Mgr Paul Guérin

LES PETITS BOLLANDISTES: LIVES OF THE SAINTS, VOLUME XIII

28 October – 30 November

From the French of the seventh edition (Paris: Bloud et Barral)

English translation

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

---

TABLE OF CONTENTS

About this translation · 7
28 October · 7
Martyrologies · 7
SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, APOSTLES, MARTYRS IN PERSIA · 9
SAINT FARO, BISHOP OF MEAUX · 12
SAINT REMIGIUS (RÉMI), TWENTY-SECOND ABBOT OF SAINT-OYEND, AND ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS (875) · 13
29 October · 15
Martyrologies · 16
SAINT SALVIUS (SALVE), BISHOP OF AMIENS · 18
SAINT BOND OR BAUD, PENITENT, IN THE DIOCESE OF SENS · 21
SAINT GERMAIN OF MONTFORT, RELIGIOUS OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT, IN THE DIOCESE OF ANNECY · 24
SAINT ERMELINDE, VIRGIN AND RECLUSE AT MELDERT, IN THE DIOCESE OF MALINES (ABOUT 595) · 32
SAINT DODO, ABBOT OF THE MONASTERY OF WALERS-EN-FAIGNE (760) · 33
BLESSED BENVENUTA BOJANI OF FRIULI, VIRGIN, OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC (1292) · 34
30 October · 35
Martyrologies · 35
THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HOSTS OF FAVERNEY, IN THE DIOCESE OF BESANÇON · 37
BLESSED ANGELO OF ACRI, OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHIN FRIARS MINOR OF ST. FRANCIS · 41
FEAST OF THE HOLY RELICS AT NEVERS · 45
ST. MARCELLUS THE CENTURION AND HIS CHILDREN, MARTYRS AT TANGIER, IN MAURETANIA (298) · 47
ST. LUCAN OF AQUITAINE, MARTYR AT PARIS (5th century) · 48
31 October · 50
Martyrologies · 50
ST. QUENTIN OF ROME, APOSTLE OF AMIENS, MARTYR IN THE VERMANDOIS · 52
ST. WOLFGANG OF WELTEMBOURG, BISHOP OF RATISBON · 62
BLESSED ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ OF SEGOVIA, LAY BROTHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS · 66
ST. NOITBURGA OR NORTBURGA, VIRGIN AT COLOGNE (8th century) · 70
BLESSED THOMAS BELLACIO OF LINARI, OF THE ORDER OF FRIARS MINOR (1447) · 71
1 November · 73
MOIS DE NOVEMBRE · 73
PREMIER JOUR DE NOVEMBRE · 73
ST. BENIGNUS OF SMYRNA, APOSTLE OF BURGUNDY AND MARTYR · 76
ST. MARCELLUS, BISHOP OF PARIS · 81
ST. LAUTEIN, PRIEST, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF SILÈZE AND MAXIMIAC, IN THE JURA · 83
THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, COMMONLY CALLED TOUSSAINT · 88
THE APOSTLES OF AUVERGNE: AUSTREMONIUS AT CLERMONT, SIRENATUS AT THIERS, NECTARIUS IN THE LIMAGNE, ETC. · 95
ST. VIGOR, BISHOP OF BAYEUX · 96
ST. LICINIUS (LEZIN), BISHOP OF ANGERS AND CONFESSOR · 97
2 November · 99
Martyrologies · 99
THE COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED, COMMONLY CALLED ALL SOULS' DAY · 100
ST. NECTARIUS OR VICTORINUS, FIRST KNOWN BISHOP OF POITIERS, AND MARTYR · 106
3 November · 109
Martyrologies · 109
ST. BENIGNUS, BISHOP OF ANGOULÊME AND MARTYR · 110
ST. HUBERT OF AQUITAINE, BISHOP OF MAASTRICHT AND OF LIÈGE, PATRON OF HUNTSMEN · 111
ST. MALACHY OF ARMAGH, BISHOP OF CONNOR, THEN OF ARMAGH, PRIMATE OF IRELAND · 126

ST. PAPOUL, PRIEST AND MARTYR IN THE LAURAGAIS · 133
ST. NAAMAS OF RODEZ, DEACON AND CONFESSOR · 134
ST. GUENAEL, ABBOT OF LANDÉVENNEC · 135
ST. PIRMIN, ABBOT, FOUNDER OF MURBACH AND REGIONARY BISHOP · 136
4 November · 137
Martyrologies · 137
ST. AMANS OF RODEZ, BISHOP, RESTORER OF RELIGION AMONG THE RUTENI, PATRON OF THE WHOLE DIOCESE · 139
BLESSED FRANCES OF AMBOISE, DUCHESS OF BRITTANY AND CARMELITE NUN · 145
ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN AND CARDINAL · 157
ST. EMERIC [ÉMERIC; Imre], PRINCE OF HUNGARY · 170
BLESSED MAURUS [MAUR], BISHOP OF THE FIVE CHURCHES [Pécs], IN HUNGARY · 171
ST. GIRARD OF LOISELIÈRE, MONK OF SAINT-AUBIN OF ANGERS · 172
5 November · 173
Martyrologies · 173
ST. GALATION AND ST. EPISTEME, MARTYRS AT EMESA, IN PHOENICIA · 176
ST. BERTILLA [BERTILLE], VIRGIN, FIRST ABBESS OF CHELLES, IN THE DIOCESE OF MEAUX · 178
BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES [PORRÈS], RELIGIOUS OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC · 180
ST. MILLEFORT (1) OF SCOTLAND, BISHOP, MARTYR AT LA BOUVAQUE, NEAR ABBEVILLE · 182
BLESSED RAYNIER OR REGNIER [RAINERIUS] OF BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO, OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHINS · 183
6 November · 184
Martyrologies · 184
ST. GREGORY OF AUTUN, BISHOP OF LANGRES · 186
ST. LEONARD, SOLITARY IN THE LIMOUSIN, AND PATRON OF PRISONERS · 188
ST. WINNOC (1), ABBOT OF WORMHOUDT, PATRON OF BERGUES, IN THE DIOCESE OF CAMBRAI · 203
ST. ILLTUD [ILTUT], ABBOT IN WALES · 207
7 November · 208
Martyrologies · 208
ST. FLORENTIUS [FLORENT], BISHOP OF STRASBOURG, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF HASLACH AND OF SAINT-THOMAS · 211
ST. WILLIBRORD (1), APOSTLE OF FRISIA, HOLLAND, ZEELAND, FLANDERS AND BRABANT · 213
ST. RESTITUTUS, FIRST BISHOP OF SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX (1st century) · 216
ST. ENGELBERT (1), ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE, MARTYR (1225) · 217
ST. ROMANUS OF ROME, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR, IN THE DIOCESE OF LE MANS (date uncertain) · 218
8 November · 219
Martyrologies · 219
STS. CLAUDIUS, NICOSTRATUS, SYMPHORIAN, CASTORIUS AND SIMPLICIUS, MARTYRS ON THE VIA LABICANA · 221
ST. WILLEHAD (Willehald), FIRST BISHOP OF BREMEN · 223
ST. GEOFFREY (1) OF MOLINCOURT, BISHOP OF AMIENS · 225
ST. MAURUS, SECOND BISHOP OF VERDUN (2nd century) · 236
9 November · 237
Martyrologies · 237
ST. URSINUS, FIRST BISHOP OF BOURGES, APOSTLE OF BERRY · 239
DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, TODAY ST. JOHN LATERAN · 244
ST. MATHURIN (1) OF LARCHANT, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR · 252
ST. THEODORE TIRO, OR THE RECRUIT, MARTYR AT AMASEA, IN ASIATIC TURKEY (304) · 253
10 November · 254
Martyrologies · 255
THE PATRIARCH NOAH · 257
ST. GEORGE, DISCIPLE OF OUR LORD, APOSTLE AND FIRST BISHOP OF THE VELAY (1) · 260
ST. ANDREW AVELLINO OF CASTRONUOVO, THEATINE CLERK REGULAR · 263
ST. LUSOR OR LUDRE, CONFESSOR, IN THE DIOCESE OF BOURGES · 268

ST. TRYPHON AND ST. RESPICIUS, MARTYRS AT APAMEA, AND ST. NYMPHA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN SICILY · 269
ST. MONITOR, BISHOP OF ORLÉANS AND CONFESSOR · 270
11 November · 270
Martyrologies · 270
ST. MARTIN, BISHOP OF TOURS · 272
ST. VERANUS, BISHOP OF THE FORMER SEE OF CAVAILLON, IN THE PRESENT DIOCESE OF AVIGNON · 294
12 November · 296
Martyrologies · 296
ST. MARTIN OF TODI, POPE AND MARTYR · 299
ST. JOSAPHAT KUNTSEVYCH OF VOLODYMYR, ARCHBISHOP OF POLOTSK AND MARTYR · 303
ST. LÈNE OR NATALENA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR, IN THE DIOCESE OF PAMIERS · 314
ST. RENÉ, BISHOP OF ANGERS · 315
ST. LIVINUS OR LIÉVIN, BISHOP IN IRELAND, APOSTLE OF WEST FLANDERS, MARTYR AT ESCHE IN BELGIUM · 316
ST. CUNIBERT, BISHOP OF COLOGNE · 316
13 November · 317
Martyrologies · 317
ST. KILIAN, MISSIONARY BISHOP OF ARTOIS · 320
ST. MAXELLENDIS OR MAXELLINDIS, MARTYR AT CAUDRY IN THE CAMBRÉSIS · 327
ST. DIDACUS OR DIEGO OF SAN NICOLÁS,(1) CONFESSOR, OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS · 330
ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA OF POLAND, NOVICE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS · 334
ST. BRICE,(1) ARCHBISHOP OF TOURS (444) · 340
ST. QUINTIAN, BISHOP OF RODEZ AND OF CLERMONT (527) · 341
ST. DALMATIUS, BISHOP OF RODEZ (581) · 342
ST. NICHOLAS I, THE GREAT, POPE AND CONFESSOR (867) · 343
14 November · 343
Martyrologies · 343
ST. LAWRENCE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN · 347
ST. VITONUS (VENNE OR VANNES), EIGHTH BISHOP OF VERDUN (ABOUT 529) · 352
ST. SERAPION, RELIGIOUS OF THE MERCEDARIAN ORDER, MARTYR AT ALGIERS (1240) · 354
BLESSED GABRIEL FERRETTI OF ANCONA, FRIAR MINOR OF THE OBSERVANCE (1456) · 355
BLESSED JOHN LICCIO OF SICILY, OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC (1511) · 356
15 November · 356
Martyrologies · 356
ST. MALO OR MACHUTUS,(1) BISHOP OF THE FORMER SEE OF ALETH IN BRITTANY, AND CONFESSOR · 358
BLESSED ALBERT THE GREAT, BISHOP OF RATISBON (REGENSBURG), OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC · 362
ST. GERTRUDE OF EISLEBEN, BENEDICTINE NUN, ABBESS OF RODERSDORF AND OF HELFTA · 371
STS. GURIAS AND SAMONAS, MARTYRS AT EDESSA IN SYRIA (299) · 376
ST. LEOPOLD, MARGRAVE OF AUSTRIA (1136) · 377
16 November · 378
Martyrologies · 379
ST. GERONNA [CÉRONNE], VIRGIN, IN THE DIOCESE OF SÉEZ · 381
ST. EDMUND [EDME],(1) ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY · 385
ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, CONFESSOR · 393
ST. EUCHERIUS THE ELDER, ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS (450) · 399
ST. EMILIAN [ÉMILION], MONK OF SAUJON, NEAR SAINTES (767) · 400
ST. AGNES OF ASSISI, POOR CLARE (1253) · 401
17 November · 402
Martyrologies · 402
ST. DIONYSIUS [DENIS], BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA · 404
ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS, BISHOP OF NEOCAESAREA · 407

ST. ANIANUS [AIGNAN] OF VIENNE, BISHOP OF ORLÉANS · 412
ST. GREGORY, ARCHBISHOP OF TOURS · 414
ST. HUGH, BISHOP OF LINCOLN · 417
BLESSED SALOMEA, QUEEN OF GALICIA, VIRGIN, POOR CLARE NUN (1201–1268) · 421
18 November · 422
Martyrologies · 422
ST. MUMMOLINUS [MOMBLE] OF IRELAND, ABBOT OF LAGNY · 424
ST. ODO OR EUDES, ABBOT OF CLUNY · 425
ST. MAUDEZ OR MANDÉ, ABBOT IN BRITTANY (7th century) · 430
19 November · 431
Martyrologies · 431
ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, WIDOW · 433
ST. PONTIAN, POPE AND MARTYR (235) · 438
ST. PATROCLUS, RECLUSE IN BERRY (about 577) · 439
ST. JAMES OF SASSEAU, HERMIT IN BERRY (865) · 440
20 November · 441
Martyrologies · 441
ST. HIPPOLYTUS, BISHOP OF BELLEY · 443
ST. FELIX OF VALOIS, FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY FOR THE REDEMPTION OF CAPTIVES · 446
ST. MAXENTIA,(1) VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN THE BEAUVAISIS (5th century) · 451
ST. EDMUND, KING OF ENGLAND, MARTYR (870) · 452
21 November · 453
Martyrologies · 453
THE PRESENTATION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM · 455
ST. COLUMBAN, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF LUXEUIL · 457
ST. GELASIUS I, POPE (496) · 465
ST. ALBERT, BISHOP OF LIÈGE AND MARTYR (1192) · 466
22 November · 466
Martyrologies · 466
ST. CECILIA OF ROME, VIRGIN AND MARTYR (230) · 467
ST. PRAGMATIUS, BISHOP OF AUTUN (520) · 483
23 November · 484
Martyrologies · 484
ST. CLEMENT OF ROME, POPE AND MARTYR (100) · 486
ST. TROND OR TRUDO,[1] BELGIAN PRIEST (693) · 490
24 November · 491
Martyrologies · 491
ST. MARINUS [MARIN], MARTYR IN MAURIENNE · 494
ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, SPANISH RELIGIOUS · 498
ST. PORCIANUS [POURÇAIN], ABBOT, IN THE DIOCESE OF CLERMONT · 504
ST. LEOPARDINUS, ABBOT OF SAINT-SYMPHORIEN OF VIVARIS, AND MARTYR · 505
ST. SARRE OF LAMBRES, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR · 506
25 November · 507
Martyrologies · 507
ST. CATHERINE, VIRGIN AND MARTYR AT ALEXANDRIA, PATRONESS OF YOUNG GIRLS AND OF PHILOSOPHERS · 509
26 November · 514
Martyrologies · 514
ST. PETER, PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA, MARTYR · 518
ST. BASLE [BASOLUS], HERMIT IN CHAMPAGNE · 520
ST. LEONARD OF PORT MAURICE, OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS · 523
ST. SIRICIUS OF ROME, POPE (398). · 534
ST. MAURINUS OF AGEN, MARTYR AT LECTOURE (6th century). · 535
ST. DIDIER [DESIDERIUS] OR GÉRY, BISHOP OF CAHORS (654). · 535

ST. SILVESTER GOZZOLINI, FOUNDER OF THE SILVESTRINES (1267). · 537
ST. DELPHINA OF SIGNE, OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS (1360). · 538
27 November · 539
Martyrologies · 539
ST. MAXIMUS, BISHOP OF RIEZ · 542
BLESSED MARGARET OF SAVOY, OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC · 549
ST. JAMES INTERCISUS, MARTYR IN PERSIA (421). · 554
ST. EUSICIUS OF CHALUSSET, ABBOT OF CELLE IN BERRY (542). · 555
ST. ACHARIUS [ACHAIRE OR ACAIRE], BISHOP OF NOYON (639). · 556
ST. SIFFREIN OR SYFFROY [SIFFREDUS], BISHOP OF CARPENTRAS (659). · 557
ST. BARLAAM AND ST. JOSAPHAT, HERMITS IN THE DESERT OF SENNAAR, IN MESOPOTAMIA (date uncertain). · 557
28 November · 558
Martyrologies · 559
ST. STEPHEN THE YOUNGER, MARTYR AT CONSTANTINOPLE · 561
ST. JAMES OF THE MARCHES, FRANCISCAN · 567
ST. GREGORY III, POPE (741). · 570
29 November · 571
Martyrologies · 571
ST. SATURNINUS, BISHOP OF TOULOUSE AND MARTYR · 573
ST. SATURNINUS AND ST. SISINNIUS, MARTYRS AT ROME (303) · 586
30 November · 587
Martyrologies · 587
ST. TUGDUAL OR TUGDUALD, BISHOP OF TRÉGUIER (564) · 588
ST. TROJAN OR TROYEN, BISHOP OF SAINTES (532) · 590
SUPPLEMENT · 591
ST. QUENTIN, MARTYR IN VERMANDOIS · 591

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 XIII, which covers 28 October – 30 November.

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.

28 October

Martyrologies

Twenty-eighth day of October

MARTYROLOGE ROMAIN.

Roman Martyrology.

The feast of the holy apostles SIMON the Canaanite and THADDEUS, who is also called JUDE; the first preached the Gospel in Egypt, and the second in Mesopotamia; then, having entered Persia together, after they had brought an innumerable multitude of those peoples under the yoke of Jesus Christ, they suffered martyrdom. 1st c. — At Rome, St. Cyrilla, virgin, daughter of St. Tryphonia, who was slaughtered for Jesus Christ under the emperor Claudius. About 258. — In the same place, St. Anastasia the Elder, virgin, and St. Cyril, martyrs. Anastasia, during the persecution of Valerian and under the prefect Probus, after being loaded with chains, struck in the face, tormented by fire and torn with whips, remaining unshaken in the confession of the name of Jesus Christ, also had her breasts cut off, her nails torn out, her teeth broken, her feet and hands mutilated; at last her head was cut off, and, adorned with her torments as with so many ornaments, she went to enjoy the presence of the heavenly Spouse. Cyril, who had given her water when she asked for it, received martyrdom as his reward. Before 303. — At Como, St. Fidelis, martyr, executed under the emperor Maximian.[1] 304. — At Mainz, St. Ferrutius, martyr.[2] 4th or 5th c. — At Meaux, ST. FARO, bishop and confessor. 672. — At Naples, St. Gaudiosus, an African bishop, who, having come into Campania to escape the persecution of the Vandals, happily ended his days in a monastery of that city. About 440. — At Vercelli, St. Honoratus, bishop. About 403.

MARTYROLOGE DE FRANCE, REVU ET AUGMENTÉ.

Martyrology of France, revised and enlarged.

In the dioceses of Meaux, Paris, Périgueux and Rouen, the saints Simon and Jude, apostles, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1st c. — At Lyons, ST. REMIGIUS (RÉMI), archbishop of that see, after having been the twenty-second abbot of Saint-Oyend or Condat (also called Grand-Saint-Claude, in the Jura). 875. — In the abbey of Notre-Dame of Soissons (founded in 660, under the invocation of the Blessed

Virgin, by Ebroin, mayor of the palace of Neustria, Leutrude his wife, and Bovo their son; suppressed in 1791), St. Leudard or Ludard (*Leodardus*), who served as baker in this monastery of nuns. He shone during his life and after his death with the splendour of miracles. His relics, laid first in the parish church of Saint-Martin of Soissons, were preciously kept in the abbey church of Notre-Dame when (1791) they were profaned by the revolutionaries. His head was religiously kept in a magnificent silver bust. Before the 9th c. — At Paris, the translation of St. Genevieve, patroness of that city, whose life we gave on the 3rd of January. 512. — At Thiers (Puy-de-Dôme), in the diocese of Clermont-Ferrand, the martyrdom of St. Genesius of Mycenae (a ruined city of Argolis). He left his country with his mother St. Genesia to flee the persecution raised against the Christians by the proconsul of Achaia. Genesius was baptised at Arles by St. Trophimus. Surprised at Thiers by idolaters, he was attacked by them and seized like a criminal. They loaded him with blows to force him to renounce the faith and his baptism; on his constant refusal, his head was cut off. Our generous Martyr was only eighteen years old.[3] 68. — At Metz, St. Angilram (*Angelramnus*), bishop of that see and confessor. Before being called to that eminent post (25 September 768), he had first led the religious life in the monastery of Saint-Nabor or Saint-Avold (*Hilariacum*), and had successively held the offices of grand chancellor, grand chaplain and apocrisiarius of the emperor Charlemagne. That prince also gave him supreme jurisdiction over the monasteries of Senones-en-Vosges (*Senona in Vosago*, *Grandiarium*) and of Saint-Trond (*S. Trudo*). Angilram made considerable donations to the abbeys of Gorze (Moselle) and of Saint-Avold. He was buried in the latter monastery. 791. — At Stavelot (*Stabulum*), a town of Belgium in the province of Liège, the saints Sigolin, Godwin, Anglin, Alberic and Odilo, abbots of the Benedictine monastery of that place, founded by King Sigebert. 7th, 8th and 9th c. — In the diocese of Rouen, St. Saire (*Salvius*), hermit, who gave his name to the village of Saint-Saire (Seine-Inférieure, arrondissement and canton of Neufchâtel-en-Bray). 6th c.

ADDITIONS FAITES D'APRÈS LES BOLLANDISTES ET AUTRES HAGIOGRAPHES.

Additions made from the Bollandists and other hagiographers.

In the East, St. Thaddeus (Addai, Thatta), one of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord, who must be carefully distinguished from the apostle of the same name. He preached the Gospel at Edessa in Mesopotamia (today Urfa, a town of Asiatic Turkey, in the pashalik of Diyarbak■r, on the Tigris) before King Abgar, converted him and his people, and then died in the same city after a long apostolate.[4] About the year 44. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, today Kayseri, on the Halys, near Mount Argaeus, St. Firmilian, bishop and confessor, one of the most illustrious prelates of his century for his learning and his holiness. He attended (235) the council held at Iconium concerning the baptism of the Cataphrygians or Montanists; contributed much, during an episcopate of at least forty years, to extending the reign of the Gospel in Cappadocia; strengthened his flock against temptation during the persecution of Decius; and fought zealously against the schism of the antipope Novatian. He was on his way to Antioch (269) to take part in the council assembled to stifle definitively the heresy of Paul of Samosata (who denied the divine Trinity and the divinity of Jesus Christ), when he fell ill and died at Tarsus in Cilicia. 269. — At Antioch (*Antiochia ad Daphnen*), today Antakya, a town of Asiatic Turkey (Syria), St. Malchion, priest and confessor, who spoke victoriously against the heresiarch Paul of Samosata in the council of Antioch. After 270. — Among the Greeks, St. Terence and St. Neonilla, his wife, martyrs; and their seven children, the saints Nilus, Sarbelus, Hierax, Theodulus, Phocas, Bele and Eunice, likewise martyrs. — At Pesaro, a fortified town of Italy, the holy martyrs Decentius, bishop, and Germanus, deacon. They were buried not far from that town, in the church of a monastery which was dedicated under their invocation. Found again in the 17th century, their relics were lost in the 19th. About 311. — Also at Antioch, St. Smaragdus, St. Marianus and St. Archelais, martyrs, mentioned in the apographs of St. Jerome. — At Leucopolis, in Caria (an ancient region of Asia Minor, today the liva of Mente■e), St. Diomedes, martyr, also formerly honoured at Constantinople and

among the Greeks of Italy. — At Carthage, the holy martyrs Sophronius, Amarantus, Quintus and Lucius. 4th c. — At Caesarea in Palestine, a city of Judaea between Dor and Apollonia, St. John Chozibite, bishop and confessor. He was a native of Thebes in Egypt and had led the eremitical life on the mountain of Choziba, not far from Jerusalem, whence came his surname. 6th c. — In the island of Iona or Icolmkill (one of the Hebrides), St. Dorbene, abbot of the monastery of that place, founded by St. Columba. 713. — At Urbnisi, in Georgia, a province of the Russian empire, St. Neophytus, bishop and martyr. About 660. — In Palestine, St. Stephen, surnamed the Sabaite, because he led the solitary life in the laura of St. Sabas; and the Poet, because he gave himself to that kind of literature and composed, among other works, a tragedy on the passion of Our Lord. 9th c. — At Siena (*Sena Julia*), a fortified town of Tuscany, Blessed John Chisio, lay brother of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. 1363. — At Bologna, a fortified town of Italy (Romagna), Blessed Stephen Agazzari, canon regular, founder of a great number of monasteries. His body was laid in the church of San Salvatore at Bologna. 1433. — At Sulmona (*Sulmo*), a town of Italy, in the former kingdom of Naples (Abruzzo Ulteriore II), Blessed Anthony (*Antonius Rubeus*), confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor. 15th c.

Source: Les Petits Bollandistes, vol. XIII, 28 October (martyrologies).

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE, APOSTLES, MARTYRS IN PERSIA

1st century.

> *Fecerat hos fratres eadem natalis origo: / Mors tamen una magis fecit et una fides.*
>
> *One same blood had made them brothers; one same faith and one same martyrdom set the final seal on this brotherhood.*
>
> *Hugues Vaillant, Fasti sacri.*

St. Simon is given the surnames of Cananaean, Canaanite and Zealot, to distinguish him from St. Peter and from the St. Simeon who succeeded his brother St. James the Less in the see of Jerusalem. Some authors have concluded from the first of these surnames that the holy Apostle was born at Cana in Galilee; and certain modern Greeks add that he was the bridegroom of the wedding at which the Lord changed water into wine. At least it cannot be doubted that he was a Galilean. Theodoret says that he was of the tribe of Zabulon or of Nephtali. As for the surname of Cananaean, it has the same meaning in Syro-Chaldaic as the word *zelotes* in Greek. St. Luke translated it, and the other evangelists kept the original word. *Canath*, as St. Jerome remarks, means zeal in Syro-Chaldaic or modern Hebrew. It is not known whether he already had this surname before becoming an Apostle.

The apostle St. Jude is distinguished from Judas Iscariot by the surname of Thaddeus, which in Syriac means abundant, gentle, merciful, good, beneficent; and by that of Lebbaeus, which is found in the Greek text of St. Matthew and which, according to St. Jerome, denotes a man of wit and understanding. He was the brother of St. James the Less, of St. Simeon of Jerusalem, and of one Joseph, who are called the brethren of the Lord. They were all sons of Cleophas and of Mary, sister of the Blessed Virgin. This Apostle was dear to his divine Master, and he owed this less to the ties of blood than to his contempt for the world and to the ardour and liveliness of his zeal. It is not known when or how he became a disciple of Jesus Christ. The Gospel says nothing of him until the place where he is counted among the Apostles. The Lord, after the Last Supper, having promised to manifest himself to those who should love him, St. Jude asked him why he was not also to manifest himself to the world: a question by which he seemed to give to understand that he thought the Messiah would reign on earth. But Jesus Christ, by his answer, made him know that the world does not deserve that God should manifest himself to it, being the enemy of whatever can make a soul worthy of the heavenly kingdom; that he would converse familiarly with those who truly loved him, and would admit them to the inward communication of his favours.

Let us now tell what is known of the apostolic journeys of our Apostles. After having been witnesses of the resurrection of their master and sharers in his blessing; after having received the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; after having been beaten with rods in the synagogue of the Jews; after having preached throughout Judaea and Samaria like the other Apostles; after having filled all Syria with the fame of their holiness and their miracles; finally, after having contributed to the composition of the Creed, in which, according to St. Augustine, St. Simon made the article of the communion of Saints and the remission of sins, and St. Jude that of the resurrection of the flesh, they left their country and their brethren to go and carry the Gospel into the kingdoms that had fallen to their lot. The Roman Martyrology and Breviary give Egypt to St. Simon and Mesopotamia to St. Jude; but Dorotheus and Nicephorus say that the former thus went through the vast provinces of Africa and even pushed on as far as Great Britain, and that the latter went also into Idumaea and Arabia. At last both went to Persia, to subdue that people which had once subdued a part of the world and held the Jews in captivity. They made a multitude of conversions there, begot there an infinity of spiritual children to Jesus Christ, and were at last crowned there with a glorious martyrdom.

This is what we know for certain of their labours and their triumphs; but to know them in more detail, though from less certain accounts, let us consult the History of the Apostles attributed to Abdias, bishop of Babylon, which, after being declared apocryphal by Pope Gelasius, does not cease, according to Baronius, to contain several truths. It says that on their arrival in Persia, having found Baradach, general of the king's armies, who was leading great forces against the Indians, they entered his camp, and that at that very hour the demons, who gave false oracles through the mouths of the soothsayers and magicians, became dumb and could give no further answer. An idol of the neighbourhood was consulted about this silence: it answered that the presence of the blessed Apostles of Jesus Christ, Simon and Jude, was the cause of it, and that their power was so redoubtable that no demon could appear before them. This greatly stirred up the whole band of these fanatics against them. They asked Baradach to have them put to death, so that they might have liberty to speak; but this captain, a man of good sense and moderation, would not hurry anything in the matter. He sent for the Apostles, questioned them, and, seeing them full of wisdom and modesty, even took a liking to them. Our Saints showed him plainly the malice and imposture of the enchanters; for these, having promised to declare what the demon suggested to them concerning the outcome of the war about to be undertaken, said that it would be long, doubtful and bloody. "That is a pure lie," answered the Apostles; "on the contrary, tomorrow, at the same hour as we are speaking, the Indian ambassadors will arrive in this camp to make their submission and to ask for peace on very advantageous conditions." The thing happened as they had foretold, and this great event was the cause not only of the conversion of the captain, but also of that of the king, who was at Babylon, of the whole royal family, and of a great part of the people, who followed the example of the princes. Two famous magicians, Zaroes and Arphaxad, whom St. Matthew had already driven out of the Indies by his miracles, used every sort of enchantment to hinder the progress of the Gospel; but it was to their own great harm, for the Apostles turned their sorceries against themselves and covered them with such confusion that they were forced to flee. Moreover, if these blessed disciples of the Son of God gave such striking marks of the power they had received from heaven, they showed no less their immense charity and their detachment from all earthly things; for they would never allow the sacrilegious men who had attempted their lives to be punished with death, and they constantly refused the great riches offered them from the spoils of the priests of the idols. It is related of them that they made a child one day old speak, to justify the innocence of a deacon who was accused of being its father; and when they were pressed to draw also from the child's mouth the name of the man who had abused its mother, they answered with admirable prudence: "It is for us to deliver the innocent, and not to seek out the guilty."

After bearing so much fruit in Babylon, they went through the cities of Persia to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ there; but when they arrived in the city which the History of Abdias calls Suanyr, those magicians, who had gone before them, so stirred up the priests of the false gods against them that they were arrested and imprisoned. Simon was led before the image of the sun and Jude before that of the moon, which these pagans

worshipped, to offer incense themselves; but as, far from obeying this impious command, they shattered the idols by the force of their prayers, they were cruelly put to death.

The kind of their torment is not stated. What is better known is that God did not leave their death unpunished; for at that very hour, though the weather was quite serene, so horrible a storm arose that the temples of the false gods were overthrown, their images thrown down, and several pagans crushed and reduced to ashes, among others the two magicians who had been the authors of their massacre.

One of the most widespread emblems of the Apostles is the attribution of a particular article of the Creed to each of them. The article attributed to St. Simon is this: “I believe in the holy Church”; that attributed to St. Jude Thaddeus: “I believe in the remission of sins by holy baptism.”

The apostles St. Simon and St. Jude can also be recognised by the cross and the lance which are sometimes given them as attributes, although artists are not unanimous on the instruments of their martyrdom. One must not therefore be surprised to meet elsewhere a saw, a halberd or a club.

St. Simon is the patron of tanners and curriers. These workmen chose him, doubtless, in memory of the hospitable tanner who received St. Peter into his house and who bore the same name as the apostle of Jesus Christ.

CULTE ET RELIQUES. — ÉPITRE DE SAINT JUDE.

Cult and relics. — Epistle of St. Jude.

The king of Babylon, who had become a Christian, had the bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude carried to that city and placed them in a fine church which he had built in their honour. It is said that they were afterwards transferred to Rome, to the church of St. Peter. The emperor Charlemagne then had them carried to Toulouse, where the verification of their heads took place on the 17th of June 1807, and the verification of their bodies on the 6th of July of the same year. The heads of the two Apostles are enclosed in two busts of gilded wood and placed, with other reliquaries, in a great press at the entrance of the apse.

Their bodies are in a single wooden shrine covered with strips of gilded copper. This shrine rests on an altar in a Romanesque chapel of the lower crypts, dedicated to these Apostles. Before the restoration of the crypts there was in this same chapel a retable of gilded wood on which Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows was represented.

One of the arms of St. Simon was in the church of St. Andrew at Cologne, and the Carthusians of the same city claimed to possess one of his jaws with three teeth. But at the time of the French invasion, at the end of the 18th century, the relics having been stripped of their rich reliquaries, it is impossible today to establish their identity authentically. St. Bernard had some relics of St. Jude which he always carried on him and with which he wished to be buried. The penitent religious of Picpus, at Paris, had one of his ribs in a rich reliquary. Their feast was very famous in that city, in the church of the Temple, which was a grand priory of Malta. The year of the death of these glorious Apostles is not known; but all the Martyrologies mention them on this day, the 28th of October.

We have from St. Jude an Epistle addressed to all the churches of the East, and particularly to the converted Jews, who had been the chief object of his labours. In depicting the Simonians, the Nicolaites and the Gnostics he uses very strong epithets and very expressive similes. He calls them wandering meteors which, after dazzling for an instant, go to lose themselves in eternal night. Their fall, according to him, comes from their being murmurers, from their following the perversity of their inclinations, from their abandoning themselves to pride, to envy, to the love of sensual pleasures, etc., and from their neglecting to crucify the desires of the flesh. The Apostle exhorts the faithful to treat those who have fallen with great compassion, to distinguish faults that come from malice from those that come from weakness, to try to bring back the guilty

by a salutary fear, and to snatch them from the fire of vice and heresy. He wishes us to have ever before our eyes the obligation we are under to raise the spiritual edifice of charity, praying in the Holy Ghost, growing in the love of God, and imploring his mercy through Jesus Christ.

Tillemont; Godescard; Jos. Assemani; Dom Ceillier. — Cf. Annales de la sainteté au xix■ siècle.

SAINT FARO, BISHOP OF MEAUX

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

Qui que vous soyez, qui aimez le monde, considérez où vous devez aboutir.

Whoever you are who love the world, consider where you must end.

St. Augustine.

Faro was originally called Burgundofaro, and St. Fara, his sister, Burgundofara, that is, the Burgundian man and the Burgundian woman. *Faro, fara*, means race, lineage, in the Burgundian tongue. Our Saint was thus of a noble Burgundian race. He had for father Agneric, and for mother Leodegonde, a woman of signal virtue.[1] His brother was St. Chagnoald, bishop of Laon; and his sister the glorious St. Fara, who by the splendour of her miracles and by the establishment of a famous monastery of which she was abbess made her memory immortal.[2] He was brought up at the court of Theodebert II, king of Austrasia, of whom Agneric was one of the chief counsellors, and from his youth he gave there such fine proofs of prudence and valour that he made himself beloved by his prince and by the other monarchs who then shared the great kingdom of France.

After the tragic death of Theodebert and of Thierry, his brother, Faro came to the court of Clotaire II (613); by his good conduct he acquired so much reputation and credit that he became a member of the king's council. He fled pomp and vanity and had a horror of luxuries; the love of heavenly goods made him despise those of earth, and in the freedom his prince allowed him he often exhorted him not to attach his heart to the false glitter of his dignity, but to keep his gaze continually on the eternal kingdom. In all his actions he sought only to procure the glory of God and to make himself more pleasing to his divine Majesty; and though he had entered into marriage by wedding Blidehilde, a woman of consummate wisdom, he always bore in his heart the desire to renounce the world in order to consecrate himself entirely to God's service. It is also remarked that he always upheld the rights of the monarchy and spared nothing to preserve it in its splendour. He used his power to deliver the oppressed and to help the unfortunate. His counsels were always equitable, but they leaned more to the side of mercy than to that of rigour.

Some Saxon ambassadors having failed in respect to Clotaire, the king had them put in prison and swore to wash out in their blood the insult he had received from them. Faro obtained from him that he should put off the execution of the sentence for twenty-four hours. When this term had expired, the king pardoned them and even sent them home loaded with presents.

Though he made a holy use of the credit which his virtues and talents gave him at court, and led there an edifying life conformed to the maxims of the Gospel, he was nonetheless frightened by the dangers to which one is exposed in the world, and grieved inwardly at the impossibility in which he found himself of serving God without distraction. At last, after a conversation he had had on this subject with St. Fara, his sister, he resolved no longer to put off carrying out the design he had long been meditating, of renouncing the society of men. He found Blidehilde, his wife, in the same dispositions, and they separated by mutual consent. Blidehilde took the veil and chose as her dwelling a solitary place on one of her estates, which is believed to be Champigny. She died there some years later in the odour of sanctity. As for St. Faro, he entered the clergy of Meaux, of which he became the ornament.

His reputation growing day by day, he was elected bishop of Meaux in 627, after the death of Gondoald. He at once filled that see with the splendour of his virtues, and undertook with such courage the guidance of the faithful of whom divine wisdom had made him the shepherd that he turned them from the vices in which they were entangled and led them into the paths of virtue. Several great persons, moved by the eminence of his holiness, came to seek under his auspices the means of serving God with greater perfection; among others St. Kilian, St. Fiacre and St. Agilus. He consecrated the first an apostolic bishop, and the two others were excellent abbots in his diocese. He also worked very striking miracles: by the sign of the cross he restored an altar stone which had broken in two, and a glass which had been smashed; he gave sight to a blind man by the virtue of the holy Chrism with which he anointed him in confirming him; by his word alone he opened the door of a prison and brought out prisoners who promised to amend; he drew out of the water, safe and sound, persons who had already been sunk in it for an hour. In short, as he refused God nothing that he could do for his glory, God also fulfilled all his desires.

It is related in his life that the devil, who watches ceaselessly for the ruin of the just, attacked him one day through the memory of Blidehilde, his wife. He desired to see her again; he invited her three different times. This virtuous woman came; but, so as not to expose the servant of God or herself to the snares of Satan, she had her hair cut off, put on poor clothes, clothed herself with a hair shirt and presented herself to him thus. This made him come back to himself and reflect on his forgetfulness. He was ashamed of his weakness and humbled himself for it before God; then, admiring the prudence and virtue of his former wife, he sent her away.

His extraordinary merit made him venerable to all the prelates of his time. In 630, with St. Amand, he performed the dedication of the abbey church of Rebais, in the presence of St. Ouen, its founder, and of St. Eligius; it was there that, together with them, he restored that little marble altar which had split in two. In 647 he attended, with the same St. Ouen and St. Eligius, who had by then been consecrated bishops, the translation of the relics of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian at Soissons. In 657 he was present at the synod of Sens, where nearly forty bishops granted a considerable privilege to the monastery of Saint-Pierre-le-Vif. In 662 he subscribed to another privilege which Berteford, bishop of Amiens, gave to the abbey of Corbie. Some authors claim that before his episcopate he had been a religious of the Order of St. Benedict or of St. Columbanus, like St. Chagnoald his brother; but it is more probable that he was only its benefactor, and it is in this capacity that he has been inserted in the monastic martyrology.

From the year 628, wishing to have near him religious whose example might spur him to virtue and with whom he could converse of heavenly things, he founded in the suburb of Meaux, on the lands of his patrimony, and endowed with large revenues, a magnificent monastery in honour of the holy Cross, of St. John the Baptist and of the Apostles.

This holy bishop died on the 28th of October 672, at the age of about eighty; the cathedral and the parish of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre possess part of his relics. He is the patron of Esclainvillers.

He is represented healing a blind young man.

Cf. Histoire générale de l'Église, *by M. l'abbé Darras;* Les Moines d'Occident, *by M. de Montalembert.*

SAINT REMIGIUS (RÉMI), TWENTY-SECOND ABBOT OF SAINT-OYEND, AND ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS (875)

St. Remigius was born in Gaul towards the end of the 8th or the beginning of the 9th century. History has handed down to us neither the name of his family nor that of his birthplace. His eminent qualities soon caused him to be appreciated by the emperor Lothair, who called him to his court and entrusted him with the office of grand master of his chapel, a dignity corresponding to that of grand almoner of France. On the death of Amolo, bishop of Lyons, on the 31st of March 851, St. Remigius was charged by the emperor with

administering the goods of that Church, and soon he was elected and consecrated archbishop of that city. The dignities thus heaped upon his head served only to make his merit shine. The abbey of Saint-Oyend, situated in his diocese, was also entrusted to his government, and he thus united in his person the title of abbot with that of bishop, as some of his predecessors had already done. The charges of the episcopate did not, however, prevent him from watching over the interests of his religious, and he knew how to use his credit with the emperor Lothair to defend his abbey against the usurpations of the neighbouring lords.

The times were then difficult for the Church of France. Stripped of part of her goods by the misfortunes of war, weakened in her discipline by the fault of her very pastors, she had at least preserved her faith in all its purity, when a German monk named Gottschalk came to disturb this peace with untimely disputes. He was condemned in a council held at Quierzy (849), deposed from the order of priesthood, publicly flogged and confined in the prisons of the monastery of Hautvillers. St. Remigius showed on this occasion as much zeal as prudence. He addressed to Hincmar, archbishop of Reims, a work entitled *Treatise concerning the three letters*, in which he complains of the cruel way in which this unhappy monk had been treated, and proves that several things with which he was reproached were the very teaching of the holy Fathers; that others were free opinions, adopted by the most respected men in the Church; and that on one point only Gottschalk was clearly to be condemned, if he maintained that we have free will only to do evil, but not to do good. St. Remigius sets out in a luminous way the doctrine of St. Augustine on predestination and grace. “We have very few writings of that century,” says Dom Rivet, “in which there is more theology, more order, more method, more force of reasoning, more learning, more clearness and precision of style.”

The somewhat too ardent zeal of Hincmar could not accommodate itself to these moderations; but he forgot that truth is persuaded and not commanded. He assembled a new council at Quierzy-sur-Oise (853), and had four articles drawn up there, to which St. Remigius replied (854) with the book entitled *On the necessity of holding inviolably to the truth of holy Scripture and of following faithfully the authority of the Fathers of the Church*. The following year (855) he convoked a council at Valence and had the doctrine he had developed in his works confirmed there. The bishops who composed this assembly condemned the four articles of Quierzy. St. Remigius, in proclaiming the dogma of grace, pronounced with the other bishops anathema on whoever should deny human freedom and profess that by the divine power anyone is predestined to evil as though he could do nothing else. The six doctrinal canons drawn up at this council were inserted in those of the council of Langres, over which St. Remigius presided in 859, and Pope Nicholas I gave them his approval.

But all these struggles which the holy bishop sustained to defend the purity of the faith did not fail to sadden his soul, because he saw a kind of split forming in the episcopate of France. In spite of the disagreements which showed themselves several times between St. Remigius and Hincmar, these two great prelates were always united by the bonds of priestly charity; they were then the oracles of the Church of France and the soul of its councils. There was at that time no important assembly of bishops which St. Remigius did not attend and often preside over. We find him again in 860 at the council of Tusey, near Toul; at that of Soissons in 866; and lastly at those of Verberie (869), Attigny (870) and Douzy, near Mouzon (871).

The zeal of St. Remigius for the general good of religion did not prevent him from watching over the particular interests of his diocese. The title of abbot which he bore is sufficient testimony of the interest he took in monastic institutions, and he gave proofs of it several times by the regulations he drew up in various councils. He desired above all to see flourish in the cloisters, together with the religious virtues, the love of letters, almost everywhere weakened by the misfortune of the times. Besides the two works of which we have spoken, he composed a third, entitled *Solution of a question concerning the general condemnation of all men through Adam, and the special deliverance of the elect through Jesus Christ*. It is a dogmatic treatise in which he clearly discusses the questions relating to predestination according to the principles of St. Paul and St. Augustine. He also strove to reconcile with the Holy See Lothair II, king of Lorraine and of Burgundy,

who had shamefully repudiated Teutberga and married Waldrada; but his zeal failed before the inflexibility of Pope Nicholas I and the ill will of the prince. St. Remigius also made several particular regulations for his church and established the congregation of the canons of Lyons, by subjecting the priests of Saint-Just to an abbot of their own.

So many works, inspired by the purest zeal, won him the affection of all good men. After so well-filled a life, God called him to himself on the 28th of October 875, and his body was buried in the church of Saint-Just. His relics were raised from the ground in 1287 and translated on the 16th of December into the cathedral church of Saint-Jean. His memory is honoured on the day of his death, and he is invoked in the great litanies of the church of Lyons with the other Saints of the diocese. Du Saussay and Chastelain mention him on the 28th of October, and he is inscribed on the same day in Ferrari's supplement to the Roman martyrology.

Extracted from the Vie des Saints de Franche-Comté, *by the Professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier of Besançon.*

---

[1] It is claimed that his body, after being long kept in the abbey of Arona (a town and port of the Sardinian States, on Lake Maggiore), was transferred from there to Milan by St. Charles Borromeo in 1576 and laid in the church of the Jesuits, which is dedicated under his invocation. — Baillet, *Acta Sanctorum*.

[2] St. Ferrutius first served in the troops of the empire, which had their winter quarters at Mainz. But he left military service to consecrate himself more particularly to Jesus Christ. The commander at Mainz, angered by this action, had him loaded with chains and shut up in a fortress beyond the Rhine, which is believed to be the one now called Kastel. There he died of hunger and exhaustion at the end of six months. Though it was consummated otherwise than by the sword, his martyrdom is no less glorious. The horror of a dungeon and the pangs of hunger, endured until death for Jesus Christ, were no less meritorious in the eyes of God than a life taken suddenly by a sword-stroke.

Ferrutius was buried in the fortress where he had died by the priest Eugenius, who wrote the history of his martyrdom on his tomb. It is said that his holiness was attested by a great number of miracles. St. Lullus, successor of St. Boniface, translated his relics into the church of the monastery of Bleidenstadt, a league from Mainz. His venerable head, after remaining rather neglected in a village of the Rheingau (duchy of Nassau), was carried, with the permission of the ordinary, into the church of the Society of Jesus, and is religiously kept and honoured there. The Chapter of Saint-Ferrutius also possesses a notable part of the relics of its holy patron, and they are exposed there every year on the day of his feast. St. Ferrutius is honoured at Mainz on the 29th of this month. — Proper of Mainz.

[3] The relics of St. Genesius were at first hidden in a forest near Thiers. Later (about 680) St. Avitus of Clermont had a fine church built over his tomb; in the course of time a monastery was joined to it, which became the abbey of Saint-Symphorien of Thiers. The last recognition of the relics of our young Martyr took place in 1643. What has become of them? We have not succeeded, to our great regret, in informing ourselves on this question. — Cf. *Acta Sanctorum*, 28 October; Jacques Branche, *Saincts et Sainctes d'Auvergne*; M. l'abbé Barthélemy, *Annales hagiologiques*.

[4] The historian Eusebius of Caesarea reports in his *Ecclesiastical History* a letter written by Abgar, king [of Edessa, and] sent by Ananias to Jesus at Jerusalem. Abgar asked the Saviour to come and cure him of a disease that tormented him. Jesus answered the king and promised to send him one of his disciples to cure him: Thaddeus was chosen for this mission. St. John Damascene, Evagrius and Nicephorus also relate that King Abgar, grieved that the Saviour had not been able to come to see him, sent to Jerusalem a painter charged to take his portrait. But this painter was so struck by the splendour that came from the face of Jesus that he was obliged to give up his undertaking. However our Saviour, not wishing to deprive Abgar of what [his] devotion [desired], took the painter's cloth and himself imprinted his portrait on it by bringing it near his face, and sent it to the king.

Evagrius and Constantine Porphyrogenitus say that this portrait was carried to Edessa and that it saved that city [from] Chosroes, king of the Persians; for this sacred image, carried by the besieged on the walls of Edessa, worked a miracle by setting fire to the timber that supported the works the enemy had raised to enter the city. This image was kept there until the year 944 of Jesus Christ, when the emir of Edessa ceded it to the emperor Romanus Lecapenus, who had it brought to Constantinople on the 18th of August of the same year. These facts were regarded as so certain and so prodigious in the Greek Church that the Orientals instituted a feast in honour of this miraculous image. — *Histoire des soixante- douze Disciples*, by M. l'abbé Maistre.

[5] They usually lived at *Pipimisium* (Champigny), in the forest of Brie, two leagues from Meaux, if we are to rely on the lives of St. Eustasius and St. Faro. It is commonly thought that this is the village of Champigny-en-Brie. It was there that Agneric received St. Columbanus in 610, and that the holy abbot gave his blessing to him and to each of his children. Columbanus had been accompanied on this journey by Chagnoald, the eldest of Agneric's children, who had been living at Luxeuil since 594.

[6] He also had a sister named Agnetrude.

29 October

Martyrologies

Twenty-ninth day of October

MARTYROLOGE ROMAIN.

Roman Martyrology.

In Lucania, the holy martyrs Hyacinth, Quintus, Felician and Lucius. — At Sidon, in Phoenicia,[1] St. Zenobius, priest, who, in the rigour of the last persecution, while exhorting others to martyrdom, was himself judged worthy of the honour of it. About 304. — The same day, the holy bishops Maximilian, martyr, and Valentine, confessor. — At Bergamo, St. Eusebia, virgin and martyr. 307. — At Jerusalem, the feast of St. Narcissus, bishop, worthy of praise for his holiness, his patience and his faith. He entered into the joy of the Lord at the age of a hundred and sixteen.[2] 2nd c. — At Autun, St. John, bishop and confessor.[3] 7th c. — At Cassiope, in the island of Corfu, St. Donatus, of whom Pope St. Gregory makes mention. 6th c. — At Vienne, the death of Blessed Theodore, abbot.[4] 575.

MARTYROLOGE DE FRANCE, REVU ET AUGMENTÉ.

Martyrology of France, revised and enlarged.

In the diocese of Algiers, St. Deogratias, bishop of Carthage and confessor, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the 22nd of March, the day under which we gave his life. 457. — In the dioceses of Amiens and Arras, ST. SALVIUS (SALVE), bishop of Amiens and confessor. 615. — In the diocese of Arras, memory of St. Ingaud (Angand, Aingauld, Aingault, Engand, Ingaude), disciple of the same St. Salvius.[5] 7th c. — In the diocese of Châlons, the saints Crispin and Crispinian, martyrs at Soissons, whose life we gave on the 25th of October. 285 or 286. — In the diocese of Langres, St. Menehould, virgin, whose life we gave on the 14th of this month. 490. — In the diocese of Lyons, St. Remigius, bishop of that see and confessor, whose notice we sketched on the preceding day. 875. — In the diocese of Meaux, St. Faro, bishop and confessor, whose biography our readers will find on the 28th of October. 672. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Ferrutius, martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the preceding day, where we gave some details of his life. 4th or 5th c. — In the diocese of Perpignan, St. Narcissus, bishop of Gerona (Catalonia) and apostle of Augsburg (Bavaria). During the persecution raised by Diocletian, at the very beginning of the 4th century, Narcissus, accompanied by his deacon Felix, crossed the Pyrenees, traversed Gaul and arrived at Augsburg, where he baptised Afra, Hilaria and their servants, conferred orders on Dionysius, and returned to Spain at the end of nine months. He governed his Church for about three years more, and received with Felix the palm of martyrdom. 306 or 307. — In the same diocese of Perpignan, Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, confessor, whose life we shall give on the 31st of October. 1617. — In the diocese of Reims, St. Celina or Celinia, mother of St. Remigius, whose life we gave on the 21st of October. 5th c. — In the dioceses of Rennes and Vannes, feast of the elevation or translation (1347) of the relics of St. Ivo, judge, advocate and priest, whose biography may be read on the 19th of May. 1303. — In the diocese of Rouen, feast of all the holy Pontiffs of that metropolis. — In the diocese of Tarbes, St. Caesarius of Chalon-sur-Saône, archbishop of Arles and doctor of the Church, whose life we gave on the 27th of August. 542. — At Saint-Germain-sur-Talloires (Haute-Savoie), in the diocese of Annecy, ST. GERMAIN OF MONTFORT (Belgium), Benedictine religious. 1000. — In the former priory of Notre-Dame of Talloires (founded towards the end of the 8th century), near Annecy, St. Rudolph, brother of St. Germain, whom we have just named, St. Jorioz, St. Ismion, St. Ismidon and St. Bompart, all Benedictine religious of that abbey.[6] — In Aquitaine, St. Genitor or Génitour, martyred with his eight brothers, the saints Spanus, Lupicinus, Bié, Benignus, Marcellianus, Messain, Principinus and Tridorius, of whom we have already spoken on the 25th of October. St. Génitour is the patron of the little town of Le Blanc (Indre), in the diocese of Bourges. About 250. — At Meldert (*Meldradium*), in the diocese of Malines, ST. ERMELINDE, of Terdonk, virgin. About

595. — At Le Broc (Puy-de-Dôme, arrondissement and canton of Issoire), in the diocese of Clermont, St. Majorian or Mazorien, confessor; he was formerly patron of the priory of Le Broc: today his cult has lapsed and scarcely a memory of it remains. — In the territory of Sens, ST. BOND, penitent. 7th c. — At Senlis (Oise), in the diocese of Beauvais, St. Louève (*Laudoveva*, *Laudovena*), a daughter of France, whose Acts are lost.[7] — At the monastery of Walers-en-Faigne, diocese of Cambrai, ST. DODO OF THE VALLEY, abbot and confessor. About 760. — In the former abbey of Portes (Order of St. Bruno), in the country of Belley, Blessed Ulrich or Henry of Bottis, first prior of that monastery, then bishop of Geneva. He had administered his diocese for seven years when he obtained from Pope Clement IV permission to return to the desert of Portes. He lived there eight years more amid the practices of the most rigorous penance. 1275. — At Metz, St. Terence, bishop of that see and confessor. His body, laid first in the church of Saints Clement and Felix, was later transferred to Neumünster, in the diocese of Trier. 440.

MARTYROLOGES DES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Fréjus, BLESSED BENVENUTA BOJANI, virgin, of our Order, remarkable for her penance, her prayers and her humility. 1292.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — St. Zephyrinus, pope and martyr, whose memory is celebrated on the 26th of August.[8] 219.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — At Gubbio, in Umbria, in the church of St. Augustine, the death of Blessed Peter of Gubbio, one of the first members of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine; he shone by his learning and his virtues.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — St. John of Kenty, confessor.[9] 1473.

ADDITIONS FAITES D'APRÈS LES BOLLANDISTES ET AUTRES HAGIOGRAPHES.

Additions made from the Bollandists and other hagiographers.

At Luna, today Luni or Lunigiana, a seaport of ancient Etruria, St. Basil, bishop of that original see (transferred to Sarzana) and confessor. His body was laid in the cathedral church of Luna: this basilica thereupon took the name of Saint-Basil; it later lost it to take that of Our Lady. Beginning of the 5th c. — At Pavia (*Ticinum*), a fortified town of the kingdom of Italy, on the Ticino, St. Appian, a bishop in Africa. His body was brought from Sardinia to the basilica of San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro at Pavia. It is believed that his relics had been brought from Africa to Sardinia by St. Fulgentius, bishop of Ruspe, fleeing before the persecution of the Vandals. Beginning of the 6th c. — At Batnae, in Mesopotamia (Osrhoene), today Suruç or Serug, a town of Asiatic Turkey, St. James, bishop of that see and confessor, famous for his learning, with which, says his biographer, he illumined the whole world.[10] 521. — In the former province of Connaught, in Ireland, St. Colman MacDuach, bishop and confessor. 7th c. — Among the East Angles, St. Sigebert, king and martyr. Exiled in Gaul, he found there the blessing of the faith, which he afterwards laboured to spread in his kingdom; he took the religious habit after abdicating the crown, and was killed by Penda, king of Mercia. 637. — In Galloway, a district of Scotland, St. Kennera, virgin, to whom some hagiographers give the title of martyr. — At Constantinople, St. Anne. When she had lost her husband and her children, she desired to lead the religious life; taking men's clothes, she presented herself at a monastery under the name of Euphemian. She was received among the brethren and gave in that house the example of all the virtues. A day came, however, when she was obliged to reveal her sex; compelled to leave the monastery, she withdrew to a solitude near by; towards the end of her life she returned to Constantinople, where she fell asleep in the Lord. 9th c. — In the Benedictine abbey of Romsey (founded about 907 by King Edward the Elder), in England (county of Southampton), the saints Merwenna and Elfleda, abbesses of that monastery. 10th and 11th c.

Source: Les Petits Bollandistes, vol. XIII, 29 October (martyrologies).

SAINT SALVIUS (SALVE), BISHOP OF AMIENS[11]

615. — Pope: St. Deusdedit. — King of France: Clotaire II.

> *Le pain de l'âme, c'est la justice; heureux seulement ceux qui en ont faim, parce qu'ils seront rassasiés.*
>
> *The bread of the soul is justice; blessed only are they who hunger for it, for they shall be filled.*
>
> *St. Bernard.*

St. Salvius is the greatest figure offered us by the history of the Church of Amiens in the 7th century. Successor of a prelate illustrious for his holiness, he did not appear inferior to St. Honoratus either in learning, or in virtues, or in the extraordinary favours with which the Lord deigned to load him.

Salvius was born in the Amiénois in the 6th century. His birth was distinguished. From his youth he left the world to consecrate himself entirely to God.[1] He was pious, wise in counsel, no less remarkable for the beauty of his features than for his eloquence and the depth of his learning. He went off to the far end of Ponthieu to found a monastery under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the apostle St. Peter, at the place where the town of Montreuil-sur-Mer later rose.

We do not know whether it was before his entry into religious life, or afterwards, on a journey he may have made to Amiens, that Salvius witnessed the most famous of the miracles that marked the life of St. Honoratus: the appearance of a divine hand above the altar during Mass; all we know of the presence of St. Salvius at this prodigy being limited to the mention of the fact.

The daily occupation of Salvius in his pious retreat was fasting and prayer. To come to the help of his brethren, constantly to vanquish the ancient enemy, to win souls for God, were his works. The virtues of the holy monk were so striking that after the death of the abbot whom he and his brethren had placed at the head of the monastery, he was elected with one voice to replace him. Raised to this dignity, his merit became still more evident in the eyes of all. A pious and fervent monk, he became an abbot of exemplary merit, always the first to fulfil the Rule, and his disciples found in him at once a model and a father. Numerous miracles thenceforth attested his holiness.

At the same time that Salvius was thus edifying by his virtues and his examples the part of the diocese of Amiens that borders the sea,

St. Honoratus, bishop of Amiens, died at Port, his birthplace, a few leagues from the monastery where our Saint lived. As soon as the news of this death reached the ears of the king, he sent delegates to the city of Amiens, the chief of whom was St. Achaire, bishop of Noyon and Tournai, to have the election of a new prelate carried out. The bishop of Noyon was specially charged to see that the clergy and people of Amiens chose a bishop according to God.

A fast of three days was ordered, to ask the Lord to be pleased to designate the one whom his divine Providence destined to mount the see of Amiens, and everyone made ardent prayers to heaven to that end. The request of the people of Amiens was granted: when the three days had passed, they heard a heavenly voice address these words to them: "Know that I have chosen Salvius and have given him to you as bishop."

All were filled with joy by this miraculous answer; the humble religious alone had not ratified the divine choice: his humility made him regard the episcopate as a burden beyond his strength. But God had spoken; the people of Amiens obeyed. Salvius was taken by force from his cell and placed in spite of himself on that illustrious see, which had already been occupied by so many holy Pontiffs and whose splendour he himself was to enhance. Having become bishop of Amiens, he soon drew upon himself the love and respect of his diocesans, and the fame of his merit spread likewise far and wide. The king called him to sit in his councils,

while the people of Amiens, whose hearts he had rapidly won, united in him the two qualities of magistrate and bishop, declaring him temporal lord of the episcopal city.

At the time of his accession, the cathedral church of Amiens was still the one raised outside the walls of the city by St. Firmin the Confessor over the tomb of St. Firmin the Martyr, and dedicated to Our Lady of the Martyrs. As it was too far from the city, Salvius built another within its walls, at the place where we now see the basilica of Notre-Dame. This new cathedral was a sumptuous construction for the period, though built mainly of wood. It was later burned by the Normans. St. Salvius transferred into it all the relics kept until then in the church of Our Lady of the Martyrs, to which he left some priests to celebrate the divine office, and which later became the abbey of Saint-Acheul.

The holy bishop also had another church built in Amiens, which he dedicated to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and which was later replaced by the collegiate church of Saint-Firmin the Confessor, destroyed at the Revolution. St. Salvius keenly desired to be able to venerate in his new cathedral the precious relics of St. Firmin the martyr. The precise place of the burial of the first bishop of Amiens was unknown, although it was known to be within the precinct of the church of Our Lady of the Martyrs, as frequent miracles moreover indicated. The holy bishop resolved to address himself to God to obtain its revelation.

After a triduum of prayers, a heavenly ray, brighter than the light of day, showed St. Salvius the place where this holy treasure rested; he hastened to raise it from the ground and transfer it to Amiens amid the greatest prodigies. The detailed account of this translation, at which the bishops of Beauvais, Cambrai, Thérouanne and Noyon were present, belongs to the history of the relics of St. Firmin.

Salvius, following the duty of a good shepherd, went assiduously through his diocese, announcing to all the word of eternal life. He contributed much to rooting out from the hearts of his flock the last vestiges of paganism, and begot to Jesus Christ through the Gospel innumerable sons. Often, together with health of soul, he gave his diocesans health of body, for God was pleased to confirm his words by prodigies. The author of his Life tells us that while thus going through his diocese he gave sight to a blind man, delivered from the devil the daughter of one Guado, and so on. One of his most famous miracles was the healing of a deaf and dumb child, to whom he restored hearing and speech, whom he baptised and named Ingaud, and who, after being his disciple on earth, now shares his glory in heaven.

Salvius did not confine his zeal within the limits of his diocese alone; he was, as we have said, a member of the king’s councils, in which he opposed with a truly episcopal spirit the desires of the wicked and the corruption of the enemies of Christ. Humble and gentle towards all, hard only on himself, poor in will but rich in liberality, not only did he distribute his goods to the poor, but he gave himself to all in the ardours of an inexhaustible charity, which led him not only to enrich his flock by impoverishing himself, but to sacrifice himself for them. While the holy Bishop was distributing temporal and spiritual help to the sick in the midst of a public contagion, he was struck in his turn by the scourge, and died a victim of his devotedness on the 28th of October, about the year 615. The miracles that had made his life illustrious glorified his tomb after his death.

The screen of the choir of Notre-Dame of Amiens, devoted to the history of St. Firmin the Martyr, contains in its second bay four scenes in which St. Salvius appears. The first arcade represents the preaching of the holy bishop: some thirty persons are gathered in a church; the men are standing with their heads covered; the women are seated on folding stools. St. Salvius, in a hexagonal pulpit, urges the faithful to pray God to obtain revelation of the place where the relics of the martyr St. Firmin rest. — The second arcade represents the miraculous ray: St. Salvius has seen a miraculous ray come forth from the heavenly throne to designate the burial place of his holy predecessor. He has come down from the pulpit, has taken off his cope and, clothed only in the alb and maniple, has knelt at the foot of the altar and contemplates the prodigy that has just taken place. — The third arcade represents the invention of the relics: St. Salvius has just half unearthed

the body of St. Firmin, which is clothed in its pontifical insignia. He is accompanied by four bishops, a priest in an alb, a canon wearing the almuce, clerics in tunics, acolytes carrying cross and candlesticks, and so on. Their faces express the rapture they feel in breathing a miraculous fragrance. — The fourth arcade represents the translation of the relics: they are carried in a shrine from Saint-Acheul to Amiens by six levites, deacons and priests. The procession opens with a confraternity carrying torches and closes with five bishops with croziers and mitres. The green trees and the ripe ears of corn recall the prodigy of the change of season. On the road two sick persons can be seen who are healed through the intercession of St. Firmin. — At the Saint-Firmin portal of Notre-Dame of Amiens there is the statue of St. Salvius, wearing the stole, maniple, chasuble, mitre and crozier. — Formerly there were kept at Saint-Firmin-en-Castillon three great tapestries in which St. Salvius appeared, discovering and transferring the relics of St. Firmin. — Let us mention also a modern window at Villers-Bretonneux and a painting in the chapel of the bishop's house.

CULTE ET RELIQUES.

Cult and relics.

The cult of St. Salvius was very popular in the Middle Ages. A chapel was built to him at Amiens which disappeared long ago and whose former site is not even known. Another chapel was dedicated to him in the cathedral of Amiens; but when the miraculous crucifix of the Saviour, commonly known as Saint-Sauve, had been placed there, our holy bishop, who was to be perpetually the victim of a confusion of names, saw himself little by little forgotten, and popular piety, remaining faithful only to the name of Saint-Sauve, addressed itself exclusively to the Byzantine image representing Jesus crucified.

Bishop Arnoul, who died in 1246, bequeathed a sum of four pounds so that the feast of St. Salvius might be celebrated more solemnly. Although he died on the 28th of October, his feast was kept only on the 29th, because it coincided with that of the holy apostles Simon and Jude. It is inscribed in all the breviaries of Amiens, in the former Proper of Saint-Florent of Roye and in the Proper of Saint-Valéry; in the former breviary of Noyon (1764), which is mistaken in making our Saint the patron of a church of that diocese, whereas it is St. Sauve, bishop of Angoulême, who is the patron of Essigny; and lastly in the present Proper of Arras.

The name of St. Salvius is inscribed in the litanies of Amiens of the 12th century, in the Roman martyrology, and in those of Du Saussay, Chastelain, Galesinius, Hugues Ménard, etc., which have made the same error of date by confusing St. Salvius, bishop of Amiens, with the martyr St. Salvius.

There was a confraternity of Saint-Sauve at Waben, a parish of the former deanery of Montreuil. A cul-de-sac at Abbeville bears the name of Saint-Saulve. The former abbey of that name at Montreuil has not even survived in a few ruins. The Town Hall is built on its site.

St. Salvius was buried in the cathedral of Our Lady of the Martyrs (Saint-Acheul); but his relics were transferred about the year 695 to the church of the abbey of Montreuil, which soon took the name of Saint-Saulve. On the 11th of June 1111, St. Godfrey, bishop of Amiens, transferred them into a new shrine. A third translation took place on the 28th of May 1702. On the 24th of August 1729, Bishop Pierre Sabatier made at Montreuil the recognition of the relics of St. Salvius. On these various openings of the shrine some bones of the Saint were taken out to be given to the abbey of Sainte-Austreberthe of Montreuil, to the abbey of Saint-Vincent of Laon, and to the cathedral of Canterbury.

There remains today at Montreuil only one bone of St. Salvius, in a little silver reliquary. The great shrine and two other reliquaries, one in the shape of a pyramid, the other in the shape of a bier, were sent to the Mint by Le Bon, during the mission which that member of the Convention carried out at Montreuil in 1793.

This notice, due to M. Charles Salmon, is taken from the Semaine religieuse du diocèse d'Amiens; *we have completed it with the* Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens, *by M. l'abbé Corblet.*

SAINT BOND OR BAUD, PENITENT, IN THE DIOCESE OF SENS

7th century.

Réjouissez-vous et espérez le pardon aussi longtemps que la pénitence sera votre soutien.

Rejoice, and hope for pardon as long as penance is your support.

St. Augustine.

St. Bald or Baud (in Latin *Boldus*), commonly called St. Bond, was born about the middle of the 6th century. The common opinion makes him a Spaniard, because of his long stay in Spain; but it is more probable, according to several chronicles of Sens, that he was born in the neighbourhood of Sens, where his parents lived. For reasons that are unknown he thought he should leave his country, and came to settle in Spain, where he made a rich marriage. His historians say that he was of a gentle and good nature.

For a long time his parents made useless searches to discover the country to which he had withdrawn. At last, after a fairly long absence, he came back to visit his family and the places that had seen his birth, and after spending some time with them he returned to Spain to rejoin his wife.

Deprived afterwards for some time of news of their son, his parents learned from pilgrims returning from St. James of Compostela that a man named Baud, from the neighbourhood of Sens, lived in a district of Spain which they named, and that he was rich and happy there. Then, in spite of the length of the journey, they decided to undertake it, so as to see their son perhaps for the last time.

They arrive and find him out hunting, but are well received by his wife, who, after offering them refreshment, urges them to go to bed and rest, while she goes to tell her husband of their arrival. She sets out, and unfortunately does not meet her husband, who came back to the house by another road.

The continuator of Ribadeneira and a manuscript of Sens say that the devil appeared to St. Baud in the form of a vision as he was returning from the hunt, and told him that his wife was in bed with a man he did not know. On this false report Baud enters his house like a madman, and, not seeing his wife there, runs straight to the bed, where he does indeed find two persons lying together. In his confusion and grief he does not hesitate to run his sword through the two supposed adulterers. Scarcely has he committed his double parricide, which most certainly was not in his will, when his wife, returning, hastens to announce to him the arrival of his parents. He stands motionless and dumbfounded, recognises the misfortune that has just befallen him, bitterly deplores it, and at once resolves to go on pilgrimage to the holy places, to obtain at the tomb of Jesus Christ, who is mercy itself, pardon for his double murder.

Although in a half-barbarous age, when one always wore a sword at one’s side, this rashness, which cost our Saint such bitter regrets, doubtless deserves severe blame; but in our century, when manners are more polished, would it not, in a like case, unhappily be imitated by many people?

Our Saint, after spending some time at the sepulchre of the Saviour, where he shed abundant tears, went to Rome to the tomb of the holy Apostles, threw himself at the feet of the sovereign Pontiff, who must then have been St. Gregory the Great or Pelagius II, his predecessor, and made him the humble avowal of his faults. The supreme head of the Church received him kindly, and after remitting his sins consoled him, and then sent him to St. Arthemius, archbishop of Sens, his pastor, who would show him the penance he was to perform.

St. Baud, after leaving Rome, crossed Italy and the Alps and arrived at Sens. There he prostrated himself at the feet of the venerable Arthemius, who with fatherly kindness raised his courage, and whose counsels then raised him to a high holiness, as all the martyrologies that mention our Saint attest. The archbishop of Sens was then holding in his hand a staff long dried up; he gives it to him, and gives him as penance to go and plant it on a neighbouring hill which he points out to him, and to water it every day with water which he was

to draw from the river flowing at the foot of the hill, until it should grow green again and put forth flowers and fruit; and that then his penance would be ended.

Our Saint accepts, full of faith and hope, the penance imposed on him, and carries it out with courage and perseverance for several years, in spite of all that the devil makes him suffer, jealous of the fidelity with which he performs it. Often, on his way back from the river, the devil would upset or even break the vessel he used to draw water, which obliged our Saint to replace it with a basket, doubtless of the kind used for fires.

One day, as he was returning from the river laden with his supply of water, he met some women who were carrying to the bishop a child almost dead. The holy penitent takes it in his arms, flies to Sens and begs St. Arthemius to lay his hands on this innocent. Having obtained this favour and the child's recovery, he carried it back to his solitude, adopted it as his son with its parents' consent, and shared with it his simple and coarse food.

It may be presumed that this child profited by the pious education which our solitary did not fail to give it; and so the lectionary of Saint-Éloi of Paris, where the feast of St. Baud was kept with great solemnity from time immemorial, makes the reflection that this child owed to our Saint the life of the soul and that of the body; and it adds, on the subject of St. Baud's long penance, that the Almighty, who could have shortened it, chose on the contrary to prolong it, in order to give him a richer crown in heaven.

God at last rewarded the faith, courage and perseverance of St. Baud, and one day, to his great satisfaction, he saw the dry staff he had planted grow green again and put forth flowers and fruit. He understood then that his penance was ended and his sin forgiven. Full of gratitude, he thanked the Lord, and, thinking that he had nothing more to do on earth, prayed him to call him to himself; which happened shortly afterwards. He died in the repute of great holiness about the year 600 or 604, and God glorified his tomb by striking miracles.

St. Antoninus of Florence relates the same misfortune, which also befell quite involuntarily with regard to his parents, St. Julian the Hospitaller, who did long and severe penance for it.

The Church, our mother, among the Saints she offers to our veneration, proposes to us some who fell during their lives, but who washed away their sins in their tears and obtained mercy, in order to encourage us and to give us also the hope of pardon if we have sinned. It is even remarked that these Saints were distinguished after their return to God by a greater fervour than if they had had nothing to reproach themselves with: thus St. Peter, St. Magdalen, St. Augustine; and the Church then seems to say to us, as St. Ambrose once said to the emperor Theodosius: "You have imitated David in his sin; imitate him in his penance." One sometimes finds in the lives of the Saints extraordinary facts which some people hesitate to believe. But has not Our Lord told us in the Gospel that those who believed in him would do still greater wonders than those he had worked himself? And so in the lives of several Saints we find facts similar to those related in the life of St. Baud.

To test the obedience of St. John the Dwarf, he was commanded to plant his staff in very dry ground and to water it every day until it bore fruit. He obeyed with simplicity, although the river that supplied him with water was a great distance away, and at the end of three years the staff took root and produced fruit. Sulpicius Severus relates that Postumianus, in 402, saw this tree covered with leaves.

A river was causing great damage by its floods; St. Gregory Thaumaturgus planted his staff on its banks and commanded the waters, on God's behalf, not to pass that boundary thenceforth. They obeyed, and the staff itself took root and became a great tree. St. Peter of Alcantara, so venerated by St. Teresa, likewise planted his staff in the ground, and it soon became a green fig tree. The solitaries of Egypt, and in our own days the venerable curé of Ars, are there to attest how the devil delights in exercising the patience of the friends of God.

CULTE ET RELIQUES.

Cult and relics.

The body of St. Baud was buried on the hill where he had performed his penance, and the piety of the people raised over his tomb a chapel, to which the towns hastened in public necessities and a crowd of pilgrims in their private needs. At this same time Dagobert named St. Eligius administrator of the monastery of Sainte-Colombe, recently founded by Clotaire II, his father, and charged him to make at his expense a shrine and various works of art in honour of that young martyr of Sens. St. Eligius then conceived the plan of founding a church in Paris in honour of St. Columba, which he carried out about the year 630, and placed in it the relics of that Saint, which he had brought from Sens for this purpose, with some precious remains of St. Baud, who had died a short time before and whose miracles had struck him. He was thus the first propagator of the cult of our holy penitent. This church founded by St. Eligius was destroyed by the Normans, like almost all the churches round the capital. Care had been taken to put the relics of St. Columba and St. Baud in safety at the priory of Saint-Éloi, in the Cité, on which this church depended. When the fear of the Normans had ceased with the conversion of Rollo, their chief, and thought was given to rebuilding the destroyed churches, the religious of Saint-Éloi also had a new church rebuilt on the site of the former church of Sainte-Colombe; but as they thought they should keep the relics of the holy Martyr at the monastery, they brought back to the new one only the relics of St. Baud; it then took his name, and the relics of the new patron, enshrined in a silver arm, were kept there until the great Revolution. Never, as some hagiographers have stated by mistake, did the church of Saint-Bond of Paris possess relics of St. Baud of Clermont.

In the old calendars and legendaries of Saint-Éloi, of the 13th century and the following, St. Columba and St. Baud were inscribed in red letters as patrons of churches depending on the monastery, and until the Revolution of ’93 the office of these two Saints was kept there with solemnity on the same day as at Sens. Only, for reasons it would take too long to enumerate here, and through an error that had become almost general, St. Baud of Sens was confused with St. Baud of Clermont, and the church of Saint-Baud, in the first half of the 18th century, left the holy penitent of Sens to adopt as patron St. Baud or Bonnet of Clermont; but Saint-Éloi, until its destruction, kept the cult of the old patron.

The first chapel of Saint-Baud, on the hill, had been destroyed during the incursions of the Saracens and the Normans; Richer, archbishop of Sens, thought about 1090 of replacing it with a new one, and it was in digging the foundations that the body of St. Baud was discovered, about 486 years after his death. From the invention of his body his cult spread into a greater number of countries. Several parishes in France and Savoy chose him as their patron: we find at Champcourt, in the diocese of Langres, a priory founded in 1202 in honour of St. Baud, which depended on the abbey of Montier-en-Der. But Pavant, near Château-Thierry, in the diocese of Soissons, was the parish where his cult was most flourishing, under the name of St. Bald. This name proves that the cult of St. Baud was established in that parish before our holy penitent was given the popular name of St. Bond, which hardly happened before about the 11th century. This new name caused him to be confused with the bishop of Clermont, and in several places the cult of the holy penitent of Sens was abandoned for that of the bishop of Clermont.

In the windows of the apse of the church of Pavant there are four fine medallions of the 13th or 14th century relating to the life of St. Bond. This parish possessed relics of its patron, which it had doubtless obtained after the invention of his body, for St. Eligius is the only one known to have obtained any from the beginning. It kept them preciously until ’93, when they were profaned by a wretch whose death was later frightful and whose name is held in horror. The parish had the happiness of obtaining new ones in 1866. The feast of St. Bald is celebrated there on the 15th of September, doubtless the anniversary of the reception of the old relics, and since the adoption of the Roman liturgy at Soissons it is commemorated on the same day throughout the diocese. Formerly this feast was celebrated for eight days at Pavant; devotion to our Saint was very widespread in the parishes of the diocese of Soissons watered by the Marne and in several parishes of

the neighbouring dioceses, from which numerous processions came in times of epidemic and public calamity. Several persons also came every year until ’93 to visit the tomb of St. Bond at Sens; it was like a deputation which the district sent to present its prayers and homage.

The chapel of St. Bond built on the hill formerly served as parish church for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood; but for the greater convenience of the parishioners a larger church was built at Paron, at the foot of the hill, where the relics of St. Bond that have not been distributed are now laid, after being recognised by Mgr the archbishop of Sens. His head is in the treasury of the cathedral of Sens.

St. Bond is invoked above all to reunite divided families, to calm colic and toothache, and to heal animals.

We owe this notice to the kindness of M. l’abbé Robin, honorary canon, at Saint-Maurice-Charenton.

SAINT GERMAIN OF MONTFORT, RELIGIOUS OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT, IN THE DIOCESE OF ANNECY

1000. — Pope: Sylvester II. — King of France: Robert II.

> *Mon fils, avant toutes choses, appliquez-vous à l’humilité, qui est la plus parfaite des vertus, afin que vous puissiez monter au faîte de la perfection.*
>
> *My son, before all things apply yourself to humility, which is the most perfect of the virtues, so that you may climb to the summit of perfection.*
>
> *St. Basil the Great.*

St. Germain was born in Belgium, in a little town near Malines called Montfort, of a family as distinguished by the lustre of its piety as by the size of its fortune. The name of his parents has not come down to us; it is known only that he had one brother, named Rudolph. We do not know the date of his birth precisely; but trustworthy documents place it at the beginning of the 10th century, about the year 906.

Favoured from the first years of his life with the rarest blessings, and having received from heaven, to form his youth, virtuous and zealous parents whose whole care was to form his young heart to the love of God and the practice of the Christian virtues, and whose examples and lessons continually led him to good, the young Germain made rapid progress in the ways of salvation, and gave from his tenderest childhood unmistakable marks of his future holiness. And so we read in a legend taken from the archives of the monastery of Talloires, as in several lives of St. Bernard of Menthon, whose tutor he was, that when he had scarcely reached the age of reason he already had no taste or attraction but for prayer, the glory of God and the sanctification of his soul; that he carefully avoided the games and other amusements of childhood; and that while his companions thought of nothing and busied themselves with nothing but the pleasures and diversions of childhood, he often slipped away from his father’s house to go and pour out the feelings and affections of his heart before his God in the churches, where he sometimes spent whole days in adoration and prayer.

Already then he liked to speak only of the things of God, and his most usual conversation was in heaven and about the things of heaven. He also had a very great respect for the practices and ceremonies of the Church; and as soon as he had left early childhood, he often went to Malines to have the happiness of serving the bishop during the holy sacrifice of the Mass. It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of devotion and fervour which animated that soul full of faith in this holy action, and how, by the fervour he brought to serving at the altar, he was preparing himself even then, perhaps without yet foreseeing it, to go up one day to the altar himself with the devotion that afterwards merited him so many favours and graces.

His virtuous parents, who wished above all for the glory of God and the salvation of their son, were very far from opposing such holy dispositions; on the contrary, they blessed the Lord for his early virtues and used all their care to strengthen and increase them. The bishop of Malines, for his part, touched by the modesty,

recollection and other qualities of this young child whom he often saw in the church and who served his Mass with a piety so unusual at that age, had taken a particular liking to him and often gave him little presents to encourage him and show him his esteem. But little Germain, who doubtless valued all the worth of these gifts of a bishop, kept nothing of them for himself; he knew that one cannot love God without loving one's neighbour also, and at once he hastened to give them to the poor, as he did whatever he received from the hands of his parents. Thus he already united in himself, in a very perfect degree, the two fundamental virtues of Christianity, those on which all the others depend and which contain the whole law: the love of God and the love of one's neighbour.

Having reached a somewhat more advanced age, and probably after learning the first elements of the sciences in his father's house, Germain was sent to Paris with Rudolph, his only brother. He stayed there some years, during which he made distinguished studies and became the object of the admiration of all his fellow students. In the midst of the disorders and scandals which that great capital always offered to youth, and which so often caused shameful shipwreck to even the most solid virtue, our young student knew how to protect himself against all dangers by prayer, vigilance, flight from occasions, the reading of good books, meditation on our eternal destiny, mortification of the senses and fasting. He made as rapid progress there in the sanctification of his soul as in the acquisition of human learning, and finished his courses as much praised for his rare piety as admired for his talents and knowledge. From his entry into that famous school there had been remarked in him above all a great contempt for creatures, a complete self-denial, an ardent zeal for the good of the Church (which, according to the Fathers of the Church, is the surest mark of predestination), and a tender devotion to the most holy Virgin, a devotion he kept up all his life and which later won him several apparitions of that august Virgin.

Having finished his studies with such brilliant success and such exemplary piety, and having been invested with the sacred character of the priesthood, Germain, who had no other aim than to follow the will of his God in everything, begged him earnestly to make known his designs for him. He was heard, and in this way. In one of the oldest and most illustrious families of Savoy, at the castle of Menthon, situated on a pleasant slope on the eastern shore of the lake of Annecy, the Lord had granted a son to virtuous parents. This was Bernard of Menthon. From his childhood he showed the happiest dispositions for learning and above all for virtue. He had then reached the age of seven, and the baron his father thought of giving him a tutor.

But as the interests of piety and religion were always put first in that illustrious house of Menthon, where it was always believed that religion is the first foundation of true nobility, Richard wished above all for a man who excelled in the practice of the Christian virtues and whose examples and lessons would lead his son to good while he instructed him in human learning; for he knew that nothing is more pernicious to youth than the examples of bad teachers, and that parents should therefore have nothing more at heart than to choose good masters to direct the education of their children. These motives, and a secret design of God, made him ask for our Germain, a man as rare in the perfection of his virtues as in that of his talents, a priest as versed in the sciences of earth as in those of heaven. Germain regarded the offer made to him as a grace from heaven and a mark of the will of God, and without hesitating he hastened to the castle to give himself wholly to the noble office that Providence entrusted to him. He was then about twenty-five years old.

The sole desire to obey God, to procure his glory, to contribute to the sanctification of the young Bernard and to work for his own salvation had brought Germain to the castle of Menthon. To all this he will apply himself without respite. As he had often meditated on these words of the Holy Ghost: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth his abundant grace to the humble," his first care on arriving was to strengthen himself in that precious virtue, humility. And to protect himself against the lures of self-love and pride to which he saw himself exposed amid the honours and abundance surrounding him there, he does here what he had already done in his father's house and throughout his courses at Paris: he prays assiduously, fasts rigorously, gives himself fervently to the exercises of Christian piety, and above all devotes himself zealously to forming the mind and

heart of his young pupil. From his arrival at the castle he regards the young Bernard as a precious plant which he has a mission from heaven to cultivate, an innocent heart which he must bring to God and form to piety even more than to learning.

Under the wise guidance of Germain, his holy tutor, the young Bernard had made such rapid progress in learning at Menthon that, according to the historians of his life, he reached in a short time a degree of instruction that others attain only after long years. And so his parents, seeing that he could acquire nothing more in his province, resolved to send him early to Paris to finish making him what they wished.

They did not, however, forget what religion prescribed to them regarding their son's soul; and therefore they again set our virtuous Germain to guard his innocence, and begged him to be so good as to accompany him to Paris and continue there to cultivate that rich store of nature and grace, as he had done with such success in their castle. Germain promised gladly. So they both set out for that great city, accompanied by a governor and two servants. St. Bernard was then fourteen and St. Germain about thirty-two. Roland Viot, historian and provost of the Great St. Bernard, about the year 1611, asserts that they entered the famous university built about a hundred years before by Charlemagne. It is thus the same university in which St. Germain had already made, some years earlier, such admirable progress in learning and in virtue.

During their stay there Germain never lost sight of his holy pupil for a moment; in everything and everywhere he showed himself truly the guardian angel of this child of benediction. Through his care, exhortations and counsels Bernard soon distinguished himself in the study of philosophy, law and theology, but he was still more remarkable for his horror of sin and his ardour for his own sanctification. At the sight of the disorders and frightful ravages that vice caused among that prodigious concourse of students drawn from all sides to that already famous school, his pure and innocent heart was often alarmed and revolted; but Germain was always there to shelter his soul from seduction. He armed him against every danger by prayer, meditation on holy things, flight from occasions and the frequenting of the Sacraments; he did not let him lose sight of the thought of the presence of God, and often during the day he raised his soul above the things of earth by holy considerations all aflame with divine love.

Bernard and Germain having been recalled to the castle of Menthon, Germain stayed there only a short time, after which he went straight to Talloires, half a league away, where some cenobites were already living under the Rule of St. Benedict. He was accompanied there, says the author of the *Héros des Alpes*, by a good number of the young baron's officers. One may well presume that it was the examples and exhortations of Germain that had decided them on this more perfect life; for the zeal of the Saints for the glory of God and the perfection of souls never wearies. Having heard praised and extolled the regularity and fame of the abbot and monks of Savigny, in the diocese of Lyons, on which the community of Talloires depended, he felt himself fired with an ardent desire to enter that holy house, where the Rule of St. Benedict was practised with all the fervour of the first times and where every religious was, so to speak, a Saint. Thus the Saints always aspire to what is most perfect and most suited to make them advance with great strides on the road of perfection and salvation. Nevertheless, as he wished to busy himself only with God and the things of heaven, he took care, before carrying out his plan, to rid himself of everything that could still draw his mind and thoughts towards earth. And so, applying to himself these words of the divine Master: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, give the price to the poor, and follow me," he goes at once to his brother Rudolph and tells him of his plan. Rudolph, himself penetrated with great sentiments of piety and a great zeal for the glory of God and his own sanctification, joyfully decides to imitate him. The two brothers therefore sell all they possess and give the price to the poor.

After this sublime act of charity and disinterestedness, Germain and his brother leave at once for the monastery of Savigny. They are received there by the abbot Joire, a man equally remarkable for his learning and his virtues. There they make their vows and bind themselves to follow irrevocably the Rule of St. Benedict in all its rigour.

St. Germain had been for some time in that illustrious monastery of Savigny, which he edified by his virtues, when his superiors, who had remarked in him as much capacity for affairs as zeal for the glory of God and his own sanctification, sent him back to Talloires to strengthen the little community of Benedictines which existed there in dependence on Savigny,[1] and which had been founded there, it is believed, in the time of Charlemagne. His brother Rudolph and some other cenobites were joined to him to help him in this undertaking, and they had soon built there a monastery with a church and provided everything necessary for the upkeep of the religious.

But the exterior and, so to speak, material cares which Germain was obliged to give to the construction of these buildings did no harm to the spiritual advancement of his soul; for not only did he refer and offer to God all his pains and labours, but he also followed all the exercises of the community with a fervour worthy of the ancient cenobites. His fidelity and his ever-growing ardour singularly astonished and edified even the most regular and holy religious of that house. Each strove in rivalry to imitate him and to form himself on his example to the spirit of the holy patriarch of Monte Cassino; for then there was not yet to be deplored the fatal slackness which crept in later among some of the members of that monastery of Talloires. Having thus fully answered the purposes for which he had been sent to Talloires, Germain, who believed he had never done enough for the glory of God and his own salvation, returned to Savigny and obtained from the superior general permission to visit the principal places of devotion, and especially the Holy Land.

However, to procure them more merit and glory, the Lord sometimes tries his Saints and allows them, in the very midst of their most excellent exercises, to be crossed and overwhelmed by grievous tribulations. This the legends give us occasion to remark once more in our glorious St. Germain; for they add that during his pious pilgrimages he had much to suffer.

At the end of about three years Germain, whom his pilgrimages and long sufferings had filled more and more with the spirit of God and inflamed with the desire of heaven, returned to Talloires, bringing with him from Jerusalem several precious relics, which he laid in the church of the monastery and which were kept there until the French Revolution, when they were burned, at least in great part, under the chestnut trees opposite the convent.

It is not known exactly whether it was before or after this pilgrimage to the Holy Land that Germain was elected prior of the community of Talloires, which he had already so greatly edified as a simple religious; but it is known from the inscription of the grotto that he was so by the year 989, and nothing prevents our believing that he was so earlier. Obedience to his superiors and the fear of resisting the will of God made him, in spite of his great humility and his extreme aversion to honours, submit to the dignity to which he was called. Here is a new career for our Saint, and a new theatre for his zeal and his virtues.

Full of distrust of himself and of confidence in God, St. Germain knew that all his strength was in the Lord, and that without his help it would be impossible for him to direct well the community at whose head divine Providence had just placed him. And so his greatest care, from the moment he was named prior and for the whole rest of his life, was to have recourse to heaven by fervent prayers, to obtain for the religious he was to guide, and of whom he became in some sort the father, the spirit of docility, obedience and all the virtues, and for himself the light, prudence, firmness and other qualities necessary in a good superior. Then, knowing that prayer alone is not enough for those charged with guiding others, but that lessons are needed too, joined to the example of a holy and perfectly regular life, he strove to become more and more an accomplished model of all the virtues and a living image of religious perfection.

By his examples still more than by his precepts he never ceased to urge each of his religious to love his cell, to flee idleness, to keep silence, to strengthen himself in the love of work, fasting, vigils, and continual prayer and meditation; to practise fraternal charity and mutual forbearance; to love holy poverty and detachment from the things of earth; to possess nothing of his own, according to the prescriptions of the

Rule; to carry his mind and heart continually towards God and to do nothing but with the intention of pleasing him; in a word, in everything and everywhere he showed himself a most kindly father, a most perfect master and a most zealous superior.

Under such impulses the convent of Talloires, where the Rule, it is true, had not yet been despised, was soon seen to take on a quite new ardour for piety, to give the world the example of the most austere virtues, and to advance with astonishing speed in the paths of the highest perfection. Everywhere there was the most perfect order and the most complete regularity. Each of the religious laboured in rivalry for his spiritual advancement; everything there breathed the good odour of the most admirable virtues.

About a quarter of a league above Talloires, in the rock that forms the base of the high mountain of La Tournette and over a deep precipice, there is a solitary grotto carved by the hand of time. It lies a few paces below the presbytery and church of Saint-Germain; it is closed on all sides by the rock into which it runs, except on the south, where there is a wall of recent date; but it may be supposed that a fallen block of the same rock once completed its enclosure. In this grotto reigns the most complete silence; nothing outside can distract even the most dissipated man there. It is truly the place for meditation and prayer. Even before one reaches it, everything prepares the mind and heart for great thoughts and holy affections. The path leading to it, the brushwood it crosses, the roughness of the rock it skirts, which sometimes juts out threateningly overhead; the abyss at one's feet, the noise of the water falling to the bottom in a foaming cascade; the enchanting view of the lovely lake of Annecy and of the plains and slopes around it; the sight of that crowd of mountains, as picturesque as they are varied, which bound its basin: all this forms together something imposing and grand, which raises the onlooker above the earth, forces him in some sort to adore and love the author and creator of so many wonders, and to ask fervently for the help of his almighty arm.

As soon as St. Germain had seen this place, so suited to recollection of mind and to the holy ardours of the heart, he resolved to end his days there. He knew, moreover, that solitude is, as St. Gregory Nazianzen says, the mother of the divine transports of the soul towards heaven, or, as St. John Chrysostom puts it, the foster sister of the most excellent virtues. And so, from what the legends tell us, he asked and obtained permission to withdraw there, to occupy himself more particularly with his salvation and to prepare himself better for the great journey of his eternity.

It was about the year 960 that this new Paul or Anthony began to come and hide himself in the side of the rock hanging over the abyss of which we have just spoken. The legends tell us that he remained there forty years, until the moment of his death.

He went up there every morning at daybreak, after attending the night office and celebrating holy Mass at the convent of Talloires. Then he remained there the whole day, buried alive, so to speak, in that hollow, cut off from all human intercourse and having to deal with God alone. There nothing earthly, nothing human occupied his mind. His whole life, from morning till evening, was spent in prayer, in meditation on the eternal truths, in contemplation of divine things and in the exercises of the most austere penance. He fasted there rigorously every day and took a little food only towards evening, at sunset, when he went back down to Talloires to attend the night office, and climbed up again the next day after fortifying himself with the bread of angels at the holy altar.

A tradition universal in the district relates that, having come a little below the path leading to the grotto, and a few paces above the place called the Saut du Moine (the Monk's Leap),[2] our Saint knelt every day on a flat stone, or sort of rock, placed beside and level with the path, to make there a holy preparation for the exercises of his day. It is added that, the better to fix his thoughts, he traced with his finger on the stone a little cross, which he kissed at the beginning and end of his prayer, and that the cross, as well as the print of his knees and hands, remained and still remain engraved there. The hands are closed and the joints of the fingers quite distinct.

To perpetuate the memory of this prodigy a little oratory had been built on the very spot, which unhappily is falling into ruin; and although the stone has been uncovered for a very long time, the traces of the cross, the knees and the hands are still perfectly outlined there, and draw the veneration of a great number of the faithful.

After finishing his preparatory prayer at this spot, St. Germain went into his grotto to give himself each day with greater ardour to his holy exercises, and did not come out again until evening, at sunset. One day — and this incident deserves to be cited because of the number and uniformity of the testimonies that relate it, and of the monuments that confirm it — one day, we say, some wretched individuals, driven by motives no one knows, resolved to prevent our Saint from going to his hermitage. For this purpose they placed themselves at the entrance of the path leading to it and obstinately refused him passage. The man of God, who has put all his trust in the Lord, is not disconcerted; but without a word more he goes further on, climbs on to the rock that forms the grotto, says a prayer, advances to the brink of the abyss, and, inspired and upheld by Him whom he serves, lets himself fall and finds himself without any harm at the entrance of his retreat, in spite of the obstacles of his persecutors. The prints of his two feet remained engraved and perfectly outlined on the stone, according to a very great number of persons who saw them and who particularly admired the toes, perfectly regular and distinct. But unhappily these prints were covered over not very long ago, when the little plateau above the grotto was turned into a garden.

From another very widespread and almost universal tradition in Talloires and the neighbourhood we learn also that towards the end of his life, when he could hardly walk any more because of his mortifications and the weight of his years, he nevertheless attended exactly the evening conventual office at Talloires, and that he was often carried there and back by miracle. It is added that more than once persons who wished to make sure of it watched him and really saw him in his grotto in the rock until the precise moment when the bell was rung for the office, and that at that instant he disappeared and was the first in the church of the monastery.

These incidents certainly have nothing impossible in them; we cite them, however, not wishing to make them a certainty, but only because of the great number of truly trustworthy persons who uniformly assure us that they have heard them told many and many a time by their parents, who in turn certified that they had learned them from their grandparents, and so on.

While Germain was thus sanctifying himself in his retreat by the practice of the most admirable and heroic virtues, the baron and baroness of Menthon, who had never ceased to mourn their only son, found him again on the summit of Mont-Joux, today the Great St. Bernard. The astonishing holiness of this beloved child had made so strong an impression on the hearts of the two noble old people that on their return they reformed their whole household and would no longer work except for heaven, nor think of anything but their eternity; only too happy to have a Saint in their family, they strove henceforth only to imitate his virtues. The better to succeed in this, they recalled from his solitude Germain, formerly their son’s tutor; for they now appreciated better than ever the high virtues of that holy priest, seeing those which he had been able to inspire in their dear child. Then they begged him to be so good as henceforth to be their confessor and director in the ways of salvation, and to regard them in future only as souls seeking to go to heaven through his care and counsel. St. Germain, far from recalling what had once happened in his regard, accepted this office with keen pleasure; for he saw in it new Saints to form and new souls to lead to God. He therefore went back to their castle. Scarcely had he arrived there when the divine fire that consumed him had passed entire into the hearts of his noble penitents; and from that moment there were to be seen in that ancient manor only the marks of the most perfect and eminent piety, so that one would have taken it rather for a monastery than for a stronghold.

After the death of the baron and baroness of Menthon, Germain returned to his dear solitude, and used the legacy he had received to have a cell and an oratory or chapel built a few paces above his grotto, on the very

spot where the presbytery and the parish church of Saint-Germain now stand.[3] From then on, because of his advanced age, he no longer went down so often to Talloires, and perhaps also the better to cut himself off from all intercourse with men and to have no other dealings than with God alone; he spent the night in his cell and celebrated holy Mass in the chapel he had just had built. During the day he continued to withdraw into his grotto, where he occupied himself only with God and with his eternity, which he saw drawing near, and where he lived as if his soul had already been in heaven and his body in the tomb.

There he enjoyed in some sort a foretaste of the delights of paradise, and the legends assure us that he was favoured there with several apparitions of the most holy Virgin, of St. Martin of Tours and of St. Benedict, for whom he had a very great devotion all his life.

At last, after spending about forty years in this solitude, our holy anchorite, who was no longer made for earth, fell gently asleep in the Lord about the year 1000. It is certain that he died in his cell and not in the grotto.

CULTE ET RELIQUES.

Cult and relics.

His body was buried in the chapel he had had built on the rock, which thenceforth bore the name of Priory or Hermitage of Saint-Germain. The precise place of his tomb is about the middle of the present church, a little more, however, towards the east, between the chapel of the Blessed Virgin and the pulpit.

Already during his life the fame of his holiness had spread far and wide; but immediately after his death God made his name so famous and his tomb so glorious by the various miracles worked there that he was publicly venerated and canonised by the faithful from the year 1014. From that time a crowd of pious pilgrims, coming from every country and seeking a remedy for their bodily sufferings or their troubles of mind, have never ceased to flock to his tomb on almost every day of the year, but especially on Easter Monday and Whit Monday and on the day of the Commemoration of all the Saints.

The grotto itself, which the man of God had so long sanctified by his fervent prayers, his holy meditations, his burning converse with God, in a word by all the exercises of the highest and most heroic holiness, has remained no less famous than his tomb. God was pleased to pour out his graces there too from the beginning; and even today there are few pilgrims to Saint-Germain who do not wish to go and pray in that venerated place. In the middle of the grotto there is a little niche cut in the rock and formerly closed with a grille; today it contains a little wooden statue, before which a plank has been placed by way of altar. The piety of the faithful finds means to embellish this poor niche and this statue a little. There are garlands of moss, natural or artificial flowers, little vases more or less precious, little embroidered cloths covering the plank, crowns placed on the head of the statue, rosaries hung on its arms, pictures arranged with art all around. There are sometimes even persons who in their simple but touching devotion, and without troubling about what will become of their offering, put coins on the arms or in the hands of the statue: God sees it; the Saint sees it; that is enough for them. It has never been heard that anything was stolen there.

As we have already said, the sacred bones of St. Germain rested until 1621 in a tomb placed in the middle of the chapel of the hermitage of Saint-Germain, where they were constantly held in great veneration by the faithful and where numerous miracles were worked. But on the 28th of October 1621, St. Francis de Sales, unable to bear that such precious relics should remain hidden any longer in the tomb, went to the hermitage with Jean-François de Sales, bishop of Chalcedon, his brother and coadjutor, made their solemn translation and exposed them to public veneration. The holy body was put in a new and well-adorned shrine, which was placed under the altar.

His tomb, though henceforth stripped of its precious bones, did not cease to be held in great veneration. To preserve the memory of the place it had occupied, a kind of coffin (or *varre*, as the people of the district say)

had been built over it, around which devout pilgrims loved to pray. Several of them even cut off some fragments of it with their knives and kept them as precious relics. From time immemorial the religious of Talloires had maintained a prior at the hermitage to serve the chapel and encourage the devotion of the Christians; but from then on he was very often no longer enough for the prodigious crowds of the faithful, and on several occasions in the year some of the Fathers of the abbey had to be joined to him.

At the Revolution the religious of Talloires, like all the priests and nobles, were obliged to emigrate. The chapel of Saint-Germain did not escape profanation and was even partly devastated. But God saved the holy relics from the fury of the men with sacrilegious and impious hands who held sway at that time, and who came several times to look for them in their refuge to defile and destroy them. The high altar in which they had until then been exposed had even been demolished. No one knew what had become of them; but the Lord, who watched over this holy deposit, knew how to bring it to light according to his designs. One day an inhabitant of Talloires, Nicolas Grillon, was working with some others to remove the dressed stone of a window and a door. His work finished, he had the idea of going to pick at the wall behind the place of the high altar, which had already disappeared. Soon he sees at the back of a cavity, which seems to have been made on purpose, something which he draws out. It was a box or casket, all varnished in black. On top were these words: *Ossa beati Germani*, "Bones of St. Germain." He opens the box; a little dust escapes from it; then he sees that there really are human bones in it. Transported with joy, he closes the box carefully and calls those of his companions on whom he thinks he can rely; they take the box and carry it with great respect into the oven of the priory, from which it was taken shortly afterwards by Nicolas Grillon and Louis Adam; they carried it secretly down to Talloires, to the house of one of them, who kept it carefully until 1826, when he handed it over to M. the curé of Talloires.

Meanwhile republican vandalism, while devastating the chapel of our Saint, displacing his sacred remains and scattering the marks of the gratitude of the faithful, had been unable either to impair his credit or to weaken the confidence placed in him. And so the concourse of Christians continued even when everything was demolished and scarcely any traces could be found to recall the memory of the man of God. Even then people went to the ruined chapel; they prayed there with faith amid the grass, brambles and thorns growing there. Peace having at last been restored to the Church, the faithful of all the surrounding places loudly demanded that the relics of St. Germain be again exposed to their veneration.

Mgr Claude-François de Thiollaz, after a wise delay and many precautions which prudence prescribed to him in such a case, at last acceded to the wishes of so many fervent Christians. The authenticity of the relics having been recognised, the great bishop resolved to expose these holy remains solemnly to public veneration. He therefore had a fine chapel prepared and adorned at his own expense in the church of Talloires, opposite the chapel of the Rosary, and fixed the 23rd of October 1831 for the ceremony of the translation. In the midst of an extraordinary multitude of the faithful of Annecy and the neighbourhood, who had flocked to attend this religious feast, the relics were put in a new shrine and laid in the chapel, where they remained exposed to public veneration until the 29th of October 1838, when they were carried back by Mgr Rey, bishop of Annecy, into the old chapel of Saint-Germain, which had just been made a church.

The venerated remains of the Saint stayed until 1857 in the state in which Mgr Rey had placed them. At that time the church and the walls surrounding it were repaired, and a third, entirely new altar was built to contain the holy relics from then on. This altar is placed opposite that of the Rosary, at the spot occupied until then by the shrine. On it can be seen the precious remains of St. Germain in an artistically worked wax body, clothed in the habit of the old Benedictines of Talloires.

Formerly the feast of St. Germain was celebrated at the monastery of Talloires on the 28th of October. It is now transferred to the next day, the 29th of October, when it is celebrated in the parish of Saint-Germain with all the pomp of a feast of the first class. He is invoked generally for every kind of need, but more particularly for bodily pains and infirmities and for all the illnesses of children.

Extracted from the Vie de saint Germain, religieux bénédictin, *by M. l'abbé Pinget. — Cf.* Notre-Dame de Savoie, *by M. l'abbé Grobel.*

SAINT ERMELINDE, VIRGIN AND RECLUSE AT MELDERT, IN THE DIOCESE OF MALINES (ABOUT 595)

St. Ermelinde (or Hermelinde) was of so illustrious a family that St. Pepin, duke of Brabant and father of St. Gertrude, gloried in being descended from it. Her father was named Ermenold and her mother Ermesende. She was given an education befitting her rank; but, far from letting her heart be caught by the attractions of vanity or the glitter of greatness, from childhood she breathed only retreat, prayer and the word of God. She would never listen to any proposal of marriage, and to keep her parents from being able to engage her in it she made a vow of virginity, cut off her hair herself, openly renounced the pomp of the world and undertook a strict and mortified life. Soon these austerities were no longer enough for her; she needed solitude so as to live with God alone. She left her father's house, the lordship of Terdonck near the village of Lovenjoul in the neighbourhood of Louvain, and the goods offered her for her support, and went to hide herself in a village named Bevec. There, despising her nobility, she went barefoot to the church, where she spent days and nights in prayer. She afflicted her flesh to make of it a living victim worthy of the eyes of her Spouse, and she had no other ambition than to be a humble handmaid of Our Lord.

Warned by an angel that two young lords were laying snares for her virtue, she left Bevec and went to Meldrik, since called Meldaert or Meldert (*Meldradium*), in the present diocese of Malines. There she spent the rest of her days, living only on wild herbs and practising austerities which recalled those practised in the deserts by the most mortified of the ancient solitaries. At last, after she had overcome the world, the flesh and the devil there in several combats, it pleased Our Lord, whom alone she had loved on earth, to call her to himself to crown her in heaven. She died on the 29th of October, at the beginning of the 7th century. The angels themselves took care to bury her body in that place and to sing hymns and canticles at her funeral. Forty-eight years later the prodigies it worked caused it to be discovered; and having been raised from the ground by the piety of St. Pepin, it was placed in a monastery of virgins which he founded for the purpose and endowed with very great revenues. Since the ruin of that religious house these revenues have been annexed to the canons of Saint-Barthélemy at Liège. In representations of St. Ermelinde of Brabant, angels are seen surrounding her body and presiding at her funeral. — She is invoked especially to ask the cure of pains in the arms and legs (the play on the sound of the name plays the chief part here: *Erm* or *Arm* means arm, and by extension, legs).

It is believed that St. Ermelinde was buried near her cell. Later (about 643) a chapel was built over her tomb, and numerous miracles began to be worked there. Our holy recluse has been honoured for more than twelve centuries throughout the diocese of Malines, but most particularly at Meldert and at Lovenjoul. At Tirlemont (diocese of Malines), in the collegiate church of Saint-Germain, there was an altar dedicated in her honour. St. Ermelinde is honoured also at Moergestel (diocese of Bois-le-Duc) and even in Bohemia. — From Meldert, where they rested, the relics of our holy recluse were twice transferred (in 1705 and in 1744) to Louvain to save them from the profanations of the impious. Brought back to Meldert, they were buried underground during the troubles of 1792; they were taken out again in 1803, on Whit Sunday. Laid at first in the oratory of Saint-Quirin (at the edge of the parish), they were afterwards replaced with honour in the parish church. Examined in 1848 and in 1849, they were enclosed at the latter date in a magnificent shrine of gilded copper. Urban VIII (1623–1644) had granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who on the 29th of October should visit the oratory of Sainte-Ermelinde; Pius IX renewed and multiplied these indulgences. He also authorised (1849) the re-establishment of the old confraternity of Sainte-Ermelinde: this association is very flourishing today.

We have completed the account of Father Giry with the Acta Sanctorum, *vol. XII of October, pp. 843–872.*

SAINT DODO, ABBOT OF THE MONASTERY OF WALERS-EN-FAIGNE (760)

St. Dodo was born in the territory of Laon, in the village of La Vallée. His parents, rich and virtuous, took great care to lead him to God. Soon they even conceived the thought of sending him to a religious house so that he might be formed there in wisdom and learning. They applied to the holy apostle Ursmar, who had held the child at the font. Recognising in this step of the young Dodo's parents a first testimony of heaven's designs for him, Ursmar joyfully received the pious child, who was brought up in the house of the Lord as the young Samuel once was in the tabernacle of Shiloh. Thus passed Dodo's first years; thus he reached adolescence and youth in perfect innocence. That age, so critical for most young men, was for Dodo a time of greater merits and more brilliant virtues. He owed this happiness above all to the fidelity with which he obeyed his superiors. Like a young and tender shrub under the hand of a good gardener, he docilely took every direction that the very wise hand of the master to whom he had been entrusted gave him. And so the most amiable virtues could already be seen shining in him. All aflame with the love of God and the desire of perfection, he walked ardently in the way of good. No obstacle could daunt his courage and the generous energy of his soul. He despised the perishable goods of earth and sighed only for those of heaven. Moderate in his speech, prudent in his actions, true and sincere in all things, chaste and pure in his thoughts, full of humility and of a gentle confidence in God, charitable and compassionate towards the poor, Dodo was cherished by all who saw him, and no one could help admiring the union of so many fine qualities and virtues in such youth.

When the moment came to embrace a career, Dodo preferred to all the advantages the world could offer him the happiness of living for God and consecrating himself to his service. St. Ursmar above all felt great joy at this decision, and the perfect knowledge he had of his disciple's virtue led him soon afterwards to entrust him with the direction of the community of Walers-en-Faigne. This monastery was one of those which St. Landelin had formerly built after his third pilgrimage to Rome. Dodo's humility was frightened by this charge, which he thought beyond his strength, and only his obedience to the will of St. Ursmar could bring him to submit to his wishes. So he began to direct the religious gathered in that place. His reputation for holiness soon drew a greater number. All were filled with the most sincere affection for him, and they strove in rivalry to walk in his footsteps, as he himself laboured to imitate his venerable master St. Ursmar.

God, to make that already brilliant virtue shine still more, allowed it to be subjected for a time to the attacks of the enemy. All hell seemed let loose against the virtuous Dodo, determined to leave him neither peace nor truce in his peaceful solitude. The liveliness of his faith and the fervour of his prayers brought him out victorious from all these combats, after which he tasted a delicious peace that was like the anticipated reward of his fidelity. Numerous miracles which he worked from that time to the end of his life also showed the people how pleasing St. Dodo was in the eyes of the Lord and how powerful with him. The blind, the lame and the infirm obtained a complete cure through his prayers. He died on the first day of October about the year 760. His mortal remains were laid in a little cell which he had himself had built near the monastery and to which he often withdrew to give himself to prayer. The report of the miracles worked in that place reached the ears of the venerable Dodilo, who governed the dioceses of Cambrai and Arras (887 to 903). This prelate sent some priests to carry the relics of St. Dodo into the church of the monastery of Walers. A woman who had long been paralysed in both hands obtained on this occasion, through the Saint's intercession, a complete cure. Later, under the episcopate of the venerable Fulbert (953 to 956), the body of St. Dodo was again raised from the ground to be placed near the altar of St. Peter, in the church dedicated to that Apostle.

The memory of St. Dodo has been preciously preserved throughout the country of Faigne, where he is still invoked with great confidence.

Acta Sanctorum Belgii, vol. VI, p. 378.

BLESSED BENVENUTA BOJANI OF FRIULI, VIRGIN, OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC (1292)

Benvenuta was born about the middle of the 13th century in the province of Friuli, of a family which held a high position in the country. From her tenderest years she showed great dispositions to piety. She was never seen to take any part in the games and amusements of her age; she preferred to withdraw to some remote spot from which she could see a church, and spent several hours there in prayer. In her youth she accustomed herself to treat her body harshly; she wore a rough hair shirt under her clothes and bound her loins with a cord. This cord sank so deep into her flesh and made such wounds that the help of surgeons would have been needed to remove it. Fearing to be discovered, the young girl implored the help of heaven, and the cord fell off of itself. Having entered the Third Order of St. Dominic, she wished to imitate in some measure the virtues of that great servant of God. She gave up wine and meat, spent part of her nights in prayer, and when, overcome by fatigue, she was obliged to lie down, she stretched herself on the ground and put a stone to support her head. Each night she took the discipline as many as three times.

These hard austerities soon exhausted her health. She fell ill. Choked by continual fits of breathlessness, she could no longer lie down or stand; she had always to be seated. This position gave her such painful ulcers that she could no longer be moved, even slightly, without inflicting real torture on her. In the midst of these sufferings the patience of the Blessed never failed, and she never ceased to give herself to prayer. After five years of sickness she had herself carried to the tomb of St. Dominic and obtained a complete cure. On her return to her country she began her mortifications again and freed herself so thoroughly from the dominion of the senses that she seemed to exist only for heaven. Her conduct and her virtues won her signal favours from God, which out of humility she carefully hid from all eyes. Consumed by vigils and mortifications, she quickly reached the end of her course and died on the 29th of October 1292. Numerous miracles were worked at her tomb. Her cult was approved by Clement XIII in 1765.

Taken from the Lessons of the Office of Blessed Benvenuta. — Cf. the Continuators of Godescard.

---

[1] The Bollandists say: “At Antioch in Syria (today Antakya), St. Zenobius, priest, physician and martyr.”

[2] Narcissus came into the world towards the end of the 1st century, and he was nearly eighty years old when he was entrusted with the government of the Church of Jerusalem, of which he was the third bishop. He presided (195) with Theophilus of Caesarea over a council held concerning the celebration of Easter, in which it was decided that this feast should always be celebrated on a Sunday and not on the day on which it was customary to celebrate it among the Jews. Eusebius reports that in his time (270–338) the memory of several miracles worked by the holy bishop was still preserved; and so the faithful of Jerusalem held him in great veneration. This could not, however, protect him from the malice of the wicked, and the reputation of the virtuous bishop found itself at grips with an infamous calumny. He triumphed over it by patience, and the wretches who had accused him perished shamefully. — Godescard, Eusebius of Caesarea, Tillemont.

[3] Baronius alone says that St. John was bishop of Autun (*Augustodunum*); all the other hagiographers place him in the see of Hexham (*Hagustaldium*, *Alexedunum*), a town of England (Northumberland). Lacking documents to be able to discuss the fact, we content ourselves with stating it: the judicious criticism of the new Bollandists will soon, we hope, throw light on this obscure point of hagiological history.

[4] Theodore, more readily called Theudier, Theuder, Chef or Cherf, was born of a noble family of the province of Vienne. After distributing his patrimony to the poor, he went to find St. Caesarius of Arles, in the hope that on his recommendation he would be better received in the monastery of Lérins, which he wished to enter. But St. Caesarius kept him near him and ordained him deacon. Theudier, after perfecting himself in the practice of the Christian virtues, returned to Vienne, where he first built near the city a little oratory in honour of St. Eusebius of Vercelli. Then, the number of his disciples growing from day to day, he built as many as four monasteries in the territory of Vienne. It was the custom of that city always to have some holy monk as a recluse. The place having fallen vacant, Philip, bishop of Vienne, cast his eyes on St. Theudier and shut him up in a cell near the church of Saint-Laurent. He lived twelve years more in this new kind of life. After his death his bones were laid in the monastery he had built in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which from his name has been called Saint-Chef. — Mgr Jager, *Histoire de l’Église catholique*.

[5] While St. Salvius of Amiens was in the town of *Augusta* (Oust-Marais according to some, the bourg of Ault according to others), there was presented to him a young child of that place who was deaf and dumb. He anointed his forehead, his mouth and his whole face with blessed oil, and thus gave him back the use of hearing and speech. In baptising him he gave him the name of *Ingaudium*, in allusion to the joy which this sudden cure gave rise to. Gratitude bound this child to his benefactor, and while he became his docile

disciple he formed himself in the school of his examples. It may be supposed that Ingaud ended his days in the abbey of Saint-Sauve of Montreuil. His head is still venerated in our days in the parish church of Montreuil. — The abbé Corblet, *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens*.

[6] The sacred relics of the saints Ismion, Ismidon and Bompart formerly rested in the priory of Talloires; they were given to the flames at the French Revolution. The body of St. Jorioz was in a rural priory beyond the lake, opposite Talloires; the parish of Saint-Jorioz has the happiness of still possessing it today. The bones of St. Rudolph are kept two leagues from Talloires, at the place, once a desert, where he spent the last years of his life, and which is today the village of Saint-Ruph (commune of Faverges, parish of Seythenex). — M. l'abbé Grobel, *Notre-Dame de Savoie*.

[7] Her relics were formerly kept in the chapel of Saint-Frambourg at Senlis. In 1793 all the relics possessed by the churches of that city were buried in the cemetery in a common grave. In 1854 they were transferred into the church of Notre-Dame, the former cathedral; in 1866 a new stone altar was raised in that basilica, and the precious bones were laid in it: those of St. Louève are there, but it is impossible to distinguish them from the others. — New Bollandists, vol. XII of October.

[8] See his life on the 26th of August.

[9] See his life on the 20th of October.

[10] St. James of Batnae, surnamed the Doctor, devoted a life of seventy-two years to defending the Catholic faith against the errors of Nestorius and Eutyches and to giving the example of all the virtues. He died laden with glory and merits. The numerous writings in the Syriac tongue which he has left us are distinguished by the integrity of their doctrine and the harmonious elegance of a style full of images and poetic figures. — The abbé Darras, *Histoire de l'Église*, vol. XIV, p. 196.

[11] Alias: Salvi, Seaulve, Saulve, Sauve, Salvian, Salvius, Salvus. — Several saints have borne this name, among others a martyr contemporary with St. Augustine; a bishop of Angoulême, martyred in Hainaut in 793; and a bishop of Albi, who died in 587. The similarity of these names has given rise to numerous confusions. Baronius and Chastelain confused our bishop with the martyr of the 4th century; Molanus, Meyer and Aubert le Mire, with the bishop of Angoulême; St. Antoninus, Volaterranus and Belleforest, with the bishop of Albi. This last error is all the more understandable because it concerns two Saints who were monks before being bishops, whose name is the same, and whose sees also have very similar names. It is known, in fact, that *Ambianensis* was often contracted to *Ambiensis* (Flodoard), which makes only one letter of difference from *Albiensis*.

[12] Several modern hagiographers, among others Godescard, make him lead a worldly life, which is quite different. This assertion is contradicted by the ancient manuscripts of the Life of St. Salvius.

[13] In the time of St. Francis de Sales the community of Talloires separated from the abbey of Savigny; placed for some years under the jurisdiction of the bishops of Geneva, it was soon afterwards united to the congregation of Monte Cassino, then to that of Savigliano in Piedmont. Its union with these two congregations lasted until the French Revolution.

[14] A monk of the abbey, coming down from the priory of Saint-Germain, makes a false step and falls into the precipice (the path was then much more fearful than it is today); he commends himself to our Saint and reaches the bottom without any harm. Such is the most probable origin of the name of Saut du Moine given to this precipice.

[15] The chapel built by St. Germain lasted until 1663, when, falling from age, the religious of Talloires had it rebuilt on larger foundations, with this inscription, which can still be read beside the entrance door: *Deo opt. max. beato Germano conf. benedictino annis caduca a dd. reverendis religiosis Benedictinis Talluerum a fundamentis erecta et latius reædificata fuit an. MDCLXIII.*

30 October

Martyrologies

Thirtieth day of October

MARTYROLOGE ROMAIN.

Roman Martyrology.

In Africa, the birthday in heaven of two hundred and twenty blessed Martyrs. — At Tangier, in Mauretania, ST. MARCELLUS, centurion, who was beheaded under Agricolaus, deputy of the praetorian prefect, and happily ended his martyrdom by this torment. About 298. — At Alexandria, thirteen blessed Martyrs, who were put to death with the saints Julian, Eunus and Macarius under the emperor Decius.[1] — In the same place, St. Eutropia, who, while visiting the Martyrs, was tormented with them so cruelly that she gave up the ghost. 250. — At Cagliari, in Sardinia, St. Saturninus, martyr, who was beheaded under the governor Barbarus during the persecution of Diocletian.[2] 303. — At Apamea, in Phrygia, St. Maximus, martyred under the same Diocletian. — At León, in Spain, the holy martyrs Claudius, Lupercus and Victorius, all three sons of the centurion St. Marcellus, who during the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian were beheaded

by order of the governor Diogenian. — At Aegae, in Cilicia, St. Zenobius, bishop, and St. Zenobia, his sister, executed under the emperor Diocletian and the governor Lysias. 303. — At Altino, St. Theonestus, bishop and martyr, massacred by the Arians.[3] — At Paris, ST. LUCANUS, martyr. 5th c. — At Antioch, St. Serapion, bishop, very famous for his learning. 211. — At Capua, St. Germanus, bishop and confessor, a person of great holiness, whose soul St. Benedict saw carried to heaven by the angels at the moment of his death.[4] About 540. — At Potenza, in the Basilicata, St. Gerard, bishop. 1119.

MARTYROLOGE DE FRANCE, REVU ET AUGMENTÉ.

Martyrology of France, revised and enlarged.

In the diocese of Carcassonne, feast of all the Saints whose relics are kept in the diocese. — In the dioceses of Chartres and Paris, St. Lucanus, martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 5th c. — In the diocese of Marseilles, feast of the translation of the relics of St. Augustine, doctor of the Church, whose life we gave on the 28th of August. 430. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Theonestus, bishop of Philippi in Macedonia and martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the dioceses of Saint-Dié and Sens, feast of all the holy relics kept in the churches of these dioceses. — In the diocese of Tarbes, St. Gratus of Lichos, first known bishop of the ancient see of Oloron, whose notice we sketched on the 11th of October. 6th c. — In the diocese of Verdun, St. Quentin, martyr, whose life we shall give on the following day. 303. — At Fosses, a little town three leagues from Namur, St. Foillan, an Irish missionary, brother of St. Fursey, abbot of Lagny and patron of Péronne (16 January), and of St. Ultan or Outain, first abbot of Mont-Saint-Quentin (1 May). He preached the Gospel in Great Britain, then in the north of Gaul, and particularly in Brabant. One day, accompanied by three of his disciples, he was going to visit his brother Ultan at his community of Fosses, when, passing through the forest of Soignies (Hainaut), they were slaughtered by evildoers, who stripped them and dragged their bleeding bodies into the depths of the wood.[5] 655. — At Tours, Blessed Herbern (Haberne, Herbert), bishop of that see after having been abbot of Marmoutier-lez-Tours (*Majus* or *Martini monasterium*, founded about 375 by St. Martin, bishop). Date uncertain. — At Issoudun (Indre), in the diocese of Bourges, St. Thalasius, chorepiscopus in Auvergne, and St. Baye, priest.[6] End of the 5th c. — In Lorraine, Blessed Nantier or Nanière, eighteenth abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Saint-Mihiel (founded in 709 by Count Vulfoade and his wife Adalsinde), in the diocese of Verdun. He brought from Rome the body of Pope St. Callistus and placed it in the priory of Harville, which he founded in the diocese of Toul. 1044. — At Moyenvic (Meurthe, arrondissement of Château-Salins, canton of Vic), in the diocese of Nancy, St. Pient, St. Agent and St. Columba, martyrs.[7] About the middle of the 6th c. — At Nevers, FEAST OF ALL THE HOLY RELICS possessed by the diocese. — In the diocese of Nancy, the saints Alchas and Celsinus, third and fourth bishops of the ancient see of Toul. Nothing particular is known either of the life of these two bishops or of the precise time and length of their episcopate. The body of St. Alchas, which had been buried beside that of St. Mansuetus, remained exposed in the church of the monastery, where it drew the veneration of the faithful, until the ill-omened days of the great Revolution. Date uncertain. — In the diocese of Belley, Blessed Bernard de la Tour, Carthusian of Portes and thirteenth general of the Order of St. Bruno. He was in touch with King St. Louis, who at his instigation founded the Charterhouse of Paris. 1258. — In the diocese of Besançon, anniversary feast of the MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HOSTS OF FAVERNEY. 1608.

MARTYROLOGES DES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Naples, St. Gaudiosus, an African bishop, who, having come into Campania because of the persecution of the Vandals, ended his days holily in a monastery of that city. His memory is celebrated on the 28th of October. About 440.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — The commemoration of the blessed Martyrs and other Saints whose precious relics are kept in the churches of our Order.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — As among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — As among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — As among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Discalced Order of the Holy Trinity. — The octave of the solemnity of the most holy Redeemer.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — At Antioch, St. Serapion, bishop, of the Carmelite Order, very famous for his learning. 211.

Martyrology of the Discalced Carmelites. — As above.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — At Acri, in Calabria Citeriore, BLESSED ANGELO, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, whom the sovereign pontiff Leo XII placed in 1825 among the number of the Blessed. 1739.

ADDITIONS FAITES D'APRÈS DIVERS HAGIOGRAPHES.[8]

Additions made from various hagiographers.

At Amasea (today Amasya), a town of Asiatic Turkey in the pashalik of Sivas, St. Asterius, metropolitan of Amasea and doctor of the Church. Born in Pontus (4th century), he applied himself in his youth to the study of eloquence and law, and for some time practised the profession of advocate; but an inner voice told him unceasingly that he ought to devote himself to the spiritual service of his neighbour, which decided him to leave the bar and all the advantages of the world to enter the ecclesiastical state. He was chosen to succeed Eulalius in the metropolitan see of Amasea, and showed great zeal in maintaining among his people purity of faith and attachment to religion. He also displayed a great talent for preaching, and the Sermons of his that remain to us are an imperishable monument of his eloquence and his piety. One can judge from the energy with which he recommended charity towards the poor that he was himself very charitable; he paints the vices in colours capable of inspiring the keenest horror of them. We have from him a discourse in honour of St. Euphemia, which was read at the second council of Nicaea (787), in a church dedicated under the invocation of that illustrious martyr. He also left a panegyric of St. Phocas the Gardener. His style is elegant, natural and vigorous; it unites liveliness of images with beauty and variety of description, which betrays a vigorous and fertile genius. His homily on St. Peter and St. Paul is very remarkable; that on Daniel is a masterpiece.[9] 5th c. — In Asia, St. Artemas, disciple of St. Paul and bishop of Lystra (today Latik, in Lycaonia), of whom we have already spoken on the 21st of June. 1st c. — In Sardinia, the death of St. Pontian, pope and martyr, of whom we shall speak on the 19th of November. 227. — In Ethiopia, the saints Iraeus and Athanasius, martyrs. — At Todi, a town of Italy in the province of Spoleto, St. Felix of Jaconastre, bishop of the ancient see of Spello (*Hispellum*), in the province of Perugia, and martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the 18th of May.[10] 4th c. — At Canterbury (*Durovernum*), a town of England in the county of Kent, St. Ethelnoth or Alnot (*Achelnotus*), bishop of that see and confessor. 1038.

Source: Les Petits Bollandistes, vol. XIII, 30 October (martyrologies).

THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HOSTS OF FAVERNEY, IN THE DIOCESE OF BESANÇON

1608. — Pope: Paul V. — King of France: Henry IV.

IgnIs ante IpsVM præCeDet.[1]

Le feu marchera devant lui. — A fire shall go before him.

Ps. XCVI, 8.

The Benedictine abbey of Faverney was immortalised by the striking miracle which God worked there at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Contemporary records have handed down to us the smallest details of this event, so consoling for Christian piety.

The abbey church of Faverney, dedicated from the beginning to the Mother of God, was held in great veneration by the people of the neighbourhood. By a brief of the 20th of August 1603, Pope Clement VIII had just granted an indulgence to all who should visit this church on the feasts of Pentecost. To draw hearts there by the most powerful and lovable object of our religion, Dom Jean Garnier, sacristan of the abbey, revived the old custom of publicly exposing the august sacrament of the Eucharist on those days. Before the grille that separated the choir from the nave an altar was set up, surmounted by a wooden tabernacle with four columns, in which the Blessed Sacrament was to rest.

From Saturday the 24th of May 1608 a small monstrance containing two consecrated hosts was exposed there. Besides the holy hosts the monstrance contained some bones of a finger of St. Agatha, enclosed in a crystal tube. It was surmounted by a little cross with round smooth arms, which served as its crown. The religious had spared nothing to adorn the altar on which God rested as on a throne of grace, and from the Saturday evening the faithful came in crowds to adore Jesus Christ in his sanctuary.

It was in the night from Sunday to Monday the 26th of May that heaven chose to make its power shine forth. The adorers had withdrawn to take their rest, leaving before the Blessed Sacrament two glass lamps which were to light the altar of repose all night. It is supposed that one of them broke and set fire to the altar. On Monday the 26th of May, towards three o'clock in the morning, when the sacristan opened the doors of the church, he found it full of smoke, and saw in place of the holy chapel only a thick cloud through which a few burning embers glowed.

At once he leaves the church and cries out that all is lost, that the church is all on fire. The religious, his brethren, and some inhabitants of the town, running up at the noise, approach the blaze and recognise that the table which had served as altar is almost entirely burned; that the step and the tabernacle, with everything around them, have been entirely devoured by the flames, and that nothing is left but the middle part of the canopy that had been placed over the Blessed Sacrament, and part of the altar frontal, with the brief of indulgence.

The first thought of the religious was to look in the blaze for the monstrance with its precious deposit. But they found only melted candlesticks, half-burned boards and burning ashes mingled with the remains of lamps and torches. Suddenly a novice only thirteen years old, who was working with the others in this search, cries out that he has found what they are looking for, and shows them the monstrance with its adorable hosts, hanging in the air without any support, at the same height at which it had been placed.

