help which the people received from them two years after, in a great contagion which had spread in the parish of Saint-André. The curé and all the parishioners made a vow to go to the chapel of Sainte-Maure and Sainte-Frigide, at Balagny, to obtain by their intercession the extinction of this pestilential fire, and they executed their promise at once; which was so efficacious that, on the very day of the procession, this scourge ceased: so that no one was struck by it afterwards, and all those who were sick recovered in a short time, without anyone dying of it. We have made use, to complete this biography, of the Life of the Saints of the diocese of Beauvais, by the Abbé Sabatier.

Saint Eugène, Bishop of Carthage, in Africa, and His Companions, Martyrs

— Pope: Symmachus. — Emperor of the East: Anastasius I.

Seductionibus aut persecutionibus fides non corrumpitur, sed purgatur.

Neither seductions nor persecutions corrupt the faith; they only purify it.

S. Jean Chrys., Hom. xxvi sup. Matth.

Although this glorious athlete of Jesus Christ was born in Africa, was bishop there, and passed a great part of his life there, France, nevertheless, can claim him with good right, since he received hospitality there, and died there leaving us his holy remains.

We know nothing of the childhood or the youth of Saint Eugène; but all that we can conjecture is that, his virtue and his ardour for the Catholic faith raising him above the other faithful, he was called to the ecclesiastical state, and consecrated priest of the church of Carthage, at a time when this dignity, which was like an assurance of martyrdom, demanded an intrepid courage and a will resolved to give his blood for Jesus Christ. In effect, when after the death of Gensériс, king of the Vandals, Hunéric, his son, who had succeeded him, permitted the Catholics of this metropolitan city to elect a bishop of their communion, after twenty-four years passed without a pastor, they all cast their eyes on Eugène, citizen of Carthage, believing that in the general desolation in which the Church of Africa was, none was more capable than he of opposing the fury of the barbarians, of repressing the effrontery of the Arians, of strengthening the spirit of the orthodox, of sustaining the weight of persecution, and of serving as an example of patience in tortures, torments, prison, exile and death. They were not deceived in their expectation: for God, who had chosen Eugène as pastor of his afflicted people, gave him all the qualities of a holy bishop. The extent and perfection of his charity cannot be expressed. He gave each day to the poor all the money he received, without ever reserving anything of it for the morrow, unless he received it so late that it was impossible for him to distribute it the same day. Resources multiplied in his hands; for, although the Catholics had been stripped of all their goods by the Vandals, Eugène still found means to give great alms; these extraordinary liberalities could not be explained without miracles. He denied himself almost everything in order to have wherewith to assist the poor. When it was represented to him that he ought to reserve something for his own needs, he was accustomed to make this answer: “The good shepherd having to give his life for his flock, should I be excusable to disquiet myself about what concerns my body?” The brilliance of his holiness dazzling the eyes of the heretics, they began to repent of having suffered his election, and to persecute him openly. The king forbade him to preach to the people and to suffer in his church men and women dressed as Vandals. Eugène was not troubled by this prohibition, but answered constantly that the church being the house of God, it ought to be open to all who came to adore him there. Hunéric, irritated at this answer, had executioners placed at the door of the church: as soon as they saw men or women clothed in the Vandal fashion enter it, they dragged them with violence with hooks which tore out their hair and even the skin of the head; this cruelty made some lose their sight and several others their life. They then led through the city the women from whom the hair and the skin had been thus torn, thinking by this frightful spectacle to shake the Catholics and make them quit their religion; but, as there was not one of these holy Martyrs who did not rejoice to suffer this ignominious torment for the honour of Jesus Christ, their example, far from beating down the courage of the faithful, animated them on the contrary to remain constant in the confession of the consubstantial Trinity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Next, Hunéric, to reduce the officers of his court who were Catholics, deprived them of their wages, even of victuals, and subjected them to the labours of the field in a devouring heat. It was a torment which must have been intolerable to delicate persons; but grace made them triumphant over the weaknesses of nature, and all endured these sufferings with joy. There was among them a man who, for several years, could not use one of his hands: these barbarians pressed him more than the others to work. In this extremity, he betook himself to prayer with his companions, and God hearing them, restored movement and life to that paralytic hand. This was only the prelude of the general persecution. Hunéric, after having put to death his nearest relatives, to

secure the kingdom to his children, forbade expressly all who were not Arians to serve in his palace or to exercise public functions. It cannot be said what was the solicitude of our holy pilot in so furious a tempest. In fear lest some of the faithful, through apprehension of torments and of death, should relax from his duty, he imposed on himself continual fatigues to visit them, console them, strengthen them, raise them from their dejection, and fill them with the thought and hope of eternal goods. The Catholics of the court, sustained by his exhortations and by the grace of God, showed themselves firm to the end in their trial: it was necessary to condemn them to banishment. There was not one of them who did not depart joyfully from Africa to pass into the islands of Sicily and of Sardinia, where, nevertheless, they knew that they would be treated very cruelly. Meanwhile, the fury of Hunéric kindling always more and more, he resolved to attack the priests and the bishops, in order that the pastors being oppressed, it might be easier to disperse and slaughter the sheep. But fearing lest the emperor Zenon should treat at Constantinople the Arian bishops and priests in the same manner as he would treat the Catholics in Africa, he sought inventions to make them perish under other pretexts than that of religion. One of his artifices was to have assembled all the virgins consecrated to God, and to constrain them, by horrible torments, to say that the bishops and ecclesiastics had abused them and had corrupted them. In effect, they were hung in the air with cords, very heavy weights were put to their feet, and their bosom, back and sides were burned with plates of iron all glowing: but all these cruelties could never tear from the mouth of these holy maidens so black a calumny, which, in blackening the ministers of Jesus Christ, would have covered themselves with opprobrium and infamy. The greater part died in the torments, and those who survived them remained bent all the rest of their life.

This detestable invention not having succeeded, Hunéric threw off the mask entirely and relegated at once into the deserts bishops, priests, deacons and other Catholics, to the number of four thousand nine hundred and seventy-six; some were overcome with sickness, and others so advanced in age that they had become blind. Among these last was found Saint Felix, bishop of Abbir, who had forty-four years of prelacy, and was so paralytic in all his members that he had not even the use of his tongue. The king was begged to exempt him from this journey, since it was impossible to transport him, and his death could scarcely be delayed. But this cruel one answered proudly: “If he cannot be carried, let his feet be tied with cords to a pair of oxen, and let him be dragged to the place I have ordered.” Thus none of this holy troop was exempt from so inhuman an edict. We should extend ourselves too much if we stopped to describe the evils which they endured on the way, the outrages which these barbarians did them, the privation of all help to which they were reduced, and above all the heroic constancy with which they suffered so terrible a persecution. Women were seen carrying or dragging their children, who were as yet only little clerics, in the train of the holy confessors, that they might not be deprived of participation in their crowns. Venerable old men were seen dragging themselves, crawling so to speak on the earth, in order not to separate from this blessed army of servants of Jesus Christ. If weakness or sickness stopped some of them, at once the soldiers pricked them with the points of their javelins, or threw stones at them to force them to march faster; at last, they were put into the hands of the Moors, who led them into a forest, where the greater part died, either of the wounds they had received, or of hunger, thirst and all sorts of miseries. Nothing more touching than the sad farewells of the people of Carthage to its priests: it accompanied them as far as it could, and said to them with tears in its eyes: “To whom do you leave us in running to martyrdom? Who will baptize our children? Who will give us penance? Who will deliver us from our sins by the benefit of reconciliation? Who will bury us after death? Who will offer the divine sacrifice with the ordinary ceremonies? Would that it were permitted us to go with you!”

Saint Eugène not having been included in this first edict, had remained at Carthage, where he continued always to encourage the faithful and to inflame them with the desire of martyrdom. But he continued to be persecuted in divers ways. Thus, on the day of the Ascension, 19 May of the year 483, while our holy prelate was celebrating the holy mysteries in his cathedral church, there was brought there an order of the king, which commanded all the bishops of Africa who believed the consubstantiality of the Word, to be at Carthage on the following 1 February, to discuss with his venerable bishops (it is thus he called those of his

sect), on the faith which they defended, and to prove it by the holy Scriptures. His design in his words was very malicious; for he knew well that the Catholic bishops could not allege a passage of Scripture in which the word consubstantial was found; they would therefore be obliged either to renounce this word and the dogma which it expresses, or else he would have a pretext to persecute them, since they would have despised Scripture. The reading of this order afflicted greatly the whole assembly of the faithful; the joy of the feast was changed into mourning, the canticles into lamentations, the prayers into groans and tears. They deliberated nevertheless on what was to be done in so pressing a conjuncture, and all decided that Saint Eugène should present a petition to try to turn aside this public conference, or to render it as useful to the Catholics as the Arians wished to render it harmful to them. It contained therefore that the Catholics did not at all flee discussion, having always been the first to ask for it; but, as the cause of the faith was common to all the Churches, they could not enter upon it without the knowledge and participation of the bishops beyond the sea. Thus, the Catholics begged the king, if he wished a conference on religion, to find it good that the bishops of the other countries should be present at it, so that the decision might be made with the universal consent of the prelates. Hunéric answered: “Let Eugène make me monarch of the whole universe, and I will grant him what he asks.” — “That is not necessary,” said Eugène; “it suffices that the king write to his friends,” that is to say to the king of Italy, who was Odoacre, an Arian prince, “to let the bishops come, and I will write to our colleagues” (he means the bishops of Italy, of the Gauls and of the Spains) “to beg them to make this journey, so that, being all assembled, and above all the one of the Roman Church which is the head of all the Churches, they may show him the true faith.” This proposal was very reasonable, since an assembly could not be held to decide a fundamental point of the faith without all the bishops, and above all the one of the first See, being warned of it; but our holy prelate thought still of another utility: it was that the foreign bishops, having seen with their own eyes the oppression in which the Church of Africa was, would have borne witness to it everywhere and would perhaps have procured for it some remedy. Meanwhile Hunéric, irritated at this answer, sent several bishops into exile, after having had them whipped and beaten with sticks very cruelly; he forbade also all his subjects to eat with the Catholics: which divine Providence permitted, in order that the orthodox might not be corrupted by too great commerce with the heretics.

For the rest, God, to raise their courage and confirm them more and more in the faith of the most holy Trinity, wrought a great miracle by the prayers of Saint Eugène. There was in Carthage a blind man named Felix, who was known to everybody; he was warned by God, in three visions, to go and present himself to the bishop Eugène, when he should bless the baptismal fonts, so that he might give him sight by the imposition of his hands. He had himself led therefore to the bishop, and, having laid before him the order he had received from heaven, he conjured him, with tears, not to refuse him a grace which depended no longer on anything but his goodness. Saint Eugène repulsed him at first, telling him that he was not a man to work miracles, and that his sins were too great to pretend to a thing so difficult and so elevated above nature; but the blind man pressing him ever more urgently, he yielded at last to his prayers, and made the sign of the cross upon his eyes: at the same moment sight was restored to him, to the great astonishment of all the people who were present. This miracle spread at once through the whole city; Hunéric, who was informed of it, wished to assure himself of it by himself and sent for the blind man. He employed all sorts of means to recognize the truth of the fact or rather to obscure the glory of it; but he found in it nothing but what was very sincere and very true. The Arians, outraged with spite, came to find him, told him that it was only an effect of magic, and that Eugène was very learned in it. He was blind enough, or rather impious enough, to believe it; so, far from diminishing the persecution, he increased it still more and conceived a mortal hatred against our Saint.

The day of the conference having arrived, several orthodox bishops found themselves at Carthage. Hunéric, to intimidate them, had one first arrested, named Létus, who was one of the most learned of the clergy, and, by the greatest of all perfidies, he had him burned alive in the midst of the city. But his execution gave the other bishops more desire than fear, they who would have wished to accompany him in his torment. All

things passed in this assembly with an extreme injustice and violence: all the Catholic prelates were made to stand, each was given a hundred blows of the stick, judges and notaries who could bear witness of what should pass there were refused them; and the impious Cyrola, who called himself patriarch of the Arian churches of Africa, came there with the pomp and majesty of a prince, and sat there on a raised throne, as if he had been master of all the bishops. The prelates being assembled in an order so iniquitous, it would have been with much justice that the orthodox should have refused to enter into discussion: but, far from doing so, they themselves pressed to begin it. The Arians, who did not wish it, broke it off on false pretexts, and made the king believe that the Catholics had constrained them to it. Saint Eugène, who had foreseen this artifice, addressed himself to the king, and presented to him a writing in which all our faith touching the mystery of the consubstantial Trinity was admirably well explained. This precaution served for nothing. Hunéric, who sought only a pretext to ruin religion, had at once an edict published (484), by which the churches of the Catholics were closed, their goods confiscated, their assemblies forbidden and their writings condemned to the fire. So that it was necessary to resolve either to follow the impiety of the heretics, or to leave a prey one's house, one's goods and one's charges. The cruelty of the tyrant did not stop there: those who would not yield to his unjust pretensions were tormented in body; illustrious African women were publicly stripped; the right hand and the tongue were cut off a great number of Catholics, who, having withdrawn to Constantinople, did not fail to speak as well as if they had had a tongue. There was even among them a young boy, mute from birth, who began to speak as soon as his tongue had been cut off. Almost all the bishops who had remained at Carthage, and of whom this barbarous prince had taken all the goods, were driven out of the city, without being permitted to carry either victuals, or money, or garments; and, what surpasses all belief, all sorts of persons were forbidden to receive them in their houses, their barns and their stables, or to give them to eat, in order that, wandering miserably in the country, without bread and without roof, they might perish of hunger and of all sorts of discomforts.

Although reduced to going to beg their life and to remaining exposed to the injuries of the air around the walls of the city, they resolved not to go away from it, for fear it should be said that they had avoided the combat. It happened in these circumstances that the king went out to see some reservoirs: all the bishops went to meet him, saying: "What have we done to be treated thus? If we were assembled for a conference, why strip us, ill-treat us, deprive us of our Churches and of our houses, make us die of hunger and cold, drive us out of the city and reduce us to lie on the dung-heap?" Hunéric looking at them with an angry eye, and without listening to their remonstrances, commanded his guards to ride horse against them. Several were wounded, principally the old men and the weak.

Meanwhile, as Saint Eugène, with Saint Vindémial and Saint Longin, whose banishment had been somewhat delayed, on account of the respect which was universally had for them, continued to work great miracles, Cyrola, chief of the Arians, not being able to prove the falsity of these miracles, resolved to make one in appearance, to preserve the credit he had among his own. He gave therefore fifty pieces of gold to a poor man, on condition that he should counterfeit the blind man, and that, finding himself on his passage in a public square, he should beg him, in the name of God, to put his hand on his eyes, and to restore his sight to him. The thing being thus concerted, Cyrola, who had himself accompanied at that time by the three prelates whom we have just named, passed, as if by chance, before this false blind man, who, having the word, cried out at once: "Hear me, blessed Cyrola, hear me, holy priest of God; take pity on my blindness, make me feel the power which God has given thee, and which so many lepers, cripples and dead have experienced." The heretic, stopping at these words, said to him: "In proof that the faith which we profess is true, may thine eyes at this instant be opened." God heard this blasphemy; and, to make its impiety seen in the presence of the crowd which the heretic had caused to be assembled expressly to be witness of his imaginary miracle, he made truly blind him who pretended to be so, and caused him so great a pain in the eyes that he could not bear it.

This stroke of divine justice discovered all the knavery, for this wretch, feeling the violence of this pain, and seeing himself deprived of sight, began to cry out that Cyrola had corrupted him, and had given him money to play the blind man, and that, not being so, he had become so by a just punishment of God. “Impostor,” he said to this impious man, “thou hast wished to deceive men, and God has justly confounded thee. Thou hast wished to pretend to restore my sight, and thou art the cause that I no longer see; here is the money thou gavest me, give me back the sight thou hast taken from me.” But the power of God did not stop there; it completed the miracle, it rendered the triumph perfect: for the new blind man, having turned toward the Catholic bishops, and having besought them to have pity on him, although he was unworthy of all mercy, they said to him: “If thou hast faith, all things are possible to him that believeth.” — “I believe,” he answered, “in God the Father almighty; in Jesus Christ, Son of God, equal to his Father; in the Holy Ghost, coeternal and consubstantial with the Father and the Son; whoever does not believe that they have all three one same substance and one same divinity, let him suffer the same chastisement that I endure!” On this confession, the bishops deferred to one another the honour of making the sign of the cross upon his eyes. At last, Vindémial and Longin placed their sacred hands on his head, and Saint Eugène made the sign of the cross, and said aloud: “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one true God in three persons equal in power and in majesty, may thine eyes be opened and recover sight.” As soon as the last word was pronounced, the pain of this wretch ceased, and he began to see clearly as before. So great a prodigy covered the Arians with shame, and gave the Catholics matter to reproach them with the darkness of their heresy and the malignity of their imposture.

Hunéric, instead of recognizing by that the falsity of Arianism, and of being converted, entered into a greater fury against the three bishops who had just confounded this heresy in so striking a manner. He had Vindémial and Longin put to the torture; they were cruelly tormented, by pricking them with goads, burning them with burning torches, and tearing their body with iron nails, and at last he had them put to death. As for Saint Eugène, he condemned him to have his head cut off, giving nevertheless a secret order to the executioner not to execute this sentence, if at the instant when he should have raised his arm to behead him, he saw him resolved to suffer death, because he did not wish him to be honoured by the Christians as a martyr. Eugène was led therefore on the scaffold, and put in a state to receive the blow; but as he appeared then more constant than ever, and protested even that he regarded this death as a blessed entrance to eternal life, he was at once unbound and relegated to a little desert place, toward the city of Tripoli.

It was there that he suffered a martyrdom much more cruel than death. This province had for governor a proud and barbarous man, called Anthony, who made it a pleasure to have in his power this holy Bishop, to glut his passion against him. He had him shut up in a very narrow dungeon, where he permitted no one to go and console him.

The invincible confessor of Jesus Christ had found means, before entering it, to write to the faithful of Carthage a letter burning with the zeal and fire of divine love, to strengthen them in the profession of the Catholic faith, against all the threats and all the torments of the heretics. “I ask you with tears,” he says, “I exhort you, I conjure you, by the dreadful day of judgment and by the formidable light of the coming of Jesus Christ, to remain firm in the profession of the Catholic faith… Preserve the grace of a single baptism and the unction of the chrism. Let none among you suffer himself to be rebaptized.” He spoke thus, because the Arians of Africa, like the Donatists, rebaptized those who embraced their sect. He protests to the faithful that in case they are unshaken, absence and death will not hinder him from being united to them in spirit; but that he will be innocent of the blood of those who perish, and that his letter will be read against them before the tribunal of Jesus Christ. “If I return to Carthage,” he adds, “I shall see you in this life; if I do not return, I shall see you in the other. Pray for us, and fast, because fasting and alms have always bent the mercy of God: but remember above all that it is written that we ought not to fear those who can kill only the body.”

When he saw himself shut in, he applied himself entirely to merit the graces of heaven for his people by his groans and his prayers. Not content with the discomforts of his prison and the ill treatment which was inflicted on him every moment, he added to it voluntary austerities, wearing a very hard hair-shirt, and lying on the bare earth. After some time of so painful a life, he fell into a paralysis which put him within two fingers of death. Anthony, being warned of it, came at once to his prison, not to relieve him nor to share his pain, by the sentiments of a natural compassion, but to feast his eyes with the spectacle of his sufferings. He even wished to hasten his death, by having vinegar put in his mouth. But that which was to advance the end of his days restored his health to him by a miraculous effect of divine Providence. Thus our Saint remained banished and a prisoner until the death of Hunéric, which was the most tragic and the most detestable that has ever been seen on earth; for Saint Victor of Utica says that the worms ate him and consumed him alive. Saint Gregory of Tours adds that he fell into frenzy, that he ate his own members, and that the sun was eclipsed at his death by three quarters of its globe, as if to testify a horror of his crimes; and Saint Isidore of Seville writes that his entrails came out of his body, and that he had the same end as the wretched Arius, whose doctrine he had so strongly maintained. Saint Eugène of Carthage was recalled to his Church in 487, by Gondamond, in the third year of his reign. In the tenth, this prince, at the prayer of Saint Eugène, opened the churches of the Catholics, and recalled from exile all the priests of the Lord. Thus the churches were opened ten years and a half after they had been closed by virtue of the edict of Hunéric. Gondamond having died in 496, his brother Thrasimond succeeded him. Although he made profession of seeking the truth of the dogmas in Scripture, God did not permit him to find it. He applied himself, during his reign, to perverting the Catholics, not by the rigour of torments, but by giving to those who embraced Arianism money, honours, employments, and by granting them impunity for their crimes. But besides artifice and seductions, he had also employed by his ministers the rigour of persecutions. They arrested Saint Eugène at Carthage, and condemned him to lose his life with Saint Vindémial and Longin. Saint Vindémial, who was bishop of Capse in Africa, died by the sword: but the tyrant envying the crown of martyrdom to Saint Eugène, had him asked, at the moment when he was about to be beheaded, whether he was therefore resolved to die for the Catholic faith. The holy bishop answered that he was, and that it was to live for eternity to die for justice. Then Thrasimond had the sword stopped and relegated our Saint to Albi, an archiepiscopal city, in Upper Languedoc, a province which still obeyed Alaric, king of the Goths, an Arian like Thrasimond.

It was there that God, after having granted some time of rest to his faithful servant, who had fought so generously for his glory, ended at last all his combats by a happy decease. His soul went to heaven to receive the crown of confession and of martyrdom which he had so justly merited, and his body was buried with much honour in the monastery which he had had built at Viance, near Albi, which has since taken the name of the holy martyr Amarand, buried in that place. It was on 13 July of the year 505. Saint Gregory of Tours assures us that several miracles were wrought at his tomb.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. Godescard, Baillet, etc.

Saint Thuriaf,[1] Bishop of the Ancient See of Dol, in Brittany

About the year 749. — Pope: Zacharias. — King of France: Pepin the Short.

> *When one does not seek external employments with an inordinate desire, one can acquit oneself of them with a peace and a moderation of mind free from confusion and trouble.*
>
> *D. Lobineau, Eulogy of the Saint.*

Saint Thuriaf was born of noble and rich parents, near the monastery of Ballon. This monastery was a dependency of that of Dol. From his earliest age, his soul was enlightened by supernatural lights. He despised temporal goods early, before his heart had had time to be seduced by their use; and he began to practise the most perfect counsels of the Gospel, by abandoning his parents, his house, his country and his goods, to seek the kingdom of heaven. He took his way toward Dol, and having lost himself, he was met by a charitable

man, who led him to his house, and gave him his flocks to keep. But as the holy child had vowed to the King of the ages a more essential service, he wished, in order to render himself capable of it, to be instructed in letters. An ecclesiastic, whom he begged to trace the characters of them for him on tablets, did him this service. He soon learned them, as well as grammar and the elements of the Latin tongue. He joined to it the science of chant, which he loved the more as he had a ringing and melodious voice. The taste he took in employing it to make the praises of God resound on all sides gave occasion for him to be known to the bishop of Dol, named Thiarmail or Armael, who, touched by the excellent qualities he found in this child, adopted him for his son, took him to Dol, gave him all his care, and taught him the sacred letters.

The progress of this young disciple was so great that the bishop found no difficulty in ordaining him priest and in putting him at the head of the clergy of his Church. Thuriaf, raised to this dignity, made new efforts to surpass himself, and to become by his virtues the living rule of others. Thiarmail had reason to presume that his choice was approved by God, when he saw the virtues of his dear disciple accompanied by the rare and precious gift of miracles. The confidence which the heavenly approval gave him induced him, after the example of some of the holiest of his predecessors, to put Thuriaf in his place, to exercise the painful functions of the episcopate, which, on account of his too advanced age, was henceforth becoming too difficult a weight for him to bear.

The extraordinary merit of Thuriaf rendered his election and his ordination very agreeable to the other bishops of Brittany, to the clergy and to the people, who flattered themselves with seeing Saint Samson and Saint Magloire live again in this new prelate, already so favoured by heaven. As for him, he had already put everything in use from the time he entered the ecclesiastical career to acquire the perfection of the virtues of his holy state. His Acts report that he distinguished himself above all by a profound humility, an indefatigable zeal for the salvation of souls, an ardent charity and an admirable simplicity, joined to a great innocence of morals. He passed the day in instructing his people, and almost all the night in prayer.

The enemy man, who always watches to trouble the Church and to sow disorder and division in it, took advantage, a short time after the ordination of Thuriaf, of the dispositions to violence which a lord of the country, named Rivallon, had, and led him to set fire to a monastery dependent on the bishopric, distant seven or eight leagues from Dol. News was brought at once to Thuriaf that the church, the sacred books, the ornaments and the precious vessels had been pillaged or reduced to ashes; only the missal was spared by miracle. Penetrated with sorrow, he took with him twelve of his religious, and betook himself on foot to Rivallon, to the place named Kanfrut or Lan-Kafrut, which appears to be the same as that in which this violent man had just burned the monastery. Rivallon, on seeing him, felt touched with repentance and, throwing himself all trembling at his feet, made him offers so advantageous for the reparation of the evil he had done that Thuriaf, who sought only his conversion, did not refuse him the remedy of penance. Thuriaf, satisfied, returned to his Church, and Rivallon, aided by the princes of the country, repaired sevenfold all the damage he had caused, to which he employed the seven years of penance which his prelate had imposed on him.

It is related that he wrought several miraculous healings and that he recalled to life the only daughter of a lord of the country, after having put himself in prayer with all his clergy.

Saint Thuriaf, after having fulfilled all the duties of a good pastor, died holily, at a very advanced age, on 13 July, and his body was buried in his cathedral church. It was afterwards transported to France, at the epoch when the Normans were ravaging Brittany, and deposited at Paris, in the church of Saint-Germain des Prés, which preserved it until 1793, the epoch at which it was destroyed. This holy body was not there entire; the cathedral church of Chartres possessed a part of it, enclosed since the year 1230 in a very curious shrine of silver-gilt. This part was likewise destroyed during the Revolution. There perhaps remains now of the relics of Saint Thuriaf only a fragment of bone, which is found in the parish church of Quintin, a town of the diocese of Saint-Brieuc; this fragment is enclosed in a silver reliquary-head. The holy bishop, named in this

country Saint Thurian, is patron of that church. The ancient Breviaries of Saint-Meen, of Saint-Brieuc, of Nantes and of Léon all place the feast of Saint Thuriaf on the same day, 13 July.

He is represented: 1st, in a shepherd's dress, to recall his first years; 2nd, with a dove on his shoulder: he had put himself in prayer for an impetuous lord, who offered to do penance, when a dove rested on his shoulder as if to tell him that the sinner would obtain his pardon if he kept his promises.

Acta Sanctorum; Surius. — Cf. Lives of the Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau.

The Blessed James of Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa

— Pope: Boniface VIII. — King of France: Philip IV, the Fair.

Perfecta scientia est, et cuncta sollicite agere, et scire de suis meritis se nihil esse.

Perfect knowledge consists in doing everything with care and in being well penetrated that one is nothing by one's own merits.

S. Bonaventure, Sup. Job.

James of Voragine or of Varagine was born about 1230, at Varaggio, a borough situated on the gulf of Genoa, not far from Savona. The name and social position of his parents are unknown. He had not passed adolescence when he took, in 1244, the Dominican habit, and soon he distinguished himself by his zeal for study, no less than by his edifying conduct; he taught theology with éclat in various houses of his Order, and his talent for preaching fixed general attention upon him. In 1267, he was elected provincial of Lombardy, an employment which he filled during eighteen years; he was then raised to the dignity of definitor.

In 1288, Pope Honorius IV having heard of his prudence and his holiness, entrusted him with the honourable mission of absolving the Genoese of the censures which they had drawn upon themselves by their disobedience to the Holy See, in taking sides with the Sicilians in revolt against the king of Naples. James acquitted himself of this delicate commission with the prudence that distinguished him; he so won the esteem of the clergy and the inhabitants of Genoa, by his virtues, his charity and his mercy, that Charles Bernard, of Parma, archbishop of Genoa, having died in the meantime, the metropolitan chapter designated him as the one to replace him: on his refusal, the Pope charged with the administration of this important diocese Obezzon de Fiesque, patriarch of Antioch, whom the Saracens had expelled from his see. The latter having died in 1292, the chapter elected James with a unanimous voice: the Pope and the senate applauded this choice, the people manifested an extreme joy at it, and the Dominican was obliged to yield.

In accepting with repugnance functions which it suffices to have ambitioned to be almost unworthy of them, James of Voragine understood the whole extent of the obligations and of the responsibility which were going to weigh upon him. Devoted entirely to pious duties, he made it a law for himself no longer to leave his diocese. His ministry was crowned with brilliant successes in several important circumstances, and his persuasive eloquence won fine triumphs. He made, by dint of zeal, cease the divisions by which, like all the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, Genoa was then torn; he reconciled the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. This peace, which had cost him three years of efforts, was concluded in 1295; unfortunately it lasted little; the dissensions soon began again worse than ever; for two whole months, the streets of the capital of Liguria were veritable battlefields, and to appease such seeds of discord there was needed all the devotion of the prelate, who threw himself, at the risk of his life, between the combatants. The archbishop of Genoa led in the midst of grandeurs a mortified and penitent life; his charity was inexhaustible, the luxury of alms being the only one he had not forbidden himself. A remarkable example of sincere detachment and religion practised at an epoch when certain princes of the Church, forgetful of their character, often preferred to the cares of the episcopate political intrigues, sometimes even found themselves mixed up in strange scandals.

The Blessed James was regarded and venerated as a father, and he showed that he was one indeed in a famine which desolated the country; he stripped himself of all he possessed to feed the poor who were in extreme need and to supply the needs of the hospital; by his discourses he encouraged the rich to follow his example, and their eagerness to respond to his pressing invitations was for him a subject of consolation in this public calamity. He loved the poor as if they had been his children and, when they were sick, he tended them with his own hands. The activity of this holy archbishop was such that, although he gave all his care to his flock, he still found time to compose books which he believed fit to maintain the piety of the faithful or to preserve the memory of the events which interested his church. There are attributed to him an Italian version of Holy Scripture; the legend of the saints, called the Golden Legend, of which we shall speak in our Historical Account of Hagiography, in the seventeenth volume; Sermons for Lent, for the Sundays and the principal feasts of the year; a Table of the histories contained in the Bible; a book On the works of Saint Augustine; an abridgment of the Sum of the virtues and vices, of William Perault, Dominican; a Treatise on the praises of the Blessed Virgin; a treatise of morals, or The decision of cases of conscience; a Chronicle of the city of Genoa, which extends to the year 1211; the History of the archbishops of Genoa, his predecessors; and the Acts of the synod which he held in 1293, for the reformation of the clergy.

The pious archbishop enriched the churches of Genoa with numerous relics brought from Constantinople, at the taking of that city by the crusaders, in 1203.

After having occupied, during seven years, the archiepiscopal throne, the holy Pontiff died on 18 July 1298, at the age of sixty-eight or sixty-nine years; he was buried, as he had asked, in the church of Saint Dominic, at Genoa, on the left side of the high altar, where he remained until 1798, the epoch at which he was transferred to the church of the Friars Preachers, where he is the object of the veneration of the faithful. In 1816, Pope Pius VII approved his worship and permitted the Order of Saint Dominic, as well as the clergy of the dioceses of Genoa and of Savona, to celebrate his feast.

Taken from his life by M. G. B. — Cf. Godescard.

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[1] Today Scio, island of the Greek archipelago, south of Lesbos, 85 kilometres west of Smyrna, near the western coast of Asia Minor from which it is separated only by a narrow channel.

[2] See note 4, volume II, page 598.

[3] Alias: Turien, Thurian, Thuriau, Thuriave, Thivisiau.

14 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Lyon, the death of Saint Bonaventure, cardinal, bishop of Albano, confessor and doctor, of the Order of Friars Minor, very celebrated for his learning and for his holiness. 1274. — At Rome, Saint Justus, a soldier under the tribune Claudius, who, by the miraculous apparition of a cross, was converted to the faith of Jesus Christ, and, having had himself baptized, gave all his goods to the poor; the prefect Magnetius, having seized him, had him beaten with ox-sinews, covered with a burning helmet and thrown into a brazier; but, having received no hurt from it, not even to a single hair of his head, he gave up his spirit in the confession of Our Lord. — At Sinope, in Pontus, Saint Phocas, martyr, bishop of the same city, who, under the emperor Trajan, overcame the rigour of dungeons, chains, iron and fire, and then flew away to heaven. His relics were brought to Vienne, in France, where they were deposited in the church of the Apostles. Beginning of the 2nd century. — At Alexandria, Saint Heraclas, patriarch, whose reputation was so great that the historian Julius Africanus assures us that he made the journey to Alexandria to have the happiness of seeing him. 246. — At Carthage, Saint Cyrus, bishop, on whose feast Saint Augustine made a sermon to the people in his honour. —

At Como, Saint Felix, first bishop of that see. — At Brescia, Saint Optatian, bishop. 5th century. — At Deventer, in the Low Countries, Saint Marcellinus, priest and confessor. About 800. — At Rome, Saint Camillus de Lellis, confessor, founder of the Clerks Regular, ministers of the sick. Celebrated for his virtues and his miracles, he was placed in the number of the Saints by Pope Benedict XIV.[1] 1614.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Itfeldeswelt, in the diocese of Ghent, in Belgium, Saint Basin, martyr. He was killed by the Gentiles while defending a church of Our Lady which he had caused to be built. His body, with that of Saint Aldegonde, his daughter, rested in the abbey of Dronghen, Truncinium, diocese of Ghent, Order of Prémontré, on the Lys, founded in the seventh century by Saint Arnaud and our Saint Basin. About 685. — At the monastery of Saint-Trond or Truyen, S. Trudo, Sacrinium, Order of Saint Benedict, founded in 662 by Saint Trond, in honour of Saint Quentin and of Saint Remigius, in Belgium, Saint Libert, martyr, whom the Danes, still infidels, massacred with one of his companions, at the foot of the high altar where he was at prayer: since then, this place is always covered with a carpet. About 835. — At Soignies, a little town of Belgium (Hainaut), on the Senne, Saint Mauger, surnamed Vincent, on account of the victory which he won over the world and over himself in his conversion. Husband of Saint Valtrude or Vaudru, and father of four children who have also merited a public worship for their holiness, he caused holy missionaries to come into Flanders, founded the monasteries of Haumont (Altus Mons), in the diocese of Cambrai, and of Soignies (Sonegise), in Hainaut. About 677. — In the diocese of Namur, in Belgium, Saint Ragenufle or Reinofre, virgin. She was born at Incourt, a village situated between Louvain and Namur. Asked in marriage by a very rich lord, she took flight to preserve her virginity. She died quite young still, and her parents had a church built over her tomb. Her remains rest at Incourt. There was there a spring whose waters have healed dropsical persons several times. According to an ancient usage, the inhabitants of Incourt carried annually, at Pentecost, the shrine of the Saint in procession to this spring, whose waters were sanctified by holding the shrine over their surface. 650. — At Beauvais, Saint William, abbot of Breteuil (Bretolium). 1130. — At Lyon, Saint Amie (Amiens), confessor. — In the diocese of Belley, Saint Roland, abbot of Chézery or Chissery (Cisseriacum, Order of Cîteaux, monastery founded in 1140, not far from Nantua).[2] 1200. — In the diocese of Valence, the Blessed Humbert of Romans, general of the Dominicans of that city. 1277.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Among the Greeks, Saint Onesimus the Wonder-worker. Born at Caesarea, in Palestine, of pious parents who had him instructed in the science of religion, he shut himself up early in a monastery of Ephesus. His parents wept so much over his absence that they lost their sight; but their son, obliged to flee the monastery during the persecution of Diocletian, returned to Caesarea and healed them without making himself known: then he withdrew to Magnesia, wrought a number of miracles there and fell asleep in the Lord there. 3rd century. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Papias and Donatus. — At Alexandria the holy martyrs Antiochus, Marius, Dagione, Ménésidée, Mamor, Mammare, Peter and Gumme cited by Saint Jerome. — Among the Greeks, Saint Heraclius, martyr. — In the island of Candia, in the Mediterranean, Saint Peter, bishop and martyr, who had his feet cut off in hatred of religion. — Among the Greeks, the saints Aquila and Hilary, who were stoned for having confessed the name of Jesus Christ. — At Trier, Saint Justus, confessor. — At Sarzana, a town of Italy, in the ancient Sardinian States, the saints Rufinus and Avenance, confessors. They led together the solitary life in the environs of Sarzana, where their precious remains were discovered later and were deposited in the parish church. — At Fricenti, a little town of the kingdom of Naples, Saint Martian. Greek by birth, he lost very early his parents who were very rich. Distributing then all his goods to the poor, he reached Fricenti of which he became bishop, on account of his high virtue: he is celebrated in that country for the numerous miracles which he wrought there. 5th century. — At Rees, in the country of Cleves in the Rhenish province, Saint Dentlin, patron of that town. Son of Saint Vincent of Soignies and of Saint Vaudru, he died at the age of seven years, and heaven attested his holiness by prodigies. He was buried at Soignies

(Belgium), beside his father: the town of Rees possesses some of his relics. 7th century. — At Thessalonica, today Saloniki, in Macedonia, Saint Joseph, bishop of that see and confessor. He died in a frightful prison into which the emperor of the East, Theophilus the Iconoclast, had caused him to be cast, in hatred of the orthodox faith. 845. — At Bamberg, in Bavaria, Saint Henry, emperor. 1024. — In the environs of Prague, in Bohemia, the Blessed Hrosnata, martyr, of the Order of Prémontré. 1217. — At Verona, in Venetia, Saint Toscane or Toscaine (Tuscana), widow, of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. As she was at prayer in her oratory, three young men, with the criminal design of attempting her modesty, came suddenly to assail her; but God did not permit his servant to be defiled, and the impure had no sooner entered than they fell dead. Toscane, by her prayers, restored them to life and to their weeping parents. At last, nearer to heaven which seemed desirous to snatch from earth a soul so pure, she flew away gently into the arms of her divine Spouse. About the 14th century.

Saint Mauger or Vincent,[3] Abbot of Hautmont, in the Diocese of Cambrai, and of Soignies, in Hainaut

About the year 677. — Pope: Domnus I. — King of Austrasia: Dagobert II.

> *Sancti viri funditus sæculo renuntiantes huic mundo moriuntur, ut soli Deo vivere delectentur.*
>
> *Perfect men, in renouncing the world completely, die to the world in such wise that they make it their delight to live only in God. Saint Isidore of Seville.*

Among the illustrious lords who shone at the court of Dagobert, was distinguished Saint Mauger,[1] better known under the name of Saint Vincent. The authors do not agree on his origin: some make him be born in Ireland, some in Aquitaine, others finally, and with more reason, as it seems, say that he received the light of day at Strépy-les-Bincne, in Hainaut. His father Mauger and his mother Onoguera applied themselves to giving him an excellent education, and the young man answered perfectly to their cares. He made himself remarked early by his generous sentiments and by a sincere devotion to religion. God, to reward him for the fidelity with which he had known how to preserve the purity of his morals in the midst of the dangers of the world, gave him for spouse a holy woman, who had passed, like him, the first years of her life in the most perfect innocence: this was Saint Valtrude or Vaudru.

If we believe certain hagiographers, it would have been a short time after the marriage of Saint Mauger that Dagobert entrusted him with a very important mission in Ireland, whence he would have returned afterwards with a great number of holy missionaries who preached the Gospel in these countries. The authors who adopt this opinion give him for companions, on his return from Ireland, the saints Foillan, Ultan, Fursy, Eloquie, Adalgise, Etton and Algise.

However that may be of this first part of his life on which opinions are much divided, it is seen that the count Mauger dwelt in Hainaut with his virtuous wife, at the epoch when Saint Ghislain was beginning to build his monastery of Celles, and to edify the whole country by his virtues and his holy works. Mauger himself made himself remarked there by his virtuous inclinations as much as by his brilliant qualities. Charitable and compassionate toward the poor, he saw to it that none of them should be deprived of the things necessary to life, and his solicitude inspired him with the most touching regard for the unfortunate and the infirm whom he regarded as the suffering members of Jesus Christ. At the same time that he gave them corporal help, he knew also how to address to them words of piety and confidence in God, to awaken religious sentiments in hearts sometimes embittered or corrupted by vice.

After the example of his pious wife, Mauger brought a very great care to the education of his children. Landry, the eldest, already promised to become a faithful imitator of his virtues: two daughters who followed him, Aldétrude and Madelberte, also made a great piety appear in all their conduct. The youngest, Dentelin, a child predestined for heaven, was not to delay to render his innocent soul to his creator. Mauger, in the midst

of his children, fulfilled with happiness all the duties of a father of a family, and he was no less admired in all the country for his wise and religious conduct than for his devotion to the monarch and the fidelity with which he acquitted himself of the charges entrusted to him.

God, who destined him to give a great example to the world by the generous renunciation which he would soon make of all his goods and all his honours, inspired suddenly his eldest son Landry with the desire to enter the priesthood. Mauger, at the first moment, was astonished, even afflicted at this confidence: he answered Landry that he ought to rely upon him in the choice of a state and that he should rather think of contracting a noble alliance in the world, where moreover he could work out his salvation like so many others before him. Nevertheless, when the virtuous young man renewed his request, Mauger did not think he could oppose the designs of God, and according to the counsel of the wise and religious friends whom he took care to consult, he granted to his son the permission he solicited.

This sacrifice, which cost much to his paternal heart, the solicitations of his virtuous wife who sighed after solitude, the examples of several great lords of the kingdom who had abandoned their dignities and their goods to go and serve God in some monastery, all these reasons had already made a profound impression on the soul of Mauger, when a providential circumstance came to determine in him the generous resolution to quit the world to consecrate himself entirely to the service of God. Here is on what occasion this change came about:

Saint Ghislain having finished the monastery which he was building, invited Saint Aubert, the diocesan bishop, and Saint Amand who had helped him with his counsels, to come and make the consecration of it. The count Mauger wished to assist at this ceremony, and he was so touched by the discourses which, according to custom, the two prelates pronounced on this solemnity that from that moment he resolved to embrace the religious life.

God himself, according to some authors, manifested himself to this man of upright heart, and sent him, as formerly to the centurion Cornelius, an angel who instructed him of his will; for one night, during his sleep, an angel appeared to him and ordered him on the part of God to build at Hautmont, in honour of the prince of the Apostles, a church of which he designated the form with a reed which he held in his hand: encouraged by this vision, which excited his soul more and more to a perfect conversion, he communicated what he had seen to his wife Saint Vaudru, and went to the designated place, where, by another miracle, he was further confirmed in his design; for he found the whole field covered with a dew white as snow, with the exception of the site of the church designated by the angel: a favour almost similar to that which the Blessed Virgin made formerly to John, Roman patrician, who found one morning of the month of August, on the Esquiline mount, at Rome, the form of a church which he was to build, covered with snow.

Almost at once, the count Mauger betook himself to Cambrai to Saint Aubert, received from his hands the religious habit and went to found the monastery of Hautmont, on the Sambre, near Maubeuge, which became in a short time one of the most flourishing of the country.

It is from this moment that he was given the name of Vincent, to signify the victory which he had just won over the world. At court, in effect, in Austrasia and even in all the kingdom, the courage and generosity were admired with which so powerful a lord abandoned his dignities and his brilliant charges to make himself the humble servant of Jesus Christ. Soon even a considerable number of old friends and of noble persons, whom his example had won, came to place themselves under his conduct in this abbey of Hautmont which was like a sanctuary of piety.

At certain epochs there were seen to flock there also the men of God, who laboured in different places for the propagation of the Gospel. Among them are cited Saint Ghislain, who had contracted with the Blessed Vincent a close friendship, Saint Wasnulfe or Wasnon, who evangelized the peoples of the country of Condé, Saint Etton of Dompierre, Saint Humbert of Maroilles and Saint Ursmar of Lobbes who were beginning their

apostolic life, Saint Amand who resumed it after having abandoned his see of Maestricht, and Saint Aubert who, as bishop of the place, presided at these meetings. It is there that all these venerable personages conversed together on the spiritual needs of the populations and on the most efficacious means of labouring for their sanctification. It is there also that they meditated, in calm and solitude, the great truths which they preached to others, and with which they penetrated themselves always more and more. Saint Vincent tasted ineffable consolations in these spiritual conversations, and his happiness would have been perfect if the affluence of his friends and of the great ones of the kingdom had not come too often to trouble him in his retreat. He saw himself with regret deprived of that holy obscurity which his humility sought: hence, from that moment, he thought of going to found another monastery in a more distant country. To this end, he chose a desert place in the solitudes of Hainaut, at the spot where the town of Soignies is today.[2] It is there that he continued the holy life which he had begun at Hautmont, and applied himself to directing the pious disciples who begged him to serve them as father.

A great number of new postulants came in effect each day to ask a place in this holy house, where God was so faithfully served, and where lived religious who were the admiration and edification of all the country. They were seen now giving themselves to the painful labours of agriculture and making fruitful by their sweat a land long uncultivated, now repeating in choir hymns and canticles, at other times presenting to the poor and the unfortunate the gifts of charity or announcing to them the holy truths of religion. The spectacle of so much virtue, charity and devotion made a great impression on the minds of the still coarse men who inhabited these countries.

Above all they could not sufficiently admire Saint Vincent, who from a great lord in the world had made himself the humble servant of Jesus Christ, and spiritual father of this numerous family which they had before their eyes. It was he who maintained in the community that fervour and that spirit of regularity which rendered it so prosperous. Often, in effect, he was heard recalling to his disciples the life of the ancient religious, the holiness of their works, and the gravity of their morals, and he engaged them to imitate them and to hope to obtain from God like them glory and praise. To repel all the desires of an earthly ambition, to sigh unceasingly after the possession of infinite beauty and to meditate often on the chastisements reserved to the blind partisans of this contemptible world, such are the thoughts which ought to maintain in their souls the holy ardours of charity. Thus spoke the Blessed Vincent to his spiritual children who listened to him with the most profound respect.

But if the influence of his discourses was great on the mind of the religious and of the inhabitants of the country, it may be said that that of his examples was still greater. “One saw in effect this powerful leude, formerly clothed with the brilliant insignia of his dignities, now covered with a rough and coarse habit, and him who had passed a part of his life at the court of princes, now lost in the midst of an uncultivated and savage country. This former table-companion of kings took for nourishment only a morsel of bread soaked in water, and had very often for rest only the bare earth.”

Such was the admirable conduct of Saint Vincent until the day when God sent him divers infirmities. They finished augmenting his virtues and his merits, and preparing him to enter the heavenly fatherland, after which he had sighed for a long time.

Feeling that his end approached, he had his son Landry called, who occupied then the see of Meaux, in order to address to him his last recommendations. When the pious prelate had arrived beside the bed of his father, the Blessed Vincent said to him, showing with his hand his spiritual children gathered around him: “Beloved son, the divine clemency has destined you to direct these religious: it places you at the head of this flock. Undertake this work with confidence, the Lord will be with you. Govern with the goodness of heart and the intelligence which God has put in you, you will merit thus to enter into the glory of heaven, and to receive the magnificent reward which God destines for his servants.” Landry promised his venerable father to accomplish his will, and to take care of the communities of Hautmont and of Soignies. The holy and

venerable old man, henceforth tranquil as to the future of the disciples whom he left on earth, thought no more but of the things of eternity, until the moment when he rendered his soul to God, in the arms of his beloved son, about the year 677.

The Blessed Vincent was buried in his monastery, which became as it were the cradle of the town of Soignies.

Saint Vincent of Soignies is represented: 1st, with a church on his hand, as founder of monasteries; 2nd, in a group, with Saint Vaudru, his wife, and his four children.

He is patron of Mons and of Soignies.

Worship and Relics

The multiplied healings which were wrought by his intercession determined the bishops of Cambrai to surround his memory with all the respects that were due to it. There were several translations of his body, which was enclosed successively in precious shrines of remarkable workmanship. One of them had been given by the countess of Hainaut, Margaret, daughter of the emperor Baldwin; another, of which the design has been preserved by the Bollandists, bore carved around its circuit the different persons of whom the family of Saint Vincent was composed. At the invasions of the Normans, the count of Hainaut, Regnier Long-Neck, vanquished by these ferocious invaders at the battle of Walcheren, wished to carry himself on his shoulders the relics of Saint Vincent, which he was going to hide with many others in the city of Metz. It is seen also in the History of Mons that, in 1349, at the moment when the black plague was exercising frightful ravages in all the country, the inhabitants of that city and those of Soignies made a solemn procession, in which were carried with honour the relics of Saint Vincent and of Saint Vaudru, his wife. Such a great affluence had never been seen. Authors raise to a hundred thousand the number of the persons who assisted at this procession. God heard the fervent prayers of this suppliant people, and the scourge disappeared almost at once from the country.

Extract from the Life of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombes. — Cf. Acta Sanctorum, volume III of July, and the continuators of Godescard.

Saint Bonaventure, Cardinal-Bishop, and Doctor of the Church

— Pope: Gregory X. — Emperor of Germany: Rudolph I.

In medio Ecclesiæ aperuit os ejus, et implevit eum Dominus spiritu sapientiæ et intellectus.

The Lord opened his mouth in the midst of the Church, and filled him with the spirit of wisdom and understanding. Ecclus. xv, 6.

One would need the lights and the ardours of the seraphim to speak worthily of this incomparable man, who has merited in the Church the august name of Seraphic Doctor, and all the expressions of the human mind can give only a very imperfect idea of him and one far from the merit of so great a saint. He was born in Tuscany, in the year 1225, in a little town called Balnea-Regia, and commonly Bagnarea, in the States of the Church. His father was named John of Fidenza, and his mother Maria Ritelli, both noble and rich; but heaven had still more advantaged them with the gifts of grace. At the baptismal font he was called John, like his father; as for the name of Bonaventure, it was given him four years later, by a miraculous event. Having fallen so gravely ill that it was entirely despaired of saving him, his pious mother, whose heart was pierced with sorrow, had recourse to the merits of Saint Francis, who, although living, was invoked as a Saint throughout Italy, and promised that if, by his intercession, she could obtain the health of her son, as far as it should be in her power, she would consecrate him to his Order and make him take its habit. Her vow was heard: the child recovered all at once his former health, contrary to the opinion of all the physicians.

Some time after this cure, Francis of Assisi came to Bagnard and visited the pious family. At the sight of this child saved by his prayers, at the sight of the angelic charm spread over his countenance, the soul of the Saint leapt. The spirit of the Lord uncovered to his eyes the secrets of the future, and, divinely enlightened, like another Zachary, he announced the future greatness of John, foretold the blessings of which he would be the object on the part of heaven, and cried out in his enthusiasm: “O buona ventura! Oh! the good meeting!” Francis was happy; he had found the soul after which he sighed. The young child will be surnamed, he too, a seraph: he will burn in himself and set on fire all men with the holy ardours with which his heart will be penetrated, and, in order to consecrate, by an ever-lasting remembrance, this solemn day, the prophetic words of the servant of God will become the name of the child; he will no longer be called John, but Bonaventure. A few months more passed, and the poor man of the Lord, the herald of Christ, the penitent of Assisi, Francis, fell asleep for ever murmuring a song of love in the midst of his weeping children.

His presence at Bagnarea had penetrated the soul of Maria Ritelli. The young Bonaventure was no longer for her anything but a deposit which she made haste to prepare, in order to render it worthy of the Lord on the day when she should have to give it back to him. She taught him to know the God who had restored him to life, to despise the world and its covetousness, to practise the holy virtues of humility, obedience and renunciation. Happy in the midst of cares so pious, she saw her efforts crowned with the success most fit to rejoice her fervour. The child was inflamed with love for the Lord, in proportion as he knew him more; he exercised himself with delight in acts of virtue, and, like Tobias, he passed through the first years of life without feeling at all the infirmities of his age.

The Order of Friars Minor, to which Bonaventure was vowed, had for its principal aim to labour for the salvation of souls. Maria therefore sent her son to the schools, in order to prepare him to announce one day to men the holy truths of salvation, and to answer to all the views of heaven upon him. His progress was so rapid that his masters were in astonishment at it; his intelligence embraced everything with an extraordinary facility, and he was able, before consecrating himself to the Lord in the religious life, to run through the circle of the knowledge taught at that epoch, to go deep into it and to render himself capable of exercising without delay the employments which should be wished to be entrusted to him. In the midst of his studies, his piety, far from suffering the slightest blow, grew from day to day. Everything, according to the word of Saint Antoninus, became for him a means of raising himself to God, of praising him and of becoming better. If his aptitude for the sciences astonished those from whom he took lessons, his fervour, his innocence, his modesty, his maturity and the virtues of which he was already a model, filled them with admiration, and they might cry out as formerly the inhabitants of Hebron: “What, think you, shall this child be? for the hand of the Lord is with him.”

Thus blossomed, at the breath of heavenly grace and under the care of the virtuous Maria, this young flower destined to spread soon in the Church its intoxicating perfumes and to rejoice all hearts.

The world had no attraction to offer to this soul that had remained until that day a stranger to its illusions, and already accustomed to taste the sweet delights of piety, and the place where it was to go to seek rest on earth was naturally the Order of Friars Minor. Bonaventure had constantly present to his mind the miracle which had snatched his childhood from death, and his tender gratitude would have made him regard as a crime the mere thought of carrying his steps elsewhere than toward the children of his benefactor. Saint Bonaventure having reached his twenty-first year, prepared to accomplish the sacrifice promised to heaven, a sacrifice moreover conformable to his desires and to the needs of his fervour, and the dearest object of his thoughts and of his love. Recalling these words of the lawgiver of Israel: “When thou shalt have made a vow to the Lord thy God, thou shalt not delay to pay it, because the Lord thy God will require it,” he asked and received the habit in a convent of the Order of Saint Francis. The family of Saint Francis was, in his eyes, called to the most sublime destinies. “The Order of Friars Minor,” he says, “has been given to the Church, among all the religious Orders, to edify the faithful in faith and morals, by the teachings of doctrine and the examples of a

good life… It has been placed as a torch whose brightness must dispel the darkness of the house and fill with courage the workmen who labour in it. The first ornament of a Friar Minor is an irreproachable life; it is for us of sovereign utility, and it edifies the neighbour." But this irreproachable life was the exact accomplishment of all the prescriptions of the Rule, it was perfection in virtue, perfection in modesty, silence, mortification, obedience, union with God and humility. The Rule was therefore, for the young novice, a sacred law of which he strove to know the least details. He meditated it day and night, in order to penetrate its spirit and to conform to it in all his acts. Nothing was small in his eyes, "We must," he said, "remain faithful, with a boundless exactness, to the things which we have heard, so as not to be like vessels half-open and letting run out what is put into them… All the words of the Rule must be received with respect, and the least transgression avoided. This Rule has been given us to be our law; now, none turns aside from the law without casting himself into darkness." He had therefore vowed to it a boundless fidelity; he made it from day to day more familiar to himself; it was for him the basis of all perfection. During those days passed in solitude, far from the agitations of the world and the distracting cares of earthly affairs, during that year of novitiate given to every aspirant to the religious life, to teach him to despise what he abandons and to form himself to new habits, the holy young man was happy. He had found a dwelling of peace, and he profited by it to draw near to his God. Attentive to render his retreat more and more profound, to separate himself more rigorously from the earth, he fled useless conversations, as so many obstacles fit to remove him from his end. The world seemed to him to be dreaded, even in the society of his brethren; he knew that the impure and contagious breath of our mortal sojourn is sometimes felt in the assembly of the children of the Lord, and that, without a vigilance of every instant, it is difficult for the Saints themselves to lead a life without stain here below.

But the more he lived separated from men, the more his union with the Lord was intimate and ineffable. His heart opened unceasingly to the inspirations of grace, his soul penetrated itself with love, his affections were set on fire with a wholly heavenly fire, his thoughts were illuminated, and he arrived at that transformation into God, of which he speaks to us so often in the most burning pages of his writings. He loved to consider, in his frequent meditations, the life of the Saviour of men, to bow before the crib of Bethlehem, to follow the holy family in the land of Egypt, to bury himself in the silence of Nazareth, to hear the sweet preachings of Jesus. The remembrance of the bitternesses of the cross attracted above all his regards and pierced him with sorrow and tenderness. Like Saint Bernard, he took pleasure in forming a nosegay composed of all the pains and all the tribulations of his Lord. These were, after the privations of his childhood, the fatigues of his journeys, the vigils of his prayers, the temptations of his fast, the tears of his compassion, the snares on the part of his enemies, the dangers on the part of false brethren, the injuries, the spittings, the buffets, the mockeries, the reproaches, the nails and other like things, produced in abundance by the evangelical forest and for the salvation of the human race. He had said to himself that to meditate these things was wisdom par excellence. There he found the perfection of justice, the fulness of knowledge, the riches of salvation, the abundance of merits, and all for him consisted in knowing Jesus, and Jesus crucified. He raised his mind also toward the heavenly heights, to contemplate there the intoxicating happiness of the Saints, to hear there the melody of the angels, and to run through those immense dwellings, where, he said, we shall see Him who is blessed in all ages, where we shall love him, we shall converse with him, and we shall praise him during eternity. When his attention grew weary, he bore toward heaven a loving look, and he strove thus to tend in spirit and body to the Lord, and to place his heart where his treasure was. It was above all when, night having plunged nature into a profound silence and hushed all the noises of the earth, prayer becomes purer, that he loved to plunge into his delicious contemplations.

Exterior occupations did not ravish from him the presence of his God, and his meditations were scarcely interrupted by the needs of sleep.

Modesty accompanied each of his acts and kept him far from all exterior wandering; the sweet gaiety of his countenance manifested outwardly the joy with which he was inundated in his soul. He esteemed himself the vilest, the most miserable and the most unworthy of the community; the other novices were in his eyes so many superiors whom he strove to forestall in every circumstance; he hastened to come to their help and to take for himself the most abject employments; he was happy when it was given him to fulfil them. He put in practice already what he was to teach later. “The sovereign virtue of a religious,” he says, “is humility. It is she who heals him, perfects him and guards him. Without humility, no virtue can be acquired nor any perfection preserved. She is the true and solid foundation of the virtues. If she comes to be shaken, all the others fall in ruin. But, as humiliation is the way which leads to humility, let religious never blush to embrace humiliating practices, let them not readily repel the offices of humility, let them not seek to exalt by their praises the employments with which they are charged.”

The days flowed by very quickly in this solitude foreign to the noises of the earth and accessible only to the inspirations of heaven. Given to the practice of all the virtues, loved of God and of men, the holy novice saw arrive with inexpressible joy the moment when it was to be given him to consummate irrevocably his sacrifice. He made profession in the hands of the superior general with a redoubled fervour. He engaged to observe without reserve the rigours of the Rule, to follow the Lord in poverty, to have on earth no other inheritance than the supreme God and the supreme God and the contempt of men, and he merited to receive in abundance that blessing wished by the humble Francis of Assisi to the new professed of his Order, at their renunciation of the world.

A short time after his vows, his superiors sent him to complete his studies at the university of Paris, which was then the most renowned of the Catholic world. Alexander of Hales, of the Order of Friars Minor, taught theology there. He soon distinguished Bonaventure among all his disciples. The habitual recollection and the sweet gravity of the new religious, his modesty and his candour filled him with joy and admiration, and often he was heard to cry out that this young man had not sinned in Adam. On seeing him penetrate with a truly surprising facility the most arduous questions of theology, on listening to his naturally captivating speech, the master flattered himself that the Order of Saint Francis counted one great man more, and that the Church would one day rejoice in the student confided to his care.

Everything contributed to attract to our Saint respect and love. In the midst of that multitude of young men of whom several led a life of dissipation and disorder, he shone like a star by the practice of all the virtues. A stranger to all that had no relation to the sublime end of his vocation, he was in Paris as calm and peaceful as if he had been buried in the most profound solitude. Divine love had long since wounded his heart, and he applied himself to opening it to it by all means. Scripture, which he made habitually the object of his meditations from the time of his novitiate, made him taste sweet delights. The writings of the Fathers and of ecclesiastical writers animated him more and more in the spirit of devotion. Exterior works came to his aid, and, among these works, one must reckon before all the care of the sick and of lepers. Not only during the days of his novitiate and the first years of the religious life, when fervour renders easier to man the triumphs over himself, but in the midst of the solicitudes of public teaching and of the government of his Order, Saint Bonaventure showed always the same zeal and the same eagerness. Never was his tenderness seen to cool, nor his pious ardour to diminish. The sick were at all times the dearest object of his thoughts. The more their infirmities were repulsive and dangerous, the more he attached himself to serving them with love. The greater part of his days was passed in these pious offices; one would have said that, free from every other care, the child of Francis of Assisi had received as a mission to tend the infirm. Yet, when he mounted into the pulpit to comment on the holy Scriptures or to expound the most impenetrable secrets of theology, the lessons of the master had lost nothing in clearness and profundity from those long hours consecrated to wiping away tears and softening the bitternesses of suffering; charity seemed to have illuminated his intelligence. The hearers asked themselves, full of admiration, where this young religious had drawn a

doctrine so brilliant and so sublime. To these works of charity he joined the exercises most fit to nourish piety. He sought his strength in prayer, meditation, the often repeated examination of his interior needs and of his misery, the frequent practice of communion, the almost daily confession of the lightest failings, mortification and the acts of a profound humility. It was by these means that he arrived at peace and joy of soul, and that in the midst of the world he continued to taste the heavenly consolations of the novitiate.

However his happiness was not unalterable. Bitternesses crossed it, and, like all the privileged children of the Lord, he had to buy by pains the divine sweetnesses of the spirit. The days of trial came for him, as they had come for Saint Bernard, as they came later for Saint Ignatius, Saint Francis de Sales, and that crowd of elect souls called to an eminent virtue. An excessive fear seized his heart and kept him away during several days from the sacred table. The presence of his God in the Eucharist penetrated him with dread. He burned with the desire to approach it, his fervour would have borne him to do so every day; but the sight of his unworthiness chained his steps. He languished therefore with love and fear, when the Saviour himself, touched with compassion, put an end to his pains. Once when he was assisting at Mass and had plunged himself wholly into the meditation of the Passion of Jesus Christ, a part of the host consecrated by the priest came and placed itself miraculously on his lips. At once he was filled with a torrent of ineffable delights, his apprehensions vanished, his soul recovered confidence and peace, his communions became more frequent, and each of them was for him the source of ever new consolations.

Another sorrow came to sadden him in the midst of his studies. The master whom he loved and who had so well judged him was snatched from him by death. In the meantime, Saint Bonaventure was called to the priesthood. For a long time he had prepared himself for it by fasting, prayer and good works. His profound faith showed it to him as the summit of all honour, and his humility made him dread its employments as above his strength. He presented himself to it therefore with the dispositions most fit to draw down upon him the abundance of heavenly graces. His heart opened on that day to more kindled transports of love, and his devotion, already so lively toward the august sacrament of our altars, took new increase. Afterwards, he composed two treatises on the preparation for Mass. Here are some of the words of a Saint unveiling to his brethren the sentiments with which he was full and which he desired to kindle in them:

“When you approach this sacrament,” he says, “take care not to let yourself be shaken by doubt and to be like a blind man who gropes… But submit yourself entirely to God, and hold your soul captive under the yoke of the faith which appears to you fortified by testimonies so imposing. What doubt, in effect, can you form on this sacrament given by Jesus Christ in a manner so express and so clear, taught by the Apostles and all the holy doctors of the Church, figured during so long a series of years, and confirmed by so many ceremonies, miracles, prodigies and holy observances, which are as so many palpable testimonies of its truth? Take away from the Church this sacrament: what will remain in the world, if not error and unbelief? You will see then whether the Christian people will not be like a scattered flock, and whether it will not plunge into idolatry, like the rest of the infidels. It is by this sacrament that the Church maintains herself, that faith is strengthened, that the religion of Jesus Christ is preserved in its youth, and the worship of God in its strength. It is for this that the Saviour said: I am with you even to the end of the world.

“He who does not approach deprives himself of all the advantages which result from holy communion; and these advantages are: the remission of sins, the weakening of concupiscence, the illumination of the mind, interior refection, incorporation into Jesus Christ and into his mystical body, strengthening in virtue, strength against the demon, the more unshakable certainty of faith, the increase of hope, the kindling of charity. Further, he does not fulfil the ministry of supreme dignity which has been entrusted to him, and he does not exercise the office by which he renders to God the homage which he owes him… He rejects the viaticum of the pilgrimage and exposes himself thus to the danger of dying; for in not receiving as aliment the body of Jesus Christ, destined to maintain life, he becomes like a withered member which no longer partakes of the nourishment of the body to which it belongs. Finally, as far as in him lies, he makes himself a stranger to the

worship and adoration which he owes to his Creator, and ungrateful for his benefits.

“Examine in what state and in what disposition you approach… This heavenly and life-giving bread cannot be a source of life nor a nourishment for dead members cut off from their stem… The sacrament is received, it is true, by the unworthy, but not the thing of the sacrament, that is to say the grace of Jesus Christ and the union of charity. The mouth eats it, but the spirit remains a stranger to it; the body is nourished by it, but the heart draws from it no strength. It is swallowed like a kernel to which no injury is done, and it does not vivify the soul, it does not incorporate it with itself, it does not unite it to itself. But rather, yielding to his disgust, the Saviour vomits forth that soul like a rotten corpse fit to become the prey of the beasts and wild birds.

“O man of God, let the Lord be the object of your wishes and your desires; and see what affections, what sentiments carry you to celebrate our sacred mysteries.

“Let it be your conscience that draws you, the remembrance of your past faults, in the hope of being by Jesus Christ, as by a victim of expiation, purified from your sins.

“Let it be the sight and consideration of your infirmity which makes you call to you the Saviour as a physician fit to strengthen your weakness; let it be the burden of tribulation, in order to be, by Him who can do all things, delivered from all adversity, protected against all affliction; let it be the desire to obtain some grace or some spiritual favour, from Him to whom the heavenly Father can refuse nothing; let it be gratitude for all the temporal and spiritual benefits granted to you and to others…; charity and compassion for the neighbour, as well for the living as for the dead…; the honour of God and of the saints…; the love and affection that you bear to God, so that after having united yourself to him intimately, by nourishing yourself on him spiritually, you may embrace him with delight within yourself; let it be the thirst and the need to offer thanksgivings…; the desire to be purified from every stain of body and soul, withdrawn from all dangers and all temptations, united inseparably to Jesus Christ your Saviour, and maintained in his love.” What faith, what ardour, what holy dispositions filled the soul of Bonaventure each time that it was given him to offer the august and adorable sacrifice! His devotion manifested itself by abundant tears, and the humility with which his least movements were stamped in this action was for the faithful present an eloquent preaching which told them with what sentiments of love, veneration and tender piety they ought to unite their supplications to those of the Saviour immolated and annihilated for the sins and the needs of the world.

This so ardent piety our Saint preserved during the whole day. He loved to go to the church to converse with his Saviour, and he counselled this practice to his brethren. Like Saint Francis, his blessed father, the sight of good priests rejoiced him and penetrated him with joy, because he knew how much God is honoured in them; but also the mere thought of priests unfaithful to their sublime vocation pierced him with sorrow and filled him with bitterness. He expressed his indignation with a zeal worthy of the Prophets. “Alas!” he cries, “how many unhappy priests are there today, careless of their salvation, who eat the body of Jesus Christ at the altar like the flesh of vile animals, who, covered and soiled with abominations, are not ashamed to touch with their infamous hands, to kiss with their impure lips the Son of God, the only Son of the Virgin Mary! Yes, I do not fear to say it, if God has for agreeable the sacrifice of such men, he is a liar, he makes himself the companion of sinners… No, such men are not priests, but sacrilegious persons. They are not Christians, but heretics; for, doubtless, if they had a sincere and true faith, they would fear to give themselves up to sin, or at least they would abstain from celebrating.”

Such were the sentiments of Saint Bonaventure, whose virtues spread, in the midst of his brethren and of his fellow-students, the good odour of Jesus Christ, when he was charged to teach. His lessons were confined at first within his community, where he had to form the newcomers in the sacred sciences; but soon he had to address a more numerous audience. The hopes he had made conceived during his studies did not permit his superiors to withdraw him any longer from the needs of a multitude of students eager to be instructed; he received the order to appear in public.

Saint Bonaventure soon ravished the suffrages of his hearers. They loved to hear his teachings stamped with so lively a clearness, and to follow in his profound elucidations this young man become a consummate master at an age when others have scarcely glimpsed the mysterious secrets of science. They admired above all that modesty which seemed to forget itself and not to suspect what there was of the extraordinary in so firm and so invincible an exposition of the truths of faith.

Throughout the whole course of his learned explanations, one se to admire the theologian who expounds, discusses and asserts the inalienable rights of truth, the valiant jouster applied to repelling error to its last entrenchments, and at the same time the pious mystic jealous not only of enlightening his hearers and holding them on their guard against the wiles of falsehood, but of penetrating their soul with devotion, confidence and love. When the occasion presents itself, in the midst of his grave demonstrations, to speak the language of the heart, he seizes it, or rather he speaks it perhaps without suspecting it, so natural is it to him. What more tender and more affectionate than the following words: “The new law has added to the old law, but all that is added to an object is not a burden; certain things, on the contrary, are a relief: such are wings for the bird, wheels for the chariot, sails for the ship. So it is with the additions made by the Gospel to the old law. They serve to increase charity; now, charity is the wing which raises us above the earth, the wheel of the chariot destined to conduct us and carry us to good works, the sail which makes us cross the waters of tribulation and temptation.” Our Saint was not only a sublime theologian, but also a profound philosopher. Labour and prayer were his delights: he occupied himself with the mysteries of the life and death of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and he did so with so much devotion that tears flowed from his eyes in abundance. To communicate to others what he felt on these subjects, he made of it a little work composed of meditations for every day of the week, where his elevations and colloquies are so full of unction and ardour that one cannot read them attentively without feeling in one’s heart powerful movements of divine love and without conceiving a great desire of perfection; which made a grave author say that the spiritual discourses of Saint Bonaventure are not discourses swollen with the pomp of the eloquence of the age, but inflamed with the fire of heavenly love. He composed also excellent treatises on mental prayer, where he explains divinely the difference between meditation and contemplation, the various manners of the one and the other, their causes, their effects, their degrees, the use that should be made of them and the time that should be occupied in them: which shows how versed he was in this angelic exercise. He wrote also on vocal prayer, which has always been much esteemed by the holy Doctors, provided it be made with recollection of mind and attention; and, to give some uses of it, besides the great offices prescribed by the Church, he drew up, in favour of Saint Louis, a little office of the Passion of Our Lord, and another of the holy Cross, with divers very devout prayers, which the faithful recite still today with much fruit. He was always very affectionate to the Blessed Virgin, and as he bore her all the honour and all the love that a child ought to bear a mother of so great merit, he did also his utmost to have her honoured and loved by everyone. It is with this design that he composed his books called the Martial and the Mirror of the glorious Virgin, with a Psalter or Little Office, and a quantity of prayers in her honour. Finally, his application was so strong that he often lost the use of his senses and was ravished in ecstasy: and his heart, then, like that of a seraph, was all burning with the pure ardours of charity, and this is what merited for him the name and the august quality of seraphic man.

His doctrine, which was born of his union with God, was always sound, orthodox and conformable to the sentiments of the Fathers and the decrees of the Councils. One sees in it a profound erudition, a solid reasoning, and a wise variety of divine and human things which render it very agreeable. But what is peculiar to it is that it never spreads its lights in the mind without imprinting at the same time piety in the heart. Hence it may be said that, if the force and assiduity of study had raised him to some degrees of this sublime science, he had received the better part of it by divine infusion: he who enlightens so miraculously from the height of the eternal mountains having taken pleasure in spreading his rays in the mind of this great Doctor as in a very pure and very well-disposed mirror.

As he read assiduously the writings of the holy Doctors, he chose the most remarkable passages, arranged them, and made of them a whole fit to aid him in meditation, preaching and the teaching of theology. He divided his work into four parts and gave it the name of Quiver. The whole foundation is drawn from the thoughts of Saint Gregory, pope, of Saint Ambrose, of Saint Augustine, of Saint Jerome, of Saint Cyprian, of Cassiodorus and of several other famous Doctors of the Church. It was there, after holy Scripture, that he proposed to go and seek the arrows of which he would have need, whether against himself or against others. This book embraces all that can interest a Christian, instruct him in his duties, keep him from vice, preserve him from danger and help him to walk in the paths of virtue.

He had also so much affection for the study of holy Scripture that, to imprint it the more on his memory, he wrote with his own hand two copies of the Bible, of which one is preserved at Bagnare, the place of his birth, in the monastery of his Order, and the other in the Borromean library, at Milan. One must not therefore be astonished if he knew so well the Old and the New Testament, and if he makes the style of it appear so well in all his works, as well theological as spiritual. At that same time, impelled by the great love he had for these sciences, and still more pressed by the ardent charity he had for his confrères, he composed some other little works, of which he gave the copies as alms to one of their convents, to procure for it some relief in an extreme poverty by which he found it then afflicted. But what we must admire is that these so considerable occupations did not hinder him from being present day and night at the divine offices, at the prayers, at the common exercises and at the other regular observances of his congregation.

While our Saint taught to the applause of all Paris, and captivated minds, the Order of Saint Dominic was represented in the University by a religious no less brilliant and no less illustrious: Thomas Aquinas.

These two great lights of the Church and these two admirable Doctors, the Seraphic and the Angelic, contracted an alliance so holy and so perfect that it may justly be compared to that beautiful union which Saint Basil and Saint Gregory of Nazianzus had preserved without jealousy, not only while they studied together at Athens, but also in the other employments of their life. Our two saints received at the same time their diploma of bachelor, and, having been chosen by their superiors as professors of philosophy and of theology in the schools of their Orders, they began at the same time these exercises, and mounted together and on the same day into their public chairs.

The reputation which Saint Bonaventure had acquired increased from day to day; for his doctrine was always so eminent, so methodical and so full of unction by the perfume of holiness which it breathes and inspires, that it has merited the praises of the greatest personages of his time and of all the centuries which have followed. One must hear on this subject the learned and pious chancellor of Paris, John Gerson. “I know not,” he says in his Treatise on Books, “whether the University of Paris has ever had a doctor like Bonaventure.” And elsewhere: “If you ask me who, of all the doctors, seems to me the most perfect? I answer you, without prejudice to the others, that it is Bonaventure: because he is solid, sure, pious and devout in all that he says, and because he does not encumber his lessons with curious and useless questions.” And a little after: “There is no doctrine more elevated, more divine, more salutary nor more charming for true theologians than his; and one may justly apply to him these words which Our Lord said of Saint John: He was a burning and a shining lamp.” Finally in an express epistle on this subject, he adds that “this great man ought to be called at the same time Seraphic Doctor and Cherubic Doctor, because, on the one side, he inflames the will, and, on the other, he instructs and enlightens the understanding: which no other does with the same force and the same unction as he.”

As he accorded so excellently in his person holiness with learning, he was, at the age of thirty-six years, which was the thirteenth year of his profession, unanimously elected general, even in his absence, by a Chapter which was held at Rome, in the presence of the sovereign pontiff Alexander IV, who wished to preside at it in person. If this charge was a great honour for a religious of that age, it was moreover extremely painful, whether on account of the extent of the Order, which was already very considerable, or on account of

divers troubles by which it was agitated. But during the space of eighteen years that our Saint was its head, he conducted it always with so much prudence and wisdom that he maintained or re-established all things in their just situation.

He made use of the force of good example, rather than of the weight of his authority, to strengthen the good in their first fervour; and he preferred, as much as he could, gentleness and mercy to threats and penalties, to bring back to their duty those who had strayed from it, after the example of Saint Francis, who never shut the bowels of his pity to those who, touched with a true sorrow, were disposed to change their evil life. It may be objected that he acted a little severely toward the venerable Father John of Parma, his predecessor, a personage illustrious in holiness and in miracles, who, after having laboured very usefully for the reconciliation of the Greeks with the Holy See, had voluntarily resigned the generalate, and who, since, gave great examples of humility and patience in a little convent where he retired; but it is certain that Saint Bonaventure did it only by necessity; this former general being accused of favouring the errors of the abbot Joachim, condemned at the Council of Lateran, our Saint could not dispense himself from calling him to judgment and having his cause decided there, in which the whole Church seemed to have an interest.

Idleness was insupportable to him; besides the few moments that he could not refuse to sleep and the other needs of life, as well as the time that the affairs of his charge necessarily took from him, he employed all the rest in praying or writing. This is what has produced for us those learned interpretations of the Old and New Testament, those rich Commentaries on the Master of the Sentences, and that great number of Opuscules which compose the last three volumes of his works, and where holy souls find a hidden manna and a doctrine which is truly spirit and life. Although he had made a part of these books before being raised to the first prelacy of his Order, he finished them nevertheless and perfected them only after his election. One of the chief is the Life of his seraphic father Saint Francis, to whom he believed himself indebted for the health which he had recovered as a child, and for an infinity of other graces which he had received from the goodness of God. This work, which he undertook only at the prayer of his general chapter, assembled at Narbonne in the year 1260, is so extraordinary and so elevated that it ought not to be considered so much as the fruit of his mind as the production of the spirit of God, who inspired him with its thoughts and expressions. While he was composing it at Paris, the Angelic Doctor, whom the bond of charity always kept perfectly united to so great a man, having come to pay him a visit, and knowing that he was ordinarily occupied with this composition, would not interrupt him without knowing beforehand whether he was not too much applied. He looked therefore through a crack in the door of his chamber at what he was doing, as the Annals of Saint Francis relate, and perceived him in the state of a high contemplation and miraculously raised above the floor. Turning then toward the brethren of the two Orders who accompanied him, he said to them these beautiful words: "*Sinamus Sanctum qui laborat pro Sancto*; let us leave in peace the Saint who labours for another Saint." Thus, the Angelic Doctor canonized the Seraphic, and, although he saw him still in the weaknesses of the mortal body, he did not fail to proclaim him a Saint, as if he had already enjoyed the immutable state of beatitude.

One is astonished at first that a man so occupied and obliged by his charge to visit unceasingly his provinces and his convents, to hold often his general Chapters and to terminate all the affairs and differences which arose from day to day in the vast extent of the Order of Friars Minor, which made him make a great number of journeys, could have found time to compose works so beautiful, so learned and so finished, and above all that he could have maintained himself in that spirit of piety and devotion which one sees flowing everywhere in them with so much sweetness; but one will cease to be surprised at it, if one considers what he answered one day to the same Saint Thomas Aquinas, who begged him to tell him in what book he drew a doctrine so elevated and an eloquence so full of unction. "My book," he said to him, "is the Crucifix; it is from there that I draw all that I dictate and all that I write." In effect, what is there impossible when one draws unceasingly from this source which cannot dry up, when, far from leaning on one's own lights and talents, one abandons

oneself entirely to the movements and impressions of the spirit of Jesus Christ? When, to write and compose, one puts oneself in the hands of God, like a brush in the hands of a painter, or like a pen in the hands of a writer; doubtless one acts, one works of oneself, but one acts, one works only in dependence on the lights and the application that one receives from God. It is thus that Saint Bonaventure comported himself, of whom we may say what Saint Denis said of Saint Hierotheus: *Erat patiens divina*, he was under the impression of divine things.

These labours, which might make the occupation of several men, did not hinder him from preaching the Gospel, whether to strengthen good people in piety, or to draw sinners from the abyss of their crimes. There was no need of the Church to which he did not try to bring a prompt remedy: now by his writings, now by his prayers, his negotiations and his remonstrances. While he traversed the various provinces of Europe, to prevent or correct the disorders which were beginning to creep into his Order, he omitted no occasion to speak to princes, to bishops, to magistrates and to the bodies of the towns, for the maintenance of faith and religion, and for the re-establishment of piety in the world. How many missionaries did he not send to the most barbarous nations, to enlighten them with the light of the Gospel? How many preachers did he not send into the

Christian kingdoms, to preach the holy war against the Tartars, the Saracens, the Turks and the other infidel peoples who threw themselves upon the inheritance of the Son of God? As this zeal was accompanied by a profound humility which made him refer to God alone all the glory of his actions and all the success of his undertakings, the infinite Goodness, which takes pleasure in raising the humble and humbling the proud, honoured him with the gift of miracles. Being at Lyon, he raised to life the son of a good widow, whom he had gone to console, and who conjured him with tears to give back to her this son who was to be the consolation and support of her old age.

We have already said, in the life of Saint Anthony of Padua, that our holy General assisted at the opening of his tomb and at the translation of his relics, and that, having found his tongue without corruption, he apostrophized it in a very touching manner: which happened in the year 1263. A short time after, he celebrated his general Chapter at Pisa; as he had a singular devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, among other constitutions he caused it to be ordained that in his whole Order, from Christmas to the

Epiphany, there should be said at the end of the hymns: *Gloria tibi, Domine, qui natus es de Virgine*, and at the response of Prime: *Qui natus es de Maria Virgine*, and that the feasts of the Conception and of the Visitation of Our Lady should be celebrated: which has since been practised throughout the whole Church. The Chapter being over, he went to Rome to pay his homage to Pope Urban IV, whom he had not yet saluted, and to ask of him a cardinal protector in the name of his whole Congregation. His Holiness offered him the cardinal Ancher Pantaléon, of the title of Saint Praxedes, his nephew; but the Saint, who desired a protector enlightened and experienced in affairs, begged him, on the part of his Chapter, to give him rather the cardinal John Gaetan des Ursins, to whom Saint Francis, by a prophetic spirit, had recommended his institute when he was as yet only a little child: which the Pope granted him. He had more difficulty in obtaining for his religious the discharge from the conduct of the nuns of Saint Clare, which seemed to them too onerous, and an insupportable servitude, and of which Saint Francis had said: “I fear much that, God having deprived us of women, the devil, to molest us, has given us sisters.” Our Saint obtained nevertheless this discharge; the Pope declared by his Bull that the brethren had never been obliged to render them service, and that it was not by right of justice, but only by charity, that they had done so until then. Yet, a short time after, the new protector made so many instances with our Saint and with the principal members of the Order, to resume this conduct, which the brethren had had from the time of their blessed founder, that they saw themselves at last as if forced to consent to it, on condition, nevertheless, that the sisters should acknowledge everywhere, by authentic acts, that they were in no wise obliged to this assistance, and that, rendering it freely and of their good will, they might discharge themselves of it whenever they wished.

This great Saint, having stopped in a convent of Italy, on his way to the chapter of Pisa, gave a striking mark of his humility and of his charity toward his brethren. One of his religious, who was a prey to a great tribulation, not having been able to approach him to speak to him, on account of the too great crowd of those who came to find him or who composed his suite, bethought himself of going out of the town and of waiting for him some miles beyond, on the road. When he perceived this worthy general, he accosted him and said to him: “My reverend Father, I should have great need to speak to you for my consolation; I beg you very humbly not to disdain your subject, who, though the last of the brethren, does not fail to be under your charge and committed to your care.” Saint Bonaventure, having heard him, separated himself at once from those who surrounded him, and, having sat down on the ground, in the open country, beside this poor religious, he listened, with a marvellous patience and tranquillity, to all that he wished to say to him, and gave him the consolation and the remedies that he could desire in his trouble. His companions who waited for him, finding this conversation too long, began to grow weary and to complain of it, saying among themselves that a general ought not to lower his dignity to the point of stopping in that fashion for a little brother whom he met in passing, while the first of his Order who accompanied him remained on their feet in the middle of the road. He saw well, when he rejoined them, that they were discontented; but he appeased them by these excellent words: “It has not been permitted me, my brethren, to act otherwise; for I am only the minister and the servant, and this good religious is the master. Do you not know what our Rule expressly says? ‘Let the ministers,’ it says, ‘always receive the religious with gentleness and charity, and let them act so familiarly with them that each inferior may approach them and tell them his sentiments, as a master does with his servant.’ This statute, which I often have in mind, shows us that the ministers ought to be the servants of all the brethren; judge then whether I ought not to have yielded to the will of this good brother as to that of my master, and to have compassion on his pain and his infirmity.” An admirable lesson for all the superiors of religious Orders and Congregations! it teaches them that, far from rendering themselves of difficult access to their brethren by the too great display of their persons or their suites, they ought, on the contrary, to be always ready to receive them, to listen to them and to relieve them, and that they ought to consider themselves as servants destined for their consolation and their help, and not as absolute powers, who have authority only to make them groan under the weight of an insupportable yoke.

Pope Urban IV being dead, Clement IV was elected in his place to govern the Church. This wise Pontiff had no less esteem and affection for Saint Bonaventure than his predecessors, and he made it appear in a very striking manner; for the archiepiscopal see of York, in England, one of the most considerable of Europe, having come to be vacant (1265), and the nomination devolving upon him by the nullity of the election made by the canons, he nominated to it our holy General, and had the Bulls carried to him with command to submit to it; but this admirable man, who put all his glory in walking in the footsteps of Jesus Christ humbled, preferring the poverty and abjection of his state of religious to the riches and splendour of so high a prelacy, no sooner received them than, quitting his ordinary occupations, he went and threw himself at the feet of His Holiness to beg him to dispense him from this obedience: which he did with so much force and constancy that Clement, ravished with so rare a modesty and so generous a detachment, let himself be conquered at last by his prayers, and accepted his renunciation, saying to him these words of Ecclesiasticus: *Sta in testamento tuo, et in illo colloquere, et in opere mandatorum tuorum veterasce*; “Remain in the state that your father has marked out for you, and seek there your sweetest conversations, and grow old in the accomplishment of the commandments that you have received from heaven.” In 1266, Saint Bonaventure held a general chapter of the Order at Paris, where he applied himself to calming the divisions born between certain inquisitors of his Order and those of the Friars Preachers. His wisdom, his high prudence, and above all that gentleness which his contemporaries were powerless to resist, succeeded in reconciling everything. He knew how to fix the interests of each and to make prevail the sacred and inalienable interests of the holy Church. Clement IV having received complaints against several Friars Minor, made it known to Saint Bonaventure, warning him to employ all his authority to put an end to the evil. The pious general communicated to the provincial

ministers, assembled at Paris, these complaints of a Pontiff so tenderly affectionate to his brethren; then he addressed a circular to all the provinces of the Order, in which he complains of the too soft manner of acting of certain superiors, of the useless journeys of several religious, of their importunity in asking, of their eagerness to raise too sumptuous buildings, and of the fact that some do not fear, in their preachings, to attack prelates.

In 1269, Saint Bonaventure, always occupied with the general interests of the Church and always attentive to those of his brethren, convoked a new general Chapter at Assisi, in Umbria, which is the place of the birth of Saint Francis and of the origin of all his institute, and had fine constitutions made there again for the strengthening of the regular observance. It was there that he commanded the preachers of his Order to publish everywhere the devotion of the evening Angelus, to honour the blessed moment of the Annunciation of the angel and of the Incarnation of the Word. His opinion, which he shared with several Doctors, was that these mysteries were accomplished in the evening, but, even remaining in the common opinion, that it was at midnight, there is no hour more fit to testify universally one's gratitude for it than the evening, since at midnight few are awake to acquit themselves of this duty. Accordingly this practice has happily spread throughout the Christian world, and the Popes have favoured it afterwards with several great indulgences. Saint Francis had ordained that a solemn Mass should be celebrated every Saturday, in his convents, in honour of the Blessed Virgin; Saint Bonaventure renewed this ordinance in this Chapter and charged the provincials, the visitors and the guardians to take care that it should be observed.

He occupied himself also with the reform of some abuses, which he had not been able to root out entirely since his elevation to power; but one of the most imposing objects of this chapter was the crusade. The holy general spoke of the misfortunes of Christendom, and he did so with that penetrating unction which was the peculiar mark of all his discourses. He represented the divers calamities to which the religion of Jesus Christ was a prey, the desires of the Head of the Church and his confidence in the Friars Minor for an enterprise so important. He excited the ministers to pray ardently and to touch heaven by their supplications, then to preach the crusade with an indefatigable zeal, and to have it preached by men chosen specially for this holy ministry. While our Saint intoxicated himself, at Assisi, with the delectable perfume of the virtues of Saint Francis, and took pleasure in meditating, in presence of the tomb of the glorious patriarch, on the duties of his charge, he was called to take up the pen again to defend once more the poor of the Lord. A doctor of Paris, Gerard of Abbeville, enemy of the mendicant friars, launched against them an anonymous libel, in which he exalted flight from persecution and death as an act proper to the perfect and to saints; attacked abstinence and fasting, as being practices suitable only to the weak and the imperfect; exalted the state of those who possessed goods, and lowered that of voluntary poor to the rank of a base and dangerous life. In short he strove to attack and vilify, by malignant subtleties, the poverty and humility of the mendicant religious. Saint Bonaventure pursued him, not with the bitterness of a hateful heart, but with the burning charity of a calm and tranquil soul. He took in hand to hand each of the arguments of his adversary, overthrew them with a force of irrefutable reasons, with an abundance of doctrine worthy of his learning and his high reputation, the Apology of the Poor, undertaken by the most eminent of the poor, avenged them worthily for the injuries of their enemies and put an end to this new attempt of humbled pride. Saint Bonaventure possessed qualities so rare and so heroic that his reputation flew through all the Christian world. The Holy See having come to be vacant by the death of Clement IV, the cardinals remained three years assembled at Viterbo, where His Holiness had died, to proceed there to the election of a new Pope; not being able to agree on this choice, they put, with a common voice, the whole election into the hands of Saint Bonaventure, and protested all that they would recognize him whom he should name to them, and himself if he presented himself for this dignity. Such is the sentiment of some historians; but it is not what Wadding and Raynaldi have inserted in their Annals. According to these latter, the cardinals gave power, not to Saint Bonaventure, but to six among them, to name him whom they should judge the fittest, even if it were one of the six. All the part our Saint had in this affair was doubtless to contribute to this agreement and to do his

utmost that the election should fall on Thibaut Visconti, archdeacon of Liège, who was then at Jerusalem for the affairs of the Church, and who, on his return, had himself called Gregory X. Perhaps also the six cardinals referred this nomination to him, and afterwards proposed it as made by their own choice: which accords rather well the two different opinions on this subject.

In 1272, Saint Bonaventure held for the second time the general chapter of his Order at Pisa. He made there an ordinance quite worthy of a Saint set on fire with the ardours of divine charity. As the Friars Minor left in the world tenderly cherished parents, whose old age flowed away far from them and ended deprived of the consolations of their love, he established a bond of pious union and sweet gratitude between the Order and the families whose members had increased its prosperity. He decreed that every year, before the first Sunday of Advent, a solemn service should be celebrated in all the houses of the Brethren, for the repose of the soul of their dead parents. This ordinance has remained in force in the seraphic Order, and the centuries have changed nothing in a constitution so conformable to the wishes of piety and the demands of filial love.

A short time after, the new Pope, considering the need he had of some persons eminent in doctrine and in holiness to help him to bear the heavy burden of the universal Church, and to examine and decide with him the great affairs which were to be proposed to the general Council of Lyon, cast his eyes for that purpose on Saint Bonaventure and resolved to make him a cardinal. The humble servant of God, being warned of this design, withdrew from Italy as soon and as secretly as was possible for him, to avoid the effect of it, and, having come to Paris, he began his beautiful work of the Visions of the Church on the Hexaemeron, of which he taught a part publicly. But this innocent artifice was not capable of making His Holiness change his resolution; on the contrary, learning where he was, he sent him an express order to betake himself without delay to his person. Saint Bonaventure, who, though he had commanded so many years, had not forgotten to obey, submitted to this order.

When he had reached the confines of Tuscany, he went to rest for some days in his convent of Migel, near Florence. Two nuncios, sent to present to him the cardinal's hat, having learned on the way where he was, came to find him. They arrived at the end of the meal; our Saint was washing and wiping as usual the dishes, according to the custom of the community. The presence of these deputies did not astonish him; he did not blush to exercise before them so humble an employment; he would not interrupt his work to receive them; but, having given order to lead them into a chamber, he quietly finished what he had begun. It is said even that he had the cardinal's hat hung on the branch of a dogwood which was near the kitchen; and Wadding, in the Annals of the Order of Saint Francis, which he composed in 1628, assures that the dogwood still lasted in his time, full of life and verdure, and that it was shown to the pilgrims who passed by this convent. When the dishes were washed, he assembled his brethren and said to them, groaning: "At last, my brethren, after having acquitted ourselves of the duties of a Friar Minor, we must still bend our shoulders under the weight of this office; but, believe me, the employments of the cloister are easy and salutary, whereas those which are attached to great dignities are heavy and full of dangers." Then he went to find the envoys of the sovereign Pontiff, and received them with all the respect and honour which their mission demanded. The Pope consecrated him bishop of Albano, one of the six suffragans of Rome, which are ordinarily given to the six oldest cardinal-priests.

Meanwhile His Holiness, having convoked a general Council at Lyon, with the aim of providing for the needs of the Holy Land, of consummating the union of the Greeks with the Roman Church, and of reforming morals, Saint Bonaventure did not fail to be present at it. He preached there, at the second and at the third session, on the subjects proposed by the Pope, and worked also much in the conferences, to make them have a happy success. Some authors even say that he presided there; but, as the Pope was present in person at all four sessions which were held in his lifetime, all that can be said is that he had, under the Pope, the general direction of the Council, and that in effect he presided at all the councils and at all the assemblies which were held in particular to examine or negotiate what was to be concluded in the sessions.

So many cares could not accord with the government of the Order of Friars Minor; it became more and more difficult to face all the duties of this charge and those of the cardinalate. Saint Bonaventure therefore opened himself on it to Gregory, and communicated to him the design in which he was of committing to another the care of his beloved family. The Pope approved it, and on the 20th of May, a few days after the session of the Council, he held the general chapter of the Order. There, he represented to his brethren the impossibility in which he found himself of directing them any longer in a fitting manner, according to the spirit of their sublime institute; he alleged the embarrassments of his new charge, the countless labours which it exacted of him in the present circumstance, the will of the sovereign Pontiff, the danger for the Order of declining from its fervour under a superior distracted by other affairs. He invited them therefore to elect him a successor and deposited in their hands the command of which he had borne the burden for eighteen years. Then he promised them to remain the child of Francis of Assisi and their brother, and to preserve for them his affection and tenderness.

The liveliest sadness greeted such an overture; it would have been wished to see so painful a resolution deferred still longer for the whole Order. But as there was no longer any going back on an act dictated by the sentiment of duty and approved by a holy Pontiff, the Chapter had to resolve to choose another superior general.

The day after the fourth session, which was celebrated on 6 July 1274, God, wishing to make our Saint pass from the assembly of the Church militant, of which he had so well deserved during his life, to that of the Church triumphant where he was to receive the crown of his labours, permitted him to fall into an extreme faintness. Saint Bonaventure understood at once the whole gravity of his state. He was not moved by it, for long since he had regarded death with a calm and assured eye. The days of his sickness were days of prayer and holy retreat, where, restored to himself, he could at last let his mind direct itself toward the heavenly heights.

At the news of his sickness, the city was in consternation; the Fathers of the Council trembled for an existence so dear, and the Pope above all remained a prey to the liveliest apprehensions. The Friars Minor were in mourning and in extreme affliction; they prayed and besought heaven to show itself propitious to their wishes. As the evil increased rapidly, the news spread at once that the illustrious sick man was approaching the term of his life. Then Gregory X, the holy and tender pontiff, wished to confer on him himself the last helps of religion. He came therefore to anoint him with the last unction and to encourage him in this supreme trial of a laborious life, wholly consecrated to the glory of the Church.

The state of the pious cardinal did not permit him to receive the sacrament of the Eucharist; afflicted, but full of resignation and love, he asked that the divine host might be brought at least a little near his breast, to feel once more the unspeakable emanations of the divinity hidden in this sacrament. The merciful God granted to his servant more than he would ever have dared to hope. The host, escaping from the hands of the sacred minister, came of itself and placed itself on the heart of the pious sick man, penetrated him, imprinting for an instant the sensible mark of its passage, and intoxicated him with a torrent of delights. Then the Saint burst out into thanksgivings and sighs of tenderness; his transports redoubled until his soul detached itself from his body, become powerless to sustain at once the transports of his fervour and the violence of the sickness, and went to continue in the heavens the canticle of love begun in the midst of the prodigies of divine charity, on 45 July 1274.

The news of this blessed death spread rapidly through all the city; the account of the eucharistic miracle accomplished at this last moment flew from mouth to mouth, but to increase the sorrow. Never had the illustrious child of Francis of Assisi appeared so great as on that day, never had it been better understood what a misfortune had just struck the Council and the Christian universe.

The Pope, to testify the sorrow he had at this loss, wished to assist himself, with the whole body of the Council, composed of cardinals, bishops, abbots and the principal deputies of the Greeks, at his funeral pomp, which was made in the church of the Friars Minor. The entire city of Lyon was there; but the sacred temple could not contain this multitude eager to render homage to the servant of God. The officiant was Cardinal Peter of Tarentaise, of the Order of Saint Dominic, and cardinal-bishop of Ostia, who afterwards was raised to the sovereign Pontificate under the name of Innocent V. After the ceremony, he mounted into the pulpit and made the funeral oration of the Saint, taking for text these words of the first book of Kings: *Doleo super te, frater mi Jonatha, amabilis et dilecte nimis,* The Pope ordered all Catholic priests to say a Mass for the repose of his soul, in recognition of the great services which he had rendered to Christianity. There was no one who did not weep at this death and who did not cry out that the pillar of the Church had fallen, that the greatest of the athletes of Christ was no more. Thus Saint Bonaventure had received this grace from heaven, that no one whatever could see him without conceiving respect and affection for him.

Many celebrated authors have dwelt on his praises; but there is nothing so beautiful as what the great pope Sixtus V says of him in the bull in which he ordains his feast with the office of a doctor: “Saint Bonaventure,” he says, “has a quite particular gift of writing. One sees in it a profound erudition, a subtle reasoning, a strong and energetic discourse, but above all an admirable turn which wins the most obstinate minds and touches the most hardened hearts; fervour and piety are inseparable there from learning, and they are found spread through all his works.” So that Sixtus V was right to say that it seems the Holy Ghost wished to speak by his mouth.

He has been painted receiving communion from the hands of an angel. The humility of Saint Bonaventure was so great that before being a priest it made him fear to receive communion. One day, while he was assisting at Mass, an angel came to bring him the host on the part of God. — He is often represented in the costume of his Order, but with the cardinal’s hat. — He is also seen receiving from the most holy Virgin a sort of rosary composed of three Paters separated by four Aves. This must be an allusion to the Psalter which he composed in honour of Mary. — A ciborium has sometimes been put in his hand, by allusion to the fact of the miraculous host which he received before dying. — He is represented holding in his hands the radiant tongue of Saint Anthony of Padua.

Worship and Relics. — His Writings

In 1430, his tomb was opened, to place his precious relics more honourably. His body was found reduced to ashes; but his head was as entire and as fresh as on the day of his death, and his heart likewise was sound, and without any corruption. His bones were put in a shrine, but this head and this heart which had once been so inflamed with the flames of divine love were placed in separate shrines: an admirable conduct of divine Providence, which wished to preserve a part of him for the Church. For, in the following century, the Calvinists, having made themselves masters of the city of Lyon, burned, in the middle of the public square, the bones of this seraphic doctor who had condemned them beforehand in his writings; but his head was saved by the industry of a religious of his Order, who suffered great torments in order not to reveal the place where the sacred vessels had been hidden.

These impious men, adding sacrilege to sacrilege, drew from the brazier the precious ashes of these bones, and cast them into the river Saône, which discharges into the Rhône, as if to abolish the memory of this mighty pillar of religion. But, far from harming him by their malice, they served only to give a new lustre to his glory; for we have reason to believe that God, who honours infinitely his Saints, will have made him share in heaven the aureole of martyrdom, for the outrage that was done on earth to this other part of himself, all the more since Saint Bonaventure wished all his life to be sacrificed for the glory of his God, and since martyrdom was wanting to his will rather than his will to martyrdom. Before this time, a bone of his arm had already been carried to Bagnarea, the place of his birth. It is said also that there is one of his bones at Venice.

The Church of Mailly possesses a relic of the holy Doctor, and the Carmel of Amiens a vertebra. In the year 1482, Pope Sixtus IV canonized him at the instance of Louis XI, king of France, and Sixtus V put him in the number of the Doctors, in 1587. His memory is marked with honour in the Roman martyrology and calendar and in that of the Order of Saint Francis, by Father Arthur du Moustier. The greater part of the works of Saint Bonaventure are mystical and spiritual: they compose eight volumes printed at Rome in 1588.

The first contains Commentaries on some books of the Old Testament, namely: a sort of Preface entitled: Principles of Holy Scripture; thirty-three sermons on the Work of the Six Days, or on the Creation of the world; Explanations or Commentaries on the Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Wisdom and the Lamentations of Jeremias. The second contains Commentaries on the Gospels of Saint Matthew, Saint Luke and Saint John, with Conferences on this last Gospel.

The third contains Sermons for the Seasons and for the Saints.

The fourth and the fifth comprise the Commentaries on the four books of the Master of the Sentences.

The sixth contains the first and second part of the Opuscules, of which here are the titles: on the Reduction of the Arts to Theology; the Breviloquium; the Centiloquium; the Quiver; the Explanation of the terms of Theology; the abridged Principle on the Books of the Sentences; four books of Sentences in verse; on the four cardinal Virtues; on the seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost; on the three kinds of sins; on the Resurrection from sin to grace; the Way of Salvation; on the ecclesiastical Hierarchy. Those of the second part are: the Soliloquy; the Meditations on the life of Jesus Christ; on the seven Degrees of contemplation; on the five Feasts of the Child Jesus; the Office of the Passion; the Praise of the Cross; the Tree of Life; the Mirror of the Blessed Virgin; the Crown of the Virgin; the Compassion of the Virgin; Philomena; the seven words of Our Lord on the cross; the great Psalter of the Virgin; a paraphrase on the Angelic Salutation and another on the Salve, Regina.

The seventh contains the third part of the moral opuscules, which are: on the Institution of the Christian life; on the Government of the soul; the Mirror of the soul; on the ten Precepts; on the Degrees of the virtues; the Itinerary of the soul to God; on the seven Ways of eternity; the Goad of divine Love; the Fire of Love; the Art of loving; the book of Spiritual Exercises; the Fasciculus; the twenty-five Memorials; the Confessional; on the Manner of confessing; on Purity of conscience; on the Preparation of the priest for Mass; Explanation of the Mass; on the six wings of the cherubim and the six wings of the seraphim.

The eighth contains the opuscules which concern the religious: a Treatise on the triple state of religious; the Mirror of discipline for novices; the twenty Steps of novices; on Advancement in religion; on the Contempt of the world; on the Reform of the spirit; on the Perfection of the religious life; Explanation of the Rule of the Friars Minor; Questions on this Rule; Why the Friars Minor preach; on the Poverty of Jesus Christ; Apology for evangelical poverty; a Treatise against the calumniator of the Rule of Saint Francis; Apologetic against the adversaries of the Order of Friars Minor; the book of the three Questions; a Treatise on the Reform of the Friars Minor; an abridgment of Theology; treatises on the Essence, the Invisibility and the Immensity of God, a work of mystical Theology; the Legend of Saint Francis.

The complete spiritual works of Saint Bonaventure, translated by M. the Abbé Berthaumier, in 6 vols. in-8°, are found at Louis Vivès, Paris. The complete works in Latin are found also at the same publisher: 15 vols. in-4°.

We have made use, to complete this life, of the Annals of Wadding and the Flowers of the history of the Cardinals, by Dom d'Attichy, bishop of Autun, and the History of Saint Bonaventure, by the Abbé Berthaumier.

The Blessed Humbert of Romans, General of the Dominicans

— Pope: Nicholas III. — King of France: Philip III, the Bold.

He practised perfectly, all his life, what he taught to others.

Touron, Life of Father Humbert.

Humbert, praised by all our historians as one of the holiest religious of the Order of Saint Dominic, was born at Romans, on the Isère, near Valence, at the beginning of the 13th century, of a noble, rich and pious family. Nothing proves better the religious sentiments of his parents than the eminently Christian education which they gave him themselves, and which they afterwards had given him by the masters most capable of enlightening his mind and forming his heart to virtue.

The young Humbert was soon sent to the schools of Paris, frequented by a great number of scholars come from all points of Europe, and given over to all the drive of the passions. Their dangerous examples had no effect on his heart; he knew how to triumph over them by the firmness of his faith, as much as by his assiduity in work and in prayer. So he made astonishing progress in letters and in the higher sciences, above all in theology and canon law.

He had first made a vow to enter the Order of the Carthusians; but, by a secret inspiration of Providence, he decided for that of the Friars Preachers, and received the habit in the convent of Saint-Jacques, on the day of Saint Andrew, in 1224.

Soon after his religious profession, he made himself remarked at Lyon and at Paris by his high virtues, by his profound knowledge of the divine Scriptures and by his eloquence as a preacher. About the same time, he made a journey to Palestine, visited the Holy Places, and on his return, the government of the Roman province was given him, where he showed so much prudence and knowledge that, according to the report of several historians, after the death of Gregory IX, some cardinals cast their eyes on him to raise him to the papacy.

The new pope, Innocent IV, having given the Roman purple to Hugues de Saint-Gher, Humbert succeeded him in the government of the province of France, which he kept for ten years, until he was named general of his Order, in the year 1254. “The votes,” says an historian, “were not divided: Father Humbert had them all, and he alone was surprised at it.”

Hungary was the first province he visited, and, however vast it was, he traversed it on foot, announcing everywhere to the peoples the word of God. King Bêla IV was not content with honouring him with his affection, he gave him besides a great mark of his confidence and esteem, in begging him to remain some time in his States, to receive the vows of the young princess Margaret of Hungary, his daughter. From Hungary, Humbert passes into Italy, where he receives letters from Alexander IV, which prove the high esteem that this Pope had for his learning and his virtue. He presides over a general chapter at Milan, where they busy themselves chiefly with the work of the missions; returns to Paris, where Saint Louis, wishing to give him a great mark of his affection, chooses him to hold at the baptismal font one of his sons, Prince Robert, count of Clermont and the first of the house of Bourbon.

Saint Thomas Aquinas, called to Italy about the same time, works happily, by order of Father Humbert, at the refutation of a dangerous book entitled: On the Perils of the Last Times, while our indefatigable general presides over the chapter of Florence and that of Toulouse, whence he addresses to all the religious of his Order a very remarkable letter in Latin. In the year 1258, Saint Louis, knowing that Father Humbert was not less skilful as a jurisconsult than learned as a theologian, admits him into his council, to make him judge of certain differences which had arisen between the count of Clermont and the counts of Anjou and of Poitiers.

The following year, he goes to hold a chapter at Valenciennes, in Hainaut. There, seconded by the zeal of Albert the Great, of Saint Thomas Aquinas and of Peter of Tarentaise, he busies himself with the means of preserving the Christians of these countries from the fury of the Tartars, who were beginning again their

incursions and their ravages. He turns the king of Hungary away from every treaty of alliance with these peoples, enemies of the name of Jesus Christ, and thus saves the faith, threatened with an imminent ruin. In the meantime, Humbert learns that the sovereign Pontiff has just chosen Albert the Great for the see of Ratisbon. He is keenly afflicted at it, and in his grief he writes to the Blessed Albert a letter which is a veritable masterpiece, in order to turn him from accepting the episcopate. He begs him to consider first what embarrassments are met with in the government of the churches of Germany, and how difficult it is, in these high dignities, not to offend God and men. He asks him how, after having so loved the holy Books and purity of conscience, he could see himself engaged in the tumult of temporal affairs, always exposed to continual perils of sin. Finally, he makes him remark that the good to be done in the episcopate is altogether uncertain, whereas, by his change of state, he is going to lose the great fruits that he was already bearing, not only in Germany, but in the whole Church, by his reputation, by his examples and by his writings. This lively and pathetic exhortation he concludes by protesting that he would rather see one of his religious carried in the coffin than on an episcopal chair.

However, the desires of the holy general, his prayers, his warnings, all his remonstrances were then without effect. Albert the Great, it is true, thought no differently from Father Humbert, and he feared as much as he the peril which he saw from nearer. But he was not left the liberty of refusing the burden; the vicar of Jesus Christ wished to be obeyed, and Albert accepted, trembling, a dignity which he would have reproached himself with having desired. The sequel made known his true sentiments.

Three years after, having succeeded in getting his resignation accepted by Pope Urban IV, the holy doctor re-entered his convent of Cologne at the same time as Father Humbert, by the voluntary cession of his charge, and resumed his first state of simple religious. Humbert had held his eighth general chapter at Barcelona and the ninth at Bologna. It was only in that of London, in the year 1263, that he obtained from the definitors the permission to lay down an employment which obedience alone had been able to make him accept, and whose duties he had holily fulfilled for nine years. In vain did Pope Urban IV wish to tear him from the sweetness of solitude to raise him to the dignity of patriarch of Jerusalem. Nothing was capable of making him consent to his elevation. Always firm in refusing this dignity, he withdrew to the convent of Valence, where he lived still fourteen years, occupied solely with his salvation and with the numerous works which he composed.

It was in these praiseworthy occupations and in the exercise of the ministry of the word that Father Humbert saw gently arrive his last hour; he died at Valence, on 14 July 1277. His body rested long in the church of the Friars Preachers of Valence, with his epitaph, his eulogy and the date of his death.

Writings of the Blessed Humbert of Romans Ecclesiastical writers have spoken with praise of the works of Father Humbert, and they have given the following catalogue of them:

1° A treatise touching the three vows of religion; 2° A commentary on the rule of Saint Augustine, and another on the prologue of the constitution of the Friars Preachers; 3° A treatise on the seven degrees of contemplation; 4° An abridged history of the life of Saint Dominic; 5° A little chronicle of his Order from 1203 to 1254; 6° An excellent manuscript, preserved in the library of the Vatican, where the author, among other things, treats of the means of retaking the Holy Places and of keeping them against the efforts of the infidels; 7° The Religious Mirror; 8° A treatise on true and false virtues, etc.

Taken from the Hagiological History of the diocese of Valence, by the Abbé Nadal.

Saint Libert, Martyr at Saint-Trond, in Belgium

About 835.

Libert was born at Malines, a city of Belgium, in the province of Anvers, of parents as pious as they were noble. Adon, his father, was count of Malines; his mother, previously barren, conceived him through the prayers of Saint Rumold, regionary bishop of Belgium. It was the same prelate who baptized him and who gave him the name of Libert. When a child, he went off to play on the bank of a river, fell into the water and was drowned; but he was recalled to life three days after by the prayers of Saint Rumold. When the latter had founded the abbey of Les Ormes, he took Libert with him and had care of his education. Such were his progress in piety that, when he was of age, his master gave him the government of the monastery which he had created. When the Normans laid waste the banks of the Rhine, from the Ocean to Cologne, Libert took refuge in the abbey of Saint-Trond or Truyen (S. Trudo, Sacrinium, Order of Saint Benedict), in Limbourg. But the Norman bands penetrated even to this place, surprised Libert while he was praying on his knees in the church, and massacred him inhumanly before the altar. His body was buried in the very place where he had fallen. In another invasion of the Normans, the church and the monastery were reduced to ashes. A chapel was built in honour of Saint Trond, and the tomb of Saint Libert remained hidden until the former religious of Saint-Trond discovered it while digging the foundations of a new building, in 1169. The precious relics were enclosed in a shrine, and from that time the feast of the holy Martyr was celebrated at Saint-Trond on 14 July, the day of the finding of his tomb. Several of his bones were brought to Malines in 1631, and since that time his memory is honoured with more solemnity in the metropolitan church.

Proper of Malines.

Saint William, Abbot of Breteuil, in the Diocese of Beauvais

The abbey of Breteuil (Bretolium) belonged to the Order of Saint Benedict; it was founded, or rather restored, about the year 1050, by Gilduin, count of Breteuil, father of Valéran, abbot of Saint-Vannes of Verdun, and of Hugues, bishop of Langres. Gilduin, who later was himself a religious, raised up this monastery by the counsel of Drogon, bishop of Beauvais, and put there as first abbot Evrard, disciple of Richard, abbot of Verdun. This abbey was successively laid waste by the English and the Calvinists. In 1645, it embraced the reform of the Congregation of Saint-Maur. William had long been edifying the religious of the monastery by his holy examples, when their votes called him to succeed Raoul, their abbot, who had just died. His elevation made him lose nothing of his fervour and his humility. Regarding himself as still more obliged to show himself the model of his brethren, he traced for them, by his own life, the path which they were to follow to arrive at the perfection of the monastic state. William governed the abbey of Breteuil with a hand as firm as it was paternal. He made piety, discipline and the love of study reign in his community, and made it acquire so high a reputation for regularity and learning that the noblest lords vied with one another in increasing its temporal prosperity. By their largesses, it acquired the property of several priories and domains, favours of which William obtained the confirmation from Pope Callixtus II, at the council of Reims. William did not consecrate to the abbey of Breteuil only his knowledge, his wisdom and his strength: he busied himself with great solicitude with the affairs of religion and of the Church. In the measures to be taken to repair the evils caused by the invasions of the Normans, he aided with his zeal and his lights Saint Thomas of Canterbury, Saint Godefroi of Amiens, Saint Yves of Chartres, and some other eminent prelates. He also gave useful counsels in several ecclesiastical assemblies gathered at Beauvais and at Amiens, to treat of the peace of the Church, of the observance of discipline and of the good administration of monasteries. The blessed abbot died, in 1130, rich in merits, and regretted by his religious whom he had guided during thirty years with so tender a solicitude in the way of eternal life.

Taken from the Life of the Saints of Beauvais, by the Abbé Sabatier.

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[1] See his life on 18 July, the day on which his office is made.

[2] See his life on the following day, which is that on which his office is made in the whole diocese of Belley.

[3] See on the following day.

[4] Alias: Madelgaire, Madelgarius.

[5] Soignies, in the ancient forest of Soignies, not far from the place where the Senne takes its source, 15 kilometres N.E. of Mons; 7,000 inhabitants. Some authors believe that Sanion who, under Dagobert, became king of the Slavs, was of this country; others say he was a native of the territory of Sens.

15 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Bamberg, in Bavaria, the feast of Saint Henry II, emperor, who preserved perpetual chastity with Saint Cunegonde, his wife, and determined Saint Stephen, king of Hungary, with almost all his people, to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ. 1024. — At Porto, in Italy, the birth in heaven of Saint Eutropius, martyred with Saint Zosima and Saint Bonosa,[1] sisters. — At Carthage, in Africa, Saint Catulinus, deacon, whose panegyric Saint Augustine pronounced; and the holy Januarius, Florentia, Julia and Justus, martyrs, who were all buried in the basilica of Faustus. — At Alexandria, the holy martyrs Philip, Zeno and Narseus, with ten children. — In the island of Tenedos (Archipelago), Saint Abudemius, martyr, who was put to death under Diocletian. — At Sebaste, in Asia Minor, Saint Antiochus, physician, who had his head cut off under the president Adrian: as milk came out of his neck instead of blood, his executioner, named Cyriacus, was converted and embraced the faith of Jesus Christ; which procured him the glory of martyrdom. Under Diocletian. — At Pavia, in Italy, Saint Felix, bishop and martyr. — At Nisibis, in Mesopotamia, the birth in heaven of Saint James, bishop of that see, a person of great holiness. He was one of those illustrious prelates who upheld the faith by their confession in the persecution of Galerius Maximian. Having made himself conspicuous by his learning and by his miracles, he was present at the council of Nicaea, where he condemned the impiety of Arius, opposing to him the doctrine of consubstantiality. It was also by his prayers, joined to those of Saint Alexander, bishop of Constantinople, that the same Arius received in that city the chastisement due to his malice, in giving up his bowels. 350. — At Naples, in Italy, Saint Athanasius, bishop of that see, who suffered great persecutions, and was even driven from his episcopal city by the impious Sergius, his nephew; having withdrawn to Veroli, he found there a blessed death and the crown of glory for the afflictions with which he was overwhelmed, which happened in the time of Charles the Bald. 872. — At Palermo, in Sicily, the finding of the body of Saint Rosalia, virgin of that city, which, having been found by divine revelation, under the pontificate of Urban VIII, drove the plague from all Sicily, in the year of the Jubilee 1625.[2]

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In several Churches of France, the feast of the division of the Apostles; this feast has, so to speak, fallen into disuse. 44. — At Brussels, the solemnity of the three holy hosts violated by the Jews, and which one still sees entire, tinged with the precious blood which flowed from them when these impious men stabbed them in 1370. — In Bugey, Saint Ragnebert, commonly Saint Rambert, martyred by order of Ebroïn, mayor of the palace.[3] 680. — In the church of Sainte-Odile, near Ruremonde, in Dutch Limbourg, Saint Pléchelm, apostle of Gueldre. He was born in the southern part of Scotland. Having received holy orders, he passed with Saint Wiron, bishop, and Saint Otger, deacon, into that part of lower Germany which had not yet been enlightened by the light of the faith. Sustained by the protection of Pepin, mayor of the palace of Austrasia, he converted to Christianity the country which makes up Gueldre and the duchies of Clèves and of Juliers, as well as several other regions situated between the Rhine, the Wahal and the Meuse. He was buried in the church situated on Mount Saint-Peter, near Ruremonde, and called today Sainte-Odile. Several miracles were wrought through the virtue of his relics, the most considerable of which is kept at Odenzel, in the province of

Over-Yssel. 732. — At Vic, in the diocese of Nancy, the Blessed Bernard of Baden, confessor, patron of this parish. 1458. — At Angers, Saint Benedict, bishop of that see, which he made illustrious for twenty years. His relics were preserved in his cathedral church until the great Revolution. About 820. — At Troyes, Saint Apronia or Aprona, commonly Saint Evronia, virgin, sister of Saint Epvre, bishop of Toul. About 420. — At Luzarches (Seine-et-Oise), Saint Etern or Ætherius, eleventh bishop of Evreux, killed in that place by the heretics, in hatred of religion. The diocese of Evreux keeps his feast only on 16 July, under which day some details about him may be read. About 663. — At Montbrison, in the diocese of Lyon, Saint Aubrin, mentioned under the synonym Albrique, in the martyrology of France of 15 June. — At the boarding school of the Sisters of Charity and Christian Instruction of Nevers, Saint Valentina, virgin and martyr. M. the Abbé de Coissigny, vicar general of Nevers, being at Rome, obtained from Cardinal Patrizzi, vicar of His Holiness Gregory XVI, the body of this young martyr, taken from the catacombs, and made a present of it to the boarding school of Nevers. Mgr Dufêtre, on 28 May 1852, fixed her feast on 15 July.[4] — In the diocese of Belley, Saint Roland, abbot of Chézery or Chissery, and Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, at Confort, in the same diocese. — In the diocese of Langres, Saint Evrard, shepherd. 8th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — At Palermo, in Sicily, the finding of the body of Saint Rosalia, virgin, of the Order of Saint Basil, born in the same city and its principal patroness. Her holy body was taken from the place where it lay buried on Mount Pellegrino to be honoured with a public cult. Numerous miracles accompanied this translation. — At Thessalonica, in Macedonia, Saint Joseph, bishop, of the Order of Saint Basil, tormented for the cult of the holy images, under the emperor Theophilus.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Deventer, in Holland (Over-Yssel), Saint Marcellinus, priest, canon regular, who converted a great part of the Frisians, and rendered his soul to God on 14 July.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Foligno, in Italy, the Blessed Angeline of Marsciano, widow, sprung from an illustrious origin, who, despising the world, pomp and riches, took the habit of the Third Order of Saint Francis after the death of her husband. She was the first to pronounce the monastic vows in the monastery of Saint Anne, built by her, and thus founded the Order of Tertiaries. Her rare virtues were manifested by striking miracles, before as after her death. Pope Leo XII ratified her immemorial cult. 1435.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — At Rieti, in Italy, Saint Baldwin, disciple of Saint Bernard, who cherished him with a particular affection, prior of the monastery of Saint-Pasteur. Having given great proofs of virtue, he was buried with honour in the cathedral church of Rieti. He is the principal patron of this city.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Rome or at Porto, with Saint Bonosa, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day, the memory of fifty blessed soldiers converted by her, and already cited in the same martyrology of 8 July. — At Sirmich, in Pannonia, the holy Agrippinus, Secundus, Maximus, Fortunatus and Martial, martyrs. — At Canterbury, in England, Saint Deusdedit, sixth archbishop of that see. 664. — In Scotland, Saint Donevald or Donald, confessor, with his nine daughters, virgins. 8th century. — At Anspach, in Bavaria, Saint Gombert, confessor. 8th century. — At Lauffen, a city of the kingdom of Württemberg, in the diocese of Würzburg, Saint Reginswinde or Régensvide, a young girl of seven years, killed by her nurse and thrown by her into the river Neckar: some inhabitants of Lauffen discovered her there and had her buried with honour in the cemetery of the town. 9th century. — At Sarzana, in Italy, Saint Terentius, bishop of the ancient see of Luna, today Luni or Lunegiano, now transferred to Sarzana. He was very liberal toward the poor: as he was distributing his alms to them one day on the banks of the Macra, a river which washes the town of Luni, he was assailed by a troop of envious men who massacred him. A church of his name was built on the place of his martyrdom. 9th century probably. — At Nocera, between Assisi and Camerino, in Italy, Saint

Felicissimus, confessor. While still young, he withdrew to the monastery of Saint Eutychius of Nursia (today Norcia), and there perfected himself in the science of salvation. Returned to his father's side, his alms drew down his anger upon him: he was obliged to confine himself in a solitude, where he passed the rest of his life in the exercise of all the virtues. — At Ratzebourg, in Denmark (Lauenbourg), Saint Ansuère, and several other monks, priests and virgins, martyrs. Ansuère was stoned with thirty monks whom he directed in the ways of virtue, in a monastery dedicated to the martyr Saint George, near Ratzebourg. An arm of our Saint was long preserved in the church of Our Lady of that city. 1066. — In Scandinavia, Saint David, abbot. English by birth, he entered early, to give himself wholly to the exercises of piety, a monastery of Benedictines; afterwards, he traversed the cities of Sweden and preached the Gospel there until, broken by old age, he fell asleep in the Lord. About 1050. — In the island of Palma, one of the Canaries, the Blessed Ignatius of Azevedo and his companions, martyrs. 1570.

Saint James, Bishop of Nisibis, in Mesopotamia

— Pope: Saint Julius I. — Roman Emperor: Constantius II.

If you cannot always pray with the mouth, pray by desire and by pious intention: to do well is always to pray; one does not cease to pray when one groans over the evils of the past and sighs after the goods of the future.

Thomas à Kempis.

Nisibis, today Nisibin or Nézib, is a great city of the province of Mesopotamia, in Asia. It was formerly on the confines of the Roman empire and the kingdom of Persia, which made it very celebrated and was the ordinary subject of the wars between these two great States. Today it is still an episcopal see, although under the domination of the Turks. It was there that our Saint was born. It seemed, in his childhood, that piety had been born with him, so great was his aversion for all that is contrary to virtue and his inclination for the service of God and the exercises of Christian perfection. Having passed his first years in study, he withdrew into a desert, which was on a neighbouring mountain, to pass his life there in silence, prayer and the contemplation of eternal truths. In the fine days of the year, that is to say in spring, summer and autumn, he remained in the woods, where he had no other roof than the sky; but, during the winter, he retired into a cave which served him as house and oratory. He had for nourishment, in this solitude, only wild fruits and herbs which the earth produces of itself. His garments were not of wool, but only of goat's hair; as they covered him, they pricked him continually and served him as a hair-shirt. While afflicting his body, he strengthened his soul with the spiritual food of the word of God, which he meditated unceasingly, and of which he made his most delicious dish.

As he advanced in age, he advanced also in virtue and in zeal for the glory of God. Thus, knowing that paganism still reigned throughout all Persia, and that, beside a small number of persons who maintained themselves there in the faith, the multitude of idolaters there was almost infinite, he resolved to make a journey thither, to see whether he could not bring some remedy to an evil so worthy of tears, and, by the force of his word, change the worship of demons into that of the true almighty God. Passing near a city, he perceived some young girls who were washing sheets in a brook, and who, to make them cleaner, trod them in the water with their feet. Far from having any shame at the sight of so venerable a man, these young girls on the contrary began to look at him with impudence, without covering their heads or becoming more modest. The Saint, carried away by a just anger, and touched at the same time with the desire of the conversion of these poor blind ones, gave his malediction to the fountain which served for their washing: which made it dry up on the spot. He pronounced also against them an execration which was so efficacious that their hair turned white at that very hour, and became like the leaves of trees which have felt all the rigour of winter. A chastisement so surprising having filled them with confusion, they ran quickly to the city to tell their misfortune to their parents. All the inhabitants, astonished at this accident, and above all touched by the loss of their fountain, came in a crowd to meet the Saint, and, throwing themselves at his feet, begged him

urgently to revoke the sentence he had thundered forth, promising that their daughters would be more modest in the future. He let himself be overcome by their tears, and, with the same facility with which he had dried up this spring and whitened the hair, he made the water flow as before and caused the white hair to take again its first colour. On this subject the learned Theodoret remarks that, if he had imitated the zeal of the prophet Eliseus in chastising severely these guilty girls, he showed by his indulgence toward them that he did not act by the spirit of the old law, which was a spirit of rigour; but by that of the new law, which is nothing else than the charity and gentleness of Jesus Christ. Another time, finding himself before a judge who was rendering an unjust judgment, he made him see, by an astonishing action, the chastisement which his crime deserved: he gave his malediction to a great stone which was near, broke it by his word alone, and divided it into a thousand pieces; the judge, surprised, immediately changed his sentence, and gave the right to him to whom it belonged.

However, the bishopric of Nisibis having become vacant, the clergy and the people elected our Saint unanimously for their bishop. The eminence of this dignity, which he accepted only with regret and by pure submission to the orders of divine Providence, did not make him change his conduct; he diminished nothing of his fasts or his vigils: his table was always poor, his garments humble and abject; and he never had any other bed than the earth covered with a sack. To all these rigours he added a quite particular care of the flock which God had entrusted to him. His dearest occupations were to console the afflicted, to succour widows and orphans, to put peace in the families where he found some alteration, to relieve the miserable; in a word, to do good to everyone.