The prodigy was evident, and the hand of God showed itself visibly to all, holding up in the air the sacred body of his divine Son. The report of this marvel soon spread through the neighbourhood. The Reverend Capuchin Fathers of Vesoul, sent for by the religious of the abbey, hastened to Faverney, followed by a great crowd and led by their guardian, Father Vincent Martel. The neighbouring parishes came in procession to contemplate the miracle. The crowd presses into the church; they admire, with as much consolation as astonishment, the monstrance hanging in the void; they humbly adore the majesty of God, who manifests himself to men; they examine scrupulously whether there is not some natural but hidden cause of this incomprehensible suspension. But the more they observe, the more evident the miracle appears. The Cross surmounting the monstrance, slightly inclined towards the grille, seems to touch it only because of the ashes

of burned linen lying between the two. A Capuchin religious passes a missal or an outspread cloth up and down, and especially between the grille and the monstrance, and everyone remains convinced that the arm of God alone holds up the sacred vessel in the air. Several times the grille was violently shaken by the people pressing in crowds towards the altar. The intervening ashes were seen to fall; but the miraculous vessel was not shaken by it.

The monstrance remained hanging in the air, without any support, for thirty-three consecutive hours. To receive it with greater respect when it should please God to end the prodigy, the religious placed four or five fingers' breadth below it a plank of fir, on which they placed a missal covered with a corporal. The people continued to flock to Faverney from all the neighbouring places. More than ten thousand persons were able to contemplate this miracle. On Tuesday the 27th of May the abbey church was filled with the faithful praying fervently.

Now, between nine and ten in the morning, while the curé of the village of Menoux, near Faverney, celebrating Mass at the high altar, was beginning to take the bread into his hands to consecrate it, one of the candles burning before the miraculous monstrance suddenly went out; quickly relit, it went out again, and this happened three times in succession, as if to warn those present to attend to the new prodigy about to take place. And behold, at the very instant when the celebrating priest lays on the corporal the host he has just consecrated, the miraculous monstrance straightens itself, then comes down gently on to the corporal that had been prepared beneath it.[2] The onlookers strike their breasts, let their tears flow and cry out: "Mercy! a miracle, a miracle!"

Meanwhile the religious of Faverney had sent a message to the archbishop of Besançon, Ferdinand de Rye, to inform him of the marvel God was deigning to work in their church. The prelate at once deputed his procurator general, assisted by his fiscal advocate and his secretary, to establish the prodigy juridically. Only on their arrival was the lunette of the monstrance opened. The two Hosts were found entire and only a little browned by the heat of the flames that had enveloped them. The relics of St. Agatha were not damaged, and even the paper that closed the opening of the crystal tube in which they were enclosed had not been burned.

The archbishop's commissioners received the depositions of fifty-two witnesses, the most trustworthy among those who had seen the miracle, and drew up a report, which was sent to the archbishop of Besançon. The prelate, having assembled his council on the matter and consulted the most eminent theologians of the various religious Orders and ecclesiastical bodies of the city, declared by a decree of the 9th of June 1608, in conformity with the prescriptions of the council of Trent, that the preservation of the holy Hosts of Faverney was a miraculous fact, and that the faithful should regard it as a marvel of God for the good of the Catholic Church and the consolation of the Christian people. A month later he addressed to all his diocesans a pastoral letter confirming in detail all the miraculous circumstances of this grave event. Dom Guillaume Simonin, abbot of Saint-Vincent and archbishop of Corinth, drew up the report, which was sent to Pope Paul V. That sovereign Pontiff gave new weight to the authenticity of the prodigy by a bull in which its principal circumstances are related. The parlement registered this bull and added to it an account of the miracle confirming all its details. The striking truth of Catholic dogma confounded the heretics, who were then working to introduce their errors into the province. None of them dared to raise his voice publicly against the facts related in the authentic accounts, and their silence is one more proof of the evidence of the miracle.

CULTE DES SAINTES HOSTIES. — CONFRÉRIE DU SAINT-SACREMENT DE MIRACLE.

Cult of the holy Hosts. — Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle.

In the very year in which this prodigy took place, the town of Dole took steps to obtain one of the miraculous hosts of Faverney. The abbot consented, on condition that the abbots of Faverney should have the right to carry it in the annual procession which was established at Dole on the Tuesday of Pentecost. The 18th of

December 1608 was appointed for the translation of the holy host. It was placed between two corporals and two little cushions of taffeta, in a casket of crimson velvet edged with gold braid. On leaving the church the casket was put in a precious litter carried by two white horses covered with scarlet, amid acclamations and canticles of praise. When they had arrived at Dole, the miraculous host was carried to the church, where Vespers were solemnly sung, and the next day after the high Mass it was laid in the ordinary tabernacle, while awaiting the construction of the chapel intended for it. The advocates, members of the Confraternity of St. Ivo, asked for and obtained the honour of building this chapel at their own expense; it cost thirty thousand francs. For their part the magistrates decided that a solemn procession should take place every year on the Tuesday of Pentecost. It was held from the following year (1609). The people of Dole always showed the greatest devotion to the holy host which they had the happiness to possess. In 1636, at the beginning of the siege of their town by the French armies, the three aldermen, the twelve councillors, the syndic and the secretaries received communion in the holy chapel and made a solemn vow, in case the French should be repulsed, to offer two silver lamps worth a thousand francs each and to provide the light to keep them burning perpetually, one before the host of Faverney and the other in the holy chapel. The history of Dole is full of accounts of similar vows, which recall the lively faith of our fathers and the confidence they had placed in the miraculous host. During the siege of 1636 the holy chapel was continually filled with pious faithful, and on the 6th of June a cannon-ball fell among more than three hundred persons praying in this sanctuary without wounding any of them. In our days the feast of the Tuesday of Pentecost at Dole is no longer graced by the presence of the miraculous host, which was destroyed in 1794 like all the other relics the church of Notre-Dame contained.

The town of Faverney was more fortunate. No doubt the chapel of the miracle, added in 1626 to the abbey church, was stripped of its material riches at the time of the Revolution, but the holy host remained to it. Some soldiers, driven by the demon of impiety, having one day rushed into the church, ready to lay their profane and sacrilegious hands on the tabernacle, the mayor of the commune, M. Jean-Nicolas Bourgeois, summoned them in the name of the law to withdraw, and himself took possession of the holy relic. After keeping it several days in his house, he carried it to the town hall, where it was kept until the 14th of June 1795, when it was restored to worship. The abbey church of Faverney is today a parish church; it has survived the ruin of the buildings which were once the illustrious and splendid abbey. About sixty years ago the holy chapel of the miracle was walled up and the altar moved forward into the transept. In 1860 M. Canon Saguin, then curé of Faverney, obtained the restoration of the church to its original style: the holy chapel has been restored to public worship since the 30th of October 1861, and the divine host has taken possession again of the tabernacle of its altar.

Faverney celebrates every year, on the Monday of Pentecost, the anniversary of the miracle accomplished within its walls. M. l'abbé Clerc, curé-dean of this parish, wrote to us on the 17th of June 1873: "Whit Monday is always the greatest feast-day of the year for my parish. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood come in very great numbers. Before the high Mass there is a solemn procession in which the miraculous host is carried. At the end of the offices the holy host is presented for the veneration of the faithful, who can kiss it and touch objects of piety to it. This year (the two hundred and sixty-fourth anniversary) the feast was celebrated amid an immense concourse of priests and faithful. What gave it special lustre and attraction was the presence of Mgr Rapp, vicar general of Strasbourg, expelled by the Prussians, who was so good as to preside at the ceremony and carry the precious relic. Quite recently, on the occasion of the Proper of the diocese of Besançon, the miracle of Faverney was recognised as authentic by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the office approved as it was presented by the archbishop of Besançon. His Eminence the Cardinal came himself to preside, in 1864, at the feast of the holy host, to announce to the parish the decision of the Sacred Congregation."

If Faverney and Dole keep the feast of the holy host on the Monday and Tuesday of Pentecost, the diocese of Besançon celebrates it on the 30th of October, by decision of Mgr François-Joseph de Grammont. From the 31st of July 1609 a Confraternity was instituted at Faverney in honour of the holy host, and Pope Paul V granted privileges to this association on the 15th of July of the following year. This Confraternity, which existed until the sad days of the Revolution, was naturally abandoned at that time, like everything connected with Catholic worship. But in 1833 M. l'abbé Camus, then curé of Faverney, wishing to re-form this holy Confraternity, asked and obtained from the Holy See privileges which were granted to it. They are the same as those attached to the Archconfraternity of the most holy Sacrament erected in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at Rome.

Saints de Franche-Comté, by the professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier of Besançon; Faverney et sa sainte Hostie, *by Mlle Fanny de Poinctes-Gevigney (Besançon, 1862); local notes due to the great kindness of M. Clerc, curé-dean of Faverney.*

BLESSED ANGELO OF ACRI, OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHIN FRIARS MINOR OF ST. FRANCIS

1739. — Pope: Clement XII. — King of France: Louis XV.

> *La prédication produit son effet pour le prédicateur quand, sublime par son éloquence, celui-ci s'applique à être humble dans son ministère.*
>
> *Preaching bears its fruit for the preacher when, sublime in his eloquence, he strives to be humble in his ministry.*
>
> *St. Gregory the Great.*

This holy religious owed his birth to parents who did not possess the goods of the earth, but who were rich in virtues. He came into the world on the 19th of October 1669, at Acri, a populous place of Calabria Citeriore, in the kingdom of Naples. His father was called Francis Falcone, his mother Diana Enrico, and he received in baptism the names of Luke Anthony. Admitted to confirmation at the age of five, he gave from that time signs of the holiness to which he afterwards attained. Obedient to the least sign of his parents' will, he had no other will than theirs. A stranger to the amusements of childhood, he found his pleasure in kneeling before an image of the Blessed Virgin. All the time he did not spend in study he passed at home, either setting up altars which he adorned with flowers, or listening to pious discourses, which he heard with holy eagerness. In his early youth he had the happiness of having as his master a pious Capuchin preacher named Father Anthony of Olivadi, who was preaching the word of God at Acri, and who taught him, among other practices of devotion, the way to meditate each day on the passion of Jesus Christ, and to approach worthily both the tribunal of penance and the holy table. Faithful in following the counsels of his spiritual guide, the virtuous young man would spend as much as two and three hours at a time in contemplating the sufferings of the Saviour; he received communion on all feast days, and to prepare himself to celebrate more worthily those of the Blessed Virgin, he fasted on bread and water on the eve, thus foreshadowing the austere life which he was afterwards to lead.

When Luke Anthony had reached his eighteenth year, he thought seriously of leaving the world and embracing the religious state. The Order he chose was that of the Capuchins. Before carrying out his design, he made a habit of spending part of the day in the church of the Capuchin convent of Acri, and when he could not go there during the day, he went by night to the door of the same church. Having spent some time in learning the observances of the institute he meant to embrace, he presented himself to the superiors, who admitted him as a postulant, and he began his novitiate; but soon, yielding to the suggestions of the devil, he returned to the world, where his heart could find no peace. He therefore re-entered the novitiate, and after some time he left it again. He was taken in by one of his uncles, who was a priest and who wished to engage him in marriage. Luke Anthony could not bring himself to fall in with his uncle's views, and showed him all

the repugnance he felt for that state of life. His inconstancy in religion mortified him greatly and made him feel his weakness keenly. He understood at last that he must ask of God and await from him a strength which he did not himself possess. Filled with these pious thoughts, he presented himself once more at the Capuchin novitiate and was received there for the third time; but his temptations began again at once, and the devil made fresh efforts to disgust him with the religious life, representing to him that he could easily save his soul in the midst of the world. Austerities were the means which Brother Angelo (such was the name given him when he took the habit) used to overcome the tempter; to them he joined the exercise of mental prayer. His combats won him the victory, and he persevered until the moment when he pronounced his vows. At that instant it seems that God clothed him with new courage to fulfil with perfect fidelity all the obligations of the religious state during the course of his long career. The virtues of his profession then took a new growth in him. His purity became angelic, and he kept it in all its brightness, like a lily among thorns; his poverty was extreme, since he never possessed the least thing as his own. His obedience was entire, and for the rest of his days he did nothing except from the motive of that virtue. After the taking of his vows Brother Angelo was set by his superiors to the study of philosophy: he distinguished himself in it and had success; but that was not his chief care: he aspired above all to acquire the science of the Saints; and so he neglected no means of advancing in the way of perfection. All the time he was not obliged to give to study he devoted to the contemplation of divine things. Persuaded that it is almost impossible to subject the body to the spirit without the help of mortification, he afflicted it with bloody disciplines and mastered his senses by a great number of other secret penances. Father Anthony, who had instructed him in his youth, was then provincial; he came to Acri, was informed of the young religious' virtue, and wished to make sure for himself whether that virtue was as solid as it appeared; he therefore treated him harshly at first, put him to the test several times, and became so convinced that Brother Angelo was a Saint that, filled with admiration for him, he thenceforth held him up to the other religious as a model of perfection.

At this time the servant of God, called to the priesthood, prepared himself by redoubled fervour for the signal honour he was about to receive. His first Mass was remarkable for the abundance of tears he shed in it and for the deep ecstasy into which he fell after the consecration. This reverence for the holy mysteries was not a passing feeling in him, and he needed no less than an hour to offer the holy sacrifice, so frequently did he experience ecstasies in it. The rest of his conduct was worthy of the tender piety he showed at the altar. Retirement, silence, prayer and penance were his delights; the choir and his cell were the only places where he was to be found; he even forbade himself entry into the convent garden. Full of humility, and believing himself good for nothing, he earnestly desired to pass his days in the exercises of a hidden and wholly interior life; but God had other designs for him, and he was not slow to make them known.

As soon as Brother Angelo had finished his studies, his superiors destined him for the office of preacher. Perfectly submissive to their wishes, he applied himself to composing a series of sermons for Lent, and when he had finished it he received the order to go and preach the word of God in a place not far from Acri. He began his station with fervour; but although he did not lack memory, he soon perceived that an invincible obstacle prevented him from reciting his sermons as he had written them. He could not understand this dealing of Providence with him. At the end of Lent he returned to his convent and began to pray fervently, beseeching God to make known to him his holy will concerning preaching.

He was continuing thus to pray with humility when one day, during his prayer, he heard near him a voice which told him to fear nothing. "I will give thee," it added, "the gift of preaching, and henceforth all thy labours shall be blessed." Astonished to hear these words, the servant of God asked: "Who are you?" — "I am Who am," answered the voice, with a noise loud enough to shake the cell. "Thou shalt preach in future in a familiar style, so that all may understand thy discourses." Seized with holy fear, Brother Angelo fell to the ground, almost fainting. Afterwards, having come to himself, he wrote down these words, and every time he read them or heard them read he was seized with a trembling of his whole body. This revelation enlightened

him and showed him the cause of the small success he had had in preaching the Lent. At once he abandoned his writings and all books, to confine himself to the study of holy Scripture and of the great book of the Crucifix. Such were the sources from which he drew thenceforth during the long course of his preaching. Such was the doctrine he constantly set before the peoples he evangelised. He explained the passages of holy Scripture with such wisdom and depth that the most learned men were ravished with admiration at it, and said that God himself had taught him the means of penetrating the secrets of his divine word. It was above all in meditation on the passion of Jesus Christ that the holy man learned the sublime truths he proclaimed, and he did no more than communicate to others the sentiments with which he had himself been penetrated. Thus did God, who gives his grace to the humble, reward with consoling successes the profound humility of his servant.

It is easy to understand from what has just been said that the Lord meant to make of the holy religious a new Apostle, if not of the whole world, at least of Calabria. He travelled through that country for thirty-eight years, and by the exercise of the apostolic ministry he snatched there a great number of victims from the devil and reconciled many sinners with God. Hell made a thousand efforts to stop his conquests, either by causing him bodily accidents or by besetting him with the most delicate temptations, and the most painful for a virtuous man; but these accidents could not stop the effects of his zeal; and by the rigour of his penance he triumphed so completely over these temptations that he was delivered from them for the rest of his days.

The preparation which the servant of God brought to preaching was holy and fervent prayer, whether he was preaching the Lent or giving a mission. His custom was to begin the course of his preaching in the month of November and to continue it until the month of June. At that time he returned to his convent, where he preached in the church on feast days, and his sermons produced much fruit. Wherever he proclaimed the word of God, whether in town or country, he always spoke in a familiar tone and in a manner intelligible enough for the most ignorant to understand him; he enlightened the minds of his hearers by the light of the doctrine of the Gospel. His habit was not to shout or to make exclamations; on the contrary, he spoke to the people gently and in a moving tone. After convincing his audience, he set before it, in the form of a meditation, a point of the passion of Jesus Christ. Soon his zeal and fervour so mastered their minds that the most obstinate sinners could not resist him. The stirring was general: all wept, and, striking their breasts, they detested their sins and asked God for mercy. These wonderful effects came about in every place he evangelised; and so it was very rare for him to find hardened souls who were not touched and resolved to change their lives. It was thus, preaching Lenten stations and giving missions, that the servant of God travelled through the two Calabrias. He made himself heard in all the towns and in all the villages of any size, always speaking the same language and everywhere producing abundant fruit, as God had promised him. It was a fairly ordinary thing to see, after his sermons, blasphemers kissing the floor of the church, gamblers burning their cards or at least tearing them up, debauchees going with a rope round their necks to ask pardon for their scandals, the unjust making restitution for their injustices, and women publicly detesting their vanity. In a word, he reformed morals everywhere, and, what is most remarkable, the change was not a passing one, as happens only too often; the impressions he produced were so deep that they were always lasting.

It is the custom of missionaries to inspire the peoples they evangelise with some particular devotions. Father Angelo took special care to establish, in every place where he preached, devotion to Jesus Christ in the most holy Sacrament. He impressed it so strongly on the minds of his hearers that nothing could efface it. At his last sermon in each church he had the altar adorned with all possible magnificence in order to expose the holy Sacrament there. Then, in the presence of his divine Master, whom his faith made him discern, he addressed to the people an animated discourse which strengthened belief in that august mystery, fortified hope and inflamed the charity of those who had the happiness of hearing him. The preacher was himself so penetrated by the subject he was treating that several times he was seen to fall into ecstasy at that moment.

One day, when preparations were being made for such a ceremony, an incident occurred which greatly surprised those inhabitants of the place where it happened who witnessed it. The servant of God, seeing the candles being prepared that were to be set on the altar, said: “Among these candles there is one that Our Lord does not want.” When they set about lighting them, there was one which it was impossible to make burn, though the others lit very well. “Did I not tell you,” the Blessed then added, “that Our Lord did not want it? Take it away and throw it out.” His wishes were carried out. On looking into the matter afterwards it was found that the candle had been given by a person who had gone only once to the sermon, and that to mock the missionary, and who died shortly afterwards in a manner that could give little reassurance as to his salvation. People admired the knowledge the holy religious had of the secrets of hearts, and understood that God punishes, sooner or later, those who despise his ministers.

After devotion to the holy Sacrament, the one Father Angelo most recommended was the remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ and of the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin. He spoke on these matters with such force that he impressed them deeply on the minds of his hearers. God alone knows what fruits he produced in souls. Wherever he preached he set up a calvary, in order to recall more vividly to the people the truths he had proclaimed to them; and since then these calvaries have been held in great veneration. Devotion to the Mother of Sorrows has become so established in the Calabrias that even today many persons recite her office every day.

Such were the prodigies of zeal and charity that the holy preacher worked during the course of his long ministry. He taught sinners the means of making a solid and lasting conversion, and the just to persevere in good. By his simple and familiar discourses he made all the faithful understand the duties they had to fulfil. But it was not only by his sermons that Father Angelo proclaimed the truths of salvation to the peoples; his example alone was a preaching as eloquent as his words. All saw clearly that it was zeal for their salvation that led the holy man to suffer very great discomforts, to walk on muddy or snow-covered roads, across torrents and flooded rivers, and, after so many fatigues, to give himself to the work of the pulpit and the confessional with an ardour that scarcely allowed him to take a little rest. All knew that as the price of so many pains he accepted not the least thing, not even the slightest present, and that he asked no other reward than to see Christians leave sin and be reconciled with God. Conduct so disinterested caused him everywhere to be regarded as a saint.

He was one in fact, not only by his contempt for the things of earth, but by all the other virtues, which he practised in a perfect manner. His humility was profound. He used to say that he offered to God all his fatigues and pains in expiation of the great sins he had committed, although it does not appear that he ever stained himself with a single mortal fault. The low opinion he had of himself made him extremely patient in bearing the insults and affronts he received in the course of his missions; he showed neither emotion nor resentment at them. In a town where he was preaching, a young man apostrophised him while he was in the pulpit and treated him in the most insolent manner; not content with this first outrage, he followed him to the confessional, where he offered him a similar affront. The holy religious knelt down before this madman and confessed that he deserved this ill-treatment because he had offended God. One must have studied well the maxims and examples of Jesus Christ to be capable of so heroic an act of virtue.

His charity for his neighbour was in some sort without bounds; he lived only to do him good. It was above all when he received sinners at the tribunal of penance that he showed all the tenderness with which his heart was filled for his brethren. The air of kindness with which he welcomed them encouraged the most criminal to hope for everything from the divine mercy. He forgot his most pressing bodily needs when it was a question of helping them to be converted. When his companions urged him one day to spare himself a little, for fear he should succumb to so many fatigues: “What are you saying, my brothers?” he answered; “no, no. Oh, what a soul has cost Jesus Christ! All the fatigues in the world would be well spent to obtain the conversion of a single soul!”

It is easily understood that this admirable charity for his neighbour sprang from an ardent love for God. Father Angelo was all aflame with it. “Oh, how beautiful it is to love God!” he often exclaimed. “Oh, how beautiful it is to serve God! O Love that art not loved!” Divine love so penetrated him during the celebration of the holy mysteries that his face appeared all on fire with it. The accomplishment of God’s will was his whole happiness; and so the most acute pains could neither trouble him nor move him to complaint. One day, when he had given himself a serious fracture in a fall, he showed no displeasure at it; on the contrary, he said to his companions: “Let us rejoice, my brothers: Brother Ass (so he called himself out of humility) has broken his leg.”

We shall not speak here of the supernatural gifts with which the holy religious was favoured; but we cannot omit one fact which clearly proves that God revealed hidden things to him. When Belgrade was retaken from the Turks by the Christian troops under the command of Prince Eugene, he came out of his cell crying: “Great joy, great joy! The holy faith has triumphed: at this moment our men have taken Belgrade.”

The reputation Father Angelo enjoyed made Cardinal Pignatelli, archbishop of Naples, wish him to preach in that capital. His superiors having ordered him to do so, he submitted to their wishes and came to proclaim the word of God. His first sermon, far from pleasing, displeased all his hearers; one of them in particular used this pretext to turn the holy religious to ridicule; but God struck this mocker with a sudden death, which seemed so clearly a chastisement from heaven that the whole population changed its feelings towards the preacher and followed him eagerly. Some miracles which he worked so increased the high idea people had conceived of his holiness that, for him to go to the church and return to his convent, it was necessary to surround him with soldiers and have him guarded by sturdy men, so that he should not be smothered by the multitude that pressed unceasingly round him.

God had made known to his servant that he would continue the exercise of the holy ministry until the age of seventy. When he had reached that time of his life, he had a revelation of the day and hour of his death; he informed his companion of it, charging him to say nothing about it. As that moment approached, the holy religious grew in fervour and in the love of God; and so his ecstasies became more frequent. Six months before his passing he returned to the Capuchin convent, and he lost his sight; but, an admirable thing! he recovered it to recite the office and celebrate Mass, and then was deprived of it again. A few days before he passed from earth to heaven, he felt himself burned by an internal heat without any symptom of fever, which made the physicians believe that what he was experiencing was not a natural illness, but rather a redoubling of the love of God. In spite of his state of exhaustion, he did not fail to attend choir day and night. Soon, as the illness progressed, he went to the church to receive the holy Viaticum there. During the little time he lived afterwards he occupied himself only with his divine Master. “Oh, how beautiful it is to love God!” he cried. At last, on the day he had foretold and at the hour he had indicated, he peacefully gave back his spirit to his Creator. His blessed death took place on the 30th of October 1739.

Scarcely had the servant of God expired when the people of Acri flocked in crowds to venerate his holy body. It was left exposed for three days to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, and from that time the salutary effects of his power with God were felt. The time that passed after his death did not lessen the confidence people had in his intercession, and several miracles have proved how well founded it was. Pope Leo XII beatified him in 1825, and the ceremony took place with solemnity on the 18th of December of the same year.

The continuators of Godescard took this biography from the Life of Blessed Angelo of Acri, *written in Italian and published at Rome in 1825.*

FEAST OF THE HOLY RELICS AT NEVERS

Christus Dominus Sanctorum reliquias velut salutiferos fontes præbuit, ex quibus plurima nobis beneficia manant.

God in his goodness has left us, in the relics of the Saints, fruitful and wholesome springs from which we may draw benefits without number with both hands.

Roman Breviary.

Before the Revolution of 1793 the Church of Nevers celebrated, on the 27th of October, the feast of the Reception of the arm of St. Cyr and that of the holy Relics. In the Parisian rite this feast was merged with the octave of All Saints. At present it is celebrated in the diocese of Nevers on the 30th of October, by virtue of an indult of the sovereign Pontiff.

Here is the list of the principal relics possessed by the diocese of Nevers:

The cathedral of Nevers possesses, in a reliquary, some fairly considerable relics, among others of St. Cyr; of St. Jerome, bishop of Nevers; of St. Sulpicius, bishop; of St. Matthew, apostle; of St. James, apostle; of St. Eugenia and of St. Euphemia, virgins and martyrs. To these relics must be added a tooth of St. Julitta, mother of St. Cyr; — a wooden jaw, covered with silver leaf, contains two teeth of St. Lawrence, deacon and martyr; — a portion of a tibia of St. Are, and various bones of St. Prix and his companions, martyrs of the Auxerrois.

We do not speak of the two pyramid-shaped reliquaries of the cathedral. Although the relics they contain are considered authentic, we have not been able to discover to which Saints they belong. We cannot forget the body of St. Flavia, which rests under the altar of the chapel of the Catechism of perseverance.

Besides these relics, the treasury of the bishop's house possesses some bones of St. Cyr, of St. Julitta, of St. Solange, and considerable fragments of St. Savinian and of St. Potentian, apostles of the Senonais. — Notable relics of St. Trohé and of St. Arigle, and particles of St. Stephen, first martyr, of St. Philomena and of other Saints, men and women, belong to the church of Saint-Étienne of Nevers. — The great boarding school of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers possesses the body of St. Valentina. — The Carmelite nuns have a rich deposit of relics of various Saints. — Some relics are also deposited in the chapel of the Ursulines of Nevers. — A great cross, set with numerous relics, belongs to the mother house of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers.

The monastery of the Visitation of Nevers is one of the richest in France in notable relics; we shall list them: The heart of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, her eyes, and various particles of her flesh and blood, enclosed in a shrine; — a reliquary containing a particle of the heart of St. Francis de Sales and various particles of his flesh; — the bodies or bones of seven Martyrs, contained in six different shrines: St. Ours, St. Ursin, St. Maximus, St. Severinus, St. Déhodore, St. Agnes and St. Fausta. — A seventh shrine containing relics of several Saints: St. Felix, St. Populonia, St. Flora, St. Saturninus, St. Pius, St. Primus, St. Romanus, St. Marinus, St. Megetius, St. Autiche, St. Salutorien, St. Iné, St. Valerius, St. Germanus, St. Agapis, martyr; St. Sixtus, martyr; St. Justus, St. Valentine, St. Sabina, St. Bona, etc. — A small reliquary containing relics of St. Charles Borromeo, and several others, those of St. Francis Regis, St. John Nepomucene, St. Bridget, St. Sebastian, St. Frances of Rome; — a precious particle of the holy thorn of Our Lord's Crown. — The certificates of authenticity of all these relics are held.

The church of Nolay possesses:

The great reliquary which was transferred from the cathedral of Nevers at the time of the Revolution, and which was known by the name of the Christ of the Relics; it contains, under the seal of Mgr Dufêtre: A frontal bone of St. John the Baptist, perhaps five to six centimetres long; — a bone of the arm of St. James, apostle, five centimetres; — part of a bone of the arm of St. Matthew, apostle, six centimetres; — part of a bone of the leg of St. Julitta, ten centimetres; — a bone of the arm of St. Cyr, five centimetres; — part of a

bone of the leg of St. George, martyr, twenty centimetres; — a bone of the arm of St. Jerome, bishop of Nevers, ten centimetres; — a fragment of cloth enclosing particles of bone of St. Dorothy, virgin and martyr; — a rib of St. John the Baptist, eight centimetres; — a bone of the arm of St. Lawrence, martyr, four centimetres; — a fragment of bone of St. Denis, bishop, three centimetres; — a rib of St. Apollinaris, bishop and martyr, eight centimetres; — a patella of the arm of St. Trohé, abbot, four centimetres; — a bone of the arm of St. Are, bishop of Nevers, twenty-five centimetres; — a bone of the leg of St. Arigle, bishop of Nevers, eighteen centimetres; — a bone of the arm of St. Euphemia, thirteen centimetres;[1] — a bone of the arm of St. Theodulus, martyr, twenty centimetres; — a bone of the leg of St. Maximus, martyr, ten centimetres; — a bone of the leg of St. Vincent, fifteen centimetres; — a piece of folded linen, *de sudario sancti Marcelli, papæ*; — a piece of braid, *de casula sancti* (word illegible), *confessoris*; — a small phial of congealed blood with a completely illegible inscription; — three other particles of bone, without inscription, and detached from the reliquary.

The church of Nolay possesses in addition: A small box, covered with cloth and bearing as its inscription: *Fragmenta reliquiarum sanctæ Solangiæ, virg. mart., 1612*; — two other reliquaries containing bones of St. Jerome, bishop of Nevers; — two reliquaries of St. Arigle; in one is a bone of the leg, and in the other part of a rib. The first is thirteen centimetres and the second eight centimetres.

The church of Varzy possesses precious relics, enclosed for the most part in their ancient shrines and provided with their certificates of authenticity: Considerable bones of St. Renobert, bishop of Bayeux; — half the radius of St. Leonard; — a small bone of the arm of St. Paul, first bishop of Narbonne; — bones of St. Prix, bishop of Clermont; — the head of St. Cot, martyr of La Puisaye; — the humerus of St. Prix, martyr of La Puisaye; — three small bones of St. Sebastian; — various relics of St. Eugenia; — a vertebra of St. Lazarus; — part of the skull of St. Pèlerin; — a rib of St. Eusebius, bishop of Auxerre; — a bone of St. Apollonia; — a vertebra of the neck of St. Martin; — a tooth of St. Lawrence; — a finger of St. Andrew.

Donzy possesses relics of St. Caradheuc and of St. Felicissimus; — Saint-Verain, bones of its holy patron and of St. Blaise, patron of the parish; — Bouhy, the head of St. Pèlerin; — Chantenay, numerous bones of St. Imbert; — Corbigny, a relic of St. Seine, and in addition the body of St. Victoria, martyr of the Catacombs, deposited with the Ursuline nuns; — Tannay, the head of St. Agatha, companion of St. Ursula. In the same church are also found reliquaries containing various bones with inscriptions: St. Stephen, first martyr; St. Catherine; St. Theophilus, martyr; St. Innocent, martyr; St. Nicholas, etc. But these relics have lost their authenticity. We shall also mention, for the record only, the remains of two persons who died in the odour of sanctity: those of Nicolas Appleine, whose body is laid in the church of Prémery, and Dom Mauvielle, whose tomb is seen in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin at La Charité-sur-Loire.

We must point out here some relics which are not the object of this feast, and whose whole value is that they belonged to Saints: The bed on which St. Chantal died; — the small portrait of St. Francis de Sales; — a mitre of St. Francis de Sales, woven by St. Chantal; — a vestment in which that great Saint celebrated holy Mass; — authentic letters of the holy bishop of Geneva and of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. — All these precious objects are the property of the monastery of the Visitation of Nevers.

The habit of St. Colette and two leaves of her breviary belong to the community of the Sisters of Charity of Nevers. These objects had remained in the hands of the last sister of the monastery of the Poor Clares of Decize, who died after the Revolution; she left them by will to the Sisters of Charity.

Taken from the Hagiologie Nivernaise, *by Mgr Crosnier.*

ST. MARCELLUS THE CENTURION AND HIS CHILDREN, MARTYRS AT TANGIER, IN MAURETANIA (298)

It is believed that St. Marcellus was born at Arzas, formerly a celebrated town of Galicia. He followed the example of his ancestors and took up the profession of arms in the hope of making a great fortune in it. While in garrison in the town we have just mentioned, he married there a young lady of quality named Nona; by her he had twelve children, namely: Claudius, Lupercus, Victoricus, Emeterius, Celedonius, Servandus, Germanus, Acisclus, Faustus, Januarius, Martial and Victoria. As he had given proofs of his valour on various occasions, he was at length raised to the rank of centurion. He thought only of advancing further and further in the grades of the military hierarchy when, through the fervent preaching of a holy bishop named Decentius, who governed the church of León, he was converted with his wife and children to the Christian religion, for the truth of which all of them, except Nona, had the glory of dying in the manner we are about to describe.

Anastasius Fortunatus, to whom Agricola, praetorian prefect and governor of Mauretania and of the Spains, had given the command of the troops of the province of León, wishing to offer a solemn sacrifice to the gods to celebrate the birthday of the emperor Diocletian, had it proclaimed in all the places of his jurisdiction that people should come to the town to attend this feast. As it was to be accompanied by splendid banquets, a great crowd of people assembled; on all sides nothing was heard but sacrilegious cries and abominable songs in honour of the false divinities. Marcellus was deeply touched by these profanations and, unable to contain his zeal or to endure the impiety of these idolaters, he publicly abhorred their sacrifices and threw down his belt and his arms; then, in the presence of the eagles of the empire and the standards of their religion, he declared that he was a Christian and protested that he would never leave the service of Jesus Christ to adore those gods of wood and stone. No more was needed for the soldiers to throw themselves upon him and lead him to Fortunatus. The latter had him put in prison until the ceremony was over; and as soon as he was free of business, he had him appear before his tribunal. Marcellus admitted to him all that he had done, declared again that he was a Christian, and that he would never be made to sacrifice to idols. Fortunatus, judging by his firmness that he would gain nothing over him, sent him in chains to Tangier, where Agricola then was; the latter, finding him unshakeable in the confession of Jesus Christ, condemned him on the spot to be beheaded: which was carried out on the 30th of October 298. The Christians took away his body, embalmed it and buried it religiously in the same town; in the year 1483, on the 30th of March, it was transferred by the care of a priest named Isla to León, and laid in the first parish church dedicated under his name, in the presence of the Catholic king Ferdinand, the grandees of the court and the principal lords of the kingdom.

The children imitated the constancy of their father, since they all lost their lives by various tortures in defence of the Gospel; it is noted among others that Claudius, Lupercus and Victoricus were hanged, then beheaded at León by command of Diogenianus, successor of Fortunatus, who would not expose them to other torments, for fear that the Christians would be strengthened by their example, and so that they themselves should not have the glory of having suffered much for Jesus Christ. Their pious mother bought back their bodies for money and buried them in a secret place, from which they were transferred to a church built in their honour in the same town. In the year 173 they were placed in a more honourable spot, in the presence of Cardinal Hyacinth, of John, bishop of León, and of Pelagius, abbot of the monastery of the Order of St. Benedict which had been founded on the very place of their burial.

St. Marcellus is represented: 1° wearing the armour of the centurions of the Trajan legion; 2° throwing his baldric to the ground to resign from the service so as not to take part in the idolatrous rites that accompanied the emperor’s feast.

We have kept the substance of the account of Father Giry.

ST. LUCAN OF AQUITAINE, MARTYR AT PARIS (5th century)

The author of the *Antiquités de Paris* says that St. Lucan came from the regions of the East into Poitou, and that he was baptised by St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers; but this cannot be reconciled with the date of his

martyrdom, which is placed under Antoninus; moreover, it appears from the Breviary of Paris printed in 1640, which we follow here, that he was a native of Aquitaine. His zeal for the glory of God made him leave his country in order to carry the light of the faith into various provinces of Gaul. As he loudly denounced the worship of false gods and everywhere urged the peoples to embrace the Christian religion, he was pursued at Orléans and finally arrested at Paris, where he had gone to continue the ministry of preaching the Gospel. The judge at once had him brought before his tribunal and ordered him to renounce the faith and sacrifice to the gods of the country; but the generous missionary, far from consenting to this impiety, broke out in a holy indignation against pagan superstition and exhorted the tyrant to renounce it himself and to adore Jesus Christ, saviour of all men, whose great mystery he announced to him. These words so irritated the idolater that, in return for the eternal salvation he wished to procure for him, he had him tortured in his presence in a horrible manner, sparing no instrument of torment. Lucan endured all these torments with invincible constancy and even with such tranquillity that, in his greatest pains, he ceaselessly exhorted the spectators of his tortures to acknowledge the truth of Christianity. At last the judge, seeing that several, touched by his courage, which could come only from heaven, were abhorring the idols and protesting that they wished to be Christians, pronounced a last sentence of death against him and condemned him to be beheaded. No sooner was his head struck off than Lucan rose to his feet, took it up in his hands and carried it as in triumph half a league from the place where he had been executed; he laid it on a stone which, in memory of so great a prodigy, has since been called the Stone of Saint-Lucain. There his body ceased to give signs of life and rested on the earth.

His precious remains were taken away by the faithful and buried with great care, during the time of persecution. Later (1666) they were placed with much honour in a shrine covered with silver plates and set on the high altar of the cathedral of Paris. This shrine used to be taken down and carried in procession, in public necessities, with those of St. Marcellus and St. Geneviève. Today Notre-Dame of Paris no longer possesses this treasure.

We have kept, while bringing it up to date, the account of Father Giry.

---

[1] For the saints Julian, Eunus and Macarius, see the Roman martyrology, vol. III, p. 45.

[2] The cult of St. Saturninus of Cagliari is very ancient in Sardinia. From the time of St. Fulgentius, bishop of Ruspe (5th century), there was in that island a church dedicated under the invocation of the generous martyr. St. Fulgentius, having been banished to Sardinia by the king of the Vandals, made his dwelling near this church and built a monastery there. — Baillet.

[3] Theonestus, bishop of Philippi in Macedonia, having been treacherously taken from his episcopal city by Huneric, king of the Vandals, who was of the sect of the Arians, and sent into exile with several other priests and bishops, went to Rome with Albanus, Ursus and Tabraham. The Pope gave him a mission to evangelise the Gauls; he crossed Etruria and Liguria rapidly, sowing the seed of the Gospel on his way. He came to Augsburg, where his companion St. Ursus was crowned with martyrdom; continuing his road, he pushed on as far as Mainz, which was then without a bishop; he preached the true faith there, and saw his other companion, Albanus, massacred by the Arians.

Theonestus wished to go further into the country; but the same enemies of the faith set him adrift on the waves of the Rhine in a holed boat, without oars or rudder, with the companions who remained to him, hoping they would all perish; however, they were miraculously saved. Then, crossing Gaul from north to south as far as the sea, they evangelised several regions of Italy. At last they were arrested at Altino and, having been beheaded, sealed with their blood the Gospel they preached. — Proper of Mainz.

[4] St. Germanus was sent by Pope Hormisdas as legate under the emperor Justinian in 519. The purpose of this legation was to persuade the Orientals to end the schism which had lasted forty years and had been fomented by the emperors Zeno and Anastasius, and by Acacius and other patriarchs of Constantinople. The efforts of the holy bishop of Capua had the happiest success: the heretics were condemned and the schism was extinguished. — Godescard, after Baronius, *Annals*, and St. Gregory the Great, *Dialogues*.

[5] The monastery of Fosses, to which the body of St. Foillan was carried after being found through the care of St. Gertrude of Nivelles, was honoured more than once with the presence of the bishops of Cambrai. Several charters assured it revenues for the upkeep of the religious. That of Bishop Nicholas (1137) solemnly confirms the numerous prodigies which took place at the holy Martyr's tomb. — M. l'abbé Destombes, *Saints de Cambrai et d'Arras*. — For the abbey of Saint-Foillan, see note 3 to the martyrology of France of the 1st of May, vol. V, p. 144.

[6] Baye and Thalasius were victims of the persecution which raged at Issoudun towards the end of the 5th century. Their relics went to enrich the treasury of the abbey of Sainte-Marie of Issoudun, where they worked numerous miracles. In the course of time the body of

St. Thalasius was transferred to the abbey of Saint-Laurent of Bourges; every year this translation was celebrated there on the twelfth day of May. The Revolution of 1793 profaned this double treasure; only the memory of these generous Martyrs remains in the hearts of the faithful. — Proper of Bourges.

[7] The parish of Moyenvic still possesses today the relics of its holy patrons, formerly honoured throughout the diocese of Toul. It is believed that they sanctified themselves on the very territory of Moyenvic, in a solitude which drew among them St. Antimund, bishop of Toul, towards the middle of the 6th century. A hundred years later St. Gondelbert, bishop of Sens and founder of the abbey of Senones (Vosges), brought a colony of Benedictines to Moyenvic and founded over the tomb of our Saints the priory of Saint-Pient, which lasted about eight centuries, and whose chapel, built on the present site of the cemetery of Moyenvic, served as parish church to that little town until 1745. It was the goal of a much-frequented pilgrimage.

The Saints of Moyenvic are also the patrons of several parishes of the former diocese of Toul which were held by religious of the Order of St. Benedict, among others Housseras (Vosges, arrondissement of Épinal, canton of Rambervillers) and Autigny-la-Tour (arrondissement of Neufchâteau, canton of Coussey). — Note by M. l'abbé Barthélemy, curé of Moyenvic.

[8] We have exhausted the first fifty-eight published volumes of the Bollandist collection; at the time we are writing (June 1873) they stop in the middle of the 29th of October. From now on, therefore, we shall record in this last martyrology only the mentions we have drawn from our hagiographical library or from our special correspondence, and which, given the plan we have set ourselves, cannot appear under any of the preceding martyrologies.

[9] Volume XL of the Greek Patrology reproduces the writings of St. Asterius that remain to us; there have been several French translations of them. In 1831 a German version of all the homilies of our Saint was published. — Ceillier, vol. VI.

[10] See note 2 to the Roman martyrology of the 18th of May, vol. V, p. 624.

[11] In this text of Scripture the year of the miracle has been found; it is indicated by the capital letters: MDCVIII.

[12] The corporal on which the two miraculous Hosts were received was formerly sent to the Benedictines of Saint-Vincent of Besançon. It has been kept to our days, and every year on the 30th of October it is exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the high altar of the church of Notre-Dame.

[13] M. Lapetite, curé of Nolay, who communicated these details, observes that all these measurements are only approximate.

31 October

Martyrologies

Thirty-first day of October

MARTYROLOGE ROMAIN.

Roman Martyrology.

The Vigil of the feast of All Saints. — At Rome, the feast of St. Nemesius, deacon, and of St. Lucilla, virgin, his daughter, who, remaining firm in the faith of Jesus Christ without being shaken, were beheaded by order of the emperor Valerian on the 25th of August. Their bodies, which Pope St. Stephen had had buried, and to which St. Xystus had given on this day a more honourable burial on the Appian Way, were afterwards transferred by Gregory V to the deaconry of Santa Maria Nuova, together with the saints Symphronius, Olympius, Tribunus, Exuperia his wife, and Theodulus their son, who, having all been converted by the care of Symphronius and having received baptism at the hands of St. Stephen, obtained the crown of martyrdom. Under the pontificate of Gregory XIII these holy relics, having been found in that place, were on the 8th of December laid more honourably under the altar of the same church. 256. — On the same day, the saints Amplias, Urban and Narcissus, of whom St. Paul speaks in his Epistle to the Romans, and who were massacred by the Jews and the Gentiles out of hatred for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.[1] — In the Vermandois, in France, ST. QUENTIN, a Roman citizen of senatorial rank, who suffered martyrdom under the emperor Maximian. Fifty years afterwards, on the revelation of an angel, his body was found incorrupt. 303. — At Constantinople, St. Stachys, who was ordained first bishop of that city by St. Andrew the apostle.[2] 1st c. — At Milan, St. Antoninus, bishop and confessor. 677. — At Ratisbon, ST. WOLFGANG, bishop. 994.

MARTYROLOGE DE FRANCE, REVU ET AUGMENTÉ.

Martyrology of France, revised and enlarged.

In the diocese of Algiers, feast of the translation, from Pavia to Africa, of the arm of St. Augustine.[3] 1842. — In the dioceses of Arras, Bayeux, Beauvais, Cambrai, Châlons, Chartres, Lyons, Poitiers, Soissons and Tours, St. Quentin, martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 303. — In the dioceses of Carcassonne and Nice, St. Siricius I, pope and confessor, whose notice we shall sketch on the 26th of November, the day on which he is mentioned in the Roman martyrology. 398. — In the dioceses of Cologne, Mainz and Strasbourg, St. Wolfgang, bishop of Ratisbon and confessor, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 994. — In the diocese of Paris, feast of the Vigil of All Saints. — In the dioceses of Périgueux and Tarbes, feast of all the holy bishops, priests and other ministers of these Churches. — At Nevers, St. Parrize or Patrick, abbot, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the 24th of August, the day on which we gave some details of his life. About 700. — At Autun, St. Pigmenius, successor of St. Simplicius in the episcopal see of that city. God alone knows his life. His relics came to be added to those which already made famous the cemetery of Saint-Pierre-l'Estrier. About 420. — At Cologne, ST. NOITBURGA or NORTBURGA, virgin. 8th c. — In Quercy (*Cadurcensis pagus*, a former country of France now included in the departments of Lot and Tarn-et-Garonne), the Venerable Christopher of Cahors, of the Order of St. Francis, celebrated for his mortifications and his devotion to the lepers. 1272. — On the Sunday immediately preceding All Saints, in the diocese of Montpellier, St. Flour, first bishop of the ancient see of Lodève (Hérault), of whom we shall speak on the 3rd of November. 1st century. — At Limoges, the Venerable Father Pierre Poillevé, a Dominican religious, celebrated for his great love of poverty, his spirit of humility and mortification, and his gift for the direction of souls. 1679. — In the diocese of Autun, five priests, confessors of the faith: Pierre d'Aurelle, priest and canon of the noble chapter of Saint-Pierre of Mâcon; Antoine Detire, priest and canon of the second Order of the collegiate church of Vézelay; Father Desgranges, of the Order of Minims of Mâcon; MM. Guichard and Moreau, chaplains of the cathedral of Mâcon. Sent to Rochefort (Charente-Inférieure) in 1793 and embarked on the ship *Washington* to be deported overseas, they died of the sufferings endured on that ship and were buried on the Île Madame. 1794.

MARTYROLOGES DES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Constantinople, the holy virgins Eustolia, a Roman matron, and Sopatra, daughter of the emperor Maurice, of the Order of St. Basil.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — The Vigil of All Saints. — At Rieti, in Umbria, the birthday in heaven of Blessed Thomas of Florence, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor. Having set out for Palestine with St. John Capistran, and soon afterwards for Ethiopia with Brother Albert of Sarteano and other friars of his Order, he suffered much ill-treatment at the hands of the infidels, and at last, having returned to Italy, he rested in peace, laden with virtues and surrounded by the glory of his miracles. The sovereign pontiff Clement XIV approved the cult which had been paid to him from time immemorial. 1447. — On the second Sunday of October, the feast of the Maternity of the most pure and ever-virgin Mary. — On the third Sunday of October, the feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — In the Vermandois, St. Quentin, a Roman citizen of senatorial rank, who suffered martyrdom under the emperor Maximian. Fifty years afterwards, on the revelation of an angel, his body was found incorrupt. 303.

ADDITIONS FAITES D'APRÈS DIVERS HAGIOGRAPHES.

Additions made from various hagiographers.

At Rome, St. Siricius I, pope and confessor, already mentioned in the martyrology of France of this day, and whose life we shall give on the 26th of November. 398. — In Ethiopia, the saints Azirien and Epinaque,

martyrs. — Again in Ethiopia, St. Abaide, confessor; and the saints Felicissimus, Mime and six others, martyrs. — In Macedonia, St. Victoria and her companions, martyrs. — In Northumberland, one of the counties of England, St. Bee (Bega), virgin. 7th c. — At Verona, in Venetia, St. Lucil or Lucide (Lucillus), bishop and confessor, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the 26th of April. — At Segovia, in Spain (Old Castile), BLESSED ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ, lay brother of the Society of Jesus. 1617.

ST. QUENTIN OF ROME,[4] APOSTLE OF AMIENS, MARTYR IN THE VERMANDOIS

303. — Pope: St. Marcellinus. — Roman Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

L'espérance d'être couronnés adoucit les souffrances de ceux qui combattent sur la terre.

The hope of being crowned sweetens the sufferings of those who fight on earth.

St. Lawrence Justinian.

St. Quentin was born at Rome of an idolatrous father who was invested with the senatorial dignity and whose name, Zeno, would seem to indicate a Hellenic origin. Some hagiographers suppose, but without proof, that Quentin after his conversion was baptised by Pope Marcellinus and sent by him into Gaul. The most ancient Acts of St. Quentin give him only one companion, Lucian, or rather Lucius, who, having reached Amiens, continued his road towards Beauvais, where he was to convert a great number of souls and receive the crown of martyrdom. Those who, like ourselves, place the episcopate of St. Lucian of Beauvais in the 1st century are obliged by that very fact to recognise in him a distinct person. Some legends rank St. Quentin and St. Lucian among the missionaries whom Pope St. Clement sent into Gaul. As regards the Saint of the Vermandois, this is a gross error, since his Acts place his martyrdom under the reign of Diocletian and Maximian.

According to various ancient documents, such as the Acts of St. Fuscian, the *Authentique* of Saint-Quentin and the Sermon on the tumulation of St. Quentin, which it is not at all easy to make agree together, St. Quentin had as companions the saints Lucian, Crispin, Crispinian, Rufinus, Valerius, Marcellus, Eugene, Victoricus, Fuscian, Rieul and Piat. It is related that the twelve missionaries divided among themselves by lot the countries they were to evangelise.

St. Quentin was the apostle of Amiens, and not of the Vermandois, a province which he made illustrious only by his martyrdom. He prepared the glory of his martyrdom by the triumph of his word and his miracles. Everywhere he proclaimed the name of Jesus Christ and the wonders of his power. To give authority to his teaching, he gave sight to the blind, vigour to the paralysed, speech to the dumb, nimbleness to the infirm. To these miraculous cures, worked by a simple sign of the cross, he added the example of fasting and prayer, and at every hour of the day he addressed his fervent supplications to the Lord.

The rumour of so many successes of the Gospel soon reached the ears of Rictiovarus, the representative in Gaul of Maximian Herculius, whom Diocletian had associated with himself in the empire in 286. A worthy henchman of his master, he had sacrificed so many Christians at Trier, his usual residence, that the waters of the Moselle had been reddened with the blood of his victims. It was at Basle that Rictiovarus was exercising his fury when he learned of the apostolic triumphs of Quentin. He at once hastened to Samarobriva, a fortified town which later took the name of Amiens, had the courageous apostle arrested and sent him in chains to one of the houses of the town, the site of which tradition still points out today. The Blessed, on his way there under guard of the soldiers, sang psalms and cried: "O my God, forsake me not, but snatch me out of the hand of the sinner and of the wicked man who despises thy law. For it is for thee that I suffer, Lord, and in thee have I placed all my hope from my youth." The next day Rictiovarus, sitting on his tribunal in the Council hall or Consistory, had blessed Quentin brought before him. When he was in his presence: "What is thy name?" he said to him. St. Quentin answered: "I bear the name of Christian, because in truth I am one,

believing in Jesus Christ with my heart and confessing him with my mouth. My own name, however, is Quentin." — "And what is thy family, thy station?" added Rictiovarus. — "I am a Roman citizen," answered blessed Quentin, "and son of the senator Zeno." — "How comes it then," Rictiovarus went on, "that, being of so high a nobility and the son of so distinguished a father, thou hast given thyself up to so superstitious a religion, and adorest a wretch whom men crucified?" — Blessed Quentin answered: "It is because the highest nobility is to adore the Creator of heaven and earth, and to obey his divine commandments with all one's heart." — "O Quentin," cried Rictiovarus, "leave this folly that blinds thee, and come and sacrifice to the gods." — "No, never," Quentin replied, "will I sacrifice to your gods, which in truth are nothing but devils. This folly with which you say I am blinded is not folly, but, on the contrary, and I am not afraid to proclaim it aloud, it is the highest wisdom. For what is wiser than to acknowledge the one and only true God, and to reject with disdain idols that are dumb, false and lying? Yes, and they surely are the madmen who sacrifice to them in order to obey you." — Then Rictiovarus said: "If thou dost not come forward at once and sacrifice to our gods, I swear by those same gods and by the goddesses, I will have thee tortured in every way until thou diest of it." — And the intrepid soldier of Jesus Christ, Quentin, answered: "No, no, lord president, know it well, what you order me I shall never do, and your threats I do not fear at all. Do as soon as you please whatever you will. All that God permits you to inflict on me, I am ready to undergo. Yes, by the permission of my God you may subject this body to various tortures and even to death, but my soul remains in the power of God alone, from whom I received it."

Then Rictiovarus, beside himself with fury, ordered four soldiers to stretch St. Quentin on the rack and tear him with blows of whips. Throughout this torture, which was long and cruel, St. Quentin, with his eyes raised to heaven, did not cease to pray, saying: "Lord, my God, I give thee thanks that it is given me to suffer for the holy name of thy Son, Jesus Christ my Saviour. At this moment, then, O my God, give me the strength and courage I need. Stretch out to me a helping hand, so that I may remain above all the darts of my enemies and triumph over their cruel prefect Rictiovarus; and this for the honour and glory of thy name, which is blessed for ever, world without end."

Scarcely had he finished this prayer, still under the blows of the scourging, when a voice was heard from heaven, saying: "Courage and constancy, Quentin! I myself am with thee." At this miraculous voice the executioners who were striking him fell to the ground, unable to rise; at the same time, feeling themselves cruelly tormented in their turn, they besought Rictiovarus with loud cries to help them: "Lord Rictiovarus," they said, "have pity on us. We are a prey to cruel sufferings; secret fires devour us; we cannot stand; we can scarcely speak."

While divine justice was wringing these avowals, these groans and cries from them, our holy athlete Quentin did not even feel the grip of the rack or the tearing of the whips, sustained as he was inwardly by the grace of the Holy Ghost. Witnessing this twofold wonder, the cruel Rictiovarus only became more furious and more relentless; and in the presence of those around him: "I swear," he said, "by the gods and the goddesses; since this Quentin is a magician and his spells have the upper hand here, let him be thrown at once far from my presence and shut up in the blackest dungeon, where he can neither see the light at all nor receive a visit from any Christian." And while he was being dragged to the darkest recesses of the prison, Quentin sang with a sweet melody this word of the Psalmist: *Eripe me, Domine, ab homine malo; a viro iniquo eripe me*: "Snatch me, Lord, from the power of the wicked; deliver me from the unjust man."

Condemned to this darkness of the prison and deprived of all consolation from the Christians, Quentin only merited the more the regard and consolations of God. Indeed, the following night, while he was asleep, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a vision and said to him: "Quentin, servant of God, arise and go without fear into the midst of the town; console and strengthen its inhabitants in the faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ, so that they may believe in him and be purified by holy baptism: for the day of their deliverance is at hand; the enemies of the Christian name will soon be confounded, together with their prefect, the impious

Rictiovarus." At these words of the angel blessed Quentin awoke and rose; then, under his guidance, passing through all the guard posts of his prison, he went straight to the place the angel of the Lord had pointed out to him.[1] From all sides the people ran and surrounded him. Then, raising his voice: "My brethren," he said to them, "hear me. Do penance. Come out of the evil ways in which you are, and receive baptism in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in whom are found the washing and the remission of sins. Believe in the Father unbegotten, and in his only Son, and in the Holy Ghost who proceeds from the Father and the Son, and by whom our souls receive life and sanctification. Now I desire you to know that God the Father, at the time fixed by him beforehand, sent his Son to redeem us from slavery and to receive us into the number of his adopted children. Conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and baptised by St. John in the Jordan, he gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, and life itself to the dead. By his word alone he healed a great number of lepers, and also a woman afflicted with an issue of blood. At his voice the lame ran, the paralysed walked, and water was changed into wine. After working all these wonders, and many others which the language of man would not suffice to relate, at the end he willed for our salvation to be nailed to the shameful gibbet of the cross, to be laid in a sepulchre, and to rise again on the third day. Then, after showing himself to his disciples for forty days, he ascended into heaven, promising to be always with those who should hope in him. And so he never abandons those who have placed their hope in him; by his almighty power he delivers them, when it pleases him, from all their tribulations. And if he permits them for a time to be tried by the adversities of this present world, it is not in order to lose them, but to purify them the more, like gold in the fire." As a result of these exhortations, which he was able to prolong for a fairly long time, about six hundred persons were converted to the faith in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Meanwhile the guards of the prison, having woken and no longer seeing blessed Quentin, although the doors were all shut, at once ran in search of him. They found him in the midst of the crowd of people, standing and preaching. At this sight, deeply moved with fear and admiration together, they themselves were converted to the faith of Jesus Christ, so much so that they were not afraid to proclaim publicly the greatness of the God of the Christians, and to go and tell the prefect himself what had just happened concerning blessed Quentin. Then, mocking both his gods and their worshippers: "Yes, in truth," they said, "great is the God of the Christians. It is in him that we must believe. Your gods are only lies and vain images; they can neither feel, nor see, nor hear. No, they are only weakness and impotence, as are those who, to please you, consent to adore them. As for us, it is enough for us now to possess the one true God, creator of heaven and earth, whom his servant Quentin has made known to us." At these words the prefect Rictiovarus, transported with anger, cried: "So then, as I see, you yourselves have become magicians?" They answered him with holy firmness: "No, we are in no way magicians, but worshippers of the one true God who made heaven and earth, the sea and all that it contains." — "It is folly," Rictiovarus replied, "it is credulity without reason, and what you assert is nothing. Go! go! get out of my presence at once." And at once they withdrew. Scarcely had they gone out when Rictiovarus, angered to excess and in a kind of furious anxiety, began to search in every direction for new tortures against the blessed martyr. "For," he said, "this Quentin, this magician, this sorcerer, if I do not put him to death and blot out even his name, is a man capable of seducing all this people and of entirely destroying the worship of our gods." However, lest his death should be attributed to a feeling of cruelty rather than of justice, he ordered blessed Quentin to be brought to him, and then, taking up a gentle and flattering language: "Noble and generous Quentin," he said to him, "I confess I cannot help blushing with shame and feeling extreme confusion at seeing thee, from the summit of opulence and the height of riches, of which thou art moreover so worthy by the nobility of thine origin and station, come down so low and reduce thyself to so strange a poverty, even to taking on all the outward appearance of the last of the needy and the beggars, and that out of attachment to a most contemptible sect. Listen then to my salutary counsels, and yield, I pray thee, to my pressing exhortations. I ask of thee only one thing: sacrifice to our gods, and at once I will send a deputation in all haste to our most august emperors, so that they may have

restored to thee all the goods thou didst renounce, and may furthermore deign to confer on thee the most eminent dignities. Thus thou shalt be clothed in purple and fine linen, and shalt wear the golden collar with the golden belt." By these flattering words and many others like them, Rictiovarus hoped to overthrow his resolution to fight to the death. But the holy and blessed martyr Quentin, armed with invincible constancy and divine grace, remained unshakeable in his resolution, and, heeding then only the energy of his zeal, he answered: "O you who are only a devouring wolf, like a dog full of rage, oh, how ill you understand the feelings of my heart, if you think you can triumph over it by dint of presents and promises, or by the prospect of a wretched heap of gold and silver. For your riches, with yourself, will one day go to perdition. No, as for me, I cannot change my faith; resting on Jesus Christ our Lord, it is unshakeable for ever. And learn, unhappy man, that he is not poor whom Jesus Christ himself enriches: for his riches are eternal; and he who has merited their possession will never lack anything, and never either will he see himself stripped of them. Those are the riches I aspire to; those are the treasures I wish to acquire, and for which I am ready to endure not only the cruellest tortures, but death itself, if you order it. For glory and power and all your riches are only passing and fleeting; they vanish like smoke; they have never known lasting duration; whereas the goods Jesus reserves for his friends are eternal, and such that the eye of man has never seen, nor his ear heard, nor his heart understood or imagined anything to compare with them."

Then Rictiovarus, no longer able to doubt that the holy martyr of God was unshakeable in his constancy, said to him: "So, Quentin, that is the side thou hast chosen; thou preferest to die rather than to live." — "Yes," answered blessed Quentin, "rather to die for Jesus Christ than to live, alas! for this sad world. For this death and these tortures you make me undergo prepare me for glory, but do not take away my life. And what I must pay to God sooner or later as a debt, I desire to pay him in advance as a voluntary offering; for if, persevering in my faith, I am put to death by you, I shall not cease to live in Jesus Christ; I hope it with confidence." Then Rictiovarus, furious, beside himself, and calling the gods and goddesses to witness: "Quentin," he cried, "again I swear it to thee; no, I will have no pity on thee; and without further delay I will order thy punishment." Blessed Quentin answered him only with these words of the holy king David: "It is the Lord who is my defence. But you are only a man, and whatever you may do to me, I will not fear." Rictiovarus then, whose fury only blazed up more and more, ordered St. Quentin to be stretched violently on the rack by pulleys, until all his limbs were dislocated and out of their joints; and furthermore that he be beaten with little iron chains, and that boiling oil be poured on his back, with pitch and melted fat, at the highest degree of boiling.

But as these cruel tortures did not yet suffice to sate the ferocious rage and insatiable thirst of Rictiovarus, he ordered burning torches to be applied to Quentin, so that, devoured by the flames, he might consent to confess himself vanquished. But the holy martyr, who had yielded neither to caresses nor to threats, remained invincible amid all the anguish of this material fire; the fire of the divine Spirit that burned him within made him despise all the outward sufferings of the body, and he dared to say to Rictiovarus: "O you, yourself worthy of the gibbet, son of Satan and of his infernal cunning, judge without heart and without humanity, know then that all these torments you make me endure, instead of smarting pains, bring me only a pleasant and wholesome refreshment, like that sweet dew which, falling from heaven, comes with its kindly droplets to revive the green of our meadows."

Then Rictiovarus, at the height of fury, and outbidding his first cruelties once more: "It is not yet enough," he said; "bring lime, vinegar and mustard, and let the whole be poured into his mouth, so that, reduced thus to silence, he can no longer deceive this people by the seduction of his words." And blessed Quentin, faced with this new torture, was content to say with the Royal Prophet: "How sweet are thy words to my palate, Lord; yes, and more pleasant than the most exquisite honey!" At these words the prefect Rictiovarus, adding an oath to the threat: "I swear by the most mighty gods," he said, "Jupiter and Mercury, the Sun, the Moon and Aesculapius,[2] I will have thee taken to Rome laden with chains, to be presented there to the emperors. There,

under their eyes, subjected to the cruellest tortures, thou shalt receive the fitting punishment thou deservest for having deserted Rome and come to hide in these countries." — "I am not afraid to go to Rome," answered St. Quentin; "I do not doubt that there, as here, I shall find my God, who will well know how to triumph over all the senseless machinations which you and your emperors set to work against the Christians. As for me, however, I have the confidence and the certainty that it is here, in this province, that I shall end my laborious course."

Rictiovarus nevertheless ordered heavy chains to be laid on the neck and all the limbs of the holy martyr, with express orders to the soldiers who were to conduct him to guard him with the greatest care; and that, for the rest, they should go on ahead until he himself had rejoined them. And when all had withdrawn, according to the order they had received, St. Quentin began to pray, saying: "Lord, make known to me thy ways; teach me thy paths"; and again: "Lead me, Lord, in thy way, and I will walk in thy truth. Give joy to my heart, O my God, so that I may fear only thy holy name, which is blessed for ever, world without end!"

Having reached a town with the title of municipium, known in ancient times by the name of *Augusta Veromanduorum*, today Saint-Quentin, the soldiers escorting blessed Quentin received the order to wait there for the prefect Rictiovarus; which must be attributed, not to a whim of the tyrant, but to the providential wisdom of Jesus Christ himself, who, after so many bitter sufferings, after so many labours and such hard trials, willed at last, in a final combat, to give his valiant athlete the crown of victory, and to consecrate this very place by the blood and by the name of the holy Martyr.

Rictiovarus arrived there the following day and had blessed Quentin brought to him. When he was in his presence, he tried once more to win him by flattering promises. "Quentin, my brother," he said to him, "because I see in thee a man of great promise, I wish to use patience towards thee. Listen to me then, I pray thee; sacrifice to our great gods only, Jupiter and Apollo; and if thou dost not wish to return to Rome, well then! in this very province I will enrich thee with the most eminent dignities. I will send a deputation to our august emperors, persuading them to make thee first intendant and supreme judge in this city." "More than once already," replied St. Quentin, "I have answered similar promises on your part; and my answer today is still the same. I will never sacrifice to your gods, which are evidently only vain idols of bronze, of wood or of stone. Through a deplorable blindness you believe them gods; and yet they are only vain images, dumb and senseless, deprived of all intelligence, and able neither to defend themselves nor to help anyone; and those, says the Prophet, are only too like them who make them or who put their trust in them."

Rictiovarus, seeing that blessed Quentin only grew firmer and firmer in his resolution, and himself burning to subject him to more atrocious tortures, sent for a smith or farrier and ordered him to make two long iron spits, which are called in French *taringes*,[3] intended to pierce blessed Quentin from the neck to the thighs; and other nails also, which were in the same way to be driven between the flesh and the nails. The smith faithfully carried out this barbarous order. At the sight of blessed Quentin thus pierced with spits, Rictiovarus was not afraid to insult him and to say: "Well then! now let the other Christians come and see how I have punished this one; and let his torture serve them as an example." At last the cruel prefect, having taken the advice of a certain Severus Honoratus, ordered that Quentin should undergo capital punishment. Led by the executioners to the place of his sacrifice, the blessed martyr asked them as a favour to be allowed first to pray for a few moments. Having obtained it, he prostrated himself in prayer and said: "O Lord Jesus, God of God, light of light, who art and who wast before the creation of the world, thou whom I confess with my mouth and believe with all my heart, thou whom I so ardently long to see, thou for love of whom I have given up my body to every torture and to whom at this moment I sacrifice my own life, ah! I beseech thee, in thy holy mercy, receive my spirit and my soul, which I offer thee with all the ardour of my desires. No, do not abandon me, O most gracious King, most clement, who livest and reignest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever." This prayer finished, he presented his neck to the executioners, saying: "Do now what you have been ordered." The executioners then drew the sword and cut off the head of the holy

martyr.

While his body was crimsoned with the streams of his own blood, his blessed soul, freed from the fetters of the flesh, suddenly appeared, like a dove white as snow, to escape from his neck and soar freely up into heaven; and a voice was heard from on high, saying: “Quentin, my servant, come and receive the crown I have prepared for thee. Here are the choirs of the Angels, who come to escort thee and lead thee in triumph into the heavenly Jerusalem.” Thus did blessed Quentin make his entry into heaven and, as the price of the torments endured here below with so much patience, see himself crowned with a priceless diadem and placed on a throne, in the rank of the holy martyrs.

The prefect of the Gauls, Rictiovarus, had the martyr’s body guarded by his henchmen and waited for night so that it could be made to disappear in secret and be withdrawn from the veneration of the faithful. He then ordered it to be thrown into the Somme,[4] tied to a mass of lead, and covered with mud. There it was to remain for the space of fifty-five years. The passion of St. Quentin took place on the 31st of October of the year 303, on the present site of the former collegiate church of Saint-Quentin.

St. Quentin is represented either in military dress or in the vestments of a deacon, his collar-bones pierced by two great nails; or else seated on a chair of torture, his arms and feet in shackles, tormented by two executioners. — There were formerly on the choir screen of the collegiate church of Saint-Quentin fifteen bas-reliefs of the 14th century depicting the history of the holy Patron and his relics. — In the chapel of Saint-Quentin at Amiens there were, besides mural paintings recounting his torture, two statues of the same Saint; one of them was seated in a kind of martyr’s chair, accompanied by two executioners who are making him suffer harsh torments.

Our Saint appeared in a cartouche on the part of the choir screen of Notre-Dame of Amiens which was destroyed in 1761 to make way for the present grilles. In this same cathedral (chapel dedicated to St. Quentin) there was a bas-relief in wood representing the martyrdom of the Saint. This work is now in the church of Sailly-l’Eau-Reste. — There was found recently in the foundations of the old church of Mergnies (Nord) a bas-relief of the 16th century representing the martyrdom of St. Quentin. This sculpture is now set into the walls of the presbytery garden. The Saint, clad in a simple drapery spread over his thighs and legs, is seated on a chair of torture. Two executioners are dressed in costumes that indicate the Flemish style of the 16th century. One of them holds an iron spit driven into the Saint’s shoulder and raises a mallet with which he is about to strike him. — There are statues of the Saint at Saint-Maurice of Amiens, at Fay (Chaulnes), at Halloy-lès-Pernois (16th century), at Salouel, on the vaults of the churches of Liercourt and Poix, etc.

The *Almanach de Picardie* of 1777 praises a painting by Claude Dallé, at the Holy Sepulchre of Abbeville, representing the martyrdom of

St. Quentin. This apostle appears with St. Benedict in a canvas by Fr. Bianchi, called il Frari, kept in the Louvre museum. Let us mention also a modern painting in the church of Saint-Quentin-en-Tourmont.

Stained-glass windows of the town hall of Saint-Quentin, of the cathedral of Beauvais and of the church of Mont-Saint-Quentin give us the image of the holy martyr. At Beauvais he wears the vestments of a deacon: an apparelled alb, an amice likewise bordered with a band of gold cloth, a tunicle or dalmatic with transverse stripes, alternately blue, red and white, slit at the sides and trimmed at the edges with a gold fringe whose ends hang down below the tunic; in his right hand he holds a book. — A popular print of the last century represents St. Quentin between two executioners who are driving nails into his shoulders, while an angel brings him the crown of triumph. On another popular print, in a less primitive style, the martyr holds a book in one hand and a palm in the other; two great nails are driven into his shoulders.

The seal of the chapter of Saint-Quentin in 1213 represents St. Quentin standing, holding in one hand the palm of martyrdom and in the other a church. That of 1278 shows St. Quentin seated between two

executioners who are holding out long nails to him; that of the abbey of Saint-Quentin-en-l'Isle, in 1427, showed the martyr seated, holding a palm in his right hand and in the other the sword, instrument of his martyrdom. The counter-seal of Saint-Quentin, in the 16th century, represents the bust of the Patron dressed as a deacon, with nails in his shoulders.

The arms of the town of Saint-Quentin are: azure, a head of St. Quentin argent, accompanied by three fleurs-de-lis or, two in chief, one in base. — The image of the holy Patron also appears in the arms of various former guilds of this town, such as the company of Gunners, the community of Chaplains and that of master Surgeons. — Two coins, one of the 12th century, the other of the 15th, illustrated in the *Revue numismatique*, vol. II, pl. V, show us the apostle of the Amiénois with the attributes of his martyrdom.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS.

The cult of St. Quentin became general immediately after the elevation of his body by St. Eligius in 641. The distribution of several relics which he then made led to the dedication of various churches to the apostle of the Amiénois. Landon, archbishop of Reims, who died in 649, erected a church to St. Quentin in his metropolitan city. In 662 St. Trond, founder of the abbey of that name in the diocese of Liège, dedicated to St. Quentin and St. Remigius the sanctuary he had just built. In the 9th century this cult had reached Italy, since we see in 880 a monastery of that name at Montferrat, a town of Lombardy.

Before the 9th century the custom had been introduced at Saint-Quentin of eating meat on the 31st of October, the patron's feast, although it was the vigil of All Saints, and even when that day fell on a Friday or a Saturday. This custom was confirmed by ecclesiastical authority and has not been abolished since. Some parishes dedicated to the same Saint have followed the same example. Pope Clement IV in 1268 granted the same favour to the inhabitants of Périgord, on condition, however, that the feast of St. Quentin did not fall on a Wednesday, a Friday or a Saturday. This ancient privilege no longer finds application since the town of Saint-Quentin celebrates its patronal feast on the Sunday following the 31st of October.

The bishops of Noyon, Beauvais, Soissons, Laon and Cambrai, as well as the principal lords of Picardy, used to go to Saint-Quentin to attend the patron's feast. When a pilgrim or a crusader of the Vermandois was setting out for the Holy Land, he took care to examine his conscience carefully; if he recognised himself as holding another's property, he hastened to restore it, and then, going to prostrate himself on the tomb of St. Quentin, he offered as an expiatory gift a candle, a loaf, a measure of wine and twelve obols, in memory of the twelve Apostles who came to evangelise Gallia Belgica. Charlemagne, Charles the Bald, Louis IX, Philip the Fair and a great number of powerful persons and bishops went to venerate the relics of St. Quentin. Louis XIII went there in 1635 and obtained a small bone of his head. This pilgrimage was much frequented at that time. The great novena which the pilgrims made consisted in attending, for nine days, candle in hand, all the offices of the collegiate church and fasting during that time. The little novena was limited to going to pray before the shrine once a day for the same space of time. A singular custom, which has long since ceased to exist, was that of the counterweights, according to which pilgrims suffering from swellings had themselves weighed each day during their novena, in order to learn by how much their swelling had diminished; and often, in thanksgiving for the benefits they had received through this holy Martyr, they offered to his church weights of wax, of wheat and of other things equal to the weight of their body, which for this reason was called counterweight, *contra pondera*. Another usage, which also disappeared in the 12th century, was that of the *lotiones*, measures of water in which a relic of St. Quentin was dipped and which the sick used as a drink or, more usually, as a lotion. Later people were content to have blessed the water drawn from the well of St. Quentin. The custom was to hang up limbs of wax to indicate the cures obtained through the Saint's intercession. He was more especially invoked for dropsy, no doubt because the Martyr's body remained fifty-five years under the waters without undergoing any swelling. The feast of the Invention made by St. Eligius, celebrated on the 3rd of January, is commonly called the *allumerie* (lighting), because during

Matins a considerable number of candles is lit at the entrance of the choir. This is to recall the mysterious glow that filled the church and even the whole city at the moment when St. Eligius discovered the remains of the holy Martyr. A bust of St. Quentin, surrounded by candles, was placed near the spot where the Invention had taken place, and the clergy went there to sing a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving. Even today the same ceremony is celebrated each year, although the altar of St. Quentin disappeared during the revolutionary vandalism. In the breviary of the collegiate church of Saint-Quentin, printed in 1642, we find the following five feasts: 3 January, Invention of St. Quentin by St. Eligius, in 641; 12 January, Tumulation of St. Quentin, St. Victoricus and St. Cassian, in 902; 2 May, Elevation of St. Quentin, in 1228; 23 June, Invention of St. Quentin by St. Eusebia, in 358; 25 October, Translation of St. Quentin by Abbot Hugh, in 835; 31 October, Passion of St. Quentin, in 303. Several of these feasts had already disappeared at that time. Towards the middle of the 17th century the feast of the elevation of St. Quentin took on a new brilliance, thanks to the ingenious piety of a canon of Saint-Quentin, Thomas Rosey. In 1845 Gregory XVI granted a plenary indulgence, applicable to the departed, for the 31st of October, and for the 2nd of May, to the faithful of the town of Saint-Quentin. At Amiens the cult of St. Quentin has faded greatly since the destruction of the chapel dedicated to him. He is more honoured in the part of that diocese which borders on the Vermandois and which formerly belonged to the bishopric of Noyon. At Ham, fifty years ago, all the little children learned to read in the Life of St. Quentin. In many places, both in France and in Belgium, St. Quentin is honoured in a special manner. Let us confine ourselves to citing, in the diocese of Soissons, Vermand, Marteville, Holnon, Brasle and Saint-Quentin-lès-Louvry, which are still places of pilgrimage today. There were confraternities of the holy Martyr at Saint-Quentin, Mons, Amiens, etc.

The feast of St. Quentin, which appears in all the breviaries of Amiens, had been transferred to the 15th of November by Mgr de la Motte; it has resumed its true place since the introduction of the Roman liturgy. It is also celebrated in the dioceses of Arras, Bayeux, Beauvais, Cambrai, Châlons, Chartres, Tournai, Tours, etc. His name is inscribed in the Roman martyrology, in the Litanies of Soissons (8th century), and in almost all the martyrologies from the 7th century onwards.

St. Quentin is the patron not only of the town that bears his name, but also of the Vermandois. Leaving aside the priories and chapels, and counting only the parishes, we see that there were under his title twenty-one churches in the diocese of Noyon; twelve in that of Amiens; nine in that of Laon; seven in that of Reims; three in those of Cambrai, Rouen and Soissons, etc. At present we find twenty-five churches dedicated to St. Quentin in Belgium, seven of them in the diocese of Tournai; thirty-four in the diocese of Soissons; four in the dioceses of Beauvais and Troyes; twenty-four in that of Amiens.

Among the destroyed sanctuaries of the diocese of Amiens which were under the title of St. Quentin we shall mention the abbey of Mont-Saint-Quentin, the hospital of Saint-Quentin at Abbeville, the two parishes of Saint-Quentin-Capelle and Saint-Quentin-en-l'Eau at Péronne, a church at Villers-Faucon, the destroyed church of Buscourt, the cemetery chapel of Fricourt, and the chaplaincies founded at Doullens, at Nesle and in the cathedral of Amiens. There are in France some fifty places named Saint-Quentin, three of them in the diocese of Amiens: Saint-Quentin-la-Motte or Croix-au-Bailly, Saint-Quentin-en-Tourmont and Mont-Saint-Quentin. It was towards the end of the 9th century that *Augusta Veromanduorum*, as it rose again from the ruins heaped up by the Normans, left its ancient Roman name to take that of its patron. A coin struck at *Augusta* in 823, under the reign of Charles the Bald, bears on the reverse the inscription SCI QUINTINI MO[NETA]. The name of Saint-Quentin has been given to a group of small islands of Polynesia, discovered in 1772 in the archipelago of the Low Islands.

A certain number of villages that bear the name of Saint-Quentin, or whose church is dedicated to this Martyr, attribute that name to the passage of St. Quentin over their territory. This belief has been perpetuated at the hamlet of Saint-Quentin, near Songé-sur-Braye (Loir-et-Cher). At Salouel, where there is a fountain of Saint-Quentin, the spot in the cemetery is shown where the Martyr of the Vermandois is said to have

preached. The Saint, on his way from Amiens to *Augusta*, made a halt at Marteville and was placed in the prison of the castle, where he made a fountain spring up which hydraulic works have recently caused to disappear. It was in this place that the spits and nails were forged which were to serve for the torture of the Saint; and it is a belief of the country that since that time no farrier can set up there without being at once attacked by a fatal dropsy. Recently, between Holnon and Marteville, a chapel has been erected which marks a station of the holy Martyr. At Vermand a small chapel, lately restored, marks the place where the Saint stopped for a few moments on the Roman road. The fountain of the prison of Amiens was formerly the object of a popular cult. Many other springs, designated by the name of the holy Martyr, were or still are today a meeting place of pilgrimage, especially for those suffering from dropsy: at Guyencourt (canton of Roisel), at Salouel, at Quiquery, at Brasle (canton of Château-Thierry), at Holnon, at Saint-Quentin, etc.

About the year 358 took place the miraculous invention of the body of St. Quentin by St. Eusebia, a Roman lady. Following a vision in which an angel of the Lord appeared to her, she went into Gaul, to the town called Augusta of the Vermandois, situated on the banks of the Somme, in order to search for the body of St. Quentin. Having reached the place pointed out by the angel, she began to pray, and when she had finished, the place where the holy body lay was shaken, the surface of the waters was stirred, and the body and the head of the martyr were seen floating in different places; coming together soon afterwards, they were borne to the bank and reverently gathered up by Eusebia's retinue. By a heavenly favour the venerable body was neither swollen nor livid: white as snow, it gave off a sweet fragrance. The pious matron, having wrapped these precious remains in fine linens, wished to go and bury them five miles away, in the castle of Vermand; but when they had reached a neighbouring hill, near the municipal town of *Augusta*, the body became so heavy that it was impossible to carry it any further. Understanding then the will of heaven, Eusebia had the relics buried in that place and ordered a cell to be built there, which was to be replaced successively by the various monuments that preceded the present church of Saint-Quentin. Eusebia then returned to Rome, taking with her the iron spits which she had had drawn out of the Martyr's body.

St. Eligius, almost immediately after his ordination, wishing to find the relics of St. Quentin, had searches made on the hill where Eusebia had buried his body. After much labour, so far fruitless, and a general fast of three days, it was at last discovered: a sweet odour escaped from the broken coffin, at the same time as a dazzling light. St. Eligius, having pressed these so long-desired relics to his lips, detached some of them to distribute to various churches of his diocese; he gathered apart the hair, the nails of the torture and the teeth, one of which let a few drops of blood escape from its root. Having wrapped the rest of the body in a precious silk cloth, he laid it with pious respect behind the altar, until he could shelter it in a shrine covered with gold, silver and precious stones, which he intended to make himself. The concourse of the faithful who went to venerate these holy remains was so considerable that St. Eligius soon had this sanctuary enlarged, with the money he collected from the generosity of the faithful and the liberality of Clovis II. This second invention took place on the 3rd of January 641.

The church, begun by Fulrad, was consecrated on the 25th of October 835 by Drogo, bishop of Metz, who transferred the body of the holy patron into a sarcophagus supported by little pillars and built in the new crypt. From that time this memory began to be celebrated by the feast of the Translation of St. Quentin.

The just terror inspired by the depredations of the Normans led the canons to carry to Laon the bodies of St. Quentin and St. Cassian, which they had already hidden in 859 and put back in their crypt in 870. This new translation took place on the 1st of January 881. The relics were brought back on the 2nd of February of the following year; but in 883 the Normans returned to the Vermandois, and the body of the Saint was again carried to Laon. On the 4th of October 1069 the bishop of Beauvais made the dedication of an abbey which he had just erected under his title in his episcopal city. In 1228 the holy body was raised from the crypt, which was commonly called the chapel "de soubs-terre" (under ground), and put in a magnificent shrine, covered with gold, silver and precious stones, which remained exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the

old church until the 2nd of September 1257, the time when the consecration of the new church took place. The shrine of St. Quentin was solemnly transferred into it, together with those of the saints Victoricus and Cassian. In 1394 the relics of St. Quentin were carried through various provinces to collect the alms needed for making a new shrine. In 1559 the Spanish commander of the town of Saint-Quentin had the head of the holy patron carried into the citadel of Cambrai. It was only ten years later that the chapter was at last able to recover this precious treasure. The memory of this was perpetuated by the feast of the Restoration of the head of St. Quentin, which was celebrated on the 14th of September. The other relics of the Martyr had been saved, during the sack of the town in 1557, by Michel Canedon, who had carried them to his castle of Buloyer, near the abbey of Port-Royal, in the present arrondissement of Rambouillet. His heirs gave back the relics in 1620 and obtained leave to keep part of the jaw, which was later given to the abbey of Port-Royal. At the request of the dean of Roye, the chapter of Saint-Quentin gave to the church of Saint-Florent, on the 7th of November 1657, a finger of the holy Martyr, which was set in a silver arm. In 1668 the mayor of Saint-Quentin made a gift of a silver shrine intended to contain one of the hands of St. Quentin.

In 1793 part of the relics kept at the collegiate church was burned in a public square. A portion of the head of St. Quentin and a great number of his bones were saved by burying them in the vault that served as the burial place of the canons of Saint-Quentin. These relics were recognised on the 10th of June 1807 by Mgr de Beaulieu, bishop of Soissons. Old inventories and local historians mention the existence of relics of the Saint at Saint-Jacques of Amiens; at Sainte-Catherine, at Saint-Quentin and at the Carthusians of Abbeville; at the priory of Donchery-en-Rethelois; at Sainte-Croix of Arras; at the church of Jouy-en-Artois; at Saint-Quentin of Besançon; at the abbeys of Saint-Riquier, of Sainte-Austreberthe of Montreuil, of Sainte-Benoîte of Origny, of Saint-Vaast of Arras, of Saint-Bertin, of Notre-Dame of Soissons, of Longpont, of Ourscamp, etc. More or less important relics of St. Quentin are kept today at the Ursulines of Amiens, at Fay (canton of Chaulnes), at Saint-Martin of Laon, at Mailly, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, at Mont-Saint-Quentin, at Saint-Pierre of Roye, at Sailly-l'Eau-Reste, at Saint-Quentin of Tournai, at Péruwelz (Hainaut), etc.

The church of Saint-Quentin is rich in relics, and we believe the detail of them will not be read without interest. We borrow it from the official report drawn up on emerging from the Revolution. The head of St. Quentin, not entire, but made up of the following bones, held together by a silk covering in the shape of a whole head:

The right parietal joined to half of the left parietal; the upper part of the right temporal; a much mutilated part of the right upper jaw; a left part of the said jaw and another particle of the lower jaw with the last molar tooth. Four fragments of the bones of the pelvis, the largest of which belongs to the left side and is much mutilated; the three other portions are very small and likewise mutilated. Two whole vertebrae, fragments of vertebrae and of the shoulder-blades, part of the patella and of the heel bone, a large part of the sternum.

A rib of the left side perfectly whole and a fairly considerable fragment of another rib of the same side, and a likewise considerable fragment of a rib of the right side; two whole false ribs, one of the right side and the other of the left side.

A considerable portion of the left femur deprived of its two ends. The left tibia likewise deprived of its two ends.

The right hand, whole and mummified.

The church of Saint-Quentin possesses in addition: part of the head of St. Boniface, apostle of Germany; — the lower jaw of St. Prix; — part of the skull of St. Victoricus and part of his bones; — two pieces of the skull of St. Cassian and almost all the bones of his body, placed in fine reliquaries above the altar of the Blessed Virgin; — various small particles of the bones of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr; of St. Bartholomew, apostle; of St. Andrew, apostle; of St. James the Less; of St. Philip, apostle; of St. Blaise, bishop and martyr; of St. Lawrence, deacon and martyr; of St. Francis of Paola; of St. Francis of Assisi.

The prison of St. Quentin at Amiens was long designated by the name of the *Voûte de Saint- Quentin* (Vault of St. Quentin). It is a vast crypt whose pointed arches are very massive and very close together. This construction of the 14th century has left nothing standing of the Gallo-Roman prison: it was above this crypt that the fountain was found, stopped up for some forty years now, where the pilgrims came to drink at the spring which, according to tradition, St. Quentin had made gush from the floor of his prison. In 1309 the town corporation bought two small houses built over this vault. Seven years later a chapel was erected there, which became the seat of the confraternity of Saint-Quentin. Rebuilt in 1712, this oratory was destroyed at the Revolution. It is claimed that it was at a crossroads opposite this chapel that our holy Martyr was tormented by his executioners. Before the erection of this oratory, and from the 9th century, there was on this site a small hospital of Saint-Quentin where the pilgrims were received who often came from very far to beg the Saint's intercession. Today, at no. 2 of the rue Saint-Martin, pointed arches of the 14th century can still be seen, which show that this hospital was rebuilt or at least restored at that time, at the same time as the chapel.

The body of St. Quentin having been found by St. Eusebia in a marsh of the little islet of the Somme crossed by the Roman road leading from Laon to Reims, the piety of the faithful erected a small oratory there, and two wells were dug at the places where the body and the head of the holy Martyr had risen from the water. In the 7th century a Benedictine abbey was erected on this island and, after many vicissitudes, it was demolished during the Revolution. From the beginning of the 17th century only one of the two wells we have just spoken of still existed; in 1671 its ruins were found while earthworks were being carried out. There was on this site a chapel which bore the same name.

We have seen above that, when Eusebia had buried the body of St. Quentin on a hill near *Augusta*, she had a chapel erected there. This oratory was rebuilt on a larger plan, first about the year 497 and then about the year 814. Such was the origin of the collegiate church, where the superior of the canons regular bore the title of abbot. The building was rebuilt in 1114; the choir was finished only in 1257, the nave in 1456, the portal in 1477. It is for archaeologists one of the most curious monuments of France, in the sense that it offers to their studies a specimen of the architectural style of almost every period. Today, beneath the choir of the church of Saint-Quentin, there is an underground chapel in which three niches are seen; the middle one contains the tomb of the Saint: it was made from an enormous fluted column of white marble. It is believed with some likelihood that it is the one in which St. Eusebia buried St. Quentin, in the middle of the 4th century.

At Saint-Quentin, as at Amiens, there was a special hospital for the pilgrims suffering from dropsy who came to invoke the holy Martyr. This refuge, commonly called the *Hôpital des Enflés* (Hospital of the Swollen), was built in 1161 near the palace of the counts of Vermandois, and ceased to exist before the 15th century.

To compose this biography we have used the Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens, *by the abbé Corblet, and the* Vie de saint Quentin, *by the abbé Gobaille, curé-archpriest of Saint-Quentin. — See, for some corrections, the supplement to this volume.*

ST. WOLFGANG OF WELTEMBOURG, BISHOP OF RATISBON

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

> *Renoncez-vous vous-même, si vous désirez suivre celui qui s'est anéanti à cause de vous.*
>
> *Renounce yourself, if you desire to follow him who emptied himself for your sake.*
>
> *St. Bernard.*

St. Wolfgang, according to Raderus in his *Bavaria sancta*, came of one of the noblest and most ancient families of Swabia. His father, whose name history does not give, was count of Psullingen, and his mother,

named Gertrude of Véringan, was of a rank matching her husband's. He was born at the castle of Weltembourg, in the country of the Grisons, following a vision which this pious lady had that she was to give birth to a star of wonderful splendour. From the age of seven he gave so many signs of the beauty of his mind and of his inclination towards virtue that it was easy to judge from then on that he would in time be the light and example of the faithful.

When he had learned the elements of the sciences under the guidance of a churchman, his parents sent him to the monastery of Augia (Reichenau) to finish his studies there. It was the most considerable in all Germany, and as it were a nursery from which great men were drawn to be raised to the episcopate. From there he went to Würzburg at the persuasion of Henry, brother of Poppo, bishop of that same city, in order to learn sacred letters there under the discipline of a learned man named Stephen, whom that prelate had brought from Italy to teach them in his diocese. In a short time he made such great progress in this science that his explanations were often preferred to those of his master; the latter was so jealous of it that he became his slanderer and the persecutor of his piety. Wolfgang, seeing that envy was even more violent among those who make profession of wisdom than among common people, resolved to abandon the world and enter a cloister to lead a more peaceful life there. But Henry, with whom he had formed a close friendship and who had been elected bishop of Trier, broke off this design and obliged him to follow him, to help him in the government of his Church. The Saint consented, on condition however that he would give him no benefice nor any other charge than that of teaching the young without payment.

He acquitted himself worthily of this office, teaching sound doctrine to his scholars, forming their morals to devotion, inspiring them with horror of vice and love of virtue, and even helping with his alms those he saw in need; he won the esteem and affection of everyone. Henry, judging from these happy beginnings what fruits this admirable master would produce if he were raised to ecclesiastical dignities, pressed him so hard that he finally obliged him, in spite of all his repugnance, to accept a deanery in order to restore there the discipline which the clerics who served it had entirely relaxed. He did so much by his exhortations, his good examples and his untiring care that, having made himself the terror of the obstinate, the love of the good and the admiration of all, he brought them to lead a canonical life, to live in community and to practise all the exercises of religious. However, as he still felt himself drawn to the monastic life, after the death of the bishop of Trier he resigned this dignity in order to enter a monastery. St. Bruno, archbishop of Cologne, tried once again to turn him from it, so as to employ him in his diocese. His parents also did what they could to keep him with them; but his perseverance prevailed over all these entreaties. And so, renouncing the honours and great wealth of his family, of which he was the only heir, he withdrew to the abbey of Saint-Meinrad, in Switzerland, where he received the religious habit at the hands of Gregory, who was its abbot. This was an Englishman of illustrious birth, who had abandoned his country, his parents and the woman to whom he was promised in marriage, to consecrate himself to the service of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Order of St. Benedict, where he had become famous by the example of his virtues. Wolfgang profited so much under the guidance of so holy a man that, by the observance of his Rule, he himself soon became a model of religious life; the religious of the neighbouring monasteries came to consult him and receive instruction from him for the spiritual life.

St. Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, who often visited the monastery of Saint-Meinrad out of devotion, having been informed of the merit and piety of this new professed monk, conceived a singular affection for him and conferred the priesthood on him, notwithstanding all the objections his humility made him raise so as not to be honoured with that divine character. This dignity was to him a pressing motive for working, not only for his own perfection with more fervour than ever, but also for the salvation of souls. Indeed, not thinking that he sufficiently fulfilled the duties of his ministry by offering every day the immaculate victim at holy Mass unless he himself were sacrificed as a victim for the good of the peoples by apostolic labours, he asked his abbot's permission to go and preach the Gospel in the countries where he knew that idolatry was not yet

entirely rooted out. He set out, then, with such companions as he could obtain to be his fellow workers in this great enterprise, and travelled through all Bohemia and the two Pannonias, where he converted five thousand Hungarians to the Christian religion. Pilgrim, a bishop in Bavaria, with whom he stayed for some time, admiring this progress and recognising in him the wonderful talents with which grace had favoured him, did so much with the emperor Otto II that he was proposed and then unanimously elected bishop of Ratisbon.

He offered much resistance to his election; but his abbot, without whose permission he would never agree to it, having approved it, he believed himself obliged to consent. After his consecration, at which Frederick, archbishop of Salzburg, performed the ceremony, he undertook the reform of his clergy and of the canonesses of his diocese, who, relying on their privileges, had almost banished the spirit of their vocation from their houses; and he did so much by his fervent exhortations, his untiring labours and even by miracles that he happily accomplished both these works; he also cut off several abuses that were committed among the country priests. He preferred generously to give up part of his revenue to set up a bishopric in Bohemia, which then depended on that of Ratisbon and whose peoples had been newly converted to the faith, rather than allow taxes to be laid on them for the maintenance of the new bishop. He founded a monastery of nuns which served as an example to those who wished to reform themselves. He restored the monastery of Saint-Emmeram to its ancient splendour. It was an abbey which the bishops of Ratisbon, his predecessors, had obtained from the emperors and whose finest revenues they had united to their bishopric, without troubling themselves about regular observance or the maintenance of the religious. They would not even allow it an abbot, for fear he should expose their usurpation and recover the goods they had appropriated. Our holy prelate could not suffer this injustice; he brought Romuald from the abbey of Saint-Maximin of Trier, who had been chaplain to the archbishop Henry of whom we have spoken, and who was distinguished in his Order for his zeal for monastic discipline. He made him abbot of the monastery of Saint-Emmeram and restored to him all the lands that belonged to this abbey.

The care he took of persons consecrated to God and to the service of his altars did not steal from him a single moment of those he owed to the instruction of his people. He travelled unceasingly through all the places of his diocese, in order to distribute to all the bread of the Gospel doctrine. He preached in so moving a manner that his words penetrated to the depths of consciences. His discourses were popular and proportioned to the capacity of the most ordinary minds among his hearers. He put forward the truths with extreme gentleness, without however lessening anything of their force or pushing them to too great a rigour. In a word, the Holy Ghost had given him a grace of speaking in so convincing a manner that the historian of his life says it was impossible to hear him with attention without being penetrated by his reasons, and that rarely, or, to put it better, never, did anyone leave his pious exhortations without shedding tears.

If he was powerful in words, he was no less so in good works. Though a bishop, he never ceased to live as a religious. He never left off the habit of his Order, always used the same food and faithfully practised all the exercises and all the austerities of the cloister. Towards midnight he went to the church, where he remained a long time in prayer, until, overcome by sleep, he took a little rest, not on a soft bed but fully dressed, and in the same manner as he had been accustomed to do in his monastery. In the morning he celebrated the divine mysteries with so tender a devotion that it was clear, from his tears and his sighs, that he was then sacrificing himself to the supreme majesty of God. He observed regular silence exactly, preferring to spend his time in reading the holy books rather than in human conversations, which are often spent in useless talk. Nevertheless, when necessity obliged him to speak, he was very agreeable in conversation and dealt with business with incomparable penetration and prudence. His table was a school of abstinence, from which delicacy of dishes was banished. During his meals he had holy Scripture read, or some treatise of the Fathers, or some other work of piety. He never ate without having some poor people with him, and always chose the most wretched of those who were at the door of his palace. He called them his masters and his brothers, and wished them to be served as such. He had what remained from his table distributed to the others. He sent for

those who did not appear, so that they too might have a share in his alms. During a great famine that afflicted part of Germany, he laid in a quantity of wheat, which he then distributed to those who had recourse to his charity.

As he had accepted his bishopric only with extreme repugnance, he resolved to leave it in order to lead a hidden life. Indeed, he withdrew secretly into the Noric Alps, built himself a little hermitage there and tasted at leisure the delights of solitude. The affliction of his flock when it saw itself deprived of so holy a pastor cannot be expressed. He was sought on all sides to call him back to his diocese; at last, after five years, God permitted him to be discovered by hunters. He was so worn out by his fasts and austerities that he could scarcely be recognised. He had great difficulty in bringing himself to return to his diocese; but he could not refuse this favour to the prayers, the tears and the groans of his sheep. The emperor, having learned of his return, called him to his person, to make use of his counsels in matters of religion and ecclesiastical discipline as well as in the government of his States. These honours were unbearable to him; that is why, after being a short time at court, he managed to obtain permission to go back to his church, where he gave new proofs of his zeal for the salvation of his people and of his charity in relieving them in their miseries.

Among the gratuitous graces with which God honoured him, there are particularly noted that of working miracles and the spirit of prophecy. He healed a countless number of sick people by the laying on of his hands or with a piece of blessed bread which he gave them; he delivered several possessed persons, either by the power of his command or by the force of his prayers. He raised the dead, healed the insane, and worked so many wonders that the author of his life admits he would become tedious by their number if he wished to relate them all. The most celebrated prediction he made is the one concerning the children of Henry, duke of Bavaria, who often sent them to him, both to receive his blessing and to profit from the holy instructions he gave them; for he usually called Prince Henry king, Prince Bruno bishop, Princess Gisela queen, and Princess Brigid abbess. The event justified this prophecy: Henry was afterwards emperor, the second of that name; he is the one whose life we gave on the 15th of July; Bruno was bishop of Augsburg; Gisela was married to the king of Hungary; and Brigid was abbess of a monastery at Ratisbon. This prophecy has seemed so wonderful that it has been inserted in the lessons of his office, which was approved by the Congregation of Rites and which Pope Urban VII allowed to be kept as a double throughout Germany.

The affairs of his diocese having obliged him to go into Lower Austria, he fell ill on the way, at Pupping. Foreseeing that his hour was near, he made the poor the heirs of all his goods and had himself carried to the church of St. Othmar, in which he had had a revelation that he was to die. There, before the altar, he made his confession, received Our Lord and Extreme Unction, and prepared himself for death by all the acts that detach a soul from earth to reunite it with its principle. His servants wished to shut the doors so that he might be more at rest, but he ordered them to leave them open, to give everyone freedom to enter. At last, after exhorting those present to lead a truly Christian life, he closed his eyes and entered into a kind of gentle sleep, during which he died in peace on the last day of October in the year 994. He had foretold, a little before his death, that Hartwic, archbishop of Salzburg, and Arabon, intendant of the province, were soon to come. Indeed, on the very day of his death they arrived and took charge of his funeral. His body was carried to Ratisbon and buried, according to his last wishes, in the monastery of Saint-Emmeram, where it remained in a vault until 1644; it was then taken out and put in a shrine by another Wolfgang, also bishop of Ratisbon. Pope St. Leo IX, having gone to Germany to make peace between the emperor Henry III and the king of Hungary, issued the decree of his canonisation on account of the great miracles that took place at his tomb.

He is represented: 1° with crozier and mitre, holding an axe, instrument of his martyrdom, and a church; 2° holding his crozier and an axe, and at his feet a dog or a wolf, attacked by a kind of demon.

His life is found in the fifth volume of Surius and in the first of the Bavaria sancta *of Raderus. We have used both to compose this biography.*

BLESSED ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ OF SEGOVIA, LAY BROTHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

1617. — Pope: Paul V. — King of Spain: Philip III.

> *Ceux qui ont le devoir d'obéir et de faire ce qui est juste, ne doivent jamais se préoccuper des motifs qui dirigent la conduite de leurs supérieurs.*
>
> *Those whose duty is to obey and to do what is right should never concern themselves with the motives that direct the conduct of their superiors.*
>
> *St. Bonaventure.*

At the beginning of the 16th century there lived at Segovia a rich merchant whom the Lord had blessed by giving him a large family. He had seven sons and four daughters. The second of his sons, who was to make the name of Rodriguez illustrious for ever, was born on the 25th of July 1531, the day consecrated to the apostle St. James. It seems that God wished to place him from his birth under the powerful protection of the patron of Spain. Entrusted to the care of a Christian mother, he felt himself filled from childhood with a great love for the Blessed Virgin, and as this love grew with age he could not contain its effects. If he caught sight of any of her images, he spoke to it with artless tenderness, begging her to intercede for him with her divine Son: "O Lady," he said to her one day, "if you knew how much I love you! I love you so much that you cannot love me more." But she whose goodness is so great towards those who serve her faithfully wished to reward such virtue. She showed herself to him visibly and said to him, with a look full of love: "Thou art mistaken, my son, for I love thee far more than thou couldst love me."

What happiness it was for Alphonsus to see her whom he cherished so much! Yet he remained astonished at such a favour and dared not repeat these words; but he felt the affection he bore Mary grow in his heart. He was nearing his nineteenth year when Providence sent to Segovia two religious of the Society of Jesus, and his father had the happiness of giving them hospitality. Alphonsus and his elder brother were chosen to wait on them at the country house to which the religious wished to withdraw. There they were instructed in the truths of the faith and formed in the practices of devotion suited to their age. Sent the following year to Alcalá to study in a college of the Society of Jesus, they were recalled by the death of their father. The elder then gave himself to the study of law, and the Blessed was put in charge of the business house. Some time later he married Mary Suarez, by whom he had two children; in everything he practised the rules of equity and deserved the praise which the Holy Ghost gives St. Joseph, that "he was a just man." Thus did Our Lord wish to attach him wholly to his service.

The means God uses to draw souls to himself are not the same for all his servants. The one he chose for Rodriguez was the surest: the way of trials. It was then that the Blessed saw himself parted from what he held dearest in the world, a beloved wife and daughter. Weary of the pleasures of life, he left the care of his affairs to the rest of his family and lived in the world thenceforth only as one not living in it. He was then thirty-two years old, and his sole occupation was now to think of death and of his salvation. He made a general confession of all the faults of his life and conceived such keen sorrow for them that for three years he never ceased to shed tears. Knowing how quick the flesh is to rebel against the spirit, he joined bodily mortification to interior mortification, subjecting his body to harsh and frequent disciplines. He put on a hair shirt and accustomed himself to fast on the Friday and Saturday of each week. Each day he recited the Rosary, and he often approached the Sacraments with the feelings of the deepest contrition. Our Lord soon showed him how pleasing to him was this bitter and continual sorrow for his sins. One night when the Blessed was shedding torrents of tears at the remembrance of his faults, Our Lord appeared to him amid the brilliant and majestic retinue of twelve Saints, among whom he recognised only the seraphic St. Francis, who came up to him and asked him kindly why he was weeping so. "O dear Saint," Alphonsus answered him, "if a single venial sin deserves to be wept for all one's life, how can you expect me not to weep, I who am so guilty?" This humble

answer pleased Our Lord, who cast a look of love upon him, and the vision disappeared. Just as the apparition of Mary had increased his love, so that of her divine Son did not remain without effect in the soul of his servant. Alphonsus felt from then on a greater attraction for contemplation. The life and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ were the object of his continual meditations; he pictured to himself this divine Saviour full of gentleness and conversing with men during his life; then crowned with thorns, covered with wounds, insulted by those he wished to redeem, led before Pilate, meeting his most holy Mother in so wretched a state, laden with a heavy cross, crowned with thorns and enduring the most ignominious death for the salvation of the world.

Ah! if our sorrow is great at the sight of Jesus suffering, what must be that of those whom this divine Saviour attaches to himself in a particular manner! Like several other Saints, our Blessed merited to see with the eyes of his soul every detail of this cruel torment, and to endure in his body, as a reward for his detachment from the world, part of the sufferings of his good Master. In 1568 he had a prophetic vision of the misfortunes of Granada during the revolt of the Moors; one night when he was at prayer he felt himself carried into the streets of Granada, where troops of armed men were fighting one another; then suddenly he seemed to be carried into the midst of a church which these men were devastating with fury, profaning the altars and a magnificent statue consecrated to the Mother of God. This sad spectacle drew tears from our Blessed, who redoubled his prayers.

Each time he had the happiness of receiving holy communion, he went early to the foot of the altar in order to prepare himself to receive worthily the God of all holiness. One day — it was on the Assumption of Our Lady — when he had received the divine Eucharist, he was rapt in ecstasy at the foot of Mary's throne, near whom stood St. Francis and his guardian angel. Our Lady welcomed him kindly and presented his soul to God the Father, who accepted so pleasing an offering; when he came to himself, he could scarcely get back to his dwelling; his legs gave way under the weight of his body. He had eyes, but saw not; for he no longer recognised the persons he met on his way; the world was now to him only nothingness beside that heavenly country in whose delights he was still absorbed. From then on, by a virtue we find hard to understand and which is so familiar to the Saints, his heart was entirely detached from everything that touched the earth. His son, three years old, full of grace, beauty and innocence, was the object of his tenderness; he resolved to make a sacrifice of him to God. Unable to bear the sight of sin in so lovable a creature, he prayed God to call him to himself if he was ever to offend him. His prayers were granted: that very night, while the child slept beside him, he seemed to see him dead and clothed in the garments in which he was to be buried. The child did in fact die soon afterwards, and the Blessed thought only of withdrawing into a religious Order; he sold what remained to him of the goods of this world and made his way towards Valencia, where he knew the rector of the Jesuit college. On his advice he resolved to learn Latin, and entered the household of the duchess of Terranova as tutor to her son, Don Luis de Mendace. He was then in his thirty-eighth year; he worked with the children, patiently bearing their mockery, but in spite of his efforts he was obliged to give up his design.

However, the devil, who did not see without displeasure so holy a man devoting himself to the salvation of souls, resolved to keep him away from the Society of Jesus, and this is the ruse he used: after the arrival of the Blessed at Valencia, there was a man as old as he, who, also wishing to learn Latin, attended the same lessons. This likeness of taste and mind made them friends. Together they went to church to perform their exercises of piety; but Alphonsus was not long in noticing that his companion, who seemed to him very pious, never approached the sacraments. His desire was the hermit's life; he often spoke to him of it and finally withdrew to a hermitage two days' journey from Valencia, from where he wrote to our Blessed to beg him to come and see him. The latter went there, and he very nearly yielded to the entreaties of this new hermit, who wished to keep him with him. However, he wished to see the duchess of Terranova a last time and to inform his director of it. The latter, seeing him arrive, said to him: "Where have you been, then,

Alphonsus, all the time I have not seen you? I greatly fear you will be lost." — "And why?" answered the Blessed. — "Because you wish to follow your own fancy, and if you go on like this there is no doubt that you will end by being lost." At these words Alphonsus threw himself at his feet and said to him: "I vow never in my life to follow my own will, and I beg you to dispose of me as you please."

The rector urged him to follow the design he had formed of entering the Society. As he did not know Latin, and his health, weakened by austerities, did not allow him to render many services, he was received only with the title of lay brother or coadjutor. When he was on the point of leaving the duchess, God sent him a new trial. Suddenly a great noise was heard at his window; he opened it: it was the hermit, who had come to remind him of his promise, to reproach him angrily with being a man of bad faith, and to order him, with threats, to go with him to his hermitage. The Blessed, terrified, did not let himself be won over by these threats and hastily shut his window. He never saw the man again, and no one could learn what had become of him.

We shall now follow our Blessed in a new career. After six months of novitiate, begun at the age of thirty-nine on the 31st of January 1571 at the college of St. Paul in Valencia, he went at the call of obedience to the island of Majorca, to the college of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Sion, where he took his simple vows on the 5th of April 1573 and made his solemn profession on the same day of the year 1585. There he spent his life, and for more than thirty years filled the office of porter, knowing how to sanctify the actions of each day and make himself more and more pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. In the morning, at the first sound of the bell, he threw himself on his knees and thanked the most holy Trinity for having preserved him during the night by reciting the *Te Deum*, pronouncing with extraordinary fervour the words *Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire*. After his other exercises of piety he performed his office of porter, receiving all who came with the same eagerness as if it had been Our Lord himself. If he sometimes received insults, it was with the greatest and most sincere humility that he bore them, and when his charge allowed him to follow his attraction for piety, he invoked Mary by reciting the rosary and gave himself to prayer, for which he had, like all the Saints, a particular affection. Then he prayed Our Lord to make him die rather than see him consent to any mortal sin. At each hour of the day he had a special invocation to the Queen of heaven, and when the time for rest came he commended to her the souls in purgatory, offering for them the mortifications he would practise during his rest. Often the thought of their sufferings made him forget to take food. He had such great modesty in the world that he was called "the dead Brother."

But the devil could not bear such piety. He began to attack him with assaults against the fairest of the virtues, appearing to him in a thousand hideous forms. The Blessed always resisted. Then, to avenge themselves, the furious devils threw him down from the top of a very high staircase; but the names of Jesus and Mary, which he pronounced, saved him. One day he felt the heat of so terrible a fire that he called the Lord to him. At once the infernal band took flight, and his wounds were healed. The devil, seeing then that all torments were useless, wished to use the temptation most capable of afflicting a Saint: he tried to persuade him that one day he would abandon the path of virtue and be damned for ever. In the midst of his anguish the Blessed had recourse to Mary: his usual prayer was the recitation of the rosary; but seeing that this thought of despair grew from day to day, he cried out: "Mary, come to my help, for I am perishing." At once Mary appeared to him, resplendent with the brightness of heaven, put all the devils to flight and gave peace back to her servant. She soon afterwards delivered him from a new temptation and said to him: "My son Alphonsus, where I am thou hast nothing to fear." But the devil, whose wiles are without number, did not lose heart. He retained these words, and after filling the soul of the Blessed with sadness and bitterness: "Where is Mary?" he said to him; "now let her come to thy help." At once a divine light announced the coming of Mary, and the infernal band was once more put to flight. After all this help from Mary, one can understand the filial tenderness the Blessed had for her, trusting in her help in all his needs and always urging others to have recourse to so powerful a protectress, who never abandons anyone.

A Spanish religious, who afterwards wrote his life, being on the point of leaving Majorca, went to see him a last time. Finding him wholly absorbed in God, he knelt down to kiss his feet. The Blessed, having come to himself, blushed to see him thus humbled in his presence. “Brother Alphonsus,” the religious then said to him, “I am going to leave you; but in memory of the years I have spent with you, give me, I pray you, some spiritual keepsake.” — “When you wish to obtain something from God,” answered Alphonsus, “have recourse to Mary, and you will then be sure of obtaining everything.” He himself never ceased to feel the effects of this confidence in the Mother of God. One day, when he was going with another religious to a castle on the top of a hill and was walking with difficulty, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and, with the tenderness of a mother for her son, wiped his face with a white cloth and poured such vigour into his limbs that he finished the rest of the journey without difficulty. To reward him for the devotion he had to the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption, she showed him the triumph the angels gave her at her entry into heaven.

Saints have been seen to practise a blind obedience which we find hard to understand with our proud reason, and to make themselves thereby very pleasing in the eyes of Him who searches the depths of hearts. The love our Blessed bore Our Lord and his most holy Mother had made him understand also that in carrying out the orders of his superior he was fulfilling those of heaven: which made the burden of obedience sweet and light to him. Sometimes he was seen to stay whole days where he had been told to stay, waiting until he was remembered. If people mocked his simplicity, he found in it a precious occasion of suffering, which he would not let slip, so as to acquire thereby a treasure in heaven.

The rector of the college wished to test him, and one day ordered him to go to the port to take ship, without telling him where he was to go or on what vessel he could get there. The Blessed wished to go out at once; but a religious who had been forewarned told him that the superior was asking for him again; so he retraced his steps. “Where are you going,” the superior then said to him, “and on what ship did you mean to embark, since there is none in the port?” Alphonsus answered him simply that he was going to practise obedience. — “Leave for the Indies,” the rector said to him another time. And the Blessed went down at once and asked to go out. — “Where are you going?” the porter said to him. “I am leaving for the Indies,” answered Alphonsus, “by order of the superior.” — “Have you his permission? If you have not, I will not let you out.” Then he went to find the rector, who sent for the Blessed. “And how do you mean to go to the Indies?” the rector said to him. “I was going to the port,” replied the Blessed; “if I had found a ship I should have embarked; if not, I should have gone into the water and gone as far as possible, and then I should have come back happy to have done everything to obey.” Happy love of obedience, how great you are, and what things you can inspire in a generous heart!

The superior wished at last to test this worthy religious a final time. He sent for him and told him that he had become incapable of rendering the slightest service, that he could keep no useless subject, and that he must therefore leave. At these words the good old man bowed his head and, without letting any complaint escape, went towards the door of a house to which he had devoted himself for more than thirty years and from which he was being driven out without regard for his services or his old age. He left it as he had always lived, stripped of everything. He asked the Brother to let him out: “No,” the latter answered, deeply moved; “no, dear Brother, I cannot open to you; go back to your room and stay there as usual.” This example of so touching an obedience, the account of which draws tears, had on the other religious the effect the superior expected: for none of them afterwards found it hard to obey.

Blessed Alphonsus had been tried by severe temptations during almost the whole course of his life. In the writings he composed by order of his superiors he gives, on the way to behave in these delicate circumstances, advice which may be useful to all the faithful. Here it is: “Temptations are sometimes so violent, and the pains by which the soul is attacked so distressing, that the danger seems inevitable, above all when it sees itself deprived of all interior consolation and of all human help, and surrounded by a band of

devils threatening it with certain loss. What then shall the soul do which is so cruelly persecuted by its enemies and deprived of all divine and human help? This soul, overwhelmed by pains interior or exterior, great or small, must place itself before God in the same way as if it enjoyed a profound peace, and as if it were in the fervour of its devotion and recollection. Being thus in God's presence, it must put its pains, its temptations and all that gives it disquiet between God and itself, and offer to its Lord, by an act of love, all its pains, its persecutions and its temptations. To succeed in this exercise and in this combat against adversities, the soul must make three acts, which are like three arrows with which it will in a short time vanquish hell and all its enemies. The first arrow is love, by which it stirs up its will before God to will and love all its sufferings for love of him. The second arrow is mortification, embracing before God all the pains, all the persecutions and the temptations, by making contrary acts. The third is the prayer it makes to obtain the victory from God, and it is by this help that it will be victorious; so that, to draw fruit from sufferings and not be overcome by the pains of temptation, it must sustain the combat by acts of love, not contenting itself only with loving God with a good heart, but striving also to will with the same heart to suffer the present pains for love, stirring up its will to love and relish sufferings in order to please the Lord."

At that time there was at the college a religious named Father J. Aguirre, who, after some years' stay in Majorca, had received the order to leave for Catalonia. At this news the Blessed began to pray to commend his voyage to God. Then the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and assured him that the ship would be taken by the Turks and that the religious, if he embarked, would be carried captive to Algeria. "If you will, you can save him," Alphonsus then cried, "and I will not cease to pray to you until you have brought him back to me safe and sound." What he asked did in fact come about; for the superior, no one knows why, had sent the religious the order to return, and as the ship had not yet left port, he had the happiness of seeing his friend again.

Some time afterwards, as several religious were to take ship for Valencia, the Blessed consulted the Lord about this voyage, and he was answered that they would make "a voyage of gold." Nevertheless the ship was taken and the religious carried captive to Algiers. The voyage had none the less been of gold, for the Brothers made a great number of conversions among the infidels. One of them, Jerome Lopez, whose virtue had previously been weak, suffered the cruellest torments rather than deny the faith, and merited the name of apostle of his time.

Alphonsus Rodriguez made many other prophecies and worked other miracles which are not reported in his life. He saw in heaven the throne of Blessed Claver, his disciple and friend. The day came at last, after forty-five years spent in the practice of the most admirable virtues, to go and receive the crown of immortality. He died pronouncing the holy names of Jesus and Mary on the 31st of October 1617, at the age of eighty-six. Extraordinary pomp was displayed at his funeral, which was attended by the viceroy, all the clergy and the magistracy. An immense crowd had flocked from the whole island at the report of his virtues.

Our Blessed has never ceased to be the object of great veneration, both on the part of his compatriots and of foreign nations. Numerous miracles have taken place and still take place at his tomb. From the year 1627 Pope Urban VIII had an inquiry made into his virtues; but it was reserved to Leo XII to inscribe him in the catalogue of the Blessed: which he did by a decree of the 25th of September 1724.

Blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez is represented: 1° reciting his beads or praying at the feet of an image of Our Lady: an allusion to his tender devotion to the Mother of God; 2° with a bunch of keys hanging from his belt or laid near him, because he long exercised the office of porter at the college of Palma, in the island of Majorca; 3° in the company of Blessed Peter Claver, to whom a holy friendship united him.

We have kept the account of Father Giry.

ST. NOITBURGA OR NORTBURGA, VIRGIN AT COLOGNE (8th century)

This illustrious virgin was the niece (others say the daughter) of Pepin of Herstal, stock of our kings of the second dynasty, and of Blessed Plectrude, who brought her up in the purest sentiments of virtue. The care which that pious princess lavished on her did not remain barren: Noitburga showed from her early years so much innocence, purity of heart, detachment from the vanities and pleasures of the world, love for Jesus Christ and devotion to his holy Mother, that the holiness of her future life could be guessed. Great according to the world, she became greater still by trampling the world underfoot.

When her beloved aunt, heart-broken by her husband's liaison with the notorious Alpaida, who bore him Charles Martel, withdrew to the city of Cologne, she followed her and remained united to her as though she had been her daughter. She rendered her all the services of a faithful companion and lavished on her all the consolations of the tenderest of friends. Plectrude, weary of the world, having founded a convent for noble ladies in that city, Noitburga entered it, full of joy at consecrating herself to the Lord. She lived in this monastery as a person entirely dead to the world and breathing now only for heaven. Prayer became her sweetest occupation; she never lost sight of the presence of God; she edified all her companions by a wonderful fervour and a perfect exactness in all her duties; she thought of her body only to afflict it with extraordinary austerities.

However, her cousins Drogo and Grimoald, sons of Pepin, who bore her a keen attachment, tried to snatch her from this holy refuge before she had bound herself to it for good. They formed the project of marrying her to a great lord, so as to make for themselves thereby a new friendship among the nobility and so serve the interests of their family. But God, who was watching over the pious and noble virgin, granted the wishes of her heart. She escaped the pressing solicitations of these two kinsmen through the death of each of them. She was keenly grieved at it, but she rejoiced greatly to see herself delivered from their insistence and free to give herself wholly to God. The faithful lover of the Saviour, believing herself freed for ever from any attempt on the side of the world, thought only of giving herself up to the delights of divine love; but she had counted on a peace that was not reserved for her. Other kinsmen pursued the project of her cousins; seeing herself pressed too hard, and no longer knowing to whom on earth to turn to obtain the freedom to dispose of herself as she wished, she addressed herself in the ardour of her faith to Jesus himself, beseeching him with many tears and sighs not to allow her to be torn from him and given up to a mortal man, but rather to take away her life by withdrawing her from this miserable world.

Noitburga prayed so well, and put so much of her heart and faith into her prayer, that her heavenly Spouse heard her. Shortly afterwards she fell ill, and her illness had no cure. She ended by giving back to her Beloved a soul pure and spotless, to be crowned in his glory. The angels carried her soul to the delightful garden of the Spouse of virgins, and heaven allowed her body to become an instrument of miracles: it was a source of life and health for those who approached it. As her lifeless remains were being carried to the church of St. Peter, they met the corpse of a man who was about to be committed to the earth; as soon as this body had come near that of Noitburga, it was restored to life. The whole city of Cologne was edified by this prodigy. So many other miracles took place at her tomb that the church in which it lay took the name of Sainte-Noitburge. Her relics are kept today in the church of the Charterhouse of Cologne.

Life of St. Noitburge, by the parish priest of Vitel.

BLESSED THOMAS BELLACIO OF LINARI, OF THE ORDER OF FRIARS MINOR (1447)

Thomas Bellacio was born at Linari, near Florence. His parents, who were in comfortable circumstances, spared nothing for his education, and as he was gifted with great facility he finished his studies quickly and with honour. Unhappily he showed for the amusements and pleasures of the world an ardour at least equal to that which he had for learning; soon he abandoned the holy practices of religion and let himself go wherever

his passions drew him. But the merciful goodness of God knew how to pursue him in the midst of his excesses. Having found himself implicated in a criminal affair whose consequences might have been fatal to him, he was seized with horror at the sight of the abyss into which he was about to be thrown, and cast himself in sorrow at the feet of his heavenly Father, beseeching him to draw him out of the mire in which he was plunged. Restored to the grace of his God, he entered the Order of Franciscans as a lay brother and applied himself to following in all things the example of his seraphic Father. He was thenceforth a model of austerity and fervour. As much as he had until then sought numerous and noisy company, so much did he now love retirement and solitude. He found in prayer and in continual converse with his Saviour delights which the friendships of earth had never been able to give him, and in a short time he attained a very sublime contemplation. Like his father St. Francis, he loved holy poverty with a singular predilection, he who had formerly taken such pleasure in finery and riches. Mortification came also to expiate the excesses he had committed in drinking and eating. He kept seven Lents each year and never allowed himself any food but bread and raw herbs. He drank only pure water, which he even very often mixed with wormwood to make it bitter. He had, moreover, to form him in all the virtues that make the perfect religious, an eminent master, St. John Capistran. Thomas appreciated the holiness of his director and obeyed him in all things with an exactness that sometimes went as far as heroism.

The virtues of Thomas were soon known outside his monastery; for his superiors having charged him to accompany to Naples Blessed John of Stroncone, who had received the mission of reforming the Friars Minor of that province, he gave that holy religious such effective help that a great part of the success of the undertaking was rightly attributed to him. The heresy of the Fraticelli was then desolating Italy. Pope Martin V, having learned with what success Thomas had worked at the reform of the convents of his Order in the kingdom of Naples, gave him the commission to convert the Fraticelli and to expel from the convents into which they had made their way all those who would not return to the true faith. He succeeded perfectly in this new mission. Pope Eugene IV, seeing with what tact Thomas had brought so difficult a work to a good end, enjoined him to go with other Brothers to invite the eastern kings and princes to send the bishops of their States to the council of Florence. Thomas was on his way to Ethiopia when he was taken, with several of his companions, by the Moors, and thrown into an old cistern, where they were left for twenty days without being given anything to eat or drink. Eugene IV, having learned the sad situation of his envoy, sent a sum of money for his ransom and that of his companions. Thomas was therefore set free. Far, however, from rejoicing at it, he was inconsolable; he had hoped for the grace of martyrdom, and nothing could make him decide to remain quietly in his own country. He resolved to ask the sovereign Pontiff's permission to return once more to the East, hoping that this time the palm would not escape him. He therefore set out for Rome, but he was not to arrive there, and the martyrdom of desire was the only one he was to attain. Indeed, he was seized with a fever at Rieti and died there on the 31st of October 1447. Numerous miracles having taken place at his tomb, Pope Clement XIV, at the request of the Friars Minor, issued the decree of his beatification on the 24th of August 1771.

Taken from the Année franciscaine.

End of the month of October.

---

[1] These three holy martyrs are placed among the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord Jesus Christ. St. Amplias was bishop of Odyssa or Odyssopolis, in Moesia (part of present-day Bosnia, Serbia and Bulgaria). He was consecrated by St. Andrew, who had evangelised those countries. — St. Urban was appointed bishop of Macedonia by the same apostle St. Andrew. He was martyred at Thessalonica (2 April) with the holy disciples of the apostles Theodulus, Agathopus, Mastesus, Publius, Valerius and three others, Julian, Proculus, Caius, Agapitus, Dionysius, Cyriacus, Zonisus. — St. Narcissus was bishop of Athens, then of Patras. The Christians of the East, in their Menaia, testify that they possess the relics of our three generous martyrs in the church of Constantinople. — Cf. *Histoire des soixante-douze disciples*, by M. l'abbé Maistre.

[2] According to Nicephorus Callistus, St. Andrew, after evangelising Scythia, the country of the man-eaters, Cappadocia, Galatia and Bithynia, and after travelling round the southern and northern Euxine, came at last to Byzantium. There he preached for some time,

and seeing that the governor of the place, named Zeuxippus, was seeking to put him to death, he withdrew to a neighbouring place called Argyropolis, where he remained two years, founded a church, ordained Stachys, one of the seventy-two disciples, bishop of this new Christian community, and withdrew to Sinope.

According to another version, Stachys was ordained bishop of Byzantium by St. Peter himself. It seems that these two traditions can be reconciled. St. Andrew had ordained St. Stachys bishop of the whole province in which Byzantium lay, fixing his see in a neighbouring town named Argyropolis. From then on the disciple Stachys was in fact bishop of Byzantium at the same time as of the whole country. But St. Peter, having come at the same period into those countries of Pontus and Bithynia, appointed Stachys bishop of Byzantium in particular. — Cf. *Histoire des soixante-douze disciples*, by M. l'abbé Maistre.

[3] We spoke of it in the life of the Saint, on the 28th of August, vol. X, p. 279.

[4] Alias: Quintin; *Quintinus, Quindinus*.

[5] It was probably the great square which stretched in front of the castle and which corresponds roughly to the present square of the town hall.

[6] *Per potentissimos Deos, Jovem et Mercurium, Solem et Lunam et Asclepium*, we read in the text published by Surius. In the Acts translated by M. Ch. Gomart we find *Asclepium et Hippocratem*; in those taken from the manuscript of Saint-Maur, *Esculapium et Hippocratem*; in those drawn up or transcribed by Raimbert, *asclepium et Hyppocratem*. Dr. Rigollot was rightly astonished, in his second *Mémoire sur Samarobriva*, to see the famous old man of Cos ranked among the gods. It is known that the Greek name of the god Aesculapius is Ἀσκληπιός, and that Hippocrates is sometimes designated by the same name, because he belonged to the family of the Asclepiads. That is where this confusion will have come from. An ignorant copyist will have rendered by Hippocrates the name *Asclepium*, which here evidently designates the god of medicine; a second, to get out of the difficulty, will have inserted both names, Aesculapius and Hippocrates, at once. This circumstance would suffice to show that the Acts published by Surius, the only ones in which Hippocrates is not mentioned, are the oldest that remain to us.

[7] An old word which may be rendered in modern style by *tringles* (rods) or by *tarières* (augers). — There is also a little bird called the *tarin* (siskin), whose black head, followed by a long and very sharp beak, recalls and represents fairly well the *taringes* spoken of here.

[8] The expression "river Somme" must not be taken too literally here, since the remains of the holy missionary were buried in a marsh of the little island of the Somme crossed by the road from *Augusta* to Laon, where the monastery of Saint-Quentin-en-l'Isle afterwards rose. It is thus explained how this furtive deposit could have been covered with earth and mud. This conjecture is moreover confirmed by the tradition of the two wells which were shown on this island as the places where Eusebia discovered the head and the body of the Martyr.

1 November

MOIS DE NOVEMBRE

Month of November

PREMIER JOUR DE NOVEMBRE

First day of November

MARTYROLOGE ROMAIN.

Roman Martyrology.

The FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, which Pope Boniface IV, after dedicating the Pantheon, instituted in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and of the holy Martyrs, to be celebrated every year by the whole city of Rome. Afterwards Pope Gregory IV ordered that this same feast, which was already celebrated in different churches but with a good deal of diversity, should be solemnised on this day in perpetuity by the universal Church, in honour of all the Saints. 837. — At Terracina, in Campania, the birthday in heaven of St. Caesarius, deacon, who, having been ill-treated for several days in a prison, was at last put in a sack and thrown into the sea with St. Julian, priest.[1] 300. — At Dijon, ST. BENIGNUS, priest, who, having been sent into Gaul by St. Polycarp to preach the Gospel there, endured several times, under the emperor Marcus Aurelius, the cruellest torments by sentence of the judge Terentius; at last his neck was broken with an iron bar and his body pierced with a lance. 178. — On the same day, St. Mary, a servant, who under the emperor Hadrian, being accused of being a Christian, was cruelly scourged, stretched on the rack, torn with iron hooks, and by these torments finished the course of her martyrdom.[2] 2nd c. — At Damascus, the martyrdom

of the saints Caesarius, Dacius and five others. — In Persia, the holy martyrs John, bishop, and James, priest, executed under King Sapor. — At Tarsus, the saints Cyrenia and Juliana, who suffered under the emperor Maximian. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, ST. AUSTREMONIUS, first bishop of that city. 1st c. — At Paris, the death of ST. MARCELLUS, bishop. 436. — At Bayeux, ST. VIGOR, bishop, who flourished in the time of Childebert, king of France. About 530. — At Tivoli, St. Severinus, monk. — In the Gâtinais, St. Mathurin, confessor.[3] 388.