So great a goodness suggested to some poor men the idea of drawing money from him by fraud. Having presented themselves to him on the road, they made him believe that one of their companions had just died, and that, having not wherewithal to have him buried, they had need of an alms to be able to render him this office of Christian charity. The holy bishop, who judged others by himself, took this imposture for a sincere truth, and after having prayed Our Lord to pardon the deceased the offences he had committed during his life, and to receive him into the bosom of his glory, he gave to the others what was necessary to have his body put in the earth and continued his way. He was not yet ten paces off when these deceivers, having returned to their companion, to wake him from his false sleep and share with him the fruit of their lie, found that he was in effect dead. An accident so unforeseen seized them with horror; they recognized the greatness of their fault, and wept over it bitterly; and, finding no other remedy than to have recourse to the very Saint whom they had deceived, they ran toward him, threw themselves at his feet, discovering to him their stratagem and the evil effect which it had produced; then, having asked his pardon for it, protesting that necessity alone had constrained them to act thus, they begged him to raise their dead man. The admirable Saint James, who was a dove without gall, was favourable to their wishes, and, imitating again the ineffable goodness of the Saviour, he raised this guilty man.

It is not known what he suffered in the persecution of Maximian Galerius, heir of the cruelty of Diocletian and of Maximian Hercules, and son-in-law of the former; but the Roman martyrology teaches us that he is one of the confessors who were the object of his fury, and that he endured some torments during his reign, for the profession of Christianity. Some time after, the impious Arius making strange ravages in the Church by his blasphemies against the divinity of the Son of God, the emperor Constantine, who had established Christianity throughout the Roman empire, saw himself obliged to have a general Council convoked in the famous city of Nicaea, in Bithynia; there were bishops there from all parts of the world, even from Persia, Scythia and Gothia, to the number of three hundred and eighteen, to determine this fundamental point of our religion; and Saint James of Nisibis, as one of the most zealous for the defence of the truth, did not fail to be present. So he made himself admired there by his doctrine, by his piety and by his courage, and contributed with all his strength to confound the impieties of so dangerous an enemy of the faith. But what is most glorious on this point for our holy Prelate is that, eleven years after, finding himself at Constantinople, at the

time when the same Constantine, deceived by a false confession of faith of Arius, had resolved to have him received to the communion of the faithful in the great church of this royal city, he served much, with Saint Alexander who was bishop of it, to prevent so great a scandal; for, seeing that the emperor could not be approached, to dissuade him from so pernicious a design, he counselled Alexander to pass the rest of the day, which was a Saturday, and the whole following night, in fasting, in prayers and in tears, with all the Catholic people, at the foot of the altars, to avert this misfortune. The next day, the heresiarch set out on the road with a great troop of his partisans and a company of soldiers, to enter Constantinople in triumph: when he had arrived at the public square, he died there shamefully. After having gained this victory over error, Saint James returned full of joy to his diocese, to resume there the care of his flock.

He was the saviour of his episcopal city, which has above all made him celebrated in posterity. Sapor II, king of Persia, who had vainly attempted to take this city in 338, besieged it again in 350. After having employed all sorts of machines to make a breach in it, he imagined stopping the course of the river Migdonius, which passes through it, and, when it was well swollen, because of the great dykes which had been raised on purpose, he let it loose with impetuosity against the walls of the city; these, unable to sustain so great an effort, fell down in several places, and Sapor, seeing that the breaches were too great to be repaired or defended, resolved to give the next day a general assault on the place, if it were not surrendered to him at discretion in the night. But he did not know that it was under the protection of a bishop more powerful alone than all his armies. In effect, Saint James passed all that night in prayer; the breaches were found the next day perfectly repaired: they could be neither overthrown nor scaled. The Persian was much astonished at this prodigy; what surprised him still more is that, looking from afar at the walls, he perceived there a man who had all the exterior of a king and whose purple and diadem threw out an extraordinary lustre. He believed that it was the emperor Constantius and threatened with death those who had told him that this prince was at Constantinople. But he soon knew that they had not deceived him, and that the God of the Christians was making him see, by this, that he himself undertook the defence of Nisibis. In a fit of impious rage, he hurled a javelin against the heavens, as if to avenge himself on the hostile divinity. Saint Ephrem, who was then at Nisibis, begged Saint James to mount upon the walls and to hurl against the enemy army his just imprecations, which God would not fail to hear. The holy bishop, who desired the ruin of no one, contented himself with praying God to deliver the city from the misfortunes of so long a siege. Having mounted to the top of a tower, whence he discovered the plain all covered with men and animals, he said, his face turned toward the enemy: “Lord, who canst by the weakest human means humble the pride of thy enemies, defeat this multitude which I see, by an army of gnats.” This prayer was heard, and the prodigy which Moses had once wrought in Egypt for the deliverance of the people of Israel was seen renewed. Hardly had the Saint ceased to speak when a horrible swarm of flies came and fastened on the trunks of the elephants as well as on the ears and nostrils of the horses. The sting of these insects made these animals furious; they overthrew to the ground those who rode them and threw into disorder the whole army of the Persians. A great part of these peoples was carried off by famine and by the plague which soon afterward came. Sapor, beside himself with despair, set fire to his machines, abandoned the siege which had lasted more than three months, and took the road to Persia with the remnants of his army.

Saint James died a short time after (in the year 350). The inhabitants of Nisibis rendered all sorts of honours to his holy body. The emperor Constantius, though an Arian, ordered it to be buried within the enclosure of the city, which was contrary to the laws. The emperor Jovian having been obliged to cede to the Persians the city of Nisibis, the body of Saint James was withdrawn from it. It was transferred to Constantinople in 970.

The name of Saint James of Nisibis is celebrated in the Churches of the East and the West. The Latins keep his feast on 15 July; the Greeks on 13 January and 31 October; the Syrians on 18 January, and the Armenians on a Saturday of the month of December. Saint James is put, like Saint Ephrem, in the number of the most celebrated doctors of the Church of Syria.

There are pictures or images in which Saint James of Nisibis is seen imploring, from the height of the walls of his episcopal city, the help of heaven against the Persians. These images recall the so remarkable fact that we have just related, in which God shows his omnipotence in so visible and so brilliant a manner, and the power that the saints have over his heart.

Writings of Saint James of Nisibis

Although Saint James composed divers treatises on matters of religion, Saint Jerome did not put him in the number of ecclesiastical writers, apparently because in his time the works of this Father had not yet been translated from Syriac into Greek. They were not even so in the time of Gennadius, who remarks that they were divided into twenty-six books, under different titles; but this author names only twenty-four. The first is on Faith; the second, against heresies; the third, on Charity in general; the fourth, on Charity toward one's neighbour; the fifth, on Fasting; the sixth, on Prayer; the seventh, on the Resurrection; the eighth, on Life after death; the ninth, on Humility; the tenth, on Patience; the eleventh, on Penance; the twelfth, on Satisfaction; the thirteenth, on Virginity; the fourteenth, on the Life of the soul; the fifteenth, on Circumcision; the sixteenth, on the Grape that is preserved in a cluster, because it has been blessed by God; the seventeenth, on Jesus Christ, to prove that he is Son of God and consubstantial with his Father; the eighteenth, on Chastity; the nineteenth, against the Gentiles; the twentieth, on the Construction of the tabernacle; the twenty-first, on the Conversion of the Gentiles; the twenty-second, on the kingdom of the Persians; the twenty-third, on Persecution, apparently that which Sapor stirred up about the year 344, against the Christians of his States, a great number of whom suffered martyrdom. The twenty-fourth was a Chronicle, less curious, says Gennadius, than that of the Greeks, but more solid; for it was composed only of passages of Scripture and tended to shut the mouth of those who wish to philosophize vainly on Antichrist, or on the last coming of Our Lord. Gregory, nephew of the apostle of Armenia, surnamed the Illuminator, having begged Saint James of Nisibis by letter to send him some of his writings on religion, this Saint sent him the following, to which he joined a reply to the letter he had received: a treatise on Faith; one on Charity; one on Fasting; one on Prayer; one on the spiritual Combat; one on Piety; one on Penance; one on the Resurrection of the dead; one on Humility; one on the Duties of Pastors; one on Circumcision, against the Jews; one on the Sabbath, against the Jews; one on the Distinction of meats; one on the Pasch; one on the Election of the Gentiles and the Reprobation of the Jews; one to show that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; one on Virginity and Chastity, against the Jews; one against the Jews who await the Messias to come to reunite them. These treatises, which are eighteen in number, are found in manuscript in the Armenian language, in the Library of the Armenian monks, called of Saint Anthony, at Venice, with the letter of Gregory and that of Saint James, of which we have just spoken. These treatises were published in Armenian and in Latin by Nicolas Antonelli, under this title: *Sancti fratres nostri Jacobi Nisibeni Sermones*; Rome, one volume in folio, 1756. Joseph Assemani has given, in his Oriental Library, some letters of the same Saint. The treatises of the sermons of Saint James are found also in Galland, volume v of his Library of the ancient Fathers. There is also a letter of Saint James to the bishops, priests and deacons of Seleucia and Ctesiphon, in which, treating of divisions and contradictions, the natural consequences of pride and ambition, he touched, in passing, on the schism which had arisen in Assyria.

In the Collection of Oriental Liturgies, there is one which bears the name of Saint James of Nisibis, and which some authors put in the number of those which were formerly in use among the Syrians. But it is agreed that it is not of this Father, and that it was published under his name only on account of the great celebrity of the holy Bishop.

See the Ecclesiastical History of Theodoret, book ii, and Dom Ceillier.

Saint Henry II, King of Germany, Emperor of the Romans, and Confessor

972–1024. — Popes: Benedict VI; John XIX. — Kings of France: Lothair; Robert II, the Pious.

Summum in regibus bonum est justitiam colere, ac sua cuique jura servare, et subjectis non sinere quod potestatis est fieri, sed quod æquum est custodiri.

The sovereign perfection of kings is to practise justice, to make the rights of each respected, and, instead of authorizing subjects to abuse force, to oblige them to observe the laws of equity.

S. Greg. Hag., book vii, in Reg.

Saint Henry, surnamed the Pious and the Lame, was born in the year of grace 972, not at Ratisbon or Regensberg, as some have written, but in a castle called Abaudi, on the Danube. His father was Henry, duke of Bavaria, prince of Noricum and of Carinthia, and his mother Giselle, daughter of Conrad, king of Burgundy. He was held at the sacred font of baptism by Saint Wolfgang, bishop of Ratisbon, who afterwards took care to bring him up in the practices of true piety and the virtues most worthy of a great king; from that time, by a prophetic spirit, he often gave him the name of one. This pious prelate had the consolation of seeing his pupil make rapid progress in the sciences and in virtue. Henry, on his side, was tenderly attached to his master and profited as much by his examples as by his lessons. In 995 he lost his father and succeeded him in the duchy of Bavaria. Knowing the duties of a sovereign, he governed his people according to the precepts of our holy religion and the laws of justice. It is at this period that his marriage with Cunégonde, daughter of Sigefroi, count of the Moselle, must be placed. The two spouses observed continence during the whole duration of their union, and gave each other the most beautiful examples of Christian virtues. Seeking in all things only the glory of God and the happiness of their subjects, the duke and his spouse seemed to vie with each other in zeal and love for the peoples. Never was government more paternal and more happy: the subjects blessed heaven for having given them a chief so virtuous and so just, and the duke, on his side, thanked Providence for the graces which it poured upon his States and for the union which reigned among his subjects.

Some years before he was elected emperor, Saint Wolfgang, who was already dead, appeared to him in the night in a dream, as if he were in the church of Saint-Emmeramme, bishop and martyr, and told him to read what was written on the wall. He did so, and saw there nothing else than these two words: *After six.* When he was awake, he turned over in his mind what these words could signify, and believed that they meant that he would live only six days more. He made at once great alms, and, seeing at the end of that time that he was well, he thought that it must be understood of six months; this is why he continued to do good works, and when the six months had passed without his feeling any alteration in his health, he believed at last that these words must be understood of six years. So he disposed himself to die at the end of that time. But when the six years were passed, he was, on the first day of the year 1002, raised to the imperial dignity: for Otho III having died at Rome, in the year 1001, the princes of Germany, leaving to the Roman people the care of the funeral duties of the emperor they had lost, busied themselves with the election of a successor, who was Saint Henry, duke of Bavaria and count of Bamberg. This prince then knew what his vision signified, and rendered thanks to God and to Saint Wolfgang for the revelation he had had.

Henry, learning of his election, set out accompanied by a great number of chosen men, and left Bavaria to cross the Rhine, near Worms, and from there to betake himself to Mainz and have himself consecrated emperor; but Hermann, duke of Alsace and of Swabia, who had hoped himself to place himself on the imperial throne, having learned Henry’s design, advanced with troops to dispute with him the passage of the Rhine: then Henry, feigning to fear an action on the banks of this river, broke up his camp as if he wished to return to Bavaria. This countermarch deceived Hermann, who withdrew, while Henry turned noiselessly toward Laurisheim and advanced as far as Mainz, where he was crowned king of Germany. It was Archbishop Willégise who consecrated him, on 8 July 1002, in the presence of a great number of bishops and lords of the Empire. The reputation for piety, justice, gentleness and moderation which he enjoyed had engaged the chiefs of the Germanic body to place him at their head. By a movement of generosity, Henry

ceded to his brother-in-law, surnamed Henry the Elder, his duchy of Bavaria.

From then on, constantly occupied in procuring the happiness of his subjects, Henry applied himself with zeal to know the situation of his empire and the needs of his peoples. By the wisdom of his government, he justified the high idea that had been conceived of him, and by the happy union of Christian, royal and military virtues, he proved that a good king is a true gift of heaven. He prayed often, meditated unceasingly the law of God, practised in all circumstances humility, in order to guard himself against pride and not let himself be dazzled by the pomp of earthly greatness. Meanwhile his competitor Hermann, furious at having lost his rights to the crown, caused the report to be spread that he was going to seek Henry and give him single combat wherever he should meet him. This monarch had then advanced into Swabia with the intention of staying some time in the abbey of Reichenau, situated in an island of the lake of Constance. Having learned that Hermann was to come and fight him, he withdrew into a great plain to await him there: but the latter did not appear; then the courtiers urged Henry to invest Constance, as Hermann had done at Strasbourg, which his troops had taken and given up to pillage, even setting fire to the cathedral: but the holy emperor rejected this counsel and, not doubting that Constance must submit later, he answered that God had not put the crown on his head to do harm, but to punish, on the contrary, those who did it, and that in ruining Constance, as Strasbourg had been, it would be to double his losses.

Hermann, seeing Henry strengthen himself more and more on his throne, gave up his project and left this monarch the leisure to make the happiness of his vast empire.

Henry resolved from then on to employ himself wholly in the service of the King of heaven and earth: he took extreme care to make the Catholic religion flourish. He gave great goods to the churches and embellished them extraordinarily. He repaired those of Hildesheim, of Magdeburg, of Strasbourg, of Meissen, of Basel and of Mersebourg, episcopal churches, which the ravages of the Slavs had almost entirely destroyed: he made the same liberalities to all the bishoprics of his empire, and, by a revelation of God, he gave Saint Godard as bishop to the city of Hildesheim, where he had been brought up and instructed in the sciences.

What he did for the church of Mersebourg demands to be related at greater length. This bishopric had been ravaged and, so to speak, destroyed by the incursions of the idolaters who inhabited Poland and Slavonia. Our Saint resolved to combat these barbarians. He took, in passing by Walbech, the sword of Saint Adrian, martyr, which had been preserved there for a very long time as a relic. After having put it at his side, he said to God with all his heart: “Judge, Lord, my enemies, cast down those who attack me; take the sword and the shield, and stretch forth thy arm in my favour.” He then advanced, and had his army encamp at the place where the church of Mersebourg stands. When he saw it thus ruined, he heaved a deep sigh, and, addressing Saint Lawrence, patron of this church, he said to him: “Great Saint, illustrious martyr of Jesus Christ, if I can, by your assistance, subject these barbarous nations to the Christian religion, I will re-establish, with the help of God, in its first dignity, this church consecrated to your honour.”

When he was near the innumerable army of the Barbarians, he had recourse to his ordinary arms, we mean to prayer; and, after having implored the help of God, he put his army and his person under the protection of the blessed martyrs Saint Lawrence, Saint George and Saint Adrian; then he made everyone communicate, drew up his troops in battle, harangued them to excite them to fight generously, and, seeing this multitude of enemies, he addressed to God this prayer: “Lord, who art the God of battles, lift up thy arm against these nations who wish to destroy thy servants. Scatter them by thy power; ruin them, thou, my God, who art our protector, and make them to be as the straw which the wind carries away.” As he was uttering these words, he saw at the head of his army the glorious Martyrs whom he had invoked and taken for protectors, and the exterminating angel, who was putting the enemy battalions to flight; so, as happened formerly to the army of Sennacherib, this incalculable number of Barbarians was dissipated: they threw away their arms, and sought their safety in flight, without this victory costing the Christians a single drop of blood.

Then this most holy emperor raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thanked God in these terms: “I bless thee, King of heaven and earth, who resistest the proud, who pourest thy graces on the humble and protectest those who love thee. Thou shalt be glorified in all nations, because of this victory which we hold from thee alone.”

After so happy and so great a success, the Saint made an advantageous treaty with these Barbarians. Poland, Bohemia and Moravia remained tributary to him; and he accomplished, with so much fidelity and magnificence, the vow which he had made to Saint Lawrence, touching the church and the bishopric of Mersebourg, that he re-established them with more splendour than ever in their first dignity. Besides several other churches which he had built with great magnificence, he wished still to erect that of Bamberg into a cathedral, and to establish there an episcopal see, subjecting to it the abbeys of Schutteren and of Gengenbach, situated on the right of the Rhine and which were then of the diocese of Strasbourg. For this he had a general assembly of all the prelates of the empire held, in the city of Frankfurt (1007); he did there an act of humility which deserves the reflection of the greatest princes of Christendom. Entering this sacred Synod, he prostrated himself on the ground, before all the prelates who composed it, as recognizing in their character the majesty of the almighty God, in whose name they were assembled, and he would not have risen if the archbishop who presided had not taken him by the hand, and had not placed him himself on the throne which was prepared for him. The assembly consented willingly to his pious design, and regulated, with extreme joy, all the things necessary to have it executed. The title of the glorious apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and of the blessed martyr Saint George, was given to the new church; and the emperor reserved it particularly to the nomination of the Popes, wishing that it should depend absolutely and immediately on the Holy See. He also had built, in the same city, two fine monasteries to be its safeguard; one of canons regular of Saint Augustine, the other of religious of Saint Benedict: the first was dedicated to Saint Stephen, and the second to Saint Michael and to the same Saint Benedict. Convinced that peace is the first need of peoples, Henry made every effort to maintain it in his States, without however failing to repel by arms the aggressions of his enemies. Some of his subjects having dared to revolt against him at the beginning of his reign, the monarch, who wished to inspire them with a salutary fear without driving them to despair, reduced them by arms and conquered them by clemency. The affairs of Italy were not then in a very good state, for the order which Charlemagne had established there had been violated by the artifice of the Lombards; and, after the death of Otho III, Hartwich had seized the principal places of Cisalpine Gaul. These troubles obliged the emperor to march thither in haste, in order to arrest their course as soon as possible. But, as God poured out his graces unceasingly upon him, and was to him like the sword and the shield that protected him against all his enemies, he was not long in defeating Hartwich; but hardly was he beginning to taste the fruits of his triumph when he was recalled to Germany to forestall the pernicious designs of Boleslas, duke of Poland, who wished to avail himself of his absence, and to throw trouble into his States, against the fidelity he owed to the treaty made between them, after the day of Mersebourg. He therefore left Italy, after having paid his vows at the tomb of Saint Ambrose, for whom he had a particular devotion, and soon arrived at the frontiers of Poland. This war did not hinder him from thinking of the universal repose of the empire; he took care to have Synods and ecclesiastical assemblies convoked, in order to provide for the good regulation of morals and the wise conduct of the Catholic Church.

During all these affairs, the death of Pope Sergius IV occurred, and Benedict VIII was lawfully elected as his successor. A schismatic antipope, who took the name of Gregory, crossed his exaltation, and pursued him so cruelly that, finding no safety for himself in Italy, he was constrained to have recourse to the emperor and to pass into Germany. Henry took him under his protection, and marched at once to come and place him himself on the throne of Saint Peter by the force of his arms. Gregory, frightened at this resolution, ceded all his pretensions to the Holy See, and sought his repose in retirement. So Benedict re-entered Rome, where he was received with joy and recognized as the lawful successor of the Prince of the Apostles. Henry followed him with his army, and His Holiness went out of the city to meet him, and presented him with a globe of gold,

enriched with precious stones and surmounted by a cross; which has, since then, been put into the hands of the emperors, his successors, as a mark of their sovereignty.

The day after their arrival, the emperor and the empress Cunégonde, going out of their palace, were conducted with great pomp to the church of the Prince of the Apostles, followed by the twelve Roman senators who represented the majesty of that august senate, which was formerly the arbiter and the terror of all the nations of the earth. The Pope received them at the entrance of the gate, and, having made Henry swear fidelity to the successors of Saint Peter, he introduced them entirely into the temple. Then he consecrated Henry emperor, and put the imperial crown on the head of both. The emperor, who never forgot his first piety, in the midst of the greatest honours, wished that the crown which had served for the pomp of his consecration should be put on the altar of the Prince of the Apostles, to pay homage to him for all his greatness and all the splendour of his imperial majesty. He confirmed and renewed, out of gratitude, the donations made to the Holy See by his predecessors and by Pepin the Short.

After some days passed in the capital of Christendom, he betook himself to Pavia, where he remained until the feasts of Easter. As Lombardy no longer showed any sign of rebellion, the emperor returned to his States by the Alps and visited the abbey of Cluny. He gave to this house the globe and the crown of gold enriched with jewels, which the Pope had made him a present of. He visited likewise several other monasteries which lay on his road, and left everywhere marks of his liberality. He passed by Liège and Trier and arrived at last at Strasbourg. He convoked, on 23 June 1014, a general assembly of the great men of his vast empire, and published several laws to maintain order in his States. Several of his laws, in which a profound wisdom breathes, are still in force in Germany. The celebrated Werner, bishop of Strasbourg, was then occupied in gathering the materials necessary to build his cathedral church. This church, which dated still from the sixth century, had been destroyed in 1002 by the troops of Hermann, competitor of Henry, as we have said, and by fire from heaven in 1007. The choir which Charlemagne, according to a constant tradition, had caused to be built, being built of stone, resisted the violence of the flames and the canons were able to continue the offices in it. In 1012, Henry, who had assisted there and had been struck by the modesty and piety with which the canons celebrated the holy mysteries, by the fine order that was observed there and by the majesty that reigned in the sanctuary, asked the bishop to be received among the canons. Werner, who knew how necessary to the empire was a man like Henry, made him lively remonstrances to make him return from his project; but the monarch returned several times to the design which he nourished and pressed the bishop keenly to receive him: then Werner, feigning to enter into his views, told him to present himself the next day in the great choir before the high altar: Henry obeyed; the bishop appeared and asked him: “Is your majesty disposed to obey me in all things?” Henry promised it. “Well, then!” resumed Werner, “I order you, by virtue of this obedience which you have just promised me, to continue to govern the empire, as you have done up to now; for the Lord has destined you to be monarch and not canon.”

At these words Henry was as if struck by lightning: he had to obey; and seeing that the bishop was by no means disposed to yield to his desires, and wishing nevertheless to have some share in the prayers of the canons, he founded a prebend, endowed with a rich revenue, for an ecclesiastic who should perform in his name the divine service: this foundation subsisted until the time of the revolution. When, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the noble canons separated from those who were not, and thus established the first distinction between the grand chapter and the grand choir, the canonry founded by Saint Henry became one of the prebends of the grand choir, under the title of prebend of the king of the choir. The emperors of Germany nominated to it until the thirteenth century; but from that epoch the grand provost had the collation of it. He who possessed it had the first place in the grand choir, at processions and in public ceremonies; but in chapter assemblies he had rank only according to his seniority. He presided formerly in the place of the dean, when the latter did not attend the assemblies, and had the right to perform the office on certain feast days. Since the canonization of Saint Henry, when this feast fell on Sunday, it was solemnized with great

pomp by the king of the choir: this was no longer observed since the union of Strasbourg with France.

Henry did not limit his liberalities toward the cathedral of Strasbourg to this one act; he assigned to it besides great sums to put the bishop in a position to continue its construction; he increased the revenues of all the canons, which caused him to be named, by some historians, the restorer of the bishopric of Strasbourg.

The largesses he made to the churches provoked murmurs on the part of his relatives, and Brunon, his brother, bishop of Augsburg, strongly disapproved the use he made of his revenues. The duke of Bavaria and some other lords took arms against the emperor; but Henry defeated them in pitched battle and pardoned, with an admirable generosity, the revolted princes, even restoring to them their domains, of which he had momentarily taken possession. Attentive to all that concerned the happiness of his subjects, he repressed disorders with force and flew to the help of his peoples when they were threatened by some enemy.

After his consecration, Henry was called emperor and named the first of that name, because the other Henry, who had preceded him, had not been crowned at Rome; which causes several historians, like Baronius, not to give him the title of emperor, and it is also for this reason that the empire of our Saint is counted only from the day of his coronation, although, in order not to confuse the order of times, the best chronologists call him Henry II, to distinguish him from this first. This great prince had nevertheless two suspicions which troubled his repose. The first that he conceived was against Heribert, bishop of Cologne, one of the greatest and most virtuous personages of his century, and whom the Church recognizes and honours as a Saint on 16 March. As virtue always has enemies, say some envious men who rendered this prelate ill offices with his prince, they decried him so much that Henry, believing them too easily, came to Cologne to ill-treat him, or even to drive him from his see. But God, who held them both under the wings of his protection, as his faithful servants, brought the remedy to this evil by discovering to the emperor and making him know, in a vision, the innocence of the holy bishop and the malice of his calumniators. Henry, confused at his fault and pressed by the movements of a humility which passes all imagination, went himself, followed by a single valet, to find him in his church; there, stripping himself of the imperial purple and of all marks of grandeur, he threw himself at his feet and would never rise from them before having received absolution for the offence which he believed he had committed against his person.

Soon the demon put into his mind another suspicion about the fidelity of the empress Cunégonde, his spouse; but he was also delivered from it by a miracle, and this suspicion served only to make shine forth the more the purity of this incomparable princess, whose defence God, who makes all things contribute to the good of his elect, undertook.

The ill offices which our Saint received from his brother Bruno, bishop of Augsburg, were still more to shake the tranquillity of his soul, had he been capable of losing it. This wicked prince, envious of the glory of so great an emperor, never ceased to excite against him all the troubles which he could have apprehended from his cruellest enemies. He embroiled his States, solicited his peoples to revolt, sought to bring foreigners to make war on him, and by a conduct the most shameful and the most detestable that can be imagined, he placed all his happiness in raising up evil for him. Henry, nevertheless, instructed in the school of Calvary, lost nothing on that account of the tenderness he had for him, and, after the example of Jesus Christ, his Master, forgetting his perfidy, he never failed to render him all the duties to which the laws of the justest friendship could have obliged him toward a good brother.

Here is a beautiful example of clemency and goodness which he gave on a memorable occasion: The inhabitants of a little city of the kingdom of Naples, summoned to return to duty by the officers of our Saint and to recognize him as their lawful prince, refused it with insolence. Henry, indignant at this conduct, resolved at first to sack their city and to put to the sword everything that should be found in it. Terrified at the news of so bloody a decree, the rebels had recourse to an admirable invention to appease their sovereign. They sent out from their walls a good hermit bearing the cross and followed by all the children of the city;

these suppliants advance toward the emperor's quarter; when they are near his pavilion, prostrating themselves on the ground, they cry all together in a pitiful voice: *Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison*. They redoubled the next day the same cries; and the voice of these innocents was so powerful that Henry, touched by it, could not restrain his tears, and found himself forced to grant in their favour pardon to all the people, pronouncing these words of the Saviour: *Misereor super turbam istam*: "I have compassion on this multitude." Henry was too attached to the Holy See to be indifferent to the evils that threatened the Church. The Greeks and the Saracens had just made an irruption into Italy and were devastating those fair regions. The sovereign Pontiff asked help of the monarch of Germany; immediately he marched thither with a powerful army and beat the Saracens in divers encounters. To preserve this country from new misfortunes, he put troops in different cities and destroyed in this manner all influence on the part of the infidels over the countries snatched by his bravery from the scourges of war. After such great and pious exploits, he fell sick of the stone, and suffered with much patience extreme pains. The physicians could not cure him by any remedy; he had himself carried to Monte Cassino, to implore the assistance of Saint Benedict and of Saint Scholastica. This Saint appeared to him in the night in a dream, and, by a surprising miracle, drew out his stone, and gave it to him; so that on waking he found it in his hand and felt himself entirely cured. This grace increased so much the devotion which he already had for this holy patriarch of religious, that he gave great goods to his whole Order.

Afterwards he returned to Rome, where Pope Benedict VIII received him with all sorts of honours. Having gone to pass the first night, after his entry, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, he received there a favour from heaven which must not be passed over in silence. During the greatest fervour of his prayers, Jesus Christ appeared to him visibly, clothed in pontifical vestments and all resplendent with glory. He came to celebrate the adorable mystery of our altars, accompanied by Saint Lawrence as deacon and by Saint Vincent as subdeacon, and followed by the blessed Virgin Mary, his mother, and by an innumerable multitude of Virgins, Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors. When each had taken his rank and all things were disposed, the angels began to intone with an admirable symphony the Introit of the Mass: *Suscepimus, Deus, misericordiam tuam*; and when the choir of these heavenly singers had arrived at these words: *justitia plena est dextera tua*, the Saviour, the holy Virgin, and all the heavenly court laid their hand upon the emperor, who, by the excess of sacred delights which so extraordinary a vision poured into his soul, believed himself already in the midst of paradise and in the fulness of eternal happiness. After the Gospel, an angel approached the holy Virgin with a profound respect and offered her the book to kiss: she made him so a sign to present it also to Henry, saying these words to him: "Give the kiss of peace to him whose virginity pleases me so much." But, as he was quite beside himself, through the transports of joy which penetrated him and he did not take enough heed of all that was passing, the angel touched one of the sinews of his thigh and said to him: "This shall be the sign of the love that the Son of God and his divine Mother bear thee because of thy chastity and thy justice." The vision disappeared and afterwards the holy emperor, like another Israel, found himself a little lame, which caused him to be surnamed Henry the Lame.

He went at once to find the Pope, and made him a partaker of the blessings and extraordinary favours which he had just received from heaven. His Holiness had public thanksgivings rendered for it, had prayers made for the preservation of a prince so cherished by God, and even yielded to the entreaties which this emperor made him to come to Germany to visit the church of Bamberg, which he had founded.

On his return from Italy he betook himself to the duchy of Luxembourg, where he had an interview with Robert, king of France. Henry showed in this circumstance what empire religion exercised over him. As he foresaw the disputes which might arise on the right of precedence, and although it had been agreed that the two princes should speak to each other on the banks of the Meuse, he sacrificed etiquette and went first to find Robert to embrace him and testify his desire to cement the friendship which united him to him. This step is the more praiseworthy in Henry in that he had conquered the French and could have raised well-founded

claims on precedence; but he loved peace and wished by all possible means to consolidate it in his States. Passing by Verdun, he visited the celebrated abbey of Saint-Vanne and asked to be received among the number of the religious: the abbot of this house counselled him to renounce this project.

One might believe that a life so agitated and passed in the tumult of affairs and even in camps must have absorbed all the moments of the monarch and left him little time for religious exercises, but one would be mistaken; for Henry knew so well how to dispose his moments that he found means to satisfy at once his duties as a Christian and those of father of his country. Religion was the basis of all his undertakings, the motive of all his actions and the spring of his policy. He found in the fulfilment of his duties toward God the strength necessary to bear with so much glory and courage the burden of a vast empire. Religion inspired him with that bravery which he showed in combats, to the point that his name had become the terror of enemies, as his virtues and his holiness then made the admiration of Europe. Henry was, without contradiction, the first monarch of his time and one of the greatest princes who have occupied the throne of the empire of Germany. He was the enemy of luxury and useless expenses, and detested flatterers. When some misfortune came to afflict his subjects, he showed how much he was touched by it by the eagerness he put into applying a remedy. He was never happier than when it was announced to him that peace and tranquillity reigned everywhere and that his peoples were exact in their duties of religion.

He may pass in some sort for an Apostle with regard to Hungary. These peoples had been infidels until then; it was he who made them embrace the Catholic faith. To come more easily to the end of this design, he gave to Stephen, their king, as wife the princess Giselle, his sister, so that, according to the precept of the Apostle, the unbelieving husband might be sanctified by the believing wife. Afterwards, this king was baptized, and all his kingdom, after his example, received the word of life; and thus, by a surprising novelty, this people had kings for apostles and evangelists.

The union of these two princes, in the function of the apostolate, is a great glory for the Church; and one must well revere their holiness, since God made use of it to sanctify so many souls and make them gain heaven. This king of Hungary was so fervent in piety, and did, until the end of his life, so many good works, that he deserved to work great miracles during his life and after his death, and that the Church recognizes him as one of her most glorious Confessors.

When Saint Henry had done so many striking actions, spread on all sides the reputation of his virtue, God willed to call him to himself to give him an immortal crown. When he felt the day of his death approach, he still did two things worthy of remark: he gave a good successor to the empire, who was Conrad, duke of Worms; he repaired advantageously the suspicion which he had once conceived against the purity of the empress Cunégonde. For this purpose, he had the relatives of this blessed princess and some princes of his court called, and, taking her by the hand, he recommended her to them with these words: “Here is she whom you all, after Jesus Christ, gave me for wife; know that, as I received her a virgin, I give her back a virgin into his hands and into yours.”

This holy emperor died on 14 July 1024, aged fifty-two years, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign and the eleventh of his empire. He was buried with extraordinary honours at Bamberg, in the church of the blessed apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, where God showed, by several miracles, what was the glory he enjoyed in heaven. Bruno, bishop of Augsburg, his brother, undertook to ruin the bishopric of Bamberg, which our Saint had so loved. To bring it about, he promised Giselle, queen of Hungary, their sister, to give all the property he had of patrimony to Prince Henry, her son, if she would assist him in this sacrilegious design. The day and the place of the assembly to put it into execution were agreed on; but the preceding night, Saint Henry, appearing to him with a face half disfigured, filled him with terror and made him shudder. Bruno, recovering a little, asked him who could have been bold enough to treat him in such a way; he answered: “It is you yourself who have done it, when you undertook to strip me, and the Saints, of the goods that I gave to the church of Bamberg. Be not so rash as to persist in this resolution, if you do not wish to be punished for it

with the utmost severity." Bruno awoke at these words with a great trembling of his whole body, and his heart was so changed that, after having confessed his sin publicly, he desisted from his enterprise.

There are so many miracles of Saint Henry, such as possessed persons delivered, paralytics cured and blind men who recovered sight, that it would be too long to give the detail of them here. A canon of the church of Bamberg, named Lupokl, having doubted these prodigies, and at the same time the holiness of the blessed Confessor, became blind at that very instant. He had recourse to Saint Wolfgang, for whom he had much devotion, to be cured; but the Saint, appearing to him, said to him: "Pray Henry, confessor of Jesus Christ, and he will make thee recover sight: for thou hast lost it only for having doubted his holiness." When he was awake, he conceived a great regret for his sin and went to the tomb of the Saint, where, prostrate on the ground and melting into tears, he asked pardon for his fault. He was heard at the same hour, and, his eyes having opened, he rendered thanks to God and to Saint Henry, emperor.

Our Lord showing by such certain proofs, which increased every day, what was the holiness of this glorious Confessor, envoys of the church of Bamberg went to Rome with letters from the emperor Conrad and the princes of the empire, to inform Pope Eugenius and the Roman court of the wonders which God wrought by his intercession. The Pope and the cardinals conceived an extreme joy at it, and applied themselves with great care to the affair of his canonization. A cardinal, nevertheless, opposed it warmly, and, forgetting all fear of God, he had not even shame to blacken, by his speeches, the reputation of the holy Confessor. But he was not long in feeling the effect of divine vengeance; he became blind at once: which astonished and humbled him in such a way that, finding himself racked by the remorse of his conscience, he avowed publicly that, by his fault, he had well deserved such a chastisement: as much as he had before striven to tear this great Saint by his slander, so much did he afterwards publish his praises and his merit. This change of his heart and his penance were promptly followed by pardon: as God, by a just judgment, had made him lose sight to avenge the honour of Saint Henry, he willed also to restore it to him by his intercession. Saint Henry was canonized on 14 March 1152, by Pope Eugenius III. His feast is celebrated on 15 July. He is patron of the diocese of Basel, where his office is of the double rite of the first class with Octave. His memory was in great veneration in the cathedral of Strasbourg, where the canons inscribed his name in the necrology, among those of the benefactors of this church.

He is represented, at Bamberg, with Saint Cunégonde, carrying together the model of the cathedral, because they are its founders in common. — There was formerly seen, at the entrance of the cloister of Saint-Vanne, at Verdun, a picture in which he was represented leaving the sceptre and the crown, and asking the monastic habit of the holy abbot Richard. The abbot, having made him promise obedience, ordered him to resume the government of the empire; on which a distich was composed whose sense came to this: "The emperor has come here to live in obedience, and he practises this virtue in reigning." — He is also given as attribute, either an imperial globe with a cross; or a lily, emblem of his love of chastity; or a discipline, indicating his mortifications; sometimes a shirt of iron mail on the body and a palm. — He may also be represented at the moment when he comes to visit the abbey of Monte Cassino. — He is seen also surrounded by persons on their knees to whom he grants life safe after the siege of a city; sometimes, seated in heaven, holding a little church and his sceptre.

This life has been principally taken from a manuscript of the library of the monastery of Windeberg, in Bavaria, reported by Canisius in his sixth volume, and by Surius on this day; we have completed it with the History of the Saints of Alsace, by the Abbé Hunckler.

Saint Roland, Abbot of Chézery, in the Diocese of Belley, and Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, at Confort, in the Same Diocese

— Pope: Innocent III. — King of France: Philip II, Augustus.

Qui deficit sibi, ut virtuti adhæreat, amittit quod suum est, accipit quod æternum est.

He who forsakes himself to attach himself to virtue loses what belongs to him to receive that which is eternal.

Saint Ambrose.

The saints of illustrious birth have all been careful, out of humility, to hide their origin: so the origin of Saint Roland is not known precisely. According to the tradition well established in the valley of Chézery, Roland was an English prince who fled from his country to escape honours and give himself wholly to God in retreat; he could not have chosen one more fitting than that of Chézery to withdraw from the searches of his family. It is not known by what way Providence made him arrive in this desert. Whatever may be the birth of Saint Roland, which he took care to hide because it was illustrious, we shall relate what we have been able to gather on his life, on his death and touching the miracles which it has pleased God to work by his intercession. The desire to leave the world, to lead a more perfect life far from his relatives and in solitude, made our Saint take the resolution to go and become a religious in the monastery of Chézery, which was then of the diocese of Geneva. When he arrived there, this house was already peopled with a good number of religious who lived there in an exact and edifying regularity; but, however holy this community was, the virtue of our Saint shone there with a brilliance which surprised the oldest. His humility, his recollection and his taste for mortifications astonished the more since he had only just left the dissipations and sweetnesses of the world, which lavished its favours on him to attach him to itself; but one may say that he had forgotten the world in leaving it, and that he desired nothing so much as to be forgotten by it. Never perhaps was seen a religious more dead to his own will, more an enemy of his senses and of his self-love. His obedience was so perfect that it would alone have made the foundation of his character, had he excelled less in the other virtues. With such dispositions, Roland made rapid progress in holiness. The pure and perfect pleasure which he tasted with God in prayer so turned him away from every other conversation that it seemed his soul already enjoyed by anticipation the sovereign beatitude in sweet contemplations. In short, his entire life was that of the most perfect anchorites in the desert.

However, however humble, however retired this holy religious was, the marvels which God wrought by his hands on the sick, and his lights, which threw a vivid clarity, drew to him the regards and the confidence of the peoples who came from afar to have his counsel on points of spirituality and to commend themselves to his prayers. Each, after having been witness of his modesty, his piety and all his conduct, returned with an opinion still greater of his holiness.

Toward the end of the year 1170, Stephen, second abbot of Chézery, successor of Saint Lambert, died; the religious did not deliberate a moment to name a head for themselves; Roland was chosen by the votes of the whole community. He employed every means to decline this charge; but, not having been able to defend himself from accepting it, he thought no more but of the means of fulfilling all the obligations which had just been imposed on him. Persuaded that a superior is at the head of a house only to be the model of his religious, serving as their guide, he prescribed nothing that he did not practise first. He did not show them merely the narrow way by which a Christian and a religious must go to heaven, but he walked in it at their head to encourage them and to smooth the difficulties. More father than superior, he reserved for himself what was painful, and, severe to himself, he was gentle and affable to others.

To all these examples, Roland joined eloquent and persuasive exhortations which produced fruits so abundant that he had the consolation of seeing in the desert of Chézery those great examples of penance, regularity and fervour which had been believed until then never to have come out of the deserts of Palestine, and whose lauras nevertheless seemed to have been transported into our native land: Beaumont in the country of Gex, Pierre-Châtel, Portes, Arvières, Meyriat, Saint-Sulpice, Ambronay, Nantua, in Bugey, reflected afar the aureole of the saints who inhabited them, for it was the epoch of the Anthelmes, the Arthauds, the Vitals, the Ponces, the Etienne de Châtillon, the Bernard de Varin, the Ayralds, the Raynalds, the Nantelles, the Jean de Chalmet, the Bernard de Porles, the Jean d’Abondance, and so many others whose

names are written in the book of life.

The holy abbot of Chézery, after the example of Saint Lambert whom he had taken for model, distinguished himself above all by his tender devotion toward the Blessed Virgin. He wished her cult to be in great honour in his monastery and among the persons attached to the service of the abbey. It was he who founded the chapel of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, in the village of Confort, where the monks of Chézery possessed great properties.

This dedication was agreeable to the Mother of God, who was pleased to make the effects of her power felt by the persons who came to implore her in this humble oratory, where from that time a great concourse of the faithful was seen to flock at the approach of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

The Revolution has not entirely destroyed this pious pilgrimage, and one still sees many persons come from afar to commend themselves to Our Lady of Confort. To reward this faith, the sovereign Pontiff Leo XII, at the request of the Bishop of Belley, by a brief of 22 November 1828, granted in perpetuity a plenary indulgence to persons who, after having confessed and communicated, shall visit the chapel of Confort on one of the feasts of the Conception, the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Assumption, or on one of the days of the octave of these feasts, and shall pray there for the space of some minutes according to the intentions of the Pope. The Holy Father, by the same brief, grants further an indulgence of forty days to persons who shall assist at Mass on Saturday in this chapel. These various indulgences may be applied to the souls in purgatory by way of suffrage.

The chapel of Confort was in great part repaired by Sister Rosalie, superior of the Sisters of Charity charged with the care of the poor of the parish of Saint-Médard, at Paris.

Finally, for thirty years, Saint Roland had been working without respite for the salvation of others and for his own sanctification, which seemed to be consummated, when God called him to himself to reward him for it, about the year 1200.

This Saint is invoked especially in times of drought; parishes formerly came from very far in procession to his tomb to ask for the preservation of the fruits of the earth; he is still prayed to today to obtain the cure of diseases of the eyes, pains in the stomach and in the head.

The religious of Chézery and the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces were in desolation at the loss they had just suffered; but God was not long in consoling them by showing them that this Saint, by his death, had only become their support and their protector in heaven. Those who invoked him in their needs were heard, and numerous miracles soon illustrated his tomb.

Worship and Relics

People flocked from all sides on pilgrimage to his tomb, especially at the time of his feast. His body was raised from the earth and enclosed in a shrine enriched with various ornaments of silver, and placed on an altar in the church of the abbey, which took him for its first patron; but this church, as well as the parish church, remained under the title of Our Lady in her Assumption, to which Saint Lambert had dedicated his foundation; that is why all the old charters which speak of this monastery say: *the abbey of Our Lady and of Saint Roland of Chézery.* Historians worthy of faith, cited by Manrique in the Annals of the Cistercians, but above all Philippe Seguin, prior of Chalis, writer of the Order of Cîteaux, assure that from time immemorial the feast of Saint Roland was celebrated with pomp by a proper office, and that different Popes attached indulgences to it. John Chrysostom Henriquez, religious of the Order of Cîteaux, in his menology, and John Volanus, in his martyrology, make mention of Saint Roland, without indicating the day of his feast. The martyrology of the Order of the Cistercians and that of the Gallican Church place it on 16 January; but always the inhabitants of the valley of Chézery and of the mountains of the Jura have kept it holy on 14 July

with great devotion. This cult had done nothing but increase for three centuries and a half, when the country which it illustrated was witness of great disasters. The abbey of Chézery was burned by the Calvinists, and the titles dispersed or delivered to the flames; the religious, obliged to flee before the fire which destroyed their monastery, carried away with them what they had most precious: the body of Saint Roland, which they thus saved from certain destruction. Saint Francis of Sales came to Chézery, on 25 October 1605, to make the visit of the relics of Saint Roland, to thank him for his benefits and to invoke him for the conversion of his flock.

The ancient abbey of Chézery has fallen under the iron of vandalism, and today there remain only some débris of pillars; ivy and moss have taken possession of the windows, and replace the painted glass; the altar where the Holy of Holies was immolated is now only a heap of ruins. One still sees on the walls crosses of stone half broken, the arms of some abbots, niches.

The goods which depended on the abbey were sold for the profit of the State; the papers of the archives, the furniture of the church, were burned publicly in 1193. The shrine of Saint Roland, garnished with silver, was carried off by M. Durié, intruded curé of Chézery, who, driven by a protecting hand and drawn along by a remnant of faith, took possession of the relics of the holy abbot, and transported them in procession from the monastery to the parish church, on 14 July 1793; some time after, they were put in a secret place of the ancient abbey, which had passed into secular hands. When calm was restored to the Church, the Archbishop of Chambéry had the authenticity of the relics verified and this precious treasure deposited in the parish church where it is today. The feast of Saint Roland resumed its solemnity on 14 July, and God was pleased to work several miraculous cures to justify and to accredit the continuation of his cult. The sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI, by a brief of 14 February 1834, deigned to grant in perpetuity: 1° a plenary indulgence to all persons who shall communicate with the required dispositions in the church of Chézery, on 14 July or one of the seven following days; 2° another indulgence of fifty days which all the faithful may gain, every day once, by going to recite five Paters, five Aves and five Glorias in the said church where the relics of the holy abbot are.

On 28 May 1834, Mgr Dévie, bishop of Belley, made the solemn translation of the relics of the Saint and placed them on the altar; on 1 July 1835, he prescribed that the office of him be made in all his diocese under the rite of greater semi-double. This office was fixed on 15 July, the 14th being consecrated to Saint Bonaventure, of a superior rite. At Chézery, the feast of Saint Roland continues to be celebrated on 14 July.

Taken from the Annals of the Cistercians, by Manrique, and from divers documents gathered on the spot. — See the Sacred Archives of Belley, a work following the Hagiological History, by Mgr Depéry.

The Blessed Angeline of Marsciano,[1] Widow, Foundress of the Order of Tertiaries of Saint Francis

— Pope: Eugenius IV. — King of France: Charles VII, the Victorious.

Gloriosum donum Dei est divitias et delicias hujus sæculi abdicasse.

It is a glorious gift of the Lord to strip oneself of riches and to renounce the sweetnesses of this world.

Saint Peter of Blois.

Angeline was born in 1377, at Monte-Giove, near Orvieto, in Italy. Her father, Jacques de Montemarte, count of Corbara, and her mother Anne Burgari, of the noble family of Marsciano, had her given at holy baptism the name of Angeline, which she deserved early by her angelic virtue. At the age of twelve, she lost her mother, a worthy and holy woman who had not ceased to encourage her in her sentiments of devotion and piety. It was then that she began to reflect on the vanity of the goods of this world, on the weariness and fatigues from which they are inseparable. She made a vow not to choose her betrothed on this earth, and to

offer herself to Jesus Christ. Among the virtues which shone in her from her young age, one must point out her love of neighbour, which led her to relieve all those whom she saw in need, and particularly the poor. There was no day on which she did not set aside a part of her meal; the next day, she went very early to the doors of the churches, and distributed to the indigent portions of bread and meat. One day when she had gone to the kitchen, and had taken there for the unfortunate a part of the provision intended for the meal, she asked the steward afterwards whether he had perceived that anything was lacking, and as he answered her in the negative, she said to him: “You see that one can, at little cost, relieve many needs, since I have fed today several poor persons without our provisions appearing lessened.”

When she was fifteen years old, her father wished to marry her to John of Terni, count of Civitella, a little town of the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples. Her vow of chastity forbade her to accept such a union; but her father was violently angered at this refusal of obedience, and gave her eight days to decide. In this perplexity, she threw herself into the arms of God, who had inspired her at the moment of her vow, asking him to give her the strength and the means to observe it faithfully. In the midst of her fears mingled with hopes, a voice from on high counselled her to obey her father, and to commit the rest to the care of divine Providence. From then on, at peace with her conscience, she declared to her father that she was ready to do according to his desire. He, filled with joy, sent for the young count, who exchanged with Angeline the ring of betrothal. Confident in the decrees of God, she was not troubled at this supreme moment; yet, after the ceremony, she was not without disquiet as to the manner in which she would reconcile her vows with the events. On her knees in her chamber, at the feet of a crucifix, she united herself with her divine betrothed in an ardent prayer, set before him the danger which threatened her in so imminent a manner, and asked him with more insistence than ever not to abandon her. At that moment an angel appeared to her, who reassured her fully in her apprehensions and promised her that all would go according to her desires. The next day, when she found herself alone before the young count, she threw herself suddenly at his feet, her hands suppliant and her eyes full of tears; she opened her heart to him without disguise, related to him the vows she had made in consecrating herself to God, the heavenly apparition which had confirmed her in her holy resolutions and the firm hope she had conceived of not failing in them. The young man, profoundly moved by so much virtue and so great a frankness, bowed respectfully before her, and answered: “Before the King of kings, every other betrothed must humble himself and disappear; be at peace, and do not think that I will ever attempt the purity of your resolutions; she who has received the name of Angeline shall preserve her angel’s chastity; see in me only the humble servant of the betrothed of Jesus Christ. O my sister, the chaste affection which I have vowed to you, I shall keep it pure and faithful with the help of Him whom I love and respect as you love and respect Him yourself.” At these words, Angeline could not suppress an impulse of gratitude toward the Lord, who delivered her from so pressing a danger, and also toward the young count, who showed himself the instrument so docile of the decrees of Providence. They blended their souls in a common prayer, and renewed at the foot of the cross the promises which they had made each other and which they swore before God to observe until death. After the ceremony of the marriage, they set out for Civitella, where they lived simply, spreading around them the benefits of a great charity and the example of their high virtues. They had scarcely been married two years when the count died after a short illness. Free from the bonds of the world, Angeline aspired more ardently than ever toward heaven; she sent away all the servants of her house, and exchanged her riches for the habit of the Third Order. Alms, the care of the sick and of orphans shared all her leisure. God testified to her often the satisfaction which her good works caused him by the favours, sometimes miraculous, with which he was pleased to reward them. Several of the sick to whom she gave her care were cured against all hope, souls lost by evil instincts and gangrened by vice returned also suddenly to God, converted by her example, by her pious teachings and her constant prayers. She went about the country of the Abruzzi, stopping in the cities and in the least villages, preaching everywhere the benefits of the Catholic faith and the love of the Lord, encouraging especially the young girls to offer to God the sacrifice of their life and to consecrate themselves to him under the habit of the Third

Order. So much zeal for the service of God was to draw on her the envy and persecution of the less fervent. She was accused before Ladislas, king of Naples and of Sicily, of seeking to turn the young people from marriage and of preaching contempt of this sacrament. Ill-intentioned persons went so far as to make her pass in the eyes of the king for an emissary of heresy, and pretended to convict her of being among the most bitter enemies of the Church. The king, for a moment deceived by these denunciations, had her sought for in the country of the Abruzzi, ready to make her expiate on the pyre the impious doctrines she was supposed to profess.

The holy woman had to put herself in a position to present herself before the king, not knowing why she was thus sought for; but God miraculously unveiled to her the names of her enemies, assuring her of his protection, and ordered her to appear before the prince, a burning chafing-dish in her hand, ready to make the sacrifice of her life if she were condemned. She repaired therefore to Naples, provided with holy communion, and appeared before the king, in presence of a numerous court of princes and great lords, disposed, she said, to set fire to her garments if justice were not done her. The king was struck by her resolute air and by her declarations full of frankness. After a short interrogation, he remained convinced that this woman had never attempted the established laws of marriage, but only made the young girls understand the advantages and sweetnesses of the monastic life. Far from blaming her, he complimented her, before all his court, on her zeal for the triumph of the faith, and sent her away with great testimonies of respect and gratitude. She remained some time at Naples, thanking the Lord who had unveiled her innocence in so striking a manner, visiting the churches and the convents of the city.

During her stay, the son of a poor woman came to die, and some persons who had heard speak of the merits of Angeline and of the favours which she constantly received from heaven came to ask her whether she could not come to the help, by her prayers or her care, of the unhappy mother. Angeline protested her powerlessness, and went nevertheless to the bedside of the deceased, whom she tried in vain to bring back to life. Then she made an ardent prayer, and after having given a little hope to the mother, she recommended her not to let her son be buried before the next day, and, in this interval, to approach the holy Table; she herself received communion, after which she went again to the mortuary chamber. There, after a moment of supreme recollection, she suddenly ordered the young man to rise, and at the same moment he rose as on waking from a deep sleep, to the great admiration of those present and the supreme joy of the mother. This miracle was soon known in all the city of Naples where Angeline was surrounded with universal respect; her humility, which suffered from it, made her leave the city at once. Thus are accomplished the designs of God: a woman who had been called into the city under the weight of the gravest accusations left it a few days after honoured with marks of the esteem and admiration of all; and, on the point of losing life, it was she, on the contrary, who snatched from death one of its victims.

She took again the road to Civitella, continuing everywhere on her way the pious propaganda which she had undertaken in the Abruzzi. Returned to her native city, she devoted herself more than ever to the education of the young girls who came in crowds to take her counsels and often decided to abandon the joys of the world for the rule of the cloister. The same worldly interest which had already caused her to be prosecuted before the king soon raised against her new tempests. The parents of the young girls whom she instructed, noble and powerful families blinded as to the interest of these children, complained more bitterly than ever of the acts of this holy woman. The complaints went again as far as the king who, obsessed by such unceasingly renewed instances, let himself be forced to give the order to exile Angeline with her faithful adepts. She bore this new persecution courageously; her voice too weak before the concert of accusations brought against her had to be reduced to silence; she gathered her companions around her and sold all her goods, of which she distributed a part to the poor, reserving the other for the expenses of her journey. But whither was she to bear her steps? who would guide her to a more hospitable region? According to her custom, she committed herself to God, whom she prayed ardently to make known his will to her. In the midst of a fervent prayer, she heard

a voice which ordered her to betake herself to Assisi to go and gain the great indulgences at the abbey of the Portiuncula. She left Civitella therefore, to the great regret of the pious souls whom she edified by her example. She went to say farewell to her father, who conversed with her at length before leaving her, trying to retain her near him; but he did not succeed: God had shown her the way, she had to follow it. Everywhere on her way, in the villages and in the cities, she stopped a moment with her little troop to do some good action there and to spread in pious souls the perfume of her great virtues. She arrived at last at Assisi, in 1395, and received there from all the most touching welcome. After having visited there the churches and the convents of Saint Francis and of Saint Clare, she betook herself on 1 August to the celebrated abbey of the Portiuncula, where she prayed for several days for her neighbour, for those who had exiled her and above all for the faithful companions who had followed her. She asked the Lord anew what she should do, and in a holy ecstasy, an angel revealed to her that she should betake herself to Foligno to found there a convent of the Order of Saint Francis.

She was seen therefore setting out again courageously on the road to Foligno where she visited the church of Saint Felician, patron of the city. After having implored with fervour his protection and his aid for the work which she was to undertake, she betook herself to the bishop of the city and obtained from him the concession of a great space of land to build there a convent in honour of Saint Anne, who was the patroness of her mother, and, in 1397, she pronounced her vows in the hands of the prelate with seven of her companions. From that moment the number of the religious increased rapidly, and toward the end of the year there were counted no fewer than thirty, from Foligno or the neighbouring cities. Astonished at the prosperity daily growing of this institution, the authorities of the city might soon fear that room would come to be lacking for the new adepts; so they had another convent built under the protection of Saint Agnes, not far from the first, which had for superior the Blessed Margaret of Foligno. This pious example bore its fruits; in a few years similar convents were seen to rise at Viterbo, at Assisi, at Todi, at Ascoli, at Rieti and at Florence; the latter contained no fewer than a hundred religious. In 1405, Angeline went to found a monastery of the Third Order at Naples, where a crowd of young girls soon took the habit. She returned to Foligno in 1423 and sent two of her sisters to Rome, to create there a new convent on Monte Citorio. Two other convents were still established there, some years after, by the care of Angeline. At her instances, Pope Boniface IX had decided that his consistory should name every three years a general abbess who should go to visit all the convents and give the habit to the professed. It was Angeline herself who first occupied this post, where her occupations were so numerous and so various that she had to have help, with the assent of Pope Martin V. By other dispositions, the dignity of general abbess was suppressed later by Pope Paul II. Thus all these convents had been founded by Angeline herself or by companions whom she had delegated for that purpose. Thanks to her zeal, they had prospered and grown. Although sprung from illustrious blood and one of the most powerful countesses of the kingdom, she would never hear of her nobility, worked like the humblest of her sisters and shared with them the humblest offices. Often she served them herself; in fasting and in penance, she surpassed them all by her austerities. Constantly exposed to the attacks of the demon, she always repelled them victoriously, although God, to try her and make her stronger, permitted Satan to torment her in the most horrible manner. Meanwhile death was approaching for her; a grave sickness came to surprise her: she gathered all her sisters around her, recommended to them urgently the strict observance of the Rule and gave them her blessing, which she extended to all her absent sisters. After having received the sacraments, she fell into a sweet ecstasy, in the midst of which the angels came to take her to lead her before the throne of God. This was on 25 December 1435, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Her face remained calm and pure as if she were still praying, and the sweetest perfumes spread through all her cell. An innumerable crowd came to contemplate a last time her remains and to dispute for the shreds of her garments, so that her mortal spoils had to be defended against the importunities of those present. The bishop himself, at the head of the community, wished to conduct the venerable deceased to the place of her burial. At the prayer of the superior Margaret, she was first carried in solemn procession into the chapel of the convent, where all the

sisters were admitted to kiss her hand. A coffin of cypress wood then received her body, which was committed to the earth, after a last farewell and the blessing of the bishop. On 29 May of the year 1453, eighteen years after her death, the walls of the chapel of the convent of Saint Francis, at Foligno, where she lay, appeared to all eyes dripping with blood; the bystanders, frightened, besought the Lord to spare them the misfortunes which an event so fatal seemed to presage. But the following year Angeline appeared to several pious souls, and unveiled to them that Europe was running an immense danger, for Constantinople, that bulwark of the East, was about to fall into the power of the Turks, to the greatest misfortune of Christendom, which would be powerless to avert the peril. Such was the signification of the oozing of blood on the walls. The bishop ordered at once public prayers; but a few days afterwards it was known that at the very moment indicated by Angeline, the Turks had taken possession of Constantinople.

Worship and Relics

In 1492, on the anniversary day of her death, she appeared to a Friar Minor and ordered him to warn his superior as well as his other brethren that they should exhume her body and place it before the altar of their chapel; and to give more weight to this revelation, she cured him of intolerable pains which had nailed him to his bed for three months. The exhumation took place with great pomp, in presence of all the communities of Foligno; the body was placed before the altar supported on a magnificent pedestal. The chapel was adorned with precious draperies and all garlanded with flowers. A rich inhabitant of the city had had a shrine of crystal made, which definitively received the body. This shrine was placed in a coffin of fragrant wood and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Pope Leo XII approved her cult on 5 March 1825 and fixed her feast on 15 July, a day on which she is honoured by the whole Order of Friars Minor and by all the pious souls of Foligno, of Florence and of Civitella.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. Wadding; Godescard and the History of the monastic orders, by Father Hélyot.

The Blessed Bernard of Baden, Confessor, Patron of Vic, in the Diocese of Nancy

— Pope: Pius II. — King of France: Charles VII, the Victorious.

Verus humilis semper timet ne sibi aliqua gloria exhibeatur, et cum sibi exhibita fuerit, expavescens medullitus expavescetur.

The truly humble man always fears that some glory may be rendered to him, and when it presents itself, he is frightened and saddened at it in the depths of his heart.

Saint Albert the Great.

Bernard, grandson of Charles II of Lorraine and of the virtuous Margaret of Bavaria, born about the year 1438, had been, it is said, betrothed to Madeleine, daughter of the king of France, Charles VII; but, however brilliant this alliance was and however flattering it must have appeared to him, he renounced it to give himself to the exercises of Christian piety and to attend solely to the affairs of his salvation. Nevertheless, he believed he ought not to refuse the dignities of governor of the province of Germany and of imperial president in Italy, which Frederick IV conferred on him, although he was as yet only eighteen years old.

This emperor loaded him with goods, but Bernard used them only according to the maxims of evangelical perfection. He divided his fortune into three equal portions, of which the first was for the poor, the second for the churches, and the third for his own maintenance and that of his household. Besides the moral virtues which he possessed in the most eminent degree, such as gentleness, modesty, humility, chastity, mercy and justice, he had an excellent mind.

The emperor having formed the project of pacifying all the princes and of uniting their forces against the infidels who, a little time before, had made themselves masters of Constantinople, cast his eyes on Bernard of

Baden for this important mission and made him his ambassador to the Christian princes.

Bernard began his journeys with France, went into Savoy, then directed himself toward Rome. But death surprised him at Montcallier, on 15 July 1458, more laden with merits than with days, being then only nineteen years old. He was buried at the foot of the high altar of the collegiate church of that city. Pope Sixtus IV, informed of the miracles which were wrought at his tomb, had the inquiry into his life made, ten years after his death, and beatified him the following year, 1469.

George of Baden, his brother, had an altar raised to him in the collegiate church of Vic, where one still sees his statue, in the dress of a warrior. His feast was long celebrated there as that of a Saint; but M. de Coislin (1697–1732), one of the successors of George of Baden in the see of Metz, ordered that henceforth the practice at Vic should be as at Montcallier, that is to say that they should content themselves with a public invocation in the church, on the day of the feast of the Blessed, which is celebrated on 15 July. According to Dom Calmet, there were preserved at Vic the sword of the good Bernard, a bone of his body and the veil in which his relics had long been wrapped.

The numerous miracles wrought by his intercession formerly drew to Vic, to the foot of his image, a great crowd of pilgrims. Even now, the inhabitants of Lorraine come to kneel before it, in the parish church of Vic, and to have the holy sacrifice celebrated in honour of the Blessed whom it represents.

“By a sort of homage rendered to the humility of which the Blessed Bernard gave the example during his life,” adds M. Henri Lepage, archivist of the Meurthe, “those who go to invoke him at Vic are persuaded that their wishes will be granted only on the condition of not speaking of their pilgrimage nor of the confidence which they have in the intercession of him whom they go to invoke.”

He is represented: 1° clothed in armour, to indicate that he belonged to the house of the margraves of Baden; this coat of arms is often marked with the cross to recall that he was busy forming a league against the Turks when death surprised him at Montcallier; 2° holding in his hand a lily, symbol of virginity.

Taken from the History of the dioceses of Toul and of Nancy, by M. the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy.

The Blessed Ignatius of Azevedo and His Companions, Martyrs in the Island of Palma, One of the Canaries

— Pope: Pius V. — King of France: Charles IX.

Cum incidit necessitas, ut discedere a Deo cogamur, nullus nos metus, nullus terror inflectat, quominus traditam nobis fidem custodiamus.

When the time of trial comes and one wishes to constrain us to abandon God, let us not be cast down, either by fear or by terror, and let us not abandon the faith that has been handed down to us.

Lactantius.

The Blessed Ignatius of Azevedo was born in 1527, at Porto, a maritime city of the kingdom of Portugal, of one of the noblest and most illustrious families of the country. His father was called Emmanuel of Azevedo, and his mother Violanta Pereira. These pious parents had at heart to give their child a truly Christian education which developed in him his happy nature and his inclination to piety. He responded admirably to the care of his masters by his progress in the sciences and in virtue. His love for God and his devotion toward the Blessed Virgin manifested themselves from his tenderest age. He knew how to preserve intact the holy virtue of purity by the practice of mortification and prayer.

His father, seeing his wisdom and his prudence, wished to entrust to him the administration of the goods that he was one day to possess; but our Blessed, whose thoughts were entirely detached from the things of earth, refused his father’s offers, preferring to give all his care to the great affair of his vocation. After having

passed some days at the college of Coimbra, kept by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, he felt that he was called to the religious life. An advantageous settlement having been proposed to him by his parents, he thought he ought to decline it and make known the intention in which he was of entering the Society of Jesus. His father and mother, after lively entreaties to make him change his resolution, finding him always unshakable, ended by giving him their consent so as not to oppose longer the will of God.

Free henceforth to follow his attraction, the Blessed Ignatius disposed in favour of the poor of all that belonged to him, and once stripped of everything, he betook himself to Coimbra, on 28 December 1548, and entered the Society of Jesus to make his novitiate there: he was then in his twentieth year. He applied himself with fervour to all the exercises of the religious life. Nothing was painful to him in the trials which he was made to undergo; through humility and obedience, he submitted to everything with an equal eagerness. His austerities were such that his health was impaired by them.

The first trials of the novitiate being ended, Ignatius, by order of his superiors, applied himself to the study of philosophy and theology, in which he made rapid progress in a short time. In the meantime, he obtained permission to traverse the countryside and announce there the truths of salvation. Given wholly to the ardours of his zeal, he stirred hearts so deeply by his word that the tears of all the hearers answered his discourses.

His virtues and rare merit opened to him early the doors of the sanctuary, and he received the sacred order of priesthood as soon as he had reached the age prescribed by the canons. At that time, he was designated by Saint Ignatius of Loyola to go and direct the college of Saint Anthony, which the Society had just opened at Lisbon. Our Blessed showed himself worthy of the confidence that was placed in him. His application, his vigilance, his gentleness drew to him the confidence of all. After having fulfilled the duties of his charge, he worked humbly with his hands at all that the service of the house required, thus showing first the example of humility and of obedience to the rule. A superior attentive to all the needs of his inferiors, he had for them a paternal solicitude, seeking by every means to soften their privations.

The duties of his charge not sufficing for his zeal, he went everywhere that the good of souls demanded him; thus he was seen to go through the prisons, the hospitals, to bring there the lights and consolations of charity. He made himself all to all, sitting at the bedside of the sick, constituting himself their infirmarian, visiting them each day, and dressing their wounds himself. In the midst of the labours and fatigues which his charity imposed on him, he added vigils, fasts, the discipline.

In the meantime, Ignatius was sent into Portugal to replace the Father provincial who had gone to Rome for the election of the successor of Saint Ignatius. He left everywhere on his way a lasting memory of his zeal and of his rare virtues. After having fulfilled these important functions, he returned to the college of Coimbra to finish his theological studies there, and entered afterwards the professed house of Lisbon, whence he was drawn by order of his superiors, at the request of the venerable Bartholomew of the Martyrs, archbishop of Braga, in Portugal, who wished to have him to accompany him in the visitation that he was about to make of his vast diocese. He set out therefore for this city with Father Gomez, and they were received with much joy by the pious archbishop. The visitation of the diocese caused them great fatigues which the poor and mortified life they led still increased; but they had the consolation of contributing to produce abundant fruits of salvation by their holy instructions and the great examples of their virtues and their charity.

When they were returned to Braga, the Blessed Ignatius prepared to return to Lisbon; but the pious archbishop, wishing to found in his city a college of the Society of Jesus, retained him near him and named him superior of the new establishment. The holy religious showed in his charge the same prudence, the same gentleness and the same charity as at the college of Coimbra; he made shine there besides the marvels of his zeal, of his holiness and of his humility. He gave himself to the lowest employments, served in the kitchen, kept the door, swept the house, and his authority did not suffer from what thus put him on a level with his

least inferiors. It drew, on the contrary, a new lustre from these humble practices, which added to the rank of superior the qualities of a saint. He knew how to steal time from his ordinary occupations to go and announce the word of God, and the astonishing conversions which he made proved the blessings which the Lord attached to his preaching. The general esteem which he enjoyed alarmed his humility, and to escape the testimonies of veneration of which he was the object and which he did not believe he deserved, he wrote to the general of the Society, begging him to permit him to leave Braga. The Father general having consented, Ignatius returned to Lisbon, where he made his solemn profession of the four vows, in 1565. More and more detached from himself by a life of sacrifice, fervour and charity, he walked rapidly on the way which leads to the palm of martyrdom, which was to crown his life full of good works and ripe for heaven.

Saint Francis Borgia having been elected general of the Society of Jesus, at the death of Father Laynez, the Blessed Ignatius was sent to him to treat of the affairs of the missions of the Indies and of Brazil. The new general thought he could do nothing better than to entrust the Portuguese missions to his zeal. Returned to Portugal, Ignatius prepared for departure, for soon after he was named visitor of the missions of Brazil. He left Portugal amid unanimous regrets and betook himself in all haste toward those distant and savage countries. Hardly arrived, he set to work, visited all the houses of the Society, which were very far from each other. After three years of painful journeys and continual labours, he left Brazil and returned to Europe, carrying in the depth of his heart the thought of devoting himself henceforth wholly to these dear missions which he had just watered with his sweat and which he hoped to water one day with his blood. Arrived at Lisbon, he went to thank King Don Sebastian for the protection which he accorded to the labours of the Society, then he set out again for Rome and came to submit humbly to his superior, Francis Borgia, what he had already done, and to ask him again as a favour to return to Brazil. The general, after having pressed him to his heart and bathed him with his tears, approved all his projects, named him superior of the missions of Brazil and permitted him to gather, in Spain and in Portugal, as many religious as he should judge useful to his undertaking.

Before his departure, he was presented to the holy Pope Pius V, who gave him touching marks of his affection. Full of joy and happiness, Ignatius left Rome and set out afterwards for Portugal and Spain, where his burning words and his eminent virtues drew to him numerous evangelical workers. Among his new companions was a nephew of Saint Teresa, whose virtues were then edifying the Christian world. He passed with his disciples five months in solitude and in the practices of the most fervent piety, and after having thus prepared them for all the trials of the apostolate, he made ready to embark with them.

The day of departure having arrived, the Blessed Ignatius embarked, with thirty-nine of his companions, on the Saint James; the others took their places on the vessels of the royal squadron, which were leaving for Brazil. Our missionaries, by the care of Ignatius, lived in a manner as regular as if they had been in community. The crew likewise experienced the effects of their zeal: they prepared the common food, carried it themselves to the sailors, visited and tended the sick.

The royal squadron having put in at Madeira, the captain of the Saint James wished to get ahead of it and try to reach the island of Palma; but the Blessed Ignatius, thinking of the responsibility that weighed upon him, hesitated to run the hazards of so great a peril, because this sea was then furrowed by Calvinist pirates. He gathered his companions and said to them: “Take courage, my dear children, God loves his little flock; he has reserved for you in his mercy the most glorious destination. Taste beforehand all your happiness; take today the noblest sentiments and the most worthy of the greatness of your vocation. No, fear neither the fury nor the sword of the enemies of Jesus Christ. Henceforth carry your regards toward heaven, contemplate the crown that is prepared for you there, fight with a humble distrust of yourselves, but hope all from the protection of the Most High. There is great likelihood that we shall be attacked by the Calvinists. The hatred they bear to our holy religion will determine them to take our life. Let none therefore follow me but those who are ready to die for Jesus Christ. If there is anyone who dreads death, let him remain here to await the

squadron." Some, not feeling themselves strong enough to make the sacrifice of their life, were replaced by other brethren of the squadron and thus completed the generous troop of the future martyrs. The ship having set sail, Ignatius and his companions prepared for their glorious destiny. As they approached the island of Palma, one of the Canaries, the vessel was attacked by a corsair, commanded by James Sourie, of Dieppe, a fanatical and cruel Calvinist. The Blessed Ignatius, with a face inflamed as if he had seen heaven half opened, said to his companions: "Here is the happy moment to signalize our love for God and our zeal for the faith. Our blood must today render this double testimony; let us fear nothing from those who can only make the body perish. Let us fix all our regards on heaven; let us recall what we are and what we have so many times desired: the sufferings will last only a few moments, and the reward will be eternal." After an obstinate combat, the pirates invaded the ship, of which they soon became masters. The Calvinists, drunk with joy and fury, rushed upon the prisoners. Their commander had those cut down who had defended themselves most energetically, and spared the others: "As for the Jesuits," he added, "kill, massacre these abominable papists, who go to Brazil only to spread a false doctrine there." The pirates rushed upon Ignatius who, at their approach, turned toward his companions and said to them: "Courage, my brethren, let us give our life courageously for a God who first gave his for us." A sabre-stroke split his skull and threw him down upon the deck. Although dying, he still had strength enough to say: "I call the angels and men to witness that I die in the faith of the Catholic, apostolic, Roman Church, and that I die with joy for the defence of its dogmas and its practices." He said then to his companions: "Rejoice with me at what makes my happiness. Hope for a like favour, I precede you only by a few moments; today, as I expect from the divine goodness, we shall all be together in heaven." As he held clasped in his hands an image of the Blessed Virgin, the pirates strove, but in vain, to tear it from him. Foaming with rage, they hurl him, still alive, into the midst of the waves.

Father James d'Andrada, who had run up, on seeing Ignatius fall, to give him a last absolution, was pierced by the heretics with twenty stabs of the dagger and thrown into the sea. All the other prisoners, after the example of their superior, confessed their faith and were then all massacred and thrown into the sea. One only, John Sanchez, who filled on the ship the functions of cook, was spared by the corsairs, because they counted on his services: it was he who later made known the details of the death of the holy Martyrs. Thirty-nine Jesuits had given their life for their God; but the number of the victims was to be completed. The nephew of the captain of the Saint James, who had asked to enter the Society and whom the Blessed Ignatius had admitted as a novice, completed the number of the forty martyrs. Their blessed death happened on 15 July 1570. The public cult rendered to these glorious Martyrs having spread everywhere, Pope Pius IX solemnly confirmed it on 11 May 1854.

The Blessed Ignatius of Azevedo is represented: 1° on the fleet on which he had embarked with his companions to go to Brazil, and whence he was thrown with them into the sea; 2° encouraging the crew by raising at the foot of the great mast an image of the Blessed Virgin, painted by Saint Luke. Pope Pius V had entrusted it to him to carry to Brazil; 3° in a group, with his companions in martyrdom.

We have made use, to compose this biography, of the Life of the Blessed Ignatius of Azevedo, by Father de Beauvais, of the Society of Jesus.

Saint Apronie or Aprone, Commonly Saint Évronie, Virgin

About 420.

Saint Evronie, sister of Saint Epvre, had followed her brother to Toul, and gave herself there, after his example, to all the exercises of piety. But at the death of the pious bishop, love of country awoke in her heart, and she came to settle at Troyes, whose inhabitants she edified by her holy and retired life. She lived still some years; and when God had reunited her to the beloved brother whom she had wept on earth, she was judged worthy of sacred honours, and her name was not long in taking place in divers martyrologies.

She departed from this world about the year 420 and received burial at Troyes where she had died: Saint Gerard, desirous of enriching with holy relics the cathedral which he was having built, solicited and obtained from the people of Troyes the body of the sister of one of his illustrious and holy predecessors. He placed the most notable portions of it in a magnificent shrine, to expose them in his church of Toul, and made a present of the remainder to the abbey of Saint-Epvre where it was preserved until the Revolution of ’93 in a bust remarkable for its richness and offered, in 1390, by Waudric, of Vaucouleurs, canon of Toul. At that epoch of blood and disasters, the part of the relics of the Saint which was honoured at the cathedral was saved with that of several other Saints, by the piety of M. the Abbé Aubry, then vicar of the chapter, and who, after calm was restored, placed them in the ancient collegiate church become parochial of Saint-Gengoult, of which he had been named curé. The portion venerated at Saint-Epvre was put in safety by Dom Nicolas Bassigny, prior of the monastery, who, in 1803, made a gift of it to M. the Abbé de Goussonville, who died curé of Montenoy. The latter made a present of it, on 14 July 1820, to M. Antoine, curé of Saint-Epvre of Nancy, for his parish. M. Antoine detached a small part of it for the church of Houdreville and placed what he had kept in a decent reliquary. Today the head of Saint Aprône has returned to the cathedral of Toul, we shall not say by what way; the bones which accompanied it remained at Saint-Gengoult, and the relic of the Benedictine abbey is venerated in the two churches which we have just named. We owe this notice to the kindness of M. the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy.

Saint Evrard, Shepherd, Honoured in the Diocese of Langres

8th century.

Evrard was a duke of Italy, in the time of Lothair I, emperor of the West. He bade farewell to human grandeurs to assure in a solitary and penitent life the salvation of his soul. Retired to the desert of Moirun (commune of Luzy, Haute-Marne), he lived there on roots and bitter herbs. He tended a flock of sheep and of swine; but he gave them to the poor of the neighbourhood. His charity and several miracles which he wrought had won him the veneration of the inhabitants round about. Those of Luzy rendered him the last duties and buried him first under a simple tomb. But the bishop of Langres, learning that prodigies were being accomplished by the intercession of the Saint, had his bones exhumed, and, as the forest of La Garenne and the greater part of the valley of Moiron where Saint Evrard led his flock belonged to the bishopric, he built there at his own expense a chapel and deposited there the relics of the anchorite.

It became the goal of a much-frequented pilgrimage. One saw there a great number of ex-votos, such as crutches left by the lame and the paralytic, after their cure. The Saint was invoked there with a marvellous success for weather favourable to the harvests and to the labours of the fields. It appears that the bishops of Langres had put in charge of the guard of the tomb religious knights of Corgebiu, of Esnouveaux, of the valley of the Aube. They inhabited a house whose thick walls and ogival vaulted halls attest a construction of a military order, like those of the Templars or the knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. The primitive chapel was replaced, in the 12th century, by that which still exists and which presents the characteristics of Romanesque architecture.

In 1791, the inhabitants of Luzy, with the authorization of M. de La Luzerne, received into their parish church the shrine, the bust and the arm-shaped reliquary which contained the relics of Saint Evrard. Profaners laid on this treasure, in 1793, a sacrilegious hand. But pious women saved the remains of it, which are still the object of a striking cult. There are two feasts of Saint Evrard, one on Easter Monday, the other on 15 July. On the latter, the bust of the Saint is carried in procession from Luzy to Verbiesles. The procession of the inhabitants of Verbiesles meets that of Luzy halfway; they proceed together to the church of Verbiesles where a sermon is then preached in honour of the pious shepherd, and the relic takes the road back to Luzy, preceded by the double procession which separates between the two villages.

There was a chapel under the invocation of Saint Evrard in the parish church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul of Langres. A proper office of our Saint was said there. He is represented kneeling in the midst of his flock.

Taken from the Saints of the department of Haute- Marne, by M. the Abbé Godard.

Saint Aubrin, Patron of the City of Montbrison, in the Diocese of Lyon

Uncertain epoch.

The cult of the inhabitants of Montbrison for Saint Aubrin goes back to a high antiquity, and the written proofs of their devotion date from more than six hundred years. A most respectable tradition makes the bishop Albricius or Albricus, in French Aubri, whose local pronunciation has made Aubrin and even Aubrun, be born in the ancient capital of Forez.

Historians do not agree on the epoch at which this holy personage lived. According to La Mure, whose opinion was generally accepted in the 17th century, Saint Aubrin was born at Montbrison about the middle of the fifth century, and occupied the see of Lyon after Saint Stephen, who died in 500, and before Saint Viventiole, whose first known act is of the year 517. According to the learned editors of the *Acta Sanctorum*, Saint Aubrin lived three centuries later and ought to be placed among the bishops of Autun. His name is in fact inscribed, without any commentary, in the catalogue of the Aeduan prelates, the seventh after Saint Leger, that is to say about the year 800.

It is also quite possible that this saint bore, in the diocese, the title of chorepiscopus or rural bishop. His merits and his virtues may have caused him to be raised later to the bishopric of Autun. The life of Saint Aubrin was illustrated by great virtues, an apostolic zeal, and a learning celebrated in the ancient offices composed in his honour.

The last moments of his life were passed at Montbrison; he was attacked there by a slow fever and withdrew into the house of an inhabitant situated in the parish of Saint-André. It is read in his office that he would never, in the midst of his sufferings, leave off the hair-shirt which he habitually wore, and that, forcing his limbs broken by sickness to remain the slaves of his soul, he awaited patiently death, of which he could foresee and predict the day and the hour. He expired on 2 January, and his body was deposited, according to the Bollandists, behind the high altar of Saint-André. The ancient Lyonnese calendars recall his name on 2 January and on 15 July. This last date would be that of his revelation or of his canonization. The house where he died, although several times rebuilt, has preserved through the centuries the precious privilege of receiving each year, at the solemn procession which is made on the day of the patronal feast, the relics of its blessed guest, as an ancient inscription now disappeared attested.

At an epoch which we cannot specify, these relics were transported into the chapel of the castle built in honour of the Blessed Virgin by the first counts of Forez. It was falling into ruins when Guy IV founded the collegiate church of Our Lady in the midst of the marshes of the Vizezy; he had transferred there, in 1227, the relics of the ancient seigniorial chapel and namely those of Saint Aubrin.

To preserve the memory of their sojourn within the enclosure of the castle, there was built, not on the site of the old one, but a little lower, near the gate called Saint-Aubrin, on the little square which joins the present buildings of the prisons, a new chapel which subsisted until the Revolution.

Transported, as we have said, into the church of Our Lady, the precious remains of Saint Aubrin were first enclosed in a great shrine suspended from beams, according to an ancient custom and in order to be more easily exposed to public veneration, in the chapel which served as chapter room for the canons, today the chapel of Saint-André. They were afterwards put, at divers epochs, in special reliquaries. Here is the list of them: The principal bones of Saint Aubrin were placed in a new shrine of painted and gilded wood in 1563; some fragments were contained in an arm-shaped reliquary attached to the stone trunk which was in the

choir; the head or chief of Saint Aubrin, very anciently deposited in a bust of gilded silver, replaced, in 1638, by another mitred bust in silver mounted on a pedestal of ebony; a piece of his crosier in ivory; fragments of his chasuble and one of his shoes; his episcopal glove in skin on which divers designs in embroidery figured a cross, enshrined, in 1677, in an arm of gilded wood; his gold ring bearing the legend: *Albricus episcopus*; this jewel, enclosed in a silver box, was lost in the course of the 17th century; his belt, partly of leather, partly of net, with a horn buckle which served him as clasp, in a silver casket; another belt of red silk with cords. These relics escaped the vandalism of the Huguenots, in 1562, thanks to the zeal of the canons who withdrew them from their reliquaries. Before restoring them to the church, the archbishop of Lyon, Pierre d'Apinac, made them, it is said, undergo the proof of fire to ascertain their authenticity. After the wars of religion, the solemn celebration of the feast of Saint Aubrin was suspended for many years, but, in 1665, the administrators and the inhabitants of the city presented a petition to Mgr Camille de Neufville-Villeroy to obtain its re-establishment. The city of Montbrison has always regarded Saint Aubrin as its local saint and its special patron. It is to him, after the glorious Virgin, Mother of God, that it has always had recourse; and, in numerous circumstances, it has felt the miraculous effects of his powerful protection. It has always honoured Saint Aubrin under the quality of bishop of Lyon. The titles of this quality are in the immemorial tradition of the country, in the calendars of the oldest manuscript breviaries of Lyon, in the authentic descriptions of the relics of the church of Our Lady, finally in the rubrics of the missal and breviary of Lyon.

We have extracted what we have just said of Saint Aubrin from a Notice on Saint Aubrin, patron of the city of Montbrison. Lafond, bookseller at Montbrison.

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[1] The body of Saint Bonosa, together with a vase containing her blood, was taken from the cemetery of Cyriacus and given, in 1845, by Gregory XVI to Marie de Saint-Vincent, religious of the Good Shepherd of Angers. These precious relics were sent, that same year, by the superior of this community to that of Amiens. In consequence of a vow made during the cholera, this holy body, authenticated by Cardinal Patrizi, was placed in a shrine. As the sisters of the Good Shepherd attribute to this Saint their preservation from the cholera, during the epidemics which raged at Amiens, several private persons and several parishes, sharing this belief, have asked for and obtained fragments of these relics. Some were given to the church of Estaires (Nord) during the cholera of 1866, and it is asserted that several sick persons were miraculously cured. The grateful parish has placed in its church a statue of Saint Bonosa. — Hagiography of the diocese of Amiens, by M. the Abbé Corblet.

[2] See her life on 4 September.

[3] We have given his life under 13 June, volume vi, page 637.

[4] Hagiology of Nevers, by Mgr Crosnier.

[5] Also called Angeline of Corbara, and Angeline of Foligno (not to be confused with Angela of Foligno).

16 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. 1251. — The birth in heaven of Saint Faustus, martyr, who was fastened on a cross under the emperor Decius, and lived there five days; after which, having been pierced with arrows, he passed to the blessed life. 250. — At Sebaste, in Armenia, the holy martyrs Athenogenes, bishop, and ten of his disciples, executed under the emperor Diocletian. 302. — At Antioch, in Syria, the blessed decease of Saint Eustathius, bishop and confessor, celebrated for his learning and for his holiness, who was exiled to Trajanopolis, a city of Thrace, for the defence of the Catholic faith, under Constantius, an Arian emperor, and there fell asleep peacefully in Our Lord. 338. The same day, Saint Hilarinus, monk, who, having been seized with Saint Donatus, during the persecution of Julian the Apostate, and refusing to offer sacrifices to idols, was bruised with blows of a stick and consummated his martyrdom at Arezzo, in Tuscany. His body has been transferred to Ostia. 4th century. — At Trier, Saint Valentine, bishop and martyr. 4th century. — At Córdoba, in Spain, Saint Sisenand, deacon and martyr, whose throat was cut for the faith by

the Saracens.[1] 851. — At Sanchte (or Saintes), in Hainaut, the holy martyrs Reinelde, virgin, and her companions, who were killed by the Barbarians for the faith of Jesus Christ. 680. — At Bergamo, in Lombardy, Saint Domnion or Domneon, martyr. — At Capua, in Terra di Lavoro, Saint Vitalian, bishop and confessor.[2] 7th century. — In Spain, the Triumph of the holy Cross.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saint-Denis, in the diocese of Paris, Saint Fulrade or Fulrad, abbot of the monastery of that name (*Sanctus Dionysius in Francia*, Order of Saint Benedict, founded, it is said, by King Dagobert I), and founder of several abbeys in Alsace. He is mentioned in the martyrology of France of 17 February, which is the day of his translation. 784. — At Evreux, Saint Etern or Ætherius, eleventh bishop of that see and martyr. His body was transported to Luzarches (Seine-et-Oise); the church of Villiers-le-Bel, near Paris, possesses the almost entire skull of Saint Etern, which it holds from the kindness of the canons of Luzarches. In 1682, the cathedral of Evreux likewise obtained a fragment of his body, but the disorders of 1793 ravished it from it. The church of Luzarches itself lost at that epoch its precious treasure. With the pious design of withdrawing the body of Saint Etern from profanations, some persons buried it in a corner of the cemetery, by night and so hastily that they could not find the place again. The church of Villiers-le-Bel remained sole depositary of the relics of Etern. At the request of Monseigneur of Evreux, a fragment of them was ceded, in 1838, to his cathedral.[3] About 663. — At Séez, Saint Landri, third bishop of that see. He was put, it is said, by the Barbarians who invaded his diocese, in a barrel furnished with iron points, and rolled from the top to the bottom of a mountain. He died on the 4th of March, in the arms of Saint Contest, bishop of Bayeux. 480. — At Maastricht, in Dutch Limbourg, the holy Monulphe and Gondulphe, called also Mondolf and Gondon, bishops of that see and confessors. The first governed his Church for thirty-nine years and built the basilica of Saint-Servais, which he chose for his cathedral. The second, his successor, inherited his virtues and held the see of Maastricht for seven years. Their remains were deposited, in 1039, in their cathedral church: they were discovered there in 1623. 599 and 607. — At Limoges, commemoration of Saint Justinian, child, who was baptized by Saint Martial, apostle of the country, and died at a tender age. His name is formed of those of his father and mother, Justa and Anien. 3rd century. — At Poitiers, memory of Saint Generous or Generoux, abbot of Saint-Jouin de Marne, in Poitou, and whose birth in heaven is marked on the 10th of this month. 6th century. — In the diocese of Coutances, Saint Hélier or Hélibert, native of Tonnes in Belgian Limbourg, and martyred in the island of Jersey by impious men. 6th century. — At Le Puy, in Velay, Saint Doimin or Domnin of Avrilly, and his companions, martyrs. Beaten with rods and tortured in divers ways, by order of the cruel Rictiovare, Domnin, a young child of ten years, was then fastened to a cross with twenty-four nails reddened in the fire, and had at last his head cut off. His heroic patience converted to the faith fifty-four persons; thirty were put to death and Domnin raised two of them. Avrilly having been destroyed by the Normans, the body of the young Martyr was transferred to Le Puy. 3rd century. — At Thérouanne (Pas-de-Calais), in the diocese of Arras, the Blessed Milon, bishop of this ancient see, celebrated for his great humility, and contemporary of Saint Bernard and Saint Norbert. 1158. — At Saint-Pol de Léon (Finistère), in the diocese of Quimper and Léon, Saint Tenenan or Tinidor, bishop of the ancient see of Léon and confessor. 635. — In the ancient city of Candiacum (perhaps Candeil, department of the Tarn, diocese of Albi), Saint Domnin, martyr, different, the Bollandists suppose, from Saint Domnin of Avrilly. He might nevertheless be the same, and he would have been honoured at Candeil because his relics would have been transferred there. 3rd century. — In the canton of Villefranche, diocese of Nice, pilgrimage to Our Lady of Laghet: the pilgrims who flock to this venerated sanctuary are counted by thousands, especially on the Sunday of the Holy Trinity, the day of the feast of Our Lady of Carmel, of Saint Peter and of Saint Teresa. — At Lavigny, canton of Voiteur, diocese of Saint-Claude, anniversary of the dedication and pilgrimage to Our Lady Reconciler of Sinners. The chapel is on a steep mountain from which one perceives the greater part of Burgundy and half of Franche-Comté. The statuette of the Virgin is kept, during the winter, in the parish church of Lavigny; the translation of it is made on the last Sunday of May, from the church to the chapel,

and, on the first Sunday of October, from the chapel to the church. The chapel is built in the beautiful ogival style of the 13th century. A hermit guards the holy place, opens it to the priests who wish to offer the holy sacrifice there, serves them Mass and sells to the pilgrims the objects of devotion which they desire to procure. The pilgrimage dates from 1862; it is the work of the curé of the parish.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — At the monastery of Zobor, in the city of Neitra or Neutrt (Hungary), Saint Andrew and Saint Benedict, confessors, Camaldolese. About 1020.

Martyrology of the Friars Preachers. — At Breslau (Silesia), Saint Ceslas, confessor, of the Order of Saint Dominic, from whom he received the religious habit at Rome and whose virtues he applied himself to imitate. Inflamed with zeal for the salvation of souls, he traversed all Silesia on foot, and converted a great number of infidels to the faith and of sinners to penance. 1242.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — The feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — At Assisi, in Umbria, the canonization of the seraphic Saint Francis, Levite and confessor, whom Gregory IX put in the rank of the Saints two years after his death, in the church of Saint George, where the body of the Saint then lay.

Martyrology of the Carmelites. — The solemn memory of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, to whom the family of the Carmelites offers the homage of this feast in recognition of the countless benefits it has received from her.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

Among the Greeks, the Orientals and the Muscovites, feast of the first six ecumenical councils: the first of Nicaea, in Bithynia (325), the first of Constantinople (381), the first of Ephesus (431), that of Chalcedon (451), the second and the third of Constantinople (553 and 680). — At Constantinople, anniversary of the translation of Saint Gregory the Illuminator. On Friday, 16 July 1809, the Catholic Armenian community of Constantinople, Mgr Hassoun at its head, assisted by eighteen bishops and by all his clergy, conducted in procession from the church of Saint John Chrysostom to the Armenian church of Saint Mary the relics of Saint Gregory the Illuminator, an inestimable present of His Holiness Pius IX. The holy remains, enclosed in a casket of crystal garnished with silver, are composed of a toe of the Saint, a part of his skull, a fragment of his crosier, and some links of the chain with which Tiridates, his persecutor before being his penitent, had him bound.[4] — At Caesarea, in Cappadocia, the holy Paul and Mammes, martyrs, cited by Saint Jerome. — The holy martyrs Valentine, Theon and Dioclecius, cited by the same without more details. — At Antioch, the holy martyrs Theodisus or Theodosius, Eustasius, Denis, Theodotus and Maximus. — At Milan, the holy Macarius and Megetia. — At Noli, in ancient Liguria, Saint Eugene, bishop, and his companions. Their bodies rest in the cathedral church of Noli, dedicated under the invocation of Saint Eugene, who is believed to be the apostle of those regions. It is certain at least that in this basilica one still sees old paintings representing Saint Eugene coming in a little boat, from an island of the Mediterranean, to evangelize Liguria.

Saint Eustathius, Patriarch of Antioch, Ecclesiastical Writer

— Pope: Saint Julius I. — Emperor: Constantius II.

Virtus pro fide, pro justitia, nec exilium metuit.

The courageous Christian, when it is a question of faith or of justice, does not fear even exile.

Lact. Firm., in Epitome.

Saint Eustathius had for native country the city of Side, in Pamphylia. We learn from Saint Athanasius that he confessed the faith generously before the persecutors, without its being possible however to determine

whether it was under Diocletian or under Licinius. He was recommendable for his learning and his eloquence; but he was so much more for his eminent holiness and his ardent zeal to maintain the purity of Catholic doctrine. This is why a celebrated writer, Count Stolberg, calls him “one of the principal pillars of the Church.” Having been placed on the see of the little city of Berea, in Syria, he soon acquired a great consideration in the Church, and he deserved to receive, in 323, a particular letter from Saint Alexander of Alexandria, on the subject of Arius and his impious dogmas.

Antioch lost the same year Saint Philogonius, its bishop, a prelate illustrious by the title of confessor which he had merited in the persecution of Licinius. A man named Paulinus was given him as successor, who was little fitted to fulfil the duties of this place. Happily his episcopate was not of long duration; the brambles and thorns which he had let grow in the field of his Church demanded a skilful hand which would know how to pull them out from among the good grain.

No one appearing more capable than Eustathius of remedying the evils which had been introduced, he was chosen, in 324, to fill the see of Antioch, which was then the third of the Christian world. He opposed strongly his translation; but he was at last obliged to acquiesce in it. His resistance came from the fact that such translations are forbidden by the canons of the Church, unless great advantages result from them for the glory of God and the utility of the neighbour. It was wished by this to close the door of the sanctuary to ambition and avarice, and to attach bishops to a diocese which they ought to govern all their life. Eustathius, full of zeal for the Church, laboured strongly, in the council of Nicaea, to have ecclesiastical discipline maintained on the article of which we speak, and he had much part in the rules that were drawn up to prevent bishops from passing from one see to another; he distinguished himself also in an assembly by his zeal against Arianism.

Returned to Antioch, he held a council there to re-establish peace in his Church, which was torn by divers factions. At this assembly were found Saint James of Nisibis, Saint Paul of Neocaesarea and several other bishops, to the number of twenty-five, from the provinces of the East subject to the patriarchate of Antioch. Saint Eustathius showed himself very severe in the examination of those whom he received among the clergy. He rejected all persons whose faith or morals were suspect. Several of those whom he had refused embraced afterwards Arianism, which justified the conduct he had held toward them. He never forgot, in the midst of the functions of the ministry, that he ought principally to apply himself to his own sanctification; for, after having adorned his soul with all sorts of virtues, he was more in a state to pour out upon others from his fulness. He sent also into the dioceses of the jurisdiction of his patriarchate men capable of instructing and encouraging the faithful. Eusebius, archbishop of Caesarea, in Palestine, whose Church was up to a certain point subject to that of Antioch, having favoured the heresy of Arius, Eustathius conceived a lively grief at it, and his zeal was extremely alarmed at it;[1] this zeal was the cause of the violent storm which formed against him. The holy patriarch of Antioch attacked Eusebius of Caesarea vigorously, and accused him of striking at the doctrine of Nicaea. On this accusation, Eusebius of Nicomedia, a declared Arian, resolved, with several of his friends, to ruin Eustathius at any price. He feigned to have a desire to see Jerusalem, where new embellishments had been made; he betook himself therefore to that city, accompanied by Theognis, of Nicaea, his confidant. He found there Eusebius of Caesarea, Patrophilus of Scythopolis, Aëtius of Lydda, Theodotus of Laodicea, and several other bishops who were, like himself, partisans of the doctrine of Arius; and they all went together to Antioch, where they assembled as in council to execute their design. A prostitute whom they had suborned took upon herself the care of serving their blind passion; she came to the assembly, holding in her arms a child of which she asserted Eustathius was the father. The Saint protested that he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused, and represented that the Apostle forbade condemning a priest, unless he had been convicted by the deposition of two or three witnesses. The calumny was at last discovered. The prostitute, having fallen into a long illness of which she died, came back to herself and took the resolution to retract. She sent for several clerics, and declared in their presence that the

patriarch was innocent; she added that the Arians had engaged her by money to bring the accusation in question; that, however, the oath she had taken was not a perjury, that in effect the child was the son of a certain Eustathius, a worker in copper, of the same city. This excuse, though frivolous, did not hinder the truth from appearing in its full light.

The Arians accused Eustathius again of Sabellianism. This was a calumny which they employed against all those who professed the orthodox doctrine. The patriarch and the

Catholic bishops who were present cried out uselessly at the injustice; they would not hear them, and a sentence of deposition was pronounced against the Saint; after which, Eusebius of Nicomedia and Theognis hastened to inform the emperor Constantine of what had just passed. The Arian bishops invited Eusebius of Caesarea to pass from his see to that of Antioch; but he refused to do so, alleging that such a translation was contrary to the discipline of the Church. The emperor made the eulogy of his modesty in a letter which we still have and which Eusebius himself inserted in the life of Constantine. One would have been more edified by the modesty of the bishop of Caesarea, if he had left to others the care of relating this circumstance.

The news of the deposition of Saint Eustathius was no sooner spread than a sedition arose at Antioch. It needed no more to finish persuading Constantine that he was guilty of the crimes imputed to him; he sent him therefore an order to betake himself to Constantinople, whence he was to have him set out for the place of his exile. The holy pastor, before leaving Antioch, assembled the faithful and exhorted them strongly to remain unshaken in the doctrine of the Church. His exhortations produced their effect, in preserving a great number of his diocesans from the misfortune of falling into heresy. We learn from Saint Jerome and from Saint Chrysostom that he was banished into Thrace with several others, both priests and deacons. Theodoret asserts that he was exiled from Thrace into Illyria. This was about the year

Saint Eustathius died at Philippi, in Macedonia, about the year 338. It is read in Theodore the Reader that his body was brought back to Antioch, about the year 482, by Calandion, patriarch of that city.

Saint Jerome calls Saint Eustathius a resounding trumpet, and says that he was the first who took up the pen to combat the Arians; he admires in him a vast extent of knowledge, and asserts that he was perfectly versed in letters sacred and profane. Saint Chrysostom gives him the same praises in the panegyric which he composed in his honour. According to Sozomen, he was universally admired for the holiness of his life and the eloquence of his discourses. Saint Fulgentius counts him among the greatest bishops of the Church, such as the Athanasiuses and the Hilaries. Saint Anastasius the Sinaite gives him the title of divine and says that he regards him as a pastor consummate in the ways of God, as a wise preacher, a holy martyr, a master whom he wishes to follow with respect, as his father and his protector, as a man in whom God speaks.

Writings of Saint Eustathius The works which Saint Eustathius had composed against the Arians, and which were very celebrated in the fifth century, have not come down to us. There remains to us of him a Treatise on the Pythoness or witch of Endor, which Leo Allatius published with a learned dissertation, and which was reprinted in the eighth volume of the *Critici sacri*. The author wishes to prove there, against Origen, that the witch did not and could not evoke the soul of Samuel, but that she only made appear a spectre representing the Prophet, with the design of deceiving Saul. He teaches there expressly that, under the Mosaic law, the souls of the just rested in the bosom of Abraham, that none could enter heaven before Jesus Christ had opened its gates; but that

Christians, in that happier than the Patriarchs and the Prophets, have the advantage of being united to the Saviour in glory immediately after their death, if they have led a holy life. This treatise is well written, and it justifies the praises which the ancients have given to the holy patriarch of Antioch. Sozomen says, speaking of the works of Saint Eustathius, that they are admired for the purity of style, the sublimity of thoughts, the beauty of expression; but nothing contributed more to his glory than that heroic patience with which he bore the horrors of calumny, his unjust deposition, the disgrace of his prince, which he had not deserved, and the

exile which was the consequence of it.

We have still divers fragments of the book which Saint Eustathius had composed on the Soul; of his discourse on these words of the Proverbs: *The Lord created me in the beginning of his ways*; of his explanations on Psalms xv and xcii; of his writing on the Inscriptions and Titles of the Psalms.

Notice on the Life and Writings of Eusebius of Caesarea Eusebius was brought up at Caesarea, and made his studies there with Saint Pamphilus. The friendship which he had for this Saint was so tender that afterwards he added his name to his own. He was imprisoned for the faith about the year 309. Pamphilus, who had already been in the same prison since the end of the year 307, ended his life by martyrdom; but Eusebius was set at liberty without having suffered like the other confessors. Saint Potamon reproached him in full council with this exception made in his favour. If he committed then some fault, it remained secret, since he was raised to the see of Caesarea in 314. Six years after, Arius withdrew to Palestine, where the sentence of deposition from the priesthood pronounced against him in 319 by Saint Alexander, patriarch of Alexandria, had determined him to seek an asylum. This heresiarch succeeded in imposing upon several bishops. Eusebius was of the number. He occupied the see of Caesarea until the year 339, epoch at which he died. He has been reproached with reason for having always had close ties with the followers of Arius. Henri de Valois has tried to justify his faith in the prolegomena which he put at the head of the Latin translation of his Ecclesiastical History, and he pretended that the errors of the Arians ought not to be attributed to him, although he often did not employ the word consubstantial; at least it is certain that he let himself be imposed upon by Arius, to the point of believing that this heresiarch admitted the eternity of the Word. One finds besides in his writings several passages which prove the divinity and even, as to the sense, the consubstantiality of the Son. Ceillier and some other authors have also spoken of Eusebius in this respect in a favourable manner, or at least in a manner which is little disadvantageous to him, and they are inclined to believe that he never adhered to the capital error of Arius. It appears to us however that it is very difficult to justify the bishop of Caesarea entirely on this point. What can be said most advantageous for him is that he did not formally maintain Arianism, and that he wished to hold a sort of middle between heresy and the doctrine supported on the tradition of the Church. (See Baronius, under the year 380; Witasse, Father Alexander, and the treatise in folio composed against

Arianism by Dom Maran, learned Benedictine of the Congregation of Saint-Maur.) Photius, in a certain work which Father de Montfaucon has given, *Bibl. Coislin.*, p. 348, accuses Eusebius openly of Arianism and Origenism.

But, although the faith of Eusebius must pass at least for suspect, and his conduct has been reprehensible in many respects, one must none the less accord to his talents the praises which they merit. The Church has drawn a great utility from his writings, from those above all which he composed in favour of the Christian religion before the birth of Arianism. We are going to give a notice of them. 1° The Book against Hierocles. This Hierocles was a magistrate of Nicomedia, who persecuted the Christians under the emperor Diocletian. His cruelty caused him to be given as reward the government of Egypt. He flattered himself that he would annihilate Christianity, by comparing the miracles of Jesus Christ with those of Apollonius of Tyana, and by advancing that the latter were much superior to the former. He made a work in which he sought to establish the truth of the parallel. It was against this work that Eusebius wrote the one of which we speak. After having made felt the indecency of the parallel, he proves in detail that it is supported only on a romance full of puerilities, contradictions and falsehoods. He shows that Philostratus, author of the life of Apollonius, composed his pretended history only a hundred years after the death of this impostor, while he was teaching rhetoric at Rome; that the memoirs which he had made use of merited no credence; that it sufficed to read them to be convinced of it. Eusebius wrote his book against Hierocles before his episcopate. This work was printed at the end of his Evangelical Demonstration of the edition of 1688. About the time when he was placed on the see of Caesarea, he undertook two other works, of which the project does no less honour to the

beauty of his genius than the execution has done to the extent of his knowledge.

2° The first, entitled the Evangelical Preparation, is divided into fifteen books. Eusebius displays there a very vast erudition and refutes idolatry solidly there. He shows there that the Greeks borrowed their sciences and the greater part of their gods from the Egyptians, whose history, in what it has of true, agrees with that of Moses. He makes it seen next that the theology of the pagans is a tissue of monstrous, impious, extravagant fictions, which the enlightened persons among them condemn; that their oracles are only answers of demons, or a chain of impostures; that they never attained an infallible knowledge of contingent events; that they were even reduced to silence by a power to whose superiority they were forced to render homage. There follow after that the proofs of the unity of God and of a revealed religion which is as ancient as the world.

3° The second work has for title the Evangelical Demonstration, and is divided into ten books. The first of these books is without beginning, and the tenth without end. The last six are lost. It is proved there that the books of the Jews announce clearly Jesus Christ and the Gospel. Antiquity has transmitted to us nothing more precious than this work and the preceding in favour of Christianity. Scaliger says, speaking of the first, that it is a divine book, and that it was necessary, to compose it, to open all the writings of the ancient authors.

The best edition that we have of the Evangelical Preparation is that of Father Vigier, Jesuit, in Greek and in Latin, with notes. It appeared at Paris, in 1628, 2 vols. in-folio. The copies of it have become rare. It was reprinted at Leipsick (although the title bears Cologne) in 1688, also in-folio.

Among the different editions of the Evangelical Demonstration, that is especially esteemed which was given, in Greek and in Latin, at Paris, in 1628, in-folio. It reappeared at Cologne, or rather at Leipsick, in 1688. The Latin version is by Bernardin Donat of Verona. Albert Fabricius drew the first three chapters of the first book, as well as the end of the tenth book of the Evangelical Demonstration, from an authentic manuscript of the library of John Nicholas Maurocordato, prince of Wallachia, and published them in Greek and in Latin, at the beginning of the library of the authors who have written for and against the truth of the Christian religion. Hamburg, 1725, in-4°.

4° The two books against Marcellus of Ancyra, and the three books of the Ecclesiastical Theology, are a refutation of Sabellianism. They were printed at the end of the Ecclesiastical Demonstration in the edition of 1688.

5° The Topography, or Alphabetical Explanation of the places spoken of in the Old Testament. This is an exact and useful work. Saint Jerome translated it into Latin and made additions to it.

6° A good Commentary on the Psalms, which Father de Montfaucon published in his *Collectio nova Scriptor. Græcor.* Paris, 1706.

7° Fourteen discourses under the title of Opuscules, which were given to the public by Father Sirmond, *Oper.*, vol. i. They are not contested to Eusebius, although the ancients have not spoken of them. Tillemont says however that there are some of them which appear not to be by him. 8° The Discourse on the dedication of the church of Tyre, which was rebuilt in 315, after the persecution. One finds there a curious detail of the ceremonies which were observed then, and a description of the structure of this church.

9° The Letter to those of Caesarea, written after the conclusion of the council of Nicaea. Eusebius exhorts his flock there to receive the definitions and the creed of this council. 10° The Panegyric of Constantine, pronounced at Constantinople in presence of this prince, who was then celebrating the thirtieth year of his reign by public games. Constantine is praised there especially on account of the destruction of idolatry. The style of this work is too studied, and the reading of it is wearisome.

11° The Life of Constantine, divided into four books. It was written in 338, a year after the death of this emperor. The style of it is diffuse, and the more disagreeable as it is less natural. Photius reproaches Eusebius

with having dissimulated or suppressed in this work the principal facts which concern Arius, and the condemnation of this heresiarch in the council of Nicaea. 12° The Chronicle, which must have cost an immense labour, is divided into two parts. The first, called Chronology, presents the succession of the kings and sovereigns of the principal peoples from the beginning of the world. The second, entitled Chronicle or Rules of Times, may be regarded as a table of the first. One sees there at a glance the particular chronologies brought near to one another and confronted with one another. Saint Jerome translated this second part into Latin and made additions to it. The first was lost before the labour of Joseph Scaliger; even so one cannot flatter oneself that it has been recovered. Scaliger has given us only fragments drawn from George the Syncellus, from Cedrenus and from the chronicle of Alexandria, and he has not always exactly distinguished what was of Eusebius from what might be attributed to him. 13° The Ecclesiastical History, divided into ten books. This is of all the works of Eusebius that which has merited him the most celebrity. The author begins his history at the birth of Jesus Christ, and continues it to the defeat of Licinius, which took place in the month of September of the year 323. Having afterwards revised it, he added some facts which go to the year 326. The eighth book contains an abridgment of the acts which he had collected on the martyrs of Palestine. Rufinus made a good Latin translation of this history, which he reduced to nine books, to which he adds two others which go to the death of Theodosius.

Eusebius made much use of the work of Julius Africanus, in drawing up his chronicle; he also profited much, in composing his history, by that of Saint Hegesippus, which was carried down to 170. This second work cannot be esteemed enough, although some faults have slipped into it, though there are essential omissions with regard to Arianism, and the truth is sometimes altered in it on the affairs of the Church of the West, of which the author was not well informed. Christophorson, bishop of Chichester, gave an elegant Latin translation of the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, in which he changed the order and division of the chapters. That of Henri de Valois is more exact. The translation of this learned man was printed with the original text, at Paris, 3 vols. in-folio, 1659–1673, and at Canterbury, 1720, 3 vols. in-folio. In 1570, there was given at Basel, at the house of Eusebius Episcopius, a complete edition of the ecclesiastical histories of Eusebius, of Rufinus, of Socrates, of Theodoret, of Sozomen, of Theodore, of Evagrius and of Dorotheus. It is due to the care of John James Grynaeus, professor at Basel and at Heidelberg, which Mencke and Jocher forgot to mark in their dictionary of learned men.

President Cousin gave a good French translation of these ecclesiastical histories; Paris, 1675, 4 vols. in-4°; reprinted in Holland in 1686, 5 tomes in 6 vols. in-12. Eusebius is one of the most learned prelates of antiquity. He had a prodigious extent of knowledge; but he did not apply himself to polish of style, a fault rather ordinary to the erudite.

Godescard and Dom Ceillier.

Saint Generous or Generoux, Abbot of Saint-Jouin de Marne, in the Diocese of Poitiers

6th century.

> *Tunc dignissime prælatus abbas vocatur quando vita et doctrina suos subditos antecedit.*
>
> *A superior bears worthily the title of abbot when he surpasses his inferiors by his learning and his holiness.*
>
> *Joan. Trith., in cap. ii Reg. S. Bened.*

Generous, called more commonly Generoux, was a Roman by birth. It is not known what motives made him abandon Italy. He left it perhaps like so many others who, at an epoch of social renovation, were quitting their country, agitated by the incessant revolutions of the world, in order to find elsewhere a repose of which their native land did not enjoy. However that may be, after having traversed a part of Poitou, he arrived as far as the monastery of Ansion, in the neighbourhood of Thouars, which Saint Jouin had founded toward the end

of the fifth century. It was then the beginning of the sixth; the reputation of the holy abode still shone with the lustre which the virtues and miracles of its founder had given it. Generoux had no need of a long examination to appreciate what he had just found, and he resolved to stop his search there. The first abbot was still governing, having succeeded Saint Jouin. This was Léonégisile, another stranger whom the thirst for evangelical perfection had formerly attracted also toward the places embalmed with the reputation of Saint Hilary. He opened to Generoux the doors of the community, and a short time after the latter took the religious habit there.

Such vocations do not fail to prove themselves soon by a faithful observance of the rule, by the love of obedience, by the practice of habitual silence and recollection, certain marks in a religious soul of that life of faith which leads it rapidly to its perfection. So many precious qualities developed in Generoux in the most edifying manner, so that Léonégisile having died, he whose first steps in the monastic career he had guided was elected by unanimous consent to continue his work and guide in his turn these chosen souls toward heaven. In this task always difficult and very often very delicate, in which superiors have need to seek before all the spirit of God, the new abbot conducted himself from the first with a discretion and a prudence which never belied themselves; moderating by much reflection and maturity the natural ardour of his zeal, and applying himself not to go out, in the conduct of his brethren, of the limits assigned by the rule to the austerities of their penitent life. Under his government the monastery was enriched with the virtues of Saint Paternus and of his blessed friend Scubilion, who came to hide there virtues of which the world was not worthy. But they had needed, after some time of trial, a deeper solitude; and the two friends, profiting by the liberty left, in those first centuries, to every religious to change community according as the desire of a greater perfection inspired him, had withdrawn, after scarcely three years of sojourn at Ansion, to the coasts of Normandy, where the holiness of their life shone no less than in Poitou. They had lived there but a short time, and already, having separated to live in a greater union with God, Paternus gave himself to harder austerities. His nourishment consisted solely of a small daily portion of bread and water: it was scarcely if sometimes he joined to it some vegetables mingled with a little salt. For garment he had only a hair-shirt which he wore night and day. Generoux learned of these excessive rigours, and his charity was moved by it: he feared that the Saint was carrying the zeal of penance too far and would thus lose strength of which the service of the Church had need. He left his brethren therefore for some days, directed himself toward the solitude inhabited by his disciple, and returned to his own only after having made him promise that he would moderate the rigour of his mortifications by conforming them to the rule which he had followed until then.

Saint Generoux died full of good works, less aged than his historians have believed until now, and long before the end of the sixth century. A parish church, which later became a priory of Saint-Jouin de Marne, had been first built by Saint Generoux at a short distance from the abbey. His body was carried there after his death, by the disciples whom he had left there. Like so many others, these venerated remains have disappeared, profaned and dispersed by war or impiety. But God has kept the monument which still bears, after thirteen centuries, the blessed name of its founder, and remains in the eyes of the Christian, who sees in it one of his titles to glory, the oldest witness of his religion in this religious part of Poitou.

The Abbé Auber, Lives of the Saints of the Church of Poitiers. — Cf. De Chergé, Lives of the Saints of Poitou, and the Proper of Poitiers.

Saint Tenenan or Tinidor, Bishop of the Ancient See of Léon and Confessor, and Our Lady of Lesquellen, in the Diocese of Quimper

— Pope: Honorius I. — King of France: Dagobert I.

The parents of Saint Tenenan lived in Great Britain. Christians and fearing God, they had him regenerated to eternal life by baptism immediately after his birth; and as soon as he could speak, they took care to have him instructed in the principles of Christian piety and to give him a careful education. Prevented by the grace of

the Holy Ghost, he preferred, when his reason was ripened, the science of the Saints to all profane sciences. He applied himself, from the first years of his youth, to keep his body and his heart free from stain, devoting himself to abstinence, alms and prayer; his words, his gait, all his exterior showed outwardly the modesty and humility which ruled his soul; he was assiduous at church and with the sacred ministers; and all that he learned of the holy Scriptures and of the divine laws he engraved in his heart, and occupied himself with unceasingly. A youth so holy and so pure merited him the favour of being raised to the priesthood. Then he despised the world entirely, where he might have lived in abundance and delights. He considered that the pleasures of the age have neither solidity nor duration, and that they end in bitterness; he observed that ambition promises much, but that after having long and vainly occupied us, it abandons us to the grief of having consumed fruitlessly a precious time which we might have employed in securing for ourselves a more real and more solid glory; he reflected also on the misfortune of some persons distinguished by their learning, or by the rank to which their merit had raised them, who had abandoned the way of Jesus Christ to let themselves be drawn into the precipices of perdition. All these considerations determined him to leave his house, his country, his goods and his parents; to make himself poor for the love of Jesus Christ and to cross the sea, in order to be known by no one in the place which Providence should mark out for his retreat. He passed into Armorican Brittany, sought a desert place; and having found it, built there a cell in the ancient diocese of Léon, on the banks of the river Elorn, in the place which has since been called from his name Lan-Tinidor or Lan-Derneau. He lived there several years, known to few persons, because the place was inaccessible, on account of the thickness of the forest of Benzic, in the midst of which he had chosen his dwelling. On the other side of the river, there was another forest as thick, called then the forest of Thalamon. In spite of the care that the servant of God took to hide himself, his reputation pierced these sombre forests, and, spreading on all sides, drew to him a prodigious number of persons, who came from all parts to ask him health of soul and body.

The church of Léon having lost its bishop, the clergy and the people assembled in the cathedral to proceed to the election of a new pastor; and the Holy Ghost, whom they invoked, inspired them to choose Saint Tenenan, and to prefer him to all those whom it had been believed possible to think of, to raise them to the honour of the episcopate. All sentiments were united as soon as Tenenan was proposed, and everyone cried out that he alone was worthy to occupy the see of Saint Paul. He was the only one to disapprove this unanimous choice, and he made use of all the lights of his mind and of all the force of his eloquence to render himself contemptible, to persuade of his pretended unworthiness, and to withdraw himself from the burden with which it was wished to charge him. He gave his consent at last only when the will of God, fully known, left him no more the liberty of not obeying. He was consecrated bishop, and the holy unction giving him more abundant graces, gave also to his virtues a new lustre, and made him appear as another man, as much raised by the sublimity of his perfection above Tenenan the solitary as the solitary Tenenan had appeared raised above other men. It is presumed that he often frequented the church of Ploa-Bennec, which he had built during his sojourn in the forest.

It cannot be said precisely where he died; Father Albert the Great assures that it was at Saint-Paul de Léon. The lessons of the Saint, published by the Bollandists, say the same. The Acts which we have followed lead us to believe that it was at Ploa-Bennec, where his relics were kept for some time. They were removed from it during the wars (it is not said which), and hidden in the pond of Melouet with a bell. The bell remained in the pond, but the relics were taken out of it and carried into the church. It is likely that the Acts mean by that the church of Ploa-Bennec. It appears that the holy bishop ended his career about the year 635; it is at least this date that the Proper of Léon indicates. However, we cannot say quite exactly in what time Saint Tenenan lived. The ancient Breviary of his church marks his feast on 16 July, with an office of nine lessons.

There are several parishes in the ancient diocese of Léon whose churches are dedicated to this holy bishop.

Near Locmaria (diocese of Quimper) is Our Lady of Lesquellen, work of Saint Tenenan, who thought he could not better begin his ministry than by raising a chapel to the Virgin on the height, beside the castle of Lesquellen, at the same time that he was building at the extremity of the forest the church of Plabennec. Informed, by divine inspiration, of the approach of the barbarians who were coming to pillage this latter church, he carried all that it contained of precious to Our Lady of Lesquellen; and there he betook himself to prayer, asking Mary to preserve from profanation the house of her divine Son. He was heard; the doors and windows resisted the rage of the barbarians. Furious at seeing their efforts powerless, these went up to Lesquellen to avenge themselves on Saint Tenenan; but at the moment when they were rushing upon the man of God, the plain appeared to them covered with a numerous army, commanded from the summit of the hill, where from that time people often come to invoke Mary, by a horseman mounted on a horse of dazzling whiteness, dressed in white himself, and sword in hand, encouraging his soldiers with a terrible voice. Frightened, they fled and left the country never to return. Having later become bishop of Léon, Saint Tenenan received the visit of one of his priests, who could not console himself for having let the holy host fall while carrying it to the sick, without his being able to know where this misfortune had happened. The holy bishop has recourse to Mary, his habitual refuge, and conjures her to indicate to him where the body of her Son was, to withdraw it from profanation. A few hours after, while he was assisting at the office, a dove comes and lays on his prie-dieu a branch of green oak, bearing in its branches a little tabernacle of wax, made by a swarm of bees which still surrounded it: he opens this tabernacle, finds in it the host and goes to lay it with joy in the ciborium, rendering thanks to God.

The Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau. — Taken from the ancient Breviary and from the Proper of Léon. See the Bollandists at 16 July. — Cf. Notre-Dame de France.

Saint Reinelde,[1] Virgin, and Her Companions, Martyred at Sanchte or Saintes, in Hainaut

— Pope: Agathon. — King of Neustria: Thierry III.

Quam mirandi generis mors est, cui parum fuit non esse in pœnis, nisi esset insuper in deliciis!

Oh! the admirable death, that which is not only the end of all evils, but still the beginning of all goods.

S. Aug., Tract. lxv sup. Evang. Joan.

In the last years of the seventh century, bands of barbarians, to whom the frightened peoples have given the name of Huns, already so terrible in history, but who were rather Frisians, threw themselves on the provinces of the North of Gaul and caused great ravages in Hainaut, Brabant, and as far as Morinie, Ponthieu and Picardy. It was from the hand of these idolaters that the noble virgin Saint Reinelde, patroness of Condé, her native place, received the crown of martyrdom.

She had for father the Blessed Witger, and for mother Saint Amalberga, of whom mention has already been made: her brother, Saint Emebert, was soon to succeed Saint Vindician in the sees of Cambrai and Arras, and Saint Gudula, her sister, after having faithfully imitated her examples, would one day merit like her the aureole of the elect. Thus all this illustrious and holy family was called to embellish our regions by the spectacle of its virtues, and Saint Reinelde to water them with her virginal blood.

From her first years, she gave great hopes which were to be fully realized. So her parents surrounded her with their care and their solicitude, in order to make grow in her innocent heart the germs of virtue that God had deposited there. When she had reached the age of adolescence, she saw herself sought, on account of her birth and her brilliant qualities, by a great number of young lords, who all aspired to the honour of having for wife a person so accomplished.

Reinelde knew how to decline with prudence all these pretensions, and declared openly that she would live only for God, to whom she wished to consecrate her goods, her virginity and her whole existence. Already even she prepared herself for the accomplishment of this generous sacrifice, by the practice of good works. Fasts, vigils and prayers were her delights; she relieved the poor, the sick, the infirm, and procured them all the help that was in her power. Her presence recalled everywhere joy, peace and confidence in God. She spoke unceasingly of him with a sentiment of happiness which betrayed itself in her features, and which penetrated the heart of all who heard her. In her dwelling, she was always seen submissive to the wishes of her parents, and full of gentleness and affability toward the servants, to whom she even rendered more services than she received. When Witger and his wife, already advanced in age, retired each into a monastery, to end their days there peacefully, Saint Reinelde, and her sister Saint Gudula, who was animated by the same sentiments, prepared to make to God the sacrifice of their goods, and to consecrate them in good works. After having taken all the measures that prudence commanded, they betook themselves to the abbey of Lobbes, where their father had died a short time before, and where their venerable mother Saint Amalberga, then at the monastery of Maubeuge, was soon after to have his mortal remains transported.

The religious having told them that this place, according to their rule, was forbidden to persons of the sex, and that none of them had ever entered it, Saint Gudula withdrew and went to live almost at once in the monastery of Morselle, on the banks of the Meuse. As for Reinelde, full of confidence in God who without doubt inspired her with this resolution, she remained three days and three nights near the abbey, ceasing not to conjure the Lord to hear her prayers and to make known to her his holy will. In the middle of the third night, while all the religious were resting, the doors of the church open suddenly, without anyone putting a hand to them, and the bell of the monastery is heard. Awakened by this strange noise, the brethren run up from all sides to know the cause. What is not their surprise to meet Saint Reinelde, in prayer and with arms extended before the image of the Saviour! They ask her at once the reason of the noise they have heard, and how she could enter the church. “If you would not introduce into it a sinner like me,” answers the humble servant of Jesus Christ, “God, whose mercy is infinite, has opened it to her in spite of her sins, and it is by his power that you see me entered there.” On hearing these words, the superior of the monastery and his religious recognized the high holiness of the Virgin of Condé and the astonishing prodigy which God had just wrought in her favour: all then prostrated themselves before her, beseeching her to address prayers to heaven for their community. Saint Reinelde, in her turn, asked them to recommend her to the Lord, that in all things she might accomplish his adorable will. After having rendered to God her homage and made to the apostle Saint Peter, patron of the monastery, the offering of a part of her goods, Saint Reinelde, accompanied only by a manservant and a maidservant of proved virtue, undertook the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The different particulars of this distant journey are not known; it is only seen that on her return, she brought back a great number of precious relics, among others, a piece of the holy Sepulchre, of the wood of the true Cross and of the garment of the Blessed Virgin.

Returned to the midst of her own, Reinelde continued the edifying and mortified life which she had led until then. All the inhabitants of the country called her the Saint and testified to her the profound respect with which her eminent piety penetrated them. The humble Virgin faithfully referred these homages to God, and profited by them to draw souls to him and make Christian virtues flourish everywhere near her.

It was while she was giving herself to the exercise of all sorts of good works that barbarian tribes fell suddenly upon the country and caused frightful ravages in it. At the approach of danger, a great number of inhabitants had withdrawn into caverns, forests and other inaccessible places, to put their lives in safety there. As for Saint Reinelde, trusting in God and committing her fate into his hands, she remained in the church with two persons, a cleric called Grimoald or Grimold and a servant of the name of Gondulphe. There, with arms in the form of a cross and prostrate humbly before the altar of the martyr Saint Quentin, she asked of Jesus Christ the grace to shed for him her blood, as he had deigned to shed his for the salvation of

men.

The barbarians, like furious animals, threw themselves with rage and violence on the whole country: soon they arrived in the abandoned village, and, directing themselves toward the church, they cut the throats there of the three victims who had as it were devoted themselves for the salvation of the whole people. Saint Reinelde and the subdeacon Saint Grimoald had their heads cut off; Gondulphe, without the reason of such a torment being explicable, had his head pierced with large nails. After this massacre, the idolaters tried to set fire to the church, but all their attempts were useless. When they had ravaged all the country, they returned toward the coasts of Frisia, and it was then that the inhabitants, on re-entering their village, found again the bloody remains of the three Martyrs whom they buried in the church with all the honours due to holy bodies.