MARTYROLOGE DE FRANCE, REVU ET AUGMENTÉ.

Martyrology of France, revised and enlarged.

In the diocese of Vannes, St. Cadoc or Cazout, solitary, martyred at Weedon in Great Britain, whose life we gave on the 21st of September. 490. — In Gascony, St. Severus or Sebé (*Severus*) and his companions, martyrs. — At Lyons, St. Genesius (Genest, Genis, Genêt), bishop of that see and confessor. He had first been prior of Fontenelle and abbot or master of the chapel of King Clovis II. (This office, indicated in the old authors under the name of *Abbas palatii aut castrorum*, has made various historians believe that Genesius was abbot of the monastery of Palais or of Castres, monasteries which nevertheless never existed.) Having later become almoner of St. Bathildis, wife of Clovis II, and minister of State under the regency of that great queen, these different offices served only to make his eminent virtue shine out the more. He governed his flock with all the vigilance and charity of a good shepherd, and used his credit and authority in the conduct of the kingdom only for the relief of the peoples and the support of the Church.[4] 678. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, St. Caesarius, twenty-second bishop of that see and confessor. His name appears among those of the Fathers of the Council of Reims (623). He was buried in the church of Sainte-Madeleine of the wood of Cros. 7th c. — At Riom (Puy-de-Dôme), in the diocese of Clermont, St. Amabilis, priest, mentioned in the martyrologies of the 11th of June, the 3rd of July and the 18th of October. We sketched his notice on the 3rd of July. 475. — At Ghent, in Belgium (East Flanders), St. Florbert or Floribert, abbot of the monasteries of St. Peter or Mont-Blandin and of St. Bavo. A disciple of St. Amand, he piously followed in the footsteps of his illustrious master and neglected nothing to lead in the way of virtue his religious, whose number grew from day to day. He also worked with the greatest success to root out idolatry and establish Christianity throughout the territory of Ghent.[5] About 661. — At Déols or Bourg-Dieu (Indre, arrondissement and canton of Châteauroux), in the diocese of Bourges, St. Luseur or Ludre, confessor, of whom we shall speak on the 10th of November. 3rd century. — In the diocese of Besançon, ST. LAUTEIN (Lothin, Lothain, Lothein, Loutain, *Lautenus*), priest, founder and abbot of the monasteries of Silèze and Maximiac. 518. — At Angers, the death of ST. LEZIN, bishop of that see and confessor, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of the 13th of February, which is the anniversary of his episcopal consecration. 616. — At Rodez, the Venerable François d'Estaing, bishop and count of that city, whose life we shall give in the volume devoted to the Venerables. 1329. — At Tours, the Venerable Licinius or Lezin of Angers, archbishop of that see, whom several have wrongly confused with St. Lezin, bishop of Angers. He devoted his whole fortune to building and endowing a monastery near the city of Angers and himself took the monastic habit there. The reputation of his holiness spread far: he became abbot of Saint-Venant of Tours and soon (505) bishop of that metropolis. King Clovis I honoured him in a quite special manner: he chose him (508) to be solemnly invested by him with the insignia of the consulate and of the empire, after the glorious victory of Vouillé. Licinius was buried in the basilica of Saint-Martin of Tours. 517.

MARTYROLOGES DES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

Martyrologies of the Religious Orders.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — St. Caesarius, deacon, crowned with martyrdom on the 1st of November, whose arm is kept in the Lateran basilica. 300.

ADDITIONS FAITES D'APRÈS DIVERS HAGIOGRAPHES.

Additions made from various hagiographers.

In Japan, the four blessed martyrs Peter Paul Navarro, priest of the Society of Jesus, an Italian; Denis Fugixima and Peter Onizuka, of the Society of Jesus, Japanese; and Clement, a Japanese. 1622. — At Brescia, a city of Lombardy, Blessed Conradin, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He was distinguished by his chastity, his zeal for the rights of the Holy See and his charity for his neighbour. One day, when he was suffering a very violent temptation against purity, he tore his whole body. While he was performing this penance, he invoked the help of Mary. Seeing the fidelity of her servant, the Virgin appeared to him, accompanied by two Saints, protectresses of the Order; she came up to him and anointed his loins with a sacred oil, saying: "Let thy loins feel no more any movement of the flesh." By this means the Blessed obtained perfect chastity. He was a religious at Bologna when that city revolted against the sovereign Pontiff. The interdict had been launched against the city, and no one dared publish it. Blessed Conradin, heeding only his devotion to the chair of Peter, proclaimed it boldly in the great square; he was immediately seized, thrown into prison and condemned to die of hunger. Seeing that the lack of food had no power over a man who lived on prayer, the rebels set him free. When they came to announce this news to him, the Blessed sighed and said: "I had thought the wedding was near and that you were coming to call me to the betrothal; but God's will be done; I am not worthy to die for Jesus Christ." Pope Martin V, rightly attributing to the heroic sacrifices of this admirable religious the peace that was soon made between the Holy See and the rebellious Bolognese, offered him the purple as a reward for this eminent service. Conradin humbly refused this dignity: the only reward he aspired to was to consecrate his life to the interests of his Order and the salvation of souls. He vigorously seconded Blessed Bartholomew Texier, general of the Dominicans, in the Reform he established. Conradin found a second martyrdom in the exercise of charity: he died, as he had wished, serving the sick in a time of plague; he was scarcely thirty-two years old. The numerous miracles he worked during his life and after his death have won him the title of Blessed. 1429.

FÊTES MOBILES DE NOVEMBRE.

Movable feasts of November.

On the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints, in the dioceses of Aix and Marseilles, feast of all the Saints who have made these two Churches illustrious. — On the same Sunday, in the dioceses of Ajaccio, Chartres and Soissons, feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, honoured under the title of Our Lady of Suffrage. — On the same Sunday, in the dioceses of Albi, Angers, Arras, Auch, Autun, Bayeux, Beauvais, Châlons, Chartres, Coutances, Dijon, Le Puy, Lyons, Meaux, Moulins, Nancy, Nantes, Poitiers,

Quimper, Rouen, Séez, Verdun and Viviers, feast of all the holy Relics kept in these different Churches. — On the same Sunday, in the dioceses of Clermont and Moulins, St. Austremonius, confessor, apostle of the Arverni, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1st c. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Cologne, feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the same Sunday, at Bordeaux, feast of the Relics kept in the church of Saint-Seurin. — On the first Sunday after that within the Octave of All Saints, in the dioceses of Albi, Angers, Autun, Bayeux, Blois, Bordeaux, Cahors, Carcassonne, Châlons, Chartres, Clermont, Cologne, Coutances, Dijon, La Rochelle, Limoges, Lyons, Marseilles, Mende, Nancy, Nantes, Poitiers, Quimper, Reims, Rouen, Saint-Flour, Séez, Sens, Soissons, Tarbes, Verdun, Versailles and Viviers, feast of the anniversary of the Dedication of all the Churches of France. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Le Puy, St. George, bishop, apostle of the Velay, of whom we shall speak on the 10th of November. 1st c. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Naples, feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the Saturday preceding the Sunday after the Octave of All Saints, among the Cistercians, the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who appeared to St. Alberic, second abbot of Cîteaux, and said to him: "I will defend and protect this Order until the end of the ages." That is why, having been

chosen from the beginning as Patroness, Mistress, Protectress and Advocate, and designated as Titular of all the churches of this Order, she has in the course of time loaded the family of Cîteaux with favours and graces. — On the Saturday before the second Sunday of November, among the Discalced Religious of the Holy Trinity, in the whole Order of Friars Preachers, in the three Orders of St. Francis, among the Friars Minor, in the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel and among the Discalced Carmelites, the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the Saturday before the Sunday within the Octave of All Saints, among the Servite Religious of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the memory of all the Saints whose bodies and relics rest in the churches of this Order. — On the Saturday before the second Sunday of November, among the same Servite Religious, the feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the second Sunday of

November, among the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis, the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, granted to the whole of that Order by Pope Benedict XIII. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Nice, feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the third Sunday of November, in the diocese of Naples, feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary, honoured under the title of Source of Graces. — On the fourth Sunday of November, in the diocese of Quimper, feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the second Sunday after the Octave of All Saints, in the dioceses of Albi, Autun, Bayeux, Carcassonne, Bordeaux, Châlons, Cologne, Dijon, Lyons, Marseilles, Nancy and Viviers, feast of the Octave of the Dedication of all the Churches of these dioceses. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Le Puy, feast of the Octave of St. George, apostle of the Velay, mentioned above. — On the last Sunday after Pentecost, in the diocese of Chartres, feast of all the holy bishops, priests and other patrons of that Church. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Dijon, St. Benignus, apostle of these countries and martyr, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 178. — On the same Sunday, in the dioceses of Blois, La Rochelle and Marseilles, feast of all the holy Relics kept in the various churches of these dioceses. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Ajaccio, feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Metz, St. Clement, bishop, apostle of that Church, of whom we shall speak on the 23rd of November. — On the first Sunday of Advent, in the diocese of Dijon, memory of the Octave of St. Benignus, apostle of these countries, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of this day. 178. — On the same Sunday, in the diocese of Fréjus, memory of the Octave of St. Leontius, bishop, mentioned in the martyrology of France of the 16th of November. 465.

ST. BENIGNUS OF SMYRNA, APOSTLE OF BURGUNDY AND MARTYR

178. — Pope: St. Eleutherius. — Roman Emperor: Marcus Aurelius.

> *Obsitos cives tenebris opacis Hostis humani generis tenebat: Doctor adventat: simul hæ fugantur Solis ut ortu.*
>
> *Slaves of the devil, the people of Dijon groaned to be wrapped beyond return in hideous darkness; but lo, heaven sends them a deliverer, and the darkness vanishes before him, as the horrors of night scatter at the first ray of the rising sun.*
>
> *Hymn of St. Benignus.*

Among the illustrious preachers of the faith whom Greece sent into Gaul, St. Benignus is one of the chief. He was of Smyrna, and a disciple of St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. This excellent master, having ordained him priest and formed him by his instructions and example for all the functions of the apostolic life, destined him for Gaul, following the recommendation which that great Apostle had given him to take care of the salvation of that kingdom. Benignus accepted this mission, and, accompanied by Andochius, priest, Thyrsus, deacon, Andeolus, subdeacon, and some other churchmen full of zeal for the glory of God, he arrived by sea at Marseilles. Andeolus stopped for some time at Carpentras, a town on the Sorgue in the county of Avignon; and from there he passed into the Vivarais, where he crowned his labours with a blessed martyrdom. As for our Saint, he came as far as Autun with his other companions, and there he was kindly

received in the house of an illustrious senator named Faustus. He brought with him the wages for the good welcome given him: the pearl of the Gospel, which is the knowledge of the true God. He shared it with this senator and spoke to him so effectively of the extravagance of idolatry and the wisdom of the Christian faith that he set him on fire with the same flame that burned in his own heart. Faustus became a Christian and washed away the crime of his unbelief in the waters of baptism. Symphorian, his son, imitated his fervour, and from a pagan became one of the most zealous preachers of the Gospel. Several other faithful also followed their example, and Benignus soon had the consolation of seeing in the midst of Autun a holy company of Christians ready to shed their blood and give their lives for the confession of one God.

From there Faustus begged him to go on to Langres to work for the conversion of three twin children, Speusippus, Eleusippus and Meleusippus, grandsons of Leonilla, his sister, a fervent Christian. The Saint believed that God was offering him this occasion to carry the torch of truth further: he went to Langres, catechised the three twins and convinced them of the falsity of their religion. They, having broken all the idols that filled their house and made it like a pagan temple, made the whole wretched heap of false divinities disappear completely. Nothing there then offended or saddened Christian eyes any longer, and Jesus Christ could come and take possession of it. An altar was set up for the sacrifice of the spotless victim in an oratory which Benignus consecrated under the invocation of St. John. The Ionian missionary wished the name of the beloved Apostle to be inscribed on this cradle of the Church of Langres, so that this noble sister of the Church of Autun should also remember whose daughter she is, from what heart she received, with her birth and her faith, as a family inheritance, angelic virginity and sweet charity, those two flowers of heaven which Jesus had given to his friend. Meanwhile Benignus continued his teaching of the fervent neophytes every day. Soon they were found not only sufficiently instructed, but strong in faith and charity; and the apostle believed he could without delay consecrate them definitively to God by baptism and by participation in the body and blood of Jesus Christ. The apostolic labourer was happy: he thanked the Father who is in heaven for having given him, at Langres as at Autun, spiritual children who gave promise of the highest hopes. Benignus, having left the oratory he had consecrated in honour of St. John as a monument of the apostolic origin of his ministry, commended to God and secured the future of the Christian community of Langres, that second and beloved daughter of his soul, poured out his heart one last time in a last farewell, and went to Dijon to continue the work, already so fruitful, of an apostolate blessed by heaven. He was the father of two great Churches; and in baptising St. Symphorian and the three holy Twins he had baptised two of the most famous peoples of Gaul, the Aedui and the Lingones.

Having arrived at Dijon, Benignus made it the centre of his mission and from there made the light of the Gospel shine on the surrounding country. His word, confirmed by the holy authority of his virtue and by the divine sanction of miracles, won consoling successes. Paschasia, instructed and baptised by him, was the noblest conquest of his apostolate in that place. To preserve at Dijon, as at Langres, the memory of the apostolic origin of his mission, he dedicated a humble oratory in honour of St. John. Meanwhile Marcus Aurelius, obliged to travel along all the frontiers of the empire to drive back the Barbarians who were invading it, came in passing to visit the walls of Dijon, recently built. At the news of his arrival, Benignus fled two leagues away, to a village now called Prenois (*Prunidum, Prunetum*), then to another named Épagny (*Spaniacum*), whose inhabitants still keep by tradition the memory of this event,[1] linked so closely with the martyrdom of the illustrious apostle of the Dijonnais. The emperor, who was at once a sophist, superstitious and cruel, after inspecting the walls of the new town, ordered a temple to be built to Mercury and not a single Christian to be tolerated in the country. “We do not know here what a Christian is,” answered Count Terentius; “but I have seen a stranger with a shaven head,[2] whose appearance and way of life are quite different from ours. He declaims against the worship of our gods, makes people take some sort of bath, anoints them with a certain perfume, works many wonders among the people and promises to those who believe in his God another life after death.” — “By these signs,” replied the prince, “I recognise a Christian. Let him be sought and brought to me in chains. For our gods detest this new superstition. As soon as they see

the sign of the Crucified, they wither with fury, gnash their teeth and cannot bear the sight of it." Terentius hastened to have the master's order carried out. The apostle was found in the village where he had taken refuge and was proclaiming the word of God to the pagans. He was chained and brought before the emperor.

"Of what country art thou, worshipper of the cross, and what is thy name?" — "I came from the East with my brothers. They are already dead: it is thou who killed them. We were sent by St. Polycarp to preach the Gospel to the nations." Then the prince, changing his tone as well as his tactics, went on: "If thou obeyest my orders, I will make thee high priest of my gods and give thee the first rank in my palace." — "Ravening wolf, keep thy priesthood. I will receive nothing from thee, for thou art reserved for all that is most frightful in eternal damnation; and thou wilt never persuade me to renounce the Christ whom I adore." The emperor, seeing that his promises were useless, ordered him to be cruelly beaten with ox sinews, and added that if he did not sacrifice to the gods of the empire he would be made to undergo every kind of torture.

The Martyr was therefore stretched on the rack, and while he was being struck he gave thanks to God and prayed. After this first torture he was thrown into prison,[3] all bruised, all torn, all bleeding. But an angel came to console him and healed him so completely of all his wounds that not the slightest trace of them appeared. The next day the emperor again had Benignus appear before him and pressed him to sacrifice. The intrepid soldier of Jesus Christ mocked the gods. Then the prince ordered him to be led before an altar and meats offered to the idols to be forced into his mouth. Benignus, having come before the pagan images, made the sign of the cross, raising his eyes and his heart towards heaven, and addressed a short but fervent prayer to the divine Master. At once all the idols of stone or wood and the vessels used for the sacrifices vanished like smoke. The Saint, full of joy, thanked God for having deigned to hear him, then flung his derision at the tyrant and at his gods, which had vanished before the sign of salvation. — "See rather," replied the emperor, who was no doubt trying to hide his astonishment, "how eager our gods are to do thy will. If thou wilt also consent to do theirs and mine, thou shalt be great with me." These softened words, betraying a certain embarrassment, served only to provoke from Benignus a new and ever more energetic refusal. "Thou must be very foolish and very blind," he said, "not to see the power of Jesus Christ in the destruction of thine idols." — "Let him be taken back to prison," cried the furious tyrant; "let a great stone be brought, let a hollow be made in it, and let his feet be sealed there with molten lead; let red-hot awls be driven under the nails of his fingers; let him be given nothing for six days, not even water; and let the fiercest dogs be shut up with him, left without food or drink, so that they may devour him." At once the barbarous order was carried out; and while he was being led to prison, the apostle exhorted the counts and tribunes to believe in Jesus Christ. He wished to fulfil his divine mission to the end, by casting into those souls at least some seeds of faith. The Martyr therefore went back into his black dungeon, never ceasing for six days to keep up with heaven the holy commerce of prayer. And so God did not abandon him. He sent to his help an angel who so calmed the fury of the dogs that these animals did not touch a single hair of his head, a single thread of the fringe of his garments. More than that, the envoy of the Most High drew out the awls driven under his nails, removed the lead that sealed his feet in the stone and gave him a heavenly bread for food.

The sixth day having come, the prison was opened, and the Martyr's body was found so clean and sound, so perfectly intact, that not the slightest trace appeared of the tortures he had endured. At this news the prince, no doubt to have done with it and not be worsted a third time, ordered that in the prison itself his neck should be broken with an iron bar, and that to finish him a soldier should pierce him with his lance. At the moment when the blessed Martyr expired, the Christians, his children in Jesus Christ, saw a dove white as snow fly out of the prison and rise up to the clouds: it was his soul departing for heaven. At the same time they breathed so sweet an odour that they thought themselves transported amid the perfumes of paradise. Thus ended, adds an old hagiographer, the passion of the holy priest Benignus, on the day of the calends of November (about the year 178).

St. Benignus is represented with his body pierced by two lances and a club behind his head. He is also represented with his feet sealed in a stone with molten lead. At the main portal of the cathedral church of Dijon, in front of the pier that divides the middle bay in two, there is a standing figure dressed as a bishop, holding a palm, his hand leaning on a staff, his head covered with a kind of ribbed cap. This figure is held to be that of St. Benignus.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS.

The body of the holy Martyr, having been embalmed with spices and costly perfumes, was buried by Leonilla of Langres in a stone sarcophagus without inscription or symbol, which was sunk in the ground a short distance from the place where the Saint had been martyred. The faithful of the place and those of the neighbouring villages came, from the day after the martyrdom, to honour the holy apostle in his sepulchre, and as soon as prudence allowed they cleared the ground around it, dug a staircase and built over it a small chapel or vaulted crypt: it is to be believed that this was about the middle of the 3rd century.

At this tomb a pilgrimage arose which ceased, outwardly at least, during the years of trouble that followed the confusion of civil revolts and barbarian incursions. The abandoned crypt fell in, and little by little the memory of the precise place where the remains of the holy Martyr lay, which nothing marked, faded away, except in the memory of the country people, who still came to pray at the tomb of St. Benignus, brought offerings there, burned candles there and claimed to receive miraculous favours there. Meanwhile St. Gregory, bishop of Langres, came to Dijon; and as marvellous things were told of what had happened at the tomb of St. Benignus, this was enough to draw the attention of the bishop, who, in spite of popular tradition and the miracles, and finding in the pagan form of the sarcophagus only a reason for mistrust, judged it prudent to forbid the pilgrimage, at least provisionally. It was then that St. Benignus appeared to him and ordered him to stop acting so, and to rebuild as soon as possible the ruins of his sepulchre. Struck by this vision, St. Gregory hastened to have the old crypt, which was in ruins, rebuilt. When the work was finished, he called together a great number of priests, religious and abbots to celebrate solemnly the invention of the relics of the holy apostle and to attend their translation. After this ceremony the holy bishop thought of carrying out a work he had long dreamed of: to raise over the tomb of St. Benignus a church worthy of such an apostle and able to hold the crowd of pilgrims who flocked from all sides. To ensure the cult of the holy apostle in a permanent way, the venerable bishop of Langres, imitating St. Euphronius, joined a monastery to the new church and entrusted the keeping of the holy body to religious whom he brought from the abbey of Réome. He placed them under the government of the holy abbot Eustadius and gave them considerable lands from his own goods and from those of his bishopric. Such was the origin of the famous abbey of Saint-Bénigne of Dijon, which holds so considerable a place in the religious, political and artistic history of Burgundy.

The cult of St. Benignus, thus revived and surrounded with all the splendours of religion, took on an immense development. There was from then on an immense concourse of pilgrims at his tomb and as it were a cloud of brilliant miracles. The devotion of the faithful extended to the places where the holy apostle had suffered and to the instruments of his torture: the tower that had served him as prison was converted into a chapel, and the stone in which his feet had been sealed became the object of a special cult. A crowd of pilgrims went to draw water from the fountain of Épagny, near which he was arrested by the soldiers, and in times of calamity whole parishes went there in procession. Some portions of the relics of St. Benignus spread with his cult into different places, to Tours, to Pontarlier, to Saint-Maurice in Valais, and even into Germany. The basilica raised over the Martyr's tomb by St. Gregory of Langres, having suffered greatly from the civil wars and the misfortunes of the 7th century, was restored in the 9th century by Isaac, bishop of Langres, and the cult of the holy apostle flourished again with new splendour until the Norman invasions. To put the holy relics in safety, they were carried first inside the *castrum* of Dijon, then to Langres, a stronger town, where they remained until the fear of invasions had passed. The people of Langres made St. Benignus pay for the

hospitality they had given him by demanding an arm of the Martyr. Later, as rumours of invasion were still resounding, the precious treasure was buried in the ground in the crypt, without any outward sign, but with an inscription enclosed in the tomb itself. It remained thus hidden throughout the 10th century, until the day when the famous abbot William raised it from the ground, surrounded it with honours as great as those paid to it by St. Gregory of Langres, and threw over its tomb, restored once again, that fine church with that magnificent three-storeyed rotunda, the marvel of Romanesque art inspired by Italian genius, which perhaps had no rival in France. At the same time the Cluniac reform was introduced into the monastery. Everything there changed its face, everything took a wonderful flight, learning as well as piety. A new era began for the cult of the apostle of Burgundy, as for the great abbey of Dijon. William placed the Saint's relics in a magnificent shrine covered with plates of gold and silver, exposed to the eyes of all in the crypt, where numerous lamps burned day and night.

The pilgrimage, which had almost ceased during the misfortunes of the 9th and 10th centuries, began again on a larger scale. So great was the crowd pressing round the venerated tomb that three new doors had to be opened in the upper church for going down to the crypt. The gifts of kings and peoples flowed in as in the time of St. Gregory and of Guntram. One might have thought that the basilica, so beautiful and above all so solid, would defy the centuries. Yet on the 21st of February 1271 the great stone tower that rose in the centre fell with a frightful crash and dragged down in its ruin the whole building, except the great portal and the rotunda. By a miraculous preservation the shrine of St. Benignus, which rested on two small columns near the tomb, a little in front of the rotunda, and which should have been crushed by the fall of the vaults, remained suspended in the air without anything being seen that could support it. The lamps burning before the holy relics were not even put out. Such an event made a deep impression at Dijon and throughout Burgundy; and the erection of a new basilica, more splendid still than the old if that were possible, was decreed with enthusiasm. A considerable fragment of the stone in which St. Benignus had had his feet sealed with molten lead served as the first stone. It was laid solemnly on the 7th of February 1280, and the building rose between the rotunda and the great portal, which were preserved. This is the church that still stands today. It bears the stamp of the best period of the pointed style and has as its particular character simplicity in grandeur. The illustrious abbot Hugh of Arc likewise replaced the old shrine, which had lost its brilliance, with a magnificent work of goldsmith's art; and on the 12th of October 1288 he made the solemn translation of the holy relics. The memory of this day was celebrated annually by a feast called the *petite Saint-Bénigne*. Little by little houses came to group themselves near the basilica and filled the space separating it from the old *castrum*. Thus was born the city of Dijon, capital of the duchy of Burgundy.

Kneeling before the shrine of St. Benignus were seen the kings Louis XI, Charles VIII, Louis XII, Francis I, Henry II, Charles IX and Louis XIII. Several other illustrious persons also came to pray at the holy tomb: the learned queen Christina of Sweden, Cardinal Cajetan, Cardinal de Bérulle, St. Francis de Sales, St. Jane Frances de Chantal, etc. At the same time churches, religious Orders, kings and private persons continued to ask for relics of the holy Martyr. The Carthusian Fathers sent an embassy to Dijon asking for some particles of the glorious St. Benignus. In 1498 the church of Autun thought itself happy to receive a fine chased and enamelled reliquary containing a bone of the Apostle. In 1569 His Catholic Majesty humbly asked for the same favour. In 1584 the shrine was solemnly opened, and at the request of two Capuchin Fathers a notable fragment was taken from it to be carried to the Indies, to a cathedral church founded in honour of St. Benignus. In 1589 Cardinal Cajetan believed he could bring the Pope no more pleasing present than a relic of the holy Martyr. In 1650 Queen Anne of Austria came herself, with her young son Louis XIV, to seek some at the church of Saint-Bénigne, and she was given some of those that were in the small reliquary carried by an angel.

The abbey of Saint-Bénigne, having adopted the reform of Saint-Maur in the 17th century, obtained that the feast of the holy Apostle be raised to a feast of obligation and fixed on the 24th of November (1703). From

the beginning of 1791, year II of liberty, seals were put on the doors of the sacristy. The following year the shrine was taken and the relics carried in a wooden chest to the king's lodging. No one knows what became of them. The revolutionaries demolished the portal and the rotunda, devastated the crypt, broke the ancient sarcophagus and buried it under the rubble; the ground was then levelled and paved. On the 30th of November 1858 the tomb was discovered during excavations undertaken to build a sacristy for the cathedral church: when the clearing was finished and the crypt appeared as a whole, the work of restoration began.

The diocese of Nevers possesses several churches placed under the invocation of the holy Apostle of Burgundy, among others those of Saint-Benin-des-Bois, Saint-Benin-d'Azy and Sougy. Today the church of Saint-Bénigne at Pontarlier (Doubs) still possesses some relics of its glorious patron and solemnly celebrates his feast on the Sunday after All Saints. The church of La Maison-des-Champs, in the diocese of Troyes, also possesses a particle of the bones of St. Benignus.

To compose this biography we have used the Étude sur saint Bénigne, *by the abbé Bougaud; the* Saint Symphorien et son culte, *by the abbé Dinet; the* Vie des Saints de Dijon, *by the abbé Duplus; and the* Hagiologie Nivernaise, *by Mgr Crosnier.*

ST. MARCELLUS, BISHOP OF PARIS

436. — Pope: St. Sixtus III. — King of France: Clodio.

> *La vertu est la chose du monde la plus facile; il n'est besoin pour l'acquérir ni de richesses, ni de puissance, ni d'amitié, ni d'aucun autre secours: il suffit de vouloir.*
>
> *Virtue is the easiest thing in the world; to acquire it there is need neither of riches, nor of power, nor of friendship, nor of any other help: it is enough to will it.*
>
> *St. John Chrysostom.*

St. Marcellus was born at Paris of parents of modest condition; however, as they had the fear of God, they took great care to inspire him with piety from his childhood. Grace also went before him with such abundance that from his tenderest years the harmony of all the virtues could already be seen shining in him. Prudentius, then bishop of Paris, gladly received him among his clerics and soon afterwards raised him to the rank of lector. It was in this office, which brought him very close to the holy altars and obliged him to read holy Scripture and the finest treatises of the Fathers of the Church, that he became a man wholly given to miracles.

Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, who wrote his life, says that one day, having gone to a locksmith's shop (the reason is not known), this rough and inhuman workman pressed him to take in his hands a bar of red-hot iron and tell him how much it weighed. The holy young man, who was gentleness itself and knew not how to resist anyone, submitted to what he wished: he seized the bar, lifted it, and said that it weighed nine pounds. Three miracles shone forth in this action: the first, that he touched and handled the iron without being burned; the second, that he lifted it easily in spite of its weight; the third, that he knew exactly what its weight was: for it did in fact weigh nine pounds. Thus the virtue and the glory of Marcellus grew equally with his age; and Prudentius, his bishop, did not delay long in making him subdeacon, so as to have the happiness of making use of his ministry at the altar.

Heaven wished further to applaud this choice by two wonders. One day of the Epiphany, as Marcellus was pouring water over the hands of the prelate for the celebration of the holy mysteries, all the water of the vessel, which he had drawn from the river Seine, was found changed into wine. Prudentius had some of it put into the chalice for the consecration of the blood of Jesus Christ; and after Mass he had some of it distributed to the people for communion. Yet it did not diminish, and the vessel remained as full as it had been before. It was then given to several sick people, and it was a sovereign remedy for the cure of all their ills.

Another time, when he was again giving his bishop water to wash, the water changed into a perfumed liquid, a kind of chrism. It was a happy omen that one day he would himself receive the episcopal anointing and would consecrate the chrism by the words of blessing he would pronounce over it, just as he had produced some miraculously by the mere touch of his hands. But before his promotion God wished to honour him by yet another miracle on the person of his bishop. There was in his cathedral a choirboy named Mintucius, only ten years old, whose voice was so charming that it delighted all who heard it. The archdeacon, wishing one day to have this satisfaction, ordered him to sing some antiphon as melodiously as he could; he did so out of obedience; but the bishop, who had given this commission to another, was so indignant at it that he ordered the innocent child to be whipped. His order was carried out at once; but scarcely had Mintucius received the first stroke when Prudentius became dumb, unable to utter a word. The child's cry closed his mouth and took from him the faculty of speech. As this incapacity continued, Marcellus, his subdeacon, took pity on him; and after humbly showing him that so great an evil had befallen him in punishment for a secret jealousy he had had of the angelic voice of his choirboy, he gave him back the speech he had lost.

Shortly afterwards, God having called Prudentius to himself, and the ceremony of his burial having taken place in the chapel of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the church of Sainte-Geneviève was later built, the clergy and people of Paris unanimously elected Marcellus as their pastor. He had great difficulty in consenting to this election, of which his humility persuaded him he was unworthy; but the more he tried to defend himself, the more all who were of any account in the city wished to live under his guidance. He was at last forced to yield, so as not to oppose the will of God, who had chosen him in heaven before men had elected and named him on earth. He at once applied himself with admirable fervour to all the functions of his charge: to the conversion of sinners, the instruction of the ignorant, the reconciliation of those he found in the dispositions of a true penance, the visiting of the sick, the relief of the poor, the help of prisoners, the administration of the sacraments, the judging of lawsuits; and he worked to maintain good friendship among his flock; and these acts of vigilance and charity won him so much the esteem and love of his people that there was no one in Paris who did not honour him as his pastor and cherish him as his father.

This holy Prelate, seeing in his church a man loaded with chains, whom a heavenly power was preventing from approaching the divine sacraments, asked him what he had done. The wretched man answered that he was a great sinner and unworthy of the favours of the divine mercy. The Saint urged him to make his confession, and after the absolution he gave him back his liberty and the power to take part in the holy mysteries.

Moreover, there was in Paris a lady of high rank who, having lived in disorder, also died in impenitence. Her crime was not unknown; but because she was a Christian and had not been cut off from the body of the Church by excommunication, she was nonetheless buried in the common cemetery of the faithful. Scarcely was she in the ground when a serpent of monstrous size and shape came from the wilderness that then surrounded the city, dug into her grave and made itself a lair there to feed on her corpse. It did not, however, devour it all at once, but often came back to finish consuming it. Meanwhile, as this animal was beginning to infect the air, and those who lived near the cemetery, seized with terror, wished to abandon their houses, our Saint, who was full of a quite fatherly charity for his people, undertook to fight this public enemy alone, not with lances and arrows, but by the power of his prayers. He went to the place, which was outside the walls, and when the serpent came back, having dealt it three blows on the head with his crozier and having put his stole round its neck, he dragged it a league and a half from the city. The people, who saw this triumph from afar, gave a thousand thanks to God and could not cease to bless him for having given them a pastor of such great merit. The Saint then commanded the serpent to keep to the wilderness or to go and throw itself into the sea, without ever appearing about Paris again; his word was so effective that the monster was never heard of again. That is all that antiquity has preserved for us of note about the life and great deeds of this glorious bishop. He happily finished his course in the exercise of all the evangelical virtues and died in the midst of

his clerics, laden with years and merits. It was the 1st of November in the year 436.

He is represented holding his crozier, with an enormous dragon behind him.

CULT AND RELICS.

The feast of St. Marcellus is ordinarily kept only on the third day of November, because the first is taken up by the solemnity of All Saints and the second by the Commemoration of the faithful departed. We say ordinarily, because when the second day falls on a Sunday the feast of St. Marcellus is kept. The holy prelate's body was carried to a village near Paris, to a chapel dedicated in honour of St. Clement because of some relics of that great Pope which had been transferred there, and God made his tomb illustrious and glorious by a great number of miracles. St. Gregory of Tours relates a very famous one in his book *On the Glory of the Confessors*. The priest Ragnemod, who was afterwards bishop of Paris and stood godfather at the font to Theodoric, son of Chilperic, being tormented by a very violent fever, obtained a perfect cure of it by spending a whole day fasting and praying at the foot of this blessed sepulchre. Bishop Equilin also writes that a girl was raised to life by the merits of St. Marcellus; but he does not say whether this was before or after our Saint's death. In the time of Charlemagne, Roland, count of Blaye, nephew of that prince, wishing to honour the memory of St. Marcellus, had a fine church built on the place of his burial, which afterwards became collegiate; it has given up the name of Saint-Clément to take that of Saint-Marcel, as has the whole village, which in time became a suburb of Paris. It was in this church that Peter Lombard, also bishop of Paris and so famous under the name of Master of the Sentences, wished to be buried. His tomb could still be seen in 1685, raised from the ground, with his figure in relief, two feet high.

The bones of St. Marcellus were also raised from the ground and put in a precious shrine, to be exposed there to the veneration of the faithful; but in the time of Philip Augustus, for fear that the English, who were then ravaging France, would seize the village of Saint-Marcel and carry off this shrine, it was carried to the cathedral church of Paris. These precious relics were lost at the Revolution, and the rich shrine that contained them became the prey of the despoilers of that unhappy period. A portion of them is still found in the church of Longpont, a parish which formerly belonged to the diocese of Paris and is today part of that of Versailles. In 1856 a new church was built on the boulevard de l'Hôpital under the title of St. Marcellus, to whom the church of La Maison-Blanche, rue de Fontainebleau, is also dedicated. He is one of the three titular patrons of the capital.

Fortunatus and Gregory of Tours are the two authors we have used to compose this biography. — Cf. La France pontificale, *by Fisquet.*

ST. LAUTEIN, PRIEST, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF SILÈZE AND MAXIMIAC, IN THE JURA

About 518. — Pope: Hormisdas. — King of France: Childebert I.

> *Heureux le religieux qui se regarde comme le rebut du monde, c'est-à-dire comme le plus abject des hommes!*
>
> *Happy the religious who regards himself as the refuse of the world, that is, as the most abject of men!*
>
> *St. Nilus.*

Lautein was born of noble parents in the country of the Aedui, about the year 448. At the same time there was born at Autun another luminary no less glorious: St. Gregory, afterwards bishop of Langres and great-grandfather of St. Gregory of Tours. Lautein and Gregory were both of senatorial origin, and the friendly ties that afterwards united them suggest that they were kinsmen. They were brought up together in the justly famous schools with which ancient Bibracte had been endowed by the first Roman emperors, and which later the affection and munificence of Constantius Chlorus and Constantine had restored and greatly enlarged. Gregory and Lautein edified the city of Autun and renewed there the spectacle that St. Basil and

St. Gregory of Nazianzus had given to the city of Athens in the preceding century, when they were pursuing their studies there. Animated like them by an equal ardour for learning and for virtue, they sought in friendship only a support against vice and a means of urging each other on to good.

Autun then had as its bishop one of its most illustrious citizens, St. Euphronius, whose wise direction did not fail his young diocesans. And so the virtues St. Lautein practised from his early years show us clearly enough that a skilful hand was seconding the work of grace in this well-born soul. From his youth he knew how to close his ear to the seductions of vice and to show in his conduct the reserve and gravity of old age. He announced from then on, by the holiness of his life, what he was one day to be by the brilliance of his works. Of a chastity as entire before God as it was irreproachable before men, his heart was further purified in the ardours of charity. Assiduous at prayer, at psalmody and at the study of the divine Scriptures, he tamed his body by severe fasts; he was of a profound humility, and he had constantly in mind this lesson of the divine Master: “Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls.”

Such was Lautein in the midst of the world, while his friend Gregory, for his part, was edifying it on a wider stage; for at seventeen the votes of the people had called him to govern the city of Autun. But while the young and pious magistrate was making the happiness of the Aedui as much by the holiness of his life as by the wisdom of his administration, Lautein resolved to leave the world and embrace the life of the cloister. He was about twenty-seven years old when he entered the monastery of Saint-Symphorien, then governed by the holy abbot Laurence. It was doubtless the venerable bishop of Autun,

Euphronius, who urged Lautein towards solitude, after having served him as guide and counsellor in the midst of the world. Euphronius himself often went to recollect himself and pray in this retreat, which was so dear to him and where he chose the place of his burial.

At that time the monastery of Saint-Symphorien observed the Rules of the eastern monks, with the modifications required by the temperament of the Gauls. Under the wise direction of Abbot Laurence, Lautein gave himself fervently to all the exercises of the spiritual life, and he soon gathered from them the most precious fruits. Yet he still aspired to a higher perfection, to a more complete detachment from earthly things. With his superior’s permission he generously renounced the sweetness of the common life and, like another Antony, fled into the desert, where he wished to have none but God alone for witness and support in the combats he was about to wage against the spirit of evil.

Lautein crossed the Saône and came to seek solitude at the foot of the Jura mountains, in Upper Burgundy. It was easy to find desert and silence in that unhappy region, which the ravages of the barbarians had laid waste for two centuries. Gundobad had just re-established the rule of the Burgundians there when Lautein came to settle in the part of that province called the Scodingue. He built his cell on the eastern slope of a hill then called Sièze or Silèze, on the banks of a little river. Silèze (today Saint-Lautein or Saint-Lothain, Jura, arrondissement of Lons-le-Saunier, canton of Sellières) was a ruined hamlet a short distance from the Roman road from Lyons to Besançon by Bourg, Lons-le-Saunier and Grozon. This land, once defiled by the worship of idols, then became a place of prayer, where the name of the true God was glorified day and night by the homage of the pious hermit and of the disciples he gathered round him. Thus did God confound in a more striking manner the malice and pride of the demons, by establishing the reign of the cross upon the ruins of their altars.

But the works of God nearly always grow in the midst of trials. And so the new dweller in Silèze was soon exposed to the attacks of the unclean spirits. Not only did the tempter try to raise storms in the holy anchorite’s soul: he made himself visible to his eyes, disturbed him in his prayer and tried to frighten him with the most hideous apparitions, renewing against him the temptations that had made the constancy of the solitaries of the Thebaid shine forth. But Lautein, without being frightened by these illusions, turned to God and said to him with confidence, like the holy king David: “Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered:

and let them that hate him flee from before his face." At once the apparition of the unclean spirits vanished, and God brought back peace to the soul of his servant.

St. Lautein had learned from the divine Master that the most terrible of the demons can be overcome only by fasting and prayer. He therefore resolved to add still more to the rigour of his austerities and fasts, as well as to the length of his vigils, so as to arm himself against temptations that were renewed every day. His biographer assures us that he spent three Lents eating only twice a week. In the first he took only barley gruel; in the second, dried apples; and in the third, raw vegetables.

Thus lived the holy anchorite of Silèze, happy in his solitude because he knew that God was witness of his combats and his mortifications. But it pleased the Lord to reveal this treasure of holiness to the world. The presence of the pious stranger was a source of blessings for the neighbourhood. God had given him, it was said, the power to turn aside storms and to calm tempests. The inhabitants of the surrounding regions began from then on to honour him as a saint, and people came to him to obtain the favours of heaven through his powerful intercession. A priest named Gallican, tormented by the evil spirit, came to find Lautein, whose eminent holiness he had heard praised, and begged him to deliver him by his blessing. "What!" the pious solitary humbly answered him, "you are a priest, I am only a poor monk, and you ask me to bless you?" Lautein, on the contrary, begged him to bless him. But as Gallican refused, Lautein gave him some oil and told him to pour it on his limbs. The priest obeyed, and at once the evil spirit departed from him.

This miracle and others besides increased the reputation of the one who worked them. Many disciples abandoned the world and hastened to Silèze to serve God there under the guidance of the famous wonder-worker. Soon he saw seventy religious assembled about him. This was the origin of the first monastery of Silèze, whose church was placed under the invocation of St. Martin. But soon the humble cloister was too narrow to hold the influx of new disciples, and the holy abbot was obliged to found a second monastery at Maximiac (very probably the original name of the famous monastery of Baume-les-Moines), in the neighbourhood of Silèze. He placed there about forty religious, all trained in fasting, in vigils and above all in obedience. This virtue, which marks good religious, is the infallible guardian of fervour and regularity in the cloister. And so Lautein strove to instil it into his disciples in a quite special manner, as much by the authority of his example as by the wisdom of his counsels. His biographer even relates on this subject an incident that would seem incredible if one did not know what miraculous rewards God has promised to obedience.

The holy abbot, says the legend-writer, was at Maximiac, where he was accustomed to spend Lent and the other fast days, doubtless because the religious of that monastery edified him himself by a greater fervour and a more severe abstinence. One day when the oven was heated for baking bread, he ordered Pharadeus, one of the religious, to go into it to clean it, doubtless well assured of the miraculous success of the strange test to which he was putting his disciple's obedience. The disciple did not hesitate, and, full of confidence in God, threw himself into the furnace. His obedience and faith were rewarded as they deserved: the flames respected the servant of God, as once they had Azarias with his two companions; and Pharadeus, having carried out his superior's orders, came out of the oven as unharmed as he had gone in.

The divine Master had said, speaking of his disciples: "In my name they shall cast out devils: they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover." St. Lautein was one of those privileged disciples of Christ, clothed with the miraculous power of heaven. One day when he was alone in his cell, he suddenly saw an enormous serpent appear and threaten to throw itself on him. The pious solitary began to pray to avert the peril: "Lord," he said, "deliver me from the wicked and deceitful man, who darts his tongue like the serpent and distils from his lips the venom of asps, to give me battle and bring me death." Then he made the sign of the cross, invoked the holy name of Jesus Christ, and at once saw the monster perish under his feet. However, the holy abbot kept silence about this event and contented himself with

confiding the secret to Siagrius, his friend and most fervent disciple, inviting him to bless the Lord with him for the protection he granted to his servants.

It happened at this time that some robbers, come from Dijon, made their way towards Silèze, where they expected to find great treasures. They intended to seize the abbot and put him to torture until he handed over these supposed riches to them. But as they were advancing towards the monastery, the author of the criminal plan was bitten by a venomous serpent. Then these perverse men, regarding this event as a punishment from heaven, were touched with repentance, and went to throw themselves at St. Lautein's feet, confessing their crime and begging his pardon. The holy abbot forgave them with all his heart, and even healed the unfortunate wounded man.

Meanwhile Lautein had reached the age of fifty-three and was not yet a priest. His religious had long pressed him to receive holy orders, without being able to overcome that profound humility which led him to judge himself unworthy of the priesthood. Recognising at last that his brothers' wish was the will of heaven, he allowed hands to be laid on him by the bishop St. Amandus, whether that prelate came to visit him at Silèze or summoned him to the place of his residence. It was the year 501 or 502. Everything leads us to believe that St. Amandus was bishop of Besançon. St. Lautein redoubled his fervour when his brow bore the double crown of religious and priest, and it was granted him to celebrate the august mysteries every day. Silèze still shows with joy to pious visitors the modest altar where, according to tradition, the heavenly Victim was so many times immolated by his hands; this altar is to be seen under the choir of the present church, in the crypt which was the church of the first religious. After his ordination Lautein lived another sixteen or seventeen years, ever going from virtue to virtue, rising from light to light, showing himself always the accomplished model, the sure counsel, the true father of his two communities and the providence of the unfortunate, who flocked to Silèze or to Maximiac to obtain from this powerful friend of God the cure of all their miseries.

St. Lautein had just spent Lent at Maximiac, as was his custom, and had returned to Silèze, when St. Gregory arrived at Grozon, an ancient village near the Roman road from Geneva to Dijon. Informed of the prelate's presence, the holy abbot hastened to visit him. It was Easter Day, 15 April. St. Gregory, learning of his illustrious friend's approach, rushed to meet him. They fell into each other's arms: "God be blessed," cried the bishop, "since he has granted me the happiness I so much desired, that of seeing you again in this world below!" And both shed tears of joy. They spent the whole day together at Silèze, dividing their time between works of piety and the sweet outpourings of friendship.

St. Lautein, when at Maximiac earlier, had had a revelation of his approaching end through the ministry of an angel; for although God keeps their end hidden from most mortals, he has often rewarded the faith of his Saints by announcing to them the day on which their eager longings for heaven were soon to be fulfilled. St. Lautein, who had obtained this favour, like St. John Chrysostom and so many others, hastened to share his happiness with his beloved guest. The next day the abbot escorted the bishop and his suite on their way; then, after loading him with blessings and bidding him farewell, he returned to Silèze, where he continued to prepare for death with redoubled fervour.

Maximiac again received his customary visit in the course of that year, which was the seventieth of his life. Lautein was in that monastery towards the end of October when, knowing that he had only a few days more to spend on earth, he said to his friend the priest Victorius: "I am going back to Silèze, where I wish to die and be buried. Come there next Thursday, and bring a shroud to wrap my corpse." Then he hastened to leave: it was the Sunday or the Monday. He spent the following three days in prayer with his grieving religious, whom he consoled by pointing them to heaven as the meeting-place of all the children of God. At the same time they received his last exhortations, which the good Father seemed unable to bring to an end. On the Thursday, which that year happened to be the first day of November, Lautein went into the oratory and gave himself communion of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, to strengthen himself for that terrible passage from time to eternity. His last moments were completed in prayer, and thus his beautiful soul, tearing itself

from the prison of the body, flew away to the heavenly fatherland, where the Lord Jesus received it with love and placed it in the ranks of the elect.

CULT AND RELICS.

The body of St. Lautein was piously buried by his disciples in a sarcophagus of Vergennes stone, which is still to be seen in the crypt of the church. The lid of this tomb bears the epitaph: “Here rests St. Lautein, abbot.” This inscription is in letters of the 10th or 11th century; which may lead one to suppose that, the sarcophagus having been buried according to custom, the inscription was cut only when the remains of the holy abbot were raised from the ground and placed in the crypt, that is, in the monastery church, on the left side of the altar. The intention was no doubt, by this inscription, to distinguish this monument from two others like it placed on the right of the altar and belonging to some venerable abbots, the first successors of St. Lautein, whose names, written in heaven, have remained unknown to men. Indeed, the elevation of these holy bodies may have taken place at the beginning of the 10th century, when the monastery and church of Silèze, ruined by the Normans in 888 or 889, were rebuilt by St. Berno, abbot of Baume. Towards the end of the 11th century, the relics of St. Lautein were taken from their tomb to be exposed to public veneration. This new translation must have been made by order of the abbot of Baume; for since St. Berno the monastery of Saint-Lautein, become a simple priory, had been annexed to that famous abbey, which kept for itself the head of the Blessed one, with a great part of his body. These precious relics were enclosed in a shrine with the head of St. Desideratus, and placed on the right side of the high altar, where they still are today. The church of Silèze kept a part of the relics of its illustrious founder. But in the following centuries, the abbey of Baume having ceased to maintain religious there, no disciples of St. Lautein remained to keep watch by his venerated tomb.

On 11 May 1635 (during the war of France, in league with Holland and the Lutherans of Germany, against the House of Austria), German and Lorrainer soldiers broke into the church of Saint-Lautein. When they saw above the high altar the shrine containing the holy relics, they knocked it down with their pikes, believing no doubt that this coffer held some riches. The violence of the fall broke the shrine, and the relics were scattered on the altar step. Towards evening, the enemy having withdrawn, the parish priest of Toulouse came to gather them up. But for fear of a new profanation they were shut in a box and placed under a flagstone of the choir, where they remained until 15 April 1641. Then they were solemnly taken out, in the presence of most of those who had put them there. The following miracle, which happened on this occasion, has been handed down for our edification by the parish archives.

A blind woman of Miéry, learning that the relics of the holy abbot had just been raised from the ground and that his powerful intercession had once given sight to the blind, had herself brought to Saint-Lautein, filled with the most entire confidence. She asked the parish priest to say Mass for her, and persevered for three days in visiting the church and pouring out her fervent supplications before the holy relics. At last, on the third day, this pious woman suddenly recovered her sight, and so received the reward promised by Jesus Christ to perseverance in faith. This miracle happened on 15 May 1641. The parish priest drew up a formal report of it, which he signed with three other witnesses.

In 1793 the shrine was hidden in the crypt and so escaped the vandalism of the revolutionaries. Then, when the storm had passed, it resumed its place at the back of the apse. The relics it contains are a femur, a fragment of a humerus, two jawbones and several vertebrae. Two small bones are also enclosed, one in a silver reliquary representing St. Lautein, the other in an ancient bust of the same Saint, which is in the crypt. Formerly, in times of drought, excessive rain or other public calamities, the shrine was taken down and exposed to the veneration of the people. A commissioner of the monastery, and later of the chapter of Baume, presided at the ceremony. At the same time the relics of the same Saint resting in the abbey church were likewise exposed, and a solemn Mass was celebrated in his honour. Then the neighbouring parishes

came in procession, either to Baume or to Silèze, sure that they would not invoke in vain the powerful intercession of the blessed abbot. The venerable remains of St. Lautein are no longer visited today by a great concourse of pious pilgrims. Nevertheless the faithful still honour him as their great protector, and during the disastrous rains of the summer of 1853 the faith of olden times was seen to reawaken in those places, and the crowd to hasten to the holy abbot's tomb to implore his protection in the public misfortune.

Extracted from the Saints de Franche-Comté, *by the professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier, of Besançon.*

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, COMMONLY CALLED TOUSSAINT

Instituted in 837. — Pope: Gregory IV. — King of France: Louis I, the Debonair.

> *Vidi turbam magnam quam dinumerare nemo poterat.*
>
> *Le nombre de ceux que je vis alors dans le ciel était si prodigieux, que les calculs de l'homme seraient impuissants à l'apprécier.*
>
> *The number of those I then saw in heaven was so prodigious that the reckonings of man would be powerless to estimate it.*
>
> *Apocalypse, VII, 9.*

As Christianity triumphed, the temples of the idols were destroyed in the East, and in the West only closed or converted into Christian temples. About the year 607, Pope Boniface IV had the Pantheon[1] opened and purified, and dedicated it under the name of the Blessed Virgin and of all the martyrs; and, as Cardinal Baronius assures us in his Notes on the martyrology, he had twenty-eight cartloads of bones of those same martyrs, taken from the cemeteries of the city, carried into it. At the same time he ordered that every year, on the day of this dedication, which was the 12th of May, a great solemnity should be held at Rome in honour of the Mother of God and of all those glorious witnesses to the divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus this temple, where all the demons had been adored, became a holy house, destined for the religious worship of all the servants of God. It was called first St. Mary of the Martyrs, and now it is called Our Lady of the Rotunda, because of the shape of the building, which is round.

Such was the first origin of the Feast of All Saints. About the year 731 Pope Gregory III consecrated a chapel in the church of St. Peter in honour of all the Saints, and since that time the feast we are speaking of here has always been celebrated at Rome. Pope Gregory IV having come into France in the year 837, under the reign of Louis the Debonair, the Feast of All Saints was introduced there and was soon almost universally adopted. Pope Sixtus IV, in 1480, gave it an octave, which made it even more celebrated.

For the rest, the Church was led to this institution for several very important reasons. One of the chief was to honour by this feast the Saints who have no particular solemnity of their own in the course of the year, either because their holiness or even their names are not known to us, or because, though they are in our martyrologies and their names are recited there every year on the days of their triumph, their infinite number prevents a distinct and separate cult being paid to them. Certainly it was not right to leave without honour these admirable heroes of Christianity, who faithfully served God during their mortal life and continually employ their prayers in heaven to obtain for us the pardon of our sins and all-powerful graces to reach the happiness of which they are already in possession. A common feast was therefore needed which would include them all, and which would be as it were a general homage of the whole Church militant towards the whole Church triumphant.

A second reason for this institution was to unite all the faithful in the religious worship due to these friends of God; for it is certain that, apart from a small number whose feast is celebrated with greater solemnity, the others are scarcely honoured save by the clergy; the rest of Christians do not know them, or if they know

them by name, their domestic affairs do not allow them to pay them, on the days when their memory is kept, the veneration due to their merits. It was therefore very just to institute a feast, one of the first and most solemn of the year, on which all the faithful, freed from the occupation of their affairs and attending only to divine worship, should all employ themselves with one heart and one voice in honouring this army of the blessed whom God himself takes pleasure in honouring.

A third reason, given in the Roman *Ordo*, was to give occasion, to clergy and laity alike, to make up by an extraordinary fervour and piety for the negligences they might have committed in the celebration of particular feasts. Indeed, it is a deplorable thing to see the slackness and want of devotion with which most of the feasts of the Saints are celebrated, and even those of the Apostles and the most illustrious of the martyrs. One may say on those days what the prophet Jeremias said in the time of the captivity of the Jews: *Viae Sion lugent, eo quod non est qui veniat ad solemnitatem*: "The ways of Sion mourn, because there are none that come to the solemn feast." They are made days of recreation and debauch; few Christians gather on them to hear the word of God, to approach the sacraments and to sing the divine offices. People are content to hear a low Mass, often without attention and without reverence, and the honour of the Saints is entirely neglected. The Church does what she can to stop this disorder, by showing her children their need to secure these powerful advocates and mediators in heaven; but as these exhortations do not always have the success and fruit she intends, she has wisely instituted this feast, so that the faithful, stirred to devotion by the sight of so great a solemnity, may in some manner make up for what was lacking in the particular feasts.

A fourth motive she had in this institution was to engage all the Saints at once in her defence and protection, and to oblige them to join their intercessions to obtain for her extraordinary favours. She testifies to this herself in the collect of the day, in which she asks of God the abundance of his propitiation through the great number of intercessors she employs before his divine Majesty to bend him and render him favourable. Finally, the principal aim of this charitable Mother of Christians was that there should be one day in the year set aside to put before them the inestimable happiness of the Saints, the glory to which they have been raised, the riches with which they overflow and the delights with which they are holily inebriated, so that, animated by the greatness of this reward, they might labour more courageously at virtue, which is the only means of becoming worthy of it. These reasons should entirely persuade us not only of the justice but also of the necessity of this institution.

To speak now of the excellence of these blessed creatures who make up the heavenly Jerusalem, we remark that there are chiefly three things that raise a person and commend him to us: his birth, his virtues and his offices; his birth, if it is illustrious; his virtues, if they are eminent; his offices, if they are brilliant and glorious. Now these three things are found to a marvellous degree in these inhabitants of paradise. Their birth is illustrious, since they are all born of God, all bear the august quality of his children, and therefore that of brothers of Jesus Christ and temples of the Holy Ghost. You must observe that they bear this quality in a much nobler manner than we do on earth; for the grace that makes them children of God is a dominant grace, which fills all their faculties without leaving in them anything of the weaknesses of human generation; an unchangeable grace, which they can never lose and which will never be taken from them; a consummated grace, which makes them heirs of their Father in act and puts them in possession of his kingdom. Their virtues are supereminent, since, except those that presuppose some defect and are therefore incompatible with the happiness and holiness of their state, they possess them all in a most heroic degree; we mean both those that regard themselves and those that relate to other creatures. And who could depict the fullness of their wisdom, the ardour of their love, the extent of their gratitude, the fervour of their zeal, the depth of their humility, the excellence of their purity, the calm and peace of their heart, the perfection of their justice, the greatness of their mercy, and the spirit of union and concord that reigns among them? As for their offices, there is nothing so brilliant and so glorious. St. Augustine reduces them to three, which are doubtless the chief: to see God, to love God, to praise God; to see God intuitively and as he is in himself; to love God fully,

with all the strength and all the powers of the soul; to praise God tirelessly and in the manner in which he is worthy to be praised. That is what the Saints do in heaven and what they will do for eternity. That is their office and their function, which is also the occupation of God before all ages and throughout the whole duration of his being.

Besides, what tongue could express the charms and sweetness of their beatitude? The Royal Prophet speaks of it only in amazement: *Quam magna multitudo dulcedinis tuae, Domine, quam abscondisti timentibus te!* "O Lord, O my God, how abundant and how surpassing are the delights you have reserved for those who fear you!" St. Paul, after the prophet Isaias, assures us that these goods are so eminent that the eye has never seen, the ear has never heard, and the heart of man has never conceived anything comparable to them. And St. Augustine says in the same sense that this splendour, this beauty and this brilliance which are prepared for us, and which the Saints already enjoy, are above all the speech and all the thoughts of men. From which we must infer that they surpass all the glory of Solomon, all the magnificence of the Caesars, all the riches of kings, all the pomp of triumphs, all the pleasures of the senses and all the rarities of this universe. St. Catherine of Siena, having seen a glimpse and a sample of it in one of her raptures, could not help crying out, when she had come to herself: "I have seen wonders, I have seen wonders."

And when her confessor urgently begged her to explain what she had seen, she answered him in much the same terms as we read in the same St. Augustine, in the 34th treatise on St. John: *Desiderata potest, concupisci potest, suspirari in illud potest; digne cogitari et verbis explicari non potest*: "One can love this beatitude, one can desire it ardently, one can sigh after it; but it is impossible to form thoughts of it or to make speeches about it that answer to its excellence." St. Teresa, having also discovered some rays of it in a rapture, wrote this of it afterwards in the book of her Life: "The things I saw were so great and so admirable that the least of them would suffice to transport a soul and to imprint on it an extreme contempt for all that is seen here below. There is no imagination or mind that can picture them. The sight of them gave me so exquisite a pleasure, and embalmed my senses with so sweet a contentment, that I have no words to describe them. And Our Lord, showing me this, said to me: Look, my daughter, at what those who offend me lose, and do not fail to warn them of it. There remained with me from this such a distaste for the goods and satisfactions of this world that everything seemed to me now nothing but smoke, falsehood and vanity." If a single ray, a faint and imperfect image of the beatitude that God showed in passing to these holy souls, led them to speak thus, what, I pray you, is this happiness in itself, and what glory do the Saints possess, no longer in the darkness of this frail life, but in the splendours of a life that will never end!

The Angelic Doctor does not hesitate to call it in some manner infinite, like the hypostatic union and the dignity of Mother of God; because, although the beatific vision and love are finite and limited acts, they nevertheless unite the soul immediately to an infinite good and make it enter into participation in his happiness and his joy, which are infinite. St. Augustine, whom we have already cited, was in such admiration of it that he has also left us this noble and pious sentiment, in the third book *On Free Will*: that even if one were to enjoy it for one hour only, one ought to buy that hour by giving up the riches and delights of a million years. And we shall ourselves easily enter into the thought of these divine men if we consider, on the one hand, the greatness of the power, goodness and magnificence of God; on another, the extent of the merits of Jesus Christ; and on another, finally, what the predestined have done and suffered to arrive at this reward. But as these three points would take us too far, we leave them to the meditation of our readers, so as to show in more detail what this beatitude consists in.

The learned Boethius, and after him St. Thomas and all theology, define it: *Statum omnium bonorum aggregatione perfectum*: "A state which contains all the goods of which an intelligent being is capable, and which, in this sacred harmony, has no defect or imperfection." This is why we distinguish three things in it: the first is exemption from every kind of evil; the second is the possession and enjoyment of the fullness of all goods; the third is the stability and unchangeableness of both.

As for the first, we shall esteem it the more highly the more keenly we feel the weight of the miseries that surround us. We have a fine description of them in chapter XXIV of the book of *Meditations* attributed to St. Augustine: “How weary I am, Lord,” he says, “of this life and this pilgrimage! This life is a wretched life, a failing life, an uncertain life, a laborious life, a life full of sins, a life that ought rather to be called death than life, since there is not a single moment of it in which we do not die by a continual slope towards death. And how could we call life a state in which the humours suffocate us, infirmities consume us, the inner fire dries us up, the air infects us, food corrupts us, fasts weaken us, amusements slacken us, retirement afflicts us, business disquiets us, idleness stupefies us, riches puff us up, poverty dismays us, youth exalts us and old age casts us down?” We are subject in this life to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, to pain and sickness; a thousand vexing accidents, a thousand griefs and anxieties, a thousand crosses and persecutions perpetually trouble our rest; we are scarcely an instant without some suffering: death in the end is inevitable; and, what good people find infinitely more terrible than death, temptations press upon us and drag us into sin, and sin, if it is not blotted out by our tears, casts us headlong into a second death, which is eternal death. This is what led so many Saints to bewail the day of their birth and made them sigh for the end of this exile, where they saw only snares, ambushes and shipwrecks.

But none of these evils is found in the abode of the blessed. They have no more hunger, nor thirst, nor weariness. They are no longer exposed to the injuries and malignities of the air. Never will their body, after the resurrection, feel pain or sickness; never will their soul have the least touch of grief or sadness. There is no one in their dwelling who wishes or is able to harm them; the demons are banished from it, the wicked have no access to it; they hear there nothing but praises, applause and blessings; death cannot come near it at all; they do not fear it, because they have perfectly conquered it and have become immortal. Finally, what makes their greatest joy is that they have their will so strongly and inviolably attached to that of God that they are incapable of separating themselves from it and committing any fault. O inestimable happiness! O marvellous felicity! Rejoice, you poor and beggars, for if you serve God faithfully your poverty will be changed into an infinite abundance. Rejoice, you captives and prisoners, for if you exactly observe the law of your sovereign Master your captivity will be changed into a perfect liberty. Rejoice, you sick, afflicted and persecuted, for at last these evils will pass, and you are promised a life free from all misery. Rejoice, you who are in contempt and reproach, you who are here below the sweepings of the world, for there will come a time, or rather an eternal moment, when you will be loaded with honour. Rejoice, finally, you who weep and groan, for all your tears will be wiped away, and you will weep no more, because you will have no further cause to weep.

If the beatitude of the Saints is an exemption and deliverance from every kind of evil, it is also a blessed harmony of all imaginable goods. Three kinds of goods are ordinarily distinguished: external goods, goods of the body and goods of the soul; external goods, such as esteem, honour, riches, charming company, pleasant dwellings, precious garments and furnishings; goods of the body, such as health, comeliness, liveliness of the organs and the satisfactions of the senses; goods of the soul, such as knowledge, the virtues, holiness and the possession of the sovereign good. Now none of these goods is lacking to beatitude; for to begin with the goods of the soul, we have already said that the Saints possess grace and all the virtues in a supereminent degree and are unchangeably established in that possession. They also possess all the sciences; and he who knew nothing on earth becomes, on entering heaven, infinitely more learned than the Socrateses, the Platos and the Aristotles, and than the Ambroses, the Augustines and the Chrysostoms were here below; but what makes the perfection and consummation of beatitude is that they see God in himself, he who is the first and sovereign truth and who comprehends all truth. They see him, not obscurely and through images, representations and figures, as he can be seen on earth in a very high contemplation, but intuitively, as he is, and as he himself sees and knows them: admirable expressions which are all drawn from St. Paul and St. John. When we see a person, we see only his face, and of his face itself only the surface and outside; but we do not see the inner perfection of his eyes, his brain, his nerves, his muscles, his arteries and his veins, nor

the marvellous economy of all these parts so ingeniously fitted for their offices and movements. Moreover, we do not see his soul, his understanding, his memory, his will, his knowledge, his virtues or his skills, which are the finest ornaments in it.

But the Saints, in seeing God, penetrate the whole depth of his being, so that there is nothing of him hidden from them. They see his divine essence and all his perfections, both absolute and relative; they see the infinity of his nature, the immensity of his greatness, the eternity of his duration, the weight of his majesty, the firmness of his throne, the amplitude of his power, the lights of his wisdom, the secrets of his judgments, the sweetness of his goodness, the tendernesses of his mercy, the severity of his justice, the charms of his beauty and the immortal brilliance of his glory. They see the ineffable mystery of the Trinity of his persons in the unity of his substance; the innascibility of the Father, the generation of the Son and the procession of the Holy Ghost. They see how, by the inclination of his goodness, he resolved to communicate himself outwardly by producing creatures and imprinting on them the characters of his excellences; how he devised them and traced them out by his wisdom with so marvellous an order and symmetry; and how, by the strength of his almighty arm, he drew them from the abyss of nothingness to bring them into the light and make them work for his greater glory. Moreover, they see in him all the other mysteries of the faith, such as that of the Incarnation, with the whole course of the poor and humbled life of the God-Man; that of the Eucharist, and the admirable state of the body of Jesus Christ in that sacrament; that of the Passion, and the wholly wise and holy reasons God had for choosing this means for our redemption; that of the Resurrection, and the inestimable glory with which Our Lord was filled in that blessed moment; in short, everything belonging to the general economy of the redemption and salvation of the human race.

They see, we say, all these mysteries without obscurity and without any doubt, but with all the assurance and clarity with which a thing can be known; and they see them, not by multiplied and repeated acts of knowledge, but by a single most pure and most simple act, which, in penetrating the divine essence, reads distinctly in it these designs and works of his adorable Providence. There would be great secrets to uncover about this vision and about the light of glory which is its principle; but, leaving to the theologians the task of explaining them, we are content to add that it does not take place, like our other knowledge, through impressed or expressed species, which are spiritual images of objects, but through the intimate and immediate union of the divine essence with the understanding of the blessed. Indeed, God alone can represent himself as he is in himself, and every created image, being altogether removed from his perfection, could not represent him in the whole fullness of his being; therefore, since by this vision the Blessed know and see him as he is and such as he is, it is impossible that they should see him through created species and images, and it must necessarily be admitted that they see him by the intelligible union of his own substance with their understanding. This is what makes them perfectly like him, according to the word of St. John: *Similes ei erimus, quoniam videbimus eum sicuti est*: “We shall be like to him, because we shall see him as he is”; for by means of this mystery they not only have a participation in the divinity, but they are intelligibly clothed with the divinity itself, and, without ceasing to be what they are, they happily become him whom they see; and, all having but one same form, they are made intelligibly one single God. We have not spoken of the knowledge they have of all natural things: of the architecture and just proportions of the universe, of the properties and the skills of each of its species, and of those fine secrets which occupy the minds and wear out the intelligence of our learned men. They see all that openly; but, as St. Augustine says, what makes them blessed is not seeing creatures, but seeing that immense, infinite, eternal and immortal Being who created them and who contains an infinity of others in the treasures of his power. But who could express the joy and contentment they receive from this vision? If we take so much pleasure in seeing those magnificent palaces and those precious cabinets which kings have made for themselves to charm away their cares, and if the discovery of a truth of nature which a philosopher has sought with much study gives him so much satisfaction, what pleasure and what delight will it be to see face to face that inestimable Beauty, that sovereign Truth, that infinitely perfect Being who is himself all truth: what am I saying, to see him? nay, in

seeing him, to possess him, to be united to him, and to remain inseparably attached to him.

From this knowledge there arises in the soul of the Blessed an excellent love, which completes their holy transformation into God. The knowledge we have of God on earth does not always produce love of him, because it is imperfect and does not penetrate into the essence of his goodness; but that of the Blessed necessarily embraces their essence, and kindles in it a fire of love that will never be put out, because it shows them openly him who has nothing in him but what is good and sovereignly lovable. It is not a free love, but a necessary one. It is not a changing love, nor one that can suffer alteration, but a constant love that will never cease; it is not a restless or impetuous love, but a tranquil love, which brings with it the consummation of peace. And what are the delights, what is the sweetness of this love? It is the taste of the most charming and most agreeable of all objects; it is the enjoyment of sweetness itself and of the infinite principle of all sweetnesses; it is the eternal and unchangeable embrace of the sovereign Good; it is rest in the last end; in a word, it is what the Gospel calls entering into the joy of the Lord, because in fact all the joy of God comes from the knowledge and love he has of his goodness and of his adorable perfections.

That is something of the goods of the soul which make up, even now, the beatitude of the Saints. As for the goods of the body, they will have them only after their resurrection; but how admirably they will be rewarded for this little delay! They will have a tranquil and imperturbable life, and a beauty above all beauties. All their senses and all their organs will be perfect and will enjoy all the delights of which these bodily faculties are capable. Their sight will be “désolée” by the sight of the holy humanity of the Son of God, of the glory of the Blessed Virgin, of that of all the Saints, and of a thousand other charming objects found in paradise. Their hearing will be refreshed by an ever-new melody and harmony, formed by this army of the Blessed, which will resound eternally in heaven. Their smell will be perfumed by the odour of the risen bodies, more exquisite and more ravishing than all perfumes. Their taste will experience every kind of savour through a delicious impression which will be eternally attached to their palate. Their touch, without handling anything, will receive in all their members an unspeakable delight through a sweet tempering of the primary qualities which will be pleasantly diffused there. Moreover, the bodies of the Blessed will be clothed with four excellent endowments, which will make them masterpieces of the power and wisdom of God: with clarity, which will make them more luminous and more brilliant than the sun; with agility, by means of which, relieved of their natural heaviness and lighter than birds and arrows, they will pass in the twinkling of an eye from heaven to earth and from one end of the world to the other; with subtlety, which, without taking from them their condition of corporeal and material substance, nor the solidity proper to them, will so free them from the earthly and gross affections of matter that they will be as it were spiritual; and finally with incorruptibility and immortality, which will shelter them from all the alterations to which sublunary bodies are subject. For the rest, all this bodily glory will arise from that of the soul, as that of the soul arises from the intimate union it has with God; and thus will be fulfilled the word of the Apostle St. Paul: *Erit Deus omnia in omnibus*: “God will be all in all.” We leave the reader to meditate more deeply on the happiness of this state and on the felicity of a Saint who has a soul and a body filled and flooded with so many goods. Something must still be said of the external goods.

What, first, is the beauty of the place where they will spend their blessed eternity? Certainly the most magnificent palaces and the most superb chambers of the princes of this world are only like holes in the ground or swallows’ nests in comparison with this house that God has prepared for them. St. John gives us a description of it in the Apocalypse and tells us that its walls are of jasper, that its twelve gates are so many fine pearls, that it is founded on twelve precious stones, and that its streets are paved with fine gold, as shining as crystal. That is only a sketch of its magnificence and a faint representation of what it really is; but we must infer from it that all the beauties and riches of this world put together are infinitely below the charms of so ravishing an abode. Its greatness surpasses the extent of all the rest of the universe; its brightness eclipses that of the sun and all the stars; its matter is wholly heavenly and much nobler than that of

compounds and elements; its structure is a masterpiece of the hand of God, in which symmetry and all proportions are admirably kept.

What again is the sweetness of the company with which the Blessed will live eternally? It is composed only of friends, of the just, of saints, of children of God, of victors and conquerors. It is a sacred commonwealth from which all the wicked are banished, and in which there are seen only good people and persons confirmed in grace. Would you know who are the members of this commonwealth, the citizens of this city, the inhabitants of this house? They are the angels, the archangels, the principalities, the powers, the virtues, the dominations, the thrones, the cherubim, the seraphim, the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, the confessors, the virgins, the holy widows, the penitents and the children who died in the grace of baptism; all without sin, without stain and without any defilement; all adorned with the highest virtues and an incomparable holiness; all more shining than the sun, more beautiful than the moon and more charming than anything that can strike our senses; all united by the indissoluble bond of a perfect charity. What pleasure to be always with persons of such great merit, to speak with them, to enjoy their conversation and to receive from them at every moment tokens of friendship and cordiality! What satisfaction to see the Queen of Angels, to approach her throne, to hear her words full of sweetness, to have the liberty of conversing with her and to be continually honoured with her gaze! What delights to contemplate Jesus Christ in his glory, to have access before his majesty and to be looked upon favourably by him! In truth, even if for that we had to endure all the torments of the Martyrs and all the pains of purgatory, we ought to believe that so great a happiness was being given us for nothing.

We shall not speak of the other external goods which further enter into the composition of this beatitude. The Royal Prophet, reflecting on the honours with which they are loaded, says that they are beyond measure, and even seems to find excess in them: *Nimis honorati sunt amici tui, Deus*: “Lord my God, thy friends are exceedingly honoured.” It is enough to say that they are kings, that they all reign with God and are heirs of his crown and his goods, to be convinced that their riches are immense and infinite. Heaven and earth are theirs, and after the judgment this whole lower world will be covered with splendours only to increase the value of their inheritance. They have at present no other garments than the light of glory, which is a participation in that with which God himself is clothed, according to the words of the same David: *Amictus lumine sicut vestimento*. But when they have bodies they will also have visible garments. And what garments, I pray you? All that art and nature can form that is pleasing on earth, with gold, silk, purple, the finest pearls and the most precious stones, is nothing in comparison with these robes. They will be robes of glory, in which the variety and wonderful harmony of the colours, joined to the brilliance that will come from their bodies, will make the sweetest and most charming object that can strike the sight.

It is true that not all the Saints are equally happy, and that, as one star differs from another in size, in brightness and in beauty, so there are Saints more glorious and Saints less glorious; but in this infinite diversity, which makes the pleasing harmony of the heavenly Jerusalem, they all enjoy more or less this felicity we have just described. Each has all he desires, and none has what can give him pain. They all have this general and perfect exemption from every kind of evil, and they all possess the fullness of all goods. They all see God face to face; they all love him with a beatific love; they are all wholly plunged in the joys and delights of the divinity. Finally, as heaven belongs to all, so they all have a share in the inestimable riches with which it is filled.

It remains for us to say what we have nevertheless already repeated several times: that this beatitude will never end; it will last as long as the power of God, as long as the wisdom of God, as long as the goodness of God, as long as the being of God, that is, eternally. Ages and millions of ages will pass, but it, for its part, will not pass. What is admirable is that it is and always will be new, without ever causing any distaste or any weariness. Can one have faith and be persuaded of these great truths, and not make extraordinary efforts to arrive at such a happiness? What does one not do to obtain an office, to amass a little wealth, to preserve a

moment of health and life, and to keep oneself in honour? And yet all these advantages are nothing in comparison with this eternity of vision and possession of God. Let us therefore spare no pains to make ourselves worthy of it. Let us faithfully observe the commandments of our sovereign Master; let us suffer with patience and joy the pains and afflictions of this life; let us flee sin more than hell itself, and let nothing be able ever to wrest from our will a single consent contrary to our duty. If we are so unhappy as to fall into crime, let us not remain in it a single hour; let us come out of it at once by contrition of heart and by the movements of a sincere penance. Let us win by our good works so precious a reward. Let us not believe that God asks too much of us when he asks us to keep his whole law exactly; let us be persuaded, on the contrary, that what he asks of us is infinitely below what he promises us. Finally, let us not lose so great a good, which, once lost, can never be recovered.

We have in the example of the Saints the sure ways to reach the blessed term at which they have arrived; they may be seen throughout the course of this work. Some have won a crown of lilies by virginity, others a crown of roses by martyrdom. Some have bought heaven by the abundance of their alms, others have carried it by the labours of a toilsome life applied to the conversion and sanctification of souls. Some have entered by the merit of their innocence, others have reconquered it by the rigours of a severe penance. Some have had it only as their father's inheritance, others as their master's reward. But none of those endowed with reason has arrived there except by humility, meekness, patience, chastity, sobriety, the love of God and charity towards the neighbour. The eight beatitudes which the Church puts before us today in the Gospel of the Mass mark out admirably well the ways they took. The kingdom of heaven is theirs, because they were poor in spirit. They have entered into possession of the land of the living, because they were meek. They have obtained true consolation, because they spent their life in tears. They have been filled, because they hungered and thirsted after justice. Mercy has been shown them, because they themselves were merciful to others. They have the happiness of seeing God, because they kept themselves in purity of heart. They are called the children of the Most High and share in his inheritance, because they were peacemakers. Finally, the empire of heaven belongs to them, because they suffered persecution for justice' sake. Let us go and do likewise, and the same reward will infallibly be given us.

So as not to lose so great a treasure, let us have recourse today to these admirable citizens of paradise. They are powerful, they are good, they know our weakness, they know by their own experience the difficulties that must be overcome to walk in their footsteps; they do not fail to hear our prayers and to carry them before the throne of the majesty of God. And how should all this army of Saints, all these choirs of angels and blessed men, not be heard? They will be without doubt, and Our Lord will not be able to rebuff their petition. But let us not be content to pray to them once or twice; let us be holily importunate with them, press them and do them violence, so that we may one day be associated with their number and have a share in this praise which we consecrate today to their immortal glory.

The theologians treat the subject of the glory of the Saints in the first part, under the invisibility and incomprehensibility of God; in the second, when speaking of the last end and of beatitude; and in the third, when speaking of the four last things. We have sermons on it in St. Bernard, and very excellent discourses in the spiritual works of Louis of Granada, to which the reader may have recourse.

We have kept the discourse of Father Giry.

THE APOSTLES OF AUVERGNE: AUSTREMONIUS AT CLERMONT, SIRENATUS AT THIERS, NECTARIUS IN THE LIMAGNE,[2] ETC.

(1st century).

According to a very ancient and still living tradition, St. Austremonius (Stremoine, Detremoine) received his apostolic mission from St. Peter himself, and, having come into Auvergne, he put all his care into drawing

that country out of the darkness of idolatry and bringing it into the full daylight of the Christian religion. While he himself was working at Clermont, the chief town, he sent his helpers throughout the surrounding country: St. Sirenatus to Thiers, St. Nectarius to the southern part of the Limagne, St. Marius (Maire, Mary), St. Mamertus (Mammet, Mamet, Mammert) and St. Antoninus (Antoine, Autonin, Antoinet, Anatolien, Antolien) in other directions; each of them applied himself to clearing his district with as much zeal as success.

Almost all the inhabitants of Clermont gave themselves to Jesus Christ. The priest of the false gods himself, Victorinus, yielding to the exhortations of the senator Cassius (he is called Cassi in Auvergne), in whose house St. Austremonius lodged, embraced the faith of Jesus Christ. Then St. Austremonius, entrusting the Church of Clermont to St. Urbicus, went to carry the blessing of the Gospel into the Nivernais; in a short time he gathered there an ample harvest of souls, whose direction he entrusted to St. Patricius; after which he returned to Clermont. After thirty-six years of apostolic labours, he definitively put St. Urbicus in his place on the see of Clermont and withdrew near Issoire to a little cell, where he spent the last days of his life in meditation and penance, without ceasing, however, to convert as many souls as he could. He baptized Lucius, son of the governor of Issoire, and the father was so angered by this that he sent armed men to kill the old apostle; the latter, having had warning of it, fled towards the mountains; but he was overtaken and his head was cut off near Tremel (perhaps Tremouille-Saint-Loup, Puy-de-Dôme, arrondissement of Issoire, canton of Latour). The holy bishop's body was buried at Ixiodorum, which afterwards became the town of Issoire. It remained there more than two hundred and fifty years in a kind of oblivion, although the people of the neighbourhood, says St. Gregory of Tours, knew well that it was the tomb of their first bishop. The same historian relates, about the way in which his cult became public, details he had from Cautinus himself, bishop of Clermont.

"Cautinus was still only a deacon when he was put in charge, in that capacity, of the chapel where the body of St. Austremonius lay. The room where he slept adjoined this chapel; one night he suddenly seemed to hear voices singing hymns near the Saint's tomb, and at the same time he perceived a bright light surrounding it; he wished to examine this prodigy more closely, and he saw that the choir whose singing had struck his ear was composed of a multitude of persons clothed in white and holding torches in their hands. The next day he had the Saint's tomb surrounded with a railing, and from then on people began to render it the honours due to his merit. The favours obtained by his intercession have proved that Cautinus had not let himself be carried away by an empty illusion."

In 670 St. Avitus, bishop of Clermont, translated the body of St. Austremonius to the abbey of Volvic; and nearly a hundred years later, in 764, Pepin had the monastery of Mozac, near Riom, rebuilt, and the Saint's body was placed there; his head alone remained at Volvic; it seems, however, that it was later carried to Issoire. The tomb of St. Nectarius and that of St. Auditor, one of his companions in preaching the Gospel, enrich the fine Byzantine church of Saint-Nectaire (Puy-de-Dôme), the work of the Benedictines, who had in that country a priory dependent on the monastery of La Chaise-Dieu.

This whole holy phalanx of generous missionaries, who came at the peril of their lives to plant the standard of the faith in the land of the Arverni, may be represented in a single group.

Proper of Saint-Flour and local notes.

ST. VIGOR, BISHOP OF BAYEUX

(About 530).

St. Vigor, or Vigueur, is mentioned on this day in the Roman martyrology; his feast is kept on 3 November at Coutances and at Arras, and at Bayeux on the 5th of the same month. He was born in Artois. His parents, commendable for their nobility, were still more so for their piety. He was brought up in the household of

St. Vedast or Vaast, bishop of Arras, and was distinguished among his fellow pupils by his obedience and humility. Fear that his father would engage him in earthly ties made him leave his country and his family; he came with a companion of his own age, named Theodemir, to a village of the Bayeux country named Redeverus or Ravière, all of whose inhabitants he converted by preaching, prayer and example. The power of God shone so brightly in him that he called back to life a child he had baptized and who had died some time after his baptism. He cured blindness, deafness and other infirmities; a horrible serpent was infesting the whole country, and he killed it by a miracle.

When the one who governed the Church of Bayeux had departed this world, Vigor was elected to occupy his see; from that moment his fasts, his vigils, his prayers and his preaching were continual. Near the city rose a hill named Phaunus; on it was a stone effigy representing a woman, whom the pagans adored. This place belonged to the royal domain. St. Vigor obtained its ownership from King Childebert. The statue, the last remnant of idolatry in that country, was destroyed; on its site a church was built, and the hill took the name of *Mons Chrismatis*, Mount of the Anointing.

Meanwhile Count Bertulf, who was a pagan, invaded by force of arms the property given to the church by King Childebert; at this news St. Vigor, who was old, got into a carriage, had himself driven to the mount, entered the church and besought God to defend his inheritance himself. He had not yet finished his prayer when someone came to tell him that Bertulf had fallen from his horse and broken his head. St. Vigor founded, it is said, the monastery of Cerare, which was destroyed by the Normans. He died at an advanced age and full of merits on the 1st of November. His relics were afterwards translated from the place of his burial to the cathedral of Bayeux; later they were stolen and carried to the monastery of Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu. A part of them was restored in 1671 to the monastery of Saint-Vigor near Bayeux, and it is still preserved in the church of that monastery, now a parish church.

He is represented leading a dragon or serpent on a leash with his stole.

Proper of Bayeux.

ST. LICINIUS (LEZIN), BISHOP OF ANGERS AND CONFESSOR

(616).

Lezin was born about the year 530 of a princely family; Garnier, his father, was one of the most powerful *leudes* of the court of Clotaire I. As soon as his son’s age allowed him to begin the study of letters, he entrusted him to the ablest masters of the palace school; the young pupil soon surpassed all his fellows in penetration and learning. His studies over, he was solemnly presented to Clotaire, who, charmed by the nobility and beauty of his features, the wisdom and prudence of his conduct, the maturity and prudence of his morals, the affability of his conduct and the lively faith that governed all his actions, wished to give him a proof of his esteem by conferring on him, with the military belt, the dignity of constable. Then, before dying (561), he honoured him with the government of the Armorican provinces, with the title of count and duke of the Angevins. Lezin then came to live in the capital of Anjou: he was thirty-one years old. Of a lofty and conciliating mind, Lezin at once understood the extent of his duties, and he knew how to fulfil them with as much skill as if he had had long experience of men and things. Chilperic wished to reward the fidelity of this worthy magistrate by giving him a wife worthy of him. Lezin, who had always cherished virginity, was strongly averse to this plan. God helped him in this difficult situation: the young bride-to-be was suddenly struck with leprosy. At once Lezin set about carrying out a project he had long been meditating: he sold all that he owned, and, after distributing everything to the poor, the churches and the monasteries, he withdrew to the abbey of Chalonnes (founded by St. Maurilius, bishop of Angers), where he gave the example of all the virtues.

God soon drew him from the obscurity of the cloister. Audoin, bishop of Angers, having died (about 586), the lords of the province cast their eyes on their former companion in arms, whose eminent holiness was everywhere proclaimed by his renown. Lezin, elected unanimously and acclaimed with enthusiasm, was invested with the episcopal character by the famous St. Gregory of Tours. We forgo describing the works of his episcopate; let us say only that they answered perfectly to the programme he had set himself: to instruct his people, to give them the example of all the virtues, to relieve want and to be the support of the oppressed. Drawn by the fragrance of his virtues, a great number of gentlemen entered under his guidance on the narrow way of the evangelical counsels. This influx obliged the holy bishop to have a vast monastery built not far from the gates of the city of Angers; he placed it under the patronage of St. John the Baptist, and it afterwards took the name of the collegiate church of Saint-Julien.

The day came when this valiant athlete had to succumb under the weight of labours and years. During the heats of August 616, a violent fever seized him. He rejoiced at it as at a happy omen, for he sighed unceasingly after the heavenly fatherland: its gates were opened to him on the 1st of November of the same year. He was buried in the church of his monastery of St. John the Baptist; on the day of his funeral two blind men recovered their sight, and a great number of the infirm the most perfect health. Some time afterwards St. Maimbœuf, one of his successors, translated his body to a chapel on the right side of the choir of that same church. It remained in its new sepulchre until the middle of the 9th century, when it had to be hidden from the fury of the Normans. Only after the siege of Angers (873) could it be carried back to the basilica of the monastery of St. John the Baptist. On 21 June 1169 there was a third translation of the holy body: it was laid in a magnificent shrine, where it remained until the Revolution.

Formerly St. Lezin was patron of several parish churches in Anjou and of the University of Angers. In our days the workers of the slate quarries of that city honour him as their patron. St. Lezin is also patron of Blosseville-ès-Plains (Seine-Inférieure, arrondissement of Yvetot): two windows of the parish church depict his legend. His feast is celebrated there with pomp on 13 February.

Cf. Vies des saints personnages de l'Anjou, *by the Rev. Father Dom François Chamard; and* les Églises de l'arrondissement d'Yvetot, *by the abbé Cochet.*

---

[1] There was at Terracina (States of the Church, delegation of Frosinone) a custom as barbarous as it was impious. It consisted in this, that on certain solemn occasions a young man voluntarily made the sacrifice of his life to Apollo, the tutelary divinity of the city. His fellow citizens adorned him with the greatest magnificence, and in this state he sacrificed to the god. This ceremony over, he threw himself into the sea, where he was swallowed up by the waves. Caesarius, a holy deacon newly arrived from Africa, was one day a witness of this horrible scene. Unable to contain his zeal, he loudly condemned so abominable a superstition. The priest of the idol had him arrested on the spot, and he was taken before the governor, who had him thrown into the sea. There was at Rome an ancient church dedicated under the invocation of St. Caesarius. — Godescard.

[2] Mary was a slave of Tertullus, a Roman senator. As she openly professed Christianity, the edicts of persecution reached her, and after an interrogation in which she answered with generous firmness, the judge had her tormented with such cruelty that the people, unable to bear this horrible spectacle, demanded an end to her tortures. Mary ended her life by a happy death, but not by the sword. She is called Martyr in the Roman martyrology because this title was often given to those who had generously suffered for Jesus Christ, as we learn from St. Cyprian and some other writers of ecclesiastical antiquity. — Godescard.

[3] See the life of St. Mathurin on the 9th of this month.

[4] The infamous Ebroin wished to make the bishop of Lyons undergo the fate of his predecessor St. Annemund, and that which he was preparing for St. Leger, bishop of Autun. For this purpose he sent a band of hired assassins to Lyons to seize his person; but the prelate found in the flock entrusted to his zeal intrepid defenders, and the executioners were obliged to leave the city without having been able to accomplish their sacrilegious murder. St. Genesius fell asleep in the Lord after twenty-two years of episcopate (657–678). He was buried in the church of Saint-Nizier, and his relics were authentically recognised there in 1308 by Hugh, bishop of Tarbes, authorised by Louis de Villars, archbishop of Lyons. Later they were transferred to the abbey of Chelles, at the urgent request of the nuns of that monastery, who regarded him as one of their founders and where he was honoured with a quite particular cult. — *Gallia Christiana nova*.

[5] His body was buried in the church of the monastery of Mont-Blandin, before the altar of St. Peter, and rested there about three hundred and fourteen years, until, at the dedication of the new church, Adalbero, archbishop of Reims, raised it from the ground (975) and placed it in a fitting spot. However, the relics of St. Herbert were solemnly raised from the ground only in 1049, when they were

exposed to the veneration of the faithful by Baldwin, bishop of Noyon, in the presence of Count Baldwin. These relics were burned in the 16th century by the Huguenots. — Continuators of Godescard.

[6] At Prenois the inhabitants have always believed, and still believe, that St. Benignus took refuge in their country and hid there. At Épagny they still show the fountain near which the holy apostle was arrested by the soldiers of Terentius. From the most distant times the sick came to draw water from this spring, which is still called the spring of St. Benignus. Whole parishes went there in times of calamity. The leaves of the tree under which the Saint was believed to have rested were shared out like relics. Prenois is two leagues and Épagny two and a half leagues from Dijon.

[7] It was a custom of the first centuries. It was attributed to St. Peter, who had adopted it out of humility and to resemble slaves. — Moreover, there was a quite particular reason for St. Benignus to wear his head shaven. For he had received his mission from St. Anicetus; now that holy Pope had laid on clerics a quite particular obligation to cut their hair.

[8] This prison was a tower which was afterwards, and from the most distant times, transformed into a chapel and visited by a crowd of pilgrims. Deeds of the 15th century speak of it as a thing immemorial. There is kept in the archives of the department of the Côte-d'Or a contract of sale by which Jean Bonot buys, in 1430, from the viscounts of Dijon, the *prison of Saint-Bénigne*.

[9] The Pantheon was a temple which Marcus Agrippa, favourite of Augustus, had built and had dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger. He wished by this, according to Pliny, to pay court to the emperor, who had just won the victory at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra. It was called the Pantheon either because the statue of Mars was placed in it with those of several other divinities, or, as Dio thinks, because the shape of this temple represented the heavens, called by the pagans *the dwelling of all the gods*; and that is the etymology of the Greek word *Pantheon*.

[10] We do not speak here of those holy apostles of Auvergne of whom we have already given or will later give a special biography; with the help of the alphabetical table our readers will easily find their legend on their respective day.

2 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The Commemoration of all the faithful departed. — The same day, the birthday in heaven of St. Victorinus, bishop of Poitiers,[1] who, after publishing several writings, as St. Jerome attests, was crowned with martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian. 303. — At Trieste, St. Justus, who completed his martyrdom during the same persecution, under the governor Manatius. — At Sebaste, Saints Carterius, Styriacus, Tobias, Eudoxius, Agapius and their companions, martyred under the emperor Licinius. — In Persia, the holy martyrs Acindynus, Pegasius, Aphthonius, Elpidephorus and Anempodistus, with several others. — In Africa, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Publius, Victor, Hermes and Papias. — At Tarsus in Cilicia, St. Eustochia, virgin and martyr, who, after enduring cruel torments under Julian the Apostate, gave up her spirit while praying to God. 4th c. — At Laodicea in Syria, St. Theodotus, bishop, who was not only mighty in word but also adorned with good works and virtues.[2] 334. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, St. George, bishop. 7th c. — In the monastery of Saint-Maurice in the Valais, St. Ambrose, abbot. 6th c. — At Cyrrhus in Syria, St. Marcianus, confessor.[3] 4th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

At Saint-Pons-de-Thomières (Hérault), on the Jaur, in the diocese of Montpellier, St. Albinus or Aubin, martyr, whose sacred bones, which rested in the cathedral of Saint-Pons (that town was the seat of a bishopric from 1318 to 1611), were scattered by the fury of the Calvinists. — In Lower Brittany, St. Hernin, confessor, who passed from Great Britain into Armorica and lived in a solitary place in the parish of Duault, near Carhaix, where he ended his days.[4] 540. — In Brittany, St. Mieu, confessor, who led the solitary life in the parish which today bears his name and is called Coëtmieux (Côtes-du-Nord, arrondissement of Saint-Brieuc, canton of Lamballe).[5] 6th c. — At Lens (Pas-de-Calais), in the diocese of Arras, St. Vulganius, confessor, patron of that town. We read in his Acts (they are regarded as very doubtful) that he was English by birth and left his country at a command from heaven to go into Gaul. Having crossed the Channel, he is said to have landed at Wissant (Pas-de-Calais), evangelized the neighbourhood of Boulogne and Thérouanne, and become a hermit near the abbey of Saint-Vaast at Arras. After he had fallen asleep in the Lord, he was

buried either at Arras or in its neighbourhood. His body, at an unknown period, was translated to Lens-en-Artois, which chose this Saint as patron and has kept his relics from time immemorial. 7th c. — At Monstrelet (a place now destroyed, which lay near Boufflers, in the canton of Crécy, in the diocese of Amiens), another St. Vulganius (Vilgain, Vilgaine, Vulgain, Wigain, Walgam, Walgan, Wilgain, Wilgan), anchorite, companion of St. Madelgisilus (30 May). Born in England, he was as illustrious for his birth as for his learning. The votes of the Christians of the province of Dover designated him to occupy the episcopal see of Canterbury. To escape the peril of honours, he crossed the sea, landed in France and, led by an angel, came as far as the hermitage of Monstrelet, where, laying his hands on St. Mauguille, who was then sick, he suddenly restored him to health and became his companion. Later he in his turn fell gravely ill, expired in the arms of St. Mauguille and was buried in his hermitage of Monstrelet.[6] About 684. — In Ponthieu (*Pontivus pagus*, a district of Lower Picardy), St. Sevold, confessor, whose relics were formerly kept at Abbeville. 8th c. — At Clairvaux (Aube), in the diocese of Troyes, the death of St. Malachy, bishop of Armagh in Ireland, whose life we shall give on the following day. 1148. — At Verdun, the Venerable Albero of Chiny, forty-sixth bishop of that see, and confessor. He restored to Verdun the public liberty of which the city had been deprived for three years, during which Renaud, count of Bar, held it in harsh servitude; he repaired the evils his church and people had suffered during that civil war; he raised the ruins of his cathedral; he repressed the disorders of his clergy; he founded, reformed and endowed several monasteries. After governing his church most holily for twenty-six years, he took the habit of the Premonstratensian religious in the monastery of Saint-Paul at Verdun, where he died two years later. His body was buried in the cathedral church. 1158.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED, COMMONLY CALLED ALL SOULS' DAY

Mementote vinctorum.

Accordez du moins un souvenir à ceux qui gémissent dans les liens du purgatoire.

Grant at least a remembrance to those who groan in the bonds of purgatory.

Hebr., XIII, 3.

Yesterday the Church militant paid her honours and respects to the Church triumphant; today she works for the help and deliverance of the Church suffering. Yesterday she implored for herself the prayers and suffrages of the first; today she offers her vows and supplications for the second. Yesterday she rejoiced at the glory and happiness of the one; today she grieves at the pains and sorrows of the other. Yesterday she wore white vestments to show her gladness; today she puts on her mourning to show her compassion. And was it not just that, after acknowledging and meditating on the ineffable delights the Saints enjoy in heaven, she should make every effort to increase their number, by procuring for the souls of the faithful who are still satisfying the justice of God in purgatory the end of their torments and the happy association with the company of those blessed spirits?

There has been no time in the Church when prayer was not practised and sacrifices offered for the dead. We even see in the second book of Machabees that it was done under the old law: Judas Machabeus, after a bloody battle, sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem so that sacrifices might be offered there for the relief of those who had been killed in the fight; and the author of that book, who lived about two hundred years before Our Lord, makes this reflection: *Sancta ergo et salubris est cogitatio pro defunctis exorare, ut a peccatis solvantur*: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." All the liturgies of the Apostles, which cannot be denied to be very ancient, even in the additions that have been made to them, prescribe this office of piety. St. Clement, Pope, in the eighth book of the *Apostolic Constitutions*; St. Denis the Areopagite, in the last chapter of the *Ecclesiastical Hierarchy*; St. Irenaeus, in the first book *Against Heresies*; Tertullian, in the book *On the Soldier's Crown*;

St. Cyprian, in letter IX; and nearly all the other Fathers who followed them speak of it very clearly; the great St. Augustine treats very expressly of prayer for the dead in a thousand places of his writings. Yet for several centuries there was no day in the Church set aside for the general relief of these suffering souls. Prayer was indeed made for them in common at every Mass, so as to help those for whom no particular prayers and offerings were made, as the same St. Augustine teaches us in his book *De Cura pro mortuis*; but it was not done on one day rather than another. We have in Amalarius Fortunatus, who wrote so excellently on the offices in the time of Louis the Debonair, a whole office of the dead, from which some have inferred that their annual memory was already established at that time. But this proof is very weak, and it is more likely that the office was then still said only for each individual who departed this life. It is to the great St. Odilo, abbot of Cluny, that the Church is indebted for this institution. It is true that he made it, and could make it, only for the monasteries of his Order, to which alone his jurisdiction extended; but the sovereign Pontiffs so approved so just a devotion that they judged it fitting to extend it to the whole Church, and from this has come the mournful solemnity of this day.

To enter more deeply into its subject, it is necessary to explain in this discourse three important points of the Church's teaching: the first, that there is a purgatory in the other life, where the souls which have not yet entirely satisfied on earth the justice of God for the offences they have committed are severely punished and entirely purified before entering the kingdom of heaven; the second, that the pains of this place of purgatory are extremely severe, and much harsher and more terrible than any that can be endured in this world; the third, that the Church militant can relieve and deliver these souls, not by way of absolution, which requires authority and subordination, but by way of suffrage and of the transfer of the superabundant satisfactions of her head and of her members.

As for the existence of purgatory, it is an article of faith defined in three general councils, namely that of Lateran under Innocent III, that of Florence under Eugenius IV, and that of Trent in its 25th session; and in several particular councils of Italy, France, Africa, Spain and Germany, cited by Cardinal Bellarmine in the learned treatise he wrote on this subject. We have strong indications of it in holy Scripture, both of the Old and of the New Testament. It is with a view to purgatory that the inhabitants of Jabes Galaad fasted seven days for Saul and Jonathan after their death; that holy Tobias recommends his son to lay his bread and wine on the burial of the just, that is, to give alms to the poor for his relief and deliverance; that Judas Machabeus had sacrifices offered for those who had died in a battle; and the prophet Isaias says that God will wash away the stains of Sion *in spiritu combustionis*, "by the spirit of burning". It is with the same view that in the New Testament Our Lord says there are sins which will be forgiven neither in this world nor in the world to come, implying thereby that other sins can be forgiven in the world to come, that is, in purgatory; that St. Paul, speaking of him who has built upon the foundation, that is, upon faith in Jesus Christ, wood, hay and stubble, which are venial sins of malice, of ignorance and of surprise, says that he will be saved only by fire; that the same Apostle approves the practice of those who purified themselves and performed acts of mortification and penance for the dead, which he calls being baptized; and finally that St. Peter, in the Acts, chapter II, assures us that Our Lord, when he descended into hell before his resurrection, loosed its sorrows. For he did not loose those of the damned, since there has never been grace or remission for them. Nor did he loose those of the just in limbo, since, although they were deprived of beatitude, they were nevertheless not in a state of suffering: there must therefore have been some souls between the one and the other who were truly in sorrows and could be delivered from them: these were the souls of purgatory.

All the Fathers of the Church have also handed down this doctrine to us from hand to hand, as a Christian truth to be held as beyond doubt; for, in the first place, it is certain that they all teach that we must pray for the faithful who die in the communion of the Church, as we have already remarked. Now there is an inseparable link between this prayer and the truth of purgatory, since one can in no way pray either for the Saints who have reached the term of eternal felicity, according to the word of St. Augustine, *Injuriam facit*

martyri qui orat pro martyre, "He insults a martyr who prays for a martyr"; or for the wicked who are condemned to the flames of hell, for whom there is no more grace: they must necessarily have acknowledged the truth of purgatory. Besides, several of these holy doctors speak of it very expressly and in formal terms: St. Gregory of Nyssa, in an oration *pro mortuis*, where he says that the faithful who have not made satisfaction for their offences by prayers and good works will be purified and made capable of beatitude *per expurgantis ignis fornacem*, "by a furnace of fire destined to purify them". St. Gregory of Nazianzus, in a discourse *In sancta Lumina*, declares that those who have remnants of sin to wash away will be baptized with a baptism much harsher and longer than any other baptism, which will consume the rust of their vice, as our fire consumes the rust of iron. St. Augustine, on the 37th psalm and in the 16th homily of the *Fifty*, speaking of adults who die with light sins, assures us that they will pass through the fire of purgatory and will not be given over to the eternal flames. And St. Gregory the Great, on the third penitential psalm, says: *Scio futurum esse, ut, post vitae exitum, alii flammis expurgentur*

purgatorii, alii sententiam aeternae subeant damnationis: "I know that after this life some will be purified by the flames of purgatory and others will be condemned to the perpetual pains of hell."

Theology also furnishes us with powerful reasons to confirm this truth; for, first, it is evident that many die without any mortal sin, but with venial sins for which they have not done penance. Now these souls do not go to hell, since they are in the state of grace; nor do they enter immediately into the kingdom of heaven, since nothing defiled can enter there. There must therefore be a place between the two where they are purged of these sins and satisfy the justice of God for them. Moreover, it is certain that when the guilt of mortal sin is forgiven, there still remain temporal pains to be paid to this rigorous justice. Thus Mary, sister of Moses, was punished for eight days for the murmuring she had made against her brother, although she had obtained pardon for it; and David, after Nathan had assured him that his adultery and his homicide were forgiven him, was nonetheless chastised for them by the death of his son and by many other scourges. Now most of the faithful die without having satisfied these pains, whether by their negligence or weakness, or because the number and enormity of their crimes demand very long and very great ones, or because they are converted very late and have no time left to do penance. There must therefore be a place in the other life where, according to the just judgment of God, they complete these pains so as to be in a state to reign with him. We see that among those who die there are many who are entirely good and pure of heart; others who are entirely bad; others who truly have goodness, but have many faults as well. Heaven is for the first, hell for the second. There must therefore be a place for the third, where, their stains being expiated, they become worthy of the happy society of the first. Finally, a countless number of apparitions, attested by St. Gregory the Great, St. Gregory of Tours, the Venerable Bede, St. Bernard and many other ecclesiastical authors, in which souls have come to implore the help of the living, are proofs of purgatory. If the heretics mock at them, they show in this their obstinacy and malice, since they prefer to contest without reason facts reported by authors so worthy of belief rather than abandon their error and accept an opinion which they themselves admit has been held for more than fourteen and fifteen hundred years by the Fathers of the Church.

We must now speak of the pains endured in this place of expiation and torment. The two chief ones, which include all the others, are the privation of God and the torment of fire. As for the torment of fire, it is the common opinion of the holy Fathers and doctors that it is more burning and more painful than anything that can be endured on earth, and even than all the torments of the martyrs. *Gravior est ille ignis*, says St. Augustine on the 37th psalm, *quam quidquid potest homo pati in hac vita*: "This fire is more horrible and causes more pain than all that man can suffer in this life." And St. Gregory, on the third penitential psalm: *Illum transitorium ignem omni tribulatione praesenti existimo intolerabiliorem*: "I believe this passing fire to be more intolerable than all the adversities and miseries of this world." Finally, the Angelic Doctor does not hesitate to admit that this torment is even more violent than all the sensible and bodily torments Our Lord endured in the course of his passion, although these were so great that they would have sufficed to kill all

men had each had his share of them. And the reason for this great rigour is that the fire of purgatory does not afflict these souls by its natural power, which of itself can act only on bodies, but by a supernatural power communicated to it as to a most severe instrument of the justice of God. Now there is nothing more terrible than this power; for, as the Apostle says, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God: his hand is infinitely heavier than those of all creatures; as he is great in his rewards, so he is great also in his chastisements; and if he gives an incomparable and eternal glory for a glass of water and for an act of humility, we must not be surprised if he punishes with such severity an offence, even a light one, committed against the respect and obedience due to his divine majesty. Besides, three things concur in the greatness of pain: the faculty, when it is extremely lively and delicate; the object, when it is very bitter and very piercing; and the union of the one with the other, when they come very close and are immediately joined. Now these three things are found in the pain of the souls in purgatory; for, first, their faculties, freed from matter and wholly spiritual, are much livelier than they were in dependence on the bodily organs. Next, the fire which is the object that torments them, being, according to St. Thomas, of the same nature and substance as that which burns the damned, and having been kindled by the severity of the divine justice, is much more burning and more able to torture them than anything painful and afflicting we can conceive on earth. Finally, there is no distance between the object and the faculty, the executioner and the sufferer, the fire and the soul tormented by it. The fire is in the soul, and the soul is in the fire; and even if the soul could withdraw from the place of its torment, the fire would follow it everywhere and would not cease to torment it. We must therefore confess that the pain of the souls in purgatory is above all those that can be endured in this world.

We know that some authors have believed that the fire that punishes them is only a metaphorical fire, that is, a spiritual cause which, because it tortures them in a very bitter and very biting manner, is improperly called fire. But even if this were so, their pain would be no less violent, since that cause would torment them with no less force and rigour than fire. Besides, although the Church has not yet determined anything as an article of faith on this question, it must nevertheless be held as certain that this fire is a real and true fire. For, besides being the common opinion of theologians, the holy Fathers and Scripture itself speak too clearly of fire for us to give them only an improper and metaphorical sense; all the more since they make no distinction between the fire that now torments the souls and that which will eternally burn bodies after the general resurrection, which will without doubt be a bodily fire. However, since not all the souls in purgatory are punished equally, and since it is very probable that as satisfaction is made for them and the term of their deliverance approaches their pains diminish and become lighter, there is no objection to admitting that there are some whose pain of sense, as it is called, does not exceed the greatest torments of this life when they are near to being delivered; and we even learn from some revelations that there have been some who did not suffer this pain at all, but were only deprived of the vision of God and delayed in the possession of beatitude.

It may be asked whether the demons serve as ministers to torment and afflict these souls beloved of heaven. The Angelic Doctor holds not, being unable to persuade himself that these illustrious victors, who have so generously fought and overthrown all hell, should still be exposed to its insults. Others hold the contrary, and believe that God uses these instruments to humble the more those negligent souls who often, during their life, preferred the suggestions of Satan to his heavenly inspirations. The matter is quite uncertain; and since the sovereign Judge, on whom it depends, has revealed nothing to us about it, nothing certain can be said of it either.

This pain of sense, caused by the fire and by other instruments unknown to us and hidden in the treasuries of the divine vengeance, is accompanied by the pain of loss, which is the delay of the vision of God. St. Thomas, treating of this pain, says that it is greater, more terrible and more intolerable than the first; and indeed, as a single hour of the vision of God ought to be bought by millions of ages of the cruellest torments, we must not be surprised if the misfortune of being shut out from it for several days, several months or several years causes the souls in purgatory more pain than all the torments they endure from the fire. They

know how great is the good of which they are deprived; they have an immense and as it were infinite desire to possess it; their love bears them towards it with an ardour and impetuosity that have no equal: judge from this what sorrow they feel at seeing themselves repulsed and unable to reach it. It is a boundless hunger that finds nothing to satisfy it; a measureless thirst that has nothing to quench it; an impetuous torrent stopped in the middle of its course by a dam, unable to flow out over the countryside and spread its waters pleasantly there. What further increases the sorrow of these sufferers is that they see clearly that they themselves are the cause of this delay, and that they deserved it for not having been willing to wean themselves from a moment's pleasure and amusement, for having spared themselves a few hours of mortification and penance, or for having neglected to gain indulgences.

Let us add to these pains an intolerable sorrow for having offended God, which comes from the greatness of the love with which they are penetrated. We read in ecclesiastical history that this sorrow has been so great and so vehement in some penitents that it choked them and took away their life. Indeed, as sin is the greatest of all evils, because it attacks God, who is a being of infinite goodness, excellence and majesty, so it is also the subject that ought to give us most bitterness and sorrow. If in this life, where our knowledge is so obscure and our love so weak and languid, souls have been capable of so great a sorrow, what, I pray you, must be that of these souls freed from matter, who see clearly the enormity of sin and are much more inflamed with the fire of divine love than with the avenging flames that torment them? Certainly we are persuaded that their contrition, their bitterness and their sorrow are so burning that every other pain they feel is almost nothing in comparison with this one, and that they willingly condemn themselves to all the torments they endure, to expiate the sins of which they know they have been guilty. The damned plunge themselves into the flames out of rage and despair, or rather out of a useless hatred they have of themselves when they see themselves criminal; but these souls destined for glory plunge themselves into them through the excess of their love, which gives them an inconceivable regret for having offended the goodness of their Lord and a measureless desire to satisfy his justice and to annihilate, were it possible, the sins they have committed against him. The opposition they see and feel in themselves to the infinite holiness of God, whose greatness they penetrate, fills them with confusion, and also with a horror that cannot be comprehended, in comparison with which all the interior pains felt in this life should pass for mere shadows. Spiritual persons who have sometimes received these humbling and crucifying impressions can say something of it, and it is known indeed that several great women saints have spoken of it as of a hell. But what can be felt of it in this world is infinitely removed from the pain by which these illustrious sufferers are tortured and tormented in purgatory.

Meanwhile, while their love torments them so cruelly, the same love consoles them, because they see that all their sins have not been able to destroy it, or have not prevented its restoration. The assurance they have that they love God and are loved by him, and that this mutual love will never be extinguished but on the contrary will be consummated in blessed eternity, softens the vehemence of their pains, and might perhaps be able to dispel it, were not this love that relieves them at the same time their executioner. The holy angels who visit them also console them in their affliction; and what is beyond doubt is that they are incapable of impatience and that, however great their ills, they bear them with a perfect submission to the will of God.

It remains for us to speak of the help that the Church militant can give them to lessen and shorten their sorrows. It has been seen, from all we have said so far, that the holy Fathers in every age were persuaded that they must be assisted and that they received relief from the prayers of the faithful. And indeed, since their remoteness from the surface of the earth does not prevent them from forming with us one same mystical body under one sole immortal head, who is Jesus Christ, we must not be surprised that we have together a community of goods, and that they can share in the virtue of our satisfactions and our suffrages, just as we can share in the strength of their prayers. Now there are four general ways of helping them. The first is to offer for them the august sacrifice of the Mass, just as in the Old Testament sacrifices of animals were offered in the temple for the dead. Cardinal Bellarmine cites for this the testimony of St. Cyprian, St. Cyril of

Jerusalem, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Pope, and many other Fathers, who say in express terms that the souls in purgatory receive great assistance from this holy oblation. The Council of Trent, after St. Chrysostom, assures us that this duty of piety was taught by the Apostles; and Calvin himself could not deny that it had been in force in the Church for more than thirteen hundred years, from which he had the imprudence to say that all the Fathers had been in error on this point. Which shows clearly enough that he himself was possessed only by a spirit of pride and falsehood. It is known that St. Monica, on her deathbed, begged her son and the other priests who were with him to remember her at the holy altar; that St. Ambrose, speaking of the death of his sister, said that it was not a matter of weeping for her but of commending her to God by oblations; and that among all the ancient liturgies there is not a single one without a Memento for the dead.

The second way of helping these souls is to give up to them and apply to them the satisfactions of our good works; for if, in human justice, there is no difficulty in releasing a prisoner for debt when another comes forward to pay his debts, why should we not believe that God, whose mercies are infinite and who sovereignly desires that men should exercise charity towards one another, is willing to receive the satisfactions we strip ourselves of for the relief of these holy souls who can no longer make satisfaction? He accepts, therefore, our alms, our fasts, our disciplines and our other works of piety; and, without our losing the merit of them, which we cannot transfer to anyone, he accepts them as good, valid and sufficient payment for their help and deliverance.

The third way is prayer; we mean praying earnestly for them and so importuning the divine goodness in their favour that their pardon is at last obtained. St. Ephrem asked this help for himself in his testament, and St. Augustine strongly recommends that it not be omitted: *Non sunt praetermittendae supplicationes pro spiritibus mortuorum.* And it is in this way that the angels and the blessed contribute to the relief of these souls; for they do not make satisfaction or offer sacrifices for them, but they make themselves their intercessors and mediators with God, and never cease pressing his mercy to pardon them until they have by this means drawn them into their blessed society. On which it must be remarked that our prayers profit the souls in purgatory both as impetratory and as satisfactory, but those of the blessed profit them only as impetratory.

Finally, the fourth way of assisting them is to gain for them the indulgences that the Popes or other Prelates have granted in their favour; which is done by applying to them not our own satisfactions, but those of Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Virgin and of the other Saints, which are contained in the precious treasures of the Church. It is above all very important for their relief to pay the debts they left at their death, to make good the damage they caused during their life, and promptly to carry out the pious legacies set down in their contracts, their testaments and their declarations of last will.

If we have the power to assist them, will it not be extreme cowardice on our part not to do so? Certainly, the poorer and more in need a person is, the more we are obliged to open our heart and our hands to help him; now who is poorer and more in need than these souls? They owe much, they have nothing, they are powerless to work or earn anything whatever; they have to deal with a severe and rigorous creditor who protests that he will not let them go *donec reddant novissimum quadrantem*, “until they have paid him the last farthing”. Every day we hear their complaints and prayers through the mouths of preachers and of the holy books, which say to us on their behalf and in their name: “Have pity on us, and look upon us with an eye of compassion and mercy, you who are our friends, because the hand of God has struck us.” Besides, the help they expect from us will cost us almost nothing, since it consists only of a few Masses, a few prayers and a few alms; and yet we may hope to be rewarded for it a hundredfold, because, besides the merit of this act of charity, which will make us true redeemers no less than those who work for the ransom of captives, we must not doubt that when these souls are in heaven they will acknowledge our kindness and use all their credit to procure us eternal salvation. Our Lord too, in reward for this office of piety, will prevent us with his graces in

this life, will show us mercy at the hour of death, and, if ever we are in the flames of purgatory, will move charitable persons to assist us with their suffrages, as we shall have assisted those who were on the terrible anvil of his justice.

It is to oblige us to this duty that the Church today makes all her bells sound mournfully, covers all her altars with black, sings so many Masses and offices for the dead, and opens the mouths of her preachers to express the inconceivable quality, duration and rigour of their pains. But she also intends that, in considering these pains, we should enter into a holy fear of falling into them, keep closer watch over ourselves, try to avoid not only mortal sin but also venial sins, and not put off to the other life the satisfying of God's justice for our crimes. Indeed, what folly to defer this satisfaction to a time when it will be so severe and so terrible, when we can make it now by light penances, incomparably sweeter and easier! "Take good care, my dear brethren," says St. Augustine, "not to answer: What does it matter to me if I go to purgatory, provided I reach eternal life? No, do not speak thus; for that fire of purgatory will be harsher than anything that can be seen, felt or thought on earth; and, as it is written of the time of the judgment that one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day, who knows whether one will not burn in that fire for days, months or even years? Can it be that he who now would not put the tip of his finger in the fire for a moment does not fear being plunged into it for so long a space of time?" If we listen to this instruction and are willing to put it faithfully into practice, we shall be able to live with such innocence and satisfy so fully the just demands of God's severity that we shall not pass through those flames, or shall remain in them only a very short time. That is what we must work at in this life, so that the moment of our death may not be far from our blessed eternity.

We have kept the discourse of Father Giry. — Cf. 1st, among the holy Fathers: St. Augustine, De cura pro mortuis; *St. Gregory, Pope,* in Psalm. Domine, ne in furore; *St. Bernard,* De quinque regionibus; *2nd, among the ascetical writers: Denis the Carthusian,* De novissimis; *Kepplerus,* De subsidio animarum; *Nepveu,* Réflexions chrétiennes; *3rd, among the theologians: Collet,* De Purgatorio; *the abbé Perrin,* Traité dogmatique et moral sur le Purgatoire; *the abbé Simon,* Le Culte des Morts; *4th, among the preachers: St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, Albert the Great, St. Thomas of Villanova, Bourdaloue, the Rev. Father Ventura, the Rev. Father Félix.*

ST. NECTARIUS OR VICTORINUS, FIRST KNOWN BISHOP OF POITIERS, AND MARTYR

303. — Pope: St. Marcellinus. — Roman Emperors: Diocletian and Maximian.

Ama scientiam Scripturarum.

Aimez la science des Écritures.

Love the knowledge of the Scriptures.

St. Jerome.

It was about 290 that the Pictones received their religious autonomy. Nectarius, their first bishop, appears at that time, and his name, which has come down to us in a latinized Greek form, gives grounds for believing that he was of Eastern origin, himself or through his family. Should he be made one and the same person with a St. Victorinus who is said to have lived at the same time, and whose name seems to be a Latin translation of the Greek name given to Nectarius? We have no doubt of the affirmative on this question, which has been disputed until now and perhaps will still be, but which certain particulars of great weight seem to us to resolve.[1] In that age of forced migrations, when bishops were the first destined for martyrdom and were often obliged to escape the searches of the executioners, what is surprising in a bishop of the East, driven from his see by one of those formidable persecutions which terrified the latter half of the 3rd century, having taken refuge on distant shores where his zeal could still be exercised at the head of a new Church?

This would explain how St. Jerome was not mistaken in calling Victorinus bishop of Poitiers, any more than the Roman martyrology in marking his feast under that title on 2 November.

In spite of the very difficult times he had to pass through, our St. Nectarius nonetheless joined his name to those of the writers who followed in the steps of Tertullian, St. Justin and St. Melito in the preaching of the faith and the refutation of heresies. According to St. Jerome, he applied himself, as the legitimate concern of his pastoral charge required, to developing the sense of the holy Scriptures for the benefit of practical morals, and composed commentaries on Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus; he also published expositions of the prophecies of Isaias, Ezechiel and Habacuc. The choice of these studies suited the needs of persecuted Christians well, and was meant to serve as consolation as much as instruction to those who had to be supported at once against ignorance of the mysteries and the vanity of idolatry. But of these writings nothing has remained to us. In St. Jerome's judgment they were better in matter than in style, the author thinking much better than he wrote and rendering his thought only with quite remarkable difficulty. The Latin language was much less familiar to him than Greek, which confirms our opinion of his Eastern origin, and explains how, in giving preference for his Expositions to a language his people would understand better, he succeeded better with the sense of things than with their expression.

St. Nectarius did not give testimony of his faith only by theological teaching. He confirmed it further by a glorious martyrdom, one of the last that marked the sixth persecution, ordered in 303 by Diocletian. It was the last year but one of that tyrant's reign, and the fourteenth of the episcopate of Nectarius, who, by the unanimous opinion of historians, had begun it in 290. In spite of the fury of the pagans, which was never greater than in this last combat waged against Christianity, the faithful were able to keep his remains and bury them. They doubtless did not wait for the peace given to the Church by Constantine to allow a public homage to be paid him, but they confined themselves to marking his burial-place by a simple and modest inscription, lately found again; and whoever wished to pray at his tomb could recognise it by these four words cut on a narrow stone: HIC REQVIESCIT NECTARIVS ANTISTES[2] ("Here rests Nectarius, bishop"). Such a monument is worth all the historical assertions for which the parchments are lacking to us today. Everything leads us to believe that the holy body was laid, before the end of the same century, in the church of Saint-Hilaire, built in 368. It was from there that, as a result of the Norman invasions, it was translated to the monastery of Long-Rhé, dependent on the famous collegiate church of the diocese of Auxerre. There, as at Poitiers, the holy bishop was honoured on 19 July. That was therefore the day of his translation, and not that of his death (which was on 2 November, as we have seen). These relics were kept there until the days when the Calvinists, bringing desolation into the holy place, profaned them and seized the silver shrine that contained them.

A WORD ON THE ORIGINS OF THE CHURCH OF POITIERS.

St. Martial, after establishing his see at Limoges in the first century and founding another hearth of Christianity at Poitiers,[3] at first had no reason to institute a bishopric in the latter place, either because the new Christian community there was not yet large enough in spite of its relative importance, or because he hoped a little later to see some apostle come there from Rome, with which, however, communications were as rare as they were difficult. The territory of the Lemovices and that of the Pictones therefore formed only one for religious purposes, and for more than a century and a half the two peoples were in the same diocese. This long union may well have come also from the often energetic opposition made by the Roman authority to the rapid progress of Christianity among the people of Poitou. This hostility must have persuaded St. Martial not to hasten the presence of a bishop there. He died without having been able to carry out this essential part of his plan, and soon afterwards, the persecutions having come, his successors at Limoges had to renounce it like him and keep the direction of both provinces. Thus the two neighbouring peoples, very distinct in soil, character and popular customs, but closely united by the same faith, remained under the same pastoral crook, and the bishops of Augustoritum (Limoges) were the same as those of Limonum (Poitiers).

Causes of great gravity at last determined, towards the end of the 3rd century, the division of this too vast diocese of Limoges into two Churches independent of each other. This delimitation had already been prescribed in many other places, either by the Popes or by the Councils. Pope St. Dionysius, among others, had renewed in 271 an earlier decree regulating the jurisdiction of bishops and parish priests and prescribing that each should keep the henceforth unchangeable limits of his diocese or parish.

We thus come to the end of the 3rd century. Gaul was far from having kept the religious peace the emperors had left it at the beginning. The number of Christians had greatly increased; the triumph of the faith over pagan philosophy, whose many and varied sects were so many enemies to it, as well as the self-interested antagonism of the idolatrous priests, had stirred up violent hatreds; and the emperors, who found in their hideous passions so many pretexts to fight so troublesome a doctrine, had nearly all striven to abolish it. The bloody contests of the thirty tyrants, the anarchy which shortly preceded the defeat and fall of Valerian, had not prevented him from ordering a persecution, which was the eighth and extended over the whole surface of Gaul. It is therefore at once to the rigour of the persecutions and to the all the greater need of exercising a more active watch over the clergy and the faithful, in circumstances where unity became more necessary, that we must attribute the separation into two dioceses of the territory which had until then formed only one. To sum up: the apostolic line of St. Martial appears at the first-century origin of the Church of Poitiers; that of St. Nectarius or Victorinus opens, towards the end of the 3rd century, the catalogue of the episcopate of that same Church, which had just won its religious autonomy by the force of circumstances.

The abbé Auber, Origines de l'Église de Poitiers. *Poitiers, Dupré, 1866.*

---

[4] The Roman martyrology does indeed say *Pictaviensis*, "of Poitiers", and not *Pettaviensis*, "of Pettau in Styria"; it will be seen further on why we insist on this difference and why we correct the translation of our previous editions.

[5] Baillet, almost always excessive in his criticism, does not seem to go beyond the bounds of moderation when he says of Theodotus of Laodicea: "St. Athanasius everywhere represents Theodotus of Laodicea to us as a heretic and one of the most zealous of the leaders of the Arian party. There is therefore reason to be surprised that Baronius, on the faith of Eusebius and Nicephorus, introduced his name into his martyrology. But that learned cardinal repaired this error in his Ecclesiastical Annals, where he always places Theodotus among the chief Arians. One must remember, besides, the request he made to the public to correct his martyrology by his annals, which are later and much more exact."

[6] St. Marcianus of Cyrrhus came of a patrician family and was brought up at court; but he soon recognised the vanity of the world, and, leaving his country and his friends, he withdrew into the desert of Chalcis in Syria, where he led in a narrow cell the most austere and mortified life. His holiness caused him to be discovered, and numerous disciples flocked to his hermitage: he consented to receive two of them, Eusebius and Agapetus; later a monastery rose around his cell and Eusebius had the direction of it. When St. Marcianus fell asleep in the Lord, his disciples, according to the recommendation their master had made to them, buried him in an unknown place; but his body was soon discovered and was enclosed in a stone coffin. His tomb became a place of great devotion, and miracles were worked there. — Godescard.

[7] The church of Locarn (Côtes-du-Nord, arrondissement of Guingamp, canton of Maël-Carhaix) is built over his tomb. His relics are kept there: his head is in a silver bust, and one of the humeri in an arm of the same metal. These reliquaries are old gifts of the Quelen family, to which are also owed fine chalices and a silver cross, and whose arms are seen in all the windows of the church. There is a parish in the diocese of Quimper which bears the name of our Saint (Saint-Hernin, Finistère, arrondissement of Châteaulin, canton of Carhaix). — *Saints de Bretagne*, by Lobineau and Tresvaux.

[8] This place was then covered with woods, as is proved by the very name "Coët-Mieu", which means "Wood of Mieu". In demolishing the high altar of the parish church in the 17th century, a coffer was found on which these words were written: "Relics of St. Mieu". Hector d'Ouvrier, then bishop of Dol, and Jean Collas, rector of the parish, raised these relics from the ground and put them in a more fitting place. — *Saints de Bretagne*.

[9] The body of St. Vulganius was translated, it cannot be said exactly at what period, from Monstrelet to the abbey of Saint-Valery-sur-Somme. A recognition of the relics made at Saint-Valery in 1643 by a visitor of the Congregation of Saint-Maur lists numerous bones contained in the shrine of St. Vulganius. These relics were burned in 1793. Part of an arm of St. Vulganius is kept in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Abbeville, and a fragment at the Ursulines of that town. At the abbey of Saint-Valery the feast of St. Vulganius was kept on 3 November, unless All Saints fell on a Saturday: then the feast of St. Vulganius was held on 2 November. — The abbé Corblet, *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens*, vol. III, p. 226.

[1] On the pretext that St. Victorinus was of Eastern origin, Baillet and Launoy translated St. Jerome's *Pictabionensis episcopus* as "bishop of Pettau, in Styria". The most competent hagiographers are unanimous in proclaiming that St. Jerome meant to speak of the city of Poitiers and not of Pettau.

[2] This stone was discovered in 1843 above the door of the old chapel of Saint-Barthélemy, near the church of Saint-Hilaire. It had doubtless been placed there at an unknown date, with the praiseworthy aim of preserving it, after being taken from one of the neighbouring cemeteries. The church of Saint-Hilaire was long in the *suburbium* of the city. The dead could therefore be buried there, as we shall see in the case of the holy Doctor and his family. It is to this that we must attribute, while the Roman law was in force at Poitiers, the numerous examples of burials made on that side of the city.

[3] See these details in the life of St. Martial, vol. VII, p. 516.

3 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The feast of St. Quartus, disciple of the Apostles.[1] 1st c. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, the holy martyrs Germanus, Theophilus, Caesarius and Vitalis, who bore generous witness to their faith during the persecution of Decius. 250. — At Saragossa, a countless multitude of martyrs, who under the governor Dacian suffered a glorious death for Jesus Christ. 304. — At Viterbo, the holy martyrs Valentine, priest, and Hilary, deacon, who during the persecution of Maximian were thrown into the Tiber for the faith of Jesus Christ with a heavy stone about their necks; but, having been miraculously drawn out by an angel, they were beheaded and received the crown of martyrdom. 304. — In England, St. Wenefrida or Winifred, virgin and martyr.[2] 7th c. — In the monastery of Clairvaux, the death of St. Malachy, bishop of Connor in Ireland, whom his many virtues made celebrated in his time. St. Bernard wrote his life. 1148. — The same day, St. Hubert, bishop of Tongres. 727. — At Vienne, St. Domninus, bishop and confessor. 527. — Also the death of St. Pirmin, bishop of Meaux.[3] — At Urgel in Spain, St. Hermengaud, bishop. — At Rome, St. Silvia, mother of St. Gregory, Pope.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Ajaccio, St. Laurina, virgin and martyr. — In the dioceses of Arras and Coutances, St. Vigor, bishop of Bayeux, whose notice we sketched on 1 November. 530. — In the dioceses of Cambrai, Cologne, Nancy, Soissons and Verdun, St. Hubert, bishop and confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 727. — In the dioceses of Carcassonne and Toulouse, St. Papoul, priest and martyr. 1st c. — In the dioceses of Angoulême and Langres, St. Benignus, bishop of the first see and martyr. 5th c. — In the diocese of Lyons, St. Genesius (Genest, Genis, Genêt), bishop of that see and confessor, of whom we spoke in the Martyrology of France for 1 November. 678. — In the dioceses of Mende and Rodez, St. Naamas, deacon and confessor. 5th c. — In the diocese of Nevers, St. Austremonius, apostle of the Arverni, whose notice we sketched on 1 November. 1st c. — In the diocese of Paris, St. Marcellus, bishop of that see and confessor, whose life we gave on 1 November. 436. — In the dioceses of Quimper and Vannes, St. Guenael, abbot of Landévennec and confessor. About 518. — In the diocese of Strasbourg, Saints William and Acheric, abbots. They were two gentlemen who, disgusted with the world, withdrew to a solitude in the Vosges and settled near a church called Belmont, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Having built cells, they lived there like the solitaries of the Thebaid. Fervent Christians soon joined them in their penances, and a monastery (later called Saint-Achery) formed near their hermitage: it was the nucleus of the present village of Eschery or Echerie (Haut-Rhin).[4] 9th c. — In Alsace, St. Pirmin, abbot, founder of Murbach and regionary bishop. About 758. — In Rouergue, St. Egetius, bishop and confessor. About 525. — At Le Mans, St. Bomer (Baomirus), priest and confessor. He came to live in the wildernesses on the banks of the river Braye under the episcopate of St. Innocent (532–543). He is said to have been born in Auvergne and to have consecrated himself to God early in the abbey of Micy or Saint-Mesmin, near Orléans. Later, the desire for greater retirement led him to the solitudes of Maine; he made his dwelling at a place then called Alba, and built there an oratory, which he dedicated to St. Peter, with a cell that soon became the centre of a gathering of servants of God. St. Innocent ordained him priest and led him by his counsels to proclaim the word of God

to the neighbouring populations. Bomer bore much fruit in the short time he lived, by his ardour in prayer and preaching and by the exercise of the gift of miracles.[5] 6th c. — In North Brabant (Holland), St. Odrada or Oldrada, virgin. 8th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — In the monastery of Clairvaux, the death of St. Malachy, of the Order of Clerks Regular, bishop of Connor and archbishop of Armagh in Ireland, who flourished in his time by his many virtues, and whose life St. Bernard, abbot, wrote. 1148.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Santarcangelo, near Rimini (province of Forlì), Blessed Simon Ballachi, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic, who, though of illustrious origin, wished to be among the lay brothers, and shone in an admirable manner until extreme old age by his obedience and humility.[6] 1319.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The commemoration of all the deceased brothers, sisters and benefactors of the Seraphic Order.