Saint Reinelde is represented: 1° dragged by the hair, then beheaded by the barbarians; 2° having at her side the sword, characteristic of her martyrdom; 3° in a group, with her mother Saint Amalberga and her sister Saint Gudula.

She is patroness of Maeseyck, a little city of Belgian Limbourg, on the Meuse.

Worship and Relics

Numerous cures have been wrought at the tomb of Saint Reinelde; her Acts cite among others that of a paralytic of seven years, of a great number of blind and lame. Multiplied ex-votos recalled the memory of these benefits of the Virgin martyr. There were several elevations of her body: one, which appears to be the first, was made in 806 by the bishops of Cambrai, of Tournai and of Liège; the other, which took place under the pontificate of Saint Gregory VII, by Gerard, bishop of Cambrai and of Arras. In the years 1170 and 1332, the abbots of Lobbes, John and Peter, visited these holy relics and exposed them to the veneration of the people. Finally, in 1621, the illustrious François van der Burch, archbishop of Cambrai, visited himself this place so dear to the piety of the faithful.

The cult of Saint Reinelde has been in all times very celebrated in Hainaut and Brabant, and above all in the village where she was martyred. She is invoked particularly for the cure of inveterate ulcers, wounds and other similar infirmities. For this effect, the water of a fountain, distant from the church by about an eighth of a league, and which also bears the name of Fountain of Saint Reinelde, is employed especially with success. God has often rewarded with extraordinary cures the faith and piety of the infirm and sick who came to seek it, or to whom it was carried. Persons are sometimes seen who come to this place, not only from Halle, but even from very distant countries.

Devotion to Saint Reinelde often brings many pilgrims to her precious relics. On the day of her feast above all, 16 July, multitudes of them are seen arriving from all the neighbouring villages. Work is then suspended, and the inhabitants profit by this rest to fulfil their religious duties.

The feast of the Holy Trinity also attracts to Saintes an immense concourse of pilgrims: on that day, a very solemn procession is made in which the relics of the martyred Virgin are borne triumphantly on a car, with the two shrines which contain those of Saint Grimoald and Saint Gondulphe.

The shrine which contains the precious remains of Saint Reinelde is of gilded copper and of very beautiful workmanship: on both sides one sees twelve little silver statuettes which represent the Apostles. The Patroness occupies alone one of these faces of the shrine, and the Blessed Virgin the opposite face. This statue of Saint Reinelde is also of silver and of the height of about thirty centimetres: she is represented in pilgrim’s costume, a staff in the left hand and a palm in the right hand.

Besides the indulgences granted by the sovereign Pontiffs, in favour of the pious faithful who would come to honour the Saint, in the place where she shed her blood for Jesus Christ, a confraternity, established by the inhabitants of Saintes and the neighbouring places, still draws abundant blessings on all the country. The

rules of this association are very wise and very fit to advance in virtue all those who follow them faithfully. There is near Halle, on the road that leads to Enghien, a village which bears the name of Sainte-Reinelde, and where this holy Martyr is also much venerated. At Condé, reports a very respectable eyewitness, the spot is still pointed out where the castle which she inhabited stood. From all sides people come to invoke her before her statue placed in the church, and the pilgrims all go to draw from the well of Saint Reinelde a water which has often wrought, it is said, remarkable cures. This well is found today in the vast enclosure of the arsenal: it is surrounded with walls of elbow height, and maintained with care and respect by the commander of the artillery. The church of Condé possesses also a very ancient reliquary on which one reads the following invocation: “Saint Reinelde, native of Condé, pray for us.” We have borrowed this biography from the Lives of the Saints of the dioceses of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombes.

Saint Fulrade, Abbot of Saint-Denis, near Paris, and Founder of Several Abbeys in Alsace

— Pope: Adrian I. — King of France: Charlemagne.

Via angusta est via abstinentiæ et castitatis, humilitatis et omnis religionis, quam viam ante nos Christus attrivit, qua via ad suum regnum migravit.

The narrow way is the way of penance, of chastity, of humility, of piety; this way Jesus has opened for us, it is by it that he went to his kingdom.

S. Aug., De triplici Habitaculo.

Saint Fulrade, fourteenth abbot of Saint-Denis, in France, was born in Alsace, where his parents possessed great goods. Dom Calmet pretends even that he saw the light at Saint-Hippolyte, a little city situated four leagues from Colmar. The greater part of the ancient historians, misled by some false diplomas in which Fulrade is called *Nepos* of Charlemagne, say that this abbot was nephew or grandson of that emperor; some, confusing him with another Fulrade, abbot of Saint-Quentin in Vermandois, whose father was a natural son of Charles Martel, make him thus uncle of Charlemagne; but the testament of Fulrade makes his origin better known. Riculphe, his father, and Ermengarde, his mother, enjoyed in Alsace a high consideration. Fulrade distinguished himself from his youth by his piety, and with age there developed in him the happy dispositions which nature had given him. He is regarded, with reason, as one of the greatest men of his time; so his merit and his talents opened to him the way to the first employments of the kingdom. Become abbot of Saint-Denis, he was charged, in 751, by Pepin, to go to Rome with Saint Bourcard I, bishop of Würzburg, to consult Pope Zachary on the disposal that should be made of the throne. Fulrade enjoyed, under the reign of Pepin, the esteem of all France and the confidence of this monarch. He was named counsellor of the king, chaplain of his palace, archpriest of the kingdoms of Austrasia, of Burgundy and of Neustria, and archchaplain, or grand almoner of France. He still exercised this charge under Carloman and Charlemagne. The Pope likewise had a great esteem for him.

Astolphus, king of the Lombards, was continually making war on the sovereign pontiff Stephen, and threatened to invade the city of Rome; the Pope asked help of Pepin. The latter forced the king of the Lombards to an accommodation and sent the abbot Fulrade into Italy to come to an understanding with him on the restitution of the exarchate of Ravenna and of the Pentapolis; but the Lombard monarch did not fulfil the conditions of this treaty, which is why Pepin obliged him anew to accept conditions still harder: twenty cities were evacuated by Astolphus, and Fulrade, charged a second time to smooth the difficulties of the convention, brought to Rome the keys of these cities and laid them on the tomb of Saint Peter, to make of them, in the name of his king, a donation to the Church, though always under the suzerainty of the kings of France. By this means, the Church of Rome came to the peaceful possession of the cities of Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Cesena, etc.

There is still preserved a bull of Pope Stephen III, given on 16 February 752, in which this Pontiff permits Fulrade to build monasteries on the lands which belong to him in his own right or which should be given to him. Fulrade founded six monasteries or priories and several churches: two of these monasteries were in Alsace. But, in the midst of his labours, the holy man did not fail to render himself always useful to his country; for, after the death of King Astolphus, Desiderius, king of the Lombards, sought to reconquer the cities which had been ceded to the Holy See and took arms. Fulrade appeared again in Italy: his eloquence and his conciliating manners, joined to the force of the proofs which he alleged, made Desiderius renounce his enterprises, and the latter, by the arrangements of Fulrade, was crowned king of the country which he was going to lay waste. The Pope and all Italy testified to him the liveliest gratitude for the happy success of this negotiation. Fulrade assisted at the assembly of Attigny-sur-Aisne and received from the French nobility all the marks of the most profound esteem. He made his testament in 777, at Héristal, and gave all his goods, monasteries, churches, etc., to the abbey of Saint-Denis. His precious death happened on 16 July 784: he is the only one of the abbots of Saint-Denis to whom the title of Saint was given. The celebrated Alcuin composed his epitaph. He was buried first in the church of Saint-Denis; but his body was transported later to the monastery of Liepvre, where he was honoured on 17 February, the day of his translation. The first monastery that Alsace owed to the generosity of Fulrade was that which he had built in a place named Audaldevillers, and which he dedicated to the martyr Saint Hippolytus. He deposited there the body of this holy martyr, which he had obtained, about the year 764, from Pope Paul, with several other relics, with which he enriched the monasteries of his foundation. The pilgrimages which the faithful undertook to go and venerate the relics of Saint Hippolytus soon made the name of Audaldevillers forgotten, and the little city which formed around the monastery took and has kept to our day the name of this holy martyr. But the relics of Saint Hippolytus did not remain long in this place; for a charter of Charles the Bald, of the year 862, teaches us that from then they had been transferred to the abbey of Saint-Denis with those of Saint Cougat or Cucuphas, martyred at Barcelona on 25 July 304 under the empire of Diocletian.

The second monastery due to Fulrade was that which took the name of the founder himself; but later the name of Fulradviller was changed into that of Liapvre or Leberau, from the river Leberaha, on which it was situated. This monastery gave its name to a village which formed around it. Fulrade ceded to this monastery several goods which belonged to him and the greater part of those which had been given to him by Widon and Chrodbarde, two Alsatian lords. He deposited there relics of Pope Saint Alexander and of Saint Gougat. The relics of Saint Gougat were brought into France by Charlemagne, and remained at the monastery of Liepvre only until 835, epoch at which Hilduin, abbot of Saint-Denis, had them transported, on 25 August, to his abbey, where they were honoured thereafter.

The ancient church of Liepvre still subsisted in the middle of the last century: it was demolished in 1751. One saw painted on the panes the image of Saint Fulrade, with these words: *Domea cuncta Deo hic*, and, on the other side, the portrait of Charlemagne, with this inscription: *Fiant hæc jubeo*. Richier, in his Chronicle of Senones, speaks also of a pavement of marble in mosaic, very curious, which was attributed to Charlemagne and which was also seen at Liepvre.

These two houses, being in their origin of the diocese of Strasbourg, became priories of the Order of Saint Benedict and depended on the abbey of Saint-Denis until the 14th century. The little city of Saint-Hippolyte was burned, with its monastery, in 1286, by Anselm, count of Ribeaupierre, then at war with the emperor Rudolph of Habsburg; it had the same fate in 1326, and was taken and razed by Leopold, duke of Austria, because Louis of Oettingen, landgrave of Lower Alsace and lord of Saint-Hippolyte, had revolted against him and declared for Louis of Bavaria, his rival. It was only about the year 1400 that the dukes of Lorraine took possession of Saint-Hippolyte and of Liepvre, by virtue of the jurisdiction which they exercised over the two monasteries and which they had obtained in the twelfth century.

The abbots of Saint-Denis provided themselves, in 1404, with King Charles VI, to have the priories restored to them; but they were not listened to, and it was these dukes who united them to the collegiate church of Saint George of Nancy, by virtue of a bull of Pope Alexander VI, of 16 April 1502. When this collegiate church was itself united, in 1742, to the primatial of that city, the two priories also returned to the same church.

At some distance from Saint-Hippolyte is situated the little city of Bergheim, near which was formerly seen a house of Templars and the chapel of Saint Peter, parish of the village of Bergheim-Weiller. At the suppression of the Order of the Templars, in 1312, their house was annexed to the preceptory of the knights of Malta of Schelestadt.[1] Near Guémar is the celebrated pilgrimage in honour of Saint Maximin, bishop of Trier. The church was built in 1262 by Ulrich, count of Ribeaupierre. His successors always showed themselves very generous toward this church and went there every year with all their court, to receive holy communion there.

See the History of the Saints of Alsace, by the Abbé Hunckler.

The Blessed Milon, Bishop of Thérouanne

— Pope: Adrian IV. — King of France: Saint Louis.

Ille qui justitiæ zelo semper est accensus, qui veritatem ubique zelat, qui sapientiæ fervet studiis, amore Christi compungitur.

He who is always inflamed with zeal for justice, who has zeal for truth, who seeks wisdom with ardour, behold the Christian penetrated with the love of Christ.

S. Bernard, serm. xx sup. Cant.

Sprung from the noble house of Selincourt, in Picardy, the Blessed Milon became a priest of the diocese of Thérouanne and exercised, in 1113, the functions of curé in the modest parish of Verchin, near Furges. He withdrew, a short time after, into a hermitage which Saint Josse had formed for himself, in a place called Runiac, situated at a short distance from the river Authie, in the present commune of Tortefontaine. There, he gave himself with some recluses to the holy rigours of penance, when he resolved to go to Saint Norbert, at Prémontré, to study the rule of his Institute. He united himself to the disciples of the illustrious founder, took with them the religious habit and made profession according to the rule of Saint Augustine, on the eve of Christmas 1119. In 1120, he returned to his retreat of Runiac or rather of Saint-Josse-aux-Bois, for it had taken this name from the saint who had formerly inhabited it; and conformably to the instructions given by Saint Norbert, he engaged the hermits whom he had left there to embrace the rule of Prémontré. These accepted the proposal and Milon became their first abbot. The eminent holiness of Saint Norbert, whose passage and preachings in these regions were still remembered, the admirable virtue of his new disciple Milon, determined many lords to favour the establishment which he was founding at Saint-Josse-aux-Bois. Many of them made donations which the archbishop of Reims approved, and he himself granted to the religious the right to elect their abbots freely. The Blessed Milon rejoiced much at these multiplied blessings which heaven poured upon his work. Besides a church which he built for his religious, whose number increased from day to day, he had also built, in a separate quarter, as a second monastery for the nuns. During ten years he imprinted on this nascent community a wise direction and inspired it with the sentiments with which he was himself animated. His rare merit could not escape the clergy and many inhabitants of the country; so almost all the voices pronounced in his favour when it was necessary, in 1130, to replace the holy bishop of Thérouanne, John of Warneton, who had just died. Intrigue had already carried to this important see Baldwin, brother of Thierry of Alsace, count of Flanders, and this young canon, without experience and without vocation, had already accumulated imprudences by taking in hand the direction of the affairs of this diocese. A regular assembly, convoked by the archbishop of Reims and the bishops of the province, put an end to this intrusion and gave to the church of Thérouanne a pastor after the heart of God. The election of

Milon having been confirmed by Pope Innocent II, the archbishop gave the unction to the new pontiff, on 15 February 1131.

The whole episcopate of the Blessed Milon was consecrated to the development of piety in souls and to the foundation of churches and monasteries. This was, at that epoch above all, the most important of needs and the most popular of institutions. It is also by their devotion to this work that the most zealous and virtuous prelates distinguished themselves. Hardly in possession of his episcopal see, Milon thought of endowing the city of Thérouanne with a house of the Order of Prémontré. He chose for this the site of an ancient convent ruined during the Norman invasions. He called there religious from the community of Saint-Pierre-les-Selincourt, commonly known under the name of Sainte-Larme. This house took for patron Saint Augustine, and Milon made it donations which were confirmed by Pope Eugenius III. In the following years, he contributed still to the foundation of the monastery of Notre-Dame-de-Licques, not far from the strait of the Pas-de-Calais, and to that of the canons regular of the congregation of Arrouaise, in the abbey of Saint-Wulmer of Boulogne. The holy bishop saw still established, on another point of his diocese, the abbey of Beaulieu in the Boulonnais, founded by Eustace called the Elder, lord of Fiennes and one of the companions of Godfrey of Bouillon in Palestine. Among the other foundations which the ancient monuments still point out, one may recall the new establishment of the religious of the castle of Choques, whose church and buildings had been destroyed during the war. The Blessed Milon procured them a piece of ground outside the borough of Choques, near the Clarence. They perpetuated themselves there until 1792. The zeal and example of the holy bishop of Thérouanne contributed much to increase the number of churches or religious houses, by determining powerful lords to build them also on their lands. Among the various consecrations reported by the authors, the most remarkable is that of the cathedral church of Thérouanne, which took place in 1133. This monument having suffered much for several years, Milon had it repaired and provided it with ornaments. In the midst of the multitude, which had run from all sides to assist at this ceremony, were remarked the shrines enclosing the relics of Saint Omer, of Saint Bertin, of Saint Folquin, of Saint Erkemhode and of Saint Winnoc, apostles of this diocese.

To these multiplied consolations which the holy bishop tasted in the accomplishment of the duties of his ministry, there came also to be joined at times just subjects of affliction. If lords rejoiced him by the testimonies of their piety, others afflicted him keenly by their violences and their crimes. It was above all from the advocate of his episcopal city that he had most to suffer. This man, named Arnoul, who, by the nature of his functions, ought to have protected the bishop and the clergy, used his authority on the contrary only to make the most cruel oppression weigh on them. He had built on the Roman way, or road of Tournehem, a castle which dominated the city, and made use of this fortress to entrench himself there, to harass the bishop, his chapter and all the population. Milon saw himself forced to implore the services of the count of Flanders, to subdue this turbulent neighbour. Thierry of Alsace raised troops, came to besiege this fort, took it by assault and had it razed to the foundations. The Pope intervened in this affair and launched anathemas against the advocate Arnoul: moreover, in an assembly of the clergy and nobility, it was regulated that no one might in future build any fort, not only within the enclosure of Thérouanne, but even within a league of this place. Here is how Milon relates the excesses to which this advocate gave himself. “He came,” says he, “with armed hand to violate our dwellings, to break the doors of the temple, to shed blood in the holy place, to burn our barns and the houses of our canons. Summoned to appear before us to give satisfaction for all these wrongs, he refused up to three times, and we then pronounced a canonical judgment.”

The learning of the Blessed Milon did not make him less remarkable than his zeal and his virtue. He was considered as one of the lights of his time, and several times his counsels were had recourse to for very important affairs. The authors point out his presence at the Council held at Reims in 1148, under the presidency of Pope Eugenius III. In this assembly eighteen canons were made on ecclesiastical discipline,

and the affair of Gilbert de la Poirée, bishop of Poitiers, was incidentally treated, raised by a writing which he had published on the divine substance. The Prelates assembled, among whom were Saint Bernard and Suger, abbot of Saint-Denis, drew up a creed and deputed three of their number to present it to the Pope. These deputies were Milon, Suger and the bishop of Auxerre.

Such are the principal facts which are remarked in the life of Bishop Milon. Father Longueval, in his History of the Gallican Church, book xxvi, cites a letter addressed to this Prelate by Peter the Venerable, abbot of the monastery of Cluny. He complains in it that Milon does not do justice in his discourses to the regularity of his religious and that he judges them with an excessive severity. Perhaps the Blessed Milon, all of whose desires tended to the increase of the Order of the Premonstratensians, had expressed in too general a manner the discontent which the conduct of some one of the abbeys of Cistercians that were met with in his diocese had inspired in him. Among the wise regulations which the venerable bishop of Thérouanne made during his administration, those are pointed out which relate to marriages, to the transmission of fiefs, to the rights of Churches and to those of the communes recently enfranchised. He made these last dispositions in concert with the count of Flanders, Thierry of Alsace. The wise Prelate knew how to unite to the duties of the episcopate those of the religious profession of which he preserved the spirit until the last day of his life. His most remarkable virtue was humility, as this saying of several authors indicates: *In Norberto fides, in Bernardo charitas, in Milone humilitas*: “The faith of Norbert, the charity of Bernard, the humility of Milon.”

According to the authors of the *Gallia Christiana*, the Blessed Milon died on 16 July 1158. “It is read in his acts,” says Father Malbrancq, “that a woman, blind for four years, recovered sight near his tomb.” Baronius praised the learning of this holy bishop, and du Saussay makes mention of him in his Gallican martyrology. Raissius speaks of him also on 16 July in his *Auctarium ad natales Sanctorum Belgii*. The church of Thérouanne and the Order of Prémontré have decreed him the title of Blessed.

We have borrowed this biography from the Lives of the Saints of Cambrai and Arras, by the Abbé Destombes. — Cf. Legendary of Morinie.

The Triumph of the Holy Cross in Spain

— Pope: Innocent III. — King of Castile: Alphonse IX.

Crux Christi incredulis scandalum est, credentibus vero salus.

The cross of Jesus Christ is the scandal of unbelievers and the salvation of believers. S. Ignat. mart., Ep. xiv ad Ephes.

Although this solemnity of the Triumph of the holy Cross is particular to the kingdom of Spain, we shall relate it here as a memory dear to Christian arms.

Among the glorious victories that the almighty God has given us against the infidels, there is none more illustrious than that which was gained by Alphonse IX, king of Castile and son of King Don Sancho, with the aid of the kings of Navarre and of Aragon, over an innumerable army of Moors. We take the account of it from the history of Rodrigue Ximenès, archbishop of Toledo, who was present at this battle quite close to the king, and from the letter which King Alphonse wrote to Pope Innocent III, to relate this event to him. King Don Alphonse, inflamed with the glory of God and the desire to propagate his worship, irritated by the insolence of the Moors, whom their numerous victories increased, resolved to avenge the continual injuries which these furious men did to the Christian name, consulted the prelates and the great men of his kingdom, and, after having received their advice and consent, counting on the divine Goodness always propitious to those who invoke it with faith, on the help of the neighbouring kings and of the other Christian princes his allies, formed the generous design of making a last and supreme effort against the power of the Crescent. This is why he sent first to Rome, then into France and Germany, the archbishop of Toledo, Rodrigue

Ximenès, a man very learned and of great authority, to entreat Pope Innocent III to grant the military cross to all who should take arms, and to make them enjoy the same indulgences and privileges as for the crusades of the Holy Land, which he did willingly.

By the care of the archbishop, the report of this expedition spread rapidly through all Christendom. It was known that the king of Morocco threatened anew to carry ruin and death into the empire of the Cross. People ran from all sides to take part in the crusade, and the number of the soldiers of Christ was so great that they could not be lodged in the city of Toledo and were obliged to camp under tents on the bank of the Tagus. There came some from France and from Italy, among whom were remarked many prelates and princes who had devoted themselves to this holy war. Never had Spain seen in its plains so powerful an army.

The troops set out from Toledo in the month of May of the year 1212. They had at first great difficulties to surmount, because the Moorish king had taken care to fortify all the passes of the mountains, and to cut the roads with broad ditches which barred the way to the cavalry; but, aided by the help of God, the army cleared all these obstacles. They even took some cities, among which was Calatrava. Unhappily division arose in the camp of the Christians: there were regrettable quarrels, as a consequence of which the foreign troops left the army to return into their own country. Although deprived of these auxiliaries, King Don Alphonse none the less pursued his march and joined his forces to those of Don Pedro, king of Aragon, and of Don Sancho, king of Navarre. All together they came to meet the enemy as far as Moradalo, where King Mohamed awaited them in the midst of a formidable army. He had fortified himself, resolved to defend the passage, but without wishing to give a decisive battle. He was still ignorant of the departure of the foreign troops; but, when he had learned by his spies the defection of the auxiliaries, he gathered his troops and placed himself in a gorge of very steep mountains, sending at the same time some companies toward Baëza, to ravage the fields of the Christians.

The road which the army of the crusaders followed was so difficult that the horses had trouble to keep their footing. They had before them an innumerable crowd of enemies, and it seemed almost impossible to force the passage. The return was not less dangerous. In this critical circumstance, King Don Alphonse encouraged his men to put their confidence in Providence and in the divine Goodness. God came in effect to their aid; a shepherd, who knew perfectly all these mountains (they regarded him as an angel sent from God) indicated to them a passage which was not guarded, and by which he led them into the plain, under the eyes of the Moors, who quivered with rage on seeing their prey escape them.

Mohamed set himself at once to pursue them in the hope of engaging battle; but Don Alphonse, considering that his troops were harassed with fatigue, resolved to avoid the battle until his army should have had time to recover a little, and until he should have reconnoitred the forces of the enemy. The barbarians, attributing this prudence to fear, swelled with pride, and Mohamed boasted that he would shut the three kings in so narrow a circle that he would take them before three days.

The very next day, he displays his standards, draws up his troops in battle and marches to the fight, as to a certain victory; but the Christians did not leave their camp, awaiting a favourable occasion. Don Alphonse, as a skilful general, wished to choose the time and place of the combat. In the night of Sunday, the Christian army prepared itself by a general confession and communion. Mass was sung in the camp, after which the bishops published the plenary indulgence which the Pope had granted. Each then took his post, hands and eyes raised toward heaven, from which victory was awaited. The soldiers appeared joyful and inflamed with the desire to die for Jesus Christ; they advanced rapidly, invoking with great cries the holy Name of God, supplicating him to avenge them on these barbarians who were coming to destroy the Christian religion and ruin the glory of the Cross.

The army of the Moors was innumerable; one saw in the midst of it King Mohamed clothed with great magnificence and covered with the black mantle of the first of the Almoades. He had carried before him the

sword and the book of the Alcoran. The battle was engaged at once with equal ardour; but, as the Moors surpassed the Christians by much, victory seemed first to range itself on their side, so that King Alphonse said to the archbishop of Toledo: “We shall have to die here, lord archbishop, we and ours.” — “No, no, Sire,” answered the courageous prelate; “but, with the help of God, we shall triumph over our enemies.”

The help of heaven was not slow, in effect, to appear evident, and victory returned to the ranks of the Christians. The Cross which it was the custom to carry before the archbishop of Toledo, and which was borne by Dominic Paschal, canon of that Church, traversed the whole army of the Saracens; it remained on the other side of the ranks as if to serve as a signal to the Christians, without he who bore it being able to be struck down. There was also, among the royal standards, an image of the most holy Virgin, Patroness of Toledo and of the kingdoms of Spain. At the sight of it, the Moors, who fought with great courage and who had resisted all the attacks of the Christians, were manifestly troubled; they began to waver and to take flight, and were pursued with blows of swords, lances and arrows. Thus the Christians gained the victory, acknowledging that it came more from heaven than from the strength of their arms, and that it was the work of the God of armies.

King Mohamed had scarcely time to flee on his dromedaries: two hundred thousand of his men perished in the combat, in which the Christians lost few people. These, for several days, were occupied only in gathering the spoils, and, though they made use of the wood of the bows, lances and arrows to make fires, they could not consume them all, so considerable was the number of them.

A defeat so complete entirely abated the pride of the Moors, at the same time that it raised the heart of the Christians and strengthened their confidence in God, who had so visibly succoured them. They had, besides, merited this divine assistance by undertaking this war, not through love of pillage or to extend their territory, but for the glory of God, the exaltation and the propagation of the true religion: which kings should always propose solely, when they fight infidels, heretics and the other enemies of God. Let us remark moreover that they had had recourse to the supreme Head of the Church, to obtain from him indulgences and prayers. Pope Innocent III had in effect ordered general prayers throughout Christendom; he had appointed at Rome a day of rigorous fast on bread and water, and instituted a solemn procession, which he followed himself barefoot, supplicating Our Lord to have pity on his children and to grant the victory to the Christians over the barbarians.

A perfect concord had not ceased to reign between the kings of Castile, of Aragon and of Navarre. Finally the whole army, besides its material arms, had provided itself with divine arms by the sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist. From the beginning of the war, King Don Alphonse had forbidden his soldiers to wear magnificent garments and luxurious arms, not wishing to irritate by vanity the divine Majesty, and insisting that each should content himself with the arms necessary for the combat. The army submitted perfectly to these orders and seconded in all the pious intentions of its king. Let us rank also among the causes of this great triumph the disinterestedness with which chiefs and soldiers first disdained the spoils of the enemy, to finish annihilating him in his flight. The day before, the archbishop of Toledo, Rodrigue Ximenès, had expressly forbidden that anything be pillaged before the entire defeat of the Moors, if God granted the victory: he had threatened the pillagers with anathema, and his orders were respected. They fought until night; it was only after an obstinate pursuit that the Christian army began to divide the spoils.

Such were, with the divine protection, the causes of this memorable victory: it ruined all the domination of the Arabs and increased marvellously the power and glory of the Christian name; it filled all Christendom with joy. It was wished that the memory of so fine a day should be preserved in posterity, and Pope Gregory XIII permitted the kingdoms of Spain to celebrate the feast of it under the name of the Triumph of the Cross. This name suited it for a double title, both because the Cross had in effect triumphed that day over its most implacable enemies, and because it had penetrated first into the midst of the pressed ranks of the barbarians, showing the Christians the way of victory.

It is read in the General Chronicle of Spain that at the beginning of the battle there was perceived in the air a red cross, the sight of which animated the Christians and terrified the Moors; hence would have come this title of Triumph of the Cross. It is added even that a prince of the kingdom of Léon showed it to the king, who, in reward, permitted him to bear it in his arms, his family having in fact for armorial bearings a red cross on a white ground. But Archbishop Rodrigue does not speak of this apparition, King Don Alphonse does not mention it either in his letter to the Pope; now, it is hardly credible that both should have passed over in silence so memorable a circumstance.

Ribadeneira: Lives of the Saints, completed by the Abbé Daras, Vivès edition.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Holy Scapular

— Pope: Innocent IV. — King of France: Saint Louis.

He who shall die clothed with the holy Scapular shall be preserved from the eternal fires; it is a sign of salvation, a safeguard in perils and the pledge of peace and of a special protection until the end of the ages.

Words of the Blessed Virgin to Saint Simon Stock.

It is not without reason that we join these two devotions together, since the Scapular is a grace granted to the religious of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and since these religious, by permission of the Holy See, keep the one and the other solemnity on this same day.

Carmel is a mountain situated in Palestine, in the portion of the tribe of Issachar, having the mountains of Nazareth to the east, and the Mediterranean sea to the west. Holy Scripture speaks of it always as of a place sovereignly fertile and agreeable. Nabal, husband of Abigail, who was afterwards wife of David, was rich only by the fine lands and the excellent pastures which he possessed there. When the Spouse of the Canticle of Canticles wishes to extol the graces of his Spouse, he says to her that her head is flourishing like Carmel: *Caput tuum ut Carmelus*. And when the prophet Isaias wishes to represent to us in lively colours the splendour and majesty of the Messias whom he saw in spirit, as if he had already been in the world, he assures us that “the glory of Libanus has been given to him,” and that he has been clothed with the beauties of Carmel and Saron: *Gloria Libani data est ei, decor Carmeli et Saron.* On the contrary, when the Prophets wish to make appear a great desolation and a universal ravage, they say that Carmel has been changed into a desert, that its trees, which were accustomed to be always green, have dried up; that joy and diversions have been banished from it, and that, all firm and immovable as it appears, it has been shaken and tottered.

On this mountain, the prophet Elias won, against the 850 priests of the idol of Baal, the illustrious victory so admirably described in the third book of Kings, chapter xviii. On this mountain, one of his disciples, whom he sent seven times toward the sea, saw at the seventh time a mysterious cloud dissolve in rain and change into a happy fertility the sterility of the fields, which had lasted three years and a half, to punish the crimes of Achab and Jezabel. Later, this divine Prophet established his dwelling there, with the great Eliseus, the first and most celebrated of all his spiritual children, and gathered there a company of holy personages, who were called the Children of the Prophets; he prescribed to them certain rules of abstinence, of fasts, of prayers and of other exercises of piety, which distinguished them from the common of the Jews.

Several authors have written that these religious of the Old Testament perpetuated themselves until the time of the coming of the Saviour, as far as the long domination of the kings of Babylon, of Persia, of Syria and of Egypt, and the wars of the Ammonite princes allowed them; that Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and Saint John the Baptist honoured them there with their visit; that after the Passion and the Resurrection of the Son of God, some of the new Christians retired there also and continued there the solitary life of those illustrious disciples of Elias and of Eliseus, and that finally, in all the time which has elapsed since the establishment of the Christian religion until Berthold, first Latin general of the Order of Carmelites, that is to say until the 12th century, this holy mountain has always been inhabited by some hermits who, dwelling in the caverns

which are there in great number, or in cells which they built of earth and branches of trees, have preserved there the spirit of religion which the ancient Prophets, and afterwards those first Christians, had established there. They inferred from it that the institute of Our Lady of Mount Carmel has the great Elias for chief and first founder, and that it embraces not only the eighteen centuries of the law of grace, which have elapsed until our days, but also nearly nine centuries of the written law, namely from Elias to the birth of the Saviour of the world.

This succession, without notable interruption, has been combated by other celebrated authors, principally by Baronius, in the year 444 of his Annals; but the proofs on which it is established, although they are not altogether convincing, are nevertheless very probable: a great number of popes, cardinals and bishops have authorized it, by approving the ecclesiastical offices in which it is reported; Saint Magdalen of Pazzi, Saint Teresa, the Blessed John of the Cross and many other Saints of this Order, to whom God revealed great secrets, never doubted it: they have, on the contrary, founded several of their devotions on this tradition; we also make no difficulty in subscribing to it; we are persuaded that God has given, in all ages of the world, an inclination for the retired and solitary life, which, by separating men from the commerce of the world, renders them interior and spiritual and makes them approach the purity of the angels; and that the deserts of Mount Carmel and its environs being places very fit for this life, there is much appearance that after the sojourn of the Prophets, they have hardly been without some holy inhabitants who wished to be the heirs of their cells as well as of their zeal. Many reasons have caused the Blessed Virgin to be given the surname of this holy mountain: these reasons are marked on this day in the lessons of her office. The first is that she was there prefigured, recognized and honoured from the time of the ancient Prophets, and nearly nine hundred years before her birth. In effect, one cannot doubt that the cloud which the prophet Elias perceived in that place after his disciple, and which he had himself drawn by the holy importunity of his prayers, was the symbol and figure of this august Mother of God. Scripture says that it was like the trace of a man’s foot; that, coming out of the sea, it rose into the midst of the air, and that, having then spread on all sides, it gave an abundant rain which delivered the earth from the drought and sterility with which it was afflicted. We have, in this description, an image of the virtues and prerogatives of Mary: she was like the trace of a man’s foot by her humility, because, as Saint Bernard says, she humbled herself below all creatures. She raised herself above the sea by her purity, because she so came out of the bosom of our corrupt nature by the way of an ordinary generation that she contracted nothing of its heaviness or its bitterness, and that her original innocence and holiness distinguished her from all the other children of Adam. Finally, she gave an abundant and salutary rain by her fecundity, because she brought into the world Him whom the Prophets and all the Old Testament had so often promised us under the names of dew and rain.

This mystery was not hidden from the divine Elias; God opened to him the eyes of the soul to recognize that this little cloud, which was so salutary to the people of Israel, was the figure of an incomparable Virgin, who was to be the source of the happiness of all nations; he informed Saint Eliseus and his other disciples of it: which caused them to have from that time much respect and a singular affection for her. And, certainly, if the druids, among the Gauls, all pagans and idolaters as they were, did not fail to dedicate an altar to her, long before her birth, with this inscription: *Virgini parituræ*, “to the Virgin who shall bring forth,” why shall we doubt that these holy solitaries, who lived on Carmel with so much innocence and purity, and who, besides the light of faith, possessed excellently the gift of prophecy and had a perfect understanding of the holy Scriptures, where the merits of the glorious Virgin had already been marked in divers places, why shall we doubt that they devoted themselves to her service, and adored and blessed her in advance as the Mother of their Redeemer? Thus, we may say that she was, from that time, the Lady and Sovereign of Mount Carmel, and that, this holy mountain belonging to her as her inheritance, she could legitimately bear the name of it.

The second reason of this appellation is that the first and principal church built on Carmel was blessed and consecrated in honour of the Blessed Virgin, like that of Loreto, of Montserrat, of Liesse, of Le Puy in Velay,

of Boulogne-sur-Mer and many others which cause her to be given the names of the places illustrated by her miracles, by her signal protection, and by the devotion of the faithful. We read even, in the lessons of the office of this day, that the Christians of the nascent Church were the authors of this edifice, and that, having retired to this holy mountain at the beginning of the persecutions of the Jews, they raised there, in memory of the Virgin, still on earth, a little chapel, in the very place whence the prophet Elias had seen the salutary and mysterious cloud of which we have just spoken. Carmel has therefore this advantage of being the first place in the world which was dedicated solemnly under her name, and where she was invoked publicly as the powerful Advocate of the Church with her Son. If each lord has the right to take the name of the lands, castles and cities which are of his domain, it is without doubt with much justice that we give to the Blessed Virgin the name of this mountain, over which she has a right so ancient, so legitimate and so glorious.

The third reason is drawn from the fact that the Order of Mount Carmel is entirely devoted to her. We have already said that the disciples of Elias and of Eliseus, who were the Carmelites of the old law, made a particular profession of honouring Mary, knowing, in their quality of Prophets, her excellence and the inestimable goods which she would bring to the world; but the Carmelites of the new law have still outbid this devotion: they have taken her for their foundress, for their Mother and perpetual Superior, and have never considered themselves but as persons wholly consecrated to honouring her. So the Popes and the Congregations of cardinals have always given them the name of the Virgin, calling them the brothers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel: *Fratres Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Carmelo*; so also the Virgin does not refuse to bear their name, being called of Mount Carmel, not only on account of the church which is dedicated to her in that place, but still on account of the rich inheritance which she possesses there in the person of these excellent solitaries. For these reasons and several others, the Holy See has permitted this great Order to celebrate, every year, on 16 July, a feast under the name of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, either to solemnize the dedication of the first oratory built on this Mount, or to acknowledge the graces which the Virgin has caused to flow there with so much abundance from the time of the Prophets to our days; or finally to thank her for having spread this happy seed in almost all places of the earth for the sanctification of souls. The Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, better known under the name of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular, took its birth, like the Order itself, on this holy mountain.

“When, on the holy day of Pentecost, the Apostles, inspired from heaven, spoke divers tongues and worked a great number of prodigies by the invocation of the adorable name of Jesus, several men,” says tradition, “who had taken the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus for models and had been prepared for the coming of Christ by the preaching of John the Baptist, instructed and convinced of the truth of the facts, embraced at once the evangelical faith. Having had the happiness of enjoying the presence and the conversations of the most holy Virgin, they began, by a special affection, to honour her with a veneration so great that they were the first of all to erect to this most pure Virgin a chapel in the very place of Mount Carmel where Elias had formerly seen rise a cloud like a human foot.” It was the image of Mary, say the commentators, which appeared announcing the abundant Dew of grace.

“They assembled several times a day in the new oratory and honoured there the most holy Virgin, as their protectress, by pious ceremonies, prayers and hymns.” These assemblies or particular reunions formed between them close bonds of a holy confraternity, whence the Confraternity of Mount Carmel has drawn its origin.

The holy Scapular is a present of the Mother of God; it is a holy habit which the children of Carmel have received from Mary, in sign of the alliance which she was pleased to contract with them in the person of their fathers. Thus the Confraternity of Carmel, the most ancient of all the Confraternities, as also the most favoured by God, by the Blessed Virgin and by the Holy See, received a new lustre and the most prodigious increase by the singular privilege of the Scapular of which it bears the name today. The holy Scapular is a gift of heaven and the fruit of the prayers of Saint Simon Stock. In 1245, the religious of Carmel were

exposed to the most violent persecutions; Saint Simon, full of confidence in Mary, ceased not to conjure her to sustain the interests of the family which she had adopted and favoured on so many occasions. His perseverance was crowned, his prayers had the force to open heaven and to bring down from it the Queen of Angels.[1] After having spoken to Simon Stock, the Blessed Virgin left the Scapular in the hands of the consoled old man, and disappeared.

It was not the intention of the Mother of God that her benefit should remain buried in the obscurity of the cloister; she wished, on the contrary, that it should appear in broad day and that the fruits of it should spread over the Church, where this precious pledge of her benevolence was to be for Christians an announcement of salvation, at the same time that it would be for Carmel a title of honour and glory. The habit of the Virgin was scarcely known when it excited among the faithful a sort of ambition and emulation all the more laudable as this magnificent present of heaven was the more worthy of their desires, while the religious, depositaries of this rich treasure, seconding the views of their Benefactress, sought on their side only to communicate it and spread it. But it was necessary, in order to have a share in it, to associate oneself with their Order, of which this holy habit is the distinctive mark, and to belong to it, at least in quality of confrères; it was necessary to unite oneself to it in mind and heart. And behold, in effect, to what zeal led a great number of pious persons of the one and the other sex who, to become children of Mary, made themselves children of Carmel and obtained the right to wear the glorious livery of the Queen of heaven, in sign of their devotion and of their consecration to her service.

Thus was formed the illustrious Confraternity of the Scapular, one of those which the Church has received with the most joy and which the piety of the faithful seeks with the most eagerness; a confraternity which, since its birth, has not only sustained itself, but extended with progress which has acquired for it the greatest lustre, and which, victorious over the corruption of the age, subsists still in the Christian world, without degenerating from its ancient splendour. It has had combats to sustain, it has them still; but from what quarter? It is very glorious for it never to have had almost any other enemies than those of the Church, or men suspect to the Church.

Besides, what religious practice, what observance of piety, however holy and approved it might be, has not had its own?

The spirit of this Confraternity is to join the religious men and women of Carmel in the particular profession which they make of honouring the Mother of God, that is to say the purest of all Virgins, the most glorious of all Mothers; in a word, all that there is greatest after God, according to that thought of Saint Bernard speaking to Mary: *Supra te solus Deus, infra te quidquid non est Deus.* The confrères, in sign of their devotion to this glorious Virgin, clothe themselves with her habit, that is to say the Scapular, with which she deigned to clothe the Carmelites; what could be better suited to the profession of her worship? Thereby, as faithful servants, they hoist the marks of their dependence, the livery of their Sovereign; they announce publicly that they are Mary’s, that they belong to her, that they wish not only to honour and respect her, but to live and die with this heavenly habit, according to the expression of the Sacred Congregation.

The end which the confrères propose to themselves is to put themselves under the most powerful of all the protections that one can hope for with Jesus Christ, that is to say under the protection of Mary, and to participate, on the one side, in the numberless benefits which the sovereign Pontiffs, in consideration of this holy Virgin, have poured with full hands on the Confraternity of the Scapular; on the other, in those special graces, often miraculous, of which the Scapular is a fecund and abundant source, and which so often assure salvation. It is not with this pious association as with several others, which form in the Church separate bodies, which have their assemblies, their statutes, their rule apart. The confrères of the Scapular are bound among themselves only by a tender devotion toward the most holy Virgin, whose habit they have the advantage of wearing.

The obligations of the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular are reduced to three principal ones: 1st, to receive the Scapular, with the accustomed ceremonies, from the hand of a Carmelite religious or of another duly authorized priest; 2nd, to wear it continually as a scapular, that is to say one part hanging on the back, and the other on the breast; 3rd, to give one's name to be inscribed on the register of the Confraternity.

Such are the obligations which the Scapular imposes, and consequently those of the Confraternity which bears its name.

The holy Scapular is a gift of heaven and a present of the Blessed Virgin; like the angel of whom Saint John speaks in the Apocalypse, a confrère spreads unceasingly, before the throne of God, the sweet odour of the virtues of Carmel. He expresses in his person the zeal of the prophet Elias, the charity of the great Eliseus, the religion of a Saint Cyril, the patience of a Saint Anastasius, the intrepidity of a Saint Angelus, the justice of a Saint Albert, the fervour of a Peter Thomas, the vigilance of a Saint Andrew Corsini, the abnegations of a John of the Cross, the elevations of a Saint Teresa, the abandonments of a Magdalen of Pazzi.

We know that some writers have sought to put in doubt the origin of the scapular; but as we find it reported in several Bulls of the Popes and in an infinity of very learned and very judicious authors, as the innumerable multitude of miracles which have been done and are done every day by the virtue of the Scapular seems to justify it sufficiently, and as it is even contained in the lessons of the office of this feast, which is approved by the Holy See and by the holy Congregation, and of which Pope Clement X, of happy memory, permitted the recitation to all ecclesiastics and to all secular and regular communities of the one and the other sex, in the countries dependent on the king of Spain, by a Bull dated 21 November of the year 1674; we believe that we cannot err in proposing it, not as a truth of faith and of undoubted certainty, but as a thing which one should receive with respect and believe piously, following the doctrine of the learned and religious John Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, who, in a treatise on the truths which must be believed of necessity of salvation, says that, for the lives and miracles of the Saints and the visions of devout persons, which are not contrary to the rules of the faith and are reported by grave authors, they must be believed piously: "For the Church," he adds, "receives them and permits them to be read, not as determining that they must be believed of necessity of salvation, but because they are fit to instruct the faithful and to give birth in their heart to holy affections and movements of a true piety." The sovereign Pontiffs John XXII, Alexander V, Clement VII, Paul III, Gregory XIII, Paul V and Innocent XI, etc., established, approved or confirmed the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular, which is now a very celebrated devotion in the Church, and granted it very considerable indulgences.

Here are the principal ones granted by divers sovereign Pontiffs, and in particular by Paul V, Bull *Cum certas*, of 30 October 1606.

Plenary indulgences: 1st. On the day of the reception of the holy habit. (Confession, communion, prayer for the intentions of our Holy Father the Pope.) 2nd. On the day of Our Lady of Carmel, 16 July, or the Sunday that follows.

Benedict XIV extended the faculty of gaining this indulgence to all the days of the Octave. (Same conditions.) The feast of Our Lady of Carmel may be celebrated on the Sunday within the Octave, or even, if necessary, on another Sunday of July, and with the procession.

3rd. At the article of death.

4th. By two other Bulls of Paul V, the one of 3 August 1609, and the other of 19 July 1614. Plenary indulgence for all those who assist at the procession which the members of the Confraternity make, one Sunday of each month, with the permission of the bishop. (Confession, communion, usual prayers.) It is said: for those who assist at the procession; presence in the church would not suffice.

Those who cannot assist at the procession may gain the indulgence by communicating and visiting that day the chapel of the Confraternity. (Clement X, Brief *Commissæ Nobis*, of 8 May 1673.) — As to travellers, infirm, prisoners, etc., they may have a share in the indulgence of that Sunday by reciting the little office of the Virgin, or else fifty times the Pater and the Ave, and making an act of contrition united to the firm purpose of confessing and communicating as soon as they can.

5th. By virtue of the same constitution of Clement X, plenary indulgence on the days of the Conception, of the Nativity, of the Presentation, of the Annunciation, of the Visitation, of the Purification and of the Assumption of the most holy Virgin.

6th. On the days of Saint Joseph, of Saint Simon Stock (16 May), of Saint Anne, of Saint Michael, of Saint Teresa, etc.

7th. Every Wednesday of the year. This indulgence is set forth in the diploma which the general of the Calced Carmelites delivers at Rome, at Santa Maria Transpontina, between the castle Saint-Angelo and Saint Peter's: *Et tandem omnibus totius anni quartis feriis, sicut de novo eruitur ex Reg. Archivii Ordinis exhibito et approbato a visitatione apostolica, anno Jubilæi 1825.* The Calced Carmelites of Rome therefore hold this indulgence as certain, and we see no reason not to give faith to it. — The conditions for gaining the indulgences of the three preceding numbers are: confession, communion, the visit to a church of the Order of Carmel, and the accustomed prayers. When the visit to a church of the Order is impossible, the confessors have the faculty of substituting other works of piety for it. A rescript of 15 June 1853 authorizes the visit to the parish church, where there is no church belonging to Carmel.

Partial indulgences: 1st. Seven years and seven quarantines, on the Sunday of the month appointed for the procession, when this cannot take place, provided that one visit the church or chapel of the Confraternity; 2nd. Five years and five quarantines to those who, clothed with the Scapular, communicate once a month, and pray for the sovereign Pontiff; 3rd. Five years and five quarantines to those who accompany the Holy Viaticum when it is carried to the sick, and who pray for them; 4th. Three hundred days to the associates who abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays; 5th. One hundred days for each time that the associates do some work of piety or charity (accompany to the cemetery the body of a deceased person, relieve the poor, reconcile enemies, instruct the ignorant in the truths of salvation, etc.); 6th. Forty days, to those who recite each day seven times the Pater and the Ave in honour of the Blessed Virgin.

All these indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory. (Clement X, Bull *Cum sicut accepimus*, of 2 January 1672.) The churches of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel enjoy the indulgences of the stations of Rome, on the days indicated by the Roman Missal. — (Clement X, Bull *Commissæ Nobis*, 8 May 1673.) Conditions of admission, of participation in the privileges, etc. 1st. To form part of the Confraternity of the Scapular, one must receive the little habit from the hands of a Carmelite Father, or of a priest authorized to bless it and give it, where the Reverend Carmelite Fathers have no convent. The priest blesses the Scapular and imposes it himself, or passes it over the neck of the recipients: *Benedictio et impositio*; persons who should impose it on themselves would not be received, according to a decree of the sacred Congregation of Indulgences.

The priest may, however, give it to himself. (Decree of 7 March 1840.) To have a share in the privileges and the indulgences, it is necessary besides to wear the holy habit habitually.

According to an Indult of the sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI, dated 30 April 1838, the inscription on the register of the Confraternity, previously required by Paul V, is no longer necessary. By the mere fact of their reception, the faithful belong to the confraternity established in the locality, or at least to the nearest confraternity. It is nevertheless fitting and consoling to have oneself inscribed in the book of the Association.

2nd. To have a share in the first privilege of a good death or of preservation from hell, one must belong to the Confraternity, wear the scapular with piety, and have it at the moment of death: *in hoc moriens æternum non patietur incendium*.

3rd. To have a share in the second privilege of the Sabbatine Bull, that is to say of the prompt deliverance from purgatory, one must, besides the preceding conditions, keep the chastity proper to one's state and recite every day the little Office of the Blessed Virgin, according to the Roman breviary. That is for those who know how to read. The canonical Office of the Church takes the place of the little Office of the Virgin for the priests, religious men and women bound to recite it, as also the Office itself of the Virgin recited by obligation.

If one did not know how to read, one must miss none of the fasts prescribed by the Church, and abstain from flesh meat every Wednesday, besides Fridays and Saturdays, except Christmas day, if it falls on one of these three days. The obligation of the little Office and of the Wednesday abstinence may be commuted or changed into other pious works, or reduced or diminished, according to the need of persons and according to the willl of him who makes this commutation. A special power is required to make it. (Decree of 22 June 1842.) — It would not suffice to be simply authorized to receive the Scapular; but it is enough that the faculties granted at Rome by the Generals of the Carmelites contain this power in an explicit manner: *Nisi expresse enuntietur in Rescripto concessionis pro benedictione et impositione scapularium*, says the same declaration of 22 June 1842. This is what takes place; for it is said, in the faculties delivered at Rome, that the priest who has obtained them may make this commutation. In the diploma given by the General of the Calced Carmelites, the power is absolute, without condition. In the diploma given by the General of the Discalced Carmelites, it is required that the priest be approved for confessions. However it is not necessary to be the confessor of the person whose obligations of the Scapular one commutes; one may commute them outside the holy Tribunal.

The sacred Congregation of Indulgences, consulted several times in this regard, answered: "When there is a grave impediment, the confrères are held neither to the fasts nor to the recitation of the canonical Hours, or of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, nor to the abstinence from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The faithful ought, however, to be induced to submit, in this case, to the judgment of a learned and prudent confessor, with a view to obtaining some commutation." (Decrees of 12 August 1840 and 22 June 1842, etc.) 4th. To gain the above indulgences, it suffices to be received into the Scapular and to wear it, accomplishing however the conditions required. It is not necessary to say particular prayers, such as to recite seven Paters and Aves every day, and fourteen on Wednesday; no law obliges to it. One would be held to it only inasmuch as the priest had substituted these prayers, for the privilege of the Sabbatine Bull, in place of the office of the Blessed Virgin or the Wednesday abstinence.

A decree of Pope Paul V (1613) forbids representing in images the Blessed Virgin as descending into purgatory, to draw from it the souls of the faithful who satisfy there the justice of God, because it is by the ministry of angels, as a consequence of her intercession, and not immediately by herself, that they are delivered from it; but it permits to preach and to publish that one may piously believe, touching the help of the souls of the confrères of the Scapular who have died in the grace of God and have observed the things which we have marked, that the Blessed Virgin assists them by her intercessions, her suffrages and her special protection, principally on the day of Saturday, which the Church has consecrated to her veneration. Thus the Christians who have received the little habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, called the Scapular, if they observe faithfully until death what is contained in the Bull of John XXII, may hope that after their decease they will receive on the following Saturday a special assistance from the glorious Mother of God, an assistance of inestimable price and value; for this august Mother being so powerful with her Son must procure great relief and a prompt deliverance for those whom she specially protects. The Scapular therefore procures us three great privileges: first the help of the Blessed Virgin during life, to do penance and to be able to die in the grace of God; next several very signal indulgences; finally the assistance of the Blessed

Virgin after death and in purgatory, to be delivered the more promptly. The first demands that one wear the little habit assiduously until the last breath, that one be zealous for the honour of this holy Mother, and defend it on all occasions, as well against libertines as against heretics and infidels, and that one say every day some prayer or devotion, to testify to her respect and dependence. The second demands that one observe exactly what is contained in the Bulls of the indulgences; for it is certain that one cannot obtain the effect of them if one does not fulfil all the conditions. The third demands that one keep oneself inviolably in the purity conformable to one's state and that one do the other things which have been explained according to the Bull of Pope John XXII.

The great number of miracles worked in favour of so many persons clothed with this sacred habit makes known to evidence that this pious practice, today so widespread and so celebrated in all the Catholic world, is dear and agreeable to the Mother of God. Among these miracles, it is good to relate that which took place on the very day when Saint Simon Stock received the holy Scapular from the Blessed Virgin. Here is how Father Swanington, secretary of the Saint, relates it:

"On the sixteenth of July, while the blessed Simon Stock was going to Winchester in my company, to obtain from the bishop of that city letters to the sovereign Pontiff Innocent IV, we saw coming to meet us Dom Pierre de Lington, dean of the church of Winchester, who begged the blessed Simon Stock urgently to hasten to succour his brother german who was dying in despair. This man, named Walter, was petulant, haughty, quarrelsome and given to the magic arts; he despised the Sacraments and harassed incessantly all his neighbours. In a quarrel which he had had with a noble personage, he had been mortally wounded, and seeing himself already near the tribunal of God, in the midst of the remorse for his crimes which the demon recalled to him, he would hear speak neither of God nor of the Sacraments, but cried out while blaspheming: 'I am damned. It is to thee, devil, that I leave the care of avenging me on my murderer.' We entered the house of the sick man in despair: he foamed with rage, gnashed his teeth, and like a beast in fury he rolled frightful eyes. Saint Simon Stock, seeing that this wretch was about to expire and had already lost the use of his senses, made over him the sign of the cross, put on him the holy habit of Carmel, and raising his eyes to heaven, prayed God to grant him the time to recognize himself, so that he who was the price of the blood of Jesus Christ should not be the prey of the demon. Suddenly the sick man recovers his strength, regains the use of the senses and of speech, and making the sign of the cross, he cries out against the demon and begins to say, all in tears: 'Alas! my iniquities pass in number the sand of the seas. O my God, thy mercy surpasses thy justice, have pity on me. And you, my Father, help me.' At these words I withdrew apart, and Dom Pierre then related to me that, seeing his brother obstinate in his impenitence, he had set himself to prayer in a room of his house, where he had heard a voice which said to him: 'Arise, Pierre, seek my servant Simon who is on a journey, and make him come here.' He looked at once to know who had pronounced these words, but seeing no one, he heard this voice again three times. Wherefore, judging rightly that it was a voice from heaven, he had mounted on horseback to go to meet the venerable Simon Stock, giving thanks to the Lord for having found him so opportunely.

"Walter, after his confession, renounced publicly all the engagements which he had taken with the demon, received the Sacraments of the Church and gave the marks of a true penance. He made his will and obliged his brother, under the seal of oath, to restore to the respective owners all that he had unjustly taken, and to repair all the injuries that he had done; then, at about eight o'clock of the night, he expired. Some time after he appeared to his brother and told him that he was in the abode of peace, and that, by the help of the most holy Queen of Angels and by the habit of the blessed Simon Stock, he had escaped the snares of the demon. As to the miracles worked in favour of the holy Scapular, as it would be too long to relate them here, let it suffice to say in general that often conflagrations have been extinguished, tempests calmed, sword points blunted, bullets flattened without making wounds, maladies cured, captives and prisoners drawn from their chains, and the dead even raised, by means of this powerful defence. We ought therefore to admire the

goodness of the Blessed Virgin, who gives us so easy a secret of testifying respect to her and of procuring her help and protection, and we ought to draw from it a great motive to labour to imitate her virtues and to render ourselves agreeable to her Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord."

We have made use, to complete Father Giry, of the Life of Saint Simon Stock, by Alfred Monbrun, and of a book entitled: *The Christian Enlightened on the Nature and Use of Indulgences* [Le Chrétien éclairé sur la nature et l'usage des indulgences], by Father A. Maurel, of the Society of Jesus.

Saint Helier or Hélibert, Solitary, Martyred in the Island of Jersey

6th century.

Hélier, or Hélibert, was born at Tongres (*Atuatuca Tungrovum*), which is today a small town of Belgian Limburg. His parents were pagans, but Providence permitted that he should be instructed early, by strangers, in the science of salvation. Having become a Christian and aspiring to the perfection of the anchorites, he was drawn, toward the middle of the 6th century, to Nanteuil, in the Cotentin (part of lower Normandy), by the reputation of Saint Marcou or Marculphe, founder and first abbot of that monastery (*Nantum*, Order of Saint Benedict, founded about 526, in the diocese of Coutances). After having passed some time there in the practice of all the religious virtues, he profited by the permission which the holy abbot gave to the most fervent of his disciples to pass into the island of Jersey (*Cæsarea*, in the Channel), to lead there the anchoritic life.

He found there only thirty inhabitants, and healed one who was paralytic. Having then fixed his dwelling on a rugged rock, washed on all sides by the waters of the Ocean, he led there for fifteen years a life more angelic than human. Three years had passed since he had plunged into this solitude, when he received the visit of Saint Marcou, who encouraged him in his manner of life. It is said that Our Lord, touched by the admirable patience of his servant, appeared to him while he was at prayer and announced to him that in three days he would attain the eternal reward. In effect, on the third day, he saw pirates coming, whose boats surrounded his rock: he raised his voice to preach Jesus Christ to them, but he was massacred by those barbarians. There was built in the same place a monastery which bore his name, Saint-Hélier of Jersey (*S. Helerius Gerseyi*), and which is today a town, chief place of the island.

The relics of our saint were transferred to the abbey of Beaubec (*Bellus Beccus*, Order of Cîteaux, founded in 1128), in the diocese of Rouen.

Acta Sanctorum, volume of July, and Proper of Coutances.

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[1] He was born at Badajoz, capital of Estremadura. While still young he was received into the community of the clerics of Saint-Acisclus of Córdoba. In the persecution of the Arabs, the executioners dragged him to the public square where he joyfully offered his head for the faith of Jesus Christ. Thrown into the river, his body remained there until some pious women gathered his relics and had them buried in the church of Saint-Acisclus. — Godescard.

[2] The city of Catanzaro (southern Italy) possesses his precious body. It is related that since the year 1120 when it was deposited, coming from Capua, in the basilica of that city, it wrought miraculous cures when it was invoked with faith, until 1584, an epoch at which the body of a courtesan was deposited near him; since then the prodigies have ceased. — Bollandists.

[3] Pontifical France, by Fisquet.

[4] See his life on 30 September.

[5] See, after the life of Saint Eustathius, the notice on the life and writings of Eusebius of Caesarea.

[6] Alias: Ernelle, Renelle, Reinilde.

[7] There was seen, a few years ago, in the chapel of this ancient dwelling of the Templars, several frescoes, but which do not appear to go back as far as to them. A tomb was discovered there which contained the body of a knight of the Temple, rather well preserved, but without any indication of the epoch at which it was deposited in this monument.

[8] See the life of Saint Simon Stock, on 16 May, volume V.

17 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the feast of Saint Alexis, confessor, son of Euphémien, senator, who left his wife a virgin from the first night of their wedding, and, having secretly withdrawn from his house, undertook a long pilgrimage in the world. Afterwards, having returned to Rome, he deceived the world there in a manner hitherto unknown; for, having been received as a poor man and a stranger in the very house of his father, he remained hidden there for seventeen years. But, having been discovered, after his death, as much by a voice which was heard in divers churches of the city as by a note written in his hand, he was borne with great honour, under the pontificate of Innocent I, to the church of Saint Boniface, where he has wrought many striking miracles. 404. — At Carthage, the triumph of the holy Scillitan martyrs, Spérat, Narzale, Cythin, Véture, Félix, Acyllin, Létance, Janvière,

Généreuse, Vestine, Donate and Seconde, who, at the first confession which they made of the name of Jesus Christ, were cast into prison, then nailed to pieces of wood and beheaded by command of the prefect Saturnin. The relics of Saint Spérat were transported from Africa into the Gauls, with the bones of Saint Cyprian and the head of Saint Pantaleon, martyr, then placed honourably at Lyon, in the church of Saint John the Baptist. 200. — At Amastris, in Paphlagonia, Saint Hyacinth, martyr, who suffered many torments under the governor Castice, and died in prison. 4th century. — At Constantinople, Saint Theodota, martyred under the emperor Leo the Iconoclast. 8th century. — At Rome, the decease of Saint Leo, pope, fourth of the name. 855. — At Pavia, Saint Ennodius, bishop and confessor. 521. — At Auxerre, Saint Theodosius, bishop. 512. — At Milan, Saint Marcelline, virgin, sister of Saint Ambrose, bishop, who received, in the basilica of Saint Peter, at Rome, the sacred veil of virginity from the hands of Pope Liberius; Saint Ambrose, in his writings, has borne witness to her holiness. 398. — At Venice, the translation (1230) of the relics of Saint Marine, virgin. These relics were originally at Constantinople.[1] — At Tivoli, Saint Generous, martyr.[2]

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Saint-Omer, in the diocese of Arras, Saint Frégaud or Frédegand (*Fredegandus*), confessor. It appears that he was a native of Ireland, and of the number of those who crossed the sea with Saint Foillan, monk and martyr in Hainaut, to betake themselves to France and preach there the faith of Jesus Christ. The Bollandists think that Saint Frégaud was the first superior of Querquelodora, a monastery founded by Saint Amand at Deurne, near Antwerp. His precious remains were deposited there, and, after the destruction of the abbey by the Normans (836), transferred to Moustiers, two leagues from Namur. Saint Frégaud is patron of Deurne. End of the 7th century. — In several Churches of France, feast of the translation of Saint Clair, priest and martyr, whose life we give on the following day, which is that on which he is honoured at Paris. — At Bordeaux, Saint Simon Stock, general of the Carmelites, of whom we have given a long biography under 16 May, the day on which the office is made for him in the Order of the Carmelites. — At Besançon, Saint Prothade, bishop of that see, already named in the martyrology of France of 10 February, under which day we have given his notice. 624. — At Metz, Saint Livaire or Livier, martyr. 5th century. — At Orléans, Saint Euspice of Verdun, priest and abbot of Micy or Saint-Mesmin (*Miciacum*, diocese of Orléans, Order of Saint Benedict, under the invocation of Saint Stephen), already cited in the martyrology of France of 14 June, the day on which he is honoured at Paris and under which we have given some details on his life. Beginning of the 6th century. — In the diocese of Paris, Saint Spérat, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Versailles, Saint Arnoul (*Arnulphus*), missionary, then bishop of Tours and martyr. He was engaged in the bonds of marriage, but he separated from Saint Scariberge, his wife, to enter the clerical state and make himself a preacher of the Gospel. He applied himself above all to the conversion of the Franks who

had remained idolaters after the baptism of Clovis. His apostolic labours ended with the martyrdom which he endured near Reims. He is honoured at Chartres on the following day. 6th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Rome, Saint Leo IV, pope, first a canon regular, then a monk of Monte Cassino; touched by his holiness, Arnolphe (Ethelwolf), king of England, made his kingdom tributary to the Roman Church.

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — Saint Leo IV, pope.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — Saint Leo IV, pope.

Martyrology of Vallombreuse. — Saint Leo IV, pope.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — Saint Leo IV, pope.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Sebaste, today Sivas, a city of Asia Minor, Saint Athénogène, martyr, named in the Roman martyrology of 16 July. 302. — The holy martyrs Mammas, Emasie, Nazaire, Maxime, Paul, Titiane, Nésie, Siriane, Eutate, Justin, Nonne, cited by Saint Jerome, without more details. — At Milan, in Lombardy, Saint Marcel, martyr, cited by the same. — At the monastery of Winchelcombe, in England, Saint Kenelm, prince of the Mercians and martyr, massacred at the age of seven years by order of Quendrède, his maternal aunt (others say his sister). His relics were kept at Winchelcombe, where they were always honoured with a public cult until the schism of Henry VIII. About the year 822. — In Poland and in Hungary, Saint Zoérard or Andrew, confessor, and Saint Benedict, martyr, both of the Order of the Camaldolese, cited in the martyrologies of the religious Orders of 16 July. About 1020. — In Tuscany, the Blessed Bénigne, abbot, of the Order of Vallombreuse, celebrated for his learning and his holiness. He was born at Florence, according to some, and, according to others, in a city of Tuscany then called Montevarche, of noble and God-fearing parents. They had him instructed early in the divine and human sciences, and, hardly out of the swaddling-clothes of childhood, engaged him in the ecclesiastical state: he gave there the example of the most austere virtues. Nevertheless the demon made him fall into a rather grave sin: he wept for it as soon as he had committed it, and went to shut himself up, to do penance for it, in a monastery of the Order of Vallombreuse, of which he became one of the most brilliant lights. His talents and his piety caused him to be raised to the rank of general of the whole Order; but he soon resigned these functions of which he believed himself unworthy, and went to end his days in a desert, where, after having entirely purified himself of the sin of his youth, he flew away to heaven to receive there the reward promised to good servants. 1236.

Saint Spérat and His Companions, Commonly Called the Scillitan Martyrs

— Pope: Saint Victor I. — Roman Emperor: Septimius Severus.

Tanto eris acceptabilis hostia, quanto libenter gloriosæ mortis exceperis beneficia.

You will be a victim all the more agreeable to God as you shall have sought with more eagerness the rewards promised to a glorious death.

S. Joan. Chrys., Serm. de Fide Abraham.

The emperor Severus, having conquered the kings who had taken the part of Niger against him, published bloody edicts against the Christians. This was in the tenth year of his reign, which was the two hundred and second of Jesus Christ. The faithful had not failed to be persecuted before in several places. The governors of the provinces authorized themselves by the laws of the empire, which proscribed foreign religions, and by the edicts of some predecessors of Severus, which had not been revoked: so we see that the proconsul Saturnin excited in 200 a violent persecution in Africa.

The first Christians who suffered at Carthage were the twelve Scillitan martyrs, so named from Scillite, a city of the consular province, which is commonly given them as their native country. Having been arrested on 16 July, they were led before the tribunal of the proconsul. The principal among them were three men, Spérat, Narzale, Cythin, and three women, Donate, Seconde, Vestine. The proconsul assured them that the emperor would forget their disobedience and that he would pardon them if they sacrificed to the gods of the Romans; but Spérat answered generously in the name of all his companions: “We have committed no crime, we have insulted nobody; on the contrary, when we have been ill-treated, we have thanked the Lord for it. Know then that we adore only the one true God, who is the master and arbiter of all things, and it is to conform ourselves to his law that we pray for those who persecute us unjustly.” The proconsul pressing them to swear by the genius of the emperor, Spérat resumed: “I do not know the genius of the emperor of this world; but I serve the God of heaven, whom no man has seen or can see. I have never committed a crime punishable by the laws of the State. I have always paid the dues owed to the prince, whom I regard as my lord on earth; but I adore only my God, who is the King of kings and the sovereign Master of all the nations of the universe. Once more, I am guilty of no crime; so I have deserved no punishment.” Thereupon the proconsul ordered that they be led to prison and that they be put in the stocks until the morrow.

The following day, the proconsul, seated on his tribunal, had them brought before him and told the women to honour the prince and to sacrifice to the gods. Donate answered: “We render to Caesar what belongs to Caesar; but we adore only God, and we offer sacrifices to him alone.” — “I also am a Christian,” said Vestine. — “I also believe in my God,” said Seconde, “and I wish to be always faithful to him. As to your gods, never shall we determine to serve and adore them.” The proconsul having ordered that they be put back in prison, had the men approach; then, addressing Spérat, said to him: “Dost thou persist still in thy first resolution? Art thou still a Christian?” — “Yes, I am,” answered Spérat, “and that nobody may be ignorant of it, I repeat it aloud: I am a Christian!” All those who had been arrested with him having cried out that they professed the same religion, the proconsul said: “You wish then neither pardon nor time to deliberate on the course you have to take?” — Spérat: “Do what pleases you; we shall die with joy for the love of Jesus Christ.” — The proconsul: “What are the books that you read and for which you have so much respect?” — Spérat: “The four Gospels of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Epistles of the apostle Saint Paul, and all the Scripture inspired by God.” — The proconsul: “I give you three days to come back to yourselves.” — Spérat: “This delay is useless; never shall we renounce the faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ; so order what pleases you.” The proconsul, seeing them unshakable, pronounced the following sentence: “Spérat, Narzale, Cythin, Véture, Félix, Acyllin, Létance, Janvière, Généreuse, Vestine, Donate and

Seconde, having avowed themselves Christians and having refused to render the honour and respect due to the emperor, we condemn them to be beheaded.” After this sentence, Spérat and his companions received the crown of martyrdom.

Ado reports, in his martyrology, that the relics of Saint Spérat were transferred from Africa to Lyon, under the reign of Charlemagne. The bodies of the twelve Scillitan martyrs, or at least a great part of their bones, were brought to Amiens, to the monastery of Saint-Martin-aux-Jumeaux. Numerous bones were given, in 1431, to the Carthusians of Abbeville. Toward the end of the 16th century, the relics remaining at Amiens were transferred into two great shrines of gilded and carved wood. This precious treasure became the property of the Celestines in 1634. After the suppression of their convent, in 1778, the relics were given to the monastery of the Poor Clares, where they are still found today, enclosed in three chests. Relics more or less important are preserved at the cathedral (two small reliquaries), at the hospice of Saint Vincent de Paul, at the Sacred Heart, at the Holy Family and at the Carmel of Amiens; at Saint-Vulfran (two heads), at the Holy Sepulchre, at the Hôtel-Dieu and at the Ursulines of Abbeville; at Mailly, etc.

Shortly after their martyrdom, Tertullian addressed his Apology for the Christian religion to the governors of the provinces of the Empire.

Notice on the Life and Writings of Tertullian

Tertullian (Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus) was born at Carthage about the year 160; he was the son of a centurion of the proconsular troops of Africa. He avows himself that before his conversion to Christianity he combated it with biting raillery; that he had made himself guilty of adulteries; that he had taken a singular pleasure in the barbarous combats of the amphitheatre; that he had been vicious beyond all bounds, *Ego prætantiam in delictis meam agnosco*; that in a word he had been a great sinner in every kind of respect, *Peccator omnium notorum cum sim.*

Nevertheless, as he had a mind of excellent temper and formed for the sciences, he applied himself to them from his youth, and made great progress in poetry, philosophy, geometry, physics and rhetoric. He instructed himself thoroughly in the principles of each sect of philosophers; he fathomed the mysteries of pagan theology and knew how to disentangle, in the fables which envelop it, what there was of the real and the historical. Finally, his genius, naturally vast, made him run through with prodigious success the circle of all the profane sciences. We learn from Eusebius that he was above all very versed in the knowledge of the Roman laws.

To all these advantages, Tertullian joined a singular penetration and vivacity of mind, with a fire of character not common, which rendered him extremely hot and impatient, as he complained of himself. Never could he rid himself of this passion; as for the others, he corrected himself of them after his conversion to Christianity.

It appears that the motives which determined him to embrace the Gospel were the same as those which he sets forth so well in his works, such as the antiquity of the books of Moses, the miracles and the wisdom of that holy legislator, the continuity and the accomplishment of the prophecies which all lead to Jesus Christ, the certainty of the miracles of the Saviour and of the Apostles, the excellence of the evangelical law which influences so marvellously the morals, the power which the first Christians had over the demons, and the testimony of the demons themselves, whom the idolaters adored as gods, who became in spite of themselves the preachers of Jesus Christ and who made themselves known for what they were in the presence of their own adorers; finally the patience and the unshakable firmness of the martyrs.

Tertullian, having a genius fit to succeed in controversy, undertook the defence of Christianity, which on the one side was attacked by the pagans and by the Jews and on the other was disfigured by the heretics. He took up the pen against the different enemies of our religion. It was against the pagans that he dealt the first blows.

The persecution which afflicted the Church inspired him with the design of writing his Apologetic. It is not only his masterpiece, but moreover the most perfect and the most precious of all the works of Christian antiquity. Tertullian did not address his Apologetic to the senate of Rome, as Baronius and several other writers have advanced, but to the proconsul and the other magistrates of Africa, perhaps even to all the governors of the provinces and to all the magistrates of the empire, among whom the senators of Rome might be comprised. The title of presidents, which he gives to those to whom he addresses himself, suited only the governors of the provinces. As to the proconsul, he names him expressly. He speaks of Rome as of a distant city. He says that the idolaters practised in his country, at Carthage, the barbarous ceremonies of religion in use among the Scythians. These words, *in ipso fere vertice civitatis præsidentes*, appear to be understood of the of Carthage; they certainly cannot be understood of Rome, which Tertullian always designates by the word *Urbs*, and not by that of *Civitas*.

He begins his work by justifying the Christians from the accusations of incest and murder with which they were calumniously charged, and shows that it is of the last injustice to punish them solely for their name. He makes felt the contradiction which is found in the order of Trajan, who wished that the Christians who were denounced should be punished, and who, at the same time, forbade seeking them out. “All the emperors,” he says, “did not persecute us. Tiberius was favourable to us, as was Marcus Aurelius, when he had miraculously gained the victory by the prayers of the Christians.” There follows the refutation of idolatry. If

a god was made of Bacchus for having planted the vine, why not make one of Lucullus, who first brought the cherry-trees of Pontus into the city of Rome? Why have divine honours been accorded rather to Jupiter, to Venus, etc., than to an Aristides, to a Socrates, to a Demosthenes and to so many other great men? Tertullian, after having explained the principal articles of our faith and spoken of the origin and the worship of the demons, dares to make the pagans the boldest challenge; in which he was imitated by Saint Cyprian, by Lactantius and by other Fathers. “Let there be brought,” he says, “a demoniac, and let a Christian command the evil spirit who possesses him to declare who he is; he will avow that he is a demon, he who before wished to pass himself off falsely for a god. Let there be brought again someone of those whom one believes inspired by some god, like Aesculapius, etc…. If the pretended divinities who agitate these unfortunates do not confess that they are demons, not daring to lie to a Christian, shed on the spot the blood of this rash Christian.” He represents with force the submission of the Christians to the emperors, the love which they bore to their enemies, the charity which united them together, the horror with which they were penetrated for vice, the constancy with which they suffered torments and death for the cause of virtue. The idolaters called them in derision Sarmentitiens or Sémaxiens, because they were tied to trunks of trees, and bound to fagots to be thrown into the fire; but Tertullian answers them in the following manner: “The state to which we are reduced to burn us makes our finest ornament; these are our triumphal robes, embroidered with branches of palm in sign of victory…. Having mounted on the pyre, we regard ourselves as on our triumphal chariot…. Who ever examined our religion without embracing it? and who ever embraced it without feeling ready to suffer for it?… We render you thanks when you condemn us: it is that there is an infinite distance between the judgment of God and that of men; so that when you condemn us on earth, God absolves us in heaven.”

2nd. Tertullian wrote about the same time his two books against the Gentiles. He refutes in the first the calumnies with which the idolaters charged the Christians, and attacks in the second the worship of the false divinities of paganism.

3rd. The book against the Jews was written on the occasion of a dispute which a Christian had had with a proselyte Jew. Tertullian proposes to show in it the triumph gained by faith over a blind and hardened people, who appeared deaf to all the reasonings that were brought to it. It is a solid work and which ought to serve as a model for those who write on theological controversies. It lacks only a little clearness in style for it to be regarded as a masterpiece.

4th. Hermogenes, a Stoic philosopher, who had embraced Christianity, spread in Africa a new heresy, which consisted in maintaining that matter was eternal. Tertullian proves in his book against Hermogenes that God created matter with the world, and makes felt all the absurdity of the sophisms of the heresiarch.

5th. In his book against the Valentinians, he applies himself more to ridiculing than to refuting seriously the extravagant opinions of these heretics.

6th. The Treatise on Prescriptions against the Heretics is too important for us not to make it known with a certain extent. It is certain that Tertullian composed it before his fall. In effect, he glories in it in being united in communion with all the apostolic churches, above all with that of Rome, and he establishes in it general principles fit to refute all the heresies which may arise.

His design, in this work, is to show that the heretics cannot, without injustice, appeal to Scripture, since they have no right to it. The Apostles gave the Scriptures in deposit to their successors and entrusted to them, at the same time, the care of interpreting them. Tertullian establishes first that heresies cause the loss and ruin of faith; that one ought not however to be astonished or scandalized to see them born; that they have nothing more surprising than those fevers which consume the human body; that after all, they were foretold by Jesus Christ and that they are a necessary consequence of the empire which men let their criminal passions take. And as if he had wished to prevent or hinder the scandal which his fall gave afterwards, he expresses himself in this manner: “But what! if a bishop, a deacon, a widow, a virgin, a preacher or even a martyr, were to

abandon the faith?… You judge then of the faith by persons and not of persons by the faith? One cannot reckon wise a man who does not attach himself to the faith…. We have no more need of researches when we have found Jesus Christ and have been instructed in the Gospel. If we believe, we desire nothing else but to be faithful."

Some heretics, alleging as a reason that it is written: "Seek and you shall find," Tertullian shows that these words regard only the Jews, who had not yet found Jesus Christ, and that they cannot signify that we ought always to make new researches; but supposing that we ought to seek anew, it should not be among the heretics, who are far from the truth, who have not the power to teach, who have no bent but to destroy, and whose very lights are but darkness. Jesus Christ has left us a rule of faith superior to all quibbles and against which the heretics alone can dispute. Researches too curious in matter of faith are a source of heresies. Tertullian ends this article by saying that one must not dispute with the heretics on the Scriptures, to which they have no right; that in such disputes, the victory is often uncertain; that one must come back to what the Apostles taught; that the tradition come from the Apostles proves demonstratively the truth and annihilates all the sophisms and all the subterfuges of error; that communion with the apostolic Churches, which live in the unity of one same faith, puts the truth beyond all reach on the part of the heretics, whatever objections they might make.

Marcion, Apelles, Valentine and Hermogenes have an origin too modern. Their separation from the Church, of which the epoch is known, proves that this Church was before them. They must therefore pretend that Jesus Christ has come down again from heaven, that he has taught anew on the earth and that he has established them his Apostles. "If some of these heretics attribute to themselves an apostolic antiquity, let them show the origin of their churches, the order and succession of their bishops, going back up to an Apostle, etc.; let them prove also their mission by miracles, as the Apostles of Jesus Christ did…. The Church might address to them these words: Who are you? Whence, since when have you come? What do you in my pastures, you who are not of mine? By what right, Marcion, do you enter my enclosure? Why, Apelles, do you dare to remove my boundaries? This field belongs to me by right; whence comes it that you please yourselves to sow in it and to feed in it? It is in my possession; I have been mistress of it in past times; I had it first in my hands: my title is incontestable, it derives from those to whom the field was and to whom it belonged as their own. I am the heiress of the Apostles; I possess their property, as they disposed of it by their testament; I keep it in the state in which they entrusted it to me and in the manner in which they ordered me to guard it."

Tertullian shows that, in the superstitions of paganism, the demon imitates several ceremonies of the religion of the Jews and of the Christians, and that, after his example, the heretics have wished to pass themselves off as the true Church. He appeals to their conduct, in which one discovers only vanity, love of the things of earth, inconstancy, contempt of the discipline and of the truths of the faith which they profess. "I am," he says, "much deceived if they govern themselves by rules, even of their own making. Each of them adapts to his imaginations the doctrine which he has received. They believe themselves to be in the right to do what he did whom they acknowledge for father. Every heresy was formed at first on the ideas of him who first introduced it; but the liberty which Marcion and Valentine arrogated to themselves, their followers have taken equally. If one examines the different heresies, one will see that in several things they depart from the sentiments of their doctors. The greater part of the heretics have no churches, they are wandering and vagabond, without mother, without fixed abode, without faith." 7th. The book of Penance is a done of the most finished of all the writings of Tertullian. He treats, in the first part, of repentance for sins committed before baptism and, in the second, of repentance for sins of which one has made oneself guilty after regeneration. He teaches in it that the Church has the power to remit even fornication; which he denied when he had become a Montanist. He insists much on the laborious exercises of penance after baptism. 8th. The book of Prayer contains two parts. The Lord's prayer is explained in the first; he treats, in the second, of

several ceremonies which were observed in his time in prayer.

9th. The Exhortation to Patience. The motives which lead to this virtue are developed in it with much eloquence.

10th. The Exhortation to Martyrdom. One can read nothing more touching than this work. 11th. The book of Baptism. Tertullian proves the necessity of it in the first part, and treats, in the second, of several points of discipline relative to this sacrament. 12th. The two books which Tertullian addressed to his wife appear, according to Ceillier, to have been written before he was a priest. He exhorts her, in the first, not to marry again if she should survive him, and speaks in it of several Christians who lived in a perpetual continence. He acknowledges, in the second, that it is permitted to marry again; but he says that a woman who determines to it cannot marry an infidel; he alleges as reason the impossibility in which she would be of rising in the night to pray, to give alms, to visit the martyrs, etc. “Will you be able,” he adds, “to hide yourself from your husband, when you make the sign of the cross on your bed or on your body?… Will he not know what you receive in secret (the Eucharist) before taking any nourishment?” This work is terminated by a beautiful description of Christian marriage. “The Church approves the contract, the oblation ratifies it, the blessing sets the seal to it, the angels carry it to the heavenly Father who confirms it. Two persons bear the same yoke; they are but one flesh and one soul; they exhort one another mutually to virtue; they pray, fast, go together to church and to the table of the Lord; they hide nothing from one another; they visit the sick, gather alms without constraint, assist at the divine office without interruption, sing together psalms and hymns, and excite one another to praise God.” 13th. The book of Spectacles. Tertullian shows in it that spectacles are an occasion of idolatry, of impurity and of several other vices. He speaks of a woman who, having been to the theatre, came back possessed by the demon. The exorcist asking the spirit of darkness how he had dared to attack a Christian woman: “It is,” answered the latter, “that I found her in my house.” 14th. The book of Idolatry. One finds in it the decision of several cases of conscience concerning the worship of the false divinities of the pagans. It is said in it that one cannot make idols, etc., but that a Christian domestic may follow his master to a temple, that a friend may assist at the marriage of an idolater, etc.

15th. The two books of the Ornaments or garments of women. The modesty of their adornments is much recommended in it, and the use of painting the face severely proscribed. 16th. The book of the Necessity of veiling virgins. Tertullian proves in it that young persons of the sex must cover their face at church: which was contrary to what was practised at Carthage, where only married persons were veiled. 17th. The book of the Testimony of the soul. The aim of the author is to demonstrate that there is but one God, by the natural testimony of the soul of each man.

18th. The book entitled Scorpiace. It was written to guard the faithful against the venom of the scorpions or Gnostics, and above all against the Cainites, who were a branch of this sect. The necessity of martyrdom is proved in it against these heretics.

19th. The Exhortation to Chastity. Tertullian turns in it a certain widow from passing to second marriages, which he avows nevertheless to be permitted, though with a sort of pain. The harshness of the expressions which he employs shows that he already leaned toward Montanism. We shall indicate the works which he wrote after his fall only when we shall have spoken of the fall itself. He had the misfortune to fall, after having served the Church, in quality of priest, until about the middle of his life, that is to say until the age of forty years, and even more.

Montanus, a eunuch of Phrygia, gave himself out for a prophet. He was singularly agitated by an evil spirit, pretending to have raptures during which he lost the use of the senses and that of reason, as it is easy to perceive from the extravagances which he then uttered. Two women, rich and of quality, but of a very disorderly life, joined him: one was named Prisca or Priscilla, and the other Maximilla; they also pretended to have raptures, and thereby they succeeded in deceiving several persons.

About the year 171, Montanus advanced that he had received the Holy Spirit to put the last perfection on the law of the Gospel. His partisans believed him on his word, and gave him the name of Paraclete. Affecting an extremely severe doctrine, to which his life in no way corresponded, he condemned second marriages and flight during persecution; he prescribed to his disciples extraordinary fasts.

The Montanists said that besides the fast of Lent observed by the Catholics, there were others imposed by the divine Spirit. They made every year three Lents, each of two weeks, and ate then only dry things, attributing this practice to the Holy Spirit, in consequence of the new revelations of Montanus, which they preferred to the writings of the Apostles, and maintaining that it should be observed in perpetuity. This is why these heretics, even in the time of Sozomen, fasted only two weeks before Easter, though the Catholics fasted forty days before that feast. Pepuza, a city of Phrygia, was their metropolis, and they called it Jerusalem.

The bishops of Asia, having examined the errors and the prophecies of Montanus, condemned them. It is said that Montanus and Maximilla, having become mad, hanged themselves. Tertullian, naturally austere, adopted the rigidity of the Montanists. He fell at first through pride, having preserved, according to Saint Jerome, a lively resentment of some injuries which he imagined he had received from the clergy of Rome. Blinded by his passion, he separated from the Church, without thinking of the maxims which he had so well established to refute all heresies; but his fall took nothing from the merit of his writings, above all of those in which reign the justness and solidity of judgment, and which he had previously composed for the defence of the truth. One must reason of him as of a clever man whose mind should go astray; the misfortune happening to the latter would not render useless what he had done before for the advancement of the sciences.

Tertullian is the most ancient of the ecclesiastical authors who wrote in Latin. Saint Vincent of Lérins, who is far from approving his aberrations, says, speaking of him: “He was among the Latins what Origen was among the Greeks, that is to say the first man of his age…. Every word appears a sentence, and almost every sentence a new victory. Nevertheless, with all these advantages, he did not persevere in the ancient law of the universal Church. His errors, as the blessed Hilary observes, cause his writings not to have the authority which they would have had without that….” Saint Jerome, to whom the authority of Tertullian had been objected, answered, in his book against Helvidius, that he was not of the Church, *Ecclesiæ hominem non esse*. He speaks, however, sometimes advantageously of his learning.

Lactantius says that the style of Tertullian is hard, harsh, unequal, obscure; but he admires in his writings a profound sense. Saint Cyprian found hidden treasures in the midst of the thorns with which his language is bristling: he passed no day without reading something of him; and when he sent for his works, he was accustomed to say: “Give me my master.” Balzac has compared ingeniously the eloquence of Tertullian to ebony, which draws its beauty and its price from its black colour.

The fall of this great man ought to astonish all the more as he testified, in his Apologetic, an extreme fright of excommunication, which he calls an anticipation of the judgment to come. He was afterwards proud, attached to his own sense, and he mocked the censures of the Church. However fine his genius was, he seems destitute of first principles when he wishes to uphold his errors; he carries enthusiasm to the ridiculous, as when, on the authority of the reveries of Priscilla and of Maximilla, he disputes seriously on the figure and colour of a human soul. Having afterwards abandoned the Montanists, he became the father of a new sect. Those who composed it took the name of Tertullianists. They had a church at Carthage until the time of Saint Augustine, when they renounced their errors. Tertullian died at a very advanced age, about the year 245.

The works which he wrote after his fall are:

1st. The book of the Soul. He pretends to prove in it that the soul has a human figure, etc. 2nd. The book of the Flesh of Jesus Christ. It is shown in it that the Saviour took human flesh in reality, and not only in appearance.

3rd. The book of the Resurrection of the flesh. Tertullian proves in it the great mystery which forms the subject of it.

4th. The five books against Marcion. This heresiarch admitted two principles or two gods, the one good and the other evil. According to him, the second was adored by the Jews and was the author of their law; but Christ had been sent by the good principle to destroy his works. Tertullian proves, against Marcion, the unity of God, as well as the holiness of the Old and of the New Testament.

5th. The book against Praxeas. The trinity of the divine persons is very well proved in it; one finds even the word trinity; but he makes in it a pretended crime of Praxeas, who, having come from the East to Rome, had informed Pope Victor of the errors and hypocrisy of Montanus; he reproaches him with having banished the Paraclete (Montanus), and crucified the Father: *Paracletum fugavit, Patrem crucifixit.* This came from the fact that Praxeas, under the fine title of confessor, spread the heresy of the Patripassians, confounding the three divine persons and pretending that the Father had become man in the Son and had been crucified for us.

6th. The Apology of the philosopher's cloak, which he liked better to wear than the toga, for convenience, and as an emblem of a more austere life. It appears that this work was but a play of wit.

7th. The book to Scapula, proconsul of Africa. This proconsul is exhorted in it to put an end to the persecution. "A Christian," Tertullian tells him, "is the enemy of no man; much less is he the enemy of the emperor."

8th. The book of Monogamy. The author maintains in it, against the Catholics, whom he calls Psychics, that second marriages are not permitted: which was one of the articles of his heresy. One of the reasons which he brought forward was that the duty of a widow is to pray continually for the soul of her deceased husband.

9th. The book of Fasting, the object of which is to justify the extraordinary fasts prescribed by the Montanists. Tertullian makes observe that the Catholics kept certain fasts of obligation, such as that which precedes the feast of Easter, and which has since been called Lent; he adds that it was broken each day only toward evening; he makes observe again that those of Wednesday and Friday, known under the name of stations, were not of precept. Some added to them the xerophagy, that is to say that they ate only dry things; others nourished themselves only on bread and water. The Montanists, in their fasts, ate only at night and reduced themselves to xerophagy.

10th. The book of Chastity, written against the Catholics who gave absolution to the penitents who had made themselves guilty of adultery or fornication. The Montanists maintained that the Church has not the power to pardon the sins of impurity, any more than murder and idolatry. Tertullian repeats twice, in this book, that there was represented on the chalices the image of the Good Shepherd bearing on his shoulders the strayed sheep. He expresses himself thus on the occasion of a decree made by the bishop of Rome, and which he mocked: "I learn that they have made a decree, and even a peremptory decree. The first of the priests, or the bishop of bishops, says: I remit the sins of adultery and fornication to those who have done penance." He calls elsewhere the Pope apostolic bishop and the blessed Pope.

11th. The book of the Crown, composed in 235, to justify the action of a Christian soldier who had refused to crown himself with flowers like the others, in the distribution of largesses which was made to the soldiers. Tertullian says in it that the garlands which were worn on these occasions passed for consecrated to some false divinity. "It is," he adds, "only on the authority of tradition that we practise several things; such are the ceremonies in use at Baptism, the oblations which we make every year for the dead and on the feasts of the Martyrs, the custom in which we are of praying standing on Sunday and from Easter to Pentecost. It is on the same authority that we form the sign of the cross on our foreheads at each action, day, in all our movements, in going out of our houses and in entering them, in dressing and in bathing, when we sit down to table or to bed, when we sit, etc." 12th. The book of Flight, written about the same time. Tertullian pretends to prove in

it, against the Catholics, that it is a crime to flee in time of persecution. The best edition that we have of the works of Tertullian is that of Rigault, which appeared at Paris in and 1641, to which must be joined a volume of notes and commentaries of different authors, printed in the same city in 1635, in folio. The critical and grammatical notes of Rigault are esteemed, but little account is made of those which regard theology: it is spoken in them in a manner little respectful of certain usages of the Church. The ancient edition of the learned theologian James Pamelius, Paris, 1584, in folio, is esteemed no less. We owe also to John Solomon Semler an edition of the works of Tertullian in six volumes in octavo, *Halæ Magdeburgicæ*, 1769-; that of Migne, in his *Patrologiæ cursus completus*, Paris, 1844, is complete and good. The most recent edition is that of Francis Œhler, Leipzig, Weigel, 1853, in 3 volumes.

The principal works of Tertullian have been printed several times separately, particularly his Apologetic, his book of Prescriptions, etc. They have also been translated into French. The best translation is that of the Abbé de Gourcy; a new edition, carefully revised by M. Breghot du Lut, was given of it at Lyon in 1823, one volume in octavo. The Abbé Allard published, in, the Apologetic, with very interesting dissertations. The Abbé de Genoude translated the works of Tertullian into French, Paris, volumes in octavo. Father Vivien, Recollect, did a great work on Tertullian, forming a series of instructions and matters for sermons, extracted from the works of the celebrated writer. This work, which appeared under the title of *Tertullianus prædicans* in 1667, has been reprinted several times at Paris, at Cologne and at Padua. A new edition, in six volumes in quarto, is being published at Avignon, by the care of M. F. Seguin. See Cave; Tillemont; Ceillier; and Godescard. — Cf. Héfélé, *Revue trimestrielle de Tubingue*, 1838: Tertullian, apologist; MœHler, *Patrologie*,, 1849; Boehringer, *The Church of Jesus Christ and its witnesses, or the History of the Church in the form of Biographies*, Zurich, 1842; Hesselberg, *Doctrine of Tertullian drawn from his works*, Dorpat,; Néander, *The Antignostic, spirit of Tertullian and introduction to his works*, 2nd edition, Berlin, 1849; the Abbé Freppel, *Course of Sacred Eloquence: Tertullian*, 2 volumes in octavo, Paris, 1864.

Saint Hyacinth, Martyr at Amastris

4th century.

> *Ut gratum odorem floris Hyacinthi, tuum sic, Christe, Hyacinthum accipe.*
>
> *Heaven, open, and receive into thy bosom the blessed Hyacinth, like the balmy perfume of the flower whose name he bears.*
>
> *Acta Sanctorum.*

Saint Hyacinth was born at Amastris (today Amastreh), a maritime city of Paphlagonia, on the shore of the Pontus Euxinus. His parents were noble: his father was named Théoclite and his mother Léonille. There were then very few Christians at Amastris, where almost all the commerce of the North with Asia Minor was carried on and where strangers of all sorts landed who had hardly any other divinities than their interests and their passions. Nevertheless the parents of Hyacinth, who had the happiness to be of the small number of the faithful, took care to bring him up in the faith and in Christian piety, virtues which took in him the greatest increase as he advanced in age. Strengthened by the grace of Jesus Christ, he appeared in the midst of the idolaters of his country like a flower surrounded by thorns; and without letting himself be corrupted by the bad air of the age, he spread over others the good odour of his virtues and drew to himself the esteem and the affection even of those who did not live as he did. Nevertheless the interest which he took in the glory of God and the salvation of men made the calm in which he lived suspect to him; it was not without grief that he saw the blindness of his fellow-citizens, and, animated by his zeal, he aimed at the means of drawing them from the abyss in which they were plunged. Quite near the city of Amastris, there was a tree which, by its beauty, its size and its antiquity, gave occasion to these idolaters to believe that it enclosed in itself some powerful divinity. They were not content with the ordinary marks of veneration which the pagans had for old oaks or for other trees, which they said were consecrated to some of their gods; they had moreover instituted for it

regular sacrifices and a college of priests occupied solely with its worship. Hyacinth, who, by his uprightness, had acquired credit in the country, undertook to undeceive these unfortunates and began by instructing some private persons in the truth of the Christian religion. These first successes made him hope to succeed also in making known to the multitude of the idolatrous peoples the errors of paganism. He made them several discourses to convince them of the falsity of their idols and to demonstrate to them that if the sun, the stars, the most perfect men and the angels even, could not attribute to themselves a divine worship, it was still much more unreasonable to render it to a tree; then he sought to persuade them of the unity of God and to make them feel the benefit of the redemption by Jesus Christ.

Hyacinth, seeing that his sermons had not the effect which he should have expected from them, took the courageous resolution, assisted by some Christians, to cut down the tree of superstition, which he executed as soon as he found a propitious moment. What was the surprise and astonishment of the idolatrous priests when, the next day, they found their tree overthrown! Their suspicions fell at once on Hyacinth; they filled the city with this report and stirred up the populace against the Saint. A troop of furious men armed with halberds and clubs fell upon his dwelling, crying that the enemy of their gods must be knocked on the head. They tore him from his house with violence, dragged him by the hair in the streets, loaded him with insults and curses, and led him before the tribunal of the governor of the city, where he was accused not only of impiety toward their gods, but also of being an enemy of the country, since he had just exposed it to all sorts of misfortunes, by cutting the sacred tree by which the protection of heaven came to it. The judge condemned him on the spot to the penalty of death; he wished however, beforehand, to force him to sacrifice to the idols and to renounce at the same time the faith of Jesus Christ. The Saint was put to the torture, then thrown into a dungeon where he sacrificed his life for the true religion. This happened at the beginning of the 4th century. The Greeks and the Latins celebrate his feast on 17 July.

Baillet and Acta Sanctorum, volume iv of July.

Saint Marcelline, Virgin, Sister of Saint Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan

— Pope: Saint Anastasius. — Emperor of the West: Honorius.

Magna encomia virginis sunt. O virginitas, opulentia indeficiens! O virginitas, corona immarcessibilis! O virginitas, templum Dei, et domicilium sancti Spiritus!

What praises does a virgin not deserve? O virginity, thou art an inexhaustible fortune, a crown that cannot wither! O virginity, thou art the temple of God, the dwelling of the Holy Spirit!

Saint Athanasius the Great.

We give all the more willingly the account of the life of this illustrious virgin because we have as witness of what we say of her one of the most celebrated doctors of the Church, Saint Ambrose, her brother. Their father was also named Ambrose. He was prefect of the praetorium of the Gauls and considered in the empire for his employments and above all for the elevation and extent of his mind. Marcelline, his daughter, came into the world under the reign of the great Constantine; she was the elder of Saint Ambrose and of another brother, named Urane Satyre, of whom mention is made in the Sacred Annals, on 17 September. History does not tell us the name of her mother; we know only that our Saint received from her a very good education, and that she lived with this pious lady in a country house remote from all the noises and all the relations of the world. The Holy Spirit inspired this young virgin early with the resolution to have no other spouse than Jesus Christ; she refused the numerous and noble matches which offered themselves to her for marriage; she led the holiest life with a pious companion who had the same design and profited by her examples. After the death of her father, she followed her mother who left the Gauls, and withdrew to Rome where their family was. She made it even a pleasure and a duty, as being the eldest, to charge herself, in some fashion, with the education of her two brothers, Satyre and Ambrose, the great bishop of Milan, of whom we have already spoken. She took great care to instruct them in all the principles of the Christian religion and to

inspire them with the maxims of the most solid piety, like in this the illustrious Macrina, who did the same with regard to her brother, Saint Basil, and afterwards her other brother, Saint Peter of Sebaste. It is no small glory for our Saint to have been, during some years, the directress of Ambrose, her brother, and to have had care of his education in his youth. This disciple gave her all possible satisfaction; he profited so well by the lessons and the example of this holy sister that he conceived and preserved all his life, after her example, a very particular esteem for virginity, never tiring of publishing, on every occasion, the advantages, the rewards and the glory of virgins. One has only to open his writings to see the great praises which he gives them, and specially what he composed on them in the three books entitled *De Virginibus*, which he addresses to the holy virgin of whom we speak.

Marcelline might have lived, as many others did at that period, in piety and virginity, with the garments of the world; nevertheless, more generous, more learned in the ways of perfection, she left the world and received publicly the veil, on Christmas day of the year 352, from the hands of Pope Liberius.

The ceremony took place in the church of Saint Peter, in presence of a great multitude of people. The Pope exhorted her to attach herself strongly to Jesus Christ whom she chose for spouse, to live in the perpetual practice of abstinence, of mortification, of silence, of prayer, and to testify always in church the lively sentiments of respect with which she ought to be penetrated. He cited to her the example of that page of Alexander the Great, who, in order not to disturb the solemnity of a pagan sacrifice, preferred to let his hand be burned to the bone rather than shake off the melted wax which had fallen on it.

Saint Ambrose, who has preserved this discourse for us, adds that it was beneath what Marcelline practised. She was not content with fasting every day until evening, but she passed besides several days without eating, and when one wished to persuade her to leave the holy readings which she was making, to come and take some nourishment, she answered what the Saviour had answered to the tempter: “Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.” This holy Doctor teaches us further that, when she was obliged to take some food, she chose the commonest and least delicate things, so that, finding nothing which could flatter her taste, the fast might become the more agreeable to her. He adds that she drank only water, that she took her rest only when she found herself overcome by sleep, that she employed her vigils in reading and in prayer, and that her prayers were ordinarily accompanied by her tears.

Saint Ambrose, fearing that these extraordinary austerities might make disappear too soon from the earth this fine model of Christian virgins, this dear object of his pious affection, begged her to moderate her zeal; he told her that, having consecrated herself publicly to her God, she ought to serve as a model to others; that, for that, it was necessary to present to them imitable examples. Our Saint did not live, as the virgins who have taken the veil do today, in a community, but in a private house with the companion of whom we have spoken. When her brother Saint Ambrose was named archbishop of Milan, she had doubtless the thought of going to dwell with him, in order to profit by his lessons and his examples. But higher reasons made her resist this desire. She made up for it by a frequent commerce of letters; one has only to open the writings of Saint Ambrose, and one will judge, by the letters which he writes to his sister Marcelline, what was the esteem he conceived of her. He makes no difficulty in calling her Saint in several places, and, knowing what her penetration was and the interest she took in the cause of the Church, our holy prelate takes a pleasure, in writing to her, in giving her an account of the combats which were waged against him on the part of the heretics, and of the victories which he gained over the Arians; on her side, this pious sister solicited this great bishop ardently to tell her of the happy successes which befell his Church, to give glory to God for them; or of the adversities and misfortunes, to pray heaven to turn them aside or moderate them. Saint Ambrose had so much confidence in the judgment of his sister that he sent her even the copy of the sermons which he had delivered in public, that they might serve her herself and that she might tell him what she thought of them.

When their brother Satyre died, whom they cherished tenderly for his excellent natural qualities and for the signal piety which everyone admired in him, Saint Ambrose pronounced his funeral oration. In this

discourse, after having set forth to the people what it lost in the death of this illustrious brother, he said to his hearers “that it is true there remained to him a holy sister, worthy of all veneration for the integrity of her conduct, which was always equally sustained by the probity of her morals, and whose exterior actions corresponded to the holiness of her hidden life”: *Superest soror sancta, integritate venerabilis, æqualis moribus, non impar officiis.* These words alone are a fine eulogy of the virgin Marcelline. At the end of the funeral discourse, the holy doctor, after having apostrophized his dear brother Satyre, whom he wept, and having testified to him the grief which he conceived at his death, adds: “What will become now of our holy sister? It is true that the fear of offending the divine Providence, which disposed of Satyre, obliges her to moderate the sorrow she has at the loss of so dear a brother; nevertheless, her love of piety makes her regret a brother whose counsels were so useful to her for loving God.” *Licet fletum sermone suspendat, in oratione renovet.* “She is seen,” he says, “prostrate on the ground, embracing with all her heart the tomb of the deceased, overcome with weariness, a prey to a holy sadness, passing the days and the nights in prayer.” And, as if this great prelate wished to answer the thought of those who might imagine that a virgin so pious and so submissive to the orders of God ought not to shed so many tears for the death of a brother, he pronounces this fine sentence toward the end of his discourse: *Flere in oratione virtutis est*: “it is permitted to a virtuous person to weep before God.”

Saint Marcelline interrupted sometimes her solitary life by going to see her brother Ambrose at Milan, either to confer with him concerning the means of attaining the highest perfection, or to render him the services he might expect from such a sister.

Having learned, in the year 378, that he was tormented by a cruel and very long sickness, a short time after he had sent her the work which has for title *De Virginibus*, Marcelline made a journey from Rome to Milan, to assist him. It is known also that she went to assist her brother Satyre in his last illness. She undertook yet another journey from a motive of charity, on the subject of a Christian virgin of Verona, named Indicie, who had dwelt at Rome with the same Saint Marcelline, and whom one had accused and caused to be condemned before the bishop of the place, by an unjust sentence, from which she found herself obliged to appeal to the tribunal of Saint Ambrose as metropolitan. Little is known of the rest of the life of our Saint; one cannot say how long she lived after the last journey which she made from Rome to Milan to render service to the virgin of whom we have just spoken. What is certain is that she survived her two brothers, Satyre and Saint Ambrose. The day of her feast is marked at 17 July in the Roman martyrology.

It appears that she had gone to settle at Milan and that she ended her days there. Baronius asserts that she ended them at Rome; but he is combated on this point by the Milanese writers and by several others. What is certain is that her tomb is seen in the Ambrosian basilica, with her statue in white marble, and that her relics are preserved in that church. The martyrology indicates also Milan as the place of death of this Saint. She is represented: 1st, with a small cross in her hand, following the Greek usage which thus characterizes persons consecrated to God, and a life occupied with meditation and penance; 2nd, receiving the veil from the hands of Pope Liberius.

Acta Sanctorum; Godescard; Baillet.

Saint Alexis of Rome, Confessor

— Pope: Saint Innocent I. — Roman Emperors: Arcadius and Honorius.

Crux, qua mundus crucifigitur, est paupertas spiritus; cujus quatuor sunt brachia: contemptus gloriæ, pecuniæ, patriæ et parentelæ.

The cross on which the world is crucified is poverty of spirit; it has four arms, namely: contempt of glory, of riches, of country and of family.

S. Bonaventure, sup. Luc, c. 23.

We do not think there is in ecclesiastical history an example of renunciation so absolute, so painful to nature as that of Alexis. This saint was born at Rome, after the middle of the 4th century. His father, named Euphémien, was one of the principal members of the senate; and his mother, called Aglaïs, was a lady of great merit and whose nobility corresponded to that of her husband. Their goods were so great that they had no fewer than three thousand slaves, of whom some served them in the city, and the others were in their country houses, to make the inheritances which they possessed there bear fruit. God giving them no children, they made a large share of their riches to all sorts of unfortunates: three tables were laid every day in their mansion, where widows and wards, pilgrims and the poor, and finally the sick were treated liberally. Foreign religious were also very well received by this illustrious patrician; but he made them ordinarily eat at his table, which obliged him to defer his dinner until the hour of None, which was the hour of eating of the religious; and if it happened to him to relax in his mercy toward the poor, he prostrated himself face to the ground, and said to God, sighing: “I am not worthy, my sovereign Lord, to be borne on the earth which thou hast created.”

Meanwhile Aglaïs, to whom her sterility caused much pain, begged earnestly the Author of all goods to give her a son who might be the consolation of her husband and the support of her family in the time of their old age. Her prayers, accompanied by so many alms, were at last heard: she brought into the world a child to whom Euphémien had given at baptism the name of Alexis. When he was of age to study, he was made to learn grammar, rhetoric and history; he became a good orator and very learned in the things of antiquity. He passed his childhood and the first years of his youth in the study ordinary to children of his condition; and, as he was under the discipline of a father and a mother who made religion their capital affair, he formed himself at the same time to virtue and to all the exercises of Christian piety. Thus he promised to be, in a short time, one of the principal ornaments of the empire, and eyes were already cast on him as on a young man who was about to enter the first offices of the State. His father and mother thought of finding him a good match, and married him in effect to a girl very rich, and who was of an imperial family. The ceremony took place in the church of Saint Boniface: there followed feasts and splendid banquets. But Alexis, to whom God gave far higher thoughts, and who had consented to his marriage only through a profound respect for all that his father and mother desired of him, far from being charmed by the graces of his wife, or taking pleasure in all the amusements of the nuptial feast, sighed continually in the depth of his heart after a solitude where he might live disengaged from the world, and occupied with the knowledge and love of God alone. While this thought filled his mind, God inspired him to leave that very evening the house of his father, and all the attractions he found there, and to go on pilgrimage to the most celebrated places of devotion in the East. He enters the chamber of his wife, and gives her a ring and a girdle wrapped in a scarlet taffeta, saying to her: “Keep, I pray you, this present, and God will be between you and me until his will is accomplished.” Then he passes into his own closet, takes money and precious stones, and, having gone out secretly from the house, without anyone perceiving it, he goes to the port, mounts into a ship and sails toward Laodicea. From there, having himself conducted on horseback, he betakes himself to Edessa, a city of Mesopotamia, where was that sacred image of Our Lord, which had not been made by the hand of men, but which he himself had sent during his mortal life to the prince Abagar, as Eusebius of Caesarea assures in his History. When he had arrived there, he sold what he had of jewels, and gave the price of them to the poor with the rest of the money which he had brought: reduced himself to extreme need, he lived thenceforward only on alms. The place where he was ordinarily found was the porch of the church of Our Lady, where he occupied himself ceaselessly in praying to God, in meditating on the mysteries of our religion and in contemplating the grandeurs and perfections of the Divinity. He had no greater joy than to see himself rebuffed by the world, and regarded as a man of nothing, a beggar. He was always ill clad in the manner of the poor. His fasts and his vigils were continual: he took very little nourishment and gave to others the alms which he received.

Meanwhile his father, his mother and his wife, whom he had left without saying farewell to them, were extremely surprised at no longer seeing him, above all when, after an expectation and a search of some days

in Rome and in the environs, they learned no news of him. They sent as soon as possible their servants into almost all places of the world to inquire what had become of him, and there were even some who followed him so closely that they met him at Edessa, where he had retired. He recognized them, asked them alms, and received it from their hand, blessing Our Lord for this humiliation; but they did not recognize him, because his abstinences, his tears and his neglected state made him unrecognizable. So they were constrained, like all the others, to return to Rome without having learned anything. Who could paint what were on this occasion the grief, the groans of the father, of the mother and of the wife of our Saint? “What have I done to you, Alexis?” said this father in the bitterness of his heart, “what have I done to you, my son, to have thus abandoned me and cast me into the last excess of sadness? Have I acted with you like those barbarous fathers who have only rigour and hardness for their children? Have I not been for you the best of fathers? Was not all that I have yours, and did not all my cares tend to enlarge your house and to render you one of the most glorious and richest lords of the empire? Did I choose for you a wife unworthy of you? is it not the most advantageous match that was in Rome, and a girl with whom you could live in an innocent joy and who would never have wounded your conscience? Why then did you leave me at a time when you were receiving the greatest testimonies of my paternal love? But there is doubtless a hidden mystery in your retreat: for you are too good a son to have wished to give the least discontent to your father.” The mother lived alone, shut up in her chamber, where she hardly let a little light penetrate; she lay on ashes and sighed unceasingly toward heaven; she said: “Why, Lord, hast thou given him to me to take him from me at a time when I was to receive more satisfaction and joy from him? still if he were dead I should console myself, because I should have hope that he enjoyed thy divine presence; but that he be living and that I be deprived of him, and that others enjoy the happiness of his sight and of his conversation, this is what makes my greatest grief. Is it possible, Alexis,” she added, “that thy bowels have been of iron and of bronze toward me, and that thou hast had no pity on a mother who desired thee with so much ardour, who brought thee up with so much care and who loved thee more than any mother ever loved her children? But a higher cause must have carried thee off: for thou hadst too much tenderness to procure for me of thyself the pain and affliction in which I am plunged.” Finally, the new wife, who would never abandon her mother-in-law, nor accept another husband, complained more than any other, accusing herself of being the cause of the distance of her Alexis. “If it is not on my account,” she said, “that you absented yourself, why did you wait, to do it, until the evening of our wedding? why did you not do it sooner? But, since you did it only at the moment of our conjugal union, it is clear that it is that I was not worthy of you. Why did you not say it freely, and why have you made me the cause of the desolation of your family? But, however unworthy I am to possess you, I shall keep for you all my life an inviolable faith, and I shall pass it in tears, like a forsaken turtle-dove.” Such were the complaints of this desolate family.

As to Saint Alexis, when he had passed seventeen years under this porch of the church of Our Lady, the image of this glorious Mother of God spoke to the treasurer of this temple, and told him that he ought to consider much the poor man whom he saw so often at his door, and give him even an honest lodging within, because he was agreeable to God; that the Holy Spirit rested on him, and that his prayers were very much considered in heaven. This revelation having become known, reflection was made on the humility of this beggar, his patience, his silence, his assiduity in prayer, his charity toward the other poor and all sorts of other virtues of which he gave at every moment great examples: he began to be honoured and regarded as a Saint; the treasurer would no longer have him remain in this vestibule, but provided him with an apartment in the church: it was a contest who should furnish him the things necessary to life.

These favours which would have stopped any other in this place, engaged Alexis to withdraw from it: as he had left the house of his parents only to flee honour and deprive himself of the comforts of life, he could not remain in a place where it was wished that nothing more should be lacking to him, and where his humility was no longer safe. He departed therefore from Edessa, and embarked at Laodicea, with the design of going to Tarsus, to the church of Saint Paul, where he hoped to be no less unknown than he had been seventeen

years in his first retreat. But a furious tempest agitated his ship for a long time: which made him make an almost incredible voyage; he arrived at last, by the conduct of God, in Italy, and at the city of Rome, which was to be the most glorious theatre of his combats and of his victories. Then he felt himself strongly moved by the Holy Spirit to sojourn in the house of his parents, while remaining unknown, in order to combat more closely the dearest sentiments, to resist the most moving spectacle.

This was truly a very extraordinary conduct, and more admirable than imitable, since, according to the common ways, it is not permitted to expose oneself to temptations and dangers, and one must flee what one ought not to love; but the spirit of God had prepared him for it by a perfect death to himself, and by so great a detachment from all that is created that he had become in it as insensible. Thus, after having visited the tombs of the Apostles and the other holy places of the city, where he implored the help of heaven for his design, he placed himself in the path of his father and said to him: “I beseech you, servant of God, to exercise your charity toward me, who am a poor man destitute of all help; give me, if you please, a shelter in some corner of your house, and suffer me to live there, with your servants, on the crumbs which fall from your table: I shall in no way be a burden there, and God, who rewards the merciful, will pour out his blessings on you; and if some of your family are absent and on a journey, he will make you see them again in good health.” At these words, Euphémien remembered his son, whom he believed far away; and, touched by a movement of charity, he led the poor man to his mansion and had a little place given him to retire to. He commanded also one of his slaves to take care of him, promising him for that liberty and means to live free. The life of our Saint, in this little retreat, was admirable: he continued to afflict his body there by continual fasts and vigils; he ate almost nothing, and two ounces of water a day made all his drink; his life was to pray and to weep; he passed the days and the nights in adoring God and contemplating his goodnesses; he went out only to go to church, and the slave to whom he had been entrusted deposed, after his death, that he never failed to communicate every Sunday. His patience was put to the proof at every instant by the numerous slaves of his father. Some gave him blows and kicks, others plucked out his beard and his hair, these threw dish-water on his head, those did him outrages still more sensible, which God permitted, to consummate more and more the virtue of his servant: and in fact, nothing of all this could shake his courage, nor make him lose the calm and the serenity of which he enjoyed in the depth of his soul; he rejoiced, on the contrary, to be treated in his own house by his own slaves with more inhumanity than he would have been in the state of the most cruel servitude, and he offered himself every day to God to bear greater opprobrium and humiliations harder and more sensible for his love and for his glory.

But what exercised his patience most was the continual sight of his father, his mother and his wife. He knew that length of time had not yet appeased their grief; that they still suffered great pain from his pretended absence; that they often wept very bitterly for it, perhaps even they sometimes spoke to him of it. Besides, the study of perfection, far from having extinguished in him natural love, had on the contrary much increased it; if he had formerly loved his parents and her whom God had given him for wife, he loved them then far more perfectly. What strength of mind, and what greatness of soul must he not have needed to be silent in the face of his servants who insulted him, of his parents who wept for him, of his house, of his riches which invited him to enjoy them! Simeon Metaphrastes, reported by Surius, does not say how long a trial so difficult lasted; but Peter de Natalibus, the Roman martyrology and the lessons of this day say that it lasted seventeen years more. Thus our Saint was thirty-four years in this struggle against himself, which demanded at every instant a heroic effort. But at last God, wishing to glorify his servant in this world and in the other, made him know that the hour of his death was approaching and ordered him to put in writing who he was, and what he had done since his flight. He begged therefore the slave who came to see him to bring him something to write with; obeying the voice of God, he marked distinctly on paper the particulars of his birth, of his education and of his marriage, with the circumstances of his departure and the places where he had been, and folded this note so as to be seen only after his death. Meanwhile, one Sunday, Pope Innocent I was celebrating mass in the church of Saint Peter, in presence of the emperor Honorius and of a great number of

ecclesiastics and lords; a voice was heard from the midst of the sanctuary, which said: “Come to me, all you who are in pain and in affliction, and I will relieve you.” Everyone, at this word, was seized with admiration and fear, and, prostrating himself face to the ground, cried out: “Lord, have pity on us!” Immediately a second voice was heard which came from the altar, and which said: “Seek the man of God; he will pray for Rome, and the Lord will be propitious to him; besides, he must die next Friday.” They set themselves therefore to seek him whom this voice had marked, but he could not be found, nor anything learned concerning him. Wherefore, the following Friday, a considerable crowd gathered in the same church, and the Pope himself with the emperor were there. Then the same voice was heard, and it declared that it was in the house of Euphémien that this great treasure must be sought.

Euphémien was present beside the emperor, as one of the most considerable lords of Rome. Honorius turned therefore toward him, and said to him: “How do you hide in your house a man so dear to heaven?” — “I have no knowledge of it,” said Euphémien; “however we must go and see who he is.” So he went ahead, in order to prepare all things to receive the Pope and the emperor. While things passed thus in the church, Saint Alexis, having put his paper in his hand, lay down gently on his poor pillow, and, having his heart all inflamed with love and the desire to possess his sovereign good, fell asleep peacefully in Our Lord, and the angels bore his soul to heaven, to receive there the reward of his humility, of his stripping of all things and of his voluntary sufferings.

Euphémien, having arrived at his dwelling, asked whether anything new had passed there, and whether there was appearance that this admirable man whom heaven had announced three times was shut up in it. The servant to whom he had given the charge of our Saint told him that his poor man had just died, and that he doubted not at all that it was he of whom the angel of heaven had spoken, because he had led for seventeen years a very exemplary life; and that, although the valets did him a thousand outrages, he had maintained himself in an incomparable patience and gentleness, without ever complaining of the ill treatment which he received. Euphémien wished to see him, and went to his little lodge which was under a staircase. Finding him lying, and his face covered with his sack, he called him several times; but he received no answer and heard no movement. He raised the sack which covered him and perceived, on one side his face all radiant and casting rays of light, and on the other his hand closed and holding a folded paper. Joy, astonishment, respect and fear seized him at the same time; he wished to take the paper to read it before the coming of the Pope and of the prince; but he could not draw it from his hand. He went to meet His Holiness and His Imperial Majesty, and told them what he had just discovered. They ordered that the body be carried, with much reverence, into a secret chamber, and that it be laid in the midst on a bed; then they knelt before him, and begged him urgently to make no difficulty about letting go the paper which he held in his hand, that his merit might be known and what God wished to teach the empire by his means. He let it go at once, and, by order of the Pope, Aetius, chancellor of the holy Church, took it to make a public reading of it. There was then a great silence, each desiring to know who was so extraordinary a man; but when it was learned that it was Alexis, who, on the first night of his wedding, had given a ring and a girdle to his wife in a scarlet taffeta and had then gone away to be all his life poor and a pilgrim in the world, it was no longer possible for Euphémien to arrest the transports of his grief. The presence of the Pontiff and of the emperor did not prevent him from tearing his hair, from heaving great sighs, from bending over the body of the dead man and bathing it with his tears. He was heard to cry, in the violence of his grief: “Ah! wretch, to lose thus my son at the moment that I find him! And why, Alexis, did you not discover yourself sooner to me? Why did you not appease my sadness by declaring to me who you were? It was a living son that I asked, and not a dead son! I wished you to leave you heir of my goods, and not to put you in the earth. What does it avail me to have recovered you, if I must be deprived of you eternally by your hiding yourself in the sepulchre? Was it not better to leave me in the pain, which was accompanied by some hope, than to take from me all hope by drawing me from my disquiet?”

The mother of our Saint, who was not in the chamber, was not long without learning what was passing. She ran thither precipitately, tearing her garments and shedding torrents of tears. She had difficulty in passing through the crowd, but she cleft the press, saying: “Let me see my hope, let me embrace the object of my desires and the subject of my grief: permit me to water with my tears him whom I weep as absent for so many years.” Having approached the holy body, she leaned her face on his without being able to separate from it; sometimes complaining of him because he had left her and because on his return he had not made himself known; sometimes complaining of herself because she had not recognized him whom she possessed and who was before her eyes; sometimes deploring her misfortune at losing her only son at the moment when she found him. The wife of the Servant of God was no more moderate: “Is it possible, my lord,” she said to him, embracing him, “that conjugal love has not solicited and pressed your bowels? Is it possible that you saw me seventeen years without desiring me a single moment? That the riches and honours of your house did not touch you, I do not wonder; but that your desolate wife, whom you saw every day, did not soften your heart, this passes all imagination. I must then begin to be a widow in finding you, after having been so many years a widow in desiring you.”

These passionate movements made known more and more to the bystanders the inestimable virtue of Alexis, who had been able to sustain, for seventeen years, tendernesses capable of softening hearts of iron and steel. When something had been given to the grief of these holy women, the Pope and the emperor commanded that the bed where the holy body lay be put without delay in a more exposed place, to show it to all the world. But the crowd was so great that it was for a long time impossible to move it. It was that he began from that time to work great miracles, and that by merely seeing him one received healing of the maladies with which one was afflicted. At last it was resolved that he should be borne solemnly to burial. Metaphrastes says that it was in the church of Saint Peter; but the Roman martyrology, Mombritius, Peter de Natalibus, and after them, Baronius, teach us that it was in the church of Saint Boniface, which was that where he had been married.

These two sentiments may be reconciled by saying that he was borne first to the church of Saint Peter, where great honours were rendered him, and that afterwards he was transported to that of Saint Boniface, which was to be the place of his repose. The Pope and the emperor assisted at this ceremony and even put their hand, out of respect, to the coffin. The father and mother of the Saint were seven days without being able to separate from his relics. A magnificent tomb was made at once, enriched with gold and precious stones, where he was deposited. Miracles continued to be wrought there in great number. There issued from his sepulchre a marvellous oil, according to Metaphrastes, and a very agreeable odour, according to Bishop Equilin, which restored health to the sick. Baronius, in the year 1004, marks a miracle of Saint Boniface and Saint Alexis, in favour of a religious a prey to a pestilential evil. The house of Euphémien, which was on the Aventine hill, where, during paganism, the temple of Hercules the Conqueror was seen, was afterwards changed into a church under the name of Saint-Alexis. One still shows there some steps of the staircase under which this admirable Saint dwelt seventeen years, with an image of the Virgin, which is said to be that which spoke in his favour to the treasurer of the church of Edessa.

The Roman martyrology and breviary put his decease at 17 July. Only a memorial of him was formerly made; but Pope Urban VIII permitted the office of it to be made semi-double. Metaphrastes, who speaks of him on 17 March, means to speak of the day when the holy body was placed in the new sepulchre. The year of this decease is not altogether certain. It was not in the 4th century, as Equilin says, in whose time Innocent was not yet pope; but at the beginning of the 5th.

He is represented holding in his hands, after his death, a writing which caused him to be recognized. — The Venetian legendary represents him lying under a staircase of the paternal house, where he passed his last years as a poor unknown man. — He is sometimes represented with a pilgrim’s cape, a staff and the hat adorned with a shell.

Cf. Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Ennodius, Bishop of Pavia, and Ecclesiastical Writer

— Pope: Hormisdas. — King of France: Childebert I.

Nihil est quod ita Deum exhilaret sicut conversio peccatorum et a peccato ad virtutem reversus.

Nothing so rejoices the heart of God as the conversion of sinners and their return from vice to virtue.

S. Joan. Chrys., hom. xxv sup. Gen.

Magnus Felix Ennodius descended from an illustrious family established in the Gauls and allied to the greatest houses which flourished in his time. He counted among his relatives Fustus, Boëthius, Avienus, Olybrius, and several other persons very distinguished by their birth. He gives to understand that he was born in the city of Arles; but he passed his first years in Italy, and was brought up at Milan, under the eyes of one of his aunts. He engaged afterwards in the state of marriage, and married a girl who joined to nobility considerable wealth. Eloquence and poetry were the occupation and the amusement of his youth.

Unhappily for him, love of the world prevailed; forgetting what he owed to God, he strayed into the corrupt ways of the age. Grace however ceased not to pursue him; remorse made itself felt, and soon his conversion was entire. To render it solid and to consecrate himself more specially to the service of God, he entered the clergy, with the consent of his wife, who on her side resolved to live in perpetual continence. As he had much devotion to Saint Victor of Milan, he implored his protection to obtain from God the grace of leading a holy life until his death. It is from himself that we learn this particular.

Having been ordained deacon by Saint Epiphanius, bishop of Pavia, he turned all his studies toward religion. He made the apology of Pope Symmachus and that of the council of this sovereign Pontiff against the schism which had arisen in favour of Laurence. The high idea which was had of his merit determined them to choose him to compose the panegyric of Theodoric, king of Italy. He acquitted himself superiorly of this commission, and gave the prince the praises he deserved for the success of his arms and for his victories. There was seen come also from his pen the life of Saint Epiphanius of Pavia, who died in 479, and who had Maximus for successor, as well as that of Saint Anthony of Lérins, who is named in the Roman martyrology under 26 December. He wrote also several letters and divers works, both in verse and in prose, which have come down to us. He teaches us in one of his letters that, during an illness which was regarded as incurable by the physicians, he had had recourse to God through the intercession of Saint Victor, and that at that instant he had recovered perfect health.

It was about the year 510 that Ennodius succeeded Maximus on the episcopal see of Pavia. He showed himself by his conduct truly worthy to be the disciple of Saint Epiphanius. He governed his Church with an apostolic zeal and authority.

Pope Hormisdas cast his eyes on him to labour for the reunion of the churches of the East and the West. The emperor who reigned then was Anastasius. He fomented the division by favouring the heresy of Eutyches. He employed still against the Church dissimulation, a detestable vice, above all in persons who command.

The bishop of Pavia made two journeys to Constantinople, the one in 515, with Fortunatus, bishop of Catania, and the other in 517, with Peregrinus, bishop of Misenum. The instructions given by the Pope required that they labour to have the decrees of the council of Chalcedon received, and the letters of Saint Leo against Nestorius, Eutyches, Dioscorus and their followers; to have the anathema pronounced against Acacius of Constantinople and Peter of Antioch subscribed; to ask of the emperor the return of the bishops who had been exiled for their attachment to the faith. Anastasius testified outwardly a great desire for peace. In dismissing the legates, he gave them a letter for the Pope, in which he declared that he condemned Nestorius and Eutyches, and that he received the council of Chalcedon. He promised to send ambassadors to

Rome to terminate the other articles; but his only aim was to gain time. He banished even four bishops of Illyria while Ennodius was at Constantinople. He put off sending his ambassadors until the middle of the following year; still did he not send bishops, as he had promised, but two laymen, of whom one was named Theopompus and the other Severian. This embassy resulted, on the side of the Orientals, only in making vague protestations for the good and peace of the Church. Hormisdas answered that he had nothing more at heart; that he threw himself even at the feet of the emperor to implore his protection that good order might be re-established everywhere.