Martyrology of the Order of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — The anniversary of the brothers and sisters of the Confraternity of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In the county of Toggenburg (Switzerland), St. Ida (Itte, Yde), recluse. She had married (1197) Count Henry of Toggenburg, who, having wrongly suspected her of infidelity, dragged her to a window of the castle and threw her down from a height of eight hundred feet. God allowed his servant to be miraculously saved from a frightful death. Ida consecrated herself thenceforth to the Lord, and, plunging into the depths of an immense forest, built herself a hermitage of tree branches, leaves and climbing plants. She had the bare earth for her bed, the wild animals for company, herbs and roots for food. She had led this hard existence for seventeen years when she was discovered during a hunting party by the count her husband. He, seeing the prodigy heaven had worked in his wife’s favour, acknowledged her innocence and wished to bring the countess back to the castle of Toggenburg. But Ida put before him the vows she had made to the Lord and remained in her solitude. Later the nuns of a neighbouring monastery chose her as their abbess: she was for that community an inexhaustible source of blessings. When she had given back her beautiful soul to God, her body was buried in the church of the Benedictines of Fischingen; later a congregation bearing her name was established there. 13th c. — In Greece, St. Andrône, martyr. — In Africa, St. Paulillus, a child. — At Panzano in Tuscany, St. Euphrosynus, bishop of a city of Pamphylia in Asia Minor. — At Salerno (Principato Citeriore), St. Valentinian, bishop. 501. — In Aragon, St. Gaudiosus, bishop of Tarragona (Catalonia). About 585. — In Further Abruzzo (Italy), St. Berard, confessor. 1130.

ST. BENIGNUS, BISHOP OF ANGOULÊME AND MARTYR

5th century.

Erit sepulcrum ejus gloriosum.

Son tombeau sera glorifié.

His sepulchre shall be glorious.

Isa., XI, 10.

In the first years of the 5th century there shone on the episcopal see of Angoulême Dynamius, whose merit is revealed to us by a letter of the great St. Paulinus of Bordeaux, bishop of Nola, who before 430 names Dynamius of Angoulême as one of the most illustrious and holy bishops of Gaul.[1] There is every reason to believe that Dynamius was still living in 445, at the consecration of the cathedral of Narbonne under

St. Rusticus, and even in 451, when his name is read among those of the bishops of Gaul who adhered to the letter of Pope St. Leo to Flavian of Constantinople against the heresy of Eutyches. For the rest, the date of his death is unknown to us; but we can name as his successor Benignus, the martyr bishop, whose tomb was found again under the brambles in a field of Touraine, under the episcopate of St. Gregory. Here is the account of that celebrated historian: "In a village of Touraine there was, among the brambles and bushes, a tomb in which, tradition said, rested the body of a bishop whose name was unknown. Now it happened that a poor man of the district who had lost his son, and who had not the means to procure a gravestone, removed the one that covered this tomb, and by this theft provided for his son's burial. But at once he himself became deaf, dumb, blind and paralysed, and remained in that state for a whole year. Then there appeared to him in a dream a personage clothed in priestly vestments, who said to him: 'Your infirmities are the punishment for the outrage you did me in removing the stone that closed my tomb: bring it back promptly if you wish to be cured; otherwise you will die, for I am Bishop Benignus, who took refuge in this town.' At once the unfortunate man had the gravestone brought back to the place from which he had taken it, and immediately he recovered his health."[2] Such is the account of St. Gregory of Tours, and we may conclude from it that Benignus, driven from Angoulême by the Arian Visigoths, had withdrawn to the city of Tours, from which perhaps he came, or where he had lived as a religious of the great monastery of St. Martin. However that may be, pursued by his persecutors, and doubtless attacked treacherously in a lonely field, he was slain in hatred of the Catholic faith. Pious and friendly hands buried his body at the very place where he had been struck down, and raised over him that modest tomb which God glorified as we have related.

From that day the veneration of the people made amends to St. Benignus for too long a neglect, and in the ninth century his precious relics were carried back in triumph to the cathedral church of Angoulême through the care and piety of Bishop Elias the Scot. This bishop had succeeded Launus II in 862, and, as his surname indicates, was a foreigner in France; but he had come there early, and, having given himself to the study of letters, he became one of the most learned men of his age. Disciple and then successor of Alcuin and of Theodulf of Orléans, a friend of the monastery of Marmoutier and a doctor of that famous school, it is not surprising that his merit raised him to the see of Angoulême. Now it was on his way to that city that he passed through Tours and, informed of the renown and miracles of St. Benignus, obtained leave to restore to the church whose government had just been entrusted to him the holy body of its martyr bishop. It was a gift of joyful accession that he offered it; and to house such a treasure worthily, he had a crypt built under the sanctuary of the cathedral church, found again in recent times (1869), and adorned with a fine confession supported by twenty-one columns. Later, when in 991 Bishop Grimoard of Mussidan undertook to rebuild his cathedral, burned in 981 by a violent fire, the confession of St. Benignus had to be razed because of the levelling of the ground: hence the oblivion and the neglect to preserve its memory. But before this Bishop Grimoard had taken up the body of St. Benignus and enclosed it in a rich shrine, to be placed in a special chapel of the new church; he even enclosed the head of this martyr bishop in a silver-gilt head-reliquary, supported by two angels also of silver-gilt, so that it might be carried with honour in processions. Unhappily these relics, like all those that enriched the many churches of Angoulême, were burned by the Protestants in the year 1568; and after their loss the ancient traditions faded to such a point that in the 17th century the martyr bishop was confused with the priest of the same name, the celebrated martyr of Dijon, whose body, however, never left Burgundy. But today the Church of Angoulême celebrates exclusively the feast of St. Benignus, bishop and martyr.[3]

We owe this notice to the kindness of M. Duchassaing, canon of Angoulême.

ST. HUBERT OF AQUITAINE, BISHOP OF MAASTRICHT AND OF LIÈGE, PATRON OF HUNTSMEN

727. — Pope: Gregory II. — King of France: Theuderic IV.

Nihil Deo et angelis gratius animae conversione.

Rien n'est plus agréable à Dieu et aux anges que la conversion d'une âme.

Nothing is more pleasing to God and to the angels than the conversion of a soul.

St. Ambrose.

Nobility, holiness, apostolic zeal and the gift of miracles have made this great man one of the most illustrious prelates of the first centuries of the French monarchy. Aquitaine acknowledges him as one of its lords; the most ancient race of our kings, as one of its princes; and the country of the Ardennes, as its apostle. His father was Bertrand, whom Molanus and Baronius make duke of Aquitaine, and whom some others make a descendant of Clotaire I, king of the Franks; his mother was Hugberne, or Afra, sister of St. Oda, a woman of birth proportioned to that of her husband. He was brought up in letters and in all the other exercises proper to a person of his rank, and he became so accomplished in them that he was esteemed one of the most finished young lords of the kingdom. When he was of an age to appear at court, his parents sent him to that of Theuderic III, son of Clovis II; there he made himself so esteemed by his prudence, his uprightness and his agreeable manners that he deserved to be raised to the dignity of count of the palace. This high office gave him the opportunity to show the wisdom and integrity that distinguished him and that raised him very high in the esteem of his companions at court. Here too he witnessed the finest examples of piety, self-denial and devotion.

Many of those noble lords were leaving the court and renouncing the honours and splendour of the world to devote themselves to apostolic labours or to shut themselves up in a monastery. But Hubert did not at first imitate those fine examples of virtue that he had before his eyes. Living at court, surrounded by the seductions that make it so dangerous a dwelling even for the wisest, his youth was caught up in the troubles of those frequent revolutions which, thanks to the indolence of the *rois fainéants* ["do-nothing kings", the conventional French name for the late Merovingians], so often overturned the throne of France and allowed now factions, now intrigue, to set themselves above the laws.

The young Hubert spent some time at the court of Theuderic; but the tyranny of the minister Ebroin made the master's rule hateful. The subjects revolted and went so far as to depose their king. When the king had remounted the throne some time afterwards, Hubert spent several more years at the court of this king, his protector. There his life, without being that of a dissolute prince, nevertheless felt the effects of the tumult in the midst of which he was obliged to live. In truth, no gross vices or very reprehensible acts were remarked in him; but all his religion was confined to observing what the principles of natural probity dictate. His virtues were purely human: he was, within Christianity, an *honnête homme selon le monde* [an "honest man according to the world": the classical French ideal of the cultivated, upright gentleman, here used with a note of reproach]. He did not yet know that spirit of practical humility, mortification and prayer which is the foundation of Christianity, and without which the Christian is one only in name and appearance.

He loved hunting passionately, and lost in it precious time which he ought to have consecrated to the service of God. He was giving himself up blindly to the pleasures of a worldly life when suddenly the cruel Ebroin escaped from his prison, recovered his dignity of mayor of the palace, and exercised its power tyrannically. Nothing hindered him from following his impulses of avarice and oppression against the great and the bishops: he plundered churches and convents and gave free rein to his impious and cruel vengeance. A sort of migration, caused by Ebroin's cruelties, set in from Neustria towards Austrasia. Pepin of Herstal or of Héristal, who in that latter country exercised the functions of mayor of the palace without having the title, received the refugees with open arms. The young Count Hubert, wishing to escape Ebroin's tyranny, left the court of the king of Neustria and withdrew into Austrasia, to Pepin, his kinsman, who received him favourably. He gave him employments and made him grand master of his household. Hubert had to follow his protector on the various journeys he made, now to his castles of Landen and of Jupille and to his estate of

Amberloux, now in the wars he had to sustain against the princes his neighbours: which gave Pepin occasion to recognize the merit and valour of the young Hubert. He then wished him to settle in the country by the bonds of marriage. It was in fact about this time (682) that his marriage took place with Floribanne, daughter of Dagobert, count of Louvain, a princess as commendable for her virtues as for her rare qualities.

Hubert, however, launched into the dissipation of the court, continued to give himself up to the foolish joys of a worldly life. It was not that he lacked salutary counsel and edifying examples of Christian piety at court. St. Lambert preached there forcefully the holy maxims of the Catholic religion; Plectrude, wife of Pepin, practised the most heroic virtues: she lived, it is true, amid grandeur, but she had to deplore the criminal life of her husband, and strove by journeys and by keeping away from the court to dispel the affronts she received on account of the beautiful but ambitious Alpaida, mother of Charles Martel.

Nothing less than an extraordinary stroke of grace was needed to bring Hubert back from a wholly worldly life to a more Christian one. That stroke came. God, who had secret designs upon him, and moved no doubt by the prayers of so many holy kinsfolk of Hubert, stopped him in the greatest impetuosity of his blind passion. He transformed him from a hunter of base animals into a zealous apostle who was to carry the light of the Gospel into those very regions that had become the theatre of his vain amusements.

Thus, one solemn feast-day, when the faithful were gathering in crowds in the churches to hear the word of God there and to assist at the holy mysteries, this young lord, accompanied by his people and preceded by a pack of hounds, went off into the forest of the Ardennes to hunt; but Our Lord made use of this occasion to touch his heart and win him wholly to Himself. While he was hunting, a stag of remarkable beauty presented itself before him, and to his great astonishment he saw a crucifix between the branches of its antlers, and he heard a voice which said to him: “Hubert, Hubert, how long will you pursue the beasts in the forests? How long will this vain passion make you forget the salvation of your soul? Do you not know that you are on earth to know and love your Creator and so to possess Him in heaven?… If you do not turn to the Lord by embracing a holy life, you will fall into the abysses of hell.” This sight and this voice filled him at once with wonder and with fear; he dismounted, prostrated himself on the ground, adored the cross of his Master which the stag presented to him, and protested that he would abandon the world and consecrate himself entirely to the holy exercises of religion.

After these protestations he went to find St. Lambert, bishop of Maastricht, whose virtues and holiness were moreover well known to him; he chose him as his master in the ways of salvation. St. Lambert received him with great kindness and kept him with him several days, the better to instruct him in Christian perfection and to speak to him of God and of heavenly things. Although the miracle of grace had changed Hubert’s heart, and he at once aspired to leave the world and its foolish joys, bonds consecrated by religion and justice kept him there some years longer (683–685). He needed, moreover, this time of trial in order to correspond with grace, to crucify the old man, to destroy all its feelings, and to prepare the way for the fulfilment of the designs that Jesus Christ had upon His new conquest. Under St. Lambert’s direction he made rapid progress in the vocation he had received from heaven. He worked and prayed unceasingly to make God reign in his soul. He would gladly have made the sacrifice of his goods, had it been possible at that moment, in order to follow St. Lambert in the ministry of the word of God and the sanctification of souls.

At the moment when Hubert, merely obeying the influence of divine grace in his heart, was conceiving the thought and the vehement desire of a more perfect life, there came the death of Floribanne. This princess died (685) in giving birth to Floribert, who succeeded St. Hubert in the episcopal see of Liège. Freed by his widowhood from the obligation of appearing in the assemblies of the lords, Hubert carefully avoided the pomps and enjoyments of his rank. His heart was already detached from them, but that did not suffice his ardour; his soul still had too many points of contact with the world, and that world hurt him. The example and words of St. Lambert so inflamed him with divine love that he went so far as to form the project of abandoning the world and embracing the monastic life, in order to lead a more perfect life, closer to God. He

felt in himself the same courage as his master, the same love of God, the same zeal for the salvation of souls. He wished to become his disciple.

He renounces all his dignities and lays down the military insignia, to put on the sacred insignia of religion. He returns to King Theuderic the collar and the soldier's belt; he thinks no more of anything but of trampling underfoot, by some generous act, the glory and the lures of the world. Having become heir to the duchy of Aquitaine by the death of his father (688), he yields his rights to his brother Eudo, and entrusts to him his son Floribert, aged three. Thus he renounces the most legitimate affections.

Filled with contempt for riches and the goods of the world, Hubert distributed to the poor what he possessed: he found that to sacrifice these perishable riches to the eternal salvation of his soul was to buy it cheaply. He kept nothing of the world but a hair shirt and a corselet, which he put on in order to withdraw into solitude. Thus his sacrifice was accomplished and his divorce from [worldly] life consummated, by one of those efforts that go even beyond the prescriptions of Christian duty. Worldly people pursue him with their attacks and their mockery; but, following the example of other noble contemporaries, his models, he answers the invectives heaped upon him only with these words: "O happy affronts, to displease [the world] with Jesus Christ!"

Hubert had conquered his first enemy, the world, by fleeing it. He had been devoted to it long enough; he had known its attacks and its innumerable snares; he had been the victim of its false shame, its prejudices, its lies. That was too much. Now he denies it its pretended rights over him: he disobeys its laws; he defies its calumnies; he despises its false reasonings. He withdraws far from his enemy, overthrown for ever, and goes to enjoy the prize of his victory in the bosom of the mysterious joys of penance.

He had settled on the project of living in retirement, after the example of so many of his contemporaries and other noble companions at court. But before acting he consulted God and took the advice of St. Lambert, to whom he was perfectly submissive. It was by the counsels of the holy bishop that he conducted himself in this affair. He chose as the dwelling of his voluntary penance the very places that had been the theatre of his favourite amusement, wishing henceforth to expiate on the spot, by a penitent life, the too violent attachment he had had to the pleasures of the chase. He went, then (689), to fix his abode in the great forest of the Ardennes, at a place not far from the monastery of Andage (today Saint-Hubert), where for several years he led the most austere life. Others maintain that St. Hubert withdrew to the monastery of Stavelot, which is also in the forest of the Ardennes, but that after a certain time of proof of fidelity, availing himself of the privilege granted by the Rule of St. Benedict, he was able to leave that house and go to lead a more austere kind of life in complete solitude.

Careful to watch over himself and to join solitude of soul to that of body, he feared nothing so much as falling into slackness and thereby losing the advantages he had gained. Having conquered the world, he laboured to conquer himself. Knowing that God accepts above all the sacrifice of the heart, and that the sacrifices he had made until then would be defective and without merit, would even be an act of hypocrisy, if he did not join to them the practice of the virtues and interior renunciation, he began by establishing himself solidly in humility and contempt of self; he employed all the activity of which his soul was capable in examining the disorder of his affections and in watching over his senses and over all the movements of his heart. From then on, prayer, vigils and macerations became the delights of this hero of penance. His clothing was rather an instrument of torture than a shelter against the rigour of the climate in which he lived. His food, like that of other penitents who had gone before him, consisted of a few herbs and roots; pure water was his drink. He sought thus to break the bonds of his prison of flesh and to draw nearer to God. If, in the ceaseless combats that the old man wages against the new, his thought turned back in spite of himself to the joys and pomps of a worldly life, the voice that had called him the first time still resounded in his heart, and that sufficed to stifle the cry of nature. Although he was hidden in the bosom of solitude, he did not fail to suffer the assaults of the tempter. In vain do we flee the world; the devil follows us everywhere, and even when we

have entrenched ourselves under the protection of the Most High, he always keeps up secret dealings with that domestic enemy who dwells in our own heart, who will die only with us, and who seeks to deliver the stronghold to him. It was by his exact vigilance over his senses, his continual austerities, his deep humility, his trust in God and his fervent prayer that our Saint triumphed over the violent temptations of the devil. The frequent attacks and fresh ruses of the enemy of salvation did not prevent him from living in the most intimate union with God and in an unalterable tranquillity of soul: precious advantages which the man accustomed to mortify his senses and master his passions never fails to obtain. This holy life made the presence of God and of His angels almost sensible to him.

We learn from Giles of Orval, in his additions to the life of our Saint composed by Anselm, canon of Liège, that St. Lambert, desiring that so dear a disciple should receive fresh increases of grace through the merits of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, persuaded him to make a journey to Rome to honour their ashes there and to implore, at the foot of their tombs, the favour of their assistance and protection. Hubert obeyed his master's wish. He left his solitude, went to Rome and there honoured the sacred remains of those founders of religion. While he was there, St. Lambert was martyred, for the cause and in the manner we have told in his life; and at the same hour an angel appeared to Pope Sergius I, who after the office of Matins and a long prayer was taking a little sleep, and, presenting to him the pastoral staff of that glorious martyr, urged him to ordain in his place Hubert, whom he would discover in the morning by certain signs in the church of St. Peter. His Holiness might have doubted this revelation had it not been accompanied by an outward sign that made it indubitable; but he clearly knew its truth when on waking he found beside him that precious crosier which had been the mark of the vigilance and intrepid firmness of that great martyr.

One of St. Hubert's most memorable acts was the invention and translation of the relics of St. Lambert. He was moved to make this translation first by the great miracles that were wrought at his tomb, then by various revelations. To be still more certain of God's will, he ordered a general fast throughout his diocese. When he was certain that divine Providence so ordained, he summoned the bishops his neighbours, namely those of Cologne, Reims, Tournai, Arras, Amiens, Thérouanne and Utrecht, and in their presence he opened the holy tomb. He found the body of the holy martyr as fresh and as whole as on the day of his death and exhaling a most agreeable odour; then, assisted by these venerable prelates, who carried the coffin by turns, he performed the ceremony of this translation. The honour with which this precious relic was received all along the way cannot be expressed. It worked great miracles everywhere, too, and brought to Liège a great abundance of blessings. St. Hubert had a magnificent church built in that place under the name of the Blessed Virgin and that of St. Lambert, to serve as his burial place and to make the canticles of praise offered to his memory resound until the end of the ages.

Afterwards, unable to remain separated from the remains of his blessed master, he transferred the seat of his bishopric to that small township. It had already been transferred from Tongres [Tongeren] to Maastricht by St. Servatius; but God willed to deprive Maastricht too of this honour, to give it to Liège, which by this means has become one of the richest and most powerful cities of Belgium. It was St. Hubert who began to enlarge it with new buildings, who gave it the name and privileges of a town, who regulated its weights and measures for bread, wine and other merchandise, and who willed that it should have as its seal the image of St. Lambert, with this inscription: *Sancta Legia, romanae Ecclesiae filia,* "Holy Liège, daughter of the Roman Church". Perhaps he already foresaw that Maastricht would one day fall under the power of heretics and drink the cup of infidelity that would be presented to it by that harlot of the Apocalypse, and that Liège, on the contrary, would remain constant and unshaken in the true religion, never suffering Wycliffism, Lutheranism or Calvinism to be received within its walls. He had a second church built there in honour of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles, for whom he had an extreme devotion, and placed in it fifteen canons whose conversation was very agreeable to him. But since then it has been given to canons and changed into a collegiate church. Finally, he further ennobled this town by the translation of St. Theodard, one of his

predecessors, and of St. Madelberta, virgin, whom he placed in the same shrine, beside St. Lambert.

But nothing equalled our holy bishop's tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He honoured her with a cult full of pious gratitude. During his residence at Maastricht he often went to spend the nights in the church dedicated to the most holy Virgin, wholly occupied in praying to her and honouring her.

His piety did not stop there. He gave public and striking marks of his affectionate love for the Mother of God. He sought to kindle and maintain in the faithful entrusted to his care that devotion so pleasing to God, so necessary to men. The first church he built was dedicated, as we have said, to the Blessed Virgin; he consecrated a second to her (712) at the hamlet of Emal, not far from Maastricht. He required those who asked some grace of him to have recourse to the all-powerful intercession of the Queen of heaven; and he willed that the memory of his devotion to her should be attached to the signal benefit he has bequeathed to us with his miraculous stole, and be perpetuated with it so as to be more surely handed down to us. And even today the *répit* [the "respite": the rite, given with St. Hubert's stole, that grants a person bitten by a rabid animal a delay against the onset of rabies] is given in the name of the most holy Trinity and of the Blessed Virgin; the prescribed novena is also made in her honour: so true is it that in all ages it has always been recognized in the Catholic Church that the Blessed Virgin is full of all graces, that she is the dispenser of the benefits and graces that the Lord wills to grant to men, God willing that all the benefits and all the graces that men await from heaven should pass through the hands of Mary and be due to her intercession.

These so solemn acts have caused some authors to call him the founder and first bishop of Liège, although, if this episcopate is considered as a continuation of that of Tongres and Maastricht, he was only the thirtieth. From then on he thought only of spreading the faith of Jesus Christ in every part of his diocese and round about, destroying what remained of the superstitions of paganism. For this he travelled through the great forest of the Ardennes and the country of Brabant, which then had other limits than today, and everywhere made so many conversions that he has deserved to be called the Apostle of both. The wonders he wrought at every moment contributed much to this happy success. While visiting his diocese he met, in a village called Vivoch, a woman who, for having worked on Sunday, had lost the use of her hands; her fingers and nails had clenched so tightly against her palms that it was not possible to part them. He prayed for her, then, and on her promise to have more respect for feast-days in future, he commanded those hands to unclench and by that command alone restored them to their former state. The Somme being extremely low and unable conveniently to carry the laden boats that served a certain building he had undertaken, he raised his eyes to heaven, which at once was covered with clouds, and after a few days the waters had regained their usual level. By the power of the sign of the cross he drove out of a woman's body a demon that had seized her in order to disturb a procession he was having made through the countryside with the shrines of the Saints. By the same sign of the cross he put out a great fire that had broken out in his palace and threatened a general conflagration. Though absent, he delivered from shipwreck several of his disciples who were already almost engulfed at sea and who implored his help. He also restored health to a great number of sick people by his prayers and by other means that were always effective. He taught his people to have recourse to processions and to carry the relics of the Saints in order to have rain, to obtain fair weather, to clear the fields of the insects that spoil them, and for all kinds of public necessities.

Never did the wonders God wrought by his hands make him unfaithful to that deep humility which made him so pleasing before the Lord. Always occupied with the abyss of his nothingness, he referred to God the glory of the good that was in him and that he did for others. He gloried only in his infirmities; while he took his pleasure in his abasement, he rejoiced that God alone should be great in him and in all creatures. Amid the striking benefits that God poured out by his hands, he looked only on high for the success of his ministry. His fervour, far from diminishing, increased from day to day and showed itself in the constancy of his fasts, his vigils and his prayers. To give his prayer the invincible force with which it was endowed, Hubert had found no better means than the continual exercise of that precious virtue. From the place of his exile he kept up a

habitual intercourse with his heavenly Father. In all the circumstances of his life he invoked with confidence His almighty help, and he received from it every day new graces and new favours as the reward of his fidelity and perseverance. Despite his many functions and his distant journeys to bring his people the bread of the holy word, he knew how to find, amid his fatigues, long hours for meditation and prayer; he knew how to unite with rare felicity the active and the contemplative life. Having provided, like his divine Master, with laborious solicitude for the needs of his people, he withdrew like Him into solitude to lose himself in the contemplation of His graces and His mercies. He prayed sometimes at the tomb of St. Lambert, in order to nourish his piety by the memory of the courage that had shone forth in the martyrdom of one who devoted himself to the defence of truth and chastity; sometimes it was in the forest where the voice of his Beloved had called him, there to lament the misfortune of not having loved sooner that beauty ever ancient and ever new. At other times it was in the fields, at night, under the vault of heaven, amid that nature of which every detail recalled to him the greatness and the clemency of the Creator. All the objects that surrounded him served him admirably to raise his heart to his God, the sole centre of his love. His soul, raised above the senses, discovered a new world whose riches and beauties ravished it out of itself. The grandeurs and pleasures of the earth, whose deceitful glamour seduces their unhappy followers, seemed to him now mere nothingness; earthly affections and delights had no more charm and could not even reach the lofty region to which the spirit of prayer and meditation had carried him.

While he had so much gentleness and indulgence for others, he had severity only for himself. A workman having by accident crushed his hand against a wooden stake, he bore the pain and suffering with marvellous constancy and without asking to be healed; he only repeated this verse of Psalm L [50]: “Lord, have mercy on me according to Thy great mercy.” His pain having given him a little respite, he fell asleep, and in his sleep he saw Jesus Christ, who, showing him the fair palace of blessed eternity, said to him: “Thou seest many mansions in My Father’s house, but here is the one I have prepared for thee in particular. In a year I shall loose the bond of thy tribulation, I shall deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” This warning gave him new strength to labour at the great work of his salvation. He redoubled his vigils, his prayers and his alms, and became more attentive to doing all his actions with perfection. Often he bathed the sepulchre of St. Lambert with his tears, and from there he passed into the church of St. Peter, where he prostrated himself on the ground before the altar he had consecrated in honour of St. Albinus. One day, when he had made a long prayer accompanied by tears and broken by sobs, he rose, uttering these words: “The just shall be in everlasting remembrance.” Then, turning towards the wall and measuring with his arms the size of his sepulchre, he said: “Here is the place where I shall soon be laid.”

Meanwhile he was begged by several notable persons of Brabant to come to them and dedicate a new church. He would not refuse them, although he was well aware that his death was near, and he performed this function with his usual zeal and piety; but as he was going back up the river to return to Liège, fever seized him with such violence that he was forced to stop at one of his farms called Tervueren (*Fura Ducis*), between Brussels and Louvain. The holy prelate, in the pains of his agony, saw appear in the middle of the night the enemy of mankind, who strove to frighten him with horrible shapes; but he vigorously repelled him by reciting the psalm *Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi* and by means of holy water, which he had one of his servants bring him. As day began to break he summoned his son Floribert and all his household and bade them a last farewell. Then, fortified with the holy sacraments of the Church, he recited the Creed before them all, and as he wished also to recite the Lord’s Prayer, at the words “Our Father who art in heaven” he ended his earthly and mortal life, to go and possess an eternal and immortal one in heaven, on 30 May 727.

In the church of Saint-Hubert the principal acts of the Saint’s life are represented: 1° The Birth of St. Hubert: a single bas-relief on the right side face. On one side are seen the statues of three angels presenting the new-born child to Religion, who blesses him; on the other, four statues representing the various classes of suffering humanity: the poor and the sick whom religion succours, consoles and heals. There are also shown

in anticipation the many cures of which the new-born child will one day be the author. Above, in the perspective, is seen the Eternal Father, whose preserving hand upholds the globe of the world which He governs and whose feet are lost in the clouds of His eternity. Around are angels carrying, some the insignia of the episcopate to which the child will be raised, others musical instruments, as if to celebrate in heaven the happy birth that is to gladden the earth.

2° The Conversion, in the middle compartment of the main face. The young Frank is hunting in the Hercynian forest, or forest of the Ardennes; a stag bearing the luminous sign of the Redemption between its two antlers appears to him. Hubert prostrates himself; grace penetrates his soul; while the voice of an angel, represented in the picture, cries to him: “Turn to the Lord, for the abyss is open beneath your feet.” In the same picture are seen the various implements of the chase. The stag and the horse stand out in it, placed with great art. Only their forequarters are seen, however; the thick forest veils the rest of their bodies. Above, through the openings of the tympanum, are seen in the distance the tall trees of the forest and the rays of the sun shining on the huntsman’s conversion, as the light of grace shines in his soul. 3° The Penance, in the middle compartment of the opposite face. Hubert, faithful to his God, has withdrawn from the court and the world in order to accomplish the conversion so divinely begun. He lives as an anchorite in the Ardennes forest, clothed in a hair shirt and a corselet, fasting and praying. There again are seen the old trees of the forest raising their tops towards heaven, whither the vows and sighs of the penitent ceaselessly rise. He himself is seen kneeling, praying before a simple cross planted on what still stands of an old trunk. At his side is his guardian angel, accompanied by another angel holding a harp, which he plucks: a symbol of the salutary enchantment that the sweet accents of the Saint’s word and the ardour of his zeal will arouse in the peoples he will be called to evangelize.

4° The Ordination, in the right compartment of the main front face. Hubert is on pilgrimage in Rome at the moment when the news arrives there of the massacre of St. Lambert by Dodo. Pope Sergius I, to whom he has been designated by a divine revelation as successor of the murdered bishop, comes with his clergy to find him piously kneeling at the door of the church of St. Peter; he brings him in and hands him the sacred insignia that are seen in the hands of his levites.

5° The Miracles, the left bas-relief on the same face. St. Hubert is raised to the episcopal chair of Maastricht. The holy prelate, full of zeal and tenderness, holds out his hand to the weak and the afflicted. Children, widows, the needy and prisoners surround him on his throne and find in him a tender father and a saviour. Afflicted mothers bring him their sick children; the blind have themselves led there; the possessed are brought there, and all find there the healing of their ills and consolation in their troubles.

6° The Translation of St. Lambert, in the left compartment of the opposite face. St. Hubert, after a heavenly warning, has the relics of St. Lambert carried from Maastricht to the township of Liège, the scene of his master’s massacre. The Saint, in a bishop’s vesture, surrounded by his levites, himself accompanies the funeral procession, which poor country folk hasten to venerate as it passes. And so as not to be separated from those beloved remains, he settles there himself and becomes the true founder, as well as the first bishop, of the fair city.

7° The Death of St. Hubert, on the side face opposite the one that holds his birth. The dying pontiff is surrounded by his clergy and by men of the people: some weeping, others standing motionless awaiting his glorious departure. The Saint, upheld by his angel, raises his hands to heaven and in a divine ecstasy cries: “I leave this body of clay to appear before my judge!…”

8° The Burial, in the right compartment of the main face opposite his miracles. There is seen the mortal remains of the Saint, laid on the funeral shroud, held up by religious who, in the presence of St. Floribert, the Saint’s successor, bury it in the church of St. Peter at Liège.

Beside the altar of the chapel called St. Hubert's there is still to be seen an old painting: it is a present that the college of Bastogne made to the church of Saint-Hubert in 1666. It represents the Saint overthrowing a dragon, symbol of paganism vanquished; a fair dawn appears, shedding pleasant gleams before which the thick darkness of night flees: an image of the light of faith that the Saint spread in those poor and ignorant regions. Bishop Hubert dominates the whole picture.

In the choir of the church of Saint-Hubert, on the panels of the stalls on the right side, scenes from the life of the Saint are carved: 1° St. Hubert is seen on horseback in the dress of count of the palace, whose functions he exercised at the court of Theuderic III, king of Neustria; 2° St. Lambert, bishop of Maastricht, blesses the marriage of the young Hubert with Floribanne, daughter of the count of Louvain; 3° Hubert hunts in the forest of the Ardennes; the stag he is pursuing turns round, bearing the image of Christ between the branches of its antlers. The huntsman, struck with surprise, falls on his knees and submits to the divine will; 4° Hubert, having arrived in Rome in 696, is brought into the church of St. Peter by Pope St. Sergius, who consecrates him bishop of Maastricht, successor of St. Lambert; 5° St. Peter hands St. Hubert a golden key, symbol of the power granted him to bind and loose on earth and to heal the raving; 6° St. Hubert, by the sign of the cross, strikes down the murderers of St. Lambert, who had come to meet him on his return from Rome to take his life; 7° St. Hubert, minister of Him of whom it is written, "The devil shall go forth before His feet", delivers a possessed man; 8° An angel, sent by the Blessed Virgin, hands St. Hubert the miraculous stole; 9° St. Hubert, on his deathbed, expires, surrounded by his son and his servants dissolved in tears. These bas-reliefs are handled with great boldness and great talent; their proportions and their perspective are of admirable effect.

CULT AND RELICS. — ABBEY OF SAINT-HUBERT. — ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. HUBERT. — THE HOLY STOLE, THE TAILLE, THE NOVENA OF ST. HUBERT, THE RÉPIT. — CONFRATERNITY OF ST. HUBERT. INDULGENCES.

The body of St. Hubert was carried to Liège, into the church of St. Peter, where it remained exposed for some time to the veneration of the faithful; then it was laid in the place the Saint had marked out, near the altar of St. Albinus, in the collegiate church of St. Peter, where God was not slow to manifest the holiness of His servant by several miracles. In 743 St. Floribert proceeded to the elevation of his relics in the presence of a great concourse of the faithful. King Carloman wished to attend this ceremony with all his court. The body was found without any corruption and exhaling a pleasant odour. Full of wonder at this pledge of divine mercy, the king wished himself, with the help of the great men of his court, to take the sacred and fragrant body out of the grave, and he carried it in procession into the church. The Saint's remains were placed in a new coffin and set before the high altar, where they were venerated for eighty-two years. The king on this occasion made rich presents to the church of St. Peter and bequeathed it by will lands and many revenues. This elevation took place on 3 November: the feast of St. Hubert was fixed on that day throughout the Catholic Church.

On 21 September 825 the bishop of Liège, Walcand, opened the Saint's tomb in the presence of Louis the Pious and of a countless crowd of the faithful. The body of the holy Pontiff was found in the same state of preservation as at the first translation. His flesh had remained as intact as on the day of his burial. The sacred body was then carried with extraordinary pomp to the church of St. Lambert, where it again remained exposed for three days to the veneration of the faithful. After this time the bishop placed the precious deposit in the hands of the monks of Andage, who carried it solemnly to their monastery. Having arrived, the monks opened the coffin and assured themselves once more that the holy body was there entire; they took from it the miraculous stole, the ivory crosier, a sandal, the comb and the horn, both of ivory: all objects that are still shown today, except the sandal. The precious remains were then laid in a *chapelle ardente* [a chapel lit with candles round a body lying in state] in the church, which had been rebuilt by Beregisus and repaired by Walcand. Scarcely had the body of St. Hubert arrived at Andage when the people came in crowds to pray in

the places sanctified by his penance and by the presence of his august relics: this tender confidence of the faithful was rewarded by many miracles. The striking cures obtained through his intercession and the use of his miraculous stole, in grave illnesses and for dangerous bites, drew to Andage so great a crowd of pilgrims that this pilgrimage was soon numbered among the most celebrated of the Christian world. The name of Andage vanished as if by enchantment before the people's love for the name of Saint-Hubert. The little town of Saint-Hubert today contains about 2,200 inhabitants. Its origin cannot go back beyond 817; it owes it, with its successive growth and its resources, to the monastery of the place. It was at first only a wretched village of poor people and labourers who came and set their huts against the walls of the monastery, from which they received food, instruction, and land already cleared and free of dues. When the relics of St. Hubert were transferred to Andage (825), the many miracles that took place at his tomb and above all the wonderful effects of the holy stole drew there a crowd of pilgrims, merchants and strangers who little by little settled there, to be nearer the patronage of the Saint and the monastery: which considerably increased the number of huts. From then on the village exists; the holy patron has given it his name; its prosperity grows with the reputation of the holy stole and with the benefits of the monastery. Constantly protected by the abbots, the village gradually reaches the state of a town. Even today its fine church and its famous relics draw a great number of pilgrims and strangers from every part of Christendom: which forms a large part of the inhabitants' livelihood. The rich splendours of the abbatial crosier have no less served to make some fortunes there. Fine roads recently opened put it in communication with other countries and bring there every day a crowd of travellers who, though daunted by the rigour of the climate and the look of the soil, nevertheless let themselves be drawn by the celebrity of the pilgrimage. On arriving, everything speaks to them of the patron; his traces and memories are met everywhere; his name is in every memory and on every lip, as on every part of the monument.

The devout pilgrim hastens to make his prayer before the Saint's altar; the more curious and less hurried traveller stops to contemplate the sumptuous buildings of the abbot's palace; he asks about the origin of the abbey, its progress and its suppression.

This is the occasion on which the monastery of Andage, today Saint-Hubert, was founded. In the centre of the forest of the Ardennes, not far from a Roman road, there was a fortified castle named Ambra, chief place of the domain of Amberloux. St. Maternus, bishop of Tongres, had erected a church there and dedicated it to St. Peter. The Huns, laying waste the Gauls, had razed this stronghold to the ground together with the church: it was nothing but ruins for two hundred and thirty-seven years. Beregisus, almoner of Pepin of Héristal, having obtained from him the gift of this place, went to take possession of Ambra in 687, bringing with him monks of the monastery of Saint-Trond and some faithful friends. With their help he cleared this wilderness and made it habitable. He raised from its ruins the church that had formerly existed in this castle and that St. Maternus had dedicated to St. Peter; he directed the little community of monks in the service of God. Such was the origin of the monastery of Andage, of which Beregisus was the founder and first abbot. After the death of Beregisus fervour slackened little by little among the monks; the buildings fell into ruin, and soon the monastery was inhabited only by a small number of solitaries, who had recourse to the bishop of Liège, Walcand, that he might improve their situation. He had the church repaired and the ruinous buildings raised again; he added new constructions, which he extended a little farther to the east, towards the spring that gave the monastery the name of Andage (*Andaïnum* or *Andagium*). In 817 he suppressed the community of clerics of Andage and replaced them with Benedictine religious drawn from the monastery of St. Peter at Liège, founded by St. Hubert, to whom he granted rich possessions and many revenues. The monastery acquired great wealth in a short time. From 825 to 837 several parishes took up the custom of coming every year in procession to the church of St. Peter at Saint-Hubert, each bringing its offering. To this period too must be referred the origin of the confraternities of St. Hubert, another source of revenue for the abbey. Families and whole provinces, wishing to place themselves under the Saint's protection and share in the prayers of the religious, bound themselves to pay an annual rent to Saint-Hubert. Hence comes the

expression still in use, *se faire arrenter* [literally “to have oneself put under rent”], which today means to have oneself enrolled in the Confraternity of St. Hubert. This confraternity was approved and enriched with indulgences by Popes Julius II in 1510 and Leo X in 1515. The dukes of Bouillon and the counts of Flanders, Namur, Montaigu, Durbuy, Chigny and Mouson declared themselves protectors and defenders of the church of Saint-Hubert. Later Charles V, Charles the Bold and Henry IV took the monastery under their protection. Fourteen sovereign Pontiffs, from St. Gregory VII to Urban VIII, gave bulls or rescripts in favour of the abbey of Saint-Hubert, granted it many privileges, and launched anathema against anyone who should injure the movable or immovable goods it possessed or might acquire in future. In 1090 the monastery of Saint-Hubert shone with its brightest lustre, and the Rule of St. Benedict flourished there in all the perfection of religious life. Saint-Hubert gave birth to some men who made a name in letters and the arts, and whose whole glory goes back to the monastery; at all times, too, it produced great men to govern other monasteries. The Popes entrusted its abbots with important missions.

The monastery was prosperous until about the year 1096. Then its temporal goods were squandered and the monastery itself pillaged by the agents of the simoniac Otbert of Brandenburg, prince-bishop of Liège. About 1130 a fire consumed the church of the monastery, which was rebuilt by Abbot Gislebert and completed by his successor, John of Waha: this was the third church built on the same site. It was also about this time that the monastery received by gift the farm called the Converserie, about a league north-east of the monastery. It was at this spot that St. Hubert, while hunting, met the miraculous stag; it was there too that, according to the most accepted tradition, he spent several years of penance. A chapel built there in memory of these two great events of the Saint’s life long hallowed the memory of them; its ruins could still be seen in 1535. From 1200 to 1415 the temporal affairs of the monastery were considerably restored; morals and discipline likewise received a happy reform; but the second half of the 15th century was again a time of misfortune and suffering for the monastery. The country was given up to such disorder by the wars that armed men often broke into the abbey, pillaged it, and went so far as to strike and wound the monks. The beginning of the 16th century opened a new era for the monastery. Nicolas de Malaise, elected abbot in 1503, restored a strict discipline and obtained several privileges from Popes Julius II and Leo X. A silver shrine, which a skilful monk had adorned with gold and precious stones, held the body of the Saint, which remained exposed in the church to the veneration of the faithful. The monastery, protected by the Popes and the temporal princes, was prospering in every respect when, on 20 January 1525, a fire broke out in the township and consumed most of the monastery buildings and a great part of the church. As a result of this disaster Abbot de Malaise conceived the plan of raising a larger and finer church than the one the fire had just destroyed. He kept of it only the towers, which he had repaired, and the transept portal, and he laid the foundations of the present church. It is said that the stones of this church were brought at great expense from Namur and Maastricht. When the façade was repaired in 1844, stones likewise had to be brought from Sprimont, near Liège.

In 1568 the monastery was pillaged and the church burned by a band of Huguenots; but the relics were put in a safe place by the monks, warned in time of their approach. After the religious returned, the community found itself in such a state of want that the abbot was obliged to sell the church plate and even the silver shrine that held the body of St. Hubert. A new fire soon added to the abbey’s losses, and it had also to suffer every kind of violence from the provincial council of the duchy of Luxembourg. Abbot Jean de Balla (1585–1599) raised again the towers of the church, which he furnished with bells and a fine carillon; he repaired the organ ravaged by the fire of the *Gueux* [the “Beggars”, the Calvinist insurgents of the Low Countries] and considerably enlarged it. The monastery, however, still had much to suffer from the continual state of war of the 16th and 17th centuries. The slackening of monastic discipline led Abbot Nicolas de Fanson (1611–1652) to introduce a new reform (1618), which brought the obstinate religious back to the original regularity of the Order of St. Benedict and restored the monastery to the level of its former splendour. The abbey was in a prosperous state when in 1635 a fire again consumed the quarters of the abbot and the brethren, the library and rich furnishings. Under Abbot Cyprien Maréchal (1662–1686) the church

received two marble altars, a rood loft, an organ that still exists, and rich priestly vestments. The vault of the great nave was completed (1683). Clément Lefebvre (1686–1727) replaced the fine Gothic façade, which had partly collapsed in the Huguenots' fire, with the present façade; he had the sanctuary and choir paved with marble and began their elegant marble screen, which was completed only under his successor, Célestin de Jong (1727–1760). This abbot built the fine abbey buildings as they are still seen; but the lavishness of his administration led to excessive expenditure, which was further increased by the unfortunate speculations and fruitless undertakings of Nicolas Spirlet, last abbot of Saint-Hubert, who was obliged to emigrate to Prussia, where he died in 1794. At last came republican vandalism; the religious were expelled from the abbey (1796); with them went the rich treasure of the church and monastery, whose goods were sold for the benefit of the nation. In 1807 the church was marked for destruction, but it was bought back to be restored to the piety of the faithful and to Catholic worship (1808), and Mgr Pisani, bishop of Namur, erected it into a parish church (1809). From that time the church, lacking sufficient revenue, suffered much from the ravages of time and the neglect of men. In 1843 King Leopold I, seeing the edifice and recognizing its architectural merit, endowed it magnificently, and since then it has been regarded as a national monument. As for the abbey buildings, after belonging to the province of Luxembourg and to private persons, they have returned to the government domain, which has set up there a penitentiary house for young offenders.

The two Orders of Knights of St. Hubert were established in honour of the most holy Trinity, of the five wounds of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin, under the protection of St. Hubert: the first on account of a victory won on the day of the feast, 3 November; the second to put an end to the dissensions between the lords of Bar and of Lorraine. The head of the Order, who about 1420 bore the title of King, took about 1422 that of Grand Huntsman [*Grand-Veneur*], and two centuries later that of Grand Master of the Order.

The insignia were a collar bearing a medal hanging on the knight's breast. On this medal was seen St. Hubert adoring the Crucifix shown in the stag's antlers. A small model of this medal can be seen in a cross given by a prince palatine and hung on the monstrance of the church.

To be admitted to the Order of St. Hubert one had to be a Roman Catholic, of good morals, and to possess at least four quarters of nobility. Ladies were admitted. The knights bound themselves to recite five *Paters* and five *Aves* each day, to fast on the eve of the Saint's feast, to respect the bonds of marriage, to defend religion and the interests of the lawful sovereign, and to succour the unfortunate.

Kings Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI and Louis XVIII did not disdain the honour of being its sovereign heads, and the dukes of Choiseul and of Aumont that of being its grand masters. The chapter of the Order had deposited in the church of Saint-Hubert a quarto volume containing the roll by name of the grand crosses, commanders, knights and officers of arms of the noble Order of St. Hubert of Lorraine, in which are inscribed the names of emperors of Germany, kings of France and princes of Lorraine, with the ceremonial of the religious receptions and the form of the deed to be drawn up for them. The principal relic, the one that above all draws attention and respect, is the stole that belonged to St. Hubert and that every day works marvellous effects. It is enclosed in a little silver box, which replaced a gold reliquary of admirable workmanship. From ancient documents that have come down to us it is established that the holy stole was used from the 9th century as an infallible remedy against rabies, provided that the patient had true faith and observed the prescriptions laid down for this cure. So from then on we see the custom established of going in procession to Saint-Hubert: a custom taken up on the occasion of many miracles. The farther the report of these wonders spread, the more the crowd of unfortunates of every kind grew who came to seek the healing of their ills. The Saint's stole was known everywhere for its miraculous effects. Its power consists chiefly in preserving from the consequences of the venom of rabies those to whom it has been communicated, whether by the bite of an animal stricken with that terrible disease, or by blood, slaver, breath, infected food, or in any other way.

Medicine has no certain remedy against rabies; it confines itself to indicating preventive precautions to stop the rabid virus being absorbed and carried into the circulation of the blood. At Saint-Hubert they go about it more simply, to grant infallibly the cure of rabies, whatever the manner in which the virus has been absorbed. This is how the cure is obtained. As soon as a person believes himself infected with the venom of rabies he goes to Saint-Hubert; if he has been bitten to the blood [*mordue à sang*] by a mad animal, he undergoes the operation called the *Taille* [the "cut"]; if he has not been bitten to the blood, he receives the *Répit* [the "respite"]. After which the person returns home and performs a novena. He is assured of his cure. This is how the operation of the *Taille* is done. The chaplain makes a small incision in the forehead of the person who has been bitten; the skin being slightly lifted with a bodkin, he introduces into the incision a tiny particle of the stuff of the holy stole, and holds it there with a narrow band of black linen, which must be worn for nine days, that is, for a novena that is prescribed at Saint-Hubert. Here are the ten articles of the novena of St. Hubert [eleven are printed]; the person into whose forehead a particle of the holy stole has been inserted must observe the following articles: 1° He must confess and communicate under the guidance and good counsel of a wise and prudent confessor, who can dispense from it; 2° he must sleep alone in white and clean sheets, or else fully clothed when the sheets are not white; 3° he must drink from a glass or other vessel of his own, and must not bend his head to drink at fountains or rivers, without however troubling himself if he should look at or see himself in rivers or mirrors; 4° he may drink red, *clairet* [light red] and white wine mixed with water, or drink pure water; 5° he may eat white bread or other bread, the flesh of a male pig a year old or more, capons or hens likewise a year old or more, fish bearing scales, such as herrings, *saurets* [red herrings], carp, etc., and hard-boiled eggs; all these things must be eaten cold; salt is not forbidden; 6° he may wash his hands and wipe his face with a fresh cloth; the custom is not to shave during the nine days; 7° he must not comb his hair for forty days, the novena included; 8° on the tenth day he must have his band untied by a priest, have it burned, and put the ashes in the piscina; 9° he must keep every year the feast of St. Hubert, which is the third day of November; 10° and if the person should receive from any mad animals a wound or bite that drew blood, he must keep the same abstinence for three days, without any need to return to Saint-Hubert; 11° he may finally give respite, or a delay of forty days, to all persons who are wounded or bitten to the blood or otherwise infected by any mad animals. This novena is found established from time immemorial. It has been observed ever since recourse has been had to St. Hubert. Since the 9th century, since the time of St. Hubert himself, the constant and established usage was to practise what this novena prescribes, in order to obtain the signal benefit that has always been granted to those who have asked for it by this practice. Is it not legitimate to conclude that this novena expresses the dispositions that St. Hubert required of those whom he healed during his life? If observance of the novena is a condition of the cure, it is because humility and obedience, which make one embrace practices that, far from having anything reprehensible, contain only acts of piety, prudence and penance, dispose the soul to a livelier and better-founded confidence, and so to the blessings of Him who looks upon the humble with love and turns His eyes from the proud and the disdainful.

The *Répit* consists in securing against rabies persons bitten, or otherwise infected, by mad animals, until they can go to Saint-Hubert to be definitively secured there. Historical tradition traces the origin of the power to give the *Répit* back to St. Hubert. Add to this that continual facts come every day to confirm this tradition. Only the chaplains serving the chapel of St. Hubert and persons who have received the *Taille* can give this *Répit*.

The chaplains attached to the work of St. Hubert can give the *Répit* for a term or for life. Persons who have received the *Taille* can give it only for forty days, as their instruction states at no. 11; but they can repeat it from forty days to forty days. Persons bitten to the blood have been seen to content themselves with going to ask the *Répit* every forty days, for thirty-eight years, from a person who had received the *Taille* living several leagues from their place, and after that time coming to have the *Taille* at Saint-Hubert.

The *Répit* is granted to persons bitten by an animal that shows only doubtful signs of hydrophobia, or whose bite did not go so far as to draw blood, or again to persons who believe themselves infected with the venom of rabies in any way whatever. It is also granted to children who have not made their first communion and are not prepared to make it, whatever their wound. Of two children bitten to the blood by the same mad animal and in the same circumstances, one receives the *Taille* because he can fulfil the conditions of the novena; the other, too young, receives the *Répit* for a term, and never has confidence in the *Répit* been deceived. Before the term expires he must return to Saint-Hubert to receive the *Taille*, or have recourse to the forty-day *Répit*. Parents ask the *Répit* for little children: this practice was already in use by 1550.

Finally, the *Répit* is given to persons seized with fear. The sad effects that fear brings on in the body, and the intellectual disorders that result from it, are well enough known. The *Répit* never fails to raise the morale of the fearful, to banish entirely from his mind the sickness of fear, and to reassure him against the danger of rabies however imminent it may seem to him. Strong-minded people [*les esprits forts*: freethinkers] may see in this *Répit* only a vain ceremony, a puerile and unreasonable practice, but we can do nothing about that. The results obtained every day stand there like unshakeable walls against which all reasonings break. The effect produced by the Holy Stole on declared rabies is that persons who have received the *Taille* have the power, a thousand times acknowledged, to stop, calm and cause the death of mad animals without being troubled by them.

At Saint-Hubert there are blessed Keys or Horns [*Clefs ou Cornets*], which are touched to the Holy Stole: this is a conical iron about ten centimetres long and five millimetres thick, ending in a kind of seal representing a horn. The use of these keys or horns is sufficiently shown in the following Instruction:

“As soon as one perceives that an animal has been bitten or infected by another, the horn or key must be made red-hot in the fire and pressed on the wound itself, if this can conveniently be done, otherwise on the forehead down to the quick flesh, and the said animal must be kept shut up for nine days, so that the venom may not spread through any immoderate agitation.

“Healthy animals will also be marked on the forehead, but it will not be necessary to keep them shut up.

“This done, someone of the family, whether for one or for several beasts, will begin the same day to recite for nine consecutive days five *Paters* and *Aves* in honour of God, of His glorious Mother and of St. Hubert. During all this time the said animal will be given every day, before any other food, a piece of bread or a little oats blessed by a priest in honour of St. Hubert.

“The marvellous power of these horns for cattle is sufficiently established by daily experience; and even if, in spite of this precaution, rabies should be communicated to such an animal, it is seen to die without harming the others.

“It would be an abuse, and these keys would be profaned, if they were used to mark men, or if they were pressed on wood or anything else when red-hot, since they are blessed only for marking animals.

“It would be an abuse to believe that they are profaned when they are dropped on the ground or touched with the hand.

“It is a criminal abuse to use the horns or keys of St. Hubert to gain money or any other present. The mere intention of receiving any makes these horns useless for obtaining the effect hoped for, and consequently they are profaned.” It is a fact attested by thousands of witnesses that animals marked on the forehead with the key of St. Hubert, if they are bitten by other mad animals, are not at all to be feared; for even in the case where rabies is communicated to them, they are seen to die without harming either persons or other animals.

To preserve themselves from rabies, people devoutly carry on their persons objects blessed and touched to the miraculous Stole of St. Hubert, such as crosses, rings, rosaries, medals, etc. Another much-used means of obtaining St. Hubert’s protection against hydrophobia is to have oneself enrolled in the Confraternity of

St. Hubert.

The indulgences granted either to the brothers and sisters of the Confraternity of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, formerly diocese of Liège, now diocese of Namur, or to the other faithful who visit the church dedicated to this great Saint, are the following: 1° A plenary indulgence on the first day of their reception into the said Confraternity, to all those who, truly penitent and having confessed, shall have communicated on the said day of their reception. 2° A plenary indulgence to those who at the point of death shall devoutly invoke, with the heart (if they cannot with the mouth), the most holy Name of Jesus.

3° A plenary indulgence on St. Hubert's day (the principal feast of the Confraternity), from first Vespers to sunset of the said day, in favour of those who, with the same dispositions as above, shall visit the church of the said Saint and pray for the intentions of the sovereign Pontiff.

4° An indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines to those who, being likewise disposed as above, shall visit the said church on the feasts of Pentecost, of the Blessed Sacrament, and of the Assumption and the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and pray for the intentions of the sovereign Pontiff.

5° An indulgence of sixty days to those who, with heart at least contrite, shall devoutly perform some work of piety, such as accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when it is carried to the sick, or in lawfully authorized processions; teaching the ignorant the articles of our faith and the commandments of God; reciting the *Pater* and the *Ave Maria* five times, either for the sick or dying or for the souls of departed Brothers; lodging pilgrims, etc. This indulgence of sixty days is granted for each of the said works of piety, as often as they are performed.

6° A plenary indulgence, once each year only, to all the faithful of either sex who, truly contrite, having confessed and communicated, shall devoutly visit the aforesaid church of Saint-Hubert in the Ardennes and pray there for concord among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies and the exaltation of our Mother the holy Church. 7° A plenary indulgence to all the faithful who, truly contrite, having confessed and communicated, shall devoutly visit the said church each year on the day of the feast of St. Hubert and on the nine consecutive days immediately preceding, and pray there for the usual ends expressed in no. 6. This plenary indulgence can be gained only once a year, within the said days, at the choice of each of the faithful.

8° Remission of two hundred days of penances enjoined or otherwise due, in whatever way, on each of the other eight days designated in no. 7, granted in the customary form of the Church to the said faithful who, at least contrite, shall visit the said church and pray as above.

To be able to gain the indulgences indicated in the first five numbers above, which are granted in perpetuity by an apostolic Rescript of 7 September 1814, one must belong to the Confraternity. The other indulgences mentioned in nos. 6, 7 and 8, granted *ad septennium* [for seven years] by two Briefs given at Rome on 9 September 1814, can be gained without belonging to the said Confraternity.

It is a universal tradition in the monastery, in the Church of Liège and wherever the Saint is known, that his body is hidden in a secret vault of the church, where it was placed as a measure of prudence, and that the monks who knew its hiding-place, in view of the disorders of the times, took the secret with them to the grave. It was only towards the end of the 16th century that the shrine containing his sacred remains ceased to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Autrey, formerly an abbey of canons regular and now the minor seminary of the diocese of Saint-Dié, possesses a bone of the foot or the hand attributed to St. Hubert. This relic was the object of a considerable pilgrimage. The chapel of St. Hubert, with a flat coffered vault, still exists; it is of the Renaissance period and of the same style as the chapel of the Bishops in the cathedral of Toul; it was adorned with very remarkable painted windows, of which only a part is to be seen in the museum of Épinal. In 1495 the religious of Saint-Hubert in the Ardennes attacked the authenticity of the relic of Autrey, alleging that the body of the holy bishop of Tongres rested entire in their monastery. The question

was pleaded before the bishop of Basle, then in 1513 before the bishop of Toul; some years later it was taken to the court of Rome. It was never judged on the merits. Indeed such questions cannot be settled by a sentence of authority. The relic of Autrey, which has a possession many times centuries old, can be dispossessed only by the exhibition of the body of St. Hubert entire and without any alteration in any of its members; now at Saint-Hubert in the Ardennes they are in no position to furnish proof of this assertion, put forward nearly four centuries ago. Since 1792 the relic of St. Hubert from the abbey of Autrey has been kept in the parish church of Rambervillers, ten kilometres away. At that date a priest of that town, on horseback and followed by a number of riders, carried it off and translated it at a moment when it would surely have perished for ever. This last fact, which would have been curious to relate, is well known in the district but has not yet been established by any deed. Limé, in the canton of Braine, possesses a relic of St. Hubert, bishop of Liège, who died in 727. Everyone knows that this holy bishop is specially invoked against rabies; this is what for several centuries has brought a great number of pilgrims to Limé. It is presumed that at the time when the raids of the Northmen disturbed the peace of the monasteries of the North, the religious of the celebrated abbey of Saint-Hubert in the Ardennes carried the relics of their holy patron to Limé, and that in gratitude they gave one of his bones to the church of the place. “These holy relics,” says an old official report drawn up in 1735 by order of the bishop of Soissons, “have from time immemorial been revered by the people under the invocation of St. Hubert, notably by those who had had the misfortune to be bitten by mad beasts, who have often felt the protection of this great Saint, having suffered no harm from their wounds: facts easy to prove by persons still living, who never cease to proclaim it, coming faithfully every year in gratitude to the said Limé, place of his cult, etc.”

The inhabitants of Limé hold from tradition that no mad beast has ever done the least damage in the territory of their commune.

To revise and complete this biography we have made use of the Pèlerinage de Saint-Hubert en Ardennes *by the abbé Bertrand; of the* Antiquités du diocèse de Soissons *by the abbé Lequeux; and of notes furnished by the abbé Déblaye, curé of Imling.*

ST. MALACHY OF ARMAGH, BISHOP OF CONNOR, THEN OF ARMAGH, PRIMATE OF IRELAND

1148. — Pope: Eugene III. — King of England: Stephen of Blois.

> *He seemed to live solely within himself, and he was so devoted to the service of his neighbour that one would have said he lived only for others.*
>
> *St. Bernard, Sermon II on St. Malachy.*

Malachy was from Armagh, an archiepiscopal city of Ireland (province of Ulster), and he was brought up and taught letters there. But, as fish born in the sea keep nothing of its salt water, so he took nothing from his birth or his education of the barbarism of his country. Those who gave him life were among the most illustrious and powerful of that city; yet the eminence of their condition did not prevent them from taking the greatest care to teach him the law of God and to form him early to the Christian virtues. His mother, a lady of great virtue, applied herself to this especially, because she made far more account of the science of the Saints, which edifies, than of worldly science, which puffs up. She sent him early to school; and there he knew so well how to reconcile study with the practices of a wise and solid devotion that he satisfied equally the will of this lady and the wishes of his teachers. Nothing but excellent inclinations was ever seen in him. His gentleness and docility made him loved by everyone. He became from day to day more prudent and more holy. He had the manners of an old man, though he had only the age of a child, and none of the faults ordinary to youth could be remarked in him. As praise did not puff him up, so reprimands did not sadden him. He had a horror of idleness and play, and the command of his masters was an inviolable law for him. He

soon became more learned than his companions and more virtuous than those who taught him. Retirement was his dearest recreation. He meditated assiduously on the law of God. He ate little, watched much, and was almost always at prayer; and because his studies did not allow him to go to church as often as he would have wished, and he did not dare to show affectation in this, he raised his pure hands to heaven in every place where he could do so without being noticed, taking care even then to avoid vainglory, which he knew to be the venom that poisons and corrupts the holiest actions. He used to go to a country house with his master; and on the way he would let him go on a little ahead so as to be free to send short and ardent prayers to the sole object of his love. He was so serious that, having one day gone to see a teacher whose merit had been praised to him, and having found him playing at some trifling game unworthy of the gravity of a man of his character, he came away without speaking to him and never afterwards would see him.

Meanwhile, as the grace of the Saviour made continually new impressions in his heart, he put himself under the direction of a holy hermit named Imar, who had had a little cell made for himself near the cathedral church of Armagh, where, having shut himself up as in a sepulchre, he practised austerities that seemed beyond human strength. He had not been long in his school before he drew on himself the eyes of the whole city. Several young men followed his example, and by this means he procured for his spiritual father a numerous family of religious. But he who was their elder brother, says St. Bernard, was also their model. He made such progress in this school of perfection that Celsus, archbishop of Armagh, with Imar's consent, made him deacon of his Church. With this order he received a new spirit, which carried him to all the works of humility and mercy, above all to that of shrouding and burying the poor, who have no less than the rich the hope of blessed immortality. His sister tried to turn him from this office of piety as from an employment unworthy of persons of his birth; but he took no notice of her reproaches, and, seeing well that it was the serpent who made this woman speak, he continued, whatever she might say, the practices he had begun.

At the age of twenty-five he was ordained priest in spite of all his prayers and remonstrances, and the archbishop gave him the commission to preach the Gospel and catechize his people. This was an employment suited to the greatness of his zeal. He gave himself to it entirely, and one cannot express how many vices he extirpated, how many abuses he uprooted, and how many fruits of virtue and good works he caused to be produced. Through his care the apostolic constitutions, the canons of the Councils and the traditions or customs of the holy Roman Church were seen to revive. He renewed the chant of the canonical hours, which had almost been abolished; and because, of the seven Sacraments that Our Lord instituted, the Irish had neglected confirmation, confession and the ecclesiastical rules of marriage, he explained so well the usefulness of the first, the necessity of the second and the mysteries contained in the third, that their practice was restored among that nation. Malachy was thus the worthy minister of the people of God; but he wished also to make himself the disciple of a holy bishop of Lismore (province of Munster, county of Waterford). This personage, venerable for his age, commendable for his learning, illustrious for his miracles, was named Malc [Malchus]. He received this new disciple with all possible pleasure and gave him the instructions necessary for his ministry. Meanwhile it happened that the king of Munster was driven from his throne by the unjust usurpation of his brother. This unfortunate prince found nothing in his disgrace more fitted to console him than to have recourse to Bishop Malc. It was not to ask him for help against the tyrant's violence, but to learn from him to make good use of his misfortune; he would not even have him pay any regard to the splendour of his royal majesty, but begged him to treat him as the least of his disciples. The bishop admired his fervour and, to second his intentions, put him under the direction of St. Malachy. It was a great happiness for this prince to be king; he lived only on bread, salt and water like the other brethren; but he found in the conversation of the holy priest a continual feast with which his soul was abundantly filled. He opened his eyes and, recognizing the vanity of all earthly things, began to cherish the poor, humble and private life that he had embraced only by necessity; so that when a neighbouring king offered to put him back on the throne by driving out and punishing the usurper, he could not bring himself to consent, and for that Malc and Malachy had to command it of him; which they did only because his brother was oppressing the people and

declaring himself the enemy of God and men by his impious and tyrannical way of reigning. He was easily restored to all his States by a glorious victory that his benefactor won over the tyrant, and ever afterwards he had a singular veneration for St. Malachy, whose merit the occasion of his disgrace had made known to him. The sister of this worthy minister of the holy altars died at that time. Her worldly and licentious life had greatly displeased him; and he had even resolved not to see her any more, because she paid no heed to his remonstrances and there remained no hope of converting her. When he learned that her death had been accompanied by contrition for her sins, he prayed and said Mass for her. But a little while afterwards he thought no more about it. At the end of thirty days he heard in a dream a voice that told him that his sister was outside, at the entrance of the house, and that for thirty whole days she had eaten nothing. He woke and had no difficulty in understanding what sort of food she needed; then, counting the days, he found that it was exactly the number of those he had passed without offering for her the living bread come down from heaven. So, hating not her soul but only her sin, he began again to render her the duties of piety he had broken off. They were not useless to her; for shortly afterwards he saw her again in a dream, clothed in a black robe, near the church door, without being able to enter. He continued to offer the holy sacrifice for her, and he saw her in a half-white robe enter the church, without being able to approach the altar; at last, never ceasing to say Mass for her repose, he saw her clothed all in white and in the company of the just. This story, related and approved by St. Bernard, teaches us great secrets about purgatory: namely, that there is one; that souls suffer there the penalty due to their sins for which they have not satisfied in this life; that they can be helped there by the suffrages of the Church, above all by the holy sacrifice of the Mass; and that their pains do not cease all at once, but little by little and diminishing.

God gave St. Malachy yet another subject of consolation, greater and more powerful than the first: this was the conversion of his uncle, who was commendatory abbot of the famous abbey of Banchor, since called Bangor. This monastery had formerly been a nursery of Saints. A single one of its religious, named Luan, had built in Ireland and Scotland up to a hundred monasteries. St. Columbanus had come out of it to come into France, where he founded the celebrated abbey of Luxeuil, in which the praises of God were sung day and night without interruption. Bangor having been ruined by pirates, who martyred nine hundred monks in a single day, it was unhappily given *in commendam* with all its revenues, without anyone troubling to rebuild it and receive religious there. It had long been thus in Malachy's family, and his uncle who held it, wishing to save his soul, put it into his hands with all its goods, so that he might restore monastic discipline there, of which he himself was willing to be the first to make profession.

Our Saint, seeing himself abbot by the authority of the bishop of the place and on the advice of Imar, his former master, left the management of the temporalities to a secular steward; but, taking ten religious with him, he strove to restore this house of God to its first regularity. His wholly holy life was a living rule for the conduct of his brethren; he was not content to give them the example of retirement, penance and devotion; he was also first at manual work. It happened one day that, as he raised his axe to cut a piece of timber, a workman who had come forward imprudently received the blow and was thrown to the ground. People ran to him at once, thinking that his spine was split in two and that he would soon die; but they found only his garment cut, and the flesh so lightly grazed that the mark could scarcely be seen; which gave the workmen great courage to continue building the church. This was our Saint's first miracle. The devil made yet other efforts to hinder his good designs; for, having made himself master of the imagination of one of his boarders who was sick, he suggested to him to stab Malachy when he came to see him, and the wretch actually resolved to do it. The Saint, being warned of it, made his prayer before going to his room, and came out of that exercise so full of the strength of God that, by the mere sign of the cross which he then made over his body, he cured him perfectly, not only of his infirmity but also of the power of the evil spirit that had taken hold of his soul. This man afterwards received the religious habit and, as he was a man of letters, he was advanced in orders and even promoted to the episcopate.

The great miracles that St. Malachy wrought at every moment caused him to be elected bishop of Connor, a small town of Ireland in the county of Antrim. There was nothing he did not do to escape this dignity; but the continual entreaties of the people and the express order of the metropolitan and of blessed Imar, whom he always honoured as his director, constrained him to accept it, being then thirty years old. Having been consecrated and having entered his episcopal city, he applied himself ardently to the functions of his charge; but he soon recognized that he had been engaged to lead brutes rather than men. He had never yet seen anything like it, even among the most barbarous nations. They were Christians in name but pagans in fact; licentious in their morals, brutish in their customs, impious in their belief, enemies of the laws, incapable of discipline and dissolute in their whole life. They did not know what it was to confess, to receive penance, to approach the holy table and to contract lawful marriages. The few clerics who were there had nothing to do, because no one would listen to the word of God or take part in the sacraments. So general a disorder would have frightened and disconcerted anyone but Malachy; but this true shepherd, considering that he was called to the care of his sheep, resolved to stand firm and to sacrifice himself for their salvation. One cannot worthily represent either what he did or what he endured to bring them round and set them on the road of piety. He instructed them with patience, warned them with gentleness, rebuked them with charity and corrected them with prudence. When no one came to church out of inexcusable negligence, he went himself to look for them in the streets and public squares, to force them, so to speak, to become good in spite of themselves. He even went about the countryside, in the villages and hamlets, with his disciples, to distribute to these ungrateful souls the heavenly bread they did not want, and he made all these journeys on foot like an apostolic man. What insults did he not receive! What outrages did he not endure! What sufferings did hunger and thirst, cold and heat, nakedness and weariness not cause him in his holy eagerness to restore in that country the reign of true Christianity! God at last heard his prayers and his tears. The hardness of his people softened; they began to listen to his voice and receive his instructions. The barbarous laws were abolished and the apostolic laws took their place. The customs of the Catholic Church were received everywhere, and the abuses contrary to them were renounced. Churches were built and dedicated to the true God; the clergy was regulated; people began to frequent places of devotion, to confess and to communicate. Concubinage gave way to the holiness of marriage, and everything changed in such a way that one could say of this people what God said by Hosea: “He who before knew Me not is now become My people.”

Some years later, the king of the part of Ireland that faces north having taken and ruined the town of Connor, which was our Saint’s episcopal see, he found himself obliged to leave it and withdraw elsewhere with a hundred and twenty religious whom he had gathered into community. He withdrew into the kingdom of Munster, or Momonia, under the favour of King Cormac, that pious prince whom he had so well upheld and consoled in his disgrace. He built the monastery of Ibrac and lodged there. Cormac fed him there with all his religious, and this liberality drew upon his person and his kingdom a thousand spiritual and temporal blessings. Malachy took up again in this place all the practices of religious life that his pastoral functions had made him interrupt. The more his merit raised him above others, the more he delighted in abasing himself by acts of the deepest humility. He was a bishop, but he did not cease to serve in his turn as deacon, acolyte and lector. He was an abbot, but he did not cease to work in the kitchen, to sweep the regular places and to carry the tables in the refectory. He was a preacher, but he did not cease to attend the divine offices day and night, to help the sick in the infirmary and to put his hand to the spade to help the gardener.

Meanwhile God, who knows how to draw the humble from the dust to raise them upon thrones, willed that Celsus, archbishop of Armagh, when near to death, should name him as his successor and should conjure by word of mouth and by letter all that was powerful in Ireland, and even the two kings of Munster, to receive him as their prelate. There was, however, a great difficulty; for, as the archbishopric was very considerable, and the princes themselves, out of respect for St. Patrick, their apostle, who had been its founder, submitted to the one who held it, one of the first families of the island had so made it hereditary that for fifteen successions no one outside that house had been raised to it; and when there had been no clerics in it to fill it,

married laymen without ordination had occupied the see and set themselves up as archbishops, which had already happened eight times before Celsus. This was what had caused throughout Ireland the ruin of ecclesiastical discipline, contempt of canonical censures, depravity of morals and the almost general extinction of piety and religion. Celsus, who was of this race, had not approved this disorder, however, and it was to destroy it that he wished Malachy to be put in his place, to the prejudice of his own kinsmen, whom he knew to be unworthy of it, so that by his wisdom and his great piety, joined to an intrepid courage, he might effectively remedy so many evils. But scarcely was he dead when his heir, named Maurice, who regarded his prelacy as a rich inheritance that had fallen to him, seized it by violence and declared that he would keep it against all the opposition of clergy and people. St. Malachy was urged to take possession of it according to the will of his predecessor and the wishes of all good people; but he refused for a long time, both because he thought himself incapable of it and because he saw clearly that it was impossible to dethrone this unjust usurper without much bloodshed.

At last two holy bishops, Malc of Lismore and Gilbert, first legate of the Holy See in all Ireland, pressed him so hard and showed him so effectively that the glory of Jesus Christ and the salvation of an infinity of souls were at stake, and that he could not hold out any longer without making himself worthy of the indignation of God and the anathemas of the Church, that he yielded to their wishes on these two conditions: first, that he would not enter the metropolitan city until after the death or flight of the false bishop, for fear of being the cause of the death of those whose salvation he wished to procure; secondly, that as soon as the inheritance of the Lord was delivered from the tyranny of Maurice and his adherents and enjoyed perfect liberty, he would be allowed to withdraw to his bishopric of Connor and another archbishop would be elected in his place, because he accepted this archbishopric only to restore it, as of old, to the right of lawful succession. What further moved him to this acceptance was that he remembered that at the time of Celsus’s death a lady of pleasant countenance and majestic bearing had appeared to him and, having declared to him that she was the Spouse, that is, the Church, of that prelate, had presented and put into his hands his pastoral staff.

We shall not stop to describe here all the crosses and persecutions he suffered in the exercise of his charge. He was two years without entering Armagh, performing his episcopal functions only in the other places of the province. Maurice sat on his throne and enjoyed his revenue, and in payment for the incredible labours that his zeal made Malachy undertake, he slandered him and laid snares for him continually. At last the final hour of this false bishop came, and, to fill up the measure of his crimes, he named at his death as his successor one called Nigel, who was of that detestable race and his first cousin. This man was no less heir to his fury than to his usurpation. He even raised troops to prevent the king and the princes from putting St. Malachy in possession of Armagh; but God took the cause of His servant in hand. A thunderbolt, in the midst of a frightful storm and tempest, killed the leader and the chief men of this band and scattered all the rest; and Nigel, hated and despised by everyone, was obliged to flee and wander hither and thither without any place where he could rest. A lord of the same family, who had invited the Saint to his house to have him murdered in his presence, was so seized with respect on seeing him that he threw himself at his feet and vowed him perpetual friendship. Another, who tore him to pieces everywhere with his slanders and even had the effrontery to resist him in the greatest assemblies, was punished in a horrible manner; for his tongue swelled and rotted, so that worms came out of it in abundance, and, the corruption spreading further, he died miserably at the end of seven days. Lastly, a lady of this same family, having dared to interrupt him while he was preaching, calling him a hypocrite and a usurper of other people’s goods and reproaching him also with being bald, at once lost her reason and immediately afterwards her life in a lamentable manner, crying out that it was Malachy who was stifling her.

All these visible punishments and others like them, by which the family of these false archbishops was entirely exterminated, gave our Saint such credit that it was easy for him to reform in the diocese of Armagh the great disorders that this long succession of wolves and hirelings had introduced there; but scarcely were

peace and ecclesiastical discipline established there by the wise ordinances he made, than, according to the condition on which he had accepted this high prelacy, he assembled the clergy and people to resign it and give them in his place a very holy man named Gelasius, who was truly worthy of this charge. Everyone felt great sorrow at this; but, as they had promised to consent to it, they could not refuse what he asked. He then returned to his first bishopric, which he always regarded as his true and only title, never having had any intention either of possessing two churches or of leaving a lesser one to take a better. What is admirable, and shows the greatness of his detachment and the solidity of his humility, is that, having divided this same bishopric in two, as it had been many years before his promotion (for the mere ambition of his predecessors had united it), he took for himself only the smaller part and left the town of Connor to his colleague, to establish his see in that of Down, which since has been the native place of the celebrated John Scotus, of the Order of St. Francis, surnamed the Subtle Doctor.

As soon as this admirable man had resumed the government of this church, he founded there a house of religious destined for the choir and the divine offices; as if he had done nothing until then for the glory of God, he began all over again to exercise himself in the practices of monastic life; this was, however, only with many interruptions, for his charge obliged him to make frequent visitations in his diocese, and the high esteem that all Ireland had conceived for him drew under his direction an infinity of persons who wished to make their salvation secure and to labour at their perfection. He extended his care also to all the churches of that island and, by the movement of the divine Spirit that governed him, he cut away their abuses and made very useful foundations in them for the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline. The zeal that inspired him to so many things for the glory of God and the happiness of his country moved him to undertake the journey to Rome, in order to have his regulations fortified with apostolic authority and at the same time to obtain the Pallium for the archbishop of Armagh and the confirmation of a second archbishopric in Ireland, dependent on the first as on a primacy. This journey was permitted him with difficulty; his brother Christian, who was also a very holy bishop, having died at that time, the Irish could not bring themselves to lose both these firm pillars of their Churches at once; but God made known by certain signs that this plan came from His inspiration; so, every obstacle being removed, he consecrated a good religious named Edan in his brother's place and set out. At York a holy priest called Sycar, who had never seen him, proclaimed his merit and declared to everyone that he was a great prophet who penetrated the most secret thoughts of men. At Clairvaux he contracted a very close friendship with St. Bernard and with all his religious, and wonderfully edified that holy community by the rare examples of his virtues. At Ivrea, in Italy, he healed his host's son, who was about to give up the ghost. At Rome he was received by Pope Innocent II and all his court as an angel come from heaven, and besides obtaining what he asked, he was named legate of the Holy See in all Ireland. His Holiness himself, filled with admiration at the prodigious deeds he had done, the signal services he had rendered to the Churches of his country and his eminent piety, put his own mitre on his head, gave him the stole and maniple that he was accustomed to use when he officiated, and then, after embracing and blessing him, allowed him to return.

He had asked the Pope for leave to give up his prelacy and withdraw to Clairvaux, to spend the rest of his days there in the practice of religious life; but, not having been able to obtain it, he did not fail to pass again through that monastery, to enjoy once more the dear company and sweet conversation of the godly men who lived there, and above all that of the great St. Bernard, who was its honour and delight. He left there four of his disciples to be formed in the monastic life according to the rules practised there; then he sent four others, so that, being eight, they might on their return form in Ireland a house of the Order of Cîteaux which should be the mother of many others. When he arrived in Scotland he found there the son of King David so ill that his life was despaired of; he prayed for him and, sprinkling holy water on him, said to him: "Take courage, my son, you will not die this time"; and by this word of blessing he restored him to perfect health. The glory of this miracle obliged him to flee; but on the way he healed a dumb girl and a frenzied woman, and gave such power to a cemetery that he blessed that all the sick who were brought there at once received their

healing. The winds being favourable to him, he arrived in a short time in Ireland. His first visit was to his old monastery of Bangor, where his religious were overjoyed to have the happiness of his presence. Then he went through the whole island, and on all sides the towns and townships were seen emptying to go out to meet him. The office of legate that he had received did not remain useless in his hands. He held assemblies, convoked synods, renewed the old ordinances and made new ones; he went through the dioceses, reformed their abuses, encouraged the slack, frightened sinners, and planted religion and piety everywhere.

His life, more angelic than human, and the greatness of his miracles helped much to have his regulations observed. For, without speaking of his interior, says St. Bernard, whose beauty, excellence and purity were well enough shown by his conduct, his exterior was always so composed that not the slightest fault could be remarked in it. Never was he heard to say a useless word, nor seen to make an unseemly gesture or take an unseemly posture. There was nothing but what was edifying in his dress, his looks and his gait. His joy was without dissipation and his gravity simple and without affectation. Everything seemed admirably ordered in his conduct, and he did nothing that could not serve others as an excellent model of virtue; he was serious without being severe; he relaxed his mind only with restraint; he knew how to take his time for business, and he never neglected a single matter. From the day of his conversion to that of his death he had nothing of his own, not even when he was a bishop. The charity of his diocesans served him for house and revenue. Though apostolic legate, he always went on foot to preach the word of God, and he was distinguished from those who accompanied him only because he was the humblest and the poorest. O truly apostolic man, you have well shown by so many great deeds that you were the worthy successor of the first masters of the Church! And should we be surprised after that that you worked so many wonders, since you are yourself so admirable, or, to speak better, since God was so adorable in you?

St. Bernard, after these fine expressions, which we have given only in abridgement, cites yet more miracles of St. Malachy. He drove the devils out of several possessed persons, among others out of two women whom the same demon, as if in sport, seized one after the other. He delivered a woman who could not bring into the world the child she carried in her womb. He changed a fourth, whose angry and furious temper made her unbearable to her own children: she became gentle and patient as a lamb. He also raised to life one who had died without receiving the sacrament of Extreme Unction. A sick and possessed man, merely by lying down on the straw that had served him as a bed, found himself perfectly cured. His word, on the contrary, made sick unto death a cleric who had dared to attack the truth of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and thereby obliged him to confess that great mystery which a rash and presumptuous ignorance had made him attack. One day a dove, shining like the sun, was seen fluttering around him while he was saying Mass; the altar before which he was praying in the cemetery of St. Patrick was also seen all covered with flames, and this great servant of God, who himself burned with the ardours of divine love, threw himself into the midst of those flames without being consumed.

It was time that he received the reward of so many labours and of so holy and penitent a life: but this was to be in France and not in Ireland. One day, when he was at recreation with his religious, he was asked, if he had the choice, in what place and at what time he would wish to die; he answered that if he had to die in Ireland he would wish it to be near the sepulchre of St. Patrick, but if it were outside his country he would desire it to be at Clairvaux; and that for the time he would choose the day of the commemoration of the Departed, because then the living powerfully help the dead. These wishes were prophetic. He undertook a second journey to Pope Eugene III, for the general good of the Churches of Ireland and above all as deputy of the clergy, to obtain the Pallium for the two metropolitans of the island. He passed through Scotland and England, leaving everywhere traces of his virtue and of the miraculous power God had given him.

He came to Clairvaux and was received there by St. Bernard and his children as their old friend and as a vessel chosen by God. Let us even say that he was received there as a founder and their brother; for he had established several houses of their Order in his country, and it is held that he had even taken the habit, as the

author of the *Menology of Cîteaux* proves on this day; but four days later, when he had celebrated the conventual Mass for the feast of St. Luke the Evangelist, he was seized with a high fever that obliged him to take to his bed. He knew at once by this that Our Lord willed to satisfy his desires and have him finish his pilgrimage in this place. As the illness grew worse and worse, he came down from the room where he was to receive Extreme Unction and the holy Viaticum; and having commended himself to the prayers of his brethren, he went back up by himself to return to bed. His face did not look ill, but he knew that the father of the family was calling him. At last, having celebrated the feast of All Saints with wonderful joy and tranquillity, in the evening he had the whole community come before him, asked the help of their prayers, and helped them also with his own, with entire confidence in God. After midnight, the day of the commemoration of the dead having begun, he gave up his soul to Our Lord with such tranquillity that no one could perceive it; it was, then, on 2 November 1148, at the age of fifty-four. He seemed rather asleep than dead, and his face did not change but kept the same liveliness it had had before. His holy body was carried on the shoulders of the abbots who were then at Clairvaux into the chapel of the glorious Virgin, as he had ordered. Masses were said for him and the whole office of his burial was performed. During this time St. Bernard, noticing a young boy who had a paralysed arm that hung at his side and, instead of serving him, only encumbered him, beckoned him to come near; and, taking his withered hand, he laid it on that of the holy bishop. Then that arm and that hand recovered their former vigour, so that the lifeless body of our Saint was a source of life and health for those limbs that seemed dead. The blessed abbot afterwards wrote the life of this faithful friend, and also made a sermon in his honour. He had written him several letters in his lifetime.

The Roman martyrology commemorates him on 3 November, although his death took place on the 2nd.

Notable relics of St. Malachy are preserved in the cathedral church of Troyes, which keeps his proper office by a concession of 6 February 1868.

He is represented in his cell instructing a king who has laid his crown on the ground.

Life of St. Malachy, written by St. Bernard; Discourses of St. Bernard on St. Malachy.

ST. PAPOUL, PRIEST AND MARTYR IN THE LAURAGAIS

1st century.

Papoul [Lat. Papulus], an apostolic man, came into the Gauls in the company of St. Saturninus, first bishop of Toulouse. As they were on the road to that city, they were arrested at Carcassonne by the judge Rufinus and shut up in a tower, near which a church dedicated to St. Saturninus was built; it was overthrown by the revolutionary storm. Delivered from this prison by help from on high, according to an ancient tradition preserved at Carcassonne, they set out again and at last reached Toulouse. There they converted a great number of persons to the worship of the true God. Papoul faithfully seconded Saturninus, for when the latter left for Spain to win new provinces for Jesus Christ, he entrusted the church of Toulouse to Papoul, that he might govern it during his absence.

Though far from his chief, Papoul did not remain idle; but, confirming his assiduous preaching by frequent miracles and making the good news resound not only in Toulouse but throughout the region, he added many conquests to those he had made in common with the illustrious St. Saturninus. The hardened pagans grew uneasy at these successes; they thought that the surest and shortest way to bring down the whole edifice of the religion of Jesus Christ was to cause the public and resounding fall of the man who was at once its active workman and its firm pillar. So they tried to make Papoul apostatize; they flattered him, they threatened him, they beat him, they tortured him; but in vain: all imaginable torments could do nothing against the constancy of Christ’s athlete. The hope of making him abjure being lost, there remained only death, which the martyr underwent by the edge of the sword in the Lauragais, at the very place that afterwards bore his name. Over

his tomb were built first a church and later a monastery, mentioned in the reign of Louis the Pious. The great concourse of pilgrims to this spot gave rise to a village that, as the years went by, became a town (Saint-Papoul, Aude, arrondissement and canton of Castelnaudary). At last, in the 14th century, the church of the monastery was raised to the dignity of a cathedral church by Pope John XXII, and the abbot Bernard de la Tour was created bishop of this new see. The Chapter was composed of canons regular until 1670; at that time Pope Clement VII changed it into a chapter of secular canons. The body of St. Papoul was transferred to the church of Saint-Sernin [*Saint- Saturnin*] in Toulouse, where it is still religiously kept and honoured.

Proper of Carcassonne.

ST. NAAMAS OF RODEZ, DEACON AND CONFESSOR

5th century.

St. Naamas (Naamatius) was a native of Rodez. From childhood he showed the happiest dispositions for virtue; age developed them more and more; so St. Amans [Amantius], bishop of Rodez, chose him early to enrol him in the militia of Christ and conferred the diaconate on him. In this office the young levite was so true an emulator of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, and reached so high a holiness, that the devils trembled in his presence and his mere word forced them to come out of the bodies of the possessed.

One day a demoniac was brought to St. Amans to be healed; but the prelate sent him on to his deacon, whose great virtue and power he knew. Naamas made the customary exorcisms over the possessed man, and the evil spirit, forced to come out, threatened the Saint that it would one day force him to undertake a long journey. It threw itself into the body of the young niece of the emperor (probably Valentinian III) at Rome, and tormented her so violently that she could neither stand upright nor lie down. The emperor, much grieved at this strange affliction, used every means in his power to relieve his niece; in vain. He called in exorcists, who could not drive out the demon, and the evil spirit at last answered that it would come out of the girl's body only at the command of Naamas, deacon of Rodez. The emperor therefore sent messengers to Rodez to beg St. Naamas to come and heal his niece. The Saint then remembered the demon's threat. He agreed to the prince's request and set out on foot for Rome. He had covered half the way when the evil spirit began to torment the possessed girl more than ever and brought her to the last extremity. The emperor, fearing to see her give up her soul, dispatched new messengers to hasten the Saint's arrival. Naamas bade them go on ahead and gave them his cloak to lay on the sick girl in order to calm her. As soon as the possessed girl felt that venerable cloak upon her, the demon at once came out of her body, crying aloud: "Naamas of Rodez has driven me out of here." The emperor, overjoyed at his niece's deliverance, went out to meet the Saint as soon as he arrived in Rome, received him with great honours and offered him rich presents. But Naamas refused them and asked only for workmen to finish building a church that St. Amans had begun to construct at Rodez. The emperor granted them at once and, understanding what riches would please him, made him a gift of many precious relics; these were venerated in the church of Saint-Amans until the great Revolution, and a large part of them is still kept today in the reliquary of that church. There were among others a rib of the apostle St. Peter, part of the skull of St. Lawrence, some bread from the Last Supper, and a notable fragment of the true cross.

St. Naamas set out again with the workmen the emperor had given him and was received by St. Amans with great joy. The holy prelate had the church that had been begun completed, dedicated it to the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and placed in it the precious relics brought by St. Naamas. Later the holy patrons of this church were changed, to place it under the invocation of St. Amans himself, whose body rested there and for whom the faithful felt a singular veneration.

Shortly afterwards St. Naamas gave up his fair soul to God, and St. Amans, heart-broken to see him die before himself, buried him with pomp in his church. His body gave off a sweet odour with which the air and

the bystanders were all perfumed: a miraculous sign of the fragrance of the virtues of this great Saint. The body of the holy deacon did not remain separated from that of the man who in his lifetime had been his pastor, his companion and his friend. The remains of St. Amans and St. Naamas were laid in the same church and in the same chapel. It was only in 1670 that Gabriel de Voyer de Paulmy, bishop of Rodez, assisted by his chapter and the priests of his diocese convoked in synod, made the translation of the precious relics of the holy levite with a most magnificent pomp. Today the venerable head of this Saint rests on the high altar of the church of Saint-Amans, beside that of his companion in labours and in glory.

Extracted from the Saints du Rouergue *by the abbé Servières.*

ST. GUENAEL,[1] ABBOT OF LANDÉVENNEC

Guenael was the son of Romelius or Gomelius, a lord of Armorican Cornouaille, and of Laetitia, both distinguished by their piety. They took particular care over their child's education and strove above all to instil into him the fear of the Lord. Guenael joined to beauty of body the talents of the mind and the charms of gentleness and virtue. Having one day met St. Guénolé [Winwaloe], abbot of the monastery of Landévennec, he asked and obtained leave to follow him to his monastery, where the holy abbot gave him the religious habit and took very particular care to instruct him and form him in the practice of virtue.

The young novice's fervour only increased from day to day, and in all the practices of religion he surpassed the most perfect and faithful religious of the community. Love of purity suggested to him a singular practice. When the brethren were asleep he would go and plunge into the water during the coldest nights of the year and stay there until he had recited the seven Penitential Psalms. After the death of St. Guénolé, who had chosen him as his successor, he was named abbot; he sought to turn this burden away from himself by pleading his youth, his inexperience and his incapacity; but no one believed him, and in spite of all his resistance he found himself at the head of the community. His deep humility never let him regard this dignity except as a charge obliging him to become the servant of all the others, and from then on he considered himself only as a public victim, always ready to be sacrificed for the good of his brethren.

He exercised his charge for seven years, after which he went, accompanied by eleven of his religious, to Hibernia, where he had the consolation of abolishing the remains of pagan superstitions and reforming several monasteries and hermitages. After some years' stay in that country he returned to Armorica. Having spent some time in his abbey of Landévennec, where he made himself the example of all by his regularity, his obedience and his humility, he withdrew to another part of Cornouaille, where he found a great number of solitaries with whom he wished to spend the rest of his life. Leaving that district, he went to the country of Vannes, where, as the day approached on which he was to give up his soul to God, he prepared for it by the continual practice of prayer; and having assembled his disciples, he addressed to them a lively and moving exhortation on the exact observance of the Rule and the faithful practice of virtue. At the urgent prayer of his disciples he named his successor before dying; then he gave up his soul to his Creator on 3 November, about the year

The body of St. Guenael was carried to Vannes and buried in the cathedral church, where his tomb and an altar bearing his name are still to be seen. In 966 his relics were taken out of Brittany for fear of the Danes, carried to Paris to the church of Saint-Barthélemy, and then deposited in the castle of Corbeil, where a church was built in his honour. These precious relics were enclosed in a shrine placed above the high altar of the church that bore the Saint's name; but they were lost during the Revolution, and the church no longer exists. He is represented making a spring gush forth: probably to recall that he put an end to Celtic superstitions by turning the ancient cult of springs towards some Christian practice. He is patron of Landévennec, of Corbeil and of Vannes.

Extracted from the Vies des Saints de Bretagne *by Dom Lobineau.*

ST. PIRMIN, ABBOT, FOUNDER OF MURBACH AND REGIONARY BISHOP

It is generally believed that Pirmin was of French origin and that he left his parents early to devote himself to preaching and to the functions of the holy ministry. The monk Warmann, who wrote his history about the year 1025, tells us that he had established the centre of his missions at the castle of Meltis: from this some writers have concluded that he was bishop of Metz or of Meaux, which is not likely, for his name appears nowhere in the catalogue of the bishops of those two cities. Modern hagiographers maintain, with more foundation, that this Meltis is none other than the village of Medelsheim, situated in the country of Deux-Ponts [Zweibrücken], in the diocese of Speyer; for it was only two leagues from there that the famous abbey of Hornbach was situated, which St. Pirmin founded about the year 740 and which became one of his most flourishing colonies. It was from Meltis that our Saint set out to undertake his apostolic journeys. About the year 723 a German lord named Syntlaz called him to preach the Christian religion in part of the provinces of the Rhine. Pirmin went first to Rome to receive his mission there. The Pope welcomed him with great kindness and granted him everything he asked. Arrived in Switzerland, Pirmin announced the word of God there with success, and Syntlaz begged him to found a monastery on one of his estates. Pirmin chose an island that the Rhine forms near Constance and there founded the abbey of Reichenau, which became so celebrated for its riches.

Pirmin's reputation, while it won him the esteem of Charles Martel, excited the jealousy of the dukes of Alemannia [*ducs d'Allemagne*], who obliged him to leave his abbey and withdraw into Alsace. Supported by the authority and liberality of Charles Martel, Pirmin spread there the benefits of his zeal over the many religious houses of the Rhine provinces. Soon, at the request of the duke of Alsace, he founded the famous abbey of Murbach. He spent the rest of his life visiting various monasteries and restoring discipline in them.

Pirmin fell asleep in the Lord on 3 November of the year 758. His name is read in the Alsatian martyrology of the 9th century published by Lamey. As early as 827 he was given the title of Saint. His relics were kept in the abbey of Hornbach until the time of the wars of religion, when they were transferred to Innsbruck in the Tyrol.

He is usually painted putting to flight a multitude of serpents: when he founded the abbey of Reichenau on an island in the lake of Constance, he drove from the island the vipers or grass-snakes that had multiplied there enormously. The legend even claims that for three days the surrounding water was covered with these reptiles abandoning their old abode. This tale is perhaps the origin, perhaps the consequence, of an invocation of St. Pirmin against unwholesome drinks.[1] For the rest, people also commend themselves to this Saint against plague and the effects of dangerous food. Moreover, his dalmatic and his girdle were regarded as a powerful help for easing the pains of women in childbirth. *The abbé Hunckler,* Histoire des Saints d'Alsace*; Father Cahier,* Caractéristiques des Saints.

---

[2] The records of the Eastern Churches (Menologies, Menaea, *Chronicon Alexandrinum*) say that Quartus was one of the seventy-two disciples and that St. Peter made him bishop of Berytus in Phoenicia (today Beirut, a city and port of Syria, in the pashalik of Saida). He came twice to Spain, a first time after the Apostle St. James, and a second time with St. Paul, who left him in that country. Quartus carried on the work of the apostolic ministry in those western regions, and particularly in the places near Salamanca, converting the infidels by his preaching and his miracles. — The abbé Maistre, *Histoire des soixante-douze Disciples*.

[3] Found alone in her father's house by a certain King Caradoc, and seeking to repel his brutality, Winifred, the young and beautiful daughter of a lord of Wales, fled to the church where her parents were praying, and was pursued there by the king, who cut off her head on the very threshold of the church. From the very spot where the head of this Martyr of modesty had struck the ground there gushed forth an abundant spring, which is still frequented and even venerated by the people in our day. This spring has given its name to the town of Holywell (Holy, sacred; Well, well or spring, in Flintshire). The spring is covered by a great Gothic porch of three arches. From its source it forms a wide basin, where the sick and infirm of the neighbourhood come to bathe from morning until evening, with a strange confidence in the miraculous virtue of this icy water. — M. de Montalembert, *Les Moines d'Occident*.

[4] See what we say on this day about St. Pirmin, regionary bishop.

[5] Until the Reformation a public cult was paid to St. William in a church that bears his name, which was formerly a much-frequented place of pilgrimage. St. Acheric was buried in the choir of the church of his monastery; his tomb became more and more celebrated for the miracles worked there, and the faithful flocked there from all sides to implore his protection. The monastery was made a priory of the Order of St. Benedict, dependent on the abbey of Moyenmoutier. At the end of the 13th century the priory church was converted into a parish church, and then the pilgrimages that had taken place to St. Acheric's tomb ceased. — The abbé Hunckler, *Histoire des Saints d'Alsace*.

[6] He was buried in the basilica of his abbey, and a great many miracles took place at his tomb. It was through the veneration of the people for the holy abbot that the monastery he had founded lost its ancient name of Alba and received that of Saint-Bomer. Near its site there later rose the village of Saint-Bomer (Eure-et-Loir). The Saint's body was afterwards translated to Senlis (Oise) and placed in the same shrine with that of St. Fraimbaud. — Dom Piolin, *Histoire de l'Église du Mans*.

[7] Born about the middle of the 13th century, Simon Ballachi was the son of the count of Santarcangelo, lord of the town of that name. After a rather disorderly youth, he was touched by grace and renounced the world to enter the Order of St. Dominic. He was often seen going through the streets of Rimini, a cross in his hand, to teach the catechism to the children he gathered round him. He also addressed exhortations to grown-up people, and several striking conversions resulted. His cult, which began almost immediately after his death, was approved by Pius VII in 1821. — *Dictionnaire hagiographique* of the abbé Migne.

[8] Cited by St. Gregory of Tours, *Hist.*, book II, ch. 13.

[9] St. Gregory of Tours, *Book of the Glory of the Confessors*, ch. 17.

[10] Mgr Cousseau, *Discours sur l'Église cathédrale d'Angoulême*, 1869.

[11] Alias: Guénaut, Guéneau, Guénau; in Latin, Guinaïlus, Wenialus, Guenailus, Guenalhu.

[1] Father Cahier (*Caractéristiques des Saints*, page 748) says he found an old print of St. Pirmin with these two lines in use in certain provinces of Germany: *Sanctificet nostram sanctus Pirminius escam, Dextera Pirmini benedicat pocula nostra* ("May St. Pirmin sanctify our food; may Pirmin's right hand bless our cups").

4 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

At Milan, the death of St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal and archbishop of that city, who was numbered among the Saints by Pope Paul V on account of his eminent holiness and the splendour of his miracles. 1584. — At Bologna, St. Vitalis and St. Agricola, martyrs: the first, who had formerly been the slave of the second, afterwards became his companion and colleague in the honour of martyrdom. The executioners tried every kind of torment on him, and there was no longer a single place on his body without a wound; but he suffered them with great constancy and then gave up his spirit to God in the fervour of his prayer. As for St. Agricola, he was fastened to a cross with many nails and died in that torment. St. Ambrose, who was present at their translation, relates that he gathered up the Martyr's nails, his blood and the wood of his cross, and placed them under the holy altars.[1] 304. — The same day, the birthday in heaven of Sts. Philologus and Patrobas, disciples of the apostle St. Paul.[2] 1st c. — At Autun, St. Proculus or Preuil, martyr.[3] — In the Vexin, St. Clair, priest and martyr.[4] 886. — At Ephesus, St. Porphyrius, martyred under the emperor Aurelian. 272. — At Myra in Lycia, the holy martyrs Nicander, bishop, and Hermas, priest, under the governor Libanius. — The same day, St. Pierius, priest of Alexandria, a man extremely versed in the understanding of the holy Scriptures and of a very pure life; free of all things that could have turned him from the meditation of Christian truths, he taught the doctrines of Christianity to the people of Alexandria under the patriarchate of Theonas and the reign of Carus and Diocletian, and published various works. At last, when the persecution had ceased, he spent the rest of his life at Rome and rested there in peace. — At Rodez, St. Amans, bishop, whose eminent holiness was made manifest by many miracles. 440. — In Bithynia, St. Joannicius, abbot. 846. — At Albe-Royale [Székesfehérvár], St. Emeric, confessor, son of St. Stephen, king of Hungary. 1032. — At the monastery of Cerfroid, near Meaux, St. Felix of Valois, founder of the Order of the most holy Trinity for the redemption of captives. His feast is kept on the 20th of this month by decree of Pope Innocent XI.[5] 1212. — At Trier, St. Modesta, virgin.[6] About 780.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED

In the diocese of Autun, St. Proculus or Preuil, bishop of that see. The details of his life have remained buried under the ruins heaped up by the barbarians: only the angels of heaven, who gathered them up, know them today. According to the most probable opinion, Attila had the head cut off this heroic pontiff, who had gone to him to try to move him to spare Autun.[7] 5th c. — In the dioceses of Carcassonne, Nancy, Paris, Rouen, Saint-Dié and Verdun, St. Charles Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1584. — In the diocese of Rouen, St. Clair, priest and martyr, whose life we gave on 18 July. 886. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Florus, disciple of Our Lord, first bishop of the ancient see of Lodève (Hérault) and apostle of Haute-Auvergne.[8] 1st and 2nd c. — At Reims,

St. Amantius or Amand, third bishop of that see and confessor. He was buried in the church of Saint-Sixte, beside the bodies of Sts. Sixtus and Sinicius, his predecessors. Date uncertain. — At Maastricht, St. Perpète or Perpétue [Perpetuus], successor of St. Gondulphus (16 July) in the episcopal see of that city. The zeal and energy with which he announced the word of God earned him the surname of Doctor of the faithful. His body was buried at Dinant, where his cult is very celebrated, in the church of Notre-Dame. About 620. — At Angers, St. Girard, monk of Saint-Aubin in that city. 1123. — At Amboise (Indre-et-Loire), in the diocese of Tours, Blessed Frances [Françoise], duchess of Brittany. 1485. — At Aix-la-Chapelle, St. Gregory, founder and first abbot of Borset or Borcette (in German Burscheid and Bordscheid, and in Latin *Porcetum*). He was the son of Nicephorus II, surnamed Phocas, emperor of the East. The monks of his convent were later dispersed by the events of the time and replaced in 1220 by nuns of the Order of Cîteaux. About 990. — In Auvergne, St. Adorator, bishop and martyr, whose body was laid at Lubersac (Corrèze). 5th c. — In Bas-Limousin, St. Baumar, professed in the abbey of Tulle, then a hermit near Chaumeil (Corrèze). His relics were kept in the cathedral of Tulle until the Revolution. About 527.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — In Bithynia, St. Joannicius, abbot, of the Order of St. Basil. 846.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Milan, St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal and bishop of that city, and a notable protector of the Order of Friars Minor before the apostolic Holy See, who, celebrated for his miracles, was numbered among the Saints by the sovereign pontiff Paul V. 1584. — At Padua, Blessed Helen, virgin, of the Order of St. Clare, illustrious for the nobility of her origin, her admirable patience, her other virtues and the splendour of her miracles. Her body is honoured in that place by the pious devotion of the faithful. 1242.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS

At Winchester (*Venta Belgarum*), a city of England in the county of Southampton, St. Brinstan [Beornstan], bishop of that see and confessor. He was, according to William of Malmesbury, a prelate of eminent holiness. Every day he said Mass for the faithful departed; during the night he also recited psalms in the cemetery for the repose of their souls. He let no day pass without washing the feet of a number of poor people, whom he then served at his table. 934. — In Hungary, Blessed Maurus, bishop of Cinq-Églises [Pécs]. 1070. — In Hungary, the death of Blessed John the Teuton, fourth general of the Order of St. Dominic. Favoured with the blessings of heaven, at the age of ten he received the revelation of his whole life: that he would embrace the monastic life in a recently founded religious Order; that he would become the superior general of that Order; that the sovereign Pontiff would make him his penitentiary; and that he would at last be called to the episcopate. These prophecies were fulfilled point by point. Devoted to study, he made great progress in it and obtained a very honourable post at the court of the emperor Frederick. It was only in the fortieth year of his age that, remembering the revelation made to him in childhood, he asked St. Dominic, then present at Bologna in Italy, for the habit of the Order in 1220. Pope Gregory IX, struck by his merits,

made him his chaplain and penitentiary. He sent him to Germany and Hungary to fulfil very delicate missions, which he carried out most successfully. It was at this time too that the sovereign Pontiff sent him his nomination to the bishopric of Bosnia. The holy prelate, preferring religious humility to all ecclesiastical dignities, soon renounced his bishopric and returned to his Order; but he could not hide his virtues so far as to make his brethren forget him. He was elected first provincial of Lombardy and then general of the whole Order. He died in Hungary while visiting the convents of that province. God worked so many miracles at his tomb that he received from the people the honours of public cult, and the king and queen of Hungary even solicited his canonization from the Holy See. He is represented in the habit of the Order and with the insignia of the episcopate.

ST. AMANS OF RODEZ, BISHOP, RESTORER OF RELIGION AMONG THE RUTENI, PATRON OF THE WHOLE DIOCESE

About 440. — Pope: St. Leo I, the Great. — King of the Franks: Clodio.

> *Tu rudes, Praesul, populos et alta Nocte demersos, tenebris fugatis, Edoces; nostris male sanus error Exulat oris.*
>
> *Vous avez à peine foulé le sol des Ruthènes, vénéré pasteur, que déjà votre parole éloquente a fait la conquête des peuples grossiers de ces contrées; que les ténèbres s'enfuient, et que l'erreur s'abîme sous le poids de la vérité qui l'accable.*
>
> *Scarcely had you trodden the soil of the Ruteni, venerable shepherd, when already your eloquent word had conquered the rude peoples of these regions; the darkness flees, and error sinks beneath the weight of the truth that overwhelms it. [The French is a free paraphrase; the Latin says: "You, O Bishop, teach the rude peoples sunk in deep night, the darkness put to flight; unwholesome error is banished from our shores."]*
>
> *Hymn of St. Amans.*

St. Martial had converted the Ruteni [*Ruthènes*, the people of Rodez] to the Catholic faith, but paganism had little by little regained the upper hand and the faithful had become fewer and fewer. St. Amans was to be the second apostle of the country of Rodez; he was predestined to bring his native town back to the primitive faith, now almost extinguished, and so to become the restorer of religion among the Ruteni.

The town of Rodez glories in having been the cradle of the illustrious St. Amans (Amantius), in having had him as its pastor during his life, and in invoking him as patron after his blessed death. He had the happiness of being brought up from childhood in the Christian religion, and in the flower of his age he broke the bonds that tied him to the world in order to enlist in the militia of Jesus Christ. His exemplary virtues and his deep learning caused him to be raised to the priesthood; but such a light could not remain hidden under the bushel; so he was promoted, still young, to the bishopric of Lodève, a town of the province of Narbonne, towards the end of the 4th century. But his heart had remained attached to his native country, and he suffered keenly to know it wrapped almost entirely in the darkness of paganism. So he was not slow to yield the administration of the diocese of Lodève to another bishop whom he had elected there, and he undertook to evangelize his homeland, given over to the worship of the devil.

The splendour of his virtues and the holiness of his life made him worthy to be designated to occupy the see of Rodez, about 401; it was a formidable burden. But he brought to it a greatness of soul equal to his eminent dignity, and a devotion and courage proportioned to the difficulties of the situation.

Nature and grace had vied with each other to form this great apostolic heart. Austere towards himself, he was full of tender compassion for others. He was distinguished by an eager charity and a boundless liberality; he was full of mildness in forgiving, calm in discussions, gentle under insults, patient in tribulations, moderate in prosperity, even-tempered under contradiction, severe against flattery, humble in success. He knew how to combine ease with reserve and cheerfulness with dignity. Finally, all these noble qualities, all these

admirable virtues, were crowned by an ardent zeal for the conversion of his brethren. Such was the shepherd full of mildness, the apostle with the burning heart, whom Providence had granted to the Ruteni as the angel of its mercy.

The holy shepherd had the sorrow of finding his native town bowed under the yoke of paganism; it had already almost let the torch of faith lit by St. Martial go out. Amans saw his church abandoned and closed up with stones and brambles; none of the few Christians who remained could or dared any longer adore the true God there.

The holy bishop had chosen as the faithful and worthy companion of his labours the deacon St. Naamas. Out of prudence he did not hasten to reopen the deserted church; he contented himself at first with a little oratory in which he never ceased praying, day and night, with his deacon, for his idolatrous fellow citizens. Then he announced the word of God to these unbelievers and in this way converted a few of them. But the greater number persisted in error with blind obstinacy, and continued to pay their worship to the infamous idol of Ruth, which held its worshippers under the sway of the pleasures of the senses. It was above all the chief men of the town who gave the people the example and kept them in their deplorable superstition. This rude people needed striking miracles; the zealous shepherd understood it and obtained them from God.

One day the Saint was announcing the word of God to these idolaters with all the ardour of his zeal. One of the most considerable men of the town was listening to him with curiosity; struck by the evidence of the truth, but no doubt finding the Christian faith too lofty for his earthly soul and the Gospel morality too austere for his sensual nature, he cried out publicly that he would renounce his religion and embrace that of Jesus Christ only if he saw the little stream called the Lauterne, which flows at the foot of the high, steep hill on which Rodez stands, climb up into the town. The holy bishop accepts the proposal and dares to promise the miracle; he prostrates himself and invokes the Almighty. Suddenly the stream turns from its ordinary course, climbs to the top of the hill and comes to flow at the shepherd’s feet. Then, obeying a new command of the pontiff, it goes back down into the valley and returns to its bed. At the sight of so surprising a miracle, those who witness it give glory to the God of Amans and abandon their superstitions.

Another day, the provost of the town, having had his tribunal set up in the public square, condemned a criminal to die on the gallows. The holy shepherd, moved with compassion at this news, hastened to go and ask the provost for the condemned man’s pardon. The provost opposed the most obstinate refusal to all his entreaties, and ended by heaping invectives and insults on the Saint. The prelate returns sadly to his oratory, prostrates himself in the dust, strikes his breast and begs the Lord with tears to grant him the grace the governor had refused him. During this prayer the pitiless provost suddenly falls from his seat as if struck dead. Everyone understood where the blow came from; they hastened to run to the Blessed man to beg him to restore to life the almost lifeless governor. As soon as the Saint arrived in the square, the provost was suddenly healed; he fell at the prelate’s knees, asked his pardon for his harshness and his outrages, publicly abjured idolatry and asked for baptism. Most of the bystanders, struck by all these wonders, were converted to the Christian religion.

These miracles were still not powerful enough to bring back the whole people. Many hardened themselves in their detestable error; the defection of a great number of their own only made them more fanatical. They resolved to celebrate the feast of their idol with more pomp than ever. So they gathered a multitude of idolaters from the town and the country round, in order to strengthen by an imposing demonstration the shaken cult of Ruth. They sacrificed a great number of victims to the devil; then, gorged with meat and drunk with wine, they burst out in impious songs and gave themselves up to obscene dances around their idol.

At this sight the holy shepherd felt his fatherly heart pierced with sorrow; he shed bitter tears over the sad blindness of these unfortunates. Then, unable to contain the ardour of his zeal, he takes his deacon Naamas with him, appears full of majesty before this degraded people, and, raising his voice, reproaches all these

raving men with their impiety and their guilty excesses, and urges them to abandon the worship of the devil and embrace that of the true God. The pagans, exasperated at being disturbed in the midst of their feast, poured out coarse insults against the pontiff, and in the fury of their fanaticism sought to seize him and sacrifice him to their infamous divinity. But the shepherd, preferring to work for the conversion of his own people rather than to gather the palm of martyrdom so soon, escaped from their hands and went to his oratory with Naamas. There he prostrated himself before his unacknowledged God, heaved deep sighs and shed abundant tears to obtain the conversion of these unfortunates. After some time he raises his head and asks his companion whether he does not see a cloud rising in the East. On his answering no, the holy prelate prostrates himself again and redoubles his tears and prayers; then he rises again, repeats his question and, full of confidence, himself looks at the sky. All at once the clouds pile up rapidly; the sun, until then brilliant, veils its light; the darkness is furrowed by the sinister gleam of lightning; the thunder rumbles with an unheard-of crash. Suddenly a tremendous flash rends the cloud; the thunderbolt, with a terrible crack, falls on the hideous idol and shatters it. The fragments of the stone idol whirl in the air and are hurled with such violence that one part falls into the stream of the Lauterne, another into the river Aveyron, into the pool called ever since the pool of the Idol, and by corruption of the Romance term, *la Youlle* or *la Guioule*; and the third buried itself violently not far from the pedestal, in the very meadow of the Conque.

At this terrible stroke the people, seized with terror, uttered cries and groans. All these idolaters were suddenly struck, some with blindness and others with deafness, an image of the sickness of their souls; only the children, whom their age had preserved from corruption, were spared. When the first stupor had passed, the people, recognizing the hand of God that was striking them, ran to the blessed prelate, asked his pardon for all the past, implored the healing of their miraculous affliction, solemnly renounced the worship of idols and sought the grace of baptism. The shepherd, filled with joy, obtains the healing of them all, and, after giving fervent thanks to God for such a benefit, admits this whole people into his fold, henceforth renewed. The priests of the idol, under a diabolical inspiration, had summoned this considerable gathering of pagans in order to restore the compromised majesty of its cult by a solemn demonstration; God made use of the assembling of the multitude to convert a larger crowd with greater éclat. Thus the means the devil had put to work to strengthen his empire were those God used to overthrow it for ever.

But such is the hardness of man’s heart that, in spite of such striking wonders, not all the pagans were converted. There remained a fair number of them, and of the most frenzied, who dared to plot against the holy shepherd’s life. Exasperated by what should have won them, the miraculous destruction of their divinity, they went to find a noble and rich patrician named Honoratus; his powerful influence made him one of the firmest supports of their religion. He lived at some distance from the town. These pagans brought him the news of the ruin of their idol and its cult, poured out their grief before him, and stirred up his vengeance against St. Amans, the cause of all the harm. Honoratus, beside himself with anger, utters the most terrible threats against the holy shepherd; he has his chariot harnessed at once, has himself accompanied by his guards and by the crowd that had come to fetch him; and this whole multitude makes for Rodez, shouting blasphemies against the true God and cries of death against His worthy representative.

The holy bishop, however, informed of this move and these threats, is not troubled; he has recourse to his usual weapon, prayer. At that very moment Honoratus, having arrived before the town gate, was about to make his entry when his horses, until then docile, suddenly stopped as if stiffened and nailed to the ground. Lashes of the whip and ill-treatment were not spared them; every means was powerless to wrench them from their statue-like immobility. It was precisely at this spot, on the threshold of this gate, that the Saint the day before had prostrated himself in the dust to pray. Honoratus, struck by so strange a wonder and touched by grace, sent one of his servants to the holy bishop to beg him to come and give back freedom to a captive whom he had so well enchained by his prayers. As soon as the Blessed man arrives, he touches the chariot, and at once the horses, by a new wonder, become docile again to the hand that guides them. By this double

miracle the prelate tamed the pagan's fierce heart. He leaps from his chariot, embraces the Saint's knees, asks him with tears to forgive the harm he had meant to do him, and implores the grace of baptism.

Meanwhile a servant runs in all haste to announce this news to the wife of Honoratus. She, angered by a conversion she regarded as a misfortune, hurries to the town and, her face all distorted, accosts the Prelate with words of fury and threats. But at the sight of the Pontiff, so calm and so full of majesty, she is suddenly seized with a respect that sets her trembling; the words die on her lips, grace triumphs over her heart, and she throws herself at the Saint's feet asking for baptism. The Prelate regenerated in the holy water the husband, the wife, the son and all the rest of the household of Honoratus, together with a great number of pagans present at this miracle. Honoratus afterwards led so Christian a life that he was numbered among the Saints. There was in the church of Saint-Amans a chapel dedicated to him; his relics were laid there, and there is still kept, says the chronicler, in the treasury of that church, in a silver reliquary, an arm-bone of St. Honoratus.

Such was heaven's last stroke for the conversion of the idolatrous Ruteni. God had multiplied wonders in their favour; He had willed to conquer them with éclat.

Here are other miracles, less striking no doubt, but useful for preserving and strengthening the faith in the hearts of the faithful neophytes and for glorifying their great Apostle.

The Prelate, wishing one day to show hospitality to guests he had received, sent two boys whom he had taken into his house and brought up to the river Aveyron to catch some fish. After their fishing they were coming back to the town carrying their nets with their catch when they met three horsemen of the garrison. The soldiers, learning that these fish were meant for their Pastor, mocked the Saint, beat his servants and seized the fruit of their fishing. Then they prepare the fish, light a great fire and set about frying them. In vain: the fish remained as hard and as fresh as when they came out of the river; the soldiers might try every means, they took useless pains. Then they recognized the wonder, understood their fault, and went to prostrate themselves at the Saint's feet, bringing back the fruit of their theft and asking his pardon. The good Pastor hastened to grant it; he even wished to make them a gift of what had excited their greed. The soldiers, having thanked him, took back these wonderful fish; and as soon as they tried again to fry them, they found them easy to cook. This miracle, whose object was of such small importance, was nevertheless useful to all; for it put an end to the barbarous custom the soldiers had of attacking and plundering the people, and to the hard necessity the people were under of suffering their violence.

One evening two thieves disguised as beggars presented themselves before the holy bishop and, with all sorts of hypocritical groans, asked him for shelter for the night. The Prelate, moved with compassion for their misery, welcomes them kindly, serves them food and gives them hospitality in his house beside the church. These wretches take advantage of the sleep of the household and the darkness of night to slip into the church, lay sacrilegious hands on the richest cloths of the altars, and hurry to escape far away with their booty. But they are struck with blindness, make a thousand useless detours in the countryside, spend the whole night in vain efforts; and the day was already far advanced when they found themselves near the bridge next to the town.

Meanwhile the theft had been discovered and the Pastor informed of it. The Saint, inspired from on high, pointed out the place where the thieves were. So people go to the bridge and indeed find the two scoundrels there, so thoroughly blinded that in broad daylight they thought themselves in the darkness of night. They are brought before the holy bishop: at the sight of the outrage done to the honour of the house of God, the Prelate, after the example of the divine Saviour, forgot his usual mildness. Before forgiving them he addressed a severe reprimand to them and struck them lightly with his cloak, which, by God's permission, caused them the sharpest pain. The holy bishop had a little garden whose fruit tempted a thief, who stripped it in the night and fled to put himself and his haul in safety. A little hedge formed the enclosure of the garden; he had got over it easily; but when he wanted to get out again, it seemed to him then a very high wall. The

slightest obstacles were ramparts for him, and he did nothing but go round in circles all night without being able to find a way out of his wondrous prison. The light of day did not undeceive him, and he was brought before the Saint. The Saint, seeing him repentant and ashamed, forgave him, advising him in future to ask for what he needed and not to steal it unjustly.

Another day a thief plundered the hives the Saint kept in his garden and carried off all their contents. When he reached home the honey was found changed into pitch. This wonder opened the culprit's eyes; pressed by remorse, he ran to the shepherd to bring back what he had taken and ask his pardon. The Saint granted it eagerly and even made him a gift of the coveted honey; at once, by a new wonder, the honey regained its original nature.

Meanwhile St. Amans was far advanced in age, and the great labours he had accomplished, joined to the austerities he had practised, had finished taking away his strength. He could no longer administer his diocese so actively. So he unburdened himself of the care of his church and his flock on his faithful deacon St. Naamas, keeping only the general direction.[1]

His soul had long been ripe for heaven. God willed at last to reward his great labours; He called him to Himself to receive the crown due to his merits on 4 November, the day on which his feast is kept. The date of his glorious death can be fixed at about 440 to 445. This great Saint is invoked with success, particularly to avert storms, hail and lightning.

He is usually represented raising a dead man to life: we have given the reason for this attribute.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS.

St. Amans was buried at Rodez in the church he had had built. His first tomb was modest and placed in an inconspicuous part of the church. The miracles with which he was honoured obliged St. Quintianus to translate his relics to a monument more worthy of the glorious bishop, at the beginning of the 6th century.

The place where St. Quintianus had laid these venerable relics later proving too narrow for the great number of people who came from all sides to honour them, they were transferred again, with great solemnity, to a lower but larger chapel, in which the bodies of St. Dalmatius and St. Naamas were laid at the same time; the year of this second translation is not known. From that time the bishops of Rodez made it a duty to keep these sacred remains with care, having always regarded them as the ornament of their church and its most precious deposit, and from time to time they made a minute inspection of them to verify their state of preservation.

In 1398 Count Bernard of Armagnac, constable of France, bequeathed a silver shrine to the church of Saint-Amans to enclose the body of the holy bishop. These venerable tombs were visited and their relics verified in turn by Guillaume de La Tour, Georges d'Armagnac, Bernardin de Corneillan, Hardouin de Péréfixe, Gabriel de Paulmy and François de Lusignan. Finally, on 2 May 1699, this last prelate, seeing that all these relics were in too damp a place, judged it proper to enclose them in the chapel called the chapel of the Holy Bodies [*Corps-Saints*], situated behind the high altar; he also transferred there the body of St. Eustache, successor of St. Amans. The ancient church of Saint-Amans threatened ruin; it was therefore demolished in 1752; the first stone of the new one, which exists today, was laid on 17 April 1758, and its consecration was performed with unheard-of pomp by Bishop Charles de Grimaldi on 8 September 1764. As early as 1750 the tombs of the chapel of the Holy Bodies were opened by a delegate of the bishop; the relics were carefully verified, together with the official reports of the various episcopal visits, and these venerable remains were solemnly carried to the church of the Cordeliers, on the site of the law courts. At the time of the consecration of the new church they were put back in the place they had occupied in the old one.

These venerable remains, so preciously kept by our fathers for fourteen centuries, were partly destroyed by the Revolution. The modern Vandals violated the tombs to scatter their ashes, and spared the shrines of the

Saints no more than the sacred vessels. They were seen coming out of the temple laden with what they had stolen from death itself, dragging through the public square like a trophy of victory the broken lead coffin and the mutilated images, outrageously flinging on the pavement those most venerable bones, which neither the hospitality of the tomb nor the inviolability of holiness had been able to protect. A man of the time, citizen Tarayre, secretary of the commune, gathered up the head of St. Amans, which had been left on the pavement, and returned it to the church when times had become better. A man named Pougenq, of Réquista, for his part saved the heads of St. Dalmatius and St. Naamas. Today these three venerable heads are exposed on the high altar of the church of Saint-Amans, with other relics. The holy bishop's tomb soon became celebrated for the great number of miracles worked there. We shall cite only the two most recent. Under the Terror, in 1793, when the churches were closed to worship and destined to serve as granaries or national storehouses, the church of Saint-Amans did not escape the general profanation; it was turned into a fodder store for the use of the departmental administration. Now the hay supplier, Molénat, with two helpers named Sahut and Lamarque (the families of these unfortunates are extinct), was making up bundles of hay in the church near the altar. They enlivened their work with impious and licentious talk, seasoned with cynical laughter; the holy patron of the church was not spared. But suddenly a very visible hand armed with a whip struck them hard. They fled, beside themselves with fright and pain; they went round the church several times in the aisles, unable to find the door, so blinded were they by terror; and all the while that hand pursued them, dogged their steps and struck them without respite. All three told of their misadventure, and one of them, Sahut, kept a convulsive trembling all his life as a result of this punishment. Several persons still living knew them and have the story from their own mouths; all three died in poverty.

In the year 1826 the winter had been exceptionally severe; the snows had piled up, and the river Aveyron was frozen over. The thaw came all at once, accompanied by torrential rain; so the Aveyron left its bed and overflowed alarmingly. The land was flooded far and wide, and the mills, as well as the houses near the river, were invaded and threatened with total destruction; the flood kept rising. In this extremity the threatened riverside dwellers went to find the venerable M. Sadoux, then parish priest of Saint-Amans, to beg him to order a general procession with the head of St. Amans to avert the scourge. It was in fact convoked at once, and the population of the parish and of the town flocked to it in spite of torrential rain. The procession was led and presided over by the abbé Annat, first curate of Saint-Amans, who later died parish priest of Saint-Merry in Paris. On leaving the church the litany of the Saints was sung, and they made for the cross of the Quinze-Arbres, which overlooks the Aveyron. There the hymn, antiphon and collect of St. Amans were sung, and during the singing a man named Cazes was sent to draw water from the flooded river with a bucket. The head of St. Amand was plunged into this bucket, and the same man went down again to pour this water, thus sanctified, back into the river. Now, as soon as this water touched the river, the river, which until then had been rising more and more, suddenly fell about a metre, which the whole population could easily verify on the walls of the flooded houses; and from that moment the flood never ceased to diminish little by little, and all danger was averted. In the church of Saint-Amans are kept very ancient tapestries of great fineness of work; they hang on the wall that closes the back of the sanctuary, in the apse. They represent, one, the destruction of the idol of Ruth; another, the miracle of St. Honoratus; another, St. Amans preaching from a pulpit; the others, the miracle of the stolen hives, that of the theft of fruit from the garden, and that of the translation of the relics of St. Amans. The miracle of St. Honoratus was the occasion of a popular tradition about a horseshoe that can still be seen fixed at the top of the main entrance door of the church of Saint-Amans. When the horses of Honoratus were suddenly made motionless and as if nailed to the ground, an attempt was made to force one of these animals to lift its foot and walk; the shoe of that foot remained fixed to the ground. It is this shoe, or a facsimile, that is said to have been hung over the church door.

We have only summarized the fine work of the abbé Servières on the patron of Rodez, in the Saints du Rouergue.

BLESSED FRANCES OF AMBOISE, DUCHESS OF BRITTANY AND CARMELITE NUN

1485. — Pope: Innocent VIII. — King of France: Charles VIII.

> *Mulier sancta es et timens Deum; tu gloria Jerusalem, tu laetitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi.*
>
> *Vous êtes une femme sainte et craignant Dieu; vous êtes la gloire de Jérusalem, la joie d'Israël, l'honneur de notre peuple.*
>
> *Thou art a holy woman and one that feareth God; thou art the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honour of our people.*
>
> *Judith, VIII, 29; XV, 10.*

[Frances of] Amboise of Brittany, born in the first half of the 15th century, has received from the Church the praises that Scripture gives to the valiant woman, and her cult, very recently recognized and authorized by the sovereign Pontiff, has awakened the memory of her life and of her admirable virtues, whose principal features we are going to sketch.

Louis, viscount of Thouars and lord of Amboise, a town delightfully situated on the banks of the Loire, was distinguished among the gentlemen of Touraine by his high birth, his great riches and the splendour of his alliances: for he had married Marie de Rieux, daughter of Jean II, lord of Rieux and marshal of France; and she had given him, in the year 1427, a daughter who was one day, and for ages to come, to be the glory of his illustrious house. But at first she seemed to bring upon her family only persecution and ruin. And indeed, although the lord of Amboise might have other children (and in fact two more daughters, Jeanne and Marguerite, were born to him later), his fortune was so considerable that numerous suitors sought the hand of little Frances while she was still at the breast. Of these suitors two soon remained alone face to face: Louis de la Trémouille, son of the favourite of King Charles VII, and Pierre de Guingamp, younger son of Jean V, duke of Brittany. "The lord of Amboise, greatly embarrassed by so many honours, did not know what to decide; and he answered that they must wait until the child, having reached the age of reason, could herself choose a husband." La Trémouille took this dilatory answer for a refusal, and took his revenge by confiscating the town of Amboise, which he joined to the crown domain. Nor did he stop at this first act, but, implicating the lord of Amboise in an imaginary conspiracy, he obtained a sentence of death against him, which was commuted to perpetual imprisonment with confiscation of all his goods. According to La Trémouille's plans this was a sure step towards his son's marriage, for he did not doubt that the viscount would buy his freedom at this high price. Vain plans: what seemed bound to realize them brought about their ruin. For Marie de Rieux, forced to leave in haste the town of Thouars, where these events had overtaken her, hurried to Mauléon, to the constable Arthur de Richemont, uncle of Prince Pierre of Brittany, and "begged him to help her as his poor kinswoman, to whom great wrong was being done." She did not need to insist much, for the constable, who fully favoured his nephew's views, took care not to miss so fine an opportunity; and after having the marriage decided at the court of Brittany, he himself took mother and daughter there. "Frances was in her third year; and, being destined thenceforth to take her place in a new family, it was wished that she should know no other and should learn to love it."