The second journey which Ennodius made to Constantinople produced no more effect than the first. Anastasius would not admit the formulary which the Pope had drawn up for the union of the two Churches; he tried even to corrupt the legates with money: but seeing that they were proof against such a temptation, he had them embark secretly under the guard of two prefects and of some other officers who had orders not to let them enter any city. The legates found however the means of distributing everywhere their protestations against what had been done. The bishops who received copies of them sent them to Constantinople, for fear of seeing themselves accused, which embittered the emperor still more. The first effect of his resentment was to send back to their homes nearly two hundred bishops who were on the point of assembling at Heraclea to pacify the troubles of the East. Behold where ended the word which he had given to concur in the re-establishment of peace between the two Churches. The senate and the people having reproached him with the violation of the oath he had made, he answered coldly that there are circumstances in which it is permitted to a prince to perjure himself. Such an answer confirmed in all minds the suspicions that were held of the secret attachment of Anastasius to the impious opinions of the Manichaeans.

Meanwhile Ennodius, to whom all the ports of the East were closed by order of the emperor, ran an imminent danger of perishing. The vessel on which he had been forced to embark was old and worm-eaten; one could hardly hope that it would suffice to make the passage. He made it nevertheless, and the holy bishop landed safe and sound in Italy.

Returned to his diocese, he applied himself more than ever to the sanctification of his flock. It might have been said that what he had suffered for the faith had given more activity to his zeal by giving a new lustre to his virtues. The conversion of sinners, the care of the poor, the adornment of churches, the composition of some poems on subjects of piety, shared all his time until his death, which happened on 1 August 521. He was aged forty-eight years. Popes Nicholas I and John VIII give him the title of great and glorious confessor. He is named in the Roman martyrology under 17 July.

Writings of Saint Ennodius

We have, under the name of Ennodius:

1st. Two hundred and ninety-seven Letters which have been distributed in nine books. The greater part are letters of friendship and civility. Those which contain something remarkable for doctrine or for ecclesiastical discipline are those to Faustus in which he speaks of the troublesome consequences which the schism between Laurence and Symmachus occasioned, both elected to fill the Holy See, and acknowledges that faith obliges us to adore a single nature in God, under the distinction of three persons equal in dignity; those to the bishops of Africa whom King Thrasamund relegated to Sardinia, to the number of two hundred and twenty; those to Armenius to console him for the death of his son by representing to him that he had passed to a better life; others less interesting, to divers persons.

2nd. A Panegyric of King Theodoric who had just made himself master of Italy after several victories won over Odoacer.

3rd. An Apology for Symmachus which he composed to justify the conduct which the synod of Rome had held with regard to that Pope.

4th. A Life of Saint Epiphanius, bishop of Pavia, in which the author professes to relate the virtues and actions of this Saint with as much sincerity as exactness. 5th. A Life of the blessed Anthony, priest and solitary, who died at Lérins. 6th. A writing called *Eucharisticum,* that is to say

Thanksgivings, which he composed in gratitude after having been healed miraculously by the intercession of Saint Victor, bishop of Milan. 7th. An Exhortation addressed to Ambrose and to Beatus. It is partly in prose and partly in verse, and deserves to be read by the young people whom one wishes to form to virtue. 8th. An Ordinance concerning clerics.

9th. A Deed of Enfranchisement, drawn up as a model of acts of this kind, when the emperor Constantine permitted masters to free their slaves. 10th. Discourses of which the first six are on subjects of piety: the first on the day of the inauguration of Laurence, bishop of Milan; the second on the dedication of a church of the Apostles; the third on the praises of Maximus, successor of Saint Epiphanius on the see of Pavia; the fourth on the dedication of the church of Saint John the Baptist; the fifth on the taking possession of a bishop; the sixth against the heretics of the East and for the defence of the Catholic faith. 11th. Poems, divided into two parts, of which the first contains the longest pieces, and the other the epigrams. The most remarkable are those which he composed in praise of Saint Epiphanius, of the Blessed Virgin, of Saint Cyprian, of Saint Stephen, of Saint Denis of Milan, of Saint Ambrose, of Saint Euphemia, of Saint Nazarius, of Saint Martin, etc.; on the mysteries of the Ascension and of Pentecost, and on other matters of piety and religion. The style of Ennodius is sententious, which renders it obscure and difficult: his writings may furnish lights to the history of the Gauls and of Italy, but little can be drawn from them for the elucidation of difficulties of theology. The question of liberty and grace is the only one on which he explains himself at some length.

The writings of Ennodius are found among the Orthodoxographers printed at Basel in 1569. They were reprinted at Tournai and at Paris in 1610 and 1611. It is on the edition of 1611 that they have been given a place in the Library of the Fathers of Paris, of Cologne and of Lyon, and in the Collection of Opuscules of Father Sirmond at Paris, in 1696.

Taken from Godescard, and from Dom Ceillier, History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors.

Saint Leo IV, Pope and Confessor

— King of France: Charles II, the Bald.

Fortitudo est virtus propugnans pro æquitate.

There is no true bravery but that which fights for justice.

Cicero, lib. i de Officiis.

Saint Leo IV, a Roman by birth, was created pope in the year 847. He was son of Rodoald or Rodolphe, of an illustrious family. Early, he was a Benedictine monk in the monastery of Saint Martin, which was united to the ancient Vatican basilica, in the very place where the altar of Saint Veronica is seen today.

Leo became priest-cardinal of the title of the Four Crowned Saints, and owed this nomination to Pope Gregory IV. After the death of Sergius, he was immediately elected unanimously; for the deceased Pope was not yet buried; however, the new Pontiff was consecrated only on 11 April. The Romans feared then an invasion of the Saracens of Sicily. The Gauls saw themselves delivered from their yoke, but Italy was not always freed from it.

Leo deposed from the title of cardinal Anastasius, priest of Saint Marcellus, because he had abandoned his parish for five years. The same Pope surrounded with walls the church of Saint Peter. All the nobility of Rome was sensibly afflicted by the excesses which the Saracen army had committed there, and they dreaded its return. To reassure the inhabitants, the Pope resolved to execute the design which Leo III, one of his predecessors, had conceived, of building near Saint Peter’s a new city of which he had even begun the

foundations.

Leo IV wrote for this purpose to the emperor Lothaire, who received the proposal with joy; he exhorted the Pope to put his hand to the work as soon as possible, and sent a quantity of pounds of silver for this purpose, as much on his own part as on that of his brothers. The Pope, having received this generous answer from the emperor, assembled the Romans and consulted them for the execution of his project. It was resolved to bring workmen from all the cities and lands which belonged both to the public and to the monasteries, to work in turn at this great work. Four years were employed on it, the Pope applying himself to it continually, and giving to it all the time that remained to him after his spiritual functions, without cold, wind or rain turning him from it and hindering him from visiting the works assiduously.

Almost at the same moments, that is to say during the twelfth indiction, which began that year (848), the Pope worked also to repair the walls of Rome, fallen into ruins. He had the gates rebuilt and fifteen towers built from top to bottom, going sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, to encourage the workmen. He constructed among others two towers near the Tiber, on the gate which led to Porto, called today Porta Portese, to stop the smallest barks of the infidels.

The Saracens did not show themselves frightened by these preparations: they descended near Ostia. The Pope betook himself to that city, and there, aided by the inhabitants of Gaeta, of Naples and of Amalfi, the Romans won a signal victory over their enemies.

Here is what Voltaire says of this historical fact: Attacked by the Saracens, Pope Leo showed himself worthy, in defending Rome, to command there as sovereign. He had employed the riches of the Church to repair the walls, to raise towers, to stretch chains across the Tiber. He armed the militias at his own expense, engaged the inhabitants of Naples and Gaeta to come and defend the coasts and the bridge of Ostia, without failing in the wise precaution of taking hostages from them; knowing well that those who are powerful enough to succour are so to harm us. He visited all the posts himself, and received the Saracens at their landing; not in warlike equipage, as Gozlin, bishop of Paris, had done on an occasion yet more pressing, but as a Pontiff who exhorted a Christian people, and “as a king who watched over the safety of his subjects (849).” He was a Roman: the courage of the first ages of the republic lived again in him in a time of cowardice and corruption, like a fine monument of ancient Rome, which one finds sometimes in the ruins of the new. His courage and his cares were seconded. The Saracens were fought courageously at their landing; and the tempest having dispersed half of their vessels, a part of these conquerors, escaped from the shipwreck, were put in chains. The Pope made his victory useful by causing the same hands which were to have destroyed them to work at the fortifications of Rome and at its embellishment.

Nothing was lacking to the glory of Leo: this fine feat of arms, this second battle of Poitiers, if it is permitted to speak so, this immortal service rendered to religion, has been transmitted to posterity by Raphael, in the halls of the Vatican. At Poitiers, France above all was saved; but at the victory of Ostia, the city of Rome directly was threatened: in a few hours, the Saracens, had they been victors, might have made themselves masters of it.

The new city built around Saint Peter’s is still called today the Leonine city: only it is joined to Rome and enclosed at present in the same circuit.

In 852, the Pope, prudent as happy men should be who have vanquished barbarians, wished to fortify still the city of Porto, because the Saracens had gathered many forces in Sicily. Then a great number of Corsicans presented themselves, whom the fear of the Saracens had driven from Rastia and from the environs of Corte, and who were wandering and without fixed abode. After having set forth their misery, they promised, if they were willing to receive them, to remain, they and their children, in the service of the Pope, who, on his side, offered them the city of Porto, well fortified, with vineyards, meadows and arable lands, horses and cattle. The Corsicans, a brave people, loving war, and feeling a high esteem for a Pontiff who had been as brave as

themselves, accepted the benefits of Leo; and a deed of gift of the lands was delivered in good form to those who hastened to sign this treaty.

Leo IV had crowned, in 850, Louis II as emperor, or rather as associate in the empire; and he lived with him constantly in good understanding, as also with Lothaire, father of Louis, still living. Toward the end of the year 853, Leo IV held at Rome, in the church of Saint Peter, a Council of sixty-seven bishops, among whom there were four sent by the emperor Lothaire. The Council assembled on 8 December, the seventh year of the reign of Leo, the thirty-seventh year of the reign of Lothaire, and the fifth year of the reign of Louis II. It was in this Council that Anastasius was deposed.

The inhabitants of the city of Centum Cellæ, flourishing under Trajan, were exposed to surprises on the part of the Saracens, and they had quitted this city. Leo built a new one at some distance; but in the course of time, it was abandoned, and the inhabitants returned to Centum Cellæ, which was called from that time Ville-Vieille (Civita-Vecchia), a name which it still keeps today.

Saint Leo IV governed the Church eight years, three months, six days. In two ordinations, he created sixty-three bishops, nineteen priests, eight deacons.

This Pope was very learned; he united the rarest virtues: circumspection, magnificence, piety, humanity, courage, the love of justice; he was beneficent toward the poor, and fulfilled the duties of the pontifical ministry with the most exemplary exactness. It might yet be said of him what Abbo said of Gozlin, *mitissimus heros*, he was a hero full of gentleness. Leo died on 17 July 855; he was buried at the Vatican. The Holy See remained vacant a month and twelve days, until the consecration of Benedict III.

Taken from the History of the sovereign Roman Pontiffs, by Artaud de Montor. — Cf. Acta Sanctorum, volume iv of July; Godescard, Baillet.

Saint Livaire or Livier, Martyr at Marsal, in the Diocese of Nancy

5th century.

Livaire, born in the territory of Metz, of a noble family, gave striking proofs of his faith and of all the Christian virtues. When the Huns came to ravage the city of Metz and all the country, about the year 450, he fought valiantly for the defence of his country and of his faith, was taken prisoner on the field of battle and carried off by the enemy as far as Marsal. He was put to death in that place, with Purgence and Agence, his companions, for not having been willing to deny Christ, and was buried in the very place of his torment. Toward the end of the 10th century, Theodoric or Thierry, bishop of Metz, transferred the body of the blessed Martyr and deposited it in the basilica of Saint Vincent, which he had just founded. It was afterwards borne to the church of Saint Polyeuctus, which took the name of Saint-Livaire, with the exception of some small bones which remained at Saint-Vincent. These venerated remains disappeared at the end of the 18th century; the church of Saint-Livaire exists no more; but the entire body of the illustrious martyr has just been found again.

The removal of the relics of Saint Livier, from the place which he had consecrated by his martyrdom and where, during five centuries, he had reposed, did not cause to cease the cult which the peoples rendered him. Far from it, the faithful of the region have always continued to venerate the soil moistened by the blood of this Confessor and sanctified by the contact of his ashes. In these latter times, the ancient chapel has been suitably restored; some particles of the body which it formerly possessed entire have been placed there, and confidence in the intercession of Saint Livier brings there still, even from distant localities, a good number of pilgrims. Since then, again, the Abbé Germain, vicar-general of Metz, born at Marsal, has obtained, for the church of this parish, a relic of the holy Martyr which he has placed in a beautiful reliquary and himself delivered, in ceremony, to the Abbé Humbert, curé of the place.

Proper of Metz completed with notes due to the kindness of the Abbé Guillaume, canon of Nancy.

[1] See June.

[2] It is not known at what time he lived; but it is known that his body rests at Tivoli, under the high altar of the cathedral church of Saint Lawrence, with that of Saint Severin, monk and confessor. — Barcnin» Ferrari.

18 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Saint Camillus of Lellis, confessor, founder of the Regular Clerks Ministers of the Sick, whose decease is marked on the 14th of this month. 1614. — At Tivoli, Saint Symphorosa, wife of Saint Getulius, martyr, and her seven sons Crescent, Julien, Némèse, Primitif, Justin, Stactée and Eugène. The mother, for her invincible constancy, was first long buffeted, then hung up by the hair, finally cast into the river, with a stone at her neck. Her children, attached to posts and drawn with pulleys, consummated their martyrdom by divers kinds of torments. Their bodies, having been transported to Rome, were found in the deaconry of Saint-Ange in piscina, under the pontificate of Pope Pius IV. About 120. — At Carthage, Saint Gondène or Guddène, virgin, who, after having confessed Jesus Christ, was four times, on divers days, stretched on the rack and horribly torn with iron claws, by order of the proconsul Rufin. At last, after having long suffered the infection of a dungeon, she was beheaded. 203. — At Dorostore, in Moesia, Saint Emilien, martyr, who was cast into a burning furnace in the time of Julian the Apostate, under the governor Capitolin: which merited him the palm of martyrdom. 362. — At Utrecht, Saint Frédéric, bishop and martyr. 838. — In Galicia, a province of Spain, Saint Marine, virgin and martyr.[1] — At Milan, Saint Materne, bishop, who was put in prison under the emperor Maximian, for the faith of Jesus Christ and for the defence of his flock; scourged on divers occasions, he died at last peacefully in Our Lord, celebrated for the repeated confessions of his faith. Beginning of the 4th century. — At Brescia, the birth in heaven of Saint Philastre, bishop of that city, who fought long, both by word of mouth and in writing, against the heretics, above all against the Arians, from whom he had much to suffer. At last, God having rendered him illustrious by several miracles, he died with the quality of confessor, of a natural and tranquil death. 386. — At Metz, Saint Arnoul or Arnoolt, bishop of that see, renowned for his holiness and for his great miracles, who left the episcopate to embrace the eremitical life, in which he attained a blessed end. 641. — At Segni, Saint Bruno, bishop and confessor. 1125. — At Forlimpopoli, in Italy, Saint Ruûlou Roguil, bishop of that see. 385.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Chartres, Saint Arnoul, archbishop of Tours and martyr, already named yesterday and different from the bishop of Metz of the same name, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. He preached the faith among the Franks, after King Clovis had been baptized by Saint Rémi. His apostolic labours were crossed by great contradictions: he received the crown of martyrdom between Chartres and Paris, in the forest of Yveline. His cult is very celebrated at Paris, at Reims and throughout France. A church was built in his honour on the place of his martyrdom, and his body was deposited there; since then it has been transported to Crespy-en-Valois (Oise), where he was honoured in a monastery of his name (*S. Arnulphus Crispeiensis*, Order of Saint Benedict, founded in 1008), in the diocese of Beauvais. 6th century. — In the diocese of Vannes, Saint Goneri or Gonéry, a native of Great Britain, who led first the solitary life in the forest of Brenguilly, near Rohan (Morbihan), and who, to escape the veneration of the peoples, went to hide himself at Plougrescant, on the coast of Tréguier, where he continued his penance and happily ended his days. There is at Plougrescant a chapel dedicated to Saint Goneri and built on the very place of his burial; a part of this edifice appears to go back to the 8th century. The tomb of the Saint, his head and his principal

bones, are still preserved in this chapel, as well as a chasuble of brown satin, of antique form, and which is assured to be that of the Saint. The inhabitants of Plougrescant honour the mother of Saint Goneri under the name of Saint Libouban; but she receives no public cult. 6th century. — At Paris, at Bayeux and at Beauvais, Saint Clair, priest and martyr in the French Vexin (*Vulcassinis pagus*, in the ancient Île-de-France). 886. — In Franche-Comté, Saint Anségise, abbot of Luxeuil (*Luxovium*, Order of Saint Benedict, monastery founded about 590). We shall give his life on 20 July, the day on which he is honoured in the diocese of Beauvais. 831. — In the diocese of Tours, Saint Ours and Saint Leubace, called also Libesse, Leubasse, Léobat and Loubace, abbots, of whom Saint Gregory of Tours has made the eulogy. We shall speak of them on 28 July, the day on which they are honoured in the diocese of Bourges. 6th century. — In the diocese of Chartres, Saint Scariberge, wife of Saint Arnoul, archbishop of Tours, cited above. She remained a virgin like her husband. The martyrology of France names her also on 2 October. 6th century. — In Anjou, Saint Hervé of Chalonnes, disciple of Robert of Arbrissel. A native of Great Britain, he entered early the monastery of Vendôme, then in the diocese of Chartres, under the conduct of the holy abbot Bernon. Robert of Arbrissel having founded in the forest of Craon a new Thebaid, Hervé obtained from his abbot leave to go and place himself under his direction. Afterwards, he led the solitary life at Chalonnes (Maine-et-Loire), on a land which Rainaud of Martigné, bishop of Angers, had ceded to him. He ended his days there, and his body was deposited in the little oratory which he had built near his hermitage, with this epitaph: “Here rests Hervé, the counsel of the people, the voice of the oppressed, the tongue of the public assemblies.” 1119. — In Belgium, the Blessed Berthe of Marbais, first abbess of Marquette, in the diocese of Cambrai. 1247.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Benedictines. — Saint Alexis, confessor, named yesterday. 404.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — The solemnity of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Kraków, the Blessed Simon of Lipninza, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, celebrated for his doctrine, his humility and his preaching.[2] 1482.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Germany, Saint Arnold, confessor, a Greek by birth, who, to find a living, came to Germany and settled in the village of Ginnezviller, called afterwards Arnoldsviller, where he made himself remarkable by his charity toward the poor and the afflicted. 9th century. — In the diocese of Augsburg, Saint Radegonde (Radiana), virgin and servant at Welleinbourg, celebrated for her compassion for the infirm and the sick. One day when she was going to tend them, and was crossing a wood to betake herself from the castle of her masters to the infirmary, she was attacked by two wolves which wounded her mortally. Her masters had her body buried near the hospital and a chapel erected on her tomb. In 1521, this chapel was changed into a church. In 1812, her relics were transferred to Woldberg, where a church was dedicated under her invocation in 1820. Her feast is celebrated there every year on the fourth Sunday after Pentecost. 13th century. — At Florence, in Italy, the Blessed Angelus Augustine Mazzinghi, Carmelite of the ancient Observance, celebrated for his tender devotion to Mary, a devotion which he laboured constantly to spread. His body was preserved in the church of the Carmelites of Florence where an old painting represented him with roses and lilies coming out of his mouth. 1438. — At Dorostore, in Moesia, with Saint Emilien, named in the Roman martyrology of this day, the holy Basse, Maxime, Paul, Marin and Juste, and the holy women Seconde and Donate, martyrs, cited by Saint Jerome. — Saint Faltée or Falvée, bishop, and Saint Joconde, both martyrs, cited by the same, without more details. — At Capo d’Istria (Justinopolis), in the Austrian States, Saint Elie, confessor, whose body rests in the cathedral church of this city: some particles are enclosed in a little glazed shrine which is exposed, on the day of the Saint’s feast, to public veneration. He is invoked against headaches. — In Scotland, Saint Thenue or Thenew, mother of Saint Kentigern, celebrated for the austerities with which she wearied her body in the midst of the delights of the court. About 580. — Near Sulmo, today Solmona, a

small town of Italy, the Blessed Robert of Salente (today Soleto, in the Terra d'Otranto), Celestine religious. His father was called Thomasio and his mother Benevenuta: they brought him up in a Christian manner. Having confessed to the Blessed Peter Celestine, he predicted to him that he would one day take the habit of his Order, which he did in effect. He led for twelve years a very mortified life which might be called a long and continual martyrdom: God rewarded his servant even in this life by gratifying him with the gift of miracles and honouring him with his familiarity. He applied himself with ardour to the foundation of new monasteries, and died rich in good works. 1341.

Saint Symphorosa and Her Seven Sons, Martyrs at Tivoli, in Italy

About 120. — Pope: Sixtus I. — Roman Emperor: Hadrian.

Quid quæris a nobis? Parati sumus mori magis, quam Dei leges prævaricari.

What dost thou ask of us? We are ready to die rather than to violate the laws of God.

II Mach., vii, 2.

The emperor Hadrian, having had built, about the year 120, a magnificent castle at Tibur or Tivoli,[1] enriched it with all the curiosities of art, which were brought there from different provinces. When he saw it finished, he ordered the dedication of it, which was made with the ceremonies in use among the pagans. They began with sacrifices, which were offered with the design of engaging the idols to give oracles. Such was the answer of the demons: "The widow Symphorosa and her seven sons torment us every day by invoking their God; if you bring them to sacrifice, we promise you to hearken favourably to your prayers."

Symphorosa lived at Tivoli with her seven sons, and employed her revenues, which were considerable, in relieving the poor, and above all the Christians who suffered for the faith. She was the widow of Getulius or Zoticus, who had received the crown of martyrdom with his brother Amantius, and who is honoured on 10 June. After the death of the one and the other, Symphorosa buried their bodies. As she desired nothing more than to see arrive the moment when she should be reunited to them in glory with her sons, she prepared herself continually to follow them by the practice of good works. Hadrian, whose superstition had been alarmed by the answer of his gods or of their priests, had Symphorosa and her sons brought before him. Symphorosa came with joy, praying for herself and for her children, and asking God for the grace to confess his holy name generously. The emperor spoke to them first with gentleness and exhorted them in a pressing manner to sacrifice. Symphorosa answered him thus in the name of all: "Getulius, my husband, and his brother Amantius, both tribunes in your troops, suffered divers torments for the name of Jesus Christ rather than sacrifice to idols; they conquered your demons by their death, preferring to let their heads be cut off than to yield to your efforts. The death which they suffered appeared shameful in the eyes of men; but it loaded them with glory among the angels; they enjoy at present in heaven a life which shall never end."

The emperor, changing his voice, said to her in a severe tone: "If you do not sacrifice with your sons, I will have you all offered in sacrifice to our powerful gods." — Symphorosa: "Your gods cannot receive me in sacrifice; but, if I am burned for the name of Jesus Christ, my death will increase the torments which your demons suffer in the flames. Shall I be able to hope for the happiness of being offered in sacrifice, with my children, to the living and true God?" — Hadrian: "Either sacrifice to my gods, or you shall all perish miserably." — Symphorosa: "Do not think that fear can make me change; I desire to be reunited in the place of rest with my husband, whom you put to death for the name of Jesus Christ."

Then Hadrian had Symphorosa conducted to the temple of Hercules, where she had her face bruised with blows; she was then hung up by the hair. In this position, she conjured her children to imitate her and to suffer the torments gaily for Jesus Christ; to remember the death of their father, by making themselves imitators of his courage, to consider that she was their mother, who was dying before their eyes, and to believe assuredly that the torments are not so cruel as they appear, and that the reward one receives for them

is greater than the human mind can comprehend. As she was herself unshaken in the midst of her torments, the emperor ordered that she be thrown into the river with a heavy stone at her neck. Her brother Eugène, who was one of the principal men of the council of Tibur, drew out her body and buried it on the road, near the city. The next day, Hadrian ordered that the seven sons of Symphorosa be brought to him all at once. Having employed in vain exhortations and threats to win them, he had seven stakes planted around the temple of Hercules, where they were stretched with pulleys. They were drawn with such violence that their bones were dislocated in several places of their bodies. Far from yielding to the cruelty of the tortures, they animated one another and showed themselves more eager for sufferings than the executioners were ardent to torment them. At last, the emperor commanded that they be put to death each in the place where he was. Crescent, the eldest of all, had his throat cut; the second, named Julien, received a stab of a dagger in the breast; Némèse had his heart pierced with a lance; Primitif was struck in the stomach; the reins were broken in Justin; the sides were opened in Stactée; Eugène, the youngest, was cleft from top to bottom.

The next day, Hadrian came to the temple of Hercules, had a deep pit dug and ordered that the bodies of the martyrs be thrown into it. The pagan priests named this place the seven *biothanati*, that is to say the seven executed ones.

The persecution having ceased, the Christians breathed for about eighteen months. During this interval, they rendered to the relics of the martyrs the honour that was due to them, and buried them on the Tiburtine way, halfway between Rome and Tivoli. One still sees some remains of a church which was built under their invocation, in a place which bears the name of the seven brothers, (Cette-Frate, at nine miles from Rome). A pope named Stephen transported their bodies to Rome, to the church of Saint-Ange. They were found there under the pontificate of Pius IV, with the following inscription, written on a plate of lead: “Here rest the bodies of the holy martyrs Symphorosa, Getulius her husband, and of their children, which were transported by Pope Stephen.” She is represented with her seven children before her, all holding in their hand the palm of martyrdom. — She is also seen sometimes hung up by the hair, and encouraging her children to martyrdom.

Taken from their genuine acts, published by Dom Ruinart. — Cf. Godescard, Baillet, Ribadeneira.

Saint Philastre, Bishop of Brescia in Italy, and Ecclesiastical Writer

— Pope: Saint Damasus. — Emperor of the West: Valentinian II.

Quisquis cupit divinitatis tenere fastigia, humilitatis ima sectetur.

Whoever aspires to the sublime heights of divinity must walk in the lowest paths of humility.

S. Amb., serm. x.

We know neither the country nor the family of Saint Philastre; but we know that, after the example of Abraham, he left his country, his kindred and the house of his father, and stripped himself of all the embarrassments of the age to follow Jesus Christ, whom he took for his portion. He lived in a very exact continence, passing the nights in studying the divine Scriptures, and so filled himself with all the treasures of heavenly science which are hidden in Jesus Christ.

Ordained priest and established dispenser of the divine word, he traversed almost all the provinces of the empire, going even through the villages and country houses to preach the truth there and to combat not only the Jews and the pagans, but also all the heresies, above all that of the Arians, whose fury was then rendering itself formidable throughout the whole Church. He showed in this function a faith so fervent that he endured even the scourge and bore imprinted on his body the marks of Jesus Christ.

He was at Milan a faithful guardian of the flock of Jesus Christ before Saint Ambrose had been bishop of it, and he opposed with vigour Auxentius, an Arian, who had intruded himself into the church of Milan, and took there the title of bishop among those of the sect. Saint Philastre remained also a considerable time at

Rome, where he converted a great number of persons to the faith by the discourses which he made both in public and in private. After having traversed so many places to save souls, he stopped at Brescia, of which he was the seventh bishop. This city, when he took the care of it, was like wholly savage and in ignorance of spiritual science; but it wished to be cultivated and instructed in the ways of salvation. The holy bishop began therefore to labour there; he rooted out diverse errors from it and cultivated this land with so much effort and assiduity that it became fertile in good works.

He knew, says Saint Gaudentius, how to ally an admirable gentleness with the ardent fervour with which his soul was inflamed for the glory of God. His profound humility gave lustre to the sublimity of his learning. Perfectly instructed in the things of heaven, he was almost entirely ignorant of those of earth. Insensible to the glory which comes from men, he applied himself solely to causing to be rendered to God the honour which is due to him. Detached from his own interests, he sought only those of Jesus Christ, troubling himself neither about the good graces nor the favour of the world. Always applied to the service of God and to winning men to him, full of contempt for all that the world esteems as rare and precious, he took pleasure, by a charitable ambition, in enriching the poor merchants who traffic in the commonest things by paying them for them with prodigality, counting it little to give alms only to those who make profession of begging. He stifled every movement of anger in its birth: he was always ready to pardon injuries. He excelled in patience and won hearts by his gentleness. Embarrassed when he had to punish, he did not deliberate when it was a question of pardoning. Communicating himself with a surprising kindness to all sorts of persons of every age, of every sex, of every condition, he distinguished by a particular friendship only the most vile, the most contemptible persons in appearance. His garments were very common, but clean. He pleased, but without artifice. He was negligent, but without affectation; in short, in an exterior not at all studied, he disclosed all the interior purity of his soul.

In the year 381, Saint Philastre found himself at the council of Aquileia with several bishops of the vicariate of Italy, and concurred with them in the condemnation of Palladius and of Secundianus, both Arian bishops, and of Attalus, priest of the same party, who had also found himself at this same council.

Saint Augustine being at Milan in 384, saw Saint Philastre there. It is the last time that he is spoken of in history, and perhaps he did not live long afterwards: at least it is certain that he died before the year 397, since Saint Ambrose, who died that year, had established Saint Gaudentius bishop of Brescia in the place of Saint Philastre. Among the disciples of this holy bishop, we know two who made themselves remarkable in the Church by their virtue, Saint Gaudentius, who was his successor, and Benevolus, an officer of Valentinian, who, even before being baptized, preferred to lose his office rather than dictate against the Catholic Church a rescript given by order of the empress Justina. Saint Gaudentius, who relates this trait of history, says that Benevolus showed, by this constancy in defending the faith, that he had been instructed by the admirable doctrine of Philastre, this man who rendered himself in all things the imitator of the Apostles. This Saint solemnized every year with his people the day on which Saint Philastre, his master, had left the earth to go to enjoy God, and he failed not on that day to make the eulogy of his virtues. Of all his discourses there remains to us only one, which he pronounced in the fourteenth year of his episcopate. It is there that he calls the voice of Saint Philastre a very learned voice which, making itself heard on all sides in the church of Brescia, had founded it by the grace of the Holy Spirit in the faith of the adorable Trinity, had established it in a true hope, had strengthened it in a perfect charity, had raised it to the virtues of Christianity and had left it in the peace of Jesus Christ.

Writings of Saint Philastre We have of Saint Philastre a Treatise on Heresies, in which he counts twenty-eight which appeared in Judaism before Jesus Christ, and a hundred and twenty-eight since his birth. The principal heresies which appeared before the coming of Jesus Christ, according to Saint Philastre, are: that of the Ophites, who adored the serpent, as having given us first the knowledge of good and evil; that of the Caianites, that is to say those who praised Cain for having killed his brother Abel; of the Sethians or

adorers of Seth, son of Adam; of Dositheus, who taught that one must live according to the flesh in the law of the Lord, and that this flesh would not rise again; that of the Sadducees, who were in the same principles as Dositheus concerning the flesh and who lived more conformably to the maxims of Epicurus than to those of the law of God; that of the Pharisees, who regarded Jesus Christ only as a just man; of the Samaritans, who received of the law of Moses only four books, and believed neither in the future judgment, nor in the resurrection; of the Nazarenes, who made justice consist in carnal observance and in letting their hair grow; of the Essenes, who lived in retreat and mortification, but who did not believe that the Son of God was announced in the Prophets, and did not acknowledge him for God; that of the Heliognostes, who adored the sun as knowing all that is in God, and the author of light and of all the foods that men have need of; of the Adorers of frogs, of rats and of flies; of the Troglodytes, a kind of idolaters among the Jews, who dwelt in caverns; of the Fortunatians or of those who adored the fortune of heaven, which they called queen, and to whom they offered sacrifices; there was yet the heresy of the Jews; of the Bahalites, who sacrificed to the idol of Bahal, king of the Tyrians; that of the Astarites, who immolated to idols of men and women; of the Molochites, who offered sacrifices to Moloch and had a veneration for Rempham; of the Taphites, so called because they sacrificed their sons and their daughters to the demons, in the valley of Taphet; of the Puteonites, who held wells in veneration and put in the water they drew from them the hope of their salvation, etc. The Treatise on Heresies has been printed several times separately, at Basel, in 1528, in octavo, and 1539, in; at Helmstadt, in 1611 and 1621, in quarto. There was added in these last three editions a supplement to the Treatise on Heresies of Saint Philastre, by an unknown author. There is, besides, in that of Basel, of 1539, a hundred and fourteen sentences of the Fathers, touching the duties of the true pastors of the Church, and a part of the letter of Nicephorus Cartophylax to the monk Theodosius, touching the power of the keys. The Treatise of Saint Philastre is found also in all the Libraries of the Fathers, printed at Paris, at Cologne and at Lyon. And afterwards, it was reprinted at Hamburg, in 1721, by the care of the learned Fabricius, who corrected the text of it and enriched it with notes. Paul Galéard gave in 1738, at Brescia, a new edition revised on the manuscripts. Galland made it pass into his Library and completed it. Caillau reproduced it in volume xlviii of his Collection, with some variants, but without the notes. The same complete edition is found in the Latin Patrology, volume xii, with a better order.

Taken from Dom Ceillier, History of the sacred and ecclesiastical authors. — Cf. Godescard, Baillet.

Saint Arnoul or Arnoult, Bishop of Metz, Then Solitary in the Deserts of the Vosges

— Pope: John IV. — Kings of France: Sigebert II; Clovis II.

Felix ista conversatio, despicere homines, angelos quærere, urbes deserere, et in solitudine invenire Christum.

Happy the life which consists in leaving men to seek the society of angels, in fleeing the dwelling of cities to taste the presence of God in solitude.

S. Joan. Chrys., hom. i sup. Marc.

Saint Arnoul belongs to the Church of Nancy, by right of birth, by right of residence and by right of burial. He was born at Lay-Saint-Christophe, a league from Nancy, in a castle, afterwards transformed into a priory of Benedictines. The chamber which is said to be that of his birth became a chapel of which the site is still shown today. He was carefully brought up in letters and in piety, then trained by Gondulphe, councillor of King Theodebert, in the exercises proper to his condition. After having distinguished himself by his valour at the head of armies, by his intelligence and his vast capacity in the government of several provinces, he married a person of quality, named Dode, by whom he had two sons, Glodulphe or Ghlodulfe and Ansigise. The latter having married Begga, daughter of Pépin I, mayor of the palace, became the father of Pépin of Héristal, who begot Charles Martel. Charles Martel in his turn begot Pépin the Short, who was the father of Charlemagne. It is therefore to Lay-Saint-Christophe that one must come to find the first stock of the dynasty

of the Carolingians.

Clodulphe was bishop of Metz, twenty-nine years after his father, whose life he caused to be written and whose holiness he knew how to imitate. He governed the Church of it for nearly forty-two years and died on 8 June 696.[1]

Papote, bishop of Metz, having died in 613, the clergy and the people asked for Arnoul as bishop. King Clotaire granted it willingly, and the modest candidate thought he ought to obey a will which he regarded as that of God. It was nevertheless only with the liveliest apprehension that he bent under the yoke of so exalted a dignity. He had previously received the free consent of his wife. This virtuous woman retired afterwards to the city of Trier, where she took the veil of a religious and remained a recluse until her death.

Before his ordination, Arnoul had made acquaintance and had formed a friendship with Saint Romaric who, at that time, was at the court of King Theodebert. The author of his life relates that, crossing one day the Moselle on a bridge, which he forgot to determine, Arnoul, wholly occupied with the greatness of his faults and the severity of the judgments of God, drew from his finger the ring which he wore and threw it into the river, saying to himself inwardly: “I shall believe that God has remitted my sins when this ring shall be given back to me.”

Having become bishop of Metz, it happened one day that a fish was presented to him which he had prepared for his supper; for since his promotion he had bound himself to a continual abstinence. The cook, having opened the fish, found a ring in its entrails. He carried it very quickly to the Saint, who recognized it for his own, admired the effects of grace and thanked the mercy of God. Paul Warnefride, who wrote the history of the bishops of Metz, is astonished that the author of the life of Saint Arnoul omitted this so remarkable fact, “which I learned,” he says, “not from a common man, but from the very mouth of the emperor Charlemagne.”

Arnoul, having resolved to lay down the burden of the episcopate and to retire into solitude, had long to struggle against the opposition which Dagobert brought to his retreat; he succeeded nevertheless in overcoming it and in having Goéric elected as his successor. He was preparing at last to leave Metz with Romaric, who had come to seek him there, when a violent fire broke out in the king’s cellars, threatening to spread and perhaps to make of the city only a heap of ashes. Romaric ran to the house of the holy bishop who, as usual, was occupied with psalmody: “Let us save ourselves,” he said to him, taking his hand, “our horses are at the door, let us flee lest the flames surprise us.” — “No, my dear friend,” answered Arnoul, “but lead me toward this fire, place me near the flames, so that if God wills, I may be consumed by it, I am in his hands.” We led him by the hands, says the author of his life, and having arrived at the place where the fire was most violent, we all set ourselves in prayer with him: then, having told us to rise, he stretched out his hand toward the fire and made the sign of the cross. At once the flames returned in some manner upon themselves and passed no further; after which, having said Matins, we withdrew.

Having finished distributing his goods to the poor, Arnoul set out with his friend Romaric and retired to the mountain, named today the Saint-Mont, not far from the city of Remiremont in the Vosges, and lived there for several years with other religious whom he found there. Later, he left his little community to live as a recluse, in a separate cell. At last, increasing ceaselessly in fervour, he confined himself in a solitude still greater, and made himself a hermit on a mountain higher and more isolated than the Saint-Mont, from which it is separated by a narrow and deep valley. One would need, adds Dom Calmet, to have seen the places where this Saint, with Saint Romaric and Saint Amé, dwelt, to form a just idea of their retreat and of their penance. They are barren mountains, very high and of very difficult access; covered with firs, surrounded with rocks and precipices, where the snows and ice remain during the greater part of the year; far from all commerce of men and where the wild beasts have equal trouble to find their pasture and a shelter. The time having come at which God willed to reward the labours and mortification of his servant, Saint Romaric,

accompanied by his religious, betook himself to the hermitage of Saint Arnoul. This pious bishop and so fervent solitary, accusing himself of having done nothing hitherto for heaven, recommended himself to the prayers of these good servants, then fell asleep in peace (641). Romaric had his body brought to the Saint-Mont and gave it burial. But a year had not passed when Saint Goéric, accompanied by the bishops of Toul and of Verdun, transferred it solemnly to Metz.

Saint Arnoul is represented: 1st, wearing on his finger the ring of which we have spoken; 2nd, with armour under his episcopal cope, to recall his high birth and his royal posterity; 3rd, hearing the confession of the mayor of the palace of Austrasia, Pépin of Landen, whose director he was, and who came every day, barefoot, to ask our Saint for the absolution of his faults; 4th, wearing the rational or superhumeral, insignia of the episcopate; 5th, in hermit's dress; 6th, in a group, with his mother Saint Ode, his wife Saint Dode, and his son Saint Clodulphe; 7th, extinguishing by his blessing the fire of which we have spoken; 8th, having in his hand the pilgrim's staff, to recall that he left his episcopal see to retire into solitude; 8th, finding again, as we have said, his episcopal ring in the entrails of a fish that was served to him.

He is patron of Metz, and the inhabitants of that country invoke him against fire.

Worship and Relics

Saint Arnoul was therefore buried at Metz, in the church of Saint John the Evangelist, situated outside the walls, and which was the church of an abbey whose properties touched the walls of the city. This magnificent basilica was also called the church of the Apostles, because the relics of the Apostles were honoured in it. The numerous miracles wrought at the tomb of Saint Arnoul soon caused the name of this holy Bishop to be given to the church and abbey which possessed his relics, so that the church and abbey of Saint-Arnoul are the same thing as the abbey and church of Saint-Félix or of the Apostles.

In 1552, when Charles V came to lay siege to Metz, the duke of Guise, charged with defending the place, had the abbey and the basilica of Saint-Arnoul razed, which were an obstacle to the works of defence. Another convent and another church were offered, in the city, to the religious of Saint-Arnoul, and the relics of the Saint, with many others, were solemnly transferred to this church, which, from that, took also the title of Saint-Arnoul. But the relics were profaned and almost all lost during the great Revolution. There remains at Metz only a bone of the head of Saint Arnoul and his ring, relics which are preserved and honoured in the church of the cathedral.

Before the Revolution, every year, on the eve of the feast of Saint Arnoul, his ring was carried by the canons, in choir dress, to the convent dedicated to this Blessed, and was brought back, the next evening, to the cathedral, in the same array. It was used on that day to make, with the engraved stone of its bezel, impressions on rings of wax, which were distributed as objects of devotion.

At the epoch of, when the cathedral was despoiled of its treasure, the ring of Saint Arnoul was carried to the Mint with divers sacred vessels. One of the officers of the Mint was able, by buying it back, to save it from destruction. But, later, on the point of leaving Metz, he ceded it to one of his colleagues, M. Lallouette, from whom, at last, the Abbé Simon obtained it in. Without loss of time, M. Simon had the authenticity of this precious relic ascertained by different persons who had had a perfect knowledge of it before the Revolution, and notably by M. Valeutin, then curé of Courcelles-Chaussy, and by Dom Millet, then curé of Béchamps. The first, in his quality of chief churchwarden of the cathedral, had had this ring under his keeping; and the second, in his quality of priest-sacristan of the convent of Saint-Arnoul, had used it to make impressions on rings of wax. Minutes of all these circumstances were drawn up, and finally, in, the Abbé Simon delivered the ring with all these documents into the hands of Mgr Du Pont des Loges, to be preserved in the treasury of the cathedral. We have made use, to compose this biography, of the *History of the Dioceses of Toul and Nancy*, by the Abbé Guillaume, and of Local Notes furnished by M. the superior of the little seminary of Saint-Louis de Gonzague, diocese of Metz. — Cf. Godescard.

Saint Frédéric, Bishop of Utrecht, Martyr

— Pope: Gregory IV. — Emperor of the West: Louis I, the Debonair.

Cuncta sancti Evangelii præcepta crucem spirant, et ut crux post Christum portetur, invitant.

All the precepts of the Gospel breathe the cross, and they invite men to carry it after the Saviour.

S. Petr. Dam., Opusc. 25, c. S.

Saint Frédéric descended from a family distinguished among the Frisians: it is even read in his life that he was grandson of Radbod, who governed Friesland as king before the Franks had made the conquest of it. His childhood was wholly angelic: the games of that age had no charm for him; he frequented the churches and filled his memory with the instructions and the praises of God which he heard there; he fled bad company, and took pleasure only in conversing with persons of piety. The first tinctures of letters were given him by religious to whom his mother recommended him. Then he was placed, by divine revelation, under the conduct of Saint Ricfrid, bishop of Utrecht, who took a quite particular care of him, all the more as God made known to him that he had destined him to govern his church after him. The holy young man responded admirably to the affection of this worthy prelate. He never separated the study of virtue from that of the sciences. He was always seen extremely fervent in the exercises of devotion, and, little as he was, he had so great a zeal for the house of God that, when he found anyone speaking or laughing in the church, he gave him on the spot a vigorous and salutary reprimand. He took care also to instruct those who were to receive baptism, so that, when they should say: “I believe,” they might not be in ignorance of the mysteries which they were to make profession of believing. As he advanced in age, he extended his charity further, we mean to say, to children, to the poor, to hardened sinners and to all sorts of the faithful, whose instruction he undertook with an untiring zeal and courage.

Such great qualities engaged the bishop to advance him by degrees in holy Orders. When he was subdeacon, he began to afflict his body by all sorts of austerities: he fasted and watched assiduously, refused himself the most necessary comforts and gave almost all his revenue to the poor; lying and slander never came out of his mouth, he offended no one and tried, on the contrary, to do good to everybody; finally, knowing that by his Order he was engaged to carry the sacred vessels, he had continually before his eyes these words of the prophet Isaias: *Mundamini, qui fertis vasa Domini*; “Be ye clean, you who carry the vessels of the Lord”; and he kept himself in a great purity of body and mind, which gave him occasion to participate often in the Sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus Christ. The Order of the diaconate served him again as a spur to animate him to a more perfect virtue. He united all the conditions that Saint Paul asks in a cleric who is honoured with this dignity. He watched so over himself that hardly any fault escaped him, and besides he was a model of humility, of gentleness, of patience, of chastity, of temperance, of mercy toward those who were in affliction, and of love for Jesus Christ whose minister he was. Ricfrid, realizing in this the desire of all the faithful, promoted Frédéric to the priesthood; then he made him the second person of his clergy and entrusted to him the greatest affairs of his diocese. He had no cause to repent of it: he found always in him a faithful dispenser and a man irreproachable in his morals and in his conduct.

Nevertheless, this worthy ecclesiastic had resisted much his ordinations, and a new violence had had to be done to his humility to raise him above the other priests. He brought still much more opposition when, after the death of Ricfrid, the clergy and the people protested with one voice that they would have no other bishop than Frédéric. Besides, the emperor Louis the Debonair, informed of the merits of this holy priest, wrote to the Church of Utrecht that it would be agreeable to him by electing him for its bishop. Thus all those who were interested in his election agreed: Frédéric alone opposed it. He neglected nothing to prove that he was incapable of such a charge. But he was answered that he had been elected because he was known very well, and that he ought to submit in this to the dispositions of divine Providence. Our Saint groaned deeply at this answer, and the weight of the pastoral charge, for which one cannot avoid giving account at the judgment of

God, frightening him more and more, he conjured again those who had elected him, with tears in his eyes and with all sorts of instances, to think of another than himself. “Why,” he said, “do you wish me to lead you, I who do not know how to lead myself? Why do you wish me to be bishop, I who have none of the qualities that Saint Paul demands in a bishop? He wishes him to be irreprehensible, and I am worthy of all sorts of corrections and chastisements. He wishes him to have much wisdom and discretion, and you will find in me only imprudence. He wishes him to know well how to govern his house, and I am obliged to avow that my conscience and my soul have always been ill governed.” During these disputes, the emperor wrote a second time to Utrecht, to make him come to court with the oldest of the city. The servant of God thought that this was a favourable occasion to deliver himself from the episcopal charge: he conjured therefore the emperor to take his part against the Church of Utrecht. But Louis the Debonair rendered himself inflexible to his prayers and to his tears, and had him consecrated bishop in his presence. To give him more testimonies of his love, he invited all there were of bishops and ecclesiastics to the court, and wished that this day be passed in joy.

Before dismissing our Saint, he recommended to him to labour to deliver his diocese from the last remains of paganism, and the island of Walacria or Walcheren, at the mouth of the Rhine, from the dissolute morals which reigned there. The holy bishop promised to execute faithfully the wishes of the emperor and betook himself to his Church, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy and extraordinary honours.

There was hardly any change in his conduct: the more he saw himself raised above others, the more he abased himself at the feet of everybody. His revenue being increased, he increased also his alms and his liberality toward the wretched: he visited the sick, clothed the naked, received pilgrims, delivered prisoners and captives, and made himself affable and serviceable to all who implored his help. His greatest delights were to watch at the foot of the altars and to pray. He preached assiduously to his people, and his preachings were so efficacious that they uprooted idolatry entirely. He was always seen in a tranquillity and a self-possession so marvellous that it seemed that all the passions were dead in him. His vigilance for spiritual affairs did not hinder him from applying himself also to the temporal. He had the walls of his cathedral and of the episcopal house rebuilt. He had also the houses of the canons repaired, so that, being lodged commodiously, nothing might hinder them from attending to the celebration of the offices and of the holy mysteries, and that they might study and pray at home with more repose.

When he had laboured so usefully in Utrecht, he undertook the visitation of his diocese; he began with the island of Walacria, where the greatest immorality reigned. Incest was common there: those who were guilty of it leagued themselves against Frédéric and threatened him with the last extremities if he disturbed them in their disorders. But the Apostle held firm: he assembled the principal men of the island, set before them the mission which the emperor had entrusted to him and charged them to announce to the rebels that, if they persevered in this scandalous violation of Christian morality, they would answer for their conduct to the emperor. They submitted, frightened by his threats, touched by his exhortations, and above all by the grace which the Saint asked of God in prolonged vigils and fasts. He made them renounce these illegitimate unions and imposed on them a salutary penance. Then, having left in that place some zealous priests to confirm what he had established and to prevent the evil from coming to be born again, he continued the course of his visits, instructing everywhere the faithful, preaching the word of God, correcting the abuses which had crept into the parishes or which had not been able to be torn out of them, repairing ruined churches, converting sinners and the rest of the idolaters, and acquitting himself perfectly of all the duties of a true pastor. A short time after, God sent him an incomparable man to help him in the functions of his charge: this was Saint Odulphe, a great preacher, and one of the most zealous missionaries that was then in the Church. This holy personage resting one night on his bed, an angel appeared to him in his sleep, and said to him: “Arise, servant of God, and go to Utrecht to assist there the bishop Frédéric in the preaching of the Gospel.” He arose at once, and, leaving his house and all he had at Orschot, he betook himself, after a journey of three days, to the place which the angel had designated to him. Saint Frédéric was warned, on his side, of the help which divine

Providence was sending him, and, having warned his people of it, he went to meet him with his clergy and received him as an angel come from heaven. He lodged him then very honourably, giving him a fine apartment with a garden. Also, he received great assistance from him, and his sermons bore such marvellous fruits in the city that the holy bishop and his clerics regarded him as the master of piety and the father of all the servants of God. At this same time Saint Frédéric learned that the Frisians had so allowed themselves to be deceived by the artifice of some seducers that they had very bad sentiments on the ineffable mystery of the holy Trinity, some following the errors of Sabellius, and the others those of Arius. He was extremely afflicted by it, and, not being able to suffer the loss of their souls, he set out at once to go and dispel their darkness. The obstinacy of these wretches was so great that he could at first obtain nothing on their minds: some fled his sermons; others assisted at them only in body; these listened to them only to contradict; those, finally, made themselves a front of brass and a heart of bronze against all his remonstrances. In this conjuncture, hardly knowing any longer what to do, he had the inspiration to send for Saint Odulphe, whom he had left at Utrecht. This saint set out at once to rejoin him, in the hope of enduring martyrdom; and, having joined him at Staveren, a city of Friesland, he offered himself to him to labour for the salvation of these poor souls. They traversed therefore together all the cities, boroughs and villages of this province, and their labours were then so efficacious that they changed the wolves into lambs and brought them back into the bosom of the Catholic religion. Our Saint composed on this occasion a little creed, in the manner of that of Saint Athanasius, in which all the mystery of the Trinity was explained, and he sent it to the curés of his diocese to teach it to their parishioners. He made also on the same mystery a collect which he ordered to be recited in the morning, at noon and in the evening. Finally, to confirm what he had so holily established, he left Saint Odulphe at Staveren, gave him the care of the peoples of Friesland, and returned, laden with merits and glory, to the city of Utrecht.

But this city was soon deprived of the happiness of his guidance; for, a few years after, two assassins came expressly to Utrecht, armed with daggers, to massacre him. They asked for him when he was in the church and was preparing to say mass. God having made known to him their design, he made answer that he would speak to them after the mass. He celebrated it therefore with a marvellous devotion, and even went up into the pulpit at the gospel; there he foretold his death in covert terms, wishing neither to hide it entirely, nor to give a distinct knowledge of it which would have put trouble in the audience. His mass being finished, he dismissed everyone, except a chaplain, with whom he retired into the chapel of Saint John the Baptist, where he had had his tomb made. There, he shed many tears for the infinite number of sins with which the world was filled; he offered himself there in sacrifice to God with very urgent prayers; then, having ordered his chaplain to withdraw some paces, he made these murderers enter, who said they had very important business to communicate to him. Having approached, they gave him several dagger-thrusts. The wounds made him neither cry out, nor call for help: he did, on the contrary, an act of charity of which it is very difficult to find another example in the history of the Saints. Not only did he warn these impious men to withdraw as soon as possible, for fear of being seized; but he had still the strength and the skill to press his wounds with his hands, so that they might not appear, until they should have time to save themselves. His chaplain having re-entered the chapel, he still hid his hurt, and begged him to go and see from the top of the wall whether those messengers had crossed the Rhine; finally, on his return, being already half dead and almost without speech, he was obliged to avow to him that he was wounded. The cries of the chaplain drew at once the whole city to the church. Saint Odulphe came there with all the clergy. One cannot express the grief with which they were penetrated for the loss of so good a pastor; he had himself put quite alive in his sepulchre, to render his last sigh there: while the psalms of the office of the dead were being sung, which he began himself, saying *Placebo Domino*, he rendered his soul holily into the hands of him whose law and doctrine he had so generously defended. His death happened in 838.

The history of this holy bishop, reported by Surius and by Molanus, and of which the manuscript is kept in the archives of the church of Utrecht, says that these assassins had been sent by the empress Judith, second

wife of Louis the Debonair; she had, it is said, conceived a mortal hatred against Frédéric, because he had reproved her for her scandals and her intrigues, which overturned the State and caused such great misfortunes to Louis the Debonair. De Vence is also of this opinion, and says that the assassination of Frédéric was one of the causes which rendered Judith more odious to the bishops and to the great men of the kingdom. Baronius asserts the same thing in his Notes on the Roman martyrology; but, in the year 838 of his Annals, he is of a contrary opinion and believes that this crime was imputed to Judith by the enemies of Louis the Debonair and by the partisans of his children of the first bed. However that may be, it is certain that our Saint died for the defence of justice and of the law of God, and that he justly merits the name of Martyr, as the Church gives it to him in her martyrology, and as the great miracles which have been done by the merits of his intercession render an evident testimony of it.

In 1362, his head, having been separated from the rest of the body, was put in a shrine of gilded silver to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The same history of his life reports a terrible chastisement: the clerk of the church where the relics of our Saint rested being a debauchee and a thief, sold the gifts which were offered at the altars and failed not to sleep every night in this temple. Saint Frédéric appeared to him twice and warned him to amend and no longer to have the temerity to sleep in a place so holy; but as this sacrilegious man treated these apparitions as pure dreams and failed not to make himself drunk as before and then to go and sleep in his ordinary bed, one morning he was found dead, and his body with his bed already all burning with a fire of sulphur. From that time, nobody dared any more to sleep in this venerable temple.

He is painted pierced with two swords; or else two murderers strike him, and his entrails escape through the wound.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. Ribadeneira, Godescard, Baillet.

Saint Clair, Priest and Martyr in the French Vexin

— Pope: Stephen V. — King of France: Charles the Fat.

Prima janua totius bonitatis, in homine, est custodia castitatis.

The first gate of all goods, in man, is the preservation of chastity.

S. Antonin., De temperantia.

Clair, who filled the Beauvaisis with the good odour of his virtues and the renown of his miracles, was born at Rochester, in the county of Kent, in England. His pious and illustrious family watched over his first years, with a Christian solicitude which was not slow to bear its fruits. Humble, docile to the voice of his parents, fearing nothing so much as sin, Clair soon made it foreseen that he was called to a great holiness. The fervour of his youth confirmed the happy hopes which his childhood had given, and God manifested early the designs of mercy which he had upon him. At the moment when Clair was about to be united to a wise and virtuous princess, a supernatural voice made him hear, it is said, these words: “Clair, go out from thy country and pass into Neustria to be wholly mine; I have prepared on the seashore a vessel ready to receive thee!”

Clair, opening his heart to the sweet influence of grace, bade farewell to his country, and went to lead for some time a very austere life in a forest situated near Cherbourg.[1] He directed his steps afterwards toward the monastery of Maudun, where he was admitted to the number of the religious. Odobert, abbot of this convent, recognizing in the Blessed all the marks of a certain vocation to the eremitical life, permitted him to live in a cell separate from the community, near a stream which afterwards bore his name. The Solitary left his retreat only to assist at the holy offices and to receive the divine Eucharist. His learning and his virtues soon merited him to be raised to the priesthood.

The humility of Clair had rude trials to go through. The demon employed every means to inspire him with thoughts of pride and to make him fall into sin: he raised up for him flatterers who spoke to him unceasingly

of his holiness and of his virtues. As the servant of God had already wrought several miracles, the sick were brought to him from all sides that he might heal them. Clair escaped by flight the temptations of his enemy; he withdrew from the monastery of Maudun and traversed divers countries which have preserved the memory of his virtues and of his miracles. He left traces of his passage at Saint-Lô, at Carentan, at Vire, in the pays d'Auge and in several regions. Hardly had he appeared in a place when the power with which God had clothed him manifested itself; then, to escape the praises of which he was the object, he gained places where his name was unknown. Such was the reason of the numerous journeys undertaken by the Saint. After divers sojourns in the environs of Nantes, of Paris, of Pontoise and of Forges, "he passed some time," says Father Giry, "in a little wood between the parishes of Flavacourt and Sancourt, which have since placed themselves under his patronage." It was then that he fixed himself in the Vexin, on the confines of the diocese of Beauvais. A little cell which he built with his hands served him for dwelling. He lived there in great destitution; but the hope of gaining heaven rendered him happier than are worldlings in abundance and riches. From time to time, the Blessed left his retreat, and went to tear souls from the demon to people with them the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Clair died in this last asylum, victim of his love of chastity. A wretched woman, whose criminal pursuits he had rejected with indignation, charged with her vengeance infamous hired assassins who cut off his head, after having overwhelmed him with outrages. The generous confessor merited the double palm of virginity and martyrdom, on 4 November of the year 886. It is told that, like Saint Lucian of Beauvais, Clair took his head in his hands and carried it to the place where he wished to be buried. The country which received his precious relics took and today preserves the name of Saint-Clair-sur-Epte.

He is sometimes found represented having beside him eyes, as if they had been torn out; but it is quite simply a popular way of expressing that he was invoked against diseases of the eyes. — He is also represented carrying his head; but to recall the devotion of which he was the object, he is made to hide his eyes with the hand which does not support the burden.

Worship and Relics

The body of the Blessed, illustrated by several miracles, was raised from the earth and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. His cult soon became very celebrated. The blind and persons afflicted with diseases of the eyes invoked him, and were often cured of their infirmities. A famous pilgrimage was established in his honour at Saint-Clair-sur-Epte. Every year, on 18 July, a great number of pious visitors from the neighbouring countries are seen to arrive there, and in particular from the part of the Vexin comprised today in the diocese of Beauvais. These pilgrims go to pray, not only in the church where the relics of Saint Clair rest, but in a chapel built, according to the tradition of the country, on the very site of the cell which served him for dwelling. One sees, at the entrance of this chapel, a stone bearing this inscription: "On this stone, Saint Clair was beheaded." — In the diocese of Beauvais, besides the church of Flavacourt, two chapels are dedicated to him: the one at Tourly, in the canton of Chaumont; the other at the Fosse-Saint-Clair, of the parish of Dieudonné, of the deanery of Chambly. — He is patron of Saint-Clair, annex of Hescamps, in the diocese of Amiens. The church of Fricamps possesses some of his relics.

Extracted from the Life of the Saints of Beauvais, by the Abbé Sabatier, and from the Hagiography of the Diocese of Amiens by M. the Abbé Corblet.

Saint Bruno or Brunon, Cardinal-Bishop of Segni in Italy, and Abbot of Monte Cassino

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

Deo servire regnare est.

To serve God is to reign.

Saint Ambrose.

Saint Bruno or Brunon, sprung from the illustrious family of the lords of Asti, a strong city of the Sardinian States, understood from his childhood that there is true happiness only in the service of God. He made his studies in the monastery of Saint-Perpétue, in the diocese of Asti. We learn from himself that he was a canon some years afterwards at Siena, a strong city of Tuscany.

The solidity with which he defended against Berengar of Tours the Catholic doctrine touching the Eucharist, in a council held in 1070, made him singularly esteemed by Pope Gregory VII, who named him two years after bishop of Segni. The Saint, who accepted this dignity only with much pain, showed himself very zealous for the sanctification of his flock; he rendered also important services to the universal Church on several occasions. He was not less considered by the popes Victor III and Urban II than by Gregory VII. In 1095, he accompanied Urban into France and assisted at the council which was held at Tours the following year. When he had returned to Italy, he resumed his functions with his ordinary zeal; but he could no longer hold out against the attraction which he felt for solitude. He resigned his bishopric, retired to Monte Cassino (*Mons Cassinensis*, Order of Saint Benedict and its first foundation, in the kingdom of Naples) and took the habit there. His diocesans asked back their pastor; but the Pope left Brunon in his retreat; he decided on it in consequence of the solicitations made to him on this subject by several cardinals, and by Adérise, abbot of Monte Cassino. The latter having died in 1105, Othon succeeded him; but he lived only two years after his election. The monks chose Brunon to replace him.

Our Saint belongs to France by one side of his life. In 1106, the sovereign pontiff Paschal II named him legate in France and entrusted to him the mission of traversing the western provinces and of imploring succours for the Holy Land. He passed at Le Mans a rather considerable time and held there several assemblies of prelates and lords. During the stay of this prelate, Saint Bartholomew, abbot of Marmoutier, came to beg him to have restored to the priory of Saint-Guingalois of Château-du-Loir the church of Chahaignes. It belonged to this priory by virtue of a gift of Bishop Gervase; but Geoffroy of Mayenne had seized it and had bestowed it on one of his officers. Ebrard, prior of the monastery of Saint-Guingalois, had opposed this usurpation; but he had failed, and several members of the clergy of Le Mans had upheld the cause of the usurpers. The monks had had recourse to the Holy See, which had ordered Bishop Hildebert to have the church restored, or to present himself before Yves of Chartres, who would judge the cause. The bishop of Le Mans had promised to occupy himself with this restitution; but as he put off fulfilling his engagement, the abbot of Marmoutier profited by the presence of the legate at Le Mans to demand justice. In effect, in spite of all the subterfuges invented by Emery, holder of the church of Chahaignes, Brunon recognized the rights of the monks and charged Hildebert and Count Hélie, in the name of Saint Peter, to have the sentence executed. This decree was pronounced on 16 April 1106. Forty days after, Brunon presided over a very numerous council at Poitiers. Bohemond, prince of Antioch, came there to implore the succour of the Christians of the West, and a crowd of knights took the cross there. The legate confirmed there anew the sentence relative to the church of Chahaignes, and addressed to the bishop of Le Mans letters to urge him to have it executed.

Our Saint composed divers writings to defend ecclesiastical discipline and to extirpate simony, regarding this vice as the principal source of all the disorders which soiled the holiness of the sanctuary. The works of Saint Brunon of Segni are: Commentaries on different parts of Scripture; Sermons, to the number of a hundred and forty-five; Letters, dogmatic Treatises, two Lives, the one of the holy pope Leo IX, the other of Saint Peter of Anagni.[1]

Taken from Godescard and from the History of the Church of Le Mans, by the Rev. Father Dom Plolin.

Saint Camillus de Lellis, Founder of the Order of Regular Canons for the Service of the Sick

— Pope: Gregory XV. — Emperor of Germany: Matthias.

Manus pauperis gazophylacium Christi est: quidquid accipit, ne in terra pereat, in cælo reponit.

The hand of the poor is the treasure-chest of Christ; all that it receives, it deposits in heaven, lest it lose it here below.

Saint Caesarius of Arles.

A little town of the Abruzzi, Bacchianico, in the kingdom of Naples, had the signal honour of giving birth to the great Servant of God whose charitable zeal was to render so many services to humanity, by instituting a Congregation for the service of the poor sick. His mother was almost sixty years old when she conceived him: while she carried him in her womb, she dreamed that she brought into the world a son who had a cross on his breast: he was followed by other children equally marked with the cross. It was indeed the livery which the Regular Clerics, servants of the suffering members of Jesus Christ, were later to wear.

However, the youth of Camillus hardly answered to these presages of his future holiness: he passed it in vices and above all in an extreme passion for games of chance. He lost there his health, his fortune and his reputation.

He embraced in turn and quitted several times the profession of arms. Touched by the modesty of two religious of Saint Francis who were passing through the streets of Zermo, he made a vow to renounce the disorder of his life in order to imitate theirs; but he thought no more of it a few days after. He renewed this vow when he saw himself near perishing in a frightful tempest which lasted three days and three nights; but once on land he remembered it no more. His passion for play knew no more bounds: he ended by gambling away his sword, his arquebus, his cloak and even his shirt. He had to beg so as not to die of hunger: he was seen holding out his hat with one hand to the passers-by, while with the other he covered his face all red with shame. He hired himself at last as a mason’s helper with the Capuchins of Siponto, who were having a building constructed: the trade was no doubt rough and base, but they gave him wherewith to appease his thirst and his hunger, and to protect his body from the cold. He must then have understood the fatal consequences of the passions and made serious reflections on the miseries of this world. This was the circumstance which Our Lord had arranged to touch his heart and detach him from the earth. The guardian of a convent where he had been sent to fetch something took him aside in the garden, and there talked with him of the necessity of fleeing sin and of giving himself wholly to God. The next day, as he was returning on horseback, he was thinking of what the Father had said to him: all at once, struck by an interior light, which shows him his sins and the judgments of God, he throws himself down from his horse, kneels on a stone in the middle of the road and cries out, pouring forth a torrent of tears: “Ah! unhappy, wretched that I am, why have I known so late my Lord and my God? How have I remained deaf to so many calls? What crimes! Would it not be better that I had never been born? Pardon, Lord, pardon for this wretched sinner: leave him time to do a true penance.” In saying this, he struck his breast roughly, thanked God for the kindnesses he had had for him and renewed his vow to make himself a Franciscan. “I will no longer remain in the world,” he added, “I renounce it for ever.” In effect, from his arrival at the convent, he was reconciled with God, and from that day he remained faithful to grace; not only did he not fall again into mortal sin, resolved as he was, he said, to let himself be cut in pieces rather than commit any, but he began to tend toward the summit of Christian perfection.

While waiting to be received into the Order, he practised its austerities: he wished to keep a rigorous Lent, accompanying the fast with frequent disciplines; he went to Matins with the religious, worked in the garden, swept the convent, washed the dishes, in a word sought the humblest employments. He was soon sent to make his novitiate at the convent of Trivento.

His guardian angel saved his life on this journey. As he was preparing in the evening to cross a river, he heard a voice cry to him from the height of a neighbouring mountain: “Go no farther, do not pass!” He looked to see who was speaking to him, and, perceiving no one, he continued to advance; but the same voice called him three times and succeeded at last in stopping him; he turned back and rested the night under a tree: the next day, he learned that the river was very deep at that place, and that he would certainly have lost his life there had he not stopped. As soon as he was in this convent, he edified everyone. He was never called otherwise than Brother Humble. But, as we have already said, God had other designs on him: an ulcer which he had formerly contracted in the leg reopened, and the religious, to their great regret, were obliged to dismiss him. He went to Rome and remained four years as a servant in the hospital of Saint James: as soon as his leg was healed, he re-entered the novitiate of the Capuchins, in spite of Saint Philip Neri, his confessor, who said to him these prophetic words: “Farewell, Camillus, you persist in wishing to make yourself a Capuchin, but the wound will reopen and you will have to leave a second time.” So it happened, and the Franciscans of the Observance refused to receive him for the same reason. Our Lord thus detached him from everything, and reserved him for his designs, which he at last made known to him. One day when Camillus was tending the sick in the hospital where he had re-entered as a servant, he said to himself: “Ah! there should be here men who were not led to it by the love of money, but by the love of Our Lord; who should be true mothers to these poor sick, and not mercenaries. But how find men who would sacrifice themselves to this point?” Then he thought of the cross of Our Lord: “If they carried it,” he said to himself, “on their breast, this sight would sustain them, would encourage them, would reward them.”

He spoke of his pious design to those of his companions whom he believed animated by a greater charity than the others; they entered into his views with eagerness; they adorned a little room, of which they made an oratory, and gathered there to pray, to make a pious reading and to prepare themselves, as the Apostles of old, to receive the Holy Spirit for the establishment of their Order. They met there with great obstacles; they were accused of aspiring to the direction of the hospital: their oratory was closed. Camillus carried off the crucifix in his arms weeping, and placed it in his room; at night, while he slept, it seemed to him that he saw this crucifix consoling him, moving its head toward him, and he heard it pronounce these words: “Fear nothing, I will help thee and will be with thee.” The same prodigy was renewed several times: when he was discouraged, he saw the crucifix detach its hands from the cross and stretch them toward him, saying to him: “Why art thou afflicted? pursue this affair, I will come to thy help; it is not thy enterprise, it is mine.” Sustained by this assurance, and knowing well that the enterprises of God always succeed, he drew back before no difficulty in order to put himself in a state to assist the sick more usefully; he prepared himself to receive holy Orders. It is easy to imagine how much this preparation must have cost an old soldier, who had forgotten the little he had learned in his youth: he set himself to study grammar and even followed the courses of the Roman College: the children laughed at a fellow-pupil so aged (he was more than thirty-two), and whose tall stature contrasted with theirs; they said to him: *Tarde venisti*: “You have come very late to the schools.” — “Yes, he has come late,” answered one day his professor, “but he will regain the lost time and will do great things in the Church of God.” He had the happiness of saying his first Mass on 10 June of the year 1584. Having been charged with serving the chapel of Our Lady of Miracles, it was there that he founded his Congregation with two companions only. They were very poor, but full of joy at suffering for Jesus Christ. Their time was divided between prayer and the care of the sick. They went each day to the great hospital of the Holy Spirit, consoling the infirm, making the beds, sweeping the wards, dressing the wounds, preparing the remedies which the physicians had ordered. Never had the sick servants more attentive to their slightest desires: they were true mothers at the bedside of their children. The needs of the soul were not less succoured than those of the body; the new brothers prepared them to receive the last sacraments, aiding them with their prayers, leaving them only at death, after having seen them fall asleep in the peace of the Lord. How many poor sinners owed their salvation to them! How many blessed souls today bless in heaven the charity of the holy priest, who had procured for them those last succours on which eternity depends.

Powerful adversaries wished to thwart him in his designs; but his confidence in God triumphed over everything. In 1585, his friends, or rather divine Providence, procured him a convenient house to lodge his Congregation. However, the Order was still in misery: it even had considerable debts. This plunged the brothers into the greatest anxiety; one would have said that the confidence of our Saint in the divine Goodness was only the greater for it: he knew that the father never has more pity on his children than when he sees them most abandoned.

“My Fathers and my Brothers,” he had said to them, one day when they showed him their fears, “we must never doubt Providence; not a month will pass but it will come to our help and pay all our debts. Remember what this kind Saviour,” he added, pointing to the tabernacle, “said to the holy virgin Catherine of Siena: Catherine, think of me, and I will think of thee. So let us think of him and of our poor, that he may think of us. Is it so difficult for him to give us a little of those temporal goods, with which he has loaded the Jews and the Turks, who are the enemies of our faith?”

Another time, when his creditors said to him: “Well! Father, when will you finish paying us?”

“Do not be uneasy,” answered the Saint; “is not God powerful enough to send here tomorrow morning sacks of silver?”

The creditors began to laugh, saying: “The time of miracles is past.”

The confidence of the Saint was not deceived, and his prophecy was fulfilled; for at that time died Cardinal Mondovi, the friend and benefactor of the Order. On the point of quitting this life, he took in his trembling hands the hands of Saint Camillus, and pressing them a last time, he said to him with a look full of tenderness: “Father, I have loved you in life and in death; remember to pray for me.”

The Saint, moved by so much kindness, could answer him only with his tears and his prayers. Soon the cardinal expired, and the Saint understood what he had wished to say to him by these words: “I have loved you in life and in death”; for, on opening the will, it was found that he left to the religious of the Magdalen fifteen thousand Roman crowns, that is to say more than eighty thousand francs, a very considerable sum in that time.

In proportion as God furnished resources to Camillus, he, wishing to consecrate to God all that he had received of them, embraced with his Order new works of charity. He wished his brothers to engage to serve the plague-stricken, the prisoners, and even those who were dying in their own houses. Their principal care was to succour souls by suggesting to the sick acts of religion suitable to the state in which they found themselves. Camillus procured for the priests of his Order the best books of piety which treated of penance and of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and recommended them to make for themselves, from the Psalms, a collection of those touching prayers which are called ejaculatory, that they might use them in need. He ordered them to assist above all the dying, to have them settle early their temporal affairs, so that they might occupy themselves no more than with that of their salvation; not to leave them too long with friends or relatives who might disturb them by an excess of tenderness; to make them enter into lively sentiments of penance, of resignation, of faith, of hope and of charity; to teach them to accept death in a spirit of sacrifice and in expiation of their sins, and to exhort them to ask mercy through the merits of the agonizing Saviour; to beseech him to apply to them the fruit of that prayer which he made on the cross, to grant them the grace of offering him their death in union with his, and to deign to receive their soul into the bosom of glory. He formed a collection of prayers which were to be recited for persons who were in agony. There was no one who was not charmed with an establishment which had had charity for its principle. The project appeared the more admirable in that it had been formed and executed by a man without letters and without credit. Pope Sixtus V confirmed it in 1586 and ordained that the new congregation should be governed by a triennial superior. Camillus was the first. The church of Saint Mary Magdalen was given him for his use and that of his brothers. He was invited, in 1588, to come to Naples, in order to found there a house of his Order. He

went there with twelve of his companions, and did what was asked of him. These pious servants of the sick (that was the name they took) flew to the succour of the plague-stricken who were in the galleys which it had not been wished to let land. Two of them died victims of their charity.

In the year 1590, a great famine spread over Rome and all Italy; the poor were reduced to feeding on dead animals and often on raw herbs. Saint Camillus laid in a provision of bread and clothing, which he went distributing in Rome to all who had need of them. He never refused anything, and when it was represented to him that the poor sold or gambled away the objects which he gave them, he was accustomed to answer: “But do you not know that Our Lord is perhaps hidden under the rags of these wretched ones? How should I dare to refuse charity to my Lord?”

The cold, which was very severe that year, increased still more the ravages made by the famine. The poor died by thousands; as many as sixty thousand dead were counted in the city of Rome and its environs. The Saint multiplied himself to provide for all these miseries; he traversed the streets, carrying bread, clothing and wine, entering the stables, the stalls, the ancient ruins, finding everywhere wretches numb with cold and hunger, to whom he restored life by his succours. How many times did he not give his cloak to the poor whom he met? The hospitals being crowded, he made of his convent a hospital where he received all those whom he could lodge there. No representation stopped him when it was a question of his dear friends the poor; he gave for them even his last sack of flour, and his religious remonstrating with him that they would be reduced to die of hunger in their turn, he answered them simply that the birds of heaven neither ploughed nor sowed, that God nevertheless fed them, and that he would well know how to feed them also. That very day, in effect, a baker of the city brought them bread, promising not to let them lack it as long as the famine should last: and he kept his word religiously. In 1591, Gregory XIV erected the new congregation into a religious Order, and granted it all the privileges of the mendicant Orders, under the obligation however of adding to the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience that of serving the sick, even those who should be attacked by the plague. He forbade them to pass into other religious communities, except among the Carthusians. In 1592 and in 1600, Clement VIII confirmed the same Order and granted it new privileges.

Saint Camillus neglected nothing to prevent the abuses which crept in even into the places consecrated by charity. His zeal became the more ardent in that he discovered that in the hospitals persons who were not dead were sometimes buried. He ordered his religious to continue the prayers for the dying, some time still after they should appear to have given up the last breath, and not to permit their faces to be covered on the spot, as had always been practised; but his attention to assist souls far outweighed that which he had to relieve the body. He spoke to the sick with an unction which it was impossible to resist; he taught them to repair the defects of their past confessions and to enter into the dispositions in which the dying ought to be. All his discourses turned on the love of God, even in ordinary conversations, and, if it happened to him to hear a sermon in which it was not spoken of, he said that it was “a ring which lacked a diamond.”

The servant of God was himself afflicted with divers infirmities, the complication of which made him suffer much. What touched him most was not to be able to serve the sick as before; at least, he recommended them strongly to the charity of his religious. He still dragged himself from one bed to another, to see if anything was lacking to them and to suggest to them different acts of virtue. Often he was heard repeating these words of Saint Francis: “The happiness I hope for is so great that all pains and all sufferings become for me a subject of joy.” Saint Camillus did not oblige his religious to recite the Breviary, unless they were in sacred Orders; but it was enjoined on them to confess and to communicate every Sunday and on all the great feasts, to make each day an hour of meditation, to hear Mass, to say the rosary and some other prayers.

He was the first to observe the laws of perfection which he had given to his own; his whole life tells his charity. We cannot however omit a trait of this virtue which paints him entire: the wound which he had in his leg made him fall sometimes. One day, the sick seeing him support himself with difficulty, said to him: “Father, rest a little, you are going to fall.” — “My children,” he said to them at once, “I am your slave; I

must needs do all I can for your service." His chastity was such that all created things were for him only a ladder to mount to the Creator. He did not practise humility in a lesser degree. He despised himself, to the point that all who knew him were astonished at it. It was by an effect of this virtue that he resigned the generalship in 1607; he wished again, by this resignation, to give himself more time to serve the poor. He founded houses of his Order in several cities, as at Milan, at Bologna, at Genoa, at Florence, at Ferrara, at Messina, at Mantua, etc.; he sent also some of his brothers into Hungary and into other places which were afflicted with the plague. Noie having been attacked by this scourge in 1000, the bishop of the city established Camillus his vicar general. The Saint devoted himself generously to the service of the plague-stricken. His companions followed his example, and there were five of them to whom it cost their life.

After having assisted at the fifth Chapter of his Order, which was held at Rome in 1613, he went to visit its different houses, with the new general, making everywhere very touching exhortations, like a father who speaks to his children for the last time. As he passed through his own country, he said to his friends: "I am going to die at Rome, live as Christians if you wish to avoid hell; farewell, for we shall see each other no more." He predicted at Genoa that he would die on the day of Saint Bonaventure, for whom he had a particular devotion. On returning to Rome, his last visit was to the hospitals, where he also said farewell to those whom he had loved most after God on earth, tending them with his almost dying hands. As soon as he learned that the physicians despaired of his mortal life, his heart beat with joy and impatience on the threshold of eternal life, and his transports escaped in these words: "I rejoice at what was said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord": *Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus.* He received the holy Viaticum from the hands of Cardinal Ginnasio, protector of his Order. When he saw his God in his room, he said, with tears in his eyes: "I acknowledge, Lord, that I am the greatest of sinners and that I do not merit to receive the favour which thou deignest to do me; but save me by thine infinite mercy. I place all my confidence in the merits of thy precious blood." Although he had purified his conscience by confession, he still feared not to be well enough disposed. He had nevertheless led a very holy life, and had confessed every day with the liveliest sentiments of compunction. At the beginning of the night in which he was to depart for heaven, he extended his arms in the form of a cross, pronounced the sacred names of Jesus and Mary, invoked the most holy Trinity, called to his aid the archangel Saint Michael, and expired saying these words: *Mitis atque festivus Christi Jesu mihi aspectus appareat*: "May the face of the Lord Jesus appear to me gentle and joyful." It was on 14 July of the year 1614; he was sixty-five years, one month and twenty days old. He was buried near the high altar of the church of Saint Mary

Magdalen. Several miracles having been wrought at his tomb, his body was raised from the earth and put under the altar itself. It has since been enclosed in a shrine. A separate reliquary contains his foot, which still bears the deep imprint of the ulcer of which we have spoken. This foot is well preserved and without any corruption. Benedict XIV beatified the servant of God in 1742, and canonized him in 1746.

He is often represented assisted by angels: it is that very often the angels helped him miraculously. One day, having strayed from his road, he was brought back to it by an angel; another time, he was held back by the angels in a dangerous fall. Saint Philip Neri saw the angels working with the disciples of this saint to prepare the sick for death. — He is also represented at his last moments, when Our Lord came to receive his soul. — He is also seen before a crucifix which detaches its arms from the cross to embrace him and to encourage him to pursue his charitable projects. His life was written in Italian, by Cicatello, his disciple. M. the Abbé Daras has put an excellent abridgment of it in the new edition of Ribadeneira; we have reproduced it here, often with the same terms.

The Blessed Berthe de Marbais, First Abbess of Marquette, in the Diocese of Cambrai (1247)

The blessed Berthe descended from a noble and powerful family of the country: she was a relative of the countess of Flanders, Joan of Constantinople. Her happy nature, cultivated with care by religious parents, and the blessing of heaven, made of her in a few years an accomplished young person. The lord of Molembais, whom she married on the advice of her relatives, was snatched from her by a premature death. The young widow, then free of every engagement, embraced the religious state at the monastery of Aywières, in Brabant. A manner of life so new to her never repelled her. She knew how to submit herself like a simple novice to the prescriptions of the Rule and to practise with admirable fervour all the duties of her profession.

It was some years that the blessed Berthe had been tasting the sweetnesses of this life of silence and piety, when the countess of Flanders, Joan, having founded (1226) the abbey of Marquette, or Repose of Our Lady (*Reclinatorium, Bona requies Beatæ Mariæ*, Order of Cîteaux), wished to entrust its direction to her cousin. A sort of violence had to be done to the humble religious of Aywières to persuade her to yield to the pressing entreaties which were addressed to her. God blessed her sacrifice. The prudence with which he had filled her, her fidelity in the fulfilment of all the duties of her charge, inspired in a short time an excellent spirit in the pious daughters who had put themselves under her guidance. This religious house became truly the edification of all the country. The blessed Berthe had been directing it with wisdom for twenty years when she fell ill and died at the monastery of Eparmaille, near Bruges, which she had had to visit (1247). Her body, brought back to Marquette, was buried in the convent.

When, in 1619, Msgr. Jean Dave, bishop of Namur, drew up the catalogue of the holy, venerable and blessed women of his diocese, he did not forget the abbess of Marquette, who had so greatly edified the monastery of Aywières where her memory has long been preserved. — *The Abbé Destombes. — Cf. Raissius, Auct. ad Nat. SS. Belgii.*

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[1] She suffered martyrdom near Orense (*Aquæ calidæ*), a small city of Galicia, where her body rests in a church of her name. This Saint is very popular in Spain, where a number of chapels are dedicated under her invocation. — Acta Sanctorum.

[2] He was born in the village of Lipninza, about seven leagues from Kraków (*Carrodunum*), a city of ancient Poland, today of Austria (Galicia). His mortal remains were buried in the church of Saint Bernardine, near Kraków, and honoured at once with a public cult. — Cf. the Continuators of Godescard.

[3] On the smiling banks of the Anio, called today Tererone, sixteen miles from Rome.

[4] See his life on this day.

[5] According to the tradition of the country, he settled at the place where is today the parish of Nacquerlle, arrondissement of Cherbourg, canton of Beaumont (Manche).

[6] Dom Maur Marchési had them printed at Venice in 1651, 2 vols. in-folio. — They are also found in the Library of the Fathers, Lyon, 1677, tome xx. — The Bollandists, under 3 April, have published the life of Saint Peter of Anagni, by the bishop of Segni.

19 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Saint Vincent de Paul, confessor, who fell asleep in the Lord on 27 September. 1660. — The birth in heaven of Saint Epaphras, whom the apostle Saint Paul calls the companion of his chains. This holy man, having been ordained bishop of Colossae, in Phrygia, by the same apostle, received in that place the palm of martyrdom, after having made himself celebrated by his great virtues and having generously fought for the sheep which had been entrusted to him. His body has since been deposited at Rome, in the basilica of Saint Mary Major. 1st century. — At Seville, in Spain, the martyrdom of Saint Justa and Saint Rufina, virgins, who, having been seized by the governor Diogénien, were first stretched on the rack and torn with iron claws; then they were made to endure the dungeon, hunger and divers tortures; finally, Justa died in prison, and Rufina, persevering always in the confession of Our Lord, had her head cut off. End of the 3rd

century. — At Córdoba, Saint Aurée, virgin, who at first lacked courage, but afterwards repented of her cowardice and returned anew to the combat, where, shedding her blood, she became victorious over her adversary. 856. — At Trier, Saint Martin, bishop and martyr. About the year 210. — At Rome, Saint Symmachus, pope, who was long troubled by the factions of the schismatics; having made himself celebrated by his holiness, he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord. 514. — At Verona, Saint Felix, bishop. — On the mountain of Scete, in Egypt, Saint Arsène, deacon of the Roman Church, who, having retired into solitude, in the time of the emperor Theodosius, perfected himself there in all the virtues, and, enjoying continually the gift of tears, rested at last in Jesus Christ. 450. — In Cappadocia, Saint Machine, virgin, sister of Saint Basil the Great and of Saint Gregory of Nyssa. 379.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

At Utrecht (*Trajectum ad Rhenum*), city of the kingdom of Holland, the Blessed Bernoul or Bernulphe (*Bernulphus*), called also Bernold, archbishop of that see. First parish priest of the village of Oosterbeck, near Arnheim, in Guelderland, the emperor Conrad, struck by his holiness and his zeal, called him, in 1026, to the archiepiscopal throne of Utrecht, which he illustrated for twenty-seven years. He founded there two collegiate churches, that of Saint Peter and that of Saint John the Baptist, and busied himself with raising up the ruined basilicas of his diocese. He was buried in the church of Saint Peter. 1054. — At Autun, Saint Rhétice or Rétice, called also sometimes Ritice, bishop of that see, whose life we have given under 15 May. Saint Gregory of Tours, Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine speak of him with praise. 334. — At Dijon, the Blessed Garnier, provost of Saint-Etienne of that city (*S. Stephanus Divionensis*), ancient secular church and abbey of the Order of Saint Augustine, in the primitive diocese of Langres. After the 9th century. — At La Brille, small town of southern Holland, several new Martyrs massacred by the Calvinists, like those of Gorkum, whose life we have given on 9 July. — At Lyon, Saint Rusticus, priest. — In the ancient diocese of Auxerre (present archdiocese of Sens) and at Poitiers, feast of the translation of the relics of Saint Nectaire or Victorin, first known bishop of the latter city.[1] — At Poitiers, Saint Libère, second known bishop of that see. After having closed the wounds made to the Church of his diocese by the persecution of Diocletian, a death precious before the Lord consecrated his memory in the remembrance of the peoples. 9th or 10th century. — In the diocese of Cahors, Saint Vincent de Paul, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day, one of the patrons of that Church.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — In Cappadocia, Saint Macrina, virgin, abbess, sister of Saint Basil and of Saint Gregory of Nyssa; a beautiful panegyric of her life is found in the works of the same Gregory. 379.

Martyrology of the Franciscans. — At Leopolis, in Russia, the Blessed John of Dukla, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, remarkable for his virtues and by the gift which he had of healing the sick. He died on 29 September 1484.[2]

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Constantinople, Saint Darie, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Alexandria, Saint Sisinne, martyr, cited by the same. — At Antioch, the saints Machadore, Lampade, Lucien, Philippe, Pierre, Torquat, Tinnin and Jocius, martyrs. — At Constantinople, Saint Die, archimandrite and wonder-worker. It is read in the Greek apographs of Saint Ambrose that he lived in the time of Theodosius the Great at Antioch in Syria, where he led the ascetic life. On a divine revelation, he betook himself to Constantinople and founded there a monastery once celebrated, to the construction of which Theodosius contributed by his largesses to our Saint. The Blessed Atticus, patriarch of Constantinople, conferred the priesthood on him. He died in the exercise of the most sublime virtues, after having predicted the day of his decease and wrought striking miracles. About the year 430. — At Naples, Saint Laurent, bishop of that see, which he held fifteen years and six months and

illustrated by his virtues. It is believed that his body rests in his cathedral church, under the altar of the chapel of Saint Saviour, with that of Saint Athanasius, likewise bishop of Naples. About the year 717. — At the monastery of Saint-Vincent-on-the-Volturno, near Benevento, in Italy, Saint Ambrose Autpert, abbot, Father of the Church, and ecclesiastical writer. 778. — At the monastery of Saint-Marienberg (*Mons Sanctæ Mariæ*, Order of Cîteaux, founded in 1197), in lower Hungary, the Blessed Stilla, virgin. She is honoured at Eichstsedt (*Dryopolis*), small town of Bavaria, in the circle of the Regen. 12th or 13th century. — At Foligno, city of the delegation of Perugia, in Italy, Saint Peter, confessor. Born of rich parents, he led an entirely profane youth; but he returned promptly to virtue, wept bitterly over his sins, and, distributing all his goods to the poor, reduced himself to living on alms. Very assiduous in prayer and in the contemplation of the things of heaven, he afflicted his body by great macerations, which enabled him to resist with courage the temptations of the enemy of salvation who failed not to seduce him by the remembrance of the soft and known life of his earlier years. At last, arrived at the term of his combats, he flew to heaven to receive the palm promised to good servants. 1323.

Saint Justa and Saint Rufina, Virgins and Martyrs at Seville

End of the 3rd century.

> *Thesaurum Domini vasis fictilibus corporis gestantes unice, pretio vascula distrahunt, quo quæstu satient viscera pauperum.*
>
> *Rich enough as soon as they possess Jesus in the fragile vessels of their body, Justa and Rufina sell those which they make, to pour the price of them into the bosom of the poor.*
>
> *Ex officio SS. Justæ et Rufinæ.*

These two holy martyrs dwelt at Seville in Spain, where they earned their living by a small trade in pottery. They lived together, living very frugally and in a Christian manner, visiting Our Lord in his holy temple, and occupying in prayer the hours which their work left them.

Now it happened that one day, on a feast of the goddess Venus, some women of Seville, superstitious and idolatrous, wished to make a solemn sacrifice to her idol. As they had need of earthen vessels for this sacrifice, they went to Justa and Rufina, whose trade it was, and chose the vessels which suited them. The two virgins asked them what use they wished to make of them. These women, believing that they were pagans like themselves, answered freely that it was to make a sacrifice to the goddess Venus; but they were greatly astonished when they were flatly refused the sale of these vessels. “We are Christians,” said Justa and Rufina to them, “and we adore only one God; we detest all your idols, and we will give nothing for their worship.” These women then became furious; they set on the ground the idol of Venus which they carried hidden in their bosom, and, throwing themselves on the vessels which filled the house of these poor Christians, they broke them in pieces. Justa and Rufina, meanwhile, wept, not for the loss which they suffered, but for the outrage which these women did to Our Lord in preferring to him an infamous goddess; therefore, having succeeded, in the disorder, in seizing the idol, they broke it with a holy indignation and threw the pieces into the street.

The pagans assemble at once to avenge the insult done to their goddess; they force the doors of the house, seize the two virgins, chain them and lead them to the judge of the city named Diogénien. He, after having interrogated them, seeing their constancy in the faith, orders them to be put to the question. He has them stretched on the rack and torn with iron claws; then, being unable to overcome their courage, he has them dragged to prison and thrown into a dungeon.

Some time after, the cruel tyrant had them appear at his tribunal, and thinking that their heart had been changed by sufferings, he spoke to them gently, seeking to win them by his promises; but the two holy martyrs remained deaf to his flatteries. He ordered then that they should be dragged, barefoot, among

brambles, thorns and rocks, then when their bodies had been torn and half broken, he commanded that they should be shut up anew in their foul prison. Saint Justa died there soon after, receiving first the crown of martyrdom. Her body was thrown into a very deep well, from which the bishop of Seville had it drawn out, to give it an honourable burial.

The governor hoped to draw better advantage from Saint Rufina. He had her brought to him, and tried again to seduce her; but finding her invincible in the faith, he had her head crushed. Saint Sabin, moved with pity, united her precious remains to those of her companion. As they lived and suffered together, their souls live for ever together in the joy of the heavens, awaiting the glorious resurrection of their bodies.

Saint Rufina is still invoked by the potters in the diocese of Montauban; at the parish of Montgaillard, canton of Lavit, there is her statue. Formerly people came there in procession from Auvillars. Her cult has diminished a little because the industry of the potters has almost disappeared.

Ribadeneira, and Local Notes furnished by the Rev. Father Cattles, of Toulouse.

Saint Macrine of Caesarea, Virgin, Sister of Saint Basil the Great and of Saint Gregory of Nyssa

— Pope: Saint Damasus. — Emperor of the East: Valens.

Bonus hortus est virginitas quæ plurimos boni ferat fructus odoris.

Virginity is a fertile garden which produces many fruits of an excellent odour.

Saint Ambrose.

Macrine, so called from the name of her maternal grandmother, a matron of great nobility and great holiness, who had suffered much for the faith, had for father Saint Basil the Elder, for mother Saint Emmélie, and for brothers Saint Basil the Great, Saint Gregory of Nyssa, Saint Peter of Sebaste, Naucrace, who died an adolescent in solitude, and several sisters who entered the state of marriage. Her father and mother, who dwelt at Caesarea, in Cappadocia, had been banished for the faith, under the reign of Maximin; they had returned to their country after the persecutions, and they had died there in peace, leaving their children heirs of their virtues as of their goods.

Such parents brought up their family with the greatest care, in the principles of the purest faith and in the practices of the tenderest piety. Macrine, in particular, profited eminently by the lessons and good examples of her mother. She never left this holy mother, studying to imitate her in all her actions. Endowed with an astonishing facility, she learned all that was taught her; she loved above all the study of holy Scripture, of which she had unceasingly on her lips some pious sentence, whether at her rising or at her going to bed, before or after her meal, in her study and in her other labours: she was so nourished with it that everything in her breathed this sacred science.

Having reached the age of twelve years, she appeared a person endowed with the finest hopes for the future. Several thought, from then on, of securing the possession of such a treasure, and she was asked of her parents, who pledged their word to a youth of noble extraction. God, who had other views on the young virgin who was thus disposed of, carried off this young man by a premature death, before it was possible to think of concluding the affair, and Macrine, feeling herself inspired from on high, resolved to consecrate herself to the Lord by the vow of perfect continence. She therefore resolutely refused all the matches that could be presented to her thenceforth. Thus decided to give herself wholly to God, she took to heart to help her good mother in the work of the Christian and pious education of her brothers and sisters: an elder sister is so powerful over the young hearts of her brothers, by her words and examples! Basil had returned to the paternal house, after the most brilliant successes in the schools of Constantinople and Athens; his father was dead; the breath of pride, which ruins so many young souls, could easily have blighted the magnificent hopes

of his future. Macrine took hold of the mind and heart of her brother, and knew how to turn them skilfully solely toward God. She counselled him a life of retreat, where he might, in solitude, hear and listen to the voice of heaven, and decide wisely on the choice of a state of life. Basil let himself be penetrated by the holy friendship of this tender dove, and he gave to the Church one of her most eloquent and most solid Fathers.

Macrine knew also how to console her mother for the griefs which fail no family: she softened for her the death of her pious husband, then she took away much of the bitterness of that of her young son Naucrace, snatched from her love in a manner altogether unexpected; she remained constant and firm in the midst of the desolation of the whole family: this great soul drew all her courage in God. She put afterwards all her desires and all her cares into raising the last of her brothers, Peter, and into rendering him worthy of the other two, who were walking with ardour in a perfect way. She became for him a second mother; as tender, less indulgent than the first, she knew how to remove from him the slightest dangers, to guard him against the vanities of the world, and to develop in him all the good sentiments of the soul: therefore he renounced the world, from his youth, to embrace the religious state, in which he died a saint.

When the various cares which the family required had been provided for, our pious virgin induced her mother to found a monastery, to retire into it and prepare herself there for a holy death. She herself followed her there, and the community, witness of the holiness of her life, and of her skill in the spiritual ways, asked her to govern it. She made for this house regulations full of wisdom; she established there the love of poverty, of humility, of obedience, of austerities, of prayer and of labour. This chosen soul was tried by a very grave ailment: a frightful cancer came to threaten to drag her by a painful road to her tomb; her holy mother cured her of it by the virtue of the sign of the cross.

After the death of this good mother, Macrine disposed of her goods in favour of the poor, and reduced herself to living, like the other religious of her monastery, by earning by her labour wherewith to subsist. She did not survive her long: struck by a very grave illness, she was soon brought to the gates of death. She had the consolation of seeing, near her bed of agony, her brother Gregory, who wrote her life, and whom she had not seen for eight years. As soon as he had arrived, she raised her hands toward heaven, and cried: “I give thee thanks, O my God, that thou grantest me what I desired, to see my brother, thy servant, before dying.” She conversed with him, that day and the next, of the things of heaven and of the interests of her soul, and on the third day, being already no more of the earth, she turned toward the East in his presence, addressed to the Lord a last and fervent prayer; then, having made the sign of the cross on her forehead, on her lips, on her heart, she set herself to pray in silence until she rendered her beautiful soul to her God, about the year 379.

The poverty of the monastery was so great that only a worn-out veil was found to cover the body of Macrine when it was carried to the tomb; but Saint Gregory threw over it his episcopal mantle. The servant of God had worn on her neck, while she lived, a sort of band to which were attached a ring and an iron cross. Saint Gregory gave the cross to a religious named Vestiane; but he kept the ring, which was hollow and contained a piece of the true cross.

The bishop of the place and Saint Gregory assisted at the funeral of Macrine, with the clergy, the monks and the religious divided into two choirs, who held tapers in their hands and sang psalms. The body of the Saint was carried to the church of the Forty Martyrs, which was a mile from the monastery, and deposited in the vault where that of Saint Emmélie was. Prayers were offered for the two servants of God.

Saint Macrine died in the month of December of the year 379; but her feast is celebrated on 19 July by the Greeks and the Latins.

The Abbé Chapia; Godescard; Baillet; Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Arsène of Rome, Deacon and Confessor, Solitary in the Desert of Scete in Egypt

— Pope: Saint Leo I, the Great. — Emperor of the West: Valentinian III.

What can we say to the glory of Saint Arsène that is not beneath his merits? His virtue was so eminent that it made him equal in some manner to the angels, and that there are very few solitaries who have arrived like him at so high a degree of perfection.

S. Theodore Studite, Eulogy of Saint Arsène.

Saint Arsène was a Roman, of a family distinguished equally by its nobility and by its opulence. He was given an education conformable to the greatness of his birth, and we may add that he surpassed it by the excellent dispositions of his mind and by his application in cultivating it; which made him one of the most learned men of Italy, both in the Greek and Latin languages and in the other sciences.

His reputation flew as far as the emperor Theodosius the Great, who, wishing to provide for the education of his children, called him to Constantinople to entrust to him the conduct of it. The choice of so great a prince could fall only on one of the most illustrious personages of the empire: which is no mean subject of praise for Saint Arsène; but he was so worthy of it that if this choice did him honour, it did no less to the just discernment of Theodosius.

His arrival at the imperial court seems to date from the year 383. He was twenty-nine years old; so that he may have been born about the year 354. Arcadius, first son of the emperor, was only six years old when he came there, and Honorius, his brother, was not yet born. He came into the world only the following year, and it was only in his eighth year that Arsène was charged with his conduct, having previously had that of Arcadius. The title of father of the emperors, which the solitaries afterwards gave him, shows well enough in what consideration he was at court. Saint Theodore Studite, who also gives it to him, says that he held the first rank after the prince, and this seems to authorize what Metaphrastes says, that the emperor placed him among the rank of senators and honoured him with the title of patrician.

However that may be, Arsène, whether to sustain his dignity, or because he naturally loved display, made a brilliant figure at court. He was the most richly clothed and the most superbly furnished. He made great use of perfumes, and had in his service a thousand domestics all dressed in rich stuffs. God, who was calling him in his mercy to more solid greatness, did not permit those of the earth to dazzle him so much that he did not recognize their false brilliance. Arsène, entering sometimes into himself by salutary returns, felt that his elevation and his riches were only passing goods which one is forced to quit with life, after which there remain to us only our works. He felt it, and the grace which acted in his heart imprinted there also, with these reflections, a lively fear of losing his soul. From time to time he threw himself at the feet of God, and pouring out before him his tears and his prayers, he asked him sincerely to make known to him what he ought to do to save himself. At last his perseverance in this request obtained for him from God a grace which may be regarded as the salient epoch of his vocation to the sublime perfection to which he afterwards raised himself.

Praying then one day as usual and repeating the same request with tears, he heard a voice which said to him: “Arsène, flee the company of men, and thou shalt be saved.” Whether this voice struck his ears from without, or made itself heard only in the depth of his heart, it was no less distinct and operated no less its effect. This great man, whose heart was already, as Saint Theodore says, prepared for the sacrifice by the fear of the Lord, delayed no longer after this oracle, and, despising all the frivolous grandeurs of the earth, he embarked secretly on a vessel which was sailing for Alexandria, whence he passed to the desert of Scete to embrace the solitary life.

He was then forty years old; it may have been the year 394. He betook himself at once to the church of the solitaries, and addressing them, he said to them with much modesty: “I beseech you to receive me among the number of the monks, and to show me the way I must follow to be saved.” It was not difficult for them to understand, from his air and his language, that he was a personage of great consideration. They questioned him much to know whence he came, and what he did in the world. But he tried to defend himself from it,

alleging only that he was a stranger who sought only to assure his salvation. At last, seeing that all he said to hide his rank and condition changed nothing in the judgment which they had at first formed of his person, he made the confidence which they desired, hoping to engage them thereby more effectively to serve him in his holy undertaking.

They were not a little embarrassed to know to which of the solitaries of this desert they should address him to form him in the monastic virtues. It was not easy to find a master for one who had been that of the children of the master of the world; but after having consulted among themselves, they cast their eyes on the venerable John the Dwarf and led him to his cell.

This celebrated solitary having learned from them in private the subject which brought them and the qualities of Arsène, did not declare at first what he thought of it; but the hour of None having come, he said to them: “If you wish, my brothers, we will anticipate the time of the meal (for the solitaries ate only at the hour of Sext), and as for the rest, may the will of God be accomplished.” He set the table at the same time, sat down with them, and left Arsène standing, without even making a show of taking notice of him. While he stood in this humiliating position, John the Dwarf took a loaf which was on the table, threw it into the middle of the cell, and looking at him with an air of indifference, said to him: “Eat, if you wish.” At once Arsène went toward the place where he had thrown it to him, picked it up and then ate it. So rare a docility made the venerable John the Dwarf understand the solidity of his vocation. He asked no other proof, and said to the religious: “You may, my brothers, go away with the blessing of the Lord. Pray for us. I assure you that this one is fit for the religious life.”

These solitaries then asked Arsène what he had thought of the manner in which John the Dwarf had treated him; and he answered them that he had considered himself as a dog, and that he had, in the same idea, eaten the bread which he had thrown to him on the ground: which edified them greatly. He had no need, after so happy a beginning, to remain long a disciple to be formed in the duties of his new state. His master had the consolation of seeing him make, under his direction, such rapid progress in perfection that he surpassed even the oldest of the desert in constancy in bearing the labours of penance, and in patience and courage in sustaining the combats of the passions and of the demon; so that, as in the world he had distinguished himself by his learning and by his display, he distinguished himself still more in religion by his humility and by his mortification. This caused his spiritual father, recognizing the attraction of his grace, which was for the entirely retired life, not to retain him longer near him, and to permit him to dwell alone.

It was then that, finding himself in full liberty to give himself up to all the extent of his fervour, he prayed Our Lord again to make known to him what he must do to arrive at holiness, and he heard again a voice which said to him: “Arsène, flee men, keep silence and remain in repose: these are the first foundations which thou must lay to raise the edifice of thy salvation.” Saint Theodore says that, having received this divine lesson, he began from then on, more than ever, to carry all his affections toward heaven. His body was, in truth, on the earth, but the familiar conversation of his heart was no longer except with the blessed spirits. This so excellent lesson served him as a rule of conduct for his whole life. He never ceased to make the application of it, and nothing appears more marvellous in him than the care he took to put it in practice; which has rendered him an object of admiration to all antiquity.

He advanced into the desert, thirteen leagues, far from the church of Scete, to withdraw better from the commerce of men. He shut himself up so rigorously in his cell that he preferred, when he had need of anything, to make use of the ministry of his disciples than to go out to fetch it himself. He received only with regret those who came to visit him, and tried, as much as he could, to excuse himself from receiving them. Theophilus, patriarch of Alexandria, went to see him with an officer and some other personages, and begged him to say a word of edification. He was some time without answering, and then taking up the word, he spoke to them thus: “If I say something to you, will you observe it?” They all answered that they were disposed to it; and he added: “Well then, in whatever place you learn that Arsène is, come no more to seek

him there."

This patriarch dared not afterwards interrupt his retreat; but as there was too much to profit merely in seeing him, he could not altogether determine himself to go there no more. Wishing then to visit him another time, he sent beforehand to ask whether he would open his door to him. Arsène recognized too well what he owed to a bishop to refuse it to him: he answered the deputy that he would open it to him if he came; and he added at the same time that, in receiving him, he would be obliged to receive the others, which would force him at last to quit the place of his retreat and to seek elsewhere another where he might be less disturbed. This being reported to Theophilus, he said that he preferred to deprive himself of seeing him than to oblige him thereby to abandon his cell.

It seems that the more he wished to hide himself, the more this inspired others with the desire to come to see him, to profit near him; but, ever attentive to practise the lesson he had received from heaven, he was firm in receiving only those visits in which he could profit for himself, or which he knew God had for agreeable. A solitary came to knock at his cell, and the Saint, thinking that it was his disciple, opened to him at once; but, seeing that it was not he, he threw himself face to the ground and said to this solitary, who begged him to rise, that he would do so only after he had withdrawn: which he did. It happened also that other solitaries, having set out from Alexandria to go and buy flax in the Thebaid, for their work, passed in the neighbourhood of his cell and said among themselves: "Since we have the favourable occasion of seeing the abbot Arsène, we must profit by it," and they ran to his cell. His disciple inquired of them the subject of their coming, and reported it to him. But he said to him: "Exercise hospitality toward them, and tell them to excuse me if I do not see them, and let me contemplate heaven."

Being obliged another time to receive other solitaries, they begged him to say to them something edifying about those who, like him, loved so much to be alone and received only with great pain the visit of others. "As long as a girl," he answered them, "remains shut up in the house of her father, she is held in great esteem; but if she shows herself outside, they cease to consider her as they did before. It is the same with the things of the soul: if they are exposed to everyone, each judges of them according to his fancy, and most make no account of them."

God showed in one encounter, in a very marked manner, that the conduct of Arsène was directed by his Holy Spirit. A solitary drawn by his reputation came expressly to Scete to see him, and begged some brothers, who served the church of this desert, to conduct him to his cell. They invited him to rest and to take first some nourishment, because the cell was very remote; but he protested that he would not eat until he had had the happiness of seeing him; whereupon one of them offered to take him there. Having entered, they saluted him with respect, made prayer and sat down with him, hoping that he would give them some salutary counsel; but he kept always a profound silence. After they had waited some time thus, the solitary who had brought the stranger said: "I am going to leave you at liberty," thinking that Arsène would speak to him more easily alone; but the stranger, astonished at his silence, would not remain longer and said to his guide that he was going away also with him. When they were out of the cell, he said to him: "Lead me, I pray you, to the abbot Moses." This was that famous solitary who had been, before his conversion, chief of a band of robbers. He received them very differently from Saint Arsène; for he showed them much charity, and gave them to eat. When they had withdrawn, the solitary who had conducted the other said to him: "You have then seen these two great personages; tell me now which of the two you esteem the more?" — "It is," he answered, "the one who received us so well and treated us so well." This having been reported to the other solitaries, an elder set himself to prayer and asked the Lord to make known to him why Arsène, by the love he bore him, fled with so much care the company of men, whereas, by an effect of the same love, Moses received everyone so well. Whereupon, having fallen into ecstasy, God showed him two boats sailing on the Nile, in one of which was the abbot Arsène, conducted by the Holy Spirit, in great repose and great silence; and in the other was the abbot Moses, conducted by the angels of God, who filled his mouth with honey.

One of the reasons for which he avoided conversation with others is that he always feared to commit some fault in it. This is what made him say that he had often repented of having spoken, but that he had never repented of having kept silent. Admirable instruction, well fitted to make us understand how difficult it is to speak without wounding conscience, and how much silence is fitted to preserve it in its purity. Therefore the excellent author of the book of the Imitation of Jesus Christ has not failed to gather it up, as one of the most important that can be given to those who aspire to the interior life.

The abbot Daniel, who could speak of him as an eyewitness, having had the happiness of being his disciple, says that, when he was in the church, he stood behind a pillar, either not to be distracted by exterior objects, or so that no one might see his face, which, indeed, appeared like that of an angel.

As much as this great Saint was faithful in keeping silence and retreat, so much also did he taste the sweetness of the recollected life, and have attraction for prayer and for orison. It may be said that he made his delight of it; and there his heart, disengaged from all sensible things, rose toward God with an admirable ardour, to lose itself in some fashion in his bosom by the sublimity of his contemplation. A brother, to whom God made known sometimes the marvels of his mercy in those whom he favoured more particularly with his precious gifts, came to his cell, and looking through the window, he saw the Saint as if he had been all on fire. It was the ardour with which his soul was holily inflamed in prayer, which God wished to manifest to him by this prodigy. He knocked afterwards at the door, and the Saint having opened and seeing him quite astonished, asked him whether he had been knocking long and whether he had seen anything; after which he conversed with him some moments and sent him away.

He passed whole nights in the exercise of prayer; and the abbot Daniel related that on Saturdays, the sun setting behind him, when he prayed with his face turned to the East and his hands stretched toward heaven, he continued to pray in this posture until this star, rising on the morrow, struck his eyes with its rays, and then he sat down to take a little rest.

He said that a religious who wished in earnest to know his passions and to succeed effectively in it, ought to content himself with sleeping one hour a day. The demon did not however fail to tempt him on this point, as on other subjects. He even complained of it once to his disciples Alexander and Zoïle, and begged them to pass the night with him to observe whether he would not let himself be overcome by sleep. They did so and perceived only that in the morning, at break of day, he had closed his eyes and breathed three or four times, so that they could not understand whether he had truly slumbered. As he suffered nothing in his interior which might divert him from the spirit of prayer and hinder his heart from rising to God with liberty, so he feared to be diverted outwardly, by the slightest noise, from attention to the presence of God, above all at the time of prayer. Having found himself with other solitaries in a place near which there was a quantity of reeds, he heard a noise, and asked the others what it was; they told him it was the wind blowing in the reeds. “I am astonished,” he answered them, “that you can accustom yourselves to this noise; for if a solitary remains seated in true repose, the very song of a bird will trouble a little the peace and tranquillity of his heart.”

It was not only through love of retreat that Saint Arsène loved silence so much; he kept it also to escape more often the snares of vanity. It is said, in the Lives of the Fathers, of him and of Theodore of Pherme, that they detested vainglory supremely, and that it was for this reason that Arsène avoided occasions of speaking, and that Theodore did so only while suffering extreme violence, as if he had been pierced with a dagger. By this principle of humility he did not disdain to take counsel of others, while he was so well in a state to give it himself by the eminence of his learning, and above all of his experience in the gifts of God. He went to consult one day Saint Pemen about his disciple, whom he brought to him, because he showed always a sensible pleasure in hearing him speak of the things of God; and Saint Pemen answered him that he should apply himself principally to instruct him by his examples, rather than by his discourses.

Saint Theodore Studite relates also that this great Saint, communicating his thoughts to a solitary of Egypt very advanced in age, but little instructed in human letters, another who happened to be there said to him afterwards: “Abbot Arsène, how, being as profound as you are in the Greek and Latin sciences, do you consult this good old man, rustic and ignorant?” To which he answered: “It is true that I am sufficiently versed in the sciences of which you speak; but I have not yet come to know the alphabet of this old man, whom you regard as a rustic.” Whereupon Saint Theodore makes this fine reflection: “This holy man,” he says, “wished to give us to understand by this that, if we do not study, by a sincere humility, to learn this alphabet, in preference to every other science, though we had acquired elsewhere sublime knowledges, we shall be in truth only rustics and ignorant.”

Saint Arsène, equally distinguished by the eminent post he had occupied at court and by the brilliance of the virtues with which he shone in his desert, deserved to be supremely respected by all the solitaries, and he was so; but his humility could not suffer it and wished for no distinction. This appeared above all on the occasion which we are going to relate. Some persons brought dried figs to distribute to the solitaries of Scete; but, as there were few of them, the Fathers who made the distribution dared not, out of respect, send him any, fearing that it would be doing him an injury rather than a gift, to give him so little. He knew it, and would not go to the church as he did before, saying to the Fathers: “You have then excommunicated me, in not giving me a share of the largesses which God has made us, because in effect I am not worthy of them?” Whereupon the priest carried him some, and then led him to the church very well satisfied; which was for the solitaries, who admired his humility, a great subject of edification.

One may regard also the extreme poverty to which he had reduced himself as an effect of his humility as much as of the detachment of his heart. It was said of him that, as there was no one at court, when he was there, who was more magnificently clothed, so there was not, in all the desert of Scete, a solitary who had a worse robe. Having fallen sick, he found himself in so great necessity that, having need of some linen, he had not wherewith to buy it, though only a little money was required. He received it in alms, and said afterwards: “I give thee thanks, O my God, that thou hast made me worthy to need to receive alms in thy name.”

Saint Theodore Studite and the abbot Daniel said of our Saint that an officer of the emperor having brought him the will which one of his relatives, of the order of senators, had made in his favour, by which he left him a very rich succession, he wished at first to tear it up, that it might be spoken of no more; but the officer threw himself at his feet and begged him to do no such thing, because his head was at stake. Whereupon Saint Arsène said to him: “How could he make me his heir, having died only a short time ago, while I myself have been dead for a long time?” Thus he sent him back with the will, without accepting anything of this inheritance.

It was no small penance for Saint Arsène to live in so great a stripping of all things, and to have reduced himself to an entire privation of all the comforts of life, after having enjoyed at court all those which opulence procures. But this great Saint, in quitting the world, had applied himself to mortify himself in all the things in which he believed he had followed the satisfaction of the senses. Thus he mortified the itch of appearing, so natural to men of wit, by the rigorous retreat and by that silence which he almost never interrupted. He mortified the love of ease and of the comforts of the body, by the stripping of everything and that evangelical poverty so perfect to which he had reduced himself. He mortified the love of repose by the continual vigils of which we have spoken. He mortified pride by the flight from all that could make him esteemed by men and the generous contempt of all worldly glory. The authors of his Life mark for us still two kinds of mortification which he practised, and which show in him the zeal which the desire to die to everything and to immolate oneself to God by penance inspires in a heart penetrated by this virtue. The abbot Daniel said that when he made baskets, which was his ordinary work, and the water in which he soaked the palm leaves came to be corrupted, he would not have it renewed; but contented himself with putting fresh water over it, so that it might continue to smell bad, and changed it only once a year. Some solitaries

represented to him thereupon that this foul water gave a bad odour in his cell and could only greatly incommode him; but he made them this fine answer: “I used only too many excellent perfumes when I was in the world; it is very just that I now suffer this bad odour to repair that sensuality which I followed, so that in bearing it with patience God may deliver me, on the day of judgment, from the insupportable stench of hell and that I may not be condemned with that wicked rich man who had lived in luxury and good cheer.”

His abstinence was such that his disciples avowed that they did not know on what he lived; for, said the abbot Daniel, during several years that we were with him, we gave him only a small measure every year, and yet not only did it suffice him, but he even gave us of it every time that we went to see him. He did not eat fruits either, except when they were over-ripe. He prayed then, to avoid singularity, that some be brought him, and contented himself with tasting a little. Whatever attraction he had for prayer and contemplation, he did not fail to work with his hands until the hour of Sext; but this work did not interrupt his recollection and his interior union with God. He was, on the contrary, so penetrated with his divine presence that he did not lose it from view and that he was obliged to keep always a handkerchief to wipe the tears which flowed from his eyes, even while working. God had granted him the precious gift of them in such great abundance that they made the hair of his eyelids fall. These tears came both from regret for his past faults and from the ardent desire with which he sighed after blessed eternity. The remembrance of death, which he had also almost unceasingly present, furnished him with still more the subject of them; for, though he aspired after the heavenly country by the vehemence of his love, the severity of the judgments of God inspired him equally with a holy dread; which made Theophilus, patriarch of Alexandria, say, when he was near to dying: “O abbot Arsène, how happy you are to have always had in your mind this dread moment!” An elder related also of him that he examined twice a day, morning and evening, whether he had faithfully observed what God wished of him, or whether he had failed to follow his will in anything, and that he had passed his life thus in the continual exercise of a rigorous judgment toward himself and a habitual sentiment of penance; which every good solitary ought to do after his example.

The demon, ever the enemy of saints, tormented him cruelly one day in his cell, and it was not doubtless that one time only. The solitaries who were accustomed to serve him came to find him in this distressing encounter and, being near his cell, they heard him say to God, crying out: “Lord, come to my help and abandon me not. It is true that I have done nothing until now that can be agreeable to thee, but grant me, by thine infinite goodness, the grace to lay good foundations and to begin to live well.”

Such then were the virtues of the great Arsène. It is not to be wondered at if the demon was jealous of them and if he deployed for that reason his rage against him, as far as God left him the power, to purify his servant the more and increase his merits; and his example, like that of so many other saints, ought to serve equally as model and consolation to timorous souls, on whom the spirit of darkness delivers violent combats. Then humility, confidence in God and recourse to his goodness must serve them as defence. But it was not only by the temptation of evil spirits that God tried Saint Arsène. Scarcely had he retired into the desert when he was troubled there by the irruption of the Mazices, and obliged to flee for some time, like several others. These peoples were of Libya; Cassian speaks of them in these terms: “It is,” he says, “the most cruel and the most barbarous nation. It finds a singular pleasure in exercising its cruelties. It is not the greed of booty which leads it to shed human blood, like the other barbarous nations; it is the inclination which it has naturally to do evil.” In this incursion, which happened about the year 395, they killed several solitaries of Scete. Saint Arsène escaped their fury with those who could escape. We do not know where he retired then. It was perhaps to Troe, otherwise called Petra, or the Rock of Troe, near Memphis, whence he went to Canopus;[1] but he did not remain there long; for the barbarians having withdrawn, he returned to Scete. There is appearance that, during this first sojourn at Troe and at Canopus, he received there the visit of some solitaries and of the uncle of Timothy, patriarch of Alexandria. Perhaps also it was at the same time that a Roman lady, drawn by the reputation of his holiness, came expressly from Rome to see him. We shall relate here this

story; but we do not assure that it happened at Canopus during the first departure of the Saint, on the occasion of the irruption of the Mazices, or whether it was at his desert itself, when he had returned there.

This lady, very rich and very pious, hearing speak of his eminent virtue, wished to be a witness of it herself. She set out from Rome and came to Canopus, whence she betook herself to Alexandria to the patriarch Theophilus, to beg him to obtain from the Saint that he would permit her to go and see him. The patriarch, who received her with much politeness, charged himself with the commission, and, having gone to his cell, said to him: “My Father, a Roman lady of great piety and of a very distinguished rank has arrived lately, and has undertaken this long journey, pressed by the desire to edify herself by seeing you, and to receive your blessing. I beg you then not to refuse her this grace and to be willing to make a part of the way to facilitate this consolation for her.” Whatever respect Saint Arsène had for the patriarch, he could not resolve himself to what he required of him. He fled men with so much care to answer the designs of God; with how much stronger reason did he avoid the sight of women, so as not to give hold to the enemy of salvation? Thus Theophilus, being unable to gain anything on his resolution, rendered the answer to this woman, who, far from losing courage, had on the contrary her horses saddled, and set out on the road, saying: “I have confidence in God, and I hope he will do me the grace to see him, since it is not the desire to see a man which made me undertake so long a journey, but only the desire to see a Prophet.” As she approached his cell, she met him outside, walking, and threw herself at once at his feet, her face inclined to the ground. The Saint raised her and said to her in a severe air: “If it is my face you desire to see, here I am, look at me.” She was so surprised at these first words that she dared not lift her eyes; and the Saint continued thus: “If some good of me which could edify you had been reported to you, you ought to have contented yourself with thinking of it within yourself, without undertaking, to come to see me, to cross so long a space of sea. Do you not know that a woman should live retired in her house? And have you come here to glorify yourself on your return for having seen Arsène, and to inspire thereby in other women the desire to pass the sea also to come to see me?” She answered these reproaches: “I leave it to the will of God to prevent others from coming; but I ask you humbly to pray for me and not to forget me.” — “On the contrary,” said the Saint to her, “I pray the Lord that he entirely efface your memory from my heart.” These last words afflicted her extremely. Fever seized her when she was back at Alexandria, and the archbishop coming to see her to learn from her the issue of her visit, she related to him above all the last words of the Saint, adding that they would make her die of grief. The prelate consoled her by explaining their true sense to her. “Do you not know,” he said to her, “that you are a woman, and that women are the instrument which the demon often uses to combat men? It is for this reason that the abbot Arsène told you that he wished to efface your face from his heart; but as to your soul, doubt not for a moment that he prays for it.” These words restored her from her affliction, and she returned to Italy, very satisfied with her journey. The Mazices made a second irruption into the desert of Scete, about the year 434, and Arsène was obliged to flee a second time to avoid falling into their hands. He had been forty years dwelling in this desert. On leaving, he shed tears, and said: “The too great multitude of people caused the ruin of Rome, and the too great multitude of monks has caused that of Scete.”

The place which the Saint chose for his retreat was Troe, as he had done the first time. He remained ten years in this place, after which another incursion of the barbarians obliged him to retire to Canopus, where he passed three years more. He resolved then to abandon his cell without carrying anything away, and even to separate himself from Alexander and Zoïle, his two disciples, to live more solitary than ever. He told the first to take a ship and withdraw, and Zoïle to accompany him to the river to find him a boat which should take him to Alexandria, and that after that he would go and rejoin his brother, that is to say Alexander, his disciple. They were equally surprised at this order, being scarcely able to console themselves for his separation, and they asked each other whether they had displeased him in something, or had failed in obedience to him; of which however they had nothing to reproach themselves. They obeyed nevertheless without replying, and withdrew to the Rock of Troe. As for the Saint, he went to Alexandria, where he fell dangerously ill. It was not his last hour, and he rose insensibly from his illness. His disciples, who inquired

after him on every occasion they had, learned with grief his situation and dared not go to see him for fear of failing in his orders and of giving him pain; but when he was quite recovered, he determined of himself to come and join them at Troe, where he knew they were, saying: “I will go now and join my fathers”; for it is thus that he called them by honour.

It was there that, two years after, he happily finished his course. When he saw that his end was approaching, he told his disciples, of whom Daniel was one, not to put themselves to trouble to have wherewith to make alms for him after his death; which showed how poor he was; but that it was enough that they should remember him at the holy sacrifice: “For if I have done any good work in my life,” he added, “I shall find it before God.” These words, which announced his death to them as near, afflicted and troubled them much. He wished to soften them for them and said to them: “My hour has not yet come, I will warn you as soon as it arrives; but I must tell you that I do not wish you to give anything whatever of my body to be preserved as relics, and if you do so, I shall make myself your accuser at the tribunal of God, where you will appear like me.” This great Saint, who had wished to hide himself all his life, wished also, by a sentiment of the most profound humility and of a holy love for the hidden life, to be forgotten after his death.

His disciples said to him thereupon: “What then shall we do, our Father? We do not know how the dead are prepared and how they are buried.” — “Alas!” he answered them, “will you not know how to tie a rope to my feet and thus drag me to the mountain?” At last, as he was about to give up the spirit, he began to weep; which is not astonishing in the greatest Saints, who, having been penetrated with a more lively fear of the Lord during their life by the lights which they had of his holiness, have often dreaded to appear before him, without losing the desire to possess him and the hope in his mercy. Nevertheless, his disciples, who had been witnesses of his altogether heavenly life, were surprised at it. “Why, my Father, do you weep?” they said to him; “do you fear death like the others?” — “Yes, without doubt,” he answered them, “and this fear has never left me since I made myself a solitary.”

It was in these sentiments of humility that he rendered his soul to the Lord, enriched with virtues and merits; being aged ninety-five years, of which he had passed forty in the world, as many at Scete, ten at Troe, three at Canopus or at Alexandria, and two more at Troe; so that he may have died in 449 or 450, according to the chronology of the continuators of Bollandus, which we follow here as the surest. Surius, Gazaeus and others make him live to a hundred and twenty years; but they were mistaken.

Saint Pemen, having learned the news of his death, cried out, shedding tears: “How happy you are, O Arsène, to have so wept for yourself while you lived, since those who do not weep in this life will weep eternally in the other; for we must either by a voluntary penance weep here below, or weep fruitlessly when we are dead, through the torments which we shall suffer.” His disciples took care of his burial, and the abbot Daniel says that the Saint left him his tunic of skin, his white hair-shirt and his sandals of palm leaves, and he clothed himself with them with a respectful devotion, to participate in his blessing.

Let us now make known by some examples the spiritual doctrine of this great Saint. It was the custom of the solitaries of Scete to assemble often to speak of spiritual things, and to animate each other, by holy conferences, to the combat against vices and to the practice of virtues. A short discourse is reported on this subject which Saint Arsène made in one of these assemblies, on the different artifices of which the demon makes use to deceive the solitaries, and on the means of discovering and avoiding them. “You know, my Fathers and my Brothers, that men do not ordinarily act blindly; but that they have motives which make them act, and that they propose an end to themselves. We have experienced it ourselves when we quitted the world. It was only to acquire purity of heart, and thereby to acquire our sanctification. We must therefore labour unceasingly at this purification of ourselves, not only exteriorly, but also in our interior; which is more difficult and requires a greater labour, because the combat of the passions is stronger and it costs more to gain the victory over them. Several have succeeded in taming their flesh by fasts and other macerations, so that it does not make them feel so much its revolts; but they have not applied themselves equally to taming

the evil affections of their soul; and it may be said of them that they have purified themselves only by half. They have put all their care into depriving themselves of the satisfactions of the exterior senses and into avoiding falling into gross vices, which is very praiseworthy, no doubt, and very necessary; but they have not laboured to destroy the secret vices of the heart, such as are envy, the love of vainglory, presumption, the desire of riches and pride, which is the capital vice. These solitaries may be compared to statues which shine outwardly by the brilliance of gold and bronze, and which enclose within only filth or a vile matter. It is not enough therefore to reform in us the exterior man, if we wish to arrive at an entire purity of heart; it is these interior vices that must be principally attacked and endeavoured to be destroyed.