The court of Jean V, who was then reigning, was a school of the highest virtues. St. Vincent Ferrer had made Christianity flourish there, by his teaching and his example, in all its purity, its splendour and its salutary influence. On the ducal throne Jean, surnamed the Good, was the delight of his people, and beside him Jeanne, his wife, daughter of the unfortunate Charles VI, king of France, drew all hearts and won the veneration of all by her piety, her alms and her gentle and amiable manners. As the Lord had given her no daughter, she received Frances with a wholly motherly tenderness and undertook to develop in her the already budding seeds of the virtues that were later to be reflected in her whole life. Besides, "she was such a lovable child! bright, artless, easy to direct and to lead, with a childlike gravity, full of grace and modesty."

Already, beyond her years, she loved prayer, the offices of the Church and the poor. These last were her chosen friends, and without yet understanding all their ills she pitied them and delighted in relieving them. It is told in this connection that one day, having gazed in church at a picture of St. Francis of Assisi, she came back with a heavy heart and all in tears. “As it was very cold, her governess thought that suffering was the cause of her tears. So she took her on her knees and, taking off her shoes, began to warm her feet at the flame of a good fire. But far from calming down, the child cried out amid her sobs: Oh! have you not noticed my holy patron and father, St. Francis, who is barefoot in the cathedral? Go and take him my shoes.” Frances was then only four years old, and what might one not augur from such happy omens! But the following year was to increase these fair hopes still more. Frances was already serious, fleeing idleness and trying her hand at spinning, sewing, reading and writing. The pious duchess was her mistress in all these things and moreover took her with her every day to church. This was a sweet reward for our young child, for she already understood what guest the tabernacle held and what victim was immolated on the altar. How she desired already to feed on her God! But she was only five! She would have to wait several years more. This thought saddened her deeply and often drew tears and sobs from her, especially on the days when the duke, the duchess and all their court received holy communion. For a long time no one could understand the cause of this state. But one day, when the duchess asked her in a wholly motherly way the reason for her grief: “Why!” cried the child, “how can you expect me not to cry, when I see my lord and you and all your court receive the body of our Saviour, and I alone, for want of age, am deprived of this good!” This exclamation, so artless in its faith and piety, moved Jeanne to tears, and, wiping Frances’s eyes, she kissed them and said to her: “Be calm, my little heart; I will see to it that you shall communicate next All Saints.” She spoke of it indeed to her confessor, Yves de Ponsal, a Dominican, who was consecrated bishop of Vannes that same year. This holy religious, recognizing the gift of God in this child already so favoured with heavenly blessings, ratified the promise made to her, and Frances made her first communion at the age of five, on the day of All Saints, 1432.

No doubt all this departs from the ordinary ways; but one grasps as it were the secret of it in the event that, less than a year later, was to deprive Frances of her guide and second mother. To bear such a loss one had to be fed with the bread of the strong. It was in the month of September 1433 that the duchess Jeanne fell ill. From the first days her condition seemed alarming; and she herself, feeling that she was dying, called her husband, her children and the people of her household, and gave each, with wise counsel, thanks for their affection and their services. Then she had her little Frances called; the lovable child had nursed her with a wholly filial tenderness and a precocious devotion. Jeanne thanked her effusively, said many sweet and fine words to her, and then blessed her, commending to her what lay closest to her heart, what was like a debt she regretted not having been able to pay, but which she left to another self: we mean the care of procuring the canonization of the good Father Vincent Ferrer. Frances, grave, recollected, bathed in tears, solemnly promised it. Then, in memory of this promise and as a pledge of the confidence she carried with her in dying, Jeanne bequeathed her a wooden rosary, a present from the good Father, on which she had prayed so devoutly. No one dared to disturb this colloquy; all admired these two beings so free of all earthly cares: this woman departing for heaven after a long and full life, and this predestined child, who already dwelt there by heart and thought; these two souls stood on one level in an admirable equality of the love of God.

The duchess died on 20 September 1433 and was buried, amid the grief and sobs of all, in the choir of the cathedral church of Vannes, facing the high altar. Shortly afterwards the duke left Vannes, which reminded him too much of his past happiness and the sorrows of the present, and settled at Nantes with his court, the princes his children, and Frances, who never left him.

Some months after Duke Jean’s arrival in Nantes, Frances, who was reaching her seventh year, was solemnly betrothed to Pierre of Brittany, lord of Guingamp, ten years older than she. From that moment her life became still more modest and serious, and her time was divided between study, visiting churches and the

poor, and a few hours of recreation. It was noticed too that she then always kept a gently grave and charming bearing that excluded both boredom and frivolity. Nothing futile or slanderous ever slipped into her conversation; and she preferably sought the company of persons advanced in the ways of Christian perfection or seeking to enter them. But if some step had to be taken, some money given to smooth away difficulties or lower barriers before those aspiring to the cloister and the religious life, she was seen to exert herself ardently. Thus she was preparing for her own vocation and meriting its success. Meanwhile Frances had just reached her fifteenth year, and a new career opened before her with the death of Duke Jean, who died on 28 August 1442, leaving his dear Brittany rich in all kinds of goods, of which one of the most precious was assuredly the possession of our Blessed. He was mourned by all and buried in the choir of the cathedral of Nantes, near Duke Jean, his father. François, count of Montfort, succeeded him, and on 30 October of the same year he married Isabeau Stuart, daughter of James I, king of Scotland. On the following 9 December the coronation festivities were celebrated at Rennes with unaccustomed pomp and splendour, and at the end of the ceremony the duke was armed knight by the constable de Richemont, his uncle. It was at this same time, and probably in the days that followed, that the wedding of Pierre and Frances took place. The Blessed's biographers do not give us a precise date, but they take care to tell us that this solemnity took place in the presence of Duke François, the constable de Richemont, the high barons and the prelates…. They also note a circumstance that we too must not pass over in silence: that, contrary to the custom received until then, Blessed Frances wore on that day a gown of white damask. It was a symbol of her baptismal innocence and a presage of the chastity she was to keep pure and spotless. Thus was consummated an alliance that held in store for Brittany serene and prosperous days. All the festivities over, the young couple came to settle in their appanage at Guingamp, in the diocese of Tréguier, today the department of Côtes-du-Nord. It is a pleasantly situated town, in a fair valley surrounded by hills, on the banks of the Trieux, a source of wealth for the whole country, both by the freshness it spreads over the fields and by the port it forms at its mouth, which favours every kind of commerce. But scarcely had they arrived when Pierre and Frances wished to make a pilgrimage to a celebrated sanctuary called Le Folgoët, consecrated to the Blessed Virgin; for they were eager to place themselves under her very special protection, "recoignoissant," says an old historian, "qu'elle étoit l'azyle de leurs hermines sacrées" [old spelling: "acknowledging that she was the refuge of their sacred ermines", the ermine being the arms of Brittany]. So they founded there a Mass for the Saturday of every week, and then visited another place no less revered, called Saint-Jean-du-Doigt. It was so called because a notable relic of the holy Precursor was venerated there, the finger that had pointed out the Son of God to men; and as a chapel was then being built there, the noble pilgrims contributed to it generously.

Back at Guingamp, Pierre set about repairing the town and the castle he was to live in. A complete circuit of walls, high granite towers and an elegant fortified keep soon made this residence worthy of its occupants. A pretty fountain, which brought the gushing waters of a distant spring right into the public square, showed moreover that the people and their needs were not forgotten. The country, besides, is happily varied with plains and wooded hills; the nearby sea, the clear rivers and the spacious forests offer varied pleasures. The nobility of the neighbourhood, numerous, passionately fond of hunting, and delighted to see the same tastes in the prince, soon surrounded him, finding in him their natural leader in these pleasures as at the head of armies; the deep woods and the echoing hills rang daily with the cry of the hounds. For their part the chatelaines came down from their keeps, and the simple ladies and damsels from their manors, and came to Guingamp to gather around their suzeraine. Together they worked wool and silk, often too the humble linen thread for the poor, and modest, witty, never slanderous conversation gently filled the hours. Then at sunset, as the moment drew near that brings back the weary huntsmen, eager for rest and care, Frances came out before the castle, and there she graciously awaited her husband. This sweet habit was known, and the people made a habit too of surrounding her at that hour. Rich, poor, noble, burgher or peasant, all had access to her; each could present his requests to her, tell her of his fears, his griefs, his needs and his joys: she went out to meet their confidences; no one left her except happy and consoled.

So the days at Guingamp flowed by, full, calm and swift, when news came of the grave dissensions that had just broken out between François, duke of Brittany, and Gilles, his young brother. Malicious reports on the one side and, on Gilles's part, ill-considered words and real imprudences brought about his arrest by order of the king of France, who as suzerain had received the duke's complaints. Carried off by force and taken to prison at Dinan on 26 June 1446, the unfortunate prince found no other support to defend his liberty, and soon his very life, than the active and generous efforts of Blessed Frances. It is she indeed who appears and acts in these sad circumstances. First she warned the constable, who interposed his authority and good offices in vain; then she went to Nantes, where the duke resided, and made him hear by turns the language of truth and that of brotherly friendship. But she met only a closed ear and a cold and insensible heart. When the Estates of Brittany assembled at Redon to judge the unhappy prince, she multiplied her efforts, her supplications and her devotion on his behalf. It is known that these Estates refused to deliver the head of a brother to a brother, and one cannot doubt that Frances contributed strongly to keeping them firm in duty and justice. But they could only proclaim loudly the innocence of the accused, and they did not deliver him from the fratricidal hands that held him captive. Soon those same hands made him perish of hunger and misery in the horror of a black dungeon. It was at Guingamp, where she had returned with her husband, that our Blessed received this frightful news; and while she wept for the unfortunate man who was no more, she wept still more bitterly for him who had just renewed the crime of Cain. For the rest, the delays of divine vengeance were quickly cut short, for forty days had not passed before the murderer appeared before the Lord and gave Him an account of the blood that had been shed. But here again all the ardour of Christian charity and piety showed itself in our Blessed. As soon as she learned of the duke's illness, she hurried to Vannes, and, seeing that among the courtiers around him all flattered him with a chimerical hope and none dared speak to him of his soul and his eternity, she armed herself with a holy boldness and revealed to him, along with the gravity of his condition, the powerlessness of man and the almighty mercy of God. François understood everything then; he confessed his faults, wept for his crime, and, to leave a lasting and public testimony of his repentance, made by his will a foundation in the abbey of Boquen for the repose of his brother's soul. Then, having sent for Pierre de Guingamp, he commended to him his wife and his two daughters, Marguerite and Marie, and finally, turning to his courtiers, asked their pardon for the scandals he had caused. A few days later he received the sacraments of the Church and died a good Catholic, uttering the holy name of Jesus. Frances helped him in this hard labour of repentance and death and eased its toilsome trials.

The death of Duke François, which took place on 17 July 1450, called Pierre de Guingamp to the throne by virtue of the Salic law; and he hastened to inaugurate his reign by the ceremony of coronation. This ceremony, so brilliant in its pomp and so full of grave lessons, took place in the cathedral of Rennes at the beginning of August of the same year. Frances, kneeling beside her husband, prayed for him with a fervour all the greater as she better measured the extent of her new duties. She was frightened rather than dazzled by them, and she asked God, who imposed them on her, for the grace to fulfil them well. Indeed, she understood that a large share of these duties was reserved to her, for a woman's part is never nothing or self-effacing in a Christian home. Beside the throne as in the humblest households her intervention is salutary, and here we are allowed to catch this blessed influence in the act. If Pierre was the voice that commands and the arm that executes, Frances was the intelligence that directs, the counsel that enlightens. She did not seek this part; circumstances required her to take it: it was for the greatest good and the happiness of all. She filled it with a discretion and wisdom that make one suspect rather than perceive her behind her husband. And this last trait, which all contemporary authors attest, is the finest praise of her modesty as of her prudence. "It is certain indeed," says one of them, "that the reign of Pierre was a glorious reign for the duke and the nation, happy for the peoples, fruitful in good and useful undertakings and in wisely made reforms, because he abandoned himself to the guidance of our Saint, who never gave him any counsel that was not inspired from on high."

After the coronation festivities, which lasted eight days, Pierre and Frances left Rennes for Nantes, where they made their solemn entry on 12 October. The streets were strewn with leaves, the houses hung with draperies, the holy images dressed in their niches as on the Church's greatest feast-days, and the bells rang their most joyful peals. Pierre, passing through the place Saint-Pierre, lit a bonfire that had been prepared there and, entering the church, knelt humbly before the altar. Then, restored to calm and to business, he first saw to securing the lot of Françoise de Dinan, widow of Prince Gilles, who was languishing without protection or honour. He had her marry Gui, lord of Le Gâvre, and this alliance henceforth put her beyond the reach of reverses of fortune without making her fall from her high position. Here all the historians give the credit for the conclusion of this affair to the care and wholly sisterly solicitude of our Blessed. They likewise praise her for having encouraged her husband to seek out his brother's murderers, for to punish crime is to protect virtue. Other cares occupied her next: that of consoling Isabeau Stuart, whom her father, the king of Scotland, was calling back to him. But this princess would not part from a sister whose tenderness and sweet friendship made her greatly love Brittany and softened the sorrows of her widowhood. Besides, she would have had to abandon her two daughters, and her heart could not consent to it. So the girls grew up under the double eye of their mother and of Frances; and it is easy to guess what happy results came of this double watchfulness. When they had reached marriageable age, our Saint interceded with her husband to procure them a noble and rich alliance. Marguerite married the count of Étampes, who was one day to reign over Brittany, and Marie was betrothed to Jean de Rohan. He was then only a child, but the marriage took place later.

The reign of Duke Pierre lasted only seven years, but they were seven years well filled for the happiness and prosperity of Brittany. He assembled its Estates General on 25 May 1451, and in concert with the three orders that composed them he published there the ordinances known in history as the Constitutions of Pierre II. It is a monument of wisdom such as can be offered without fear to the gaze of the proudest detractors of those times. The duke also took advantage of these solemn circumstances to propose to the Estates that they proclaim his wife duchess of Brittany: the unanimous acclamations of all the deputies greeted this proposal and proved how much all regarded Frances as the inspirer of the good already done and of that still hoped for. Thus was fulfilled in our Blessed's regard this word of our holy books: "The works of the valiant woman have earned her glory and praise in the assembly of the judges" [cf. Prov. 31:31]. From that moment too her influence grew in sweetness and in power, "and God," says an old historian, "made use of this princess for the general reformation of Brittany. For the duke, her husband, seeing that she was guided by God, followed her counsel and in all his affairs took her advice. She saw to it that bishoprics, abbeys and parishes were provided with learned and pious men, and brought about the reformation of the secular and regular clergy." Her solicitude for the interests of the people was no less lively and pressing. One day, having learned that the duke, on the proposal of some councillors, was about to establish a new tax, she showed him the injustice of this act and dissuaded him so well that he abandoned even the thought of it. The courtiers murmured, but the people heaped a thousand blessings on her. It was to her prayers too that the same people attributed the striking and rapid successes that attended the arms of the Bretons in the conquest of Guyenne. The glory they won there, following the French, recalled the high deeds and exploits of the ancient knights of the province. Now the Blessed duchess never ceased, while this expedition lasted, to order processions and public prayers throughout Brittany. It was not long after the time when Joan of Arc had shown what God can do, when He wills, through the heart and arm of a woman. Yet Brittany, for all that it was governed by Pierre and Frances, Christian princes, did not stand aside from movement and progress. They loved the arts and favoured them; and under their protection the arts created fine and great things everywhere. Letters were likewise protected, and Meschinot, the renowned poet of those times, was the duke's cupbearer, and the duke loaded him with benefits. Simple and modest at home and in their personal needs, they knew how, as circumstances required, to show themselves great and magnificent, and above all they showed their friends a grateful affection. For the rest, all their savings were turned into liberalities to the poor, the hospitals and the religious houses. Their

alms were truly royal largesse, and they counted themselves happy to be rich only so as to grow poor by giving. Nor did they forget those pious foundations of Masses and services for the dead, foundations almost unknown in our day. They took very particular care, then, to multiply them in the cathedral churches, the chapels of monasteries and the sanctuaries of the principal pilgrimages. Thus, until the revolution of the last century, the chapter of Nantes had a Mass celebrated every day, called the duke's Mass. It will not have been forgotten that our Saint had pledged herself, at the deathbed of Duchess Jeanne, to procure the canonization of Blessed Vincent Ferrer. She had worked at it actively, and in the year 1455 she had the satisfaction of completing this great work. Pope Callistus III solemnly placed him among the Saints and, at the request of the Breton princes, sent a legate to proceed to the elevation of the holy relics. This legate, by a choice of exquisite delicacy, was a Breton, Alain de Coëtivy, archbishop of Avignon and cardinal of the title of Santa Prassede. The ceremony took place with great pomp in the cathedral of Vannes, with the participation of the nine bishops of Brittany and the presence of seven other prelates and all the abbots of the province, amid an immense crowd. The duke wished to bear all the expenses and provided for them royally. As for our Blessed, she took as her share the fervour of prayer, confidence in the intercession of the holy religious, and the joy of having accomplished her mission. She also received from the legate's hands notable relics: a finger of St. Vincent, his doctor's cap, and the girdle with which he had been buried. These precious objects seemed to her a reward beyond all the care and perseverance she had put into obtaining this canonization, and later she bequeathed them to the Carmelites of Les Couëts. Thus the pious efforts of Frances made the radiance of a new glory and a brilliant halo shine upon the Order of St. Dominic in the person of Blessed Vincent Ferrer, and it is sweet to us to attest here that that Order keeps a lively gratitude to her for it.

Another joy came the following year to gladden the heart of our good duchess: the foundation at Nantes of a convent of Poor Clares. Various obstacles having delayed the completion of the monastery and the fitting out of the premises, she received the nuns in a wing of the ducal castle, defrayed all their expenses, and gave them one of her maids of honour, who intended to become a nun, to be at their orders; and she added that if God willed her to survive her husband, her greatest desire was to end her days in the coarse habit in their company. These last words referred to the grave illness from which the duke had been suffering for several months, whose danger no one concealed from himself. But the more alarming his condition became, the more his gentle wife served and nursed him with a solicitude and devotion that nothing repelled. Beside him all day, the night found her still attentive to his pains. She did not go to bed, and took a few moments' rest only on a bench or a rug: this had been going on for nearly a year. She nevertheless wished to attend the enclosure of her beloved nuns, and the ceremony was performed on 30 August 1457 by Bertrand de Coëtenezze, the duke's almoner; then, this duty done, Frances came back to take up again, beside a bed of pain, the post of tenderness and vigilance. The names of these first Poor Clares have been preserved for us: they were eighteen, and counted among them several girls of the highest houses, among others a Jacqueline d'Amboise, cousin of our Blessed.

Meanwhile the duke's illness was making alarming progress, and Frances had to warn him of it and dispose him to a Christian death. She did not fail in this supreme ministry; but who could repeat the conversations, the last outpourings of these hearts united in the love of God! Ah! how much calm, dignity and consolation religion mingles in those so short hours of last farewells! The one who stays moderates his pain by preparing the way to heaven for the one who goes, and the dying man lets fall from his lips, already consecrated by death, those words full of divine love and sublime hopes which, being no longer of earth, are already of heaven. On 20 September of that year 1457 the duke had his will read publicly, full of pious bequests and kind remembrances; then he received the sacraments with faith and love, and on Thursday the 22nd of the same month, in the morning, he gave up his soul to God. "He carried with him," says a historian, "the regrets of all the orders of the State." What finer praise could be given to his memory! He was buried the very next day in the sepulchre he had had built in the choir of the collegiate church. On returning from the funeral procession, the sad and inconsolable Frances withdrew into her oratory and, embracing her crucifix, made a

vow of continence. From that day she began to leave the world, everything displeasing her; she took refuge with the daughters of St. Clare, where she lived, sorrowing and solitary, finding solace and peace only in the holy joys of prayer and the ardours of divine love.

But while she remained thus with her grief and God in the depths of her retreat, Brittany was greeting the accession to the ducal throne of the count of Richemont, who succeeded his nephew under the title of Arthur III. The ceremony of his coronation, which took place at Rennes on 6 December 1457, then that of his entry into Nantes, gave rise to sumptuous festivities at which Frances did not appear, sunk as she was in her tears and deep affliction. No excuse could be more legitimate, and the new duke took no offence at her absence. But as he had no children, reasons of state made him keenly desire that our Blessed should remarry. He sounded her on this point at first in a friendly way and by insinuation; then, finding her firm and unshakeable, he grew angry at her resistance and wished to overcome it by severity and persecution. He flattered himself that a weak woman would bend, or at least break, under that iron hand which had overthrown so many proud warriors, and he did not know that it is not given to man to be strong against God. So he seized Frances's revenues on various pretexts, took from her all the jewels her husband had bequeathed her, and reduced her to a straitness that very much resembled hard poverty. Our Blessed bore everything with heroic patience and rejoiced to suffer for the fairest of virtues. She also knew how to forget everything beside a bed of suffering and death. And indeed Arthur had scarcely reigned a year when, steeped in sorrows, languishing and sick, he saw his victim of yesterday hasten to him; she nursed him with filial tenderness and eased his last moments with all that a heart animated by ardent charity has of the most ingenious and most delicate. God permits such reversals. He expired on 26 December 1458, and his end was like his long life, simple, strong, Christian, worthy of a soldier. So died the count of Richemont, and so died another child of noble and Catholic Brittany, General de Lamoricière. Hail to his military glory, and peace to his soul, so devoted to the defence of the Church and of its Pontiff. On learning of this death Pius IX wept and prayed. His tears are the immortal honour of the warrior who knew how to deserve them, and that all-powerful prayer opened to him the entrance of heaven. But let us return to Frances. When the duke had expired, she closed his eyes and shrouded him with her own hands. She also took care to have a great number of Masses said for the repose of his soul, and distributed abundant alms for the same intention. So do the Saints take their revenge.

The death of Arthur III, count of Richemont, called to the throne François, count of Étampes, married to Marguerite, daughter of Duke François. He was only twenty, and he brought to his court that levity of morals and speech which he had studied and learned only too well at the court of Charles VII. Yet he did not lack the lessons of example, for while he was wholly taken up with games and festivities amid a lively and ardent youth, the two duchesses, Frances and Marguerite, joined together in prayer and almsgiving. They were seen going on foot through the streets of the town, scattering here a smile, there a kind word, farther on some help. People vied to approach them with that touching familiarity which is established only between a mother and her children. The shamefaced poor were not forgotten; this visiting was one of the duchesses' recreations, and the people, seeing them go into the sad and dark quarters of the town, would say: "Our ladies are on a pleasure party today."

We have said that immediately after the death of the duke her husband Frances had withdrawn to the Poor Clares. But she had not been able to bear their austerities and had had to return to the ducal palace. No doubt she resigned herself to the divine will, and yet she sighed ceaselessly at the memory of the cloister she had glimpsed and of the sisters who lived in it, all united in one feeling of self-denial and pure love. It was at the height of these sorrows and regrets that God, who had His designs, caused her to meet the blessed Father John Soreth, general of the Carmelites. This holy religious, to whom she opened her heart and her deep disgust with the world, consoled her as best he could, spoke to her of the Carmelite nuns in the country of Liège, and spoke so well of them that Frances at once formed the project of founding a monastery of that Order in Brittany. So she begged him to send her some sisters as soon as possible to people it. Father Soreth

promised, and after a conversation wholly filled with the spirit of God he withdrew in great admiration of the holiness of this princess. She, meanwhile, keenly impatient, hastened to write to these good nuns who had been promised her, and sent people to visit them on her behalf. On the other side she obtained the necessary permissions from Rome and bought at Vannes a site called Le Bon-Don, suitable for building a monastery. One last difficulty remained, the duke's consent: she asked for it and, renewing entreaties that were at first fruitless, ended by carrying it off as if by force. The finger of God was already showing itself in this whole affair. So Frances, who had moved to Vannes to hasten the building of the convent, gathered around her some girls of good family, among them three of her nieces, and under the direction of Father de la Nuce, a Carmelite religious, they all learned the constitutions of the Order, the chant and the ceremonies. As for our Blessed, she applied herself above all to meditation and practised the greatest austerities. Three times a week she fasted; she always wore a coarse hair shirt on her bare flesh, and every day she took two bloody disciplines.

Yet Frances could not forget her beloved poor, and at Vannes, as at Nantes, she gathered them at her table every Friday and served them herself. She also visited the hospitals, and such was her attraction for this charitable exercise that, for a moment after leaving the Poor Clares, she hesitated whether she should not consecrate herself to the care of the sick at the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris. But the Lord had marked her place in Carmel; Frances understood it, and how her wishes hastened the day when she could settle there! So, as soon as part of the buildings was habitable, she lodged there with her companions, and from then on, that is about 1461, they all began to follow the usages of the Order. They ate in the refectory, slept in a common dormitory, recited the office, kept the fasts and silences, said their *coulpe* [the public accusation of faults in chapter], frequented the sacraments, and went out only very rarely. Time went by amid these works, and it would have gone by quickly had they not been waiting impatiently for the Carmelites of Liège. At last they arrived, God taking pity on His servant, and on the eve of All Saints, 1463, they made their entry into Vannes. The duchess, followed by the nobility, the notables and a great crowd of people, went out a long way to meet them. The newcomers were nine, seven choir nuns and two lay sisters.

Through Frances's care apartments had been prepared for them in the ducal castle, and they stayed there until 21 December. That day the Father General, John Soreth, assisted by the vicar general of Vannes, brought them into their convent, which received the name of the monastery of the Three Marys of Le Bon-Don. With what happiness Frances presented the keys to the prioress and helped her ring the bell for the first time! How she would have wished to be able, from that day, to break completely with the world! No doubt in her soul it was done, but her body still seemed to belong to it. The interests of her monastery required it, and she resigned herself. So she had to withdraw, very sad, into a small wing she had reserved for herself outside the enclosure. Nevertheless she attended the community's offices, took her meals with the sisters, was present at the chapter meetings, said her *coulpe* there like the others, and served in the kitchen in her turn: no novice was humbler or more eager for reprimands and for rough and repellent tasks. The sisters, long broken in to this discipline, could not admire enough the ardour and perfection of this newcomer, who was already outshining all the rest.

Four years were needed by our Blessed to secure the foundation of her monastery and herself to break all the bonds that from day to day drew their knots and grip ever tighter. The difficulties of business and travel and the demands on time and money did not seem to her the hardest and thorniest. For she had again to struggle against Duke François, who had withdrawn his consent, and even to brave the wrath of Louis XI, who as suzerain had settled a second marriage for her. He spoke to her of it himself at Nantes, on a journey he made into Brittany, and under the courtesy of his language let the imperious tone of command show through. But all was useless, caresses and threats; and all the power of a king of France, no less than all the craftiness of a Louis XI, failed before the firmness of a woman. At last the day on which she could bid the world an eternal farewell dawned with the anniversary of that on which the Son of God became incarnate for our salvation in

the chaste womb of Mary. So on 25 March 1469 Frances came and presented herself in the convent chapel and knelt before the high altar. She was in mourning dress, never having put it off, carried in her hand a candle of white wax, and beside her stood four maids of honour. The officiant was Brother Yves de Ponsal, bishop of Vannes, that same Dominican who had initiated her into the happiness of the Christian life by the anticipated favour of first communion, and who was now to introduce her into the felicity of the religious life by the much-desired clothing with the holy habit. The history of monastic vocations often offers us this happy meeting of a son of St. Dominic and a virgin of Carmel.

But what touching memories and what tender thoughts must then have filled the heart of the humble postulant and the soul of the religious Pontiff! “My daughter,” he said to her in a moved voice, “what do you ask?” — “I ask,” she answered, “the poverty and fellowship of the sisters of the sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, under perpetual enclosure.” Then the Reverend Father John Soreth gave a pious and learned instruction on the duties of the religious life, and then the bishop resumed: “You have heard, my daughter: do you wish willingly and with perseverance to submit yourself to the charges of religion?” — “So I will it,” she answered. The Prelate read a prayer; he blessed the dark-coloured tunic, a reminder of the shroud of the God-Man; the scapular, emblem of the Lord’s sweet and light yoke; the girdle, symbol of combat; the white mantle, sign of the purity, simplicity and love of the spouses of Christ; the rosary, garlands of enthusiastic salutations that all Christians address to the mystical rose of the gardens of heaven; the veil, finally, that barrier impassable to the world, whose strength God alone provides. The novice was stripped of her secular clothes and clothed in this livery; she was sprinkled like a sacred monument, and behind the grille the choir sang the story of the wise and prudent virgins become the happy spouses of the heavenly lover of souls.

After the Mass, at which Frances communicated, she advanced, preceded by the cross and followed by her witnesses, towards the enclosure door. The nuns were waiting for her there. The prioress gazes on her tenderly; her voice repeats, in that sweet chant of Carmel which recalls the wood-pigeon’s in the depths of the woods, this pious verse: *Elegi abjectam esse in domo domini mei Jesu Christi* [“I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my lord Jesus Christ”, adapted from Ps. 83:11]. Two nuns, like two angel messengers, detach themselves from the recollected group; they sound forth this call: *Veni, sponsa Christi!* “Come, spouse of Christ!” The motet is finished, and while the bishop reads a prayer the Blessed falls at the prioress’s feet. The prioress raises her, kisses her with charity, and places on her head a crown of thorns, the crown of the spouses of the Lamb; and the door closes again. With Frances the four maids who accompanied her received the habit and entered religion. The poor too were not forgotten, and they had a banquet that day. So Frances of Amboise left the world, and so, in the words of an old Breton author, “this phoenix of holiness among all the ladies of France became a chaste turtle-dove, withdrawn into the flowering desert of Mount Carmel, there to moan the rest of her days.”

But while Frances was savouring in solitude all the charms of the religious life and redeeming, by the obedience and humility of the cloister, the rank and homage she had enjoyed, Marguerite of Brittany was fading away, isolated and silent, in the gay castle of Nantes. A pale victim of her husband’s indifference, she had slowly and noiselessly bent towards the tomb, as a flower without sun languishes and withers. Her will, dated 22 September 1469, is marked with piety and Christian resignation. In it she names our Blessed and bequeaths to her, as a token of gratitude and affection, a diamond heart and a gold chain. It had been a gift from Duke François in time past, when he loved her. A few other names are read in this same will, names of devoted friends or faithful servants, but they are few. One feels that misfortune is there, and where misfortune is, friends are not many. Three days later she died, lamented by the people who loved her, and was buried in the church of the Carmelite Fathers. Frances wept for her as she had loved her, that is, with a wholly motherly tenderness, and, continuing her lively solicitude for her, multiplied prayers, Masses and communions for the repose of her soul. Here a reflection presents itself that still finds its timeliness every

day. Which of the two princesses seemed in the eyes of the world to have chosen the better part and to be the happier? The appearance was for Marguerite and the reality for Frances. It is that the one lived in a palace and the other in a cloister. Will the world ever be willing to understand it?

Meanwhile our Blessed had just made her solemn profession in the hands of Father John Soreth on 25 March 1470, and had received the imposition of the black veil from the bishop of Vannes. This irrevocable consecration of herself to the Lord became a new motive for her to advance in religious perfection, and an old author rightly observes in this connection that she advanced rapidly because “she was so stripped of her own sense and will that she did nothing except by obedience or with the consent of her superiors.” It was therefore by their permission that, after the death of Marguerite of Brittany, she took the initiative of a second marriage for Duke François, who had had no children by her. Holiness of morals, the dignity of the family, the honour of the country and the succession to the throne imperiously demanded a noble, illustrious and Christian alliance. All admitted it, the duke himself; and yet, to succeed in it, all the ascendancy that age, kinship and holiness gave Frances was needed. The bride she presented to him was Marguerite de Foix, daughter of Gaston IV, count of Foix and Bigorre and sovereign prince of Béarn. All Brittany applauded such a choice and turned its gratitude towards our Blessed. The marriage was celebrated at the castle of Clisson on 26 June 1474; but Frances, faithful to the rules of enclosure, did not attend it. Besides, what did the festivities of the world matter to her! She had just entered the fifth year of her profession and was finding herself happier day by day in this life of silence and oblivion when her sisters elected her prioress. She was overwhelmed by it and, kneeling down, begged them not to impose so heavy a burden on her. But, as may well be imagined, the election was upheld, and Frances took office. How attentive she showed herself to the needs of her dear flock! How devoted she was, how gentle, how humble! She persuaded herself that until then she had lived only for herself, when her life had been consecrated to all who had claimed little or much of it, and she told herself that she must now live for the daughters God gave into her charge. None was more severe towards herself, more kindly towards others: to love God and neighbour, such was her motto and the rule of her actions.

Buried in the silence and solitude of her monastery of the Three Marys, Frances thought only of ending her penitent and laborious course there in peace. But Providence had marked her tomb at the gates of Nantes, and it was about this time that it declared its designs. It made use for this of the princess Marguerite de Foix, duchess of Brittany. For she, having come to visit our Blessed, was so edified by her conversation and understood her rare merit so well that she resolved to draw her to Nantes, so as to enjoy her advice and good counsel more easily. The opportunity was not slow to present itself. Close to Nantes, on the left bank of the Loire, a priory of Benedictine nuns called Notre-Dame des Couëts left much to be desired in the double respect of fervour and regularity. Moreover, the number of nuns, reduced to seven, was no longer sufficient for the divine office, and these considerations seemed favourable to the plan of obtaining from the Holy See the transfer of this monastery from the Order of St. Benedict to that of Carmel. The duke therefore referred the matter to Pope Sixtus IV, who, after ample inquiry, enjoined Blessed Frances to come and reform Les Couëts, and the Benedictines to submit to her direction, unless they preferred to withdraw to the abbey of Saint-Sulpice of Rennes, on which the priory depended. Besides, the sovereign Pontiff did not forget their temporal interests and assigned them a pension on the revenues of the suppressed convent, but he required prompt and entire submission.

These apostolic letters are of the year 1476, and in the month of December Frances and nine of her nuns left the monastery of the Three Marys of Le Bon-Don. The whole population of Vannes, dismayed at this departure, besieged the convent doors and cried that it would not lose the Saint. So when Frances appeared there was a general outburst of cries and tears. On the other hand, the liveliest transports greeted her at Nantes, and amid a crowd that pressed upon her in respectful and enthusiastic waves she arrived with her sisters at the castle of La Tour-Neuve, where the duke and duchess were waiting for them. What a meeting

and what memories! The coarse cloth of Carmel and the white mantle of the prophet Elijah contrasted strangely with the gold and the ducal ermine; but she who wore the holy livery of poverty appeared only the more beautiful in every eye. And above all, what an eloquent lesson on the vanities of the world and the happiness of religious profession! The last formalities for taking possession of the monastery of Les Couëts were not entirely finished until 20 December, and it was on Christmas Day itself that Frances entered it. It was there that she was to live a few more years the life of the Saints and to die the death of the Saints. So she could say as she crossed the threshold: “This is the place of my rest.” For the rest, no place was more favourably disposed for recollection and prayer. On one side the Loire watered with its fair waters a meadow where flocks grazed; the horizon was pushed far back by the river, and the dark woods that crowned the hillsides of Misery [Miséry] were lost in the blue of the sky; on the other the monastery was surrounded by the forests, full of mysteries, of the Pays de Retz. One was lost in their recollected shade, and the ear, in that silence of every human voice, heard only the song of the birds, the moan of the great winds in the woods, or the vague sound of waters ceaselessly flowing away, an image of life: the soul expanded in this calm, gave itself up to pious thoughts, and when the bell rang for the offices, silent prayer took shape and came of itself to rest upon the lips.

But while Frances, wholly given to her duties as prioress, was bringing back silence, psalmody and regularity to Les Couëts, her sisters who had stayed at Le Bon-Don were living in sadness and tears: missing their mother, nothing could console them. So they resolved to attempt an undertaking that God was pleased to bless; they employed their friends, had letters written to the Pope, and obtained from him the union of their monastery with that of Les Couëts. What joy at this news, and how quick they were to set out! They hastened eagerly to Frances, as a swarm of bees separated by storms hurries back to take refuge in the common hive when calm has returned. Assuredly nothing could be sweeter to Frances’s loving heart than this reunion, which took place in the year 1480. Continued in office by the express order of the superiors, a vigilant, energetic and tender mother, she knew how to raise up the weak, moderate indiscreet zeal and, when needed, awaken the heart that had fallen asleep before God. Thus it was that she called to Les Couëts Father Alan de la Roche, the celebrated Dominican, to establish there the most excellent devotion of the holy Rosary. This fact attests once more how much Mary loves these two Orders and how she delights to employ them together. Yet here below joy is almost always the messenger of sorrow, and our Blessed experienced it in the death of Father John Soreth, who died at Angers on 25 July 1481. It was a great loss for Frances. She wept for him as a father and invoked him as a Saint; and during the four years she survived him she applied herself to rooting the spirit of Carmel so firmly in her house that it could maintain itself there without ever falling from its first fervour.

Besides, the end of her pilgrimage was approaching, and she was to meet it in the exercise of charity. One of the sisters was stricken with a contagious disease. The Blessed left to no one the duty of nursing her; she did it with her usual devotion, consoled her, and when all hope of recovery was lost, assisted her and received her last breath. A few days later, feeling herself struck with the same illness, she had no illusions; but, joyfully greeting the approach of her deliverance, she went up to the infirmary: it was Saturday, 28 October 1485. The progress of the illness soon appeared so alarming that on Thursday, 3 November, she received the last sacraments; and towards the middle of the night she had the whole community called. The sisters being gathered around her deathbed, the dying woman first accused herself of the bad examples she had given them and humbly asked their pardon. Then, as they answered her only with sobs, she added these words, which have been preserved for us: “I beg you above all things, see to it that God is better loved. Be humble, kind, gentle and charitable, chaste and obedient; love one another, cherish peace, union and concord; be loyal to God, firm, constant and persevering in the observance of your profession…. Farewell, my daughters; I am going now to experience what it is to love God: I give myself up to Him.” Frances had ceased speaking and they were still listening to her; and the sisters, bowed and silent, asked her blessing. Then, raising her dying hand, she blessed them; and after that nothing was heard but the sick woman’s sighs and her broken prayers,

the sobs of the nuns and the recitation of the holy prayers. So passed the hours of the night and those of the day until towards noon. Frances then asked that the *Stabat Mater* be recited to her and the Gospel of the Passion read to her. She was following its words in silent recollection when towards the end it was noticed that she was entering her agony. The subprioress therefore began the commendation of the soul, and as she pronounced the words, “Go forth, Christian soul; may thy place be this day in peace and thy abode in holy Sion,” our Blessed, aged fifty-eight, gave up her fair soul to God on Friday, 4 November, at three in the afternoon. How sweet is this death, and who would not wish, to die thus, to die in a religious habit! One would try in vain to paint the grief of the nuns of Les Couëts, or that of the inhabitants of Nantes. These wished to possess the body of Frances and urgently claimed it; but the nuns, who would never consent to deprive themselves of so precious a treasure, buried her at the entrance of the Chapter.

Blessed Frances is above all characterized in popular art by the ermine of Brittany on her mantle and by the duchess’s crown placed beside her, or which she seems to be laying on the ground. Sometimes she is clothed in the Carmelite habit, with the insignia of her former dignity at her feet.

CULT AND RELICS.

Seven years after Frances’s death her holy body, having been taken up from the ground, was found in a perfect state of preservation and put back in a corner of the chapter house, in such a way that the foot of the tomb corresponded to the lower end of the church, under the screen of the grille, so that the public might have access to it. An epitaph was also engraved on it containing the Blessed’s names and the date of her death. From then on this place became a sort of pious pilgrimage, and the people began to invoke the good duchess. During the wars of religion the Carmelites of Les Couëts, obliged to leave their convent, put these precious relics beyond the reach of all profanation, and as soon as calm was restored they put them back in the tomb. New miracles took place on this occasion, and litanies and other prayers were composed in honour of our Blessed. But, as no decision of the Holy See had yet sanctioned this popular cult, the bishops and the Estates of Brittany made pressing entreaties to it on this subject in the year 1759, and three years later the bishop of Nantes, Pierre Mauclerc de la Muzanchère, proceeded to a juridical inquiry. However, no further step was taken in the affair, and the only good that came of it was the confirmation of the respect and veneration of which the memory and relics of the Blessed had never ceased to be the object. Soon came the baleful days of ’93, and with them persecution and spoliation. On the pretext that the shrine was of silver-gilt, the directory of Nantes ordered the tomb to be opened; but only a lead shrine was found, and the bones were thrown pell-mell with other remains. As for the nuns, they had been expelled from the convent, and it was only with great difficulty that they managed to get back in secretly to gather up these precious remains. The head had been separated from the trunk, and they found it intact. They put it together with other bones and managed, by a thousand ingenious precautions, to hide them during the revolutionary storm. In 1828 Mme Goguet de la Salmonière, the last surviving nun of Les Couëts and the last possessor of these relics, deposited them with the Ladies of the Grande-Providence at Nantes, and it was there that they were solemnly recognized by Mgr Jacquemet, bishop of that city. This prelate, jealous of everything that can concern the glory of his diocese, obtained from Rome on 16 July 1863 the recognition of the immemorial cult of Blessed Frances and authorization to celebrate her feast on 5 November.

For various reasons it was only in 1865 that the diocese of Nantes rendered our Blessed for the first time all the honours of public cult, by a solemn triduum held in the chapel of the

Carmelites of Nantes. The following year the bishop of Nantes celebrated the beatification of the holy duchess by a feast to which he invited all the bishops of Brittany. This was to renew for the humble Frances the pomp and glory with which she herself had surrounded the canonization of St. Vincent Ferrer.

We owe this biography to the abbé Duchassaing, honorary canon of Angoulême, who drew it from the Life of the Blessed *by the vicomte de Kersabiec.*

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN AND CARDINAL

1584. — Pope: Gregory XIII. — King of France: Henry III.

Ambrosii cessa deflere, Insubria, funus; In Borromeo nunc redivivus adest.

Sèche tes pleurs, terre de Milan, celui dont tu portes le deuil est revenu parmi tes enfants : Ambroise revit dans Borromée.

Dry your tears, land of Milan; he whom you mourn has come back among your children: Ambrose lives again in Borromeo.

Hugues Vaillant, Fasti Sacri.

Charles Borromeo was born in the castle of Arona, on Lake Maggiore, on 2 October of the year 1538. His father was the lord Gilbert [Giberto] Borromeo, count of Arona, a Milanese gentleman, a good Catholic and very pious, whom some derive from the ancient kings of Italy and from a great captain named Vitalian, who, for having saved Rome from the fury of Totila, had been called Borromeo, that is, “good Roman”. His mother was Margaret, of the illustrious family of the Medici of Milan, allied to that of Florence. She was the sister of the famous Giacomo de’ Medici, castellan of Nusse and marquis of Marignano, who filled the whole 17th century with the glory of his fine military exploits, and of Giovanni Angelo de’ Medici, who was raised to the apostolic Holy See under the name of Pius IV.

The birth of this child was made illustrious by an extraordinary brightness and a heavenly fire that appeared over the castle of Arona at the moment he came into the world, two hours before daybreak. From his tenderest years he gave evident signs of the high holiness he would one day possess; for even then he was seen to be so drawn to devotion that nothing pleased him more than being given freedom to busy himself with works of piety. His father understood from this that heaven had destined him for the Church, and as soon as he could receive the clerical tonsure he had him wear the cassock. His uncle, Giulio Cesare Borromeo, also resigned to him his abbey of Sts. Gratinian and Felinus, in order to second the good inclinations he had for the ecclesiastical state. Charles, without knowing that to be an abbot is to be a father, was one, not of his religious, whom he could not yet govern, but of the needy, whom he could succour by his charity. At the age of twelve he began to understand that ecclesiastical revenues are the patrimony of the poor and that to take them from them is theft and sacrilege. So he warned his father frankly not to use the revenues of his benefice for the needs of his family, but to leave him their whole disposal for giving alms; and he was so scrupulous in this that if his father had sometimes borrowed something from him for a pressing payment, he took as much care to get it back from him as if he had been a stranger.

His youth was passed in great innocence and perfect integrity of morals. His modesty and his propriety charmed everyone, and he was so reserved and so watchful over himself that he was never heard to utter a lie or an unseemly word. Young as he was, he worked at the reform of his abbey, and succeeded so admirably that one could not have expected more from a person already consummate in prudence, authority and holiness. The exercises of piety did not prevent him from applying himself very carefully to study. Having done his humanities at Milan, he went to Pavia, where he learned both laws [canon and civil] under the learned Francesco Alciati. Nothing was so debauched as the students of that University; but Charles came out of it as pure as he had entered, and could not even be shaken by the solicitations of a wicked woman whom one of the servants of his father, who had died in the meantime, had the temerity to bring into his room.

At the same time as he was made a doctor at Pavia, his uncle, Giovanni Angelo de’ Medici, was elected and crowned pope at Rome. He received this news with as much modesty and reserve as if it had been indifferent to him. And he at once had recourse to the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, to draw from it the strength not to lose himself in the grandeurs that seemed to be prepared for him. The new Pope immediately afterwards called him to his side, made him protonotary participant, of both Signatures, cardinal of Sts. Vitus and Modestus, and finally archbishop of Milan. He also gave him, as his dear nephew, although he was still

only twenty-two, the whole administration of the affairs of his pontificate. Charles took on these great employments not out of ambition but out of pure obedience; not with confidence in his own strength, but relying only on the help of divine Goodness. The Pope was happy to have so just and faithful a minister. He had no need to fear that he would be corrupted by presents, or won by flattery, or that he would grant anything against his duty and against the ecclesiastical rules in order to make himself followers. Nothing could shake him; and as he had no other aim than the greater glory of God and the restoration of the ancient discipline of the Church, he could not bend when favours were asked of him that were opposed to them.

At first, however, yielding something to custom, he lodged, dressed and furnished himself with some magnificence, as if to keep up his rank as prince, cardinal and nephew of the Pope; but the death of Count Federico, his brother, whom His Holiness had also called to Rome to load him with all the honours a lay prince can receive, completely undeceived him about these vanities. When it was thought that he would give up the hat to marry, since he alone could maintain the greatness of his family, he received holy orders and even the priesthood, and so consecrated himself to God irrevocably. Before celebrating his first sacrifice he made the Exercises under the direction of the Reverend Father Ribera, a Jesuit, and received from him the instructions needed to make mental prayer well, being resolved not to fail to make it twice a day. The Pope, recognizing by this his constancy and firmness in the resolve to serve the Church, changed his cardinal's title and gave him a presbyteral one, that of Santa Prassede. He also made him grand penitentiary of the Roman Church, archpriest of St. Mary Major, protector of Lower Germany, of the kingdom of Portugal, of the provinces of Flanders, of the Catholic Swiss cantons and of various religious Orders, namely those of St. Francis, the Humiliati, the canons regular of Santa Cruz of Coimbra, the knights of Malta and the knights of the Cross of Jesus Christ in Portugal; and finally legate of Bologna, of the Romagna and of the March of Ancona. These honours did not dazzle him, and although they divided his mind among an infinity of different and often very thorny affairs, they always left him enough application to discharge each of them perfectly. One of the principal ones he took care of was the conclusion of the holy Council of Trent, which, having begun in 1545 under Pope Paul III, could be ended only in 1563 under Pope Pius IV. Unable to leave Rome, where the sovereign Pontiff kept him for the good of the universal Church, he sent to Milan as vicar general Niccolò Ormaneto, a learned jurist, a prudent man filled with the spirit of God. This excellent ecclesiastic, having found the diocese in deplorable disorder, applied himself for some time to reforming it; but as the disease was too great to be cured in the physician's absence, he wrote to our Saint that it was absolutely necessary for him to visit his flock in order to remedy the disorders by which it was wholly disfigured. Charles, who until then had not been able to obtain the Pope's permission to go to Milan, asked for it again with entreaties so pressing and, so to speak, so importunate that he carried it at last as if by force. So he went to his metropolitan city and was received there with extraordinary gladness and pomp. Then he held his first provincial council, attended by some cardinals and all the bishops of his province, either in person or by deputies, and had very wise regulations made there for the correction of the morals of the faithful and the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline. After this council he undertook to visit his flock, so as to know for himself its needs and what had to be done to keep it from being entirely lost. But while he was engaged in this function he received a new order from His Holiness to go to Trent to greet the most serene princesses Joanna and Barbara, sisters of the emperor Maximilian, who were coming to Italy to be married, and to go on from there to Rome, where the Pope was expecting him. It was divine Providence that called him to that city, not to continue his labours in the universal government of the Church, but to assist his uncle at death and to work in the Conclave to give him a successor. He did both with great success. He himself administered the last sacraments to His Holiness and, not having left him until his last breath, closed his eyes and saw to his burial. Then, having entered the Conclave with no other aim than to procure the glory of God, he had elected pope Cardinal Michele Ghislieri of Alessandria, a religious of the Order of St. Dominic, who took the name of Pius V. As soon as the new Pope was crowned, Charles Borromeo asked permission to return to his Church, where, as he had learned by his own experience, his presence was absolutely necessary.

He obtained it only with difficulty, because St. Pius V, who esteemed and cherished him singularly, wished to have him always at his side; but it was not possible to resist his reasons and his prayers. So he went to Milan as soon as he could and, without delaying a moment, began to set his hand to the work of rooting out of his field the brambles and thorns that the negligence of the pastors had let grow there. The use of the sacraments was almost banished from it; licentiousness was public, without anyone troubling to repress or punish it; the churches were profaned by the impieties committed in them without any fear. The priests were still more disordered than the people; their ignorance was so great that most did not know the forms of the sacraments; some even did not think themselves obliged to go to confession, because they heard the confessions of others. Drunkenness and concubinage were very common among them, and they ceaselessly added execrable sacrileges by administering the sacraments and celebrating the holy Mysteries in so criminal and scandalous a state. There was almost no regularity left in the cloisters: private ownership, incontinence and independence had dimmed their beauty. Most religious had nothing of their profession but the habit, and even that they belied by its wholly secular cut and its wholly worldly delicacy. The convents of women were open to every kind of dissoluteness: anyone could go in freely; dances and magnificent banquets were held there, and chastity was scarcely more sheltered there than in places of debauchery. Finally, ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been so neglected and had fallen into such contempt that no one cared at all about its judgments or its censures. The first thing St. Charles did to remedy so many evils was to have published throughout his diocese the decrees of the holy Council of Trent and those of his first provincial Council, which closely agreed with them, so that no one might be ignorant of them and no one might take it amiss that he applied himself carefully to having them carried out. To make this great and difficult undertaking succeed, he began his reform with his own person and his household; he got rid of a great number of officers and servants whom he had in his service as befitted the eminence of his condition, and took in their place a fine company of ecclesiastics, most of them doctors of theology or canon law, destined for the service of his diocese; he sold his most precious furniture and kept only what was necessary to him. He changed his splendid clothes, which he had taken only to conform to the other cardinals, and would wear only simple ones without show. He gave up all the benefices with which his uncle had wished to enrich him, except those he judged suitable for foundations, and of which he nevertheless distributed all the revenues to the poor. Of many pensions he had, he kept only the one the king of Spain had granted him on the archbishopric of Toledo. He even sold part of his patrimony and handed almost all the rest over to his uncles, with the sole obligation of a life annuity for the support of seminaries, charity schools, hospitals, religious houses and beggars. In short, he had eighty thousand livres a year, which he reduced to twenty thousand, and he kept even this fourth part only because he needed means for the establishments that his zeal and charity inspired.

The rule he set in his household was admirable. Not only did he not tolerate vice there, but he wished everyone to live with singular reserve and modesty and to strive for perfection; swearing, debauchery, gambling and quarrels were entirely banished from it. It was composed of about a hundred ecclesiastics, who all had their different employments within or without, and of some laymen for the lower offices. The hours of vocal and mental prayer and of the examination of conscience were fixed, and no one would have dared absent himself from these exercises without leave. The priests were obliged to go to confession every week and to say Mass every day; and those who were not priests were obliged to hear it, to give a written certificate every month that they had been to confession, and then to receive communion from the hand of their blessed master. Meals were taken only in common, and during the meal a spiritual book was always read, to feed the soul at the same time as the body. The dishes served were good and clean, but in no way delicate. Abstinence was kept every Wednesday of the year and during Advent, which began at Martinmas; there was fasting every Friday, besides several days of devotion, such as the vigils of all the holy bishops of Milan, who numbered thirty-six. The clerics were all dressed in wool, and they were not allowed to wear silk or other precious stuffs. The laymen were dressed in black, and always very modestly. The Saint admitted into this company only persons of recognized wisdom and piety. He took extreme care of them, often visited

them in their rooms, and did not allow them to lack anything in their illnesses; he rewarded them magnificently, but would not have them expect any benefice from him. He frequently held conferences and congregations with them to learn the state of his household and his flock and to study the means of uprooting evil and making new progress in good. In short, this company was so honourable that several great men came out of it, among others a cardinal and more than twenty bishops, most of whom were employed by the apostolic Holy See in the first nunciatures of Europe.

If St. Charles applied himself with such prudence and zeal to the good ordering of his house, he took no less care of that of the house of God. As the city of Milan was his metropolis, he thought it was there that the reform must begin. He entirely renewed it by an exact visitation of his cathedral and of the chapters, the parishes and the convents of women that made up its ecclesiastical body. He restored the divine office in his church and the splendour it ought to have, by increasing the prebends and converting part of the *gros* [the fixed portion of a canon's income] into ordinary distributions, so as to oblige the canons to give up their other benefices and be assiduous in choir. He showed them the example first, attending the canonical hours as far as the weight of his great affairs allowed him. He tried to persuade them to live together, and offered for that purpose to put all his revenue in common. Some agreed; but as the greater number resisted, this fine plan could not be carried out. He notably embellished his cathedral, commonly called the Duomo [*le Dôme*]; he had the high altar raised, all the chapels adorned, the nave suitably arranged and a fine porphyry baptistery made. He corrected its chant and music, and made them more devout and more majestic. He increased its services by sermons, Benedictions and processions which he instituted there, to occupy the people holily on feast-days and turn them away from debauchery. He also created there three new prebends: a theologal one, to preach publicly every Sunday and give a theology lesson to the clerics twice a week; a penitentiary one, to absolve from reserved cases and preside over the conferences on cases of conscience; and a doctoral one, to teach the ecclesiastics canon law and the ordinances of the Church. He divided the whole city into quarters, and in each he established persons whose task was to watch over the morals of those who lived there and the needs of the shamefaced poor, so that they might be helped in their necessities, both of soul and of body. He reformed the ancient confraternities devoted to various works of piety, and brought them back to the first spirit of their institution, from which they had almost entirely fallen away. He re-established his ecclesiastical tribunal and filled it with prudent and courageous officers, whom he ordered not only to punish ecclesiastics who departed from their duty, but also to imprison and chastise laymen who remained obstinate in public and scandalous disorders; but his principal care was to found Christian schools everywhere, in which the elements of our religion were taught free of charge, and it was by this institution that ignorance was banished from Milan and the whole diocese, and that the children there became more learned in the truths of Christianity than the pastors had been before. The convents of women changed their face through the care he gave them. He made of them enclosed gardens and sealed fountains [cf. Cant. 4:12], which seculars were no longer free to enter to wither the flowers and take away their fragrance and their beauty. The libertines who saw these chaste doves snatched from their claws made a great outcry. Some of the nuns themselves murmured at first, on the pretext of their privileges, not considering that the holy archbishop had extraordinary powers and that, failing their own superiors, he had the right to bring them back to the observance of their rules; but Charles conducted himself in this affair with such prudence, wisdom and gentleness that he won them all; the liberty they had enjoyed before filled them with horror; their enclosure, ordered by the Council of Trent, seemed to them not an irksome prison but an honourable separation from people of the world; and in the end they found perfect community life more convenient than their former private ownership.

Our Saint did not find the same ease in reforming the men. The canons of a collegiate church called della Scala, on a false pretext of exemption, offered him strange insolences. He bore them with a humility and patience that astonished everyone and filled his very enemies with admiration; but, while he forgave them the injuries they had done to his person, he punished severely and with the rigour of canonical penalties those

they had done to his dignity; in the end the rebels were forced to humble themselves and submit to the yoke he wished to impose on them only to restore to their church the ancient lustre it had lost. The fury of the Humiliati Brothers, of whom he was protector, went further. They could no longer be called religious, since the superiors, whom they called provosts, had made themselves owners of all the goods of the houses, as if by title of benefice, and the few subjects who remained were men without rule who, having been vicious in the world and almost all drawn from the dregs of the people, had embraced that state only to follow their passions more freely. To reform them the Saint made very wise ordinances, by which all their goods were to be in common and their superiorships only triennial. Most submitted to these regulations, and there was hope that this congregation would recover its ancient splendour; but some of the provosts, unable to bear this reform, resolved to rid themselves of the reformer. An assassin entered the chapel where he was saying evening prayers with his household and fired an arquebus at him from only four fathoms away; one of the balls struck him a great blow in the back, but by a miracle of divine Providence it only blackened his rochet and so fell at his feet. Another ball went through to the flesh, but it made only a swelling and did not enter. The Saint moved no more than if the shot had struck someone else; he had the prayer finished and remained there steadily without being troubled, which gave the assassin the chance to slip away secretly without its being known at the time who he was. This incident made a great stir in the city and even in all the courts of Europe. The governor of Milan, although he had had great disputes with the Saint over the bounds of ecclesiastical and royal jurisdiction, nevertheless came to offer him all his power for the safety of his person. Charles thanked him for his offers, but declared that he neither asked for nor wanted any vengeance. In fact he did not have the assassin prosecuted, and when he was caught he used prayers and tears to obtain his pardon, which justice nevertheless could not grant him.

If the disorders of Milan were great, those of the countryside and the other towns of the diocese were greater still. To bring them an effective and sovereign remedy he used four different means, which succeeded admirably. The first was the general visitation of all his parishes. He made it so exactly, with such zeal and such extraordinary labour, that it is no wonder he drew very great fruit from it. That of the three valleys of Switzerland under his jurisdiction was wholly apostolic. Ignorance there was extreme, vice had struck deep roots there, and the places were frightful and almost inaccessible; but he went everywhere, and everywhere he brought the light of the Gospel, the fear of God, the desire of salvation and a holy renewal that set these barbarous and savage men on the ways of blessed eternity. He had still more trouble in the other gorges of the Alps, where the venom of heresy had already crept in and brought with it the utmost licence. He was obliged to go on foot and often with iron crampons on his shoes to climb the rocks or keep his footing among the precipices; sometimes too to drag himself on his knees or have himself carried across torrents in order to pass very dangerous places safely. After a thousand fatigues he usually found nothing to eat but black, dry bread, snow-water, chestnuts and some other coarse fruits of those mountains. Yet nothing could discourage him or prevent him from fulfilling all the duties of the visitation: he preached, taught catechism, celebrated Mass pontifically, heard the people’s complaints, instructed the parish priests, blessed churches, cemeteries, bells and altar ornaments, went into the cottages to see the sick, and administered the sacraments of Confirmation, Penance and the Eucharist. In short, he left everyone astonished at his courage, since he had very little strength and his health was extremely frail.

The second means he used, following the intention and ordinance of the holy Council of Trent, was the establishment of seminaries, to form and train ecclesiastics capable of governing the parishes and exercising the other ministries of the diocese. He founded a great one at Milan, in which he displayed his magnificence, his charity and his pastoral solicitude. He built it superbly, assigned it large revenues and took particular care of its direction. He often visited it, and his visitation was so exact that there was no one whose progress in study and piety he did not examine. He spoke to all and exhorted them, in words full of the fire with which his heart was ablaze, to make themselves worthy of the state to which they aspired. He attended the public disputations held there, and took to them the cardinals and bishops who came to visit him. In short, he made

it his place of recreation and delight.

This seminary was for young men of great promise who could study philosophy and theology. He established two others in the same city: one called the Canonica, for clerics who were not judged fit for those high sciences but only for moral theology and cases of conscience; the other, named Sainte-Marie-la-Falcorine, for priests and parish priests who had been found incapable or unworthy of their functions. But as these three seminaries could not provide him with as many ecclesiastics as he needed for the necessities of his flock, he likewise erected three outside the city, where boys destined for the Church were taught grammar, rhetoric and the lower functions of the Church. It was by the workers formed in these colleges that in a short time he changed the whole face of his diocese. The skill of the pastors renewed the fold, the stray sheep came back into it in crowds, and the whole diocese of Milan became an earthly paradise where God delighted to converse with its inhabitants.

The third means this holy cardinal employed was the foundation of several communities of learned and holy religious. Indeed there are few prelates who founded as many as he, and few who drew from them the services he drew from them on all sides for the spiritual good of his sick sheep in danger of being lost. The first religious he brought to Milan were Jesuits, to whom he gave the parish church of San Fedele; and as this church soon proved too small for the great concourse of people drawn by their preaching and confessions, he had a larger and more magnificent one built for them, of which he laid the first stone in 1567. Later he also gave them the house of Brera, which had formerly belonged to the Humiliati Brothers, whose Order had been suppressed by Pope St. Pius V, to make there a college for teaching humanities, philosophy and theology; and for their support he resigned in their favour his abbey of Arona, which he had kept only for some foundation useful to his people. The marvellous fruits they produced in Milan led him to give them two more houses in the country of the Swiss: one at Lucerne, the other at Fribourg, where he charged them not only with the instruction of youth but also with the oversight of the priests and parish priests of the country, whose ignorance and long habit of evil he knew well enough. After the Jesuits he brought the Theatines into his metropolitan city and put them in possession of the church and abbey of Sant'Antonio (1570); and as he was admirably edified by their good example and by the spiritual help they continually gave his diocesans, he did not fail throughout his life to provide them with all they needed for food and lodging. Moreover he also placed Capuchins in Switzerland and obtained for them from the Pope, notwithstanding their constitutions, the faculty of hearing the confessions of the faithful; which had so good an effect that piety and devotion were soon seen to enter that country, where there was almost no shadow of religion left. He gave the Capuchin nuns two convents in Milan: one of Santa Prassede, the other of Santa Barbara. Having worked usefully at the reform of the Order of St. Francis, of which Pope Pius IV had made him protector, he made of it by this means a powerful army to fight with him against Satan and vice and to establish perfect order throughout his diocese.

His charity and zeal led him to make a great number of other establishments, such as: the Company of the Oblates of St. Ambrose, priests of exemplary life ready at every moment to receive his orders for the various functions of the diocese (1578); the college of nobles, where children of quality were brought up in the fear of God, the practice of the virtues and the study of letters; that of the Swiss [the Collegium Helveticum], where clerics of that country were instructed so as to make them capable of carrying home the light of doctrine and the solid principles of true piety; that of Santa Sofia, where a number of poor girls were received, fed and maintained and formed in the exercises of the spiritual life; the house of Succour [*Soccorso*], where penitent women and girls were taken in, in the care of the Tertiaries of the Order of St. Francis; the Assembly of the Ladies of the Oratory, an association of the first ladies of Milan for various practices of devotion and charity; and finally the great hospital of the beggars, where all persons who had no means of living found their sustenance and were at the same time catechized and instructed in all the duties of Christianity. One cannot conceive how many people these establishments drew out of disorder, and how

they helped to make religion flourish again throughout the Milanese.

The fourth means, which was no doubt the most striking and from which the universal Church drew the greatest advantages, was the holding of provincial Councils and diocesan Synods. Never did a bishop, especially in so few years as he held the episcopal see, assemble so many of them and with so much fruit, both for cutting away the abuses that had crept in among the faithful and for restoring Christian and ecclesiastical discipline. Of provincial Councils he held six, whose decrees we have in the general collections of the Councils and in the book entitled *Acta Ecclesiae Mediolanensis*, and there is no one who does not admire their wisdom and their usefulness for the end for which they were convoked. As for diocesan Synods, he assembled eleven, which are of the same force as the provincial ones, and in which are found sovereign remedies against all the disorders that can be met with in the morals of Christians and the conduct of ecclesiastics. These Synods are also in the book of the Acts of the Church of Milan. St. Charles always opened them with addresses full of the apostolic spirit and of a certain unction that penetrated to the depths of hearts; and he knew so well how to win the minds of those who composed them that there was none who did not willingly lend himself to what he desired for the perfect renewal of the diocese.

Besides these Councils and Synods, he also constantly held Congregations, so as to know more perfectly the state of his fold and to take from his council salutary advice for the good government of his diocesans. There was hardly a day on which he did not hold several of these Congregations; some he held every month, and others only a few times a year: some were for temporal affairs, others for spiritual. Every point presenting any difficulty was exactly treated there. Everything was settled concerning the parish priests, the seminaries, the religious houses, the charity schools, the ecclesiastical and lay colleges, the hospitals, the distribution of benefices, the execution of pious bequests, the settling of lawsuits, and a thousand other things that the immense charity of our holy archbishop could not help embracing. But although these occupations seemed to require a whole man, this pastor did not fail, besides all that, to apply himself as vigorously to preaching as if he had had no other employment. His word persuaded his hearers because it was animated by that heavenly fire which carries light and unction into the depths of consciences. Many came out of his sermons dissolved in tears and resolved to break off at once the unhappy entanglements of their crimes. He did not seek fine audiences to preach to, but preached with as much fire in the little villages where he made his rounds as in the pulpit of his cathedral of Milan. It is said that one day, when the Forty Hours' prayer was being held in that church with an incredible concourse of people, he preached throughout the whole time, beginning again each time new processions arrived.

He also gave very abundant alms; and after establishing the great hospital of Milan and several others within his province, he still could not refuse to help the beggars who came to him. It is said that, having sold his principality of Oria for the sum of sixty thousand crowns, he gave the whole of it in a single day to the hospitals and the shamefaced poor, and that he did the same with a sum of twenty thousand crowns that Virginia della Rovere, widow of Count Federico, his brother, left him at her death.

These great labours and immense charities did not, however, prevent him from being perpetually persecuted by the governor and senate of Milan. Because he upheld with intrepid vigour the rights of his archiepiscopal jurisdiction and ecclesiastical immunities; because he did not hesitate to have adulterers and known concubinaries imprisoned; because he forbade public games and dances on feast-days and during divine service; because he would not tolerate the follies of carnival in the great square of his cathedral church; and because he restored the abstinence of the first Sunday of Lent, which had been turned into an execrable dissipation, these magistrates opposed his pious designs on the pretext that he was encroaching on their power and breaching the royal authority. He found himself accused by them before the king of Spain as a rash, imprudent man and an enemy of the king's jurisdiction. The ministers of his tribunal were arrested and imprisoned; the free exercise of it was hindered; he was obliged to hand over to the governor the castle of Arona, his paternal home, as if his loyalty had been suspect; companies of soldiers were quartered around his

palace, and it was at once deserted; very stinging and very insulting manifestos were published against him; he was decried to the Pope, and a brief was obtained from His Holiness by surprise granting power to absolve the governor from the excommunication he had fulminated against him. His relatives, his friends and persons of notable piety tried to intimidate him by reporting the rumours running in Milan of his disgrace with his king. In short, in this tempest everything was in league against him, and there seemed no likelihood that he could escape from it. But in the midst of this storm the grace of Jesus Christ kept peace and calm in his soul. He was never heard to utter a single word of anger or impatience. While his enemies raged against his orders, he did not open his mouth; or if he opened it, it was only to pray to God for them. He answered their insults and slanders only with blessings. He did very harsh penances to obtain from divine Goodness that it might touch their hearts. As in all his conduct he had not acted from any human motive, so he used no human defence to sustain himself. Fervent prayers, groans and tears at the foot of the crucifix, continual vigils, hair shirts, sackcloth and disciplines were the weapons he used in this war. At last it ended to his advantage. The Pope approved his zeal, the king of Spain acknowledged his innocence, the magistrates themselves were convinced of the purity of his intentions. Some of his persecutors were punished by God with sudden deaths. Finally, by the prince's order, he was left in peace in the free exercise of his episcopal functions.

The Milanese, vexed that the holy archbishop was cutting off the amusements of the days before Lent and obliging them to begin it from the first Sunday, whereas by a strange abuse they would begin it only on the first Monday, sent deputies to Rome to have these holy ordinances annulled. They were heard, their complaints examined, their reasons maturely weighed; but, their cause being worthless, they brought back nothing from their journey but the name of the "ambassadors of Carnival". Thus Charles tamed this monster which had reigned so long in his city and which, by a misfortune that cannot be enough deplored, still reigns in most Christian courts and cities. One of the occasions that showed most brilliantly the incomparable virtue of our holy cardinal and his charity without resentment or gall was a violent plague that broke out in Milan (1576). People did not fail to urge him to leave, on the pretext of preserving himself for his people and not depriving the rest of his diocese, where the sickness was not raging, of his care; but he rejected this advice as unworthy to be followed by a true pastor. He stayed in the midst of his episcopal city and even undertook the relief of all the plague-stricken. He gave the necessary orders for them to be assisted, both in their own homes and in the lazarettos. As the number of the poor became extreme and their misery went beyond all that can be imagined, he sent what silver plate he had left to the mint and had it turned into coin to help them. He also gave them all the furniture of his house that could be of use to them, even his clothes and his own bed, and sold the rest so as to be able to give them greater alms, so that he had nothing left but straw to lie on. He had great collections made in the city and throughout the diocese for the same purpose. His solicitude for the eternal salvation of his sheep was no less than that which he had for the relief of their bodies. He went himself to hear their confessions, give them communion and administer to them the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and among others he gave the viaticum to one of his parish priests, who died soon afterwards. There was no hospital or house stricken with the contagion that he did not console with his visit; and one day, seeing a living child at the breast of its mother, who had just died, he threw himself among the dead to save the life of this innocent.

In so great a scourge he had recourse particularly to devotions and public prayers. He preached powerful sermons to his people to move them to penance. He ordered processions throughout the city in which, making himself the host and victim for the sins of the whole diocese, he walked with a rope round his neck, the cross in his arms and his feet bare, which the roughness of the roads often covered with blood. He urged the magistrates to make a vow to St. Sebastian as one of their most powerful protectors. In short, the things done during this sickness are so admirable that they filled the whole Roman court and all Christendom with astonishment. So many of the dead preserved from the pains of the next life by the care of charity; so many of the living healed of their diseases or saved from that almost general conflagration by the good order he established in the city and its surroundings; so many poor, who at last rose to the number of seventy

thousand, fed and maintained by his providence and his liberality; so many widows and orphans succoured in their necessities by his magnificence: these make his praise incomparably better than the most eloquent orators could. His mercy did not stop with the contagion (1578). He also provided for seven thousand needy whom the plague had spared but whom poverty was casting into the utmost misery. He founded hospitals and houses of refuge for women and girls whom the death of their husbands or parents reduced to beggary. In a word, this generous cardinal was an inexhaustible spring from which an infinity of good things flowed ceaselessly over all his people.

The brevity we are obliged to keep in this work does not allow us to follow him in all the journeys he made at various times for the help of his diocesans, for the good of the universal Church and for his own spiritual advancement. He came to Rome again in 1572 for the election of Gregory XIII, and at last obtained from him to be relieved of the grand penitentiaryship and some other offices of the Roman court, which Pius V had not wished him to resign. He came there also in 1575 to share early in the indulgences of the jubilee of the holy year; in 1579, to uphold his authority against the unjust claims of his adversaries; and in 1582, to pay his duty to the Holy See there and to apply himself more at leisure to visiting the churches and to the exercises of the interior life. A year before he went to Vercelli to honour the ashes of St. Eusebius; to Turin to venerate the Holy Shroud of Our Lord; and to Disentis, in the country of the Grisons, to pay his respects to the relics of St. Placidus, martyr, and St. Sigisbert, confessor. He undertook the visitation of several dioceses as metropolitan, and also had various apostolic missions to go and combat and repress heresy; everywhere he showed a deep humility, an invincible patience, an intrepid courage and firmness, a heavenly prudence, a tender and generous devotion and a wholly divine charity. One could count his heroic acts by the hours and moments of his life. He slept very little, and spent almost the whole night praying, meditating, reading holy books, writing pastoral letters and composing books for the instruction of his diocesans, or rather for the direction of all prelates. As for his day, it was wholly taken up with preaching, hearing confessions, visiting prisoners and the sick, reconciling enemies, listening to those who asked for audience, holding congregations and giving orders for everything concerning ecclesiastical discipline.

In the last year of his life, having shortly before made the translation of the relics of St. Simplician, St. John the Good and some other Saints, and celebrated with extraordinary piety the obsequies of the queen and the little infante of Spain, who had died, and having also laid the foundations of some colleges, he began the apostolic visitation of the country of the Grisons, which could only be extremely thorny, because heresy had entered it and made itself almost entirely its master. He had to deal with Calvinists, apostates from their congregations, sorcerers, impious men, atheists, public usurers and libertines of every kind. Snares were laid for him, and attempts were made, by threatening him, to make him change his resolution. Besides, the difficulty of the roads, the barbarism of the inhabitants, their attachment to their superstitions and above all the opposition of the governors of the State to the Pope’s people and the subjects of the king of Spain were enough to make this great undertaking miscarry. But this blessed cardinal did not fail to succeed admirably. He converted several heretics who seemed only to be waiting for his coming to abjure their errors, and brought several apostates back into the bosom of the Church. Notwithstanding the intrigues of the preachers, who did all they could to hinder him in the exercise of his apostolic mission, he restored faith and piety in the valley of Mesolcina and in the county of Bellinzona, and sowed the seeds of the entire conversion of the whole country. What helped greatly in this change was the holy cardinal’s way of life, which gave the lie to the impostures the preachers spread about the life of cardinals and church prelates; for he was dressed very poorly and ate only once a day: bread and water were all his food, in spite of the incredible fatigues of his visitations, except on feast-days, when he added a few vegetables. He slept very little and had for bed only a little straw or some planks, on which he lay fully dressed. He often chastised his body with harsh disciplines, and bore the rigour of the cold, then almost intolerable in that snow-covered country, with invincible courage and patience, never going near the fire or using stoves and heated rooms. Besides, he gave great alms, visited the sick, consoled widows, helped orphans, and listened to everyone, even the poorest and roughest, with

marvellous kindness. In short, he made himself all things to all men in order to win all.

On his return to his Church he instituted new devotions for carnival time, which so turned the people away from the usual follies and debauches that they were seen nowhere but at sermons, processions, Benedictions and spiritual exercises. He also began the magnificent basilica of Our Lady of Rho, a place of pilgrimage eight miles from Milan, the collegiate church of Legnano for a parish priest and canons, and a hospital for convalescents in his own episcopal city. Then, wishing to make the spiritual exercises and his general confession, which he never failed to make every year, he withdrew to Mount Varallo, a place of great devotion in the diocese of Novara, where the various scenes of the Passion of Our Lord are depicted in very moving tableaux. There, finding himself somewhat free of the burden of affairs his pastoral charge laid upon him, he gave himself up to the contemplation of the perfections of God and the sufferings of his sovereign master Jesus Christ. Each day, in the devout chapels of this Calvary, he made six hours of mental prayer, and on the night before his general confession he remained eight hours in continuous prayer, kneeling and without support, as if motionless.

On 24 October he felt an attack of fever, which did not surprise him, because he had already received warnings from heaven that this year 1584 would be the last of his life. He cut out nothing of his devotions, by which he was preparing himself for the most important affair of his life, which was to die well. But the first attack having been followed two days later by a second more violent one, his confessor moderated his austerities and long prayers, which he accepted without resistance. He did not, however, cease to say Mass, as he said it every day at all other times too. And because he wished to celebrate it once more pontifically in his cathedral on All Saints' day, he left that mountain on the 29th and went to Arona, his birthplace and the principal inheritance of his house. From there he went by water towards Ascona to complete the foundation of a college destined for the instruction of the children of the Swiss, which he did with marvellous zeal and diligence. He then retraced his steps to Arona by the same route; and while he was in the boat, in spite of his weakness, he recited his office on his knees, made his mental prayer and entertained the company with spiritual conversation; he catechized the boatmen and their children and dispatched various matters for the government of his diocese. He could not reach that town until the evening of the eve of All Saints. He lodged there with the Jesuits, said Mass there, gave communion to the novices and many people, and spent the feast there in great sentiments of devotion. The next day, which was All Souls, after confessing and communicating in the church (for he could not say Mass because of the extreme violence of his fever), he embarked on the Ticino and arrived in Milan at two hours after nightfall. He withdrew at once into his oratory, as was his custom, to make his prayer; and then, going to bed, he abandoned himself entirely to the direction of the physicians and the advice of his confessor, who allowed him only to hear one of his chaplains recite the office on his knees beside his bed. An altar was set up in his room, on which he had placed a picture of the burial of the Saviour; he had a similar one put on his bed, with another representing Him in the Garden of Olives. The next day, at his request, the archpriest of the Duomo, accompanied by the canons, administered to him the Viaticum and Extreme Unction, which he received vested in his rochet, mozzetta and stole, with admirable fervour; he then had one of his hair shirts covered with blessed ashes and put it on his body, to be armed by this holy breastplate of penance against the last assaults of the enemy of salvation.

Meanwhile, as the news of the danger of his illness spread through the city, all the Companies and Confraternities made processions to ask God with humility and tears for the life of their incomparable prelate, and the rest of the people remained almost the whole night in the churches to make the same prayer to the sovereign Shepherd of souls. Some cried in a plaintive voice: "Prayer, prayer for the health of our bishop!" Others went through the streets barefoot, covered in sackcloth and drawing blood with disciplines to move the divine Mercy. In short, the concourse of all kinds of people to the archbishop's palace was so great that its doors had to be guarded by the governor's Swiss. But divine Providence, which has numbered our hours and moments, and whose dispositions are always just though their reasons are unknown to us, willed

that the great Charles Borromeo, cardinal and archbishop of Milan, after remaining three hours in a fairly peaceful agony, casting a gentle look on the crucifix and keeping a tranquil face, should give back to Him his fair soul laden with trophies. The sound of the bells of the Duomo and the other churches of Milan let the people know of the death of their most holy pastor. Then nothing was heard but groans, lamentations and cries. Some mourned the loss of a Saint; others wept for that of a father; others grieved for that of a great protector of the country; all, in short, asked for mercy, as though they had been guilty of his death and he had been taken from them because they had not made themselves worthy to possess him.

His servants gathered up as precious relics everything he had used. His hair shirt was cut into many pieces and distributed to all those present, each of whom begged insistently for some fragments. On washing his body they saw the mark of the shot he had received out of hatred for his wish to restore regular discipline. He was then vested in his pontifical vestments and exposed for two days in the pontifical chapel to the veneration of all the people. So great a concourse came that the palace was too small to hold those going in and out. It was like the ebb and flow of a stormy and troubled sea. Each thought himself happy to be able to touch his rosary or some object to this precious relic.

He had died on a Saturday, and on the following Wednesday all the ecclesiastical Orders began his funeral. Cardinal Sfondrato, bishop of Cremona, who was later pope under the name of Gregory XIV, performed the ceremony. The bishops of Alessandria, Vigevano and Castro attended. The governor of the State, the senate and the magistrates, with the princes his kinsmen, also accompanied him, and he was followed by so great a multitude that it seemed all the companies of the country had gathered in the city for the purpose. The ladies and the virgins made their own procession apart. They placed themselves under the banner of the crucifix and the arms of the late prelate, and went to the seven churches he had designated, as at Rome, to pray for his soul: which they continued to do afterwards every year, on the first Sunday of each month. Francesco Panigarola, of the Order of St. Francis, later bishop of Asti, gave his funeral oration with such eloquence and such feelings of grief that, weeping himself, he made all his hearers weep.

We leave it to our readers to make here an ample reflection on the eminent virtues of this blessed cardinal, and content ourselves with touching on the principal points so as not to swell this notice too much. He showed his faith by the care he took for the conclusion of the holy Council of Trent and for the printing of the catechism of that Council, addressed to parish priests; by the undying war he waged on schismatics, heretics and all the enemies of the Church; and by his tireless application both to instructing his people in the truths of Christianity and to purging his diocese of the superstitions, spells, errors and pernicious books spread there.

He showed his hope and his great confidence in God by exposing himself to dangers that seemed insurmountable and undertaking things beyond human strength, relying on divine Providence alone. So he often experienced its miraculous help at times and on occasions when everything seemed desperate: as when the royal ministers of the State of Milan, who had assembled to proceed against him, were changed in an instant and turned their aversion into a singular admiration for his holiness; when, his alms having exhausted his funds without leaving him anything for the upkeep of his household, a bill of exchange came to him from Spain to receive three thousand crowns that were not yet due to him; and when, having fallen into torrents and deep ditches, he came out of them safely without feeling any discomfort.

His life was nothing but a continual exercise of the love of God; he said and did nothing except for His glory. He desired it so ardently that he would have given a thousand lives to win Him a heart and make Him known and served in a township or a village. That is what made him walk on foot and fasting, and sometimes all bloody, through waters, torrents and snows, to visit a hamlet or a peasant’s house. That is what made him despise cold, heat, rain and storms when there was hope of converting a soul and setting it on the ways of salvation. That is what put so often on his lips those burning words by which he set aflame with the fire of charity the persons who saw him and had the honour of his conversation. That, finally, is what made him love prayer, in which one draws near to God, and sigh ceaselessly for the other life, in which one enjoys His

blessed embraces. There would be wonders to tell of his religion towards God, his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, his tenderness for the Blessed Virgin, his respect for the Angels and Saints, his submission to the apostolic Holy See and his veneration for all sacred or blessed things. He was so attentive and so full of reverence in saying his office or performing his ecclesiastical functions that it was easy to see that his mind was wholly penetrated by the sight and the taste of the presence of God. So he thought of nothing else at those times, and would not be interrupted for any business whatever. His prayer was eminent, and he often spent several hours of night and day in it; but one may say that he prayed without ceasing, since even on his journeys his soul was so absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things that he did not notice the ditches and precipices around him. We have seen throughout this history admirable effects of his charity towards his neighbour. If it is the property of charity to procure his spiritual and temporal salvation, what else did he do by his alms, his foundations, his visitations, his preaching, his conferences and all the other acts of his ministry but have those in need succoured? If it is the duty of charity to lay down one's life for one's friends, did he not put himself a thousand times in danger of perishing to snatch his sheep from the jaws of the wolf and bring them back to the fold? And may we not say that he notably shortened his days by the incredible fatigues he underwent for the reformation and sanctification of his diocese? Finally, if charity loves enemies and readily forgives injuries, was not Charles a man without resentment or gall? Did he not ask pardon for the man who had tried to assassinate him, and did he not make himself mediator with the king of Spain for a lord who had persecuted him most, both at Milan and at Rome, over the matter of his jurisdiction? He loved his kinsfolk, but for heaven, not for earth. He left them only the goods that the old family settlement gave them, but he took care to reprove their faults, to spur them to virtue, to form them in devotion and to set them aflame with the same fire with which his own heart burned. He was so detached from them that he urgently begged Pope Gregory XIII to allow him to give up the arms of his house and take only ecclesiastical ones, and he had them removed from several places where they had been carved.

One cannot speak worthily enough of his gentleness, his patience and his humility. He was sensitive only to the interests of the glory of God and to the correction and amendment of those whose guidance divine Providence had given him; of his own person he made no account, and, believing he deserved only insults and persecutions, he received them with meekness and bore them with a peace and tranquillity of mind that nothing could cast down or even disturb. He had so low an opinion of himself that he regarded himself only as the sweepings of the world [cf. 1 Cor. 4:13], and in this spirit he hated praise and honours; he loved to converse with the poor and to lodge in their houses; he hid his good works as much as he could; he was always dressed very poorly, so much so that, when one of his cassocks he was discarding was offered to a beggar, the beggar found it too threadbare and too worn and would not have it. In short, he went on foot and without a retinue through the city of Milan. He knew, however, how to act magnificently on occasion, and it was so that he behaved towards King Henry III when, coming from Poland to take possession of his kingdom of France, the king passed through the Milanese. Those who have written that he received and entertained him in his palace at Milan were mistaken; but it is certain that he went to greet him at Monza, that he had two conferences with him, and that he gave fine presents to him and to all the princes who accompanied him.

This great prelate died in his forty-seventh year with the same purity he had had in his childhood; indeed he treated his body with such severity that he was far from thinking of pleasures or being drawn to dishonourable actions. We have already spoken of his fasts, his vigils, his hair shirts and his disciplines; it must be added that he had reduced himself to sleeping almost not at all and to such abstinence, in spite of his immense and continual labours, that he passed whole weeks taking nothing but dried figs or lupins, which even obliged Pope Gregory XIII to command him to moderate his rigours.

King Henry III said of him that if all the prelates of Italy were like him, he would wish to name no others to the bishoprics of his kingdom. Philip II, king of Spain, kept his portrait in his study with singular respect. The dukes of Savoy had great veneration for his person and his memory. Alessandro Farnese, duke of Parma,

being about to take over the government of the provinces of Flanders, implored the help of the holy Prelate's prayers to conduct himself well in so thorny a commission. We have already spoken of the high esteem in which blessed Pope Pius V held his merit and of the fatherly affection he bore him. Gregory XIII, successor of Pius V, always upheld his innocence against his persecutors and, on learning of his death, exclaimed: "The light is gone out in Israel." Sixtus V, in testimony of the veneration he bore him, made Federico Borromeo, his cousin, a cardinal, and gave him the archbishopric of Milan to take his place. Gregory XIV, who had performed the ceremony of his burial while still only a cardinal, always kept a profound respect for his eminent holiness.

St. Charles Borromeo is represented: 1° healing the sick; 2° praying for the plague-stricken, the Blessed Virgin presenting his prayers to her Son; 3° giving communion to the plague-stricken; 4° holding a great cross and walking at the head of his clergy to help the plague-stricken; 5° standing, embracing St. Philip Neri in the middle of a public square; 6° at prayer and crowned by two angels.

CULT AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

St. Charles Borromeo was buried in a tomb under the first steps of the high altar, as he had ordered out of great humility, so as to be trodden underfoot by all who went up and down those steps. God was not slow to glorify His servant by a great number of miracles worked at his tomb. Pope Clement VIII, informed of the universal concourse of the people to his sepulchre, which it was impossible to oppose, had Cardinal Baronius, his confessor, write to Milan in 1601 that his anniversary should be changed into a solemn Mass of the Saint; and three years later he commissioned the sacred Congregation to work on the cause of his canonization. Leo XI had no sooner been elected to the sovereign pontificate than he had this cause pressed on, and planned to have a church built in his honour at Rome and even to make it a cardinal's title; but his pontificate having lasted only twenty-seven days, he could not carry out this project. At last Paul V solemnly canonized him on 1 November of the year 1610, and, in testimony of his wholly extraordinary merits, gave on that day the greatest indulgences ever given by any sovereign Pontiff. This canonization was made on the proof of more than twenty very authentic miracles that St. Charles had worked during his life and after his death.

Since then several churches and chapels have been built in his honour, and several confraternities erected under his protection. There was a very celebrated one in the parish church of Saint-Jacques-de-la-Boucherie in Paris, to which the stole he used at the holy sacrifice of the Mass was sent in 1607 by Cardinal Federico Borromeo, his cousin and successor. Charles of Lorraine, duke of Aumale, had obtained from the same cardinal the year before the maniple matching this stole, and had given it to the convent of Anderlecht near Brussels, built and founded by his liberality under the name of St. Charles. The convent of the Minims of Paris possessed the little bed that was carried for him on his visitations.

The cathedral of Nancy possesses a stole of St. Charles Borromeo, which was saved during the Revolution by M. de Malvoisin, canon of that church, and was canonically recognized and approved on 30 August 1803 by Mgr Osmond; it is kept in the shrine of St. Gauzlin; it is of cloth of gold and measures two metres fifteen centimetres in length. The relics of St. Charles are in a magnificent underground chapel built under the dome of the great church at Milan. The altar of this chapel is of solid silver, and most of the vault is faced with plates of the same metal. Several gold and silver lamps are kept burning there night and day. The Saint's body is enclosed in a superb silver shrine, closed in front by a rock crystal that allows it to be seen at full length. He lies vested in pontifical vestments; he is preserved without any corruption. St. Charles Borromeo had been a man of action; he took an active part in the Roman Catechism, a true manual of the faith for the clergy; he took part also, though less actively, in the publication of the corrected Breviary (1568) and of the Missal (1570), as well as in the revision of the Vulgate that was begun. All his writings are practical and consist, with a few exceptions, of 1° Pastoral Instructions; 2° Homilies and Discourses; 3° Letters. Among

the principal writings of the first category are his incomparable *Instruction to the confessors of the city and diocese of Milan*; the *Statutes and rules of the Society of the Schools of Christian doctrine*; and two writings entitled *Reminders for the people of the city and diocese of Milan, to serve for a Christian life, for all states*, and *Reminders of the sufferings of the days of plague*. Taken together they form a true pastoral theology founded on experience. Three of these instructions concern the administration of the sacrament of penance; another treats of preaching and another of the administration of the Eucharist. The general assembly of the clergy of France (1657) had the *Instructions to Confessors* printed at its expense to serve as a rule in the exercise of the holy ministry.

The Homilies were printed at Milan (1747) in two volumes by J.-A. Sax [Saxius], and at Augsburg (1758) in folio, with a Latin translation of the homilies, which until then had appeared only in Italian. The same Sax published the discourses given at the provincial and diocesan synods or in the meetings of convents, Milan, 1748, and Augsburg, 1758. In the homilies the didactic part predominates. Charles wished first to convince and then to move the heart and the will. He frequently used analogies drawn from natural facts and from human life. The style of his synodal discourses is classical and its movement very oratorical. The complete collection of his letters is in the library of the Holy Sepulchre at Milan (31 volumes of letters) and in the complete edition of his works, in 5 vols. folio, Milan, 1747.

The Life of St. Charles Borromeo was written by various authors, namely: J.-B. Giussano, priest of the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Ambrose of Milan; Agostino Valier, bishop of Verona; and Carlo Bascapè, general of the Barnabites and bishop of Novara. We have used them to compose this biography, which we have completed with Notes owed to the abbé J.-F. Déblaye, curé of Imling, and with the Dictionnaire encyclopédique de la Théologie catholique *by Goschler.*

ST. EMERIC [ÉMERIC; Imre], PRINCE OF HUNGARY

This great prince had for his father St. Stephen, first king of Hungary, and for his mother Gisela, his wife, the sister of the emperor St. Henry. From his earliest years he gave signs of an extraordinary piety. When his officers were asleep he would rise to pray to God and recite the psalter, and he made an act of contrition at the end of each psalm. The king his father, who was told of everything, saw in his actions happy omens that the prince would be worthy to reign over his subjects. Going one day to visit the monastery of the religious of St. Martin, which he had founded, he sent the prince ahead of him to receive its first honours. Emeric was welcomed by the community with all the respect due to his merit and to his rank as heir presumptive to the crown. The king, arriving a few moments later, saw that he was embracing the religious one after another, and that to some he gave only one kiss, to others two, to others three, and to some still more. After Mass he asked him the reason for this difference, and in particular why he had embraced one of them, named Maur [Maurus] (1), as many as seven times. The child answered artlessly that he had observed this difference according to the different degrees of their purity, and that the one he had kissed seven times was a religious of altogether singular purity, who had always kept his virginity, above all the others. Emeric, growing always in grace and perfection, pondered within himself what he could do to make himself more pleasing to his sovereign Lord. Being one night at prayer in the church of St. George at Veszprém with one of his servants, and turning this thought over, he saw a light that lit up the whole church, and he heard a voice that said to him: “Virginity is a most precious offering, and I desire that you keep it in body and in mind until death.” He was exceedingly glad of this command, and he begged the God of goodness to give him the strength to follow his vocation. He did not reveal this secret, and he forbade the one who was with him to speak of it to anyone as long as he lived.

The king his father, who knew nothing of this resolution, betrothed him to a girl of the royal blood, equally beautiful, honourable and virtuous. The prince at first showed himself little pleased with it; but in the end he yielded to the entreaties of this wise monarch, in the hope that God would give him the means of joining

virginity with marriage. And indeed, having married the princess, he spoke to her so effectively of the beauty of chastity that he persuaded her to live together with him only as brother and sister. However, since he was young and had always been brought up amid the softness of the court, he practised so many austerities to keep this precious treasure that they cut the thread of his life in the middle of his years. So, before he had taken possession of the kingdom his father intended for him on earth, God gave him one far more splendid and more secure in blessed eternity. This was on 4 November of the year 1032.

His body was buried at Albe-Royale (or Stuhlweissembourg [Székesfehérvár], chief town of a county [Comitat] in Hungary), and God at once made his tomb and his memory illustrious by several miracles. We find a very remarkable one in the *History of Hungary*; it happened in the reign of Ladislas: A German named Conrad, who had lived in every kind of debauchery and licence, being touched by God and wishing to be converted, went to Rome and asked the Pope for penance and absolution for his offences. The Holy Father, considering the number and enormity of his crimes, ordered him to wear on his bare flesh an iron cuirass bound with a chain going five times round, with a paper containing the detail of all his sins, and to visit in that state all the places where he should learn there were relics, until the chain came loose of itself and the sins written on the paper were wholly blotted out. Conrad accepted this penance, and, loaded with this iron and this paper, he visited the holy places of Palestine. Nothing came of it; after many pilgrimages he therefore came back to Hungary, where, prostrate before the tomb of the king St. Stephen, he declared that he would not leave it until he had assurance of his pardon. In this resolve he fell asleep, and during his sleep the holy king appeared to him and told him to make his devotions at the tomb of his son Emeric, which was near by, because his virginal purity obtained from God altogether extraordinary favours. He woke and obeyed that very hour; and scarcely was he at prayer on this tomb when his chain broke, his cuirass came off and the whole detail of his sins was found blotted out.

This miracle led King Ladislas, the bishops, the abbots and the greatest men of the kingdom to pursue his canonization. He was raised from the ground after a fast of three days; he was placed with honour above the altar on 4 November; and, as the hand of God worked several more miracles there to show forth his glory, Benedict IX canonized him, together with St. Stephen his father. His feast is kept on this day, which is that of his canonization.

We have kept the account of Father Giry.

(1) He is the one whose notice we give on this day.

BLESSED MAURUS [MAUR], BISHOP OF THE FIVE CHURCHES [Pécs], IN HUNGARY

Everyone knows the efforts St. Stephen, king of Hungary, made to spread the Christian religion in his States. The fame of his virtues drew there religious who came to work for the glory of God and to second the king’s efforts. Among them was one named Maurus, who lived in the celebrated abbey of St. Martin [Pannonhalma]. Stephen had founded it in thanksgiving for his victory over Zégrard. The king often came to this abbey to see whether the holiness of life of the men who had withdrawn there answered to the holiness of their profession. He had a son named Emeric who from childhood was a prodigy of holiness. One day he brought him with him and noticed that the child, embracing the religious one after another, gave them kisses in unequal number. Maurus had as many as seven, and was the only one. The king, intrigued, asked his son the reason for his conduct. Emeric answered that the number of his kisses was in proportion to the holiness of each of those who had received them, and that Maurus, to whom he had given seven, was of an angelic purity. The king soon had a new proof of it. A few days later he came to attend the office of the religious, most of whom, when the exercise was over, withdrew to go and take their rest; but some went off to different corners of the church to go on praying, and among them was St. Maurus. The king, going up to each of these

religious, made known to them who he was and received their homage and respects, but he could not get a word out of St. Maurus. The next day, wishing to put the latter's humility to the test, he came into the midst of the assembled religious and reproached him publicly. St. Maurus contented himself with keeping silence, bowing his head, and did not utter a word to justify himself. Stephen, edified by this conduct, made St. Maurus his friend and named him bishop of the Five Churches. The acts of St. Maurus's episcopate were lost during the wars that laid Hungary waste, so that little is known of what he did. It is known only that he wrote the life of two holy Polish religious massacred by the idolaters, and that after Stephen's death the peasants in revolt drove him from his see, on 15 August 1038. Later, when calm had been restored, he came back to his flock, applied himself to closing the wounds the persecution had made, and converted a great number of idolaters to the faith. He died in 1070, after spending more than thirty years in apostolic labours and in the practice of the Christian virtues, and after receiving from heaven, as the reward of his holy life, the gift of miracles. Catholics were not slow to honour him as a Saint; his cult having been kept up until the 19th century, Pius IX confirmed it on 4 August 1848.

Various modern hagiographers.

ST. GIRARD OF LOISELIÈRE, MONK OF SAINT-AUBIN OF ANGERS

The old manor of Loiselière is today a farm, about half a league from the market town of Bazouges (Mayenne), on the left of the road that leads from Château-Gontier to Segré. It was there that St. Girard was born. His childhood was spent in the exercises of the tenderest devotion: one of his greatest pleasures was to decorate with flowers the altars of the village where he lived, and even to sweep its sanctuary; like David, he loved the beauty of the house of the Lord [cf. Ps. 25 (26):8]. God took account of these early acts of so affectionate a piety; Girard felt himself called to the ecclesiastical state, and when he was a priest he was given charge of the pastoral ministry at Bazouges itself, where his simple and homely instructions, but full of solid doctrine and of an unction that touched hearts, worked wonderful results.

Yet our servant of God felt himself called to a more perfect kind of life: he became a monk (1085) in the abbey of Saint-Aubin of Angers (founded in 551 by King Childebert). His lofty virtues earned him the charge of forming almost all the important houses that the abbey of Saint-Aubin founded at that time. Brossay was his first foundation; near the priory he put up a hut of branches, where he led the solitary life. Later he was called back by his superior to the abbey of Saint-Aubin, and began that extraordinary and miraculous kind of life in which he persevered until his last breath. Shut up in a modest cell that was built for him near the abbey church, he gave himself without reserve to tears, to vigils and to continual prayer. From his neck hung a heavy iron collar, at the end of which was fastened a stone heavier still. Under his hair shirt, armed with iron points, he wore round his loins an iron belt nearly three fingers wide. On each arm, under the armpits, an iron ring, and above the hands two more rings, also of iron, tormented him day and night. His legs and thighs too had their iron hoops. St. Girard made these voluntary torments heavier still by the hardness of the bed on which he took the little rest he allowed his weary limbs: the bare earth, on which he laid a bundle of rushes, with a rough stone for a pillow, such was the bed of this intrepid athlete of Jesus Christ. In reward for so many virtues God had granted St. Girard the gift of prophecy and of miracles; but so many austerities had also worn out his body. Our generous servant of God gave back his beautiful soul to his Creator on 4 November 1123. He was buried in one of the chapels of the right-hand aisle of the rich basilica of Saint-Aubin. His tomb at once became one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in Anjou. Faced with the multitude of striking wonders that took place there, the monks of Saint-Aubin thought themselves bound to grant almost at once the honours of public cult to their venerable confrère. So an altar dedicated under his name was set up near the tomb of the Blessed, and his feast was fixed on 4 November, the day of his entry into heaven. His body remained exposed on this altar until 1623. At that time, some repairs having been made in that part of the basilica, it was laid in another place, where it stayed for forty years. In 1693 it was

translated into a new chapel built in his honour near the high altar, on the Gospel side. There it received the homage of public cult until the Revolution. At that time his bones were secretly hidden in the cemetery of Saint-Laud: it has been impossible until now to find them again. He is represented with untended hair and a long beard, and with long iron chains hanging round his neck, his arms and his loins, the instruments of his penance.

We have analysed very briefly the fine work of the R. P. [Reverend Father] Chamard, in the *Saints d'Anjou*.

---

[1] The two Martyrs were buried in the place that served as a burial ground for the Jews. St. Ambrose discovered them on the journey he made to Bologna in 393, when he was fleeing the arms of the tyrant Eugenius. He took a little of the blood that was at the bottom of the tomb, with the cross and the nails that had been the instrument of Agricola's martyrdom. Juliana, widow of Florence, asked him for these precious relics to enrich the church she had had built in that city, which the holy archbishop of Milan himself dedicated. — Godescard.

[2] According to the traditions of the Greeks, the *Chronicle of Alexandria* and notably the *Synopsis* of St. Dorotheus, martyr, Patrobas and Philologus were of the number of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord; the first was bishop of Pozzuoli, then of Naples; the second was bishop of Sinope in Paphlagonia. — The abbé Maistre, *Histoire des soixante- douze Disciples*.

[3] See the martyrology of France of this day.

[4] We gave the life of St. Clair on 18 July.

[5] We shall give the life of St. Felix of Valois on 20 November.

[6] She is cited in the martyrology of France of 6 October.

[7] A Martyr named Proculus had his tomb in the very basilica of Saint-Symphorien at Autun. Is our bishop the same as the one mentioned today by the Roman martyrology? Nothing so far has made it possible to discover.

[8] The town of Saint-Flour honours his memory twice a year: on 1 June, when his arrival in the country is celebrated, and on 4 November, when his death, which took place on the 1st of the same month, is commemorated. In the diocese of Montpellier, of which Lodève now forms part, he is honoured on the Sunday immediately preceding All Saints. On 1 June (vol. VI, page 368) we touched on some points of the apostolic life of St. Florus; we shall complete our account here. He was buried beside the oratory he had had built on Mount Indiciac (near the present town of Saint-Flour); many miracles have been wrought in that place through his intercession. Charles de Noailles, who occupied the see of Saint-Flour from the beginning of the 17th century until 1645, opened the shrine that held the holy relics and then placed them above the altar of the cathedral. At the time of the Revolution they had to be hidden and entrusted to the keeping of devout faithful, who afterwards returned this precious deposit intact. So it still enriches the cathedral today, which also keeps the lower part of the ivory horn that, according to tradition, St. Florus used to summon the people to assembly. Several persons have been cured of earache by the application of this relic. Charles de Noailles gave the upper part of it to the monastery of the Visitation that he had founded at Saint-Flour: it is religiously kept there. — Local notes. St. Florus is represented making a spring of living water gush from the ground to quench the thirst of his companions while he travelled through the mountains with them. Near the Saint are sometimes seen overturned trees, to recall that the peoples he evangelized paid a superstitious cult to oaks before he had instructed them. — Father Cahier, *Caractéristiques*.

[9] See the life of St. Naamas, 3 November.

5 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

St. Zacharias [Zacharie], priest and prophet, father of St. John the Baptist, and St. Elizabeth, mother of the most holy Forerunner (1). 1st c. — At Terracina, in Campania, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Felix, priest, and Eusebius, monk. The latter, for having given burial to the martyrs St. Julian and St. Caesarius and converted many unbelievers, whom St. Felix baptized, was arrested with him. Both were brought before the judge, who, being unable to make them abjure, had them put in prison; that same night, as they refused to sacrifice, they were beheaded. — At Emesa, in Phoenicia, St. Galation and St. Episteme, his wife, martyrs. In the persecution of Decius, after being scourged, they had their tongues, hands and feet mutilated; at last, being beheaded, they thus completed their martyrdom. About 253. — Also the holy martyrs Domninus, Theotimus, Philotheus, Silvanus and their companions, put to death under the emperor Maximian. 4th c. — At Milan, St. Magnus [Magne], bishop and confessor. 529. — At Brescia,

St. Dominator, bishop. — At Trier, St. Fibicius [Fibice], who from abbot was made bishop of that city. About 500. — At Orléans, St. Laetus [Lié], priest and confessor (2). 534.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED

In the diocese of Albi, St. Marciana [Marcienne], virgin. Of a patrician family of Albi, she lost her parents early and was entrusted by her bishop to a virgin of high virtue named Tarsia [Tarsie]. Later she renounced the world and embraced the religious life. God granted her the gift of prophecy. She knew long in advance that her brother George, who then lived very far from Albi, would enter the married state and would have two daughters, whom she herself would guide in the ways of perfection. The event bore out the prediction. The relics of St. Marciana, honoured first in a church of her own dedicated under her name, are kept today in the metropolitan church of Albi. 8th c. — In the diocese of Arras, St. Vulganius [Vulgan], confessor, patron of Lens, cited in the martyrology of France for 2 November, where we gave some details of his life. 7th c. — In the diocese of Autun, St. Benignus, whose life we gave on 1 November. 178. — In the diocese of Bayeux, St. Vigor, bishop of that see and confessor, whose notice we sketched on the 1st of this month. 530. — In the diocese of Clermont, feast of all the Saints of Auvergne. — In the diocese of Limoges, St. Goussaud or Gonsalou (Gonsaldus), who led the hermit's life on the harsh, cold mountain that now bears his name (Creuse, arrondissement of Bourganeuf, canton of Bénévent) (3). 7th c. — In the diocese of Meaux, St. Bertilla [Bertille], virgin, first abbess of Chelles. 692. — In the dioceses of Mende and Verdun, St. Amans of Rodez, bishop and confessor, whose life we gave on the previous day. 440. — In the diocese of Montpellier, St. Guiraud or Géraud, bishop of the former see of Béziers (suppressed in 1789) and confessor (4). 1123. — In the diocese of Saint-Claude, St. Lautein of Besançon, abbot, whose notice we sketched on 1 November. 518. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Austremonius [Austremoine], apostle of the Arverni, of whom we spoke on the 1st of this month. — In the diocese of Viviers, feast of all the Saints of the Church of the Vivarais. — In the diocese of Chambéry, St. Domninus [Domnin], first bishop of Grenoble and confessor, who took an active part in the council of Aquileia (381), at which the errors of Palladius and Secundianus, Arian bishops, were condemned. About 386. — At La Bouvaque, near Abbeville, and in several other parishes of the dioceses of Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen and Versailles, St. Millefort, martyr. 12th c. — In the former diocese of Toul, St. Spinulus [Spin or Spinule], monk of Moyenmoutier and abbot of Bégon-Celle, of whom we spoke on 11 June. 7th c. — At Blesle (Haute-Loire), St. Lène or Natalena [Natalène], virgin and martyr at Pamiers, whose notice we shall sketch on 12 November. 4th c. — In the diocese of Bourges, St. Romulus [Romule] or Romble, abbot (5). 5th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Constantinople, St. Nilus the Elder, abbot, of the Order of St. Basil, who from prefect of that city became a monk and shone, under Theodosius the Younger, by his learning and holiness (6). About 450.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Béziers, St. Guiraud, canon regular and bishop of that city, who was raised to the episcopate against his will and governed his Church in holiness. 1123.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — St. Malachy, bishop and confessor, who, resplendent with the brightness of all the virtues, rested happily in the Lord on 3 November at Clairvaux. He was buried behind the high altar, not far from the tomb of St. Bernard, so that the nearness of the grave united two men who had been companions during their life (7). 1148.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Lima, in South America, Blessed Martin de Porres, tertiary of the Order of Friars Preachers. Having solemnly made his vows to God, he joined the most upright life to the most austere penance, and deserved to have his holiness marked by miracles before and after his death. 1639.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — At Borgo San Sepolcro, in Umbria, Blessed Rainerius of Arezzo, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor. Illustrious for his humility, his poverty and his patience, he went to the heavenly kingdom on 1 November. Miracles have made his life and his tomb illustrious. His body, still whole and incorrupt, is the object of great devotion in that same place. 1589.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The feast of the Dedication of all the consecrated churches of the Order of Hermits of our Father St. Augustine.

(1) We have said enough of Zacharias and Elizabeth in the life of St. John the Baptist (vol. VII, pp. 261–313). We add here only a note on iconography. An altar, a censer and a kind of Eastern mitre reduced to a small ornament that sits on the top of the head: these are the usual attributes of St. Zacharias as priest. He is patron of Venice. As for St. Elizabeth, she is sometimes shown (but after an apocryphal legend) dying in the desert, where she leaves her son in the hands of the angels, who take care to bring him up. She is also painted greeting the Blessed Virgin on the day of the Visitation. (At Liège the pit-sawyers have chosen this day for their feast, no doubt because of the unavoidable *saluts* that one of the two sawyers makes to the other during their common work.) [A pun: *salut* is both “greeting” (the Salutation of the Visitation) and “bow”; the top and bottom sawyers bow to each other with every stroke of the saw.] — *Caractéristiques des Saints*, by the Reverend Father Cahier.

(2) A native of Berry, Laetus spent his childhood keeping his father’s flocks. He then entered a monastery governed by the abbot Triecius [Trièce], then that of Saint-Mesmin, near Orléans, which he soon left to lead the hermit’s life with St. Avitus in Sologne (Secalaunia, in the Orléanais, today in the department of Loir-et-Cher). Later he withdrew into a wood of the Beauce, which took his name and became after his death a large village (Saint-Lyé, in the department of Loiret). His relics were kept in the collegiate church of Pithiviers [printed

“Pluviers”], in the diocese of Orléans. — *Légendes du Berri*, by M. Veillat.

(3) His tomb can still be seen in the church on the mountain that bears his name: it is a large stone raised in the nave on an iron grille. The head of the Saint was lost at the time of the wars against the English. In the cemetery of the parish of Saint-Goussaud there was formerly an open-work turret in which lamps were kept burning at night; no doubt they served as a beacon to light those who came from every side to the Saint’s tomb to beg his protection. St. Goussaud is invoked against asthma and sore throats, especially quinsy. — De Reignefort, *Saints du Limousin*.

(4) He was born at Puissalicon (Hérault, arrondissement of Béziers, canton of Servian) and was admitted early among the Canons Regular of the monastery of Notre-Dame of Cassan (Cassianum), two leagues from Béziers. Gifted with all the qualities that keep peace in religious houses, he was elected its prior. In 1121, when Arnaud, bishop of Béziers, was raised to the archiepiscopal see of Narbonne, Guiraud was taken from the cloister and elected to replace him. From then on he was like a torch shining with the light of all the virtues. But the Church of Béziers did not long enjoy his excellent administration: Guiraud died of dropsy after two years as bishop. As he had wished, his body was buried in the church of Saint-Aphrodise, where it is still kept and honoured today with devotion. — *Propre de Montpellier*.

(5) Romulus or Romble was born in Brittany, and his piety had him raised to the priesthood. Driven by the desire to lead a more perfect life, he left his country and came to Berry, where he built a monastery near Château-Gordon, later called Saint-Satur (Cher, arrondissement and canton of Sancerre), at the place now called Subligny (arrondissement of Sancerre, canton of Vailly); he dedicated it in honour of St. Peter. In 463 Count Aegidius [Egidius] seized Château-Gordon and gave his companions full licence to plunder the houses and churches. Full of trust in God, Romble went to find Aegidius; he begged him humbly, with tears in his

eyes, to spare the people and set the captives free. The count, inexorable, answered: “Not only will I not give you back the captives, but I will take away your own liberty and send you to keep flocks in Italy.” The Saint withdrew grieved but not discouraged; he warned the people not to lose hope but to pray. He himself redoubled his prayers, and Aegidius soon took more humane sentiments.

Romulus made a pilgrimage to Rome and there raised to life a dead man already laid in his coffin. On his way back he put out a fire at Cavaillon by the power of the sign of the cross. He died at an advanced age and was buried in a chapel of his name, whose ruins can still be seen near Sancerre. At Subligny a field and a spring have kept the name of Saint-Romble. No relic of our Saint is kept, but he is second patron of Subligny. — *Propre de Bourges*.

(6) We gave his life on 25 September, vol. XI, p. 404.

(7) We gave his life on 3 November.

ST. GALATION AND ST. EPISTEME, MARTYRS AT EMESA, IN PHOENICIA

About 253. — Pope: St. Stephen I. — Roman emperors: Aemilian and Valerian.

Celui-là ne doit pas craindre le péril, qui est avide de la victoire.

He who is eager for victory must not fear danger.

St. Peter Chrysologus.

Galation had for father Clitophon and for mother Leucippe, both among the most honourable people of the city of Emesa in Phoenicia (today Hems or Homs, in Syria, on the Orontes). As Leucippe was long without children, and the idols she still worshipped with her husband did not hear her prayers to deliver her from her barrenness, she lived in deadly grief and sorrow, all the more because her husband had little affection for her on that account; on the contrary, he often abused her in words and reproached her bitterly. It was at the time when Secundus [Second], governor of the city, appointed by the emperor Alexander Severus, was cruelly persecuting the Christians. Several had been put to death; others had fled and gone to hide in the woods and in deep caves; others again, who could not leave their homes, expected every day to be seized, to give account of their faith and then end their lives in every kind of torment. In so terrible a storm a holy solitary named Onuphrius [Onuphre], moved by zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, put on a beggar’s clothes and began to ask alms, so as to have the means, on the one hand, of strengthening the faithful and, on the other, of converting the idolaters and drawing them to the faith of Jesus Christ. He came one day to Clitophon’s door and, finding Leucippe there, begged her earnestly to have him given charity. She, who was then overwhelmed with melancholy because of some insults her husband had said to her, sent him away curtly and had the door shut on him. He went on praying nonetheless and, setting out his misery in a sad and mournful voice, implored the lady to have pity on him and send him at least a morsel of bread. He knew well that he was asking only so as to give her himself a treasure more precious than all the riches of the world. Leucippe took pity on him; she had him come in, ordered alms to be brought, and meanwhile she herself told him of the pain she suffered because she was barren, because her husband reproached her for it, and because she had not been able to obtain her cure by countless sacrifices she had had offered to the gods. Onuphrius did not let this chance go by to proclaim Jesus Christ to her. He told her she must not be surprised if her gods had not heard her, since they were men who had lived in crime and had no other lot than to burn with the demons in hell; but that if she would acknowledge the one almighty God, creator of heaven and earth, he assured her that in a short time she would have a son, for her own comfort and her husband’s.

Grace then worked so powerfully in Leucippe’s heart that, recognizing the falseness of her religion and the impiety of idolatry, she believed in God and in Jesus Christ, and even received holy Baptism in secret.

Shortly afterwards she conceived; and, using this occasion to reveal to her husband what had happened and to share with him the light she had received, she drew him also to Christianity. Onuphrius, the solitary disguised as a beggar, was called. He instructed him, baptized him and by that sacrament clothed him with Jesus Christ. At the end of nine months Leucippe gave birth to a son, who was also regenerated by the holy hermit and named Galation for the spiritual whiteness that was conferred on him [Greek *gala*, "milk"]. Nature and grace were so favourable to this child that he was seen to grow in virtue and wisdom rather than in age. His historian says something very surprising of him, if he does not say it by way of exaggeration: that in a short time he became more skilled in learning than the masters who were given him to teach him. At twenty-four, his mother having died, he took as wife, by his father's order, a young girl named Episteme, whom her nobility, beauty, prudence and chastity made highly commendable. He meant to keep his virginity. His wife complained of this to him, persuading herself that he did not love her; but he told her that, as she was not a Christian, he could have no intercourse with her. She listened to this proposal and, being touched by a heavenly light, renounced the idols and embraced Christianity, so as to have one and the same religion with her husband and her father-in-law. Galation baptized her himself, because the persecution had scattered all the priests, and the grace of this sacrament worked so powerfully in her soul that it filled it with the love of purity, so that she no longer thought of seeing her husband except as a brother, as she had done before.

Both of them were in the school of the Holy Spirit rather than in that of men, and this Holy Spirit inspired them to sell all their goods, give the price to the poor, separate from each other and withdraw each to a solitude where the persecution had already driven many Christians. They carried out this plan point by point, and sent their riches ahead of them to heaven by the hands of the poor. Galation withdrew to Mount Publion, near Sina, with ten solitaries, and he placed Episteme in a small community where four virgins occupied themselves only with heavenly things. They lived three years in these different hermitages in all the practices of the evangelical and monastic life. Galation trained himself there in prayer, fasting, silence, obedience and mortification of the senses and of the mind, and he was so austere that one day each week he ate only a little bread.

Episteme, for her part, had hardly any exercise but prayer, and she found extreme sweetness in it, because there she enjoyed the chaste embraces of the heavenly Bridegroom. After these three years, the emperor having stirred up one of the bloodiest persecutions there have ever been in the Church, the officers who were hunting the Christians came to the monastery where Galation was and seized him. A few days before, while at prayer at midnight, Episteme had had a wonderful vision, in which she was shown a magnificent palace where she and her husband would receive a crown of glory. Told that her dear Galation was being taken away to be presented to the governor, she ran after him and followed him bravely, to have a share in his torments and his happiness. As soon as she had caught up with him, she cried out that, since they had promised each other never to abandon one another, it was not right that he should die or go to heaven without her. She was seized on the spot, and both were taken together to the judge's tribunal.

He did not question them about their country or their religion; but, as their clothing made them known well enough, he at once ordered them to be whipped with all the force the executioners' arms could muster. On this occasion a miracle occurred that caused the conversion of several of the onlookers: as they were stripping the Saint, she prayed her divine Bridegroom to spare her the shame of nakedness; and at that very moment fifty-three men who stood round the governor were struck blind. This punishment gave them the light of the truth: they acknowledged the power of Jesus Christ, confessed it, and by this recovered the sight they had lost. The judge, angrier than ever at this event, after having the martyrs scourged, ordered sharp points of reed to be driven between their flesh and their nails. It was in this torment that our Saints showed an invincible courage: the more the pain seemed bound to overwhelm them, the more joyfully they preached the name and glory of Jesus Christ. But, to take from them the means of publishing his praises in this way, their tongues, feet and hands were cut off. At last, as this lessened nothing of their firmness or their spiritual

gladness, they were beheaded on 5 November, and so ceased to live in order to go and reign eternally in heaven. This was in the year 233 or thereabouts. They are painted either scourged or tortured in various other ways, as we have related. — They are also found shown kneeling and asking God for strength to suffer martyrdom, then crowned by Jesus Christ.

Their life and martyrdom were written by Metaphrastes, and it is from him that Lipomanus and Surius have reported them. The Roman martyrology mentions them.

ST. BERTILLA [BERTILLE], VIRGIN, FIRST ABBESS OF CHELLES, IN THE DIOCESE OF MEAUX

— Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Clovis III.

Il faut mêler la voix de la prière aux larmes de la contrition; mais la voix du cœur doit crier plus que celle de la bouche.

We must mingle the voice of prayer with the tears of contrition; but the voice of the heart must cry louder than that of the mouth.

St. Bonaventure.

God early prepared this excellent virgin for the office of superior to which he had chosen her and which she was to exercise with so much glory. She came from the Soissonnais, and her father and mother were people whose nobility and piety made them highly regarded in the country. Her childhood was a model of purity and innocence; in it she practised all the virtues that can consecrate a Christian girl. St. Ouen [Audoenus], who from chancellor of France became archbishop of Rouen, discovered this treasure when he visited her parents. He persuaded them not to keep her at home any longer, but to place her in the abbey of Jouarre (1), which was then flourishing in holiness under the direction of the abbess Teudechilde or Thelchide [Theodechildis], of whom we spoke on 10 October. They consented, and Bertilla was received in that house as a new light come to enlighten it.

Her life there was so holy, her conduct so wise and so edifying, that the whole community admired it. She subjected the flesh to the spirit by extraordinary fasts and vigils. Prayer was her food, her recreation and her delight. She never resisted the commands of her superiors; she never failed in them by a single point, and the one who wrote her story does not hesitate to say that the promptness and purity of her obedience were incredible. The abbess, delighted with her virtue, first gave her the charge of receiving guests, which she did with all the prudence and charity one could wish. Next she made her infirmarian, and all the sick had reason to praise her watchfulness and her diligence. Finally she named her prioress, so that she might help her to carry the weight of the charge that divine Providence had entrusted to her. This office, having set her on the lampstand, made her shed the rays of her wisdom and holiness with greater brightness. In her one saw gentleness joined to firmness, mercy to justice, humility to greatness of courage, and prudence to simplicity. Something happened that showed her delicacy of conscience and at the same time the incomparable power of her prayers. One of her nuns, being somewhat upset, said cutting and insulting words to her. The Saint had no thought of avenging herself, knowing well that it is written: “Leave vengeance to me, and I shall know how to punish those who cross you” [cf. Rom. 12:19; Deut. 32:35]. But she prayed God to judge the matter himself. A few days later this sister died suddenly, without having time to receive the sacraments. Bertilla, overwhelmed with grief and fearing that her imprecation had brought this punishment on her, went up to her body and begged her with tears to forgive the fault she might have committed by her hastiness. The dead woman then came back to life and forgave her all that had happened, assuring her that God had also shown her mercy and that she was on the way of eternal salvation. After which she fell asleep again in Our Lord.

About this time Queen Bathildis [Bathilde] had the abbey of Chelles built (2), where she intended to retire herself when she should be freed from the government of the State. To form its community she applied to Teudechilde, abbess of Jouarre, and asked her to give her some of her daughters, with a superior, who might lay the foundations of this spiritual edifice. Teudechilde consented and, with the bishops' permission, gave her Bertilla as abbess, with some other nuns. St. Genesius [Genêt], archbishop of Lyons and first almoner of the queen, brought them to Chelles himself and put them in possession.

Bertilla governed this house for forty-six years with wonderful prudence, gentleness and piety; and she was at Chelles what she had been at Jouarre, the most fervent of all, the most assiduous at the divine office, the most humble, the most austere, the most patient and the most charitable. She saw two great queens at her feet: St. Bathildis, who at last left the court of France to make herself the humble servant of Jesus Christ in the house she had built; and Hereswith, queen of England, who came to seek at Chelles the rest that the grandeurs and pleasures of the world cannot give. She saw there too the noblest girls of the kingdom, whom her eminent holiness had drawn; but the more she saw herself exalted, the smaller she was in her own eyes, and the bowing of crowned heads under her commands served only to humble her the more.

She had an incredible desire for martyrdom; but, as executioners were lacking to her fervour, she made herself her own executioner by the rigours she practised on her body, both in the strength of her age and in her old age. Far from taking then the relief that this age, joined to her rank of abbess, seemed to call for, she remained constant not only in observing the fasts and vigils of the Rule of St. Benedict, which she had established in her house, but also in all the other practices of penance that her first fervour had inspired in her. At last, after a long life full of merits and good works, a slight fever took her from the earth to make her reign in heaven. This was on 5 November of the year 692.

CULT AND RELICS

The body of St. Bertilla was embalmed and placed beside that of St. Bathildis in the abbey church. Her tomb soon became famous for the wonders worked there, and it was then resolved to make a solemn translation of it. This ceremony took place through the care of the abbess Marie de Duny, on 26 April 1185, under King Philip Augustus and Bishop Maurice de Sully, who presided at the ceremony. All the peoples of the neighbourhood came running. The tomb was opened; the sacred bones were gathered with care and placed, together with the Saint's garments, almost reduced to dust, in a wooden shrine. This shrine was carried in procession into the great church, where it was laid beside that of St. Bathildis. In the 13th century, a violent fire having destroyed the abbey, the relics were carried, with the bishop's permission, into various countries to beg the alms of the faithful more effectively for the monastery. At the end of the 14th century and the beginning of the 15th, during the war with the English, the nuns, to shelter from the outrages of the soldiers, withdrew several times to Paris, taking their holy treasure with them; but on their return, finding only a ruined monastery, they were obliged to sell the gold, the silver, the precious stones and their shrines to meet the first needs of the abbey. It was at the beginning of the 16th century, when the monastery had embraced the monastic Reform and recovered its former splendour, that the translation of the head of St. Bertilla took place, through the care of Marie de Reilhac (1507–1510). In 1543, the old shrine being in a most pitiful state, the relics were put into a new one, enriched with precious stones. On it could be seen agates of remarkable beauty, on which the caprice of nature had admirably drawn sea monsters. The persons to whom their keeping had been entrusted, knowing neither their price nor their rarity, sold them with others to merchants, and in the last century they were in the king's cabinet. The Saint's remains were then placed in a shrine made by Jaquelin Amignon: it was partly silver and partly gilded wood. The abbess had a new one made in solid silver, at a cost of three hundred livres, in which the sacred bones were placed by the archbishop of Auch. The ceremony was one of the most splendid ever seen till then; but what raised its solemnity still more was the voice, so famous afterwards, that delivered the panegyric of St. Bertilla. Bossuet, then thirty-eight years old, had already won his renown as a great orator. It was 22 July 1665. "The sermon," says a manuscript of

the time, “was most eloquent and most ingenious, having mingled with a skill full of wit the finest passages of the life of the two Saints (Bertilla and Bathildis). It was admired by all his audience.” This panegyric has not been preserved.

The base that now supports the bust of St. Bertilla also contains several medallions. They are of repoussé copper, of the 17th century, and still hold a portion of relics fastened on a cloth with very old labels, but without an authentication. In 1720 the abbess, Louise-Adélaïde de Chartres, had a silver-gilt head reliquary made for St. Bertilla; the translation into it was made in the presence of the princess-abbess on 18 November 1721 by Dom Eloi Ledoux, prior of Sainte-Croix. From that time there is no further mention of the opening of the shrine until 1826, when M. Pruneau received from M. de Cosnac the mission of verifying the relics of the diocese. In 1853 and 1855 Mgr Allou made a new examination of them himself at Chelles. He placed in the shrine a final official report, in which he states that he took out some portions of the bones of St. Bertilla and St. Bathildis, which were sent, at their repeated requests, to the sacristan of Pius IX and to the abbess of Jouarre.

The reliquary of St. Bertilla is a gilded wooden chest in the shape of a tomb. It holds an oak box turned on its side, on which the remains of old red wax seals can be seen. In this box are: 1st, a white silk cloth wrapping the Saint’s head; 2nd, a cloth of the same colour with a great quantity of the Saint’s bones; 3rd, several linens, one of which holds silk stuffs falling to dust, which seem to have been St. Bertilla’s shroud or to have served to wrap her relics; 4th, two authentications.

To complete this biography we have used the *Bulletin de la société archéologique de Seine-et-Marne*.

(1) The abbey of Jouarre, four leagues from Meaux, was founded about the year 630. To the monastery of men St. Adon joined one of women, following the custom of the time. The monastery of Rebais, which St. Ouen founded about the same time seven leagues from Meaux, was also double. That of the men was the principal one, and it alone remained in later centuries. These houses followed the Rule of St. Columban, which they afterwards left to embrace that of St. Benedict. Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, attacked in law the exemptions of Jouarre and Rebais, and subjected these abbeys to the jurisdiction of the ordinary, towards the end of the 17th century. See Duplessis, *Histoire de Meaux*.

(2) The monastery of Chelles was founded near the palace where most of the kings of France had their chief residence from Clovis to Charlemagne. It was called Kala or Cala. This palace still stood for several centuries after Charlemagne. King Robert held a council there in 1008. It is on the ruins of this palace that the present town of Chelles has been built.

BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES [PORRÈS], RELIGIOUS OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC

— Pope: Urban VIII. — King of Spain: Philip IV.

La charité rend léger ce qu’il y a de plus rude; elle apprend que la vertu est facile et le vice plein d’amertume.

Charity makes light what is hardest; it teaches that virtue is easy and vice full of bitterness.

St. John Chrysostom.

Blessed Martin was born at Lima, in South America, of an honourable family, in 1569. His father was Juan de Porres and his mother Ana Velázquez. From his earliest years the admirable purity of his morals foretold the shining holiness to which he was to rise. Modesty, humility and charity to the poor were the virtues that marked his childhood and already drew on him the veneration of all. As a young man, his mercy towards his neighbour, and above all towards the sick, grew in him by continual progress, and he devoted himself to the study of surgery so as to be able to give health back to the unfortunate free of charge; and he very often succeeded. To spread more and more in his heart the reign of the love of God, and full of contempt for the

honours and amusements of the world, he said goodbye to his father's house and asked earnestly to embrace the Third Order of St. Dominic and to be admitted among the lay brothers of a convent; this grace was granted him. His novitiate ended, to the great edification of all, he made his solemn vows; and who could say with what fervour, with what care, he strove to practise and to make his own the virtues that make the perfect religious? He so loved humility that he took delight in always filling the vilest and lowest offices of the convent; he called himself the greatest of all sinners, and he kissed on his knees the feet of those who dared to load him with insults.

In spite of his horror of faults, even the slightest, he never ceased to chastise his flesh with continual fasts and to make it bleed with hair shirts and iron chains, so that one could truly say of him that he carried in his body the mortification of Jesus [cf. 2 Cor. 4:10]. Such was the love for the divine Redeemer with which he was on fire that one day, while he was at prayer before a crucifix, he was seen to rise from the ground, fly up to the holy image and press his lips eagerly to the wound in the side, as if blood still flowed from it and as if he wished to drink of it. It is no wonder, then, that, drunk at this ever-springing source of divine love, he never spoke of anything but heavenly things, and that he had so great a desire to set his own heart and those of others on fire with them. Jealous for the palm of martyrdom, he would have liked to go to China and Japan, to fall into the cruel hands of the heathen and deserve, by the shedding of his blood, to become the victim [*hostie*] of Christ. This insatiable love of God he also kindled in men of every condition, above all the sick and the dying, for whom he strove with all his heart to procure every relief. While he was giving his homeland so many proofs of his admirable charity, he was seen at the same time on fire with compassion for the unhappy captives held in Africa, visiting them often in their chains to encourage them, providing for their needs and breaking the chains of their captivity [see (B)]. It happened one day that one of these captives, a Spaniard by birth, who had recovered his liberty at Algiers with Martin's help, met him at Lima, where he had afterwards gone. Filled with gratitude, he greeted him as his deliverer and, in spite of his protests, never ceased to proclaim the signal kindness he had received from him.