“You must not either be ignorant, my Brothers, that the demon employs all sorts of artifices to seduce us; and that one of the most dangerous, and which succeeds the better with several, is to present to them the appearances of a good, in order to draw them afterwards more easily to evil. It is thus that he inspires, for example, in some the love of hospitality, to bring them, in treating well those who come to see them, to intemperance of the mouth. It seemed to them at first that they proposed to themselves only to exercise charity, and in eating with their guests they have accustomed themselves to gluttony, and at last to other vices of which it is ordinarily the cause. In the same way, he has suggested to others the thought of amassing money to give alms; and by means of this thought, he has made slip into their heart that fatal greed for the goods of the earth which avarice causes.

“He has also deceived others, under pretext of the spiritual good of the neighbour, making them believe that in keeping themselves retired in their cells they rendered themselves useless, and that they ought rather to show themselves for the advantage of others. Thus, in listening to this suggestion, they have quitted their retreat, they have engaged in conversations with people of the world, even with women; and relying too much on the virtue which they believed they had acquired, as if they had nothing more to fear from themselves and were out of reach of temptation, they have exposed themselves rashly on occasions and have at last made fatal falls.

“Here is yet one of the most dangerous snares of this enemy of our souls. He leaves sometimes solitaries without tempting them for a certain time; and then, believing themselves exempt from vices, because they have no temptation to combat, they conceive sentiments of esteem of themselves, as if they were already perfect, and fall into the abyss of pride; or else, seeing no enemies against them, they cease to watch over themselves, as if they had nothing more to fear; they remain in inaction, they fall into negligence, they fall asleep, so to speak, in a false security; and while they think themselves in safety, he comes suddenly to attack them by some violent temptation, and makes them succumb the more easily, as it has been the easier for him to surprise them, because they distrusted less his fury.

“Considering then, my Brothers, the wiles of the demon, and how he attacks us in so many different ways, which is not always easy to discover, we have need of a great attention on ourselves, of a continual vigilance over our senses, and over what passes within us. We have need of a spirit of discernment and discretion; but above all things we have need to pray unceasingly to the Lord, that he may enlighten us and not permit us to be deceived by the appearances of a good, which the evil spirit presents to us the better to make us fall into sin. Thus let us be perpetually on our guard to discover on which side, when and how the tempter comes to attack us.”

Another said to him: “My Father, I am often tormented by the thought that, being able neither to fast nor to work, I ought to employ myself in visiting the sick; I shall at least do thereby an act of charity.” — “No,” the Saint said to him, who understood that it was a temptation of the demon to bring him to quit his retreat; “go away, eat, drink, sleep, do not work, I only recommend you not to go out of your cell.” Now he knew, in giving him this counsel, says he who gathered his sentences, that a religious who faithfully keeps his cell with patience soon returns to the observance of the other rules of his state. He said also that, as a brick which is not well baked dissolves when it is put in water, whereas it hardens the more in it when it is sufficiently

baked, so a religious who is not well established and lacks fervour succumbs easily to temptation.

The principal disciples of Saint Arsène, Zoïle, Alexander and Daniel, were all three of Pharan, in Arabia. It is for this reason that Daniel is surnamed sometimes the Pharanite in the Collection of the remarkable actions and words of the Fathers of solitude.

Alexander was very exact in the laborious practices of religion, and he excelled in gentleness and obedience. It is for this reason that Saint Agathon loved him singularly.

The abbot Daniel came under the direction of Saint Arsène only after Alexander and Zoïle; for he calls them his Fathers. It is from him that we have learned several particulars of the life of this great Saint. He had so well profited by his instructions that he was in a state to give them to others.

Saint Arsène might be painted shedding tears, because it was a gift which he had received from heaven; or obstinately buried in reading and meditation, in spite of the visits that people pretended to make him and which he suffered with so much pain.

We have drawn this biography, abridging it, from the Lives of the Fathers of the Deserts of the East, by the Rev. Father Michel-Ange Marin, of the Order of the Minims.

Saint Symmachus, Pope

— King of the Ostrogoths: Theodoric.

Tene clavum fidei, ut te graves hujus sæculi turbare non possint procellæ.

Hold well the helm of faith, to shelter yourself from the tempests of this world.

S. Ambros., Ep. xliv ad Constantium.

Saint Symmachus was born in the village of Simagia, diocese of Oristagno, in Sardinia, and was created cardinal-deacon by Saint Felix III. His father was named Fortunatus. After the death of Pope Anastasius, he was elected to succeed him, on 22 November 498. While his election was taking place in the Constantinian basilica, Festus, a Roman senator, corrupted by dint of money by Anastasius, emperor of Constantinople and great protector of the Eutychians, found the means, through his creatures, of securing a certain number of votes for Laurence, archpriest of the title of Saint Praxedes: the intruder promised Festus to sign the *Henoticon* of the emperor Zeno and to issue an edict favourable to Eutychianism.

The clergy and the senate divided into two factions, the one holding the party of Symmachus, the other that of Laurence; but from this double election violent quarrels were born. Scenes of attack and murder had to be deplored; blood flowed. To put an end to so many excesses, the parties agreed that the two Pontiffs should go to Ravenna to bring their cause to the judgment of King Theodoric. He, though an Arian, having laid down this equitable principle: “The Apostolic See ought to belong to him who was ordained first, or who has obtained the greatest number of votes,” decided in favour of Symmachus, because he had been named first and by the greatest number. In consequence of this order, Symmachus was recognized as lawful Pope.

It might have been hoped that the royal sentence would put an end to the nascent schism. Symmachus returned to Rome, where he was received as sovereign Pontiff. Laurence resumed his title of archpriest of Saint Praxedes. The new Pope convoked all the bishops of Italy to a Council which took place under his presidency, in the basilica of Saint Peter, on 1 March 499; there were present seventy-three bishops and sixty-seven priests. It was decided there, to prevent in the future the effects of cabal, that all those who, during the lifetime of the Pope, should promise their vote to anyone, or even deliberate on this subject in any assembly whatever, should be deposed and excommunicated, and that after the death of the Pope, there should be regarded as his lawful successor him who should have had the major part of the votes of the clergy. Laurence subscribed this double decree at the head of the priests who were at the Council. After this solemn

act of adhesion, the archpriest, reconciled with the Church, was named bishop of Nocera. Symmachus could not give a better proof of his pontifical clemency. He was not long in repenting of it. Whether Festus, who always pursued the impossible fulfilment of the engagements contracted by him with the emperor Anastasius, had experienced from the sovereign Pontiff a formal refusal, or whether he sought, with the obstinacy of spite and of wounded self-love, a sacrilegious vengeance, he resumed anew the project of making his creature ascend the throne of Saint Peter. Laurence had the weakness to lend himself to this manoeuvre, and re-entered Rome secretly. It could no longer be a question of calling in doubt the legitimacy of the election of Symmachus. It was not therefore on this point that the rebels brought their controversy. According to the *Liber Pontificalis*, "some clerics, supported by the credit of the senators Festus and Probinus, incriminated the conduct of the blessed Symmachus; they suborned false witnesses and sent them to Ravenna, furnished with a defamatory libel drawn up at Rome, in order to accuse the Pope officially before the tribunal of King Theodoric." Thus the factious no longer attacked the validity of the ordination, but the personal dignity of the Pontiff.

To restore peace to the Church of Rome, Theodoric, at the prayer of Pope Symmachus, invited all the bishops of Italy, as well as the metropolitans of the Gauls and of Spain, to betake themselves to Rome to hold a Council there, with the purpose of clearing up the horrible accusations brought against the Pope. The bishops represented strongly to the king that it belonged to the Pope to convoke the Synod, because this right belonged to the primacy of his see, and that it was unheard of that a superior should have been thus subjected to the judgment of his inferiors. Theodoric showed them the pontifical letters, dated from Rome, which he had in his hands, and which attested that all had been done in concert with the Pope.

The opening of the synod took place, in the presence of the Pope, in the month of September of the year 501. Symmachus was discharged there of the accusations brought against him; it was ordained moreover to punish as schismatics those who should celebrate without his consent, but to pardon the very authors of the schism, provided they gave satisfaction to the Pope. The decree having been carried into the Gauls, all the bishops of that country were alarmed at it, and they charged Saint Avitus, bishop of Vienne, to write to Rome in the name of all. He addressed his letter to Faustus and to the senator Symmachus. He complained in it that the Pope having been accused before the prince, the bishops, instead of opposing such an injustice, had taken it on themselves to judge him. "It is not easy," he says, "to understand how a superior, much more the Head of the Church, can be judged by his inferiors." He praises nevertheless the Council for having rendered testimony to the innocence of the sovereign Pontiff; he begs also the senate to maintain the honour of the Church, and not to permit the sheep to rise up against their pastors.

The following year, a fourth council, held on 6 November 502 in the basilica of Saint Peter, composed of eighty-one bishops, thirty-five priests and four deacons, confirmed this judgment. Theodoric, convinced at last of the bad faith of the antipope Laurence, gave orders to remove him from Rome. This was to remove the principal element of trouble. Nevertheless, the misguided minds did not yet yield. The Council charged the deacon of Pavia, Ennodius, to publish a complete refutation of the calumnies uttered against Symmachus. This production of the disciple of Saint Epiphanius has been preserved to us; it is written with a verve and at times an indignant irony which make us understand how much impetuosity and ardour the struggle retained. This vigorous apology received the most complete approbation of the Roman Synod held the following year in the basilica of Saint Peter. In this synod, the following decree was adopted: "Resting on the tradition and the authority of all the holy Fathers, whose regulations we confirm, we brand and condemn the persecutions against the bishop, the attempts at schism or devastation against the Church, the violences against the servants of God, from whatever quarter they come, at whatever time they occur… Whoever should have the audacity to renew them, if he is a cleric, shall be deposed; if he is a religious or a layman, excommunicated, and if he persevered in his rebellion, struck with anathema. Those shall be rewarded with honours who bring to the knowledge of the Church the isolated or public plots that may be hatched against the Pontiffs. The

authors of these conspiracies shall be liable to exile and to the confiscation of their goods."

The admirable mildness of the Pontiff bore its fruits. The great majority of the schismatics, abjuring too long errors, profited by the pardon which was so generously offered them.

King Thrasamond having exiled to Sardinia several orthodox bishops of Africa, the holy Pope, touched by the sufferings of these confessors, furnished them the necessary food and clothing. King Theodoric himself wished to associate himself with this work of charity. Symmachus, whose soul expanded in proportion to misfortunes, consecrated annually considerable sums to the ransom of captives. He wrote to the exiles letters of consolation, in which he lavished all the expressions of his paternal tenderness and solicitude. The zeal of the holy Pope for the maintenance of the rights of the Church was equal to his charity. In 504, he had held at Rome a sixth Council, whose decrees bear the imprint of a truly apostolic vigour. They are specially directed against the usurpation of ecclesiastical domains by the Arian princes.

While the Church pursued in the West the course of her peaceful conquests, it was not the same in the East, where the Catholics were unceasingly persecuted by the heretics whom the emperor Anastasius upheld and encouraged. At the same time that he divided the Church of the East, Anastasius launched in the West a manifesto, or rather a defamatory libel, against Pope Symmachus. He accused him of having abandoned the true faith to embrace the error of the Manichaeans, and of having been ordained against the canonical rules. The sovereign Pontiff, attacked in his honour and his faith, answered with vehemence and dignity: "I cannot conceal your insults: they are too honourable for me, and they make you too guilty before God. You say that I have made myself a Manichaean. All Rome is witness of the purity of my faith: its archives could if need be answer for it. If I have departed in anything from the Catholic doctrine which I received from the chair of the blessed Peter, let them rise against me and let me be confounded! But insults are not proofs; calumnies are not reasons. I am ignorant on what foundation you can advance that I was not ordained canonically. God has judged. Who are you to resist his sovereign decision? It is said that you compel by the sword of your soldiers the Catholics of Constantinople to embrace the heresy of Eutyches. Think, prince, of the fate of all the emperors who have persecuted the Catholic faith. They almost all perished miserably. Now it is to be a persecutor to grant liberty to all heresies, and to refuse it to the sole orthodox communion. If you regard the Catholic faith as an error, it must be tolerated with the other errors; if you regard it as the truth, you must not persecute it, but follow it." The Eastern bishops, continuing to be the object of the persecutions of Anastasius, had recourse to the Pope: "Reject us not," they say, "because we communicate with your adversaries: for those who do so do not do it from attachment to life, but for fear of leaving their flocks a prey to the heretics; and all, whether those who communicate with them in appearance, or those who separate from them, await, after God, your succour, and that you will render to the East the light which you originally received from it. The evil is so great that we cannot even go to seek the remedy: you must come to us." At last, to show that they are Catholics, they end with the exposition of their doctrine, in which they clearly condemn Nestorius and Eutyches, and acknowledge in Jesus Christ two natures, the divine nature and the human nature in one single person.

The Pope, in his answer, exhorts them to remain firm in what was once decided against Eutyches, and to suffer, if need be, for the faith, exile and all persecutions. But the holy Pontiff had not the supreme consolation of seeing the reunion of the two Churches which he called for with all his wishes. He died on 19 July 514, after an administration of fifteen years, a laborious career, of which every step had been marked by a new struggle. He had shown himself worthy of his name and had valiantly fought the battles of the Lord. His courage, his zeal, his vigilance, his charity were always found equal to the difficult circumstances he had to traverse.

In four ordinations, in the months of December and February, he created a hundred and seventeen bishops, ninety-two priests and sixteen deacons. He provided ornaments for several churches of Rome. He gave to the chapel of the Cross a cross of gold which weighed ten pounds, and in which he enshrined a piece of the

sacred wood which had served as instrument of our salvation. He made a present to the church of Saint Paul of a ciborium or tabernacle, on which were engraved the figure of the Saviour and that of the twelve Apostles. It was he who, according to the Pontifical, ordered the hymn *Gloria in excelsis* to be sung at Mass on Sundays and on the feasts of the Martyrs.

Proper of Rome; History of the Church, by the Abbé Darras; History of the Sovereign Roman Pontiffs, by Artaud de Montor; Godescard. See also our General and Particular Councils, vol. I, pp. 371–376.

Saint Ambrose Autpert, Abbot of Saint-Vincent-on-the-Volturno, and Ecclesiastical Writer

— Pope: Adrian I. — King of France: Charlemagne.

Quod nosse pulcherrimum est, id docere gloriosum.

It is glorious to teach what it is beautiful to know.

Cic., De perf. Oratore.

Ambrose, to whom most of the authors who have spoken of him give the title of Saint, was born in France about the beginnings of the reign of Chilperic III, of parents no less distinguished by their virtues than by their nobility and the high employments which they held. He received from them an entirely Christian education, and whatever disposition he had for all sorts of sciences, they cared less to render him learned than to make him advance in piety. He did not fail to become very skilful in the knowledge of letters divine and human and declares himself that if he had not enriched himself, as had Saint Cyprian, Saint Hilary, Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome and the other ancient Fathers of the Church, with the spoils of Egypt, that is to say with the sciences of the age in the profane schools, it was not that care had been absolutely neglected to procure him these advantages, but that he had believed he ought to prefer Jesus Christ, the only teacher of the science of salvation, to Plato, to Homer, to Cicero, and that he had found much more satisfaction in listening to a humble and rude fisherman, who had been the disciple of this great master, than to a proud orator whose discourses were but vanity.

Ambrose, by his heavenly science and by his high virtues, soon acquired the esteem of King Pepin, who placed him for some time with his son Charles, the future Charlemagne, to begin to instruct him. But the holy preceptor could not live long at court without conceiving a profound disgust for it: he resolved to quit it and to flee even his country to be freer to serve God. He passed into Italy, and it is believed that it was in the train of Prince Jerome, brother of the king, and of Fulrad, abbot of Saint-Denis, when Pepin sent them to escort back with honour Pope Stephen and they accompanied him as far as Rome. From that city, Ambrose, who had other designs, went to the monastery of Saint-Vincent-on-the-Volturno, so called because it was built near the sources of that river, in the diocese of Venafro, then in the principality of Benevento.

Saint-Vincent-on-the-Volturno was an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded about the beginning of the 8th century by three noble lords of Benevento, Paldo, Taso and Tato, who governed it successively. It was built in a retired place, near a chapel dedicated to Saint Vincent. The holiness which appeared in the actions of the religious of this monastery made Ambrose wish to dwell among them and to consecrate there the rest of his days to the service of God. He obtained leave for it from the king. Admitted into the community, he received the monastic habit, and a short time after he was ordained priest.

The Rule which this house followed was very severe and it was observed there with great exactitude. The religious fasted there every day until evening: their food was only bread, vegetables and water. Several of them were often two and even three days without eating. They wearied their body by manual labour, passed the nights in prayer, and when weariness constrained them to take some rest, they slept on the ground, clothed in their hair-shirts. Ambrose exercised himself with great fervour in all these holy practices, and, this

spirit of obedience, poverty, mortification which animated him being sustained on the foundations of a profound humility, he esteemed himself the last of all the brothers and wished always to be treated as such, though people knew very well how to recognize the merit which distinguished him from the others. Prayer and study made his principal occupation, and, persuaded that he had nothing in him but a fund of ignorance, darkness and sin, he had recourse unceasingly to the grace of Jesus Christ. He asked of God the double gift of science and of virtue, but above all that of virtue, of which he made much more account than of the most sublime knowledge. The fruits of his studies and of his meditations on the holy truths were not for himself alone or for the use only of the brothers of the community; he rendered himself useful also to those outside by the preaching of the word of God, of which he exercised the ministry with great reputation. This office obliged him to see the people of the world more than he wished, but he consoled himself at the sight of the services he rendered to his neighbour, and he took great care to return promptly to retreat to purify himself there of the stains he might have contracted in the commerce of men and to regain new strength in prayer and the study of the holy books.

It was several years that Ambrose had been serving God in his monastery, where his example had attracted still other Frenchmen, who had quitted the court and their country to follow him, when the abbot John came to die. This death gave occasion to a troublesome division which arose in the community, on the subject of the election of a new superior. Two parties were formed, of which the one, composed of Italians and Frenchmen, named the Blessed Autpert abbot, and the other, which was composed only of Lombard religious, chose Pothon. The latter had made himself enemies: they accused him of a criminal unfaithfulness toward Charlemagne, who had made himself master of Lombardy after having dethroned Desiderius, last king of that country. This accusation, of which the falsity was discovered only later, appeared sufficient nevertheless to cause Pothon to be rejected and to oblige Autpert to charge himself with the conduct of the monastery of Saint-Vincent. As he had been far from seeking this charge, he accepted it only with extreme repugnance and an express order of Charlemagne was needed to make him surmount it. This prince granted, in consideration of him, divers favours to the monastery of Saint-Vincent; and, as the accusation of lèse-majesté still subsisted against Pothon, whom the Lombards upheld by a sort of schism in the dignity of abbot which they had procured for him, he referred the affair to Pope Adrian II, by that spirit of moderation and piety which made him apprehend to condemn ecclesiastics and religious. Adrian, to clear up the suit, cited before him Pothon and the abbot Autpert, who died on the road, of sudden death, on 19 July of the year 778, after having governed the abbey of Saint-Vincent for one year, two months and twenty-five days. Pothon was recognized innocent and justified, but he was abbot only after Hainart, successor of the Blessed Autpert.

Worship and Relics. — His Writings

The body of our Blessed was buried in the church of Saint Peter; but it is not known whether it was in the place where he died or in the abbey of Saint-Vincent. However that may be, this church having been ruined, he was transferred, about the year 1044, into that of the abbey which had been reconstructed, and enclosed in a great tomb with those of the abbots Joshua and Maire and of some ancient religious whom their piety had rendered recommendable.

The most considerable of the writings of the Blessed Ambrose Autpert is his Commentary on the Apocalypse, which has sometimes, but wrongly, been attributed to Saint Ambrose, bishop of Milan. It was printed at Cologne in 1536 and at Lyon in 1677, in volume xiii of the Library of the Fathers. This commentary is divided into ten books which each have a prologue or preface: it is at once literal, moral and allegorical and contains fine chapters on the Eucharist, on grace and on the worship of the angels. He composed also a writing entitled On the Combat of the Vices and the Virtues, in imitation of the Psychomachia of the poet Prudentius; the Lives of the first three abbots of Saint-Vincent; commentaries on the Leviticus of Moses, the Canticle of Solomon and the Psalter; homilies on Covetousness, the Purification,

the Transfiguration, the Annunciation, the Assumption; a discourse on the Dedication of Churches; a treatise on the Seven Deadly Sins and a collection of Letters on different subjects.

Baillet: Lives of the Saints; Ceillier: History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors; Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Vincent de Paul, Confessor, Founder of the Lazarists and of the Daughters of Charity Called Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul

1576–1660. — Popes: Gregory XIII; Alexander VII. — Kings of France: Henry III; Louis XIV.

> *Prayer is the soul of devotion: you complain of being dry, love and you will soon be fervent; prayer is the most excellent occupation of the soul; when one seeks God in it, one is never sated with doing it.*
>
> *Spirit of Saint Vincent de Paul.*

God, who has promised to watch over his Church until the end of the world, applies to each of her evils the suitable remedy. In the 16th century, not to speak of the other misfortunes which heresy and civil war drew with them, as their ordinary train, throughout France, a great relaxation had been introduced into the clergy. The priesthood was without honour; the people, in particular those of the country, were not instructed nor assisted as they ought to have been in their spiritual needs; the village parish priests were like those shepherds of whom the Prophet speaks, who were content to take the wool and to draw the milk of their sheep and troubled themselves very little to give them the pasture necessary for the life of their souls; in the towns, Christian charity no longer made itself known by works; the exercises of spiritual mercy toward the neighbour were not in use among lay persons: for alms and corporal assistance, people thought they had done enough when they had thrown a few sous to a beggar. God provided for these great needs of his Church in the fairest monarchy of the universe, by raising up, in that century, a pleiad of holy personages, if it is permitted so to speak; and the first of these stars, which he made appear in the firmament of his Church to pour upon the world an influence that was to last for centuries, was Saint Vincent de Paul. He was born on 24 April of the year 1576, the Tuesday after Easter, in the little hamlet of Ranquines, in the parish of Pouy, near Dax, ancient episcopal city situated on the confines of the landes of Bordeaux, toward the Pyrenees mountains. His parents, poor in the goods of this world, having only a house and a few small inheritances, lived by their labour. His father was named Jean de Paul, and his mother, Bertrande de Moras: both lived, not only without any reproach, but also in great innocence and uprightness. This humble and poor extraction served as foundation to the humility of Saint Vincent de Paul, and it is on humility that he raised, according to the counsel of Saint Augustine, the edifice of his virtues. Among the considerable employments to which Providence afterwards destined this great Saint, in the midst of the honours from which he could not escape, his most ordinary talk was the lowness of his birth, and he was often heard to repeat on such occasions: “that he was only the son of a poor peasant, that he had kept swine.” There was much merit in not blushing at these words in an age when the nobility of actions was little considered without that of birth. To see how tender his heart was for the miseries of his neighbour, from childhood, one would have said that “mercy was born with him”; he gave all he could to the poor, and, when his father sent him to the mill to fetch the flour, if he met poor people on his road, he opened the sack and gave them handfuls of it, when he had no other means of doing them good: at which his father, who was a good man, showed that he was not vexed. Another time, at the age of twelve to thirteen, having succeeded, by dint of work and saving, in amassing thirty sous, which he kept very carefully, he met a poor man who was passing in great misery and indigence: touched with a sentiment of compassion, he gave him all his little treasure, without reserving anything for himself.

His father, seeing him endowed with such happy dispositions, put him as a boarder with the Fathers Cordeliers of Dax, to make his studies there: his progress was such that, four years after, M. de Commet, advocate of the town, took him into his house to be tutor of his children; he could thus continue his studies without being a charge to his parents. At the age of twenty, he offered himself to God to serve him in the

ecclesiastical state; he received the tonsure and the four Orders which are called Minor, on 20 December 1596. He then studied theology for seven years, at Toulouse and also at Saragossa, in Spain. On the 19th of September he took the subdiaconate, and the diaconate three months after, on 19 December, in the cathedral church of Tarbes, from the hands of Msgr. Diharse, bishop of that Church, with a dimissory granted by the vicar general of Dax, that see being vacant. On 23 September 1600, he was promoted to the holy Order of priesthood.

God, who seemed to lead him by the hand in the paths of humility, detached his heart from ecclesiastical dignities by a providential accident; the vicars general of Dax, the see being vacant, had no sooner learned that he was a priest than they provided him with the cure of Tilh, an important post: but it was contested with him by a competitor who had obtained it in the court of Rome; our Saint would not enter into a lawsuit on this subject. One sees, by this fact, by the time he devoted to studies, and by a document in which he was permitted to explain and to teach publicly the second book of the Sentences in the University of Toulouse, with the degree of bachelor; one sees, we say, that he was not ignorant as he took pleasure, afterwards, in making it believed: very different from those who let themselves be puffed up by a little science which they think they have, he hid that which he had acquired; he would willingly have taken for himself the motto of the Apostle, and could have said in imitation of him: “I did not judge myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” In 1605, Vincent went to

Marseille to collect an important legacy. Having consented, on his return, to take the sea route from Marseille to Narbonne, he was taken with the whole crew by pirates of Barbary, and sold at Tunis: he changed masters several times, God wishing that he should himself experience all that Christian slaves had to suffer, so that he might labour afterwards with more ardour for their deliverance.

At last, a renegade of Nice, in Savoy, having bought him, took him to his *temat* (so is called the property which one holds from the grand seigneur). It was in an extremely hot and deserted country. One of the wives of his master served as instrument in the hands of God to withdraw the renegade from apostasy and to deliver Saint Vincent: “Curious as she was to know our manner of living,” he says in a letter, “she came to see me every day in the field where I was digging: and one day she commands me to sing the praises of my God. The remembrance of the *Quomodo cantabimus in terra aliena* of the children of Israel captive at Babylon, made me begin, with tears in my eyes, the psalm *Super flumina Babylonis*, and then the *Salve, Regina* and several other things, in which she took so much pleasure that it was marvellous. She failed not to say to her husband, in the evening, that he had been wrong to quit his religion, which she esteemed extremely good, from an account that I had given her of our God and some praises that I had sung in her presence: in which she said she had felt such a pleasure that she did not believe that the paradise of her fathers and that which she hoped for was so glorious nor accompanied with so much joy as the contentment which she had felt while I praised my God.” Concluding that there were in this some marvels, this woman did so much by her discourses that, the grace of God aiding, her husband formed the project of saving himself in France with our Saint: it is what they did ten months later. The renegade was received publicly at Avignon, by the vice-legate Montorio, who wished to take both of them to Rome. Saint Vincent was so consoled to see himself in this city, mistress of Christendom, where is the head of the Church militant, where are the bodies of Saint Peter and of Saint Paul and of so many other martyrs and holy personages who formerly shed their blood and employed their life for Jesus Christ, that he esteemed himself happy to walk on the earth where so many great Saints had walked: this consideration had softened him to tears. During his stay at Rome, Vincent gave himself up wholly to his studies and to prayer. In this capital of the ancient world and at the centre of the faith and of Christian civilization, he gave not the least satisfaction to the most legitimate curiosity. Of all the monuments of ancient Rome, he visited only the Colosseum and the Catacombs, to venerate there the blood and the ashes of the martyrs; and in Christian Rome, he wished to know only the churches and the places consecrated by the piety of the faithful. His passion for study, long compressed in slavery, resumed at Rome

its flight; he recommenced his theological labours and extended his knowledge still more. He was all the freer to give himself to study in that he had no longer then the care of material life; for the vice-legate Montorio furnished his maintenance. Vincent amply discharged his debt of hospitality by his edification and the pious charm of his intercourse. In proportion as he made himself better known, he excited more and more the admiration of his protector. The latter could not weary of spreading his praises, above all before the French negotiators who were then at Rome, not suspecting that he was thereby going to have his treasure ravished from him. Struck by the praises he made of his virtue and of his wisdom, they wished to see him, to examine whether they might not find in him the messenger they sought. Vincent appeared before them. They conversed with him several times, and believed at last that they could open themselves to him. As it was a matter of an important affair which demanded prudence, fidelity, and great discretion, they instructed Vincent and sent him to Paris to confer about it with Henry IV (1609).

Arrived at Paris, Vincent hastened to accomplish his mission; but he did not profit by this occasion to engage himself farther in the court, fearing that the favour of the king of the earth might serve as an obstacle to the graces of the King of heaven. As he occupied in the faubourg Saint-Germain, in the neighbourhood of the hospital of the Charity, one same room with one of his compatriots, judge of Sore, a village situated in the Landes and of the jurisdiction of Bordeaux, he was falsely accused of having stolen from him four hundred crowns. Here is how he himself relates this trial which God sent him to strengthen his virtue: “I knew a person who, accused by his companion of having taken some money from him, told him gently that he had not taken it; but, seeing that the other persisted in accusing him, he turned to the other side, raised himself to God and said to him: What shall I do, my God? you know the truth. And then, trusting in him, he resolved to answer these accusations no more, which went very far, to the point of drawing a monitory for the larceny and having it served on him. Now it happened, and God permitted it, that at the end of six years he who had lost the money, being more than a hundred and twenty leagues from here (the judge being at Bordeaux and Saint Vincent at Paris), found the thief who had taken it. See the care of Providence for those who abandon themselves to it; then this man, recognizing the wrong he had done in taking it up with so much heat and calumny against his innocent friend, wrote him a letter to ask his pardon for it, telling him that he had so great a displeasure at it that he was ready, to expiate his fault, to come to the place where he was to receive absolution on his knees.”

To lead a truly ecclesiastical life, he withdraws to the Reverend Fathers of the Oratory, not to be aggregated to their holy Company, but to live sheltered from the dangers of the world; and, knowing that we are blind in our own conduct, he renounces his own will and lets himself be led in the ways of God, like a child, by a “visible angel,” we mean by a wise director.

His choice having settled on M. de Bérulle, he opens his heart to this great servant of God, one of the ablest masters of the spiritual life that ever existed: he recognizes at once that our Saint is called by God to great things, and, doubtless enlightened by supernatural lights, he sees and declares to him that God wishes to make use of him to render him a signal service in his Church and to assemble, to this end, a new community of good priests who will labour in it with fruit and blessing. After two years passed in this retreat, he is provided with the cure of Clichy. It is said that he had already refused a bishopric; it is certain that rich abbeys were offered him, and Queen Margaret, on the account of his virtues, had taken him for her ordinary almoner. But God has spoken by the mouth of M. de Bérulle. The humble Vincent will be a village priest: “he prefers,” like the Prophet, “to be abject in the house of the Lord,” that is to say where ecclesiastical obedience calls him, “than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners,” that is to say among the vain honours where ambition pierces.

At the voice of M. de Bérulle, he quits this post of humility and accepts the charge of tutor of the children of Messire Philippe-Emmanuel de Gondi, count of Joigny, then general of the galleys of France, and of Dame Françoise-Marguerite de Silly, his wife, a woman of excellent virtue, a rare thing among persons of the court.

We cannot better make known in what spirit he acted, in what manner he behaved in this illustrious family, than by citing what he himself said of it: “That he knew a person who had profited much for himself and for others in the house of a lord, having always regarded and honoured Jesus Christ in the person of this lord, and the Blessed Virgin in the person of the lady; that this consideration, having always retained him in a modesty and circumspection in all his actions and his words, had acquired for him the affection of this lord, of this lady, of all the domestics, and given him the means of doing notable fruit in this family.”

Madame de Gondi felt an ineffable joy at having in her house a guardian angel who drew down every day new graces upon her family; she chose him for her director, and they both gave themselves to all sorts of good works, such as giving alms, visiting the sick whom they served with their own hands, protecting the widow and the orphan, consoling and catechizing the people of the country, and that in all the domains of the general, which numbered no fewer than eight thousand subjects. Now it happened, in the year 1616, that being in Picardy, at the château of Folleville, Saint Vincent was asked to confess a peasant in danger of death: God inspired him with the idea of having this man, who had led in appearance an irreproachable life, make a general confession, and the dying man avowed, with the liveliest contrition, several mortal sins which shame had prevented him until the age of sixty from confessing to his parish priest. Our Saint took thence occasion to exhort the inhabitants of Folleville to general confession: he showed them its importance, the means of making it well, and God so blessed his words that these good people came in crowds to set their conscience in order. This first “mission” took place on the day of the Conversion of Saint Paul, by a design of God, and it was like the seed of the others which he has made since until his death. Madame the general made a will which she renewed every year, by which she gave sixteen thousand livres to found a mission, every five years, throughout all her lands, in the place and in the manner that Saint Vincent should judge proper and, to use the terms that our Saint ordinarily used, “at the disposition of this wretch.”

However, the humility of the servant of God had too much to suffer. Regarded by all who knew him as a saint, surrounded with regards, seeing that the general of the galleys and his wife had for him an esteem which they could not dissimulate, he fled secretly, like Moses from the court of King Pharaoh, for fear that the good treatment he received might soil his soul. Madame de Gondi is desolate, she believes that she cannot do without such a director, that no other has light and graces like him to keep her conscience in peace: this attachment was an imperfection in this virtuous soul; and, as God destined her to labour for the good of the Church with our Saint, he wished first to detach her from everything, to deliver her heart from all affection, even the holiest. She ceases not to weep, and can neither eat nor sleep; she writes, she has the fugitive written to to recall him; she puts everything in action: he is deaf to all prayers. But, like Saint Paul at the voice of Ananias, he yielded to the advice of the Rev. Father de Bérulle and returned to the general of the galleys, where he was received as an angel from heaven. Here is in what manner, during his stay at Châtillon, he gave beginning to the Confraternity of Charity for the poor sick. It happened that one feast day, as he was ascending the pulpit to make an exhortation to the people, Madame de la Chassaigne, who had come to hear him, stopped him to beg him to recommend to the charities of the parish a family, most of whose children and servants had fallen sick, in a farm, half a league from Châtillon, where they had great need of assistance, which obliged him to speak in his sermon of the assistance and succours that ought to be given to the poor, and particularly to those who were sick.

It pleased God to give such efficacy to his words that, after the preaching, a great number of persons went out to visit these poor sick, carrying them bread, wine, meat and several other similar succours; and he himself, after the office of Vespers, having set out thither with some inhabitants of the place, and not knowing that so many others had already gone, was greatly astonished to meet them on the road, returning in troops, and even to see several who were resting under trees, on account of the great heat that there was; then these words of the Gospel came into his thought: “That these good people were like sheep that were led by no shepherd. Here,” he said, “is a great charity which they exercise, but it is not well regulated: these poor sick will have

too many provisions all at once, of which a part will be spoiled and lost, and then afterwards they will fall back into their first necessity." For this reason, in the following days, he conferred with some of the most zealous and most considerable women of the parish, on the means of putting order into the assistance which was rendered to these poor sick and to others who in the future should find themselves in a similar necessity, in such a way that they might be succoured during all the time of their sicknesses. Having therefore disposed them to this charitable undertaking, and having agreed with them on the manner in which it would be necessary to act in it, he drew up a project of some Rules which they would try to observe, to have them afterwards approved and established by the authority of the superiors, and invited these virtuous women to give themselves to God to put them in practice; and thus he began the Confraternity of Charity for the spiritual and corporal assistance of the poor sick, and, having made choice among them of some officers, they assembled every month before him, and reported all that had passed. This Confraternity of Charity was the first and like the mother which gave birth to a very great number of others. During this same stay, he happily brought back to the Church some heretics, and the love of God and of the neighbour which he kindled in their heart produced there the greatest fruits. Such is the character of the conversions of Saint Vincent: they were lasting, and those who had undergone this marvellous change, far from losing their first fervour, climbed, under the direction of so wise a director, the paths of the most difficult perfection. We are going to cite a very remarkable example of it: The count of Rougemont, after some conversations with Saint Vincent on the affairs of his conscience and of his salvation, took the resolution to let himself be completely led by so holy a Priest. This lord, nourished all his life at court, had retained all its sentiments and all its maxims; he passed for one of the greatest duellists of his time. Nevertheless, O marvellous efficacy of grace! God, having made use of the word of our Saint to make him know the unhappy and damnable state in which he lived, he was so touched by it that, not only did he renounce for ever this furious practice and all the other disorders of his life; but, besides, to repair the past evil, he gave himself to all the most heroic exercises of a perfectly Christian life. And, first, having sold his land of Rougemont for more than thirty thousand crowns, he employed a great part of this sum in foundations of monasteries, and distributed all the rest to the poor; after having applied himself to the meditation of the mysteries of the Passion of Jesus Christ, his piety having brought him to wish to know how many blows the Son of God had received in the scourging, he gave as many crowns to the house of the Oratory at Lyon; and, in a short time, such a change was seen in him, and he made such great progress in virtue, under the direction of his wise director, that he became a perfect model of it. Prayer was his most ordinary occupation, and he was seen every day to pass three and four hours in meditation, on his knees, without leaning and always bareheaded. The château of Chandes, where he made his dwelling, was like a common hospice for the religious, and a hospital for all the poor, sound and sick, where they were assisted with an incredible charity, both for the needs of their bodies and for those of their souls.

One day when this pious gentleman was going on a journey, he thought of God, as he went, according to his custom, and he examined whether he had for his love renounced everything: "He went over again," relates Saint Vincent de Paul, "the affairs, the alliances, the reputation, the great and small amusements of the human heart; he turns, he returns; at last he casts his eyes on his sword: Why dost thou carry it? he says to himself. What! quit this dear sword, which has served thee on so many occasions, and which, after God, has drawn thee from a thousand and a thousand dangers? If thou wert attacked again, thou wouldst be lost without it; but also some quarrel may arise, where thou wilt not have the strength, carrying a sword, not to use it, and thou wilt offend God again. What shall I do then? my God! what shall I do? is such an instrument of my shame and of my sin still capable of holding me by the heart? I find only this sword alone which embarrasses me. Oh! I will no longer be so cowardly as to carry it! And, at that moment, finding himself in front of a rock, he descends from his horse, takes this sword, breaks it in pieces against the stone, and then remounts and goes his way. He tells me that this act of detachment, breaking this iron chain which held him captive, gave him a liberty so great that, although it was against the inclination of his heart that he loved this

sword, never again had he any affection for a perishable thing and he held to God alone." One may see by this what a heroic act of virtue and a victory gained by force over oneself can do, to make in a short time a great progress in holiness, and how important it is to renounce the attachment to the least things of the earth in order to unite oneself perfectly to God. The general of the galleys, seeing with what blessing and what fruit our Saint laboured to procure the salvation of souls on all his lands, wished to furnish him an occasion to extend his charity farther: he had him named almoner general of the galleys. Vincent having come to Marseille, saw there the most pitiable spectacle that can be imagined: criminals, doubly wretched, more loaded with the insupportable weight of their sins than with the heaviness of their chains; overwhelmed with miseries and pains, which took from them the care and the thought of their salvation, and carried them unceasingly to blasphemy and despair. It was a true image of hell, where God was heard spoken of only to deny and dishonour him: the bad disposition of these galley-slaves rendered all their sufferings useless and without fruit. Being therefore touched with a sentiment of compassion toward these poor convicts, he set himself to console and assist them as best he could: and above all he employed all that his charity could suggest to soften their spirits, and render them by this means susceptible of the good which he desired to procure for their souls. To this end, he listened to their complaints with great patience, sympathized with their pains, embraced them, kissed their chains, and obtained from the administration that they should be treated more humanely, thus insinuating himself into their hearts to win them more easily to God.

The unhappy galley-slaves of Paris were in a state still more deplorable than those of Marseille, entirely neglected for body and soul. Saint Vincent rented a house expressly in the faubourg Saint-Honoré, in the neighbourhood of the church of Saint-Roch, to withdraw these poor convicts there. There he rendered them all sorts of good offices: he visited them very often, instructed them, consoled them, disposed them to make good general confessions, administered the Sacraments to them, and, not content with the care he took of their souls, he provided also for the relief of their bodies, and sometimes he retired with them and dwelt there to render them more services and give them more consolation; which he did even in times suspected of contagious diseases: the love which he bore to these poor afflicted making him forget himself and his own preservation, to give himself entirely to them. When he was obliged to be absent for other affairs, he left the care of them to two good and virtuous ecclesiastics. Providence seemed to lead our Saint by the hand wherever there were wounds of humanity to heal, and everywhere he left for each evil a sure and lasting remedy. Passing through the city of Mâcon, he found it filled with a great number of poor who did nothing but run through the streets and the churches to ask alms, without setting themselves to observe any of the commandments of God and of the Church; they plunged even into the most shameful vices. Saint Vincent, imitator of the good Samaritan, could not pass on, regarding these poor as so many travellers who had been stripped and ill-treated by the enemies of their salvation; he resolved to stay some days at Mâcon to try to bind up their wounds and give or procure them some assistance; and, in effect, he established there a very good order, having associated men to assist the poor, and women to take care of the sick.

At the beginning, when he undertook to establish charity thus at Mâcon, everyone mocked him, he was pointed at with the finger in the streets, people believing that he would never be able to bring it about; and, when the thing was done, everyone melted into tears of joy, and the aldermen of the city prepared for him so many honours for his departure that, not being able to bear them, he was forced to leave secretly to avoid these demonstrations.

It was already some years since God had caused to blossom the holy Order of the religious of the Visitation: this new flower was beginning from then to spread an odour of sweetness in the garden of the Church. It was Saint Francis de Sales, bishop of Geneva, whom God had used to give life and first culture to this mystical plant: he had applied himself to it with all the cares which his incomparable charity could suggest to him. Mother de Chantal had been sent to Paris by her blessed Father, to found there a monastery of this holy Order; and she laboured there with so much zeal and prudence that, despite all the oppositions, contradictions

and persecutions which were made against her, the walls of this little Jerusalem and of this dwelling of peace rose with a favourable success.

When it was a question of finding a spiritual father and a superior for this religious community, that is to say a visible angel who should be its guardian to preserve in it the first spirit which Jesus Christ had given it, Saint Francis de Sales, who had a quite singular gift for discerning spirits, and Saint Françoise de Chantal, who had a greatly enlightened mind, chose our Saint to entrust to him what was dearest and most precious to them in this world. God blessed this choice and the government of Saint Vincent, which lasted until his death, whatever efforts he made to discharge himself of so heavy a burden.

But it is time to relate the beginnings of the great work of our Saint, that is to say of the congregation of the mission. Madame the general of the galleys, having recognized the necessity and the fruits of missions, had conceived, as we have already said, for several years the pious design of giving to some community a fund of 16,000 livres to make them, every five years, in all her lands. Saint Vincent, whom she charged with the employment of this sum, addressed himself to the superiors of different religious houses, who all refused, not without secret dispositions of Providence. Madame de Gondi reflected that, as there were almost every year several doctors and other virtuous ecclesiastics who joined her holy director to labour at the missions, one might form of them a sort of perpetual Community, provided they were procured a house where they could gather and live in common. The count, her husband, made it known to the archbishop of Paris, his brother, who approved, without hesitating, so useful an establishment. Our Saint could not resist the desire of this holy prelate; he was placed at first, with the title of principal, in the old college of the Bons-Enfants. There was for all property an extremely poor chapel, some apartments in bad state, and in the neighbourhood a certain number of houses which were falling into ruin. Such was the cradle where God wished to cause to blossom a Congregation which was to spread and fructify in the whole Church. Saint Vincent consented to receive there the direction of the priests who should retire with him, and of the missions to which they should apply themselves: these missions were above all for the poor people of the country and for the galley-slaves. After the death of the general's wife of the galleys, whose name will pass to posterity with that of Vincent de Paul, he withdrew to the college of the Bons-Enfants with two other priests. They went all three from village to village to catechize, exhort, hear confessions and perform the other functions and exercises of the mission with simplicity, humility and charity, at their own expense, without asking or even receiving anything from anyone. When they departed, having no servant to keep the college in their absence, they left the keys of it with one of the neighbours: "We went," the holy Founder said later, "quite simply and plainly, sent by their Lordships the bishops, to evangelize the poor, as Our Lord had done: this is what we did; and God did on his side what he had foreseen from all eternity. He gave some blessing to our labours: seeing which, other good ecclesiastics joined us and asked to be with us, not all at once, but at different times. O Saviour! who would ever have thought that it would have come to the state in which it is now? Who had told me that then, I should have believed that he mocked me. And nevertheless it was by that that God wished to give beginning to the Company. Well then! will you call human that of which no man had ever thought? For neither I, nor poor M. Portail thought of it. Alas! we were very far from it."

By Bull of Pope Urban VIII, of 12 January 1632, this holy Company was erected into the Congregation of the Mission, under the direction of the Servant of God to whom His Holiness gave the power to make and draw up regulations. It would be too long to develop the maxims which were as the spirit of these rules. There are two however which we cannot pass over in silence. He wished that Our Lord Jesus Christ should always be regarded in others in order to excite his heart more effectively to render them all the duties of charity. He regarded this divine Saviour as Pontiff and Head of the Church in our Holy Father the Pope, as bishop and prince of pastors in the bishops, doctor in the doctors, priest in the priests, religious in the religious, sovereign and powerful in kings, noble in gentlemen, judge and very wise politician in magistrates, governors and other officers. And the kingdom of God being compared in the Gospel to a merchant, he

considered him as such in men of trade, as workman in the artisans, poor in the poor, infirm and agonizing in the sick and dying; and, considering thus Jesus Christ in all these states, and in each state seeing an image of this Sovereign Lord, shining in the person of his neighbour, he excited himself by this view to honour, respect, love and serve each one in Our Lord, and Our Lord in each; inviting his own, and those to whom he spoke of it, to enter into this maxim and to use it to render their charity more constant and more perfect toward the neighbour.

He studied no less to inspire in his own a spirit of abasement, of humiliation, of self-abjection and contempt of self; he always led them to consider themselves as the least of all those who labour in the Church, and to put in their esteem all the others above them. We could not better make this known than by the very words which he pronounced one day, from the abundance of his heart, on the subject of a priest, newly received into his Congregation, having qualified it a holy Congregation. This humble servant of God stopped him short and said to him: “Sir, when we speak of the Company, we ought not to use this term: Holy Company, holy Congregation, or other equivalent and elevated terms, but to use these: The poor Company, the little Company and the like. And in this we shall imitate the Son of God, who called the Company of his Apostles and of his Disciples little Flock, little Company. Oh! how I would that it might please God to do the grace to this wretched Congregation of establishing itself well in humility, of making its fund and building upon this virtue, and that it should remain there as in its post and in its frame! Gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves: if we have not humility, we have nothing. I do not speak only of exterior humility, but I speak principally of humility of heart and of that which leads us to believe truly that there is no person on earth more wretched than you and I; that the Company of the Mission is the most wretched of all Companies, and the poorest for the number and condition of its subjects; and to be well pleased that the world should speak of it thus. Alas! to wish to be esteemed, what is that, if not to wish to be treated otherwise than the Son of God? It is an insupportable pride. The Son of God being on earth, what was said of him? And for whom did he deign to pass in the mind of the people? For a madman, for a seditious man, for a sinner, though he was not one. Even to the point that he was willing to suffer being well assimilated to a Barabbas, to a brigand, to a murderer, to a very wicked man. O Saviour! O my Saviour! how many sinners, like me wretched, will thy holy humility confound at the day of thy judgment! Let us take heed of this; take heed of it, you who go on mission, you others who speak in public; sometimes and rather often, one sees a people so touched by what has been said, one sees that each one weeps; and there are found even some who, going farther, go as far as uttering these words: Blessed the womb that bore you, and the breasts that nursed you. We have heard said similar words sometimes. In hearing that, nature is satisfied, vanity is engendered and nourished, unless these vain complacencies are repressed, and one seeks purely only the glory of God, for which alone we ought to labour; yes! purely for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. For to act otherwise is to preach oneself and not Jesus Christ, and, a person who preaches to make himself applauded, praised, esteemed, to make people speak of him, what does that person, that preacher, do? what does he do? A sacrilege; yes, a sacrilege! What! to use the word of God and divine things to acquire honour and reputation! yes, it is a sacrilege. O my God! O my God! grant the grace to this poor little Company that not one of its members fall into this misfortune! Believe me, Gentlemen, we shall never be fit to do the work of God unless we have a profound humility and an entire contempt of ourselves. No, if the Congregation of the Mission is not humble, and if it is not persuaded that it can do nothing worth anything, that it is more fit to spoil everything than to succeed well, it will never do great things; but when it shall be and live in the spirit that I have just said, then, Gentlemen, it will be fit for the designs of God, because it is of such subjects that God makes use to operate great and true goods.”

While these humble servants of Jesus Christ lived thus in the most obscure retreat, the divine Master was disposing the means of establishing them in the house of Saint-Lazare, situated on the road from Paris to Saint-Denis, today the faubourg Saint-Denis, an ecclesiastical lordship where there was high, middle and low justice, vast lodgings and enclosures no less considerable. The prior of this house, Adrien Le Bon, no longer

able to live in good understanding with his religious, and having heard speak of some good priests who gave themselves to making missions, and that there was a man of God in their company, resolved to come and find him and to offer him his priory. So advantageous an offer greatly astonished the humble Vincent; it produced on him the same effect as an unforeseen clap of thunder: “What! Sir,” said the good prior to him, “you tremble.” — “It is true, Sir,” he answered him, “that your proposal frightens me, and it appears to me so far above us that I dare not raise my thought to it. We are poor priests who live in simplicity, with no other design than to serve the poor people of the fields. We are greatly obliged to you for your good will, and we thank you for it very humbly; but permit us not to accept your offer.” In the space of six months they returned more than twenty times to the charge. At last they told him that, in refusing this house, he resisted the Holy Spirit, that he would answer for it before God. He yielded only through obedience. He was ready, as he said on another occasion, to suffer everything, to remain in the greatest poverty, rather than hinder the designs of God upon him. Now all the circumstances seemed to unite of themselves for the execution of his eternal designs.

A holy woman, who, in the judgment of five great bishops, was given to her century to convince it that neither delicacy of temperament nor the engagements of the world are invincible obstacles to the highest perfection, took a house near that of Saint Vincent, without knowing him. It was Madame Legras,[1] destined to become the mother of the poor as our Saint was their father. She visited them already without paying attention to their maladies, presented them food herself as to tender children, made their beds, consoled them, prepared them to die, buried them after their death. Jean-Pierre Camus, bishop of Belley and illustrious friend of Saint Francis de Sales, being no longer able to direct her, because he had to withdraw from Paris, placed her under the direction of our Saint. God had arranged all this affair because he wished to make use of these two great hearts to give to his Church a new company of virgins solely consecrated to works of mercy. After a trial of four years passed in retreat, she received the order of Saint Vincent, in 1629, to visit a part of the places where assemblies of charity had been established, to honour the journeys which the charity of the Son of God made him undertake, and to participate in the pains, the weariness, the contradictions which this divine Saviour underwent there. She traversed with the greatest fruits several dioceses, teaching the associations of charity to acquit themselves well of their holy functions, establishing them where they did not exist, procuring them abundant alms: these confraternities were soon established in the capital of the kingdom.

At the head of this valiant army of charity, Madame Legras was always seen, who, like a valiant general, drew back before no danger. It happened to her one day to approach a girl who had the plague; which Saint Vincent having learned, he wrote to her in these terms: “I have just learned, only an hour ago, the accident which has happened to the girl whom your guardians of the poor were taking in, and how you visited her; I avow to you, Madame, that at first it so greatly softened my heart that, had it not been night, I should have set out at that very hour to go and see you. But the goodness of God toward the persons who give themselves to him for the service of the poor, in the Confraternity of Charity, in which, until now, none has been struck by the plague, gives me a very perfect confidence in him that you will have no harm from it. Would you believe, Madame, that not only did I visit the late sub-prior of Saint-Lazare who died of the plague, but even that I felt his breath; and nevertheless neither I nor our people who assisted him to the last have had any harm from it. No, Madame, fear not; Our Lord wishes to make use of you for something which concerns his glory, and I esteem that he will preserve you for that. I shall celebrate holy Mass for your intention.”

However, several ladies enrolled in the associations of charity could not, whether by the opposition of their husbands, or for other reasons, render to the poor and the sick the necessary assistance, and, when they employed their servants to render services to them, it happened most often that they had neither skill nor affection to acquit themselves well of it. So there were sought, as servants of the poor sick, some good girls who had no disposition for marriage, nor the means to be religious, and who were willing, for the love of

God, to consecrate themselves entirely to the care of the poor. Saint Vincent put those whom Providence sent him into the hands of Madame Legras, to learn not only to nurse the sick, but above all the exercise of prayer and the spiritual life; because it is impossible to persevere long in so painful a vocation and to overcome the repugnances of nature, without a great fund of virtue and above all without a continual union with God. This was done in the year 1633, only by way of trial, and Madame Legras, as well as our Saint, was far from thinking that this was, in the designs of God, a nursery from which these daughters of charity would spread over all the earth. Nothing is more beautiful than the rule which he gave them; this single passage will give an idea of it: “They will consider that, although they are not in a Congregation, this state not being suitable to the employments of their vocation, nevertheless, because they are much more exposed than cloistered and grated religious, having for monastery only the houses of the sick, for cell some poor room and very often a rented one, for chapel the parish church, for cloister the streets of the city, for enclosure obedience, for grating the fear of God and for veil holy modesty; for all these considerations, they ought to have as much or more virtue than if they were professed in a religious Order. Therefore they will endeavour to behave, in all those places at least, with as much reserve, recollection and edification as do true religious in their monasteries. And, to obtain this grace from God, they ought to study the acquisition of all the virtues which are recommended to them by their Rules, and particularly of a profound humility, a perfect obedience and a great detachment from creatures; and above all they will use all possible precautions to preserve perfectly the Chastity of body and heart.”

Later, young girls of condition offered themselves to share in such holy employments: they sought as an honour to serve poor abandoned persons who would not have been admitted to serve them in the world; the grain of mustard seed quickly became a great tree under the dew of heaven and its branches served as shelter to the abandoned orphan, the desolate widow, the soldier covered with wounds, to all miseries, to all misfortunes.

The Holy Spirit, if we dare so to speak, made use of our Saint to renew the face of the earth: he made of him above all an instrument in the reform of the clergy. The ministers of the Church lived in such disorder that it was very difficult to convert the old; it was necessary to endeavour to prepare better ones for the future. In the month of July 1628, the bishop of Beauvais, having with him Saint Vincent in his carriage, remained for some time pensive; and as he was asked what he had, he said that he had just thought that the shortest and surest means of preparing the aspirants to holy Orders was to gather them at his house, some days beforehand, to inform them there of the things they ought to know and practise: “Ah! Monseigneur,” cried our Saint, “this is a thought which is from God; this is an excellent means for putting little by little the whole clergy of your diocese again in good order.” In the month of September following, fifteen or twenty days before the Ordination, he went to Beauvais to preach this retreat, “being more assured,” he said, “that God asked this service of him, having learned it from the mouth of a bishop, than if it had been revealed to him by an angel.” Soon this holy practice established itself at Paris, where the archbishop obliged the ordinands to retire for ten days with the priests of the Mission, and thence it spread through all France and as far as Italy; the city of Rome, among others, gathered the most marvellous fruits from it. But it is not only the ecclesiastics who ought to reform themselves in retreat by entering into themselves and by giving their soul the nourishment that suits it in these spiritual exercises; every faithful has need of it: “The earth is in desolation,” said a Prophet, “because there is no one who recollects himself and applies himself to think and meditate in his heart: people pour themselves out upon exterior objects and forget the interior ones which are our soul, God, eternal life.” Our Saint, seeing the necessity of these spiritual exercises, opened the door of his house, and still more that of his heart, to all persons who should have this devotion; he seemed to say, in imitation of his divine Master: “Come to me, all you who are laboured and laden with the burden of your sins and your vices, and I will relieve you.” His invitation was not neglected. There were often seen, in the house of Saint-Lazare, lords wearing the blue ribbon, people of the palace, artisans, lackeys, mingled with a crowd of ecclesiastics, eating in the same refectory, praying together; in a word, following the same exercises.

Therefore our Saint, on account of this mixture, compared Saint-Lazare to the ark of Noah. Women obtained the same care with the daughters of Charity.

Some virtuous ecclesiastics having passed through the exercises of the Ordination and received, by this means, great graces, desired to preserve and even increase this spiritual treasure. Our Saint, to whom they addressed themselves for this end, proposed to them a spiritual conference once a week, where they could enlighten each other, help each other, encourage each other in their labours and perfect themselves in their employments. This assembly, small at the beginning, multiplied with a particular blessing. There came out of it holy and learned personages, such as archbishops, bishops, vicars general, canons, parish priests, who, in different dioceses of the kingdom, did great good by the example of their life, their learning and their zeal. Cardinal de Richelieu, having one day sent for Saint Vincent, asked him which in particular were those whom he esteemed worthy of the episcopate; and, taking the pen, he drew up himself the list of them with his hand, under the dictation of our Saint. The latter, far from letting the ecclesiastics of the conference guess the great charges that awaited them, exhorted them unceasingly to flee display and greatness, to embrace their own abjection, to catechize, to care for the poor and the prisoners.

The charity of Saint Vincent for the galley-slaves, whose miseries he knew, did not permit him to forget them: thanks to him, they had a hospital at Marseille and at Paris, where they received all the care of soul and body when they were sick.

What made it quite plain that in all his undertakings he was driven by the Holy Spirit and served as an instrument of Providence is that he never acted with precipitation, always believed himself incapable of undertaking anything and did nothing except by obedience. A pious lady having proposed to him to establish an assembly of ladies who should take some particular care of the sick of the Hôtel-Dieu, he did not labour at this beautiful work until he had received the will of God through the organ of his bishop. These ladies were soon associated and animated by the spirit of our Saint. Although their principal aim was to give spiritual consolations to two thousand sick, to teach them the catechism and prepare them to die well, they always began with the relief of bodies in order to arrive better at the soul. Besides the food which they had distributed in the morning, they themselves brought, after dinner, about three o'clock, the collation for all: white bread, biscuit, preserves, raisins and cherries in season and other sweets, which they went to distribute four or five together each day, in their turn, girt with aprons: separating through the wards, they passed from one bed to another to render all sorts of services to the sick, or rather to Our Lord, in their person; for their holy director had well recommended them to invoke him on entering his altar, as the Father of the poor, and to obey in everything humbly the religious as visible angels. These pious ladies were from then on associated with all the good works of Saint Vincent. Here is one in which their charity, as well as that of our Saint, deserved to be represented, as painters ordinarily do who depict Charity with breasts and a great number of little children whom she holds in her arms and on her bosom.

Three or four hundred new-born children were abandoned each year in the streets of Paris by unnatural mothers, who did not even take care to procure them the life of the soul by baptism. They were gathered into a house where they found only death, or something worse, and most of them without having been washed in the water that opens heaven. Saint Vincent made himself their nurse: his heart and that of the ladies of charity felt for these innocent creatures a love which their stepmother mothers had not wished to receive from nature. They were gathered in a hospital, where care was taken of their nourishment and their education. But, the expenses increasing each year, the ladies of charity found themselves in great pain to sustain so great a burden. They held a general assembly on this subject, in the year 4648, where Saint Vincent put in deliberation whether the Company ought to cease or to continue to take care of the nourishment of these children, being at liberty to discharge itself of them, since it had no other obligation to this good work than that of a simple charity. He proposed to them the reasons that could dissuade or persuade them; he showed them that until then, by their charitable cares, they had kept alive as many as five or six hundred of them,

who would have died without their assistance, of whom several were learning a trade and others were in a state to learn one; that, by their means, all these poor children, in learning to speak, had learned to know and to serve God; that from these beginnings they could infer what would be in the future the fruit of their charity. And then, raising his voice a little, he concluded with these words: “Now then, Ladies, compassion and charity have made you adopt these little creatures for your children; you have been their mothers according to grace, since their mothers according to nature have abandoned them. See now whether you also wish to abandon them. Cease to be their mothers to become now their judges: their life and their death are in your hands; I am going to take the voices and the suffrages: it is time to pronounce their sentence and to know whether you no longer wish to have mercy on them. They will live if you continue to take charitable care of them; and, on the contrary, they will die and perish infallibly if you abandon them: experience does not permit you to doubt it.” Saint Vincent having pronounced these words in a tone of voice which made well enough known what his sentiment was, these ladies were so strongly touched by it that all, unanimously, concluded that this enterprise of charity must be sustained, at whatever price it might be, and for that they deliberated among themselves on the means of making it subsist. Cardinal de Richelieu showed our Saint that he was very glad to see him from time to time, and even to consult him sometimes on the means of procuring the glory of God in the clergy. The servant of God told him that, to revive the first ecclesiastical spirit, the exercises of the ordinands, the conferences, the retreats were not enough, but that the remedy must be carried even into the first source of the clerical state, that is to say to prepare and dispose from long hand the children who showed some inclination and vocation for that state, according to the intention of the holy Council of Trent. The cardinal relished this proposal greatly, and furnished our Saint the means of establishing a little and a great seminary, where they were above all to exercise themselves in virtue and prayer. The prelates of the kingdom, seeing the happy fruits of these establishments, wished to have similar ones in their dioceses, and several of them entrusted the direction of them to the priests of the Mission; thus the clergy of France resumed its first splendour. All the works of our Saint embraced, not only a kingdom, but the whole earth. It was the same with his charities, and, a thing of which history offers no example, one man was seen, with simple alms which God doubtless multiplied in his hands, to feed entire peoples, such as those of Lorraine, of Champagne, of Picardy, desolated by war, famine and plague. Lorraine above all experienced extremities to which one can compare only the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem. The poor died there of hunger by thousands. Mothers were seen to eat their children. The heart of Vincent de Paul was torn at this news, as if he had been the father of all the suffering families. While France sent its armies to ravage Lorraine, he sent his priests, his religious, to the succour of that unhappy country, with alms, wheat, clothing, medicines for the sick. The queen mother, the ladies of charity, and, before all, Providence, sustained this work of mercy, which can scarcely be explained without miracles. A single brother of the Mission made fifty-three journeys into Lorraine during nine or ten years, to carry enormous sums there; by a manifest protection of God, although he made these journeys across armies, he was never robbed, nor searched, and always arrived happily in the places where he was to distribute his alms. Saint Vincent received at Paris the priests, the religious, the gentlemen of Lorraine, whom misery drove from their country, and those of Ireland, persecuted by Cromwell: “It is just,” he said, “to assist and relieve this poor nobility, to honour our Lord who was very noble and very poor together.” He did more; he went one day to find Cardinal de Richelieu, and after having set forth to him with every sort of respect the extreme suffering of the poor people and all the other disorders and sins caused by the war, he threw himself at his feet saying: “Monseigneur, give us peace; have pity on us; give peace to France.” Which he repeated with so much feeling that this great cardinal was touched by it; and, having taken his remonstrance in good part, told him that he was working at it, and that this peace did not depend on him alone, but also on several other persons, both of the kingdom and from outside.

King Louis XIII, having heard speak of the virtue and the holiness of life of the humble servant of God, sent word to him to come to him at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, at the beginning of his last illness, to be assisted in

that state by his good and salutary advice. The first compliment which Saint Vincent made at first approach to His Majesty was to say to him these words of the Wise Man: “Sire,” *Timenti Deum, bene erit in extremis*; “he who fears the Lord will find himself happy at the end of his life…”; to which His Majesty, wholly filled with the sentiments of his ordinary piety, which had made him read and meditate often these beautiful sentences of Scripture, answered by completing the verse: *Et in die defunctionis suae benedicetur*; “and he shall be blessed (of the Lord) on the day of his death.”

And another day, as this holy man was conversing with the king on the good use of the graces of God, this prince, reflecting on all the gifts he had received from God, and considering the eminence of the royal dignity to which Providence had raised him, the great rights which are annexed to it, and particularly that of nominating to the bishoprics and prelacies of his kingdom: “O Monsieur Vincent!” he said to him, “if I returned to health, the bishops would be three years at your house.”

When this most Christian prince saw that God wished to withdraw him from this world, he sent for Saint Vincent again to assist him in this last passage. He returned then to Saint-Germain, and betook himself to His Majesty three days before his decease: he remained almost always in his presence, to help him raise his mind and his heart to God, and to form interiorly acts of religion and of the other virtues proper to dispose himself well for this last moment, on which eternity depends.

After the death of the king, the regent, Anne of Austria, judged that it was expedient to establish a particular council for ecclesiastical affairs. Our Saint formed part of it. He ceased not, from then on, to address himself to God, praying him every day that it might please him to deliver him from this embarrassment; and he said to a person of confidence that since that time he had never celebrated holy Mass without asking this grace. Having retired outside Paris for some days, the rumour ran that he was disgraced and that he had had order to retire from court; as, after his return, an ecclesiastic of his friends rejoiced with him that this rumour had not been found true, he said to him, raising his eyes to heaven and striking his breast: “Ah! wretch that I am, I am not worthy of this grace!” God willed that he should remain for at least ten years in this employment which was very painful to him, because it was to him that most of the affairs which were to be treated in this council were referred; he received the petitions that were presented to His Majesty, and took cognizance of the reasons and qualities of the persons who asked, or for whom benefices were asked, in order to make his report afterwards to the council: the queen had particularly charged him to warn her of the capacity of the persons, so that His Majesty might not be taken by surprise. But it was a subject of admiration to see this great servant of God preserve a holy evenness of mind in the midst of an ebb and flow of persons and affairs by which he was continually assailed, and possess his soul in peace under an overwhelming of distraction and importunities. He received always with the same serenity of countenance those who came to find him, and without going out of himself, he made himself all to all to win them to Jesus Christ.

Our Saint had much to suffer during the troubles of the Fronde; but he forgot his own sufferings and those of his Congregation, to procure the spiritual and corporal good of the poor people at Paris and in several other places. His missionaries went each day from village to village with beasts laden with provisions and clothing, to distribute them according to the needs of each; they distributed also soups which saved the life of an almost innumerable number of famished poor: but they often lost it themselves, dying victims of their charity, falling, so to speak, arms in hand on the field of battle, and Saint Vincent blessed the Lord who granted so fair a crown to his children.

One could not tell with what ardour and what tenderness of heart he recommended to pious persons to join to the works of mercy vows, prayers, fasts, mortifications and other exercises of penance; devotions, pilgrimages to Notre-Dame, to Sainte-Geneviève and other tutelary saints of Paris and of France; frequent confessions and communions, masses and sacrifices to try to bend the mercy of God and appease his wrath: one could not tell what several good souls did for that by his advice during several years; how many very delicate ladies inflicted harsh austerities on their bodies, and spared there neither hair-shirts, disciplines nor

other macerations to join them to his own and to those of his Company. Who could express his grief at the disorders of the armies? How sensibly and keenly he was touched by the violences that were committed in all places and against all sorts of persons; by the sacrileges and profanations of the most holy Sacrament and of the churches, and by all the other disorders caused by men of war! How many times did he say, speaking to the ecclesiastics: “Ah! Gentlemen, if our master is about to receive fifty blows of a stick, let us try to diminish the number and to spare him some of them; let us do something to repair his outrages: let there be at least someone who consoles him in his persecutions and sufferings!” He established to this effect, in the house of Saint-Lazare, that every day three missionaries should fast with this intention: a priest, a cleric and a brother; that the priest should celebrate Mass and that the other two should communicate at it. Once, being extraordinarily touched by the miseries which the scourge of war caused over all the earth, on coming out of mental prayer, the subject of which was the usefulness of sufferings, he spoke to his whole community in these terms:

“I renew the recommendation which I have so many times made, and which cannot be made enough, to pray to God for peace, that it may please him to reunite the hearts of Christian princes. Alas! we see war on all sides and in all places: war in France, war in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in Sweden, in Poland, attacked at three points: in Ireland whose poor inhabitants are transported from their country into barren places, on mountains and rocks almost inaccessible and uninhabitable: Scotland is hardly better; as for England, the deplorable state in which it is is known; war in short through all the kingdoms, and misery everywhere. In France, so many persons are in suffering! O Saviour! O Saviour! how many are there? If for four months that we have had war here, we have seen so many miseries in the heart of France where provisions abound on all sides, what can these poor people of the frontiers do, who are exposed to all these miseries and have felt these scourges for twenty years?” Then, speaking of the people of the country, of the persons of the common people, he recommends them thus: “They are every day in fatigues, exposed sometimes to the ardours of the sun and sometimes to the other injuries of the air; these poor labourers and vine-dressers, who live only by the sweat of their brow, give us their labours, and they expect also that at least we shall pray to God for them. Alas! my brothers, while they thus weary themselves to feed us, we seek the shade and take rest! Even in the missions where we labour, we are at least sheltered from the injuries of the air in the churches, and not exposed to the winds, the rains and the rigours of the seasons. Surely, living thus on the sweat of these poor people and on the patrimony of Jesus Christ, we ought always to think, when we go to the refectory, whether we have well earned the food that we are going to take. For my part, I often have this thought which gives me much confusion, and I say to myself: Wretch, hast thou earned the bread thou art going to eat, the bread which comes to thee from the poor? At least, my brothers, if we do not earn it as they do, let us pray to God for them, and let no day pass on which we do not offer them to Our Lord, that it may please him to give them the grace to make a good use of their sufferings. We were saying, these past days, that God counts particularly on the priests to stop the course of his indignation; he counts that they will do like Aaron, and that they will place themselves, censer in hand, between him and these poor people, or else that they will make themselves mediators like Moses, to obtain the cessation of the evils which they suffer for their ignorance and for their sins, and which perhaps they would not suffer if they had been instructed, and if people had laboured for their conversion. It is therefore to these poor that we ought to render these offices of charity, both to satisfy the duty of our character, and to render them some sort of recognition for the goods that we receive from their labours. While they suffer and while they combat against necessity and against all the miseries that attack them, we must do like Moses, and after his example lift our hands continually to heaven for them; and if they suffer for their sins and for their ignorance, we ought to be their intercessors toward the divine mercy, and charity obliges us to stretch out our hands to them to draw them out of it; and if we do not employ ourselves, even at the expense of our life, to instruct them and to help them to be converted perfectly to God, we are in some fashion the causes of all the evils which they endure.”

We should need volumes to relate all the institutions which God established, all the works which he accomplished in his Church by the hand of Vincent de Paul; it will be more useful to know the soul which animated this body, the spirit which vivified the exterior acts; we wish to speak of his interior life, of his virtues, of the particular graces with which God favoured him. Saint Vincent had received a latitude and capacity of heart which made him embrace all the virtues in their most perfect degree; and, a marvellous thing, he was seen to excel in those whose practices were very different. He knew how to take the office of Martha and that of Mary; he was the only one who did not see the brilliance of his holiness, having a veil, so to speak, before his eyes: which made him say that he had great need of the mercy of God for all the abominations of his life. He always remained victorious in the temptations which he had against faith, and which were very violent: one of the most powerful means he employed was to write and sign his profession of faith, and to carry it on his heart, and he had agreed with Our Lord that every time he should lay his hand on his heart, it would be a sign, a testimony, that he renounced the temptation. He had received a particular grace to bring back serenity to minds troubled by doubt.

A virtuous priest has rendered testimony that, being one day tormented by a very great trouble of mind, touching an article of faith, he disclosed it to our Saint, who delivered him from this trouble: which all the advice and all the exhortations of several other persons of great merit, whom he had consulted on this subject, had not been able to do. God discovered to him that the error of Jansenism was one of the most dangerous that had ever troubled the Church; and, although the first and most considerable of those who professed this doctrine were his friends, they could never persuade him of their sentiments: “I could not express to you the pains they took about it,” he says, “and the reasons they proposed to me for that.” Instead of answering them he recited in a low voice his Creed. During three months that he meditated on grace, God gave him every day new lights on this subject. This lively faith animated all his actions, his words, his affections, his thoughts; it was doubtless a very particular gift that he had received from heaven, to undertake nothing, even in purely temporal things, from human motives, but always for supernatural ends. He considered things, not in the exterior alone and according to their appearance, but according to what they might be in God and according to God, alleging on this subject the words of the Apostle: *Quæ videntur, temporalia sunt; quæ autem non videntur, æterna sunt*. “So I must not consider,” he said, “a poor peasant, or a poor woman according to their exterior, nor according to what appears of the reach of their mind; the more so as very often they have hardly the figure or the mind of reasonable persons, so coarse and earthly are they. But turn the medal, and you will see by the lights of faith that the Son of God, who wished to be poor, is represented to us by these poor; that he had hardly the figure of a man in his Passion, and that he passed for a madman in the mind of the Gentiles, and for a stone of scandal in that of the Jews: and with all that he qualifies himself the Evangelist of the poor: *Evangelizare pauperibus misit me*. O God! how fair it is to see the poor, if we consider them in God and in the esteem which Jesus Christ has made of them! but if we regard them according to the sentiments of the flesh and of the worldly spirit, they will appear contemptible.” His hope and his confidence in God had no bounds, he hoped against hope itself; and as his simple and pure faith rested only on the veracity of God, so, his hope being wholly raised above the sentiments and the reasonings of nature, regarded only the mercy and goodness of God alone. He undertook nothing without having invoked the light and recognized the divine will; if he employed human means, necessary and suitable, he never placed his support in them, but on the assistance that he expected from on high: once engaged in this way, he advanced without fear. When it was represented to him that there was no appearance that he could succeed, he answered: “Let Our Lord do it, it is his work; and as it pleased him to begin it, let us hold for assured that he will finish it in the manner that will be most agreeable to him.” One day they came to tell him that the house of Saint-Lazare had no longer a sou to furnish the expense, during the exercises of the ordinands whom they received gratis: “O the good news!” he cried, “God be blessed! all the better! it is now that we must show whether we have confidence in God.” We may put here also what he wrote to one of his priests whom he had charged with the care of a farm. After having given him orders touching what he had to

do: “Here,” he said to him, “are many things for the temporal; may it please the goodness of God that, according to your wish, they may not remove you from the spiritual; and that his spirit may give us part in the eternal thought which he has of himself, while unceasingly he applies himself to the government of the world and to providing for the needs of all his creatures, down to the least gnat. Oh! Sir, how we must labour at the acquisition of the participation of this spirit!”

When people came to offer him some gifts for his Congregation, he showed more repugnance to accept the greatest than the least. When it was a question of admitting some persons into his Congregation, he was more difficult for those of illustrious birth, of considerable rank, than for the others: for he had for his Congregation the same sentiments of humility and modesty as for himself. He fled for it as for himself honours and riches; he made severe reprimands to the superior of the house of Rome, who had too much solicitude for the interests of his company, relying not enough on the cares of Providence, and fearing at every moment that other Congregations would establish themselves on its ruins: “O Sir,” he wrote to him, “how unbecoming is this procedure for a missionary! it would be better that a hundred missions should be established by others than that a single one should have been turned aside. If our zeal is good, we ought to be very glad that everyone should prophesy, that God should send new workers into his Church, that their reputation should grow and ours diminish. I beg you, Sir, let us have more confidence in God, let us leave him to steer our little bark; if it is useful to him, he will keep it from shipwreck, and so far is the multitude or the size of the other vessels from making it founder, that on the contrary it will sail among them with more assurance, provided it goes straight to its end and does not amuse itself with crossing them.”

Another time, he said, speaking of the good which his Company might have done: “It is God who has done all that, and who has done it by such persons as seemed good to him, so that all the glory of it may return to him. Let us then place all our confidence in him; for if we place it in men, or if we lean upon some advantage of nature or of fortune, then God will withdraw from us. But, someone will say, one must make friends, both for oneself and for the Company. O my Brothers! let us beware of listening to this thought, for we should be deceived in it. Let us seek God alone, and he will provide us with friends and with everything else, so that nothing shall be lacking to us. Do you wish to know why we do not succeed in some employment; it is because we lean on ourselves. This preacher, this superior, this confessor, trusts too much in his prudence, in his learning and in his own mind. What does God do? He withdraws from him, he leaves him there, and, though he labours, all he does produces no fruit, so that he may recognize his uselessness and learn by his own experience that, whatever talent he has, he can do nothing without God.” The love of God, which filled the heart of our Saint, reigned over all the powers of his soul, and even over the organs and the faculties of his body, to regulate all their movements and all their operations according to the orders of this eternal law, which is the first rule of all justice and all holiness: and it may be said that all his life was a continual sacrifice which he made to God; he offered him, consumed by the fire of love, all that he had received from him, and that the greatest and most intimate joy of his heart was to think of the incomprehensible glory which God possesses in himself, of the ineffable love which he bears himself and of the infinite perfections which are enclosed in the unity and simplicity of his divine essence. His most ardent and continual desires were that God should be more and more known, adored, served, obeyed, loved and glorified, in all places, by all sorts of creatures; and all that he said or did tended to no other end than to engrave, as far as in him lay, this divine love in all hearts. One day when he gave a talk to the ladies of the Company of Charity of Paris, they avowed that they were, while he spoke to them, like the disciples of Jesus Christ on the road to Emmaus; their hearts had felt the divine ardours which escaped from his.

The best, or rather the only good manner of loving God is to conform our will to his; now this was the principal virtue of our Saint, that which spread its influences over all the others. His heart said continually to God, like Saint Paul: “Lord, what wilt thou have me do?” We have of him this beautiful sentence: “That to conform oneself in all things to the will of God, and to take all one’s pleasure in it, was to live on the earth an

altogether angelic life, and even that it was to live the life of Jesus Christ."

He said another time on this same subject that "Our Lord was a continual communion to the virtuous souls who held themselves faithfully and constantly united to his most holy will, and who had the same willing and the same not-willing with him."

He considered this practice as a sovereign remedy for all evils: and when he was asked how one could correct oneself of some quickness, or impatience, or other imperfection, or else overcome some temptation, or preserve peace of heart amid losses and sufferings, he answered that it would be by conforming to the will of God. But he wished that one should persist courageously in this holy practice, that one should seek perseveringly to know and to accomplish in all things this holy and divine will: and he could suffer no relaxation or delay in this, wishing that the will of God should be as the proper element of the soul, that it should be the air it breathed and the happiness to which it continually aspired. On this subject, speaking one day to his own: "The perfection of love," he said to them, "does not consist in ecstasies, but in doing well the will of God; and he among all men will be the most perfect who shall have his will more conformed to that of God, so that our perfection consists in so uniting our will to that of God that his and ours may be but one same willing and not-willing; and he who shall excel the more in this point will be the most perfect. When Our Lord wished to teach the way of arriving at perfection to that man of whom it is spoken in the Gospel, he said to him: 'If anyone will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.' Now, I ask you: Who denies himself more, or bears better the cross of mortification, and follows more perfectly Jesus Christ, than he who studies never to do his own will and always to do the will of God? Scripture says also in another place: 'He who adheres to God is one spirit with God.' Now, I ask you: Who adheres more perfectly to God than he who does only the will of the same God and never his own; who wills and wishes nothing else than what God wills? Oh! what a short means this is to acquire in this life a great treasure of graces!" It is above all in afflictions that he practised himself and counselled others an entire resignation! In distressing encounters, nothing else was heard from him but these words: "God be blessed, the name of God be blessed!" Seeing one day one of his own touched by an accident which had happened to their congregation, he told him that "an act of resignation and acquiescence in the good pleasure of God was worth more than a hundred thousand temporal successes." He wished that the greatest misfortunes should be received as coming from the good pleasure of God, and that a loving acquiescence should be given them; that, established in a perfect indifference toward all created things, one should receive everything with an equal gratitude from the hand of the Creator, sickness as health, losses as advantages. Otherwise, we are slaves of ourselves, or, to speak better, slaves of a beast, since he who lets himself be led and dominated by his animal part does not deserve to be called a man, but rather to be held for a beast.

One is not content with condescending to the will of the person one loves; one desires, one seeks her presence, one takes pleasure in her company, in her sight, in her conversations, and this is what the soul of our Saint did unceasingly on earth; it was continually attentive to the presence of God: he was never seen distracted by any sorts of affairs and occupations that might befall him; but always recollected and present to himself, and it has been remarked that ordinarily he gave no answer to what was asked of him, above all if it was an important thing, without making a little pause, during which he raised his mind to God to implore his light and his grace, so as to say or do nothing except according to his will and for his greater glory.

An ecclesiastic assured that he had seen him sometimes whole hours hold his eyes fixed on a crucifix which he had in his hands; and that on various other occasions, when news was brought him of some distressing affairs, or of others which might give him some subject of consolation, there appeared in his face such an evenness of mind that it could proceed only from that continual application which he had to God. On this subject, he was often heard to say that there was not much to be hoped from a man who did not like to converse with God, and that if one did not acquit oneself as one ought of one's employments for the service of Our Lord, it was for want of holding oneself well to him and asking of him the help of his grace with a

perfect confidence.

He had the holy custom, every time he heard the clock strike, whether the hours or the quarters, at home or in town, whether alone or in company, to uncover his head, make the sign of the cross and raise his mind to God. He knew very well how to use natural and sensible things to raise himself thus to Him from whom all proceeds: and to this effect he did not stop at the bark, nor at the exterior figure, nor even at the particular excellences of created beings: he used them only to pass to the consideration of the perfections of the Creator. When he saw fields covered with wheat, or trees laden with fruits, it gave him subject to admire this inexhaustible abundance of goods which is in God, or else to praise and bless the paternal care of Providence which feeds and preserves its creatures. When he saw flowers, or any other thing beautiful or agreeable, he took occasion thence to think of the perfection and the infinite beauty of God, and to say in his heart these words which have been found written by his hand: “What is there comparable to the beauty of God, who is the principle of all the beauty and all the perfection of creatures? Is it not from him that the birds, the stars, the moon and the sun borrow their lustre and their beauty?”

To hold oneself continually in the presence of God is a holy habit which can hardly be sustained except by frequent prayers; besides those which Saint Vincent made in the morning, to give the swing to his whole day, he consecrated still to this holy exercise all the instants, whether of day or of night, of which he could dispose. He did not like people to depart in prayer from the ordinary road; he counselled to follow the lowest and humblest way, as being the surest until God himself should make them change route; he wished that one should not neglect above all to have in view the correction of one’s vices and the acquisition of the virtues, and that one should avoid stagnating all one’s life in several notable imperfections. According to him, the goodness of prayer was to be judged by the dispositions one brought to it and by the fruits one drew from it.

He counselled giving oneself above all to holy affections, to take solid resolutions, instead of stopping long at considerations. He compared the latter to oars, the affections which the Holy Spirit inspires to the breath of the wind, and the soul to a ship: and he said that one ought to row only while waiting for the heavenly breath, to which one ought to abandon oneself as soon as it blew.

We cannot enlarge at length on the devotion with which our Saint honoured God. Even when he recited the divine office in private, he did it always in a humble and respectful posture, the head bare and the knees on the ground.

He rose regularly at four o’clock, although he always went to bed very late and passed many nights without being able to rest more than two hours. The second sound of the bell never found him in the same posture as the first; he was already rendering his duties to God. He made his bed and betook himself before the Blessed Sacrament; then came prayer, then holy Mass, at which he pronounced the words very intelligibly and in a manner so devout and so affectionate that it was plainly seen that his heart spoke with his mouth. Many persons who assisted at his Mass have said that it seemed to them to see an angel at the altar. He had before Our Lord, present under the eucharistic veils, a bearing so humble that it seemed he would willingly have abased himself to the centre of the earth; the sight of so pious an exterior was capable of awakening the most sleeping faith and of giving the most insensible sentiments of piety toward this adorable mystery. He often passed several hours before the sacred tabernacle, whence the King of kings gives such benevolent, such friendly audiences to all the souls who present themselves; he never went out, he never came in without rendering his duties to him whom he called the Master of the house: he gave him an account of all his steps; it is before him that he came to unseal and read the letters which he believed to contain something important. One day when one was handed to him in the court of the palace of justice, at Paris, though he was then greatly incommoded in his legs, he did not fail to mount the staircase, to go to the high chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament reposed, and, having found it closed, he nevertheless knelt at the door, and in this state he read the letter.

He groaned over the fatal doctrines of that time, which tended to keep the faithful away from holy Communion, and he cited everywhere the example of a pious woman who, having the habit of communicating twice a week, had abandoned this holy custom, on the advice of the new directors: she received Our Lord no more than once a week, then once every fortnight, then once a month, and she then felt all her passions revive and could not be healed of her maladies of the soul except by having recourse, as before, to the divine remedy. With what respect did our Saint prostrate himself before Him in whose presence the angels annihilate themselves with a respectful fear! Or, if he perceived that anyone, in passing before the altar, did not put the knee to the ground, he warned him of it in private, or even in public when he judged it suitable, saying that one must not present oneself before God like puppets, to which light movements and bows are made without soul and without spirit; and having one day remarked that a brother had not made the entire genuflection, he called him and showed him how far and in what manner it must be made. As for himself, he always acquitted himself exactly of this duty, and made this genuflection as much as he could, and even beyond, since often he needed help to rise; and when his great age and the distressing infirmities of his legs no longer permitted him to do it at all, he asked pardon for it from time to time publicly before all his community, saying that his sins had deprived him of the free use of his knees.

Love supposes resemblance and produces it, and makes him who loves endeavour to transform himself as much as possible into the person loved and to become like to her to please her the more; it is for this that the Son of God, wishing to testify to us the excess of his love, wished to become man to make himself like to us. It is also for the same reason that those who truly love Jesus Christ ought, as far as in them lies, with the help of grace, to make themselves like to him by the imitation of his divine virtues. Our Saint applied himself above all to imitate the hidden and common life of our divine Model, which appeared to have nothing singular in the exterior, and nevertheless was altogether admirable, altogether holy and altogether divine in the interior. He hid as much as he could, from the eyes of men, the excellent gifts of nature and of graces which he had received from God and which rendered him worthy of honour and veneration. One day, after having said that Jesus Christ, who had enclosed his preaching in the little cantons of Judea, opened the whole universe to that of his disciples, coarse and ignorant men, by announcing to them that they would do more prodigies than he, he added: “O Gentlemen! why do we not follow the example of this divine Master? Why do we not always yield the advantage to others? and why do we not choose the worse and the more humiliating for ourselves? For, assuredly, it is the most agreeable and the most honourable to Our Lord, which is all that we ought to pretend to. Let us therefore take today the resolution to follow him and to offer him these little sacrifices of our self-love; as, for example: if I make a public action, and could push it very far, I shall not do so, I shall cut off from it such or such a thing which might give it some lustre and me some reputation; of two thoughts which may come to my mind, I shall produce the lesser outwardly to humble myself, and I shall retain the finer to make a sacrifice of it to God in the secret of my heart. In short, my Brothers, it is a truth of the Gospel that Our Lord takes pleasure in nothing so much as in humility of heart and in simplicity of words and actions: it is there that his spirit resides, and in vain is he sought elsewhere. If then you wish to find him, you must renounce the affection and the desire of appearing; the pomp of mind as well as that of body, and finally all the vanities and satisfactions of life.”

Among the rules which Saint Vincent gave to his congregation, he put this one as one of the principal and the observance of which he recommended very particularly to his own: “We shall endeavour,” he said to them, “all and each in particular, to acquit ourselves perfectly, God helping, of the worship which we owe to the most holy and most happy Virgin Mary, Mother of God: 1° by rendering every day, and with a particular devotion, some services to this most worthy Mother of God, our most pious Lady and Mistress; 2° by imitating, as far as we can, her virtues, and particularly her humility and her purity; 3° by exhorting ardently others, every time we shall have the convenience and the power, to render her always a great honour and the service she deserves.” The examples of our Saint preached, still more than his words, this devotion to the holy Queen of heaven; for he fasted regularly on the eves of her feasts and prepared himself to celebrate them

by several other mortifications and good works; and, by his example, he introduced this holy practice among his own. He failed not to officiate solemnly on the days of her feasts; and he did so with such sentiments of devotion that one could easily know what his heart was toward this most holy Virgin. This devotion led him also to celebrate holy Mass in her chapels and at the altars which were dedicated in her honour.

He honoured in the saints and the angels the gifts of God and his Holy Spirit of which they were the temples: so that the honour he rendered them and the prayers he offered them had God for principal object and last end. Among the Apostles, he loved and respected particularly Saint Peter, as him who had loved Jesus Christ more than all the others and who had been established by him his first vicar on earth, and the head and sovereign pastor of his Church; then Saint Paul, the master and doctor of the Gentiles. He always showed a singular devotion toward his holy guardian angel, and he never entered his room or went out of it without saluting him and rendering him some honour: he introduced this pious custom among his own, of doing the same toward their holy tutelary angels, when they enter and go out of their rooms.

In enumerating the works which he undertook, we have sufficiently made known his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. His charity for the neighbour was so perfect and his heart was so filled with the unction of this divine virtue that one may say, in some fashion, that it embalmed those who had the happiness of conversing with him; but since the greatest effect of charity is to expose one's life for those one loves, as Our Lord Jesus Christ declares in the Gospel, our Saint showed well that he possessed this virtue in its highest degree of perfection. All his life was like a continual immolation to the glory of God and the salvation of the neighbour.

Long before the institution of his Company, he did an action of charity like that of Saint Paulinus, who sold himself to ransom from slavery the son of a poor widow: it is said that he took the place of a convict, inconsolable because his wife and children were reduced to extreme misery, and that he bore his chains for some time. On another occasion he engaged more than his exterior liberty: by an extraordinary heroism, he made himself in some sort anathema for his brethren. A celebrated doctor, after having valiantly defended the faith against the heretics, having let himself go a little to idleness, experienced rude temptations against faith: his mind was so greatly troubled that thoughts of blasphemy and despair came to him; this state growing worse, it was no longer possible for him to recite his breviary or to celebrate holy Mass, or to say any prayer. Saint Vincent, touched by the dangers this soul ran, prayed God earnestly to deliver it, offering himself to suffer, if not the same pains, at least all that the justice of God should require. He imitated thus the charity of Jesus Christ, who charged himself with our infirmities to heal us of them, and who satisfied for the pains we had merited. God willed, by a secret of his Providence, to take the charitable Saint Vincent at his word, and, hearing his prayer, he entirely delivered from the temptation the doctor of whom we have spoken; he restored calm to his mind, he cleared up his obscured and troubled faith, so that he died tranquil and full of confidence in God. But at the same time, O admirable conduct of divine Wisdom! God permitted that this same temptation should pass into the mind of Saint Vincent, who found himself from then on keenly assailed by it. He suffered from it a long time; he employed uselessly the best remedies against this terrible malady of the soul: doubtless, far from succumbing to the temptation, he increased his merits by combating it; but the temptation tormented him unceasingly in the most terrible manner. At last, at the end of three or four years, he bethought himself one day to take a firm and inviolable resolution to honour Jesus Christ the more and to imitate him more perfectly than he had yet done: it was to devote himself all his life for his love to the service of the poor. He had no sooner formed this resolution in his mind than, by a marvellous effect of grace, all these suggestions of the evil spirit were dissipated and vanished; his heart, which had been so long in oppression, found itself in a sweet liberty; and his soul was filled with so abundant a light that he avowed, on divers occasions, that it seemed to him he saw the truths of faith with a quite particular light. Three things must be remarked touching the love of Saint Vincent for the poor: the first is that this love embraced the whole universe; the most distant provinces were not forgotten, it was like an ocean which bathed all the

continents; the second is that he put as much care into hiding his alms as into making them abundant; the third is that he did not regard the poor as wretches to whom one gives wherewith to live out of compassion, but as the first of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, as the great lords of this divine kingdom: therefore he regarded himself as very happy to be their humble servant. Returning one day from the town, he found some poor women at the door of Saint-Lazare; they having asked him alms, he told them he was going to send them something; but when he had entered, he did not remember it, on account of some pressing and important affairs which occupied his mind: he was reminded of it; then he himself carried the alms, and, having knelt before them, he asked their pardon for having forgotten them. He had for ecclesiastics and for all persons consecrated to God an affection which drew back before no sacrifice: he was always disposed to welcome them, to console them, to serve them. He raised up those who had fallen into disorder, and, to put them in the suitable dispositions, he kept them at Saint-Lazare, where he had them fed, clothed and furnished with all necessary things, and finally obtained for them the pardon of their bishop. All the priests who were in need had recourse to him as to their father; but he regarded himself as unworthy to serve them. A religious of a very holy Order having consulted him, the humble servant of God begins his answer thus: “I have seen your letter, my Reverend Father, with respect, and surely with confusion, that you address yourself to the most sensual and least spiritual of men and recognized as such by all.” This modest beginning did not prevent him, once launched into spiritual maxims by the inspirations of grace, from making to him who consulted him the most severe reprimands: “The Spirit of Our Lord,” he said to him, “acts gently and sweetly; and that of nature and of the evil spirit, on the contrary, harshly and bitterly. Now, it appears from all you tell me, that your manner of acting is harsh and bitter, and that it makes you hold with too much stiffness and attachment to your sentiments against those of your superiors, to which your natural complexion even leads you. According to that, my Reverend Father, I think that you ought to give yourself anew to Our Lord to renounce your own spirit, and to accomplish his most holy will in the state to which you have been called by his Providence.” It is needless to speak of the love of our Saint for those of his congregation; he carried them in his heart, and never did father love his children more: when they went to speak to him, he always welcomed them with great affability, and left everything to listen to them; he gave them all leisure and all confidence to disclose to him their desires, their pains, their evil inclinations and even their faults. He had a particular grace for sending no one away discontented, for consoling and edifying everyone. He used for this a marvellous condescension, making himself all to all and accommodating himself to their dispositions, to the point of imitating quite often the language of their country, speaking sometimes Picard with one who was from Picardy, sometimes Gascon with another of the province of Guyenne, sometimes Basque with a Basque, and other times uttering some German words with Germans. He won above all the heart of his own by the esteem he made of them, giving them in their absence the praises their virtue deserved, and speaking always, even of the least among them, with honour. On this subject, answering one day the question which the father of one of the brothers of the community put to him touching his son: “He is worth more than I,” he said to him, “and than many others made like me”; and on another occasion, he said to one of his own who, by temptation, wished to withdraw from his company, that, if he went out, he would receive as much displeasure from this separation as if an arm or a leg were cut off.

A brother having addressed himself to him to ask some advice in his doubts, and showing fear of being importunate to him: “No, my brother,” he said to him, “fear in no wise that I find myself importuned by your questions; and know once for all that a person whom God has destined to help some other is no more overcharged by the assistances and explanations he asks of him than a father would be with regard to his child.”

It happened one day that a priest of the Congregation, giving an account of his interior, said to him, among other things, that he had had thoughts of aversion and indignation against him. At these words, this charitable Father rising, embraced him tenderly, congratulating him on this altogether filial frankness, and said to him: “If I had not already given you my heart, I would give it you all this very hour.”

The sick were, so to speak, his spoiled children: he recommended great care of them, to spare neither pain nor expense to relieve them, and he was often heard to say that it would be better to sell the sacred vessels than to permit any necessary thing to be lacking to them; and, far from believing that they were a burden to the community, he said that it was a blessing for the houses where they were. When they were convalescent, he cheered them by the recital of some agreeable stories, from which he afterwards drew some instruction; he saw also to it that, in spite of their infirmity, they might attend to some of their spiritual exercises, for fear, he said, that the infirmity of the body might pass even into the soul and render it lukewarm and unmortified.

It is above all toward his enemies that our Saint displayed all the resources of his charity, obeying Our Lord, who has expressly recommended it in his Gospel, and imitating this good Saviour, who suffered so many outrages and ill treatments, asking nothing else of his Father but the pardon of his executioners.

Returning one day from the town to Saint-Lazare, our Saint met in the faubourg Saint-Denis a person who reproached him publicly with being the cause of the miseries of the time and of the subsidies and taxes with which the people were burdened. What gave occasion to this accusation was that Saint Vincent belonged, as we have said, to one of the councils of the queen. The Saint, who had the custom, from a sentiment of humility, of imputing public afflictions to his sins, wishing to profit by this humiliation, dismounts from his horse, kneels in the street, avows that he is a wretched sinner, and asks pardon of God and of his accuser. The latter remained quite confused at having thus humiliated so venerable a priest: repenting of his rashness, he came to find him the next day at Saint-Lazare, to ask his pardon for it; and our Saint, having welcomed him as a friend, persuaded him to stay six or seven days in this house, and to make a spiritual retreat and a good general confession, thus making charity triumph after humility.

Another time, as he was vesting in the chapel of the college of the Bons-Enfants, to say holy Mass, he remembered that a religious of Paris had shown him some aversion: at once he stripped himself of the sacred ornaments, and went to find him, asking his pardon for the subject of displeasure he might have given him, assuring him that he esteemed and honoured perfectly his person and his Order; afterwards, he returned to celebrate holy Mass.

Saint Vincent was of a bilious nature and of a lively mind, and consequently very subject to anger. Here is how he corrected it: “I addressed myself to God,” he says, “and I prayed him earnestly to change for me this dry and repellent humour, and to give me a gentle and kindly spirit; and, by the grace of Our Lord, with a little attention that I have given to repressing the boilings of nature, I have somewhat left my black humour.” He foresaw the occasions where anger might surprise him: he accustomed himself to detest this vice, inasmuch as it displeases God; if, in spite of these precautions, he felt himself moved to anger, he ceased to act and even to speak, and above all he took no determination that passion rather than reason would have dictated. He became thus, after the example of the holy bishop of Geneva, of an open approach, of a marvellous gentleness and affability: he had always on his lips obliging words for all sorts of persons. No Saint has better verified the word of Our Lord: “That he who humbles himself shall be exalted.” The more he abased himself, the more God took pleasure in raising him and in pouring his blessings on him and on all his works, and, on the other hand, the more God made use of him for great things, the more he reputed himself incapable, even of the least. He believed himself even more fit to destroy than to edify; for, acknowledging himself a child of Adam, he distrusted himself entirely, as a perverse man who felt in himself the common inclination to evil and impotence for good, which all the descendants of this first father have inherited from his disobedience. It was for this that he had conceived a very great contempt of himself, that he fled honour and praise like a plague, that he never justified himself when he was reproved, but put himself on the side of him who reproved him, giving himself the wrong though he had it not; that he condemned his slightest imperfections with more rigour than others would have done their greatest sins, and that, without using any excuse, he passed his lightest defects of understanding and of memory for stupidities; it is finally for this that he dared not and would not meddle in anything whatever, and was even better pleased that God should do

good by others than by himself. It was in this same spirit that he studied to hide, as much as he could, all the particular graces which he received from God, discovering none except when he could not cover it without failing in charity to the neighbour or in some other necessity which obliged him to it: and he had taken such a habit of hiding himself and all the good he did that those of his Company knew only a part of so many holy works which he undertook, and of so many charities which he exercised spiritually and corporally toward all sorts of persons: he endeavoured on every occasion to abase himself, to render himself contemptible as much as he could before others, to honour and imitate the abasements and abjections of the Son of God, who, being the splendour of the glory of his Father and the figure of his substance, was willing to make himself the reproach of men and the outcast of the people.

He styled his Congregation a little and very little and wretched Company, and would not have those who belonged to it go and preach and give missions in the great cities, but only in the villages, and at most in the small towns, to evangelize and instruct the poor people of the fields, because this employment is ordinarily the most despised. He wished that, on all occasions, his Company should be regarded as the least and the last of all the others: he recommended to his religious to place themselves always last in the assemblies of ecclesiastics where they might find themselves.

Saint Bernard has said with reason that it is a very rare thing that humility is preserved amid honours; but that it is perhaps still rarer to find a true simplicity of heart which maintains itself in its uprightness, in its purity, amid the embarrassments of affairs and the intrigues of the world. This is nevertheless what was seen and admired in the person of this great servant of God, who appeared like a lily in whiteness and simplicity, amid the thorns and brambles with which the age is filled. To this simplicity of the dove, it may be said that he joined the prudence of serpents. He passed in common esteem for one of the wisest and most prudent of his time; this is what made people have recourse to him from all sides, to receive counsels from him; that he was begged to be present at the assemblies where the most considerable things touching religion had to be deliberated, and that persons of all sorts of conditions were seen coming to Saint-Lazare, who came expressly to lay before him their doubts and difficulties. Their Lordships the nuncios Bagni and Piccolomini did him the honour of coming several times to confer with him on divers subjects which concerned the good of the Church. Many ecclesiastics, parish priests, canons, abbots and even divers prelates of great merit, consulted him very often in writing, when they could not do so by word of mouth. Several religious also addressed themselves to him, to take his counsel touching the reforms and other principal affairs of their Orders. Divers secular persons, of illustrious condition, made no difficulty of coming to Saint-Lazare to seek his advice. In short, it may be said with truth that in his time hardly any affairs of piety of any importance were treated in Paris in which he had not a part: he was often consulted by letters, from divers provinces. One would have to detail the whole life of Saint Vincent as God knows it, to make understood how detached he was from the goods of the earth and mortified in his soul and in his body; he mortified this love of honour and esteem, which is so natural to all men; he mortified the affection he had for his relatives; he forced his so tender heart to leave them to follow Jesus Christ. It is commonly said that, as from the well-measured movement of the hand of a dial it is easy to know the adjustment of the wheels and other pieces which compose the clock; so, from the good conduct of the tongue, one may judge of the good state of all the rest of the interior, whose springs give the movement to the tongue. And surely, if we had no other proofs of the interior mortification of our Saint than this absolute empire which he had over the conduct of his tongue, that would suffice to make us know that he possessed this virtue in a very high degree of perfection, since, according to the doctrine of the apostle Saint James, he who sins not in his tongue may be called a perfect man. He had so rendered himself master of this organ, which the same Apostle calls untameable, that very few or no useless and superfluous words escaped him, and never those which savour of slander, boasting, vanity, flattery, contempt, mockery, impatience or other similar sallies of a moved and unruly passion. He knew above all how to restrain his tongue and impose a rigorous silence on it when reproaches were made to him, when he was loaded with outrages and insults; for, though on these occasions nature ardently desires to

justify itself and repel the injury done to it, nevertheless, in imitation of his divine Master, he recollected himself within himself and put all his strength in silence and in patience, blessing in his heart those who cursed him, and praying for those who outraged him. Although his illnesses were frequent, he asked nothing for his relief and did not fail to work. It often happened that, through infirmity or some other hindrance, he found himself during the day attacked and almost overwhelmed with sleep. But, instead of repairing this need by a little rest, he seized this occasion to mortify himself, standing, or putting himself in some uncomfortable posture, and doing himself other violences to keep himself from sleeping. It is true that he had no reason to love bed much, since he lay only on a hard pallet, in a room without fire. In short, he was so much the enemy of his body that the late Cardinal de La Rochefoucault, knowing his manner of living, sent word to him one day that he begged him to moderate his penances and austerities, to preserve his health and his life, God wishing to make use of him for the good of his Church. As for the mortification of his senses, he practised it almost continually and on all sorts of occasions. When he went through the town, or when he made a journey, instead of enlivening his sight on the fields or on the diversity of the objects he met, he ordinarily kept his eyes fixed on a crucifix which he carried, or he kept them closed, to see only God. Passing one evening from one building of Saint-Lazare to another, he perceived in the air rockets and other flying fireworks, which were for a public rejoicing of the city of Paris; but at once he turned his eyes from them and passed on, saying: “God be blessed!”

He was never seen to gather a flower, nor to carry any to refresh himself by its odour; but, on the contrary, when he found himself in some place where there were bad odours, as in the hospitals or with the poor sick, the desire he had to mortify himself made him find this inconvenience agreeable.

As he employed his tongue only to praise God, recommend virtue, combat vice, instruct, edify and console the neighbour; so also he opened his ears only to discourses which tended to good, experiencing pain when he heard others; and he avoided, as much as he could, listening to useless things and lending the ear to all that could delight the hearing and did not nourish the soul.

As for taste, he had so mortified it that he never showed to what sort of dish he had more appetite; he seemed even to go with regret to take his refection, doing so only to satisfy necessity, and keeping in it all possible propriety, eating the things that were presented to him, in the view of God and with much modesty; he had so accustomed his own by his example to this practice that several strangers of all sorts of conditions, who have eaten in his refectory, were greatly edified by it, as they themselves declared: people admired that, in an action which seems so apt to distract, his religious could keep so prompt a recollection.

He never left the table without having mortified himself in something, whether in drinking or in eating, as he recommended others to do; and he was so little attached to what he took for his nourishment that one day, having returned very late from the town, and the cook having already retired, there were presented to him by mistake two raw eggs, which were found in the kitchen, near the fire, thinking they were cooked. He took them without pretending to notice, far from complaining of them or sending them back to be cooked.

As for the other austerities and exterior mortifications which he used, he always hid them as much as he could; but it was nevertheless well perceived that he exercised very great rigours on his body; the brother who served him during his illness found sometimes in his room hair-shirts, haircloths, bracelets and girdles of copper with points, which he kept hidden and which he often used, and besides this, he took every day a rough discipline on rising. A religious, who had his room near that of the Saint, from which it was separated only by fir boards, assured that he had heard it every day for the space of twelve years or thereabouts. But, not content with this ordinary and regular discipline, he often imposed extraordinary ones on himself for divers occasions: thus, once when it was reported to him that some sort of disorder had happened in a house of his Congregation, he took for this subject, during eight days, the discipline twice each night, and afterwards, having applied himself to the means of remedying these disorders, he succeeded in it happily; he declared it himself afterwards to a person of confidence, alleging as reason that his sins were the cause of the

evil that had happened, and that it was just that he should do penance for it. In spite of these mortifications, so apt to weaken the fire of concupiscence, our Saint kept himself continually on guard against the revolts of the flesh. He always wished for witnesses when he spoke to anyone whatever of the other sex, in order to render impossible by this means the occasion of sin and to put his virtue out of reach of slander; for this reason Our Lord did not permit that, when other crimes were falsely imputed to him, anyone dared to touch his virginal purity, which was brighter than the light of the sun.

He gave as a rule to his children to abstain entirely from speaking and writing to pious persons in terms too affectionate, though it were in matter of devotion, and he himself was extremely reserved on this point; he spoke and wrote kindly and respectfully to everyone, but never too amiably or softly to persons of the other sex; and, what is more, he avoided using terms which, though honest, could give the slightest evil thought to anyone whatever; the very word chastity was too expressive for him: he pronounced it rarely, so as not to make people think of the contrary; he used that of purity, which is wider, and if he was obliged to speak of some debauched woman or girl, to remedy her disorder, it was ordinarily under another name than that of girl or woman, as poor creature; and he made her fault understood by very general terms, such as her weakness, her misfortune.

It was not only the movements of impurity, but the interior movements of his soul, that our Saint knew how to govern: the higher part enjoyed always the greatest tranquillity, which rejoiced in an admirable serenity on his face, in a wise restraint in all his conduct. But, a thing astonishing and rare among men, Saint Vincent preserved this evenness of mind in all the inequalities of employments and affairs. The very air of the court, that so penetrating air, which alters the strongest minds, never made any impression on his; always as recollected amid the crowd of courtiers as in the silence of Saint-Lazare; as humble after having communicated with the great as in his relations with the small, he gave the lie to the proverb which says that honours change manners. Affronts, threats, frightful misfortunes could no more shake his constancy; continually united to strength itself, Our Lord, he remained master of himself; he regarded illnesses as a blessing of God. Writing one day on this subject to a person of altogether particular confidence, he testified to him his sentiments in these terms: “I have hidden my state from you as much as I could, and did not wish to let you know my indisposition, for fear of saddening you; but, O good God! until when shall we be so tender as to dare to tell each other the happiness we have of being visited by God? May it please Our Lord to make us stronger and to make us find our good pleasure in his.”

One day when one of his priests, happening to be in his room while his swollen and ulcerated legs were being dressed, and seeing him suffer much, touched with compassion at his pain, said to him: “O Sir, how distressing your pains are!” The Saint answered: “What! do you call distressing the work of God and what he ordains, in making suffer a wretched sinner such as I am? God pardon you, Sir, what you have just said; for one does not speak thus in the language of Jesus Christ. Is it not just that the guilty should suffer, and are we not more God’s than our own?”

Another time, this same priest telling him that it seemed his pains grew from day to day: “It is true,” he answered him, “that from the sole of the feet to the top of the head I feel them increase. But, alas! what account shall I have to render at the tribunal of God, before whom I have soon to appear, if I do not make a good use of them?”

But we cannot remain longer admiring the virtues of the great servant of God; it is time to see him go to heaven, to receive the reward of it. For a long time crosses of all sorts, the most acute illnesses, by which God purifies and rids of the last rust of the body the souls whom he wishes to call to his heavenly embraces, had warned our Saint that the fairest moment of his mortal life was approaching. Italy, which learned his sufferings, was alarmed at them like France; Pope Alexander VII, to maintain as long as he could the oil in a lamp so useful to the Church, dispensed our Saint, by an apostolic Brief, from the recitation of the Breviary, without his knowing anything of it: the cardinals Durazzo, archbishop of Genoa; Ludovizio, grand

penitentiary of Rome, and Bagni, formerly nuncio in France, wrote to him separately, to beg him to moderate his labours. These different letters arrived only after his death. There were, as was learned by chance, eighteen years that he had been preparing for it every day, as if he were, in the night, to appear before his Judge. To prepare for it more closely in his last illness, every day, after Mass, he recited the prayers of the dying. Holy History teaches us that God, having called Moses to the summit of the mountain of Nebo, ordered him to die in that place, and this holy patriarch, submitting to the will of God, died at the same hour, not by the effort of any illness, but by the pure effect of obedience; "and he died," as Holy Scripture says, "upon the mouth of the Lord," that is to say receiving death as a kiss of peace from the mouth of his Lord. We may say that, by a very special mercy, he did something similar in favour of his faithful servant Vincent de Paul, who, having always lived in an entire and perfect dependence on his will, died at last, not so much by the effort of any fever or other violent illness, as by a sort of obedience and submission to this divine will: and his death was so peaceful and so tranquil that it would rather have been taken for a sweet sleep than for a death. So that, to express better what was the passing of this holy man, it must be said that he fell asleep in the peace of his Lord, who wished to prevent him in this last passage with the most desirable blessings of his divine sweetness, and to place on his head a crown of inestimable price. It was a particular reward which God wished to render to his fidelity and his zeal. He had consumed his life in cares, in labours and in fatigues for his service; and he ended it happily in peace and in tranquillity. He had voluntarily deprived himself of all rest and all proper satisfaction during his life, to procure the advancement of the kingdom of Jesus Christ and the increase of his glory; and in dying he found the true rest and began to enter into the joy of his Lord. Here is more particularly how all passed:

On 25 September, about noon, he fell asleep in his chair; which had happened to him for some days more than usual, and which proceeded from his sleepless nights and his extreme weakness; this weakness kept him always drowsy. He considered this drowsiness as the image and forerunner of his approaching death.

On Sunday, 26 September, he had himself carried to the chapel, where he heard holy Mass, and communicated, as he did every day; having returned to his room, he fell into a deeper drowsiness than usual; so that the brother who assisted him, seeing that it continued too long, woke him, and, after having made him speak, seeing that he fell back at once into the same drowsiness, he warned the one who had the care of the house, by whose order the physician was sent for. The latter, having come in the afternoon, found the Saint so feeble that he did not judge him in a state to receive any remedy, and said that Extreme Unction must be given him; nevertheless, before withdrawing, having awakened him and excited him to speak, this virtuous sick man, according to his custom, answered him with a smiling and affable face; but after a few words he stopped short, not having the strength to finish what he wished to say.

One of the principal priests of his Congregation coming afterwards to see him, and having asked his blessing for all those of the said Congregation, both present and absent, he made an effort to raise his head and to welcome him with his ordinary affability, and, having begun the words of the blessing, he pronounced aloud more than half of them, and the others in a low voice. Toward evening, as it was seen that he was growing weaker and weaker and that he seemed to tend toward the agony, he was given the sacrament of Extreme Unction. He passed the night in a sweet, tranquil and almost continual application to God: and when he dozed it sufficed to speak to him of it to wake him, which any other word could hardly have obtained. Now, among the devout aspirations which were suggested to him from time to time, he showed a particular devotion to these words of the Psalmist: *Deus in adjutorium meum intende*: "O my God, come to my aid." And for this they were often repeated to him, and he answered at once: *Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina*: "Lord, make haste to help me." Which he continued to do until his last breath.

A very virtuous ecclesiastic of the conference of Saint-Lazare was then on retreat in the same house: he honoured and cherished our Saint greatly, and reciprocally our Saint had much tenderness for him. Having therefore learned the extremity to which this dear sick man was reduced, he came into his room a little before

he expired, and, asking his blessing for all the members of the conference whom he had associated, he begged him to leave them his spirit and to obtain from God that their company should never degenerate from the virtue he had inspired and communicated to it; to which he answered with his ordinary humility: *Qui cœpit opus bonum, ipse perficiet*: "He who has begun this good work will accomplish it." And, soon after, he passed gently from this life to a better, without effort or any convulsion.

It was on Monday 27 September 1660, about half past four in the morning, that God drew him to himself, when his spiritual children, assembled in church, were beginning their mental prayer to draw God into themselves. It was at the same hour and at the same moment at which he had been accustomed, for forty years, to invoke the Holy Spirit upon himself and upon his own, that this adorable Spirit raised his soul from earth to heaven, to crown the holiness of his life, his zeal for the glory of God, his charity for the neighbour , his humility, his patience and all his other virtues, in the practice of which he persevered until death.

Having given up his last breath, his face did not change: it remained in its ordinary sweetness and serenity, he being in his chair in the same posture as if he had slumbered. He expired wholly seated and wholly clothed, having remained so for the last twenty-four hours of his life; for those who assisted him had judged that in this state it was difficult to touch him without doing him more harm and without danger of shortening his life. He died without fever and without any extraordinary accident, having ceased to live by a pure failing of nature, like a lamp which goes out insensibly when the oil comes to fail it. His body did not stiffen, but remained as supple and manageable as it was before.

He remained exposed the next day, 28 September, until noon, both in the hall and in the church of Saint-Lazare, where the divine service was solemnly performed, and then his funeral. The Prince de Conti was present with M. Piccolomini, nuncio of the Pope, archbishop of Caesarea, and several other prelates; as also some of the parish priests of Paris, a great number of ecclesiastics and a quantity of religious of divers Orders. The Duchess d'Aiguillon and several other lords and ladies likewise wished to honour his memory by their presence, as well as the people who were there in great crowd. His heart was set apart in a silver shrine which the Duchess d'Aiguillon gave for this purpose; and his body, put in a leaden coffin, itself enclosed in a wooden coffin, was buried in the church of Saint-Lazare, below the angle. The entrails were deposited in the nave, under the middle of the balustrade partition. On the leaden coffin was placed a copper plate with this inscription: *Hic jacet venerabilis vir Vincentius a Paulo, Presbyter, Fundator, seu Institutor et primus Superior Generalis Congregationis Missionis, necnon Puellarum Charitatis. Obiit die 27 septembris anni 1660, ætatis vero suæ lxxxv. Præfuit annis xxxv.*

The reputation of holiness which Vincent enjoyed in almost the whole universe grew by the miracles that were obtained through his intercession. Soon kings and princes united with their subjects to ask his beatification of Clement VI. Cardinals, foreign prelates made the same instances as those of France, who set forth to the Holy See that the life of this holy Priest was a prodigy; that there is all the trouble in the world to prevent the peoples from rendering him a too precipitate cult, and that in short the glory of this servant of God will be that of religion.

He seems to have left us his spirit in the holy Congregations of men and women who make his name blessed in all the universe; he continues, in the person of his priests of Saint-Lazare, to evangelize the peoples, to form pious levites; he nurses the sick by the hands of those holy daughters whose heart seems to have inherited his charity. In these latter times, the Company of the daughters of charity has taken admirable developments and has extended its benefits over all the countries of the world. It counted, in 1855, nearly nine hundred establishments, of which four hundred and eighty-five hospitals. Multiplied vocations have brought the number of these heroines of religion to nearly ten thousand. There are few towns of France where these worthy daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul have not been called. They have formed houses of charity and serve hospitals in Belgium, in Spain, in Switzerland, in the divers States of Italy and of Germany; they make the Christian name and the French name blessed in Africa, in the United States, in Mexico, in

Brazil, in Chile, in China, as well as in Egypt, in Greece, in Syria, in European and Asiatic Turkey. The war of the East has put in a new relief the devotion and zeal of this holy phalanx. Twenty to twenty-five military ambulances, established in the Crimea or at Constantinople, were served by about a hundred daughters of charity. Nothing was more touching nor more admirable than the examples of faith, piety, self-denial, resignation and strength which were given on those distant shores, as much by the French soldiers as by these Christian virgins, whom the sultan Abdul-Medjid himself called earthly angels. It is also in his name that fervent laymen, animating themselves with his sentiments in pious conferences, honour Our Lord Jesus Christ in the poor, whose body and soul they surround with the most fraternal succours. Here is how this fair institution was formed: In 1832, some young men, brought to Paris to complete their studies, had the thought of associating with a view to perseverance and charity. To meet on certain fixed days, to edify each other by good readings and pious conversations, to carry to the poor at home some succours drawn from their modest resources, such were the first attempts of this association, which took the name of Conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul. God blessed the nascent work and gave it in a few years a great growth. In December 1835, rules were established and applied to the various conferences which were formed in France and abroad. In January and August 1845, the sovereign pontiff Gregory XVI approved the Society and enriched it with indulgences. Pope Pius IX, by two briefs, the one of 18 March 1853, the other of 18 March 1854, increased the treasure of spiritual riches granted to the members of the association. A considerable number of bishops from divers points of Christendom testified their benevolence for the work, and granted it their encouragements and their blessing.

This work, one of the fairest, the fairest perhaps of our epoch, born in France, one of the glories, one of the influences of France, for it had spread throughout the universe, was, by order of the government of Napoleon III, deprived of its general council of Paris.

The reasons that were given for acting so are curious: at an epoch when everything is centralized, when it is believed that the citizen thinks ill, speaks ill, votes ill without the government, when alms would be stamped if it were dared, at this same epoch, by a glaring contradiction, it was declared that the various conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul of the provinces could very well have the spirit of the work and function without taking counsel of a centre. This reflection is of our sixth edition. Today we can say that the fall of the empire has given us back the liberty of alms, the most innocent of all.

Saint Vincent de Paul is sometimes represented preaching to the convicts on the royal galleys of which he was almoner. — A little child is often put on his arms, on account of his work of the foundlings. — In a very ancient engraving, Vincent is seen offering the holy sacrifice in a humble chapel surrounded by woods. A statue of the Virgin dominates the poor and bare altar; at the foot is an assisting priest, with a single server. At the bottom of the engraving one reads: “Saint Vincent de Paul says his first Mass in a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which is on the other side of the Tarn, on the top of a mountain and in the woods”; he chose this solitary place to make the divine sacrifice with less trouble and in the most profound recollection, being assisted, according to custom, only by a priest and a clerk to serve him.

Worship and Relics

Cardinal de Noailles, on the orders of Rome, proceeded to the opening of the tomb of Saint Vincent de Paul on 19 February 1712. The physicians, after a most exact visit, attested that they had found a body entire and without any bad odour. The prodigies wrought through the intercession of the Saint were examined by the Church with as much severity as her enemies could do. He was placed in the number of the Blessed on 13 August 1729. The great ones of the earth had thus the consolation of bending the knee with their subjects before the image of this humble priest who, so many times, had bent it himself before the small and the poor. Heaven, by new prodigies, confirmed these honours. Our Saint was canonized on 16 June 1737. His cult extended into Savoy and Piedmont, to Genoa and Tuscany, to Naples and in the States of the Church, in

Austria and in Poland, in Spain and in Portugal. It crossed the seas. He was celebrated as far as in China, wherever the missionaries had some establishment. His body, enclosed in a silver shrine, was preserved in the church of Saint-Lazare. On 30 August 1792, this church was stripped of its silver plate and of all it had of precious by a commissioner of the revolutionary government, who handed over to the Lazarists the mortal remains of their holy Founder; they gathered them with great respect, drew up a *procès-verbal* to establish the authenticity and hid them carefully during the frightful reign of Terror. The times afterwards having become more tranquil, this precious deposit was entrusted to the Daughters of Charity, who kept it in their chapel until the month of March 1830, at which date it was carried to the archbishopric of Paris. The archbishop, full of veneration for the holy priest who by his virtues so honoured the Church of France, and left in the capital so many monuments still subsisting of his charity, had had executed a silver shrine of fine workmanship, and wished to transfer solemnly the body of Saint Vincent into the new chapel constructed by the gentlemen of Saint-Lazare, on a ground dependent on the house they inhabit.[2] This translation, for ever memorable in the annals of the Church of Paris, took place indeed, with the greatest pomp, on 25 April 1830, which was that year the second Sunday after Easter; and now, each year, on the same Sunday, the memory of it is renewed at the office and at Mass. The events of July 1830 obliged this holy relic to be hidden; but, on 13 April 1834, it was again exposed to the veneration of the faithful, in the chapel of the gentlemen of Saint-Lazare. The heart of Saint Vincent de Paul, carried to Turin during the French Revolution, has been since claimed by Cardinal Fesch: it is now at Lyon. The cathedral of Coutances possesses some of his relics. The diocese of Rouen has celebrated his feast since 1825. There is preserved at Brie-Comte-Robert (Seine-et-Marne) an autograph of Saint Vincent de Paul. This autograph relates to divers annotations which he made on the rule of the Confraternity of Charity founded by him in that town, in 1631.

Small relics of Saint Vincent are preserved at Saint-Jacques of Amiens (1773), at the Ursulines, at the great seminary and at Saint-Acheul; at the Hôtels-Dieu of Amiens, of Bray-sur-Somme, of Péronne and of Roye; in the churches of Folleville (1770), of Liancourt-Fosse and of Saint-Riquier. The inventory of Corbie, drawn up in 1820, mentions a fragment of a garment of Saint Vincent de Paul. One sees at the hospice Saint-Charles of Amiens, in a reliquary, a little image of the Saint, whose heart, apparent, was painted, it is said, with the blood of the founder of the priests of the Mission. We have made use, to compose this biography, of the Life of Saint Vincent de Paul, by Abelly, of the work of M. the Abbé Maynard: *Saint Vincent de Paul, his life, his time, his works, his influence*, 4 vols. in-8°; Paris, 1860; and of the Hagiography of the Diocese of Amiens, by M. the Abbé Corblet.

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[3] See *Origines de la province et de l'Eglise de Poitiers*, by M. the Abbé Auber, the Petits Bollandistes at 2 November and the Roman martyrology of the same day.

[4] John of Dukla was a disciple of Saint John Capistran. He consecrated a part of his life to evangelizing Poland, where the holiness of his life and his eloquence brought to Christianity a great number of souls. The model which he had given to his life was the Blessed Virgin, toward whom he had a very great devotion. Having become blind in his last years, he continued none the less to exercise the holy ministry until the moment of his death, which happened on 29 September 1484. Clement X approved his cult and fixed his feast on 19 July. — See, for more details, our *Palmier Séraphique*, at 19 July.

[5] The city of Canopus, which had previously been called Thaposiris, is called today Aboukir. It has been marked in the history of the French expedition to Egypt. It is situated at the mouth of the Canopic branch of the Nile, to the north-east of Alexandria.

[1] Madame Legras, who founded, jointly with Saint Vincent de Paul, the Congregation of the Daughters of Charity, called also Grey Sisters, was daughter of Louis de Marillac, brother of Michel de Marillac, keeper of the seals, and of the marshal de Marillac. She was infinitely more recommendable by her virtues than by her birth. She married Antoine Legras, secretary of the commands of Queen Marie de Medici, whom she lost in 1625, after twelve years of marriage. Having put herself under the direction of Saint Vincent de Paul, this great servant of God employed her in the establishments of charity which he made, above all at Paris. She died on 15 March 1660. Here is what Saint Vincent de Paul says of her, in a letter dated Holy Saturday 1660: "I recommend her soul to your prayers, although, perhaps, she has no need of this succour, for we have great reason to believe that she now enjoys the glory of God, promised to those who serve God and the poor in the manner that she did." The Daughters of Charity, whose mother house is now in the rue du Bac, preserve with respect the body of their pious foundress, which is buried in their chapel and covered with a marble table with an inscription honourable to the memory of this virtuous woman. — Godescard, Lefort edition.

[2] The fair and respectable house of Saint-Lazare, at Paris, no longer belongs to the Congregation which bears its name. Its church has been destroyed, its vast enclosure divided, and the buildings which still subsist have been transformed into a women's prison. The members of the Congregation of the Mission now inhabit the hôtel de Lorges, in the rue de Sèvres; it is there that the superior general resides. — Continuators of Godescard.