It grieved him greatly to see foundlings and young orphans exposed to every misfortune; to remedy this distress he had a celebrated college built at Lima, where they might be trained in piety and in an honest life. His goodness was so great that it did not leave out even animals, and he often gave them the care and help of his art. God was pleased to honour the excellent charity of his servant with heavenly favours. Enlightened by the divine light, he foretold the future, he knew the secrets of hearts, he unmasked the wiles of the demons and drove back the assaults of their fury. Although he had not studied, he resolved the gravest questions of theology with such sureness that the most learned men marvelled at it and declared that his knowledge could only come to him from heaven. So many virtues earned him from God the enjoyment of converse with the heavenly Spirits, the working of a great number of striking miracles and the knowledge beforehand of the day of his death, which he did indeed foretell on several occasions and precisely. At last, when he fell ill, he asked earnestly that all the religious of the convent be present at his last moments, and he begged their pardon for all the offences they might have received from him. Then he fixed his eyes on the crucifix he held in his hands; and when those present, who were reciting the Apostles' Creed, came to the words "The Word was made flesh", he laid the crucifix on his breast and, his brow serene and his face joyful, gave back his innocent soul to God, on the third day before the Nones of November [3 November] of the year 1639, the sixtieth of his age. Many miracles made his life and death illustrious; after they had been examined and approved, Gregory XVI numbered him among the Blessed (19 March 1836) and allowed the whole Order of Friars Preachers and the diocese of Lima to celebrate his feast with Office and Mass.

Almost all of Spanish America calls him the Saint of the rats; for it is said that his image, placed in places infested with mice and rats, quickly makes these animals disappear. In his convent in Peru, when the sacristan complained of seeing his vestments gnawed by rats and was planning to destroy such unwelcome guests with poison, Brother Martin talked him out of this cruelty. He called all these little creatures, setting

on the ground a basket he had in his hand; and when they had all climbed into his basket, he carried them to the garden, promising to take care of them every day if they stopped laying waste the monastery's provisions. That is why he is shown with a basket in his hand and surrounded by rats, either because he is handing them food or because he is getting ready to carry them out of the sacristy to gather them in the garden, where he will undertake to feed them with the scraps that are wasted about the house.

Blessed Martin de Porres is patron of mulattoes; he is invoked against rats.

Taken from the *Année dominicaine* and from the *Caractéristiques des Saints*.

ST. MILLEFORT (1) OF SCOTLAND, BISHOP, MARTYR AT LA BOUVAQUE, NEAR ABBEVILLE

12th century.

The legends of St. Millefort offer many variants and contradict one another on various points. Here is the version that seems to us most worthy of belief. St. Millefort, a native of Scotland, was born about the beginning of the 12th century. When he had embraced the ecclesiastical state, he was chosen by his bishop, who was primate of Scotland, to fill the office of deacon in his church. Millefort's virtues drew attention to him, and he was raised to the episcopal dignity. His zeal for enforcing discipline and defending the rights of his church brought on him the persecution of the prince who then ruled Scotland, and it was to escape it that Millefort took refuge in France. Welcomed in a lordship near Abbeville, he was able to go on exercising his zeal, and he went preaching in various parts of Picardy and Normandy, which may explain the special cult paid to him in some parishes of these two provinces. His enemies from overseas, having managed to learn where he lived, bribed some serfs of La Bouvaque, who cut off the holy bishop's head. He is honoured with a special cult at La Bouvaque, at La Neuville-sous-Corbie, at Camps-en-Amiénois, at Forest-Montiers, at Saint-Aubin-Rivière, and in some parishes of the dioceses of Beauvais, Rouen and Versailles. He is invoked above all for the healing of children. The chapel of La Bouvaque enjoys a great reputation: people come there from several neighbouring departments for the healing of epileptic or rickety children. The remedy used in these cures, besides vows and prayers, is to lay the children naked on a cold stone. The leper-house that once existed at La Neuville-sous-Corbie seems to have had St. Millefort as patron, and his cult in that parish is said to go back to high antiquity. It was in the ruins of this leper-house that the statue of St. Millefort now venerated in the parish church was found. The Saint is shown dressed in a rich dalmatic, bare-headed, his eyes raised to heaven, his right hand on his breast, a book under his left arm and a palm in his hand. At the foot of the statue a man and a woman each present him a child, which they commend to his care. A modern window at La Neuville has reproduced much the same subject. People come to La Neuville from ten or twelve leagues away to invoke St. Millefort for children who are sick or who are slow to walk. Several miraculous cures are ascribed to his intercession. His feast, which used to be kept on 6 September, is now celebrated on the second Sunday of that month.

Near Camps-en-Amiénois, on the national highway from Paris to Calais, there was once a chapel of the Ecce Homo, which was laid waste in 1793. A pious hermit, nicknamed the Little Chaplain [le Petit Chapelain], obtained permission to repair the abandoned oratory. He soon changed its purpose so as to favour the inhabitants' traditional devotion to St. Millefort, whom they used to go and invoke at La Bouvaque. A statue of this Saint was placed beside the old statue of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, and the chapel was given the name of Saint-Millefort. It is a much-frequented pilgrimage for the illnesses of children, as the many ex-votos that cover the walls of this sanctuary bear witness. Every year, on the fifth Sunday after Easter, a solemn procession, in which eight farmers carry the statue of St. Millefort, goes from the church of Camps to the chapel, about a hundred metres away.

About 1850 a chapel dedicated to St. Millefort was built at Saint-Aubin-Rivière. It was put up by the parents of a child who had been healed on a pilgrimage to La Bouvaque. The pilgrimage of Saint-Aubin-Rivière takes place on the fifth Sunday after Pentecost and sometimes, by falling on the same day, harms that of Saint-Germain-sur-Bresle.

On the road from Sorengs to Bazinval, in the canton of Blangy (Seine-Inférieure), there is a chapel dedicated to St. Millefort. The tradition of the pays de Bray is that Millefort was a servant, that he came to serve at Sorengs, and that the jealousy of the other servants was the cause of his martyrdom. This, one sees, is much the same as the Picard legend, but set in another place. People go on pilgrimage to Sorengs on Whit Tuesday for children who are languishing. At Bouillant, canton of Crépy (Oise), a statuette is venerated in the church bearing the following inscription: *St. Guinefort, martyr, who heal languors, pray for us.* People suffering from long-standing fevers use cloths rubbed on the statue. St. Guinefort was once greatly venerated at Piscop, in the arrondissement of Pontoise: he was the patron of the manorial chapel built in 1211 by Pierre de Piscop. This chapel was destroyed in 1839; but the parish church, built in 1840, was dedicated under the double title of Our Lady and St. Guinefort.

Taken from the *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens*, by the abbé Corblet.

(1) *Alias:* Milleford, Milfort, Milford, Mimfort, Minifort, Quinefort, Quignefort, Quiguefort, Guinefort.

BLESSED RAYNIER OR REGNIER [RAINERIUS] OF BORGO SAN SEPOLCRO, OF THE ORDER OF CAPUCHINS

Blessed Raynier was born about 1510 at Borgo San Sepolcro (Tuscany), of poor and virtuous parents. His mother had him given the name Santi at baptism, and watched over his childhood in a quite special way. The child, answering her care, advanced quickly in the love of God. He took delight in prayer, and while still very young he went every night to the convent of the Capuchins of Monte Casale and knelt before the church doors while the religious recited Matins. The desire for the most sublime virtues of Christianity consumed his soul; he had above all a great esteem for purity and wished to keep his virginity all his life. To obey his parents, he entered the bonds of marriage in spite of this; but God enabled him to satisfy his heart by taking his wife from him after a few days. To lead a more perfect life, the Saint entered the Order of Capuchins, where he received the name Raynier, under which he is known.

The devil, jealous of his progress in piety, raised harsh temptations against him; but Raynier, helped by the grace of God, came out of the struggle victorious and grew ever firmer in the ways of perfection. The two virtues most remarked in him were obedience and humility. When it was a question of obedience nothing seemed impossible to him, and he gave admirable examples of humility. The fame of his holiness soon spread and drew on him the veneration of all who heard of him. He tried as much as possible to escape the outward homage that this fame brought him. To avoid the crowds that usually gathered round him when he was travelling, he left before daybreak the places where he had spent the night.

When he gave himself to prayer he was often rapt in spirit. Having reached this high degree of union with God, death no longer held any terrors for him, and when heaven had revealed its hour to him, he prepared for it eagerly but with the greatest calm. He died in 1589, after receiving the last sacraments with fervour. As soon as the news of his death had spread, the people ran to his convent in such crowds that the doors had to be shut; but they came in through the windows and fought over his clothes to have something of his, and the superior of the convent had to have his body shut away to keep it whole. The miracles worked at his tomb led to work for his beatification. Pius VII authorized his cult, and he is now honoured in the Order of St. Francis.

The bull is the attribute of Blessed Raynier. It is said that while he was at prayer he was attacked by a furious bull, which caught him between its horns and threw him into the air. The servant of God fell back unhurt and went on with his prayer.

Taken from the *Supplément* of Charles [Alban] Butler, by the abbé Tresvaux, and from the *Caractéristiques des Saints*, by the R. P. Cahier.

6 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

At Tunis, in Africa, the birthday in heaven of St. Felix, martyr, who confessed Jesus Christ. His execution having been put off, he was found dead in his prison the next day, as St. Augustine relates in his explanation of a psalm, which he gave to the people on the day of his feast. 4th c. — At Antioch, ten Martyrs, who were put to death by the Saracens. — At Barcelona, St. Severus [Sever], bishop and martyr, who, having had his head pierced with a nail for the Catholic faith, received the palm of martyrdom as his reward. About 638. — In Phrygia, St. Atticus [Attique]. — At Bergues, the death of St. Winnoc, abbot, who, famous as he was for his virtues and miracles, nonetheless long served in person the religious under his direction. About 717. — At Fondi, in the Campagna of Rome, St. Felix, monk. 6th c. — At Limoges, St. Leonard, confessor, disciple of the bishop St. Remigius [Rémi]. Of illustrious birth, he embraced the solitary life, in which he shone by his holiness and his miracles. His credit with God has appeared above all in the deliverance of captives. Second half of the 6th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED

In the dioceses of Arras, Cambrai and Soissons, St. Winnoc, abbot, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. 717. — In the dioceses of Angers, Autun, Cologne, Limoges, Mainz, Rodez, Rouen and Strasbourg, St. Leonard, confessor, cited today in the same martyrology. 6th c. — In the dioceses of Avignon and Montpellier, St. Stephen of Agde, bishop of the former see of Apt (Vaucluse) and confessor. His gentleness is especially praised. On a pilgrimage he made to the Holy Places he fell dangerously ill, and vowed that if he recovered his health he would raise from its ruins his cathedral church, which the barbarians had thrown down. He recovered very happily and fulfilled his promise. He attended the eighth Council of Narbonne with William of Agde, died in the seventy-first year of his age, and was buried in his cathedral [printed

"métropolitaine"] church. 1046. — In the dioceses of Bayeux, Laval, Le Mans, Nantes, Rennes, Saint-Brieuc and Vannes, St. Melanius [Melaine], bishop of Rennes and confessor, whose life we gave on 6 January, the day on which he appears in the Roman martyrology. 530. — In the diocese of Cahors, feast of the holy Angels, patrons of the diocese. — In the diocese of Langres, St. Gregory, bishop of that see and confessor. 539. — In the diocese of Le Puy, feast of the translation of the relics of St. Agrippan or Agrève of Spain, bishop of the Church of the Velay and martyr, whose notice we sketched on 1 February. 7th c. — In the diocese of Lyons, St. Ambrose, abbot, who governed first the monastery of L'Île-Barbe (founded about the year 208, on a small island in the middle of the Saône) and passed from there to the government of the abbey of Saint-Maurice in the Valais (Switzerland). He is cited in the Roman martyrology of 2 November. 6th c. — In the diocese of Meaux, St. Mathurin, priest and confessor, mentioned in the Roman martyrology of 1 November, of whom we shall speak on the 9th of this month. 4th c. — In the diocese of Quimper, St. Iltut or Elchot, abbot in Wales. 6th c. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, feast of all the holy Relics of that Church. — At Châlons-sur-Marne, St. Lupian or Louvent of Mende, abbot of Saint-Privat and martyr, whose life we gave on 22 October. About 584. — In Brittany, St. Efflam, prince of Ireland and solitary. Having married Honora [Honore], an English princess, he preached virginity to her so persuasively that she very willingly agreed to his proposal that they should keep perpetual continence together. The two spouses took ship for Armorica and landed at a place that now forms the parish of Plestin (Côtes-du-Nord, arrondissement of Lannion), where they led the solitary life. A holy hermit named Gestin joined them (1). 6th c. — At Trier,

St. Quiémat or Guiémalt (Veomadus), bishop and confessor. 781 or 791. — At Redon (Ille-et-Vilaine), Blessed Coudeloc or Condeloc (Condilucus), priest and monk. 9th c. — At Morlaas (Basses-Pyrénées, arrondissement of Pau), in the diocese of Bayonne, the martyrdom of Blessed Raymond du Plan, of the Order of St. Dominic. A zealous preacher, he defended the Catholic truth with energy against the novelties of the Protestants. The heretics seized him and made him a thousand tempting offers to corrupt him; but, seeing that he held to his faith, they beat him savagely, tore out his eyes, which they then forced him to eat, and finished him off with sword blows (2). 1569.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — St. Zacharias, priest and prophet, father of blessed John the Baptist. His memory is kept on the eve of this day, and his head is kept with honour in the Lateran basilica. 1st c.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS

In the duchy of Jülich [Juliers], diocese of Cologne, St. Christina of Stommeln, beguine of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Guided in the spiritual ways by the venerable Peter of Dacia, she received from heaven signal favours, of which we shall report only the chief. At the age of five Our Lord appeared to her and taught her the practice of prayer and of the virtues. She was six when he showed himself to her in the form of a child in the consecrated host. At seven she tasted in spirit the delights of heaven. At nine the Blessed Virgin visited her and told her that she took her for her daughter and would give her as bride to Jesus. At ten, indeed, the divine Redeemer espoused her in a visible manner. At eleven, having learned the Psalter, she recited it alternately with Our Lord. At thirteen she received the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and at fifteen she was honoured with the stigmata of her divine Bridegroom (3). 1312. — At Coimbra (Conimbriga), a city of Portugal, in the province of Beira, on the Mondego, Blessed Pelagius [Pelage] of Portugal, of the Order of St. Dominic. Deeply humble, he hid his holiness and the innocence of his soul during his life; but after his death God revealed his merits by a great number of miracles worked at his tomb. We shall cite only one. The religious were busy casting a bell when the metal ran short; one of those present made up the deficit with earth taken from the Saint’s tomb. It succeeded perfectly, and a magnificent bell was obtained, very fine and very sonorous. It is in memory of this wonderful event that artists represent Blessed Pelagius holding a bell in his hands. 1257. — In Switzerland, St. Protasius or Preuts (Protasius), bishop of Avenches (Aventicum, in the canton of Vaud), a city whose see was later moved to Lausanne and afterwards to Fribourg. 507. — At Cucusus (today Coscan [Göksun]), a city of Cappadocia, St. Paul of Constantinople, martyr. About 350. — At Comacchio (Comacula), a fortified town of Italy, St. Apuan, Benedictine religious of the monastery of St. Augustine at Pavia. 8th c. — In Sicily, St. Luke or Lucas the Elder, father of the monks of Mount Etna. 8th c.

(1) The oratory of St. Efflam was the place of his burial. Gestin himself was buried in his own, and gave his name to the parish of Plé-Gestin, which is called Plestin by contraction. The Acts of St. Efflam say that, when his oratory was almost in ruins and his memory forgotten, a holy hermit who swept this oratory regularly every week saw in it what looked like drops of blood that seemed to come out of the earth, always at the same spot. After several trials he told the bishop of Tréguier, who had the place dug up. There the body of St. Efflam was found. He is patron of the parish of Plestin, where his statue, placed near the high altar on the Gospel side, shows him in royal robes with a dragon under his feet. (It is said that this dragon threatened St. Efflam’s solitude, and that he compelled it by his prayers to throw itself into the sea, where it was at once drowned.) On the other side of the altar is that of St. Gestin in priestly vestments. He is also patron of the hospital of Morlaix, of the chapel of Toul-Efflam (near the Lieue-de-Grève, in the parish of Plestin) and of several others; but his cult has not spread beyond Lower Brittany. — *Saints de Bretagne*, by Lobineau and Tresvaux.

(2) He is represented holding the palm of martyrdom in one hand and in the other a dish with two eyes on it. The inhabitants of Morlaas have a great veneration for this Saint, and his image is found in several churches. — Local notes.

(3) Her relics are kept at Jülich (Rhine Province), where her feast is kept solemnly on this day. She is represented in the habit of the Beguines, a lily in her hand and the mark of the stigmata. — The Beguines of former times were dressed in various ways: some were clad in grey, others in tan, and some in sky blue. Today they nearly all wear black. When they go out they put on a kind of flat black toque with a silk tuft; a large black cloak also covers their head and comes down to their heels. — Hélyot, *Dictionnaire des Ordres religieux*.

ST. GREGORY OF AUTUN, BISHOP OF LANGRES

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

A model for Christian magistrates by his burning zeal for justice, St. Gregory is also a model for bishops by his complete devotion to God and to souls.

Eulogy of the Saint.

Gregory was born at Autun itself, of one of the oldest senatorial families of the city. His noble and religious parents had him given an education worthy of their social position, and worthy above all of their piety, a hereditary treasure in this illustrious house, which produced several Saints and famous persons, among others Gregory of Tours. After the death of his uncle Attalus, count of Autun, whose justice and goodness Sidonius Apollinaris praises and whose kinsman he boasts of being, he was judged, though still very young, able to succeed him in that important office, which gathered all powers into its holder’s hands. Formed in the school of the Gospel, affable and gentle to good people, severe against the wicked, none of whom escaped his searching, and fair to all, he made authority respected in his person because he made it esteemed and loved. His fellow citizens blessed his government and could say that the best Christian is also, other things being equal, the best administrator. Armentaria, daughter of Armentarius, a senator of Lyons, a woman worthy of him by her piety and her birth, joined her life to his and gave him two sons, Tetricus and Gregory. At about the age of sixty the noble count lost her, and made use of this providential blow to renounce the world. So, having given up, to the great regret of the whole city, the office he had filled so well for nearly forty years, he entered the clergy. Free at last and his own master, he was happy to be able to give wholly to God a life that until then had been devoted to the absorbing care of public affairs.

His eminent qualities, to which a great reputation had become attached, did not allow him to remain long, as he wished, a simple priest in his native town. He was soon carried against his will to the see of Langres (506), after the death of Albiso, a former disciple of St. Euphronius, the same who carried to St. Sidonius Apollinaris a letter from that great prelate. The affection, gratitude and regrets of his fellow citizens followed the new bishop to Langres, and the grief of losing him was softened only by the thought that he was now going to do good on a larger stage. They were not mistaken. Langres and Dijon, where Gregory lived by turns, were the happy witnesses of his holiness. The holy pontiff practised all the Christian and episcopal virtues with admirable perfection. His mortification was so great that he took for food only a little barley bread with water; and the holy rigours of his abstinence, always covered with the veil of humility, were known only to the one servant who waited on him. All the time not spent in the works of the pastoral ministry he gave to prayer, and he even spent a good part of the nights in the baptistery of St. Vincent, near his dwelling and the ancient church of St. Stephen at Dijon. There, while everyone was asleep, he alone kept watch, prostrate before God, offering himself as a victim, interceding for his people, meditating on the extent of his duties and on the eternal truths. There, in his intimate converse with heaven, he drew the solid instructions full of unction that he gave the people; he fed his pastoral zeal and kindled ever more that

inexhaustible charity which made him poor for Jesus Christ and made him give to the needy not only the revenues of his church but also his rich patrimony. “He lived,” says Gregory of Tours, “like an anchorite in the midst of the world.” Moreover, he was deep in doctrine, of consummate experience, with that practical knowledge of men and things which is drawn from the handling of public affairs; in short, one of the most remarkable men of the 6th century. Even before rewarding so admirable a life in eternity, God willed to honour it here below in the eyes of men by the gift of miracles. The holy bishop worked a great number of wonders, which his great-grandson, Gregory of Tours, has recorded in the immortal pages of his history, and whose detail would take us too far.

About the year 507, Gregory, having learned of the flight of John, founder of the celebrated abbey of Saint-Jean de Réome or Moutier-Saint-Jean, and of his retreat to the monastery of Lérins, at once wrote to him and to the abbot of Lérins to call him back to Réome. The holy prelate feared that the fate of this newly founded abbey, to which he was much attached, would be gravely compromised by the founder’s disappearance; and besides, he would have been grieved for his diocese to lose a man of such great merit. Here is the letter he sent to the pious fugitive: “Hasten, I beg you, to return among the children you have abandoned. If you reject my prayer, fear the judgement of God; for a strict account will be asked of you for the evils your flight has caused to this community, of which you are the father and which you have left orphaned. It is in desolation and will soon be scattered like a flock without a shepherd.” The humble abbot could not resist entreaties so pressing and coming from so high. He returned to his abbey, which he continued to govern until his death. The illustrious bishop of Langres, after recovering the founder of Réome, had the further consolation of seeing another Saint endow his diocese with a second monastery. This was St. Seine (Sequanus), only descendant of a noble family of Mémont, near Dijon, who left the world and came to Réome to place himself under St. John’s direction. Gregory made the translation of the relics of St. Benignus and built for their tomb a superb church surrounded by an abbey, which for many centuries spread true light and true charity through all Burgundy. Besides this church there were two others there: one consecrated to St. John and dedicated by St. Benignus himself; the other built in ancient times over the tomb of St. Paschasia. The space between these three churches was strewn with tombs, already many and growing more every day, for Christians longed to sleep their last sleep near the tombs of the Saints. They never ceased to visit a place that had become sacred to them; they buried their martyrs and their bishops there and built oratories. In the 6th century the custom of being buried there was so general that Gregory resolved to make it canonically a Christian cemetery, and by a decree forbade all the faithful ever to be buried elsewhere. This was the last act of this great bishop’s piety towards the blessed apostle of Burgundy.

In 517 he made his virtues and his learning admired at the council of Epaone. On this journey he had the happiness of seeing again, after many years, his friend the holy abbot Lautein, whom he had known at Autun in the abbey of Saint-Symphorien. The zealous and tireless pontiff also wished, in spite of the weight of years, to go to the council of Orléans and to the council of Clermont: nothing seemed to cost him when the good of the Church and the glory of God were at stake. He would have dearly liked to attend yet another council, held at Orléans in 538; but this time, broken with age, he had to be represented there by the priest Evantius [Evance]. A little later, for the approaching feast of the Epiphany, he undertook the journey from Dijon to Langres without measuring his strength, for he was accustomed to go and celebrate all the great feasts of the Church in that city. The venerable old man was seized with a fever that soon put out the little life left in him. He died at the age of ninety (539), after a long and laborious episcopate, full of good works and sanctified by all the virtues.

In pictures of St. Gregory angels sometimes appear. For it is said that, praying in the church he had built over the tomb of St. Benignus of Dijon, he heard angelic voices singing the praises of God. He is also represented: 1st, holding prisoners’ irons in his hand, because captives found themselves miraculously freed from their chains when his body passed before the doors of their prison; 2nd, before a church door, for his legend relates

that every night he went to the church to say his prayers there, and that the doors opened of themselves when he came and closed again when he had gone out.

CULT AND RELICS

Scarcely had he breathed his last when the heavenly glory into which his holy soul had just entered was seen to cast a kind of reflection on his face, which appeared radiant. His complexion took on the fresh crimson of the rose, and his body, white as a lily, seemed marked with the seal of the blessed resurrection. A miracle worked at his funeral increased the opinion that had been formed of his holiness. As his body was being carried to the place of burial, the prisoners begged his help, and at once the prison before which the procession was passing opened of itself. He was, according to his wishes, carried to Dijon and buried in the cemetery of Saint-Bénigne, in that same church of St. John where his predecessor St. Urban already slept in peace. Tetricus, son and successor of St. Gregory in the episcopal see of Langres, made a new translation of the holy body. The years spent in the tomb had brought no corruption either to the body or to the cloths that wrapped it. Part of his relics was brought to the cathedral of Langres in 1282. Gui de Genève, bishop of Langres, made the solemn recognition of them and enclosed them in a silver shrine, which was set on a column behind the high altar of Saint-Mammès. The ceremony took place in the presence of the clergy gathered in synod.

Taken from *Saint Symphorien et son culte*, by the abbé Dinet. — Cf. *Vies des Saints de la Haute- Marne*, by the abbé Godard; *Vies des Saints de Dijon*, by the abbé Duplus.

ST. LEONARD, SOLITARY IN THE LIMOUSIN, AND PATRON OF PRISONERS

Second half of the 6th century.

Les dons de Dieu ne s’achètent pas à prix d’argent : c’est la foi qui les mérite, et le Seigneur les distribue aux fidèles suivant la mesure de leur foi.

The gifts of God are not bought for money: it is faith that merits them, and the Lord distributes them to the faithful according to the measure of their faith.

Maxim of the Saint.

After St. Martial, the apostle of Aquitaine, whom the dignity of the apostolate sets in the first rank, the Saint who has shed the greatest lustre on the diocese of Limoges is beyond dispute St. Leonard, the patron of prisoners. He was born of illustrious parents in the province of the Gauls, in that part of Gaul which was beginning to be called France, in the time of the emperor Anastasius, that is, towards the end of the 5th century. The anonymous author who told his life does not say more precisely where he was born; but several medieval writers make him a native of the Orléanais, and some historians of that province go so far as to name as his birthplace the village of Corroy, in the parish of Ormes, near Orléans (1). He was of the nation of the Franks, and his parents, who lived at the court of Clovis, held the highest offices in the king’s palace and occupied the first rank among the officers of his army. When Clovis, abjuring the errors of paganism, bowed his head at the voice of St. Remigius, to adore what he had burned and to burn what he had adored, this prince, because of the tender friendship he had for Leonard’s noble parents, chose to be his godfather [*retirer leur enfant de la fontaine sacrée du baptême*, “to lift their child from the sacred font”: the French phrase for standing godfather]. When he reached adolescence, Leonard could, true to his family traditions, have served with honour, as his parents did, in the armies of an earthly king; he preferred to enlist in the militia of the King of heaven. Are not the poverty and humility of Jesus Christ a treasure preferable to the riches and dignities of this world? Touched by the Spirit of God, he applied himself to walking in the footsteps of St. Remigius, the Samuel of the French monarchy. It was this illustrious apostle of the Franks whom he had

as his first master in the ways of salvation. What progress he made in this study, his holiness later declared. A fervent disciple, he listened attentively to his master's teaching, gathered his salutary counsels and kept carefully in the secret of his heart those treasures of doctrine which he himself was to dispense to others. This budding virtue already foretold holiness; for a child's tastes show what his works will one day be, and it is written that a young man will follow through life the way he has taken in his youth, and that even when he is old he will not depart from it [Prov. 22:6]. So the holy bishop of Reims, witness of his disciple's virtues, did not hesitate to open to him the ranks of the sacred militia and to confer on him the clerical tonsure.

According to the anonymous author who wrote the ancient Life of St. Leonard, St. Remigius, using the influence his holiness gave him, is said to have persuaded the kings of France to issue, in honour of God, a royal edict by which, every time they entered the city of Reims or passed near it, all who were then held in prison or loaded with chains should be set free (2). In imitation of his master, Leonard, the faithful disciple of St. Remigius, humbly asked the king that all those shut up in dungeons should be set at liberty if, when he visited them, he judged them worthy of this grace. The king kindly granted him this signal favour. Glad of this privilege, as soon as Leonard learned that there were unhappy prisoners anywhere, he hurried there at once and strove with all his strength to obtain their release.

Already the fame of his kindness was spreading so far through all Gaul that a great number of sick people, drawn to him by the hope of healing, came to find him so that he might obtain their health by his prayers. And he did heal them, calling on the name of the Lord over them. Not only did he give them alms to keep up the life of the body; but, knowing that man does not live by bread alone and that the divine word is a necessary food for his soul, and remembering too the sacred proverb that a good word is better than a gift [Ecclus. 18:16], he showed these poor sufferers the benefits of Christian patience and brought their souls those unspeakable consolations that the divine word gives when it is proclaimed by a man of God. Faithful and true in his promises, generous and lavish in his alms, modest when he gave account of his works, far from taking pride in his high birth, he made himself small with the poor; he gladly stooped to help them; and, to see his humble bearing and his bowed head, one would have said not that he came of a noble family but that he had sprung from the most obscure condition. The humility of his outward manner, his walk and his look recalled what St. Paul in his divine language calls "the modesty of Jesus Christ" [2 Cor. 10:1].

While Leonard, in the school of St. Remigius, meditated day and night on the law of God and fed by this meditation the sacred fire that burned in his soul, the good odour of his virtues spread far, and the peoples vied in proclaiming his praises. The king of France sent envoys to ask him to come to his court; and when he was in his presence, the king said to him: "Leonard, man of God, I beg you always to consider my palace as your home. I want you to stay here near me until I obtain for you the dignities of the Church and the honours of the episcopate, until I can bind your brow with the pontifical mitre, of which you are worthy (3)." Leonard, who was then only a simple cleric, humble and devout, took good care not to welcome these flattering promises or to accept this brilliant burden. He answered the prince: "If I had wished, as my parents did, to serve in the army of the kings of France, I know very well, O my king, that I would not have held the lowest rank at your court; but I have preferred to serve my God in an obscure condition rather than serve an earthly king by rising to dignities and living amid honours. Give the pontifical mitre, prince, to those who desire it: as for me, I shall be content to praise the name of the Lord by leading the solitary life. It is not, great king, that I wish to blame those who accept the charge of the episcopate; but I repeat to you what I have already said: I would rather live unknown in the house of God than dwell in the palace of the princes of this world" [cf. Ps. 83 (84):11].

Having refused the dignities and all the temporal honours the king promised him, he set out. All along his road, a heavenly husbandman, he sowed the word of God. It was while exercising this sacred office that he came to Orléans. Not far from that city a venerable man named Maximinus was directing the monastery of Micy (4), where there then flourished under his guidance several religious whom the Church has since placed

on the altars. Leonard stayed some time in this monastery; and one understands that in this school of piety he must have risen from virtue to virtue and been trained in the holiest practices of the monastic life.

The ancient Life of St. Leonard goes into no detail about what he did during his stay at Micy; but another medieval legend, formerly kept at the monastery of Meung, relates some facts on this subject that we cannot pass over in silence. This legend tells that the abbot of Micy, St. Maximinus, seeing the virtues and spiritual progress of his disciple, took him to Orléans and presented him to Eusebius, bishop of that city, so that he might receive from that pontiff's hands the sacred order of the diaconate. "Receive the Holy Spirit," the bishop said to him, laying his right hand on his head; "receive the gift of strength, to resist the devil and all his assaults, in the name of the Lord!" Leonard accepted out of obedience this lower degree of the ecclesiastical ministry; but he would not go higher in the sacred hierarchy, he who had told a king that all his ambition was to live unknown in the house of the Lord. Ancient writers vouch for this tradition: Bernard Gui

Guidonis"], who wrote in the first years of the 14th century, says that St. Leonard was a deacon and not a priest. This legend of the monastery of Meung also says that one Christmas Day Leonard, charged with assisting St. Maximinus at the holy sacrifice, was going to the church to carry out his duties as deacon, carrying in his hand, in a small vessel, the wine that was to be offered at the altar. A poor man came up to him, weary and panting, and asked him for this wine in the name of Jesus Christ. Leonard remembered the Saviour's word: "I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink" [Matt. 25:35]; and without hesitating he gave the poor man the wine he was carrying. The poor man told him to draw water from a spring that was near by; and the Saviour, wishing to reward Leonard's faith and piety, renewed in his favour the first miracle he worked in his apostolic life: the water the holy young man had drawn was changed into an exquisite wine, which was offered at the altar.

Leonard, having learned by a revelation of the Holy Spirit that he was not to remain in this monastery but was to turn his steps towards the region of Aquitaine, left the monastery. Crossing the province of Bourges, where there were still pagans, he did not hide at all for fear of death; but, like an intrepid soldier girt with the arms of faith, he exalted the name of the Lord as much as he could by his words and his works; and the Lord, who glorifies by the gift of wonders those who glorify him by their holiness, confirmed his preaching by striking miracles. He put demons to flight; he gave back hearing to the deaf, sight to the blind, walking to the lame and health to all the sick who had recourse to him. But it was not yet there that God was calling him. After working such wonders, the athlete of Christ, armed with the helmet of salvation and the shield of faith [Eph. 6:16–17], continued on his way and, leaving the province of Bourges, turned his steps towards the mountains of the Limousin. He was looking for a hermitage where he could live completely apart from the world and give himself wholly to God.

At that time the province of the Limousin was largely uncultivated and covered with forests; abandoned by men, it was eminently suited to the solitary life, and so it was a gathering point for some chosen souls whom the Spirit of God moved to separate themselves from the world. Ten miles, or about four leagues, from Limoges, towards the rising sun, going up the steep banks of the Vienne, one comes to a mountain that was once covered with a thick forest full of wild beasts, called the forest of Pauvain (Pavum). Arriving at this wild-looking spot, blessed Leonard found the place favourable to his holy purpose: "Here will I dwell," he said with the Prophet; "this is the place I choose for my abode!" [Ps. 131 (132):14] He built himself a cell of interwoven branches; and, richer in his poverty than the potentates of this world, in possessing God he possessed the universe. There, living on roots and wild fruit, he gave himself freely to prayer, meditation and mortification, and he charmed his exile by singing the sweetness of the law that sanctifies souls. In the midst of this silent, recollected nature nothing hindered the ascent of his heart to God; on the contrary, everything raised his thoughts to heaven. As much as the tumult and noise of the world had filled his soul with deep disgust, so much did the solitude of this mountain fill his heart with pure and deep joy. He had read in the holy books that one must rise before the sun to bless God [Wis. 16:28], and the first gleams of dawn found

him kneeling in prayer. At night he thought of the beauty of God as he gazed at the stars, and he cried out with the royal prophet: “I will behold thy heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast made! What is man that thou art mindful of him? What is the son of man that thou hast deigned to visit him?” [Ps. 8:4–5] And what charm, what sweetness in these long talks with God and these nights spent in prayer!

Facing the hermitage of Pauvain, on the other side of the Vienne, a castle whose remains can still be seen rose on the summit of a steep mountain and overlooked the deep valleys that the river has hollowed out and through which it winds. As the ancient kings of the country and the dukes of Aquitaine used to go hunting in the forest of Pauvain, a royal house had long ago been built on this mountain, which overlooks the forest, to serve them as a residence. The king came to this castle every year with the officers of his suite, and his wife often went with him. On one of these journeys, during her stay in the royal residence, the queen was suddenly seized with the pains of childbirth. Their excessive violence made people fear for her life, and soon they despaired of saving her. The king, sad and rightly anxious, quickly called on the most skilful physicians; but they exhausted all the resources of their art without being able to bring relief to the august patient. All the prince’s friends were in the deepest sadness at seeing that the queen was about to die so wretchedly. The many servants, inside and outside the palace, gave vent to their grief in plaintive cries, and the mountain and the neighbouring valleys rang with mournful cries and long groans. While these cries of grief were rising to heaven, Leonard, who had come out of his hermitage, was walking in prayer along the paths of the forest. He stopped, he listened, he heard these groans of mourning and, moved with compassion, wished to know their cause. So he turned from his road and, crossing the Vienne, made his way to the royal residence on the mountain from which these cries and lamentations came. As soon as the courtiers saw him they went without delay to tell the prince. The king at once came out to meet him and brought him into the castle. Seeing the face of the holy hermit transfigured by holiness and penance, he at once believed in the power of his prayer and had full confidence in his goodness. He threw himself at his feet and begged his help in the immense sadness that overwhelmed him. The sight of this royal grief, of these sighs and sobs, moved the heart of Leonard, so inclined of itself to pity. He raised the prince up and, followed by some officers of the palace, they went together into the queen’s room. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, Leonard addressed to Him who holds in his hands the keys of life and death a fervent prayer, which was at once granted.

Filled with gratitude, the king had vessels of gold and cups of silver brought, purple garments woven with gold and many other ornaments, and had them offered to the holy hermit as a gift of his gratitude. But the valiant soldier of Christ, for whom the world with all its pomps was crucified [cf. Gal. 6:14], despised the riches of the world too much to accept this royal present. He asked the king only for a part of the forest, and the prince at once confirmed this gift by a royal decree. In the midst of this lonely forest the king had given him, Leonard built an oratory in honour of the Virgin Mary (5). On the left side of this oratory he placed an altar dedicated to St. Remigius, his benefactor and his father in the faith, who some years before had received in heaven the palm due to his merits. So this sanctuary was consecrated to filial love and to gratitude.

Blessed Leonard lived a long time in this forest, giving his body only the food he could not refuse it, wearing himself down with fasts and spending his life in vigils and prayers. He took two religious of edifying life and exemplary conduct as companions, so that when he was away from his hermitage to go and pray at the tombs of the Saints, the divine mysteries might be celebrated without interruption in the oratory dedicated to the Virgin Mary (6). For he had the praiseworthy habit of going often on pilgrimage to the basilica of the holy pontiff Martial, and he did not want his church to be left deserted when he himself went somewhere to pray. As St. Leonard’s oratory was about a mile from the river Vienne, the two religious who shared his solitude found it hard to go down every day to draw water from it. This river rolls its rapid waters at the bottom of the valley, while the oratory stood on the top of the hill. So one day they begged St. Leonard to obtain for them, near their church, a spring from which they could draw the water they needed more easily. They had

confidence in their master's holiness, they believed in his power with God, and they knew that the Lord does not disdain to work in favour of his children miracles that show forth his goodness. Moved by their prayer, the man of God had a pit dug in the shape of a well not far from the oratory and, standing before the empty cistern, called on the name of the Lord; and his prayer was at once granted. Leonard changed the name of Pauvain that this forest bore. In memory of the royal gift he wished the place to be called henceforth Noblac, because, says the author of the legend, it was the present of a most noble king (7).

Although the holy hermit loved to lead a retired and solitary life, and although he made it his rule to keep away from the crowd and avoid gatherings of people, God, who wishes to be glorified in his Saints and is pleased to work wonders by their hands among the nations, drew the peoples to his holy servant. By the secret influence of heaven, great crowds of sick people were seen hastening to him, and the grace of almighty God healed them by his hand. The fame of his holiness spread through all Aquitaine; it reached far into Brittany and even made its way into Germany. God so glorified his holy servant that if anyone held in prison called on the name of Leonard, he at once saw his chains break; he was free, and no one dared to hinder his liberty. A great number of these prisoners, setting out from distant lands after he had freed them from the dungeon or from their irons, came to Aquitaine and asked where blessed Leonard lived. What is more, they brought with them their irons and their heavy chains and, falling at his feet, presented them to him as an act of homage. Most of them wished to stay with him, offering to be his servants and promising to carry out faithfully all the duties of that state. But the man of God, who looked on himself as the servant of all, gave them a part of his vast forest, so that, by clearing it and giving themselves to the work of farming, they would no longer be exposed to falling, as before, into habits of robbery and being shut up again in dark dungeons.

Following the example of the divine Master, full of compassion and kindness, St. Leonard welcomed all these unhappy captives with gentleness. He encouraged them in good by his gospel preaching; and all who came to him burdened with various infirmities he healed by his holy prayers and fed every day with his word full of sweetness. He took pleasure in their midst as a father among his children, giving clothes to those who were naked and food to those who were hungry, and generously procuring for them all they needed. With their holy deliverer, all these former prisoners, now freed from the servitude of sin, a thousand times sadder than bodily captivity, recovered a liberty infinitely more precious, the liberty of the children of God. For he made them understand that great word of the Saviour: "If the Son of God redeems you from the servitude of sin, you will be free indeed" [John 8:36]. So the holy solitary rehabilitated by religion these men whom human justice had branded; he transformed them by work and prayer (8).

As the report of so many wonders worked by the man of God was constantly carried into France by the voice of fame, several members of his family and kindred, and some of his former servants, sold their estates and their other possessions and came, with their wives and children, right into the forest where the holy hermit's hut stood. He looked at them in astonishment and, recognizing them, said: "What! I went away from you, and you have followed me!… Ah! may you follow me so into the glory of paradise!" As soon as they knew his voice they prostrated themselves before him, their faces to the ground. "Venerable father," they said to him, "we are yours, and, if you allow it, we shall never leave you. Show us your ways, teach us your paths." "Beloved sons," he answered them, "I will say to you again these words of the prophet David, and I urge you to engrave them deeply in your hearts: *I have been young, and now am old; and I have never seen the just man forsaken, nor his children begging their bread.* Fear the Lord, then, and honour his Saints, for want will never reach those who fear him. The rich have fallen into want and have felt hunger; but those who seek the Lord shall never lack any good thing. Listen to me then, my children, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord [Ps. 36 (37):25; 33 (34):10–12]. God has taken you far from the tumult of the crowds and the whirlwind of the world so that, staying with me in this solitude, you may live holily there in justice and peace. For it is written: *A little is better to the just man than the great riches of sinners* [Ps. 36 (37):16]; and again: *A mouthful of dry bread eaten in the joy of a pure conscience is better than a house full of plenty where*

quarrels and divisions reign" [cf. Prov. 17:1]. After these words of salvation and this gentle preaching, he shared out seven portions of his forest among them, for there were seven families. And he said to them again: "Man is born to labour, as the bird to fly [Job 5:7]. Work then with your own hands, as the holy Apostles did, so as to provide what is needed for your living and to be able besides to help the needy and give generously to the poor in the name of Jesus Christ. Remember this well, and never forget this last charge: always live in perfect peace. If anyone should dare to grieve you without cause, you or your successors, I have obtained from the Lord that he shall be torn up, with his family, from the land of the living." The multitude of the faithful, come from neighbouring lands or from distant regions, had no other desire than to stay with him always; and St. Leonard, with his piety full of charm and his charity worthy of all praise, surrounded them with his affection, protected them and encouraged them. He was the support of the weak and the physician of the sick; and by his virtues and his eminent holiness he shone in the temple of God like the morning star. So it was that this Christian colony, led by a holy solitary, already formed a growing village in the middle of the woods. Later this village was to grow and, surrounding itself with a ring of walls, become an industrious town, which in its gratitude glories in bearing the name of its beloved father.

St. Leonard spent all the days of his life in the fear of God and in the practice of the gospel virtues. He walked without stain in the ways of the Lord; he went from virtue to virtue and served his Creator without deserving reproach. He fought valiantly, this noble athlete of Christ! and in this struggle he won glorious victories. He remained faithful until death, and so deserved the crown of life [Apoc. 2:10]. At last the hour came when he who had been the deliverer of so many captives was to be delivered from his earthly prison. Mortification and frequent fasts had accustomed him to see death close at hand: he saw it come, saying to it, as St. Andrew said to the cross: "O death so long desired, I greet you!" Feeling his hour draw near, he had himself carried into the oratory dedicated to Mary, so as to die in his mother's arms. Lying on that sacred ground, he raised his eyes to heaven. His venerable face, worn thin by vigils and privations, shone with that halo of joy that is seen on the brow of the Saints. His disciples, shedding tears of filial love, bent over him to gather his last words. At last he breathed out his beautiful soul on the 8th of the Ides of November (6 November), in the second half of the 6th century.

After his holy soul had been carried to heaven by the angels, his venerated body was buried by the crowd of the faithful in the little church he had built himself in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Lord, who had given him the gift of miracles in his lifetime, continued that power to him after his death. We shall relate a few of them. On 6 May 1611 Vincent Aubrousse, born in the diocese of Autun, being at Ostia in Italy, was taken by the Turks. These fierce enemies were already leading him to their ships with fourteen other prisoners, whom they meant to make galley slaves. On the way Aubrousse commended himself to God, to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Leonard, of whom he had heard a thousand wonders told in favour of captives. As he remembered having sometimes passed, on his way back from Limoges, through the town that bears this Saint's name and where his relics are venerated, he knelt down and implored him to intercede for him with God and to deliver him from the hands of these enemies of the Christian name. His faith was at once rewarded. He became so immovable that the Turks could not shift him from the spot where he was, and after many useless efforts they were obliged to leave him. As soon as they had gone he rose with the greatest ease and went to Rome to tell Pope Paul V what had just happened to him. The sovereign Pontiff listened to him kindly and had a brief of indulgences drawn up for him, which he charged him to carry to Saint-Léonard. Aubrousse carried out the Pope's orders on 22 February of the following year (1612), and a formal record of it was given him at the town hall before the consuls and the chief inhabitants.

Louise of Lorraine, princess of Ligne, being stricken with a kind of paralysis, vowed herself to St. Leonard and was at once healed. In thanksgiving for this favour she presented the Saint's chapel at Raches with a fine altar table, which could still be seen there before the Revolution.

Louise de Mauville and Marguerite de Maulde, nuns of the abbey of Marquette near Lille, both paralysed and crippled in all their limbs, obtained the same favour there: the first on 24 April 1606, the second on 22 January 1607.

In 1633 Isabelle-Sabine Bullart, an Augustinian nun of Arras, whose left leg had been drawn up to her shoulder by a violent contraction of the sinews, had every imaginable remedy applied for six months without feeling any relief. At last she ordered that she be carried to this chapel of Saint-Léonard, where she heard that so many miraculous cures were taking place every day. She found there a cure so swift and so complete that she went back to her convent on foot. In 1659 a young man of Lille named Barthélemy Caulié met with an accident that left him so lame that he could walk only with the help of two crutches. He went first to the most skilful surgeons of the country; but, receiving no help from them, he put all his trust in St. Leonard, fully convinced that his intercession would be far more effective than human remedies. His faith was rewarded by a miracle: he obtained what he had hoped for.

Anne de Marez, ten years old, daughter of Charles de Marez and Marie Rieulin, was attacked by a strange illness, which from time to time stopped her breathing and caused such a contraction of the sinews that her legs had folded back on themselves. Alarmed at so distressing a state, her parents neglected nothing to free her from it. They had her treated for a long time by the most experienced and skilful physicians, but always without success. At last they had recourse to supernatural remedies. The sick girl was carried to Raches, to the chapel of Saint-Léonard. There she heard the Mass, which was celebrated in honour of the Saint. Then, having felt an extraordinary pain in her legs, she began to stretch them out, and told her father and mother, who were present, that she had recovered their free use.

The city of Liège witnessed a famous wonder worked through the intercession of St. Leonard on 25 February 1605. In the parish of Sainte-Marguerite, in one of the suburbs, lived Erasmus Augustin and Léonarde de Lewe, his wife, who had a son of about ten so weakened for six or seven months by a flux of blood that he could neither walk nor even move except with the help of two crutches [*potences*]. Given up by the most skilful physicians and surgeons, who had declared his illness incurable, the child one day told his mother that he wanted to go on pilgrimage to the church of Saint-Léonard. Surprised at this, his mother began by pointing out the distance of the church and the harshness of the season as obstacles to his pious wish; then she asked him what reason he had for so difficult a journey, he who had never heard of this Saint or his miracles. He answered that he believed he would certainly recover his health there. His parents regarded this plan as an inspiration from heaven and allowed him to carry it out. His sister, twelve years old, was charged with going with him on this pilgrimage.

Leaning on his crutches, the child set out, and with great difficulty reached the church of Saint-Léonard. When he had gone in and his sister had shown him the image of the Saint, he went round it, following the custom kept by pilgrims, saying with all his heart: “Lord, give me back the use of my legs. Good St. Leonard, intercede for me!” Then, having knelt down and repeated the same prayer several times, he fell into so great a faintness that his sister had to call for help to lift him up. He then opened his eyes, bathed in tears, and, turning them to a crucifix, asked to be led to the image of the Saviour. Scarcely had he knelt there, saying his usual prayer, when he felt his strength return and his legs grow firm. At last, having been led once more by his sister round the image of St. Leonard, he cried out that he no longer needed crutches, and he had them hung up in that place. And he went back home unaided and perfectly healed, to the great astonishment of his parents and neighbours, who knew his former condition.

This miracle, so fit to confound the iconoclasts and the heretics of recent times, caused a great stir in the city of Liège. A judicial inquiry was made into it, and, as everything combined to establish its truth, it was recognized as authentic by the superiors, who ordered that solemn thanks be given to God for it, both in the church of Saint-Léonard and in that of Sainte-Marguerite, by the celebration of the divine office and a solemn procession, in which the child walked barefoot, dressed in a surplice and holding a candle.

Painters and sculptors, faithful interpreters of tradition, have continued to represent him in a deacon's dalmatic. — In the church of Saint-Léonard he is shown as a deacon, holding fetters [*ceps*] in his hand, the symbol of the protection he gives to prisoners. In other churches he is shown as an abbot, because in the Middle Ages several writers, regarding him as the founder of the monastery of Noblac, gave him that title. — In the church of Saint-Pierre at Limoges he is shown as a deacon, holding fetters in his right hand and a book in his left. In the church of Saint-Michel, in the same town, the Saint is shown as a monk with a white beard. Clad in a double tunic strewn with gold ornaments, he holds a staff in his right hand and an open book in the other. From his left arm hangs a chain ending in fetters. Above the altar, wall paintings recall miracles of St. Leonard: a kneeling captive offers him his chains, and a queen, with her husband, thanks him for having obtained her safe delivery and saved her child. In this same church St. Leonard is shown in a 15th-century window, in a window on the east side at the end of the north aisle. He wears a white alb covered by a green dalmatic with yellow orphreys. His halo is of the latter colour. He holds fetters in his right hand and in his left a book bound in violet. The red damask drapery behind the Saint, instead of simply hanging from the canopy of the niche, is held up by an angel. The image of St. Leonard is also seen in the windows of the church of Eymoutiers, in one of the windows of the central apse. He holds a book and fetters; his blue dalmatic is strewn with golden fleurs-de-lis. These windows date from the end of the 15th century (1480).

In the museum of Limoges a wooden panel shows St. Leonard on one side and St. Catherine on the other. The Saint is shown as an abbot. Dressed in a black robe, he holds a long chain in his right hand and a gilded crozier in his left. We shall not attempt to list the enamel paintings, pictures and statues of St. Leonard to be found in the Limousin. He is almost always shown as a deacon with his usual attributes. His dalmatic is often strewn with fleurs-de-lis, in memory of his noble origin. In two enamels in the museum of Limoges one or two prisoners kneel before him. In the church of Bacqueville, in the diocese of Rouen, St. Leonard is shown as a deacon, but his dalmatic is not strewn with fleurs-de-lis. — In the church of Saint-Léonard near Fécamp there is a statue and a banner showing him without a stole but with the dalmatic and the maniple; he holds a chain in his hand, and a prisoner kneels at his feet. — Before the Revolution there was in a chapel in the hamlet of Fresne, parish of Biville-la-Baignarde, an image of St. Leonard holding three captives. This image has been moved to Beaunay, a neighbouring parish. In the church of Croissy, in the diocese of Versailles, there was before the Revolution, at the back of the church, a statue of St. Leonard whose carving pointed to the 14th century. He wore a dalmatic whose orphreys were decorated with figures in the shape of shackles or chains. On a reliquary kept in the same church the Saint is shown as a deacon, with two kneeling prisoners at his feet, right and left, offering him their chains. He wears a full green dalmatic with gold fringes. — In the chapel of Saint-Léonard at Corbeil the Saint is shown surrounded by his religious, kneeling to present a petition to Clovis, seated on a throne, for the release and pardon of the prisoners.

The church of Obernai (Haut-Rhin) has a life-size statue of the Saint. He wears a black tunic with wide sleeves and a kind of short cape on his shoulders; he holds an abbot's crozier in his right hand; a chain of carved wood, of ordinary thickness and a metre long, hangs from the thumb of his left hand. The Saint's head is shaven, except for a black tuft left on the crown. At the Saint's feet kneels a man in the posture of a suppliant, dressed in a short red tunic: no doubt a prisoner imploring the protection of the patron of captives.

In the church of St. Mark at Venice there are various representations of St. Leonard. On the north side façade there is a carved image, life-size, showing St. Leonard holding a cross on his breast. The head is circled by a diadem without fleurons, no doubt because of the Saint's princely rank. The whole eastern arm of the transept, in the south chapel, is dedicated to him. He is shown on a gold ground; his long fair hair is no longer held by a diadem. He holds a small cross on his breast, but his right hand is covered, in the Byzantine manner, with a golden drapery. His white robe and dark blue cloak are richly embroidered. The story and the chief miracles of the Saint are shown in six large mosaic pictures, conceived and drawn in the pompous style of the Venetian masters of the Renaissance. They show: 1st, a king, who is none other than Clovis, holding a

child over the baptismal font; 2nd, a princess in bed, surrounded by eight or ten other very busy women. Two men, one in civil dress and a red tunic, the other a monk in a white robe and grey hooded cloak, stretch out their hands towards the dying woman. Above the monk an inscription, illegible from below, no doubt names St. Leonard, brought to help the queen in childbirth; 3rd, the solitary heals a man with a wooden leg; 4th, the Saint kneeling, with two other religious standing. Beside him, a man holding a spade and other figures, one of whom is crouching to look into a pit; 5th, the Saint, followed by another religious, receives the homage of five prisoners freed by his intercession, who present to him the irons from which their legs have just been released; 6th, an old, half-naked man, seated, with irons on his feet. The Saint, surrounded by a brilliant halo, leans down to him through the air and takes him by the hand. At the same time the prison collapses and its doors fall on the soldiers on guard. That is not all. At the entrance to the academy or museum, a former *scuola* or charitable association, an old statue of St. Leonard stands in a pointed trefoil niche. This time the Saint is a monk, with a long beard and close-cropped hair. In his right hand he still holds a cross, but a cross with a double and even triple crossbar; in his left he holds a prisoner's irons. At his feet two brothers of the confraternity kneel, scourges in hand.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS. CONFRATERNITIES OF ST. LEONARD

At the beginning of the 9th century, as the village of Noblac grew little by little and the church became too small to hold the inhabitants and the many pilgrims who came there, another of larger proportions was built, and the body of the holy confessor, which rested in the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-sous-les-Arbres, was moved into this new basilica. This translation took place on 17 October, in the reign of Louis the Pious, and every year on the same day its memory was kept by a solemn feast.

About the year 832 the relics of St. Leonard were carried to Limoges, where they were received with extraordinary honours. The bishop came out to meet them with all his clergy. He took them first to the basilica of Saint-Étienne, and from there to the tomb of the apostle of Aquitaine, St. Martial; and scarcely had they been laid there when they began to work various miracles. They were then carried back to Noblac to the singing of hymns and canticles. About the year 1010 the relics were moved with great pomp to Saint-Jean-d'Angély, and striking miracles were worked on that occasion. There were probably other translations of the Saint's relics, though we have no documents to support it, for example in 994, in 1027 and in 1094, when the relics of the most illustrious Saints of the Limousin were carried to Limoges, near the body of St. Martial.

In the Romanesque church of Saint-Léonard there was a crypt, or underground chapel, at the far end of which was the Saint's tomb. In the 11th and 12th centuries this place, called the Sepulchre, was visited by a great number of pilgrims. In 1191 it was decided between the bishop of Limoges and the prior of the chapter of Noblac that this place should be destroyed and all the ways into it carefully walled up; and this was so well done that today it is no longer possible even to know where it was. When this crypt was closed, the relics of St. Leonard were left in it in a stone sarcophagus, and the carved tomb that covered this sarcophagus was moved into the middle of the chapel of Notre-Dame-de-sous-les-Arbres, where it could still be seen before the Revolution. — The site of Notre-Dame-de-sous-les-Arbres is now occupied by a house with a terrace at the corner of the public square, almost opposite the bell tower. Of the tomb that stood there only the lid remains, of black marble, with two sloping sides and covered with scale ornament. This damaged fragment seems to be of the 11th century. It has been placed in one of the side chapels of the nave, where it can still be seen.

Amid political upheavals and continual fears, devotion to St. Leonard was waning; and since the time when the holy relics had been hidden to save them from profanation, the place where they had been laid had been lost sight of. Even among the body of canons the tradition on this point no longer existed, so that at the beginning of the 15th century, when it was desired to give back to the sacred relics the honour due to them,

no one knew where they could be found. The digging done near the altar led to the discovery of a stone sarcophagus. The two-sided lid that closed it was taken off, and three shrines covered with inscriptions were found. One, of lead and in the shape of a tomb, held the precious ashes of the body of St. Leonard; the second, of a kind of terracotta, held his head and his bones; the third was of wood and almost entirely in pieces, so that whatever it had held had mingled with the dust of the coffin. When these precious relics were taken out of the sarcophagus, a sweet perfume came from them that amazed those present. The relics were taken to a fitting place until they could be offered to public veneration with greater splendour and honour.

This was on 17 February 1403. Every year from that time the memory of this glorious finding was kept by a special feast. The bishop of Limoges came to Noblac on the following Easter Monday, 10 April, took the head of St. Leonard out of its shrine and, having put it in a silver-gilt cup, ordered that this sacred head be exposed to the veneration of all from Easter Tuesday until Trinity Sunday. So began that solemnity of the Ostension, which later, coming round periodically, was to be celebrated regularly every seven years. From then on the relics were placed where they are seen today, that is, above the high altar, in a kind of cupboard of iron grating, whose door is hidden by a retable and whose base is a small pointed-arched structure behind the altar. King Charles VII of France presented the town of Noblac with a magnificent reliquary to hold the bones of St. Leonard. It was a shrine representing the castle of the Bastille, the most famous prison in France, so as to honour the patron of prisoners; he added a cup and a small chest, all of silver gilt. The dedication of this shrine and the translation of these sacred bones were made on 10 September 1449 by the bishop of Limoges, Pierre de Montbrun, assisted by the prior and the canons regular of Saint-Léonard and a countless crowd of the faithful. Besides the fine reliquaries given by Charles VII, the church of Noblac had a large silver-gilt shrine, in which the sacred bones of the Saint were placed in 1503 by Jean Barton de Montbas, bishop of Limoges. Towards the end of the 16th century the richness of these reliquaries tempted the sacrilegious greed of the Calvinists, who held a garrison at Saint-Léonard. They formed the guilty plan of seizing these treasures and ruining the town after massacring its inhabitants; but their plan failed thanks to the measures taken by the inhabitants. At the request of the Infanta of Spain, Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII, on 20 April 1638 the prior of Saint-Léonard and the deputies of the town went to present the queen with a relic of the Saint. It was part of a jawbone, placed in a silver box, sealed with the seal of the bishop and of the town of Saint-Léonard.

We have seen that in 1403, after the finding of the relics of St. Leonard, they were shown to the people. From that time until the 16th century the Ostensions took place from time to time, but there was nothing regular or periodic about the return of this devout solemnity. Only in 1519 did the seven-yearly return of the Ostensions become regularly established in the diocese of Limoges. Today it is a custom that cannot be departed from. Every seven years, for seven weeks, from Low Sunday to Trinity Sunday, the relics of the Saints are shown and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. At Saint-Léonard, during this solemnity, the neighbouring parishes, ten in number, can be seen coming in procession each Sunday in turn to venerate the sacred relics. The clergy go out to receive the devout procession at the entrance to the town. Outside the times of Ostension the holy relics are sometimes opened. It is above all in years of disaster, when extreme drought or persistent rain threatens the harvests, that public supplications are made before the Saint’s relics. Sometimes they have even been carried in procession to stir up the piety of the faithful more and obtain more effectively the intercession of St. Leonard. In the iron-grated cupboard of which we have already spoken, above the high altar, there are: 1st, in a large carved shrine of gilded wood, a yellow copper cup holding the precious head of St. Leonard; 2nd, another shrine of gilded wood, of the same size as the first, holding a lead chest that contains the bones of the Saint, twenty-nine in number, with fragments; 3rd, in this same shrine a small terracotta pot, pierced all over, holding a small bag of crimson taffeta, and a small wooden box painted on the outside, holding a tooth wrapped in paper, ashes and some fragments of bone; 4th, also in the relic cupboard, a lead chest in the shape of a shrine or tomb, holding ashes of the Saint; 5th, two gilded reliquaries in the shape of arms, ending in a silvered hand, holding fragments of the bones of St. Leonard.

His cult has spread not only through the various provinces of France but also through the various countries of Europe. He is very popular in the Limousin, where a great number of the faithful receive his name at the baptismal font. We shall review some of the churches dedicated under his name. Among the churches of the diocese of Limoges we may cite that of Mareille, now an annex of Sous-Parsat, canton of Saint-Sulpice-les-Champs (Creuse), and that of Darsanges, annex of Ambrugeac, now in the diocese of Tulle, canton of Meymac (Corrèze). The church of Saint-Pierre at Limoges has an altar of St. Leonard. Before the Revolution it stood in what is now the chapel of the Red Penitents; today it stands against a pillar of the south aisle, opposite the altar of St. Vincent de Paul. — In the church of Saint-Michel, in the same town, there is also an altar: it is the first on the right as one enters the church by the west door.

In the diocese of Cambrai (Nord) there was at Raches, near Douai, the chapel of Saint-Léonard, which, because of its smallness and age, has made way for a large and handsome church dedicated in honour of the Saint and consecrated by Mgr Régnier, archbishop of Cambrai, on 20 June 1860. This church has a relic of St. Leonard sent by Mgr Desprez, archbishop of Toulouse, formerly bishop of Limoges. There is a pilgrimage in this church which is still much attended.

In the diocese of Rouen (Seine-Inférieure) there is at Bacqueville a chapel dedicated to the Saint, occupying the south transept of the church. The cult of St. Leonard is very old at Bacqueville and very popular in the district. Pregnant women invoke him to obtain a safe delivery; mothers pray to him that their children may walk sooner. In summer, and especially in spring, mothers can be seen every day carrying their little children before the image of St. Leonard; after piously kissing the image, they make the children kiss it in their turn, and have Gospels said to put themselves under his protection [*faire dire des évangiles*: to have a priest read a Gospel passage over the child]. Young conscripts also invoke St. Leonard from the day of the draw until the day of the medical review. Some walk several leagues barefoot, at night, to prostrate themselves before the cross of St. Leonard, called the Croix Mangea-là (9), and wait for daylight to go to the church and make their devotions before the Saint's image. On 6 November, from time immemorial, a Mass is sung in honour of the Saint, and at this Mass small, well-baked loaves are blessed, which are kept with devotion in the families. On the third Sunday of October there is a procession, with a great crowd of people, to the Cross of Saint-Léonard. — At Saint-Léonard near Fécamp, and in the surrounding district, there is great devotion to our Saint. People often come to his church to invoke him, especially for the dying. — At Beaunay, canton of Tôtes, arrondissement of Dieppe, there is a pilgrimage every first Tuesday of the month. Children aged from one year to fifteen months who are still too weak to walk are brought there, and God is asked, through the Saint's intercession, for the strength they need. The mothers attend Mass, have a Gospel said and burn a small candle before the Saint's image. — At Doudeville, arrondissement of Yvetot, there is a new church under the title of Saint-Léonard.

In the diocese of Bayeux (Calvados) there is a church of Saint-Léonard at Honfleur. It has all the marks of 13th-century architecture; burned by the Calvinists in 1562, nothing remains of the old building but the doorway and the first bay. The patronal feast is celebrated there on the third Sunday of November. At Courcy, near Vort, there is a much-frequented pilgrimage. Several cures have been worked there through the intercession of St. Leonard. The parish of Saint-Léonard of Honfleur depended in 1741 on the priory of Beaumont-en-Auge, of the Order of St. Benedict, diocese of Lisieux (now canton of Pont-l'Évêque, Calvados). — At Courcy (canton of Coulibœuf), a great number of pilgrims come every year to prostrate themselves before the statue of St. Leonard, venerate a relic of the Saint and lay on their sick limbs a chain called in the district St. Leonard's chain. Trinity Sunday is above all the day of the pilgrimage; many little children are seen there.

In the diocese of Séez (Orne), at Alençon, the church is dedicated to St. Leonard, whom it acknowledges as patron. In the wall of one of the chapels of this church can be seen the very visible remains of a low, narrow, unadorned fireplace, which Blessed Margaret of Lorraine, duchess of Alençon, had made there so that she

could warm herself during her long morning devotions. — St. Leonard is also honoured at Martrée and at Bailleul (canton of Trun). In the latter church there is a fairly well attended pilgrimage.

In the diocese of Évreux (Eure), the priory of Saint-Léonard at Les Andelys is entirely destroyed today; it stood at the foot of the hill of Château-Gaillard. In the diocese of Coutances and Avranches (Manche), in the parish of Vains (canton of Avranches), there is a hamlet that bears the name of Saint-Léonard.

In the diocese of Paris (Seine), there is a chapel dedicated to our Saint in the church of Saint-Merry in Paris. It is the first on entering the apse on the south side. There was also one at Saint-Jean-en-Grève, founded in 1260; another at Saint-Sauveur; another at Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie. In the church of Saint-Eustache there was a chapel of Saint-Léonard known before 1336; this chapel no longer exists. In the church of Notre-Dame there was also a chaplaincy of Saint-Léonard, endowed in 1221. — The parish of L'Haÿ (canton of Villejuif, arrondissement of Sceaux) also acknowledges St. Leonard as patron. There was also a chapel of Saint-Léonard near the Pont-de-Saint-Maur (canton of Charenton-le-Pont), made a benefice in the full collation of the archbishop of Paris.

In the diocese of Versailles (Seine-et-Oise), the church of Croissy (canton of Saint-Germain), on the banks of the Seine fifteen kilometres from Paris, acknowledges St. Leonard as patron. This church was formerly dedicated under the title of St. Martin; but the cult of St. Leonard, which came in during the 13th century, has entirely eclipsed that of the first patron. He was invoked above all for children "en chartre" (an illness that makes them languish and waste away imperceptibly). A fine reliquary of the Saint is kept today in the sacristy at Croissy. There was a much-attended pilgrimage in this church until about 1830. Now and then a few families can be seen bringing there in devotion their children who do not speak or cannot walk. — The church of Saint-Léonard at Corbeil has been since 1791 no more than a simple chapel, where a low Mass is said every Sunday for the convenience of the old or infirm people of the district. This building, made up of a single nave and a south aisle, was suitably restored in 1844. The Saint's feast is kept on the Sunday after 6 November, and on that day the whole parish office takes place at Saint-Léonard. — The parish of Videlles (canton of La Ferté-Alais) keeps its patronal feast on 15 October, the day devoted to the memory of St. Leonard of Vandœuvre; yet the statues and pictures of the church show that the real patron is St. Leonard of the Limousin. On the day it is kept, mothers go there carrying their little children who are slow to walk, invoke St. Leonard and have Gospels said. Several miracles were worked there from 1710 to 1722. — The church of Granges-le-Roi (canton of

Dourdan) is also dedicated under the invocation of St. Leonard.

In the diocese of Meaux (Seine-et-Marne), in the parish of Jossigny (canton of Lagny), there is a much-frequented chapel of Saint-Léonard. It stands at the place called Mauny, a kilometre and a half from the village. Every year on Whit Monday the parish of Jossigny goes in solemn procession and with great devotion to the chapel of Saint-Léonard. Mass is sung there amid a great throng of pilgrims. The Saint is invoked there to obtain speech for children struck dumb. — The abbé Lebeuf, in his *Histoire du diocèse de Paris*, mentions an old chapel of Saint-Léonard near Champeaux (canton of Mormant), where the gathering of the faithful was considerable at the beginning of the 13th century. He also speaks of the chapel of Saint-Léonard of Quiers (canton of Mormant), which was united towards the end of the 16th century to the revenue of the chapter of Champeaux for the upkeep of the choirboys. In the diocese of Beauvais (Oise), the church of the parish of Saint-Léonard (canton of Senlis) was built at the end of the 12th century. The solemnity of the patronal feast is kept there on the first Sunday after 6 November.

In the diocese of Rennes (Ille-et-Vilaine), at Fougères, there is the church of Saint-Léonard. Part of this church is of the first half of the 12th century; the other part is in the style of the 15th century. St. Leonard receives there only the general cult with which patron saints are honoured. In the same diocese there is also the parish of Saint-Léonard (canton of Dol, arrondissement of Saint-Malo), where the patronal feast is kept

on 6 September.

At Guingamp, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc (Côtes-du-Nord), there is a very old chapel of Saint-Léonard which, during the month of May especially, is visited by extraordinary crowds of people.

In the diocese of Vannes (Morbihan), the church of Larré (canton of Questembert) is under the title of Saint-Léonard.

The city of Nantes (Loire-Inférieure), in the diocese of the same name, had before the Revolution a church under the invocation of St. Leonard. It was made a parish and dedicated under the Saint's name in 1028. At the time of the Revolution this parish was suppressed and joined to the cathedral. The church was sacked by the revolutionaries and then sold by them. Today it serves as a store for a merchant, who has destroyed its façade and replaced it with a house in which he lives. The people give no other name than Saint-Léonard to the remains of this church, to the little square beside it, to the well that stands there and to the street that leads to it. In this street there is a very old house in whose façade a small niche has been made, where pious and faithful hands take care to keep the statue of this great Saint and, on certain days, to adorn it with flowers. On the feast of Corpus Christi a magnificent altar of repose is set up by the faithful in the square of the old church, and the cathedral procession comes there with all its pomp to make a station; this devout monument is called the altar of repose of Saint-Léonard. That is all that now remains there of so ancient and venerable a cult. In the diocese of Angers (Maine-et-Loire) the cult of the Saint is also held in honour. In one of the suburbs of Angers there is a parish of Saint-Léonard, to which pilgrims come at all times, but in greater numbers on Whit Monday. The popular devotion consists in taking a "shrine" that hangs from each of the arms of the Saint's statue and applying it to sick limbs. — At Chemillé, another town of the diocese, there was a collegiate church under the Saint's invocation. Standing at the edge of the town on the road to Cholet, it is now no more than a ruin; it was burned in 1793. — In the same diocese, at Durtal, there is still a chapel of Saint-Léonard. Before the Revolution it was a priory in the presentation of the abbot of Saint-Serge-lès-Angers.

In the diocese of Laval (Mayenne), the priory of Saint-Léonard of Bourg-Philippe is now a chapel in the parish of Chemazé, canton of Château-Gontier. In the diocese of Tours (Indre-et-Loire), the priory of L'Île-Bouchard was under the invocation of St. Leonard. This priory is now only a ruin: the church was destroyed in 1562 by the Protestants, and by the Revolution. Only the arches of the sanctuary, the pillars that support them, the wall of the transept, the nave of the chevet and the apsidal chapels have escaped destruction. Before the Revolution the diocese of Poitiers had the abbey of Saint-Léonard of Ferrières, a league from Thouars. Today on the site of the ancient abbey there is only the hamlet of Ferrières, parish of Bouillé-Loretz: one more name to add to the already long list of ruins made by the Revolution. The old *pouillés* [registers of benefices] of the diocese list only two chapels under the title of Saint-Léonard: that of Crissé, parish of Faye-la-Vineuse near Richelieu (now in the diocese of Tours), and another named Saint-Léonard itself, parish of Brioux, near La Mothe-Saint-Héray (department of Deux-Sèvres). In the diocese of La Rochelle (Charente-Inférieure) there was, before the Revolution, the abbey of Saint-Léonard of Chaumes, held by religious of Cîteaux; it was a league from La Rochelle. In the 16th century this monastery was destroyed by the fury of the Calvinists, forerunners of the Vandals of '93. Only two bays of the refectory remained standing, and these were later turned into a chapel. In the last century there could still be seen in the convent garden a tall column from the old church, a sad monument of the disasters caused by the wars of religion. — A hamlet of a few houses, on the land once occupied by the abbey, bears the name of Saint-Léonard and is part of the parish of Dompierre-sur-Mer (eastern canton of La Rochelle). — Three churches of the former diocese of Saintes were under the title of

St. Leonard: 1st, a priory in the collation of the prior of Sainte-Gemme, which is now the parish of Pisany (canton of Saujon, arrondissement of Saintes); 2nd, in the archpriesthood of Chalais, the parish church of Saint-Léonard of Cressac (now canton of Blanzac, diocese of Angoulême); and 3rd, the parish church of

Saint-Léonard de la Garde, in the collation of the abbot of Saint-Étienne of Baigne. This parish, now suppressed, is joined to the neighbouring parish of La Garde, near Barret, canton of Barbezieux, diocese of Angoulême.

In the diocese of Orléans (Loiret), the church of Meung, founded by St. Liphard, has always paid a special and solemn cult on 6 November to St. Leonard, whom it regarded as the brother of St. Liphard, its patron.

In the diocese of Chartres (Eure-et-Loir), the church of Meaucé (canton of La Loupe) acknowledges St. Leonard of the Limousin as patron. — There are two hamlets named Saint-Léonard, in the parishes of Germignonville (canton of Voves) and of Saint-Maixme-Hauterive. In the diocese of Arras (Pas-de-Calais) there was an abbey of Benedictine nuns called the abbey of Saint-Léonard. It was founded in the 12th century at Guînes (arrondissement of Boulogne), under the title of the Holy Trinity and the invocation of this Saint. This abbey was destroyed under English rule in 1340. — In the canton of Samer (arrondissement of Boulogne) there is a parish that bears the name of Saint-Léonard-et-Échinghen.

In the diocese of Strasbourg (Bas-Rhin) there were before the Revolution two monasteries named Saint-Léonard. The first, near Boersch, two kilometres from Obernai (Haut-Rhin), was a Benedictine convent founded in 1109 and turned into a collegiate church in 1215. At the time of the Revolution the collegiate church and the canons' houses were sold, together with the property that belonged to them. The church of Saint-Léonard no longer exists, and the ruins the Revolution had left have entirely disappeared. The three altars that stood in the collegiate church are now in the church of the college of Obernai, also called the Capuchin church. St. Leonard is not forgotten in the parish of Boersch. In the hamlet that bears his name, where the collegiate church once stood, there is still a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and every year on 6 November a Mass is sung there in honour of St. Leonard. — Besides the collegiate church of Boersch there was also a convent of nuns near Pfaffenheim, canton of Rouffach (Haut-Rhin). Near there lie the ruins of the chapel of Saint-Léonard, which was demolished in 1793. The convent had been burned by lightning in 1180. Rebuilt later, it was pillaged and destroyed during the Peasants' Wars. — Today there are only two churches in the diocese dedicated under the invocation of St. Leonard: that of Dannemarie (Haut-Rhin) and that of Bossenheim, canton of La Petite-Pierre (Bas-Rhin).

At Lyons, a house of refuge founded for repentant released prisoners has been placed under the patronage of St. Leonard.

We pass over in silence a great number of churches dedicated under the invocation of the Saint in other dioceses of France.

In Belgium, the church of Saint-Léonard near Brecht, province of Antwerp, dates from the year 1419. Three times a year, namely on Whit Monday, on the Sunday in July after the feast of St. James, and on 6 November, there is a great gathering of people; but it is above all on Whit Monday that pilgrims are seen flocking there. There are a great many ex-votos. The church, made a parish in 1843, was separated from the commune of Brecht in 1846. — The church of Saint-Léonard at Léau [Zoutleeuw] (South Brabant) was built in the first half of the 13th century. It is in the fine pointed style of that period. Relics of the Saint are kept there, enclosed in a silver turret. This church was formerly served by a chapter of twelve canons regular, whose prior was one of the twelve prelates of Brabant. On Whit Monday there is a solemn procession in honour of the Saint. That day thousands of pilgrims arrive from one o'clock in the morning. The Saint remains exposed in the middle of the church, in an enclosed space, until the Sunday after the octave of Corpus Christi. A solemn Mass is sung every day, at which strangers are to be seen; there is not a day in the year when some pilgrim does not come. When someone is gravely ill, nine people of the neighbourhood come in devotion to the church and walk round the statue praying. Formerly, in the churches dedicated to St. Leonard, there was a room above the porch or the sacristy where pilgrims were lodged. This room still exists at Léau, with fireplace, chest, seat, cellar and loft. The same is still found in two very remarkable

churches of the diocese of Mechelen. — Before the Revolution there was at Liège a church dedicated to St. Leonard, built about the year 1093. It no longer exists: a cannon foundry has been built on its site. But opposite this foundry stands the church of Sainte-Foy, where there is a statue of St. Leonard held in great veneration. On 6 November the Saint's feast is kept at Liège with quite special devotion. The coal miners who work in the *bures* around the city go on pilgrimage to this church from the day of the feast until the following December. Their piety does not stop there. Each time they go down the pit they invoke St. Leonard and address their prayers to him, which they call the litanies of St. Leonard and sing as they go down the mine shaft.

St. Leonard has been held in great honour in England, where even today one hundred and fifty-two churches dedicated in his name are counted, as well as a great number of priories, abbeys, convents, hospitals and hermitages. What shows the antiquity of his cult in that country is that his feast is found in the runic calendars used in the time of the Danish kings, Canute and his two successors (11th century). These are small square pieces of wood whose four faces are marked with notches corresponding to the days of each month, the feasts of the Saints being shown by various symbols or figures. The symbol that marks the feast of St. Leonard is a kind of battle-axe.

In Italy the cult of St. Leonard is very famous, as can be seen from a great number of churches dedicated under his invocation. His feast was kept in Sicily as early as 1185. At Milan, at Venice, or rather throughout Italy, it was and still is universally observed. It was a holiday of obligation in the diocese of Gaeta in 1356. At Rome, in the Trastevere quarter on the Via della Lungara, there is a church of Saint-Léonard and a hospice of the Camaldolese Hermits of Monte Corona. The Saint's feast is kept with semi-double rite in the Vatican church. — St. Leonard had his own church at Venice. It was rebuilt in recent centuries, but it is no longer used for worship. It still stands, however, almost intact, beside the railway station; its painted and gilded ceilings shelter a coal store. In the church of St. Mark there is a chapel dedicated to him: he is in some sort the patron of the Venetian basilica, to judge by the eminent place given to his altar. — The city of Lucca has an old church of Saint-Léonard, founded in 1188. — Besides these churches there are a great many others in Italy dedicated under the Saint's invocation; there are also abbeys, monasteries and hospitals, whose listing would take us too far. In Germany, Poland, Switzerland and Spain there are churches and monasteries placed under the invocation of St. Leonard. One sees from the foregoing details that there are few Saints whose cult has been so widespread and so popular, and that a 12th-century writer, Geoffroy de Vigeois, was right to say that "almost the whole world celebrated his praises".

At Saint-Léonard, in the diocese of Limoges, there is a confraternity of the Saint. If this association is not as faithful as formerly to religious practices, it has at least kept a custom that recalls the good old days: the game of the Quintain.

Every year, on a Sunday after 6 November, the brothers of Saint-Léonard, mounted on horses decked with ribbons, practise riding at the Quintain. The curious crowd gathers at a corner of the boulevards where a post stands, on top of which a fortified castle of painted wood, flanked by elegant turrets, turns on a pivot. This castle, which stands for the prisons whose doors St. Leonard opened for unhappy captives, is the target set for the skill of the riders. Armed with heavy sticks, the brothers urge on their horses and strike the symbolic prison with vigorous arms. Each tries to show off his strength and skill. Those who carry off the turrets with a winning blow, those whose sinewy hand breaks in the door or smashes the walls of the prison, are greeted by the applause of the onlookers. When the castle is in pieces, the crowd fights over its precious fragments, and the brothers leave the scene of their exploits to the sound of popular music briskly repeating a traditional tune. This symbolic game, a relic of the simple customs of the Middle Ages, still draws a great gathering of visitors to Saint-Léonard. At Saint-Léonard near Fécamp, in the diocese of Rouen, there is a confraternity of Saint-Léonard whose act of foundation is dated Thursday 24 October 1413. This confraternity, to which a great number of inhabitants belong, is represented by seven members, who wear the surplice and the choir

hood [*chaperon*] and make it their duty to carry the dead to burial for two years, without any payment. When the two years are over, these seven members (the first of whom has the title of mayor and the others that of brother) are replaced, on the very day of the feast of St. Leonard, by seven other persons who come forward of their own accord to succeed them and fill the same office, likewise for two years. So almost all the inhabitants do two years in the confraternity; and a great number even do four, for to be mayor one must first have been a brother.

At the head of the statutes of this confraternity it is recorded that an abbot of Fécamp presided over its founding.

At Saint-Omer, in the diocese of Arras, there is a confraternity called of Saint-Léonard. This confraternity looks after prisoners, accompanies those condemned to death and enjoys a certain consideration.

We have taken this biography from the remarkable work of the abbé Arbellot, parish priest and archpriest of Rochechouart, entitled *Vie de saint Léonard, solitaire en Limousin*.

(1) We must not, however, omit that a 14th-century manuscript has St. Leonard born in the castle of Vendôme, in the Orléanais; and the Bollandists, whose authority in this matter is great, teach that St. Leonard and his brother St. Lifard came from that castle.

(2) At Orléans, when a new bishop took possession of his see, he had the privilege of granting liberty to all the prisoners whom the kings of France could themselves pardon with knowledge of the case. This privilege was in force in the 11th century.

(3) It is known that the Merovingian kings meddled violently in the appointment of bishops. Theuderic [Thierry], Guntram, etc., disposed of bishoprics.

(4) Today Saint-Mesmin, two leagues from Orléans.

(5) This oratory was formerly called Notre-Dame-de-sous-les-Arbres [Our Lady under the Trees].

(6) Father Le Cointe, giving a false interpretation to this passage of the legend, conjectured that St. Leonard was a priest (*Annal. eccles. Franc.*, ad an. 519); but the Limousin tradition, the documents and the monuments protest against this assertion.

(7) Other writers find a different etymology for this word. They claim that the place was called Noblac because the lands that kings then gave to churches and monasteries were treated as noble lands and, as such, were exempt from levies and taxes. The kings of France, from Philip I to Louis XV, confirmed this privilege, which was abolished only a few years before the Revolution.

(8) This is the oldest example we know of a penal colony, and it is to St. Leonard that we must ascribe the first idea of these pious establishments.

(9) Here is the origin of this name. According to popular tradition, the lord of Bacqueville, having been carried miraculously to a spot near a wood of his castle, ate greedily some scraps given him by the shepherdesses he met there [*mangea là*, “ate there”]. Later the knight and his wife had a cross put up to recall this event, which the people call the Croix Mangea-là. Once it stood in a forest; now it rises in the middle of a vast plain. No child is ever brought to the church without being taken at the same time to the foot of this cross.

ST. WINNOC (1), ABBOT OF WORMHOUDT, PATRON OF BERGUES, IN THE DIOCESE OF CAMBRAI

— Pope: St. Gregory II. — King of France: Chilperic II.

Paupertas voluntaria animam vestit virtutibus.

La pauvreté volontaire revêt l'âme de vertus. Voluntary poverty clothes the soul with virtues.

St. Anthony of Padua.

Winnoc, of royal stock (he is regarded as the son of the king St. Judicaël), was born in Armorican Brittany, and by the purity of his morals he gave new lustre to the nobility of his origin. From his earliest youth he seemed accomplished in the virtues; he lived in the world without being of the world, and under secular dress he hid the soldier of Jesus Christ. Brittany saw with admiration one of its princes who regarded himself as a traveller in his own country and who, like another Abraham, sought only to banish himself in order to follow the voice of God. He won to the spiritual militia, to which he wished to devote his life, three others, young men of distinguished birth and innocent life, Quadanoc, Ingenoc and Madoc, who readily fell in with his plans of retreat. Faith moved them all alike: they gave up their goods, renounced all the hopes with which the world could have flattered their ambition, and set out to seek that lasting city which is our true homeland [cf. Heb. 13:14]. It seems that St. Winnoc first crossed to England and lived there with his brother Arnoch. After some time spent there he rejoined his three friends and went with them in the search that occupied them, which no doubt aimed at finding a monastery of perfect regularity.

After a long journey they came at last, in 679, into the diocese of Thérouanne, where fame told them how edifyingly monastic discipline flourished there. For St. Bertin was then living and governing the monastery of Sithiu, in the present diocese of Arras, which he had built. The good odour that the holiness of his life spread on every side had drawn a great number of disciples to the practice of the counsels of the Gospel. These young children, for so they must be called according to the acts of St. Bertin, gave themselves up to the direction of this excellent master, who taught them to bear the yoke of Jesus Christ under the Rule of St. Benedict and showed them by his actions, still more than by his words, how the holy laws of the religious life were to be practised. He was not long in noticing with astonishment that they had reached a sublime perfection from the very beginning of their consecration to God. So, judging them able to lead a more retired life, he assigned them a place apart where he ordered them to build a small monastery themselves, in which they could then occupy themselves solely with God.

To obey their father's orders they built in the same country a small building suited to their purpose, on a height then called Grunobergue, which has since borne the name of Saint-Winnoc. It is still called today Bergues-Saint-Winnoc (department of Nord, diocese of Cambrai). These four servants of God stayed there for some time and lived there as men crucified to the world, and for whom the world was crucified [Gal. 6:14].

In the same district there was a man given the title of *illustris*, named Heremar [Hérémar], distinguished by his riches and estimable for his good morals. He offered St. Winnoc an estate of his called Wormhoudt (Nord), on the bank of the little river called the Peene. St. Winnoc, detached from the goods of this world, sent Heremar to his abbot St. Bertin, who accepted the gift. The deed was drawn up in the monastery of Sithiu itself on 1 November 693. One can see from this foundation that Wormhoudt was at first a dependency of the abbey of Saint-Bertin. The monastery that St. Winnoc built there, as we shall see, was later destroyed by the Normans in 880, and afterwards became a provostship of the church of Bergues-Saint-Winnoc. St. Bertin, having accepted Heremar's gift, sent St. Winnoc and his companions to Wormhoudt, ordering them to build a house for the poor, with a monastery and a church in honour of St. Martin. These four holy friends worked without respite to build the rooms in which Jesus Christ was to be received and served in the person of the poor, and the regular buildings in which religious devoted to perfection could carry out their exercises with fervour and without disturbance. The house of God was finished in a short time by the hands of these holy workmen, whose burning charity was at the same time building in their hearts a temple to the Holy Spirit, in which divine love burned until the last breath of their lives. St. Winnoc's three companions, a little older than he, ended their holy course in that place; and the abbot St. Bertin, knowing all St. Winnoc's merit, set him at the head of the community that had formed there. He governed it with a gentleness and

humility that showed him a perfect disciple of Him who said: “Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart” [Matt. 11:29]. He held that there was nothing nobler than to serve his brethren, since Jesus Christ himself had declared that he came to serve and not to be served [Matt. 20:28]. As his charity was not feigned, he practised hospitality with a readiness and an outpouring of heart that showed clearly that he counted that day happy on which he could deserve to receive Jesus Christ by receiving a guest for love of him. He willingly took on all the tasks that seemed too hard to his brethren, and what was beyond their strength was light to his fervour and humility. So God granted him the gift of miracles, to make illustrious in the eyes of others one who was so small in his own. When he reached old age he did not complain that age weighed him down; and, burdened as he was by the number of his years, he walked with a firmer step in the way of perfection and lessened nothing of the labours of his state. Even at that age he still did the hardest and most humbling of them. It is related of him that in the last period of his life an invisible help came to his aid, and that the millstone he used to turn went round without his putting his hands to it. He blessed God for the favour he did him, and thereafter never ceased to raise to heaven in thanksgiving the pure and innocent hands that God had freed from this work. The religious were surprised, and with reason, to see that a man so weak and so broken by austerities, labours and years could bear such fatigue as he had been willing to take on. It is said that one of them, driven by curiosity, went secretly to look at what was going on in the place where the holy abbot worked. He had the satisfaction of seeing the wonderful movement of the millstone only for a moment, for he was at once struck blind. The holy abbot healed him by his prayers and the sign of the cross, after forgiving him his rash curiosity.

He never showed resentment, nor malice. His great care was to make himself loved rather than feared, and for this reason he believed himself meant to render services rather than to receive those of others. His royal birth did not lead him to prefer himself to those of the lowest condition whom it pleased God to call to the same profession as himself. The serenity of his mind showed in the cheerfulness of his face. He was firm and unshakable in his faith, of a hope that nothing could discourage, and of a boundless charity. Success did not puff him up, and misfortunes did not cast him down. In counsel his views went far, and in carrying them out he was diligent and tireless. In short, armed with all the spiritual weapons, he waged a successful and continual war on the powers that are enemies of our salvation. But, though victorious, he groaned unceasingly and, sighing for the happy abode where there is no more fighting, he said to God: “Deliver, Lord, deliver my soul from this prison, so that it may be occupied eternally only with your praises” [cf. Ps. 141 (142):8]. God heard him and called him to himself on 6 November of the year 717. Let us say a word of his glory after death. The *Légendaire de la Morinie* relates the details of an extraordinary cure that well deserves to be recorded. “A lame man, long deprived of the use of his feet and worn out by a ceaseless trembling of his head and hands, so that he could hardly utter a word in his jerking voice and his hands let fall what they thought they held, wished to go to the venerable tomb of St. Winnoc. And while the brothers who lived in that place were celebrating the Vigils of the feast of Easter, led by others’ hands, he came into the church to implore with tears the mercy of the almighty Lord, asking him, through the merits of his glorious confessor Winnoc, to restore their functions to his limbs, worn out by an illness that had become unbearable. The merciful Lord, who does not forget the prayer of the poor and comes to help us in our tribulations at the right moment, heard the unfortunate man who prayed to him through the merits of blessed Winnoc. For, when the reading of the Gospel was over, which by custom took place in that church during the night after the singing of the office, the sick man was surrounded by an immense light; then he saw two fiery arrows come at him from either side and make for his ears. One having entered by his right ear and the other having pierced his left ear, all at once a great abundance of blood gushed from the openings these arrows had made. Freed from then on from the unbearable fatigue his infirmity caused him, this man at once received from the divine goodness perfect health. In the transports of his joy he began to walk about the church without the least sign of his illness, giving thanks to the almighty Lord and to St. Winnoc; then he told the brothers who surrounded him the whole course of his vision, and how, after the stroke of the two arrows and

the coming of that light, his infirmity had suddenly left him. Then he went out of the church full of health and happiness, escorted by the crowd of people, who praised the Lord with him and gazed in admiration at the glorious witness to the power of St. Winnoc, confessor of Christ."

He is represented: 1st, with the crown at his feet, the usual attribute of sovereigns or lords who left the world to live as solitaries or religious; 2nd, turning, as we have related, the millstone of the mill of his abbey of Wormhoudt.

CULT AND RELICS

St. Winnoc was buried in the monastery of Wormhoudt, which he had built himself in honour of St. Martin, and where his memory was honoured by several miracles. It is related, among others, that shortly after his death, while the brothers were resting after midday, fire from a neighbouring house spread to part of the buildings of the monastery, which were burned. The church, in which the body of St. Winnoc was kept, was also entirely burned; but after the fire it was found that the flames had spared the Saint's tomb and all the ornaments round it.

When it pleased God to punish the sins of the world by the ravages that the barbarians from the North wrought in France and the surrounding countries during the 11th century, it was thought fit to remove the holy abbot's relics from Wormhoudt and carry them to the church of Saint-Omer at Sithiu. Some years later Baldwin, count of Flanders, called the Bald, wishing to fortify his States and shelter them from the incursions of these barbarians, had several fortresses built, among others one at Bergues. The count, having made this place secure, had a church built there, dedicated to St. Martin and St. Winnoc, to which he intended to translate the relics of the latter. He went to ask the consent of King Charles the Simple, who willingly granted him all the privileges he wished to obtain for his new church. The count, armed with these powers, took away the body of St. Winnoc in spite of the opposition of the inhabitants of Saint-Omer and had it placed at Bergues in the year 900.

A hundred years after this second translation (1000), Baldwin called the Bearded, having made the town of Bergues still stronger with a ring of walls and built a monastery at the top of the town, had the Saint's relics translated there on 18 September. About the year 1030 he called religious from Saint-Bertin to live in this new monastery, whose first abbot was Roderic. After his death discipline grew somewhat slack, and it was restored to its vigour in 1106 by the abbot Hermès [Hermes]. The abbey lasted until the Revolution and produced several members notable for their holiness and learning.

At Bergues-Saint-Winnoc three feasts were kept in honour of this holy abbot: the first on the anniversary of his death, 6 November; the second in memory of the elevation of his body, called the Exaltation of St. Winnoc, on 20 February; and the third, that of the translation of the Saint's body to the abbey of Bergues, on 18 September. The first of these feasts was formerly a holiday of obligation throughout the town, and for the whole octave the faithful made it a duty and an honour to come and pay their homage to their illustrious patron. The body of St. Winnoc is still kept with great devotion at Bergues. It used to be carried in procession every year on Trinity Sunday and dipped in the river called the Colme, which flows at the foot of the town; this was done in memory of a child drowned in that river and raised to life by the merits of the Saint. It is not known when this miracle took place; but it gave rise both to this ceremony and to a Confraternity erected in honour of the holy abbot. His head was in a very rich bust, and the rest of his bones in a silver shrine. At the time of the plundering of the churches in 1792 these holy relics were put into two boxes, which were sealed and placed in a cupboard of the presbytery, where they stayed until 1820. At that time the abbé Ferdinand-Joseph Vandeputte, parish priest and dean of the parish, wishing to increase the cult of the holy patron, called together several notables of the town who had been present at the removal of the relics in 1792. They recognized the boxes in which the relics had then been enclosed and declared that they had undergone no change. These relics were first presented to Mgr Belmas, who examined them in his episcopal palace at

Cambrai. His Lordship “recognized that this head was the same which for a long space of time had been exposed to the veneration of the faithful of the town of Bergues, and which, in the recent times of calamity, had been removed from the silver shrine, as men worthy of belief have attested, some priests, others laymen, all of whom had either formerly seen this head exposed or had themselves removed it from the said silver shrine.”

“We therefore,” the prelate continues, “have respectfully replaced this head in a reliquary of yellow copper lined inside with a coat of tin, after tying it with a band of black silk and fixing our seal to it; and we have permitted, and by these presents do permit, that it be exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the church of Saint-Martin of Bergues. But so that the faithful may venerate this august head more easily, we have enclosed a particle of it in a box whose bottom is of copper and whose front part, closed by a glass, is of silver. We have fixed our seal to the green silk thread that surrounds it.” This letter is dated 27 May 1820. Another circular of the same prelate published an indulgence of forty days for those who should attend the translation that was to take place shortly afterwards. It was worded as follows: “Desiring nothing so much as to increase the devotion of the faithful and help them on the way of salvation by giving them the means of sharing in the spiritual treasures of the Church, we have granted by our ordinary authority, as by these presents we grant, forty days of pardon and indulgence, in the form and manner customary in the Church, to all the faithful of either sex who, duly disposed, shall attend the solemn translation of the relics of St. Winnoc, which is to be made from the presbytery of Bergues to the church of Saint-Martin of the same town, and shall pray there for the usual intentions.” The ceremony took place on 8 June of the same year, in the presence of an immense crowd from all the neighbouring districts, and the reliquary, set in a wooden statue that had been blessed beforehand, was placed in the choir. The official report of this ceremony is signed by three former religious of the abbey of Saint-Winnoc, by several priests or laymen of the district, by the curates of the parish and lastly by the abbé Vandeputte, who had presided. On 7 February of the following year (1821) Mgr Belmas, at the request of the pastor and faithful of the parish of Bergues, gave permission to erect a Confraternity in honour of St. Winnoc. The prelate greatly encouraged this holy work and himself granted forty days’ indulgence to all the faithful who should visit the church of Saint-Martin at Bergues and pray there for some time according to the intentions of the Church on the days of the feast of St. Winnoc and of the Trinity. On 4 March 1823 Pope Pius VII also granted a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who, on 6 November, the feast of

St. Winnoc, and on Whit Monday, should visit the church of Saint-Martin at Bergues, go to confession and Communion, and pray for concord among Christian princes, the rooting out of heresies and the exaltation of holy Church. This new spiritual favour of the Holy See was published with the authorization granted to the bishopric of Cambrai on 16 July 1823. On 18 May of the same year the relics of St. Winnoc had been solemnly moved into a bust and a silver shrine, which the generous piety of the people of Bergues had acquired. This shrine, of magnificent workmanship, cost, it is said, eighteen thousand francs.

Acta Sanctorum Belgii, translated by the abbé Destombes. — Cf. *Saints de Bretagne*, by Dom Lobineau and the abbé Tresvaux; and the Bollandists, in vol. II of September, in the life of St. Bertin of Sithiu.

(1) *Alias:* Winokb, Gueunoc, Winox, Winoc, Winnox.

ST. ILLTUD [ILTUT], ABBOT IN WALES

6th century.

Illtud (Elchut, Ileltute) was born of a noble family in the county of Glamorgan. He served for some time in the armies of King Arthur, whose kinsman he was, and won great renown there by his valour. St. Cadoc, abbot of Llancarfan (three miles from Cowbridge, in the county of Glamorgan), who had been successively a disciple of St. Germanus and of St. Dubricius and who was then bishop of Llandaff, inspired in him contempt

for the world and love of true religion. Having received the tonsure, he spent several years under the direction of the man who had set him on the way of perfection, and he became very learned in the ecclesiastical sciences. He afterwards founded, near Llancarfan, towards the sea, a monastery that became famous for its school and took the name of Llan-Illtud or Llantwit. Among his disciples were counted St. David, St. Samson, St. Magloire, St. Gildas and several other Saints, some of whom were raised to the episcopate. Illtud joined manual labour to vigils, fasting and prayer. In the end he handed over the direction of his school to Isham, one of his disciples, so as to follow more freely the attraction he felt for retirement. He spent three years in complete solitude and practised extraordinary austerities there. The desire to visit his disciples and friends made him cross into Brittany some time before his death. He was at Dol when the Lord called him to himself, in the 6th century. The church of Landebaëron, in the former diocese of Tréguier, in Lower Brittany, believes it has the head of this holy abbot, which it has kept from time immemorial. St. Illtud is also titular patron of a church in the county of Glamorgan, which he had originally founded. Bale and Pits mention two doctrinal letters he had written; but we no longer have most of the works of the ancient British doctors: they have perished through the injury of time.

Godescard; Ussher.

7 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

At Padua, the death of St. Prosdocimus, first bishop of that city, who was ordained by the apostle St. Peter and received from him at the same time the mission to go and preach the Gospel in that country. There, after shining by many virtues and wonders, he fell asleep in a happy and peaceful death. — At Perugia, St. Herculanus, bishop and martyr (1). 547. — The same day, St. Amarantus, martyr, who happily completed his combats for the faith at Albi, where his body is buried, while his soul enjoys eternal glory (2). 3rd c. — At Melitene, in Armenia, the martyrdom of Sts. Hiero, Nicander, Hesychius and thirty others, who were crowned in the persecution of Diocletian under the governor Lysias. 4th c. — At Amphipolis, in Macedonia, the holy martyrs Audas [Aude], Taurion and Thessalonica. — At Ancyra, the execution of Sts. Melasippus, Antony and Carinas under Julian the Apostate. — At Cologne, St. Engelbert, bishop, who suffered martyrdom courageously in defence of ecclesiastical liberty, and in particular for the maintenance of the obedience due to the Roman Church. 1225. — At Alexandria, St. Achillas, bishop, who made himself admirable by his learning, his faith, the holiness of his life and the integrity of his morals. 313. — In Frisia, St. Willibrord, bishop of Utrecht, who, having been consecrated by Pope Sergius I, preached the Gospel in Frisia and Denmark. 738. — At Metz, St. Rufus [Ruf or Roux], bishop and confessor (3). 4th c. — At Strasbourg, St. Florentius [Florent], bishop. About 693.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED

In the diocese of Albi, St. Amarand or Amarantus, martyr, cited in the Roman martyrology of this day. — In the diocese of Cambrai, St. Willibrord, bishop of Utrecht (Holland), apostle of Frisia, cited today in the same martyrology. 738. — In the dioceses of Laval and Le Mans, St. Romanus [Romain], confessor. — In the diocese of Limoges, solemn feast of the holy Relics (4). — In the diocese of Lyons, St. Benignus of Smyrna, apostle of Burgundy and martyr, whose life we gave on 1 November. 178. — In the diocese of Quimper, memory of St. Gildas Trech-Meur (commonly Tremeur or Trever), martyr, son of blessed Tryphina [Trifine]. Placed from his earliest years in the monastery of Saint-Gildas de Rhuys (Morbihan), he made surprising progress there in the way of perfection as well as in learning. Conomor, his father, cut off his head out of jealousy (5). 6th c. — In the diocese of Rodez, St. Austremonius, apostle of the Arverni, of whom we spoke

on 1 November. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Charles Borromeo, cardinal archbishop of Milan, whose life we gave on 4 November. 1584. — In the diocese of Soissons, St. Geoffrey [Geoffroy], bishop of Amiens and confessor, whose life we shall give on the following day. 1115. — In the diocese of Tours, St. Baudinus [Bauld or Baudin], bishop of that see and confessor, after having been referendary of King Clotaire. His charity to the poor is especially praised. His body was laid in the basilica of Saint-Martin; later his holy relics were moved to Loches (Indre-et-Loire). 6th c. — In the diocese of Valence, St. Restitutus [Restitut], first bishop of the former see of Saint-Paul-Trois-Châteaux (Drôme). 1st c. — At Clermont, in Auvergne, St. Amandinus [Amandin] (Amand, Amandis, Amaudy), priest and confessor, who was buried in the church of Saint-Symphorien of that city. There is in Auvergne a village that bears his name (Saint-Amandin, Cantal, arrondissement of Murat, canton of Marcenat). — At Senlis (Oise), in the present diocese of Beauvais, St. Agmer or Agmare, bishop of the former see of Senlis. He was among the forty bishops who attended the council held at Reims in 625. He signed (640) the act of foundation of the abbey of Saint-Maur-des-Fossés, in the diocese of Paris. His body long rested between the pillars of the high altar of the church of Saint-Rieul (6). 7th c. — In Brittany, St. Blinlivet (Blenliuetus), bishop of Vannes, then monk at Quimperlé (Finistère). 10th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — At Bologna, in the monastery of the Seven Fountains [Settefonti], Blessed Lucy, virgin, of the Camaldolese Order, who, making her soul far more beautiful than her body was, shone brightly by her holiness and her miracles. The sovereign pontiff Pius VI approved the cult paid to her from time immemorial (7). 12th c.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — At Avella (Terra di Lavoro), Blessed Bernardine Amici, called “da Fossa” (from the name of his birthplace), confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, illustrious for his virtues and for the graces with which heaven favoured him. After spreading the Catholic faith in several provinces, he fell asleep holily in the Lord on 21 November 1503 (8).

(1) He was beheaded on the ramparts of the city of Perugia by order of Totila, king of the Goths, who was besieging the place. The Christians carried his body to the church of Saint-Pierre-hors-les-Murs; it remained there until 936, when Bishop Roger moved it to the church of St. Stephen, which became the cathedral under the title of St. Lawrence. The Roman martyrology commemorates this translation on 1 March. — Baronius.

(2) The details of St. Amarantus’s life are not known, but it is known that he died for the faith. Some put his martyrdom in the persecution of Decius (249–251); others ascribe it to the barbarity of Chrocus, king of the Alamanni, who laid Gaul waste in the reigns of Valerian and Gallienus (253–260) and put a great number of Christians to death there. Amarantus confessed the faith at the village of Vieux (Tarn, arrondissement of Gaillac). God having allowed his tomb, which had for some time remained hidden, to be discovered, devotion drew to it the faithful of the neighbourhood and even pilgrims from distant countries. People came to bring offerings to this tomb, and above all a great many candles were burned there. One day a pilgrim who wanted to light his candle and had no fire tried to strike from a flint the spark he lacked. While, armed with a steel, he was striking a stone again and again, but without success, suddenly the candle, which was already fixed to the tomb, lit of itself and shone before the astonished pilgrim’s eyes. Afterwards those who came to offer candles at the tomb did not trouble at all to bring fire with them. Later, when this same tomb was surrounded by houses where fire could be had, the miracle ceased; but others continued to take place there. St. Eugene of Carthage, whose attachment to the faith had him exiled to Gaul, wished to die at the foot of the holy martyr’s tomb. The relics of these two Saints have since been moved to the cathedral of Albi. — *Propre d’Albi* and Godescard.

(3) Rufus, who was the ninth bishop of Metz counting from St. Clement, governed that Church gloriously for twenty-eight years, and in difficult circumstances, for the cruel persecution of Severus (806) was raging

throughout the empire. Such was his constancy and courage that no terror could keep him from preaching and his other pastoral duties. One author has compared him to an oak whose roots go deeper into the earth the more violently the storm shakes its top. This courage shows itself fully in the letter to his metropolitan; what praises him still better is the growth of the faith in his diocese during his episcopate. At last he went to receive in heaven the reward of his labours. His body was laid in the crypt of Saint-Clément. Rays of the glory he enjoys in heaven have shone on his tomb in miracles. With the permission of Bishop Drogo, his relics were moved to Odernheim, in the diocese of Worms. This translation, marked by miracles, took place on 7 November; that is why he is named today in the Roman martyrology, though he died on 27 August. — *Propre de Metz.*

(4) At Limoges this feast takes on quite a special character. Let the diocesan Proper speak: "It is a very ancient custom in the diocese of Limoges to expose solemnly to the veneration of the faithful the relics of their holy patrons. This signal grace was granted, from the beginning of Christianity, to the princes and people of these regions, who earnestly begged for it. In the 9th century it pleased the prelates of Limoges to institute a special feast for it, to be celebrated every seven years under the name of the Ostension of the holy Relics. When, then, the course of time brings round this beloved year, the sacred bones that the crypts hold are taken out and carried in procession through the towns and villages; every day for seven whole weeks they are exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The most famous ostensions are those of Limoges, Le Dorat, Saint-Léonard and Saint-Junien. At these times of jubilee miracles are frequent, and the sovereign Pontiffs open the treasures of their indulgences." — *Propre de Limoges.*

(5) Our readers will find some details of the life of blessed Tryphina in the biography of St. Gildas, abbot of Rhuys (vol. II, p. 105). She is honoured in the chapel of the hospital of Pontivy (Morbihan), where her statue can be seen. As for St. Tremeur, his body was kept in Brittany until 905 [see (A)]. At that time Salvator, bishop of Aleth, carried part of it to Paris. At the time of the Revolution the church of Saint-Magloire in that city still had some bones of this holy Martyr; they are now in the church of Saint-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas. The parish church of Carhaix (Finistère) bears our Saint's name. — Lobineau and Tresvaux, *Saints de Bretagne.*

(6) At the end of the 18th century the relics of St. Agmare, together with those of several of his predecessors (Sts. Sanctinus, Mutulfus, Candidus, Liétard, Amand), were saved from the fury of the ungodly and buried all together and without order in the town cemetery. They had rested there for sixty years when Mgr J.-A. Gignoux, eager to give back to his Church its glories and to his children their protectors, had them taken out and laid with honour in the cathedral church of Senlis. — The abbé Sabatier, *Saints de Beauvais.*

(7) Lucy was remarkably beautiful. A young lord fell in love with her and often went to the church of the Camaldolese, from which he could watch her hearing holy Mass at the window of her cell, which adjoined the chapel. Noticing these attentions, our chaste religious had the window walled up and kept herself entirely hidden in her cell, where she fell asleep in the Lord after a life of which every day was marked by some heroic act of virtue. Meanwhile the young lord had gone to the East, where the Saracens had loaded him with irons, giving him the choice between apostasy and death. In this extremity he cried: "O Lucy, if you can do anything with God, help me!" Having fallen asleep, he woke with the irons on his feet, in Italy, near the monastery of the Seven Fountains. The Blessed then appeared to him and said: "Carry your irons to my tomb and give thanks to God." The captive's irons broke at once, and he laid them at the tomb of the Blessed, where they are still to be seen. — Local notes.

(8) An apostolic missionary, Bernardine preached the word of God with fruit in a great number of towns of Italy; his charity even took him as far as Dalmatia and Esztergom (Hungary), where he made several conquests for the Catholic faith. As he was full of zeal for religious regularity, he was chosen in turn to fill the offices of provincial, procurator and vicar general of his Order. The people of Aquila asked for him several times as bishop, and the Pope had designated him for that dignity; but it was not possible to overcome his deep humility on this point. He died, aged eighty-three, in the convent of San Giuliano at Aquila. Pope

Leo XII approved his cult in 1828. — Godescard.

ST. FLORENTIUS [FLORENT], BISHOP OF STRASBOURG, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF HASLACH AND OF SAINT-THOMAS

About 693. — Pope: Sergius I. — King of France: Clovis III.

Validiora sunt exempla quam verba.

Les exemples sont plus efficaces que les paroles.

Examples are more effective than words.

Denis the Carthusian.

After the death of St. Arbogast, Dagobert II offered the see of Strasbourg to St. Wilfrid, bishop of York, who generously refused it; the pious monarch then cast his eyes on St. Florentius, whose reputation had already spread through the whole of Lower Alsace. Florentius was born in Scotland, or rather in Ireland, that island so fruitful in Saints, which has given Gaul so many apostolic men.

Sprung from one of the most illustrious families of the country, he had received at birth everything that can flatter ambition; but Providence had given him the advantages of nature only to make the triumph of grace more glorious. His historians represent him from his birth as a child of blessings. Surrounded by the edifying examples of his pious parents, Florentius, little moved by the hopes that awaited him in the world and struck by the dangers that threatened him there, chose the Lord for his portion and generously renounced all the advantages of the earth. But to make his sacrifice more perfect still, he left his parents and even his country, and sought in solitude the true means of sanctifying himself. Providence led him to Alsace, and he settled in a small valley at the foot of a mountain called the Ringelberg, on the stream of the Hasel. There he built a small cell and led a very mortified life (1). Several historians give Florentius as companion a holy priest named Fidelis [Fidèle], who later became archdeacon of his church. Our Saint left his cell only to go from time to time to work for the salvation of souls. His zeal was crowned with complete success, and King Dagobert II, who was then living in his palace of Kirchheim, called him to court and loaded him with favours. This prince had a daughter who was blind and dumb, to whom the Saint gave back her sight and the use of speech. Our Saint, however, soon wished to return to his desert. His virtue shone there most brightly, and Christians came to him from every side to place themselves under his direction. Florentius, provided with Dagobert’s gifts, founded the monastery of Haslach half a league from his cell and gathered his disciples there. History does not tell us how many years he spent thus at the head of his community; but after the death of St. Arbogast and St. Wilfrid’s refusal of the bishopric of Strasbourg, the king named to that important office Florentius, whose holiness he had come to know. Clergy and people applauded the choice; but Florentius, frightened by the weight of a responsibility that seemed beyond his strength, refused to accept, and it took all the king’s authority and the entreaties of the clergy to overcome his obstinacy and his modesty.

There was reason to rejoice at this happy choice, for Florentius showed himself the worthy successor of men like Amandus and Arbogast, leading the faithful in the path of the true faith and forming a devout and learned clergy. His labours earned him the name of the new apostle of Alsace. He fought vigorously against idolatry, ill subdued or rising from its ashes; he rooted out established abuses, reformed disorders and checked licentious morals. The peoples, touched by his examples and carried away by the force of his eloquence, were converted; vice no longer dared to show itself and became hateful, because Florentius knew how to make virtue lovable. Fame soon spread everywhere the wonders that the holy bishop of Strasbourg was working in Alsace, and drew fresh anchorites from the depths of Scotland and Ireland, who hastened to enjoy the presence and the examples of their former countryman. To keep them near him, the bishop had a

hospice built for them outside the walls of Strasbourg, to which he added a church that he dedicated to the apostle St. Thomas. This hospice, turned first into a monastery, later became a chapter of canons, long famous for the great number of Alsatian nobles who entered it, several of whom were raised to the episcopal see of Strasbourg.

It seems that St. Florentius knew by a special revelation the moment of his death. He then had his clergy assembled and told them that his end was near. Like a tender father he repeated to his disciples of Haslach and Saint-Thomas the lessons he had given them and urged them to be faithful to their vocation. Then, addressing the clergy of his cathedral, he likewise charged them to fulfil scrupulously the obligations the ecclesiastical state imposes. The holy pontiff died, according to the old martyrologies, breviaries and calendars, on 7 November, about the year 693.

St. Florentius is represented: 1st, surrounded by various animals. As he cultivated a small plot near his hermitage and the beasts of the forest did damage there, it is said that he forbade them to cross its boundary, and that these animals, respecting his order, stopped near by and even gathered there without going beyond the limits marked out by the solitary; 2nd, healing the daughter of the king of Austrasia, as we have related; 3rd, riding on an ass. Dagobert having sent him a horse, asking him to come to the palace, the Saint would have no other mount than his ass, and his humility was rewarded by miracles; 4th, carrying a small church in his hand, as founder of abbeys.

He is invoked at Strasbourg against hernias and the stone; we have not managed to discover the reason for this confidence.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS

His body was buried first in the church of Saint-Thomas. Public homage accompanied the blessed prelate to the tomb, and the day of his funeral became almost at once the first day of his cult. His feast was kept throughout the diocese of Strasbourg at the beginning of the 9th century, and it was then that Bishop Rachio moved his body from the church of Saint-Thomas to that of Haslach. Several miracles took place at this translation. The religious of Saint-Thomas were greatly distressed to find themselves deprived of this relic and, to make up for it and draw back the crowd, which no longer visited their church since the translation, they resorted to a fraud that religion condemns as much as morality. They spread the rumour that Bishop Rachio had indeed tried to carry off the body of St. Florentius, but that they had found a way to hide it at Saint-Thomas, and that it was thus still kept in their church. This claim, false as it was, found credit with the people; and Bishop Burchard, wishing to put an end to the deception and make the truth prevail, went to Haslach with Berthold, custodian of the cathedral and provost of Haslach, Meinhard, abbot of Marmoutier, and Otto [Offon], abbot of Altorf. The tomb of St. Florentius was opened in their presence on 26 October 1143, and the body was found whole there.

Burchard had a public deed drawn up of all that had taken place and imposed silence on the claims of the canons of Saint-Thomas; but they, far from giving them up, maintained that they had kept only the head and even exposed it to public veneration. Bishop Berthold of Bucheck, to put down these abuses, published two mandates, of 22 November 1350 and 5 March 1353; and imperial authority was needed to keep the collegiate church of Haslach in possession of the whole body of St. Florentius.

The emperor Charles IV was in Alsace at that time. Having come to Molsheim on 6 November 1353 and learned that the feast of St. Florentius was to be kept at Haslach the next day, he went there, accompanied by Gerlach, archbishop of Mainz, Albert, bishop of Würzburg, and Jean de Lichtenberg, his secretary, provost of the cathedral of Strasbourg. He had the shrine of St. Florentius opened, which was enriched with gold and silver: the whole body of the Saint was found in it. The most authentic deeds decided in favour of the tradition, and the monarch, having had a record of this visit drawn up, attested that the body of St. Florentius was at Haslach and nowhere else, threatening with his royal displeasure those who should claim the contrary.

The canons of Haslach in gratitude presented him with the right arm of the blessed pontiff, and the emperor carried this relic away to Prague. Five years later Archduke Rudolf, landgrave of Alsace, obtained half of the holy bishop's left arm. The shrine of St. Florentius was carried off from Haslach in 1525 by George Schultheiss of Rosheim, who had put himself at the head of the rebel *Rustauds* [the peasants of the Peasants' War]. After throwing out its venerable bones, he took it to the commandery of Saint-Jean near Dorlisheim, where he shared with his soldiers the gold, silver and precious stones with which it was enriched. The body of St. Florentius was afterwards found again and replaced; it was preserved from the disasters of the Revolution and is still today, in the church of Haslach, the object of the veneration of the peoples.

The church of Haslach, founded by St. Florentius, was falling into ruin during the 11th century, and its rebuilding was begun in 1274. This work was interrupted in 1287 and resumed in 1294. Its direction was entrusted to one of the sons of the famous Erwin of Steinbach, architect of the façade of Strasbourg cathedral, and it was not finished until 1385. The west front, crowned by an elegant spire, was robbed of this ornament by the Swedes, who set fire to the church in 1633 and at the same time destroyed the canons' buildings. The church, built in the Gothic style, has three aisles. The choir, which is very deep, is divided into two parts. At the entrance to the sanctuary is the tomb of St. Florentius, and above it that of Bishop Rachio, who had the Saint's relics moved to Haslach. Connoisseurs admire the windows of the choir, which are of great beauty and painted with much delicacy.

Taken from the *Saints de l'Alsace*, by the abbé Hunckler. — Cf. Bucelin, *Germania Sacra*; Louis, *Vie de saint Florent*; Grandidier, *Histoire de l'Église de Strasbourg*.

(1) This cell is half a league from the collegiate church of Haslach and a few steps from Oberhaslach, where St. Florentius's oratory long survived. Rodolphe de Kagon, provost of Haslach, had a chapel built there in 1315, which was renewed several times.

ST. WILLIBRORD (1), APOSTLE OF FRISIA, HOLLAND, ZEELAND, FLANDERS AND BRABANT

About 738. — Pope: St. Gregory III. — King of France: Charles Martel.

C'est à la moisson qu'ils savent faire des âmes que l'on juge de la vertu des prédicateurs.

It is by the harvest of souls they know how to reap that the virtue of preachers is judged.

St. Gregory the Great.

St. Willibrord was born about the year 658 in the kingdom of Northumbria. His father was named Wilgis and lived in great piety. He left the world to embrace the monastic state and later became a hermit. In his old age he took charge of a small community he had founded between the Ocean and the Humber. He is honoured among the Saints in the monastery of Echternach, in the diocese of Trier, and he is named in the English calendars.

Willibrord, by growing used early to carrying the yoke of the Lord, always found it afterwards sweet and light [Matt. 11:30]. To keep the fruits of the education he had received the better, he took the habit at Ripon (county of York) while still very young. The progress he made in virtue and in learning was equally swift. At the age of twenty he obtained leave to cross to Ireland, in the hope of finding there still greater ease for perfecting himself in the ways of piety. He joined St. Egbert and Blessed Wigbert, whom the same purpose had drawn there. He spent twelve years with them. In spite of the weakness of his constitution he surpassed his companions in fervour and in faithfulness to the duties he had to fulfil. People never tired of admiring his humility, his modesty, his affability, and the gentleness and evenness of his character.

St. Egbert had long wished to preach the Gospel to the idolaters, above all to those who lived in Frisia; but he was made to give up this plan and advised to exercise his apostolic zeal in the islands between Ireland and Scotland. While Egbert was working for the glory of God in the islands, Wigbert was preaching Jesus Christ in Frisia. He came back after spending two years there, without his labours having had much success. Egbert and those who had this mission at heart were not discouraged; they prayed with new fervour to obtain the conversion of so many souls threatened with eternal misfortune. Willibrord, who had just been ordained priest and was about thirty years old, showed an ardent desire to go over to Frisia and asked his superiors' permission. Egbert, who knew his fervour, his zeal and his talents, did not doubt that this desire came from heaven; so he granted his request, urging him to put his trust in God. St. Swithbert and ten other English monks joined St. Willibrord.

The Frisians formerly lived in a vast stretch of country on the coasts of the German Ocean. Having entered Belgic Gaul, they seized the provinces near the mouth of the Rhine, of which the Chatti, also Germans by origin, were then the masters. Of all the peoples of Germany none knew so well how to keep its freedom against the Romans as the Frisians. St. Eligius [Éloi], bishop of Noyon, had preached Jesus Christ in part of Frisia. The Gospel had also been proclaimed to them by St. Wilfrid in 678; but these first attempts had borne little fruit, so that the true God was almost entirely unknown in Frisia when St. Willibrord arrived there in 690 or 691. It seems certain that our twelve missionaries landed at Katwijk (Holland). From there they went to Utrecht. They were well received by Pepin of Herstal, mayor of the palace of France, who had recently taken possession of part of Frisia. Willibrord thought he should make a journey to Rome to ask Pope Sergius (687–701) for his apostolic blessing and for authorization to preach the Gospel to the idolatrous nations. The sovereign Pontiff, knowing his zeal and holiness, granted him the fullest powers and gave him relics for the consecration of the churches that should be built. Willibrord set off again in haste, so eager was he to win for Jesus Christ that multitude of souls under the power of the devil.

Swithbert was given special charge of the conversion of the Boructuarii [Bructeri] and became their bishop. It seems that this people lived in the territory of Berg, part of that of the Mark and the neighbouring country towards Cologne. Willibrord and the ten other missionaries preached the faith with the greatest success in that part of Frisia which belonged to the Franks. The number of Christians was so great at the end of six years that Pepin, on the advice of the other bishops, sent Willibrord to Rome with letters of recommendation to the Pope, who was earnestly begged to honour him with the episcopal character. In vain did the Saint try to make this dignity fall on another; no heed was paid to his protests. Pope Sergius received him with great marks of honour, changed his name to Clement and consecrated him archbishop of the Frisians in the church of St. Peter. He also gave him the pallium, with power to fix his see in whatever place of the country he should judge most suitable. The Saint, after spending fourteen days in Rome, came back to Frisia and fixed his residence at Utrecht, where he built the church of the Saviour. He also repaired that of St. Martin, which the pagans had almost entirely destroyed. It is thought to have been built by King Dagobert at the request of St. Wilfrid. It afterwards became the cathedral of Utrecht and was served by canons. The episcopal anointing seemed to give still more strength and activity to Willibrord's zeal. Two years after his consecration, that is, in 698, the generosity of Pepin and of the abbess Irmina enabled him to found the abbey of Epternach (today Echternach, in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg), which he governed until his death.

Pepin of Herstal had great veneration for the holy Apostle of Frisia. Before his death he sent away Alpaida, his concubine, by whom he had had Charles Martel, and was reconciled with Plectrude, his wife. In his will he commended his nephews to St. Willibrord without mentioning Charles, his natural son. At the same time he gave the Saint the village of Swestram (today Susteren), in the duchy of Jülich, which served to endow a monastery of nuns built in that place.

Pepin of Herstal died in December 714. Pepin the Short, son of Charles Martel and later king of France, had been born some time before. He received baptism from the hands of St. Willibrord, who, according to

Alcuin, prophesied on that occasion, foretelling that this child would surpass all his ancestors in glory. Charles Martel did indeed become mayor of the palace, and was the first warrior and the greatest statesman of his century. In 723 he gave revenues dependent on the castle of Utrecht to the monastery St. Willibrord had founded there, which the holy bishop wished to make his cathedral. Charles Martel made several other gifts to various churches founded by Willibrord. He gave up to him the lordship of the town of Utrecht with its dependencies and appurtenances. In all these foundations Willibrord had no other aim than to strengthen and perpetuate the work of God.

Not content with having planted the faith in the part of Frisia the Franks had conquered, he made his way into the part that obeyed Radbod, king of the Frisians. Radbod remained obstinately attached to idolatry. He did not, however, prevent the Saint from instructing his subjects, and he sometimes came himself to hear him.

Willibrord crossed into Denmark; but Ongendus, who then reigned there, was a wicked and cruel prince, and his example, which had great influence on his subjects, set an almost invincible obstacle to their conversion. The Saint contented himself with buying thirty children of the country, whom he baptized after instructing them and took away with him. On the way back he was caught by a storm that cast him on the island called Fositesland (today Ameland, off the coast of Frisia). The Danes and the Frisians held this island in singular reverence; it was consecrated to their god Fosite. They would have regarded as impious and sacrilegious anyone who dared to kill the animals that lived there, eat anything it produced, or speak while drawing water from a spring that was there. The Saint, moved by their blindness, wished to undeceive them of so gross a superstition. He had some animals killed, which he and his companions ate, and he baptized three children in the spring, pronouncing aloud the words prescribed by the Church. The pagans expected them to be punished with death; but, seeing that nothing happened to them, they did not know whether it was patience or lack of power on their god's part. Radbod was carried away with fury when he learned what had happened. He ordered lots to be drawn for three days running, three times each day, intending to put to death the one on whom it fell. God did not allow it to fall on Willibrord; but one of his companions was sacrificed to the superstition and died a martyr of Jesus Christ.

The Saint, having left Radbod, went to one of the chief islands of Zeeland, Walcheren; he made a great number of conversions there and set up several churches. The death of Radbod (719) left him free to preach throughout Frisia. In 720 he was joined by St. Boniface, who spent three years with him before going into Germany. Bede, who wrote his history at that time, speaks thus of our Saint: "Willibrord, surnamed Clement, is still living; he is a venerable old man, a bishop for thirty-six years, who awaits the rewards of the heavenly life after having fought generously in the spiritual warfare." According to Alcuin he had a pleasant face, full of dignity. He was gentle and always cheerful in conversation, wise in his counsels, tireless in his apostolic duties, and at the same time careful to nourish and strengthen his soul by prayer, the singing of psalms, vigils and fasting. The same author, who wrote about fifty years after the Saint's death, assures us that he had the gift of miracles. Among others he relates the following. When Willibrord was preaching on the island of Walcheren, where the towns of Flushing and Middelburg were later built, he found in a village a famous idol to which the people offered vows and sacrifices. Carried away with zeal, he threw it down and broke it in pieces. The idol's priest struck him with a sword, which did him no harm. The wretch was soon afterwards possessed by the devil and reduced to the most pitiful state. Willibrord and his companions, by their tears, their prayers and their zeal, destroyed paganism in the greater part of Zeeland and Holland. As for the Frisians, who until then had been a barbarous people, they became civilized little by little and grew famous for their virtues as well as for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. St. Wulfram, archbishop of Sens, and other gospel workers, struck by so much success, begged St. Willibrord to take them as partners in the labours of his missions. Our Saint chose with great care those whom he meant to receive holy orders: he feared that unworthy ministers would destroy all the good the divine mercy had worked for the salvation of souls. He was also very careful to make sure of the dispositions of those he admitted to baptism, so as not to

expose our august mysteries to profanation. To banish ignorance and help the spread of the Gospel by enlightening minds and softening morals, he established at Utrecht schools that became very famous.

Willibrord, having reached a very advanced age, prepared in retirement for the passage to eternity. He died, according to the most probable opinion, in 738. Alcuin and Rabanus Maurus put his death on 6 November; but he is named on the 7th of this month in the martyrologies of Usuard and Ado, in the Roman and in that of the Benedictines. He was buried, as he had wished, in the monastery of Echternach, where his stone coffin, his head and some bones that escaped the vandalism of the revolutionaries of 1794 are kept. At Saint-Vulfran in Abbeville there are a rib, a fragment of the fibula, a heel bone, a spinous process of a dorsal vertebra, a lumbar vertebra and a small upper part of the femur. At Trier, in the abbey of Notre-Dame *ad Martyres*, can be seen the portable altar the Saint used for the celebration of the holy mysteries on his missions.

St. Willibrord is represented: 1st, baptizing the son of Charles Martel, whose future greatness he foretells; 2nd, with one or more casks or flasks beside him. On one of his journeys twelve beggars asked him for some relief, and he ordered them to be poured some wine he had in reserve; and though the vessel was small, the twelve poor men drank from it at their ease without the liquor diminishing in the least; 3rd, with iron chains at his side, because he is held to have freed a good number of captives; 4th, wearing a crescent on his breast: it is said that his mother saw this sign in a dream while she was carrying our Saint, and this wonder was taken as a sign of the faith our missionary was to carry to the nations of the North; 5th, with a small church in his hand, as founder of the episcopal see of Utrecht and of several churches and monasteries; 6th, carrying a child on his shoulders or accompanied by some little boys, in allusion to the purchase of the children we have spoken of; 7th, making a spring gush out: perhaps this signifies that he first established for Frisia an episcopal chair from which the gospel teaching would henceforth flow over the peoples without interruption; 8th, with overthrown idols beside him, for a reason that is easily guessed; 9th, plunging his archiepiscopal cross into a cask, because of the miracle of the cask we have just mentioned.

He is invoked against epilepsy and convulsions, though we cannot say why.

He is patron of Echternach in Luxembourg, of Flushing, of Frisia, of Overijssel, of Utrecht, etc., and in general of all the countries to which he carried the torch of the Gospel.

Godescard; Habillon; Life of the Saint, by Alcuin, etc.

(1) *Alias:* Vilbrod, Willbrod, Willbrord, Wilibrod.

ST. RESTITUTUS, FIRST BISHOP OF SAINT-PAUL-TROIS-CHÂTEAUX (1st century)

The church of Saint-Paul-Trois-Châteaux (Drôme) has always honoured St. Restitut as its founder and the first of its bishops. Tradition holds that he is the same as the man born blind of the Gospel [John 9], called Sidonius or Celidonius, who became one of the Saviour's most fervent disciples and changed his name to Restitutus [Latin, "restored"] to keep alive the memory of his miraculous cure. Let us hear the book of Proper Offices of the Church of Saint-Paul-Trois-Châteaux (1758 edition):

"After the ascension of the divine Redeemer, the Jews were not slow to persecute his disciples. The hatred they had conceived for them broke out above all against Sidonius or Celidonius, blind from birth, who had been healed by Jesus Christ and who, in memory of his healing, was called Restitutus. They also drove out of Judaea Lazarus, Maximinus, Magdalen, Martha and some others. All these holy disciples of Jesus Christ were placed on a ship that had neither sails nor oars and was cast upon the sea, where it was bound to be wrecked; but the ship, guided by the Lord, came safely to land at Marseilles, and none of those it carried perished. Amazed at this wonder, the people of Marseilles listened favourably to the preaching of the Gospel. Soon the neighbouring towns in their turn received the Lord's envoys. That of Trois-Châteaux was converted

by Restitutus, who became its first bishop. After founding this church, Restitutus went to evangelize the town of Alba, in the duchy of Milan, where he ended his days. His disciples brought his body back to Trois-Châteaux, as he had ordered them before he died, and buried it with honour in the church that has since borne the name of Restitutus."