20 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The feast of Saint Jerome Emiliani or Miani, confessor, Founder of the Congregation of the Somaschi. Having become celebrated by the numerous miracles which he wrought during his life and after his death, he was beatified by Benedict XIV and solemnly placed in the rank of the Saints by Clement XIII. 1537. — At Antioch of Pisidia, Saint Marguerite or Marine, virgin and martyr. 275. — On Mount Carmel, in Syria, Saint Elias, prophet. 880 B.C. — The same day, the birth in heaven of Saint Joseph, surnamed the Just, whom the Apostles proposed with Saint Matthias to fill the place of the traitor Judas; though the lot fell on Matthias, he did not fail to apply himself to the office of preaching and to the exercises of holiness; so that, after having suffered many persecutions on the part of the Jews, for the faith of Jesus Christ, he died at last in Judea, victorious over their malice. It is said that he drank poison, and that his faith in Our Lord prevented him from receiving any harm from it. 1st century. — At Damascus, in Syria, the holy martyrs Sabin, Julien, Maxime, Macrobe, Cassie and Paule, with ten others. — At Córdoba, Saint Paul, deacon and martyr, who, after having reproved the infidel princes for the impiety of Mohammedanism and for their cruelty, was killed by their command and thus flew to heaven. 851. — In Portugal, Saint Vilgeforte, virgin and martyr, who sustained divers combats for the faith and for chastity, and triumphed gloriously by the punishment of the cross.[1] — At Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the diocese of Arras, Saint Wulmer or Wilmer, abbot, a personage of admirable holiness. 689. — At Trier, Saint Sévère, virgin.[2] 660.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the ancient diocese of Lectoure (Gers), present archdiocese of Auch, Saint Mère, virgin and martyr, who gave her name to the little village of Sainte-Mère, in the canton of Miradoux. — At Châlons-sur-Marne, Saint Hildegrin, thirtieth bishop of that see, and first bishop of Salingestadt and of Halberstadt, in Germany, whose life we have given under 19 June. 827. — At Paris, in the ancient monastery of Saint-Victor (*Sanctus Victor Parisiensis*, celebrated abbey of regular canons, founded by the pious munificence of King Louis the Fat, about 1113, and dedicated under the invocation of Saint Victor, martyr at Marseille), Saint Euspice, priest, founder of Saint-Mesmin or Micy, near Orléans, whose decease is marked in the martyrology of France on 14 June. Beginning of the 6th century. — At Metz, Saint Glossinde, virgin and abbess of the monastery which bears her name. We shall give her life under 25 July. She must not be confounded with her namesake, the abbess of Marchiennes, sister of the Blessed Adalsende, who died in 714, and whose life we have given at 30 June. — In the diocese of Beauvais, Saint Anségise, abbot and reformer of several monasteries. 833. — At Autun, Saint Rétice or Rhétice, already named on the preceding day, and whose life we have given under 15 May. — In the diocese of Limoges, Saint Rorice or Rurice I, bishop of that see, to which the brilliance of his learning and of his virtue raised him. He was born about the year 430, of an ancient and illustrious family of the Gauls. Thinking at first only of using his fortune nobly and of living honourably in the world, he felt suddenly the emptiness and nothingness of all that is created, and, in spite of all that flesh and blood could object to him, he embraced openly the party of piety and employed a considerable part of his riches in ransoming captives. His wife courageously imitated his example, and both gave themselves to prayer, to fasting, and to all sorts of good works. In 484, he was placed on the see of Limoges. He died at a very advanced age. His feast was celebrated, before the Revolution, on 25 September,

in the church of Saint-Augustin of Limoges, where it is asserted that he had been buried: his relics were also exposed there, on the same day, to the veneration of the faithful. About the year 507.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Friars Minor. — At Antioch, the punishment of Saint Marguerite, virgin and martyr. 275.

Martyrology of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — On Mount Carmel, the prophet Saint Elias, our father and our head. — Saint Jerome Emiliani, confessor, whose feast is celebrated on 6 September. 1537.

Martyrology of the Minor Capuchins of Saint Francis. — At Antioch of Pisidia, the punishment of Saint Marguerite, virgin and martyr.

Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites. — On Mount Carmel, Saint Elias, prophet, our head and our father. — The same day, Saint Jerome Emiliani, confessor, Founder of the Order of the Somaschi, who was, by reason of the brilliance of his miracles during his life and after his death, placed in the number of the Blessed by Benedict XIV, and solemnly canonized by Clement XIII. His feast is celebrated on 9 September, but, in the States of the Church and in Etruria, it is held on the 11th of the same month. 1537.

Additions Made After the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In Africa, the holy martyrs Sabin, Lucien, Pierre, Amable, Nonnine, Saude, Agrippien, Médadule, Respectat, and twenty-three others, cited by Saint Jerome. — In the ancient Thebaid, today the Said, region of southern Egypt, Saint Victor, martyr, named by the same. — At Corinth, small town of the kingdom of Greece, the holy martyrs Cyriaque, Donat, Celse, Théodule, Partin, Romain, Valérien, and fifteen of their companions. — At Rome, the saints Satire, Amarin, Second, Emile; and the holy women Passérie, Macrine, Vestite, all martyrs. — At Coimbra, on the Mondego, in Portugal, Saint Colombe, virgin and martyr. Numerous miracles took place at her tomb and by the touch of her relics. — At Belluno, fortified town of Venetia, Saint Lucan, bishop. In a great scarcity which afflicted his diocese, he permitted his flock to use milk foods during Lent; malevolent men took thence occasion to accuse him before Pope Celestine; but our Saint having wrought before the sovereign Pontiff a striking miracle, the latter reinstated him in his episcopal functions. His body, deposited in the cathedral church of Belluno and enclosed in a marble shrine, was in great veneration among the inhabitants of Belluno. About 424. — At the monastery of Monte Cassino, in the kingdom of Naples, Saint Sévère, monk, bishop and confessor, celebrated by the talent with which he resisted the heretics of his time. He assisted at the synods held at Rome against Nestorius, Eutyches, Dioscorus and Acacius. He led a very austere life and showed himself very liberal toward the poor. About the 5th century. — At Hildesheim, town of Hanover, the Blessed Bernhard, bishop and confessor. Born about the middle of the 10th century, of one of the first families of Germany, he had for preceptor Tagmer, librarian of the Church of Hildesheim. The emperor Otto II chose him as preceptor of his son, and this important charge made his merit and his virtues shine. In 993, he was elected bishop of Hildesheim. While he was occupied in building or repairing churches and monasteries, he was attacked by an illness which made him suffer much for five years: he gave his patrimonial goods to the monastery of Saint Michael, which he had founded and where he passed the last year of his life, after having taken the habit there. He was buried in the church of his monastery, and Pope Celestine III canonized him in 1194. 1021. — At Carthage, Saint Aurelius, archbishop of that see, contemporary and intimate friend of Saint Augustine, and celebrated for his zeal against the Pelagians. 423. — In Mexico, the Blessed Gregory Lopez, confessor. 1596.

Saint Elias of Thesbe, Prophet, Future Preacher of the Last Coming of Jesus Christ

880 before Jesus Christ. — King of Israel: Ochozias. — King of Juda: Joram.

Et surrexit Elias propheta, quasi ignis, et verbum ejus quasi facula ardebat.

When the earth was witness of the oracles of the prophet Elias, you would have said a man of fire from whose mouth flaming words escaped.

Ecclesiasticus, xlviii, 1.

Elias is, like Henoch, a Saint who is not yet dead, and who does not yet enjoy the blessed sight of God: divine Providence reserving him, with Henoch, to preach the last coming of Our Lord at the consummation of all ages. The Latin Church and the Greek Church, which doubt not at all of his confirmation in grace, of his great credit with God, and of the inestimable glory which is prepared for him in heaven, make memory of him every year on this day, imploring the succour of his prayers, and celebrating in several places the divine office and the holy sacrifice of the mass in his honour; it is therefore just to give him place in the midst of so many Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors who have had part in his spirit and who have held themselves very glorious to be able to imitate his zeal. We shall speak of him the more surely in that we have for author of his life the Holy Spirit himself, who has described his actions to us in the third and fourth book of Kings, and has made besides a very fine eulogy of him in that of Ecclesiasticus.

The name of Thesbite which it gives him makes us know that he is of Thesbe, a small town bordering between Palestine and Arabia, in the country of Galaad. Saint Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, says he was of the tribe of Aaron, which may be understood either generally of the Levitical tribe, which was that of Aaron, or particularly of the family of Aaron, in the same tribe. Some authors give him for father Achimaas, son of the high priest Sadoch and brother of the high priest Joiada, whom their merits have made so famous in the holy Scriptures, and for mother, Basemath, daughter of King Solomon, who the Scripture assures us married the prince Achimaas. But the same Saint Epiphanius calls his father Sobach and does not speak of this illustrious genealogy.

According to Saint Epiphanius, the abbot Dorotheus, in his Abridgment of the life and death of the Prophets, and Simeon Metaphrastes, at the time of his birth, his father saw around him angels under human form and clothed in white garments, who swaddled him in fire and gave him fire to eat. It was a presage of his zeal. Some authors even conclude from it that Elias had been sanctified from his mother's womb, like Jeremias and Saint John the Baptist, because the angels would not have rendered these duties to a child enemy of God and soiled with original sin. He was called Elias, which signifies God, Lord, to mark the excellence of his vocation, and that his sole exercise would be to manifest the grandeurs of God, to make his majesty adored, to destroy the enemies of his name and to establish his dominion and his worship in all the nations of the earth. After having remained but a short time in the house of his parents, he embraced the manner of living of the Nazarites, and withdrew with the servants of God, who were called Prophets; extraordinarily filled with the spirit of prophecy, he shone among them like a sun in the midst of the stars. At that time, the promised land, which had been given in possession to the Israelites, was divided into two kingdoms, of which the one, called the kingdom of Juda, belonged to the posterity of David through his son Solomon, and the other, called the kingdom of Israel, belonged to the successors of Jeroboam, who had usurped it from Roboam, son of the same Solomon. The worship of God had been somewhat maintained in the first kingdom, where were the temple, the tabernacle, the ark of the covenant, the sacred vessels and the right of sacrifices; but the malice of the kings of Israel, who let themselves go to idolatry, had almost entirely banished it from the second, and they were not content there with adoring the two golden calves which Jeroboam had set up at Bethel and at Dan; but they adored there all the abominations of the surrounding peoples, among others Baal, a demon who made himself recognized as God among the Sidonians. These execrable impieties exercised for a long time the zeal of the divine Elias. Though Scripture does not relate to us what he did before the reign of Achab, nevertheless, since it presents him to us at the beginning of this reign as a man who had already rendered himself formidable to princes and kings, and whom everyone revered as an extraordinary prophet, it gives us reason to believe that he had already preached with zeal, and that God had done by him surprising actions which distinguished him from the common run of other Prophets.

Achab, son of Amri, having ascended the throne, and having married Jezabel, daughter of the king of the Sidonians, outdid still the superstition of his predecessors, and, to content this wicked woman, who joined fury to idolatry and cruelty to impiety, he had a temple built and a grove planted in honour of Baal, and designated eight hundred and fifty priests to sing his praises and offer him sacrifices. Elias, unable to suffer this abomination, came to find him in the spirit of God, and, judging every preamble useless in presence of this hardened heart, said to him: “As the Lord, the God of Israel, liveth, who seeth me! There shall be, in these years, neither dew nor rain, but by an order of my mouth.” Then, in order to escape the wrath and the search of this prince, he withdrew into the desert, on the faith of the same voice which said to him: “Go toward the East, hide thyself near the torrent of Carith, over against the Jordan, thou shalt drink of the water of the torrent; I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.” There, evening and morning, ravens brought the Prophet the meats and the bread necessary, and the running water furnished him his drink. Some time after, the torrent was found dried up; for the heaven was of brass, and no rain fell from it. Then the friendly voice said to the Prophet: “Leave these places, go to Sarepta, among the Sidonians, and dwell there; I have commanded a widow woman to feed thee there.” He who gives life and food to a feeble insect, and who has clothed the sun with so brilliant a splendour, never abandons man, the noblest of his visible creatures, and when the ordinary laws of nature seem to betray the views of his providence ever full of tenderness, he supplies for it sometimes by prodigies which are but a play of his powerful arm, but which become for us the irrefragable proof of his intervention in the march and development of our destinies; for, if he works a miracle to send man the material bread which sustains the life of the body, what would he not have done to send him truth, that spiritual bread which, under the form of the word, communicates life to souls?

Elias set out for Sarepta. It was a village of Phoenicia, placed between Tyre and Sidon, but nearer the latter city, on the shores of the Mediterranean, at the foot of graceful hills covered with verdure, opposite the jagged summits of Lebanon. On his arrival, before entering Sarepta, the Prophet perceived a woman who was gathering wood. He called her: “Give me a little water to drink.” And, as she was going to fetch him some, he added: “I pray thee, bring me also a little bread.” He understood doubtless, from the eagerness of this woman, that she was the widow from whose hospitable beneficence God had made him hope. But she answered: “The Lord thy God liveth! I have no bread; I have only oil left in a little vessel, and as much meal as can be held in the hollow of the hand. I am come to gather a few pieces of wood to prepare for my child and myself a last bread to eat, and we shall await death.” The drought had brought scarcity, and the kingdom of Sidon, native land of Jezabel, shared in the chastisements as in the crimes of the kingdom of Achab. “Fear nothing,” said the Prophet to the indigent widow; “go and do what thou sayest; of the rest of the meal prepare for me first a little cake baked under the ashes, and bring it to me; afterwards thou shalt prepare for thyself and thy son. For thus saith Jehovah, king of Israel: ‘The vessel of meal shall not fail, and the little cruse of oil shall not be diminished, until the day when the Lord shall make rain fall upon the earth.’” The woman believed this promise of the stranger, and followed his orders. From that day, in reward of her faith and to verify the word of the Prophet, the meal failed not, the oil was not diminished in the house of the widow, and what scarcely sufficed for one meal sustained, during three years, the existence of Elias and of his hosts.

It happened, in this interval, that the son of the widow was attacked by a violent illness and expired. Distracted by grief, the poor mother addressed reproaches to Elias, as if he had been the cause of so great a calamity. “What have I done to thee, man of God? Art thou come to my house to recall my iniquities to heaven and to call death upon my son?” And she held the child on her breast and covered him with her tears. “Give me thy child,” said the Prophet, quite moved with pity. He received him from the arms of his mother, carried him into the chamber where he dwelt, and laid him on his bed. “Jehovah, my God,” he cried, “this widow who takes care to feed me, wilt thou afflict her even to ravishing her son from her? Jehovah, my God, grant, I pray thee, that the soul may return to animate this body.” And he lay down, three times, upon the child, shrinking, so to speak, to the measure of the corpse, as if to warm it and rekindle life in it. His prayer was heard, and the corpse revived. Elias returned to the chamber where the inconsolable mother had

remained, and said to her: “Behold thy son; he is alive!” Then the eyes of this woman felt themselves struck by a light superior to that which the resuscitated child saw again; and addressing herself to the man of prodigies: “I know by this, now, that thou art the man of God and that thou hast on thy lips the true word of the Lord.”

This child awakened from the sleep of death by the vivifying contact of the Prophet, is he not the symbol of humanity plunged in the death of the soul, and toward which God abases himself and descends by the incarnation, when he makes himself man and shortens in some sort his veiled majesty to the proportions of the creature, to recall to heavenly life our intelligence wrapped in darkness as in a shroud, and our heart buried in its perversity as in a tomb? And this indigent woman, who, without belonging to the people of God, receives from the very mouth of a great Prophet rie”] the teachings of the true religion, does she not show, as an expressive testimony, the rich and sovereign action of Providence, which refuses to no one the necessary succours, but does not forbid itself either the privileged affections, and which, far from establishing in everything the stiff equality foolishly dreamed by men, strikes all the worlds with the reflections of its infinite thought and casts into them the most pronounced and most harmonious distinctions; here, enlightening with faith a soul unknown to the learned; there, making genius or beauty descend into the cabin of a shepherd; elsewhere, fixing on the brow of the stars a diadem of incorruptible light, and pouring on the so fragile flowers long streams of perfumes.

However, the famine was horrible at Samaria, and a drought of three years made the animals perish in crowds. “Go find Achab,” said God to the Prophet; “I am going to send rain on the earth.” Elias obeyed. “Art not thou,” said Achab to him on seeing him, “he who brings trouble into Israel?” — “It is not I who trouble Israel,” replied the man of God; “but it is thou and the house of thy father, when you have left the law of the Lord and followed Baal. However, give orders and gather on Mount Carmel all the people and the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and those four hundred prophets of the sacred groves, whom Jezabel feeds at her table.” When all were assembled, Elias so proved his mission and the ridiculous impotence of the idols that the people, struck with admiration, cried out: “Jehovah is the true God! Jehovah is the true God!” — “Then,” resumed the burning avenger of the rights of the Eternal, “seize the prophets of Baal, and let not one survive.” In effect, they were all immolated at the foot of Carmel, on the banks of the Kison. The appeased heaven opened, and, at the prayer of Elias, an abundant rain inundated the earth.

Jezabel, having learned from Achab himself the massacre of her priests, entered into a new fury and swore that she would avenge herself on the head of Elias. The Prophet was afraid; for he knew what may be feared from the vindictive humour and wounded pride of a woman as harsh in vengeance as Jezabel was. In his fright, he fled irresolute and troubled, he whom one had seen so full of assurance and courage before Achab. It is that original weakness betrays itself always at some point, even in great men and in Saints, whether the burden of an illustrious destiny makes them stagger, or God leaves them, in their own imperfections, a preservative against pride, like those magnanimous Romans who placed official insulters beside the triumpher, to remind him that he was a man.

Elias reached the southern extremity of Palestine, and, after sixty leagues of road, he found himself in the deserts of Arabia Petraea. He walked there a whole day; at last, exhausted with fatigue, he sat down under a juniper and wished for death: “Lord,” he said, “it is enough; take my life, for I am no better than my fathers.” This rough journey, the consummate wickedness of Achab and of Jezabel, religion dying out in the kingdom, the oppression of the just and the prosperity of the wicked, everything rendered existence bitter and insupportable to the Prophet. Under the shade of the juniper, he fell asleep. An angel came, touched him and said to him: “Arise and eat.” Elias looked, and saw placed near his head a cake baked under the ashes and a vessel of water; he took therefore a little nourishment and slept again. A second refection followed this second sleep. Then, strengthened by the heavenly food, the traveller, at the end of forty days, reached Mount Horeb, neighbour of Sinai, a region full of marvellous memories, where God, descended in the form of flame

in a burning bush, deigned to converse with his servant Moses; where, borne by the thunder, he shook under his flaming chariot the summit of the mountain, and came to promulgate his law to the ears of a whole nation. Near Horeb, Elias had a vision: God appeared to him. An impetuous wind passed, then there was an earthquake. At last the flame sparkled, as if doubtless to show that the Lord can, at his will, cast down, break and strike with thunder the wicked; but no voice came out of the bosom of these troubled elements. Soon after, a gentle and light breeze arose; under this symbol was hidden the force of God, who is mercy and patience. And a voice said: “Resume thy road, and go by the desert to Damascus; arrived there, thou shalt anoint Hazael king of Syria. Thou shalt anoint also Jehu, son of Namsi, king of Israel, and thou shalt anoint Eliseus, son of Saphat, who is of Abelmeula, Prophet to succeed thee. Whoever escapes the sword of Hazael, Jehu shall kill; whoever escapes the sword of Jehu, Eliseus shall kill…”

There is some appearance that he executed the first two orders of the Lord only by the ministry of his disciples. For the third, he executed it himself soon after; for, on returning from Mount Horeb, he met Eliseus in the field where he was busy ploughing the earth, and cast his mantle on his shoulders, in sign of the divine election, and as if to invest him with the prophetic spirit. Eliseus understood this language: a mysterious intercourse had just been established between the two souls. He left the plough: “Let me,” he said to Elias, “embrace my father and my mother, and I will follow thee.” — “Go, and return,” answered the energetic interpreter of God; “as for me, I have done what I ought.” Eliseus, giving to understand that he renounced without return the ordinary life, killed his oxen, cooked their flesh on his broken plough, and distributed it to his neighbours, by way of farewell. Then he followed Elias with the docility of a disciple who attaches himself to his master. The two Prophets withdrew to Mount Carmel, into grottoes the principal of which bears still today the name of Elias. Hewn by the hand of man in the form of a square hall, high and vast, it looks out on the sea, which makes heard afar the roaring of its waves: it is the sole sound that resounds in this austere abode. Near there, on a perfumed slope of the mountain, among fragrant shrubs, flows a fountain which has hollowed out, here and there, basins in the living rock: image of the religious life which passes unknown to men, but all laden with heavenly perfumes, and which makes a place for itself at the foot of the throne of God. Elias henceforth intervened in the public affairs of the nation only to announce the approaching end of Ochozias, worthy son of Achab and of Jezabel, and to oppose the thunderbolt to the soldiers sent against him. His supreme occupation was to inaugurate and consolidate that great school of spiritualism which, withdrawing life from without to carry it within, names the earth an exile, heaven a fatherland, and fills the soul with a grave melancholy and an immortal hope: noble school where one finds again the remains of the language spoken in Eden by our first forefather, and the preludes of the hymn repeated without end by the elect and the angels in the heavenly city.

A little time after, King Achab, puffed up with pride in consequence of a celebrated victory which God had miraculously given him against Benadad, king of Syria, took it into his head to enlarge the orchards of a magnificent palace which he had at Jezrael; but, as the pious Naboth refused to sell him, for that purpose, a vineyard which he had near his enclosure, because it was the ancient inheritance of his fathers and it marked the succession of his family, Jezabel could not suffer this resistance, which afflicted her husband; she found means to have this man accused of the crime of divine and human lèse-majesté, and, on this calumny, to have him put to death with his children. The king had no part in this wickedness; but when he had learned of it and saw that the vineyard of Naboth had no longer a master, he went very content to Jezrael, to take possession of it. Then our great Prophet, having received the order of God, went to meet him, and, in the ardour of his zeal, said to him: “Thou hast killed and thou hast possessed; but hear the terrible word of the Lord: In this very place, where the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth, they shall lick thy blood also.” — “Hast thou done to me,” said Achab to him, “to make me so terrible an imprecation: hast thou recognized me for thine enemy?” — “Yes,” replied Elias, “because thou hast sold thyself to do evil. Knowest thou,” said Jehovah, “what I shall do? As I have destroyed the house of Jeroboam and of Baasa, without any one of their races remaining, because they excited my indignation, so I shall destroy thee and all thy house. If thou diest in a city, the dogs

shall devour thee, and if thou diest in the country, the birds of prey shall eat thee; and Jezabel, thy wife, shall also be eaten of dogs in the field of Jezrael, where Naboth was executed." The king was terrified by these threats; he humbled himself before God, rent his garments for grief, covered himself with a hair-shirt on his bare flesh, fasted rigorously and would lie down no more except on a sack; which caused the ruin of his house to be deferred until the reign of his second son. However the prophecy of Elias was accomplished: for the dogs licked his blood in the field of Jezrael, and, afterwards, the accursed Jezabel having been thrown down, by order of Jehu, from the height of a window, was also devoured and eaten almost alive by these same animals.

This prince being dead, Ochosias, his eldest son, succeeded him. He was again the subject of the zeal and the reprimands of our prophet. In a troublesome illness which he had, he sent to consult Beelzebub whom they adored in Accaron, to know whether he would recover. Elias was warned of it by an angel; he went to meet his deputies, and, having stopped them, said to them: "Is there then no God in Israel, that you go to consult an idol or rather an evil demon in Accaron? Return to your master, and tell him, on the part of God whom he has despised: Thou shalt not rise from the illness which torments thee, but assuredly thou shalt die of it." They returned to the palace and told Ochosias what they had just heard. The latter asked them what he was like who had spoken to them. "It is," they said, "a bearded man, and who has a leather girdle about his loins." — "Alas!" he replied, "it is Elias the Thesbite." At that very instant he commanded a captain of fifty men to go and seize him and bring him to him. This captain went without respect, and, having perceived him on the mountain, said to him: "Man of God, the king commands thee to come down and to come to him." — "If I am a man of God," answered Elias, "let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee with thy fifty men." A terrible imprecation, but full of justice and equity, since nothing was more just than to punish the ministers and accomplices of the wickedness of this idolatrous prince. So these words were no sooner ended than fire came down from heaven, and consumed all these armed men. So lamentable a chastisement did not soften the hardness of the king. He failed not to send to Elias another captain with fifty other soldiers to bring him; these, having imitated the insolence of the first, received also the same treatment, they were all burned by the fire from heaven. One saw then how far the blindness of an unfaithful man can go; Ochosias, adding crime upon crime, commanded a captain with his company, to oblige the Prophet to come to him. The latter, instructed by the misfortune of the others, was no sooner near him than he knelt, and, humbly representing to him the order he had received, begged him to save his life. Then our holy Prophet, warned by an angel, came down with him, and, without fearing the fury of the prince, which the death of so many soldiers had still inflamed, nor that of Jezabel, his mother, came to find him at his bed, and, after having represented to him his impiety, his rebellion against God and his other crimes, assured him anew that he would not rise, and that at the tribunal of the justice of God, the sentence of death was irrevocably given against him. So great a firmness frightened the whole court, and no one dared to seize him; he went out triumphant, and returned to the mountain where he was accustomed to dwell.

Holy Scripture tells us nothing of his private life, nor of the religious exercises which he practised in private, or in the company of those divine men who are called the sons of the Prophets; but there is much appearance that those who dwelt at Bethel, or at Jericho, or on Mount Carmel, or in the other countries of Palestine, recognized him as superior and received his instructions and his precepts as orders of God and oracles come from heaven. In effect, why did God order him to anoint another prophet in his place, if not to give a prelate to his dear disciples whom he was going to leave orphans? Why did these sons of the Prophets put themselves in such great pain to seek him, when he appeared no more, if not because they could not bear to be separated from a master and a director of so great merit? Why, having learned that Eliseus had been doubly clothed with his spirit, did they throw themselves at his feet and submit to his direction, if not because they recognized in him the legitimate succession of their father and patriarch Saint Elias? When the Holy Spirit did not remove our Saint from the land of Israel, and did not hide him from the eyes of all men, he applied himself doubtless to form these great servants of God and to inspire in them the religious virtues. So

the holy Fathers have always spoken of Elias as of the prince and head of hermits and cenobites. Saint Athanasius, in the Life of Saint Antony, assures that this excellent solitary wished the monks to live on the example of the divine Elias. Saint Gregory of Nazianzus relates of himself, in one of his homilies, that he had always in mind the Carmel of Elias and the desert of John the Baptist, as the models of the religious Order. Saint Jerome, in his Epistles to Paulinus and to Rusticus, cries out: "Our prince is Elias, our head is Eliseus, our captains are the sons of the Prophets." Sozomen says, in a word, that it is these great men who gave beginning to the monastic life; and Tostatus, on the fourth book of Kings, speaking of the mountains of Judea, says that colleges of prophets were seen there like our religious communities, of which Elias was the prelate and the father. "However the time approached when this man of God was to be taken up into heaven." So speaks Scripture; he wished, beforehand, to visit the disciples whom he had at Galgala, at Bethel, at Jericho and along the Jordan, thus performing the functions of a true superior until the end of his pilgrimage among men. When he had rendered them this duty of charity, wishing to pass the Jordan, he rolled up his mantle and struck the waters with it, and at the same time they divided and left him a free road. He passed it then dry-shod, and with him his disciple Eliseus, who had never wished to abandon him. Then this incomparable father, judging him worthy to be his heir, said to him: "Ask me what you wish, that I may grant it to you before I am separated from you." Eliseus, inspired by God, asked that his double spirit, that is to say the grace of prophecy and the gift of miracles, should be communicated to him, or else that his spirit, which contained a great number of graces, should be doubly in him. "You have asked a difficult thing," said Elias: "nevertheless, if you see me taken up into heaven, it shall be granted you." A little time after, as they were speaking together, a chariot of fire and horses all inflamed separated them from each other, and Elias, having mounted this chariot, was carried to a place which we do not know, and on which it would be rather useless to form conjectures. Eliseus, seeing him ascend, cried out with all his strength: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and its driver." But he was soon deprived of his sight. At the same time the mantle of this heavenly man fell from the chariot of fire, like a precious inheritance which the master sent to his disciple. It was the mantle with which he had covered him to make him a prophet, and which had divided the waters of the Jordan. He picked it up with great respect, esteeming himself infinitely richer to possess this great treasure than if he had become master of all the riches of the earth. He soon experienced its virtue: for wishing to cross the Jordan again, to join the sons of the Prophets of whom he had become father, he struck its waters as he had seen Elias do; and, though the first time the waters did not divide, nevertheless, when he struck them a second time, saying: "Where then now is the God of Elias?" they separated and gave him a free passage through the midst of the river.

This is in abridgment the whole history of this marvellous man, worthy of a happier age than that in which he lived on earth. He disappeared, according to the Chronology which we have followed, about the year 880 before the coming of the Son of God. Ten years after, Joram, king of Juda, received a letter from him, in which he reproached him with his impieties, his idolatries and his parricides, and made terrible threats to him, the effects of which his impenitence soon made him feel. We have this letter in the second book of Paralipomenon, chap. xxi. But it is not said there whence it came, nor by whom it was brought. Some believe that Elias wrote it in the place where he had been transported, and that he sent it by some heavenly messenger. Others esteem that he had drawn it up before being taken up, by a prophetic knowledge of the future disorders of this wicked prince, and that he had entrusted it to a faithful messenger charged to present it to the king when it should be necessary. The Gospel teaches us that Elias appeared on Thabor, with Moses, at the time of the Transfiguration of the Saviour; but in a manner different from that of Moses: for Moses, who was dead, appeared there only with an aerial body, with which his soul was clothed; and as for Elias, who was living, he appeared there with his own body, which the angels transported thither. Ecclesiasticus, in chapter xlvth of his Moral Instructions, remarks that he is destined to forestall the last Judgment, to soften, at that time, the indignation of God, and to bring the tribes of Israel back to the true religion. So, even from the Old Testament, it was a common tradition that Elias would come on earth before the consummation of the

ages, to prepare men for that great day which will decide their eternal happiness or unhappiness. Our Lord, in the Gospel, confirmed this belief, when he said “that Elias would assuredly come and would restore all things.” It is of him also and of Henoch, according to the sentiment of the Fathers of the Church and of the sacred interpreters, that he speaks in the Apocalypse, when he says “that he will give an extraordinary virtue to his two witnesses, and that they will prophesy a thousand two hundred and sixty days, or three years and a half, clothed in sacks; that they will carry in their mouth a devouring fire with which they will consume all adversaries; and that they will have the power to shut heaven to stop its rains, to change the waters into blood and to afflict the earth with all sorts of plagues, to chastise the criminals.”

The holy Doctors have also given great praises to our holy Prophet, above all Saint Bernard, who calls him the defender of the faith and of the truth, the advocate of the poor, the eye of the blind, the tongue of the dumb, the refuge of the wretched, the glory of good people, the terror of the wicked, the father of kings, the scourge of tyrants, the God of Achab and the thunderbolt of idolaters. The Carmelite religious, who recognize him as their Founder and first Patriarch, are those who have enlarged most on his praises. They make his feast with great solemnity on this day.

He is represented: 1° carrying in his hand a flaming sword to recall the proud and decisive language with which he defended more than once the honour of God; 2° taken up in a chariot of fire; 3° fed by ravens who bring him each day to eat near the torrent of Carith; 4° resuscitating the son of the widow of Sarepta; 5° in the costume of a hermit; 6° in company with Eliseus, his disciple and successor; 7° receiving a bread which an angel brings him; 8° holding in his hand the scroll which unrolls and on which are read his salient prophecies; 9° casting his mantle to Eliseus; 10° with Jesus Christ and Moses, in all the subjects of the transfiguration painted or sculptured.

Worship and Relics. — Writings The Church was long in determining on the institution of a religious cult to the memory of Elias, held back, it seems, by the Rule she had made for herself never to decree one to the living. But, afterwards, she believed she ought to derogate from her first sentiment in favour of Elias who, though not yet enjoying, according to the sentiment of the greater number of the doctors of the Church, the eternal felicity of the heavens, is no longer nevertheless, since his rapture, in the state which we call that of travellers on this earth who have not yet arrived at the term of their course. It is supposed that God, after having withdrawn Henoch and Elias from the commerce of men, continued them in his grace and established them in a sort of impeccability.

Since the 10th century, the feast of the rapture of Elias has been fixed on 20 July throughout Greece and in the provinces of the East which had remained under the obedience of the emperors of Constantinople. It was then communicated to the peoples of the North who follow the Greek rite, and no scruple was made any more of raising altars and building temples under his name. It appears even that it is the Greeks who communicated the cult of the prophet Elias to the Churches of the West, principally in Italy.

The tomb of the Prophet is shown in the immediate environs of Damascus. Saint Jerome relates that Saint Paula found, during her pilgrimage in the Holy Land, a little tower which bore the name of Elias: it had been built by the Christians, south of the city of Sarepta, today Sarfend, in Phoenicia.

A league from the convent of Mount Carmel, in Syria, is found the fountain of the prophet Elias. To go there, one descends the mountain on the south side, then enters a little valley called the Valley of the Martyrs. One does not delay to meet, near the road, ascending the valley, a beautiful spring which issues from a rock and fills at once a rather large square basin all hewn in the rock. The origin of this fountain is referred to the prophet Elias. If one makes a passage through the thick brushwood which garnishes the hill, and if one climbs four or five hundred paces above the convent, one arrives at the summit of the knoll, in a place rather arid today, which is called the Garden of Elias, or the Field of Melons. Here is its legend: The prophet Elias, passing in this place, saw a man who was guarding a field of melons; as he was hungry, he begged him to

give him one. “A melon?” answered this man, “I have none: what you see are stones.” — “Well! let them be stones!” answered the Prophet, continuing his road. The melons were changed into stones, and since that time, they are always found in this place, as proof of the hardness and punishment of this man. Authors pretend that stones are found there also which have the form of divers other species of fruits. These stones, which become more and more rare on Mount Carmel, are of the size and form of a melon; their mass is composed of a calcareous rock in which there are geodes of hornstone; empty inside, their cavity is lined with crystals of quartz. They have often been described, and some are seen in the principal museums, which come either from Mount Carmel, or from divers other localities, notably from Saxony, Bavaria and Transylvania.

At the top of the hill is the Greek convent of Saint Elias. Like all the convents of the Holy Land, it is a fortress which could sustain a siege: where there is no security, one must be armed to travel and entrench oneself in one’s dwelling against the attacks of the Arabs. The walls are very high, almost without openings; the door is of iron, low and very strong. It is above all today that one could say to the Orientals: “He that maketh his door high seeketh ruin.” *Qui exaltat ostium quærit ruinam.* The windows are very high, small and furnished with bars. On the terrace there is a wall which serves as parapet; it is formed of loose stones which, if need be, may serve as projectiles.

On the right of the road, one climbs a rock on which it is said that the prophet Elias lay down when, fleeing the wrath of Jezabel, he came into the deserts of Juda. We have lost the Apocalypse of Elias, known to Origen and to Saint Jerome; the General History of all times, which the Rabbis attribute to him, and his Letter to King Joram. We have made use, to compose this biography, of the Acta Sanctorum; of Father Giry; of the Saints of the Old Testament, by Baillet; of the Holy Places, by Msgr. Mislin; of the Women of the Bible, by Msgr. Darboy; and of the History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors, by Dom Ceillier.

Saint Marguerite or Marine, Virgin and Martyr

At Antioch of Pisidia, 275. — Pope: Saint Eutychian. — Roman Emperor: Aurelian.

> *Sæculi homines infeliciter felices sunt, martyres autem feliciter infelices erant: erant enim ad tempus infelices, sed in æternum felices.*
>
> *The men of the world are unhappily happy, whereas the martyrs were happily unhappy; for an eternal happiness was the reward of a few moments of unhappiness.*
>
> *S. Aug., on the Psalms, cxxvii.*

This admirable Virgin, whom the Greeks call Marine, was of Antioch of Pisidia, today Ak Cheher, on the frontier of Pisidia and Phrygia. She had for father an idolatrous priest, of great reputation, named Edésius. Her mother having died a short time after her birth, she was put out to nurse five or six leagues from the city, with a virtuous woman who inspired in her early the horror of vice and the love of virtue. Marguerite grew up marvellously in prudence, in modesty, in purity and in all the other virtues befitting her sex. Having heard the life-giving word of faith and the preaching of the Gospel, she at once embraced Christianity, and would recognize no other master than Jesus Christ. She even consecrated her virginity to him and chose him for her eternal Spouse.

The father, having perceived that his daughter was a Christian, undertook to make her renounce her religion. As his efforts remained without result, he discharged upon her all the bitterness of his fury, to the point that he could not even bear the sight of her; for he held her in abomination, and ended by removing her from his presence. But the Lord, who never abandons those who hope in him, deigned to console her in his great goodness, and he made her so dear to her nurse that the latter loved her as the child of her own womb; for she, too, was a Christian, and her works were in accord with her faith. Among other admirable virtues which divine grace had bestowed on the young Virgin, there shone in her such a love of holy humility that she never

grew proud of the nobility of her origin, and, as her father had driven her from his house, she obeyed her nurse in everything, like a simple servant; she even kept her sheep, and was not ashamed to lead them to pasture with the other girls; acquitting herself of this office with much humility and gentleness, after the example of the beautiful and humble Rachel, mother of the patriarch Joseph, who, in her young years, kept her father's flocks.

In the meanwhile it happened that a prefect of the praetorium, named Olybrius, a man swollen with fury and impiety, was going from Asia to Antioch to persecute the Christians. As he was passing through that city, he perceived the blessed Marguerite pasturing her sheep with other girls of her age. Struck by her beauty, and overcome by concupiscence, he gave this order to his servants: "Go at once, inquire diligently about this girl. If she is of free condition, I will make her my wife; if, on the contrary, she was born in slavery, I will give for her ransom the price she deserves, and she shall take rank among my concubines." The servants hastened to execute the orders of their master, and brought young Marguerite to him in all haste. While these impious men were thus leading her, the blessed Virgin, seized with fear and dread at the thought of the frailty of her sex, began to tremble in all her limbs; and her terror redoubled as she thought of the atrocious barbarity of the torments which the pagans then made the faithful endure.

She addressed herself therefore to Jesus, her spouse, and besought him to give her courage to bear the most horrible torments rather than betray the faith she had sworn to him. "Send," she said to him, "thy holy Angel; let him guard, protect and defend my body and my soul." While the blessed Virgin was thus praying, the prefect's men arrived before him and said to him: "This girl is an enemy of the gods and of the empire; she adores Jesus formerly crucified by the Jews, and neither our threats nor our promises have been able to shake her." The unjust judge ordered that she be presented to him without delay. When she was before him, he spoke to her thus: "Fear nothing, girl; but tell me what is thy origin, and make known to me clearly whether thou art free or a slave." The Virgin answered him: "My family is very well known in this city, and I am not of so obscure a birth that I should hide my origin; but, since thou speakest of liberty, know that I depend on no man: I confess with heart and mouth that I am the servant of my master Jesus Christ, whom from the tenderest age I learned to revere, to honour, and whom I shall always adore." — "What is thy name?" — "Men call me Marguerite; but at holy Baptism I received another, more illustrious: I am named Christian." This answer filled the president with unspeakable fury; and at once he gave the order to shut her up in a dark prison, and forbade that any help be given her, not even to drink or to eat; he hoped that this privation of all human assistance and the darkness of the dungeon would make her consent to his wishes. But Marguerite, consoled by a visit of the holy Angels and favoured with a heavenly light, persevered only with more constancy in the confession of the name of Christ, and regarded as very little all that had been devised to make her suffer.

The prefect, seeing that nothing could shake her in her faith, neither good treatment nor fear of tortures, continued his way toward the city of Antioch. As soon as he had arrived there, he convoked the nobility of the city with all those who appeared to have the most wisdom, in order to take counsel with them on all the means, not of destroying Marguerite by putting her to death, but of overcoming her, either by artful arguments or by terror. After he had long set forth the matter, he came to the design of producing the young Virgin in the assembly of the people and of examining her publicly, adding: "Perhaps the shame of seeing herself thus exposed to the gaze of the multitude will make her yield, and what neither hunger nor prison could do, intimidation will obtain." On the second day after his entry into the city, the prefect therefore gave the order that a splendid tribunal be erected for him and that the whole city be convoked to the spectacle which he wished to give it in the interrogation of the Virgin.

On the appointed day, a great gathering of people of both sexes took place. The prefect, adorned in his most magnificent ornaments, sat upon his throne and commanded that she who cultivated in her heart the faith of Christ be brought in the presence of all. After she had been presented to him, he began by addressing to her

benevolent words; he invited her to renounce her errors, which would draw upon her torments and even death, whereas by returning to more sensible ideas, she would gain his good graces. “Choose,” he said to her in concluding, “I propose to thee today life or death, joy or torments.”

The Virgin of Christ answered: “The true life and joy, thanks be to God, I have already found them, I have placed them, never to leave them, in the strong citadel of my heart: I mean that I adore, that I glorify the Lord Jesus Christ, that I venerate him with an assured confidence, and that I shall not cease to honour him with all my soul. For the rest, give thyself no more so much trouble on my account, and weary not thyself with thy uncertainties; know it well, no human power, no torture, are capable of taking from my heart so precious a treasure.” Olybrius then said to her: “Thy pride, thy obstinacy are strange! the more clement I am, the more harshness thou showest. This would make us believe that these discourses do not come from thee, but that another has suggested them to thee; I am persuaded that someone has entangled thee in all these chimeras as in a net. Hence it comes that thou knowest not how to enter into thy heart, and that thou hast made us such answers. Thy age alone proves evidently what I advance; for of thyself thou wouldst not have known how to speak in this manner. Well! tell us without circumlocution who is the person who has so well schooled thee.” The blessed Marguerite replied: “Thou pretendest that I have been seduced and indoctrinated with foolish extravagances; if thou wilt hear me, thou shalt not be long in knowing how it stands, on condition, however, that thou believe in Christ.” And the prefect: “Yes, I will hear thee willingly; for I desire to know what thou hast to say to us.” Marguerite, taking up the word again: “Be not astonished, O judge,” she said, “at what my weakness is going to unfold before thy eyes; for these are not human arguments. Hear then, and let thy wisdom make its profit of it. He who serves Our Lord Jesus Christ has no need of a mortal master to instruct him and teach him to prepare what he must answer; for he himself willed to make the promise of it to those who trust in him, saying to them: When you shall be delivered up to the powers of the world, and when you shall appear before kings and presidents, think not what you shall have to say, nor in what manner you must answer; the Holy Spirit will speak worthily for you. Therefore, if this is so, or rather because it is so, it is not by human means, but by faith that I have been instructed. In effect, it is by believing that I have found a master, and it is also by believing that we learn to preserve our faith and to resist your infernal persuasions.”

The president replied: “We thought that thou wert going to tell us something sensible; but thou hast produced only an impudent lie. We had already learned that the seduction of Christ is such that he who has once been imbued with his doctrine, no discussion, no violence can shake him. So then, thanks to thy obstinacy, we know now by experience what we had already heard said. But may such a master never come to address my understanding; far from me a like doctrine which, by making the power of princes despised, deprives us of the most seductive joys and casts us into a perpetual tribulation. It is because thou knowest not, girl, how great is the indignation of the emperors against the faith of the Christians, that thou pretendest to preserve without disquiet what seems to thee right and holy. If thou wouldst listen to the counsels which we address to thee, thou wouldst see clearly what is the means of avoiding death and of finding life. But let not thyself be deceived by a vain hope; know, on the contrary, that the invincible emperors have constituted me judge in this place, in order that all the partisans of Christ who adore not the gods, I may tear them in pieces without pity, by divers tortures, and that after having thus torn them, I may make them undergo the bitterest death. And as these orders have been sanctioned by the imperial edicts, see what thou hast to do, now that thou hast the leisure and that our indulgence is willing thus to condescend to thy youth, lest afterwards thou seek this time of indulgence, without being able any more to find it, when thy obstinacy shall have begun to feel our indignation. Once more, let not thyself go to the foolish hope that thou canst, in one manner or another, escape the power of my arm, and be well persuaded that no force is capable of delivering thee from my hands. If such were thy thoughts, undeceive thyself. Rather return into thyself, hasten to accomplish what we order, and prepare to come with us, on the appointed day, to adore the majesty of the gods: otherwise, thou shalt expire in the midst of the most cruel torments.” The blessed Marguerite answered: “What avails it to threaten me with torments, impious judge? Why wish to destroy the Christian religion by terror, and to glory

in this, that no one could snatch me from thy hands? If my Lord Jesus Christ were only a man, as thy folly makes thee believe, and if he were not rather and most truly God and man at once, and moreover the king of heaven and earth, thy threats might inspire me with fright and constrain me to obey thee by adoring dumb simulacra; but, because he dwells in the heavens, whence he sees all that is most lowly, and that, according to a prophet, 'heaven is the throne of his glory, and the earth the footstool of his feet'; and that he has a power such that, if he willed, at that very instant hell would swallow thee up alive with thy retinue: what signal stupidity would it not be to abandon such a Lord in order to bow the head before vain idols and render them glory! Therefore, O judge, I must leave thee in no uncertainty in this regard; hear and be assured of what I am going to say: I obey not the edicts of the emperors, I fear not the effect of thy threats. Kill me, if thou wilt, tear me, have me burned alive, cast me under the tooth of beasts; thou canst put me to death; but to separate me from the love of Christ, never."

The president, furious at such discourses, ordered that she be hung up by the head and struck with rods with redoubled blows. The executioners executed these orders in a manner so cruel that the blood which escaped from the so delicate body of the young virgin ran upon the ground as from a spring. A good number of men and women, witnesses of so barbarous an execution, could not restrain tears of compassion and groans; and, as if to console her, they said to the blessed martyr: "O virgin so fair, we are greatly afflicted at the torments thou endurest in thy limbs, and we would undertake anything to deliver thee; but we cannot. Hear, however, our counsel: this tyrant, as thou seest, is ever in the boiling of his fury, and thus beside himself with anger, he hastens to blot out thy memory from the earth. But thou, O virgin, thou who art endowed with so much wisdom, spare at last thy life, have pity on thyself: and for that, acquiesce at least for an instant in what the judge asks of thee, and probably touched with compassion, he will not give thee up to death." The holy martyr answered them: "Enough, enough, O illustrious men; withdraw, O noble women, and go not, by your tears, to weaken my courage; for, as the Apostle says, evil communications corrupt good manners. I pardon you nevertheless, because you act in this by humanity, and because, walking in darkness, you enjoy not the true light. If you knew the light of truth, not only would you not wish to make me abandon the right path, but rather you would give yourselves up spontaneously to torments for the name of Jesus Christ."

Then the president Olybrius, indignant, gave the order to hang her on the rack, and to tear her sides with very sharp iron nails. The executioners, setting to work at once, lacerated so pitilessly the flesh of the young martyr that they took it off in strips down to the entrails, which appeared uncovered, and that the blood spurted on all sides. The bystanders could not bear such a spectacle, and all, even the execrable prefect, turned away their faces, so greatly did this atrocious barbarity horrify them. As for the Saint, strengthened by a heavenly succour, she counted as nothing the torments she endured; and several of those present, admiring her courage, said to one another: "See how a tender and delicate young girl bears bloody torments which the most valiant men would not dare even to look upon." But the prefect's men took occasion from what should have bent their inhumanity to invent new torments which were to end in death. Seeing that the virgin of the Lord laughed at the iron nails, they studied to imagine tortures still more atrocious, which should either constrain her to yield, or procure her the cruellest kind of death. They resolved therefore to give her up to the flames the following day. And after they had settled this plan, they gave the order to take her back into the darkness of her prison.

The martyr having entered it, raised her hands to the Lord, and prayed God to grant her a manly perseverance in torment and temptations. While she was thus imploring the help of God, the demon, with his thousand means of harming, prepared to frighten her by divers artifices and fantastic prestiges. Transforming himself before her into a dragon, and casting from his mouth and nostrils a foul fire, he seemed ready to devour her. The blessed virgin, at the sight of this threatening form, had recourse, according to her custom, to the arms of prayer, and forming the sign of the cross against the enemy, she thus implored the help from on high: "Lord Jesus Christ, defender of thy soldiers, thou who hast humbled by the victory of thy cross the pride of the

demon, arise to help me; say to my soul: I am thy salvation. For thou hast said thyself: Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk, and thou shalt trample under foot the lion and the dragon." At these words, the ancient serpent withdrew confounded, and could undertake nothing against the virgin. And at once, ravished with joy at the heavenly assistance, Marguerite rendered great thanks to God, Saviour of all who hope in him. The enemy of the Christian name tried again to frighten the Saint by appearing to her in the form of a horrible man; but Marguerite commanded him, in the name of the Lord, to depart from her, and he obeyed her, avowing his defeat.

To these infernal attacks succeeded a heavenly visit which filled the virgin of Christ with joy. A divine light, resplendent as the sun, shone in the prison; then, in this light, appeared the image of the cross of salvation, on the summit of which came to rest a dove whiter than snow, and at once a voice made itself heard to congratulate the young martyr and exhort her to perseverance. This visit strengthened the blessed virgin more and more; and her soul received from it such an increase of vigour and patience that she would have defied all torments.

The morning having come, the judge, who had lost nothing of his fury against the Saint, gave the order to extract her from the disgusting prison where he had had her shut up, and to bring her to his tribunal before the assembled people. As she presented herself with the face of a person who had suffered no harm, Olybrius made her terrible threats to shake her constancy: he told her that if she did not consent on the spot to adore the gods of the empire, he would make her suffer the punishment of fire. The holy martyr answered the proud tyrant: "Why dost thou trouble thyself, O judge! and to what purpose these threats to have me burned alive? We fear not thy threats, and we dread not at all thy torments; for he who contemplates the greatness of the rewards easily despises torments. Therefore neither fire, nor sword, nor peril of death, shall ever be able to separate me from my Lord Jesus Christ. Only, I pray thee not to put off what thou wishest to do; for we despise thee as well as thy gods, and I shall not cease to adore and glorify the Lord and him alone." When she had ceased to speak, the cruel judge, still more exasperated, ordered that she be stripped and hung up by means of pulleys, then that all her limbs be burned with blazing torches. During this torment he said to her in derision: "Rejoice, Marguerite, exult in thy Christ, whom thou wilt in no manner deny, as thou assurest. It is he who has acquired for thee this repose, this pleasure. Well! let him come to help thee, if he can, and deliver thee from this fire. But if thou wilt obey our orders and take pity on thyself, there is time yet; we will procure for thee so many and such great delights that thou wilt quickly forget all the torments thou hast endured." The blessed Marguerite answered him: "Thou jestest at this torment of a fire which is but momentary, and thou thinkest not of that which is eternal! This is the glory of the Christians, which leads them to a joy that shall never end. I have always had the desire to suffer what thou makest me endure, and this thought made me sigh. This fire, it is true, burns my limbs for a few moments; but thou, so grown old in idolatry, thou shalt be given up to eternal braziers. That same Lord of heaven and earth, who delivered three children from a burning furnace, procures also for me, his servant, a sweet refreshment which tempers my sufferings, so that this fire may not overcome me, and that, after having conquered thy obstinate persistence, I may have the happiness of singing with them the hymn of glorification." After having thus spoken, she raised her eyes to heaven and made this prayer: "Lord, creator of all things, thou to whom all the elements obey, hear my cries which rise up to thee, and grant that I be not vanquished by this fire." O prodigy of the power of the Lord! These blazing lamps procured her a refreshment as of a sweet dew, and she said to the judge: "Understand, at least now, who is my Lord whom I adore; he is endowed with such a power that this fire has lost all its vigour and burns my limbs no more."

The executioners, wearied and vanquished, left her hanging, but without any injury, and said to the prefect: "May our master deign to order in what manner this enemy of the gods must be punished, for hitherto all our efforts have been vain." Olybrius then ordered a great cauldron to be brought, to be filled with boiling water, and the Martyr to be cast into it, feet and hands bound. When Marguerite had been thrown to the bottom of

the cauldron, she prayed thus: “Break these bonds, Lord, that I may offer thee a sacrifice of praise, and that the peoples, seeing it, may believe that thou art the only God full of glory, whom this unhappy world knows not.” She was still speaking when her bonds broke, and the Saint stood up safe and sound. Those who were present, seeing so many marvels which God wrought in her, cried out, ravished with admiration: “Yes, he is truly great, he is the only true one, the God whom this young virgin serves and who, at her prayer, has made so many and such great prodigies shine forth!” The holy martyr took thence occasion to speak to them of God. She said to them then: “O wise men! consider and know that the Lord is the creator of all things, whom all creatures obey, as you have been able to convince yourselves by what has happened to me. Leave therefore the worship of these vain simulacra, and be converted to your Creator, the Saviour of souls, who has called you out of darkness into his admirable light. If you return to him with all your heart, and if, after having been washed by holy baptism, you observe by your works and your words the Christian faith, not only will your souls enjoy blessed repose, but, moreover, when the general resurrection shall take place, you will receive a double reward; then your bodies, like your souls, will swim in an ineffable joy which shall have no end.” This exhortation produced its effect; and a multitude of persons, leaving the errors of paganism, embraced the faith of Christ. The detestable president, having learned what had happened, began to fear that the people might rise against him and make him lose, with his life, his honours and dignities. Therefore, without making any inquiry, he ordered all those who had followed the counsels of the blessed virgin to be beheaded. It is beyond doubt that these Martyrs received in the effusion of their blood the regeneration of holy baptism and merited eternal life. After they had been executed, the perfidious tyrant, seeing the invincible constancy of the virgin and despairing of obtaining anything from her, ordered the capital sentence to be inflicted on her. The executioners seized her and led her out of the city, to the place destined for executions. The blessed Marguerite asked a few moments to collect herself, and when she had finished her prayer, she told the executioner that he might strike. And the latter, seizing his sword, as he had received the order, cut off her head. This blessed virgin was martyred for the name of Christ on the 16th of the calends of August.

Saint Marguerite of Antioch is represented: 1° leading a dragon in chains, symbol of the temptations which the enemy of salvation suggested to her and which she knew how to overcome; 2° carrying in her hand a girdle, because, in some pilgrimages in honour of this Saint, women put on a girdle in which are some of her relics, and this devotion has for object to avoid the accidents of pregnancy or divers pains of the loins. In Italy, in France above all, and particularly at Saint-Germain des Prés, Saint Marguerite was honoured as protectress of pregnant women;[1] 3° having near her a great vase which recalls the cauldron of boiling water into which she was plunged; 4° carrying in her hand a little cross, symbol of her great love for Jesus; 5° in the costume of a shepherdess, keeping the sheep of her nurse.

Worship and Relics The faithful, having learned of her martyrdom, came to take away her body and gave her an honourable burial, according to the rite of the Christians. When peace had been restored to the Church, a basilica was erected in that place in honour of the holy virgin martyr. It was in the 11th century, and during the crusades, that her cult passed from East to West. It soon became very famous there, above all in France, in England and in Germany.

Vida, the glory of the Christian muses, made two hymns in honour of the Saint, who is one of the titular patrons of the city of Cremona, native land of the poet. In the first, he conjures the Saint to cast an eye of compassion on Italy, on Cremona in particular, which, in that time, were exposed to the ravages of war. In the second, the poet asks, by the intercession of her whose praises he sings, not a long life, riches or honours, but the grace to live and to die holily, in order to obtain the happiness of praising God in the company of the elect.

Divers relics of Saint Marguerite were brought into France: in the abbey of Saint-Germain des Prés, at Paris, a bone of the chin, placed at the foot of a rich silver statue, a present of Marie de Médicis, wife of Henri IV,

and moreover a girdle of the Saint; with the Religious Women of the Ave Maria, of Paris; at the abbey of Froidmont, in the diocese of Beauvais; in the church of Saint-Rieux, at Senlis; in the collegiate church of Andrelec, in the suburb of Brussels, some parts of the head; at Abbeville, at Gisors, etc., divers bones. The greater part of her body is found, it is said, at Montefiascone, in the States of the Church. The cathedral of Troyes still possesses, in a reliquary of gilded wood, the foot, well preserved, with the bones, the nerves, and even the flesh, of Saint Marguerite; this noteworthy relic has existed for centuries in the treasury of the basilica. It was saved, during the Revolution of 1793, by the care of M. Rebours, canon-treasurer, who returned it to the said cathedral at the time of the re-establishment of Catholic worship. The recognition of it was made, in 1802, by the canons of the former chapter of Troyes. Monseigneur de Boulogne attested its authenticity, in 1811, by testimonial letters. Acta Sanctorum, translation of the Benedictines of France; Local notes furnished by M. l'abbé Cœur, Vicar-general of Troyes.

Saint Wulmer or Wilmer,[2] Founder of the Abbey of Samer, in the Diocese of Arras

689. — Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Thierry III.

Magnam sæculo rapit prædam, qui se abstrahere contendit e sæculo.

It is to ravish a fair prey from the world to labour to tear oneself away from it.

S. Eus. Emiss., serm. de Castigat.

At the beginning of the 7th century of the Christian era, in the territory of the Boulonnais, and in a place named Syluiacum, today Samer (Pas-de-Calais), there was born of Christian and noble parents a man whom his brilliant virtues and admirable holiness were to place in the rank of the Saints. Walbert and Dude, his parents, had yet another son, to whom they had given the name of Warner. The youth of the Saint was passed in the feudal residence of his fathers, in the midst of the still wholly barbarous occupations of the ancient Franks. But God, whose secrets are impenetrable, makes use of all sorts of means to attain his ends: as he had the design of one day crowning Wulmer with an immortal glory, he humbled him first in order to raise him afterwards to that high degree of honour.

The young Frank sought in marriage a noble girl named Osterhilda, not knowing that she had been promised to Wilmer, one of his compatriots. He was on the point of seeing his wishes accomplished, when, by virtue of the right of betrothal, his rival had recourse to the king of the Franks. The latter supported him in his pretensions, and, by his order, Wulmer had to renounce her whom his heart had chosen. Bruised in his tenderest affections, the young man took a disgust for the world, which opened to him with such disappointments; and, breaking all that could still attach him to the life of the world, he resolved to consecrate himself to God in the night and obscurity of the cloister. So Providence humbled him in the eyes of the world, in order to exalt him in the sight of the angels, to take entire possession of his heart and draw it more strongly to the service of Jesus Christ.

Wulmer set out at once and betook himself to Hainaut, to the monastery of Hautmont, where the abbot received him with the greatest kindness (642). Scarcely was he clothed with the livery of the Lord when an extraordinary change could be remarked in him. He was no longer that barbarian of proud and bold look, that assiduous courtier of his prince; that man who had vain complaisances for the world. Prostrate at the feet of the altars of Christ, his true king and master, he learned to die to the things of the earth. It was then that he could say, with the great Apostle: "The world is crucified in the depth of my heart, and I am to the world."

Such must have been the sentiments of Wulmer newly converted; but it was only the beginning of so happy a change. To test the young novice, and see whether his vocation came from on high, the abbot applied himself first to make him practise the most difficult virtues: the humility of Jesus Christ, contempt of self, and renunciation of his own will. He had understood well that in the shadow of the cloister there was no longer

any question of rank or condition, that there was no more poor or rich there, serf or suzerain; because between the soul of the slave and that of the freeman there is no difference before God. So, submissive and obedient to those who were to guide him in the way of salvation, he practised with happiness the most sublime counsels of evangelical perfection. His superior gave him the conduct of the oxen and entrusted to him the care of fetching all the wood necessary for the needs of the monastery. Wulmer acquitted himself of these painful functions with so much joy and fervour that the whole community was extremely edified.

His zeal went still further; for, rising by night and entering softly into the great chamber of the dormitory, he took away the shoes of the brethren, to clean them. The abbot, to whom they gave knowledge of the fact, was much edified by so much simplicity of heart and charity. Wishing to know the author, he watched secretly himself, and succeeded in discovering him. Wulmer, in effect, having approached the cell of his superior, to render him furtively the same service, was at once seized by the hand, and received the order to declare instantly who he was. Disconcerted and confused at this demand, but pressed by the obedience which he owed to his superior, the servant of God answered with regret that he was that young man come from the shores of the sea, and to whom he had given some time before the holy habit of religion. The abbot, happy to see so much modesty in so young a religious, said to him: “Go, my son, do what you wish.” It was to authorize him to continue his humble and pious exercise. However, in order not to offend his modesty, he revealed this action only after the departure of Wulmer.

Such were therefore each day the occupations by which the athlete of Christ exercised himself in the practice of Christian virtues, in the abbey of Haulmont. But heaven, which had greater views on him, and which wished to reserve him for the conduct of souls and the foundation of a new monastery, did not permit him to remain longer charged with these humble functions. The Holy Spirit, who had made of this man a chosen temple, inspired him with the thought of giving himself to the study of letters, in order to put him in a position to render greater services to the Church of God. Wulmer, docile to the inspiration of grace, had himself initiated by the brethren into this study, of which he did not even know the first principles. Without relaxing in anything his exactness in accomplishing the other labours imposed on him, he gave to this new kind of occupation all the care of which he was capable.

One day, however, according to his habit, driving his cart in the neighbouring forest, he walked before his oxen, holding his tablets in hand and studying with ardour. The profound meditation in which he was plunged absorbed him so much that his cart stopped without his perceiving it. After having thus gone on alone for some time, he turned his head instinctively, and saw what had happened to him. Then, understanding the warning which came to him from on high, he turns back, brings back his team, and occupies himself solely with the labour that was entrusted to him. The abbot, having learned the fact, and recognizing the impossibility of uniting together the labour of the hands and that of the mind, gave to another the care of going to fetch the wood, and ordered Wulmer to apply himself exclusively to the study of letters. The rapid progress which he made in a short time, as well as the good examples which he gave to the community, by his humility and his gentleness, induced the abbot to raise him to the priestly dignity.

When, prostrate on the flagstones of the sanctuary, his forehead bowed under the hand of the consecrating pontiff, Wulmer rose a priest for eternity, he felt all the weight of the burden which this dignity laid upon him. The great honour and the profound respect which his holiness drew to him from the brethren frightened his humility. From that moment, a sublime resolution was taken by Wulmer. The silence of the cloister, the abnegation of the cenobitic life, no longer sufficed for his soul. Consecrated henceforth to the service of Jesus crucified, he felt the need of tempering himself anew in a harder and more solitary life. Therefore he begged his abbot earnestly to permit him to withdraw into some frightful solitude, to think only of God alone and to live there unknown to all. His virtue and his merit made him easily obtain what he desired with so much ardour. So, after having prostrated himself at the feet of his superior to receive his blessing, he departed, carrying with him the regrets of all the religious.

The Lord, in his marvellous designs for the increase of his Church and the civilization of peoples, inspired the men of that time with the desire to found numerous monasteries everywhere. The immense forests which then covered the surface of France were thus little by little cleared: the abbey became everywhere a centre of population, when it did not give birth to a city, to a capital. Saint Wulmer, guided by the Spirit of God, directed himself then toward the wooded regions of Flanders, carrying with him only the objects necessary for the holy sacrifice, and an axe to cut a way through the thickness of the woods. As soon as he had arrived in these forests, he hid himself in the hollow of an oak,[1] where he fasted three days and three nights, aspiring in long desires to eternal felicity, and unveiling to God the last fears of his soul.

But the Lord, who never abandons his own in need, took care of this noble recluse, of this illustrious penitent. Appearing in a dream to a man of quality who lived near there, he said to him: “You prepare for yourself delicious dishes and exquisite wines, while my servant Wulmer is dying of hunger in the hollow of a tree where he has hidden himself.” The latter was extremely surprised to hear such language; he had so great a fright from it that he communicated his vision to his wife. This lady, whose virtue was greater still than her nobility, urged him strongly not to put off obeying the voice that had spoken to him. She herself put her hand joyfully to the work, and prepared on the spot some food for the servant of God. Then she pressed her husband to depart, to go and relieve this illustrious solitary; but, knowing neither the forest nor the retreat of him whom the mysterious voice had announced to him, this lord was in great embarrassment. Mount your steed, said the noble and pious lady to him, and he who has spoken will guide you.

Then, persuaded by the counsels of his wife, he went out of his dwelling and trusted himself to Providence. After having crossed the plain, his mount, directing itself toward the neighbouring forest, advanced to the thickest of the wood. There he heard a voice which sang the praises of God. “Is it you,” he cried, “who are the servant of Jesus Christ? Is it you whom the Lord ordered me to seek?” Surprised to see himself discovered, Wulmer answered: “You ask me if I am the servant of Jesus Christ? Alas! what can I answer you? I am a criminal, who does penance for his faults, and a poor unknown man, who is very far from the glorious quality which you give him.” This noble knight, moved, then set forth to him the motive of his step, begging him to come down to take the nourishment which heaven sent him. The Saint yielded to his desires. After Wulmer had taken his refection, the gentleman, yielding to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, said to him: “Since you make profession of being the servant of God, work then for the interests of his glory. Come on my lands to instruct my numerous vassals; I will give you a part of my inheritance, where you may build a cell and conquer souls for Jesus Christ.” The saint at first made great difficulties about leaving his dear solitude. Nevertheless he yielded to the entreaties of the pious gentleman, and said to him: “Return to your dwelling, and tomorrow come and take me, I will do all that you desire.”

The following day, according to his promise, Wulmer followed his generous benefactor, and received from this faithful man a suitable site for the construction of a church. His good examples, his continual preachings, made the greatest impression on the inhabitants of that country. The success was such that the knight entrusted to him his own son, to instruct and bring him up in the things which regard the service of God. More, seeing that he wrought the greatest prodigies of conversion throughout the extent of his domain, he gave him all the goods that he possessed, an example which was soon followed by two of his brothers and some other lords of the same country. But there was not the term which the Lord had fixed for the career of his servant. There are peoples to whom the divine Pastor of souls dispenses his graces with more largess, his benefits with more abundance. The greater part of the blessings which heaven sowed on the steps of so great a saint was to return of right to the Morinie, which had given him birth. So the Spirit of God, who disposes all things for the greater glory of the Church, inspired Wulmer with the resolution to withdraw again from the commerce of men and to plunge anew into the most solitary woods.

Perceiving that he was respected and greatly considered, on account of the numerous miracles which God wrought by his ministry, he thought again of retreat. “Wulmer, Wulmer,” he said to himself, “thou who

makest thy glory of being a disciple of Jesus Christ, attach thyself not to this world, nor to the vain esteem of men. The Master tells thee that he lived unknown to the world, for it is written: He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not."

So, fleeing the praises and honours with which he was surrounded, he came to hide himself in that vast extent of forests which covered all the country now comprised between Desvres and Tingry, and which, then, formed part of the territorial possessions of his fathers.

Happy in this retreat , which was for him the vestibule of heaven, happy to be dead to the world and to open his soul to the contemplations of solitude and the visions of the holy city, Wulmer lived in calm and repose of heart. His continual prayer, his assiduous fasts, the countless mortifications he practised, rose without ceasing, like an incense of agreeable odour, toward the throne of the Lamb. But God, who destined him for greater things, did not leave him long given up to himself.

While, retired in a hut which he had built for himself, he gave himself to these pious exercises of penance, it happened that one day his brother, going hunting, met him without recognizing him; but, astonished to see so venerable a solitary established in his domain, without his having learned of it, he asked him who he was, whence he came, who had permitted him to inhabit the lands of his lordship. To these questions the Saint answered, not without some emotion, that he was a poor sinner who hid himself to do penance, and that he begged him, in the name of God, whose minister he was, to be so good as to keep him in his domain. "Lord," he said to him, "praying God for men, I feed on the herbs that grow in your woods, I quench my thirst at the brooks that flow there, and have no other bed than the earth: have the goodness therefore to leave me where heaven has led me." Warner, whom this answer did not satisfy, pressed him more vehemently to tell him who he was. "Since you attach so much importance," said the solitary to him, "to knowing who I am, I must yield to your entreaties and to the violence you do me; know then that I was born in these places, that my name is Wulmer." Warner, dumbfounded, threw himself into his arms, and urged him to return with him to the dwelling of his ancestors. But the solitary was inflexible, and, in spite of all the happiness he would have had in seeing again a mother inconsolable since his departure, he refused to accede to his request.

Warner, on returning, told the noble châtelaine of the arrival of Wulmer in his woods and of the conversation he had had with him. At once she, transported with unspeakable joy, ordered him to bring to his brother all the things he might have need of. Warner set out on the spot, but no longer found the solitary in the place where he had left him. Then he began to traverse the forest, making everything resound with the name of Wulmer, who came with kindness to meet his brother.

After having taken some nourishment with him, the great saint seized this occasion to speak to him of the indispensable obligation he had to labour at the great work of his salvation. He spoke to him of the respectful submission he ought to have for the law of God, and touched him so much that Warner came out of this interview wholly penetrated with the truths which his blessed brother had just unveiled to him. Often he returned to taste this spiritual nourishment of the holy word, which the servant of God dispensed with so much suavity. Others, following his example, wished to be instructed in the law of Jesus Christ, and betook themselves to Wulmer. But the Saint, who needed a special time to give himself to prayer and contemplation, resolved to regulate the moments when he could, without too much leaving his solitude, preach to them the sublime precepts of the holy Gospel; and, to spare his hearers the embarrassment of seeking him in the forest, he fastened to a neighbouring tree a tablet and a wooden mallet. "When you wish," he said to them, "that I should come to you, strike on this tablet: at this known signal, I will betake myself to your pious desires."

However, from all sides, rich and poor, lords and vassals, crowd round his cell; all wish to learn to become the imitators of his life and the faithful copies of his penance. To satisfy the holy eagerness with which several of them aspired to become the companions of his labours in the service of God, the saint built some cells, where he could exercise himself with them in the practice of monastic virtues; and, after having tested

their vocation, he clothed them with the religious habit.

Under the conduct of such a master, they became in a short time worthy servants of Jesus Christ; and soon he sent them to preach everywhere in the domains and dependencies of the castle of his father. Their discourses were so animated, their words so full of eloquence and faith, and at the same time so well sustained by the holiness of their lives, that the inhabitants abandoned the path of error; and, guided by the heavenly light, advanced with more assurance in the right way of salvation. In consequence of these preachings, the crowd of those who desired to place themselves under the direction of Wulmer increased from day to day, to such a degree that the chapel and the cells which he had built were no longer sufficient to contain them. The pious abbot formed the design of building a monastery more vast and more in proportion to the number of his religious. He put his hand at once to the work, and placed under the patronage of the Queen of angels and of the apostles Peter and Paul the new abbey which the munificence of the peoples enabled him to finish in a short time.

In the meanwhile, Céadwalla, king of Wessex, in England, was crossing the Morinie, to go to the sovereign Pontiff and receive from his hand the sacrament of baptism. Having learned the rare merit and the holiness of Wulmer, he wished to see him, and gather from his mouth some instructions fit to guide him in the way of salvation and to strengthen him in so painful and so glorious an enterprise.

Wulmer responded to the honour which this monarch did him, in a manner so grave, so noble and so worthy of religion, that this prince offered him immense treasures to finish his monastery. But the holy abbot refused them, showing as much modesty and generosity as the monarch had displayed liberality and magnificence. However, at the reiterated instances of the royal neophyte, he accepted thirty gold sous, which were to be employed for the decoration of his basilica. The prince then took leave of the man of God; and, having happily arrived at Rome, he was baptized, on the eve of Easter, in the church of Saint Peter (688).

In the midst of all these new institutions, Wulmer wished further to give to God faithful servants affectionate to his service, and a retreat for the holy maidens who, abandoning the life of the world, wished to consecrate themselves entirely to the service of the Lord. Therefore he raised, in a village called Wileria (Wierre-aux-Bois), a monastery of women, the care of which he entrusted to his niece Bertane or Heremberthe. In choosing the daughter of his brother, Wulmer allowed himself in no way to be determined by considerations of kinship: he did but render justice to piety and virtue. The sequel showed that he was not mistaken, for Heremberthe conducted herself with so much wisdom that she became the perfect model of her sisters, and merited, after her death, to be glorified eternally in heaven.

Reviving their faith and courage by the example of his virtues and by his lively exhortations, the saint contributed much to the salvation of these pious maidens. If sometimes food happened to fail them, he reassured them, urging them to trust in the providence of Almighty God. “Do not trouble yourselves, my children,” he said to them, “do not trouble yourselves about the things of this world; turn your heart always toward God: he is a Father of mercy who will never abandon you.” And these words spread the sweetest consolations in those timid hearts, still preoccupied with the things of earth. But God, watching over these sanctuaries of happiness and peace, sustained the efforts of his servant. So, before the end of Wulmer’s persuasive exhortations, the Lord often raised up charitable souls, who came to bring to the community loaves and gifts. Then the whole monastery resounded with thanksgivings, and the heavenly seed germinated with more fruit in the hearts. The paternal goodness of the blessed Wulmer extended not only over his children; all who approached him, even his enemies, felt its influence more than once. A thief, having stolen a horse from the brethren, wandered all night without being able to find his dwelling again; and, after having traversed all the neighbouring country, he found himself in the morning before the gate of the abbey. Two religious, who were going out then to betake themselves to their customary labours, seized him at once and begged the saint to keep him in prison. But the latter would do nothing of the kind, and contented himself with preaching to the malefactor the word of God. Then he sent him away, without seeking to punish him in

any other manner.

Thus passed, in the practice of all the virtues, the days of the blessed servant of Jesus Christ. His exhortations became from day to day more lively and more pressing. “How small is the gate,” he said often to his religious, “how narrow is the way that leads to life, and how few find it! You, on the road to heaven and far from the life of the world, have immense thanks to render to Providence.” It was above all by his examples that the holy abbot guided them in the way of virtue. Simple in his interior, ardent in prayer and in all the exercises of the community, ever occupied with good works, he put in practice these words of the Psalmist: “I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall be always in my mouth.”

At last, old and full of days, the glorious athlete of Christ was about to receive the crown that his labours merited. God made him know that his end was approaching. Then, assembling his disciples, he exhorts them to persevere with confidence in the service of the Lord. “For a long time,” he said to them, “I have aspired to death, and now I feel that it is near. The days of my pilgrimage are passed, I leave at last this land of exile; but, prostrate at the foot of the throne of God, I shall never forget you.” As soon as the religious women of Wierre had learned this news, they desired to see once more their benefactor and father. But, in order to be occupied only with the things of heaven and to abandon at this supreme instant all earthly affections, the holy abbot refused to comply with their wishes and protested that never any woman should be admitted to see him. The following night, the blessed Wulmer, rendering to God innumerable thanksgivings, expired in the arms of his disciples (710). Desolation was great in the two monasteries. All wept for this excellent master, whose eloquent word had drawn them from the path of error, this pastor full of goodness, who had directed their steps in the narrow way of salvation.

Soon, in the midst of an immense concourse of people, the funeral of the servant of God was celebrated. The body of Wulmer was placed, the face uncovered, in a coffin round which pressed a crowd eager to contemplate once more the sweet serenity of his countenance. But, by a marvellous decree of the divine will, the religious women could not have this consolation. A thick cloud hid from their eyes the body of the blessed founder. At last, in the midst of psalms and canticles, the Brethren committed to the earth the mortal remains of the holy abbot; and numerous miracles came to attest the glory he enjoyed in heaven. The monastery of Samer fell in nothing from the high degree of glory to which the pious solicitude of Saint Wulmer had raised it. The memory of the paternal exhortations of the blessed abbot remained long, with the remembrance of his virtues, engraved in the heart of the pious cenobites. And how could they have forgotten the instructions of a man whose miracles, continuing before their eyes, were an ever new preaching? It was a paralytic who recovered, at the tomb of the Saint, the use of his movements; it was a crippled child, whose limbs regained their agility; a deaf-mute, whose loosened tongue sang the praises of God, whose ear, henceforth accessible to the sounds of speech, listened with rapture, from the mouth of the old men, to the recital of the acts of his benefactor.

He is represented living in the hollow of a tree or with some disciples, in a little hermitage sunk in a deep forest. He is patron of Samer, in the diocese of Arras.

Worship and Relics. — Abbey of Samer The feast of Saint Wulmer was celebrated with the most religious exactness. All suspended, that day, their labours and betook themselves in crowds to the sepulchre of the holy founder, to lay there the tribute of their praises and the homage of their prayers. Those who, by a culpable avarice, gave themselves to servile works, felt more than once the just effects of the wrath of God. Meanwhile, the men of the North, those terrible pirates of the Middle Ages, swooped down upon our country. Sacking the towns, pillaging the monasteries, ransoming the poor people, they left nothing standing in their passage. The abbey of Samer was engulfed in the storm; the convent of Wierre was buried under ashes (881); the religious of Samer, dispersed in the woods, wandering and fugitive, perished for the most part of hunger and fatigue.

Some years later, those of the Brethren who had escaped all these disasters managed to re-establish the ancient basilica. The body of Saint Wulmer, which had been withdrawn from the fury of these barbarians, was restored to possession of its former cult; but this precious deposit did not remain long at Samer. The count of Flanders, Arnoul the Old, suzerain of the Boulonnais, rightly fearing a second invasion of the Normans, had it transported to Ghent, with all the holy relics which reposed in the maritime towns of his domain (944). The abbey was long in recovering its ancient splendour. The misfortune of the times, the difficulty of maintaining regular relations with the other communities, brought it about that at the end of the 11th century the deplorable state into which it had fallen inspired the greatest compassion in the counts of Boulogne.

Eustace III, brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, understanding the impotence in which he was to reform the monastery of Samer, resolved to put it under the direction and dependence of Saint Hugh, abbot of Cluny. Under the influence of such a reform, religion was not long in flourishing again in those places, illustrated by the heroic virtues of Saint Wulmer.

The goods which the counts of Boulogne gave to the abbey of Samer were immense; and the Holy See, wishing also to favour the pious congregation, granted to its abbot precedence over all the other abbots of the Morinie, in the diocesan synods. Stephen, count of Boulogne, king of England, granted it the greatest franchises and added to its possessions a great number of villages, situated on his lands of France and even of England. In spite of all the adversities in the midst of which it had to pass during the following centuries, the abbey of Samer kept itself flourishing and pure until the appearance of the Reformation. It was then that Pierre Disque, last regular abbot of Saint-Wulmer aux Bois, ceded his abbey in commendam to his brother, François, chancellor of the king, apostolic protonotary and archdeacon of Chartres (1539).

During the course of the 16th century, besides the loss of their liberty, the religious of Saint-Wulmer had yet to deplore an irreparable misfortune. The relics of their holy founder, remained at Ghent since 944, and some parts of these sacred bones, which the regular canons of Saint Augustine kept at Boulogne, were given to the flames and unworthily profaned by the Calvinists.

However, the abbey, devoured by the commendam, sank little by little on itself. In vain did Msgr. François de Perrochel, bishop of Boulogne, introduce into it the reform of Saint-Maur, in 1658, the number of the religious continued to decrease, and no more than seven were counted at the end of the 17th century.

The monastic orders, stripped of all their means of action, discredited in the mind of the peoples, awaited only the chastisement reserved for useless servants. The French Revolution came to consummate the iniquities of the commendam, by confiscating the abbey of Samer, its revenues and its dependencies. Since then, the church and the cloistral buildings have been transformed into private dwellings; the bones of the abbots of Saint-Wulmer have been cast to the winds; the rich library was dispersed, given up to pillage.

Extract from the Légendaire de Morinie.

Saint Anségise, Abbot and Reformer of Several Abbeys of France

833. — Pope: Gregory IV. — King of France: Louis I, the Debonair.

> *Friend of Charlemagne and of Louis the Debonair, honoured by them throughout the whole course of his life, a distinguished man of letters for his time, restorer of regular discipline in several abbeys which he endowed with considerable goods, Saint Anségise is one of the most justly celebrated men of the 9th century.*
>
> *Dom Piolin, Eulogy of the Saint.*

The family of Saint Anségise was of Frankish origin, and, according to some, sprung from royal blood. His father was named Anastasius, and his mother Himilrade. Neither the year of his birth nor the place of his origin is known; it is presumed, however, that he was born about the year 770. The monk who has given us

some details of his life begins them only at the moment when he entered a monastery to receive his education there, according to the custom of the young lords of that period.

The monastery of Fontenelle[1] was chosen for him, of which the actual abbot, Saint Girowald, was his relative. He soon made himself remarked there by his happy qualities, by his virtues and his application to study. “Two things,” says his historian, “distinguished him particularly: the art of living well and the art of teaching well.” After having received the tonsure from the hands of his relative, he was led by him to the palace and placed in the hands of Charlemagne. That great prince, so skilful an appreciator of merit, was not long in recognizing the advantage he could draw from his young courtier. He charged him first of all with the direction of two monasteries: that of Saint-Sixtus, near Reims, and that of Saint-Mummius, vulgarly Saint-Mange, or Saint-Memmie, in the diocese of Châlons. Doubtless Anségise acquitted himself of this commission to the satisfaction of the prince; for in 807 Charlemagne named him, by title of benefice, abbot of Saint-Germer, formerly Flaviacum, in the Beauvaisis. This monastery had suffered much, and was, so to speak, in ruins. Anségise applied himself to re-establish it entirely, had all its buildings rebuilt, and procured it considerable revenues. History remarks that he was skilful in agriculture, and that it was of this art he asked not only the means of maintaining the monastery, but also the means of providing for the needs of the poor of the country. His active solicitude extended to everything; his zeal even was not confined to the enclosure of Saint-Germer: he took in hand the cause of the churches, that of widows and orphans; he fed the poor clerics, he welcomed pilgrims; in a word, his charity neglected no occasion of exercising itself. And, as if his multiplied occupations had not yet sufficed to feed his zeal, Charlemagne named him intendant of the royal buildings, under the direction of the abbot Heinhard. Anségise filled this new employment with the diligence and skill which he brought to all things. Honoured by the prince with several embassies, he acquitted himself of them with no less success.

The abbey of Luxeuil had not been able to escape the injury of time. According to the report of Adson, it had greatly degenerated from its primitive fervour. The political troubles which followed the death of Charlemagne reacted on the monasteries, and favoured in them the weakening of discipline. Nevertheless, Louis the Debonair had remembered the lustre which the work of Saint Columban had cast on the preceding centuries, and had resolved to raise it, if possible, from its state of decadence. For this he did not think he could do better than to give it for head the wise and pious Anségise. Dadin or Dadem had just died; Anségise was named in his place, by title of benefice (817), and immediately set his care to re-establish the ancient discipline. One cannot doubt that he succeeded in it: for, six years after (823), having been named abbot of Fontenelle by the same prince and with the same aim, he judged that the best means of restoring monastic fervour there was to lead thither monks of Luxeuil, whose pious examples would have more effect than all precepts and all exhortations. This plan succeeded with him. The relaxation was great, indeed, in this celebrated abbey: besides that the number of the religious had singularly diminished, the Rule of Saint Benedict was scarcely still recognizable there. They lived there rather as canons than as monks. Saint Benedict of Aniane had already begun this reform; but it was given only to Anségise to accomplish it. At the sight of their brethren of Luxeuil, the monks of Fontenelle were stung with a noble emulation: and soon it was like a combat of virtues, which profited singularly the ones and the others.

For the rest, Anségise was himself the first model of those whom he directed; “and there is no cause for astonishment,” says his historian, “that soldiers of Christ should have walked nobly in the royal way of the cross, when their standard-bearer preceded them in it so courageously.” With him, example came in support of lesson; he preached by action what he had first taught by doctrine. He granted nothing to personal sympathies; but he sought truth in everything, and held the balance equal for all. In his discourses, he sought to instruct, and not to please; his word was never empty. He possessed a particular talent for consoling the afflicted; in a word, everything in him tended to the edification and instruction of his neighbour. His detachment from the goods of earth was complete; for, though, according to the custom of the time, it was

permitted him to possess, or at least to administer, temporal goods and to enjoy them, his heart nevertheless clung so little to them that he could be called poor in the midst of the greatest fortune. Monasteries and the indigent were the objects of his largesses; he did not regard himself as the master, but only as the steward of the considerable goods which he had received from his family. In thus pouring his gifts into the bosom of the poor (and most of the monasteries deserved this title), he thought of amassing for himself treasures inaccessible to rust and worms. His lively faith, his prudence, his gentleness, his charity, his zeal, his eloquent word, everything contributed to raise him in the esteem of his subordinates and to give him that ascendancy which nothing resists. He did not neglect fraternal correction, however; but he knew how to keep the mean between that soft indulgence which pardons everything, and that bitter and restless zeal which excuses nothing. Tempering by gentleness the bitterness of reproaches, as much as he showed himself benevolent toward those who accepted them and profited by them, so much did he become severe toward the obstinate who persevered in their wanderings.

Louis the Debonair knew, as well as his father, how to appreciate the eminent qualities of Anségise, and to turn them to account. He employed him often as ambassador, notably in a dispute which he had with a certain Gautselme, brother of Bernard of Septimania and son of Duke William, relative to the limits of France and Spain. An embassy to Pope Nicholas is also mentioned, with which our Saint would have been charged by Charles the Bald.

But these temporal occupations did not turn Anségise from the care of his spiritual children. The considerable gifts which he made to the various abbeys of which he was in charge witness the tender interest he bore them. He gave in particular to that of Luxeuil the cross which accompanied him on his journeys, which was all of gold, of marvellous workmanship, adorned with precious stones, and the staff of which was covered with silver; an offertorium[2] of gold, with its paten of the same metal; three chalices of gilded silver, adorned with sculptures; a hanap[3] of silver; a ewer and a vase of silver: the whole artistically worked. He enriched with numerous images of silver the altar of the Blessed Virgin. He gave further to the church of the monastery a very beautiful ornament of rose colour; five chasubles; twelve ecclesiastical vestments of silk or of Egyptian linen, of divers colours; three dalmatics; six other ecclesiastical vestments, and eight precious carpets. Moreover, he raised the walls of the church of Saint Peter, which he had adorned with paintings, repaired its roof, and entirely re-established the portico which joined it to the church of Saint Martin. The gifts which he made to the abbey of Fontenelle were more numerous still. He enriched also with his liberalities the monastery of Saint-Germer, to which he bequeathed funds sufficient for the maintenance of the monks; he gave it likewise his library, composed of the works of the holy Fathers Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, Hilary, Gregory, etc., and very considerable for the period.

In the year 833, Anségise was attacked with paralysis. Feeling that his death was near, he called the people of his household and his most intimate friends, and made known to them his last wishes. They were again new largesses, the distribution of which he entrusted to Hildemann, bishop of Beauvais, to two laymen, Bertening and Gerlon, and to a monk named Landon. In this last distribution of the remains of his immense fortune, Anségise mentions more than sixty convents, churches or towns; but, in the number, his dear abbey of Luxeuil is still privileged: for, while the other monasteries obtain generally only one, two, five, fifteen, twenty pounds at most, Luxeuil receives twenty-five, of which ten for itself, and the rest for its daughters Annegray, Fontaine and Cusance.

Anségise died on Sunday the xm of the calends of the month of August (20 July 833), at an age doubtless not far advanced, for his mother was still living. We read, indeed, that he bequeathed to her twenty pounds to be distributed to the poor of Saint-Reginbert or Ragnebert, a monastery in the environs of Lyon, according to the conjectures of Dom Mabillon, and where he had drawn the first elements of letters. He had been sixteen years abbot of Luxeuil, and ten years abbot of Fontenelle. His death was bitterly mourned by all his children. If one believes the historian who serves us as guide, he was buried at Fontenelle, in the chapter-house, near

the apse of Saint Peter. Adson, one of his successors at Luxeuil, insinuates, on the contrary, that he was interred in the latter monastery, in the church also dedicated to Saint Peter, and which he had had restored. But the first author is more worthy of faith, since he was nearly contemporary with the Saint.

The collection of the Capitularies of Charlemagne and of Louis the Debonair, which bears his name, is attributed with foundation to Saint Anségise. Some authors have believed it to be by another Anségise, archbishop of Sens; but Sirmond has victoriously refuted this opinion. Others have attributed it to an Anségise who would have been abbot in the monastery of Lobbes, on the Sambre, in the country of Liège; but this name is not found in the catalogue of the abbots of that monastery.

Saint Anségise was honoured, in the ancient calendar of Luxeuil, on 20 July. Memory was also made there, on 20 May, of the Invention of the relics of Saint Anségise, abbot and confessor. The monks of Fontenelle honoured this Saint on 20 August and 19 November. Du Saussay mentions him under 18 July, and Châtelain under 20 July and 20 August.

Extract from the Life of the Saints of Franche-Comté, by the professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier of Besançon.

Saint Jerome Miani or Emiliani, Founder of the Congregation of the Clerks Regular Somasques

1537. — Popes: Sixtus IV; Paul III. — Emperors: Frederick III; Charles V.

> *Charitas vera est, non quando nudis verbis aut salutationibus simpliciter, sed præsidio ipsisque operibus exprimitur dilectio.*
>
> *Charity is true, not when it expresses itself by words and politenesses, but when it manifests itself by works and by benefits.*
>
> *Saint John Chrysostom.*

This great Saint was born at Venice, city and port of the kingdom of Italy, in the year 1481, and had for father Ange Emiliani, and for mother Eléonore Morocini, both sprung from noble houses which have given to the Church several prelates, and to the Venetian Republic procurators of Saint Mark, senators and great captains; his father even was a senator when our Saint came into the world. Jerome showed in his early age much inclination for virtue; he gave himself to the study of the humanities, and made even rather good progress in it until the age of fifteen, when the noise of arms interrupted the course of his studies, and awakened in him the martial courage which some of his ancestors had shown.

In 1495, the Venetians raised troops, and Jerome Emiliani enlisted in this militia, without regard to the tears of his mother, who, having lost her husband a short time before, received new griefs from the departure of Jerome, whom she regarded as the only consolation that remained to her in her widowhood, though he was the last of her children: she feared to lose him, perhaps in more than one manner.

It was therefore at the age of fifteen that Jerome took up the profession of arms, and he soon let himself be drawn along into the torrent of dissolution which reigns among the greater part of persons of that profession. The reproaches of his mother and of his brothers availed nothing: it was only ambition that set some bounds to his disorders. To attain the great offices of the Republic, one had to have held an honourable conduct. In the year 1508, he served again in the army which the Venetians raised to oppose the League of Cambrai formed against them by the emperor Maximilian I, the king of France Louis XII, the king of Aragon Ferdinand the Catholic, and Pope Julius II. The senate of Venice committed to Emiliani the defence of Castelnovo on the confines of Treviso. He had scarcely entered it with some troops when the governor, seeing the walls ruined by the artillery, the enemies ready to give a general assault, withdrew secretly during the night, leaving dismay among the garrison. Emiliani, to repair the cowardice of the governor, had the

breaches remade, and resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. He sustained several assaults, but at last the castle was forced, the garrison almost entire put to the sword, and Emiliani thrown into a dark prison. The Germans put irons on his neck, hands and feet, with a marble cannon-ball, gave him for all nourishment only bread and water, and heaped a thousand outrages upon him.

Nothing seemed to him more frightful than the death which he awaited at every moment. But soon he feared something far more keenly than the loss of his body: that of his soul. Without any human succour, he saw resource only in God: God whom he had so long forgotten, God whom he had so grievously offended! Hence bitter regrets for his disorders; he recognized, shedding a torrent of tears, that God was only just, and that he had deserved what he suffered. While these sad thoughts cast him into extreme affliction, suddenly a divine illumination enlightens his soul and brings calm back into it: he remembers Our Lady of Treviso, the Consoler of the afflicted, the Refuge of sinners. At once, melting in tears and prayers, he beseeches her to have pity on the most miserable of sinners, and to obtain for him from her Son grace and mercy. He makes a vow to visit barefoot her holy temple at Treviso, to have masses celebrated there, to publish her benefits there by word of mouth and by pictures.

Scarcely has he pronounced his vow when the prison is lit by a heavenly light. The Mother of God appears to him, calls him by his name, gives him the keys of his fetters and of his dungeon, commands him to go out and to execute his promise faithfully. She leads him likewise through the enemy army, to the gate of Treviso. He enters it, betakes himself to the church of the Virgin, lays at the foot of her altar the keys of his prison, the irons of his neck, of his feet and of his hands, hangs from the vault his marble ball, publishes all these facts by word of mouth, has them registered before a notary and painted in pictures.

At the peace, the towns which had been taken from the Venetians having been restored to them, they had no sooner received Castelnovo than the senate, to recognize the generosity of Emiliani who had so courageously defended that place, gave this castle to his family to enjoy for thirty years, and Emiliani was made podestà or head of justice; but he did not long exercise this employment, having left it after the death of his brother, to go to Venice to take the guardianship of his nephews. While managing their goods, he took great care to have them brought up in piety; he even served them as an example: for, since he had left the office of podestà, he acquitted himself of the promises he had made to God to change his life; and, wishing to do nothing without the advice of a wise director, he chose a canon regular of the Congregation of the Lateran, who joined much piety to a profound learning, and abandoned himself entirely to the conduct of this holy religious, who made him trample under foot all that savoured of vanity and luxury.

Emiliani renounced therefore all the sweetnesses and comforts of life. He had no longer other sentiments of himself than those which a profound humility could inspire in him. He forgot the nobility and the dignities of his house, and retained, of all the advantages of his birth, only a certain politeness, which served him afterwards to gain many souls to God. He afflicted his body by extraordinary fasts and macerations: he granted it only a few hours of sleep, passing the rest of the night in prayer and orison. His occupations, during the day, were to visit the churches and the hospitals, procuring for the sick all the spiritual and temporal succours of which they had need. His liberalities extended not only to the poor of the hospitals and the indigent whom he found in the streets; but, when he saw that some girls were in danger of prostituting their honour, he procured them dowries and advantageous matches to provide for them.

Everyone was surprised at this change; but Emiliani was still more so himself, when he considered that he had been so long without feeling the weight of the chains and all the horrors of the slavery from which God had delivered him: he could not think of the disorders of his past life without shedding torrents of tears. The further he advanced in the way of virtue, the more he felt himself inflamed with love for God and for his neighbour. He had occasion to exercise this virtue in a general famine of which Italy felt the effects in the year 1528. The peoples of the country, for lack of bread, were obliged to eat even the most unclean animals, or to content themselves with a few roots to preserve their languishing life. Death carried off some of them

every day and left on the faces of those who remained funereal signs that their turn would not long delay. The prefects of the annona or of provisions, at Venice, knew first, by their care, how to remedy the dearth, by causing wheat to come from several places; but this kind of abundance which they had procured for the capital attracted thither from all sides so great a quantity of people that the dearth soon began again. Emiliani, more than all the others, had compassion on so many wretched persons; he sold even his furniture to relieve them, and his house became a hospital where he received them and procured them all the succours he could render them on this occasion.

A kind of contagious sickness having succeeded this famine, Saint Jerome Emiliani was attacked by it and reduced to such an extremity that, after having received all the Sacraments, he awaited only the moment of death. But, apprehending that he had not sufficiently satisfied for his sins by penance, he asked God for health, to do in this world a longer penance, and to execute what he should judge fit to be ordered him for the salvation of his neighbour. His prayer was heard: his strength returned, he continued his exercises of piety with still more zeal. To acquit himself of the promises which he had just made to God, he rendered account of the administration of their goods to his nephews, stripped himself of the senator's robe, put on a poor habit which he had bought for some indigent person, took bad shoes and appeared in this state in the midst of the streets of Venice. Some made jests of it as of a man who had lost his mind; others, who knew him better, admired his humility; several remained in suspense and awaited what would be the effects of this new manner of living. They were not long in seeing them.

Famine and contagion had carried off a great number of persons, as well in the town as in the country; everywhere was found a crowd of orphans, deprived of parents and of succour, reduced to mendicity, without any education, and by that very fact exposed to all vices. For the love of God, Emiliani made himself the father and the mother of those who had none. He arranged a house to receive them, went to seek them through the streets and squares, procured them masters to teach them trades, without permitting any of them to beg any more, supplying by his charity what was still wanting to the profit of their little labour. He had care above all for the salvation of their souls. In the morning, he made them say their prayers, hear holy mass, learn to read, to banish every evil thought: manual labour was varied by moments of silence, by readings made to them, by the singing of hymns and litanies, in particular of the holy rosary. Twice a day, before and after work, he taught them the elements of Christian doctrine. In washing their hands, before sitting down to table, they recited the Miserere for the souls in purgatory. They confessed every month and on the principal feasts of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin. They were all clothed in white. On feast days, our Saint led them in procession, singing litanies in the streets and squares of Venice, to visit the principal sanctuaries or to hear some sermon. The whole city ran to this edifying spectacle. One was moved to tears to see this noble senator, this brave captain clothed as a poor man and become the father of orphans.

The piety, the modesty of these children touched all hearts: most of the spectators wept for joy; others, forming a choir with the children who sang the litanies of the Blessed Virgin, answered devoutly *Ora pro nobis*. It was a commotion of piety for the whole city. Everyone wished to see the house of the orphans. What one saw there of the admirable soon attracted sufficient aid.

Saint Emiliani then set about visiting the environs of Venice. He found a greater misery, young people and old men reduced to dying of hunger: he took care of both. Venice entrusted to him the hospital of the Incurables. Emiliani undertook it with a good heart, in concert with his two friends, Saint Gaétan de Thienne and Saint Pierre Garaffe, of Naples. Moreover, he had still other powerful supports. When he wished to obtain from God some particular grace, he had four little orphans under eight years pray with him, and he never failed to obtain what he asked. The zeal of Emiliani for works of mercy grew with success. Seeing therefore those of Venice in a prosperous state, he entrusted the care of them to some pious friends and came to found similar ones at Padua and at Verona. In this latter town, he lived some time unknown among the poor, begging his bread as they did, in order to have a more natural occasion of instructing them in the truths

of the Christian religion. The hospital of Verona was built through his intervention. Passing from this town to Brescia, in Lombardy, he founded there a second house of orphans, with the same order as at Venice. A rich burgher of Brescia wished at his death to make him his universal legatee; but he refused the donation and persuaded this man to give his property to the great hospital, on condition that it should be obliged to furnish the orphans with medicines when they should be ill, to give ornaments to their church and to have their house built: which Saint Charles Borromeo, finding himself at Brescia in the quality of apostolic visitor, caused to be executed by the administrators of this hospital.

At Bergamo, in Lombardy, and in the environs, he found other occasions of exercising his charity. In consequence of the famine and of the plague, most of the houses were empty of inhabitants, above all in the country. It was the time of harvest: the corn was ripe, but there were neither reapers nor sickles; the crop was going to be lost. Emiliani, making himself all to all, gathers from all sides sickles and what peasants he can engage, puts himself at their head and reaps the corn, in spite of the unbearable heats of the dog-days in Italy. While the others take their rest or their meal, he applies himself to prayer, contenting himself for all nourishment with a little bread and water. That is not all. To lighten their painful labour, the reapers had the habit of murmuring some frivolous or even bad songs. Emiliani, with his usual grace, knew how to turn them from them. He himself intoned in a harmonious voice, now the Lord's Prayer, now the Angelic Salutation or the Apostles' Creed; the other reapers repeated after him, so that the whole country resounded with the praises of God.

In the city of Bergamo itself, he founded two establishments of orphans, the one for boys, the other for girls. But above all he undertook a work wholly new: it was to withdraw from disorder girls and women who were lost. Having converted some of them, he placed them first with virtuous ladies. He went to find the owners whose houses served for libertinism, and obtained that they should close them henceforth to scandal. A greater number of prostitutes having then been converted, he gathered them in a house apart, with a rule to confirm them in their good resolutions and preserve them from relapse.

The bishop of Bergamo was then Louis Lappomani, a prelate illustrious by his doctrine and by the innocence of his life, who was later one of the presidents of the Ecumenical Council of Trent. He was a generous support of Saint Jerome Emiliani in his good works at Bergamo. With the blessing of this pious and learned bishop, our Saint travelled as an apostle through the villages and the most remote hamlets of the diocese, accompanied by some children among the best instructed in Christian doctrine. This was his method: arrived in a place, he went first to the church to implore the grace of God and the intercession of the holy patron on his enterprise. A little bell brought expressly then invited all the inhabitants to assemble. When they were a certain number, Emiliani addressed himself to the poorest and to the children, taught them in a familiar manner the principal mysteries of the Christian faith, the Lord's Prayer, the Angelic Salutation, the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments of God and of the Church, sometimes even to make the sign of the cross; for the ignorance of some went so far. His little catechists seconded him marvellously and attached themselves by preference to children of their own age. The success was prodigious. Better instructed, the poor people of the country began a better life, renounced their enmities, their blasphemies and their thefts. All these vices were replaced by the contrary virtues. The example of Saint Emiliani was still more efficacious than his words: night and day they saw him occupied in instructing, in praying or in visiting the sick.

When he returned to Bergamo, where renown had published all these marvels, two holy priests joined him: they were Alexander Besuzio and Augustine Barilo; rich in the goods of earth, they distributed them to the indigent, to imitate the voluntary poverty of Saint Emiliani. At that very time he created two new establishments at Como, by the liberalities of Bernard Odescalchi, who ended by giving him his own person. Another illustrious associate was Count Primus, descended from a sister of Desiderius, the former king of the Lombards, contemporary of Charlemagne.

It was then a question more than ever among the pious friends of forming themselves into a regular Congregation and of choosing a chief house. They did not wish to place it in the towns, but in some retired place which might serve them as a seminary. The village of Somasque, between Milan and Bergamo, appeared to them favourable for that. Hence their name of Clerks Regular Somasques. They have also sometimes been given the name of Congregation of Saint-Maïeul, because this Saint is patron of a college of Pavia, the conduct of which Saint Charles Borromeo gave to this Congregation. After having sought a convenient house to receive there the poor orphans, they made their dwelling there, and the holy Founder prescribed there the first regulations for the maintenance of the congregation. Poverty appeared there on all things, as well in the habits as in the furniture. Delicate dishes were banished from their table, and they contented themselves with the food of peasants and of the poor. Reading was made there during meals. Silence was exactly observed and austerities very frequent. There was a holy emulation among them, as to who should practise the most mortifications, and Emiliani was the first to excite the others by his example. They joined to mortification a prompt obedience and much humility, employed a part of the night in orison, and, during the day, conferred together on holy things, or occupied themselves with some manual labour, and went into the environs, to serve the sick and instruct the poor people of the country. The principal aim of the Somasques was from then and is still today the instruction of children and of young ecclesiastics.

In 1540, the Congregation of the Somasques was approved as a religious Order by Paul III. Pius V and Sixtus V confirmed this approbation under the rule of Saint Augustine, the one in 1571, the other in 1586. The Somasques have houses only in Italy and in the Swiss cantons which profess the Catholic religion. Their Order is divided into three provinces: that of Lombardy, that of Venice and that of Rome. The general is triennial and drawn alternately from each of these provinces.

Saint Jerome Emiliani betook himself to Milan and to Pavia, to found other establishments, to which Francis Sforza, duke of Milan, contributed much. Passing again by Somasque, he went as far as Venice, but he made no long stay there. A horrible plague having invaded the territory of Bergamo, he returned thither promptly to serve the sick. He was attacked himself and died at Somasque, on 8 February 1537, at the age of fifty-six years.

He was beatified by Benedict XIV and canonized by Clement XIII. In 1769, the Holy See approved an office composed in his honour, and permitted it to be recited on 20 July.

Saint Jerome Emiliani is represented: 1° having in his hand chains and near him cannon-balls, to recall his captivity; 2° having sometimes near him or under his feet a cuirass, to indicate that he renounced military dignities; 3° having at his sides the little unfortunates whom he made it his glory to relieve, as we have reported in his life.

He is patron of the Somasques, of Venice and of Treviso.

Cf. Life of Saint Jerome Emiliani, written in Latin by Augustine Turtura, Milan, 1620; Hélyot, History of the Religious Orders; Gedescard.

The Blessed Gregory Lopez, Confessor

1596. — Pope: Clement VIII. — King of Spain: Philip II.

> *Happy he who bears from his childhood the yoke of the Lord.*
>
> *Maxim of Blessed Gregory Lopez.*

God, that charitable physician of souls, to heal men of the dangerous passion for gold, chose a holy man after his own heart, whose pure life, detached from all the interests of earth, might be to them a living example serving them as an antidote against the dangerous poison of avarice. For he made him embrace evangelical poverty in so marvellous a manner that, trampling under foot all that is most precious in the Indies, he taught

men to despise wealth in order to embrace virtue. It sufficed to consider his holiness, his prudence, the soundness of his judgment, and his irreproachable life to convict of folly those who believe they came into the world only to labour at enriching themselves.

This admirable man chosen by God for so great a design was the Blessed Gregory Lopez. He was a native of Madrid, capital of Spain. As to his birth, it seems that he wished, by humility, to hide the nobility of his race, as other saints have, by this same movement of humility, made known the lowliness of theirs in order to render themselves contemptible; for when he was spoken to of it, he answered with a countenance full of gravity: “Heaven is my fatherland, and God is my father, as he himself taught us when he said: Call no man on earth your father. For you have no father and master but your Father who is in heaven.” Father John Ozorio, of the Order of Saint Francis, having asked him of what country he was, he adroitly avoided telling him, answering him only: “I am of the same country as your reverence.” A few days before his death, when he was asked the name of his parents in order to send them an account of his life and death to give them occasion to be edified by it and to rejoice at the graces which God had done him, he answered: “Since I renounced everything to lead a solitary life, I have considered God alone as being my father. And as for my brothers, I doubt not that now they are dead: for I was the youngest of all.” Thus it was that Gregory Lopez had forgotten the advantages he could draw from his birth. He considered the nobility of his race only as a lowliness, and esteemed only the grace God does us of being able to become his spiritual children. He was so detached from flesh and blood that his mortification went to a kind of insensibility almost incredible.

This great servant of God, who may pass for a miracle of grace, was born on the fourth day of July of the year 1542, under the pontificate of Paul III, and the reign of the emperor Charles V the Great, king of Spain, on the day of the feast of Saint Gregory Thaumaturgus, whose name was given him, and which has since been transferred to 7 November. He was baptized in the parish of Saint Giles where there existed a convent of discalced religious of Saint Francis. He was named Gregory: as to the surname of Lopez, we do not believe it to be that of his house; but we think that he took it to hide the knowledge of it.

He had two sisters and several brothers, and although he was the last of all, there is reason to believe that as much as they surpassed him in age, so much did he surpass them in merits and in that true nobility which is acquired only by virtue.

As it often happens that God forestalls by great graces those whom he wishes to raise to a high degree of holiness, he poured out many into the soul of his servant Lopez from his tenderest youth, for he was accustomed to say what the Holy Spirit said by Jeremias: “Happy is he who begins from his young age to bear the yoke of the Lord.”

He learned with marvellous facility to read and to write. Being still very young, he went off, without saying anything to his parents, into the kingdom of Navarre, where he lived more than six years with a good hermit in great poverty, extreme humility, and perfect obedience. It was there that his soul, like a fertile land watered by the grace of God, received the seeds of that solitary life which soon produced excellent fruits in great abundance.

His father, after having sought him with great care, ended by finding him. He took him to Valladolid, where the court then was, and there, by a change of place and of life very different, he made him a page. He was so for some time, God having willed that among those who pass some years in this function there should be found one who was a saint.

The fear of God was so rooted in the mind and heart of the young Lopez that the life of the court and its divers agitations could make no impression on his soul. God assisted him so powerfully that he was always recollected in himself. When his master sent him to fulfil some message, he strove to have such an attention to God that neither the persons of the highest quality whom he met on his way, nor so many other subjects of distraction that are met with in the courts of princes, hindered him from thinking of God: and he preserved by

this means the same peace and the same devotion as if he had still been in his desert of Navarre.

Thus, in the first ardours of youth and the so perilous occasions of the court, he passed two or three years with a mind as mature and a judgment as sound as if he had been at a very advanced age. Before going to New Spain, he visited some holy places. As he was one day at prayer in the church of Toledo, God granted him the greatest favour he had yet done him by strengthening him in the design he had of being wholly his. He passed some days in prayer and in long vigils in the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in order to obtain by her intercession the lights he needed to determine himself to what he had to do.

He set out for New Spain in 1562. Such a resolution at such an age, a manner of life so extraordinary, a perseverance so constant, so great an increase of new graces, and so continual and so efficacious a succour show well enough that God willed to bring him out, like another Abraham, from his country and from his parents to prove his faith and obedience, and to put him in a holy solitude where, finding himself disengaged from all the things of the world, he might, by speaking to his heart, make him hear his voice better.

Having arrived at the port of Saint-Jean d'Ulloa, in the city of Vera-Cruz, he distributed to the poor the stuffs which he had brought with him, showing thus how little he esteemed the riches of that new world, since, instead of coming to seek them there, he gave with so much joy what he had brought from Spain without wishing to reserve anything.

From this city he went to Mexico, where he remained some days, to earn enough to enable him to pass to Zacatecas, where he hoped to be more conveniently placed to lead the solitary life after which he sighed. It was not the love of gold which led Gregory Lopez to leave Mexico to go to that city, but the desire to acquire that so pure gold of charity with which Jesus Christ counsels us to try to enrich ourselves, by selling all we have to buy the field where this precious treasure is hidden, and thus to become richer than if we possessed all the gold and silver of the world.

During the few days that Gregory Lopez remained at Zacatecas, the things of which he was witness there increased still more his desire to withdraw from all commerce of men. As God had already inspired him to retire into solitude, he changed his dress to take one conformable to his design, and went eight leagues from there, into the valley of Amajac inhabited by the Chichimecs, whom their fierce and cruel humour then made formidable to the Spaniards. But this servant of God, not having feared to declare war on the powers of hell, those invisible enemies, did not apprehend having visible enemies, and hoped with the assistance of God to conquer by his patience, by his gentleness and by his humanity, that pride and that inhumanity which made them feared. The result answered his hope: for after having passed some days in this valley and conversed with these barbarians, he won their affection.

As he was going to seek a place fit for the execution of his design, he met, seven leagues from Zacatecas, a farm named Temaxèque belonging to Captain Pedro Carrillo d'Avila. This captain, seeing him so young, so well made, and of so fine a stature, barefoot, without hat, and clothed only in a robe of frieze which came down to his heels and was girt with a cord, asked him where he was going and what brought him into that country. He answered him that he had come from Castile with the last fleet, and that he was seeking a hermitage to pass his life there in the service of God. How, said this captain to him, dare you, being still so young, undertake such a kind of life? Lopez gave him reasons for it with which he remained satisfied. Then he added that, having gone back up along the river, he had found there a place fit for his design. Carrillo approved it, and even offered him some of his people to build him a hermitage. He thanked him and begged him only to permit him to work at it himself and to lend him for that some tools. Which he granted him willingly.

Then he built with his own hands a little cell. The Indians helped him in it, and it was the first that is known to have been made in New Spain. Time may have destroyed this feeble edifice; but it cannot obscure the glory which this servant of God merited, of having begun in that place to do penance.

He was reaching his twenty-first year when he entered upon the practice of so solitary a life, and seeing himself engaged in the career where he had to fight against enemies as powerful as the demons, the first thing he did was to put himself into the hands of God and to implore his succour by these words: “Lord, I engage myself here all alone in thy service and forget myself. If I perish, it will be for thee, and not for me, to answer for it.” But this young and generous soldier of Jesus Christ did not mean to say, in speaking thus, that on God’s side his soul ran risk of being lost if he did on his side all that he ought and could. For that could not enter the thought of a man who had received supernatural lights from God. This manner of speaking witnessed only the ardour of his love for God.

From the moment when Gregory Lopez had thus abandoned himself by an act of so ardent a love to all that it should please God to ordain of him, he felt visible effects of his assistance, and began to walk courageously and with great strides in the narrow way of penance without ever turning his head back, without ever stopping, and without ever losing sight of the light by which it pleased God to lead him. He subdued his body by very rough mortifications; he lay on the ground or on a board; he had to guard himself against the cold only a poor blanket, and for a pillow only a stone. Such was the furniture of his cell; and it was adorned only with sentences written by his hand which exhorted him to lead a perfect life. His abstinence was not only very great, it was continual. He ate only once a day, in small quantity and of things little nourishing, which he observed so rigorously until death that he could not be brought to dispense himself from it, however ill he might be. He never tasted flesh: and when some pieces of beef were sent him as alms, he received them with thanksgiving to hide his abstinence, but did not touch them.

The captain of whom we have spoken had two sons, the one named Sebastian, and the other Peter. The latter affirmed with oath that, the cell of this holy man being near the farm of their father, he sent them to him that they might learn to read and to write, which Gregory did with great charity, and he gave them admirable instructions to bring them to love and serve God; and often he found him on his knees in a profound prayer, his arms extended in cross, and his eyes lowered. These two brothers, as recompense for the care he took of them, carried him cakes made of buckwheat; and if it happened that they carried him at the same time two or three of these cakes, it gave him pain: he told them that one sufficed for eight days, and he ate them quite hard and quite dry. If their father and mother sent him any other thing, he sent it back to them. These two brothers found sometimes in his cell dead rabbits, quails and figs, and the servant of God, after having told them that they were presents from his good friends the Chichimecs, gave them to them to carry to their mother.

When some priest arrived at the house of this captain, notice was given to the servant of God: he went to hear mass with great devotion and returned immediately afterwards to his cell without speaking to anyone whatever and without its ever being possible to retain him. One day this holy man was seen, while he was digging a ditch in his little garden, quite surrounded by angels; which caused so much admiration that one could not weary of praising God for the graces which he did his servant.

Although the extreme austerity of life of Gregory Lopez, and the lack of all necessary things made him suffer greatly, his labours appeared to him of little consequence in comparison with the interior pains by which it pleased Our Lord to try him. The temptations most common to solitaries are the remembrance of the good one has left, the distance from one’s relatives, the need one has of them, the sweetness one might enjoy in the world, the lack of the comforts of life, the labour met with in the way of virtue, the difficulty of being able to acquire it, the weakness of the body and the length of the time that remains to be passed in a state so painful as that in which one must fight without ceasing against the sentiments of nature. Gregory Lopez experienced also what we have just said, for he avowed one day to one of his friends, with great modesty, that he had had such a combat to sustain against the demon that he had come to wrestle against him with such great efforts that he had lost blood by the nose and by the ears.

All the time that Lopez remained in solitude, the demon tried to cause him great frights to make him abandon his enterprise, now by the howlings and cries of wild beasts; now by the cruelty with which the Chichimec Indians massacred Spaniards close to him; now by divers interior temptations; and now by the artifices he used to deceive him. A continual prayer was the remedy he made use of in these encounters in which, in order not to succumb, there was no effort that he was not obliged to make. His application to conform himself to the will of God gave him new strength to continue to walk in the way of heaven, and to resist the temptations of the demon which were so violent and so frequent that he could not remember them without his hair standing up on his head.

If the combats which Gregory Lopez had to sustain against the demons were very rough, the labours he suffered on the part of men were not less. As Spanish soldiers passed near his cell to go to fight the Chichimecs, some called him heretic and Lutheran, because he did not hear mass, without considering that he was seven leagues distant from the nearest village where it was said and that he went there to hear it at Easter; others said that he was mad to have chosen a dwelling so frightful and so dangerous that he might pass for a dead man. But the servant of Jesus Christ had nothing to dread there. For God had imprinted in the heart of these barbarians such an affection and such a respect for him that when they massacred with their accustomed cruelty all the other Spaniards they could take, they saluted him by signs of the head and of the hands and made him presents: and those who had some acquaintance with Christians said to him: *Deo gratias*, witnessing thus as much good will for him as if he had been of their nation and their brother. In the midst of so many perils to which these soldiers and such a dwelling exposed him, he continued always to conform himself to the will of the Lord.

The servant of God, during three years, repeated without ceasing these divine words: “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” and he found himself so strengthened by it that he had no longer any other will than that of God, in whatever way it might please him to dispose of him; and God willed then that he should exercise himself in another manner which should consist no longer in words, but in actions: and this exercise was an ardent love for God and for his neighbour. He practised it in a manner so heroic and so agreeable to Our Lord that he went always increasing from virtue to virtue without ever relaxing in this exercise of a perfect charity.

Gregory Lopez having had a conversation with Father Dominic de Salazar, a Dominican, the latter conceived so much esteem and affection for him that he pressed him much to go into the monastery of Saint Dominic at Mexico, where a cell and food would be given him, saying that by this means he could in all safety pass his life in retreat, prayer and the other exercises of piety to which God called him, without being deprived nevertheless of the advantages one receives in a community of good religious. Lopez, touched by these reasons and by the counsel of so learned a man and so great a servant of God, accepted this offer, seeing nothing in it that hindered him from giving himself entirely to prayer and contemplation. So he resolved to return to Mexico.

When he had arrived in that city, he went to the convent of the Dominicans to ask for Father Dominic de Salazar to beg him to have a cell given him in that holy house, as he had promised him. As he was absent, he told some of the most venerable Fathers the subject which had brought him. They answered him that a cell could not be given him unless he became a religious, and offered to give him the habit with great joy. After he had passed some days in this house to await Father de Salazar in whose assistance he placed all his confidence, these good Fathers assured him that he would not return soon, and that even when he should be back he could not hope to obtain by his means what he desired. This servant of God, judging thereby that God did not wish him in a community, but in a solitude, took leave of them. They testified much displeasure at it, and he had not less on his side at leaving so holy a company; but he believed himself obliged to it to follow his vocation by continuing to walk in the way where God had engaged him and from which he had drawn so many advantages for his soul. These good religious having told him that the country of Guasteca

was very spacious and little inhabited, and that the earth, being fertile in wild fruits, he could find there wherewith to feed himself, he betook himself thither at once to live in solitude.

After having placed all his confidence in God, he established his dwelling there, resolved to leave it only when he should have received the order from heaven. His food consisted of fruits, herbs and wild roots.

Having had from his first youth an ardent desire to understand Holy Scripture, he asked God then with more instance to enlighten his mind and to nourish his soul with the important truths it contains. To dispose himself to receive so great a favour from God, he resolved to learn Holy Scripture entirely by heart, which is almost incredible, and he had so happy a memory that he never forgot anything of what he knew. During four years, he consecrated four hours a day to so holy a study. God gave him during this time the understanding of it as well as that of the Latin tongue, and it was by continual acts of love of God that he obtained from his goodness to communicate himself to him in this way.

Some time after he left his solitude and withdrew into a borough of the Guasteca, where he was welcomed by a priest named John de Mesa, who gave him a room in which, except the time he passed at church, he remained in continual retreat. He kept himself ordinarily standing or leaning against the wall, looking fixedly at a crucifix painted against another wall. Those who considered him attentively in this state had no difficulty in judging that he employed all this time in interior acts: but one judged it still better by the holiness of his life. He passed days and nights in this retreat, and left it only to go and eat very soberly with his charitable host. He rewarded him abundantly for his hospitality by words so full of edification and so useful for the nourishment of his soul that he gave him more than he received; and this good priest was delighted to see in him so much virtue and holiness. This room being enriched only with poverty, he had for all furniture only a bible, a terrestrial globe and a compass. He continued in this tranquil sojourn to live in the same solitude, the same retreat as before. He never told anyone who he was, nor how God had called him to his service, nor his manner of prayer. The admirable regulation of his life and all that appeared of him outwardly was only what made him admired and loved by those who saw him.

The desire that Gregory Lopez had not to be known, and the care he took to hide his virtues and the conduct of God over him, made him often change place, in imitation of the ancient solitaries, who, from the apprehension of being known and esteemed by men, often changed dwelling. Thus, after four years' sojourn at Guasteca, seeing that he was known and esteemed there by the Spaniards and the Indians, he set out to go to Atrisco. As he approached the city, he met a Christian, named John Perez Romero, who offered him a room in his house and all he needed. Gregory Lopez accepted the offer made to him; but God did not permit him to remain there more than two years.

The demon, who cannot suffer that the light which virtue sheds should enlighten those who walk in the way of heaven and excite them to advance in it, seeing the advantage that the hosts of Gregory Lopez and several persons of the environs received from his sojourn in that place, resolved to hinder the good he did and made use for that of some religious of the place. These, seeing in a man still young such a regulation of manners, so great a mortification, and a wisdom, a virtue and a science so admirable in a man who had not studied and wore not the habit of any religion in which he could have acquired so many good qualities, were extremely scandalized at it; and without considering that it is not the habit that makes the religious, and what the Prophet says: "Lord, blessed is he whom thou thyself instructest in thy holy laws"; they accused him with so much heat before the archbishop of Mexico that he thought himself bound to have inquiry made. After a mature deliberation, he made known, not only the innocence, but the virtue and great piety of Lopez: which increased still more the opinion that was already held of his holiness. He soon took leave of Perez Romero, left him with all his family and his neighbours in a great grief at losing a company so holy and so advantageous to them.

As he went to Mexico, he perceived near Testuco, on the other side of the city, the church of Our Lady of Remedies. The hope he had of finding there some little lodging fit to continue leading a solitary life made him go there, instead of going to Mexico; and having found that it was a house consecrated to the Mother of God, he had so much joy at it that he proposed to establish his dwelling there to serve that Queen of angels. It was thus that Our Lord led his servant for the good of several souls who profited by the example of his virtue, of his holy life and of his conversations. During the first months that he remained there, no one knew him for what he was, and scarcely was heed taken of him because he had an extreme care to hide the favours he received from God. This excellent solitary did not exercise himself in exterior actions of virtue, to increase the piety of the faithful, not that he did not esteem them, since he exhorted others to practise them, but because the way by which God led him was so interior that he urged him strongly to do them only in some great need, and that he never departed in anything from what God asked of him with regard to himself and to others. While Gregory Lopez was in this house of the Blessed Virgin, several persons of all conditions came from Mexico to consult him touching their conscience and their spiritual troubles, and all returned consoled; and it began then to be known that he had received a particular gift from God to console the afflicted and restore calm to their mind.

After the servant of God had passed two years in this house of the most holy Virgin, he fell ill and was forced to leave it. He went to the hospital of Guastepec, in the marquisate del Valle, twelve leagues from Mexico. He was received there by Brother Estevan de Herrera, who lodged him in his room and treated him with much charity.

As our Blessed, who had embraced a voluntary poverty, was fed in this hospital and found himself thus discharged of all temporal cares about which even in his greatest need he had never troubled himself, he gave himself up wholly to contemplation to strengthen himself still more in the love of God and of neighbour of which he had so long before begun to lay the foundations.

His health not permitting him to serve the sick himself, as he would have wished, he exhorted the brothers very often to do so, and instructed them in the manner in which they ought to conduct themselves in it. On which he spoke to them with so much force that they redoubled their fervour in this holy exercise and their devotion to serve God. Thus he executed through them what he could not, to his great regret, do himself, and helped them by his continual prayers to acquit themselves well of so good a work. As for the other sick and the convalescents, he consoled and encouraged them in a manner so touching and so charitable that everyone was edified by it, and rendered thanks to God at hearing his servant speak to them in this manner. He had a particular gift of calming the mind of several of those sick whom their natural ill humour or the violence of their sufferings rendered so peevish and so furious that the infirmarians could not bear them. However great the retreat of this holy man in that hospital, he never closed his door to those who came to find him to be consoled with him; several even declared their troubles to him and spoke to him of what regarded their conscience. He consoled them all and assisted them with his advice without refusing anyone: which he did in a manner so persuasive that they returned with much satisfaction and joy at having been able to converse with so admirable a man. Several learned men and religious went to confer with him touching Holy Scripture, and admired at once the so extraordinary understanding he had of it, and his holiness. God, wishing that this lamp whose light was so favourable to several souls should go and enlighten others, sent his servant a sickness which was not known at first, and which proved to be the purple fever. His great courage, his mortification and his patience made him pass thirteen days without lying down; but at last the violence of the evil constrained him to let himself be treated as a sick man.

After his recovery, he betook himself to a village named Saint-Augustin, three leagues from Mexico. As he sighed ceaselessly after solitude, he sought with care some other place near Mexico where he could enjoy in peace the pleasure of being separated from the world. He chose a borough named Sainte-Foi, distant two leagues from the city, and built himself there a little cell on the bank of a brook. He entered this solitude on

22 May 1589, and passed the rest of his life there in prayer and contemplation without ever having gone out of it but twice to gain the jubilee in the church of the convent of Saint Dominic of Tucavaya, which is distant from Sainte-Foi only a small half-league.

He passed nearly seven months in this little house without communicating with anyone. As soon as day began to appear, he opened the window of his room, washed his hands and face, and employed a quarter of an hour and a little more in reading the bible. After this reading, he entered into so great and so profound a recollection that one could not by any exterior sign know whether it was a prayer, or a meditation, or a contemplation. The presence of God in which Gregory Lopez lived was not sterile, but fruitful and active, since it produced always more and more acts of love of God and of neighbour. God, without whose assistance men cannot acquire great knowledge, was the sole master who instructed him. Gregory Lopez joined to his understanding of Holy Scripture the holiness of life which is of all means the most fit to acquire it, according to these words of David: “The observance of thy commandments gives me understanding.” And Saint Jerome says also, speaking of Saint Marcella, that by observing the commandments of God she had merited to understand Holy Scripture. God had not only given his servant the understanding of Holy Scripture, but he had also instructed him in a manner still more admirable of the conduct he ought to hold to walk surely in the way of heaven, and teach others to walk in it.

This holy man had so much light that he saw almost as clearly with the eyes of the soul spiritual things as his eyes saw corporeal ones, and he knew so well how to distinguish them that one could not sufficiently admire the care he had to strengthen what regards the spirit, and to weaken what regards only the body. God had given him so great a discernment of thoughts and words that he distinguished without trouble those that were useless from those that were not, and those which came from the spirit of God from those which came from nature. On which he was accustomed to say: “It is not the love of God, but the love of themselves, which makes several speak of God.” He said also: “As the love of God is all action, it speaks little, and often not at all.” This same light exempted him from all scruple and put his soul in an admirable tranquillity. It brought it about also that whatever efforts the demon made to tempt him in matters of the faith, he never had any doubt.

A religious of the Order of Saint Francis having asked him whether, to set his mind at rest from some scruples, he thought it fitting to confess often, he answered him “that the best was to have nothing to confess,” to make known thereby that a priest ought to be in such a purity that though he confess often he should have no sins to confess.

When gentlemen or persons of higher rank asked him what they ought to do to live well in their condition, he answered them: “Do for the love of God what you do, and that suffices.”

When it was said that someone was of a noble race, he thought at once that true nobility is to be children of God according to the spirit. When it was said that such a one or such a one was a grandee of Spain, he considered that “the principal grandeur consists in being a friend of God, in hearing his divine words, and in doing great actions for his service.” A good brother having asked him a rule for making his prayer well, he gave him a paper written by his hand in which were these words: “Jesus Christ Our Lord is the admirable master who can instruct you in the rule you ask for making prayer, and this prayer is all contained in the Pater noster: but not to give you cause to complain that I refuse you, I shall tell you that you have for this only to say these few words whose sense is of so great an extent: Lord my God, enlighten my soul that I may know thee and love thee with all my heart.”

Since it had pleased Our Lord to make known the graces he had poured into his servant, the gift he had received for the direction of those who consulted him in their troubles and doubts was clearly seen. One was delighted to see the light he received from God. One was charmed with the sweetness of his conversation. One respected him as a divine spirit shut up in a mortal body. One was persuaded that God himself instructed him in all his actions and in all he had to answer. One came to consult him as an oracle of heaven, a prodigy

of holiness, and another Saint John the Baptist in the desert: he satisfied fully all the doubts that were proposed to him. He instructed as to the manner in which each should conduct himself in his profession. There was none so afflicted that he did not console. He imprinted in the mind of those to whom he spoke an ardent desire to embrace virtue. His discourses were all of fire and inflamed hearts with the love of God. One never left him without feeling consoled, strengthened and encouraged in the desire to live better. His words had so much force that they made accomplished what they taught. It seemed that he was master of the inclinations of men by the power he had of making them change them, because the fervour of his prayer seconded his words.