The solemn cult that the Tricastine Church paid to St. Restitut went on until the time of the French Revolution. But the episcopal see of Saint-Paul was suppressed in 1801 and the diocese was merged with that of Valence, which followed the Viennese rite, in which St. Restitut has no proper office. From then on his feast ceased to be kept. The blessed apostle might perhaps have been entirely forgotten if, in 1853, Mgr Chatrousse, bishop of Valence, had not restored his cult by replacing the Viennese rite with the Roman liturgy. The legend of St. Restitut, taken word for word from the old books of Saint-Paul-Trois-Châteaux, was then submitted afresh to the examination of the Holy See. It was not judged unworthy of a place in the supplement to the Roman breviary for the use of the diocese of Valence.

The church where the first bishop of Saint-Paul was buried is not within the walls of the episcopal town. It stands in a village that was perhaps once adjoining it and still bears the name of Saint-Restitut (Drôme, arrondissement of Montélimar, canton of Pierrelatte). Archaeologists and antiquaries admire it as one of the finest monuments of the region from the point of view of art. They are the only pilgrims who visit it nowadays; but in the ages of faith it was the meeting-place of a countless multitude of the faithful. King Louis XI himself came there about the year 1449 with a large retinue and left very considerable gifts.

The tomb of St. Restitut, which remained untouched for several centuries, was rebuilt in 1249 by order of Laurens, bishop of Saint-Paul. It was solemnly opened several times afterwards, and each time the relics were verified and given new certificates of authenticity. But in 1561 the Calvinists overthrew and broke the venerated sepulchre, burned the holy bones it held and threw the ashes to the wind. We have drawn on the work on St. Restitut composed by the abbé Nadal in his *Histoire hagiologique du diocèse de Valence*.

ST. ENGELBERT (1), ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE, MARTYR (1225)

Engelbert was born of an illustrious family. He was the son of Engelbert, count of Berg, and of Margaret, daughter of the count of Guelders. From childhood he showed happy dispositions: he was amiable, generous and humble. He refused the bishopric of Münster at eighteen. There had been great troubles caused by the archbishops of Cologne, Adolf and Dietrich. The sovereign Pontiff ordered the election of a new archbishop to replace the deposed Dietrich, and Engelbert was elected on 22 February 1216. He conferred many benefices on the churches and colleges of his diocese and paid the debts his predecessors had contracted. He recovered the fiefs and properties belonging to the church of Cologne that had been either seized by force or lost through negligence or weakness. He received with great kindness the Dominicans, the Franciscans and the Carthusians, who came to Cologne about the year 1220. He protected them and defended them against the ill-disposed who criticized and maliciously attacked them. Engelbert performed the pontifical functions to the great edification of those present, and he upheld the dignity of his ministry by the splendour of worship. Beneath all this splendour, however, compunction filled his heart, and the tears that flowed ceaselessly from his eyes were a visible proof of it.

His fatherly charity made no distinction of persons. He greatly honoured religious, and he admitted poor priests to his table in preference to great lords and clothed them with his own garments. The oppressed always found him ready to help. More than once he made the needy eat from his plate and drink from his cup. During a famine he bought a great quantity of grain to feed the religious and the poor. He was filled with tender piety towards the Mother of God, often visited the places consecrated to her cult and fasted every Wednesday in her honour. The emperor Frederick II chose him as guardian of his son Henry and administrator of the Empire on this side of the Alps. He brought up the royal child as his son and honoured him as his master. He made peace reign throughout the Empire, maintaining everywhere the faith and

obedience to the Holy See and to the emperor. He was the refuge of the afflicted and the terror of the wicked. By a quite special grace of God he joined magnanimity with humility, magnificence with affability, and gentleness with vigour. He had gained so great an authority for the good of the Empire that a letter or any sign from him was enough to guarantee travellers' safety. He defended the freedom of the Church with invincible courage, chiefly against the advocates [lay protectors of church lands], and thus he opened his own way to martyrdom.

Frederick, count of Isenberg, his kinsman, had made himself advocate or defender of the abbey of Essen. His only aim was to plunder the nuns' property, so that they were often obliged to take refuge in Cologne to beg the archbishops' protection. The Pope and the emperor, told what was happening, charged Engelbert to remedy the evil and even to remove the advocate if he did not put an end to his exactions and plunder. Engelbert first used gentle means and even offered his kinsman a considerable pension to induce him to act according to the rules of equity. When these steps proved useless, he did not leave him unaware of the commission he had been given.

The count of Isenberg became furious. He formed the plan of taking the archbishop's life and drew to his side lords and princes to whom his family was allied. Nevertheless he kept the meeting the archbishop had appointed with him at Soest in Westphalia to look into some means of settlement, and he even pretended to have peaceful aims. Engelbert was warned of the danger but was not frightened by it. The next morning he made a general confession of his whole life to the bishop of Minden, to prepare for death in case God should call him. He made this confession with such an abundance of tears that his whole breast was wet with them. He had scarcely finished when the bishops of Münster and Osnabrück, who had joined the conspiracy of Frederick, their brother, came to visit him. The archbishop told them what he had learned, but they did their best to put him off the scent [*lui donner le change*, a hunting idiom: to set the hounds on a false trail]. So Engelbert went to Soest as agreed. Outwardly all went well, and they promised to meet again at the diet of Nuremberg. Frederick knew that the day after, the archbishop was to go and dedicate a church at Schwelm. He posted assassins along the road and set out with Engelbert. When they reached the appointed place, the count struck the first blow at the archbishop. Then the assassins rushed upon him and pierced him with forty-seven serious wounds. He died praying for his enemies on 7 November 1225, after ten years as bishop. On 24 February of the following year his body was laid in the metropolitan church of St. Peter at Cologne. Later Archbishop Ferdinand raised it from the ground, enclosed it in a shrine and placed it on the high altar. God made his Martyr's tomb famous by many miracles. He is represented being murdered by Count Frederick's men and blessing his executioners.

Proper of Cologne.

(1) *Alias:* Englevert, Inglevert.

ST. ROMANUS OF ROME, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR, IN THE DIOCESE OF LE MANS (date uncertain)

The death of a great servant of God, who had edified the Church of Le Mans since the time of St. Julian, is placed in the episcopate of

St. Pavacius, prelate of Le Mans. His name was Romanus. Born in Rome, he was, it is said, a nephew of St. Julian, apostle of Maine, and brother of St. Julia. He came to join the apostolic labours of his uncle, who gave him orders and even the priesthood and ordered him to preach the Gospel in the places he pointed out. Romanus showed admirable zeal in carrying out this mission. He contributed powerfully to the conversion of the idolaters and to the increase in the number of the faithful. To reward his virtues and make his labours more fruitful, God gave him the gift of miracles. He restored speech to a mute. Passing through the village of Cragracius in the country of the Andecavi (today Cré, Sarthe, arrondissement and canton of La Flèche), he

drove a multitude of demons out of the body of a girl who was possessed by them. After the death of St. Julian, Romanus came back to the city of the Cenomani to live near the tomb of the man he had loved and revered as a father. St. Thuribius entrusted him with the care of the basilica of the Holy Apostles. Because St. Julian was buried there, it was then the most venerated sanctuary of the faithful in the whole region. It was bound to stir the people's piety more and more from day to day, for it was a constant practice of the first Christians to have themselves buried near the tombs of those they regarded as friends of God, already in possession of heavenly bliss. Because so many burials were gathered in one place, communities of clerics of a lower order soon formed there. They were called *fossores* and were charged with the care of funerals. It was through this custom that the first Christian cemeteries gave rise to monasteries in several places. Our holy priest perhaps presided over a community of this kind.

An angel revealed to Romanus the time of his death seven years before it came. He wished to prepare for it by visiting the tombs of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul in Rome. Pavacius allowed him to make this journey but required of him a formal promise that he would come back to Le Mans to end his days. Romanus promised and made his pilgrimage. On his way back, passing through the Vendômois, he restored to health the son of a rich man who was on the point of death. Shortly after his return to Le Mans he fell ill, as he had foretold, and he died on the seventh day before the Ides of November (7 November). He worked no fewer miracles after his death than during his life. He was buried by St. Pavacius himself in the basilica of the Apostles, near the two holy bishops whose labours he had shared.

Dom Paul Piolin, *Histoire de l'Église du Mans*.

8 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The Octave of the feast of All Saints. — Three miles from Rome, on the Via Labicana, the execution of the holy martyrs Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorian, Castorius and Simplicius. They were first thrown into prison and then cruelly torn with whips set with iron points. Because they stayed unshaken in the faith, they were thrown into the river by order of the emperor Diocletian. 302. — On the same Via Labicana, the feast of the four holy Crowned Ones, Severus, Severian, Carpophorus and Victorinus, brothers, who were whipped to death with leaded scourges under the same emperor. Their names could not be found out at the time and were only made known later by divine revelation. It was therefore decreed that their feast should be kept every year with that of the five above, under the name of the Four Crowned Ones. The custom has been kept in the Church even since their names have become known.(1) 304. — At Rome, St. Deusdedit, pope, whose merit was so great that he healed a leper by kissing him.(2) 618. — At Bremen, ST. WILLEHAD, first bishop of that see, who spread the Gospel in Frisia and Saxony with St. Boniface, whose disciple he was. 789. — At Soissons, ST. GEOFFREY, bishop of Amiens, a person of great holiness. 1115. — At Verdun, ST. MAURUS, bishop and confessor. 2nd c. — At Tours, St. Clarus, priest, whose epitaph was composed by St. Paulinus.(3) 4th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

At Auxerre, St. Droctoald (Drohet, Drouet, Droelt, Drouaud), bishop of that ancient see and confessor. He governed that Church for barely two months, and history has handed down no details of his life. 532. — At Fréjus, the death of Blessed Colomb, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. His biographers have praised above all his admirable holiness, his poverty and his simplicity. He held the office of prior in the convents of Toulouse and Montpellier. Death overtook him at Fréjus while he was evangelizing Provence. The canons of the cathedral gave him an honourable burial at the door of the church, and several people were cured of their

illnesses by calling on him. He is represented holding a crown of laurels in his hand, with a dove above it, its wings spread. 1259. — Formerly, in the diocese of Saint-Malo, St. Suliau (Suliac, Sulia), abbot, also named in the martyrologies of France for 29 July and 1 October. We gave fairly full details of his life under the first of those days. 6th c. — In the ancient Benedictine abbey of Marmoutier-lez-Tours (*Martini monasterium*, founded by St. Martin about the year 375), the martyrdom of one hundred and twenty-six religious, massacred by the infidel Danes out of hatred for their piety and their religion. 8th c.. — In the Benedictine abbey of Saint-Victor at Marseilles (founded about 413 by the priest John Cassian), Blessed Hugh, confessor, who had the happiness of finding the cross of St. Andrew the apostle and enriched that monastery with it.(4) 13th c. — At Cessy-les-Bois (Nièvre, arrondissement of Cosne, canton of Donzy), in the diocese of Nevers, the anniversary of the Consecration of the parish church by Philibert de Beaujeu, bishop of Bethlehem, under a commission from Dinteville, bishop of Auxerre. The church was placed under the patronage of St. Christopher. 1548.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Susa, a town of Piedmont, Blessed Peter of Ruffia, of the Order of Friars Preachers. He was appointed inquisitor of the faith in that town [*cette dernière ville*, as printed] and never ceased to shine by eminent virtues, above all by his zeal in defending Catholic truth, until on the very day of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary he was slain by heretics and earned entry into heaven. 14th c. — In the ancient and famous Benedictine abbey of Einsiedeln, or Our Lady of the Hermits (Switzerland, canton of Schwyz), St. Gregory, abbot of that monastery and confessor. He came of a royal family of England. With his wife’s consent he left her before the marriage was consummated and went to Rome, where he took the religious habit in the monastery on the Caelian Hill. He had lived there for some time when an inspiration from heaven, made known by an angel, led him (949) to the monastery of Our Lady of the Hermits, of which he became abbot (963). Otto I, emperor of Germany, whose first wife was a close relative of Gregory, gave him the title of prince of the Holy Empire, granted his monastery great estates and confirmed all the privileges it enjoyed. Otto II and Otto III were no less well disposed towards St. Gregory. His community was so highly regarded that St. Gebhard, bishop of Constance, asked him for some of his religious to people the monastery of Petershausen (*Petri domus*, so called because the abbey church was built on the plan of St. Peter’s in the Vatican).(5) 996. — In Hungary, Blessed Helen, virgin, of the Order of St. Dominic. She initiated Blessed Margaret of Hungary into holiness. She had a great devotion to the sufferings of the Redeemer, which God rewarded in his servant with the grace of the stigmata. She worked a great number of miracles during her life and after her death. Seventeen years after her blessed death her body was found whole and incorrupt. It still bore the sacred stigmata, and they gave off sweet perfumes that filled the church and the monastery. She is represented holding a crucifix in one hand and a lily in the other. 13th c.

(1) The emperor Diocletian, wishing to torment them even after their death, had their bodies thrown to the dogs to be eaten. But these animals, less cruel than men, guarded them for five days instead of devouring them. Then the Christians carried them off secretly and buried them in a sand-pit on the Via Labicana. Pope Honorius had a church built in their honour, which was already a cardinal’s title in the time of St. Gregory the Great (590–604). Their bodies were found and the same church rebuilt under the pontificate of Leo IV (847–855). — Father Giry. The Four Crowned Ones are commonly confused with the holy martyrs Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorian, Castorius and Simplicius, sculptors, whose feast is kept on the same day. Because of this confusion the former have become the patrons of builders and statuaries and, in general, of masons, sculptors and stonecutters. They are often given as attributes a mallet, a square, a crowned hammer, or even a crown on the head. In some of their images dogs can be seen defending their relics. — *Caractéristiques des Saints*, by Father Cahier.

(2) Deusdedit sat for three years and twenty-four days (19 October 615 – 7 November 618). In his time (August 615) there was a great earthquake, followed by the terrible spread of leprosy. Catholic charity then

had to create leper-houses, which were given the name of lazarets, in memory of the Lazarus of the Gospel parable. Deusdedit had been the first to give the example of devotion carried to heroism: he not only wished to nurse the lepers with his own hands but did not fear to press them to his breast and embrace them. This blessed Pope died on 7 November 618 and was buried in the basilica of St. Peter. The oldest known papal seal is preserved from him. It is a leaden bulla showing on its face the image of the Good Shepherd surrounded by his sheep, as in the paintings of the catacombs, and above it the two Greek letters A and Ω, symbolic letters of Christ, the beginning and end of all things. The reverse bears the inscription *Deusdedit papae*. — The abbé Darras, *Histoire de l'Église*, vol. XV, p. 318.

(3) Born in Auvergne of an illustrious family, Clarus left his riches to follow Jesus Christ. He came to Tours to put himself under the discipline of St. Martin, who trained him in his monastery of Marmoutier and afterwards raised him to the priesthood. St. Sulpicius Severus, who knew him intimately in that house, gives him very high praise. He had him buried in the church of his house at Primuliacum in Aquitaine, and asked his friend St. Paulinus of Nola for verses to adorn the tomb he raised for him. The bishop-poet sent him three magnificent epitaphs containing the praise of St. Clarus. — Baillet. Cf. the Life of St. Sulpicius Severus (*Petits Bollandistes*, vol. II, p. 103).

(4) On the cross of St. Andrew the apostle and its translation to the abbey of Saint-Victor at Marseilles, see the details we give in the life of St. Andrew, on 30 November.

(5) His body was buried near the altar of St. Maurice, and several miracles have taken place at his tomb. His relics were raised from the ground in 1609.

STS. CLAUDIUS, NICOSTRATUS, SYMPHORIAN, CASTORIUS AND SIMPLICIUS, MARTYRS ON THE VIA LABICANA

— Pope: St. Marcellinus. — Roman Emperor: Diocletian.

Martyres Christi occidi possunt, flecti nequeunt.

The martyrs of Christ can be killed, but never overcome.

Gilbert of Holland.

These generous athletes of the faith were the most excellent sculptors in Rome. Their works were so lifelike and so delicate that the emperors themselves wanted them in their palaces and pleasure-houses. Simplicius, the last of them, at first worshipped idols. He saw that his four companions succeeded admirably in everything they undertook when they made the sign of the cross. He, on the contrary, though he spent a great deal of time and broke a quantity of tools, could finish nothing. So he asked them what power there was in this ceremony they performed before working. Symphorian took the opportunity to speak to him of the error of idolatry, of the wonderful power of Jesus Christ, of the need to acknowledge one God alone, and of the rewards prepared for those who would be faithful in his service. He added that, since Our Lord had redeemed us by the cross, its mere representation was so powerful that by it one easily accomplished whatever one undertook. This admonition opened Simplicius's eyes. He detested the idols he had worshipped, submitted to Jesus Christ and received baptism. From then on he began all his work with the saving sign of our redemption and succeeded in it no less than his companions.

Some time after this conversion, the emperor Diocletian, who did not know what religion they were, had them told to make a statue of the god Aesculapius in porphyry. They answered generously that they could not work on this statue without contributing to idolatry and making themselves guilty of all the sacrileges that would be committed in worshipping it. This was in no way permitted to Christians, and since they professed Christianity no one should expect them to use their art on so abominable a work. The emperor was informed of this answer and was so angered by it that he handed them over to a judge named Lampadius to be put

through the harshest tortures.

This judge first did his best to make them change their minds. When he saw them unshaken, after some days in prison he condemned them to be cruelly scourged with whips set with iron points. The execution was very cruel. But while the blood was pouring from their veins on every side and all their limbs were one single wound, a demon seized the judge and choked him. Diocletian, told what was happening, nearly died of rage. He at once sent Nicetius to arrest the Martyrs and ordered that they be shut up alive in leaden coffins and then thrown into the river. The sentence was carried out, and in this way our Martyrs found their death, their burial and their crown all at once. Divine Providence allowed that forty-two days later a Christian named Nicodemus found their holy relics, which the lead itself had brought out of the water. He carried them off and buried them honourably in his own house. So, as one Nicodemus had buried Jesus Christ, our sovereign Master, another Nicodemus buried five of his most faithful servants.

They may be represented with the instruments or tools of their trade. They are the rightful patrons of sculptors, although this patronage has been credited to the Four Crowned Ones.(1)

CULT AND RELICS.

The martyrology of Du Saussay states that the bodies of these generous Martyrs, which were in Rome, were afterwards taken to Toulouse, to the church of Saint-Sernin, and placed in a chapel built in their honour. At a time we cannot fix, the greater part of the relics of St. Claudius, one of these Christian sculptors, was taken from

Toulouse to Franche-Comté. In 1049 they were venerated in the church of Maynal (Jura, arrondissement of Lons-le-Saunier, canton of Beaufort), one of the oldest in the Jura. That church was then the centre of an important parish. When Pope Leo IX came to the Council of Reims in 1049, he confirmed Hugh I, archbishop of Besançon, in possession of this estate. In his bull, dated 19 November, the Pope mentions “the church of Maynal, where rests”, he says, “the body of St. Claudius”. That is the first record that speaks of these sacred relics. The oldest traditions of Maynal attest that St. Claudius was always honoured there as a Martyr. On the parish banner he is shown as a man calling upon heaven, his face lit by a ray of light. He holds a chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other, and beside him is a bust whose white colour imitates marble. Clearly the painter meant to show him as one of the five sculptors who, according to the legends, worked with great perfection while calling on the name of Jesus Christ. The holy patron of Maynal is named in several old records of the history of Franche-Comté, in particular in the Catalogue of benefices of the diocese of Besançon. The greater part of his relics has been kept from time immemorial in a shrine of gilded wood. His feast is kept on the Sunday after the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, under the rubric of a Martyr not a bishop. On that day, before the solemn Mass, and on the day of the octave after Vespers, his relics are carried in procession through the streets of the parish. The ancient shrine is adorned with eight statuettes set in pointed niches, and one of these figures shows the Saint holding the palm of martyrdom in his hand.

This holy Martyr was commonly called St. Clod or Cloud. That is the name used for him in various deeds relating to the parish of Maynal written at the beginning of the 17th century. He is named as Glaiz or Glauz, martyr, in Chastelain’s martyrology, which adds that his body is kept at Maynal, in the diocese of Besançon, where he receives public veneration.

This cult of St. Cloud was not peculiar to the church of Maynal. The religious of Ilay had built a chapel in his honour. This oratory stood on the point of a rock rising near the village of Denezières (Jura, arrondissement of Saint-Claude, canton of Saint-Laurent), and some relics of the holy Martyr, taken from the church of Maynal, were placed in it. From then on the surrounding land took the name of the Land of Saint-Cloud. It is so named in several charters of the 12th century cited by the historians of Franche-Comté. The chapel of Saint-Cloud was destroyed in the course of time, and the parish church of Denezières was rebuilt to the south-east of the village (1841). It too is dedicated to St. Cloud, whose feast is kept there on 8 November, the

day fixed for the cult of this Martyr in all the martyrologies.

This cult was authorized afresh by the late Mgr de Chamon, bishop of Saint-Claude, on 23 May 1839.

We have completed Father Giry's account from the *Saints de Franche-Comté*.

(1) See what we have said of the Four Crowned Ones in a note to the Roman martyrology of this day.

ST. WILLEHAD (Willehald), FIRST BISHOP OF BREMEN

— Pope: Adrian I. — King of France: Charlemagne.

In annuntiando verbo veritatis labor est.

The missionary who has undertaken to preach the faith has an arduous task.

St. Augustine.

Willehad was born in Northumbria. He belonged to the noble and studious generation that the example and teaching of the Venerable Bede brought to flower on British soil. St. Ansgar, his third successor, has made known to us the chief events of his life:

"Brought up from his earliest childhood in the study of sacred and secular letters," he says, "Willehad became a priest. It was the time when the apostolic labours of Willibrord and St. Boniface among the idolatrous peoples of Saxony and Frisia were beginning to bear fruits of conversion and salvation. When Willehad heard of these distant missions, his soul was fired with a noble ardour. He asked and obtained from the Northumbrian king Aelred [Alhred], and from the bishop of York, leave to go to Frisia and devote his life to the salvation of the idolaters. He arrived there in 782 and began his preaching at Dokkum, on the very spot where seventeen years before St. Boniface had been martyred. He began with an apostolate to children. He gathered round him all those he could reach and little by little ended by drawing in the children of the greatest families of the country. His gentle speech, the example of his virtues and his admirable devotion soon won the hearts of these young disciples. Through them his influence grew in the circle of their connections, and so he had the happiness of founding a flourishing Christian community in that country. As his apostolic ambition rose with success, he crossed the river Lawers (Lauwers) and made his way into the region now called Overijssel, which was then entirely peopled by idolaters. He was arrested as a sacrilegious man, an enemy of the gods and a seducer of men, and was led, bound hand and foot, to the foot of the national idol, before an angry crowd shouting for his death. A debate began on how the captive should be treated. Some said he should be slaughtered without discussion. Others maintained that the stranger had done no harm: his only fault was not worshipping the gods of the country, but he had another religion whose worth no one could judge. It might be that the worship Willehad practised was worthy of respect. In that case they must beware of taking violent measures, at the risk of drawing down the gods' anger by a sacrilege. Both opinions were upheld on either side with equal heat. Since they could not reach agreement, they agreed to cast dice for the captive's life or death. The lot, here guided by the hand of God, fell in Willehad's favour. He was at once freed from his chains, but on condition that he left the country.

"At Drenthe, where he withdrew, his preaching was at first better received. A number of disciples were converted at his word, but their untimely zeal nearly cost him his life. One of them, in his neophyte's ardour, was so rash as to attack a pagan shrine with a pick to pull it down. At this sight the Barbarians came running in a crowd, seized Willehad, bound him and condemned him to death without mercy. A warrior drew his sword and brought it down with all his strength on the victim's neck. At that moment Willehad was clasping in his arms a small reliquary hung on his breast by a leather strap. The edge of the sword cut the leather in two and stopped without having broken the sufferer's skin. The Barbarians saw a supernatural protection in this miraculous preservation and set Willehad free. Such was the man of God's past when he was first presented to Charlemagne.

“The most glorious King Charles had long been struggling against the Saxon race, which he wished to win for the Christian faith. This people, ever hardened, would feign a conversion and swear to its sincerity, then go back to its old idolatry. Charles learned by common report of the wonders of courage and holiness Willehad had worked. He wished to know him, summoned him to his court and received him with the greatest honours. The man of God’s conversation charmed him. He admired his patience in trials, the unshakeable firmness of his faith and the purity of his life. Such a missionary seemed to him worthy to contend with the ferocity of the Saxons. Willehad joyfully accepted the post of danger to which the king wished to send him, and he set out at once for Wigmodia, the present region of Verden and Bremen. This took place in 780, a few months after brilliant victories won over the Saxons by Charlemagne. The new missionary was all the better received because the sword of the king of the Franks had opened the way for him. Whole peoples came running to hear his word and ask him for baptism. Churches rose in every township, and Willehad set priests over them and organized the ceremonies of Christian worship. But the next year (781) all the fruit of his labours was wiped out in the twinkling of an eye. Widukind had just proclaimed throughout Saxony the national call to war and the extermination of all the enemies of Teutates. The missionary, warned in time by some faithful disciples, was able to take ship and reach by sea the land of the Frisians, scene of his first apostolic labours. His fellow workers were less fortunate, or rather already ripe for the crown of heaven. The priest Folcard, Count Emming, the neophyte Benjamin and the clerics Atrebanus and Gerwal were massacred out of hatred for the name of Jesus Christ. During the dreadful war that followed Widukind’s rising, the devout missionary made the pilgrimage to Rome. At Pavia the young king Pepin welcomed him as a confessor of the faith, and the venerable Pope Adrian heaped on him marks of affection and esteem. On his return to France, as the war against the Saxons was still going on, he withdrew to the monastery of Echternach, near Trier, where those of his disciples who had escaped the persecution came to join him. Two years of retreat and prayer passed in this way for the servant of God. A manuscript of the Epistles of St. Paul, the fruit of the missionary’s studious leisure, was long kept at Echternach.

“At last, in 785, the conversion of Widukind and the submission of the Saxons allowed Willehad and his companions in exile to take up their glorious ministry again. The heart of the Saxons was broken, but it was not yet subdued. Willehad was the bee whose stingless sweetness calmed the fiercest resistance. On 15 July 787, at a national assembly held at Worms, Charlemagne, rewarding so many labours at last, had the humble missionary consecrated in his presence with the title of bishop of Bremen. This new dignity only doubled Willehad’s zeal. It seemed that all his earlier labours were nothing compared with those he still wished to undertake. His mortifications, already excessive, knew no more bounds. Pope Adrian had nevertheless obliged him to moderate them a little by making him eat fish, a food he had given up along with every kind of meat and milk. Bread and water were his only food and drink. Every day he celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, shedding many tears, and recited the whole psalter. The peoples of his diocese, seeing this venerable Pontiff pass among them, thought they saw Jesus Christ himself in person. Christians and idolaters all ran to him as to holiness alive. The cathedral he built at Bremen was a wooden building, more spacious than elegant, but he wished it to bear the name of St. Peter, to witness to every age his devotion to the Apostolic See and his loyalty to the vicar of Jesus Christ. During one of his pastoral visitations, which neither infirmity nor old age ever made him interrupt, he fell ill at the village of Bleckensée, today Plexera, in Frisia. One of his disciples, named Egisrik, knelt by his bedside and said to him in tears: ‘Venerable father, do not abandon so soon the people you have won for God; do not leave this new-born flock to the fury of the wolves.’ ‘My son,’ answered the Blessed one, ‘do not delay my happiness; do not prevent me from going to enjoy the sight of God my Saviour. I commend to his mercy the flock whose keeping he had entrusted to me, and he will know how to defend it against the ravening wolves.’ Having spoken thus, the holy bishop’s eyes closed to the light of mortal day, to open to the splendours of blessed eternity (8 November 789).”

In images of St. Willehad one sees: 1st, overthrown idols round him, recalling that he worked with St. Boniface for the conversion of Frisia and Lower Saxony; 2nd, an axe, for we have said that pagans tried

to cut off his head.

The abbé Darras, *Histoire de l'Église*, vol. XVIII, p. 139.

ST. GEOFFREY (1) OF MOLINCOURT, BISHOP OF AMIENS

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

Put on, as the elect of God, kindness, humility, modesty.

Col. 3:12.

Geoffrey was born about the year 1066 at Molincourt or Monticourt, in the Soissonnais. His family was distinguished still more by its virtues and charity than by its wealth and ancient origin. His father, named Frodo, was to end his days in the monastery of Notre-Dame de Nogent, which he had endowed with considerable property. His mother, named Elizabeth, was to devote her widowhood to every kind of good work.

Geoffrey's birth was preceded by wonderful circumstances. Godefroy, seventh abbot of Mont-Saint-Quentin near Péronne, was crossing the Soissonnais and one day received hospitality from Frodo and Elizabeth. He repaid their kindly welcome by speaking to them, with his habitual eloquence, of the joys and splendours of eternity. Then he asked them whether they had had the happiness of consecrating a child to the altars of the Lord. They answered in tears that they had two sons engaged in the career of arms, and that for ten years they had begged heaven in vain for another child whom they would have vowed to the monastic life. Full of faith in the divine power, they implored their guest's prayers so that their hitherto barren wishes might one day be granted. Godefroy strengthened them in their hope, reminding them of the almighty power of intercession; but, full of modesty, he put himself in the background and promised that his religious would join their fervent prayers so that God might bless Elizabeth with fruitfulness. Frodo, grateful in advance, hastened to offer two vineyards to the devout traveller for the upkeep of his abbey. Elizabeth's prayers were granted in the course of that very year. The child she bore was at once carried to the monastery of Péronne, and Godefroy, baptizing him, gave him his own name.

As soon as the child had reached the age of five, his parents took him back to the abbey of Mont-Saint-Quentin, where the venerable Godefroy received him as a trust committed to him by heaven. He clothed him in the monastic habit, following the example of St. Benedict, who had done the same with St. Placid at the age of seven. The new Samuel grew in age and wisdom in the shadow of the altars, and by his docility and his budding virtues he inspired affectionate admiration in everyone.

One day, while he was walking alone in the abbey courtyard, a half-tamed crane flew at him and drove its beak into his eye. The child at once called on the name of Jesus and made the sign of the cross over his wound. He was completely healed, keeping only a slight scar that did not spoil the beauty of his face; he kept this mark all his life as a seal of divine protection. His features so breathed candour and innocence that one could apply to him what the New Testament says of St. Stephen, that he had the face of an angel.

Geoffrey gave himself ardently to the study of Holy Scripture, not to appear learned in men's eyes but to acquire the science of salvation. He meditated deeply on the words of the sacred books still more with his heart than with his mind, so as to draw from them the rules of all his conduct. He often prolonged his fasts into the evening, then contenting himself with a little bread and water, after keeping back for the poor the fish and wine meant for him.

Geoffrey was so much master of his senses that he never let his eyes wander from mere curiosity or let his conversation sink into idle words. He regarded the Rule as the very expression of the divine will, submitted to it with the most rigorous exactness and placed all his joy in obeying. Unknown to his brethren, the young novice spent part of his nights pouring himself out in prayer, sometimes in the oratory of St. Thomas,

sometimes in the chapel of St. Giles, where God had shown his glory by various wonders, so that he could say with the Psalmist: “My tears have been my bread day and night” [Ps. 41(42):4].

The abbot of Mont-Saint-Quentin, wishing to give him a new opportunity to exercise his zeal, put him in charge of the sick. Geoffrey carried out the most painful and repellent duties with the ingenious charity that knows how to lighten others’ sufferings by sharing them. His devotion was so disinterested that he would have wished, so to speak, to exercise it without the lure of the rewards promised to compassionate hearts. “O my God,” he would exclaim, “is there not some selfishness in serving you in your suffering members? You promise such great rewards to those who glorify you in this way that these works of compassion seem stripped of part of their merit!”

More than once the devil tried in vain to thwart his holy designs. One evening, when obedience was taking Geoffrey to the kitchen, he saw a serpent with twisting coils, like the one that tried to frighten St. Romanus, the accomplished disciple of St. Benedict. Guided by duty, he kept on his way; but suddenly there appeared to him a religious lately dead, dressed in black, horrible to look at and giving off a foul smell. A secret inspiration from heaven soon made clear to Geoffrey the nature of this vision, and with a simple sign of the cross he put the hideous phantom to flight. On various other occasions he likewise foiled the wiles of the infernal spirit. Drawing from these trials a redoubled trust in God, he repeated with the Psalmist: “I have nothing to fear from the multitude of my enemies, O Lord, for you are my defender and my support!”

Geoffrey was next given the office of guest-master. It was above all towards the poor that he loved to exercise it. For them he willingly stripped himself of his clothes, preferring to suffer cold rather than fail to fulfil the precepts of the divine Master to the letter. He had as helper in this office his brother Odo, whom he had drawn to the abbey of Mont-Saint-Quentin. The new religious seemed anxious to make up for the time he had lost in the world: for eighteen years he abstained entirely from meat, and during Lent he opened his mouth only to confess. He was one of the monks who most edified the abbey of Péronne by a regular life and a truly holy death. The region where the abbey lay had almost no vineyards and had to rely largely on wines from elsewhere. Geoffrey’s skill was counted on to supply the monastery. At first these entirely material occupations aroused some repugnance in him; but he soon reflected that God can be served in every way, and that there is no kind of work that cannot be sanctified by the spirit that animates it. There were dangers to face as well. Robert, castellan of Péronne, Odo, lord of Ham, and Clarembaud of Vendeuil were spreading their tyrannical ravages through the Santerre, the Vermandois, the Soissonnais and the Laonnois. They were so feared that not one cleric or monk dared brave the danger of the infested roads. Geoffrey succeeded in taming their ferocity. He even won their good graces and was soon able to restore prosperity to the abbey’s burdened finances.

One day, when his duties as bursar had taken him to Soissons, he went to the monastery of Saint-Crépin-et-Saint-Crépinien, where the patronal feast was being kept. Coming out of the office of Prime, he saw that the refectory was full of religious making merry [*faisaient chère lie*, an old idiom: feasting well]. Invited to breakfast with them, he cried: “What! Is it possible that you prefer the food of the body to that of the soul? The celebration of the holy mysteries is not over, and already you are glutting yourselves with victuals! Ah, my beloved brethren, leave this place and come with me to sing the praises of the Lord. Let us first pay our debt to him, and later we will think of the needs of the body.” This exhortation humbled the monks without converting them. They let themselves be carried away by anger and hurled insults at their troublesome brother. He was not disturbed. He withdrew in silence, meditating the maxim of Wisdom: “He that teacheth a scorner doth an injury to himself” [Prov. 9:7]. God rewarded his servant’s meekness by making regular observance flourish again in that monastery, where the memory of this incident was long kept, and also by communicating himself more intimately to Geoffrey for the rest of his days. When Geoffrey had completed his twenty-fifth year (1092), his abbot ordered him to prepare for the priesthood. Obedience made it his duty to overcome the fears of his humility, and he received the priesthood at the hands

of Ratbod, bishop of Noyon, the diocese to which the abbey of Mont-Saint-Quentin belonged.

A harder blow was soon to be dealt to his modesty. The abbey of Notre-Dame de Nogent-sous-Coucy was so badly governed by Henry, abbot of Saint-Remi at Reims, whose sickly old age had sapped his strength, that Helinand, bishop of Laon, and Enguerrand, lord of Boves and Coucy, joined forces to persuade him to resign. The monks of Nogent, guided by the advice of the archbishop of Reims and various other prelates, elected Geoffrey, in the hope that he would know how to raise up the material and moral ruins of their house. They appealed to Philip I to smooth away all difficulties. The monarch, delighted with such a choice, at once wrote of it to Abbot Godefroy of Péronne. That holy old man felt the full weight of the sacrifice demanded even more than his religious. But, holding back his tears and stifling his grief, he remembered the example of Abraham leading his Isaac to the place of sacrifice, and he had the courage to go with the beloved disciple, who had not left him since the age of five, to Laon.

Before the bishop of Laon, Geoffrey pleaded the cause of his reluctance and his modesty. He alleged his youth and his ignorance: “How,” he said, “could I be capable of governing an abbey, I who could not even be doorkeeper of the church or keeper of the sacred vessels? Would not disorder and confusion be the inevitable fruits of my inexperience?” But these devout exaggerations of a timorous conscience only brought out the sincerity of his self-denial. It was seen that he was of the stamp of those Christians of the first ages who showed as much zeal in avoiding honours as was later shown in seeking them. After receiving the abbatial blessing from Helinand, bishop of Laon, Geoffrey went to Nogent (1095). There he found only six professed monks and two young novices. The chief buildings were falling into ruin, and the rest had been overrun by thistles and nettles. The Saint raised the walls of the monastery again, made the dwelling fit to live in and recovered the property encroaching neighbours had seized. A guest-house was soon built for pilgrims and the sick poor; it was his favourite place. There he lavished on his guests all the delicate attentions of charity, and if one of them died he buried him with his own hands.

The abbey of Nogent soon won back its old reputation for regular observance, and new vocations soon gave it fresh life. Two illustrious abbots, Lambert of Florennes and Valrade of Saint-Nicolas de Ribemont, did not hesitate to resign their dignity and come to practise the laws of a greater perfection under such a master.

At Nogent, as at Mont-Saint-Quentin, Geoffrey carried sobriety to the farthest limits. One day the monastery cook took it into his head to put a little breadcrumb and pepper into the vegetables he was preparing with oil and salt for the abbot’s meal. The abbot noticed it, reprimanded the brother severely and threatened him with his displeasure if he dared again to serve him what he called dishes too flattering to the senses.

It was by such examples, even more than by his exhortations, that he kept up fervour among his religious. He neglected nothing to inspire in them a keen love of their state, the practice of absolute poverty, a horror of lying and devotion to the poor.

As indulgent as Geoffrey was towards faults that come from human weakness, so severe was he towards those rooted in a perverse will. One day he told the bursar Theobald to lend a saddle to a stranger who had asked for one. Learning that this disobedient religious had evaded the order, he summoned him to chapter and reproached him for his conduct. “Yes, I disobeyed,” cried the insolent monk; “your commands are so intolerable that you are forcing us to throw off the yoke.” After inflicting on the offender the punishment he deserved, Geoffrey had a great fire lit and gave to the flames that saddle which had been an occasion of scandal by bringing rebellion into the abode of peace and justice.

A good number of persons of rank put themselves under Geoffrey’s spiritual direction. Adelaide, viscountess of Coucy, came to live at Nogent as long as the holy abbot stayed there and devoted her immense fortune to helping the poor and endowing churches. Another of his penitents, named Viveta, of a noble Flemish family, owed him a miraculous rescue. After losing her husband this devout lady had taken the veil with her three daughters in the abbey of Notre-Dame at Soissons. Before going to Germany on a mission for her abbess, she

went to her director to draw strength for the journey. She had just left Nogent with her retinue and was crossing the dangerous forest between Saint-Paul-au-Bois and Cerisy when she was attacked by brigands. They plundered her baggage and imprisoned her and her servants in their underground lair. Viveta took advantage of the drunkenness into which the robbers soon sank to break her bonds and flee to Nogent. There she begged Geoffrey to intercede for the captives left in the cave with the Virgin and with St. Nicholas, whose feast was then being kept. The Saint went to pray in his oratory before the altar of Mary, and soon the noble lady's servants were seen arriving: their bonds had been miraculously broken. The brigands, witnesses of such a wonder, were struck with so salutary a fear that they were converted at once and hastened to give back their plunder.

At this same time Geoffrey's prayers won another miraculous success. The diocese of Soissons was laid waste by a terrible drought. The trees and plants were scorched by the heat of the sun, the animals were dying of thirst in the fields, and the dried-up rivers left their dead fish to rot in the fermenting mud. A pestilential air spread sickness and death everywhere. Meanwhile Hugh of Pierrefonds, bishop of Soissons, called the abbot of Nogent to him in the hope that his counsel would find a means of appeasing what was regarded as a consequence of heaven's anger. On his advice the Prelate ordered one of those austere fasts, like that of the Ninevites, in which children and even animals were not exempted from the laws of abstinence. On the first day of this penance the chief relics of the diocese were carried into the vast church of Saint-Étienne, where the dismayed people had gathered. Geoffrey went up into the pulpit and poured out words of consolation and hope. Suddenly the sky clouded over, a storm broke, and the rain fell in such torrents that everyone had great trouble getting home.

Some time afterwards Manasses II, archbishop of Reims, who had invited Geoffrey to attend one of his provincial Councils (1103), begged him before that august assembly to take in hand the government of the abbey of Saint-Remi at Reims. Our holy abbot based his refusal on his supposed incapacity. When the bishops insisted, he cried out that, faithful to the prescriptions of the Council of Nicaea, he could not bring himself to repudiate his poor church of Nogent to take another more illustrious and richer.

Providence, however, was keeping Geoffrey for higher destinies. It wished, so to speak, to accustom him to the thought by giving him a glimpse of the greatness he was to undergo. One night, when he was in that drowsy state between waking and sleeping, he seemed to see a person of middling height, dressed in a white toga, with a long beard, radiant as an angel, a book in his hand and a gold ring on his finger. Frightened by this apparition, Geoffrey traced the sign of the cross on his forehead. "Be reassured," the white apparition said to him with a smile; "I am not one of those who are put to flight by the sign of the Redemption. I am sent from heaven to tell you that God intends to make you one of the Princes of his Church. I cannot tell you more; you will soon see my words fulfilled. Meanwhile, be strong in the power of the Lord."

The angel disappeared. St. Geoffrey, seeing on his right a vast hall elegantly adorned, went into it. There priests clothed in albs begged his blessing and proclaimed him their future bishop. A venerable figure seated on a raised throne beckoned him to come near, prevented him from prostrating himself at his feet and spoke these words to him: "O servant of God, engrave deep in your memory what I am about to reveal to you. I was the first bishop of this city, where I suffered persecution and death for the faith of Christ. This city I entrust to you, so that you may govern my former flock with zeal." Geoffrey would have liked to know the name of the Pontiff who was speaking to him and of the city he was in; but the mysterious figure vanished without answering his questions, and the whole vision faded. It was only long afterwards that Geoffrey understood and told of the prophetic dream in which St. Firmin the martyr had appeared to him. The dream soon became reality. Gervin, bishop of Amiens, had laid down the mitre, and the diocese was without a Shepherd. After a day of preparatory fasting, the faithful and the clergy unanimously elected the abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, whose reputation had long since reached those parts.

Deputies of the city were sent to the Council of Troyes (1104), presided over by Cardinal Richard, bishop of Albano, legate of the Holy See, which the abbot of Nogent was attending. They explained that the choice of the diocese, without a Pontiff for two years, had fallen on Geoffrey; that King Philip had joyfully confirmed it; and that only the opposition of the man elected could stand in the way of this happy design. Geoffrey was indeed already thinking of flight when he was stopped by the legate's order. He then submitted to the Council's orders, and his decision was greeted with cries of joy. Geoffrey was consecrated at Reims (1104) by Manasses II, archbishop of that metropolis, in the presence of many bishops, among them Lambert of Arras and John of Commines of Thérouanne, his close friends. When, according to custom, the book of the Gospels was laid on his head and opened at random, the first sentence that appeared was this: "Now Elizabeth's full time of being delivered was come, and she brought forth a son" [Luke 1:57]. The whole assembly was struck by how well the passage applied to the man being ordained, for his mother, like St. John the Baptist's, was called Elizabeth; like her, she had long been barren, and both owed their happy fruitfulness to divine intervention. Accompanied by the bishops of Thérouanne and Arras, St. Geoffrey went to Amiens. On reaching the church of Saint-Acheul he got down from his horse and, despite the difficulty of the roads, continued barefoot as far as the church of Saint-Firmin, amid a joyful crowd. There he gave a sermon so full of wisdom and eloquence that the most discerning hearers judged it superior to anything they had ever heard, and everyone recognized in the new shepherd the inspired mouthpiece of the Holy Spirit.

The authority of his example was no less than that of his words. Attached in heart to the monastic life, he kept its habit, merely adding a modest cloak. From his arrival Geoffrey showed himself the zealous protector of the oppressed, and to help them he did not fear to face the hatred of their tyrants. Every day, following the example of St. Firmin the Confessor, he gathered thirteen poor men at the bishop's house, washed their feet as a sign of humility and served them food with his own hands.

Used from his youth to mortifying the repugnances of nature, St. Geoffrey felt only the stirrings of a wholly Christian joy where others would have been painfully affected. On a hot summer's day some beggars presented themselves to him, and people tried to dissuade him from receiving them because of the foul smell they gave off. The holy bishop, far from letting himself be influenced by this consideration, saw in these poor only suffering members of the mystical body of Jesus Christ. He gave them the kiss of peace, talked with them and distributed alms to them. Another time he was short of money when lepers of repulsive appearance had come in great numbers to ask for his daily charity. He told his steward to prepare a meal for them at once. This order was not carried out, and four hours later the lepers came back. Geoffrey then went down to the kitchen, where he had never before set foot. He found there an enormous salmon, which he hoisted on his shoulders and carried himself to the starving lepers. The steward, learning of this act of generosity, called it madness. Giving free rein to his irritation, he cried out that his master would soon reduce himself to the beggary he was relieving in others. The Saint tried to calm this ill humour. He said that it was not right for men redeemed at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ and destined for the supreme bliss of heaven to be condemned on earth to the torment of hunger, while the enjoyment of too succulent dishes was kept for the most unworthy of bishops.

St. Geoffrey, indulgent towards the faults of others, tolerated near him a certain Giselbert. His morals were corrupt, but he rendered great services to the church by his skill in directing ceremonies. The bishop limited himself to frequent reprimands, hoping that God's grace would one day touch the sinner's soul. The man, out of odious spite, spread slanders about his bishop, called his conduct hypocrisy and had long been watching for a sure chance of revenge. He thought he had found it when Nicholas, abbot of Corbie, invited the bishop of Amiens to dedicate a chapel of St. Thomas belonging to the monastery (1105). When the day of the consecration came, Giselbert slipped away secretly, fully expecting to bring a signal humiliation on his bishop, who knew nothing whatever of the science of the sacred ceremonies. But Geoffrey was not troubled by this setback. Putting all his trust in God, he managed without advice to carry out his functions so well that

one would have thought him specially gifted for them.

The very liveliness of his faith often became an obstacle to the regular performance of the sacred rites. When he celebrated the holy mysteries, his face lit up with the fervour that filled his thoughts. In the midst of these ecstasies he had no strength left to raise his voice or turn the pages of the missal, and he shed floods of tears that interrupted the divine liturgy for a moment.

He would have liked all his priests to bring to the altar a heart as pure as his own, and he kept away from the sanctuary those whom scandalous conduct made unworthy of it. So he made irreconcilable enemies, whose vengeance surrounded him with dangers. One day the concubine of a priest he had suspended sent him a bottle of wine, no doubt on the pretext of reconciliation. Geoffrey, warned by a secret inspiration, would not taste it without having it tested. He dipped a piece of bread in the treacherous drink, which was mixed with hellebore, and gave it to the dog that guarded his courtyard. The poor beast went to sleep on the bishop's bed — but, alas, never to wake again.

Forgetful of his own needs, our Saint always thought of those of others. On feast days he used to give a collation to the clerics whose fast had been prolonged by the length of the offices. On one of these occasions a priest took the liberty of seizing his episcopal cup and playing unseemly buffoonery with it. The prelate had the cup sold for the benefit of the poor so as no longer to have an odious reminder before his eyes.

Accompanied by a servant, Geoffrey often went to visit the sanctuaries of the city or to comfort the poor and the lepers. He eased their troubles by his alms, his blessings and his kindnesses, and also by the sacraments he gave them.

To finish with the episcopal virtues of our Saint, we will add that he cultivated church chant with taste, being versed in it since childhood; that he presided over all the offices of his cathedral; and that he attended the distribution of the ashes barefoot and wearing a hair shirt.

It was in 1110 that Geoffrey carried out the translation of the relics of St. Firmin the Martyr. One day, preaching in his cathedral, he turned his eyes towards the all too modest shrine that held the remains of our first bishop. "O my dear children," he cried, "consider what we owe to the holy Martyrs, whose protection shelters us from the perils of this life and whose prayers will open the gates of heaven to us. Let us call upon them often, then, so that they may be our intercessors with God. That is why our ancestors raised churches in their honour and adorned their monuments with gold, silver and precious stones. Imitate them, you who see the poverty of the shrine where the relics of your holy patron lie, and devote your riches to preparing a worthier resting-place for him."

Geoffrey's eloquent words so impressed his hearers that the faithful hurried to bring gold, silver and jewels to build a richer shrine than the one that had already existed for five centuries. Some of them even undertook distant journeys to bring back the most precious things they could find to adorn the basilica of Saint-Firmin. When the new shrine, worked with exquisite art, was finished, Geoffrey translated the relics into it amid a prodigious throng of the faithful who had come from every side. In a moving address he urged them to redouble their trust in the venerated remains of the holy Martyr and to place themselves and their families under his guardian protection.

A number of people from the country round Amiens who had not been able to attend this solemnity came some days later to beg their bishop to show them the relics of St. Firmin. Geoffrey at first refused, but at last let himself be moved by their pleas and appointed All Saints' Day for this new ceremony.

From the second week of October a fog so thick had spread over the Amiénois that it completely blocked out the sun's rays. When the day of the feast of All Saints came, the faithful, plunged in dismay, flocked to the cathedral. There St. Geoffrey, in his pontifical vestments and barefoot, took the relics from their shrine, placed them in a purple silk veil and showed them from a raised place, crying: "Here are the sacred bones of

the martyr St. Firmin, who is our protector!" At once the sun poured floods of light into the holy place and filled every heart with joy. The faithful, now redoubling their trust in their holy patron's intercession, asked that his right hand be set apart so that in public calamities this holy relic could be seen and kissed more easily. The bishop granted this devout wish.

Robert of Jerusalem, count of Flanders, who had made his name famous in the crusades, wished to keep the Christmas feasts of the year 1110 at Saint-Omer. He invited many lords and bishops to the solemnity and asked Geoffrey, whom he held in great esteem, to celebrate the midnight Mass. When the offertory came, the celebrant refused the offerings of all who wore curled moustaches and long hair. These new fashions, regarded as an effeminate luxury, had been forbidden by several councils, among others that of Rouen held in 1096. The congregation seemed greatly surprised and wondered who this prelate was who dared act with such authority towards great and powerful lords. When they learned the celebrant's name and holiness, they hastened, for want of scissors, to cut their hair with their swords or knives, counting themselves happy at the price of so slight a sacrifice not to be deprived of the blessing of such a bishop. On this occasion the count of Flanders felt his veneration for Geoffrey grow. Throughout France people admired the firmness of this pontiff, who had not feared to do in a church not his own what many other prelates would not have dared attempt in their own diocese.

It was on the way back from Saint-Omer to Amiens with the castellan Adam that an adventure took place which was to show how devoted St. Geoffrey was in his friendships. On setting foot in the territory of Amiens, Adam voiced his fears about Guermond, lord of Picquigny and vidame of Amiens, who had long pursued him with hatred. So Adam wished to take another road so as not to fall into the hands of an enemy from whom he expected no quarter. The trusting bishop tried to reassure him by reminding him of the peace that had been sworn, adding that he had nothing to fear in his company, since Guermond was his chief vassal. Geoffrey had deceived himself. The vidame soon appeared at the head of his men-at-arms, seized Adam despite the prelate's entreaties and took him, loaded with chains, to the underground prisons of Picquigny. Our Saint, overwhelmed with grief and abandoned by his servants, followed his captive friend as far as Guermond's castle, whose gate was insolently shut against him. Back at Amiens he laid this odious ambush before his clergy. After having the shrines of the Saints set down on the ground, he excommunicated the vidame and laid the churches of Picquigny under interdict. But far from submitting, Guermond took his revenge by ravaging the countryside and burning the churches round about.

To console himself amid so many calamities, the Saint often talked with two of his servants, named Gaufrid and Orbert. The first kept the bishop's flocks; the second tilled his land. The shepherd, a new Amos, had the spirit of God on his lips and taught the other herdsmen the ways of eternity. So the good prelate delighted in the familiar conversation of these devout servants and was edified to see them help, clothe and feed the poor.

It was on their advice that he decided to attempt the release of the castellan of Amiens. Accompanied by them, one carrying his shoes and the other his short cloak, and clothed in a simple hair shirt, he set out barefoot for Picquigny despite the rigours of the month of January (1111). Geoffrey stopped at the monastery of Saint-Remi, which stood in the middle of the woods and was later called Notre-Dame de Grâce. The religious, told by him of the purpose of the journey, offered to go with him; but our Saint was content to commend his undertaking to their prayers and went on his way reciting psalms, as was his devout custom. Reaching the square of Picquigny and seeing the vidame pass by, he threw himself at his knees, veiling his head so as not to be recognized at once. "Who are you, and what do you want of me?" cried the vidame. "I am Geoffrey, bishop of Amiens, your lord in temporal as in spiritual things. Following the example of Jesus Christ, my master, who died on the cross to save Adam and his posterity, I come in this penitent's garb to ask the freedom of another Adam, whom you hold in chains." Those who saw this scene, struck by the strangeness of such a sight, hastened to raise the holy bishop. But the vidame, far from being softened, cried: "With what face, insolent monk, do you dare appear before me? Do you imagine your word will change my

plans? This Adam you claim fell into my hands by the decree of fortune and will remain my prisoner until he dies." To escape the insults and threats with which Guermond accompanied his stubborn refusals, Geoffrey withdrew into the church of Saint-Martin and spent the night there in prayer.

The next morning he had the bells rung and, before an immense assembly that had gathered from all the country round, renewed his excommunication of the tyrant of Picquigny. By this he showed clearly that the humiliation he had imposed on himself the day before was the fruit of his charity and not a mark of weakness.

From then on Geoffrey never ceased to call on St. Firmin for Adam's release. His prayers were granted at last. Guermond was imprisoned in his turn by William Talvas, count of Ponthieu, a worthy successor of Robert the Devil. He had the bishop of Amiens begged to intervene, promising to make good his wrongs, restore the churches he had ruined and give the castellan of Amiens his freedom. Geoffrey succeeded in this difficult negotiation. He brought the repentant vidame back to his castle of Picquigny and brought the castellan Adam home.

The Investiture Controversy was then convulsing the Church and the Empire. The emperor Henry V had taken Pope Paschal II prisoner and claimed to have obtained from him the concession of the disputed right. Guy, archbishop of Vienne, had been present at the Lateran Council (1112) where this grave question had been debated. Back in Vienne, he called a council there so that the bishops of France might in their turn defend the freedom of the Church. The archbishop was unwell when the session opened (16 September 1112) and asked Geoffrey to preside in his place. Our bishop accepted this important mission. Despite the fever he was then suffering from, he directed the council's work and, together with the other bishops, branded as heresy the doctrine that a lay hand could confer investiture. On his way back to his diocese Geoffrey stayed for some time at the abbey of Cluny, where he left a high opinion of his merit and virtues.

Geoffrey took part in founding the commune of Amiens. But the lords claimed to keep all their privileges, and from then on there was open war between their party and that of the commune. The Church's estates were laid waste by plunder and fire. Frightened by the troubles that were bloodying the city of Amiens, Geoffrey resigned his office and resolved to devote the rest of his life to solitude. With a religious of the abbey of Nogent he went to the Grande-Chartreuse, passing through the city of Laon, where he attended the dedication of the church (6 September 1114). Blessed Guigo, superior of the monastery, would willingly have given him the religious habit had he not feared to displease the archbishop of Reims and the Holy See. He was filled with admiration for this humble bishop, who submitted entirely to the austere Rule of St. Bruno; yet he wished to test how far his patience and gentleness would go. "Is it not true," he said to him, "that you have often sold your ordinations for money?" "My father," answered the Saint, "I have never defiled my episcopal hands with that infamous simony; but I am no more innocent before God for that, since a hundred times I have let myself be seduced by flattery and have been open to the lures of praise." The general of the Carthusians, seeing that Geoffrey had found an occasion for humbling himself where many others would have seen only a lawful cause for indignation, inwardly admired this brave patience in bearing insults.

On 6 December 1114, under the episcopate of Peter of Dammartin, a Council presided over by Conon, bishop of Palestrina, legate of the Holy See, opened at Beauvais. The main purpose of the assembly was to deal with the affairs of the ecclesiastical province of Reims. It excommunicated Thomas of Marle, Geoffrey's persecutor, and declared him stripped of the rank of French knighthood because of the brigandage he had committed in the dioceses of Reims, Laon and Amiens.

When this sentence became known at Amiens, deputies were sent to the Council of Beauvais to complain of Geoffrey's withdrawal and to ask leave to choose a successor. Ralph the Green [Raoul le Verd], archbishop of Reims, answered them: "How dare you make such a request, you whose intrigues and quarrels drove from

his see a bishop who was the model of every virtue? Where could you find a man to elect who came near his holiness? You ought to blush with shame at the thought that you have deprived the see of Amiens of so accomplished a Prelate. What have you to reproach him with? Did he pursue sordid gain? Did he traffic in church property?" "Never," answered the delegates. "Very well," the archbishop went on, "as long as he lives he will remain your Shepherd. So think only of bringing him back among you." Soon afterwards the Council received a letter that Geoffrey addressed to it from the Grande-Chartreuse. The holy bishop begged his colleagues to regard him as having resigned a see he believed himself unworthy to occupy. He had always tried, he said, to teach the doctrine of Jesus Christ in all its purity, but his example had not been in harmony with his teaching. The Fathers of the Council shed tears as they listened to this letter, dictated by the deepest humility, and referred the matter to the Council that was soon to meet at Soissons. That assembly opened on the feast of the Epiphany in the year 1115. By order of Louis the Fat the Fathers of the Council sent to the Grande-Chartreuse Henry, abbot of Mont-Saint-Quentin, and Hubert, a monk of Cluny, with letters for Geoffrey and for the religious of St. Bruno. These were enjoined not to keep the bishop of Amiens but to send him back as soon as possible to occupy his see. Geoffrey was reproached for abandoning his flock and ordered to return promptly. The devout Pontiff, after shedding many tears, resigned himself to obey the orders of the king and the Council. He left that austere solitude, where he had stayed from 8 December 1114 until the beginning of Lent in the year 1115. He reached Reims on the fourth Sunday of Lent, at the moment when Conon, legate of the Holy See, was holding a Council in which the emperor Henry V was condemned once more. Though worn out by mortifications and the fatigues of the journey, Geoffrey went straight into the assembly. The legate sharply reproached him for deserting his see and for preferring the care of his own sanctification to the spiritual interests of his flock, and ordered him to resume his episcopal functions at once. Geoffrey then hastened back to Amiens, where he was welcomed with unanimous joy.

One of the holy bishop's first concerns was to bring his people back to respect for the Lenten abstinence and to put down a new custom then creeping in of eating meat on the Sundays of Lent. He learned that some were disobeying his orders and that others, while submitting, grumbled at his severity. On Maundy Thursday, as was his custom, Geoffrey went to the church of Saint-Firmin and preached there especially on the fatal intemperance of our first parents, surpassed, he said, by those who break the easy law of fasting. His hearers, touched by these words, fell on their knees and declared themselves guilty. As a penance the bishop told them to put off their Easter communion until Easter Monday.

A parishioner of the church of Saint-Remi would not submit to this delay, which he regarded as an affront. So as not to be recognized by his parish priest, the venerable Fulk, he disguised himself in women's clothes and on Easter Day came up to the holy Table. But as soon as he had received the sacred Host he was seized with violent pains and forced to bring it up with streams of blood pouring from his mouth. Struck with remorse, the guilty man confessed his sex and his trickery and lamented his sacrilege. This made a deep impression on those who had dared to rise up against their bishop's injunctions.

Thomas of Marle and the castellan Adam were still laying waste the city of Amiens. Geoffrey, who could set only powerless prayers against these oppressions, went to Beauvais to find Bishop Ivo of Chartres and begged him to write to the king, asking him to restore peace by force of arms in the very interest of his crown. Louis the Fat had received a considerable payment from the new burgesses of Amiens for their enfranchisement and was therefore bound to see that the undertaking he had given was respected. Moved by Ivo of Chartres's letter, he came to Amiens, but with badly organized troops. Geoffrey preached before him on Palm Sunday (1115). He pronounced anathema on the garrison of the Castillon and promised the kingdom of heaven to anyone who died attacking this fortress, a den of crime and brigandage. When soldiers and burgesses, led by the king, stormed the great tower, St. Geoffrey went barefoot to the tomb of St. Firmin and prayed God to make the right cause triumph. His prayers were not to be granted so soon. Adam's troops destroyed the besiegers' engines, and the king, wounded by an arrow that went through his hauberk, had to

give up the attempt. Only a blockade of two years could reduce the Castillon by famine, and it was then that this proud fortress of the counts of Amiens was razed. At Geoffrey's request the dungeon where our first Apostle had been martyred was preserved. Over this venerated crypt Enguerrand of Boves soon had the church of Saint-Firmin-en-Castillon built.

A deep sense of justice always guided St. Geoffrey's conduct, whether in the political troubles then agitating the city of Amiens or in the smallest details of pastoral administration. We find a new proof of it in the following incident, in which he knew how to join severity with mercy.

In the convent of Saint-Michel at Doullens there was a nun full of simplicity and virtue who had already made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem three times. One evening her superior ordered her to hold a wax torch to give her light during the meal. The good sister hastened to obey, but through an unintended clumsiness she let the candle fall to the ground, and it went out. The prioress flew into a rage, struck the poor girl and, after pursuing her with insults for several days, turned her out of the monastery. The innocent victim then went to the bishop of Amiens, who lavished consolation on her and found her a refuge with a respectable woman named Eremburge, who lived near the bishop's house. Geoffrey at once wrote to the superior at Doullens ordering her to come to him immediately, and on foot. The bad nun obeyed this summons; but, foreseeing the prelate's reproaches, she gave free rein to her temper and began by flying into insults against him. "Remember," the bishop said to her, "that I hold here the place of Jesus Christ. I am your judge, and it is in that capacity that I call you to account for the sister I entrusted to your keeping." "I do not know what you mean; I have lost none of my sisters." "I am speaking of that excellent girl whom you one evening forced to light you with a torch. Did you not have the cruelty to drive her out of your monastery for a wretched trifle? Did you not think, then, that if this poor forsaken creature fell into despair, if want drove her to sell her honour, you would be answerable before God for her ruin? I order you to search for her everywhere and bring her back into your monastery, and until you have found her I condemn you to a total fast." The superior of Saint-Michel searched every quarter of the city in vain. Worn out with fatigue and hunger, she came back to the bishop's house in the evening, where her tears bore witness to her sincere repentance. The bishop then relented. He sent for the nun and put her back into the hands of her superior, to whom he granted a generous pardon.

Before giving back his soul to God, Geoffrey was to witness the disaster that turned the city of Amiens into a heap of ashes and ruins. One night, while Geoffrey was praying before the relics of St. Firmin, he was rapt in ecstasy and found himself carried outside the city, on the road leading to Saint-Acheul. Suddenly he saw towards the south a chariot drawn by fiery horses, and many horsemen whose steeds spewed sulphurous flames. He heard shields, helmets and swords clashing and saw all these phantom warriors rush towards the city they meant to destroy. Geoffrey had just traced the sign of the cross on his forehead to put these horrible apparitions to flight when he saw a pontiff, the episcopal ring on his finger and a palm in his hand, his head crowned with lilies and roses from which a cross stood out. "I am Firmin, martyr and first bishop of this city," said the apparition. "As of old, I am still ready to help it in the hour of danger. The transgressions of your people have kindled the Lord's anger. Reveal what you have just seen; by your exhortations, your rebukes and your invectives, convert the sinners, and implore God's clemency with me." St. Firmin at once rose back towards heaven. Geoffrey, coming to himself, saw his clothes soaked with the floods of tears he had shed, and this was to him a proof that his vision was real.

In vain did our Saint, obedient to these mysterious warnings, use entreaties, threats and promises to bring his flock back to the paths of righteousness. His accounts were called fanciful visions, and only too late did people come to see the sad truth of his prophetic words.

On 23 August 1115, the eve of St. Bartholomew, thick darkness spread over the city. The fires hidden in its depths set the houses alight and spread such terror that no one even thought of fighting the advance of the flames. Hideous crows were seen hovering in the air with burning coals in their beaks, and half-burnt animals

floating in the Somme. The whole city of Amiens was destroyed except the church of Saint-Firmin, the bishop's palace and a few huts of the poor.

Geoffrey learned of these sad events in Ponthieu, where he was on pastoral visitation, and he hurried at once to the scene of desolation. "O my dear children," he cried, "why did you not believe my words? You would have appeased the divine anger by the sincerity of your penance. At least draw some profit from your misfortunes by reforming your lives and acknowledging the justice of the punishment that has struck you. If you do so, I promise you in God's name that Providence will heal all the ills that have afflicted you." This time the people of Amiens believed his word and followed his advice. So, scarcely two years had passed before the ravages of the past were repaired and Geoffrey's promises had been fulfilled. As the holy bishop felt the end of his life drawing near, he multiplied his works of charity and mercy and redoubled his zeal to purify his life. He did not forget the monastery of Mont-Saint-Quentin, where his happiest days had been spent. He gave it an altar, a gold chalice and the means to provide for the lighting of the church and the food of the brethren and the poor.

It was as though he had foreseen the date of his death. When he went to visit John, bishop of Thérouanne, to talk with him of the miseries of the time, John begged him to attend his funeral, which he thought was near. But our Saint assured him that he would go before him to the grave; and indeed the bishop of Thérouanne did not die until fifteen years later (in 1130).

Surrounded by snares and exposed to slander and persecution, St. Geoffrey, whose character seems to us to have been inclined to discouragement, thought of going to shelter his last days in the silent shade of the Grande-Chartreuse. It was there that he would have wished to die, far from the political quarrels that constantly agitated his episcopal city. However, he resolved to go and take counsel with Ralph the Green, archbishop of Reims. Odo, abbot of the monastery of Saint-Crépin at Soissons, learned that the bishop of Amiens was crossing the Soissonnais on his way to the metropolis. He sent to meet him and begged him to come and celebrate the patronal feast in his abbey (25 October). Geoffrey accepted the invitation; but the very night of his arrival he felt the first attacks of the fever that was to carry him off. The next day, nevertheless, he wished to set out again. He had scarcely gone two leagues when he felt his strength leave him and had to stop at a farm belonging to the abbey of Saint-Crépin. He then told his travelling companions of the dream he had had the night before. Four illustrious figures clothed in white albs, he said, had carried him into a church and there, before a great weeping crowd, had laid a great tombstone on his body.

Three days later Abbot Odo, told how grave this turn of events was, came to visit the dear invalid and had him taken by water to the monastery at Soissons. There he received the last sacraments from Bishop Lisiard of Crépy. Geoffrey said farewell to the religious, expressed the wish to be buried in the chapter house and gave back his soul to God on 8 November 1115, the approach of death leaving the calm of his features unchanged.

Lisiard, bishop of Soissons, would have liked Geoffrey to be buried in the cathedral of Saints Gervasius and Protasius. But Odo, abbot of Saint-Crépin, made the rights of his monastery prevail, and these were in any case in harmony with the dying man's wishes. So the holy bishop of Amiens was buried in the chapter house of the abbey.

Among the eminent persons who attended his funeral were Lisiard, bishop of Soissons; Clérembault, bishop of Senlis; Raoul III, abbot of Saint-Médard; and many other abbots. As the crowd could not get into the church to look once more on the dead man's features, some thought of looking through the windows from a high scaffold. Even women had taken their places on it, among them the wife of Enguerrand, a rich burgess of the town. The scaffold broke under the weight and was thrown to the ground. Many deaths were feared; no one had received the slightest bruise. This event was regarded as St. Geoffrey's first posthumous miracle.

An engraving by Sébastien Leclerc shows St. Geoffrey with the dog that died of poison after eating a piece of bread dipped in a drink meant for the holy bishop. In the *Fasti Mariani* he is seen kneeling, praying God to turn away from his episcopal city the scourges threatening it, which are symbolized by armies drawn up for battle and flames falling from the sky.

CULT AND RELICS.

Geoffrey's holiness was proclaimed by his contemporaries, but it was revealed above all by the miracles worked at his tomb. His name is written in the old litanies of Amiens and in the martyrologies of Rome, Amiens and elsewhere. A street in Amiens bears the name of Saint-Geoffroy.

Odo, abbot of Saint-Crépin at Soissons, when burying the body of St. Geoffrey, kept for himself his belt and his episcopal comb, which he always carried on him as true relics. On 5 April 1138 Joscelin, bishop of Soissons, moved St. Geoffrey's body, buried twenty-three years before, from the chapter house of Saint-Crépin-le-Grand to the choir of the abbey church.

In 1617 Jérôme Hennequin, bishop of Soissons, had excavations made in the old chapter house of the abbey of Saint-Crépin. For a moment he thought he had found the remains of St. Geoffrey in a body clothed in pontifical vestments; but doubt arose, and the unknown body was put back in the earth. Father Longueval wrote in 1734: "The tomb of St. Geoffrey has not yet been discovered, although the monks of Saint-Crépin have searched for it."

So no credence should be given to André Duval when he tells us (*Additions to Ribadeneira*): "This sacred treasure was carried with its shrine into the royal abbey of the nuns of Notre-Dame in the same town of Soissons, where it has rested since it was saved there from the fury of the Huguenots, with the other relics that were in this abbey of Saint-Crépin."

We have taken this biography from the *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens* by the abbé Corblet, honorary canon and historiographer of the diocese.

(1) *Godefridus, Gaudofridus, Gaufridus, Gunfridus, Geofridus, Goffridus; Godefroy, Godefrid, Godefride, Gaufrid, Geofrid, Gofrid, Geoffroi, Guiffroy, Gonfroy.* Godefridus is a name of Germanic origin, very common in the 11th century. It comes from the Teutonic *God*, God, and *fried*, peace; Godefried therefore means "peace of God".

ST. MAURUS, SECOND BISHOP OF VERDUN (2nd century)

Maurus, one of the oldest glories of the church of Verdun, was the first fruit of the preaching of St. Saintin [Sanctinus]. Charmed by his virtues, Saintin raised him to the order of priesthood to begin establishing the clergy of his episcopal city. But the pagans soon drove him out of the city, and with him all the citizens known for their attachment to the new religion. It is a very old tradition that the fugitives withdrew into great woods, at a place then called Flabasium, believed to be the present village of Flabas (Meuse, arrondissement of Montmédy, canton of Damvillers). Near this village the spring of Saint-Maur can still be seen. The church is dedicated to the same patron, and an old hermitage is still mentioned in 1519, in connection with the misdeeds of a hermit whom the cathedral chapter, as regalian lord of the place, had arrested on a charge of theft.

Maurus was at the head of this little band of Christians when he was elected bishop by the clergy and faithful of Verdun after the death of St. Saintin, who had designated him as his successor. His humility made him refuse this dignity at first, but he had to give way. If tradition is to be believed, when he reappeared at Verdun he built a baptistery, or chapel of St. John the Baptist, on the stream of Escance, and lived on the banks of this stream, which at that time was not yet enclosed within the city. The Escance, now diverted into the countryside, used to flow towards the Porte de France (one of the gates of the present town of Verdun).

One is at first tempted to take this story for a detail invented to link the Saint's memory with the abbey of

Benedictine nuns built under his name on this very spot shortly after the year 1000. But the deeds of that foundation prove that there really was a chapel of St. John the Baptist there, probably the baptistery of the primitive cathedral at the time when baptism was given by immersion. (This oratory was ruined in 450, and St. Airy, bishop of Verdun, had the parish church of Saint-Médard rebuilt on the same spot. It was near this church that the Benedictine monastery of Saint-Maur once stood.) However that may be, St. Maurus and his successors were buried there, and in 1790 the stone coffins in which their remains had been found could still be seen behind the high altar of the abbey. Mabillon and Ruinart, passing through Verdun in 1696, visited these tombs and speak of them in the account of their journey in search of antiquities and manuscripts. At the Val-de-Grâce in Paris there were relics of St. Maurus, sent from Verdun in December 1643, in a fine ebony reliquary with silver foliage, which came from King Louis XIII and was given by Anne of Austria. The religious of the monastery of Tholey (diocese of Trier) also had some fragments. Hatto, bishop of Verdun, witnessed the miracles worked on the occasion of a translation of St. Maurus's relics. He had a church built at Hattonchâtel (Meuse, arrondissement of Commercy, canton of Vigneulles), dedicated it to the Saint and moved under its high altar a notable relic of St. Saintin's successor, the left tibia. In the 15th century Bishop Louis d'Haraucourt translated it into an arm-shaped reliquary to expose it to the people's veneration, and the custom grew up of calling this relic the arm of St. Maurus. The church of Hattonchâtel still has this precious relic today. It was inspected in 1860 by order of Mgr Rossat, bishop of Verdun. The church of Verdun used to keep the feast of St. Maurus on 10 November, the day of his birth into heaven (8 November is the date of one of the Saint's translations). Today the feast is kept on the 16th of the same month.

Taken from the *Histoire ecclésiastique et civile de Verdun*, by Roussel (Contant-Laguerre edition, Bar-le-Duc, 1863), and from the *Histoire de Verdun et du pays Verdunois*, by the abbé Clouët (Verdun, Charles Laurent, 1867).

9 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Rome, the Dedication of the church of the Saviour. 324. — At Amasea, in Pontus, the birthday in heaven of ST. THEODORE, soldier. In the time of the emperor Maximian he was cruelly scourged for confessing the Christian faith and then put in prison, where Our Lord appeared to him, strengthened him and urged him to be brave and constant. Soon afterwards he was hung on the rack, and his whole body was torn with iron hooks so cruelly that his entrails could be seen. At last, to finish taking his life, he was thrown into the fire. St. Gregory of Nyssa celebrated his praises in a brilliant panegyric. 304. — At Tyana, in Cappadocia, St. Orestes, martyred under the emperor Diocletian. 4th c. — At Thessalonica, St. Alexander, put to death for the faith under Maximian. 4th c. — At Bourges, ST. URSINUS, confessor. He was ordained by the successors of the Apostles and sent to that city to be its first bishop. — At Naples, St. Agrippinus or Arpinus, bishop, famous for his miracles. — At Constantinople, St. Eustolia, a Roman, and St. Sopatra, daughter of the emperor Maurice, virgins. — At Berytus, in Syria, the memory of the Image of the Saviour. It was crucified by Jews and shed blood in such quantity that the Churches of East and West were abundantly supplied with it. About 765.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Carcassonne and Rennes, the feast of the Dedication of the Lateran basilica. 324. — In the diocese of Paris, ST. MATHURIN, priest and confessor, already named in the Roman martyrology of 1 November and in the martyrology of France of the 6th of this month. 388. — At Lyons, the translation (7th

century) from Africa to the church of Saint-Jean-Baptiste in that city of the relics of St. Speratus, one of the twelve Scillitan martyrs, whose life we gave on 17 July. 200. — At Lodève (Hérault), in the present diocese of Montpellier, St. George, bishop of the ancient see of Lodève, whose life we gave on 19 February. 884. — In the diocese of Nevers, St. Morin or Maurin, deacon and confessor. The former parish of Chevannes, now united with Billy (Nièvre, arrondissement of Nevers, canton of Saint-Benin-d'Azy), honoured him as its patron. Date uncertain. — In Berry, St. Leucadius or Leocadius, senator, of whom we speak today in the life of St. Ursinus.(1) 1st c. — In the Vivarais (a small district of old France, now almost wholly within the department of Ardèche), St. Montanus, hermit. Seized with love of solitude, he broke all the ties of flesh and blood and came from the depths of Lorraine to seek in southern Gaul a hidden and inaccessible desert, where he might live unknown to men, alone under the eye of God. Behind the hills that run along the Rhône, two leagues below Viviers, he discovered a narrow, deep gorge surrounded by thick forests, called Val-Chaud (*Vallis Calida*). On the north slope of the mountain there was a natural cavity hollowed in the rock, forming two storeys that communicated with each other. Montanus chose the grotto for his cell and the desert for his dwelling. He spent several years there, occupied in contemplation and favoured with visions and extraordinary graces. But the secret of his solitude was discovered, and the people soon came flocking, drawn by the edifying sight of this life more angelic than human. Then, unable any longer to escape the devout importunity of the crowd, St. Montanus said farewell to the desert of Val-Chaud and left secretly for Loudun. The place he lived in has kept his name (Saint-Montan, Ardèche, arrondissement of Privas) and is still full of, and as it were fragrant with, his memory.(2) End of the 4th c. — At Thélus (Pas-de-Calais, arrondissement of Arras, canton of Vimy), St. Rainulf or Renon, martyr, named in the Roman martyrology of 27 May, the day under which we gave some details about him (note 2 to the Roman martyrology). Date uncertain.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Rome, the Dedication of the basilica of the most holy Saviour.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — At Berytus, in Syria, the memory of the Image of the Saviour, which was crucified by the Jews and shed blood in such quantity that the

Churches of East and West were abundantly supplied with it. 765.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — The feast of all the Saints of our Order.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — At Rome, the Dedication of the basilica of the Saviour. — At Bologna, Blessed Louis (Ludovico Morbioli), confessor, of the Carmelite Order, renowned for his praiseworthy penance and the austerity of his life. His feast is kept on 15 March.(3) End of the 15th c.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — The same as above.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In Ireland, St. Benen or Benignus, archbishop of Armagh (chief town of the county of that name, in the province of Ulster). He came of a distinguished Irish family. His father lodged St. Patrick (17 March), and the holy apostle was in his house when he kept his first Easter near Tara or Temoria (East Meath), the earliest residence of the kings of Ireland. Benen's father was rewarded for his love of hospitality: he came to know the true God, with all his family. Benen, who was then very young, conceived such esteem and affection for the man who had drawn him out of the darkness of paganism that he begged leave never to be parted from him. With his parents' consent St. Patrick took him with him and made him the inseparable companion of his apostolic labours. He even foretold that he would one day be his successor. And indeed, after the death of the holy apostle of Ireland (464), Benen was placed on the episcopal see of Armagh, which he held for ten years. 474. — At Segni, a town of the States of the Church, Blessed Joan, virgin. She was born of a family of poor

farm labourers who worked the estates of the castle of Segni. She was brought up in piety and, from childhood, blessed with the most abundant blessings of heaven. When she grew up she resolved to belong wholly to the Lord and withdrew to a little hermitage at the bottom of the valley of Segni, where she spent all the days of her life in astonishing austerities. When the plague spread through that country (1348), she worked wonders of charity towards the poor sick stricken by the terrible scourge; but she fell victim to her devotion and zeal. 14th c. — Among the Greeks, St. Matrona of Perga, widow, a nun at Emesa, and St. Theodota, virgin, her daughter. 5th c. — At Rome, St. Clement (Flavius Clemens), consul and martyr, nephew of Vespasian and cousin of Domitian. That prince made him marry his first cousin Flavia Domitilla the Elder. By her he had two sons, whom Domitian meant to be his successors and who were brought up by the famous Quintilian. Clement was consul with the emperor when the latter, learning that he had embraced Christianity, had him put to death. His wife was exiled for the same cause to the island of Pandataria. About 89. — At Milan, St. Aurelius, bishop of Ariaratha, on the borders of Armenia and Cappadocia. His relics are kept at Hirsau (Württemberg). 383. — In Ethiopia, St. John of Bizana, priest and monk. — In Ireland, St. Moconna, confessor. — At Münster (Westphalia), St. Erpho, seventeenth bishop of that see and confessor. 11th c.

(1) The tradition and old chronicles of the Church of Bourges hold that St. Leocadius was buried in the church of Saint-Étienne at Déols (Indre, arrondissement and canton of Châteauroux), near the tomb of his son St. Ludre. In January 1862, guided by the tradition that had always given the name of St. Leocadius's tomb to a long-demolished part of the church of Déols, the abbé Chagnon, parish priest, thought of making excavations. They soon led to the discovery of an important burial. The clearing, made outside the left aisle, brought to light a small vault 3.60 m by three metres, exactly opposite that of St. Ludre. It once communicated with the inside of the church by a door, now walled up, and some steps that can still be clearly seen.

At the back of the vault, on a floor patched together from grave-slabs of different periods, can be seen the massive remains of an empty sepulchre with straight, square walls, about 2.40 m long. Much less rich than its marble counterpart in material and workmanship, this sarcophagus of plain dressed stone has no ornament but a fine profile, five moulded panels on the front and, on its fitted lid, a fine running frieze of rosettes and foliage, of which unfortunately barely two or three fragments remain. Is this the tomb of St. Leocadius? One may suppose so. — Veillat, *Légendes du Berry*. (2) *Histoire du Vivarais*, by the abbé Rouchier, honorary canon of Viviers (Paris, Firmin-Didot, 1862).

(3) We have sketched his notice on 15 March (vol. III, p. 431).

ST. URSINUS, FIRST BISHOP OF BOURGES, APOSTLE OF BERRY

Apostolic times.

Behold, I will send many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them.

Jer. 16:16.

While St. Front makes his way into Périgord, St. Austremonius into Auvergne and St. Martial into the Limousin, let us go with Ursinus into the centre of Gaul to witness the birth of the Church of Bourges. According to some legend-writers of the old breviary of Bourges, Ursinus would be the same as Nathanael, the disciple of Christ who read the lesson during the Supper, and whom others confuse with St. Bartholomew. It was with a cruel pang of heart that the devout missionary found himself cast into these vast solitudes peopled with great trees. His only companion was Just, his one faithful disciple, and he too was soon to leave him, for a terrible trial was in store. Only nine miles from their journey's end, near a little township on the banks of the Auron called Chambon, Just was seized with an overwhelming weakness and told his master that his end was coming. At this news, which he would have liked to doubt, Ursinus himself

felt his strength fail. In spite of his prayers and his care he soon received his disciple's last breath. In his despair and abandonment, what was he to do? Alone and disheartened, could he carry on his task in this unknown country, given over to barbarism and the worship of idols? He asked God to call him too. But an inner voice commanded him to overcome his weakness and go forward with the fearlessness and faith of a Christian soldier. Ursinus obeyed. Bequeathing to this foreign land the body and the name of his friend, he dried his tears and went on his way, and towards evening he reached the gates of Avaricum (Bourges), the goal of his mission. On entering this unknown city, of which he was to become master, Ursinus made himself humble and small. He took refuge in the suburb with a poor family and at once began his work of persuasion and charity on them. In the evening, by the fireside, before seeking in sleep forgetfulness of the day's labours, he would tell, along with his own adventures, of the great events that had just taken place in the East and promised the world a new age. The next day his hosts, half smiling and half believing, repeated to the neighbours what they had learned the evening before, and the neighbours wanted to hear the stranger's wonderful stories with their own ears. With curiosity's help the circle widened and the house filled. After curiosity came comments and questions. Ursinus had an answer for everything. His grave and kindly speech and the conviction in his look dispelled the doubts of people who asked nothing better than to love and to believe. Those who could not or would not come he went to find, and he soon won them over. It was above all with those afflicted in body and mind, those disinherited of earthly goods and joys, that he had his greatest success, for sorrow asks only to be rocked and lulled to sleep.

Meanwhile the eternal enemy of mankind, alarmed at the attacks directed against his power, began to contrive scandals of every sort to turn the servant of God from his work. He rekindled the perverse passions that are never wholly extinguished in the heart of the crowd, that fickle element at the mercy of the last wind that blows and the last mouth that speaks. Mockery, insult and slander slipped into the gatherings, revived prejudices and soon changed the people's good dispositions. The weak and the undecided withdrew out of fear or false kindness and left the field to the wicked. Hearts and doors were closed. In the streets where he had lately been used to meeting friendly faces and a good welcome, Ursinus now reaped only harsh words and insolent looks. At last, one evening when he tried a final effort to gather the remnants of his flock, a savage band burst into the meeting-place, scattered the few followers who had stayed faithful and set the neighbourhood dogs on him.

Forced to flee under a hail of stones, Ursinus was escorted far beyond the walls of the city by the barking of the furious pack and the laughter of the mob. Only four miles away, when weariness had rid him of his enemies, could he get his breath and collect his wits. His decision was soon made. Without going farther, he would wait on the spot until, in the inevitable course of things, a new wind should change the heart of this ungrateful crowd. So he settled as best he could in the open country, at the place where later an expiatory chapel was to keep alive the memory of his stay.(1) The change he had foreseen was not long in coming. Far from feeling the least relief at his departure, the poor of Bourges fell back into their old misery without finding again the consolations that had lulled their pains and dried their tears. They then turned against those who had deceived them, drove them out in their turn and came, submissive and repentant, to beg Ursinus to forgive them and give them back his affection. The holy man did not need much begging. He returned, more powerful and more listened to than ever, to the city that had ignominiously cast him out. The reaction was so unanimous that from the first day the humble retreat in the suburb was no longer big enough for the meetings. A larger place had to be found, in keeping with the numerous hearers who came flocking from every side, like the thirsty hart to the spring [Ps. 41(42):2].

Now in that time there lived a most noble senator named Leocadius. Although a pagan, he governed Aquitaine and the province of Lyons wisely on behalf of the Roman emperors. Apart from the mandate that made him a vassal of Rome, he had royal power. His chief residence was at Lyons, where he held his court, but he had a second palace at Bourges. Its stables, near one of the southern gates of the city, close to water

and fodder, offered every facility for keeping horses. As these stables were empty because of the master's absence, Ursinus thought of making them for the time being the place of his preaching. He spoke of it to Leocadius's representatives, among whom he counted some neophytes, and they in turn referred the matter to the prince. The powerful senator was anxious to win his peoples by gentleness. He learned that, far from stirring up revolts, Ursinus's religion taught that one should render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and he hastened to give his consent. So the patriarch was able to lay in this primitive church the blood of the protomartyr Stephen, a precious relic brought from the East, and to baptize solemnly those who came to him.

From then on his task became so easy and his triumphs so swift and so brilliant that a few months later Ursinus saw with joy that his new premises were too small. He was already thinking of founding a more lasting and worthier sanctuary. But how, poor and without influence, was he to carry out this plan, which called for considerable sums and quite special help? In spite of Leocadius's example, the patricians of Avaricum were less well disposed than the common people, and several of them had haughtily refused to give up a suitable building. One day, when the holy man was anxiously lamenting these obstacles with the oldest and most fervent of his disciples, one of them ventured the opinion that the prince who had already helped them would be more accommodating, and would perhaps give up his palace of the Bituriges as readily as he had given up his stables. Horrified at the mere mention of the idea, Ursinus cried out that it was impossible to risk such a request. Yet by dint of turning the idea over and encouraging one another, they agreed to appeal to people of good will for the means to offer Leocadius a present. And indeed, after much effort, they managed to gather three hundred gold crowns, with a silver vase, which Ursinus was charged to go and offer to the prince in his palace at Lyons. On reaching that city the holy man presented himself with his offering before the illustrious senator, who asked him his name, where he came from and the purpose of his visit. "My name is Ursinus," answered the patriarch. "I am one of the seventy-two disciples of Christ, sent from Rome by the Apostles, bearing the blood of the first martyr Stephen, to found a church in the metropolis of the Bituriges, where I have already won a numerous people for God." "What more do you come to ask of us in this matter?" said the prince. "If you wish to fulfil our wishes, grant us the palace you own at Bourges, so that we may make of it a temple worthy of our God and of the precious blood of the protomartyr Stephen." Obeying an impulse from on high, the prince answered kindly: "Would to heaven my palace were worthy to become a place of prayer and the dwelling of a god!" Encouraged by this kindly welcome, Ursinus set out in a few words the principles of his religion and urged the prince to become a Christian. "With the help of your God's power," answered Leocadius, "I may be able to follow your advice." Then, so as not to seem to despise the offering brought to him from so far, and perhaps also to make it a pledge of the contract, he took three gold pieces from the silver vase and added: "Go back to the country of the Bituriges with the rest of your present, and dispose of my palace as you see fit, for the greater honour of your God and of the martyr you have just told me of. In due time I will go that way, and I will think over your advice."

Bearing the prince's letters, Ursinus came back joyfully to Avaricum, where on showing his title-deeds he was put in possession of the palace by the city authorities. On the following calends of October he purified the new sanctuary and consecrated it to God under the patronage of the protomartyr Stephen, whose relics at last found a place worthy of them. The stables, the Church's first shelter, could not be returned to their former use and were turned into a baptistery. He also inaugurated the cult of the Virgin by building in her honour, in the capital of Berry, a little oratory which tradition makes the cradle of the ancient abbey of Notre-Dame de Sales.

Soon afterwards, while he was working in the Lord's vineyard, Ursinus learned that the prince had arrived. He ran to meet him with open arms and a smiling face and did not leave him until he had had a moment's talk with him. The next day, assisted by his disciples, Ursinus showed Leocadius the way of faith in a solemn conference. Convinced by his words, the illustrious senator wished to receive baptism without delay,

together with his son Ludre, while his brother Garemusel persisted in living in darkness and the worship of idols.

Once a Christian, Leocadius burned with such ardour that, no doubt to fulfil the Prophet's words, "My soul liveth in God, and what I have sown belongeth to him", he gave up for the service of worship the palaces he owned in almost all the townships of the country of the Bituriges. Through the holy patriarch's care they became so many churches in honour of St. Stephen.

Ursinus lived on for a long time, never ceasing to complete and adorn his work, until the Lord, as a reward for his zeal and labours, warned him by bodily weariness and sickness that the hour of his deliverance had come. Then he gathered his disciples, told them of his approaching end and named as his successor Senecianus, the most faithful and fervent among them. After giving his last instructions, he departed for a better world on the fourth day before the calends of January [29 December], in the twenty-seventh year of his pontificate.

(1) The chapel of Saint-Ursin has become a parish of the diocese of Bourges.

CULT AND RELICS.

St. Gregory of Tours (ch. 80 of the *Glory of the Confessors*) speaks thus of the first vicissitudes of St. Ursinus's relics: "When he had left this world, he was buried in the common field among all the other tombs, for the people did not yet know how the priests of the Lord ought to be honoured. So it came about that, the ground rising, vines were planted there, and all trace of the burial of the city's first bishop was lost. This lasted until a holy priest of Berry named Augustus or Août moved the holy apostle's relics to his abbey of Saint-Symphorien at Bourges. He was buried near the altar, where his presence has since shown itself by many graces."(2) Tradition has fixed the date of this translation at 9 November 558. Its anniversary has become, according to the martyrology of Usuard and the Breviary of 1734, the feast of the first bishop of Bourges, which was originally kept on 29 December, the presumed day of his death. In the course of time the basilica of Saint-Symphorien took the name of Saint-Ursin. This church no longer exists: sold in 1793, it was demolished in 1799. Only its elegant doorway remains, which serves as the entrance to the garden of the prefecture, near the iron gate.

A new translation of the Saint's remains took place on 23 October 1239. The venerable Philippe Berruyer, archbishop of Bourges, had the coffin opened, on which could be read, word for word in Latin: "This is the body of blessed Ursinus, first bishop of Bourges." The relics, duly recognized, were enclosed in a white leather bag and placed in a magnificent silver shrine, the archbishop's gift. This shrine, raised on the ancient sarcophagus above the altar, stayed unopened for two centuries. A third opening and verification took place on 25 February 1475 in the presence of King Louis XI and Archbishop Jean Cœur, son of the illustrious treasurer of Charles VII. In 1562 the body of St. Ursinus was preserved from the fury of the Protestants, then masters of Bourges, who profaned the remains of St. William and of the good duchess Joan of Valois. But it was snatched from the veneration of the faithful by the revolutionary storm of 1793. Some remains of St. Ursinus, St. Stephen and St. Austregisilus could still be saved, however. They were contained in a lead box sealed with the seal of Mgr Phélypeaux d'Herbault and placed on the high altar of the cathedral of Bourges when it was inaugurated on 21 December 1767. Since then these fragments have been added to by some bones taken from the shrine at various times to satisfy devout wishes. Mgr Mathieu, cardinal archbishop of Besançon, found a fragment of the holy apostle's jaw in a parish of his diocese. Through Mgr de Villèle, then archbishop, he gave it to the church of Bourges, which exposes it for public veneration on the feast day and on solemn occasions. So much for the city of Bourges, which once had the greater part of its first bishop's body.

Before 1793 the city of Lisieux (Calvados), in the diocese of Bayeux, had the following relics of St. Ursinus: part of the skull, an arm, a thigh, a leg, some ribs and other smaller bones. It had obtained them in 1055 and

placed them behind the high altar of the cathedral church, with those of St. Patrick and St. Bertivin. Later this precious treasure was raised from the ground and enclosed in a fine silver shrine set on four tall columns of gilded wood behind the high altar. There Guillaume d'Estouteville, bishop of Lisieux, found it on 14 April 1399, wrapped in silk stuffs and linen with a deerskin over them. The last recognition of these relics took place on 5 July 1731. At Lisieux and in its suburbs the feast of St. Ursinus was kept every year with a very solemn rite, and a chapel of the cathedral, held as a benefice, was dedicated to him. Even today a solemn procession goes every year on Easter Monday to the Cross of Saint-Ursin, which stands near Lisieux on the road to Bourges.

The village of La Chaussée-Saint-Victor (Loir-et-Cher, arrondissement and canton of Blois) has the happiness of still possessing some relics of St. Ursinus today. The abbé A. Venot, secretary general of the bishopric of Blois, wrote to us about them on 12 February 1872: "I have the honour of sending you a report on the relics of St. Ursinus kept in the church of La Chaussée-Saint-Victor near Blois. The report was drawn up by the parish priest himself, who has made a close study of the holy relics he has the happiness of possessing in his church.

"The church of La Chaussée-Saint-Victor possesses: 1st, a shrine of carved and painted wood containing two large bundles of bones of St. Ursinus, and a third bundle of fragments of bone, dust and marrow; 2nd, a bust of gilded brass containing two pieces of the coronal or frontal bone. These relics were brought to the parish of Saint-Victor-lez-Blois in the year 1379 by Hervé, abbot of the Canons Regular of Bourg-Moyen at Blois (Augustinians), as is shown by this inscription on the little bags holding the relics: *In hac capsa requiescunt sanctae reliquiae beatissimi Ursini, quae fuerunt translatae per Herveum, abbatem beatae Mariae de Burgo-Medio Blesensis, anno Domini 1379, die dominica octava calendas Maii* [In this shrine rest the holy relics of the most blessed Ursinus, which were translated by Hervé, abbot of Blessed Mary of Bourg-Moyen at Blois, in the year of the Lord 1379, on Sunday the eighth day before the calends of May].

"These two reliquaries were opened for repair, and the relics in them were inspected on 5 May 1676 by M. Christophe Boiffard, priest, canon theologian and provost of the collegiate church of Saint-Sauveur at Blois, commissioned for the purpose by Mgr de Neuville, bishop of Chartres and Blois. The official report drawn up by M. Boiffard states that all the time the relics were out of their reliquaries they gave off a sweet fragrance that filled the whole church.

"The same report of M. Boiffard states that in the year 1562 these relics were taken to Blois to save them from profanation by the Calvinists. They were solemnly brought back to the church of Saint-Victor-lez-Blois by M. Delaporte, official of Blois, on 29 June 1582, as stated in this inscription found in the shrine of St. Ursinus: *In hac capsa requiescunt sanctae reliquiae beatissimi Ursini, quae ratione haereseos Calvinianae ablatae rursus per venerabilem et discretum virum Jacobum Delaporte, officialem Blesensem, translatae fuerunt anno Domini 1582, die Festivitatis S. Petri, vigesima nona mensis Junii* [In this shrine rest the holy relics of the most blessed Ursinus, which, having been taken away because of the Calvinist heresy, were translated back by the venerable and discreet Jacques Delaporte, official of Blois, in the year of the Lord 1582, on the day of the feast of St. Peter, the twenty-ninth of June]. It is in memory of this second translation that every year the parish holds the solemn procession of the shrines, called 'the feast of the translation of the holy relics', fixed on the Sunday after the feast of St. Peter.

"In 1736 Mgr de Caumartin, and after him Mgr de Crussol, both bishops of Blois, put the legend of St. Ursinus into the diocesan breviary, set on 14 June. In 1778 Mgr de Thémines provisionally suspended the cult of these relics, and of all the others the parish possessed, on the ground that their authenticity seemed doubtful to him. During the Revolution of '89 the relics were saved by three inhabitants of La Chaussée. They hid them and in the year 1804 handed them over, their seals sound and intact, to M. Gallois, vicar general of Mgr Bernier, bishop of Orléans and Blois. A new examination of the relics' titles took place on that occasion, and Mgr de Thémines's objections were refuted. With the assent of Cardinal Caprara, legate of

the Holy See in France, Mgr Bernier declared the relics of La Chaussée-Saint-Victor perfectly authentic and solemnly restored their cult."

To compose this biography we have used the *Pieuses légendes du Berri* by M. Veillat; a pamphlet by the abbé Laffetay entitled *Essai historique sur l'antiquité de la foi dans le diocèse de Bayeux et le culte de quelques Saints récemment introduits dans le calendrier liturgique de ce diocèse*; the *Vie de saint Ursin* by the abbé de Lutho; and valuable local notes supplied to us by the parish priest of La Chaussée-Saint-Victor, through the secretary of the bishopric of Blois.

(2) We have given details of this translation in the notice of St. Amand, on 7 October (vol. XII, p. 111).

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, TODAY ST. JOHN LATERAN

— Pope: St. Sylvester I. — Roman Emperor: Constantine I, the Great.

Domus Dei nos ipsi: nos in hoc saeculo aedificamur, ut in fine saeculi dedicemur.

We ourselves are the temples of God; we have been built in time, to be dedicated at the end of time.

St. Augustine, Sermon 336, on the Dedication.

This is the first solemn dedication that ever took place in Christianity, and as it were the first brilliant sign of its freedom and its triumph. From the time of the Apostles and in the following centuries, temples, basilicas, churches and oratories had been built to assemble the Christian people, to instruct them in the mysteries of religion, to give them the sacraments, to sing God's praises, to make public and private prayers, and above all to offer the unbloody sacrifice of the body and blood of Jesus Christ. The edicts of the emperors (reported by Eusebius of Caesarea in book VIII of his *Ecclesiastical History*) ordering the demolition of the Christians' churches, which had grown and been beautified as Christianity spread, are an unanswerable proof of this. Besides, St. Paul himself mentions in various places of his Epistles the sacred places where the faithful assembled. He forbids women to speak there; he wants them veiled there because of the angels; and he complains that these places are profaned by quarrels and feasting. St. Ignatius, who lived in the second century, urges the Magnesians to gather in the temple of God with one heart and one mind, as if they were but one person. We learn from the *Book of the Popes* that St. Evaristus, the fifth pope after St. Peter (96–108), divided the churches of Rome among the priests who made up his clergy. St. Optatus assures us that there were already more than forty in that city in the time of Pope St. Cornelius (231). Lampridius, a Latin historian of the 4th century, praises the emperor Alexander for awarding the Christians a site for a church that some wine-merchants were disputing with them, saying that, without going into the merits of the case, it was better for the place to be used for divine worship than for profane trade. We read further in Eusebius of Caesarea (4th century) that St. Gregory the Wonderworker, at the beginning of the 3rd century, made a mountain move back by the power of his prayer to make room for a church he wished to build. Finally, we have on every side the traces of those built by St. Savinian, St. Memmius, St. Denis, St. Martial and the other apostles of the provinces of Gaul.

These churches had various names, as we have just observed. They were called temples, because altars were set up and sacrifices offered in them. That is the name St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Ambrose and St. Jerome give them, as cited by Bellarmine in vol. II of his *Controversies*, where he treats of the cult of the Saints. It is true that some of the ancients, such as the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, in their disputes with the idolaters, maintained that Christianity had no temple and that temples belonged only to Judaism and paganism. But by this they meant places where bloody sacrifices were made and goats, sheep and oxen slaughtered. Moreover they did not deny that we had sacred houses where the flesh of the spotless and ever-living Lamb was offered to the eternal Father and distributed to the faithful. If they did not speak of

them in these disputes, it was so as not to cast pearls before swine by revealing the secrets of our mysteries to the profane. They were called basilicas, that is, splendid and royal houses, because they were dedicated to the worship of God and of the Martyrs, a name common in the writings of the holy Fathers. It should be noted here that as temples they were raised to God alone, because God alone may have altars set up and sacrifices offered to him; but as basilicas they were built for the Saints and bore their names. That is why the oldest writers of the Church so often mention the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, of St. John, St. Felix, St. Lawrence, St. Cyprian, St. Euphemia and countless others. If the Greeks sometimes speak of temples of the Martyrs, they mean only that these places, destined on the one hand for sacrifice to the true God and therefore called temples, were also consecrated to the cult of the Saints and served to keep and honour their relics. They were called memorials (*memoriae*), a name very frequent in St. Augustine: "We do not build temples to our Martyrs as to gods," he says in book XXII of the *City of God*, "but only memorials, as to dead men whose souls live before God." In the same sense the Councils of Gangra and Chalcedon call them *Martyria*, not because the Martyrs had suffered death there, but because their precious remains were kept there for the glorious resurrection. They were called oratories and houses of prayer, because their proper use was to carry out all the acts of religion included under the word prayer: to celebrate the holy Mysteries, to sing psalms and to give every kind of blessing. They were called *Dominica*, places of the Lord. So the great church of Antioch was named *Dominicum aureum*, "the golden Dominical", and St. Cyprian, in his treatise on almsgiving, inveighing against those who came to church without bringing their offering, says to them: *In Dominicum sine sacrificio venis* — "You have the temerity to come to church without bringing your sacrifice." They were called titles, because crosses or other religious signs were put over the door like title-marks to distinguish them from profane houses, and from this come the titles of the cardinals. Finally, in the same sense in which they were named churches, they were also named *Conventus*, *Concilia* and even *Concilia Sanctorum*, that is, places of assembly and sacred houses, where the faithful, signified by the word Saints, joined together for the acts of religion.

But however great the zeal of the prelates of the first three centuries of the Church to increase the number of these oratories, they saw them daily exposed to being demolished and burned by the infidels. They were often forced to abandon them and withdraw into cellars and underground caves so as to carry out the exercises of religion there in more peace and safety. So they did not yet consecrate them with the great number of ceremonies since instituted by the Sovereign Pontiffs. This manner of consecration began only under the empire of Constantine the Great (306– 337). Heaven had chosen this prince to make Christianity reign in the world. He made himself the servant of Jesus Christ at the same time as Jesus Christ made him master and sovereign of the whole earth, and he wished to show his zeal by building several magnificent churches. The first was that of the Holy Saviour at Rome, on the Caelian Hill, in his Lateran palace. This palace had once belonged to Plautius Lateranus, a Roman consul whom Nero had put to death on a charge of plotting against his life and conspiring against the Empire. Later Fausta, daughter of Maximian Herculius, had lived there, and it seems likely that it had passed into the emperors' domain through its confiscation at Lateranus's death. Cardinal Baronius believes that Constantine had also given it, as early as the year 313, to Pope St. Miltiades and his successors as a residence. Indeed, that same year this Pope held a Council there against the Donatists, and since then the other Popes have always possessed it. However that may be, in the year 334 this devout emperor had a baptistery built there, on the spot where he himself had been baptized by St. Sylvester, and a basilica to serve the Pope as his patriarchal and pontifical church and to be the head and mother of all the Churches of the world. Here is how Cardinal St. Peter Damian speaks of it in his letter to the cardinals of the holy Roman Church: "As the Lateran church bears the name of the Saviour, who is the head of the elect, so it is the mother and, so to speak, the head and summit of all the churches in the world." And in his letter to the schismatic Cadalous: "This church, built in honour of the Saviour and made the first and highest see of the Christian religion, is so to speak the Church of churches and the Holy of holies. It stands as it were between the two churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, which are like its daughters and its

members, and with its two arms it embraces all the rest of the churches in the world and gathers them into its bosom as into an indivisible centre of unity."

Besides that of Lateran basilica, it has been given various names. 1st, it has been called the basilica of Fausta, because it had in fact been Fausta's palace, as we have said. 2nd, the Constantinian basilica, because Constantine had it built and founded a clergy to carry out the ecclesiastical functions there. 3rd, the basilica of St. John, because of two chapels built in the baptistery, one in honour of St. John the Baptist and the other in honour of St. John the Evangelist. 4th, the basilica of Julius, either because some Roman lord named Julius lived there between the consul Lateranus and the princess Fausta, or because Pope Julius, who succeeded St. Sylvester, made considerable additions to it that caused it to be given his name. But the chief and most usual name is that of the basilica of the Holy Saviour, with which this church is honoured. 1st, because Our Lord is the head of all the Saints and the one from whom all holiness flows, so it was very fitting that his name should be given to the church that was to be the mother of all the others and the capital of the whole Christian world. 2nd, because the image of the Saviour appeared miraculously painted on the wall in the sight of all the Roman people.

When this church had been built and the emperor Constantine had enriched it with many precious vessels and ornaments for the celebration of the holy Mysteries, Pope St. Sylvester (314–336), who had then been governing the bark of St. Peter for ten years, dedicated it with great majesty. At the same time he ordered that the august sacrifice of the Mass should henceforth be offered only on stone altars. Yet there was at Rome a wooden altar, hollowed in the form of an ark, on which St. Peter and the other Popes his successors had always consecrated (because during the persecutions it was much easier to carry than a stone altar). He had it placed in this Lateran basilica, and laid down by decree that no priest other than the sovereign Pontiff should ever say Mass on it, a rule observed to this day. Moreover, all Christians have very good reason to keep the dedication or consecration of this church. It must not be considered as a particular church of the city of Rome, but as the mother church of the whole world: the metropolitan, patriarchal and capital church of all Christendom, the church of all who live in union with the Holy See and acknowledge the sovereign Pontiff as their shepherd and father. It is no less our church than each parish church is the church of all its parishioners and each cathedral the church of all the people of its diocese. We may say it is much more so, since one can after all change one's parish and diocese, but it is impossible to be a Christian and not depend on the first See, that of the Pontiff of Rome. So if the dedication of the parish church or the cathedral is solemnly kept in each parish and each diocese, it is very fitting that the feast of the dedication of this pontifical church of the Holy Saviour should be kept throughout Christendom.

This is the place to treat briefly of the august ceremonies performed at such solemnities. Eusebius of Caesarea, who lived under the empire of Constantine the Great, speaking in his History of several other churches dedicated in his time, says that the bishops gathered for their dedication. An immense throng of princes, lords, magistrates and people came together there. The prelates offered the unbloody sacrifice and preached in turn: some to extol the power of Jesus Christ and the merit of the Martyrs, others to explain the points of faith and the dogmas of theology, others to interpret the Holy Scriptures and uncover their hidden treasures, and others to unfold the mysteries contained in the actions of the consecrating pontiff and the ministers attending him. Finally, there could be seen "august and divine ceremonies, deep and divine ministries". St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, in the places noted by Cardinal Bellarmine, also represent the dedication of churches as one of the finest and most splendid functions of the episcopal power. And indeed, the tabernacle of Moses, the temple of Solomon and the new temple built by Zerubbabel were dedicated with the great number of sacred observances described in the Old Testament, though they were destined only for those sacrifices that St. Paul calls "shadows", "figures" and "weak and beggarly elements". How much more just, then, that our churches should be sanctified and set apart from profane houses by a series of holy and religious ceremonies. In them Jesus

Christ himself is sacrificed and afterwards dwells with us perpetually. In them we receive the life of grace by baptism and penance, we are fed with heavenly bread in the sacrament of the Eucharist, we are enlightened with the great truths of the faith by homilies, catechisms and sermons, and we do the work of the angels by the continual singing of God's praises. Nature itself seems to teach us that it had to be so, since it tells us that holy things must be treated holily and that not every kind of place is fit for carrying them out with decency. Moreover, our holy pontiffs perform no ceremony in this that does not bear a wonderful relation to the end they have in view, which is to dedicate these buildings to the worship of God. First they knock at the door with their pastoral staff, perform exorcisms there and call on the angels and Saints to drive out the demons and draw down the protection and even the presence of the blessed spirits. Next they trace the Greek and Latin alphabets in the ashes, to signify the holy and evangelical instruction the faithful are to receive there, which these two languages have chiefly served. Further, they mix water, ash and wine together, to signify that it is by humility and contrition of heart, and by a strong and vigorous prudence, that we make ourselves pleasing to God and worthy to approach his altars. They sprinkle every place with holy water and perfume it with incense, to banish every kind of uncleanness and teach us that we must enter only with a pure heart and do only holy and religious acts there. They mark crosses, anointing them and lighting them with burning torches, because the Church is wholly devoted to the mystery of the Cross, represented in the Eucharist. Christians must know it, value it, relish it and place their greatest glory in it, and they are perfect Christians only when they joyfully bear in their bodies the mortification of Jesus Christ. Finally they consecrate altars with anointings, censings, lights and blessings, and by placing relics of the Saints in them, because the Son of God, figured by the altars, is above all the anointed of the Lord, the sweet savour of the Church, the light of the world and the source of all blessing, and he has no seat more pleasing than the sacred remains of the Martyrs.

Besides, we have in these ceremonies of dedication a perfect image of what Our Lord does to draw a soul out of unbelief and sin and bring it into the ways of justice and perfection. He knocks at the door of its heart by the first movements of grace that inspire it to conversion. He opens it by the salutary fear of his judgements and the terrible punishments of the next life. He writes a double alphabet in it by making known to it, through faith, his perfections and his benefits and the mysteries of his divinity and his humanity. He exorcizes it by the preparations for the sacraments. He washes it in baptism or in penance. He imprints the cross on it; he anoints and enlightens it by confirmation or by the sweet meditation of his wounds. He mixes water and ash in it by giving it feelings of compunction, austerity and mortification. He adds salt and wine by communicating to it a discreet fervour and an ardent and zealous prudence. Finally he consecrates an altar there by making its heart a living altar, on which it continually immolates its passions and disordered affections and offers sacrifices of love and praise.

We have already remarked that the emperor Constantine, who burned with great zeal for the Catholic religion, built many other churches besides that of the Holy Saviour, not only at Rome but throughout his empire, especially at Jerusalem, Constantinople and Helenopolis in Bithynia, and that their dedications too were carried out with much preparation and magnificence. The emperors his successors and the other Catholic princes then imitated his devotion. In this way the world, which had been full of abominable temples where the spirits of darkness were honoured, found itself full of holy places where nothing was heard but the praises of the true God. Our Lord has often had very remarkable miracles worked to show that this fervour was most pleasing to him; we have noted them in various places of this work. Above all, there are many churches he dedicated himself or had dedicated by the angels. This should persuade the noble and rich that they will make a use of their goods that is profitable and pleasing to God when they apply them to building churches or chapels, or to providing them with ornaments befitting the eminence and holiness of the mysteries performed in them. In this they will even provide for the help and relief of the poor, since experience shows that piety is the mother of mercy.

Further, the Christian people must learn that the church is the true place of prayer. It is not that, according to St. Paul's teaching in the first Epistle to Timothy, one may not and must not pray to God in every place, since God is indeed everywhere and there is no place where he cannot hear and grant our prayers. But the church is specially destined for it. Prayer is made there with more decency, more help from heaven and more effect. It obtains what it seeks more easily, more quickly and even more abundantly, and it is less liable to be rebuffed. "Some," says St. Chrysostom in the thirtieth Homily against the Anomoeans, "make the cowardly excuse for not coming to church that they can say their prayers as well at home as in our temples. They are mistaken and in great error. For although each may pray to God at home, prayer there cannot have the same power as when it is made in a holy place. Here the fervour of the others who pray stirs us to devotion and makes up for our weakness and the slackness with which we pray. The melodious singing of hymns and psalms rouses our languor and impresses feelings of compunction and fervour on us. The help of the holy Angels scatters our temptations and makes us stronger against the snares of the devil. The presence of Jesus Christ in the holy Sacrament and the sight of the divine Mysteries make us forget the business of the world and gather our minds so as to think only of heavenly things. Finally, grace flows on us more fully there, because, as it is the house of prayer, we can also say that it is the house of mercy." One may see in the book of Paralipomenon [Chronicles] the solemn promises God made to Solomon to hear the prayers of all who should call on him in the temple he had built to the glory of his name. If he gave this assurance to that prince for a temple that held only an ark of wood with the rod of Moses, the manna of the Jews and the two Tables of the Law, and where no victims were offered but beasts, what must we expect from the divine goodness when we pray to it in a church where his Son is offered every day in sacrifice? There is kept that living ark of the eternal covenant, which is also our manna and our bread come down from heaven, with the rod of the cross that has worked so many wonders and the books of the Gospel that contain the new law.

The edification we owe our neighbour is a further reason that bids us pray in church rather than in our own houses. For as we are stirred to devotion by the example of others, so others are stirred by the example we give them. And then the blessed spirits join in, warm us inwardly, take care to carry our prayers and vows to the throne of God, and joyfully bring us back the fruits of an abundant blessing. It might be objected that Our Lord teaches us in the Gospel that to pray we should go into our room, carefully shut the door and then pray in secret, so as to be heard by Him who sees the most hidden things and to whom no secret is unknown. But our Master's intention in these words is not that we should not pray in public, since he bids his disciples pray always and his Apostle asks that prayer be made in every place. He only wants us, in prayer as in almsgiving and fasting, not to aim at appearing or being seen so as to win men's esteem and praise, as the Pharisees did, who prayed at street corners and in public squares for that purpose. So, speaking of the old temple, which was only the shadow of ours, he calls it the house of prayer, and he himself often went there and took his disciples there to pray. Finally, he wished to dwell perpetually in our churches only to receive our homage there and hear our prayers. And if he is there as our King, our Head, our Master, our Shepherd, our Advocate, our Physician, our Spouse and our Father, it is very fitting that we should go there often to pay him court and lay our needs before him.

For the rest, to deserve to be heard we must go there with a pure heart and an upright intention and always behave there with reverence and modesty. For those who lack these dispositions, and who instead behave insolently there and lose all respect, find death where they should meet life. Instead of drawing down heaven's blessings on themselves and their families, they bring on themselves the curses of an angry God, who already pronounces the sentence of eternal damnation. Indeed, Our Lord Jesus Christ, during his mortal life, never showed his zeal with more ardour and transport than when he saw the holiness of the temple profaned by the trade of the sellers and buyers. What would he have done if he had seen people there mocking, uttering blasphemies, arranging games and outings, negotiating marriages and even committing lewd and shameful acts?

The higher a person's rank, the more gravity and restraint he must show there, so as to teach others their duty by the example of his modesty. The emperor Theodosius the Younger had such great respect for these holy places that he says of himself: "We who are always surrounded by our guards and never go anywhere without an escort of soldiers, when we enter the church, leave our arms at the door and even lay aside the diadem, which is the mark of our imperial majesty. We approach the altar only to go to the offering, and after the offering we return to the nave, out of the reverence we bear to the places where the divine Majesty makes its presence more strongly felt." The mother of St. Gregory Nazianzen was so respectful there, as he himself has left in writing, that she never turned her back on the altar. Would to God that all Christians imitated these great examples! Our temples are figures of the heavenly Jerusalem, and when they are in them they should strive to imitate the profound respect with which the Angels and Saints appear before the throne of God in heaven.

THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

Our readers will be grateful to us for completing Father Giry's moral exposition with a short description of the former and present state of the basilica of St. John Lateran. Let us hand over to Mgr Gaume, in his *Trois Rome*:

"Filled with gratitude to the God to whom he owed the Christian's faith and the sceptre of the world, Constantine delighted in adorning, with a magnificence worthy of a Roman emperor, the temple he had just presented to Pope St. Sylvester. Hence the basilica got the name of the golden basilica. Never was a name better deserved, as some of the royal neophyte's gifts will show. A silver statue of the Saviour seated, five feet high, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds. The twelve Apostles, life-size, in silver, with crowns of the purest silver, each statue weighing ninety pounds. Four silver angels, life-size, each holding a cross in its hand and each weighing one hundred and five pounds. The continuous cornice, of chased silver, serving as pedestal for all the statues, weighing two thousand and twenty-five pounds. A lamp of the purest gold hanging from the vault, weighing twenty-five pounds with its chains. Seven silver altars, each weighing two hundred pounds. Seven gold patens, each weighing thirty pounds, and sixteen of silver, each weighing thirty pounds. Seven gold reeds [for drinking from the chalice], each weighing ten pounds, and another gold reed, all set with precious stones, weighing twenty pounds three ounces. Two chalices of the purest gold, each weighing fifty pounds. Twenty silver chalices, each weighing ten pounds. Forty smaller chalices of the purest gold, each weighing one pound. Fifty chalices for distributing the precious Blood to the faithful (*calices ministeriales*), each weighing two pounds.

"As ornaments of the basilica: a candlestick of the purest gold placed before the altar, in which oil of nard burned, adorned with eighty dolphins, weighing thirty pounds and holding as many candles made of nard and the most precious spices. Another silver candlestick with a hundred and twenty dolphins, weighing fifty pounds, in which the same spices burned. In the choir, forty silver candlesticks weighing thirty pounds, giving off the same perfumes. On the right side of the basilica, forty silver candlesticks weighing twenty pounds, and as many on the left. Finally, two censers of fine gold weighing thirty pounds, with a yearly gift of a hundred and fifty pounds of the most exquisite perfumes to burn before the altar.

"What has become of the golden basilica? What has become of all its riches? Ask the barbarian chiefs so famous in history, Alaric and Totila. Yet the august building, risen several times from its ruins, still exists. Its treasures have vanished, but its primacy remains. On the façade can be read this simple but sublime inscription: *Sacrosancta Lateranensis Ecclesia, omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput* — 'The most holy Church of the Lateran, mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world.'

"Of the three doors of the basilica, two astonish the traveller, one by its mystery and the other by its magnificence. The one on the right, called the holy door, is walled up; it is opened only by the Holy Father himself in the jubilee year. The middle one is an ancient door of bronze, in four leaves [*quadriforme*]; it is

almost the only one of its kind still in existence. On entering, one is at once struck with wonder by the symbolism of the great nave. Above the windows, near the spring of the vault, the Prophets are painted. Above the Prophets one sees on one side the figures of the Old Testament relating to the Messiah, and on the other the events of the Gospel that are their fulfilment: the figure and the thing figured. So beneath the two windows nearest the apse there appear, on the one side, Adam and Eve driven from the earthly paradise for having touched the forbidden tree, and on the other, Our Lord on the tree of the cross, reopening heaven to mankind. Beneath the following windows:

"Beneath each of these reliefs stand the twelve Apostles at full length. Their fine large statues are in perfect harmony both with the paintings above and with the niches that hold them. The twelve Preachers of the Gospel are there as having lit up the shadows of the figurative covenant by their word and the oracles of the Prophets. But the apostolic teaching has not only lit up the past; it casts the brightness of its light on the future: the Gospel holds the middle place between the synagogue and heaven. That is why behind each Apostle, at the back of the niche, a half-open door is painted. The Apostle stands on the threshold, to say that after the Christian revelation, of which he is the mouthpiece, there remains only the eternal Jerusalem, city of light, with its twelve emerald gates. Finally, at the base of each niche appears a dove in relief with an olive branch in its beak, a touching emblem of the spirit of the Gospel.

"Among the other riches of St. John Lateran must be mentioned the bronze tomb of Pope Martin V, a pontiff great among others, since he ended the Western Schism. On one side of the transept is the chapel of St. Andrew Corsini, one of the most magnificent in Rome, which recalls at once the filial piety of Clement XII and the touching virtues of his illustrious ancestor. The two porphyry columns flanking the great niche, on the Gospel side, once adorned the portico of Agrippa's Pantheon. On the other side of the transept is the rich chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The majestic portico of the church offers its twenty-four marble pilasters and the colossal statue of Constantine found in his Baths, and lastly the famous bronze door of the Basilica Aemilia, brought here by Alexander VII.

"That is the human side of St. John Lateran. It remains for us to contemplate the divine side of the mother and mistress of all churches. In the centre of the transept, under the great arch of the main nave, supported by two columns of oriental granite thirty-eight feet high, rises the papal altar. But what an altar, great God! The very one on which St. Peter said Mass. It is there just as Pope St. Sylvester took it out of the catacombs. Its simplicity, even its poverty, well recalls the first centuries of the Church: a few deal boards, without gilding and without ornament except a cross carved on the front, and that is all. Out of respect it has been surrounded with a marble balustrade engraved with the arms of Urban VIII and of the king of France. A rich cloth covers it entirely. It is the only altar in the world under which there are no relics. To the successor of Peter belongs the exclusive right of celebrating the holy Mysteries on it.

"Raising one's eyes, one sees at a great height, directly above the altar, a canopy of crimson velvet heightened with gold. This pavilion covers an ark or ciborium of Parian marble supported by four columns of Egyptian marble with Corinthian capitals of gilded bronze. There are enclosed the heads of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. Twice each year, on Holy Saturday and on the Tuesday of Rogations, they are solemnly exposed to the veneration of the fortunate faithful of Rome. There is another custom no less worth knowing. So as to steep all the young Levites at the very source of the priestly spirit, the spirit of the apostolate and of martyrdom, it is at the foot of the altar we have just described, under the eyes of St. Peter and St. Paul, that ordinations take place.

"To the right of the papal altar is the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The tabernacle, very high, very wide and very deep, was made to the designs of Paolo Olivieri and is composed entirely of precious stones and the rarest marbles. To right and left shine two angels of gilded bronze, with four columns of verde antico. The entablature and pediment of gilded bronze that crown the altar rest on four columns of the same metal, gilded and fluted, about twenty-five feet high and two and a half feet in diameter at the base. They are the same that

Augustus had made after the battle of Actium from the beaks of the Egyptian ships and that he placed in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. They were used at first as candelabra, in which balm and other exquisite perfumes were burned on great feasts, and they owe their present use to Pope Clement VIII.

“The basilica of St. John Lateran keeps a fine trophy of the victories of Christianity over Islam. Facing the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament hangs the banner of John Sobieski at the famous battle of Vienna. As a token of his gratitude and of his devotion to religion, the great captain wished his glorious standard to be hung from the vault of the first church in the world.

“In the Chapter’s choir is the stall of the kings of France, who, as is well known, are Canons of St. John Lateran. It is on the left, opposite that of the Holy Father. From the back of the royal stall stands out a graceful statuette of the Blessed Virgin, whose vassal and first knight the king of France is; behind the Holy Father’s stall appears Our Lord, whose vicar the Pope is.

“Every year the Canons of St. John Lateran celebrate the birthday of their royal confrère Henry IV with a solemn Mass. It is a token of gratitude for the gift that the converted Béarnais made to St. John Lateran of the rich abbey of Clairac in the diocese of Agen. Until the July Revolution the French ambassador attended the office on a dais placed at the entrance to the choir.

“It remains for us to see the treasury of the basilica. There is kept one of the most venerable relics in the world. Behind iron grilles, under broad sheets of crystal, is hidden the very table on which Our Lord instituted the holy Eucharist. This table is of wood, without any ornament. It seems to be an inch thick, twelve feet long and six wide. The sovereign Pontiffs covered it with plates of silver, but it was stripped of them in the sack of Rome under the Constable of Bourbon. A few steps away are other relics whose sight likewise fills the heart with gratitude and compunction: part of the purple garment thrown over Our Lord’s shoulders in the praetorium; part of the sponge soaked in gall and vinegar; the cup in which poison was offered to St. John the Evangelist, which he drank without suffering any harm; part of his tunic and of the chain with which he was taken from Ephesus to Rome; a shoulder of St. Lawrence; the miraculous head of St. Pancras, martyr; a vertebra of St. John Nepomucene; blood of St. Charles Borromeo and of St. Philip Neri; and finally a tablet made from the ashes of a multitude of Martyrs.

“The baptistery of St. John Lateran, separate from the basilica according to the custom of the first centuries, is octagonal. At the eight inner angles rose eight porphyry columns, standing away from the walls so as to leave enough room to walk round. They supported a cornice and a broad frieze, on which ran a second row of marble columns of exquisite beauty and workmanship. This second colonnade, smaller than the first, carried a great architrave crowning the building.

“In the middle is still the basin of basalt, oval in shape and five feet long. Constantine had covered it inside and out with plates of silver weighing three thousand eight hundred pounds. In the centre of the basin rose porphyry columns carrying gold lamps weighing fifty-two pounds, whose wicks were of asbestos thread. At the Easter solemnities the most fragrant balm was burned in them instead of oil. On the edge of the basin was a silver lamb weighing thirty pounds, which poured water into the font. To the right of the lamb stood the Saviour in silver, life-size, weighing a hundred and seventy pounds; to the left, St. John the Baptist in silver, five feet high, holding in his hand the sacred text *Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccatum mundi* [Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who takes away the sin of the world]; it weighed a hundred pounds. Seven silver harts, symbols of the soul thirsting for grace, poured water into the font, each weighing eighty pounds. Finally there was a censer of the finest gold set with forty precious stones, weighing ten pounds.

“Such was the baptistery of Constantine; such it still is today, less the gold and silver that became the prey of the barbarians. The original decorations have been replaced by fine paintings of the memorable deeds of Constantine. This restoration dates from the pontificate of Urban VIII. The floor is of fine mosaic, and all the walls are enriched with gilding and paintings.

"The obelisk of St. John Lateran, meant to consecrate the memory of the triumph of Christianity over paganism after three centuries of struggle, is ninety-nine feet high above its pedestal. It was brought from Egypt to Rome by the emperors Constantine and Constantius his son. It was broken by the barbarians and then set up again in 1588, where it stands today, by the powerful and poetic genius of Sixtus V."

We have completed Father Giry's account with the *Trois Rome* of Mgr Gaume. — Cf. 1st, among the holy Fathers: St. Basil, *in Psalm.* 28; St. John Chrysostom, *Homil.* 23 *in Matth.*; St. Ambrose, Sermon 336 *in Dedicat.* [as printed; this is the Augustine reference of the epigraph]; St. Augustine, Sermon 331 *de Dedicat.*; the Venerable Bede, *in Evang. Joann.*; St. Bernard, *Sermo de Dedicatione*; 2nd, among the preachers: Albert the Great, Hugh of Saint-Victor, Denis the Carthusian, Rabanus Maurus, John Tauler, St. Thomas of Villanova, Matthias Faber, Texier, Biroat, Joly, Lejeune, Fléchier, La Colombière, Sensaric.

ST. MATHURIN (1) OF LARCHANT, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR

About 388. — Pope: St. Siricius. — Western Emperor: Valentinian II.

Sacerdos alios morum virtute transcendat.

The virtue of the priest must stand out above that of the faithful.

St. Gregory the Great.

Mathurin's father was named Marinus and his mother Euphemia. They were noble people living in the Gâtinais, in the diocese of Sens, on an estate called Liricant and now Larchant (Seine-et-Marne, arrondissement of Fontainebleau, canton of La Chapelle-la-Reine), in the diocese of Meaux.

Marinus was so zealous an idolater that he made no difficulty about accepting from the emperors the office of hunting down and exterminating the Christians. He had this son for the happiness of his family and the glory of his country, and he did not fail to instil into him early the sacrilegious principles of his religion. But God preserved Mathurin from this impiety. His history relates that a holy bishop of Sens named Polycarp found his heart ready to receive the seed of the Gospel. He gave him his first understanding of it and taught him so perfectly all he needed to know of the mysteries of our faith that at twelve he was fit to receive baptism. This bishop is not found in the catalogues of the prelates of that church that have come down to us. But it must be admitted that many are missing from them too, since from St. Savinian and St. Potentian, who founded the see, only one (Leontius) is listed before Severinus, who signed at the Council of Cologne in 346.

The grace of baptism at once worked such great effects in Mathurin's soul that he seemed all on fire with the love of Jesus Christ. He spent days and nights in fasting, watching and prayer, and he knocked continually at the door of the divine mercy to obtain the conversion of his parents. His prayer was soon heard. Euphemia, astonished at her son's virtue, had no difficulty in accepting the doctrine of salvation he put before her. Marinus had a mysterious dream in which he saw his son leading many people as a shepherd leads his flocks. He recognized the abundance of the heavenly favours his son had received and consented to share in the grace of baptism Mathurin had received. Polycarp came to their house and, after finishing their instruction, conferred on both of them the sacrament of spiritual rebirth. So Mathurin became the spiritual father of those who had given him life, and Marinus, from a persecutor of the Christians, became their refuge, support and protector.