When it was told him that some persons spoke ill of him, he listened without being moved, and said first: “We must believe that they have a good intention.” He excused them afterwards as well as he could by saying “that according to what they heard said of him, they had reason to judge so.” He tried not only to excuse these persons, but also their action without ever justifying himself: and sometimes he skilfully changed the subject. His gentleness, his moderation and his reserve in all his words were admirable. Brother Maesse Alphonse reproving him sharply because he had no images in his room, and telling him that he imitated the heretics in this, he answered him with a tranquil countenance and without the least emotion: “Do not trouble yourself about that: there are superiors to whom you can address yourself if anything scandalizes you, and they will know well how to remedy it.” This brother remained so edified by this answer that he held him from that time in very great esteem.

His conversations were always of useful and spiritual things capable of edifying those who conversed with him. His manner of conversing was sweet, polite, so serious and so even that it spread a perfume of holiness. The tone of his voice was not raised, but very agreeable. His discourses were so pious that they won the heart of those who heard them: which, joined to his modesty, made him appear a heavenly man and of a visible holiness.

Whatever disadvantageous judgment was made of him, some treating him as a heretic, others as a madman, and others as a vagabond, he never defended himself. Some of his friends warning him of a great rumour that was made on his account, he answered: “God keep me from so ill employing my time as to occupy myself with that”; and he remained as tranquil as if nothing had been told him of it.

He suffered with great confidence and without being moved the divers judgments which the learned and the ignorant made on his so extraordinary and so new manner of living, although this lasted several years and gave occasion for divers inquiries made by prelates and very considerable persons.

His strength of soul was such that he never spoke to anyone of his troubles, nor sought consolation in any creature, although he sometimes related things that had happened to him, when this could serve his neighbour. Nothing that happened to him or was said to him was capable of diverting him from his recollection, and this evenness of mind which he always preserved showed well that he was raised above all human things and occupied with the thought of those of heaven without ever losing it from sight. Thus he had no care for the things of the world, but let himself be led by Providence, and considered as a nothing all the things of earth in comparison with the advantage of treating with God and being always attached to him, without anything being able to distract him from this thought, and without anything being remarked in his actions that did not befit a true servant of God.

Men naturally desire to pass for better than they are. But Gregory Lopez was so far from this defect that he always esteemed himself less than others. He was heard to say sometimes: “Since I have led a solitary life, I have passed judgment on no one; I have believed all others better and wiser than I; I have given no counsel unless I was asked it, and I have never established myself master over others.” When he was calumniated, he was accustomed to say: “I have always excused them, not only with the lips, but with all my heart.” As he had humble thoughts of himself and always kept on his guard, he said, when these thoughts came into his

mind: “I am nothing; I am good for nothing.” He was so stripped of all desire whether temporal or spiritual that he said sometimes that “since he had embraced a solitary life, he had never desired to see anything in this world, not even his parents, his friends, his country.” It is that, never rejoicing in any temporal thing, all his joy was in God, and all his satisfaction consisted in doing his will and serving his neighbour. Since Gregory Lopez had withdrawn into solitude, he abandoned himself entirely to God without ever wishing to have anything that was his own. He said ordinarily on this subject that “when a man takes pleasure in exterior poverty, it is a mark that he is interiorly rich.” His voluntary poverty was so perfect that he never wished to possess the least thing, nor to provide beforehand a single day for his needs, even in the exterior use of the things given him. He remained always in this poverty without regard to his present necessities. His extreme love for this virtue made him use divers means to preserve it always. Thus, as to clothing, he never affected any sort of habit: but he made use of those that God permitted to be given him. He had no other bed than the earth, as long as his health could permit. He was very sober in his eating, and he was accustomed to say: “The poor ought to take care of their health, lest in making excesses in eating and drinking they be a burden to their neighbour.” He lived always in the same abstinence and the same austerity, never desiring delicate things and using with great moderation what was presented to him, never asking anything but what a true solitary may ask for his necessity.

He kept solitude and silence religiously. He sought no human conversation, but contented himself with the consolations he received from God in his conversations with him, and persevered faithfully in the manner of living to which he had called him.

This holy man, having fought so courageously the battles of the Lord, and having so happily finished his course, God willed, by a death conformable to his life, to give him the crown of justice which he has promised to those who love him. In the month of May of the year 1596, he fell ill. No sadness was remarked in him, but a peace, an admirable tranquillity, and an entire conformity to the will of God, as having prepared himself for it by continual acts and exercises of piety. All his virtues shoneforth marvellously in this sickness, and particularly his humility.

The pains which Gregory Lopez suffered in his sickness were very great; but God made him suffer still much more in his soul than in his body, to give him occasion to merit more. As his sickness increased, his confusion and his sorrow for his sins increased also. It was in these admirable dispositions that this great servant of God, full of faith, hope and charity, and in an admirable peace and an extreme tranquillity of mind, rendered his soul to his Creator. It was thus that he departed from this life to continue throughout an eternity to be happily engulfed in that immense ocean of the love of God of which he had made acts without ceasing with as much perseverance and application as human frailty can permit.

He was a truly heroic man and worthy to be compared with those ancient solitaries so revered for their eminent virtues. He heard, like

Abraham, this voice of God: “Go out of thy country; leave thy relatives, and go thy way into the land that I shall show thee without ever returning into Chaldea”; and what God said also by Jeremias: “Flee from the midst of Babylon and save your souls.” He conquered by his virtues a kingdom whose duration will be eternal. He happily finished his course. He kept inviolably the faith which he had promised to God, and thus he has gained the crown of justice and follows the Lamb whithersoever he goes.

This death, or to say better this new life, happened on 20 July of the year 1596. He had lived fifty-four years, of which he had passed thirty-three in solitude: his face seemed to be that of a living man and shone with light. There issued from his body a perfume which embalmed all the room where he had rendered up his spirit. His body was carried into the church of the borough of Sainte-Foi, where it remained throughout a night; then it was buried quite close to the high altar, on the Gospel side. God having shown by miracles the holiness of his servant, a great concourse of people took place at his tomb. Worship and Relics The

archbishop of Mexico, having founded near the archbishop's palace a convent of discalced Carmelites, under the name of Saint Joseph, extremely esteemed by the archbishops and the viceroys on account of their great regularity and because there have been religious of admirable virtue there, and desiring to enrich this house with a treasure which would render it more venerable to everyone, thought he could not do it better than by transferring there the body of the Blessed Gregory Lopez for whom devotion increased from day to day.

On the first day of March 1616, the archbishop had bones of Gregory Lopez placed in an opening made in the thick wall of the church against the high altar, on the Epistle side, with a grating in front, and enclosed this precious treasure there in a little coffer lined with crimson velvet. On 24 May of the year 1616, the archbishop of Mexico opened, in presence of several considerable persons, the little coffer where the relics of Gregory Lopez were, and drew from it two little bones which he gave to the marquis of Salinas, viceroy. The archbishop of Burgos, on the point of leaving for Spain, visited, on 25 March 1636, with all the necessary formalities, the relics of Saint Gregory Lopez and had an inventory made of them. There were: six bones of the arms and legs; one large bone of the thigh; four bones of the shoulders; seven bones of the spine; four entire ribs; four bones of the knees and feet; and a piece of his habit wrapped in paper. The archbishop took the head and the rest of the bones to carry them to Spain, it being just that the country which had given him birth should preserve a part of his relics. Extract from the Life of the Blessed Gregory Lopez, by François Losa. Madrid, 1658.

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[1] See at 28 January, volume ii, page 95, the dissertation on Saint Libérate or Livrade, who appears to be the same as Saint Vilgeforte.

[2] Sister of Saint Modoald, archbishop of Trier, she renounced the world and took her Saviour for her Spouse. Her brother made her superior of the convent of Saint-Symphorien which he had established on the Moselle and where he had established the Rule of Saint Benedict. Her mortal remains were buried in the church of the convent, and later transferred to the church of Saint Matthias of Trier. — See the following day where she is honoured at Bourges.

[3] The church of Saint-Acheul, near Amiens, possesses, since the 13th century, a relic of the Saint much visited with this intention. — P. Cahier.

[4] He is also called, but more rarely, Saint Ulmer.

[5] The village of Ecke, in the environs of Hazebrouck, preserves the memory of the sojourn of Saint Wulmer. Ecke, in Flemish, means oak.

[6] Saint-Wandrille, in the Pays de Caux.

[7] It was either a silk veil destined to receive the oblations of the faithful, or an oblong veil which enveloped the chalice when the deacon presented it to the priest, or some solid piece of furniture, appendage of the chalice, like the paten, according to the interpretation of Ducange. (Glossar., hoc verbo; — Bollandistes, Vita S, Anseg., 20 julii).

[8] A kind of drinking cup.

21 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Rome, the feast of Saint Praxedes, virgin, who, very well instructed in all that concerns chastity and the law of God, and making of vigils, prayer and fasting a continual occupation, passed to the repose of the Lord and was buried on the Salarian Way, near her sister Saint Pudentienne. 164. — At Babylon, Saint Daniel, prophet. About 626 before Jesus Christ. — At Marseille, the feast of Saint Victor, soldier, who, not willing either to bear arms or to sacrifice to idols, was put first in a narrow prison where an angel visited him; tormented afterwards in divers manners, he was at last crushed under a millstone, and thus consummated his martyrdom. Three other soldiers, Alexander, Felician and Longinus, suffered with him. 290. — At Troyes, Saint Julie, virgin and martyr. 275. — In the same city, the martyrdom of the saints Claude, Juste, Jucondin, and five other of their companions, under the emperor Aurelian. 275. — At Comana, in Cappadocia, Saint Zotique, bishop and martyr, who was crowned under the emperor Severus.[1] About the year 204. — At

Strasbourg, Saint Arbogaste, bishop, celebrated for his miracles. 678. — In Syria, Saint John of Edessa, monk, colleague of Saint Siniéon Salus or the Fool. 6th century.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the dioceses of Paris, Lyon, Bayeux, Fréjus and Coutances, Saint Victor of Marseille, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Clermont, in Auvergne, Saint Calais or Karilef, whose life we have given at 1 July. — In the diocese of Limoges, Saint Rorice, bishop and confessor, named on the preceding day. — In the diocese of Arras, Saint Wulmer, whose life we gave yesterday. — In the dioceses of Versailles, Limoges and Laval, memory of Saint Praxedes of Rome, virgin and martyr, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Versailles, Saint Clair, priest and martyr, whose life we have given at 18 July. — In the diocese of Laval, Saint Sérené, brother of Saint Sérenic, both recluses in the dioceses of Séez and Le Mans, and whose life we have given at 7 May. — In the ancient monastery of Saint-Ghislain, near Mons, in Belgium (Hainaut), translation of the relics of Saint Sulpice. He was born, it is asserted, in the village of Livry (Seine-et-Oise), which had already seen the birth of Saint Gerbold. When, in 844, the Normans invaded for the first time the coasts of the Bessin, Sulpice, who then occupied the see of Bayeux, sought a refuge against their fury in the monastery of Livry (*Livriacum in Alneto*, Order of Saint Augustine, under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, founded in 1186, by Guillaume de Garlande, lord of Livry, and his wife Idonée), in the diocese of Versailles. It was there that he found death. His body was disengaged from the midst of the ruins of the abbey to give it a burial beside a fountain which became later a place of prayer. On 21 July 984, Simon, abbot of Saint-Ghislain, furtively carried off the relics of the Martyr and transported them to his monastery, where his feast was celebrated on the like day. 844. — At Quimper, Saint Tenenan or Tinidor, bishop of the ancient see of Léon, whose life we have given at 16 July. — At Rodez, Saint Trojécie, virgin and recluse, already mentioned at 8 June, the day under which we gave her life. — At Malines, in Belgium, Saint Reinelde, virgin and martyr, whose life we have given at 16 July. — At Cologne, the saints Nabor and Félix, named in the Roman martyrology of the 12th of this month, the day under which we gave their life. — At Bourges, Saint Sévère, virgin, named yesterday in the Roman martyrology. 660. — At Cologne again, memory of Saint Praxedes, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the Vosges, Saint John and Saint Bénigne, twin brothers, disciples of Saint Hidulphe, and dead the same day. About 720. — In the ancient Morinie, Saint Antimond, apostle of the Morini and bishop of the ancient see of Thérouanne. 6th century.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Basilians. — In the desert of Scete, in Egypt, Saint Arsène, of the Order of Saint Basil, deacon of the Roman Church, who, having retired into solitude, in the time of the emperor Theodosius, attained to the perfection of all the virtues, and had constantly his eyes wet with the tears of compunction until he rendered his soul to God.[2] 449.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Saint Praxedes, virgin, who, very instructed in all that concerns chastity and the law of God, and making of vigils, prayer and fasting a continual occupation, passed to the repose of the Lord and was buried on the Salarian Way, near her sister Saint Pudentienne. But her head is preserved at the Holy of Holies. 164.

Martyrology of the Cistercians. — Saint Henry, emperor.[3] 1024.

Martyrology of the Dominicans. — Saint Jerome Emiliani, confessor, Founder of the Congregation of the Somasques, illustrious by his miracles during his life and after his death; he was placed in the rank of the Blessed by Benedict XIV, and of the Saints by Clement XIII.[4] 1737.

Martyrology of the Augustinians. — At Verona, the feast of the blessed Bénigne and Carus, who, disgusted with the world, withdrew into a desert, near Malsesini, in the diocese of Verona, took the monastic tonsure

and shone by a pure life and by many miracles. 9th century.

Martyrology of the Servites. — At Orvieto, the blessed Thomas Cursin, confessor, of the Order of Servites, who reposed in the Lord on 21 June.[5] 1343.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese. — Saint Alexis, confessor, of whom mention is made on 17 July.[6] 404.

Martyrologies of the three Orders of Saint Francis, of the Order of Friars Minor and of the Minor Capuchins. — The octave of Saint Bonaventure, bishop, cardinal and doctor of the Church.[7] 1274.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the diocese of Mainz, Saint Arbogaste, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Naples, Saint Macrine, virgin, whose life we have given at 19 July. — Among the Greeks, three holy anonymous Martyrs of Melitene, today Malatia, on the Euphrates, in Lesser Armenia. They were stoned by the lictors, in hatred of religion. Reign of Diocletian. — In Africa, the saints Victor, Stercorie, Emilien, Hugal, Saphe and Montan, martyrs. — At Cesena, in Italy, the holy Martyrs Adrien, Hélie, Victor, Patrocle, Césarien, Adrianitide, Dimèse, Félix, Aurèle, Thymagrate, Théodote, Julien, mentioned, like the preceding, in the martyrology of Saint Jerome. — At Susteren, in the duchy of Jülich (Rhenish province), ancient diocese of Ruremonde (Dutch Limburg), Saint Vastrade, widow. 8th century. — At Fossano, episcopal city of the Sardinian States, the blessed Oddin Barotto, curate and provost of that city. Born on 7 July 1344, at Fossano, of a noble and ancient family, he engaged, from the age of sixteen years, in the ecclesiastical state. A subdeacon, he was admitted among the Canons of Fossano, and became soon after curate of the parish of Saint John the Baptist. In 1374, the Chapter of Fossano named him provost and curate of its collegiate church; but he soon renounced this dignity to undertake journeys of devotion: he made those of Loreto and of Rome. In 1380, clothed in the habit of the Third Order of Saint Francis, he visited the Holy Places where he was made prisoner by the Turks. Delivered miraculously from his fetters, he returned to his native land in 1382 and was chosen to govern there the Confraternity of the Crucifix, a pious and hospitable association: our Blessed founded then for this purpose an establishment which is still in our days the pride of the inhabitants of Fossano. He built afterwards a church for the Chapter of the collegiate church, and found himself constrained, in 1396, to accept a second time the dignity of provost. A pestilential sickness having broken out at Fossano in 1400, our Blessed died a victim of his zeal and of his charity. Brilliant miracles which were wrought by his intercession brought the faithful to render him a public cult. His body was placed in the church which he had caused to be built, and his cult was approved by Pope Pius VII on 3 September 1808. 1400. — At Arbela, today Erbil, city of Assyria, Saint Barhadbesciabas, deacon and martyr. In the fifteenth year of the persecution of Sapor II, he was stretched on the rack; then the executioner struck him seven times on the neck without being able to detach the head from the rest of the body; at last he plunged his sword into his heart to finish him. 354. — Among the Greeks and the Russians, Saint Ezechiel, prophet, whose life we have given at 10 April. 570 B.C.

The Prophet Daniel

Year of the world 3429. About 626 before Jesus Christ. — King of Juda: Joachim.

> *The prophecies of Daniel are so exact that they seem to unbelievers a narrative of the past rather than a prediction of the future.*
>
> *Saint Jerome.*

Daniel, prince of the blood, of the house of the kings of Juda, was born in Judea, about the twenty-fifth year of Josias. He was scarcely more than ten to twelve years old when he was led into captivity to Babylon, with several other captives of the first quality. Nabuchodonosor having given order to Asphenès, governor of the eunuchs of his palace, to choose among the children of Israel and of the race of the kings and princes young

men who should be fair of face, well made in body, in whom no defect should be found, instructed in all that regards wisdom, skilful in sciences and in arts, that they might remain in the palace of the king; Asphenès found four to his liking, in the number of whom was Daniel, to whom was afterwards given the surname of Baltassar. Now, God gave these young men the science and knowledge of all books, and of all wisdom, and he communicated in particular to Daniel the understanding of visions and dreams. He brought it about at the same time that they found favour before the chief of the eunuchs, so that they obtained from him permission not to eat of the meats of the king's table, although this prince had so ordained.

At the time of the second captivity of the Jews, there was at Babylon a personage of their nation, named Joachim. His wife was of great beauty and of a virtue greater still. She belonged, by her origin, to the tribe of Juda, which, with the prerogative of command, had preserved until then the purity of the ancient faith. She bore the name of Susanna, which signifies lily. This name, doubtless, had been given her at her birth, on account of her childish graces; but she merited it doubly on account of the beauty of her soul and the lustre of her virtues. Her father and her mother had brought her up in their sentiments of religion and justice; so she always preserved the fear of God and the respect of his law: happy fruits of a good education, sweet riches which are the best patrimony of children and the fairest reward of the solicitudes of their parents and their masters.

Joachim was very rich. He had been taken to Babylon as a hostage some years before the catastrophe which cast all his nation into chains; in consequence, his fortune had remained to him. He profited by it to come to the aid of his compatriots in the midst of the privations of exile; his house and his gardens were ceaselessly open to them; even the people assembled there to render justice. One year, two old men had been established as judges who recommended themselves only by false semblances of wisdom. They went often to the house of Joachim, whither the Jews implicated in some affair went also. Consultations and judgments occupied the morning. Towards the middle of the day, the people withdrew, and Susanna went down into the garden to walk there. The two magistrates remained some time after the crowd had flowed away, doubtless as men preoccupied with grave interests, and who explain among themselves, more at length and in intimacy, things which are discussed in open tribunal only with more reserve and less detail. There they saw Susanna enter and walk each day in the garden; a violent passion slipped into their soul, like a torrent which advances when it has broken its dike. For a long time the old men sought an opportune circumstance: they discovered it at last.

One day, Susanna had entered the garden, according to her custom: two of her women accompanied her. The old men, hidden from all eyes, observed the movements of their victim. As it was hot, Susanna wished to bathe; she gave order to her women to bring her aromatic essences and perfumes, and to withdraw after having carefully closed the doors of the garden. The servants did what their mistress asked, and went out by a secret issue which led to the house. None of them suspected that there was the least peril to fear. When the women had withdrawn, the transgressors, quitting their retreat, feared not to make Susanna guilty proposals; they tried to discourage her virtue and to forestall her resistance by the threat of a cowardly and cruel vengeance. "We will attest publicly," they said, "that there was a young man here, and that it is for this that you sent away your maids." Susanna, measuring all the greatness of the peril, drew a deep sigh, and said with as much wisdom as virtue: "It is better to expose myself, without crime, to your fury, than to commit evil before God." Then she uttered a great cry and called for help. The old men, seeing themselves betrayed, fled.

The next day, the people betook themselves, as usual, to the house of Joachim; the old men betook themselves there also, resolved to bring an accusation against the noble woman who had dared to resist them. They said to the crowd: "Send for Susanna, daughter of Helcias, wife of Joachim." Then the old men related the shameful fable which they had imagined to convict her of adultery. The testimony borne by old men and by judges was believed; for, among the Israelites, even more than among the other peoples of antiquity, old age commanded an absolute respect, and the strength and activity of youth bowed before the experience and

majesty of white hair. Susanna knew not how to find a stronger proof of her innocence than to be silent before men. But, at the same time, the gentle victim of calumny invoked God, to whom chaste timidities can always speak. “Eternal God, who penetratest what is hidden and knowest all things before even they come to pass,” she said, “thou knowest that they have borne false witness against me; and behold I die without having done any of the things which they have wickedly imputed to me.” The Eternal heard this prayer, which came from pure lips and a heart full of confidence, and he succoured the oppressed.

Daniel was the instrument of Providence. He found himself inwardly touched by a divine and prophetic light which made known to him the calumny and the means of foiling it. He said in a loud voice: “I am pure from the blood that is about to be shed.” All the people then, turning toward him: “What means this word that thou utterest?” Daniel, from the midst of the crowd, added: “Are you then senseless, you who, without examining and without knowing the truth, pronounce the condemnation of a daughter of Israel? Return to a new judgment, for false witness has been borne against her.” They returned to it in effect: whether that Daniel, versed in all the sciences of Chaldea, already enjoyed great authority among his compatriots, or rather that they discovered in him some extraordinary sign, much as the multitude divines and hails, in great perils, the man of genius whom God sends to ward them off and to conquer them. For their part, the old men said to Daniel: “Come, and sit in the midst of us, and instruct us, since God has conferred on thee the same honour as on old age.” Did they wish to defy or to bend the young magistrate? Was it irony or timid adulation? Be that as it may, Daniel said to the assembly: “Let them be put apart from each other, and I will judge them.” They were separated in such a way that they could not hear one another, and, addressing the first: “Man grown old in evil,” cries the Prophet, “thy iniquities of former times are going to be manifested today. Thou didst render unjust sentences, oppressing the innocent and saving the guilty, though the Lord has said: Thou shalt not put to death the innocent and the just. If this woman is guilty, say under what tree thou sawest her speaking with her accomplice.” The old man answered: “Under a mastic tree.” — “Very well,” resumed the inspired judge; “thy lie falls back on thy head, for the angel executor of the divine decrees will cut thee in two.” It is astonishing doubtless that the old man did not understand whither so precise a question tended, or that he did not know how to make an evasive answer to it. But it seems truly that the disorders of the will resound in the intelligence, and that the wisdom of the mind abandons those who have consented to lose the wisdom of the heart, God permitting it sometimes thus to stop the insolent course of a vicious prosperity.

The second old man came in his turn to undergo his interrogation. Daniel said to him: “Race sprung from Chanaan and not from Juda, beauty has seduced thee and passion has troubled thy heart. It is thus that thou didst treat the daughters of Israel, and, fearing thee, they responded to thy desires; but the daughter of Juda has not tolerated thy insult. Now therefore tell me under what tree thou sawest her speaking with her accomplice.” — “Under an oak,” answered the old man equally struck with giddiness. “Very well,” resumed Daniel, “thy lie falls also on thy head; the angel of God awaits thee, sword in hand, to tear thee asunder and to destroy you both.”

At the sight of so striking a contradiction, the whole assembly uttered a cry of indignation and blessed God, in whom the afflicted never put their confidence in vain. They rose against the infamous old men whom Daniel had just convicted by their own mouth, and, according to the law of Moses, they made them undergo the penalty which they had called down on the head of Susanna: they were stoned. The glory of innocence, for a moment covered by calumny, resumed its lustre. Helcias, Joachim and their friends rendered thanks to heaven, less still because the life of Susanna was saved than because her virtue had remained without stain.

In the second year of the reign of Nabuchodonosor, this prince saw in a dream a great statue composed of divers metals, which was broken in pieces by a stone detached from the mountain. Although this dream had entirely struck his mind, it nevertheless escaped from his memory, and, to recall the remembrance of it and to have the explanation, he summoned into his palace all the diviners, the magi, the enchanters and the philosophers of Chaldea. But, none having been able to guess this dream of the king, nor to give the

explanation of it, he pronounced against them a sentence of death. Daniel, warned of so cruel a sentence, tried to suspend the effect of it; he presented himself before Nabuchodonosor, and, after some days of delay which he asked of him to implore the assistance of the Lord, he guessed the dream the king had had and gave him the explanation of it. Nabuchodonosor, filled with astonishment, prostrated himself with his face to the ground, adored Daniel and established him intendant of the province of Babylon and master of all the magi and of all the diviners of the country.

Several years after, the king saw in a dream a tree, in the midst of the earth, which was excessively high. This tree was cut down, lopped and broken in pieces, but in such a way that the root remained. The augurs, the magi and the diviners of the country not having been able to explain this vision to him, Daniel gave him the explanation of it and told him that it signified that soon he would be reduced to the state of the beasts and that he would be driven from his palace. The event verified the interpretation of Daniel: this prince was reduced, for seven years, to the condition of the beasts, after which he mounted the throne again and reigned as before. He was not long without falling back into the same crimes which had drawn on him from God so extraordinary a chastisement. His pride carried him even to wishing to be regarded as a divinity. He had a statue of gold set up for himself, with order to all his subjects that as soon as the sound of the musical instruments should be heard, each should prostrate himself before the statue he had erected. Daniel was apparently then absent from Babylon, at least he does not appear on this occasion; but his three companions, having disobeyed the order of the king, were cast into a burning furnace, from which they came out without having felt the least pain. The greatness and evidence of the miracle induced Nabuchodonosor to give an edict in favour of the Jews and to preserve to the three young men their former dignities.

However Nabuchodonosor died, and his son Balthasar succeeded him. The reign of this latter prince was not long; he died in the third year, the night of that same day when Daniel had explained to him what had been written by an invisible hand on the wall of the hall where he was holding a great feast at which he had made a profane use of the vessels of the temple. He had for successor Darius the Mede, his maternal uncle. The esteem which this king made of Daniel kindled the jealousy of the great ones of the kingdom. To rid themselves of a subject who incommoded them, they induced the king to publish an edict which forbade any man to make any petition to any god or to any man whatsoever, save to him alone, and that during the space of thirty days. Daniel, who was accustomed to pray to the Lord three times a day, continued this holy exercise. But his enemies, who watched with great care all his actions, having found him praying and adoring his God, warned Darius of it at once, who was obliged to have him cast into the lions' den. The next morning, the king, who had treated Daniel so only with extreme repugnance, came to the den, found Daniel there in perfect health, and ordered that he be drawn out and that his accusers be cast in his place. At the same time, he published an edict in favour of the religion of the Jews. It was under the reign of this prince that Daniel, having read in the writings of Jeremias a prediction which stated that all the land of Juda should be desolated and subjected for seventy years to the king of Babylon, after having asked God, by fervent prayers, for the explanation of this prophecy, obtained it by the ministry of the angel Gabriel; he learned at the same time the death and sacrifice of the Messias, which was to happen at the end of seventy weeks composed of seven years each, and which all together made the number of four hundred and ninety years.

Cyrus succeeded Darius the Mede in the monarchy of the Persians and the Medes. It is to the reign of this prince that the history of Bel and that of the Dragon are referred, which were adored by the Babylonians. Daniel, for having put to death this Dragon and discovered to the king the impostures of the priests of Bel, was abandoned to the fury of the Babylonians, who cast him into the lions' den, where he remained six days. He was fed there miraculously by the prophet Habacuc, and God preserved him from the jaws of those wild beasts, although they had been made hungry on purpose, that they might devour Daniel. On the seventh day, the king having come to the den, to weep for Daniel there, saw him seated in the midst of the lions. He uttered at once a great cry and said: "Thou art great, O Lord, God of Daniel!" and having had Daniel drawn

from the lions' den, he had cast into it at the same time those who had wished to destroy this Prophet.

It is believed that Daniel died in Chaldea, at a very advanced age, and that he would not profit by the liberty which Cyrus granted to the Jews of returning to their country.

The wisdom of Daniel was so profound that, though he was still young, it had already passed as into a proverb: "Thou art wiser than Daniel," said Ezechiel ironically to the king of Tyre, who piqued himself on wisdom, "and there is no secret hidden from thee." His holiness was so brilliant that, even while he was living, God made his eulogy by the mouth of the prophet Ezechiel, who compares his holiness to that of Noe and of Job, saying: "If there be found, in a city condemned by the Lord, three men of the merit of Noe, of Job and of Daniel, they shall be spared in consideration of their virtues." Josephus says that God loaded him with his graces and raised him to the rank of the greatest Prophets; that he had the favour of princes and the affection of peoples during his life, and that he enjoyed, after his death, an immortal reputation. In which this historian shows more good faith and less scruple than those of his nation who came after him, who do not place Daniel in the number of the Prophets, under pretext that he lived in the splendour of an exalted condition and very remote from the way of life of the Prophets. Matathias, in the first book of the Machabees, speaks of Daniel with esteem, and the Saviour gives him in the Gospel the name of Prophet. He is represented: 1° having near him a ram with great horns, or a goat with four horns, in allusion to his prophecy against the Medes; 2° in the lions' den, with the Phrygian mitre and the anaxyrides or trousers with large folds, on account of his sojourn at Babylon and of the dignities with which he was invested at the court of the kings of Persia; 3° between two lions who respect him, stretching out both hands as if to give thanks to God who protects him; 4° unrolling his scroll and letting be seen the text of his salient prophecies; 5° explaining the dreams of Nabuchodonosor.

Worship. — Writings The Greeks keep the feast of our holy prophet on 17 December; which is observed also among the Russians or Muscovites who follow their rite. The Latins varied for rather a long time on the day which they ought to assign to the cult of Daniel. He is found marked on 10 April in some martyrologies of those which bear the name of Saint Jerome, but these are not the most ancient. Bede, who seems to be the first who inserted him in the fasti of the Church of the West, put him at 21 July, which has been followed by the modern Roman. Peter Natalis marks his death, not at Babylon, but in Media, and says that he was buried in the grotto or the tomb of the kings. The prophecy of Daniel is divided into fourteen chapters; his name does not appear at the head of his writings; but this prophet names himself in them in so many other places and designates himself in a manner so particular that one cannot doubt that he is the true author. So we do not see that any of the ancient authors, whether Jewish or Christian, ever contested them to him. The book of Daniel comprises the history of what happened most memorable during eighty years, from the third year of the reign of Joachim, king of Juda, to the third of Cyrus, king of the Persians. One sees there the capture of Jerusalem, the profanation of the temple, the captivity of the Jews, the chastisement which God inflicted on Nabuchodonosor, and the fatal death of Balthasar, his grandson. The successions of the monarchies are marked there with so much clearness that Alexander the Great, having gone to Jerusalem before the conquest of Persia and having had the book of Daniel brought to him by the high priest Jaddus, doubted not that it was of him that was to be understood what is said in chapter viii, that the king of the Greeks was to destroy the empire of the Persians and the Medes. What is most remarkable in this work is that one finds in it very clear testimonies of Jesus Christ. "For he does not write only," says Saint Jerome, "that the Messias will come, which is common to him with the rest of the Prophets, but he marks also the time at which he will come; he puts the kings in their order, counts the years and announces beforehand the most manifest signs of it." It is, adds this Father, what led Porphyry to write an entire volume against the book of Daniel, "in which he denies that this book was composed by him whose name it bears, and believes that it was rather by someone who lived in Judea in the time of Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes; for the Prophet speaks there with so much certainty that he does not seem, to the most incredulous men, to have predicted future things, but to have

related past ones." The style of Daniel has nothing sublime; but the greatness of the things of which he speaks greatly raises his discourse. The first chapter and the beginning of the second are written in Hebrew. The sequel, from the fifth verse of the second chapter to the eighth, is in Chaldean, though in Hebrew characters. The rest of the book is in Hebrew, except the histories of Susanna, of Bel and of the Dragon, which we have only in Greek, from the version of Theodotion, as well as the verses 24, 25 and the following to the 91st, of chapter iii, which contain the canticles of the three young men in the furnace.

The gift which Daniel had received for the interpretation of dreams gave occasion to some impostors to put his name at the head of several writings which they had composed on that matter. But the Church receives no other book of this Prophet than that which we read in our Bibles.

We have made use, to compose this biography, of the History of the Saints of the Old Testament, by Baillet; of the Women of the Bible, by Msgr. Darboy; and of the History of the Sacred and Ecclesiastical Authors, by Dom Ceillier.

Saint Praxedes,[1] Roman Virgin

164. — Pope: Saint Soter. — Roman Emperor: Marcus Aurelius.

> *Sola virtus comes est defunctorum, sola sequitur misericordia.*
>
> *Virtue alone accompanies the dead, charity alone follows them.*
>
> *S. Ambrose, Lib. vu sup. Luc.*

This holy Virgin was daughter of Pudens, one of the first senators of Rome, and of Sabinilla, his wife, a very illustrious lady. She had two brothers, Novatus and Timothy, and a sister named Pudentienne, all great servants of God and recognized as Saints in the Church, as we have already remarked in the life of Saint Pudentienne, at 19 May, where we said that it was the Prince of the Apostles who instructed this noble family in the faith, and who received them all into the number of the faithful.

Praxedes soon showed with what spirit she had embraced the Christian religion: she began from her youth to practise continually prayer, vigils, fasts and all sorts of mortifications, and left these exercises only with life. Her charity was admirable: she consecrated all her property to the succour of the poor, particularly of those who suffered for the defence of the faith. Going into the prisons to visit these precious victims of Jesus Christ, she served them in their sicknesses, and dressed their wounds herself. Praxedes animated them to suffer with constancy; she went to gather their blood when they were under torture; lastly, she took a particular care, with her sister Pudentienne, to carry off secretly all the bodies of the Martyrs she could have, to bury them in a place of their house, where is found today a church which bears the name of Saint Pudentienne, in the middle of which one sees the hole by which they were lowered. This same house was open to all the faithful. As the emperors forbade, under the greatest penalties, Christians to assemble, they came secretly to these holy virgins, to make their prayers there, hear mass there and receive holy communion there: it was most often given them from the hand of the Popes, who also withdrew to this place at the height of the persecution.

But as this persecution, under the emperor Marcus Aurelius, instead of subsiding, became ever more violent, Saint Praxedes was so sensibly touched by it that she begged Our Lord to withdraw her from this life: her eyes could no longer see without an insupportable horror the extreme miseries and the great calamities to which the Christians were reduced; the continual carnage which was made of them was a spectacle too sensible to her heart. Her desires were accomplished, her prayer was heard: God took her from this land of affliction and sorrow to place her in the abode of an immortal glory, on the xii of the calends of August (21 July), in the year of Jesus Christ 164, under the empire of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. Her body was buried in the tomb of her parents, by a priest named Pastor, who wrote her life. There is in Rome a church of

Saint Praxedes, which is a very ancient title of cardinal; and Saint Charles Borromeo esteemed himself so honoured by it that he expressly asked permission of Pope Gregory XIII to leave the name of his family and of his house to call himself simply Charles, cardinal of Saint Praxedes. So he enriched it greatly with his benefactions. It is governed by religious of Vallombrosa, who have for founder Saint John Gualbert. One sees in the middle of the nave a well into which she cast the blood of the Martyrs, which she went to gather with a sponge. There is preserved there in the chapel of Saint Zeno a considerable part of the column to which Jesus Christ was bound for the scourging. Pope Saint Paschal, who had this church repaired from top to bottom, had the body of our illustrious Saint transferred there, and she is honoured there under the high altar. This same Pope had transported to this church the body of more than three thousand Martyrs whom he had drawn from many remote places, where they had been buried in haste, and where they could not receive the veneration due to their holiness. There are in this number three Popes, several bishops and a great number of holy priests.

For the rest, all the Martyrologies make mention of Saint Praxedes, and of all those of her family whom we have named.

She is seen represented carrying in one hand a basin and in the other holding branches. The painters wished to designate her thereby as a lady of charity who goes to carry remedies; she is painted also gathering the blood of the martyrs or having their bodies buried.

Acta Sanctorum. — Cf. History of the Church, by the abbé Darras.

Saint Julie, Saint Claude or Claudien, and Their Companions, Martyrs at Troyes

275. — Pope: Saint Eutychian. — Roman Emperor: Aurelian.

> *Posuisti in capite ejus coronam de lapide pretioso.*
>
> *Lord, thou hast adorned her head with a crown of precious pearls. Ps. xx, 4.*

Saint Julie was born at Troyes, a little before the middle of the 3rd century. Her parents, fervent Christians, brought her up with care in the fear of God and the religion of Jesus Christ. She made such rapid progress in all the Christian virtues that she was renowned everywhere for her tender piety, her great wisdom and her precocious prudence, and that she was cited as a perfect model among the young persons of her time.

She was only ten years old when she took the generous resolution to keep virginal purity, to serve God alone, and to accept no alliance, however noble and attractive it might be. She withdrew from then on into the house of her parents; she served them with obedience and affection, and she kept away from all worldly company. She lived only with God and for God and walked ceaselessly in the ways of his fear and his love.

At that period, the Germans made frequent incursions into the Gauls, now to pillage, now to conquer. In one of these expeditions, a prince, named Claude or Claudien, who had the conduct of a troop of these plunderers, directed, about 247, his march on Troyes, which was then under the domination of the Romans. He made several captives there, among others Julie, aged eighteen, and remarkable for the beauty of her countenance, which an angelic modesty still heightened. The charms of the young girl touched the heart of the prince: he resolved to marry her. But he did not discover his designs to her until, arrived in his own country, he persuaded himself that the softness and pleasures of the palace would make an impression on the young virgin. He expected a triumph. But the servant of Jesus Christ answered him with as much courage as gentleness:

“For a long time I have chosen my Spouse, my Lord and my Master; it is to him that I have consecrated my whole life, to him that I have confided my soul. His angel is always with me, and, if an impure love led you to make an attempt on my person, he would soon avenge upon you the injury which you should have done

me." At these words, Claude fell into fury: "And who then is this spouse nobler than I?" he cried. "Who is he whom he has charged to avenge on me the injury I might cause thee? Moreover, what wrong can I do thee in taking thee for wife, thou who art but my slave?" But the intrepid virgin answered him without being moved: "My Spouse and my Master is Jesus Christ, who is in the heavens, and whose nobility and power surpass those of the greatest monarchs. It is to him that I have vowed my virginity. Would it not be to affront him to take away her whom he has deigned to choose for his spouse?" — "Thou art then a Christian?" Claude asked her. "You have said it, I am a Christian," answered Julie; "and, if you yourself embrace the religion of Jesus Christ, he will assist you in all the circumstances of your life."

These answers, full of a noble independence, penetrated Claude with respect and fear. He began from then to honour his captive. He had a retired apartment prepared for her in his palace, with an oratory, and forbade the officers of his household to enter it. He had attentions still more delicate, and, to permit Julie to attend more freely to her pious practices, he gave her several young girls of high birth to keep her company and render her the services she might have need of. Our Saint became an apostle in the midst of these young idolaters, and soon the palace of the infidel prince was like a temple of the true God, from which rose up to heaven the harmony of sacred canticles and the pure incense of prayer.

The shades of night brought to the companions of Julie rest and sleep; but the fervour of the young virgin still prolonged the time and the prayer. It was then that she poured out her soul freely before the Lord, that she blessed him a thousand times for having deigned to look upon her even in her exile, for having preserved her from the danger of losing both her faith and her chastity in the midst of an infidel people, and for having inspired her master with so much kindness and consideration for her. Never, indeed, did the prince undertake anything without consulting his captive. He loved to converse with her, and though he did not yet share her religious beliefs, he failed not to commend himself often to her prayers.

He was soon to experience the effects of his conduct toward Julie. His enemies were overflowing from all sides on his lands; they were going to attack him even in his palace, if he did not promptly oppose victorious arms to them. He had to depart. But he would not take the field before assuring himself of the prayers of Julie: "You know," he said to her, "the repose which I have given you in my palace and the honour that I have rendered you, without ever disquieting you. Today, I must go to war: enemies, jealous of my crown, wish to ravish it from me. Implore then for the prosperity of my arms the God whom you serve; if I return victorious and without wound, I will honour you more than ever on my return, I give you my word." — "Go with confidence," Julie answered him; "I am going to pray my God, and you will return covered with the laurels of victory."

Claude took the field, met his audacious enemies and cut them to pieces. He returned triumphant to his palace, proclaiming everywhere that he owed to the prayers of Julie, more than to his valour, the having conquered adversaries whose multitude was to crush the weakness of his troops. From then on, his veneration for Julie increased every day, and he regarded her, no longer as his slave, but as his protectress and his sovereign. It would be too long to relate all the blessings which the presence of the virgin of Troyes drew down on Claude; let it suffice to say that, every time he undertook any war, he always carried off over his enemies a brilliant victory, because Our Lord always heard his humble and faithful servant.

Twenty-eight years passed thus. At last the Lord appeared to Julie: "Arise," he said to her, "remain no longer in this place; but return to the city of Troyes, whence thou wast led captive; it is there that, to the crown of virginity, thou shalt join the palm of martyrdom." Julie rises at once, and, full of new courage after this heavenly vision, she goes to find the prince and communicates to him the designs of God upon her. "What!" answers Claude with sadness, "you are going away! To whom then do you leave me in guard? What shall become of me? Are you not my tutelary angel?… If you depart, my enemies, no longer fearing your prayer, will fall upon me as on an easy prey, and will soon put me to death… No! I prefer to abandon everything and to follow in your train." — "Leave then your goods and come with me," Julie replied to him; "for I hope that

the Lord my God will cast on you and on your people a favourable look."

At once Claude abandons his house, his wife and his children, his gold and his numerous possessions, and sets out with the servant of God. He is no longer a barbarian, he is a faithful Christian; he is no longer a cruel wolf, he is a docile sheep who puts himself under the direction of a virgin. At last they arrive at Troyes, where the persecution of Aurelian was raging with extreme violence. In her native city, the zeal of Julie did not remain inactive. She consoled the faithful imprisoned for the faith; she softened for them by her words and her succours the rigours of the tyrant. Her intrepid courage was soon remarked, and the satellites of the emperor seized her one day and brought her into the presence of their master. The president Elidius was charged to interrogate her.

"Dost thou adore Christ, whom thou sayest to be thy Spouse?" he asked her. "Yes," answered Julie, "I confess that Jesus Christ is my Lord; for I adore not impure demons." — "Go," said the president to his soldiers, "stretch her on a rack and put burning coals on her back." But scarcely was she placed on the instrument of torture when her executioners were struck with blindness and cried out: "Julie, help us!" Others came to beat her to death with ox-sinews; but their efforts were useless. The impious Aurelian, seeing the constancy of the virgin, said to her: "Sacrifice to the gods, or, I swear it, thou shalt die this very day by the sword." — "The death of love which the God-Man endured for my salvation," replied Julie, "demands of me death for his love. So I am ready to suffer everything for my Lord Jesus, and I hope that, after these slight combats, he will be pleased to give me an imperishable crown of life." Then the emperor had her head cut off.

As soon as Claude learned the terrible execution, he went to find Aurelian and said to him: "Order that I die with her, for she served me as master in her religion." — "Who are you?" Aurelian said to him. "My name is Claude," he answered, "and I led Julie away captive when I was fighting against the Romans. Her God has loaded me with benefits by her intercession; I adore this only God and I have left all for Jesus Christ." — "But you are not a Christian," replied Aurelian. "How can you die for this religion?" — "It is true," answered Claude, "that I have not been baptized; but I firmly believe that if I shed my blood for the name of Jesus Christ, I shall be truly a Christian, and that, thanks to the merits and the prayers of his glorious martyr Saint Julie, God will not disdain to admit me into the presence of his sovereign Majesty."

Then Aurelian pronounced his sentence and had him beheaded, outside the walls of the city, in the very place where Saint Julie had endured martyrdom a few hours before. It was the xii of the calends of August, that is to say 21 July of the year 275.

On returning to the praetorium, the emperor Aurelian found twenty other Christians, companions of Saint Julie and of Saint Claude; he condemned them likewise to death, and they received the palm of glory in the very place where Saint Julie was buried. The names of several of them have been preserved to us; they were: Juste, Jucondin, Ternus, Antoine, Hérénus, Théodore, Denys, Apollonius, Apamie, Pionicus, Custion, Papyras, Saturius and Secundinus; the names of the six others are inscribed in the book of the Lamb, who deigned to grant them the crown of eternal life.

As soon as Saint Julie and Saint Claude had been martyred, the Christians of Troyes dug a grave in the very place of their torture, and buried the holy bodies, leaving between them a space of about ten paces. Later, the precious remains were exhumed and placed in a stone sepulchre.

Worship and Relics In the 12th century, there was seen, beside these tombs, a monastery whose religious women, called the Filles-Dieu,[1] had devoted themselves to the guard of these sacred relics. But, as the frequent wars of which the city of Troyes was the theatre often troubled their pious exercises, they resolved to seek more peaceful regions. They cast their eyes on the monastery of Jouarre, in the diocese of Meaux, and withdrew there with the bones of the Martyr of Troyes: this was about the year 1233.

Alise, abbess of the convent, had the body deposited in a shrine artistically worked, enriched with plates of silver and precious stones. The divers circumstances of the life of Saint Julie were seen represented on it. Her head was enshrined apart in a reliquary of silver-gilt which was still seen, in the last century, among the riches of the collegiate church of Saint-Etienne. A hundred years later, the remains of Saint Claude were also transported to the same place: it seemed that one ought not to separate after their death these two servants of Jesus Christ, who, after having shared the same combats, had merited the same triumph.

Saint Julie was invoked in public necessities, above all in times of contagion; Saint Claude heard particularly the prayers of warriors exposed to the hazards of combat. In 1628, two religious of the monastery of Jouarre died of the plague which was then making numerous victims. Alarmed at the ravages of the scourge, the abbess had the shrine of Saint Julie carried solemnly into the middle of the cloister, and suddenly the plague disappeared. This miracle and others besides considerably increased the veneration of the religious of Jouarre for the virgin of Troyes: so they celebrated her feast solemnly with an octave. Although the body of Saint Julie reposed at Jouarre, the people of Troyes were not entirely deprived of the relics of their noble Martyr: the Filles-Dieu, on withdrawing, had left several fragments of them. In 1590, the civil wars dispersed these venerated remains. The inhabitants of the suburb of Saint-Martin then deputed some of their number to the abbess of Jouarre. These brought back, on 3 September 1599, a portion of the relics of the Saint, which they placed in a little chapel which subsisted until 1833. At that period, the precious remains were transported to the parish church of Saint-Martin, where they receive each year from the faithful the tribute of an ardent and tender devotion. Lastly, quite recently, Msgr. Allou, bishop of Meaux, answering the pious desires of Msgr. Ravinet, hastened to offer him new fragments of the relics of Saint Julie and of her intrepid companion, Saint Claude; they have been divided between the cathedral, Saint-Martin-ès-Vignes and the chapel of the lycée.

At some distance from the chapel of which we have just spoken, was the spring of living water which had gushed from the earth in the very place where the blood of the Martyr had flowed: it was called the Well of Saint Julie. Persons attacked with fever came with confidence to draw its water, and God often rewarded the ardent faith of the sick by restoring them to health. The Well of Saint Julie, this pious witness of the devotion of our fathers, was several times renewed, and its last state dated from the year 1671; it disappeared with the modest oratory. It is almost on its site that the present chapel of the lycée rises.

The only monument which recalls today the life and death of Saint Julie is in the parish church of Saint-Martin-ès-Vignes: it is, with the altar dedicated to the virgin-martyr, a magnificent stained-glass window. The Church of Troyes celebrates her feast on 21 July.

Extract from the Life of the Saints of the diocese of Troyes, by the abbé Defer, and from the Acta Sanctorum.

Saint Victor of Marseille, Soldier and Martyr

290. — Pope: Saint Caius. — Roman Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

> *Saint Victor triumphs over idolatry: in the minds, by enlightening them; on the altars, by overthrowing them; among the torments, by suffering them.*
>
> *Fromentières, Eulogy of Saint Victor.*

Marseille, a vast city, formerly proud of its monuments, of which both the solidity and the beauty were admired, is situated in a very rich country, at the entrance of the Gauls. Whether on the side of the land or the side of the sea, it is open to the commerce of almost all nations. Its immense riches, the crowd of peoples who flowed in from all sides and the terror of its arms had made it famous. That is why it had deserved to be, in the midst of the provinces of the West, the principal seat of the Roman power. So its zeal for the worship of the gods, or rather of the demons of Rome, was vaunted, and its ardent and cruel jealousy for the sacrilegious superstitions of the Romans. Proud and barbarous, it let itself be carried to such excesses of cruelty in the torments of the Christians and the slaughter of the Saints that it seemed to have forgotten every

feeling of humanity; and especially when the emperors came to visit it, it threw itself with the fury of wolves on the assemblies of the faithful formed round its territory. It did not even spare its own inhabitants. All those whom it found bearing the name of Christians, as if it wished to celebrate in them the triumph of its demons, without regard for age or sex, it overwhelmed with every kind of outrage, tore with torments unheard of till then, and finally butchered with more contempt than it would have shown to vile animals. Among the pearls which formed this rich crown of holy martyrs, the most holy Victor shone with a livelier brilliance, like a star that effaces in the sky the splendour of the other stars. The nobility of his origin, his more enlightened faith, his fervour and his reputation among us, and finally his glorious combat and the triumph worthy of his name which he won over a monster more cruel than the fiercest beasts, over the bloodthirsty Maximian, all contributed to make him famous. Maximian, in fact, fiercer than the other tyrants, had just shed the blood of the Saints throughout the universe, and especially in Gaul. The too well known massacre of the Theban Legion, near Agaune, had terrified the greater number of Christians. Preceded by this terror, he arrives at Marseille. The impious one, in the language of Scripture, came to fill up the measure of his impiety and to complete, with his guilty life, the measure of his crimes. Indeed, an executioner thirsting for blood, as if he had feared to leave a crime uncharged to his memory, and counting for nothing all he had done till then, he was seen almost at once to declare, with a frantic rage, war on piety; he condemned the Christians, if they did not sacrifice to the idols, to perish by the inventions of the most refined cruelty. Under this frightful storm of persecutions, hearts were shaken and troubled; the invincible Victor alone dared to present himself to face the danger. Every night, with the solicitude of a general of an army, he went round the camp of the saints; we mean that he went from house to house, strengthening the servants of God, and kindling in every heart the love of eternal life and the contempt of a passing death.

By these works of zeal the happy victim destined to a near death prepared himself for the sacrifice. He is arrested; he is led before the tribunal of the prefects. These first try to persuade him by gentleness not to despise the worship of the gods, not to reject, together with the soldier's accustomed pay, the friendship of Caesar, for the worship of an unknown man dead long ago. But at once Victor, arming himself with the words of the Holy Spirit, proves to them with invincible force that what they call gods are only impure demons. As for the pay for his services and the friendship of the emperor, he answers that, a soldier of Christ, he rejects with horror every advantage that would be an insult to his King. Finally, he says, the Lord Jesus Christ is the almighty Son of the most high God; out of love for man, whose nature He came to repair, He became truly a mortal man; if the impious put Him to death, it is because He willed it; but by the power of His divine virtue He rose again on the third day, ascended into heaven, and received over every creature an empire which nothing can shake. Thus Victor confessed his faith. His countenance was assured, and his voice had all the authority of a free speech. Hardly had he finished when the crowd of those present raised to heaven an immense clamour; all overwhelmed the pious confessor of Christ with insults. But, because he was an illustrious personage, the prefects decided that his cause should be carried before the emperor's tribunal. Informed of everything, the emperor is himself carried away by a fit of rage that nothing can restrain; he is impatient of the least delay, and orders the holy athlete to be brought before his tribunal. The blessed Victor is therefore presented before the tribunal of an emperor boiling with anger. From all sides he is overwhelmed with monstrous accusations; every resource of cunning is exhausted, every terror of threat, to force him to sacrifice to demons.

The prefect Astérius complained thus to Maximian: "It is already two months that this Victor, who is a soldier, will not receive his pay and cries out that he is a Christian. Having been put in prison by my orders, he escaped secretly. I wish therefore to know how he escaped from the military prison, though guarded by soldiers; for he went out every night, as I have learned. He could not have done so had he not used sorcery." Hearing these accusations, Maximian said to Saint Victor: "Why dost thou not receive the accustomed pay?" "Because I do not wish to fight in the world," answered Victor. "How didst thou go out of the prison at night," asked Maximian, "in spite of the soldiers who guarded thee?" "I did not go out secretly," answered

Saint Victor, “but publicly and with the doors open; I did not go out to walk idly, but to visit the sick, which I have always been accustomed to do. God, who favours good works, seeing that an impious guard prevented me from going out, sent His angel, who opened the doors, carefully shut, and, in spite of the vigilance of the guards, gave me the means to go out and in freely.” The Martyr felt his courage strengthened on hearing the threats made to him. He was as if familiarised with sufferings, and could triumph over all torments. He did not fear to be taken from the earth, and already saw himself counted among the citizens of the heavenly fatherland. Animated by a sudden inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he confounded the barbarous emperor and all the judges who assisted him with rare prudence and great strength of soul. By simple and clear reasonings he reduced to nothing the worship of idols, and proved publicly, with evident reasons, that Our Lord Jesus Christ is the true God.

Then the most impious Caesar, more cruel than a wild beast, more wicked than the serpent, yields to the rage that carries him away; the fires of Satan are kindled in his heart. He orders the holy Martyr to be dragged through the whole city, after having tightly bound his bonds.[1] He pretended thus to avenge by the ignominy of the punishment the insults done to his gods, and at the same time to terrify the hearts of the faithful. Hardly was the sentence pronounced when the blind and barbarous crowd applauded with a great cry; and all rushed in dense floods to enjoy the spectacle. While the athlete of Christ, his feet and arms bound, was dragged through the city, sacrilegious hands, tongues practised in calumny, all, each according to his power, wish to increase the torment; one would think oneself greatly guilty if one did not come to add to the insults heaped on him.

When the blessed Victor, in this derisive and cruel spectacle, had satisfied the curiosity of a barbarous people, he was brought back again, bloody and torn, before the tribunal of the prefects, and they redoubled their pressure to make him consent to deny Christ and adore the false gods. They believed that the torments, the insults and the cries of the people had wearied his constancy and cast down his soul, and that he would no longer venture what they called vain discourses, after learning by cruel experience to think of himself. That is why they reproached him bitterly with having insulted Caesar and the whole republic. Then they added that it was the last degree of folly, and the greatest of misfortunes, to despise the friendship, the familiarity of all the gods and of the invincible emperors; to sacrifice all the pleasures of the world, and glory and honour; and finally a good yet sweeter than all those goods, the life of the body; and that for something one has never seen; to provoke against oneself, without reason, the anger of men and of all the gods; finally, to run to death, when above all one must still buy it by the cruellest torments and plunge into grief one’s dearest friends. Besides, he must know already by experience how much it matters to him to embrace a wiser resolution; he must not despise the gods whose majesty shines with so lively a brilliance in the temples, and whose benefits all men feel. Venerable antiquity has always adored them; the greatest princes honour them; and such is their power that, if they are propitious to us, all beings will be in joy, whereas if they were against us the world itself could not subsist. Moreover, reason makes it his duty to renounce promptly a man who, during his life, was always very poor, and whose death has demonstrated his impotence. If he does so, besides the advantage of escaping the perils that threaten him, they, his judges, promise to make him enjoy the intimate friendship of Caesar and the greatest honours. But if he rejects these favours, he will be made to enter immediately into that glory of his Christ which no one has ever seen; but he will enter it by the road which Christ Himself followed, by contempt, by the most frightful torments, by becoming the reproach and abjection of the whole people.

To these perfidious discourses the Martyr, who had already come out fully victorious from his first combat, became suddenly the organ of the Holy Spirit, with an intrepid courage whose constancy nothing could weary; strong in the power of God who sustained him, he answered in these terms to the speeches of his judges: “If it is only a question here of the pretended insults I am supposed to have done to Caesar and the republic, I declare that I have never harmed the republic, nor Caesar. Never have I attacked the honour of the

empire; never have I refused to defend it. Every day I offer with religious zeal sacrifices for the safety of Caesar and of the whole empire. Every day before God I immolate spiritual hosts for the prosperity of the republic. But I believe that everyone would rightly regard as the strangest folly to love a thing with such excess as to prefer it to another that is better. What will it be if this thing is of such a nature that you cannot possess it as much as you would wish; that even in possessing it you cannot enjoy it without fear; and that finally, in spite of all your care, you cannot keep it? Whereas the other, a hundred times better, which is sacrificed, lets itself be fully possessed as soon as it is desired, gives to him who possesses it a joy free of all disquiet, because it knows no term and is subject to no failure; because violence will not destroy it and disgust will never make it be repudiated. Therefore, according to the counsel of a more enlightened reason and the judgment of all wise men, the friendship of princes, the pleasures of the world, glory, honours, bodily health, the affection of relatives and all other goods of the same kind, finally this temporal life itself, which is not obtained by desires, which one does not possess without disquiet and which one cannot long keep: these goods, I say, in the judgment of all men, must be despised, if they are compared with the ineffable and permanent joys of eternal life, with the tender embraces of the Creator of all things. To love Him, this sovereign God, is to possess Him; and to possess Him is to enjoy with Him all goods. Do not therefore be grieved at having renounced for a moment these advantages of the world; in exchange for this slight sacrifice, you will one day enjoy goods incomparably better. The torments, moreover, do not deserve this name; when they extinguish eternal torments, they must be called salutary refreshments, and what makes us pass from this world to the blessed life must no longer be called death, but a divine draught.

“There is nothing more senseless, I call your conscience to witness, nothing more stupid than he who, without reason, despises so great a good, in order to honour as a god, with all the zeal of piety, the manifest enemy of his life, knowing well that after his death he will receive from him no reward but eternal death and endless torments that the tongue cannot express. Is there indeed a more cruel enemy of human life than he who teaches to do, and persuades by his example, the most shameful actions, and those most justly punished with the last penalty by the laws of this world? And is it not to teach an action to order that it be publicly recounted and its praises sung? Now that is what your gods do, your greatest gods. Their crimes, not only have they wished them to be recounted in public; but they also have them represented on the stage, sung and celebrated in the temples with the most magnificent praises. Which of you is allowed to be ignorant of the deadly rapines, and, as far as it was in his power, the frightful parricides of the great Jupiter? Who does not know his innumerable outrages on modesty, his adulteries, secret or public, fraudulent or violent? Are the cruelty of the queen of the gods, the sister of Jupiter, and her incests with her brother, then buried in oblivion? Is it not in broad daylight that are displayed the implacable ferocity of Mars, the turpitudes of an obscene Priapus, of an infamous Venus? Shall I recall goddesses such as Fever and Pallor, and all that herd of like divinities, whom you yourselves call the wicked gods and enemies of man’s health? I am ashamed to speak of the gods Stercutius, of the goddess Cloacina, and of a thousand other monsters, who reduce their wretched worshippers to the shame of venerating cesspools and sewers, the worthy temples of such divinities.

“It is therefore evident that among all the enemies of men there are none more violent and more cruel than your great gods, whose majesty you have had to consecrate and establish by wood, stone or bronze, which rats or birds defile every day in your temples. Their worshippers know their maleficence, but have not experienced their benefits; and that unhappy antiquity of which you are proud has perished in honouring them. Would to heaven then that your princes sought to secure a happier reign by making them disappear, since the favours of these gods deserve for those they protect to be justly condemned to death, whereas the more they are angered, the more innocence, honour and justice flourish again in the world! In fact, they cannot show themselves propitious except to those who resemble them, and not to those who are opposed to them; for between opposites all union is impossible. Now those who resemble them, supreme justice from then on exterminates from this world with the most shameful brand; and even the equity alone of the human

conscience gives them no hope after life but the torments of an eternal death, since there is no one, however senseless, who would grant beatitude to crime. It remains therefore to conclude that, if they can never be happy, what awaits them after this life is eternal misery in death. Thus, since your gods, natural adversaries of those who do not resemble them, are the mortal enemies of those who make themselves like them, it is established in the most evident manner that no one ought to honour them; their worship, once more, which is always a reproach to the living, having as reward in this life and after death the extremest of miseries. Besides, there can be no reason to fear beings of whom one can have nothing to dread but their favours.

“But with what love and veneration ought we to adore Him who, when we were His enemies, loved us first; who revealed to us the frauds of your infamous divinities, and, to tear us from their yoke, taking our human nature, without diminishing His divinity, showed Himself God, but God made man dwelling in the midst of us? We were poor, and to enrich us, He, the source of all riches, embraced our poverty, making Himself the poorest of us all. His life among men was for us the example of every virtue and every holiness; and, by His death which He had not deserved, He destroyed for ever the death which we had deserved by our crimes; for your gods, or rather your cruel demons, in unjustly attacking the Innocent One hidden under the veil of our infirmity, justly lost their power over those whom they had chained by their deceits. Oh how rich is that poverty which you insult! When it willed, by one single command of its will, it filled several boats with fishes, and satisfied with five loaves five thousand men. Oh how strong is the weakness which healed in His disciples all weaknesses and all infirmities! Oh what a life-giving death, that which raised so many dead! And lest any doubt arise in you on the truth of these miracles, look how they were foretold from the beginning and confirmed by innumerable marvels to which every creature renders brilliant witness.

“Oh, if you considered attentively how great is He whom all the world obeys, how perfect He in whom everything is desirable, in whom nothing can be a subject of blame, in whom all is worthy of praise, whose charity welcomes all men and whose judgment no one avoids! What is holier than His life? truer than His doctrine? more useful than His promises? more terrible than His threats? What is surer than His protection? more precious than His friendship? more intoxicating than His glory? Among your gods, which is like Him, or even deserves to be compared with Him? All the gods of the nations are demons; but ours is the God who made the heavens. So the gods of the nations have been condemned to eternal fire, dragging their worshippers with them, as it is written in a holy Prophet: Let the gods who have not made heaven and earth perish from the earth. And elsewhere: Let them be confounded who adore graven things; and again: Thou shalt cast them into the fire; they shall perish in misery. But of the true God the holy Prophet said: Our God is above all gods; whatsoever He willed, He hath done in heaven and on earth, in the sea and in all the deeps. Therefore the same Prophet concluded: Blessed are they that fear the Lord and walk in His ways; for faithful subjects share the glory of their king. That is why, full of confidence, we accept death gladly to bear witness to His name; and the example of our sufferings shows how certain our hope is. You then, most illustrious personages, men of learning, in whom a lofty mind and a powerful reason dominate, suspend for a moment the inspirations of animosity and hatred, weigh in a just examination the reasons of the two parties, and do not abandon yourselves longer to your most mortal enemies, to demons who are damned and who damn you, dishonouring you; the divine likeness which is in you is your glory; do not sacrifice it to the obscene turpitudes of those gods, if you do not wish to share their damnation. Obey the most holy, the most high, the most just, the most merciful Creator; He is almighty, and He is your friend; if you listen to Him, His humility will exalt you; His poverty will enrich you and His death will give you life. Today He calls you by salutary warnings, He invites you by the rewards He proposes, that you may soon be received into His eternal glory and enjoy His friendship for ever.”

After this discourse of the Martyr, the impious judges, overwhelmed by the weight of his reasons, cried: “What, Victor, wilt thou not cease then to philosophise? The choice is left to thee: either appease the gods, or perish by the most frightful death.” Victor answered: “Since you can still make us a like proposal, it is our

duty to confirm by our examples what our words have taught. I despise your gods, I confess Christ. Subject me to all the torments, unite against me all the torments." Irritated by these answers, the sacrilegious prefects disputed the barbarous pleasure of tearing the Martyr's body, striving to surpass one another in cruelty. Soon the quarrel grew bitter, they divided; Euticius at last is sent away, and fate leaves to the other judge the pleasure he covets of making a Martyr suffer. Astérius (that was his name) therefore ordered at once the soldier of Christ to be stretched on the rack. The order was executed; but in the midst of these long and cruel tortures, Victor, raising his eyes to heaven, asked a pious resignation of God the Father most merciful, to whom alone it belongs to give it. The most clement Jesus could not resist longer; He appeared to His Martyr, holding in His hand the glorious standard of the combat, the trophy of victory, the cross. He came to console him. "Peace be with thee, our generous Victor," He said to him; "I am Jesus; it is I who suffer in My Saints the insults and the torments. Fight as a courageous soldier, be strong and constant; I am with thee to be thy firm support in the combat and thy faithful rewarder after the victory, in the bosom of My kingdom." At this voice of the Saviour all pain at once vanished, and the torments lost their energy. Victor, his heart dilated with the joy which shone in all his features, celebrated the praises of his God; he poured out from his soul immense thanksgivings to the divine consoler who had visited him.

Meanwhile the strength of the cruel lictors was failing, and they saw that they had gained nothing on a Martyr who overflowed with joy in his sufferings. The unjust judge therefore had him taken down from the rack and shut up, under guard of soldiers, in the darkest prison. But the most merciful Jesus, remembering His promise, sent in the middle of the night Angels to visit His soldier. At once the doors of the prison open of themselves, the shadows are dispelled, and a heavenly light brighter than the day illumines the whole prison. The Martyr, at this sight, thrilling with gladness, sang the praises of the Lord with the angels who consoled him with ineffable sweetnesses. The soldiers, on their side, perceiving the brightness of so vivid a light, prostrated themselves respectfully at the Saint's feet; they implored pardon and asked for baptism. Pressed by the circumstance, he instructed them in haste, sent for priests, and that very night he led them to the sea, had them baptised and received them with his own hands on coming out of the sacred bath. The next morning, from early dawn, the report spread of the conversion of the blessed soldiers Alexander, Felician and Longinus; that is what they were called. At this news Maximian is inflamed with fury, he publishes cruel sentences: Victor is the author of these conversions, his punishment shall be more terrible; as for the soldiers, they must sacrifice to the idols or be punished with death.

They were going to begin with the new soldiers of Christ; that is why Victor, before sending them to the combat, wished to strengthen their courage, and spoke to them in these terms: "Generous comrades-in-arms, O you my glorious forerunners in the struggle, now courage is needed, now there is need of all your constancy. You have just sworn fidelity to the emperor of heaven, know how to keep it for Him like men of heart. The combat begins, here is the enemy. He wishes, by a sudden attack, to surprise your inexperience in these struggles which you enter for the first time. He hopes to find you defenceless and to glory in having taken from your hands the palm of victory. But no, beloved brothers, it is not from the hands of negligence and cowardice that you have received your armour; you have learned better to know Christ. Combats are not strange to you, you have not lost your title of soldiers; you have only changed your standard. Show to our King, who has chosen you, to what soldiers He has entrusted His front line of battle; let the enemies who attack you learn to know you, let them feel that you have not degenerated. Your chief showed great esteem for your valour when He entrusted to you, new recruits, the most important post, and relied on your courage for the first result of the struggle. Let wars not frighten you, you who have always learned war. Do not be seduced by what perishes, when you already see before you the eternal goods. You have only to seize them with courage; it is the enemy ranks that must be passed through to have them. If the condition seems hard to you, think that these ranks, our King passed through before you. 'It is not a stranger's mouth, it is He Himself who teaches us; listen: You shall have to suffer in the world; but take confidence, I have overcome the world. To Him then, to Him, always with confidence, let your hearts and your voices address their prayers in the

midst of the torments. If you invoke Him with faith, His fidelity will not fail you; for He made the promise to all His own, saying to them: Behold I am with you even to the consummation of the world. Besides, I will give myself as example of the truth of these divine words. While, yesterday, hanging on the rack, I was torn by intolerable pains, I implored by my tears our merciful Lord, and behold, at once He appeared to me carrying in His hands the glorious sign of our redemption, and said to me: Peace be with thee, Victor; fear nothing; I am Jesus, who suffer in My Saints their insults and their torments. At this voice I felt spread through my whole being so great a strength that the torments were no longer anything to me. That is why, beloved brothers, remember Him who has become your strength. With your eyes fixed on the Lord Jesus, creator of all things, consider the road He followed, the term at which He arrived; and be not frightened by the vain threats of mortals, when you have before you the society of the immortal angels that is promised you. Suffer these torments of an instant, that you may conquer, as victors, immortal treasures. Formerly you would rather have perished than be vanquished, though that death would have been for you eternal death; today, I beg you, do not refuse a victory which is going to assure you a kingdom for all eternity."

Meanwhile satellites had been sent to seize and drag to the Forum the blessed Victor, with the generous soldiers whom his words had just armed for the combat. The report of it spread, and at once almost the whole city rushed in emulation to enjoy the spectacle. In some it was a blind and senseless fury; others, animated by a better spirit, desired to see the struggle of the holy Martyr with the devil. The confused crowd of people who ran from all sides mingled in tumult; the air was filled with noisy clamours. From all sides curses and insults were hurled at the holy Martyr; but he opposed to all these darts a courage the more indomitable. The impious wished to force him to recall to the worship of the gods the soldiers whom he had turned away from it. "It is not permitted me," he answered, "to destroy what I myself have built." The blessed soldiers Alexander, Felician and Longinus were therefore interrogated; they persevered faithfully in the confession of Christ. Soon, by order of the emperor, the sword cut off their heads. Thus, by the sacrifice of their mortal bodies, they conquered life for eternity.

When Saint Victor saw the blessed soldiers delivered to death, he besought the Lord, in a voice bathed in tears, to deign to associate him with their martyrdom and their glory, since he had been, after God, the author of their faith and of the generous witness they had just borne to it. The people, hearing him, at once uttered cries of fury, and blows rained from all sides on the glorious Martyr. For the second time he was hung on the rack and cruelly tortured with staves and ox-hide thongs. But at last the executioners, vanquished by his constancy, took him back to prison. He remained there three days, persevering in prayer and commending to the Lord his martyrdom with great contrition of heart and abundant tears.

At the news of the constancy of the blessed Victor, the cruel Caesar, like an executioner more furious than the others, and kept in reserve to deal the last blow, ordered his victim to be brought. In the interrogation the Martyr, persevering in his faith, confessed the true God as he had always done. For this reason fury and rage broke loose once more against the soldier of Christ; threats, terrors, curses, insults were renewed against him. Meanwhile Maximian had an altar of Jupiter brought. In a moment it is set up before him, and a sacrilegious priest is there, quite ready for the sacrifice. Then the emperor said to the blessed Victor: "Burn incense, appease Jupiter and be our friend." At these words the generous soldier of Christ, inflamed with the heavenly ardours of the Holy Spirit and unable to contain his zeal longer, approached the altar as if to sacrifice; with a kick, he knocked it from the hand of the priest who stood leaning on it and laid it on the ground. At once the odious emperor had his foot cut off. The Martyr offered this member to the Lord Jesus Christ, his God and king, as a perfume of agreeable odour, serving as first-fruits of the sacrifice of his whole body.

At last the moment is come when he is going to give back to the Lord his body and his soul. By an order of the emperor, he is led toward a miller's millstone. He walks there with a joyful and alert step, as if he had suffered nothing yet. The cruel lictors, executing the sentence of the odious and barbarous tyrant, cast the body of the glorious Martyr under this millstone which is to crush him in an instant in its rapid rotation. The

Lord's chosen wheat is in truth ground without pity; the happy bones of the invincible Martyr are cruelly broken. But the machine is suddenly divinely overturned, and the Martyr seemed still to breathe. The executioners, to make the victory full and perfect, cut with the sword that head consecrated by so many courageous witnesses borne to the Lord, and glorified by so many and so great combats. At the same instant a voice was heard descending from heaven above the Martyr, which said: "Thou hast conquered, blessed Victor, thou hast conquered!"

After the execution, the wretched Maximian, in whom the demons had made as it were an odious sanctuary, hoped to vanquish at last those who until then had vanquished him, and to triumph over them after their death; but it was a new lustre that he was going to add to the glory of the Martyrs. To prevent any of the honours of burial being rendered them, he ordered their bodies to be thrown as food to the fishes, in the arm of the sea that girds the city on the south side. The fatherly tenderness of the Lord had very different designs. To assure to His Saints a cult and honours, and to the faithful, in the course of the ages, a powerful protection, He made the bodies of the Saints glide swiftly over the waves, by the ministry of angels, and they were left intact on the opposite shore. There the Christians buried them in a crypt cut in the living rock with a certain elegance and not without much labour. God honoured them with a great number of miracles; and their merits obtain for those who invoke them piously many benefits, in the name of Jesus Christ our God and our Lord, to whom be eternal praise and power, honour and dominion, with God the Father and the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

Numerous miracles were wrought at the tomb of Saint Victor as soon as his venerable remains were buried there, says the author of the Acts of his martyrdom. As it would be too long to relate them all, we shall content ourselves with choosing the most legendary.

A man, at once very rich and very virtuous, provided in his house the temporal food for a poor man named Avitus, in the hope of the eternal reward. That he might one day share in the abundance of his merits, he sustained his indigence with his riches. This Avitus was not only reduced to extreme misery, he had also lost almost entirely his sight, without hope of recovering it. His benefactor was not content with providing him the necessary food, he also testified his tender compassion by procuring him every remedy that could relieve his sick eyes. As the material remedies were all powerless, he had recourse to prayer and the intercession of the Saints. By his counsel, Avitus made many pilgrimages to the various places where holy relics were kept, but his infirmity received no relief from them. He was desolate and in despair. His benefactor having learned the many cures obtained by various sick persons at the tomb of Saint Victor, exhorted his poor blind man to venerate the relics of the glorious martyr, and offered to lead him himself into the crypt. Avitus had resolved to attempt nothing more to obtain an impossible cure; but, overcome by the pressing charity of him who loaded him with proofs of affection, he let himself be led before the tomb of Saint Victor. There, his benefactor and he knelt and prayed a long time with great fervour. When Avitus rose, he was cured. He came back joyful and blessing God, needing no one to guide his steps.

A woman, whose husband death had long ago taken from her, had no other support than an only daughter, whose filial piety consoled her sorrow. But this daughter fell ill, and, after a few days of suffering, breathed her last. The mother's grief was without measure. She rejected every consolation, would listen to no counsel, became as if deprived of reason. Tears, sobs, sighs are at first the only expression of her immense grief. Soon she utters words and cries; she invokes God; she calls her daughter; she implores the Saints. The name of Saint Victor then comes to her memory and she remembers all the admirable prodigies which God has deigned to work by his relics. She has recourse to his intercession and prays to him with all her heart, and, addressing him, in the vehemence of her prayers, she cries: "I know, blessed Victor, I know, unhappy woman that I am, what your power is with the Most High. I know what benefits you have granted to other unfortunate women and what your goodness is to those who implore you. Let my poor soul, O blessed martyr, experience the extent of your merits with God. In losing my daughter I have lost my last consolation.

If you wished, O Victor, you would easily obtain from the mercy of God the grace I desire." Meanwhile everything was prepared for the funeral. The neighbours had come running; they had spent the night in prayers beside the body of the young girl. The moment came to render her the pious duties of burial; friendly hands carried her to the cemetery. Her mother accompanied the funeral convoy uttering cries of grief and despair. When they had come to the grave which was to receive the body, the weeping and fainting mother threw herself on her daughter's icy body, embracing her with delirium, repeating her name in a voice broken by sobs: "O my beloved daughter," she cried, "O light of my eyes, O joy of my old age, was I to survive thee? If I could not precede thee to the tomb, may I at least not delay to follow thee there!" Suddenly, while she thus expresses her bitter grief, the young girl's corpse stirs. One would say she had just heard the voice of the Saviour saying to her: "Arise, I command thee." In the presence of a numerous crowd whose delighted eyes follow her movements with stupor, she who was dead returns to life. She rises in her coffin. Knowing the cause of the mourning that surrounds her, she calls her mother and exhorts her to rejoice. What were the transports of the happy mother on receiving in her arms her resurrected daughter! In the presence of such a miracle, who could fail to recognise the power of God and the intercession of Saint Victor? The mother, whose grief has given place to the liveliest joy, goes toward the church of Saint Victor, with her daughter and him who held her at the sacred font. The witnesses of this marvellous resurrection accompany them, and all together render fervent thanksgivings to God and to the holy martyr. A woman of evil life, named Julie, who had long dragged herself in the mire of lust, entered with as much presumption as irreverence into the crypt where the bodies of the Saints are kept. A divine punishment soon showed that she had crossed the threshold of this sacred place neither from a feeling of veneration nor by involuntary accident: she lost her sight at the same moment, struck with complete blindness. This chastisement, which afflicted her body, was to be a good for her soul. This unhappy woman, or rather this happy woman, felt herself enlightened inwardly while the darkness enveloped her outwardly. She understood suddenly in what spiritual blindness she had lived until then. Instead of deploring the misfortune which had just struck her, she thought only of repenting of the guilty life she had led with so much folly. She detested her past crimes; she promised God to live chastely in the future. More: she made a vow, if she recovered her sight, to spend the rest of her days in the shade of a cloister, consecrated to the service of God. Such was the fervour of her prayer that her sight was entirely restored to her. She hastened at once to accomplish the vow she had pronounced. She received the religious veil, became as pious as she had been dissipated, and gave until the end of her life the example of the most admirable virtues.

On Palm Sunday, while the people were going in procession to the church of the blessed apostle Andrew to bless the flowers, as is the custom on that day, carrying with great respect and devotion the head of Saint Victor in a wooden shrine, a keeper of the church, excited by a strange spirit of blasphemy, began suddenly to spread maliciously the poison of his words. He mocked the devotion of the people, saying that it was superstitious to render so many honours to a useless piece of wood, and that there was nothing in the shrine worthy of so much veneration. Soon a heavenly chastisement punished this despiser of holy things. One of his eyes was struck with blindness, and his mouth, horribly deformed, stretched on the left side up to the ear. The unhappy man, covered with shame and suffering much, repented of his fault and publicly asked pardon for his blasphemies. He promised that, if he recovered health through the intercession of the holy martyr, he would be devoted all the rest of his life to the glory of his cult. His prayers, though lively and pressing, did not obtain their effect suddenly. He had to bear for some time the punishment of his fault. He passed an entire year in his humiliation and his grief. At last, the course of the year bringing back Palm Sunday, the people, according to custom, went again to the church of Saint Andrew carrying the relics of Saint Victor. The unhappy man, standing on the passage of the procession, cried: "O blessed Saint Victor, pardon me my impiety; enlighten my blinded eye; give back to my mouth its first form. I have suffered enough! I promise to consecrate myself wholly to your service if you grant my prayer." At once the divine goodness had pity on this unfortunate man, and, on account of his repentance, put him back in the state in which he was before his

blasphemies. He thanked God for this benefit and, all the rest of his life, had great devotion to the cult of the blessed martyr.

A man, both poor in goods and in mind, saw in a dream a warrior, with a radiant face, in dazzling garments, who addressed to him these severe reproaches: “Why this negligence? Why art thou lazier than the others? Why dost thou not hasten to go, thou too, to the church of blessed Mary ever Virgin to offer thy prayers there?” This man woke up, frightened by what he had seen and heard, and hastened to go to the church of Saint Victor; but his fright diminishing, laziness overcame him, he lay down again and fell asleep again. Saint Victor appeared to him a second time, spoke to him more severely and ordered him to bring to church, instead of a candle, an iron rod which he had in a corner of his house. This man, this time, did not think of disobeying the voice which had troubled his sleep. He looked for his iron rod, and, having found it, ran with hurried step toward the church, which was already filled with an innumerable crowd. It was the night which preceded the day of the feast of Saint Victor. According to the custom of Provence, the people had assembled in the church to pass all that night in a pious vigil, reciting prayers and singing the praises of the holy Martyr. Each of those present held a lighted candle in his hand. This multitude of torches turned the darkness of night into radiant day. Our man alone had no candle and knew not what to do. At last he had an idea. Spying one of the brothers charged with maintaining good order in this so numerous crowd, he asked him for a candle and offered him, in exchange, his iron rod. But the brother would hear nothing, and answered him that he would not give him what he asked. It was not the first request of this kind he had received and he was weary of it. The unhappy man, who saw himself condemned to have no other candle than his iron rod, desolate at being repulsed by men, turned to the Saints. “O blessed Victor,” he cried, “it is you who made me come here. You know my poverty; I have brought what you prescribed. I am the only one who cannot have a torch. Resigning myself to my shame, I shall raise my iron rod like a candle. Deign to accept the good will I have to honour you like the others.” He spoke and set up his iron rod in the same manner as all the other attendants set up their candles. And behold, suddenly the end of his rod catches fire and burns like a wax torch. It casts more brilliance than the candles around it. The first witnesses of this prodigy burst into cries of admiration. The account of the miracle soon flies from mouth to mouth. All the people sing with new fervour the praises of Saint Victor.

Saint Victor is always represented in military costume, and often, like Saint George, mounted on horseback, armed with a lance and overthrowing a monster. He is also seen overturning with his foot the altar on which they wished to make him offer incense. — He is also represented with the three soldiers whom he converted and had baptised while he was kept in prison. — French image-makers have often put in his hand a little windmill. He is also given a standard, as to a knight. The abbey of Saint-Victor at Paris had for arms a wheel, perhaps as an indication of gearing; for certain accounts speak not so much of a mill as of a mechanism intended to crush.

Worship and Relics. — Abbey of Saint-Victor Before the Revolution of 1793, the city of Marseille possessed almost entire the body of the illustrious martyr Saint Victor; a great part of his bones was kept in the cathedral. The abbey of Saint-Victor kept his head enclosed in a very rich reliquary. The Revolution deprived Marseille of almost all these relics. There remain only two leg bones of Saint Victor or of his companions, martyrs at Marseille. They were replaced in the church of the ancient abbey by M. de Clapiers, parish priest of Saint-Victor, at the reopening of the churches. They are still possessed. They are today enclosed in a little shrine placed above the altar dedicated to Saint Victor. Beside these relics is a crystal globe containing earth stained with the blood of Saint Victor.

A word now on the right foot that was cut off the holy Martyr by order of the emperor Maximian. Pope Urban V, who had been abbot of Saint-Victor of Marseille and who possessed this precious relic, made a gift of it to John, duke of Berry and brother of Charles V, king of France. This prince in his turn gave it to the abbey of Saint-Victor of Paris, where it was kept until the Revolution. In that disastrous period it was saved

from profanation, and it is now in the church of Saint-Nicolas du Chardonnet. The foot is entire, covered with its skin and without any mark of corruption: it is only dried up.

The abbey of Saint-Victor-lès-Paris, a royal community of canons regular, was a nursery of saints, scholars, great men. Hugh, Richard and Adam of Saint-Victor alone suffice to immortalise its glory in the Church. Many others after them, down to the poet Santeuil, canon of Saint-Victor, illustrated this monastery, sanctuary of holiness and learning, whose site is today occupied by wine warehouses. The church has been demolished, the tombs it contained profaned, and the relics dispersed. The prison, sanctified by the captivity of Saint Victor, still exists in a sufficient state of preservation, at the end of a vaulted gallery which separates large halls of Roman construction, commonly called the Saint-Sauveur cellars, because the convent of Saint-Sauveur, at the place de Linche, was built above these constructions of large Roman masonry. A part of his relics gave rise, in 1031, to the monastery of Saint-Victor-l'Abbaye, in the diocese of Rouen. The shrine which contains these precious remains is still carried there every year in procession.

The ancient account of the martyrdom of Saint Victor, collected by Dom Ruinart, was put into French by Drouet de Maupertuy, revised and published by the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of the Congregation of France. It is so beautiful in its least details that we thought we ought to substitute it for the abridgment of Father Giry. We have also made use of the Life of Saint Victor by the abbé Bayle; and of local Notes supplied by the parish priest of Saint-Victor. — Cf. Godescard, Baillet, Acta Sanctorum, etc.

Saint Antimond, Apostle of the Morini, Bishop of the Ancient See of Thérouanne

6th century.

> *Cujus patientia vinci non potest, ille perfectus esse probatur.*
>
> *He whose patience cannot be overcome is proved to be perfect.*
>
> *Saint Anselm.*

Clovis had received baptism, and Saint Rémi, the apostle of the Franks, the archbishop of the vast ecclesiastical province of Reims, ardently desired to see the reign of God extended more and more in the vast countries entrusted to his pastoral care. Then he turned his eyes to Thérouanne and Boulogne, the two capitals of the part of his province bathed by the sea, and he saw in what spiritual desolation that region lay, which Victrice had once made flourishing. Everywhere, deplorable ruins had replaced the fair proportions of the Christian edifice; wild and barren plants grew in complete freedom where the tree of faith had stood majestic and fruitful: Morinia was almost wholly pagan again; for, although the examples of Saint Maxime had shone with a lively brightness, like a resplendent star in the midst of that dark night, his word had not been able to bring back to the light of the Gospel those unhappy peoples sitting in the shadow of death.

Not far from the city of Reims there lived a solitary of great holiness. His zeal for the glory of God had first made him leave the cares of this life to be raised to the sublime functions of the priesthood. Then, eager to rise still higher in perfection, he had renounced the exercise of his ministry in order to live a life of contemplation and union with God, and to concern himself with nothing but the care of his salvation. It was on him that Saint Rémi fixed his gaze; for he thought, and rightly, that a people long hardened and rebellious, as the Morini were, had far more need of a perfect model of all holiness than of the brilliant speeches and learned controversies of a man versed in the human sciences.

He therefore sent for the pious solitary, and made his plan known to him. Full of fear on learning news which he had so little expected, the holy anchorite at first rejects the archbishop's proposal; but the archbishop insists and speaks to him with so much force of the excellence of charity, of its pre-eminence over all the other virtues, that the solitary's first resolution is shaken, though his consent is not yet obtained. At last Saint

Rémi drew him so vivid and touching a picture of the dreadful miseries in which the peoples of Morinia were plunged, and the Holy Spirit gave his words so much persuasive force, that the bowels of charity of the blessed servant of God were deeply moved, and he consented to receive upon his shoulders the yoke of the episcopate. He consented henceforth to make himself all things to all men, to become the servant of his brethren, to do the work that is good above all others, to give the Lord the greatest possible mark of charity and devotion; he rose to the perfection of the imitation of the Saviour; for such is the idea of the priesthood in its fullness that the holy Fathers have given us.

It was then that Rémi, carried away by a holy enthusiasm, cried out: “Until now you have fled the world; now, O man of God, you will have to struggle against the world. You will meet hard hearts, heads of rock; but the sword of God is stronger than the best-tempered blade. Fight valiantly against the world, overthrow the world, be the declared enemy of the world, and let this title serve you at the same time as a name to designate you henceforth: *Esto et vocare Anti- mundus*”. From that time, in fact, it is under the name of Antimond (opposed to the world) that the holy man has always been designated, to such a point that the name he bore before has been entirely lost.

However, an unforeseen obstacle, the cause of which is unknown, prevented him for three whole years from going to the diocese entrusted to his care. It is believed that the opposition came from Chararic, that prince being unable to bear anything that came or seemed to come from Clovis. Antimond used these three years to make himself more and more worthy of the mission that God had given him. He redoubled his ardour in prayer, his rigour in fasting, and he had the happiness of enjoying very often the conversations of Saint Rémi and Saint Waast. At last the hour of grace and mercy struck for Morinia, and, in the year 500 of the Incarnation of Our Lord, Antimond was able to set out and make his entry into his diocese. That entry was neither brilliant nor joyful; it resembled far more the painful march of the Lord going up to Calvary than the solemn triumph of Palm Sunday. Children, men and women went everywhere to meet him; the public squares, the crossroads, all the places where the venerable man passed were at once filled with people; but these women, these children, these men had not come to offer him symbolic gifts or affectionate words. Sarcasms, jests, imprecations, coarse insults and angry words, threats: such were the tributes of welcome that our blind forefathers brought to Saint Antimond. They were on the point of coming to blows and violence; but the admirable reflection of the calm and harmony of all the powers of his soul, which showed in his whole outward bearing, and the unshakable patience which he opposed to all their attacks without his face betraying the slightest emotion, held them back, much against their will, in their fury.

At last the boldest and most provocative of the senseless crowd asked him derisively what this Christ whom he preached had then sent him to announce to us that was so rare and so beautiful, and what wonders he could work that he should ask them to believe in him. Antimond contented himself with answering them: “I have not come to work wonders; I will, however, work one, and that one will be decisive. Cover me with reproaches, load me with insults, go on treating me as you have done up to now, I defy you ever to make me lose the calm and the peace that I hold from Jesus Christ: that is the greatest of wonders, to have known how, through Jesus Christ, to win the victory over the passions.”

This invincible patience shook Chararic and brought him to more moderate sentiments. He saw clearly that Antimond had not come to serve the affairs of Clovis, but to occupy himself exclusively with the things of heaven. He saw that he sought to amass nothing, that he was content with little food and little sleep, that he was perfectly humble and submissive in all that belonged to the temporal domain. He saw that he was unceasingly busy, and that he laboured immensely night and day in Thérouanne and in Boulogne. The example of the holy bishop made a deep impression on his mind, and, thanks to the liberty which the prince allowed him, many let themselves be instructed by Antimond and were happy enough to receive the gift of faith and baptism, and to be inscribed among the children of the Church.

It appears that the holy bishop did not confine himself within the limits of his diocese, and that he also preached the Gospel in various places in Flanders and among the Ménapiens.

It is believed that it was Saint Antimond, or his successor Athalbert, who built a church on the hill of Glarques, near Thérouanne. This tradition is, moreover, confirmed by the custom which was exactly observed until the destruction of Thérouanne. Each of the new bishops of that city, before making his entry into Thérouanne, went first to the church of Clarques, where he put on the pontifical vestments, and where all the clergy came to fetch him to lead him to the church of Notre-Dame, which was the cathedral. The church of Clarques may therefore be regarded as the oldest church built by Christians in that country; for the church of Saint-Martin, situated on an island in the Lys, had originally been consecrated to the god Mars, and built by the pagans.

It was read on a very ancient stone placed in the church of Thérouanne before its destruction that Saint Antimond governed the church of the Morini for nineteen years. He showed there a gentleness so great and so constant that, to his name of Antimond, already so significant, the inhabitants of those regions added another, no less glorious. For he has always been called the gentle and mild pastor.

The abbé Van Drivai, *Lives of the Saints of the ancient diocese of Thérouanne*. — Cf. Father Hulbrancq and the *Breviaries* of Saint-Omer and Arras.

Saint Arbogast, Nineteenth Bishop of Strasbourg and Patron of the Diocese

678. — Pope: Agathon. — King of France: Dagobert II.

> *Ecce virtus humilitatis via est ad patriam, corona regia, decorata gemmis, margaritis ornata atque contexta.*
>
> *The virtue of humility is the way that leads to the fatherland: it is a royal crown, adorned with pearls, all brilliant and all strewn with diamonds.*
>
> *S. Laur. Just., de Humilit., c. x.*

Authors do not agree on the native country of Saint Arbogast; for some make him be born in Scotland or Ireland, and others in Aquitaine. The Breviaries of Strasbourg and the Life composed by Uthon, one of his successors, give him as his country the ancient Aquitaine, known later under the name of Guyenne. His parents, who held a distinguished rank in that province, procured him a fine education, and Arbogast repaid their care by his piety and the progress he made in virtue. Knowing the dangers to which the Christian is exposed amid the reefs of a corrupt world, he took the heroic resolution to leave it. His parents made every effort to keep him among them; but Arbogast had learned to conquer himself and to resist the importunities of flesh and blood. He slipped away from the eager attentions of tenderly loved parents and betook himself, about the year 660, to the mountains of the Vosges, to seek a retreat there. Providence led him into the forest which was afterwards called the holy forest, because of the holy anchorites who dwelt in it at different times and the monasteries which were successively built in it. Arbogast settled three leagues from Haguenau, near the river Saur, commonly called Sur, and led a very austere life.

Happy to have found this solitude, the holy man advanced rapidly in the way of perfection, having no other desire than to live unknown to men; but his virtues could not remain unknown, and the peoples came, in spite of him, to surround him with their homage. It seems that honours delight in following the humble virtue that flees them; for the forest that Arbogast inhabited soon ceased to be a solitude. The pious anchorite became there the father of a multitude of fervent cenobites, who joined him and enabled him to build a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint Martin of Tours. The offerings of those who came from all sides to be edified at the sight of his virtues, and above all the liberality of Dagobert II, provided him with the means of building a monastery, which was called Surbourg.

This abbey enjoyed, in its origin, a kind of royal sovereignty, like all the abbeys of royal foundation. The rule of Saint Benedict was still in force there in 830, under the abbot Hildimunde; but later relaxation crept in. We do not know the date of the secularisation, because its titles have been lost. The first dean of Surbourg of whom mention is made in history is a certain Ulrich, in 1227. This collegiate church was composed, in 1364, of twelve canons and a provost: these provosts were always drawn from the first families of Germany and Alsace, and among them Frédéric de Lichtemberg, Erasme de Limbourg and Jean de Manderscheidt were raised to the episcopal see of Strasbourg.

Surbourg, an open village situated in the midst of forests, was often exposed to the fury of brigands and to the ravages of the enemy armies which so often laid Alsace waste. The losses that resulted led, in 1354, to a chapter resolution aiming to transfer this collegiate church to Saverne; but this plan was not carried out. The various wars, whether of the *rustauds* or occasioned by the religious troubles, reduced this chapter, in 1600, to having no more than four canons. The collegiate church of Surbourg still exists and bears the marks of a high antiquity. An oratory, placed beside the main road and renewed in 1608, was built on the very spot where the hermitage of Saint Arbogast stood. In 1621 and 1623 the canons made fresh petitions to be transferred to Haguenau, when the war of the Swedes came to swoop down on Alsace. Surbourg was then totally ruined, and the divine office interrupted for forty years. Louis XIV, after the conquest of Alsace, furnished the canons with the means of reassembling and recovering their property. Finally, in 1732, Cardinal Armand-Gaston de Rohan, bishop of Strasbourg, used his credit with the magistrates of Haguenau to make them consent to the transfer of the chapter of Surbourg to the parish church of Saint-Georges of their city; the letters of royal confirmation are dated from the month of May 1738. The chapter consisted, until the Revolution, of twelve canonries.

When Dagobert II ascended the throne of Austrasia, he wished to attach the pious solitary to himself, and sent for him to his palace of Isenbourg near Rouffach. Arbogast obeyed the wishes of the monarch; but he almost at once returned to his retreat, preferring the austerities of penance to the sweets and pomp of the earth. Dagobert nevertheless found a means of drawing him from it: Lothaire, bishop of Strasbourg, had just died, and the king named Arbogast to succeed him. This choice was unanimously approved; Arbogast alone opposed it. The authority of the monarch, the wishes of the clergy and of the people triumphed at last over his resistance, and he had himself consecrated amid general acclamations.

Arbogast remained on the episcopal see what he had been in solitude. He kept the same humility in elevation, the same spirit of peace in the tumult of the world, the same love of retreat amid the press of business, and the same disinterestedness in the administration of the goods of the Church. His gentleness was that of a tender father; for he followed the wise maxim so often repeated by the Saints, that it was better to govern as a father than to command as a master. He prescribed nothing to others that he did not first practise himself; if he was obliged to reprove anyone, he did it with such kindness that one was touched by it. If it is impossible to please God without faith, it is no less impossible to win the hearts of men or to lead them without gentleness. There was no one who did not wish to have for superior a man who, by goodness and humility, placed himself below all the others. People obeyed with pleasure, they even anticipated his wishes, so happy were they to do what could be agreeable to him. His zeal for the spiritual good of his flock was boundless, and he could say, as Saint Augustine did of old: “I do not desire to be saved without you. Why should I desire it? What should I say? Why am I a bishop? Why am I in the world? It is to live only in Jesus Christ, but with you: that is my passion, my honour, my glory, my joy; these are my riches.”

Idolatry still dominated in some parts of the diocese of Strasbourg, especially in the mountains, and the virtuous pontiff took salutary measures for the conversion of those peoples. He had so much zeal for the salvation of souls that he would have wished to win them to Jesus Christ by the sacrifice of his very life. He was tireless in the exercise of the apostolic functions; the greatness of the difficulties only increased his courage and seemed to add a new vigour to it. In spite of the continuity of his labours he led a very austere

life; he seized with joy all the occasions he found of suffering in the exercise of his ministry; he kept the strictest poverty to guard himself from the secret poison which the possession of riches insinuates into the heart, claiming that a bishop could not be perfectly dead to the world without the spirit of disinterestedness, and he guarded himself on all occasions against everything that could have weakened that virtue in him. He knew that self-interest is a vice which degrades the ministers of the altars and which hinders the fruits of their labours. A man so perfectly dead to the world and to himself easily won the victory over his passions. He always enjoyed an evenness of soul that nothing could disturb; for he was so completely master of himself that neither complaint nor movement of impatience ever escaped him. These happy dispositions acquired for him an admirable purity of heart, from which resulted in a sublime degree the spirit of prayer, which led him to an eminent piety and which produced such happy successes for the conversion of sinners. Nothing was more tender than his devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he always implored her help and consecrated his flock to her. It appears that it is to the great devotion which our first pastors constantly had for the august Queen of heaven that is due the ancient custom of regarding Mary as the patroness of this diocese.

Arbogast covered his labours and undertakings with the veil of humility: he never boasted of his successes; he hid in the same way his alms and the particular graces he received from the Lord. He never ceased to ask God for the conversion of the infidels, and regarded as the greatest happiness that could befall him the propagation of the Gospel in his diocese. So many virtues won him singular favours on the part of God. Sigebert, only son of Dagobert II, was hunting one day in the forest of Ebersheim: a wild boar of enormous size, which was being hotly pursued, came in fury to meet the young prince, who was at that moment far from the other hunters. His horse, frightened, took the bit in its teeth and bolted with such speed that Sigebert was thrown to the ground and trampled under the feet of the furious animal. Some historians say that he was dangerously wounded by this fall; others even assert that he died of it. Who could conceive the grief of Dagobert and of the whole royal family, on learning the fatal accident that had just befallen this beloved son, on whom the hopes of the kingdom then rested? The monarch was inconsolable, and the queen nearly died of grief. In this consternation no resource was found except in the bishop of Strasbourg. Arbogast was summoned to court: the venerable prelate hastened to obey the voice of his king; but on arriving at the palace of Isenbourg, he first poured the balm of consolation into the heart of the pious Dagobert, then asked to shut himself up alone in the chapel. There is no need to say here that the holy prelate offered fervent prayers to God for the king’s son and spent the whole night in orisons. He presented to the Lord the grief of a desolate family, and begged Him to recall to life the illustrious scion of so many glorious monarchs: the Lord heard the humble supplications of His servant; Sigebert recovered his health, and Arbogast had the consolation of presenting him safe and sound to his parents restored to happiness.

The intoxication of the court was immense on seeing again this young prince, snatched from the arms of death and restored to the ardent wishes of his family and of a whole kingdom. Loaded with blessings and raised to the skies, the holy bishop wished to escape, by a prompt flight, from the eager attentions and the testimonies of gratitude and veneration which came to him from all sides; but Dagobert kept him near his person and offered him not only honours and riches, but he would have given him up half his kingdom, if the Saint had desired it. Arbogast refused everything for himself; for what could honours and riches be to a man who esteemed only poverty? Knowing, however, of what help the goods of this world can be to the Church, he accepted the king’s offers, on condition of transmitting to his cathedral the gifts that were offered to his person. Dagobert consented and gave up to Arbogast Rouffach, the palace of Isenbourg with all its domain, which has been given since that time the name of Haut-Mundat (*munus datum*), to distinguish it from the mundat of Wissembourg, granted to the abbey of that town by the same prince. Dagobert placed the authentic deed of this donation in Arbogast’s hands, in the presence of the lords of his court, and the prelate, on returning to Strasbourg, having solemnly laid it on the high altar of his cathedral, in the presence of his clergy, made a gift of it to Our Lady.

This generosity, as well as the miracle which Arbogast had just worked, won all hearts for him, and the peoples, who were already penetrated with the most profound veneration for their first pastor, exalted his name to the skies, comparing him to the great prelates whom the Lord had raised up in His Church during the 4th and 5th centuries, to triumph over the obstinacy of idolatry and the wiles of heresy.

This donation of the palace of Isenbourg and its territory was the first germ of the temporal sovereignty of the bishops of Strasbourg; but this domain was not as extensive in its origin as it was afterwards; for several prelates added new lands to it.

It comprised at first Rouffach, the castle of Isenbourg and the village of Sundheim, long since destroyed, Soultz and Alschwiller, the latter likewise destroyed; Wunheim, Rimbachzell, Hartmannsweiler, Gundolsheim, Gueberschwihr, Pfaffenheim, Osenbir, Orschwihr, Soulzmath, Osenbach and Winsfelden, Herlisheim and Westhalten. After the death of the last counts of Egisheim, Sainte-Croix, Egisheim, Wettolsheim and Obermorschwihr were also added to the mundat. At the end of the fourteenth century, Jungholz, Bollwiller, Hatstadt, Benwihr and Zellenberg were also united to it. Nevertheless the Haut-Mundat depended on the diocese of Basel for spiritual matters. Arbogast continued to feed the flock entrusted to him, instructing it in the ways of salvation and edifying it by holy examples. He thus awaited the arrival of the happy moment when the Lord was to pour into his bosom a measure of reward pressed down, shaken together, full and running over. His zeal and his virtues seemed to increase still more as he drew near to that term. Often, after spending the day in the labours of a painful and laborious ministry, he would go out of the city towards nightfall to converse with his God in a little cell which he had had built in a neighbouring grove on the banks of the river Ill, which reminded him of his desert. It was in this solitude that he came to meditate on the greatness and holiness of his duties. He could say, as David did of old: “All the day long, O Lord, thy law is the object of my meditation”; for, like that holy king, he made of these conversations with his God a subject of relaxation and his dearest delights. It was there that he negotiated the interests of his people and that, like another Moses, he raised suppliant hands to heaven. Nothing could ever stop him or make him lose sight of so holy an occupation. His historian relates that, having arrived one evening on the banks of the river where he was ordinarily accustomed to find a little boat to cross to the other bank, and this resource not presenting itself on that occasion, his confidence in God was so great that, having made the sign of the cross on the waves, he crossed the river dry-shod and went thus to place himself in prayer at the accustomed spot. This little oratory later became the object of the veneration of the faithful: it was changed into a monastery of canons regular of Saint Augustine, which a dean of the cathedral of Strasbourg, named Charles, had built there in 1069. Respected by the centuries, this oratory and the adjoining monastery could not find mercy before the destructive fury of the Protestant senate of the city, and it was demolished in the month of December 1530. An inn was built in its place which still exists. All aflame with the sacred fire of the love of God, Arbogast was keenly touched at the sight of disorders whenever any slipped into his flock; in spite of all his care and solicitude, he had to groan over some persons and over certain abuses, against which he spoke out; but he did not lose patience, hoping to triumph, in time, over the obstacles he met. This patience sustained him in moments of trial and pain, gave him the courage to struggle against the enemy and furnished him with the means necessary to maintain the good he had begun.

One of Arbogast’s principal cares was also to form a good clergy. In those unhappy times, when the Church of Jesus Christ had not the resources which she found afterwards, the bishops provided for this need, either by instructing their priests themselves in frequent conversations on religion, or by making them attend all the functions of the holy ministry. It was not enough to lead a life free from all reproach; there was still needed that evangelical knowledge without which the minister of the Gospel dishonours his person and his functions; but this knowledge could be acquired only with many difficulties, and the bishops were obliged to many sacrifices to have priests. But the enlightened zeal of Arbogast triumphed again over the resistance he met, and he had the happiness of procuring good workmen, who laboured with success in the vineyard of the

Lord and won a great number of souls to heaven. The religion of Jesus Christ thus spread more and more under the episcopate of the great man, whose name was held in veneration, not only in Alsace, but also in the Gauls and the provinces neighbouring the Rhine. It is to be regretted that his episcopate was not of longer duration, for he occupied the see of Strasbourg only five or six years. His precious death occurred, according to the most probable opinion, in 678; for Eddius, in his life of Saint Wilfrid, bishop of York, informs us that this prelate, passing through Strasbourg on his way to Rome, where he arrived in the spring of 679, paid a visit to King Dagobert, and that this prince, in gratitude for the hospitality that the English prelate had shown him during his exile, offered him the bishopric of Strasbourg, which Wilfrid refused. As all the historians place the death of Saint Arbogast on 21 July, it must be admitted that this death took place in 678, because Dagobert could not have offered, at the beginning of the year 679, a bishopric that was not vacant. As for the opinion of those who maintain that Saint Arbogast died in 668, it is erroneous; for it is certain that at that time Dagobert II, who appointed this prelate to the bishopric of Strasbourg, was still in England and ascended the throne of Austrasia only in 673, the year of the death of Childéric II, who gave, in that same year, a diploma to the abbey of Munster. Saint Arbogast, who had esteemed in the episcopate only the holiness of the ministry with which he was invested, gave at his death a striking proof of the humility that had been the foundation of his virtues. He asked to be buried outside the city, on a little hill where criminals were executed. This place, which had formerly been an abode of malediction, became the theatre of the power of the holy bishop. From the eighth century a chapel was built there in honour of Saint Michael; the bishop Rémi already makes mention of it in granting it to the monastery of Eschau: Pope Saint Leo IX himself consecrated this chapel, which was situated near the church of the Augustinians, where was later built the convent of the nuns of the Congregation of Notre-Dame, commonly called the convent of Sainte-Barbe.

Worship and Relics. Scarcely had Saint Arbogast left this world when his tomb became famous for the number and greatness of the prodigies, which were as the seal of his holiness; it was this that determined Saint Florent, his successor, to raise his relics and expose them on the altars. The ancient martyrology of the ninth century speaks of him as of a Saint whose feast had long been celebrated. The dioceses of Basel, Constance, Worms and Mainz likewise render him public worship, and he has been, from time immemorial, the patron of the diocese of Strasbourg. Wimpheling and Berler tell us that Saint Florent detached the head of Saint Arbogast from his body and made a present of it to the church of Saint-Thomas, which he had just founded near Strasbourg; as for the body of the holy Bishop, it was only towards the tenth century that it was transported from the chapel of Saint-Michel to the abbey of Surbourg. It appears that in the middle of the eleventh century this body was divided and that a part came into the possession of the Canons regular of the monastery situated on the bank of the Ill, of which mention has been made above. The relics which were venerated at Surbourg were enclosed in a gilded shrine.

When in 1631 the Swedes had inundated Alsace, the Canons of Surbourg, not thinking themselves safe, transported their archives and their relics to the Augustinians of Haguenau. Gustavus Horn, after having reduced all Alsace, forced the city of Haguenau to surrender, and the Augustinians left that city to take refuge at Huningue, carrying with them their archives and the relics; but they were surprised, and the Swedes plundered their effects and destroyed the relics. The same fate befell those preserved with the Canons near the Ill; for, their monastery having been destroyed, the relics were profaned and disappeared without the least particle having been found again.

Extract from the *History of the Saints of Alsace*, by the abbé Hunckler.

Saint Sévère of Aquitaine, Virgin, in the Diocese of Bourges (660)

Sévère was born at the beginning of the 7th century, of an illustrious family of Aquitaine, in which piety seemed hereditary. Among the Saints are honoured Modoald, her brother, archbishop of Trier; Itte, her sister,

wife of Pepin the Elder, as well as her nieces, Gertrude and Beggha, daughters of the same Pepin. She preferred the austerities and privations of the cloister to all the enjoyments of earth. Her brother Modoald placed her at the head of the nuns of the monastery of Saint-Symphorien which he had just founded on the banks of the Moselle. In this office, which she had accepted in spite of herself, she was a model of all the virtues, and especially of humility and meekness. To hide her rare beauty she always walked with her eyes lowered and her head bowed. In the year 621, Saint Sulpice le Pieux, attending the council of Reims with Saint Modoald, asked the latter for nuns for a monastery which he intended to found; that at least is what a local tradition says. According to this same tradition, Sévère, sent by her brother, founded, near the little town then called Ville-Neuve, and today Sainte-Sévère, a monastery called Sainte-Gemme, whose ruins, buried under the ground, hardly indicate its site today. The pious Virgin spent about six weeks at Ville-Neuve, and four years after her departure she died, laden with merits, in the city of Trier. Faithful of Ville-Neuve, on learning of her death, went to the monastery of Saint-Symphorien and brought back relics of Saint Sévère. These relics, brought to Ville-Neuve, caused that town to be given the name of Sainte-Sévère. The finding of these relics took place in the 13th century under the episcopate of the Blessed Philippe, bishop of Bourges. This holy bishop, having gone to the church of Sainte-Marie, had the ground dug at a spot where nothing was found. He betook himself to prayer, and, while he prayed, a little stone detached itself from the vault and fell on the pavement; the bishop understood, had the place dug again, and the relics were found, consisting of bones of the legs and arms, ribs, vertebrae and a portion of the skull: they still exist. Saint Sévère is honoured, on the Sunday after the Ascension, in the town of her name and throughout the region. Proper of Bourges.

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[1] Saint Zotique of Comana (today El Bostan, on the Sarus) was the first who discovered the errors and impostures of the Cataphrygians or Montanists: he attacked them with much zeal, condemned them publicly, and made known the illusion of the pretended prophecies of these heretics. — Eusebius, Hist., lib. v, c 16.

[2] We have given his life at 19 July.

[3] See his life at 15 July.

[4] See on the preceding day.

[5] Desirous of serving Our Lord, the blessed Thomas had renounced the riches of his family and had entered as a lay brother in the Order of the Servites. Charged with the quest for many long years, he gave proof in this humble employment of a patience proof against everything and of a modesty which never belied itself. Returned to the convent he went to take refuge in some retired corner and there passed long hours in prayer. He was very poor and yet he found means, in his ingenious charity, to relieve the miseries of others. For that he gathered up carefully the remains of the brethren and deprived himself in order to add something to his alms. At his death, Orvieto, witness of his virtues, was wholly on foot to venerate his mortal remains. He expired on 21 June 1343; his feast has been transferred to 21 July. Clement XIII approved his cult on 14 December 1768.

[6] See this day.

[7] See at 14 July.

[8] In the ancient Quercy (Guyenne) she is called Saint Pérussette.

[9] They have left their name to the passage which leads from the suburb of Preize to the rue des Cinq-Cheminées; it is there that Saint Julie was martyred.

[10] Popular tradition supposes that Saint Victor was attached to the tail of a furious horse when he had to be dragged through the streets of the city. Bossuet says, in his panegyric of Saint Victor: “that a fiery and untamed horse dragged him at its tail through the whole city…” This detail is not reported by the Acts of the martyrdom. Saint Victor was dragged from the place de Linche toward the Accoules and the Grand’Rue. The Rue Sainte is so called because the name *Via Sancta* was given to the road leading to the abbey of Saint-Victor. This road separated the abbey from the cemetery called *Paradisus*, which gave its name to the Rue Paradis.

22 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

At Marseille, the birth into heaven of Saint Mary Magdalene, from whom Our Lord cast out seven demons, and who deserved to see Him first after His resurrection. 1st century. — At Philippi, in Macedonia, Saint Syntyche, of whom Saint Paul makes mention. 1st century. — At Ancyra, in Galatia, the birth into heaven of Saint Plato, martyr, who, under the lieutenant Agrippin, was roughly beaten with rods, torn with iron nails, tortured in an atrocious manner by various torments; at last, his head having been cut off, he rendered to God his invincible soul. The miracles he worked to succour the captives are attested by the acts of the second Council of Nicaea. 304. — In Cyprus, Saint Theophilus the Younger, praetor, who was taken by the Arabs, and, not having been able to be brought, either by gifts or by threats, to deny Jesus Christ, perished by the sword. 790. — At Antioch, Saint Cyril, bishop, renowned for his learning and holiness. 300. — In Auvergne, Saint Ménelé, abbot. About 700. — At the monastery of Blandinberg, Saint Vandrille, abbot, illustrious for his miracles. 667. — At Scythopolis, in Palestine, Saint Joseph, count.[1] About 366.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the diocese of Rouen, Saint Vandrille, abbot, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the ancient abbey of Berg-Saint-Winoc (*Mons Sancti Winoci*), of the Order of Saint Benedict, founded about 1028 in the diocese of Lille, Saint Lewine or Levinne, virgin and martyr in England. A Briton by origin, she was put to death by the Saxons before those peoples, who had settled in Great Britain, had been converted to Christianity: her relics, after having been venerated for several centuries at Scafort, in the country of Sussex, were transferred to Berg-Saint-Winoc, in 1058. Five centuries later, these precious relics were burned in the fire which reduced this abbey to ashes in 1558. 7th century. — At Besançon, the saints Hilaire, Panchaire or Pancrace, and Just, who succeeded one another in that episcopal see. 4th century. — At Marseille, Saint Salvien, priest of that Church and ecclesiastical writer. 5th century. — At Bourges, Saint Beaufroi, called also Baltfrid, Walfroy and Baudry, solitary, brother of Saint Beuve, founder of the abbey of Montfaucon (*Mons Falconis*), in the diocese of Verdun. It was an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, under the invocation of Saint Germain of Auxerre. Baudry founded it in 630. His remains, transported first to Verdun, were afterwards brought back to Montfaucon, and laid in the church of Saint-Germain. Mention is made of Saint Beaufroi or Baudry in the Acts of Saint Vandrille, whose life we give on this day.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The birth into heaven of Saint Mary Magdalene, from whom Our Lord cast out seven demons, who deserved to see Him first after His resurrection, and whose feast among us is celebrated on 3 October. 1st century.

Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites. — Saint Mary Magdalene, whose feast among us is

celebrated on 24 August. 1st century.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

At Antioch, the holy martyrs Cyril, different from the bishop of the same name cited in the Roman martyrology, André, Tébellie, Aurée and Sterthée, mentioned by Saint Jerome. — At Marsa (Maxula), in Africa, the saints André, Elien and Aiabose or Aiobose, better known under the name of the Maxulitan Martyrs, and of whom Saint Augustine speaks in two of his sermons. — At Pavia, a strong city of the kingdom of Italy, Saint Jerome, bishop of that see, which he was obliged to accept at an already very advanced age, after the death of Saint Theodore. Marvellous things are told of his compassion for the poor. His life was nothing but a tissue of miracles. When he had governed his Church for nine years, according to some, thirteen years, according to others, and had rendered it illustrious by the high lustre of his eminent virtues, he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord, bending under the weight of years and under that of the good works which marked every instant of his blessed existence. 8th century. — At Lodi, a city of Lombardy, Saint Gautier, confessor. Having become an orphan very early, he distributed his goods to the poor, and

withdrew to Piacenza, where he tended the sick in a hospital. After two years he returned to his native land and entered as an infirmarian the hospital of Saint-Barthélemy, situated outside the walls of Lodi; he himself had a second built, with a chapel, on the road that goes from Lodi to Milan; this house, enlarged by Henri Septara, archbishop of Milan, was called first the hospital of Mercy, then the hospital of Saint-Gautier. After having zealously employed himself in other foundations of the same kind, worn out by vigils and fatigues of every sort, our Saint was carried off from his poor by an illness which reduced him in a few days to the last extremity. His body, laid first in the hospital of Mercy, was transferred later to the cathedral church of Lodi. 1224.

Saint Mary Magdalene, Surnamed the Sinner of the Gospel

1st century.

> *The triumph of charity in Magdalene embraces at once the tears of penitent love, the lights of contemplative love, the devotion of crucified love, the delights of blessed love. Mgr Freppel, Panegyric of Saint Mary Magdalene.*

Here is that incomparable lover of the Saviour, who was the first to address herself to Him, to present to Him the wounds of her soul and obtain their healing, all the others, up to her, having implored His help only for bodily needs; who did the first public penance of all Christianity; who gave us the first model of the contemplative life and of that sublime prayer which we call rest in God, or the prayer of quiet; who took the liberty, the very first, of perfuming the feet and the head of the Son of God; and who, finally, deserved to see Him first of all the disciples after His glorious resurrection. We shall draw her history partly from what the four evangelists have inserted of it in their Gospels, and partly from what we learn of it from the tradition of the Churches and from various ecclesiastical authors. We suppose, after Tertullian, Saint Ambrose, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, Saint Gregory the Great, Saint Bernard, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and several other holy doctors, that it is one and the same Mary, surnamed Magdalene, who was delivered by Our Lord from seven demons who possessed her; who perfumed His feet at the house of Simon the Leper; who was the sister of Lazarus and of Martha; who made Him other sacred anointings at the village of Bethany; who accompanied the Blessed Virgin at the foot of His cross; who carried spices to anoint His body in the sepulchre, and to whom He appeared in the absence of the other holy women, who had nevertheless followed her on that journey. It is true that some writers, following the opinion of the Greeks, have wished to attribute these actions to two or three different persons; but it is much more in conformity with the sacred text of the Gospel to attribute them to one person only, as the learned John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, has shown very learnedly in an express treatise on this matter: which led the Faculty of Theology of the University of Paris, in the year 1521, on 9 November, to forbid all its members to preach and teach or maintain the opinion of two or three Magdalenes, and to call in doubt that she is unique.

Saint Antonin, archbishop of Florence, in his *Historical Summa*, says that her father was called Théophile, and her mother Eucharis. They were among the richest of the Jews: having property at Jerusalem, at Bethany and in Galilee. Mary, their daughter, inherited that of Galilee and particularly the castle of Magdalum, which caused her to be surnamed Magdalene. As for Lazarus, her brother, he inherited that which was at Jerusalem and in its neighbourhood, and it was there that, having the disposal of her own person, and being separated from the most honourable company of her brother and sister, she let herself be carried away into disorders which caused her to be called the Sinner. God had pity on her soul: to make her recognise the deplorable state into which she was plunged, He permitted her to be possessed by seven demons who, without always tormenting her, made her often feel the rigour of their tyranny. In this misfortune, although she had no devotion, she was compelled to have recourse to Our Lord, who at that time was going through the cities of Galilee, enlightening the blind, raising the dead, healing the sick and driving the demon out of the bodies of the possessed. Her recourse was not useless: she found in this adorable physician the remedy for her ill, and, by his all-powerful word, she was delivered from the demons who tormented her so cruelly. Some

interpreters have believed that what is related by Saint Luke, chap. viii, that Our Lord had driven seven demons out of her, was to be understood metaphorically of seven capital sins by which her soul was possessed; but this explanation does not appear sufficiently in conformity with the text of the Gospel, which speaks immediately before of a real and true possession.

This first favour of Jesus Christ to Magdalene was followed by a greater: a short time afterwards, whether she had heard one of His sermons, or grace worked in her heart without these outward helps, she was touched within herself by such a spirit of penance that the vanities and amusements of the world became more insupportable to her than they had before seemed charming and agreeable. She bitterly deplored the disorders of her past life, strove to expiate them by torrents of tears, renounced luxury, the splendour of garments, feasts, games, diverting company and all that she had idolised until then and that had been her only pleasure. But regret for her faults pressing her more and more, and a heavenly light making her know that it was from Our Lord that she must expect pardon for them, she resolved at last to make a public confession of them to Him and to place herself at His feet in a state so humiliating that she might deserve, by her abasement, the grace and mercy of which her faults rendered her unworthy. Having therefore learned that one day He was dining in the house of Simon the Pharisee, with a great company of other Pharisees (it was apparently in the town of Naim), she went there with hair undone, carrying with her an alabaster vase filled with precious perfumes, and, having thrown herself at His feet, she began to water them with her tears, wiped them with her hair, kissed them with profound respect and poured upon them the perfume she had brought. The Gospel does not mark that she spoke; but the humble posture she was in, and the tears she shed in abundance, were a mute language by which, declaring herself guilty, she strongly solicited the heart of Jesus to be propitious to her. The holy Doctors of the Church, and in particular Saint Gregory the Great, tell marvels of this action, and find it so surprising and so admirable that they propose it to us as one of the great masterpieces of Christian penance.

The Pharisee did not judge this action so: he despised in his heart Magdalene who did it and Jesus Christ who endured it; Magdalene who did it, because he regarded it only as the act of a very great sinner unworthy to appear in his house and to approach good people; Jesus Christ who endured it, because he persuaded himself that His silence could come only from His not knowing this woman. But the Saviour showed him, by an excellent parable, that Magdalene, whom he despised so much, was more just and more agreeable to God than he, because she had more love and charity than he; and that her sins had been forgiven her, because she had loved much. Then, turning to her, He said to her two words full of consolation and grace. The first: “Thy sins are forgiven thee”; the second: “Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.” The holy penitent, seeing herself delivered from the burden of her crimes, began a life as edifying and full of good works as her preceding life had been libertine and scandalous; and because she felt her soul detach itself from all sensible things and kindle with the new flames of divine love, every time she heard the sermons or private conferences of the Saviour, she resolved to follow Him on His journeys and to separate from Him as little as might be possible to her. So Saint Luke assures us that, when He went through the cities, towns and villages of Galilee, preaching the Gospel there and healing every sort of infirmity, Magdalene was in His train with Joanna, wife of Chusas, steward of Herod, and Susanna, and other pious ladies who assisted Him with their goods and furnished the things necessary for His subsistence and that of His twelve Apostles. Instead of employing, as before, her revenues on vanity and luxury, she employed them now only on the most eminent act of charity, that is, in feeding Jesus Christ and the poor, who are His suffering members.

Thus Magdalene, who was converted in the course of the thirty-second year of the Saviour, a good while after Easter, had part in all the instructions and was witness of all the miracles He worked in the rest of that year and the whole following year, until the month of September when He betook Himself to Judaea and to Jerusalem for the Scenopegia or feast of Tabernacles. She followed Him there without doubt, and saw the marvels He wrought in the temple and in that great city which was to be the theatre of His glory before being

the place of His passion and death. For, a little later, she had with Lazarus, her brother, and Martha, her sister, the consolation of receiving Him in their house at Bethany. One cannot express the joy of these holy persons at possessing in their house that adorable Master whom the Angels glory in serving. Martha set about preparing all things to entertain Him well, and, not wishing to rely on servants and maid-servants, she applied herself to all the ministries of a holy hospitality. Magdalene, on the contrary, wishing to profit by an occasion so precious that she was not sure of meeting a second time, sat at His feet to listen to His word. What was, my God, this word? What did Jesus Christ say to Magdalene? What instructions did He give her? What lights did He shed in her mind? What flames did He kindle in her heart? With what joys and what inward consolations did He fill the depth of her soul? The Gospel does not explain it: it contents itself with telling us that Magdalene was seated at His feet and listened to His divine word; but, although our thoughts are too feeble to penetrate such great things, we can nevertheless imagine that Jesus Christ instructed Magdalene on the perfections of God, His Father, on the ineffable dignity of His divine person, on the reason of His coming into the world, on His infinite love for men and on the work of the Redemption which He was about to accomplish on earth. He formed her at the same time to all the Christian virtues, and, finding no hindrance in her heart, He worked to form His image there, communicating to her the virtues of His sacred humanity. Magdalene was so ravished by the doctrine of this heavenly Master that she was quite beside herself; and, forgetting the obligation of feeding Him bodily, she thought only of feeding herself spiritually on the words that came from His mouth.

Martha, anxious to receive Him as well as she could, judged that her sister was failing in her duty, and that instead of making herself importunate to her guest, she ought to come and help her, so that the meal might be ready sooner, and the service be done with more neatness and decency; she did not dare, however, to speak to her of it; but addressing herself to Jesus Christ Himself, she said to Him: “Lord, dost thou not see that my sister leaves me to serve alone; tell her, I pray thee, to help me.” She did not doubt that her cause was very good, and that Jesus Christ, judging in her favour, would condemn her sister to assist her. On the other hand, Magdalene, who was, as Saint Augustine says, all penetrated with the sweetness of contemplation, feared extremely to be so soon deprived of so delicious a banquet; knowing that the best meal of the Son of God was to do the will of His Father and to procure His glory in the sanctification of souls, she wished extremely that He would put off still for some time taking the bodily meal, by continuing to instruct her; so that there was an innocent suit between these two sisters, of which He was to be the arbiter. But He pronounced at once in favour of Magdalene, who spoke to Him only of the spirit and of the heart: “Martha, Martha,” He said to His hostess, “thou art careful and art troubled about many things; but one thing is needful. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.” As if He had said, according to Saint Augustine: “Martha, Martha, thine occupation is good, but that of Mary is much better; thou art divided by many cares which take from thee the peace and tranquillity of soul, but she is gathered into a single point where she finds true rest. Thou thinkest of feeding my body; but, in being satisfied with my doctrine, she feeds me herself in a manner infinitely more agreeable to me: what thou doest will pass in a short time; but what she does is of immortal duration; thou still sailest, but she is in port.” Thus Magdalene gained her cause, and Martha was taught, with all the Church, that there are two different lives: an active life, which serves God in His members, and a contemplative life, which enjoys God in Himself; and that if both are good, both innocent, both laudable, the second is better and more agreeable to God than the first.

The Gospel speaks no more of Magdalene until the miracle of the resurrection of her brother. The Son of God had withdrawn beyond the Jordan, because of the persecution of the doctors of the law and the Pharisees; Lazarus, at the beginning of March of his thirty-fourth year, fell sick. Martha and Magdalene, his sisters, were then with him in their house at Bethany: seeing therefore that his illness was getting worse, they sent a messenger to Jesus Christ, not to ask Him for his health, nor to pray Him to come and see him, but to tell Him only that he whom He loved was sick, leaving it to His prudence and charity to do what should please Him. Jesus Christ answered the messenger, in the presence of His disciples, that this sickness was not

unto death, but for the honour of God, and that the Son of God might be glorified by it. He remained two days more where He was. Meanwhile Lazarus died, and was buried in a sepulchre outside Bethany. Jesus Christ, to whom all things were present, seeing that it was time to set out, said to His disciples that Lazarus was asleep and that they must go and wake him: which He meant of the sleep of death. He set out then and came near that town. It was there that, pressed by the prayers of Martha and Magdalene, He gave life back to their brother, although he had been dead four days and his body, wrapped in winding-sheets, gave off a fetid odour. Our Saint had the principal part in this miracle, as the Church assures us in the prayer of her feast; for it was she who drew the Jews to the place where the Saviour was; it was she who, having thrown herself at His feet and watered them with her tears, touched His heart sensibly and made Him shudder with grief; it was she who determined Him to go to the sepulchre of the dead man to work that great prodigy which filled not only the town of Bethany, but also the whole city of Jerusalem, with astonishment and fear. Lazarus, being risen, returned into the house of his sisters; and, after a thousand thanks which they gave the Saviour, they besought Him all three together to take lodging nowhere else than with them, when He came to Jerusalem; for Bethany was very near it.

A new persecution of the Jews soon obliged Him to withdraw again for some days; but on the Friday before the last Passover, He returned to Bethany, where He was received with extraordinary joy by this blessed family. It was then that Simon the Leper wished to entertain Him at his house, with Lazarus who had been raised, and several considerable persons among the Jews. Martha took charge of serving this illustrious company; but Magdalene, whom grace carried to higher and more mysterious actions, brought an alabaster box full of a liquid perfume of true spikenard, and, breaking the box, she poured the perfume on the head of her divine Master while He was at table, and anointed His feet also, which she wiped with her hair. The odour of this perfume filled the whole house with balm and made known that it was of very great price: Judas, who was also at the feast with the other Apostles, began to murmur that Magdalene had poured out this perfume, saying that it was a pity to have thus employed it uselessly, since it could be sold very dear and the price given to the poor; he spoke thus, not from compassion for the poor, but from avarice. Our Lord took the defence of Magdalene and wonderfully extolled her action, saying to those who blamed her: “Why are you angry with this woman? She hath done a good work; for, as for the poor, you will always have them with you, whereas me you will not always have: she has foreseen in this anointing the ceremonies of my burial. I say to you in truth that wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, there shall also be published to her praise the act of piety she has just done.” There are authors, and among others Baronius, on the year 32 of Our Lord, who divide this action into two and believe that the anointing of the feet, reported by Saint John, and that of the head, reported by Saint Matthew and by Saint Mark, took place at different times and places: the first, six days before the Passover, in the house of Martha and Magdalene; and the second, two days only before the Passover, in the house of Simon the Leper. But the circumstances of these two anointings, marked by the holy Evangelists, are in everything so similar that there is little likelihood that they were divided: and it is more credible that, if they report them at different times, it is because, according to their custom, they speak of them either by anticipation or by recapitulation. However it may be, Magdalene taught us by this ceremony that we ought to perfume the head and the feet of the Saviour: His head, by honouring the prelates of the Church, who are the principal members of His mystical body; and His feet, by succouring the poor, who are its less considerable members. She also showed us that we ought to embalm the house of God, which is the Church, with the good odour of our examples, by doing actions full of edification which bring our neighbour to penance, to devotion, to piety towards Our Lord and to mercy towards our brethren. Moreover, we see every day the fulfilment of the celebrated prediction made by Jesus Christ, since there is no place in Christendom where the action of Magdalene is not published with esteem and where praises are not given her for having rendered to her divine Master the honour that was due to Him.

When she learned that the Jews had seized His person, she was among the first and most zealous to follow Him and accompany Him through the whole bloody tragedy of His passion. We persuade ourselves that she

had eaten the legal supper with the Blessed Virgin, and that she had been all the following night in prayer with her. We believe also that it was in her company that she advanced towards the place where He was to pass on His way to Calvary, and that she was one of those holy women who wept for Him so bitterly, and to whom He said these words: “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves; for if the green wood is treated with such rigour, what will be done to the dry?” What is certain, what we learn from the Gospel, is that Magdalene, not imitating the cowardice of the Apostles and the Disciples, remained constantly at the foot of His cross all the time He was fastened to it. It is true that Saint Matthew and Saint Mark place her among those who looked on from afar; but Saint John testifies that she at last took the boldness to approach, and that she was *juxta Crucem*, close against the cross. It is held even by tradition that she gathered a little of the earth which she saw soaked with the blood of the Saviour, and put it in a phial which she afterwards kept, as an incomparable treasure, in a very precious reliquary.

Magdalene, who had been present at His crucifixion, was also present when His body was taken down from the cross, when His sacred wounds were wiped, when He was embalmed with spices and precious perfumes, when He was buried in winding-sheets and carried to the sepulchre; and one may believe that she had much part in these acts of piety, assisting the Blessed Virgin, Saint John, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea in each of these just duties. However, as her love had no bounds, she observed with great care the place where He was put and the whole arrangement of His tomb, with the design of coming to embalm Him again when the solemnity of the sabbath should be past. Indeed, from the evening of the Saturday, she took care to buy new perfumes, and the next day, very early, the dawn already beginning to appear, she set out with some other holy women to discharge this office of piety. She knew that the sepulchre was surrounded by soldiers, that its entrance had been stopped with an extremely heavy stone, that the priests of the Jews had put their seal on it, so that no one could touch it with impunity; that it was a very new thing to move a dead body in its tomb and strip it of its winding-sheets to embalm it, and that finally, if this action was feasible, it belonged rather to the Apostles and Disciples than to her, who was only a simple girl, without character or authority; but her love does not reason, it makes no reflection, it is holily blind and rash, it believes it can do all it wills, and, in this pious presumption, it makes no difficulty of undertaking what all the Apostles and Disciples together would never have dared to propose. Meanwhile she seeks among the dead Him who was no longer so, but who was living with a glorious and immortal life; for, before her arrival, Our Lord rose again, and, leaving in the tomb only the linen in which He had been wrapped, came out full of brightness and glory, and in a happy incapacity to die. An angel came down from heaven at the same time and rolled away the stone which the Jews had put at the opening of His sepulchre, and to which they had affixed the seal, and sat upon it. Magdalene, finding things in this state, was extremely dismayed: she saw the tomb open, but she did not find her Master there; she perceived the angel who wished to soothe her anxiety by teaching her the mystery of the Resurrection; but not perceiving Him whom she loved and sought, she listened to nothing more than her grief. She entered the grotto and penetrated, with the other holy women, as far as the vault where the body of the Saviour had been laid, and found there yet another angel who strove to console her: “But,” she said, “I do not seek angels, I seek the Creator and the King of angels, I seek Him who is the sole object of my love, Him who healed my soul, who closed its wounds, who made me a partaker of His grace, and whose divine lessons were my joy and my delight.”

She goes out then from that place quite terrified, and, without regard to what two heavenly spirits still said to her, “that she must no longer seek among the dead the author and principle of life,” she ran to the Apostles to tell them that the Lord had been taken away, and that she did not know where He had been laid.

This news having obliged Saint Peter and Saint John to come in all haste to the sepulchre, she accompanied them there; but she did not accompany them when, having found nothing within but the winding-sheets, they returned to the city: she remained constantly on the spot, now entering the grotto, as with a new hope of finding there what she sought, now leaving it, because she found nothing there; she did not even follow her

holy companions, who thought it useless to seek any longer there Him who evidently was there no more. She believed that perseverance would at last make her recover that inestimable treasure she had lost: tears flowed abundantly from her eyes, sighs and sobs came continually from her heart; she apostrophised her Master, she apostrophised the tomb, she apostrophised heaven, she apostrophised the princes of the Jews, whom she believed to have committed this theft; at last she deserved, by her constancy, to see, first of all the Disciples, that dear Master without whom she could no longer live.

Angels appeared to her and asked her what was the cause of her weeping; she answered them without connexion: “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.” Saying this, she turned round and perceived Him whom she desired with so much eagerness.[1] Meanwhile, as He was disguised as a gardener, she did not recognise Him, until He called her by her name and said to her in an accent whose force and sweetness cannot be represented by our words: “Mary.” Then her eyes were opened, she saw that it was her beloved, and an inexpressible joy taking the place of grief, she threw herself at His feet without being able to say anything else than this word: “Rabboni, Master.” Meanwhile her eyes, her heart, her love spoke, and, in the astonishment and ecstasy she was in, they expressed all that she would have wished to say by mouth. She took the boldness to bring her lips to the sacred feet of the Saviour, to kiss them; but He told her that it was not the time, and that this grace was reserved for her for eternity, where, seeing Him in His glory, at the right hand of God, His Father, she would have the happiness of touching Him. Then He made her the first apostle of His Resurrection and of His Ascension, sending her to His disciples, whom by honour He called His brethren, to tell them that He was risen and that He would soon ascend to His Father and their Father, to His God and their God. In effect, she went, and, going, she had again the consolation of seeing that admirable object of her delights, in the company of the holy women whom she met again on the way. He permitted her even then, and her companions, what He had not permitted her before, namely, to kiss His feet and His knees; which shows us that He had refused her this grace at first only to teach her that, in the state she was in, she could no longer enjoy this happiness save in passing. The assurance she gave the Apostles of the truth of His resurrection did not at first make much impression on them on their minds; but when it was confirmed by the other apparitions that followed, it served as a powerful testimony of this great mystery: which is why none of the four Evangelists has omitted it. So that it will be said eternally to her glory that Jesus Christ appeared first to Magdalene, from whom He had driven seven demons, and that Magdalene was the first who published the glory of His new life and the joy of His resurrection.

The sacred text speaks no more, after this, of this holy lover; she was doubtless present on that mountain of Galilee, which is believed to be Thabor, where Our Lord, according to His promise, showed Himself to more than five hundred Disciples; she must have been found also on the Mount of Olives, where this good shepherd, after giving His blessing to His infant Church, ascended into heaven to go and enjoy the glory which was due to His person and which He had acquired by His blood. Indeed, we learn from Saint Luke that before leaving this world and accomplishing this last mystery of His sojourn on earth, He led His Apostles to Bethany; He wished to honour with His presence, in His glorious state, the house of Martha and Magdalene, where He had often received the duties of hospitality; and who can doubt that, when He left it for His Ascension, all this holy family followed Him, and especially Magdalene, who regarded each moment of the presence of her Master as a good to which all the treasures of the earth were not comparable? Finally, having not afterwards separated herself from the Blessed Virgin and from the blessed company of the Apostles and Disciples, and having persevered with them ten days in prayer, she had, like them, the happiness of receiving, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit, who admirably purified her heart, changed her love, a little too sensible, into a perfectly spiritual love, gave her a great understanding of the holy Scriptures, filled her with all the gifts of all the supernatural virtues, and even conferred on her several gratuitous graces, that she might co-operate in her manner in the propagation of the faith and the ministry of the Gospel.

We must now consult tradition and ecclesiastical authors to know what became of her and what was her conduct and life all the rest of the time that she remained on earth. Saint Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter viii, says that after the martyrdom of Saint Stephen the persecution of the Jews was so violent in the city of Jerusalem that all the faithful, except the Apostles, went out of it and withdrew into the cities of Judaea and Samaria: this leads us to believe that Lazarus, Martha and Magdalene then went to spend some time in Galilee: for, as we have already remarked, their parents had left them great goods, unless they had sold their inheritances to bring the price to the feet of the Apostles and live only on the common goods of the Church; in that case, possessing nothing of their own any more, they would have been indifferent to every sort of place and dwelling.

When the torrent of this first persecution was past, they returned to Jerusalem and probably remained there until the second persecution, about the year 45. It was at that time that the Apostles dispersed through the world, that Saint Peter set out for Rome, that the Blessed Virgin was led by Saint John to Ephesus, and that the Gospel began to spread over all the earth. The Greeks will have it that Magdalene died and was buried at Ephesus; it may be granted them that she made a journey there and stayed some time with the Blessed Virgin; but, having returned to Judaea, she could not this time escape the fury of the Jews, who hated her all the more because she had been more attached to Our Lord, and because the life of Lazarus, her brother, was a continual reproach to their obstinacy and malice. She was therefore seized with the same Lazarus and with Saint Martha, her sister, and Saint Marcella, who is believed to have been the attendant of Saint Martha, and, according to the ancient tradition approved by the Holy See and confirmed by the testimony of an infinity of grave authors ancient and modern, these barbarians put her with all her company on the Mediterranean Sea, in a wretched vessel stripped of all things necessary for navigation, so that they should all perish in the waters. Saint Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord, who had baptised them; Sidoine, who is held to be the man born blind of whom the Gospel speaks, and many others, among whom the English also place Saint Joseph of Arimathea, as we have remarked in his life, were exposed to the same peril. Never did a vessel appear in greater danger of shipwreck. The Jews did not believe that it could even reach the high sea, and they hoped to see it perish before their eyes with its cargo; but never was a vessel better conducted nor made a happier voyage. It had neither sails, nor oars, nor rudder, nor pilot, but the waves conducted it of themselves and served it for all things; it passed without accident those great seas which extend from Palestine to Sicily, and from Sicily to Provence, and, what is unheard of, it sailed in one stretch and never put into port on the way; at last it arrived at Marseille, which was even then one of the principal ports and one of the most famous cities of the Gauls. One could not see it arrive without astonishment and admiration. So great a miracle made these exiles be regarded as extraordinary persons, over whom heaven exercised a quite singular protection; they were received with honour, listened to with pleasure, assisted with satisfaction and liberality. They made advantageous use of so favourable a reception to announce to this idolatrous people the august truths of Christianity, and their preaching was not useless: they soon had the consolation of reaping what they had sown, that is, of seeing the seed of the Gospel bear fruit in abundance, since the Acts of the Saints of the Church of Toulon, which must be fifteen hundred years old, having been composed by the care of Didier, bishop of that see, assure us that they converted all Provence to the faith of Jesus Christ.

Saint Maximin was bishop of Aix. Saint Lazarus took charge of the church of Marseille. Saint Martha gathered at Tarascon a community of holy virgins of whom she was the mother and mistress, as we shall say in her life. As for Magdalene, who was accustomed to the contemplative life and who loved to remain peaceful at the feet of the Son of God, after having laboured so usefully at the conversion of the people of Marseille, she chose for herself the desert and solitude. In the church of Saint-Victor of Marseille is shown a grotto where it is said she passed the nights in prayer, even while she was occupied with the salvation of souls. Another is shown two miles from the same city, in a place called Aigulades, where she made her first retreat. But these places not being yet solitary enough for her, because she was sometimes interrupted there by persons who came to implore her help, she withdrew to a high and extremely desert mountain, between

Aix, Marseille and Toulon; having found a very steep rock, and a cavern in the midst of it, she chose her dwelling there for the rest of her days. The time that she remained there was still very long, and it is said that it equalled the years of the hidden life of the Son of God. Her life there was wholly miraculous and more angelic than human. The word of God, the contemplation of His grandeurs, the meditation of the mysteries of Jesus Christ and the tears of penance were all her bread and all her nourishment.

One sees in the middle of this cavern a rock raised in the form of a tomb, on which no water drips, whereas it drips over all the rest of the cavern; it is said that it was there she passed the days and nights in prayer, sometimes on her knees, sometimes lying on her side, as she is represented there by a beautiful figure of her size, which is very ancient and which tradition holds to have been placed there by Maximin. Meanwhile she arrived at so great a holiness and so perfect a resemblance with the heavenly spirits that these blessed intelligences raised her up every day seven times above her grotto and bore her to the very point of the mountain, which still surpasses this cavern in height by several cubits. There, above the earth, she contemplated heaven uncovered and continually directed her desires there, to be reunited to Jesus Christ, her treasure and her beloved. The inhabitants round about call the place of the cavern the Sainte-Baume, because *baume*, in their language, signifies mountain; and the point of rock they call the Saint-Pilon. Afterwards the ascent of both has been made easier by steps cut winding there, and the devotion of an infinity of pilgrims, who land there at every moment, has caused a little convent to be built at the Sainte-Baume, supported on a hump of the mountain.

This monastery, which formerly belonged to the Benedictines of Saint-Victor of Marseille, has since been given to the religious of the Order of Saint Dominic for the discharge of the foundations, the celebration of the divine offices and the spiritual assistance of the persons who come to make their devotions; this grotto is now filled with altars and encrusted with marble in several places. There is also in the avenue an inn, but flesh-meat is never eaten there; which the greatest princes and our kings themselves have inviolably observed. As for the Saint-Pilon, where one still sees the traces of the feet of our Saint imprinted on the rock, a very beautiful chapel has been built there, as a perpetual monument of the graces that this happy penitent received there every day in her prodigious ecstasies and her intimate and familiar communications with her Lord and her God.[2]

When she had passed thirty years in this frightful solitude, without any commerce with men, the hour of her reward being come, the angels, who were accustomed to raise her upon the Saint-Pilon, transported her to the city of Aix, to the oratory which Saint Maximin, assisted by the new Christians, had already caused to be built there. There, all bathed in the tears which her love and joy made her shed, she asked of this blessed bishop the admirable body of the Son of God, as the salutary viaticum of the journey she was about to make to the eternal city. The splendour of her face and the elevation of her body two cubits above the earth at first surprised the holy prelate and filled him with so much respect that he scarcely dared approach her; but she encouraged him, telling him that she was the sinner Magdalene who had come with him to Marseille, and that God had preserved her until that time in the secrecy of the desert, to give her more time to do penance. So, after some prayers, he communicated her and gave her his blessing. Some authors say that she was afterwards carried back by the angels to her grotto of the Sainte-Baume, where she died. But others, such as Saint Vincent of Beauvais, Saint Antonin, Pierre de Natalibus and Sylvestre de Priero, say that she expired in the very oratory where she received the body of her Saviour, and in the presence of all the clergy; which made her see for eternity Him whom she had loved so tenderly and sought with so much ardour.

Her body, which exhaled a marvellous odour, was borne by the priests of the church of Aix to a neighbouring village called *Villa lata*, where Saint Maximin had already caused a chapel to be built, and which has since changed its name and taken that of Saint-Maximin. It is there that she was buried in an alabaster sepulchre, in memory of that other alabaster in which twice the Saint had enclosed the perfume with which she anointed the Saviour.

Saint Magdalene is ordinarily represented kneeling before a cross, at the foot of which is a death's head. At other times she is standing, holding in her hand a vase of perfumes.

Worship and Relics The precious remains of this holy lover and penitent have been honoured at Saint-Maximin from all time, but principally since Charles II, prince of Salerno and afterwards king of Naples, of Sicily, of Jerusalem and of Hungary, caused to be built there, towards the end of the 13th century, the celebrated convent of the Order of Saint Dominic, one of the most magnificent monasteries of France. One sees, above the high altar, a tomb of porphyry, a present from Pope Urban VIII, into which, in the year 1660, the principal bones that were in the sepulchre were transferred in the presence of Louis XIV and all his court, by Jean-Baptiste de Marinis, archbishop of Avignon, of the same Order of Saint Dominic; and, in a little vault which is in the nave, one sees the precious head of the Saint, on the forehead of which there still appears a little of her flesh, at the place where it is believed Our Lord touched it after His resurrection, saying to her: *Noli me tangere*. There is, in the same place, a tuft of her hair; and in her chapel, which is opposite, a bone of her arms which, without any natural cause, exhales a very sweet and very agreeable odour, much like the true wood of Saint Lucy.

The Greeks, in their menology, as also the historians Cedrenus, John Curopalates and Zonaras, say that the relics of Saint Magdalene, being at Ephesus with those of Saint Lazarus, were transported to Constantinople, in the year 886, by command of the Emperor Leo, which agrees with what Saint Gregory of Tours says in book I of the Miracles, chapter 30, that in his time they were at Ephesus, having no covering above them; and also with what Richard de Vassebourg says, in book II of the Antiquities of Belgic Gaul, that Saint Magdalvée, bishop of Verdun, having gone to Ephesus, in his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was given two teeth and a little of the hair of Saint Magdalene. But this Magdalene, of whom the Greeks speak and those who have followed them, is not our holy penitent, disciple of Jesus Christ, but some other of the same name, whom they have confounded with her: this Magdalene, according to certain authors, was a virgin and martyr.

Sigebert, in his Chronicle on the year 745, says that the Saracens having ravaged Provence, the body of Saint Magdalene was transported by Girault, count of Burgundy, to the monastery of Vézelay, which he himself had caused to be built: which several other authors have written after him; but, besides that Sigebert speaks only doubtingly, the tradition of the Churches of Provence is far more certain, since, in 1279, there was found at Saint-Maximin, in a very secret place, a marble sepulchre in which the body of Saint Mary Magdalene had been hidden for fear of the Saracens, with two very ancient inscriptions, one of which was even written on tablets coated with wax, which bore her name, with the reason that obliged them to hide this great treasure. If Girault, count of Burgundy, had a holy body transferred from Provence to Vézelay, which was not difficult for him, being lord of Avignon, it was not that of Saint Magdalene, but of some other saint, male or female, who was taken for her.

During the French Revolution, the church of the Sainte-Baume was profaned and destroyed. That of Saint-Maximin also saw itself stripped of its treasure: the decemvir Barras had the shrine changed into coin, and the holy relics were thrown pell-mell. However, the former lay sacristan of the Dominicans, Joseph Bastide, secretly carried off the head of Saint Magdalene, the crystal phial called the Holy Ampulla, the *noli me tangere* with its box, a part of the hair and of the bones of the arm. The church of Saint-Maximin was not burned and ruined like the Sainte-Baume, thanks to the wise foresight of Lucien Bonaparte, who had written on the door: *Military Supplies*. As soon as calm began to be restored, Bastide gave back to the church of Saint-Maximin the head of Saint Magdalene; moreover, there were found in the sacristy the holy bodies thrown pell-mell, as we have said; only two bones of Saint Maximin, the head of Saint Sidoine and a few others could be distinguished, which were put in wooden shrines. In a reliquary of gilded copper, in the form of an arm, neglected by the despoilers, were enclosed the two bones that were in the ancient shrine called the Arm of Saint Magdalene.

Raised from its ruins in 1814, and visited on the 5th of the same month by twenty-five or thirty thousand pilgrims, the Sainte-Baume suffered new devastations during the Hundred Days. Marshal Brune, styled, it is said, by Napoleon an intrepid plunderer, renewed the horrors and impieties of ’93. On the 22nd of August following, he perished miserably at Avignon, victim of the political fury of the people; his corpse, thrown into the water, wherever the Rhône bore it on its banks, was cast back into its course; divine Justice deprived him of a burial which is not refused to unknown persons. Afterwards, the piety of the Provençaux and the munificence of Louis XVIII restored this monument a second time. Pius VII again granted a plenary indulgence to those who should visit the grotto of Saint Magdalene on any of the following feasts: those of Pentecost, of Saint Magdalene, of Saint Louis, of Saint Maximin and of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

In the month of May 1822, all the works of art being finished, the altar of Saint Magdalene and that of the Blessed Virgin entirely renewed, the archbishop of Aix solemnly blessed the grotto; more than forty thousand pilgrims entered it successively. That doubtless was not enough for the accomplishment of the prediction that came from the mouth of the Saviour, when Magdalene poured her perfumes upon the Author of all sweetness: “Verily I say to you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, there shall be told, in memory of this woman, the action she has just done.” A prodigious edifice rose, of which Napoleon wished to make the temple of Glory; indeed, it publishes a glory proclaimed by the best Judge, by God Himself: this temple bears the name of the Madeleine. Thus this humble woman shines in that very hearth of all celebrity, in that Paris from which renown radiates over the world. Here is the reliquary that Providence was preparing for the remains of Saint Magdalene.

In 1781, by order of Louis XVI, the porphyry urn in which the body of Saint Magdalene was enclosed was opened for the first time, and a notable relic was detached from it, which was carried to Don Ferdinand, duke of Parma. God took this measure in time. Twelve years later, everything that was in the urn was dispersed: there remained no other notable relic of Saint Magdalene than the portion sent to the duke of Parma and the head honoured in the church of Saint-Maximin, with two bones of an arm.

Providence willed that Napoleon should send to Paris, among the spoils of the duke of Parma which were to be converted into coin, the very shrine which contained this precious relic; after the Restoration, this treasure, ceded in full ownership by the former queen of Etruria, was transferred into the monument which awaited it according to the eternal decrees.

We have, in Origen, an excellent homily in her praise, which is believed, however, to have been originally Latin and not Greek. Cardinal de Bérulle has also given to the public an admirable treatise on her excellences; and Coëffeteau, bishop of Marseille, with Godeau, bishop of Vence, have described very well her tears and her penance. Father Alexandre, Jacobin, in the second volume of his Dissertations on the 1st century, establishes very solidly what we have advanced in this life touching the criticism of her history. — Cf. *Unpublished Monuments of the Apostolate of Saint Magdalene*, etc., by H. Faillon, of the Society of Saint-Sulpice, 2 vols., Migne; and *Saint Mary Magdalene*, by the Rev. Father Lacordaire.

Saint Platon, Martyr at Angyre, in Galatia

304. — Pope: Saint Marcellinus. — Roman Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

> *Confirma me, Deus Israël, et respice in hac hora ad opera manuum mearum.*
>
> *Strengthen me, God of Israel, and look, in this hour, upon the works of my hands.*
>
> *Judith, xiii, 7.*

We have already seen in the Roman martyrology, at 4 April, a Saint Platon, confessor, superior of the monastery of Mount Olympus, and great protector of faith, justice and chastity against heretical, impious and adulterous emperors of Constantinople. The Church presents to us today another, more ancient, who fought

unto death for the truth of our religion, under the cruel emperors Diocletian and Maximian. So that, if the pagans can boast of having had a Platon who was, according to the lights of nature, the most sublime of all the philosophers of the world, Christians can boast of having had two, whom their virtue and their unshakable constancy in the love of truth, joined to a very great prudence and an uncommon erudition, have rendered admirable to all ages. Our holy Martyr was born at Ancyre, a city of Galatia, today Angora or Angourieh, on the Sangarius, at the decline of the 2nd century, of noble parents and servants of Jesus Christ, who took care to inspire him, from the cradle, with the true faith and the love of piety. Having become an orphan early, he generously distributed his goods to the poor and applied himself, with an extraordinary zeal which greatly surpassed his age, to strengthening the faithful, converting idolaters and protecting the poor and other defenceless persons against the tyranny and oppression of the great who wished to crush them.

This admirable generosity raised up enemies against him who accused him of Christianity before Agrippin, vicar of the emperors, a cruel man thirsting for the blood of the servants of the true God. On this accusation he was arrested and brought to the tribunal of this judge. Agrippin asked him who he was. “I am a Christian,” he said, “I adore one only God, creator of heaven and earth; I detest idols, which are the works of the hand of men; I abhor the demons, who do indeed sometimes speak by these idols, but are only rebellious creatures who have deserved, by their revolt, to be deprived of paradise.” — “I am not ignorant,” said Agrippin, “that you are a Christian; but I ask you the name your parents gave you at your birth.” — “They called me,” he said, “Platon; but before all I am a Christian, that is my true name, that is my employment. And, in effect, I was taught to serve Jesus Christ from my mother’s womb; and I am ready to give all my blood and a thousand lives if I had them, for His love and His service.” A bold and generous answer, which raised our Platon incomparably above him who had himself called the divine philosopher; the latter, interrogated at Athens on his opinion touching the unity or plurality of the divine nature, never dared to make public profession of the truth which he knew: he disguised his sentiments before men, for fear of being condemned, like his master Socrates, to drink poison; whereas our Platon, fearing neither whips, nor tortures, nor burning furnaces, nor the cruellest death, persisted strongly in the confession of the unity of one God creator of heaven and earth, and of the divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Agrippin was irritated by his constancy; after having still vainly tried the way of remonstrances, promises and threats, he commanded sixteen soldiers to strip him and scourge him with all their strength with ox-sinews. They did so for a long time one after another with all the violence and fury they were capable of; but, after they were weary of striking him, there did not appear even a single bruise on his body. This miracle filled everyone with astonishment and led Agrippin to send him back to prison. While he was being conducted, a great number of the faithful gathered round him to congratulate him on his victory. He asked a moment’s audience; and, everyone having fallen silent, he made them an admirable exhortation, full of the fire of charity with which he was himself kindled, to animate them to persevere and constantly to endure martyrdom in the expectation of the eternal life that was promised them. He was seven days in the dungeon, where the presence of his God consoled him so perfectly that the days seemed to him only hours, and the hours only moments. He implored there the help of Saint Michael, as of the leader of the armies of the living God; asking, not to be preserved from death, but to endure all sorts of torments with firmness. At the end of seven days he was brought back to the tribunal; there Agrippin showed him brazen cauldrons, iron pans of prodigious size, gridirons, axes, hooks, arrows, needles, very sharp stones, crosses, wheels armed with razors and several other kinds of instruments which it was customary to use to try the courage of the Martyrs, threatening to make him pass through all these kinds of torments if he remained obstinate in his resolution; on the other hand, he assured him that, if he would obey the wills of the emperors, he would give him his own niece in marriage with a dowry so considerable that it would make him the richest man of his province. But our invincible Platon mocked equally the tyrant and his foolish promises; being animated by the Spirit of God, which is a spirit of strength and liberty, he said to him: “The proposal you make me of your niece is ridiculous; I would not want her as a servant of my wife, if I were to marry. Besides, torment yourself no

more to find such proposals; you might offer me all the kingdoms of the earth, you would not separate me from the love of my God."

The tyrant felt himself so keenly stung by this answer that, having had burning coals put under an iron bed, he commanded that the Martyr's body be stretched on it, and, to make him feel a sharper and more insupportable pain, he wished that at the same time he be scourged with very slender rods, and that oil, melted wax, bitumen and rosin pitch be thrown upon his limbs. The rigour of this torment cannot be exaggerated; it has almost no equal in the tortures of the other Martyrs; but Platon, far from being cast down, did not cease, during this time, to speak to the judge and the bystanders with the same vigour as if he had been on a bed of roses. He represented to them that these fires on which he lay were but a slight image of those prepared for them, if they did not convert and leave the infamous worship of idols, to give themselves to the service of the true God; and that they ought not to put off any longer doing penance, lest their obstinacy should close to them the gates of mercy which the blood of Jesus Christ had opened to them. After having been three hours in this state, he was taken down from this bed of fire; then his body appeared as beautiful and as fresh as if he had come out of a bath, and he exhaled so agreeable an odour that all the spectators felt themselves as it were perfumed. Several of the bystanders, admiring this prodigy, cried out that the God of the Christians was great, that He alone did admirable things, and that He alone was worthy of divine honours! The assassin Agrippin did not know where he stood, nor what more he could do to the Martyr. So, to have some pretext to send him away, he told him that he no longer asked him to adore the gods nor to offer them sacrifices, but only to deny Jesus Christ crucified, and that then he would set him at liberty. "How," said Platon, "that I should deny Jesus Christ my Saviour, from whom I have received so many graces and who loads me at every moment with so great a number of benefits? Get thee from me, impious man: let thy execrable blasphemies offend my ears no more! Is it not enough that thou perish eternally, without involving in thy damnation the soldiers and servants of my Lord? Get thee gone, I say, for I have this confidence in His goodness that He will make me stronger than all the torments."

These words were like oil cast upon the fire of Agrippin's wrath. He came down from his seat, and, having had two great balls of brass made red-hot before him, he commanded that they be applied all glowing to Platon's breast. This torment was horrible: the fire, penetrating into the inner parts of his body, burned them so that smoke came out by his nose; but, while he was thought dead, he was heard defying the tyrant with more courage than ever, and even reproaching him with his impotence and weakness, that with all the instruments of his rage he could not cast down him whom the virtue of Jesus Christ sustained. A constancy so surprising drew on him a fourth torment: almost all his skin and flesh were taken off in strips, with blows of whips and scourges. Nothing was so horrible as this strange execution. The pagans themselves detested it and accused it of barbarity and impiety; but the Martyr still had strength to take a strip of his torn body, and to throw it at the feet of the judge, saying to him with a manly and generous voice: "O tyrant, crueller than carnivorous beasts, since thou delightest in blood and carnage, and in seeing torn to pieces the bodies of men who are like thyself, take this strip of my flesh, and glut thyself with it like a tiger and a vulture! But know that God will give me back this body which thou destroyest, and that He will cast thine into the eternal flames." There was nothing left whole in the invincible Platon but his venerable face, which the executioners had somewhat spared: as for the rest of his limbs, from the head to the feet, one saw only deep wounds and an abundance of blood flowing on all sides. Agrippin, then, whom this last reproach angered more than ever, discharged his fury upon that beautiful part which is as it were a figure of the Divinity. Not only did he have the Saint buffeted; but, not wishing that anything of the human appearance should remain to him, he had torn with iron hooks the forehead, the temples, the cheeks, the lips and all the face: so that he was no longer recognisable, and that one could apply to him what the prophet Isaias said of Our Lord by foresight: "We considered him, but he had neither grace nor figure: he was unrecognisable; we took him for a leper and for a man despised and struck by the hand of God, and plunged into the last excess of humiliation."

It did not seem that in this state he could understand anything: yet the judge tried once more to corrupt him, crying out to him and making an usher cry out that, if he wished to save the little life that remained to him, he must delay no longer to obey the laws of the prince and resolve at last to acknowledge the gods of the empire. But, as these solicitations were as useless as the first, the ferocity of the tyrant led him to have torn from the Martyr, by a new flagellation, the rest of the flesh and muscles that he still had on his arms and thighs. His command was executed with the same fury as the preceding: the Saint's body was left so broken and so rent that the entrails even came out at the sides.

He must have been strengthened by a supernatural and wholly miraculous virtue, not to succumb under so many ills; but the tyrant, instead of acknowledging it, always increased his rage, as God gave fresh marks of His protection. He said then to the Martyr that he was extremely astonished that, bearing the name of the wise and divine Platon, he did not imitate his actions and would not acknowledge the divinities that this great philosopher acknowledged. "He acknowledged them," said the generous Martyr, "only through cowardice: for he knew well that there was but one only God, creator of heaven and earth, and that it could not be that there were several; but fear of death made him shamefully betray the truth: so he is one of those of whom the apostle Saint Paul speaks, who, knowing God, did not honour and glorify Him as God: therefore this just judge abandoned them, not only to the disorders of their mind, but also to infamous passions and a reprobate sense. As for me," he added, "I shall not imitate his perfidy; I do not fear death, I do not dread torments: finish what thou hast begun. There remains only to dislocate my bones and separate them one from another: do it when it pleases thee. My Lord Jesus Christ, who is my help, will consummate my victory and make me stronger than all the instruments of thy torments torments." This speech having closed the mouth of the president, he made a sign to the executioners to detach the Martyr from the stake to which he had been bound to torment him more easily, and to conduct him as soon as possible from the gibbet to prison, and forbade the gaoler to dress his wounds and to give him anything else for his food than an ounce of bread a day with a little pure water. He needed no more than that, as a soldier of Jesus Christ: during the eighteen days that he was in this dungeon he would never receive any other food than that of the word of God, which strengthened his heart and satisfied him more deliciously than the most exquisite dishes and the most magnificent feasts could have done. At last, after this long time of imprisonment and abstinence, he was once more brought before the tribunal of Agrippin, who, finding him firmer and more unshakable than ever, condemned him to have his head cut off outside the city. He was conducted there at once: when he had made a fervent prayer to God in thanksgiving for his martyrdom, he presented his neck to the executioner, and, losing his head, he rendered his soul to Him who had created it for His glory: which happened under the emperors Diocletian and Maximian, on 22 July, about the year 304.

The Christians, who were admirers of the constancy of Saint Platon, buried his body with all the reverence that the rigour of the persecution could allow, in the very place of his martyrdom, called the Field. Afterwards the Emperor Justinian had a beautiful church built there which was dedicated under his name, as the historian Procopius assures us, in speaking of the buildings of that prince: this basilica having been ruined in course of time, the Emperor Basil, according to Cedrenus, had it rebuilt.

Besides the Latin martyrologies and the menology of the Greeks, which make honourable mention of this generous soldier of Jesus Christ, he was spoken of with much esteem in the seventh general Council, which is the second of Nicaea: for there was read there a letter of the abbot Nilus to Heliodorus the Silentiary, in which he relates that the barbarians having one day carried off captive a religious of Mount Sinai, whose father was also a religious in the same monastery, both addressed themselves to Saint Platon, the father for the deliverance of his son, and the son for his own liberty, and, by a great miracle, the same day, an unknown horseman appeared in the camp of those enemies, and, having carried off this young man, transported him in a moment, by an invisible road, to the cell of his father; after which he disappeared. Which gave ground to believe that it was Saint Platon who had made himself favourable to those religious, who had invoked him

with fervour.

The life of this Saint was written by Metaphrastes, and is reported by Surins on this day.

The Saints Hilaire, Panchaire and Just, Bishops of Besançon

4th century.

> *Dabo vobis pastores juxta cor meum, et pascent vos scientia et doctrina, ait Dominus.*
>
> *I will give you pastors according to my heart, and they shall feed you with knowledge and wisdom, saith the Lord. Jer., iii, 15.*

The conversion of Constantine having restored peace to the Church and put an end to the great persecutions, the clergy and people of the church of Besançon, who found themselves deprived of a pastor since the death of the holy bishop Eusèbe, made their needs known to Pope Sylvester I, and begged him to send them from Rome itself a zealous pastor. The sovereign Pontiff received favourably the prayer of this church, which addressed itself to him with so much confidence. There was then in the clergy of Rome a deacon named Hilaire, who united to piety the most active zeal. The Pope gave him episcopal consecration, and charged him with governing the church of Besançon. Saint Hilaire enjoyed great consideration at Rome; honoured with the confidence of an illustrious Pontiff, he also deserved the esteem of Saint Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine.

When he arrived in his episcopal city, there was at the foot of Mount Cœlius no other cathedral than a humble chapel dedicated to Saint Stephen, such as Christians built in the first three centuries. Until then the most beautiful temples of Christ had been the pure hearts of the faithful. But from that moment Saint Helena was one of the most powerful instruments that Providence made use of to raise churches everywhere to the true God.

About the year 320, while Constantine the Great was occupied in delivering Gaul from the incursions of the Franks, and was winning brilliant victories over them, Saint Helena came to Besançon, where she stayed some time. She had frequent conferences with Saint Hilaire concerning the religious interests of the province. She visited the humble religious building situated at the foot of the mountain, the origin of which tradition traced back to the bishop Saint Linus. This princess, so zealous for the glory of God, resolved to replace this modest temple by a vaster and more splendid edifice. She gave Saint Hilaire a sum sufficient to begin the works, and promised that she would endeavour to obtain for this church some relic of Saint Stephen.

Saint Hilaire set to work at once and laid the foundations of a great and beautiful church in honour of Saint Stephen. It was raised on the very site where his predecessors had formerly built a cryptic chapel in which to celebrate the holy mysteries. This church is today the cathedral of Saint-Jean. Placed at first under the title of the first martyr, it was afterwards put under the invocation of the two glorious patrons, Saint Stephen and Saint John.

The zeal of Saint Hilaire for the glory of God was not confined to the construction of the cathedral now placed under the title of Saint-Jean; he laid the foundations of another church on Mount Cœlius. But he had not time to finish it, and this edifice, which was later the church of Saint-Étienne on the Mount, was completed only long afterwards.

Saint Hilaire occupied the see of Besançon about fifteen years. Most historians fix his death about the year 330; for the great works he accomplished suppose that he lived at least until that time and perhaps beyond. Some time before his death, God favoured him with a glorious vision, in which He announced to him his approaching end and the happiness destined for him. He died on 22 July; his feast, indicated for that day in an ancient calendar of the diocese, is fixed on the 21st in the martyrologies of Du Saussay and Ferrarius. The successor of Saint Hilaire in the see of Besançon was Saint Panchaire or Pancrace, who had lived long in the

confidence and intimacy of the deceased bishop. The first pastors, before dying, ordinarily designated, to replace them, one of their most fervent disciples among the priests whom they had formed in Christian and priestly virtues. But the one who was elected went to Rome before exercising the episcopal charge, and received holy unction from the hands of the sovereign Pontiff. Saint Panchaire was consecrated by Pope Jules II, as Saint Hilaire and Saint Eusèbe had been themselves, the one by Melchiades and the other by Saint Sylvester. This trait shows well enough that, in those remote times, the church of Besançon was already united to the Roman Church by the closest ties of subordination, obedience and love. The episcopate of Saint Panchaire began about the year 338. Saint Maximin of Trier having convoked a council at Cologne in 346, to apply a prompt remedy to the progress of Arianism, fourteen bishops were found there; ten others sent deputies. Saint Panchaire figured there in the first rank, and concluded, like all his colleagues, to the deposition of the bishop of Cologne, who had let himself be won over by the Arians.

Having become master of the whole Roman empire after the death of his brother (353), Constantius put at the service of Arianism the great authority he enjoyed. The heretics kept no more measure, and persecution became universal in the Gauls. Officers were sent to the principal cities, to force the Catholic bishops to receive the Arians into their communion. They were given the choice either of going into exile or of subscribing to the wishes of the emperor. The provincial magistrates who hesitated to associate themselves with this persecution and to have the orders of Constantius executed were deprived of their offices and condemned to a fine. In such difficult circumstances, Saint Panchaire suffered generously for the faith of Nicaea. Not wishing to expose his people to the fury of the tyrants, he took the course of exiling himself. The solitude to which he retired was destitute of all the agreeableness of nature; but there is no exile for a bishop, because he finds Jesus Christ everywhere. Solely occupied with the care of his soul and the contemplation of heavenly things, Saint Panchaire let himself lack the most necessary things of life. It was in the exercise of these sublime virtues that death came to surprise him, about the year 356. When Saint Panchaire was dead, the clergy and the people chose, to replace him, a young priest who had been brought up under his eyes and formed by his care. This was Saint Just. Become the heir of the see in which his master had sat with so much glory, he wished to be so also of his faith and holiness and proposed to follow him as a model.

The church of Besançon had no longer to dread an open persecution; but the trials that Julian was preparing for it might make it regret the age of the martyrs and the executioners' axe. However, the passage of Julian through Besançon, in 355, was, moreover, marked by no event. For, at that time, far from persecuting the bishops, he sometimes affected even to declare himself their protector.

Saint Juste profited by this calm to make religion flourish in his province. Besançon already possessed several churches which were not completely finished. Saint Hilaire, as we have said, aided by the help of Saint Helena, had built the first cathedral of Besançon; but this edifice was not completed. It was continued under Panchaire, and it was only Saint Just who made the dedication of it. He added the title of Saint-Jean-l'Évangéliste to the title of Saint-Étienne which this church already bore, wishing thereby, doubtless, to show the gratitude of the city towards the city of Lyon, which had sent it its first Apostles, and whose cathedral bore the name of the holy evangelist. The city of Besançon had from that time nothing more to envy the other cities of the Gauls. It possessed a temple worthy of itself and of the whole diocese. But the zeal of the prelate was not to be confined to raising edifices of stone and marble to the Lord. He thought much more seriously still of raising altars to Him in the hearts of all his faithful. Understanding well that he would do little if he did not associate with himself fellow-labourers animated by the spirit of the Gospel and nourished in recollection and piety, he had long meditated the reform of his clerics: however, it was only later that he could carry out his plan. God wished first to lead our Saint in less common ways. Until now Saint Just had done good without meeting great obstacles from outside, and had sanctified himself in sanctifying his flock in the shade of peace. But God wished to try his virtue by persecutions.

Julian having become master of the empire by the death of Constantius, he turned all his forces against Christianity, and the East was the theatre of his madness and fury. The Gauls were no happier than the rest of the world. Julian had left there Sallust, his devoted friend and the most cruel enemy of the Christian name. Under such a governor, Just had much to suffer. Exposed to the vexations and snares of Sallust, and no longer able without danger to remain in the midst of his people, he was obliged to flee from his diocese. He left his episcopal city in 362. Like his predecessor, he was obliged to abandon his Church at the moment when the enemy was preparing to decimate it anew. This terrible trial was harder for him than martyrdom. Courage and virtue can triumph over the fury of a tyrant; but the heart bears with difficulty such cruel separations. Saint Just therefore took the road of exile and crossed the Alps. He took refuge at Vercelli, in Piedmont, with Saint Eusebius, who had scarcely returned from Asia (362), where Constantius had relegated him for having refused to subscribe to the condemnation of Saint

Athanasius. Happy days for the Church, in which pastors knew how to suffer and die for her, and in which the tyranny and seduction of princes could do nothing against the faith of peoples! Saint Eusebius, after having been one of the most intrepid defenders of religion against the Arians, had had the signal honour of being persecuted for the name of Jesus Christ. This holy confessor offered Saint Just the most generous hospitality. It was God who had united these two men and who made them taste, one beside the other, those sweet consolations which religion alone inspires and which misfortune can find nowhere else. They had both suffered for the truth; both, after having fed their flock with the word of life, had been obliged to flee far from their country, far from their Church, far from the field which the Lord had given them to cultivate. The closest friendship united them to each other, and they loved to communicate their thoughts and projects. During his stay at Vercelli, Saint Just was witness of the exemplary life which Eusebius had established among his clerics. There reigned among them a regularity almost equal to that of the monks of the desert. Reading and study, manual labour and prayer, occupied all their moments. They fasted without relaxation, often assembled by day or night to pray, and the bishop lived in the midst of them, presiding over their pious exercises. Saint Eusebius is the first who has, according to Saint Ambrose, established the common life among clerics. Saint Just resolved to follow this example, when it should be granted him to return to his diocese. He keenly regretted his people; unceasingly his eyes turned towards his dear church of Besançon, and his heart lived always in the midst of his flock.

It appears that, even in his exile, he was obliged to hide himself to escape the investigations of the imperial commissioners who ran through Italy searching for all those whom Julian’s hatred pursued there. The holy bishop, having recrossed the Alps, was able to return secretly to Besançon. Soon it was learned in the Gauls that Julian had died in Asia in 363, and Saint Just ceased to be disturbed. It was a happy day for the city, that on which so tender a pastor was restored to it in so unexpected a manner: everyone found again a devoted friend and the diocese found again a father.

Scarcely returned from exile, Saint Just, after having repaired the evils which his absence had caused, was at last able to carry out the project he had long conceived, and which circumstances had not allowed him until then to execute. It was the reform of his clergy. His clerics, living in the midst of the world, perhaps did not always know how to remain sheltered from its attacks. Saint Just, who, during his stay at Vercelli, had been able to contemplate the marvellous fruits produced by the institution of Saint Eusebius, established this great work himself in his diocese. It was as his testament before leaving the earth. By bequeathing to his church an institution from which holy priests would come forth, he thereby assured the triumph of faith and virtue among his people, and continued thus after his death the work of salvation to which he had devoted his strength and his life. If we wish to have an idea of this new foundation, let us read what Saint Ambrose relates of the clerics of Vercelli, whose life Saint Just proposed as an example to the clerics of Besançon. “In the Church of Vercelli” he says, “two things are equally required by the bishop: monastic continence and ecclesiastical discipline. For Eusebius wished that ecclesiastics, even living in the midst of the world, should

observe the rules of monks and govern the Church in the practice of mortification." The clerics lived separated from the company of women, following the counsel of the Holy Spirit, who regards this commerce as dangerous. They were to guard one another against temptations, edify one another, and bring one another to the practice of all virtues by counsels and good examples. This reform and these rules of discipline had the happiest success. The clergy of Besançon distinguished itself from then on by its learning and holiness; the peoples, edified by so much piety and so exact a regularity, insensibly regulated themselves on these models and profited by the examples of virtue of which they were every day the witnesses. From this institution illustrious prelates were later to come forth, and it is to it that some historians trace back the origin of the chapters in the diocese.

Saint Just lived at least two years longer after his return to the midst of his flock; his soul, all holy and purified by the tribulations of exile, aspired now only to unite itself to its God. The world was nothing more to him, he had seen only too much the vanity and nothingness of the things of here below; his heart, all aflame with divine love, was detached from earth and sighed only for its deliverance from the bonds of the body. After having borne for nearly twelve years the burden of the episcopate, and made the most sublime virtues shine in the various circumstances of so agitated a life, in the midst of his flock as in the rigours of persecutions, in the bitterness of exile as in the calm of retreat among his clerics, Saint Just was a fruit ripe for heaven. At his last hour, God wished to manifest to men by a miracle the glory of His servant. At the moment when his soul left the earth, a white dove, sweet symbol of purity and innocence, was seen to escape from his lips and fly away to heaven. So passed the days of Saint Just among men. God had dispensed to this soul the goods and the ills of life, but always found it faithful; a tyrant had wished to intimidate him by persecutions, but persecutions had only increased the brightness of his virtues. God, in crowning him in heaven, has repaid him a hundredfold for what he did and suffered for the glory of His holy name.

Taken from the *Saints of Franche-Comté*, by the professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier of Besançon.

Saint Vanmille or Vandrégisile,[1] Abbot and Founder of Several Monasteries of France

667. — Pope: Vitalian. — King of France: Clotaire III.

> *Perseverantia sola meretur viribus gloriam, coronam virtutibus.*
>
> *It is perseverance alone that deserves glory for our labours and the crown for our virtues.*
>
> *S. Bernard, Ep. cxxix ad Januenses.*

Here is yet another of those great personages who knew how to join innocence and piety with the seductions and noise of the court, the flower of virginity with the bonds of a lawful marriage, and Christian humility with nobility of blood, brilliant employments and the applause of the world. He was of Verdun (Meuse), son of the duke Walchise and of the princess Dode, daughter of Saint Arnould, bishop of Metz, and sister of Anchise, from whom the second race of our kings, called Carlovingians, took its origin: so that, on his mother's side, he was also first cousin of Pepin of Héristal, mayor of the palace, father of Charles Martel, grandfather of Pepin the Short, and great-grandfather of Charlemagne. Having passed his childhood in singular innocence, he was placed by his father at the court of King Dagobert I. He soon distinguished himself there by his virtue, modesty, prudence, address and valour in military enterprises, and above all by his devotion and signal piety. The king admired such rare qualities in this young lord whose age ought rather to have inclined him to games and amusements than to serious affairs; he made him count of his palace, that is, judge of the causes brought before the king and charged with the collection of the revenues of the royal treasury. He always acquitted himself very worthily of his employments; and, although he made it everywhere a capital affair to honour and serve God, he never omitted anything of what he owed to the

orders of his prince: thus rendering to Caesar what was due to Caesar, and to God what was due to God. He was firm in the faith, prompt to do good works, truthful and sincere in his words, just in his judgments, wise in his counsels, patient under injuries, merciful to the poor, and full of gentleness and kindness towards his subjects. His house was a school of probity; and, as he gave his domestics only good examples, he wished also that they should do nothing that could not edify those who saw them and who had anything to transact with them.

When he was of an age to marry, his parents urged him to do so: he married out of obedience a very noble girl, who was well in harmony with his good inclinations. On the very evening of their wedding, after having implored the help of heaven, he represented to her the happiness of virginity and how much that state was preferable to the use of marriage, though lawful: his counsels were so effective that his new wife, moreover extraordinarily enlightened by a light from on high, promised him to keep perpetual virginity with him. Her very fervour carried her further: it was she who made the proposal to her husband that both should retire from the world and embrace the religious life. She shut herself up in a monastery of women where she passed the rest of her days in eminent holiness, which God even honoured with several miracles. As for him, he first left the secular dress and took the ecclesiastical habit, in order gradually to dispose the public to see him one day renounce all the grandeurs of the world, all the employments of the court and of the State. Some time before, he found himself, on a journey, in the midst of a seditious crowd who wished to outrage him: which would have caused a great carnage, because he was well accompanied and his people would have put these mutineers to the sword; he averted this accident by the force of his prayers: for he had no sooner raised his eyes and his heart to heaven than this troop of tumultuous men became motionless and could not advance towards him: which changed their fury into a profound respect, and at the same time made known the great merit of him whose protector heaven showed itself so evidently to be.

When he had taken all his measures, he withdrew to Lorraine, to a place called Montfaucon, in the present diocese of Verdun, to learn the religious and solitary life under the guidance of a holy old man named Beaufroi.[1] This action made a great stir, because of the rank he held at court and the singular affection the king bore him: especially when it was known that he had sold part of his goods and had given the price to the monasteries and the poor. Some praised his conduct and his detachment from the things of earth, which opened to him the door of the kingdom of heaven. Others blamed his proceeding, and there were some who made the king find it wrong that he had left the court without permission. The matter went so far that this prince sent for him, to learn from his own mouth what had obliged him to exchange his grandeurs and riches for the humble poverty of the cloister. This holy man, who had learned from Saint Paul that subjects owe respect and obedience to their sovereigns, came to find his own. On arriving at the palace, in the streets of Metz, he found a poor man whose cart had overturned in the mud; all the passers-by left him there, and several even ill-treated him, accusing him of obstructing the road. Our Saint dismounted, freed the poor carter and helped him to raise his cart. He then entered the presence of Dagobert, pursued by the hooting which his mud-stained clothes drew upon him. But he appeared clothed with a heavenly splendour in the eyes of Dagobert, who, seeing his charity and yielding to his reasons, permitted him to follow his vocation. Provided with this authorisation, Vandrille returned to Beaufroi, who, having sufficiently formed him in the exercises of monastic life, advised him to found a convent on the territory of Elisange. It was there that, some years before, in 612, Saint Ursanne, disciple of Saint Colomban, had built a cell and gathered round him pious Christians to honour God in solitude. This community had grown and formed a monastery of some importance at the death of Saint Ursanne (620). His body rested there, surrounded with the veneration of the faithful, when Vandrille arrived in those places to seek there the rest and peace of soul in the practice of monastic virtues.

The monks who inhabited Elisange were poor, and their monastery was insufficient for all the needs of the community. Vandrille, who had made two parts of his riches, one for the poor, and the other for religious

houses, had the buildings raised by Saint Ursanne rebuilt, or at least enlarged, at his own expense.[2] It was there that this new soldier became a consummate captain in the spiritual militia. He was so sober and abstinent that he came to the point of eating only twice a week, namely on Sunday and Thursday. His vigils were almost continual, and, when the weakness of his body obliged him to take a little rest, he did so only on a hard and narrow bed, which was long shown in this monastery as the mark of a prodigious austerity. He passed days and nights in prayer, and, for fear that sleep should hinder him from it, he stood barefoot on the ground, with a simple habit, even in the greatest rigours of winter. The demon tempted him in all sorts of ways; for not only did he disquiet him with importunate thoughts, to tarnish the purity of his soul; but he appeared to him very often under horrible shapes of serpents, dragons, birds of prey and other carnivorous beasts. But all his persecutions served only to make the Saint more vigilant, more severe on himself, more attentive to the movements of his soul, and more resolved to suffer all sorts of pains and afflictions for God. One day he had slept a little more than usual, and the evil spirit made him hear this word full of mockery: "Vandrille, I have been more vigilant than thou this night." — "Yes, doubtless," answered the servant of Christ, "thou watchest unceasingly for the ruin of men. But, in future, I shall tame still more this flesh which has made me fall today into lukewarmness." At once, arming himself with the shield of prayer, he cried out: "Lord, who art the guardian of Thy children, who watchest always over them with solicitude, deign, in Thy mercy, to come to the help of Thy unworthy servant." This prayer revived Vandrille's courage and confidence. He felt himself stronger against the domination of the senses, and he carried his mortifications so far that, in the midst of the rigours of winter, he sometimes remained in the open air, among the ice and snow, praying with tears in his eyes, or singing, with the accent of the tenderest devotion, the psalms of David.

God, who wished to make of him a miracle of His grace and the father of a religious congregation, ordered him, in a vision, to go to Italy, to the monastery of Bobbio, founded by Saint Colomban, to learn there all the practices and the spirit of the cenobitic life. He therefore bade farewell to his brethren, and betook himself with all speed to that celebrated abbey, which was a model of observance and a nursery of holy abbots and good pastors for the government of the Christian people. He was received there with all the demonstrations of love and respect that his holiness and the rank he had held in the world deserved. He saw the admirable order which was kept in this holy republic, which was rather an image of that of the Angels than an imitation of political republics. He was also favoured there with several graces from on high, and, among others, with the knowledge of things to come. When he had instructed himself in what he ought to know, he had the thought of going to Rome, to honour there the sepulchres of the blessed apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and the ashes of so many Martyrs who have consecrated that city by their sufferings and their blood. Having there acquitted himself of his devotions, he wished to retire to some place in Italy, far from all his acquaintances and very secret, to see no more what he had left with so much courage; but he was warned, in a dream, to take again the road to France, where God expected from him some considerable service.

Having crossed the Alps, he entered a monastery built near Mont-Jou; it was probably the monastery that has since been called Saint-Claude: he saw there so much gentleness, honesty, observance and fervour in the service of God that, touched by this example, he begged the abbot to receive him among his religious. This grace being granted him, he soon appeared like a fair sun in the midst of that company of Saints, who were themselves like so many stars by which the house of God was lit. He remained there ten years, dead to the world, a pilgrim on the earth, bearing every day, with joy, the cross of a penitent life and of an austerity almost without example. Humility, obedience and charity were his dearest virtues, and he exercised himself in them with such perfection that all his confrères regarded him as the model of their conduct. Indeed, there were many who, animated by his example, entered upon the ways of holiness and devoted themselves with all their strength to the exercises of the interior life and of the highest virtues. However, he was not yet at the last term of his career, and God kept him in this holy house only to prepare him for the great services He expected of him in Neustria, a province of France which we now call Normandy. One night, as he was at

prayer in his cell, a heavenly messenger came who filled it with a marvellous odour and brightness, and, having exhorted him to perseverance in the pure and austere life he professed, assured him that the prayers he had long offered to God for his nephew Godon were heard, and that this young lord would soon renounce the world and embrace, in imitation of him, the religious life. He was a living stone which God was preparing for him for the foundation and establishment of His abbey of Fontenelle, in Normandy.

A short time afterwards, He caused him to be warned in a dream to leave the monastery where he was and to go and find Saint Ouen, archbishop of Rouen, from whom he would learn His will. This great prelate received him with an extraordinary respect and kindness; and, remembering the nobility of his extraction, the close connexion they had formerly had together at court, and the reputation that his piety had already won him; and, knowing besides that he was a religious consummate in all sorts of virtues, he wished to retain him with him and conferred on him the subdiaconate and the diaconate. Then he had him ordained priest by Saint Omer, bishop of Thérouanne, and made him exercise all its functions. Vandrille acquitted himself of them with universal satisfaction, and, whether he announced the word of God, or heard the confessions of penitents, or celebrated the awful mysteries of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, or was called to the council of his prelate, he was always seen so recollected, so fervent, so united to God, so inflamed with zeal for His glory, that he was no less the model of priests in the clergy than he had been the example of religious in the cloister.

Saint Ouen took extreme pleasure in his conversation, because his discourses were wholly heavenly, and carried grace and unction into the soul of all who had the happiness of hearing him. But the holy man, who could not live outside solitude, continually sought the occasion to withdraw to some place in Neustria where, having assembled religious, he might live with them separated from the world and in the exercises of monastic life alone. God offered him a very favourable means of it, as much by the conversion of his nephew Godon, of whom we have just spoken, who left the honours and pleasures of the court to clothe himself in sackcloth and hair-shirt, as by the liberality of Erchinoald, mayor of the palace in Neustria, who gave also on his lands, a few leagues from Rouen, in a place called Fontenelle, a very spacious field to build a monastery there. Saint Ouen consented to this building and to the retirement of his dear friend, whom he recognised to be called by God out of the press of cities; and Saint Vandrille, with his nephew, applied themselves with untiring zeal, first, to clearing this desert, which was full of bushes, brambles and old ruined walls, the wreckage of the invasions of the Barbarians, whose ruins served as lair for wild beasts, then to raising an edifice to receive servants of God there. They began this work about the middle of the 7th century, under the reign of Clovis II and the pontificate of Pope Saint Martin, and laboured at it with such success that they made of it one of the most beautiful monasteries then in all France. Saint Vandrille had the joy of soon seeing, under his guidance, about three hundred religious, the greater part of illustrious birth, and truly touched with the spirit of Jesus Christ. He had four churches built there in honour of Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Lawrence and Saint Pancras, and sent Godon to Rome to bring from it relics and sacred books. On his return, he begged Saint Ouen to come to his abbey, to dedicate these churches and place these relics on the altars destined for them: and this great archbishop did so with extreme joy, blessing God infinitely for granting him the grace to see, in his diocese, a house so flourishing and so full of holiness and good works. It had so much charm, says the author of his life, that all who approached it were obliged to say what we read in the book of Numbers, chap. xrv: “O Jacob, how beautiful are thy tabernacles! O Israel, how lovely are thy tents!”

The lords of the neighbourhood came to beg Vandrille to establish on their lands houses like that of Fontenelle; the most zealous was Saint Waneng,[3] governor of the country of Caux. He offered his son Didier to our Saint to be his disciple, endowed Fontenelle with several lands, and built on his domain several convents, among others that of Fécamp. Saint Eulalie of Barcelona, having appeared to him, ordered him this foundation. Vandrille had a share in it too: for, having been called to Fécamp by Saint Waneng, he cured him

of a fever which tormented him and which might have delayed the execution of his enterprise; and, having learned the vision he had had, he strengthened him in the resolution he had to comply with it and to put his hand to the work as soon as possible. Moreover, it was to him that God addressed the holy virgin Hildemarque, abbess of a monastery of Bordeaux, whom divine Providence had destined to be the foundation-stone and the first superior of this new house of women: she had under her direction, at Fécamp, as many as three hundred and sixty-six religious who were divided into different choirs, so that the office might be continued day and night without interruption. (This abbey, destroyed by the Normans in 841, rebuilt in 988, was entrusted, at that time, to Canons regular; then, some time afterwards, to Benedictine religious. The dukes of Normandy, who had a palace near this monastery, were always its benefactors. In the eighteenth century it was the richest and most magnificent abbey in all Normandy. It belonged to the Benedictines of the Congregation of Saint-Maur. There remains today of these splendours, in Fécamp, a town of nine thousand inhabitants, forty-four kilometres north-east of Le Havre, only some vestiges of the castle built by William Longsword and the church of the monastery, still well preserved. It is an edifice, says Malte-Brun, in which the most diverse styles are recognised, the whole being composed of constructions undertaken at different periods, from the 11th to the 16th century.) The convent of Fontenelle was too small to contain all the persons who presented themselves. Saint Vandrille built two others in the neighbourhood, with their churches: in one he put relics of Saint Saturninus, bishop of Toulouse and martyr; and in the other relics of Saint Amand, bishop of Bodez, which had been brought to him by the deacon Sindard, one of his disciples, whom he had sent to those cities on some business. It is in the oratory of Saint-Amand that Saint Ouen and Saint Filbert often paid him pious visits, where these great friends of God spoke only of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, of contempt for the things of the world, of faith, of justice, of Christian perfection and of the delights of paradise. Besides these two houses our Saint founded yet a third and a fourth, which, with the great abbey, made the number five. One, by the liberalities of a young gentleman named Hartbain, son of Erimbert, who even left the world to become his religious, and the other, by the donations of a very illustrious man named Varanton. Vandrille worked with his hands with his monks; it was he who planted, on a hillside near Fontenelle and well exposed, the first vine that Normandy had known. This noble task of making that country fertile was not always without danger. One day when he was at work with his pious band, one named Betto, keeper of the royal forest, a part of which had been given them, discontented at this gift, approached the abbot to pierce him with his lance; but, at the same hour, the arm of the sacrilegious man became paralysed and without motion, and he was possessed by the evil spirit, who did not cease to torment him until the Saint had prayed for him and at last obtained his deliverance. In recognition of this miracle, this signal protection of heaven, the servant of God had yet another church built under the name of the Blessed Virgin, at the spot where he had been on the point of being assassinated. Several recovered their health there in a wholly supernatural manner. “This chapel, called Notre-Dame de Gaillouville, has been demolished, since the French Revolution, by one named Lérondel. One still sees there a fountain visited every year by a great number of pilgrims: at the bottom of the paved basin is found, engraved in hollow, a rude image of Saint Radegonde.” Besides this miraculous assistance which regarded his own person, he received another less striking for the whole community of his religious; for, provisions having failed them, Our Lord warned in a dream the queen Saint Bathilde of the necessity they were in, and ordered her to send them food; which she did at once, making several wagons loaded with bread and other food march towards the abbey of Fontenelle.

The establishment of Saint Vandrille soon became flourishing enough to put forth branches around it and give birth to new religious houses. But, beside this material prosperity, the holy abbot laboured ardently to make of his abbey also a hearth of virtue and light. Formed himself in the study of holy letters, he applied himself to instructing his disciples and teaching them that Christian science which is a reflection of eternal lights. He knew how to make himself all to all, consoling the sadness of some by his kindness, calming the petulance of others by his humility, supporting the weak, relieving the infirm, giving to all the help of his

prayers, his word and his examples. His charity shone above all towards those who had fallen into some fault, and the grace of his word almost always healed their wounds and strengthened them against fresh attacks of the demon. He exhorted his disciples to keep unceasingly on guard against their own heart, and to remain always united by the bonds of charity, and, all his life, he showed them by his example that manual labour, as well as prayer, is a powerful weapon against temptations. The monks were in the Gauls the most ardent workmen of Christian civilisation.[4] Each monastery, while making flourish within the virtues proper to religious life, spread around it the benefits of evangelical doctrine on the neighbouring populations. This important work was above all necessary in the country where Saint Vandrille had raised his monastery. The inhabitants of the country of Caux, who had only a confused knowledge of Christian truths, still preserved the ignorance and coarseness of barbarous peoples. It was difficult to bend to the yoke of the Gospel these men accustomed to pillage and slaves of the most shameful superstitions. But zeal does not calculate obstacles, and God always rewards the labours undertaken for His glory. Vandrille, aided by his monks, preached the doctrine of Jesus Christ in the midst of these peoples. His word, gentle and powerful, touched all hearts and enlightened their gross intelligence. The Saint reproached them with the disorders of their life, the cruelty of their manners, and, when he could not speak to them, he prayed the Lord to convert them. They were soon seen running to his teachings and prostrating themselves at his feet to ask pardon for their faults. The holy abbot always mingled the oil of mercy with the bitter wine of penance, and, when a sinner seemed to fear to make to him the avowal of his iniquities, he knew how to raise his dejected courage and inspire him with confidence.

The Saint's work was blessed by heaven. The west of France was covered with the establishments formed by Vandrille, and his spirit animated all these new communities. The men who went to them, attracted by the example of his virtues, soon became themselves new apostles, carrying to the peoples the bread of the evangelical word, initiating ignorant and coarse men into the knowledge of God and the love of virtue, and teaching them at the same time to cultivate lands which had remained until then sterile, and to make abundant harvests germinate there. When one runs through each country of Gaul, and even of Europe, and sees hardly a corner of earth that has not been cleared by these untiring cenobites, not a region that has not been evangelised by their word, one has nothing more than pity or indignation for those who come and still say to us: "What are monks good for?" Gaul was filled with the name of Saint Vandrille and the works he accomplished. One would have said, adds his historian, that the apostolic times had returned; for one saw a great number of men of high birth put all their goods in common, and voluntarily renounce all private property. Before his arrival in the country of Caux, this region was, so to speak, only a frightful lair of brigands, more like brutes than men, and who possessed hardly any notion of the Christian faith. The preaching of the holy man renewed the face of this land, and the inhabitants broke the idols they still adored, left their savage manners to submit humbly to the evangelical faith, and showed the profoundest respect for the priests of Jesus Christ.

Vandrille reached an advanced age without ever having ceased to join manual labour to the ordinary duties of his charge. Death appeared to him as the end of a long pilgrimage, as the rest long desired. He sighed continually for the end of his pilgrimage, saying with the Prophet: "Alas! how long is my exile, and how long has my soul been a stranger!" God at last heard his desires and sent him an illness which he received as the instrument of his deliverance. In this state he was three days and three nights in an ecstasy, in which he was shown the door of heaven open to him and a throne of glory prepared for him. Behold why he often had his eyes open, gazing fixedly upward with a contented and joyful face. Returned from this rapture, he gave excellent instructions to his disciples, and foretold to them several things to come. They asked him who would be his successor; he answered that they had among them two great subjects who would hold his place one after the other, namely: Saint Lambert, who was afterwards archbishop of Toulouse; and Saint Ansbert, who succeeded Saint Ouen in the archbishopric of Rouen. At last, when he had received the Sacraments with admirable fervour and tenderness, and repelled the demon, who had still the boldness to attack him at this last

hour, the angels and saints came to receive his soul, singing the praises of God; he died in the presence of the same Saint Ouen, his archbishop, and of nearly three hundred of his religious, who all dissolved in tears at the loss of so good a father.

Worship and Relics. — Abbey of Fontenelle His body was first buried in the church of Saint-Paul; but, forty years after, having been found entire, it was transferred, by Saint Bain, one of his successors and bishop of Thérouanne, to the principal church dedicated in honour of Saint Peter. Afterwards, for fear of the Normans, who threw themselves on Neustria, it was transported again, with those of Saint Ansbert, archbishop of Rouen, and of Saint Vulfran, archbishop of Sens, first to Boulogne-sur-Mer, then to the monastery of Blandinberg, in the city of Ghent, in Flanders. These holy relics were lost during the persecution of the Calvinists, in 1578, except the two arms of Saint Vandrille, one of which had been given to the abbey of Fontenelle and the other to that of Brone. As for the abbey of Fontenelle (*Fontanella*, little fountain) or of Saint-Vandrille, which, with its four churches, formed, as did that of Jumièges, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the banks of the Seine, there no longer exists anything but the monastery, transformed into a spinning-mill. The cloister is admired, a monument of the 14th and 16th centuries. But of the four churches, of which the principal, the abbatial church, had been magnificently rebuilt in the 13th century, nothing remains. In 1828 their ruins were still beautiful and admired: since then the proprietor, M. Cyprien Lenoir, has employed the sap to overthrow them. The stones of the mullions and columns have been used to pave the roads of the neighbourhood. An Englishman, more intelligent than the barbarous successors of the contemporaries of Dagobert, has bought considerable fragments of these precious remains and had them transported beyond the Channel, to set them up again in his park.

The life of this holy abbot was written by an author who was almost of his time. See Surins, the Bollandists and Mabillon; *The Monks of the West*, by M. de Montalembert; *The Churches of the Arrondissement of Yvetot*, by the abbé Cochet.

Saint Ménelé, Abbot, Restorer of the Abbey of Menât, in the Diocese of Clermont

About 700. — Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Childebert III.

> *Haec vera est sæculi fuga, abdicatio domesticorum, et quædam alienatio carissimorum.*
>
> *The true flight from the world is the renunciation of one's family, with a certain estrangement from those who are dearest to us.*
>
> *S. Ambr., De fuga sæculi.*

It is believed that Saint Ménelé was born at Précigné, a small town of the department of the Sarthe, in the present diocese of Le Mans, the primitive diocese of Angers. His father was named Amanulfus and his mother Docula, of illustrious race. While still quite young, our Saint showed what he would be one day: the purity, candour and chastity that he displayed from his tenderest years astonished all who knew him. At the age of seven, kneeling before the holy altars, he made a vow to the divine Jesus, whom his virgin heart already loved with so strong a love, to keep perpetual virginity.

Alas! virtue meets in this world so many and such great obstacles! As soon as he was of an age to accept a position in the world, his father, jealous of perpetuating through his son the noble blood that flowed in his veins, wished to make him marry a young person of great birth: this was Sensa, daughter of the duke Barontus. At the first proposals made to him on this, Ménelé answered courageously that he had never dreamed of anything but the sublime delights of chaste souls, and that he would never consent to know others. The father, irritated at the failure of his step, let fall upon his rebellious son the whole weight of his indignation; he forgot himself even to the point of striking him, of making him undergo the harshest treatment. The struggle lasted several days. Wearied by so unequal a combat and desirous of cutting short a

position all the more false as it doomed him to inextricable embarrassments, Ménelé at last acquiesced in his father's wishes.

This act of condescension, which he reproached himself with as an act of unworthy weakness, troubled the peace of his heart. He consulted two of his intimate friends, Savinien and Constance, and all three resolved to flee from the paternal castle. Guided by Providence, they left Précigné, and, after a few days' march, they arrived near the ruins of an ancient monastery called Menât (*Menatum*, *Bracum*). It was an abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, situated between the Sioule and the Bouble, nine leagues from Clermont, founded in the reign of Clovis, before the year 500, and consecrated under the invocation of Saint Saviour and Saint Martin.

Our young travellers had already established themselves for ever in this solitude when they were visited by a young monk named Théofride, known in Auvergne under the name of Saint Chaffre, and nephew of Saint Eudes, abbot of Calméry, in Telay (*Calminiacum*), a Benedictine monastery founded about 570 in honour of the prince of the Apostles, and later called Saint-Chaffre. Théofride proposed to them to come and place themselves under the direction of his uncle: they accepted, and passed seven whole years with Saint Eudes in the fulfilment of all the duties of monastic life. Meanwhile, on the faith of a vision, Ménelé and Savinien requested of Saint Eudes permission to return to Menât: they cleared the ground that surrounded the ancient monastery, built an oratory where Savinien, who was a priest, could offer the holy sacrifice, and raised up a part of the ruins of the old abbey.

However, the virtues of our young solitaries could not remain long hidden: their fame spread far abroad, and Ménelé's mother, Docula, Bocula his sister, and his betrothed Sensa came one day to present themselves at the threshold of the monastery. Ménelé feared at first that they came to tear him from his solitude, but he was suddenly filled with joy when he learned from them that they came to him to consecrate themselves to God. Ménelé hastened to build at some distance from Menât cells and an oratory which he placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and which he gave up to the three servants of Jesus Christ. It is around this oratory that the monastery of Lisseuil and the parish of that name were afterwards formed. It is today a humble village church in the form of a Latin cross and of the simplest structure, with nothing to make one suspect that it replaced a more important edifice. Lisseuil was formerly much frequented as a place of pilgrimage: people came to it from several leagues around, especially on 8 September, which is the patronal feast, and the concourse is still considerable there today. Pious persons come there to ask Mary for their healing, drink the water of the neighbouring fountain, or carry some away with them for their sick relatives.

From this happy meeting, Ménelé's days passed in peace; disciples in great number attached themselves to his steps; and, joining his efforts to theirs, he built on the ruins of the little monastery of Menât the immense abbey of that name. Alas! a frightful fire came and destroyed in one day the fruit of long labours; nevertheless, at the mere name of Ménelé, all the peasants round about ran up, and the new edifice rose more splendid still than the first. Our Saint had its church consecrated by Saint Bonnet, bishop of Clermont.

Exhausted by the fatigues of so full a life, Saint Ménelé, feeling his end approach, designated Saint Savinien for his successor, and fell sweetly asleep in the Lord a few days afterwards.

There still exists, in the parish of Précigné, a chapel dedicated under the title of Saint Ménelé: on 23 August 1712 there was in this parish a solemn translation of a notable portion of his relics and of those of Saint Savinien, obtained from the abbey of Menât.

We have made use, to compose this biography, of the *Acta Sanctorum*; of *Notre-Dame de France*; and of the *Saints of Anjou*, by the Rev. Father Dom François Chamard.

Saint Salvien, Priest of Marseille and Confessor

5th century.

It is believed that Salvien was born at Cologne or in some other place of Belgic Gaul not far from that city. It is not known whether he was born of Christian parents or whether he owed to others the lights of the faith with which it pleased God to illumine his soul; but it is certain that he had already received them and that he distinguished himself by his virtue and piety when he was engaged in marriage. He was made to marry a person of merit, but still a pagan, named Palladie. He was in the case in which Saint Paul recommends the spouse who is faithful to labour for the salvation and sanctification of the other, if still in the state of unbelief. It was to satisfy this obligation that he solicited his wife to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ; which he obtained. Having retired to Marseille, he entered the clerical state and his merit caused him to be raised to the priesthood. He acquired from then on so great a reputation that Saint Eucher, of Lyon, entrusted to him the education of his two sons, who both became bishops. The prelates, his contemporaries, consulted him as an excellent master in theology, and Saint Hilary of Arles publicly awarded him praises which posterity has ratified. Everyone knows the esteem in which Bossuet held the principal work of Salvien: *De Gubernatione Dei et de justo Dei præsentique judicio*. The eloquent priest of Marseille rises in this work to a height of views which have made of it, with Saint Augustine in his City of God, the father of that admirable philosophy of history which immortalised Bossuet.

"When formerly the barbarous peoples of the North swept down on the provinces of the Roman empire," says Frayssinous, "and caused so much ravage there in the midst of the Catholic nations of the Gauls, of the Spains and of Italy, it happened that Christians, weak in their faith, were tempted to ask how it came about that the faithful people became thus the prey of error and unbelief. Salvien, eloquent priest of Marseille, thought he ought to take up the pen to stop these manœuvres and vindicate Providence in a work which we still have." The works of Salvien have been re-edited several times, but it would be greatly desirable that they should be popularised by extracts or translations. It is wrongly that some ancient annalists, Baronius among others, have made of him a bishop of Marseille. Taken from Baillet and from Dom Ceillier.

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[1] Having had a dream in which it seemed to him that he saw Jesus Christ addressing these words to him: "I am that Jesus whom your fathers crucified, believe in me", he felt himself more than ever penetrated with esteem for Christianity. Having gone to Cilicia to collect the tithes that were paid to the patriarch, he borrowed from Christians the book of the Gospels. The Jews surprised him as he was reading this book, threw themselves upon him, dragged him to the synagogue and beat him cruelly there; but the bishop of the Christians delivered him from their hands and conferred baptism on him. Constantine the Great gave him the title and rank of count with full power to build churches wherever he should judge fit; which he did. During the persecution of Constantius, he withdrew to Scythopolis and lodged in his house great servants of God, among others Saint Eusebius of Vercelli and Saint Epiphanius. He died at seventy. — Godescard.

[2] When one has come out of the Holy Sepulchre, one soon finds the place where the Lord appeared to her. It is marked by marble inlaid in the pavement of the church; opposite is an altar dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene. — *The Holy Places*, by Mgr Mislia.

[3] We have changed nothing in this place in the account of Father Giry; it is too precious a testimony of what then existed at the Sainte-Baume.

[4] Alias: Wandrille.

[5] Bail et writes of Baltfrid and Walfroy, who is none other, he says, than Saint Baudry, brother of Saint Benve. He had just founded a monastery at Montfaucon.

[6] It is there that today stands the little town of Saint-Ursanne, in the Porrentruy.

[7] Saint Waneng is the patron of Ham in Picardy. We gave his life on 15 February.

[8] *The Monks of the West*, by the count de Montalembert, vol. II, p. 627.

23 July

Martyrologies

Roman Martyrology

The birth into heaven of Saint Apollinaire, bishop, who was ordained at Rome by the apostle Saint Peter, and sent to Ravenna where he suffered all sorts of pains for the faith of Jesus Christ. He passed afterwards into Emilia, a province of Cisalpine Gaul, where he converted many idolaters; at last he returned to Ravenna and there consummated his glorious martyrdom under the emperor Vespasian. 79. — At Le Mans, Saint Liboire, bishop and confessor. 425. — At Rome, Saint Rasyphe, martyr. — Again at Rome, Saint Primitive, virgin and martyr. — In the same city, the holy martyrs Apollone and Eugène.[1] — On the same day, the birth into heaven of the holy martyrs Trophime and Théophile, who, having been stoned, thrown into the fire and beheaded, received, under the emperor Diocletian, the crown of martyrdom.[2] 3rd century. — In Bulgaria, a province of European Turkey, several holy Martyrs whom the impious Nicephorus, emperor, laying waste the churches of the living God, put to death in various ways, some by the sword, others by the rope, by arrows, by a long imprisonment and by hunger. 811. — At Rome, the holy Romule, Rédempte and Hérondine, virgins, of whom Pope Saint Gregory makes mention in his writings. 590. — In the same city, the decease of Saint Brigitte, called also Brigide and Birgitte, widow, whose body was carried to Sweden on the seventh day of October. Her feast is celebrated on the 8th of the same month.[3] About 1373.

Martyrology of France, Revised and Augmented

In the dioceses of Marseille, Fréjus and Perpignan, the Blessed Jean Cassien, priest, founder and first abbot of the monastery of Saint-Victor of Marseille, and ecclesiastical writer. 443. — In the dioceses of Cologne, Laval, Metz, Viviers, Versailles and Rennes, memory of Saint Liboire, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the dioceses of Metz, Versailles, Viviers and Rennes, Saint Apollinaire, named today in the same martyrology. — At Ruremonde, a fortified town of Dutch Limburg, at the confluence of the Roër and the Meuse, twenty-three blessed Martyrs cruelly massacred by the Calvinists. Six of them were seculars, two belonged to the Order of Minors, three to that of the Canons regular and twelve to that of the Carthusians. These last were Matthias, of Cologne, Vincent, of Herck, Erasme, of Utrecht, Jean, of Liège, Guillaume Wellen, Sévère, Jean Leevis, Henri Wellen, Jean Gressenich, Etienne, Albert Winsemius and Jean Sittard: the first seven were priests, the eighth and ninth deacons and the last three lay brothers. 1572. — At Cologne, translation of the three Magi kings. — At Cimiez (*Cimela*, *Cemela*, *Cemeneleium*), an ancient episcopal city of Gaul, in the Maritime Alps, Saint Valérien, bishop of that see, to which he was raised after having been a monk of Lérins (*Lerinus*), in the diocese of Fréjus. He attended, in 439, the council of Riez (Basses-Alpes), and two years later that of Orange (Vaucluse). In 453 he attended another council held at Arles (Bouches-du-Rhône). There remain to us from him twenty homilies with an epistle addressed to monks. About 460. — At Besançon, Saint Douât, archbishop of that see, mentioned a second time on 7 August, the day under which we shall give his life. About 660. — At Arles, the Blessed Rostaing II de Cabre, archbishop of that see. 1303. — At Séez, the saints Raven, priest, and Rasiphe, deacon, different, as is believed, from his namesake cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. They were martyred near Séez, and are honoured also at Lisieux and at Bayeux, whose cathedral possessed their relics and dedicated, under their title, the ferial altar.[4] About 470.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Civita-Vecchia, a fortified town of the States of the Church, the Blessed Jeanne, commonly Vanne, virgin of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, illustrious for a rare purity of morals, for the contemplation of heavenly things, and for the abundance of graces with which she was filled. 1306.

Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites. — The octave of the solemn commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — On the same day, the birth into heaven of Saint

Apollinaire, bishop, who was ordained at Rome by Saint Peter and sent to Ravenna where he suffered all sorts of pains for Jesus Christ; then, preaching the faith in Emilia, he converted many idolaters; at last,

having returned to Ravenna, he there consummated, under the emperor Vespasian, his glorious martyrdom. His feast is kept on the following day. 79.

Additions Made from the Bollandists and Other Hagiographers

In the diocese of Naples, Saint Liboire, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — At Chalcedon, today Kadi-Keui, a city of Bithynia, on the Bosphorus of Thrace, opposite Byzantium, seven blessed anonymous Martyrs, honoured among the Greeks. — At Laodicea, today Eski-Hissar, chief town of Great Phrygia, the holy martyrs Minisée and Tisique, cited by Saint Jerome. — At Leucas, a small town situated to the north of the ancient island of Leucas, today Santa Maura, in the Ionian Sea, near Acarnania, Saint Anne, virgin. She was born under the impious Theophilus, emperor of the East, of illustrious parents who feared God, who brought her up in the practice of all the virtues. Having lost her father and mother, she distributed all her goods to the poor, and acquired a great reputation for holiness. It was then that a young gentleman asked her in marriage: she refused, pretexting the vow she had made to live in perpetual continence. This refusal won her all sorts of persecutions, but she knew how to endure them generously. The rest of her life passed in fasts, vigils and austerities of every kind. At last, a lily of purity, she left this world to go and perfume the flower-beds of paradise. Her tomb was made illustrious by several miracles. About 918.

Saint Apollinaire, First Bishop of Ravenna in Italy, and Martyr

79. — Pope: Saint Cletus. — Roman Emperor: Vespasian.

> *Dispensatio est nobis cœlestis seminis injuncta: væ, si non sparserimus; væ, si tacuerimus.*
>
> *We have received the mission of sowing the heavenly seed: woe to us if we do not sow it! woe to us if we keep silence!*
>
> *Nicolas, Pope.*

When, under the empire of Claudius, Saint Peter, prince of the Apostles, left the city of Antioch to come to that of Rome, in order to establish the faith of Jesus Christ and then to spread it through all Europe, he brought with him several of the faithful, among whom was Apollinaire, a disciple of Our Lord. And as he had a perfect knowledge of the zeal, piety and learning of this holy man, whom he had himself instructed, he consecrated him bishop and sent him to Ravenna to announce the Gospel there. Apollinaire set out at once, and, when he was near the gates of the city, two miracles which he worked made known that his mission came from heaven. He restored the use of sight to a blind child: which opened at the same time the eyes of his soul. His father, who was a soldier named Irénée, also recognised the truth of our faith and was converted to Jesus Christ with all his family, and they all received baptism from the hands of this holy prelate. A military tribune, having learned from the same Irénée the miraculous virtue of the same Apollinaire, begged him to come secretly to his house to visit his wife and procure her some relief in a long and cruel illness, in which she had been abandoned by the physicians. The blessed bishop, who was full of charity, did not fail to go there at the time prescribed to him. He approached the sick woman, whom he found in a sad state and quite at the point of death, and made his prayer to God; after which he took her himself by the hand and made her rise from her bed; then the woman, feeling all her strength returned and finding herself in her first health, cried out that she could not have been healed in such a way except by a wholly supernatural virtue; that the God of the Christians was the true God and that she would never acknowledge another. The husband and all the household, looking with admiration at so extraordinary a change, could not help following the example of this mother of a family. They all believed, from that moment, in Jesus Christ, and begged the holy prelate to give them baptism.

The tribune, wishing to acknowledge by some favour the benefit he had just received from Apollinaire, gave him one of his houses to make his lodging during the time he should remain at Ravenna, which was about twelve years. It was in that place that this generous prelate made every day new conquests for Jesus Christ;

there came to it unceasingly persons of every sex and condition, whom he instructed in secret in the faith; he celebrated the holy mysteries there, he gave baptism there; he even chose there some disciples, with whom he sang day and night the praises of the Lord.

The great progress which so ardent a zeal and so rare an example caused the Christian religion to make, to the prejudice of idolatry, soon discovered him. He was denounced to the governor of the city, named Saturnin, who had him come before him, questioned him several times on his religion in the presence of the priests of the idols, and tried to turn him from it; but seeing his unshakable firmness in the belief in the true God and the contempt he had for the gods of the empire, he abandoned him to these priests, who beat him outrageously and drove him with stones and sticks out of their city. The Christians, having found him half dead on the sea-shore, put him in the house of a good widow who was willing to hide him, and took all pains to have his wounds dressed.

Six months afterwards, a patrician of the city of Classe, in Romagna, called Boniface, having lost by an unforeseen accident the use of speech, and knowing that Apollinaire was still alive, sent for him in the hope of receiving some relief from him. He was not disappointed in his expectation, for the Saint had no sooner prayed for him than he restored to him the freedom of his tongue; he did more, for he also forced the demon to go out of the body of a servant-maid of the house, possessed for some time. This double miracle caused the conversion of more than five hundred persons; Boniface was among the first. The Gentiles were so irritated at it against the Saint that they had him scourged outrageously; and, seeing that this cruelty exercised on his body produced no effect on his spirit, they condemned him to a second torment: they made him walk barefoot on a burning brazier and then drove him out of the city, with prohibition ever to preach the name of Jesus Christ. He stayed some time outside this place, in a hidden spot where he instructed those who came to find him; he celebrated holy Mass and consoled the faithful who, on their side, furnished him with the things necessary for life. From there he came into the province of Emilia, where he continued to preach the Gospel with great profit. Then he returned a second time to Ravenna, where he raised to life the daughter of an ancient patrician named Rufus, who became a Christian; and, following her example, more than three hundred persons of this family were baptised.

The report of these marvels and of the wrong they did to the worship of false gods having come to the knowledge of Nero, then emperor, he charged a man named Messalin to inquire into Apollinaire’s conduct at Ravenna and in all the other places through which he had passed, in order to punish him with all the severity of justice. This minister of Satan neglected nothing to acquit himself of this order and to make the Saint feel the effects of the mortal hatred he bore the Christian name. He made every effort to engage him to renounce Jesus Christ and His Gospel, to offer incense to the idol of Jupiter and to observe the superstitions of the idolaters. But, seeing that he could neither win him by promises nor intimidate him by threats, he had him cruelly scourged again. To add new rigours to his torment, he had boiling water poured into the scars with which his body was all covered; and, as these torments served only to animate him the more, to invoke aloud the name of his God and to publish His glory, the rage of this tyrant carried him so far as to have his mouth bruised with stones; he then had him loaded with heavy chains and cast into a horrible dungeon, with orders to give him no food, that he might die of languor and despair. But God, who never abandons those who fight for His glory, sent him an angel who, in the presence of his guards, gave him the food necessary to nourish his body, strengthen his spirit at the same time and give him fresh courage. Messalin, having learned after four days that he was still alive, and losing all hope of conquering him, had him put on a ship and banished him to Greece.

Scarcely had the sailors who were taking him begun to sail than a furious tempest arose which broke the ship and sank it to the bottom. All the passengers perished, except Apollinaire, three ecclesiastics who had followed him and three soldiers who asked him for baptism as soon as they saw themselves escaped from the sea. They arrived in the province of Moesia, where they tried, but without success, to get the Gospel

received. Apollinaire there healed only one of the great men of the country covered with leprosy, who was converted and kept him some time in his house. From there he went to the banks of the Danube, where he was more fortunate in his conquests. At last he passed into Thrace, where he made some stay. Once, when he was in a city where the idol of Serapis was adored, this statue ceased to give its oracles by the power of Jesus Christ, whose prophet he was. The people, astonished at this silence, redoubled their vows to this false divinity, from which at last they drew this answer: “Do you not know that there is here a disciple of Saint Peter, who has closed my mouth at the same time that he has opened his own to preach Jesus Christ? Be assured that as long as he remains in these countries it will not be in my power to pronounce any word.” At once Apollinaire was sought with all diligence, and when he was found, he was condemned once more to be cruelly scourged; then he was put, with his companions, on a ship that was sailing for Italy, where he arrived very happily, the sea having been more favourable to him than in his first voyage.

He had passed three whole years in these journeys, labours and continual persecutions. Having returned to the diocese which the apostle Saint Peter had entrusted to him, he entered Ravenna for the third time, where the Christians received him with incredible joy, thanking God for having given them back their dear pastor. He worked great miracles there as he had done all along the way and continued to show there his zeal for the conversion of unbelievers and the sanctification of Christians; but one day when he was celebrating the divine Mysteries in a private house, he was surprised by a band of pagans who tore him from that place, dragged him outrageously through the streets and led him, with many insults and blows, to the public square, then made him enter the temple of Apollo, where they commanded him to adore its image. The Saint, instead of obeying them, raised his hands to heaven and made his prayer to the true Sovereign of Angels and men, and he had no sooner finished it than the idol was reduced to powder and the temple entirely overthrown, to the great consolation of the Christians and the extreme confusion of all the Gentiles, who led him to the judge of the place, named Thaurus, praying him to put him to death. This magistrate had Apollinaire appear before all the nobility of the city, and, after having put to him several questions on the miracles which he worked on all sides and which drew so many people after him: “I have,” he said to him, “a son who was born blind; if thou restorest his sight we shall believe in the God whom thou adorest, if not fire shall be the just punishment of thy impostures.” Our Saint, without being shaken, told him to have this child called, and, when he had come, he said to him: “My son, in the name of Jesus Christ, open your eyes and see.” The child felt at once the force of this word and recovered sight. So striking a miracle won several spectators and shook many others, and Thaurus, full of gratitude, resolved to deliver the Saint from the hands and cruelty of the populace. For this he had him conducted by night to one of his estates, a few miles from the city, on the pretext of giving him this place for prison. Apollinaire remained there fully four years, during which he rendered every possible service to the Christians who came to find him. Many sick also ran there, and there was not one who did not return from it with an entire cure, of whatever illness he was attacked. Such great prodigies caused him to be discovered again by the priests of the idolaters, who came expressly to find the emperor Vespasian to make declaration of it to him. They deposed against the Saint all that the demon could suggest to them, and pressed the emperor as much as they could to rid himself of a man capable alone of entirely ruining the worship of their gods. Vespasian listened to their complaint; he ordered only, by an edict, the banishment of all those who could be convicted of having said or done anything injurious to the temples, judging that there would be injustice in establishing more severe penalties, “since,” he said, “if the immortal gods feel themselves offended by the insults of men, they are powerful enough to avenge themselves in all severity.”

When the edict was published in Ravenna, a patrician of the city, named Démosthône, had Saint Apollinaire summoned before him. He tried his constancy by all sorts of discourse; but, seeing that it was in vain, he resolved to push him to extremity by torments; and, to have time to reflect on the kind of torture he would make him endure, he placed him under the guard of a captain. This man, who feared God and was a Christian at heart, took him to his house: there, instead of making him feel the rigours of captivity, he gave him the

best welcome he could; and, when he knew that they were about to deliver him into the hands of the executioners, he let him escape by night. But the enemies of the name of God, who spied on him everywhere, perceived it, followed him and arrested him near the gate of the city, where they loaded him with blows of sticks with such cruelty that he remained for dead on the spot.

The Christians, at the news of this massacre, came the next day very early in the morning to find him; and, having seen him in this pitiable state, they carried him away secretly to a hospital; he recovered a little strength there, and lived seven days more. During this time he exhorted the faithful to remain firm in the faith; he told them, by a spirit of prophecy, that the Church was going to be persecuted more than ever; but that after so many hard combats the greatest monarchs of the earth would be very happy to lay their sceptres and crowns at the feet of Jesus Christ; the idols overthrown, their altars cast down and their temples ruined, and that at last Christianity would be established in all parts of the world, and that the standard of the Cross would be adored there.

At last, after such pious and zealous discourses, the blessed bishop and martyr Apollinaire rendered his soul to God, on 23 July, in the year of Jesus Christ 79, under the empire of Vespasian. He had always generously fought for the faith; and, according to the remark of the learned cardinal Pierre Damien, he had sacrificed himself to Jesus Christ as a living victim, by a continual martyrdom which he endured for the space of twenty-nine consecutive years. The Christians were accustomed to visit the tomb of Saint Apollinaire, which was formerly kept at Classe, an ancient seaport, situated four miles from Ravenna, and which is still a sort of suburb of that city; and they ordinarily took their oaths by putting the hand upon it, as one reads in the fifth book of Saint Gregory, pope, chap. xxxm, where this holy Pontiff made the ordinance.

He is represented with a sword; but it would be better to paint him with a club, to indicate his kind of martyrdom.

Several authors have spoken of him; their names may be seen in the Remarks of Cardinal Baronius on the martyrology. As for this life, it is taken from a very ancient manuscript, which Surius has given us on 23 July, as also Laurent de la Barre, in his *Christian History of the Ancient Fathers*.

Saint Liboire, Fourth Bishop of Le Mans, and Confessor

390. — Pope: Saint Siricius. — Roman Emperor: Theodosius the Great.

> *Sunt nonnulli, quos ad amorem patriæ cælestis plus exempla quam prædicamenta succendunt.*
>
> *Examples are more powerful than preaching, with a great number, to kindle in them the love of the heavenly fatherland.*
>
> *S. Greg. Mag., lib. i Dialogi.*

After the disorders and upheavals that the presence of the Saxon bands, bent on pillage and fire, and above all enemies of the Christian religion, had caused in all the Armorican countries, the Gospel needed to be proclaimed anew, and the apostolate of the country had, so to speak, to be taken up again from the foundations. Therefore the episcopate of Saint Liboire is justly regarded as the great epoch of the conversion of the province of Maine. It was above all by the evangelisation of the country districts and the conversion of their inhabitants that this epoch was glorious for the Gallic Churches, and in particular for the Armorican Churches. Christian society no longer had to fear the persecutions of the empire; it even received the favours of power. From the origin, Christians had voluntarily brought their disputes before their bishop, but at this epoch they were obliged to do so; likewise the functions of defender, which gave so much power to the one who was invested with them, were from then on devolved on the bishop, and it was the wishes of the people that entrusted him with this new dignity. Thus he was henceforth in the city pastor and magistrate. The first known to us as having exercised this double function in Maine is Saint Liboire.

He was born in a powerful family of Gaul, and he appeared endowed, from his childhood, with gifts so remarkable that everyone, admiring him, expected great things of him. He was seen from then on, full of disgust for the vanities of earth, applying himself to acquire the knowledge of holy things. He found in the catechetical school, under the guidance of the bishop and his archdeacon, the instruction that was to form him to be a worthy leader of the faithful flock. But the Holy Spirit acted still more in the depth of his soul, and prepared him to receive the abundant graces of an apostolic ministry.

He left the secular dress and all the brilliance of worldly life, to which his birth seemed to engage him, and took the humble habit of an ecclesiastic, to say freely to God that He was his portion, and that he desired no other good than Him. This change of state served him as a fresh spur to work at his advancement in virtue. He watched so perfectly over himself, to form all his thoughts, all his desires and all his actions on the most just rules of reason and of the law of God, that scarcely anything escaped him of which he had cause to repent. He made continual war on his passions; and even when they did not rise up, he did not fail to attack them, to pursue them and to lessen their strength by contrary acts and exercises proper to mortify them. He relied above all on the goodness of God, who gave him a marvellous constancy, firmness and assurance; no temptation troubled him; no adversity was capable of casting down his courage. He meditated often on the great truths of Christianity, which imprinted in him more and more contempt for the world and all its vanities, and the resolution never to have any other aim than to please God and procure His glory. He had for Him an incomparable zeal and love; for his neighbour a justice and charity always constant, and for himself a holy severity which he showed by his sobriety, abstinence, vigils, fasts and other practices of Christian mortification.

Such rare virtues won him so great a reputation throughout the country of Maine that, at the death of the bishop, there was but one voice in the clergy and people of Le Mans to raise him to the vacant see. Then all that could be expected of his holiness, zeal and learning was seen to shine with still greater brilliance. The days of his episcopate were days of blessing for the Church of Le Mans; the number of the faithful increased prodigiously by the conversion of idolaters, and error receded more and more into the darkness.

However, Liboire, destined to accomplish such great labours for the glory of God during his episcopate, had felt a most marked aversion for this ministry. Like the great bishop of Tours, his friend, he had tried to escape it, by seeking to persuade the clergy and the people that he was not capable of bearing so heavy a charge; but it was in vain, they were too convinced that it was the will of God. He had to yield to a unanimous choice, and the bishops of the province laid hands on him.

Constrained to accept the episcopal dignity, Liboire knew how to preserve in the high rank which it from then on gave him the humility and the practices of a lower rank. The people of Le Mans admired his assiduity in being with the clerics of his church, to celebrate the vigils and the hours destined for the praises of God; he was always seen assiduous in offering the sacrifice of propitiation; for the rest, he was wholly given to the exercises of piety and the functions of his ministry. A life so perfect and adorned with all the virtues contributed much to make his preaching effective, as much to convert idolaters as to enlighten and warm the zeal of those who had already embraced the true religion.

If he attacked a vice, it was plainly seen that he was exempt from it; if he exhorted to a virtue, it was seen that he possessed it eminently and in a heroic degree. For example, did he try to give horror of the vice of pride and presumption, nothing was seen, either in his words, or in his gestures, or in his clothes, or at his table, that savoured of these disorders; but everywhere a perfect modesty and a Christian humility which showed that he was a true disciple of Jesus Christ. Did he say with the Apostle: “Seek not vain glory,” it was seen that he never gloried but in God alone. If he animated his hearers to liberality and to giving alms to the poor, because the avaricious man is the slave of idols, it was seen that he was himself full of compassion for the wretched and that he took the bread from his own mouth to give it to him who was hungry. Finally, when he recommended meekness, because it is by it that one possesses one’s soul, it was seen that he had an

unshakable gentleness, and no affliction or persecution could embitter him or give him vexation. Thus he made great conversions in his diocese, and, though he was the successor of several Saints who had most diligently laboured in this vineyard of the Lord, it may nevertheless be said to his honour that he made it change face again and that he increased it by the reduction of a great number of idolaters, and polished it marvellously by banishing from the manners of Christians several disorders which the care of the first bishops had not been able to cut off.

He had this peculiarity, among all the great prelates of his time, that he applied himself with an extraordinary zeal to all that belonged to the religious worship that is due to God: therefore, except the little that was necessary for his subsistence and that of his household, and what his mercy and liberality made him give to the poor, he employed all the rest of his patrimony and of the revenues of his diocese and of the donations of the faithful to build new churches, to adorn the old ones and furnish them with the books and sacred vessels they needed, to multiply there the number of singers and other officers of the choir and to increase, as much as he could, the majesty of ecclesiastical ceremonies. His aim, in the construction of new churches, was not only to multiply the service of God, who can never be praised enough, but also to provide for the convenience and salvation of the faithful, so that, having their churches and their priests near them, without being obliged to go far, they might have no pretext for dispensing themselves from the frequent use of the Sacraments, from attendance at the divine offices and from assiduity in hearing the sermons, catechisms and holy conferences that would be given them on the observance of the commandments of God. With this view he founded during his episcopate seventeen different parishes, whose names are marked in his history; he furnished them with all the sacred furniture a parish needs; he sent there priests and inferior clerics, so that the divine offices might be celebrated there day and night at the proper hours. But, wishing these churches to recognise in perpetuity the dependence they had on his cathedral church, he obliged them to pay him each every year a pound of wax and two pounds of oil, to help maintain the fire of the lamp.

Saint Liboire was forty-two years bishop, during which it is said that he held ninety-six ordinations; ordained two hundred and seventeen priests, one hundred and seventy-six deacons, ninety-three subdeacons and as many clerics as were necessary for ecclesiastical ministries. He enjoyed the esteem not only of his clergy, but also of all his people, of his diocesans, of good prelates and of all pious persons of his time. What is admirable in him is that the care of pleasing God did not prevent him from making himself loved by his neighbour, and that the application to content men did not prevent him from rendering himself irreproachable before God. So that one may justly apply to him the praise that Holy Scripture gives to Zachary, father of Saint John the Baptist, that he walked in all the justifications of the law of the Lord, without giving cause of complaint to anyone. But his priesthood was raised above that of this holy old man, as much as truth surpasses the figure and as the light of the law of Jesus Christ surpasses the shadows of the ancient law.

At last this glorious prelate learned by revelation that he would soon enjoy the heavenly inheritance. Saint Martin, the great wonder-worker, was then archbishop of Tours, of which the bishopric of Le Mans is a suffragan. As he was in prayer, an angel appeared to him on the part of God and ordered him to go with all speed to Le Mans to visit Our Lord who was sick. He understood what that meant, and that Our Lord, not being able to be sick in Himself, was so in the person of our holy prelate, one of His most precious mystical members. He set out therefore at once, and, on arriving in that city, he met in a vineyard the subdeacon Victor, who was working while singing the praises of God. The Holy Spirit made him know that it was he whom His Providence had chosen to succeed Saint Liboire: he saluted him in that quality and gave him his staff. Then he entered the city and went up to the sick man’s room. One cannot express the joy that Saint Liboire had at seeing near him that incomparable man who was the prodigy and admiration of his age. Although he was almost in agony and already saw heaven open to receive him, he did not fail to converse still a little with him as with an earthly angel whose holiness equalled that of the blessed intelligences. But what was that conversation, and what were the dispositions of these great captains of the armies of the Lord,

who had both triumphed over the world, the demon, sin and idolatry; who saw each other then only to part in a moment, the one going to receive the reward of his labours, and the other having still to remain some time on earth for the consolation and defence of the Christian people? This we do not undertake to describe here, because, as the first author of this life has said, it is given to no one to relate it worthily. Our holy prelate rendered his soul to God, in the presence of Saint Martin, on 9 June 390. His body was buried with much solemnity by the same holy archbishop, in the abbatial church of the holy Apostles, which has borne since the 7th century the name of Saint-Julien du Pré, and which is still one of the churches of the city of Le Mans.

Saint Liboire is represented: 1° carrying on a book or on his hand some small stones almost imperceptible: we do not see well the reason for this characteristic, unless it be to recall that he is invoked against the pains caused by the stone and gravel; but then it would remain for us to know the reason for this invocation; 2° having sometimes near him a peacock: when, in 836, his relics were being transported from Le Mans to Paderborn, a peacock, it is said, flew before those who carried his body, as if to show them the way.

Worship and Relics

The relics of Saint Liboire rested in the basilica of the Twelve Apostles until the year 836. They were then raised from the sarcophagus in which Saint Martin had enclosed them, by the bishop of Le Mans, Saint Aldric. This was the occasion: the bishop of Paderborn, in Saxony, having sent a celebrated embassy to Saint Aldric to ask him for one of the holy bodies with which his Church was enriched, so that the presence of these relics might strengthen in the faith the Saxons, who were quite newly converted to Jesus Christ, this holy prelate, with the consent of his clergy and the magistrates of the city, granted him that of Saint Liboire. It is said that on the opening of his coffin there came from it so agreeable an odour that it embalmed all who were present. A blind woman there received at that very hour the benefit of sight, and a demoniac, whom his mother had dragged by force to this ceremony, was delivered from the evil spirits that possessed him. A lame man and a dumb man, who approached the chest in which the relics were being enclosed, were relieved of their infirmities. A hideous and deformed young man, who had rather the figure of a monster than of a man, having knelt down to make his prayer, rose only in perfect health, with his body straight and of fine stature. Everyone ran in crowds to see so many miracles, to implore the assistance of the holy Confessor, and to accompany his sacred remains with honour. The Saxons, having them in their possession, took their road by Yvré, where a deaf and dumb man received healing. From there, having crossed the river Huisne, they passed by Saint-Mars de la Brière, where several sick people recovered health. The report of so many prodigies spreading little by little, all the peoples of the neighbouring countryside ran to the road, and great miracles were worked everywhere. At Conneré, nearly eighty persons afflicted with various ills were cured; among others, a noble woman possessed by the evil spirit, a paralytic and a man quite crippled. At Chartres the bishop Bernuinus, with all his clergy and an immense crowd, came out to meet this sacred deposit, and placed it in the church of Saint-Chéron, where a young girl whose body was all deformed was happily restored. At Paris it was deposited with much reverence in the cathedral; a woman who was deaf, dumb and possessed was delivered from all these ills. It would be endless to relate all the miracles that Saint Liboire worked on the way. Several devout persons accompanied him as far as the Rhine. He was received by the Saxons with incredible joy and fervour. They carried him in triumph into Paderborn, where he worked so many new prodigies that most of the unbelievers were converted to the faith: it may be said that after his death he was the apostle of Westphalia. He was placed with honour in an eminent place of the cathedral church, of which he has always been recognised since that time as patron and titular.

The relics of Saint Liboire still rest in the cathedral church of Paderborn, of which he is the patron, as of the whole diocese. His worship enjoys great celebrity throughout Westphalia, in Italy and at Rome, where several altars are dedicated to him. The feast of his translation was formerly celebrated on 29 April, and today the Church of Le Mans keeps his solemnity on 23 July. We have completed this biography with the *History of the Church of Le Mans*, by Dom Piolin.

Blessed Jean Cassien, Priest, Founder and Abbot of the Monastery of Saint-Victor of Marseille

About 433. — Pope: Saint Sixtus III. — King of the Franks: Clodion.

> *The works of Cassien have immortalised his name, and have remained in the first rank of the codes of the monastic life.*
>
> *De Montalembert.*

Jean Cassien, priest, founder and abbot of the celebrated monastery of Saint-Victor, at Marseille, was born about 350, according to some in Egypt, according to others in Scythia, according to the greatest number in the Gauls. He accustomed himself, from his youth, to the exercises of the ascetic life, in a monastery of Bethlehem. The high reputation for holiness which the solitaries who inhabited the deserts of Egypt had, engaged him, about the year 390, to go and visit them. He was accompanied by Germain, his relative and fellow-countryman. Struck both of them by the fine examples of virtue which they had before their eyes, they passed several years in the solitude of Scete and in the Thebaid. They went barefoot like the monks of the country, were poorly clothed, and had nothing to subsist on but the work of their hands. Their life was very austere, and they ate scarcely two loaves of six ounces each per day. In 403 they both betook themselves to Constantinople, and there heard the instructions that Saint Chrysostom gave. Cassien was ordained deacon and employed in the service of the church of that city. The holy archbishop having been exiled, Cassien and Germain went to Rome. They were, according to the report of Pallade, bearers of letters in which the clergy of Constantinople took up the defence of their persecuted pastor. Cassien was raised to the priesthood in the West, after which he withdrew to Marseille, where he founded, about 413, two monasteries, the one for men and the other for women.

Saint-Victor de Marseille (*Sanctus Victor Massiliensis*) is a very ancient and illustrious abbey of the Order of Saint Benedict, double, as we have just remarked. That of the men was built on the spot where formerly stood the Confession; that of the women was consecrated under the title of Saint-Sauveur. The church of the first was called the Basilica of the Apostles Peter and Paul. The lower church, or the little church, was dedicated in honour of the Blessed Virgin and of Saint John the Baptist. This ancient monastery, after having been in turn devastated by the Vandals, the Normans and the Saracens, was rebuilt, about the year 1040, by the care of Pons II, bishop of Marseille. There was preserved, it is said, in the lower church, the cross of Saint Andrew, enshrined first in iron, then in silver, and which had been revealed by an angel to the sacristan Saint Hugues, after having been buried underground, near the river Veaune, for fear of the Saracens. The kings of France, Pepin, Charlemagne, Louis the Pious and Lothaire, as well as the bishops and viscounts of Marseille, enriched in turn the abbey of Saint-Victor with goods, dignities and privileges. But its principal glory is to have been the mother of a multitude of other monasteries, even outside the Gauls. The regular observance having maintained itself flourishing there, the abbeys which needed reform were subjected to the government of the abbots of Saint-Victor. Today there still remains of this ancient monastery a church and some other remains which one contemplates with religious respect.

It was in the cloister that the blessed Cassien composed his *Spiritual Conferences* and his other works. He died in the odour of sanctity, about the year 433. There was seen at Saint-Victor of Marseille an ancient picture which represented him. His head and right arm, enclosed in reliquaries, were exposed there to public veneration, in consequence of a permission granted by Pope Urban V. The rest of his body was under a marble tomb which was to be seen in an underground chapel. The same church, by a special privilege, honours Cassien on 23 July.

Writings of Blessed Jean Cassien

The works we have of the blessed Jean Cassien are: 1° The book *On the Incarnation*, against Nestorius; it was written at the request of Saint Leo, then archdeacon of Rome.

2° The *Institutes of the Monastic Life*, in twelve books. The author, in the first four, speaks of the clothing, exercises and manner of living of the monks who inhabited Egypt, and whom he proposed as models to the monks of the West. They wore, he says, a poor habit which served only to hide their nakedness; the sleeves were short and did not pass the elbow. Their garment was fastened with a girdle, and their head covered with a hood. They did not know the use of shoes; they had only a kind of sandals which they took off when they approached the altar. They all carried a staff in the hand, to remind themselves that they were travellers on earth. They abandoned all they could possess in the world, worked with their hands, lived in obedience, recited the divine office composed of psalms and lessons.

Those who wished to be received into a monastery had to give proofs of patience, humility, contempt for the world, and be tried by refusals and affronts. No postulant was permitted to give his goods to the monastery he chose. The first thing taught him was the necessity of conquering his passions, of renouncing his own will, and of having a blind obedience to his superior. He was further taught the obligation he was under of not taking advantage of his talents, his knowledge, and everything that could nourish in him a secret pride. Cassien, after saying that the young monks lived only on herbs boiled and seasoned with a little salt, adds that the abstinence and extraordinary austerities of the Eastern monks in food were not practicable in the West. He treats, in the last eight books, of eight capital vices; he indicates the remedies for them, explains the contrary virtues. He shows that chastity can be obtained only by a special grace of God, and that it must be asked by fervent prayers, accompanied by fasting and vigils. If he recommends a continual fast, he wishes that the rules of moderation be observed in it. He remarks that vainglory is the last vice that we conquer, and that it takes occasion from the very victory won over it to renew its assaults. The *Institutes of the Monastic Life* are perhaps the best and most useful of the works of Cassien. We see, however, that the reading of his *Conferences* was strongly recommended to monks by Saint Benedict, Saint John Climacus, Saint Gregory, Saint Dominic, Saint Thomas, etc. 3° Cassien, in his *Conferences*, has gathered the spiritual maxims of the wisest and most experienced among the monks of Egypt with whom he had lived. This work may be divided into three parts: the first, which contains ten conferences, was written in 423; the second, which contains seven, was composed two years later; the third, where there are seven other conferences, was finished in 428.

According to Cassien, the aim a monk should propose to himself is to acquire more easily in solitude than in the world that purity or simplicity of heart without which no one can see God in His glory, nor enjoy His presence by grace in this life; for this he must leave the world with its goods and riches, renounce or die to himself, disengage his heart from every disordered affection, detach himself from all visible things, to apply himself solely to what is spiritual and divine. The veil of the passions once torn away, the eyes of the soul will begin, so to speak, to contemplate naturally the mysteries of God, which are always obscure and unintelligible to those who have only the eyes of the flesh, or whose heart is defiled by sin and by love of the world. The heart is purified by the exercises of compunction, penance and renunciation. One must lay as foundation a profound humility, capable of bearing a tower which reaches even to heaven; for it is on this that the edifice of all the spiritual virtues rests. To win the victory over his vices, a religious must discover all his temptations to his superior. Temptations thus discovered lose their force. The tempter, seeing his wiles brought to light, withdraws of himself. His suggestions are dangerous only so far as they remain hidden in the heart. Cassien confirms this by the example of Serapion, who was healed of the inveterate habit of doing a thing contrary to the rule of his community, by confessing his fault.

But all these exercises of which Cassien has just spoken are only preparations. For, according to him, the end and perfection of the monastic state consist in a continuity of prayer such as human frailty can bear, and this is what is called the constant union of the heart with God; but this spirit of prayer can be obtained only by a vehement contrition, an enfranchisement from all the bonds of earthly affections, by the light of the Holy

Spirit, whose pure rays cannot enter a defiled heart. Cassien compares the soul to a feather which rises by its own lightness when one blows gently upon it, but which the least moisture makes fall back to earth. In effect, the soul cannot rise toward God if it is not freed from the weight of earthly corruption. Cassien inculcates with force the use of frequent aspirations, and recommends above all that which the Church uses, and which begins with these words: *Deus, in adjutorium meum intende*, etc.. Returning to the end and perfection of the monastic state, he says that, in order to attain it, one must purify oneself of all earthly attachment and rise to spiritual things, until the soul, by insensible progress, acquires the gift of continual prayer, and its love and desires end in God. In this union which charity forms, it possesses an image of future happiness and a foretaste of eternal delights.

The same author, speaking of lukewarmness, makes this remark: “We have often seen souls pass to perfection from coldness, that is, from the world and paganism; but we have never seen anything of the kind among lukewarm Christians. God has so much aversion for these that the Prophet orders, on His part, the preachers to address no exhortation to them, but to abandon them like a barren land, and to cast the seed of the divine word into new hearts among sinners and pagans. Plough this field which has lain fallow till now, and sow this land which is covered with brambles.”

The holy abbot makes a fine eulogy of the peace and happiness enjoyed by a soul that seeks God; he sets forth the marvellous effects that the Lord works in His saints, and which can be known only by those who have experienced them.

In his thirteenth conference, Cassien, under the name of the abbot Chérémond, favours the principles of the Semi-Pelagians, which had not yet been condemned, the errors of these heretics having been proscribed for the first time in the Council of Orange, held in 529. It is for this reason that Saint Prosper of Aquitaine, an enthusiastic disciple of Saint Augustine, called the attention of the latter to the opinions of Cassien and the other Marseillais, and wrote an express refutation of Cassien under this title: *De gratia Dei et libero arbitrio, contra Collatorem*. However, he never names by name the author of the *Conferences*, and even gives him the title of Catholic doctor. The style of Cassien is neither pure nor elegant; but it is clear, full of unction and persuasive. The best edition of his works is that of Alard Gazée, which also contains the writing of Prosper against Cassien and the precious censures of Henri Cuyk, bishop of Ruremonde. Douai, 1010, 2 vols. in-8°; Arras, 1628, in-fol.; Frankfurt, 1722, in-fol. — Cf. Wigger, *De J. Cassiano Mass., qui semipelagianismi auctor vulgo perhibetur*, Rostock, 1824, 1825. The works of Cassien are included in the collection of the abbé Migne (2 vols. in-4°). A French translation of the *Conferences* and the *Institutes* was given by Nicolas Fontaine, under the name of Saligny, who purged them of all the passages favouring Semi-Pelagianism (2 vols. in-8°, Paris, 1663). Taken from the *Acta Sanctorum*, and completed with Godescard; Dom Rivet, *Literary History of France*; Goschler, *Encyclopedic Dictionary of Catholic Theology*; Migne, *Dictionary of Abbeys*; De Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*.

Saint Romule, Roman Virgin

590. — Pope: Pelagius II. — Emperor of the East: Maurice.

> *Memoria Sanctorum animam malis oppressam excitat et recreat.*
>
> *The remembrance of the Saints raises and relieves the soul oppressed by sufferings.*
>
> *S. Joan. Chrys., Hom. xxviii sup. Ep. ad Hebr.*

The death of the just is always precious before God, and, to give sensible marks of it, this divine Majesty has often taken pleasure in honouring this precious moment of their triumph by some favours and exterior wonders which all the world could perceive. It would not be fitting to omit from the history of the lives of the Saints deaths so miraculous. And since that of Saint Romule is one of the most admirable, and since Saint Gregory has spoken of it twice, namely in the second book of his *Homilies on the Gospel* and in the fourth of

his *Dialogues*, it is quite reasonable that we should follow him in his zeal. Here is, almost word for word, what this great Pope says of it:

“When I went to shut myself up in a monastery, there was a very aged maiden, named Rédempte, who lived in this city of Rome; after having renounced all the pomps of the world, she had clothed herself in a religious habit to serve God with more perfection and holiness in a place which she had chosen near the church of the Blessed Virgin (it is that of Saint Mary Major). She had received the first principles of virtue in the school of another holy maiden called Hérondine, who, it is said, ended her days in a solitude which she had made for herself on the mountains of Palestine, after having led there a life more angelic than human. Rédempte chose two companions of her retreat, who, animated by the same spirit, thought themselves happy to wear a habit like hers and to live with her in the same practices of piety. One of these pious virgins was called Romule; as for the other, who is still living, it is true that I know her by sight, but I do not know her name. They dwelt then all three in the same house, where they lived in great poverty of the goods of fortune and in great contempt of the vanities of the world, while they made every day fresh efforts to enrich themselves with the treasures of grace and to adorn their souls with the rarest virtues of Christianity.

“It is true that Romule walked with such great strides in the way of perfection that she soon took the lead of her companion. She had an admirable patience; her obedience was without example; she loved retreat and silence extremely, and her most agreeable and most ordinary occupation was prayer. But most often God still finds stains and defects in those souls which men already believe wholly holy and wholly perfect, and His most ordinary conduct toward His elect is to purify them by the fire of suffering and of the cross; He permitted this illustrious virgin to fall into a paralysis which, having entirely taken from her the free use of her limbs, reduced her for several years to a bed, crippled and immovable, without however her letting herself go, in the violence and length of the illness, to the least movement of impatience. She knew so well how to profit by her sickness that, as much as she lacked strength for outward actions, so much had she fervour to apply herself to the interior life and to the exercise of prayer.

“So eminent a holiness could not remain long without bursting forth in some great miracle. It happened that one night Romule called Rédempte, with these words equally tender and urgent: ‘My mother, come! my mother, come!’ Rédempte, who had always had as much love for Romule and for her companion as if they had been her own children, rose at once, and, having taken with her this same companion, they went together to the sick woman’s room. While they were near her bed to help her, although it was in the deepest part of the night, a great light appeared which filled the whole cell, and whose splendour was so surprising that it threw them into terror and made them tremble in all their body, as I learned at that time by the testimony they gave me of it. But their fright was greatly increased when, at the same instant, they heard a certain noise as of a crowd of people entering the room; for the door was moved and beaten, as when people press to see who shall pass first. In effect, someone was entering: but they could not see the persons who entered; the excess of fear had troubled their sight, and the great brilliance of the light had dazzled them. A little time after, there spread through the whole cell an odour so agreeable and so sweet that it calmed their fear and terror. Nevertheless, they could not yet bear the brightness of this clarity, which diminished nothing of its first force: that is why Romule, who wished to give entire consolation to Rédempte, whom she always considered as her mistress in the spiritual life, said to her in a voice full of tenderness: ‘My mother, fear nothing, I am not yet dying.’ Then this light dispersed little by little; but the odour remained still for the two following days in all its sweetness.

“On the fourth day Romule called a second time her dear mistress, and besought her to have the holy Viaticum given to her, which she received with great devotion. Rédempte and her companion had not yet withdrawn when they heard an admirable music which was being made in the square, opposite the door of the house; they remarked that this concert was composed of voices of both sexes, that the men made one choir and the women another, and that they answered each other alternately with chords full of charm. While

the angels celebrated these pompous obsequies, Romule rendered to God her beautiful soul, which was borne away by these two heavenly choirs: in proportion as they withdrew from earth, the voices were insensibly lost, becoming softer and more delicate, until at last nothing more at all was heard of this marvellous symphony, and the sweet odour, which had embalmed the cell of our illustrious sufferer, ceased also to be perceived."

This is what Saint Gregory writes of it, who cites as witness one of his companions in the priesthood, named Spéciose: and the Reverend Father Louis de Grenade has not forgotten this example in the *Guide of Sinners*, where he shows the advantages of the death of the just over that of the wicked.

The body of Saint Romule was carried to the church of Saint Mary Major, where it rests with that of her pious mistress Rédempte, as Cardinal Baronius has observed in his *Annals* and in his learned *Remarks* on the Roman martyrology, where mention is made of these three Saints: Romule, Rédempte and Hérondine.

She is represented listening to a concert that the angels give her at the moment of her death.

Ribadeneira.

Blessed Rostang II de Câpre, Archbishop of Arles

1303. — Pope: Saint Benedict XI. — King of France: Philip IV, the Fair.

> *Domum episcopi decet sanctitudo, decet modestia, decet honestas, horum disciplina custos.*
>
> *Holiness, modesty, honesty and regularity, which is the guardian of all these virtues, befit the house of the bishop.*
>
> *Saint Bernard.*

Sprung from a family originally from the kingdom of Naples and first established in the little town of Aubagne, Rostang de Câpre was born at Grans, a borough which today belongs to the canton of Salon (Bouches-du-Rhône). Devoted early to the ecclesiastical career, he had taught law at Aix and was a canon of the Church of Arles when the votes of his colleagues called him to the chair of Saint Trophime after the death of Bertrand d'Amalric, as is attested by the title of his election, long preserved in the archives of the chapter, and today in the departmental archives. His election, we know not for what motive, did not at first please Pope Honorius IV, who perhaps presumed it to have been made against the canonical rules. Better informed, however, the sovereign Pontiff ratified it and had the pallium delivered to Rostang by Bernard de Languissel, bishop of Porto, one of his predecessors in the see of Arles. This was in July 1287. The following year Rostang de Câpre assembled at L'Isle, near Avignon, a provincial council in which eighteen canons were drawn up. The first thirteen are taken from the preceding councils of the province and relate to the absolution of the excommunicated, to pious legacies, to perpetual vicars, to the plunderers of the goods of the Church, or to the oppressors of its liberties. The fourteenth excommunicates those who sell poison to cause someone's death or to provoke abortion, as well as those who give counsel or aid to poisoners or who do not make them known to the ordinaries. The fifteenth forbids the export of grain before the levying of the tithe. The sixteenth forbids temporal lords to oblige churches to pay the ban for their clergy, their servants or their animals. The seventeenth establishes that nothing but a white garment shall be given to baptised children. — An abuse had crept in with regard to the baptism of children. The godfathers were obliged, according to this abuse, to make considerable presents to them, and to their mother, whence it happened that the difficulty of finding godfathers was the cause that many children died without baptism. It is this abuse that the council condemns here, by enacting that the godfathers shall give only a white garment to the children whom they hold over the baptismal font. The eighteenth canon orders the observance of the statutes of the preceding councils. On 11 October of this same year 1288, Bertrand de Baux, count of Avellino, did him homage for the castle of Trinquetaille, which Rostang bought on 13 August 1300. Pope Boniface VIII, who made great account of the merit of the archbishop of Arles, charged him, with Guillaume de Mandagot, archbishop of

Embrun, to accompany, in May 1295, into Catalonia, Charles, king of Sicily and count of Provence, and to assist him with his counsels. The two legates succeeded in cementing peace between this prince and King James of Aragon.

The private life of Rostang de Câpre was a public lesson of modesty, continence and piety.

Everything that could savour of the luxury of the age was banished from his house. He spent the greatest part of the night in prayer, and employed nearly all his revenues in increasing the goods of his Church. It is to his munificence that the archbishops of Arles owed the construction of the castle of Salon and the acquisition of several lands at Mondragon. He founded in his metropolitan church the chapel of the holy Marys, Jacobé and Salomé. On 20 April 1303 he permitted the erection of the pious confraternity of the Furriers and Tailors, which he placed under the patronage of Notre-Dame des Alyscamps.

After about seventeen years of episcopate, Rostang de Câpre went to receive in heaven the reward of his labours and virtues. Death took him from his afflicted diocesans on Tuesday 23 July 1303. The faithful, on learning of his decease, ran in crowds to venerate his remains. The clothes and linen he had worn were sought as so many precious relics. He was buried, according to his wishes, under the altar of the chapel he had caused to be erected in honour of the holy Marys, in the cathedral of Arles, and where his body was discovered when one of his successors, Gaspard du Laurens, consecrated this chapel to the Magi kings.

The name of Rostang de Câpre is read in most of the martyrologies, as also in the ancient Breviary of Arles, with the qualification of blessed, on the date of 23 July.

It was under the episcopate of Rostang, and about the middle of the year 1290, that the Benedictines of Montmajour, violently expelled by the Anlonins from the priory of La Mothe-Saint-Didier or of Saint-Antoine de Viennois, returned to Arles bringing with them the precious relics of the patriarch Saint Anthony, which they deposited with respect in the great church of the abbey of Montmajour. These relics comprised the entire body of the Saint, with the sole exception of a part of an arm which had been detached from it a little more than a century before, and placed in a separate reliquary for the Church of Vienne. Rostang de Câpre bore as arms: gules, a goat springing argent, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis or. The word *Cabra*, in Provençal, signifies goat.

Gallia christiana nova, by Fisquet; and Notes due to the kindness of M. l’abbé Trichaud, superior of the Dominicans of Mazan (Vaucluse).

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[1] The Bollandists add Saint Vital and say that it is supposed that he was bishop of Ravenna.

[2] The Bollandists add Saint Juste, Saint Matthieu and their companions.

[3] See her life on 8 October.

[4] See the following day.