Meanwhile our holy young man, growing ever from virtue to virtue, was judged by his bishop worthy to enter holy orders. At the age of twenty he was promoted to the priesthood and began to offer on the altar the unbloody sacrifice of the flesh of Jesus Christ. At the same time he received the gift of miracles and so great a power over demons that there was no possessed person he did not easily deliver. Moreover, God gave him a wonderful facility in explaining the truths of our religion and persuading his hearers of them. So Polycarp ordered him to preach the Gospel and proclaim to the peoples the great mystery of a crucified God. It is

added that on a journey this prelate made to Italy, from which he never returned, he left Mathurin in charge of his whole diocese, and that Mathurin carried out the charge with admirable zeal and piety.

After several years he was called to Rome to deliver a prince's daughter who was violently tormented by a demon. He went, and his journey had all the success hoped for. He delivered several other possessed people there as well, and in the three years he stayed there he won a great number of servants for Jesus Christ by his preaching and miracles. At last, the hour of his reward having come, he died in peace, with only the desire of martyrdom, though it was at the height of the persecutions. His death took place at Rome on 1 November, but his feast is kept at Paris only on the 9th of this month.

In images of St. Mathurin one often sees near him chains or manacles hung up like ex-votos, because he was invoked for the deliverance of demoniacs, raving madmen and the like. In allusion to the journey to Rome of which we have spoken, he is usually shown blessing a woman while the demon escapes from the patient's mouth or skull. In several popular images pewter pots and dishes often go with St. Mathurin and St. Fiacre, who were the patrons of the pottery-makers at Paris.

St. Mathurin is invoked for the cure of madness, epilepsy and possession, and for people afflicted with frights and panic terrors. It is also by analogy that St. Mathurin is the patron of jesters, whose trade is to play the fool or the simpleton.

CULT AND RELICS.

During his illness Mathurin had said that he wished his body to be taken to Larchant in France. Some devout persons who had received special graces through his intercession undertook to carry it there. It is said that this sacred deposit rested for a time at Paris, in a house then outside the city, and that so many miracles were worked there that a chapel was built in his honour. It was later given to the religious of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, and this is why the name of Mathurins has stuck to them throughout France.(2) The holy relics were afterwards taken to Sens and from there to Larchant. As the miracles still went on, a church was built there so magnificent that it yielded nothing to the finest buildings of its time. The Calvinists ruined it in their rebellion against the Church and the State, and only remnants of it are left, the object of universal admiration. The tower, formerly ninety metres high, still stands almost entire. The Lady chapel and the choir are fairly well preserved; the rest, exposed to the ravages of time, crumbles a little more every day. The Revolution destroyed the cult of St. Mathurin as the Calvinists had destroyed his church. His relics were thrown to the winds, and only a small bone remains, whose authenticity is not very certain. The days are gone when all the parishes for ten leagues around came in procession to the Saint's shrine; the pilgrimage has almost entirely lapsed. The parish church of the town of Moncontour, in Brittany, has a bone of St. Mathurin in a silver bust. Every year at Pentecost it draws a great crowd of pilgrims.

We have enriched Father Giry's account with information kindly supplied by the parish priest of Larchant and with details drawn from Father Cahier's *Caractéristiques des Saints*.

(1) *Alias:* Mutelin, Mathelin, Matarin.

(2) See the life of St. Felix of Valois (20 November), founder of the Trinitarians or Mathurins.

ST. THEODORE TIRO, OR THE RECRUIT, MARTYR AT AMASEA, IN ASIATIC TURKEY (304)

This Martyr is one of the most celebrated in all the East. The Greeks have given him so much praise and built so many churches in his honour that it is right for us to make known the greatness of his merit. He is usually called Tiro, which means "new soldier", to distinguish him from another Theodore, an old soldier, whose Acts we gave on 7 February. He is also called the Amasean, after the city of Amasea (today Amasya, a town of Asiatic Turkey in the pashalik of Sivas), where he suffered martyrdom. As he belonged to the legion of the

Marmarites, he was sent to that city in garrison. The persecution of the Christians was very fierce there. He did not hide his religion at all but openly called himself a servant of Jesus Christ, so he was soon seized and brought before his captain. This barbarian put various questions to him, which the Saint always answered with wonderful wisdom and vigour. It was plain from this that he was hardly inclined to change his mind. Nevertheless, because he was young, brave, well made and very pleasant of manner, they only threatened him and let him go free.

Theodore used this advantage to strengthen the other confessors and encourage them to martyrdom. Wishing to show his zeal and his hatred of idolatry by some act that would throw the pagans into confusion, he set fire to a temple dedicated to Cybele, whom those poor blind people called the Mother of the gods. He did not hide to do it, nor did he deny the deed. When arrested he frankly admitted that he had started the fire, and that he had done it to stop the sacrileges committed every day in that place of abomination. The local judge, named Publius, took cognizance of the matter. He could not persuade Theodore to condemn this outrage, regret it and make amends by adoring the gods of the empire. So he had him whipped very cruelly and then shut in a dungeon, with orders to give him nothing to eat and let him die of hunger. In the night Our Lord visited him, consoled him and assured him that he would feed him himself, with no need of corruptible food. This visit gave him such joy that he began to sing the praises of his sovereign Lord, and at that very moment angels appeared in his prison, clothed in white robes, to sing hymns of joy with him. The jailers and guards saw this sight themselves, and so did Publius, who had condemned him. But none of them was converted. They only gave him an ounce of bread and a jug of water each day, more to prolong his martyrdom than to prevent his death. But the Saint, to whom Our Lord had promised to be his provider himself, refused these offers. So he was taken out of the dungeon and made great promises, and he was strongly pressed to yield to the emperors' wishes. They even told him that if he would merely feign the least submission they would be satisfied and would then let him live in freedom. He generously laughed at all these impious proposals and declared that no one would ever draw from him a single word or gesture against the loyalty he owed his sovereign Lord. For this answer he was whipped and his whole body torn with iron hooks, after which, to wear down his patience, his sides were burned with blazing torches. At last Publius, unable any longer to bear the praises he gave Jesus Christ in the worst of his torments, condemned him to be burned alive. The executioners took wood from the public baths nearby, bound the generous Confessor of the faith and lit a great fire round him. Then Theodore armed himself with the sign of the cross and, full of faith, hope and pure love of his God, gave back to him his beautiful soul, laden with merits and triumphs. The Christians saw him go up to heaven like a ray of fire and light.

A very devout woman named Eusebia obtained the holy Martyr's body. She embalmed it, wrapped it in a very white shroud and carried it to Euchaita, an episcopal town dependent on the metropolis of Amasea, where she buried it in her own house. It is also the place where St. Theodore the general was buried. So, as Cardinal Baronius remarks, the two are often confused, and what belongs to the Theodore of November is attributed to the Theodore of February. His cult spread in the West above all after the Crusades. He is represented: 1st, in the armour of Diocletian's soldiers, as in a window of Chartres cathedral; 2nd, burned alive by order of the persecutors to punish him for setting fire to a temple of idols; 3rd, mounted on a white horse; 4th, crowned with thorns, for it is said that he suffered this torment before that of fire; 5th, holding a leaded whip, because he underwent this torment, it is said, although he died only in the flames; 6th, with a torch in his hand, because he set fire to a pagan temple.

He is patron of Brindisi and of Coulanges-lès-Nevers (Nièvre). He is invoked against storms.

Father Giry, completed with Father Cahier's *Caractéristiques des Saints*.

10 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Naples, in Campania, ST. ANDREW AVELLINO, of the Congregation of Clerks Regular called Theatines, very famous for his holiness and his zeal in procuring the salvation of his neighbour. The splendour of his miracles led Pope Clement XI to number him among the Saints. 1608. — The birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs TRYPHO and RESPICIUS, and of St. Nympha, virgin. 3rd c. — In the diocese of Agde, St. Tiberius (Thibéry, Tibère), St. Modestus and St. Florentia, who endured various torments in the time of Diocletian and so accomplished their martyrdom.(1) 4th c. — At Antioch, St. Demetrius, bishop, St. Anianus (or Annesius), deacon, St. Eustosius (or Eustace) and twenty other Martyrs. — At Ravenna, St. Probus, bishop, renowned for his miracles. 142. — At Orléans, ST. MONITOR, bishop and confessor. 5th c. — In England, St. Justus, bishop. He was sent to that island by Pope St. Gregory with St. Augustine, St. Mellitus and others to preach the Gospel there, became famous for his holiness and fell gently asleep in Our Lord. 632. — At Melun, St. Leo,(2) confessor. 461. — At Iconium, in Lycaonia, the holy women Tryphaena and Tryphosa, who, through the preaching of St. Paul and the example of St. Thecla, made great progress in the ways of Christian perfection. 1st c. — In the island of Paros, St. Theoctista, virgin. (3)

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Arles, the feast of a St. Hyacinth, martyr, whose relics were sent (1664) by Pope Alexander VII to the archbishop of Arles (François de Castellane Adhémar de Monteil de Grignan, 1643–1689) and solemnly laid in the basilica of Saint-Trophime. — In the dioceses of Clermont, Dijon and Verdun, St. Andrew Avellino, confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1608. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Quentin, martyr, whose life we gave on 31 October. 303. — In the diocese of

Montpellier, the holy martyrs Tiberius, Modestus and Florentia, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 4th c. — In the diocese of Paris, St. Leo the Great, pope, whose life we gave on 11 April. 461. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, ST. GEORGE, first bishop of Le Puy, apostle of the Church of the Velay. 84. — In the diocese of Vannes, St. Gobrien, bishop of that see and confessor. He was born about 670 of a noble family of the Vannes country and spent his early years in the monastery of Saint-Gildas de Rhuys. On his return to Vannes he received the priesthood and was attached to the clergy of the cathedral. When the episcopal see of that city fell vacant by the death of Morvan, Gobrien was chosen to fill it and was consecrated at Dol. During the seventeen years he held it, his virtues, which God rewarded with the gift of miracles, won him the affection of all his people. Towards the end of his life he had a successor appointed and withdrew to a hermitage two leagues from Josselin (Morbihan, arrondissement of Ploërmel), where he spent eight years in the exercises of contemplation and fell asleep in the Lord.(4) 735. — At Les Andelys (Eure), in the diocese of Évreux, St. Spatius or Espes, martyr, a native of Bayeux. His parents, who professed the Christian religion, took care to inspire him with love of it. Although he was not a priest, he believed that God was asking him to work for the salvation of souls. The persecution of Julian the Apostate (4th century) had spared the diocese of Bayeux but was ravaging that of Rouen. Spatius made his way to Les Andelys to comfort the Christians and strengthen their courage. He was arrested by the emperor’s agents, refused to abjure his religion and was put to death with other Christians.(5) About 362. — At Bourges, ST. LUSOR or LUDRE, confessor. 99. — At Avignon, Blessed Robert, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He came of a very noble and very ancient family of Uzès. Despising the world and its favours, he took the habit of the Friars Preachers at the famous convent of Avignon, where he led a wholly heavenly life. God granted him the spirit of prophecy in a high degree. At his funeral the bier in which he lay rose by itself into the air to the height of the processional cross. This wonder was taken as a sign that God meant him to have a tomb raised above the ground, and his body was placed in the very wall of the church. Numerous miracles led the people to give him the honours of public cult. (6) 1317.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Among the Canons of the Lateran, the feast of the Image of the most holy Saviour, which, crucified by the Jews at Beirut in Syria, gave so great a quantity of blood that the Churches of East and West could have it in abundance. 765.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — At Naples, in Campania, the birthday in heaven of St. Andrew Avellino, clerk regular, famous for his holiness and his zeal in procuring the salvation of his neighbour. The splendour of his miracles led Clement XI to enter him in the catalogue of the Saints. 1608. — In England, St. Justus, bishop, who was sent to that island by Pope St. Gregory with St. Augustine, St. Mellitus and several others to preach the Gospel there, and who, after becoming famous for his holiness, fell asleep in the Lord. 632.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines. — In addition, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Trypho, Respicius and Nympha, virgin. 3rd c.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Rome, on the Via Labicana, the feast of the four holy brothers the Crowned Ones, Severus, Severian, Carpophorus and Victorinus. Under the emperor Diocletian they were beaten to death with leaded scourges. Their names could not be found out at the time and were only made known later by divine revelation. It was therefore decreed that their feast should be kept every year with that of the five martyrs honoured on 8 November, who suffered on the same day under the emperor Diocletian. The custom has been kept in the Church even since their names have become known.(7) 304.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Hirsau (*Hirsaugia*), a township of Württemberg on the Nagold, St. Weramboldus, who led the religious life in the ancient Benedictine abbey there. He was offered the bishopric of Speyer but refused it out of humility. 965. — Among the Easterners, St. Olympas or Olympias. St. Paul, writing to the Romans, greets him as one of the chief and holiest figures of the Church of Rome. The circumstances of his life are unknown. St. Dorotheus and the Greeks say that he was one of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus and that he worked at Rome in the ministry of the Gospel with those laborious workers of the Lord. They add that he was made bishop of Philippi by St. Peter, that he suffered the torments of martyrdom at Rome with the chief of the Apostles and that he was beheaded. 1st c. — Among the Greeks, St. Milles, bishop of Susa, St. Abrosimus, priest, and St. Sina, deacon, all martyrs in Persia. The first is already named in the Roman martyrology of 22 April. 341. — Among the Hebrews, the PATRIARCH NOAH. Year of the world 2006.

(1) The place of their martyrdom, called Cesseron or Cessarion, is between Agde and Pézenas, about three leagues from Béziers (Hérault). A monastery was built there (8th century) in their honour (Saint-Thibéry), which at the end of the last century was still a regular abbey of

Benedictines. Saint-Thibéry is now a township of the department of Hérault, arrondissement of Béziers and canton of Pézenas. — Godescard and others.

(2) This is St. Leo the Great, pope and confessor, whose life we gave on 11 April.

(3) Theoctista was born in the island of Lesbos (today Mytilene, in the Aegean, between Tenedos and Chios). She lost her father and mother when very young and was taken in by her closest relations, who put her in a house run by virgins to be brought up in the practice of virtue. When she reached the age of eighteen she obtained leave to visit one of her sisters in a neighbouring village for the Easter feasts. During the night wretched corsairs fell unexpectedly on the village, surprised the inhabitants in their sleep, carried off great booty and dragged a multitude of people into slavery, with the young Theoctista.

The Lord had pity on his humble servant. The pirates put in at the island of Paros (one of the Cyclades, in the Archipelago), and the young virgin managed to escape their watch. When the barbarians had gone, she resolved to stay on the island and devote her days to penance and prayer there. She spent thirty-five years in this solitude, sheltered by the ruins of an old church once dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and then abandoned. — The abbé Chapia.

(4) His holy body was buried in the chapel of his hermitage, where he had had his tomb prepared in advance. This chapel, in the parish of Saint-Servant (Morbihan, arrondissement of Ploërmel, canton of Josselin), of which St. Gobrien is the patron, still has this holy bishop's head. As for his cult, it does not extend beyond the province. The dioceses of Saint-Brieuc and Dol, and the abbeys of Saint-Melaine, Saint-Méen and Saint-Gildas, formerly honoured him, as did the diocese of Vannes; but only the last still keeps his feast. It is fixed on 10 November with the rite of a semi-double. — *Saints de Bretagne*, by Lobineau and Tresvaux, and the Proper of Vannes.

(5) Some time later a church was built over the place where they were buried, and it became a collegiate church. Later the relics of St. Spatius and his companions were scattered; in 1682 the canons of Les Andelys found the tombs entirely empty. The cathedral of Bayeux formerly had a foot and an arm of St. Spatius, which were carried in processions. A fragment of these relics still rests today in the Hôtel-Dieu of Bayeux, and a particle is venerated in the cathedral. The name of St. Spatius is written in the oldest calendars of the diocese of Bayeux, and his cult there has never been interrupted. — The abbé Laffetay, canon of the cathedral of Bayeux.

(6) He is represented holding a lily in his hand and the child Jesus in his arms. His holy relics were scattered at the time of the Revolution. — Local notes.

(7) See the note concerning them on 8 November.

THE PATRIARCH NOAH

Years of the world 1056–2006.

Noe vero invenit gratiam coram Domino.

In the dreadful cataclysm in which the whole earth was engulfed, Noah and his family alone found grace before the Lord. Gen. 6:8.

The descendants of Seth, Adam's third son, long kept the fear of the Lord, and for many centuries they deserved to bear the fine title of Children of God. The posterity of Cain, on the contrary, gave itself up to the most shameful excesses and was known only by the profane name of Children of men. In the first centuries, when men were not very numerous, these two great families stayed apart. But soon, as the population grew, contact became inevitable. The bad example of the wicked led the good astray, and the Children of God, making themselves unworthy of that fine name, soon became as corrupt as the Children of men. In time the depravity of morals became such that the earth was covered with crimes. And God, seeing that the wickedness of men had reached its height, was angered against the guilty. "I will destroy man," he said, "from the face of the earth; yes, I will destroy everything because of him, the animals, from the reptile that creeps on the earth to the birds of the sky! A hundred and twenty years more, and I will destroy all that breathes!"

In the midst of the general corruption there was found one just and perfect man, who walked in the ways of the Lord. This just man was called Noah. He was four hundred and eighty years old when God made his designs known to him. "The whole earth is defiled with abominations," he said to him, "and my eyes now fall only on crimes. My religion is dying out, my worship is abolished; the time of my vengeance is near. Yet because you have walked in my presence and have constantly kept my laws, I will not confound you with the

guilty. Be reassured: the days of severity for sinners will be days of salvation for you and your family. Only carry out the orders I am about to give you. Make yourself an ark of solid, well-planed wood; divide it into several compartments; coat it with pitch inside and out. Its length shall be three hundred cubits (the cubit was seventy centimetres), its breadth fifty and its height thirty. You shall make an opening in it to serve as a window; you shall put a door in one of its sides, and you shall divide the whole space of the vessel into three storeys. When this ark is finished you shall go into it with all your family; you shall also bring into it animals of every kind, after laying in the necessary provisions. Then the waters gathered by my command will flood the face of the earth." Noah set about carrying out God's orders and began to build the vessel. All the time of this work he never stopped warning men of the disasters threatening them. He spared nothing to check the flood of unbridled licence and to make the guilty tremble by putting before their eyes the terrible calamity that threatened them. But alas, all was in vain. They shut their ears to his salutary warnings and laughed at the fears he tried to rouse in them.

When the ark was finished and Noah had laid in ample provisions, God commanded him to bring into it seven pairs of all the clean animals and only two pairs of the unclean.(1) "Do what I have commanded you," the Lord said to him. "I will wait only seven days more; then I will make it rain dreadfully, and I will wipe off the earth every creature I have made." Seven days more! That was what God granted afresh for the conversion of sinners. They saw the last preparations and they mocked them. Alas, the storm was rumbling over their heads, and they would not hear it. Noah, faithful to the Lord's voice, used this time to set everything in order as he had commanded him. Then he went into the ark himself with his wife, his three sons Shem, Ham and Japheth, and their wives. At the same time the Lord shut the door of the ark from outside, so that the water could not get in, and soon there began the lamentable catastrophe announced so long before and always in vain.

In the year 1656 from the creation of the world and 3308 before the birth of the Messiah, Noah being then six hundred years old, on the seventeenth day of the second month of the year, the last delay granted by divine mercy for the repentance of mankind having run out, the fearful sentence announced for a hundred and twenty years to corrupt and unbelieving men was carried out. Then the earth shook to its foundations. The waters of the sea broke their bounds and spread in enormous masses over the face of the earth. At the same time the floodgates of heaven were opened, and fearful rains fell in torrents without a break for forty days and forty nights. The water reached the highest places and rose fifteen cubits (ten metres fifty centimetres) above the highest mountains on earth. Nothing that had life was spared. But the ark alone, borne peacefully on the waves, was not included in the universal ruin, and it saved those it kept within it. So God rewarded Noah's piety and kept him to people the earth with new inhabitants.

The earth had been under water for a hundred and fifty days (five whole months) when God closed the springs of the abyss and made a dry, strong wind blow over the face of the flooded earth, and the waters began to go down. Some time afterwards the ark ceased to float and came to rest on Mount Ararat in Armenia. At the beginning of the tenth month of the year the tops of the mountains began to appear. Forty days later Noah opened the window of the ark and set the raven free; having found something to live on, it did not come back. So sinners outside the Church, who make their food of filth and refuse, care little about coming back into it. Seven days later Noah let the dove go. Finding nowhere to rest its foot, it came back and presented itself to Noah, who held out his hand and brought it into the ark — like the Saviour, who draws into his Church the souls that love him and find nowhere to rest amid the stormy waves of vice. Sent out again after seven days, the dove came back in the evening carrying in its beak an olive branch, the symbol of peace. At this sign the holy patriarch understood that the waters had gone down. Nevertheless he waited another seven days, and for the third time he let it go, and he did not see it again. Then he opened the roof of the ark and saw that the face of the earth was entirely uncovered, but too wet to be lived on. He waited about two months more, and when the ground had become firm and fit for cultivation, God commanded him to

leave the ark. He had been shut up in it for three hundred and ninety-three days.

The first thing Noah did when free was to raise an altar to the Lord. He offered him clean animals as a holocaust. These sacrifices were so pleasing to the Lord that he received them as a sweet savour and promised no longer to curse the earth as he had just done, nor to strike with death its inhabitants, inclined to evil from their youth. “Increase,” he said to them, “multiply and fill the earth again. Let the animals that live on it, the birds of the sky and the fish of the sea fear man. You shall use them for your food, as well as the fruits of the trees, the vegetables and the wholesome herbs of the field.” The Lord added: “Today I make a covenant with you and your descendants: no flesh shall again be wiped out by the flood. Here is the sign of my covenant: when the sky is covered with clouds and rain falls on the earth, my bow shall appear in the clouds; I will see it and remember the everlasting covenant between me and man. Neither the world nor the animals nor anything that breathes shall perish again by a universal flood.” Yet the earth, struck with a curse after Adam’s sin, also lost the better part of its strength through the natural effect of so long a flood. Man’s life, which until then had reached nearly a thousand years, shrank little by little to a span of a hundred years and less. Noah, however, lived another three hundred and fifty years after the flood. On leaving the ark he applied himself to the arts, especially agriculture, and he was the first to plant the vine. No doubt it was already known, but the advantage that could be drawn from its fruit by pressing out the liquor it contains was not. That is what Noah discovered; God allowed it in order to strengthen man. Why are there those who abuse this gift of divine generosity by their intemperance? The holy man drank wine without knowing its strength, so that his mind was clouded. He fell asleep in his tent, where he lay in an unseemly state. Ham saw him like this and, instead of acting as a wise and respectful son, made his father a subject of mockery. He went out of the tent and fetched his two brothers to laugh at him with them. But it did not turn out so. Shem and Japheth took care not to imitate Ham’s impudence. They took a cloak and, walking backwards, hastened to cover him. When the holy Patriarch woke and learned what had happened, he cursed not Ham himself — respecting in him the blessing he had received from God on leaving the ark — but his son Canaan, who had probably shared in his father’s fault, and with him all his posterity, while he heaped blessings on his two other sons. And indeed the unhappy posterity of Canaan became the slave of its brothers. That of Shem saw the Patriarchs, the Prophets and the Saviour come forth from it, and the descendants of Japheth, a little later, had a share, like the Israelites, children of Shem, in the knowledge of the true God, in the faith and in salvation. When Noah ended his precious life he was nine hundred and fifty years old. God prolonged his days to give him time to engrave deeply in his descendants’ hearts the primitive truths of religion, the traditions from before the flood and the consoling promises of the Redeemer. Noah is a figure of Jesus Christ. He works for the conversion of sinners, who refuse to listen to him, and then he builds the ark to save his family. So too the Saviour works to bring sinners back to penance; they do not listen to him, and then he establishes his Church to provide for those united to him a shelter against the flood of crimes and errors that overwhelms the earth.

Let us recall, though everyone knows them, the chief attributes of Noah. His ark, when used as an attribute of the Patriarch, most often has the form of a decked boat. But the art of the first Christian centuries more than once took the word *arca* literally and rendered it as chest. So, by a generally accepted convention, it shows us the Patriarch half rising out of a box that could not hold him if the lid were not folded back outside. The dove and the raven of Noah are seen on all the monuments that recall the ark and the flood. A fragment of a bas-relief under the portico of Santa Maria in Trastevere shows Noah and his three sons giving thanks to God, their hands and eyes raised to heaven, standing before an altar from which flames rise.

We have completed the account of Holy Scripture with Father Cahier’s *Caractéristiques des Saints* and the abbé Martigny’s *Dictionnaire des Antiquités chrétiennes*.

(1) By clean animals were meant those that have a cloven hoof and chew the cud, such as the cow, the sheep and the goat. The unclean were those that do not chew the cud even though they have a cloven hoof, such as

the pig, the horse, the hare.

ST. GEORGE, DISCIPLE OF OUR LORD, APOSTLE AND FIRST BISHOP OF THE VELAY (1)

About 84. — Pope: St. Anacletus. — Roman Emperor: Domitian.

Felix, plaude tibi, plaude Georgii Tellus magnanimis culta laboribus: Dum sincera stabit, quam docuit, fides, Te foecunda manet salus.

Rejoice, fair land of the Velay, scene of the labours of the great St. George. As long as you keep intact the deposit of the faith he entrusted to you, Heaven will lavish its best blessings on you.

Hymn of St. George.

The origins of the Church of the Velay and of the Church of Périgord are both apostolic, and they are bound up together. Disciples of the same master, Front and George were contemporaries, and their labours went on side by side. We have devoted long pages(2) to recounting the glories of the first. Let us at least give a remembrance to the bright star that scattered the darkness of the Velay.

After the Saviour's Ascension, blessed George, one of the seventy-two disciples of Jesus Christ, attached himself at Rome to the apostle St. Peter. Peter baptized him and sent him to the Velay as a missionary: this was in the year 46 of Jesus Christ. While he was on his way to that region with St. Front, bishop of Périgueux, and some other missionaries, he died suddenly at Bolsena (*Vulsinii*, a town of the States of the Church on the shore of the lake of the same name). Blessed Front, much grieved by this event, returned to Rome and told the apostle Peter in tears what had happened to George. Peter comforted Front and gave him his staff, which he ordered him to lay on George's tomb. Scarcely had Front done so when George was raised to life, though he had been buried for six days.(3) So great a miracle, worked before many people, led several to embrace the faith of Christ and to ask humbly and eagerly for the waters of regeneration. What is more, on the very spot where St. George had come back to life, a church was built in memory of this wonder and in honour of the holy disciple of Jesus.

From there, after crossing the Alps, George and Front reached the Velay. They entered its capital (Ruessium, today Saint-Paulien), preached Jesus Christ with zeal and boldly threatened those who adored idols with eternal punishment. The lord of the place, angered at the novelty of this doctrine, stirred up the pagans against George. They drove out the holy apostle after beating him with rods and stoning him. But he bravely tried to calm these barbarians by the gentleness of his words. Soon, armed with the sign of the cross, he went into the temple of the idols. When the demons gave great cries, he ordered them to be silent and come out, which they did at once.

After winning this victory over hell, George counted among his most devoted friends those who had been most opposed to him before, so that many had themselves baptized, destroyed the idols and overturned their altars. The man of God's supernatural gift of healing the sick did much to increase the number of conversions, and before he re-entered the city he had won fifteen thousand people for Jesus Christ. He drove the idols out of the temple of the demons that stood in the city and consecrated it to blessed Mary, whose praises he took care to celebrate often in his sermons. In this new church, dedicated to the most holy Mother of God, he laid part of the staff whose touch had raised him to life; the other half had been taken by Front to Périgueux. When a violent persecution broke out, George and Front met and went to Marseilles to blessed Martha. After some days spent in prayer, the Saint persuaded both of them to return to their respective Churches, assuring them that they would soon enjoy peace there.(4) George was then consecrated bishop by St. Front. Some time later, as he was celebrating Mass in his church at Ruessium, he saw St. Front come up to the altar, shining like a sun, clothed in rich vestments, his brow girt with a double crown, attended by three

deacons, two children each carrying a candle, and a legion of angels. The bishop of Périgueux had come to remind George of the promise he had made to attend his funeral if he outlived him (74 after Jesus Christ). On his way back from Périgord the holy prelate made detours through various provinces, where he converted and baptized a great number of people.

About this time the Queen of heaven made known to him her wish to be honoured in the ages to come at the spot where her sanctuary now stands, at the foot of the rock of Corneille, near the town of Le Puy.(5)

If an old tradition recorded by Abelly, bishop of Rodez, is to be believed, George also came to preach the Gospel at Annecy, and the first chapel of Notre-Dame de Liesse was the fruit of his preaching. “Blessed George,” says Abelly, “came to instruct the peoples living along Lake Leman, now called the Lake of Geneva. He preached in various places, chiefly in the town of Annecy, with such success that he not only persuaded the inhabitants of that town to embrace our religion but also inspired in them a particular devotion to the Mother of Jesus Christ. So this good people, having zealously pulled down and destroyed an idol of Apollo that was adored in that place, he built there a church in honour of the most holy Virgin, where by her intercession God then worked, and still works today, many miracles.”(6)

Meanwhile our venerable prelate was sinking under the weight of years. He had evangelized the Velay and sown the word of God as far as the neighbouring provinces. He had set the cult of Jesus and of his holy Mother on unshakeable foundations there. Saint-Paulien had been the chief scene of his apostolic labours, and there he ended his days happily amid the grief of his flock. It was 10 November in the year 84, according to the martyrology of Le Puy.

In the house run by the Ladies of the Instruction at Saint-Paulien there are three very old paintings (of the 15th or 16th century), about a metre high and a metre and a half wide, which once belonged to the collegiate church of Saint-Georges. They show the chief moments of St. George’s life. In one he is shown receiving his mission from St. Peter at the same time as St. Front; in another he is seen rising full of life from the tomb at the mere touch of the staff that the apostle of Périgord holds in his hands; and in the third he is proclaiming the new religion to the Vellavi.

CULT AND RELICS.

According to Bernard Gui, a writer of the 14th century, St. George was buried in a church he had himself dedicated to the most holy Virgin in the capital of the Velay (so at Saint-Paulien, as we have said). He stayed there until the 9th century. About 880 Norbert, brother of the count of Poitiers, was bishop of Le Puy. He had had as rival for the episcopal see the abbot Vital, brother of the viscount of Polignac, and from then on he was harassed by the viscount. For the sake of peace Norbert gave up the town of Saint-Paulien to Polignac, on condition, however, that the bodies of St. George and St. Marcellinus should first be taken out of it and moved to Le Puy. The old martyrology of Le Puy does indeed record this translation on the 11th day before the calends of January.

It was apparently this same Norbert who received at Le Puy the body of St. Hilary of Poitiers and placed his bones with those of St. George in the church of that name. At least they were found there in the same tomb in 1162, when Peter IV, bishop of Le Puy, on the advice of his clergy and at the request of the clerics of the church of Saint-Georges, opened the tomb, then placed behind the altar. With the relics of these two Saints were found two marble tablets. One bore the inscription *Hic requiescunt membra sancti ac gloriosissimi Georgii episcopi* [Here rest the limbs of the holy and most glorious bishop George], and the other *Hic requiescunt membra sancti ac gloriosissimi Hilarii Pictaviensis episcopi* [Here rest the limbs of the holy and most glorious Hilary, bishop of Poitiers]. The bishop placed these relics, together with a parchment deed bearing his seal and setting out the chief circumstances of this recognition, in a wooden shrine bound with iron, which he laid in the stone tomb. He also placed a copy of the deed in the archives of the church of Saint-Georges to serve as a record for posterity. In 1428 the bishop of Le Puy, at the request of the Canons of

Saint-Georges, opened their holy patron's tomb again and drew up a deed of the opening.

Since then we see no further elevation of these holy relics until the one that took place in 1655 at the request of M. Olier, founder of the seminary of Saint-Sulpice and at that time parish priest of the church of Saint-Georges at Le Puy.

"In the altar of Saint-Georges a large chest was found, divided into three parts," reports M. de Bretonvilliers, M. Olier's successor, who was present. "In one was the body of St. George, entire, that is, all the bones, with a small marble tablet bearing this inscription: 'Here rest the bones of the glorious St. George, first bishop of the Velay.' In the second part was found the body of St. Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, which had been sent to Le Puy during the wars of the Middle Ages by a count of Poitiers, brother of the bishop of Le Puy, so that it might be safer there. The body was found, except for various bones that were missing. The bones were quite black, which confirms still further the authenticity of this holy relic, since the tradition of Poitiers is that this body was burned. In the third part of the chest were the cloths in which these bodies had been wrapped when the bishop of Le Puy opened the altar five hundred years ago. He left these cloths there with a box holding a parchment report of the circumstances of the opening and of the state in which he had found the bodies of these two great Saints. He had placed in the treasury of his Church an exactly similar parchment, which mentioned the first one enclosed in the shrine. This last was found there, as I saw myself, as white as if it had been put there lately, though it had been there for five hundred years."

M. Olier's great devotion to St. George and St. Hilary rekindled piety towards these Saints throughout the Velay, above all towards St. George, the apostle of the region. "Even if the seminary of Le Puy had served no other purpose," M. de Bretonvilliers wrote a few years later, "than to win for St. George and St. Hilary, whose relics rest in this church, the honour paid them since its foundation, it would have contributed not a little to the glory of God."

The bodies of St. George and St. Hilary, kept for so long in this church, were unfortunately scattered during the Revolution. Two bones of St. Hilary and one of St. George are, however, still kept at Poitiers. They were given in 1657 to the deputies of the Chapter of Saint-Hilaire. It is worth noting that the bone of St. George, added out of generosity to the relics of St. Hilary, is the largest relic of this apostle of the Velay that exists today.

The diocese of Le Puy keeps the feast of St. George on the Sunday after the octave of All Saints. According to local tradition, the very staff of St. Peter given to St. Front to be the instrument of St. George's resurrection was of a very heavy wood known as ironwood, or wood of the islands. The staff was divided between St. Front, who took the upper part, and St. George, who received the lower half, the part that rested on the ground. It was kept in the church of Saint-Paulien from the time St. George laid it there until the Revolution of 1793, and this lower half is now in the hands of the nuns of the Instruction at Le Puy.

At Périgueux the tradition of St. George's resurrection by St. Front by means of St. Peter's staff is still alive in the memory of the faithful. The part St. Front brought to that city disappeared in the revolutionary storm, and no trace of it can be found today. Recently, eminent priests of the diocese of Périgueux who made the journey to Le Puy to venerate the half of St. Peter's staff kept in that diocese expressed the devout wish to see it share with them the precious deposit left in the hands of the Ladies of the Instruction.

The abbé Pergot, in his *Vie de saint Front*, has published an interesting notice on the authenticity of this half of St. Peter's staff still kept at Le Puy, from the pen of a learned and modest Sulpician who was until a few years ago a director at the seminary of Le Puy. The author of this paper shows: 1st, that the church of Saint-Paulien truly possessed, from St. George until the Revolution of '93, the half of St. Peter's staff left by St. Front in St. George's hands; 2nd, that the half of the staff now owned by the nuns of the Instruction at Le Puy is indeed the half formerly kept in the collegiate church of Saint-Paulien.

We have given almost word for word the legend of St. George as it was inserted in the Breviary of Le Puy in 1661 and as it was recited by the priests of the diocese until 1783. The apostolic origin of the Church of the Velay has been triumphantly shown, against the partisans of the anti-traditional school, by the abbé Frugère, member of the academic society of Le Puy, in a pamphlet he published at Le Puy in 1869 under the title *Apostolicité de l'Église du Velay*. This work is much appreciated by the learned world. We have borrowed from it extensively; but, not wishing to touch on the polemical question, which does not properly fall within our scope, we refer our readers to that valuable work.

As for the facts we have recorded under the heading of Cult and Relics, we have drawn them from authentic sources such as the *Monuments inédits* published by the abbé Faillon, the *Vie de saint Front* by the abbé Pergot, and others.

(1) The episcopal see of the Velay was first established at Ruessium, whose Celtic meaning is "frozen villa", *Rhew essio*, because it stood on a high plateau exposed to the weather. At the end of Roman rule Ruessium took the name of Vellava, or "town of the Vellavi". After the transfer of its bishopric to Le Puy in 221, this name was changed to *Civitas vetula* or *vetusta*, "old town". Finally, when the considerable town of Vetula had been utterly destroyed by the Normans, the present town, modestly built at some distance from the site of the first, took the name of Saint-Paulien (Haute-Loire, chief town of a canton, 2,932 inhabitants) from one of the bishops of the Velay who was buried there. (See 14 February.)

(2) See the life of St. Front or Fronto of Lycaonia, first bishop of Périgueux, on 25 October, vol. XII, pp. 609–624.

(3) The same story of the raising of a dead man by the touch of St. Peter's staff is also told of St. Martial of Limoges, St. Eucharius of Trier and St. Clement of Metz. M. Faillon (*Monuments inédits*, vol. II) says on this point: "It is certain that the oldest authors who relate the raising of a companion by a preacher sent from Rome attribute it only to St. Front, in favour of St. George. That is what is expressly read in the martyrologies of St. Ado, of Usuard and of Notker."

(4) The tradition of the Church of the Velay about the visit St. George and St. Front paid to St. Martha in the first century is confirmed by the tradition and liturgical books of Aix, Marseilles and Périgueux.

(5) See the history of Notre-Dame du Puy (vol. III, p. 643).

(6) The Roman inscriptions found in the basin of Annecy leave no doubt that the ruling people had established the cult of its gods there. The name of Annecy comes from that of T. Annicius, found in fragments of inscriptions, and it is worth noting that the Anicius family was the first patrician family to embrace Christianity at Rome and gave it martyrs. Let us also note in passing a curious parallel between the history of Notre-Dame de Liesse at Annecy and that of Notre-Dame du Puy in the Velay. Tradition gives both of them St. George as founder, and the two towns that acknowledge the Queen of heaven as patroness, and were born in the shadow of her altars, bear the same name: Le Puy is another Annecy, its Latin name being *Anicium*. — The abbé Grobel, *Notre-Dame de Savoie*.

ST. ANDREW AVELLINO OF CASTRONUOVO, THEATINE CLERK REGULAR

— Pope: Paul V. — Emperor of Germany: Rudolph II.

O happy the soul that, stripped of its own will, knows how to submit in everything and for everything to the divine will! Doctrine of St. Andrew Avellino.

This blessed priest, one of the finest ornaments of the Order of Theatine Clerks Regular, was born at Castronuovo, a small town of the kingdom of Naples. His parents were John Avellino and Margaret, whose piety made them more worthy of esteem than any advantage of fortune. He was named Lancelot at baptism

and kept that name until he entered the Order of Theatines, where, out of devotion to the cross, he took the name of Andrew. His childhood was so pure and innocent that he seemed not to have inherited the disordered passions of the old Adam. From then on he began to honour the holy Virgin in a special way and to say the rosary every day, which he kept faithfully for the rest of his life.

After his first studies he was sent to Venice for his humanities and philosophy. He stayed there four years and studied so successfully that even his teachers were surprised. His chastity was tempted there in the subtlest and most violent way that a young student's can be, but he came out of the struggle victorious and triumphant and kept whole that precious pearl that the least breath can tarnish. When he returned to his parents, his nurse again had the impudence to solicit him to evil. He then called on the holy Virgin, his powerful advocate, and, helped by her protection, he saved by flight what he might perhaps have lost by fighting head-on. The very next day he begged his bishop to admit him among his clerics, and received the clerical tonsure from his hands. In memory of this he carved his name on a stone of the chapel where the ceremony had taken place; and it was noticed that when the church fell into ruin, the one stretch of wall bearing this inscription remained standing. He then went to Naples to study law and took the doctor's cap in law to the applause of the whole faculty. This honour was followed by another far greater: he was raised to the order of priesthood. It is true that his humility made him think himself most unworthy of that character; had he followed this feeling, he would never have taken more than minor orders. But the desire to come closer to his Saviour, the only object of his love, and at the same time to work at winning ever new hearts for him through priestly duties, made him resolve to ask for the priesthood. Immediately afterwards he was given charge of a convent of nuns who had nothing left of their profession but the habit and lived in frightful disorder. He was not content to give them the ordinary help that communities of women expect from their director; he undertook their complete reform. This plan cost him unbelievable pains and setbacks; but as he had a fearless courage that never gave way to any difficulty, he at last brought it happily to an end, and had the consolation of seeing regular observance flourish again in a place where disorder had already struck deep roots. This unexpected success filled with fury some libertines who had formerly had free access to the monastery, and their rage went so far that they resolved to get rid of the blessed director. For this they hired an assassin, who waited for him as he came out of a church and dealt him three sword-blows. The blows were not mortal, but they cut an artery and made him lose much blood, which was stanched only with great difficulty. His face would even have been quite disfigured, had not God by an act of his power healed his wounds so perfectly that no scar remained. In this terrible accident Andrew was not troubled at all. On the contrary, he showed extreme joy at having been ill-treated in defence of chastity. The viceroy of Naples offered him the full weight of his authority to punish the authors of the attack, but he thanked him and declined, wishing not the death of sinners but their conversion and salvation. Our Lord, however, did not allow so great a sacrilege to go unpunished: a little later the assassin was killed by a man whose house he had dishonoured by an act of impurity.

God had given him great eloquence, and Andrew sometimes used it to plead his friends' causes. One day, while doing so very pleasingly, he let slip a white lie [*mensonge officieux*, a lie told to oblige] into his speech. At first he did not see how ugly it was. But on opening the Bible he came upon the verse of the first chapter of Wisdom, *Os quod mentitur occidit animam*, "The mouth that lies kills the soul" [Wis 1:11]. He was so horrified and sorry that, after spending the whole night in tears, he resolved never to enter the law courts again. From this he took the resolve to leave the world entirely and consecrate himself to Jesus Christ in the Order of Theatines. He did so at the age of thirty-five, on the eve of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year 1556. In his novitiate he seemed a well-advanced professed religious. There was nothing so lowly among the duties of the house that he did not consider very exalted. The more he was humbled, the more he thought himself loaded with honours; the more penances and mortifications he was given, the more joy he felt. His courage and patience were always above every trial, so he was readily admitted to profession, and he made it with all the fervour one could expect from his piety and zeal.

He then obtained leave from his superiors to make a journey to Rome, not to see the splendid monuments that draw the eyes of all travellers, but only to visit the tombs of the Apostles and Martyrs and gain the indulgences by making the stations. On his return to Naples he was made master of novices, a post he held for ten years. He was later elected superior of his house, and in both these offices he so well united firmness with gentleness, and zeal for observance with kindly allowance for his brothers' weaknesses, that he perfectly fulfilled all the duties of a true pastor. After this term as superior, his general, who had so many proofs of his prudence and holiness, set him to found two houses: one at Milan, where St. Charles Borromeo was pleased to form a close friendship with him, and the other at Piacenza, at the request of the cardinal of Arezzo, a Theatine. There, by the force of his sermons and conferences, he checked the luxury of the ladies and even converted a great number of courtesans. These striking changes stirred up many enemies against him. People tried to discredit him in public, and wrote against him to the duke of Parma to get His Highness to expel him from his States. But these calumnies only made his virtue shine more brightly. The duke came to see him and was so charmed by his modesty and the unction of his words that from then on he regarded him only as a Saint. The duchess too wished to share in his conversation, and finding it altogether heavenly, she took him as her director and brought him her son, Prince Ranuccio, to receive his blessing. So brilliant a light could not be shut up in one place. Having succeeded so well at Piacenza, Andrew was sent by his general to make the visitation of his province of Lombardy. He carried it out with such wisdom, vigour and goodness that the religious of the province could not admire enough the gifts God had given him for government. He was then named superior of the house at Milan, which was under the protection of St. Charles. It is hard to say which of these two Saints drew more consolation from this closeness: the great St. Charles, who freely opened to Andrew the most secret things of his heart, or Andrew himself, who, with the dove-like simplicity he possessed, did not hesitate to tell the holy cardinal the extraordinary graces he received from heaven. He confessed to him one day that Our Lord had appeared to him in his glory and had given him so high an impression of his divine beauty that he could no longer esteem or love any of the beauties admired on earth. It was in this city of Milan that he so moved the viscountess Paula, sister-in-law of Cardinal Augustine of Cusa, that she renounced the world to enter the Capuchin nuns. Pope Gregory XIV was urged to give him a bishopric. But Andrew, to whom even the shadow of honour was unbearable, and who even as superior chose one of his disciples whom he acknowledged as his own superior, so as always to live in submission and obedience, refused the dignity outright. All that could be got him to accept for the common good of the faithful was a general power to absolve sinners who came to him from every kind of case.

From Milan he was sent back to Piacenza to govern a second time the house of which he had already been superior. There he continued his care and charity towards those whom God placed under his guidance, and he had the consolation of seeing one of his disciples triumph in heaven after having seen him labour generously on earth for the conversion of sinners. This was the Reverend Father John Francis Solarius, who had been his novice and whom he had chosen as his director. When his term as superior was over, the general chapter of his Order wished to extend it or to give him the government of another house. But on this occasion his humility was so eloquent that it effectively turned aside this blow, which he feared more than death. He asked for the poorest house in Italy, so as to live unknown to the world and in the practice of the greatest austerities. He was, however, sent to Saint-Paul at Naples, one of the most important houses of the Order.

His virtue shone there so brightly that at the end of three years he could not, whatever he did, avoid being elected its superior. During his government he uncovered and publicly refuted heretics who attacked the truth of the body and blood of the Son of God in the Eucharist, and he had their leader punished. One inhabitant who had already been led astray by these impostors received the sacred host at communion and put it in his handkerchief, meaning to profane it when he got home. But on his return, opening his handkerchief, he found it full of blood that had flowed from the host. Fear and terror seized him at once, and all he could do was run to blessed Andrew to confess his sacrilege and tell him of this terrible miracle. The Saint acted on this

occasion with wonderful prudence and strength of mind. He took on himself part of the penance this unhappy man deserved, to keep him from falling into despair. Without exposing him to public punishment, he still made good use of the wonder to strengthen the faith of those who wavered about the truth of our holy mysteries. He then calmed, by his wisdom and by solemn processions he had held, a serious riot that had broken out in Naples, and he found means to provide for the needs of the poor, whom a great shortage of grain had reduced to extreme want. He was tireless in hearing confessions, giving exhortations and spiritual conferences, and carrying the Viaticum to the sick. One day, when he was carrying it some distance, a fierce wind and violent storm blew out the torches carried before him, and our Saint was at once surrounded by a heavenly light, which lit his way and also kept the rain off him. Before leaving his office as superior he had the satisfaction of seeing a new house of his Order built at Naples with the money of the princess Salmone, who founded it for the sake of this fervent religious under the title of Our Lady of the Angels. On the day the first stone was laid he healed a lady of rank of a violent pain in her eye.

In a serious illness that came upon him, people wanted to feed him delicate dishes; but he would take only peas and beans, as usual, for all his remedies and all his food. This diet, which the doctors did not approve, nevertheless turned out very well, since the sick man recovered perfect health. He was loved and sought out by all people of rank; even princes asked a single visit from him as a singular favour. One day, going to the prince of Stigliano on a hired horse, since he would not wait for a carriage, the fiery animal threw him to the ground on a sharp paving-stone that should have shattered him. His feet were caught in the stirrups, and the horse dragged him a long way along a rough road. His companion was far off and could not help him; but St. Dominic and St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he called to his aid, appeared to him, freed his feet, wiped his face, already covered with blood, healed his wounds and at last set him back on his horse. A little later he received from the same St. Thomas and from the great St. Augustine a far greater favour. He was troubled by an extraordinary fear of being among the reprobate, because his deep humility hid all his good actions from him and let him see only his faults. These two wonderful doctors paid him a visit full of love, and inspired in him a new confidence in God by assuring him of the divine mercy towards him.

The more he made himself nothing before the sovereign greatness of God, whose presence he regarded only with holy fear, the more that lovable power heaped favours and supernatural gifts upon him. Two years before his death he learned from heaven when it would come, and he foretold it to several people. When he fell gravely ill at the age of eighty-eight, he remained as cheerful and content as in perfect health. The Brother who looked after him failed in some small observance because he had been busy with him, and was given a regular penance for it. Andrew begged earnestly to perform it himself, as having been the cause of the fault; when he could not obtain this, he embraced the Brother and assured him that in a week he would be free and no longer have the daily trouble of looking after him. On the very day of his death he vested to say Mass and went to the altar; but after the psalm *Judica* he was seized by an apoplectic weakness and could not go on. He received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction with sentiments of admirable humility. On the preceding days he had been almost continually prostrate, his face pressed to the floor, asking God for a holy death. It was granted him, but not without great struggles. The demons appeared to him visibly and made strange efforts to throw him into despair and make him their prey. One above all, in the horrible form of a man flashing with fire and sulphur, had the effrontery to say that this soul was his and that he had come to take it. But the holy Virgin, whom Andrew called on with all his soul, gave him prompt help, and his guardian angel, seizing the monster, put a spiked collar on its neck and dragged it out of the room. Then the face of the blessed dying man, which so terrible a struggle had turned livid, regained its natural colour and serenity. At that moment, casting a loving glance at the image of the Mother of God, he died in peace, to go and receive the glory that his innocence, humility, patience, love for Jesus Christ and zeal for the salvation of souls had so justly earned him. It was 10 November 1608.

In pictures of St. Andrew Avellino, angels are seen singing God's praises beside him while he recites the divine office. He is also shown: 1st, at the moment when he falls struck by apoplexy at the foot of the altar; 2nd, in company with St. Cajetan of Thiene, founder of the Order of Theatines, in his capacity as reformer of that Order; 3rd, caught in a storm and surrounded by a heavenly light that shields him from the rain, as we have related.

Because of the attack that ended his days, St. Andrew Avellino is invoked for a good death and against sudden death.

CULT AND RELICS. — WRITINGS.

As soon as our Saint had closed his eyes, a great crowd pressed round his body to carry off whatever had belonged to him. They even cut off his beard and hair to make relics of them. His face became ruddier than in the best days of his life, and the shyest children had no fear of coming near him. Some beads of his rosary, which the princess of Stigliano laid on her breast, instantly cured her of a painful tumour that was thought likely to turn into a cancer.

His body lay exposed in the church for a long time, both at the request of the greatest people of Naples and to satisfy the devotion of the people, and also because the coffin ordered for his burial proved miraculously too short; yet a few days later it was found too long for another dead man taller than he. After three days much blood flowed from his head and from some other parts of his body. The shroud he lay on was soaked with it, and enough came at last to fill three crystal phials. The doctors all judged unanimously that this blood was not natural, and in fact it was the means of several miraculous cures. What is more wonderful still, all the limbs of this blessed dead man were as flexible as if he had been alive; his cheeks stayed fair and ruddy; and his eyes, when they were opened, looked no less bright and lively than before his death.

He was buried at last at two o'clock at night [Italian reckoning, two hours after nightfall]. The following year, on 9 December, he was found without corruption or bad odour and was raised from the ground and placed in a more honourable spot. The miracles he had worked before his death and those he worked afterwards led Pope Urban VIII in 1624 to declare him Blessed and to allow his Order to say his office. Clement XI canonized him in 1712. Sicily and the city of Naples have chosen him as their patron. "The church of San Paolo Maggiore at Naples," writes Mgr. Gaume, "belongs to the Theatines. In front of the main door are two columns that formed part of the temple of Castor and Pollux, built on the same spot by Julius of Tarsus, freedman of Tiberius. The *Conversion of St. Paul* and the *Fall of Simon Magus*, which adorn the sacristy, are held to be the masterpieces of the prolific Solimena. But the true riches of San Paolo Maggiore are the sacred bodies of St. Cajetan of Thiene and St. Andrew Avellino. These two Saints were the glory of their Order, the models of priests and the benefactors of their country. The same house that witnessed their virtues and their death keeps their precious remains. After venerating them, we went into the cloister. There one sees the traces of the theatre on which Nero tried out his dramatic talents before appearing on the stage of great Rome. Of this monument of imperial folly only shapeless ruins remain. Religion, which seems to have entrusted their keeping to her children for the instruction of the ages, has left them another monument, over which the good religious watch with a truly filial piety: I mean the room of St. Andrew Avellino. As the happy cell was on the day of the Saint's death, so we saw it: nothing has been changed. The poor furniture he used, his books, his inkstand, his little wooden chair, some writings in his hand, in a word all that makes up the ordinary fortune of the great servants of God, is there; it speaks, it preaches, it moves, and it fills the soul with an indefinable fragrance of piety whose sweet impression is felt for a long time."

St. Andrew Avellino composed several works of piety, which were printed in five quarto volumes at Naples in 1133 and 1134.

The first volume contains: 1st, a treatise on prayer; 2nd, an exposition of the Lord's Prayer; 3rd, reflections on the prayers most used in the Church in honour of the holy Virgin; 4th, a commentary on the epistle of

St. James.

The second volume contains: 1st, a treatise on renouncing the world; 2nd, commentaries on Psalm 118 and on Psalm 45; 3rd, a treatise on the eight beatitudes. Homilies on the Gospels of all the Sundays of the year and of every day of Lent form the third volume.

The fourth contains a treatise called *The Exercises of the Spirit*, meditations, advice to a nun, an explanation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit and a dissertation on original sin. The fifth volume is made up of various treatises on humility, the love of God and of neighbour, the mercy of God, and several Christian virtues. We also have from St. Andrew Avellino some very interesting letters, printed at Naples in 1732 in two quarto volumes.

The abbé Grimes, in his *Esprit des Saints*, has published selected works of St. Andrew Avellino.

We have completed Father Giry's account with Godescard; Father Cahier, *Caractéristiques des Saints*; Mgr. Gaume, *Les Trois Rome*; and the abbé Grimes, *Esprit des Saints*.

ST. LUSOR OR LUDRE, CONFESSOR, IN THE DIOCESE OF BOURGES

(1st century.)

Lusor, son of the senator Leocadius(1) and of Susanna, was as illustrious for his piety as for his birth. While still a child he had the happiness of seeing St. Ursinus, apostle of Bourges, who had come to Lyons to visit Leocadius. He heard him speak of the mysteries of Jesus Christ, and as he listened his heart burned with a heavenly ardour. He went with his father on a journey the latter made to Bourges on the business of his office. There he again saw and heard the holy bishop, and received baptism from his hands at the same time as his father. Soon the holy child, already ripe for heaven, left this world before he had put off the white robe of baptismal innocence.

The little church of Saint-Étienne at Déols or Bourgdieu (Indre, arrondissement and canton of Châteauroux) still has St. Lusor's tomb today. Let us go into this church, go down the little stair made behind the altar of the right-hand chapel, and enter the narrow vault that holds the sepulchre. The monument, with straight sides, in the form of an altar, is made of three parts: the base, the tomb and the lid. Through the mutilations and the grime of time that disfigure it, let us note with Gregory of Tours that it is wholly of white marble (*ex marmore Pario*), a rich material unknown in the country of Bourges, which is enough to prove its illustrious origin and to tie it beyond question to Roman rule in Gaul. The base, decorated with a simple moulding, has been broken and shows a wide gap on the right. At certain times mothers pass their infants through it in turn, to call down the Saint's blessings on them. Along the whole length of its front face the tomb is adorned with a superb relief in the round showing a complete hunt. Eleven huntsmen dressed in Roman fashion, some on horseback, others on foot, armed with swords and boar-spears, chase and bring down, with the help of their dogs, wild beasts of every kind: lions, boars, wolves, stags and so on. The frieze of the lid bears subjects in much lower relief, whose workmanship, far inferior in merit, clearly belongs neither to the same artist nor to the same period. The middle of the frieze is taken up by two winged children holding a square cartouche without inscription. On the left is a meal; on the right a procession of horsemen and men on foot [left and right as printed; the next paragraph reverses them].

These various carvings have given rise to the most varied and contradictory commentaries. Some, without losing themselves in conjecture, hold that the sarcophagus, pagan or Christian, quite simply shows a hunt of wild beasts with its usual episodes: the huntsmen's march to the meeting-place, the hunt proper, and the meal that usually follows such exploits. Others, adopting the fabulous details of a purely local legend, have thought they recognized the senator Leocadius in person, going with his household at the invitation of Dionysius the Gaul, sitting at his table, and destroying the wild beasts that infested the districts of Dieux and

Déols. Some, more subtle, have looked for symbols in it, more or less ingenious fictions, even puns. Thus these huntsmen exterminating monsters might stand for Christians victorious over the passions; and this falling lion (*Leo cadit*) might be a rebus of the name Leocadius. Others again, taking a middle course, have put forward a view that seems more thorough and more reasonable. They grant first that the coffin was made by a pagan artist for a pagan burial, and that the carvings are only the usual ornaments of funeral monuments of the period, of which more than one example is found in our museums. On the lid, on the other hand, they point to clear traces of Christianity. They see true angels in the winged children holding the cartouche; in the right-hand scene a meal or communion of the faithful, as three loaves or hosts set among the dishes, each plainly marked with a cross, seem to prove; and in the left-hand scene a funeral procession in which, according to ancient rites, the dead man's riderless horse would appear.

On this basis they reason as follows. Leocadius, still a pagan and concerned about his burial, would have bought or had made a tomb adorned with hunting scenes in the taste of the time, and well worthy by its richness to receive the remains of so noble a person. Having become a Christian and seeing his son die before him, he would have laid the boy's body in his own coffin, whose subject was, after all, in no way anti-Christian, and fitted it with a lid decorated with later carvings, the work of another artist and better suited to his new beliefs. This last opinion, very plausible, satisfying both reason and tradition at once, seems generally to have prevailed.

We have taken these curious details from the *Pieuses légendes du Berry* by M. Veillat (Châteauroux, 1864).

(1) See on 9 November, in the life of St. Ursinus, what is known of St. Leocadius; see also the *Martyrologe de France* for 9 November, and the note completing the mention of St. Leocadius.

ST. TRYPHON AND ST. RESPICIUS, MARTYRS AT APAMEA, AND ST. NYMPHA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN SICILY

(3rd century.)

Tryphon and Respicius were, in the most probable opinion, natives of Apamea, a city of Phrygia. Tryphon began to practise virtue there so early that one may well apply to him St. Ambrose's maxim that "strength is not tied to age". Scarcely could he speak when he was proclaiming the greatness of God, driving out demons and healing the sick. In these noble exercises he spent the first years of his life. When he was older, seeing that the Christians were so cruelly persecuted under the emperor Decius that there was danger of many making shipwreck of the faith, he set himself to strengthen the weakest and even to provide them with what they needed to live. As he did not hide himself, and so great a light could not remain unknown, he was arrested by the officers of the prefect Quirinus. He was stretched on the rack, his skin was torn with iron hooks, he was hung in the air by the feet, which were fastened with red-hot nails, he was beaten with clubs, and his sides were burned with flaming torches. His constancy and firmness were so astonishing that the tribune Respicius, who was present, was quite overcome. He saw clearly that nature was not capable of so great an effort, and that a higher cause and a true divinity must be sustaining him in torments so unbearable. So he acknowledged that Jesus Christ was the true and only God to be adored; he confessed him, and earned the right to be joined to this glorious martyr whose example had done him so much good. Both were dragged before the idol of Jupiter, and at Tryphon's prayer the statue fell to the ground and broke. Then the judge condemned them both to be scourged with leaded whips, which went on so long that they died under the severity of this torture. Some authors have written that they suffered martyrdom in the city of Nicaea in Bithynia. Their holy bodies were afterwards taken to Rome and placed in the church of the Holy Spirit. On the same day a virgin named Nympha, confessing the sacred name of Jesus Christ with admirable fervour, was seized and put to death, and so earned the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. Baronius cites Acts saying that she suffered in Sicily; others think that after suffering great torments there she came to Rome and

died in peace. Be that as it may, her relics are with those of St. Tryphon and St. Respicius, and the Roman Church keeps a single feast for these three Martyrs.

We have abridged Father Giry's account.

ST. MONITOR, BISHOP OF ORLÉANS AND CONFESSOR

(5th century.)

After bishop Gratian, about the year 484 of Our Lord, Monitor took in hand the government of the Church of Orléans. He was the fifth successor of St. Aignan or Anianus (17 November) and the twelfth bishop of that see. Nothing is known of him but his name and his standing as a Saint; but both are so well attested by frequent mentions in the church annals of Orléans that nothing could be less doubtful. He fell asleep in the Lord on 10 November; his life remained hidden with Christ in God. His body was buried in the church of Saint-Laurent, in the western part of the city, with the bodies of St. Anianus, St. Flosculus (2 February) and St. Baudelius (20 May). But when Robert, king of France, having raised the monastery of Saint-Aignan from its ruins, called together an assembly of bishops for its solemn dedication (14 June 1029), he had the body of St. Monitor raised from the ground, together with those of the other Saints named above and those of St. Euspicius of Verdun, priest and abbot of Saint-Mesmin (14 June and 17 July), and of St. Agia or Austregildis (25 September), sister of St. Aunarius, bishop of Auxerre, and mother of St. Lupus [Leu], archbishop of Sens; and he translated them with great pomp to the church of that monastery. The pious king showed his great veneration for these Saints by words full of religion spoken before all the people. Falling on his knees, he addressed this prayer to God: "I thank you, good God, who have today brought my plan to a happy end through the merits of St. Anianus, gladdening my soul with the relics of the Saints who now triumph with him. Grant, then, Lord, through these Saints your servants, to the living the remission of their sins, and to the dead eternal life and rest. Look upon our world, and on this kingdom that belongs to you and that you have given me in your mercy and goodness. Rule it and guide it for the honour and glory of your name."

St. Monitor is honoured on 17 November in the diocese of Orléans. — *Proper of Orléans*.

11 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Tours, the birthday in heaven of St. Martin, bishop and confessor, whose life was so full of miracles that he was found worthy to raise three dead men to life. 400. — At Cotyaeum in Phrygia, the glorious martyrdom of St. Mennas, an Egyptian soldier. During the persecution of Diocletian he left the profession of arms and became a soldier in the army of the King of heaven, withdrawing into the desert to give himself wholly to contemplation. Some time later he appeared again in public and boldly declared that he was a Christian. He was tried by frightful tortures, and at last, having knelt to pray, he was beheaded while he was thanking Our Lord Jesus Christ for his benefits; after his death he became famous for many miracles.(1) 303. — At Ravenna, Sts. Valentine, Felician and Victorinus, who received the crown of martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian. 4th c. — In Mesopotamia, St. Athenodorus, martyr. Under the same Diocletian and the governor Eleusius, after being tormented by fire and other tortures, he was at last condemned to be beheaded. But the executioner fell down and no one else would undertake to strike him, so he began to pray, and in the fervour of his prayer he fell asleep in Our Lord. 4th c. — At Lyons, St. Veranus, bishop, who shone during his life by the greatness of his faith and the merit of his virtues.(2) — At the monastery of Grottaferrata near Frascati, St. Bartholomew, abbot, companion of St. Nilus, whose life he wrote.(3) 1054.

— Among the Samnites, St. Mennas, solitary, whose virtues and miracles are related by Pope St. Gregory the Great. 6th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Angers, Autun, Beauvais, Bourges, Chartres, Coutances, Dijon, Laval, Le Mans, Meaux, Mainz, Nancy, Pamiers, Paris, Poitiers, Saint-Flour and Tours, St. Martin, bishop of the last-named see and confessor, named in today's Roman martyrology. 400. — In the diocese of Autun, memory of St. Veranus or Vrain, bishop of the former see of Cavaillon and confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of 19 October. About 590. — In the former abbey of Malonne (*Malonia*) in Belgium, St. Bertuin, bishop. Born of a noble family in England, he was brought up by the monks of Othbelle, and later became bishop of that place. It is said that an angel then urged him to go to Gaul. Bertuin obeyed, gave his goods to the poor, keeping for himself only a few relics of Saints and a few books, and crossed the sea with a small band of companions. He settled on the banks of the Sambre in the forest of Marlagne. There he built a cell; and when a devout and powerful lady granted him ownership of the field where he had settled, he built a church there as well, and soon afterwards a monastery that bore the name of Malonne. About 698. — At Nevers, St. Honoratus, monk or solitary, of whom only the name is known. — At Le Mans, Blessed Bartholomew, abbot of Marmoutier, bishop of Tours (1052–1067), then administrator of the church of Le Mans during the vacancy of two years and four months that followed the death (1064) of bishop Vulgrin. He was one of the most estimable bishops of his time. Governing his church amid the greatest difficulties, he showed himself zealous in defence of Catholic dogma, which was being attacked by Berengar of Tours (his errors concerned the mysteries of the Eucharist and transubstantiation). He backed all the efforts of the legates of the Holy See to bring the heresiarch back to the faith of the Church. This conduct earned him the praise and trust of the sovereign Pontiffs, and at last he had the consolation of seeing Berengar die in submission and repentance. Bartholomew won no less praise for the firmness with which he upheld the rights of his metropolitan church and those of the monasteries, for which he always showed a father's tenderness. 11th c. — At Marseilles, St. Gaudentia, whose relics rest in the chapel of the catechism of perseverance. — At Clermont-Ferrand, Blessed Peter Mercton, professed of the Order of St. Dominic, martyred by heretics for refusing to apostatize. He is shown, like the other martyrs of the Order of St. Dominic put to death by the Protestants, with a palm in one hand and a sword in the other. 16th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At the monastery of Grottaferrata, in the territory of Tusculum, St. Bartholomew, abbot, of the Order of St. Basil, companion of blessed Nilus, whose life he himself wrote. 1054. — In Samnium, St. Mennas, solitary, of the Order of St. Basil, whose virtues and miracles Pope St. Gregory relates. 6th c.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Alexandria, the death of St. John the Almsgiver, patriarch, named in the Roman martyrology of 23 January, the day under which we gave his life. 619. — At Constantinople, the birthday in heaven of St. Theodore the Studite, abbot, named in the Roman martyrology of 12 November. — In Japan, the Venerable Mary of Nagasaki, virgin and martyr, tertiary of the Order of St. Dominic. A new Martha, charitable and devout, she took in and served the missionaries with religious affection, without fearing the persecutors or blushing for her faith. She was soon put in prison as a Christian and a protector of the ministers of that religion. The judges, after subjecting her to the cruellest trials, condemned her to die by fire. She was led to a place not far from Nagasaki, on a mountain called Holy because of the great number who have given their lives there for the faith. She was tied to a stake, and the wood was set at a fair distance, to make her agony longer and more painful. She soon died, consumed rather by divine love than by the material fire.(4) 1634. — Among the Poor Clares of Munich, Blessed Agnes of Bavaria, virgin, daughter of Louis,

duke of Bavaria, later emperor of Germany, and of the empress Margaret. She was still very young when people tried to tear her from the holy refuge where her childhood had been sheltered. Agnes then ran to the foot of the tabernacle and clasped its base tightly, crying, “Divine Jesus, do not let me ever be separated from you!” The Saviour heard her prayer: Agnes suddenly fell ill and died in the flower of a most brilliant youth. 1352. — St. Nathanael, one of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord, whom the old breviary of Bourges claims to be the same as St. Ursinus, first bishop of Bourges.(5) 1st c.

(1) Some Christians who were present at his execution were skilful enough to take out of the fire (for he was burned after being beheaded) some bones of the generous Martyr. They wrapped them in very white linen and took them to Alexandria in Egypt (Iskanderieh), his native country, as he had wished. In the course of time these relics were brought to France, and at the instance of St. Bernard they were placed in the abbey of Orval (*Aurea Vallis*) in Belgium by Albero of Chiny, bishop of Verdun. — Various martyrologies.

He is shown: 1st, dragged over potsherds; 2nd, beheaded; 3rd, burned on a pyre. — Father Cahier, *Caractéristiques des Saints*.

(2) In the 9th century it was believed that there had been at Lyons a holy bishop named Veranus. Ado and Usuard, whom the Roman martyrology has followed, put his feast on 11 November. But there is every reason to think he was confused by some with St. Veranus, bishop of Vence (9 September, 480), son of St. Eucherius, bishop of Lyons, or with St. Veranus of Cavaillon, who lived only in the 6th century. We give today the life of St. Veranus of Cavaillon. — Cf. Baillet and the *Gallia Christiana*.

(3) Bartholomew was born at Rossano (Calabria Citeriore) after the middle of the 10th century. He studied well and then entered a monastery, which he left to put himself under the guidance of St. Nilus the Younger, his fellow countryman. He followed him to his monastery of Grottaferrata near Frascati (Tusculum, a town of the Roman States), and out of humility refused to be his immediate successor. But after the death of two abbots he was forced to accept the government of the monastery, whose buildings he completed. He composed several religious chants in honour of the holy Virgin, and we also owe him a Greek life of St. Nilus. Bartholomew had a particular gift for converting sinners, and in 1047 he persuaded Benedict IX to give up for good the papal chair, which he dishonoured by his vices. — The abbé Pétin, *Dictionnaire hagiographique*.

(4) Her ashes were thrown into the sea so that the Christians could not keep them; but her robe and her other belongings are rightly held in great veneration in Japan, above all among women. Her admirable firmness earned her in Japan the name of valiant woman [*femme forte*]. *— Année dominicaine*.

(5) See the life of St. Ursinus on 9 November.

ST. MARTIN, BISHOP OF TOURS

— Pope: St. Anastasius. — Emperor of the West: Honorius.

Martin saw and understood the vanity of idols, and he became a Christian; he saw the horror and the wretched consequences of sin, and he drove it from his heart. Once in possession of the truth and of the Lord’s grace, he watched over these precious treasures all his life, and never ceased to draw from prayer the strength to defend them. Eulogy of the Saint.

St. Martin was born at Sabaria, today Steinamanger [Szombathely], in Hungary. His father, a military tribune, went to settle at Ticinum (today Pavia) and took Martin there while still a child, to give him a more fitting and careful education. Old legends make up a genealogy for our Saint and even give him royal descent: it was a kind of garland that the Middle Ages thought necessary to adorn his cradle. Be that as it may, his glory has no need of ancestors. However noble his forebears may have been, he was nobler than they, for he despised the sacrilegious rites to which his father was enslaved. Indeed, while still very young, in

spite of the prejudices, the influence and even the persecution of his family, and in spite of the pagan air he breathed, this extraordinary child seemed to announce what he would one day be. As though he had been a Christian by nature, he was happy only in the assembly of the faithful, and slipped away from his parents' sight to go to church to pray and to learn. At ten he asked for and obtained the favour of being admitted among the catechumens. Two years later his young and simple piety, prevented by grace, nourished by the teaching given to those preparing for baptism, and supported by a strong, ardent and thoughtful soul that felt a stranger in his father's house and in the world, ran ahead of the age for great things. Aiming from the start at perfection, it almost drove him prematurely into the desert.

So a sublime vocation was already announcing itself; so one of those chosen natures, lofty and contemplative, was showing itself in him. Such souls feel cramped in the earthly sphere and soar far above the thousand little things of this world. They seem to forget that they are still subject to mortal life, and dream only of heaven, as if, at the height where God has placed them, they could feed only on supernatural thoughts and affections, on immortal hopes, on charity, devotion, sacrifice and almost superhuman virtues. Yet for the moment the young catechumen thought himself bound to struggle against this attraction, and he waited some years longer before satisfying the precocious need that called him out of the world. Must he not at least have left early childhood behind? At last he reached his fifteenth year, and then no doubt he fully expected to carry out his plan. God, who had his own designs, disposed otherwise. An edict of the emperor called to the colours the sons of veterans(1) aged seventeen. His father, furious to see that the boy's tastes seemed to draw him away from the profession of arms as from the worship of idols, wanted to enlist him against his will. Before his time he denounced him to the imperial agents, and managed to have him admitted among the new recruits in spite of his age, which perhaps he concealed. Martin had to obey, and he did so without a murmur, adoring with love and trust the providential hand that never arranges human events except for the good of the elect. He took the military oath, and, wearing the chlamys, an oval cloak of white wool, he set out with a horse and a servant. He was enrolled in the legions of the empire and went to serve in that fair land of Gaul which he was one day to evangelize, after guarding its frontiers with his young sword.

So here he is at fifteen, thrown unexpectedly, and before he had even been baptized, into the din of arms and the dissipation and licence of camps. How different this career was from the one to which all the longings of his heart were turned! But will the poor boy, without help or support, at least keep in so poisonous a setting his piety and virtue, usually so frail at that age? God, who meant him later to be the model of solitaries, bishops and apostles, wished first to show young soldiers in his person that the purest soul can keep itself unstained under arms; that a solid and devout faith goes admirably with a hero's courage; that the true Christian and the true soldier are brothers, who can understand each other perfectly and are alike in the spirit of sacrifice and devotion common to both, which in a sense makes up their life and is the essence of their being. As a reward for Martin's holy desires and generous efforts, God protected his youth in the army, beset by a thousand dangers, just as under his father's roof he had protected his childhood against the seductions of idolatry, in spite of the almost irresistible influence of upbringing and home example. So vice could not come near one whom the Christian virtues, joined to the soldierly ones, surrounded with a guard of honour and covered with a double and invincible rampart. Exact in all his duties, more from conscience no doubt than from any liking for military life, as gentle and friendly in daily dealings as he was brave on the battlefield, he soon won the esteem and affection of his comrades and his officers. All the finest and noblest qualities of heart were to be seen in him; but humility and charity, those two lovable sisters, daughters of the Gospel and mothers of all the other virtues, seemed particularly dear to him. Instead of having several men under his orders like the others, he was content with a single servant, and even treated him as his equal before God. He spared him all the trouble he could, and even, when need arose, did him the humblest services. This was an admirable and unheard-of thing, when one thinks of the contempt in which the wretched slaves were held, and the treatment they suffered, at the hands of those who had not yet learned from Christianity that all men are brothers! Almost all his pay passed into the hands of the poor. He kept back only what was strictly

necessary, and often he even forgot to keep anything at all.

One day, when he was on the march in a winter so severe that several people died of cold, he met at the gates of Amiens, on the Agrippan road from Lyons to Boulogne, a poor man almost naked, begging alms of the passers-by. Seeing that the others had not even noticed the poor wretch, he thought that God was keeping him for him. But what would he give? That day he did not have so much as an obol. Charity, which does not know how to calculate, is nevertheless resourceful and knows nothing impossible. At once, remembering these words of the divine Master, *I was naked, and you clothed me*, "My friend," he said to the poor man, "I have only my weapons and my clothes; let us share these. Here, this is your part." He had hardly finished the words when he had already split his chlamys in two with his sword and thrown half of it to the frozen beggar. The following night he saw, in a miraculous dream, Our Lord Jesus Christ covered with this half-cloak and saying to a troop of angels ranged around him: "Martin, who is still only a catechumen, has clothed me with this garment." The young soldier was not yet eighteen when he did this act of charity, so generous, so swift, so spontaneous, which revealed his whole soul. This immortal deed is seen engraved on an old medal found at: so deep were the traces, so lively and dear the memory, that Martin had left in this town, where we shall soon follow him.

Some time later he received baptism, after passing through all the tests of the *competentes*, or candidates. Still nursing his great plan of living only for God, he now thought seriously of leaving the army. However, at the request of a senior officer, his friend, who promised to retire at the same time as he and likewise to consecrate himself to God, he agreed to stay with the colours two years more. But his thoughts were elsewhere, and more than ever his soul lived in a higher sphere. At last the moment came when he could escape the sad necessity of shedding human blood and enter the more perfect way to which he felt called by divine Providence. The Germans had broken into the lands of the empire (in 336). The troops scattered in their quarters were gathered together, and before leading them against the enemy the usual largesse was given them. Martin, resolved to leave the army, had the remarkable delicacy to refuse a reward which, in his view, implied that he would go on serving. He took the occasion to ask for his discharge, saying that he could not accept a bounty because, having resolved to enter the militia of Jesus Christ, he was not allowed to fight. As they were on the eve of meeting the enemy, the request was naturally taken as a proof of cowardice. Martin's generous soul, full of the noble pride worthy of a soldier of Rome, and worthy too of a soldier of Jesus Christ who means to keep his Christian name free of every stain, could only rebel at such a charge. "Very well," he said, "since that is how it is, tomorrow let me be put in the front rank without weapons, either offensive or defensive. Then I shall have nothing to set against the enemy but the sign of the cross, and it will be seen whether a Christian is afraid of death." What passed during the night between God and his servant? No mortal has known. But the next day, at dawn, a deputation of the barbarians came to the camp to ask for peace. Then Martin could take his discharge at once and devote himself wholly to the service of the divine King. The hardships and perilous chances of war had only strengthened his courage without taking anything from his virtue, and had tempered his great soul still more strongly. When at last, and for the first time, he found himself in possession of the freedom he had desired solely in order to sacrifice it to God, Martin, then about twenty years old, first went to Maximinus, bishop of Trier, made the journey to Rome with him, and after the death of that holy prelate (in 348) went to his brother St. Maxentius, bishop of Poitiers. Some time later Hilary replaced Maxentius in the see of that city, and Martin was happy to be accepted as his disciple. The great doctor soon recognized the holy young man's extraordinary merit and wished to attach him to his diocese by ordaining him deacon. Martin refused this honour, of which he thought himself too unworthy, and agreed only to be made an exorcist. It was like a prophecy announcing the unceasing war our Saint would wage against the demons.

He had held the power of commanding these spirits of darkness for only a few days when the new cleric, warned from heaven and with the leave of his illustrious master, made a journey that zeal as much as filial

piety required of him. Full of an affectionate Christian concern for his parents, whom he had left in the darkness of paganism, he wished to see them one last time and work for their conversion. His old mother and several people of the country opened their eyes to the light of faith. But this consolation was mixed with bitterness: in spite of all his tender and devout efforts, he had the grief of failing with his father, and left him very sad, able to do nothing but pray for him. The old, hard tribune had received him coldly and gloomily; he could not forgive this only son for renouncing his gods and his profession and disappointing his vulgar ambition. It was during this long journey from Poitiers to Sabaria that, crossing the Alps, Martin fell into the hands of a band of robbers. One of them was already raising his arm against him when he was suddenly stopped by his companions, struck by the traveller's noble, fearless and calm bearing. "Who are you, then?" they asked him. "I am a Christian," our Saint answered. "Are you not afraid, then?" "No. A true Christian is never afraid, because he has a quiet conscience and knows that Jesus Christ is with him in life and in death. It is you, who have everything to fear from the justice of men and above all from the justice of God, who ought rightly to be afraid." These men of blood and plunder were stunned to hear such firm words, so new to them, from the mouth of an unarmed traveller at their mercy. Mastered by a secret force, by an irresistible ascendancy, and held fast by admiration, they were astonished at themselves. They could not explain how they had found a conqueror in this defenceless stranger, whom they had been quite determined to make the prey and victim of their cruel greed. The very man who had raised his arm to strike Martin embraced the Christian religion and even became a monk. Afterwards he liked to tell of the providential event that had led to his conversion. It was also on this journey that the devil appeared to Martin in human form and tried to frighten him with threats. But the Saint was no more afraid of him than of the brigands of the Alps, and the two enemies promised each other a fair fight. Both kept their word; but the spirit of evil was always forced to flee before the man who was armed with the strength of God himself.

Formed by the teaching of St. Hilary and inspired by his zeal for the faith of Nicaea, the exorcist of Poitiers, before returning to Gaul, fought hard against the Arians in Illyricum. Publicly ill-treated and driven out by these heretics, he passed into Italy. There he learned that St. Hilary had just been exiled for the faith, and he withdrew to Milan. Then, realizing for the first time the dream of his childhood, our Saint made himself a little monastery, where he lived with a few disciples, among them Maurilius, whose father was governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and Gaudentius, who later became bishop of Novara. He was enjoying in peace the happiness of serving God in retirement when the Arian bishop Auxentius, learning that there was in the city a monk, an ardent defender of the divinity of the Word and a disciple of Hilary, flew into a rage, heaped insults and blows on him and drove him out shamefully. Exiled within his very exile, what was to become of Martin? Gaul had no attraction for him: Hilary was no longer there. With a holy priest who had attached himself to him, he resolved to leave the towns and even to flee inhabited places. Near the coast of Liguria (the country of Genoa) is a desert island called Gallinaria.(2) There he went to hide with his companion, far from men in order to be nearer to God, while waiting for better days. A strange incident, says the legend, marked his entry into this dreary place. Beelzebub had once driven out its inhabitants and had reigned there since as master. Scarcely had the man of God set foot in this solitude when the evil spirit, unable to bear his presence, abandoned the place with frightful howls and withdrew with his infernal legions to another spot, from which he was driven out again. One day the holy solitary, who lived only on roots and wild herbs, unknowingly ate some poisonous plant on his untilled island and was brought to death's door. But he at once commended himself to Jesus Christ, and the divine Master, who was keeping his faithful servant for great things, granted him a sudden and complete cure. He went on spending the life just miraculously restored to him in retirement, prayer and the harshest austerities. So, alone with God and with the holy priest who had made himself his imitator, he was rehearsing the exercises of that monastic life towards which the bent of his heart always drew him.

At last the Arian persecution had died down, and the great bishop of Poitiers, the Athanasius of the West, was hurrying back to his country, of which he was the support, the light and the glory. At this news Martin

left at once for Rome, where he hoped to meet him. But Hilary had already gone. The disciple then sped after his master and arrived almost at the same time as he in the city of Poitiers, happy to have found again a shepherd and a father. How keen was the joy of these two Saints, who had learned to value and love each other, when after five years of exile they threw themselves into each other's arms! They had parted in tears; on the day of their reunion they wept again, but this time they were tears of happiness. Soon afterwards St. Hilary, knowing his dear disciple's love for the religious life, gave him an estate two and a half leagues from the episcopal city, in the fair valley of the Clain, and Ligugé, the first monastery of Gaul, was founded (362). Martin, then forty-seven years old, shut himself up there with a number of disciples large enough to form a regular community, which he governed under the authority of the holy bishop of Poitiers. His wishes were fulfilled. His life could now be spent wholly in close communion with heaven and in preparing worthy ministers of Jesus Christ by the exercises of monastic life. For the aim of these first monks, disciples of St. Martin, was to work at their own perfection in a life of retirement, piety and study, so as to make themselves able to serve the Church usefully when they were called to the duties of the sacred ministry and the apostolate. Our Saint thus did an immense service by setting up these regular seminaries of a kind, from which came men solidly grounded in every virtue, who went out at the bishops' command to work for the conversion of souls and do God's work among the peoples. To give his disciples the example of this religious life joined to the missionary's, he began from then on to do what he would do until his last day. He went to preach in the countryside, still full of poor idolaters; but he always came back eagerly to the monastery to steep his soul again in calm and prayer.

Providence, which meant to use him to make monastic order and discipline flourish in Gaul together with the priestly life, let him only taste the happiness of his dear solitude of Ligugé. It was keeping his high virtue, his eminent merit, his great soul and his immense zeal for a wider stage. And to give powerful support to the important mission to which it was about to call him, and to accredit him, as it were, to the peoples as its ambassador, the divine Master from then on gave him the gift of miracles in the highest degree. Before leaving Ligugé the humble and modest religious worked several, among which history singles out the raising of two dead men. Soon the fame of his wonders and the brilliance of his eminent holiness passed beyond the quiet enclosure where he thought to shelter his life for ever, doing good in obscurity and hiding with all possible care the least actions that might draw men's attention. He was betrayed. The noise of his name already flew far and wide, and he did not know what his reputation, or rather Providence, was preparing for him. Tours had just lost its bishop and had cast its eyes on Martin. A large deputation left the city with the mandate to go and fetch him, and if need be to carry him off in spite of all resistance. But the difficulty was to draw him out of the monastery. Ruricius, head of the deputation, managed it by a ruse. Halting his party some distance away, he went on alone to Ligugé. There, without making himself known, he said to the man of God: "My wife is dangerously ill and begs your help. Please follow me at once." He knew well that charity had every power over that great heart and would overcome the resistance of humility. Martin did indeed follow him. Pleased with the success of his pious trick, Ruricius hastened to lead him to the place where his fellow citizens were waiting. The Saint at once found himself surrounded without warning, seized by force and carried off to be placed on the episcopal throne that the recent death of St. Litorius had left vacant. At the sight of the poor monk some people turned up their noses. "What! Is that all he is?… How can anyone find a bishop in a man of such a humble and neglected appearance?" There was even a party formed against him; but the people and clergy of Tours wanted him at any price. They were right, and they held firm. The opposition was shamed by this show of unanimous wishes and had to give way. Martin was at once proclaimed and consecrated by the assembled prelates on 4 July of the year 372.

Thus drawn unexpectedly and against his will from his beloved solitude to be raised to the episcopate, our Saint founded a monastery near his episcopal city, on the right bank of the Loire. Its cells were built of wood or dug into the beds of soft Touraine limestone. He did this to join as far as possible the advantages, the joys and the holy austerities of monastic life to the duties of his new dignity; but also, and above all, to train

evangelical workers able to second his zeal and to have them always at hand. Such is the origin of the famous abbey of Marmoutier, the great monastery par excellence, *magnum monasterium*. (3) He often went to refresh his soul in this holy retreat, spending there all the time his many and serious duties left him. He lived among the religious who, under his direction, were preparing for the sacred ministry. They studied, copied books, gave themselves to prayer, to singing God's praises and to the exercises of penance, and left only to go and exercise the apostolate. This monastery became a kind of seminary of bishops: every city wanted pastors who were missionaries trained by St. Martin. To keep more surely there the religious and apostolic spirit, which is a spirit of sacrifice very likely to be lost amid riches, the holy bishop was unbending about poverty. Here is an example. Lycontius, formerly governor of a province, a man as distinguished for his piety as for the high rank he held in the empire, wrote to him one day, heartbroken, that a contagious sickness had broken out in his household and was doing great harm. He begged him at the same time to intercede with God to stop the scourge. Martin, touched by his friend's grief, at once shut himself in his cell and stayed there seven days and seven nights, fasting and praying. He did not come out until he had, so to speak, done violence to heaven and obtained the grace he asked. Lycontius came to thank him and offered him two hundred marks of silver as a token of gratitude. But the Saint would not let the smallest part of the sum be kept for his monastery. He required that the whole of it be spent on relieving the poor. To some of his disciples who pointed out the needs of the community he answered: "Religious should have only the clothing and food that are strictly indispensable. And the Church," he added, "will always be able to provide that, above all when people know that we despise riches." The following incident shows both his care to keep the monastic Rules intact and his skill in guiding souls.

A former soldier came one day to ask to be received into his monastery. "Are you married?" the Saint asked him. "Yes," the soldier answered. "Then, my friend, I cannot admit you." "But my wife, like me, has decided to embrace the religious life." Martin, admiring such fine sentiments, in the end granted the petitioner's request with his usual kindness. After testing the dispositions of the devout couple sufficiently, he placed the wife in a house he had set up for virgins consecrated to Jesus Christ, and let the husband build himself a cell near the monks'. But a little later the novice grew tired of the monastic state and imagined that if he could have his wife with him he would serve God more fervently, because, in his mind, each would spur the other on to virtue. So the poor man went to the holy bishop and, opening his heart to him, said he wished to have his wife with him, if that were possible. Martin, surprised by such a proposal, tried to make him see directly that his request could not be reconciled with religious profession, but in vain. Then, taking another way round, he said to him: "You were a soldier, were you not, and no doubt you were often in the thick of the fight?" "Yes," answered the old soldier. "Well then, my friend, tell me: did you ever take it into your head to bring your wife with you into battle? Did you even think of it?" "No, certainly not." "And now that you have come here to fight the battles of the Lord, you want her at your side?" No more was needed to dispel the temptation, and the veteran persevered to the end in the vocation God had given him, without feeling any further distaste for it. However careful he was to keep regular discipline whole, his zeal was nonetheless full of gentleness and long-suffering. One day he had to reproach one of his disciples who, scarcely had he entered the clergy, forgot the lessons of the monastery, bought horses and lived the life of a layman. Brice, the name of this worldly cleric, this unruly and ungrateful disciple, took his reproofs very badly, though they were only too well deserved and most fatherly. He even answered with insolent rudeness: "A fine thing for you, who lost a good part of your life in the licence of the camps, to find fault with the conduct of a man who has spent all his in religious exercises and the service of the altar!" The venerable bishop, unmoved, tried to calm the unhappy man and lead him gently back to better feelings. But failing to do so by words, he went and threw himself on his knees to ask God for the conversion of a soul so rebellious and yet so dear. His prayer was heard. Brice, suddenly changed, came back in all humility to ask pardon of the holy Prelate, who, full of joy, threw his arms round his neck and embraced him tenderly, and all was forgotten. As some of the brothers seemed scandalized at his indulgence, he said to them: "Do you want me to grow angry over insults

that do harm only to the man who spoke them?" And when they still urged him to expel the culprit from the monastery, he added: "What! Our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to bear the traitor Judas near his divine person, and I, who am only a wretched sinner, should send away Brice when he repents!" Martin pitied him and loved him too sincerely to be able to grow angry with him and punish him. The goodness he showed on this occasion was all the more admirable because it was not the first time the culprit had tried his patience by insulting him grossly and calling him a dotard. This flighty, proud and worldly man did not yet correct himself completely. But later he changed entirely, even succeeded his admirable master in the see of Tours, and died a Saint.

It was from this monastery, where by his example and wise direction he maintained the most perfect regularity and the practice of every virtue, that the holy bishop set out to evangelize his vast diocese, after drawing from close converse with God an ardent charity and a tireless zeal. It was there that he came back to gather new strength before setting out again. On his apostolic rounds he went into the depths of the remotest countryside. The poor peasants, rough, ignorant and for the most part still idolaters, were always the chief object of his care. He sought them out everywhere, taught them with a lovable simplicity, consoled them with touching kindness, and won them over by the irresistible power the Gospel word had in his mouth, but above all by his example, his gentleness and his holiness backed by the gift of miracles. Wherever he passed, the old superstitions of Roman or Gaulish paganism always vanished.

Amboise was one of the first places where the holy Pastor went to exercise his zeal. He made many conversions there, founded a Church and gave its government to some of his disciples, who formed a community and lived there under much the same discipline as in the great monastery of Tours. Tended by these worthy workers, the Lord's vineyard bore fruit a hundredfold. Yet there remained not far off a temple of conical shape, all of dressed stone, very solid and very tall, where the people honoured an idol of extraordinary size. Martin, seeing that this monument kept idolatrous memories alive in the district, told Marcellus, superior of the little community of clerics he had left there, to have it pulled down. But the disciple, for all his zeal, could not carry out his master's order. Then the holy bishop came back to Amboise. Convinced that he could indeed count only on the help of heaven to carry out his plan, he withdrew to a lonely place and spent the night in prayer. The very next morning a furious hurricane overturned the temple and broke the idol. Thus God put the elements at the disposal of one who worked only for his glory and the salvation of souls. What could he refuse to so lively a faith, so ardent a zeal, so persevering a prayer?

One day, coming to another village of his diocese, (4) he found there an old temple much frequented. As he was getting ready, as usual, to overthrow the altars and idols, the pagans, warned of what was happening, came running in a crowd and drove him away, heaping insults on him. Then, says Sulpicius Severus, he stayed alone for three days, fasting and begging the Lord to enlighten this poor people. At last two envoys of the heavenly host appeared to him in human form, armed with spears and shields, and said to him: "We have come to hold back this crowd of pagans who have set so brutal a resistance against the efforts of your zeal. Go now in full confidence and carry out your undertaking." Martin, who was lying with his face to the ground, rose at once full of heavenly ardour, overthrew the altars and broke the images of idolatrous worship, without the pagans offering the least resistance. Feeling as if chained by a divine force in the presence of this man whom they had forced to flee before them three days earlier, they recognized in him the minister of the one true and almighty God, were converted and received baptism. — Another time, having set fire to a temple that was also very famous, he saw the flames, driven by the wind, whirling towards a private house close by. He ran, climbed onto the roof of the house and forbade the fire to spread. At once the fire turned in a direction quite opposite to the force of the wind, and the house in danger was saved. — While he was busy overthrowing idols in a place whose name is not known, a man suddenly rushed at him to strike him with a knife. But at that same moment the weapon slipped from the fanatic's hands and vanished. — In every village he came to in order to abolish idolatry, Martin was not always reduced to carrying out the work of

destruction himself. When the pagans obstinately refused to let their temples be pulled down, he began to speak to them, and often his words then had such power that little by little these men's anger died down, and soon the light of truth even entered their minds. At last, completely changed, they turned against the building themselves and pulled it down with their own hands. More than once the holy bishop thus made war and won the victory with the very troops of his enemy.

But God had not made Martin so great for the diocese of Tours alone. "To perpetuate in the Church of Gaul," says Bossuet, "the glory St. Hilary had won for her, the great bishop of Tours was brought up under the discipline of the great bishop of Poitiers; and this Church, renewed by the examples and miracles of this incomparable man, thought it saw again the time of the Apostles: so careful was divine Providence to reawaken the old spirit among us and to make the first graces live again!" Soon, indeed, the supernatural ambition the Holy Spirit had inspired in this sublime soul found itself cramped within the limits of the Church of Tours. Having visited and renewed his diocese, the man of God felt urged to carry his journeys and labours abroad, into the most distant provinces. Dressed in a poor tunic covered with a black cloak of coarse hair, riding on a donkey and taking with him some of his religious as helpers, off he goes as a poor missionary to evangelize the countryside and root out the remains of idolatry there; for that is the lot he has chosen, the task he has set himself. Gifted with an activity as prodigious as his zeal, he travelled through almost all the provinces of Gaul, fighting everywhere and always victorious over the old paganism, which fled, forced to go far off and hide to escape the pursuit and conquests of the Gospel. Nothing could stop the steps of the tireless soldier of Jesus Christ: not the harsh mountains of Auvergne, nor the wild shores and rocks of Armorica, nor the vast forests of the country of the Carnutes (Chartres), nor the rough country of the Morvan, the distant last refuges of druidism already driven from the towns. Preceded by his immense reputation, surrounded by the brilliance and strong in the influence of a superhuman virtue, with no other weapons than the word of God, the cross, prayer, penance, a boundless charity, a faith to move mountains and the divine power of working wonders, everywhere, a new and peaceful conqueror, he drew the peoples and brought them under the rule of the divine Master. Everywhere he stifled the Celtic superstitions in their cradle and overthrew the sacred trees, remnants of primitive fetishism, and the temples, altars and statues of the false gods. In their place he took care to raise a church, an oratory or a cell, where, according to circumstances, he left one or more religious to carry on his work, or rather God's work, and to tend the mysterious mustard seed he had sown in passing. St. Martin is held to be the first to have set up rural parishes in the province of Tours, and perhaps even in the whole of Gaul, which has above all led to his being regarded as the apostle of the countryside.

So too, with a deep understanding of human nature, in order to win the peoples more easily and further the spread of the faith, he did not forget to keep for a given temple, altar or place, as far as possible, the fame that superstition and the pagans' crowds had given it. On the same spot he took care to put, in place of the ridiculous and criminal practices of idolatry, the beautiful and pure ceremonies, the sanctifying feasts and the sublime pomp of Christian worship, the unbloody sacrifice of the adorable victim.

Let us follow Martin to Trier, where he had had to go to deal with the emperor Valentinian I about some important business, no doubt concerning the Church or charity. The prince, set against the great bishop by his wife Justina, who was tainted with Arianism, and resolved in advance to grant nothing, had him refused entry to the palace. After several fruitless attempts our Saint had recourse to his usual weapons, prayer and penance, to overcome this evasive resistance and win to his cause the one "who holds the hearts of kings in his mighty hands". After seven days and seven nights of prayer and fasting he had a vision of an angel. "Go to the palace without fear," said the heavenly messenger; "the doors will be opened to you, and the emperor, fierce as he is, will soften." Coming out at once from his cell, where he had shut himself up to groan before God, he ran with holy confidence to the imperial residence, found the way in indeed quite open, and was able to reach Valentinian. The prince, of an extremely violent temper, at first did not deign to rise and even flew

into a rage. But all at once, overcome and changed by a secret divine influence, he threw his arms round the bishop's neck, granted his request before he could make it, gave him several more audiences, wished to have him as his guest, and at last offered him rich presents, though he could never get him to accept them. The veneration he felt for the man of God grew still further with all his admiration for such disinterestedness.

On one of his missions, Martin, having had a very old temple pulled down in a place whose name history has not kept, and smashed the statues of the gods, wanted a sacred tree next to the temple to be cut down as well. The priest of the destroyed idols and some pagans opposed this violently. But seeing that the Apostle insisted, they said to him: "Very well, we will cut down the tree, on condition that you catch it as it falls. You need fear nothing: the God you preach, in whom you have such confidence, will surely be strong enough and good enough to protect you." The Saint called on the Lord and, inspired from on high, accepted the proposal. He was placed on the side towards which the tree leaned. The axe-blows rang out. Soon the pine tottered; already it was bending over Martin's head; but at a sign of the cross made by the servant of God it suddenly straightened, as if pushed back by a violent wind, and fell on the opposite side.

St. Martin, passing through the country of the Aedui, evangelized it and came as far as Autun to pray at the tomb of St. Symphorian, visit the holy bishop Simplicius and help him in his efforts to destroy the remains of idolatry. It was then that his venerable feet trod this soil, hallowed by his zeal, made famous by one of his miracles, and honoured ever since with his immortal name. Not far from the old gate where the Langres road ended, close by the little cell that held the body of St. Symphorian, stood a temple in honour of Saron, a legendary king of Gaul. He was the grandson of Samothes, from whom, according to Caesar, the Gauls claimed descent; he was famous for his learning and the founder of certain schools, from which a sect of Druids had taken the name of Saronides. These Saronid Druids kept, amid the sacred forests that covered the heights near Autun, a sort of famous college to which young people came from every side to study religion and philosophy. This ancient temple of Saron, which had survived the proscription of the Druids, was then perhaps the last refuge of vanquished paganism. Martin saw it on his way to pray in the cemetery church and venerate the relics of Symphorian. At once he went there and did not hesitate to do there what he had done everywhere, even at the risk of his life. Seized with indignation at the sight of this standing insult to Jesus Christ, he went into the temple, driven by the spirit of God, and, carried away by holy zeal, overthrew the sacrilegious statue and altar. At once a furious band of armed pagans rushed at him with savage cries to defend and avenge the idol. One of them, bolder, more violent and more enraged than the rest, came out from the angry crowd and sprang at the apostle sword in hand. Martin, unmoved, threw back his cloak and offered his bare throat to the murderer's blade. The wretched fanatic was already raising his arm to strike. But suddenly he fell to his knees at the holy bishop's feet, as though struck down by an invisible force, trembling with fear, seized with respect, begging pardon, and no doubt converted. We need not say with what charity Martin raised him up and reassured him, or with what joy he forgave him. One may well suppose that such an event touched the other unbelievers too, and that the wonder-worker made use of it to instruct them and bring them to the faith.

Having destroyed the idolatrous emblems, he dedicated the temple of Saron to the true God and raised in it, under the patronage of St. Peter and St. Paul, an altar that was always surrounded by the most religious respect through the centuries. Later the temple was enlarged and became the famous church of the abbey of Saint-Martin at Autun. The choir of the basilica, built on the spot where the furious peasant who had tried to strike the Saint himself fell struck with religious terror, tells future ages of the incomparable bishop's zeal, the divine ascendancy of his holiness, his passage through these places, and the undying glory that his presence, his apostolic works, his name and his cult have given them. The idolatrous peasants, converted by the miracle Martin had just worked by the temple of Saron, were happy from then on to go in crowds to this same spot, now for ever memorable and dear to them, to adore Jesus Christ their saviour, who had taken the place of the deaf and senseless idol, the wretched object of their superstitious homage. The old pagan temple,

turned by the illustrious apostle into a Christian church, with which such wonderful deeds were linked together with Martin's name, became an object of great veneration throughout the country, and the holy bishops of Autun did not fail to surround it with a splendour worthy of the precious memories it recalled to the faithful. Let us go on following our illustrious missionary on his Gospel journeys near Autun.

Paganism, though dying at the end of the 4th century in almost the whole of Gaul, still kept, on the wild hills and among the untaught inhabitants of the Morvan, venerated sanctuaries and followers of an obstinacy that seemed hopeless. But nowhere was the old Gaulish cult more deeply rooted than on the Beuvray. From every part of the territory of *Augustodunum* the eye comes to rest on this mountain, with its broad flanks covered in vigorous growth, its misty crest often struck by lightning and wrapped in flashes, rising more than eight hundred metres above sea level. Its commanding position led it to be held as a fortress first by the Gauls and then by the Romans. Among the simple people who still live at its foot, vague memories have kept down to our own day the recollection of a destroyed stronghold and of great events that once took place on its steep plateau. The peasant still points out the site of the great gates which, he says, could be heard creaking on their hinges as far away as Nevers, twenty leagues off. Belated villagers and fearful shepherds believe they hear strange noises at night when the wind blows through the beeches. The trumpet sounds, a ringing voice commands the manoeuvres, the chariots move off, the troops run noisily along the ramparts. The Beuvray sums up the great historical phases of the Aedui. It was the chief scene of the spring political assembly. Under Dumnorix and Diviciacus, under Cotus and Convictolitavis, it saw the first struggles of the Gaulish party and the Roman party. It saw Caesar and his troops take up their winter quarters in its vast fortified enclosure, behind its gigantic earthworks. After the fortress was destroyed, the neighbouring tribes went on frequenting this seat of their ancient nationhood, and their important dealings were still settled there in the Middle Ages as in the time of the Druids. Only a few centuries ago leases and farm rents were paid at the popular assemblies held since the time of the Gauls within its old rough ramparts. Today, though the last dwelling has disappeared from the Beuvray, the peasants, faithful to the age-old meeting, still climb their ancestors' mountain at the beginning of May, hallowing by this stubborn custom the memory of the old religious and political assemblies and of the existence of the national rampart.

The high plateau of the Beuvray was at the same time the centre of religion and, as it were, the sanctuary of the Celtic divinities. Behind this bulwark of the tribes of the valley there still sheltered, in St. Martin's time, a cult in keeping with the mind of childlike peoples. What strikes them is always greatness and strength, in nature as in men. High places, great trees, rocks, springs, all the visible elements of the world, everything that amazes ignorance: such are the gods that come to life in their imagination. Druidism, which thus made gods of all the forces of nature, had chosen its position well. The summit of Mount Beuvray seemed marked out in advance for such a cult. Now veiled in all the mists of the Morvan, now opening to the eye a boundless space that took in almost the whole territory of the Aeduan confederation, it was bound to become the religious centre as well as the political centre of the nation. From every point of the country the dwelling of the protecting gods appeared in its mighty majesty and summed up the unity of the tribes. The druidic sanctuary had come forth complete from the bosom of nature: it needed only to be taken over. For this material religion, what place could be more fitting and more striking, more magnificent and grander? High mountains, an immense view on every side, great prospects, great vigour of growth, great trees, venerated forests, springs giving lively and abundant waters, rocks raising their rugged heads here and there. There, amid woods and silence, the Gaulish priests celebrated their dark mysteries and gave their lessons on the worship of nature. After the conquest, driven out first by Roman polytheism and later discredited by Christianity, which was becoming the dominant religion, they obstinately stayed, as in a last refuge, on these mountains. Paganism has indeed left such deep traces there that the neighbouring peoples still keep, even in our own day, some customs that recall, with an unbelievable tenacity and under a Christian transformation, the old worship of springs and rocks. To the druidic religion was added, on the conquered Beuvray, the gayer and more voluptuous religion of the conquerors. The Roman legions, as though exiled on this icy summit,

brought the gods and feasts of Italy there to brighten their stay. The cult of Flora, celebrated with dissolute dances and songs, drew the neighbouring peoples, at the time of druidism's decline or alongside it. These festivals, at which the goddess's statue was decked with greenery, flowers and streamers, took root with the ease that doctrines flattering to the passions always find; and it seems that their last traces have not yet entirely disappeared. The walkers who go up the Beuvray on the first Wednesday of May no doubt do not know that they are making a traditional ascent, and that after eighteen centuries they are carrying on the celebration of the feasts of Flora, marked for that season in the ancient calendar. Druidism and Roman polytheism thus lived side by side, with their followers separate or mingled, during the first three centuries of the Christian era. In the fourth there appeared a name that worked a revolution in the countryside, and particularly in the country of the Aedui.

After the brilliant but dangerous victory he had just won over paganism at the city gate, Martin could not leave standing so near him, on the summit of the Beuvray that rose before his eyes, the altars and statues of the gods. The difficulties, the steep slopes, the dark forests, the wild look of the place, the neighbouring tribes' reputation for cruelty and barbarity: nothing could stop the fearless and tireless conqueror of souls. He went towards this new battlefield riding on his donkey, with no other escort than a guide, and with his usual weapons, the cross, the Gospel word, prayer and trust in God. What happened on the mountain? Local tradition tells us that while he was preaching to hardened peasants at the foot of a druidic rock, he was nearly once again, as near the walls of Autun, the victim of his zeal. The fanatical, stirred-up crowd was going to stone him; no doubt God had to work a new miracle to save him and at the same time to make his zeal fruitful. Everything in the place bears witness to the happy results he obtained there, and to the deep impression left by his presence, his preaching, his memory, his works and probably some wonderful deed. The Saint's passing could not have remained so popular, so strongly stamped on the very soil, except through an event that struck people's imaginations sharply enough for them never to forget it. The villagers, who learn little but forget nothing, still show the place where the famous missionary was pursued, and the hoof-print of his humble mount.(5) The place has even kept a name connected with the event: it is called the Malvaux, or bad valley.

The name of St. Martin has remained attached to a spring(6) originally consecrated to certain fairies or goddesses invoked by nursing mothers to obtain milk, and to an oratory dedicated under his patronage, which early replaced the temple of the idols(7) on the summit of the famous mountain. The old Gaulish assemblies held on this same mountain were carried on and represented by the great gathering of the faithful who went each year to invoke the great bishop in the places hallowed by his presence and full of his memory.(8) This chapel of Saint-Martin, put in place of the pagan sanctuary, stood until the seventeenth century; but popular veneration has outlived its ruin.

St. Martin's apostolic journeys, preaching and miracles, joined to the persevering efforts of the zeal of Simplicius, bishop of Autun, brought about a complete religious transformation in the whole country. From then on, in the places where the cult of springs, trees, rocks or Roman divinities such as Flora drew the people, devout pilgrimages were set up in honour of some Saint. The old feasts were not so much abolished as transformed, purified, made supernatural and Christian: the devout gathering of the faithful replaced the profane assemblies of the old followers of polytheism. Almost everywhere that pagan worship had formerly had a centre, Christianity raised a chapel, to fight by prayer, and by the lofty, pure and sanctifying worship of Jesus Christ, his mother and his Saints, the material symbols and gross pleasures hallowed by idolatry. It was the replacing of error by truth, of vices by virtues, of matter by spirit, of sensuality by sacrifice. It was, in short, the resurrection of human dignity. Such was the practice of St. Martin, the great apostle of the countryside.

Having carried out his holy but dangerous mission on the Beuvray and round about, the illustrious missionary of the Aeduan country went down the other side of the mountain, following the Roman road that

led towards the Waters of Nisineum [Saint-Honoré-les-Bains], to go and overthrow in the Bazois a famous temple of Diana standing in the midst of the forests. In those parts tradition has kept the memory of his passage through the countryside always very much alive, and the people speak his name only with touching veneration. There too, as on the Beuvray, religious monuments still visited by pilgrims bear witness both to his presence and to the memory of his immortal apostolate. Do not the great number of abbeys, churches and chapels under his patronage, and even of families in those parts bearing the name of Martin, seem to show that the great wonder-worker passed that way? Peasants' devotions and popular traditions may seem contemptible to some freethinkers and some half-learned men; but they are no less significant for that. For tradition is the people's book, above all for country people, who keep it all the better because often they have no other, and among whom the history of the soil to which they are, as it were, bound, and where they have always lived, is handed down without end.

On his way to Chartres, another centre of druidism, after his return from Autun, the inhabitants of a village on his road all ran out, idolaters though they were, to see a man of such reputation. Touched with deep pity for these poor people, and raising his eyes to heaven with an inexpressible look of zeal and tenderness, he prayed God to enlighten them. Then he spoke with such force and unction that, says the historian, the Holy Spirit himself was surely speaking through his mouth. His hearers were already shaken when God undertook to finish the work that preaching had begun, by seconding his minister's efforts with a striking wonder. A woman who had just lost her only son laid him before the Saint, crying out to him, bathed in tears: "Ah, give my child back his life! O friend of God, you can do it!" Martin, seeing that a miracle on this occasion would have the happiest results for the conversion of this untaught people, who understood well only the voice of facts, began to pray. Then, before the attentive crowd, eager to know what would happen, he called the child back to life and gave him back to his mother, whose astonishment was surpassed only by her gratitude and joy. At the sight of so great a miracle, all threw themselves at the Saint's feet, crying with one voice and with enthusiasm: "We want no other gods than the God of Martin!" and they begged him to stay among them to finish instructing them. A few days later baptism had made Christians of them all, and the Saint went on his way filled with those heavenly consolations that only those who are given to bring forth souls for Jesus Christ can know and taste. This miracle caused a great stir throughout the region and left a lasting memory there. There was even formerly at Chartres a church that the piety of the faithful had built to keep alive the memory of so wonderful an event. It was dedicated to St. Martin giving life, *S. Martini vitam dantis*. While he was in that city with St. Valentinian, the diocesan bishop, and St. Victricius, bishop of Rouen, a man came to present his daughter to him, dumb from birth, and begged him to heal her. Martin, pointing to the two bishops who were present, said to him: "Turn to these: they are more powerful than I am with God." Then a contest of humility began among the three prelates and went on for some time. At last the bishop of Tours had to give way. He began to pray as usual, then blessed a little oil, poured a few drops into the girl's mouth and said to her: "What is your father's name?" She answered the question distinctly: she was healed.

A man of high position in the world named Evanthius, an excellent Christian, a friend of Martin and uncle of Gallus, one of his dearest disciples, was struck by an extremely serious illness. Seeing that all remedies were useless, he sent for the holy bishop. Martin at once poured out his soul before God in ardent prayer, then hurried to where charity and friendship called him. Before he had gone half the way he found the sick man perfectly cured, coming to meet him and wanting to take him to his house. While the Saint was in that house, one of the servants was bitten by a snake of a very dangerous kind and was soon at the point of death. Evanthius, full of trust and faith, took the sick man on his shoulders and carried him, almost dying, to the one he had the happiness to call his guest and friend. The man of God, raising his eyes to heaven, touched the wound with his finger. In an instant the swelling had vanished, and the poor servant, already thought dead, got up in full health. Here is another incident that will show us Martin's charity rewarded by a miracle. Count Avitianus, formerly governor of Africa under Julian the Apostate and notorious for his cruelty, had just arrived at Tours to put to death several citizens who had drawn the emperor's anger on themselves. The

sentence had just been pronounced, and the whole city groaned in terror and dismay. It was evening, and the execution of the unhappy prisoners was to take place the next morning. The sad news reached the holy Bishop only during the night. At once, without a moment's hesitation, he rose and ran to the terrible count's house. After knocking for a long time in vain, because everyone in the house was asleep, he remembered that prayer had already opened Valentinian's palace to him. He threw himself on his knees on the doorstep at once and prayed fervently. His trust in God was not disappointed. At that very moment Avitianus heard a voice saying to him sternly: "What! Is this how you sleep while the minister of God is at your door?" Waking with a start and trembling all over, he called his servants and ordered them to go quickly and open the door to the bishop. They, thinking it the illusion of a dream, paid no attention to their master's words. Soon the same voice was heard again and spoke more urgently still. This time the count himself ran to open the door, and finding the Saint at prayer he said to him: "My lord, why have you treated me like this? I see well what you want. Could you not have sent me your request without taking the trouble to come here yourself, and at this hour? But at least you shall not have come for nothing." And at once, calling his officers of justice, he ordered them to set free immediately all the condemned men for whom the good Shepherd had come to ask pardon.

On one of his journeys Martin met, on a narrow causeway, a wagon belonging to the governor of the province. At the sight of the long black cloak that wrapped him and his humble mount, the horses shied and nearly overturned the wagon. The soldiers driving it fell furiously on the innocent cause of the accident and, without knowing who he was, heaped insults and blows on him. The Saint set against so many outrages and violences only an unalterable gentleness and patience. When the soldiers who had ill-treated him wanted to go on their way, it was no use urging their horses and goading them in every way: the animals stubbornly refused to take a step, and the wagon stayed hopelessly motionless. Unable to explain so strange a thing, they asked passers-by the name of the man they had just met. Learning that it was the bishop of Tours, they no longer doubted that the team's extraordinary stubbornness was a punishment for their shameful conduct. Filled with shame and regret, they began to run after the innocent victim of their brutality and fell at his feet, humbly begging his pardon. Martin, moved to tears, raised them up with fatherly kindness and prayed for them. Then, going back to the place where the wagon had stood stock-still, the soldiers found the horses perfectly docile, and the journey ended happily. That is how the Saints take their revenge.

In the country of the Senones there was a village whose land was completely laid waste by hail every year. The desolate inhabitants resolved to turn to Martin and beg his help. They sent to him Auspicius, who had been praetorian prefect and whose lands were usually the worst damaged. The Saint received this illustrious and unfortunate man with his usual kindness and went with him among the people, who were waiting for him trembling in fear of fresh disasters. When he reached the place he prayed, and from then on the country was preserved from the scourge that had long spread famine and despair there.

Another time, as he was approaching Paris, where his immense fame had gone before him, the people, told of this news, which was a real event, poured out in a crowd to meet him. The humble and holy bishop was alarmed at such eagerness; but while he was humbling himself in his heart, God wished to raise him still higher in the eyes of the world by adding to these honours from men a heavenly and more brilliant glory. At the gate of the city there was an unfortunate man covered with a frightful leprosy, whose touch and even sight everyone carefully avoided. But charity filled Martin's soul too fully to leave any room for this natural repugnance. He went up to the astonished leper and, without suspecting that he was doing a heroic act, took him by the hand, kissed him and gave him his blessing. At that very instant the hideous disease disappeared. To keep the memory of this double miracle, the wonder-worker's charity and the leper's cure, a chapel was built on the spot, which later bore the name of the great bishop of Tours.(9) At the gate of Amiens the Saint had given half his cloak; at the gate of Paris he did more: he gave, so to speak, himself. Besides, this was not the only time that lepers received from his kindness such a mark of tenderness and their healing. Sulpicius

Severus relates that our Saint worked several other miracles in Paris. Often the mere touch of his clothes, his hair shirt or his letters was enough to heal.

Arborius, a former prefect of Rome, an honourable Christian full of faith and piety, had a daughter ill with a quartan fever that resisted every remedy. Remembering that he had a letter from Martin, he laid it on his young child's breast. The fever vanished at once and never came back. The father, deeply struck by this wonder and at the same time filled with devout gratitude, no longer regarded as his own a daughter who had just been the object of so great a miracle. He vowed her to the Lord, so that she might spend a health divinely recovered wholly in his service. And wishing the one who had been the instrument of her cure to be also the instrument of her consecration to God, he took her to Tours, happy to put her into the hands of the holy Bishop, who was happy himself to give this new bride to Jesus Christ.

But here is another miraculous healing, which took place at Trier. One day a man came to find him in the church, threw himself at his feet and cried out in a voice broken with sobs: "My daughter is in her agony. She has already lost her speech; she is going to die, my lord, if you do not come to help her." "My friend," answered the Saint, who seemed to grow humbler as he grew greater, "such a healing is not in the power of a man, and I do not deserve that God should use me to show his almighty goodness." The poor father, melting into tears, insisted urgently. At last the venerable Prelate, moved with compassion and putting all his trust in God, went to the dying girl's house, followed by a crowd of people. After lying prostrate for some time with his face to the ground, he asked for oil and blessed it; then, going up to the girl, he poured a little of it on her tongue. At once the sick girl recovered her speech and soon got up cured. The people burst out in transports of admiration, blessing the name of Martin and giving thanks to God, who, for the consolation of the faithful and the conversion of the pagans, worked such great things through his faithful servant. This healing, followed by several other miracles, made such a stir at Trier that the idolaters themselves more than once had recourse in their needs to the Christian wonder-worker, and several embraced the faith, among them Tetradius, one of the most distinguished citizens of the city.

During one of his pastoral visits he arrived one evening very tired at a parish. The clerics of the church prepared a bed for him in a cell near the sacristy. This bed, worthy of the Apostle of the God-Man born in a stable, was a heap of straw covering the floor. Martin, finding this poor couch still too soft for him, pushed the straw aside and went to sleep as usual on his hair shirt. But the straw, piled too near the hearth, suddenly caught fire in the middle of the night. The holy bishop, waking with a start, ran at once to the door of the cell, but could not open it, and soon found himself surrounded by flames. His clothes were already catching fire, and he was certain to perish. What was he to do in this extreme danger, deprived of all human help? He turned to the God who had made him used to wonders. At that very instant the flame drew back, as if it had been ordered to respect the worthy minister of the Almighty. Meanwhile the clerics, woken at last by the noise or the glare of the fire, ran up at once and broke down the door, trembling, expecting to find their holy bishop half burned. What was their surprise and joy to see him in the midst of the flames, full of life, praying and praising God, like the three young Hebrews in the furnace! Passing through Auvergne, he stopped at Artonne(10) to pray at the tomb of a devout virgin named Vitalina, who had lately died in the odour of sanctity. There, when he asked her whether she enjoyed the sight of God, Vitalina answered that this happiness was delayed for her because she had sometimes taken a little too much care in washing her face. So true is it that, according to the Gospel, we shall be asked to account for the smallest things before the tribunal of the one who judges even our justices. After marking his passage through Artonne by several miraculous cures, the Saint went on to the capital of the Arverni (Clermont). But seeing from afar the magistrates and chief men of the city coming out to meet him, he turned back to escape a triumph that alarmed his humility, and the most urgent pleas could not persuade him to enter the city that was preparing so grand a reception for him. All that could be obtained from him was that he should lay his hands on the sick. He did so, and at that very hour their health was restored. The place where he stopped became sacred: it was

surrounded with a lattice, which could still be seen in the sixth century. Having come back to Artonne, he went a second time to visit the tomb of the virgin Vitalina and said to her: “Rejoice, my beloved sister; in three days you will enjoy the glory of the Saints!” And indeed on the third day the Saint appeared to several people, who then received the graces they had asked through her intercession, and she even told them the day on which her memory was to be honoured.

History also records, not counting the many cures of the possessed, the prophecies, the visions and revelations of every kind, a great number of other miracles by which it pleased God to confirm his servant’s word. Among this multitude of miracles granted to the apostle’s prayer, let us mention among others the healing of St. Paulinus of Nola. This illustrious bishop had long suffered from a violent pain in the eyes. Martin, who met him at Vienne with St. Victricius, touched his eyelids, and the pain disappeared.

While our Saint was filling Gaul with the fame of his virtues and wonders, carrying his tireless apostolate everywhere, proclaiming Jesus Christ to the poor country people, and working with an energy as prodigious as his success to make the last remains of idolatry disappear, the Western empire was shaken by violent upheavals, and the Church laid waste by a new heresy. Maximus, proclaimed emperor in Britain by the Roman legions, which in those times of decline were used to making revolutions and sovereigns as the whim took them, crossed into Gaul, was recognized by the army, set up his seat at Trier, and defeated near Paris Gratian, who was betrayed by his own soldiers. At the same time the Priscillianists were infecting Spain and the south of Gaul with the poison of their vices and their most frightful doctrines. Sons of the Gnostics and Manichaeans and forerunners of the Albigensians, they undermined the edifice of Christian morals and dogma by fundamental errors about the origin of souls, the resurrection of bodies, the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the divinity of Jesus Christ and the sanctity of oaths, hiding the most infamous turpitudes under an outward show of austere piety.

Martin believed that charity towards his neighbour and zeal for the glory of God made it his duty to take a hand in these great and sad matters that were troubling both the world and the Church. He was an angel of peace as well as an apostle, a minister of the God of love and of a kingship not of this world, a stranger to politics and the things of this earth. But wishing at least to heal some of the wounds and save some of the victims that revolutions always leave as they pass over the world, he hastened to throw his influence among the parties, and hurried to Trier to ask Maximus to spare several people who had been condemned to death for their loyalty to Gratian. At the court of Trier there was with him St. Ambrose, another of the glories of the 4th century; and like the great bishop of Milan, Martin respected himself too much to stoop, even before an emperor, to base flattery unworthy of the loftiness of his character and of episcopal majesty. On the contrary, without ostentation but with a courage as firm as it was modest, he showed that noble independence that is the eternal honour of the Catholic episcopate. He even dared for a long time to refuse an invitation to dine from a prince armed with all the imperial power, and was not afraid to say with holy boldness that he could not sit at the table of a man who had taken the crown from his master to put it on his own usurper’s head. This conduct was dictated not by vain political opposition but by conscience. At last, persuaded by Maximus’s protests that he had put the crown on his head only under compulsion from the army, he gave way and accepted the invitation. The prince set such store by this step that he showed his joy by celebrating that day as a feast with a banquet to which he invited all the great men of his court. And to show how much he, the emperor, honoured a poor bishop, he had him seated beside him, and put the priest who accompanied him between two of the highest personages invited to the feast. That Maximus was guided as much or more by policy as by religious feeling is possible; but he was no less paying homage to the high influence of spiritual authority and to holiness. The episcopate was already a moral power to be reckoned with. When an officer presented the cup to Maximus according to custom, he ordered it to be offered first to Martin, from whose hand he expected to receive it. But the holy bishop passed it at once to his priest, as the worthiest person in the assembly. It is good to see how these great bishops knew how to uphold before the powers of

the earth the dignity of the priestly character, supreme before God. In that unhappy age, when brute force ruled almost alone, they did not fail to seize every occasion to plant firmly in the world this principle, so necessary and yet then still so new: that beyond the power that wields the sword and rules over bodies there is a power of a higher order that governs souls. What lofty and salutary influence, what respect, forerunner of the coming civilization of the barbarians, the light and virtues of the episcopate had already won for the Church, for the good and the transformation of the old Roman society!

During the meal the empress had stayed sitting at Martin's feet, gathering with devout eagerness every word that came from the mouth of so famous and holy a man. But she was not content with this one meeting: she wished to have him at her own table too, and the emperor was again to honour the feast with his presence. The man of God, unmoved even by the greatest human favours, accepted this new invitation only after making the greatest difficulties. In spite of his seventy years, in spite of his hair grown white in the labours of the apostolate and the austerities of penance, nothing less than the still more imperious law of charity was needed to bring him to break, even on this very exceptional occasion, the rule he had set himself of speaking with no woman without real necessity. He had, in fact, things to ask, and he hoped to obtain them by yielding to the princess's keen desire and urgent entreaties: the pardon of several prisoners, the recall of a great number of exiles and the restoration of property unjustly confiscated. It was at this meal that people saw with astonishment an empress lowering the height of supreme rank before holiness, and serving a humble bishop at table with her own hands.

Yet a still greater interest had called Martin to the court of Trier and kept him there: the honour and discipline of the Church, no less than the faith, were at stake in the affair of the Priscillianists. Ithacius and some bishops of Spain, led astray by an excessive and disordered zeal mixed with the passion of personal hatred, were not content to condemn and proscribe the error. They were prosecuting the heretics themselves on criminal charges, and had gone to Trier to seek a death sentence against them from Maximus. They forgot that the Church, necessarily intolerant like truth towards falsehood, always the merciless enemy of bad doctrines but never of persons, has always held the shedding of blood in horror and does not allow the clergy to take part in such proceedings. Happily the two great bishops of Tours and Milan were there. By refusing to communicate with the Ithacians they showed how much the episcopate, which they represented so worthily at court, abhorred the conduct of the hateful and violent Spaniards. They did more. Throwing their charity, their high influence and the true ecclesiastical spirit between Ithacius and Maximus, they kept the emperor, who was already wavering, from yielding to the importunities of a false and bitter zeal, happy to spare the white robe of the Bride of Jesus Christ a stain of blood. But scarcely had our Saint left Trier when Maximus, letting himself be won over again, and overcome by deceitful and obstinate pleading that no longer had any counterweight, condemned several Priscillianists to death. The sentence was carried out without mercy.

At this news Martin, whose charity was tireless, sped back to Trier to save the lives not only of the heretics but also of several people compromised in the recent revolution. Above all he wished to prevent a military commission from being sent to Spain. The Ithacians, alarmed at the ascendancy the great Gaulish bishop had at court and furious at his stubborn refusal to communicate with them, got in first and blackened him so thoroughly with the emperor that the prince would grant him nothing. In a fit of anger he even drove him from his presence, ordering at the same time that those for whom the holy bishop had come to ask pardon should be put to death, among them Count Narses. What would the apostle of charity do, driven to the limit? Overcoming all repugnance and all fear, he went back to the emperor and promised to communicate with these blood-stained men, whom he abhorred, if the condemned were pardoned and the military commission sent beyond the Pyrenees recalled. At this price he obtained his request, and agreed to be present the next day with the Ithacians at the consecration of Felix, who had just been named bishop of Trier. But he refused to sign the record, and hurried back immediately afterwards to his diocese, praying God for his enemies and begging him, for the honour of the Church, to change the hearts of the heretics and of their violent

persecutors. He left without having obtained all he wished; but at least he had spared a few drops of blood.

But the sacrifice he had just made, the most painful charity had yet imposed on him, weighed on his conscience almost like remorse, so lofty and so delicate at once was his great soul! It seemed still quite shaken and troubled by the sublime struggle that had taken place in it between charity and the honour of the Church. On the way, the holy old man, his heart plunged in the bitterness of sad perplexity and his eyes full of tears, reproached himself for his condescension as a weakness, and felt the need to pour out his grief and his trouble into the bosom of God. Coming to a wood near Andethanna (today Echternach), he began to pray. The divine Master took pity on his faithful servant groaning and humbled before him, and sent an angel who consoled him with these words: "Your condescension could have been criminal, but charity has made it excusable; cease to fear." Reassured by these words from heaven, Martin went on his way more calmly. But he never forgave himself what he called a fault, and to atone for it he redoubled his prayers, his vigils and his austerities, without however giving up his apostolic journeys. God rewarded this growth in virtue by doubling in proportion the signal favours with which he had filled him until then: revelations, visions, close communications of every kind with heaven, extraordinary discernment, the gift of miracles. So he increased ever more the brilliance of his reputation in the eyes of the peoples, and always gave fresh authority to his word, fresh sanction to his works and fresh success to the labours of his zeal.

His diocesans regarded, loved and venerated him as their father, as their guardian angel, as a man raised almost above human nature, and strangers came from far off to Tours to consult in him the oracle of Gaul. Among others is mentioned a writer no less remarkable for his talents than for his piety, Sulpicius Severus, who earned the name of the Christian Sallust and was one of the literary glories of the Church. This great man, having renounced the world, went to Martin to settle the affairs of his conscience with him. The august old man received him with more than fatherly kindness, together with all the people of his party. He himself wished to give them water for their hands, and after a decent but frugal meal he spoke to them of spiritual things: of contempt for pleasures, of the vanities of the world, and of everything that stands in the way of our close union with God. In the evening he again washed his guests' feet with his own hands. What humility! What charity! What a touching reproduction of the Saviour's example!

We owe to Sulpicius Severus, this illustrious guest and disciple of St. Martin, precious details of the life of his master, whose story he wrote to pay a debt of admiration, gratitude and love. "This great Saint," he says, "had a wonderful insight; in him good sense rose to the height of genius. His discourses, although he was not very well versed in human letters, were clear and methodical, full at once of strength, energy and penetrating unction. He spoke in an inimitable tone of gravity, of noble and fatherly simplicity and of persuasive gentleness. As the name of Jesus Christ was always on his lips and in his heart, his piety was affectionate, and the purest charity and supernatural intentions animated all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his actions, all his words. No natural passion could ever disturb the heavenly calm of his soul, and his zeal, ardent as it was, never knew the least irritation or the least bitterness. Like all the Saints, gentle and indulgent towards others, he was severe only with himself. Often he spent the nights in work and prayer; and when nature gave way, when necessity forced him to take a little rest, a mat or a hair shirt spread on the floor served as his bed, and his head rested on a few withered herbs or on a stone. So he lived like an angel exiled on earth, and never lost sight of the presence of God. Everything gave him an occasion to raise his soul to heaven and to carry others' thoughts there. One day, at the sight of a sheep that had just been shorn, he said pleasantly to those with him: 'This sheep perfectly fulfils the precept of the Gospel, for it had two coats and has given one to him who had none. Let us do the same.' He had already given the example; we shall soon see that he would give it again. At the sight of a man in rags keeping pigs: 'There indeed,' he said, 'is Adam driven out of the earthly paradise. Ah, how important it is to strip off the old man and put on the new!' Another time, as he was on the bank of a river where fishing birds were trying to catch fish: 'You see,' he said to the people with him, 'the image of the enemies of our salvation. So they lie in ambush to carry off our souls.' At the sight of a meadow

of which one part had been laid waste by pigs, another mown, and a third all bright with flowers, he said to those with him: ‘Here you see the image of the vice of impurity; there, the image of marriage; and these flowers, so beautiful and fresh, represent for you lovely virginity.’” [The closing quotation mark of Sulpicius’s speech is not clearly marked in the text.]

His charity for the poor and for all who suffered was truly extraordinary. This eminently Gospel virtue, which had shone in him so brightly when he was still only a catechumen, only grew from day to day. The relief of others’ needs was, together with the salvation of souls, his great concern. So whenever he went to church, all the sick and needy, who knew well that if the good shepherd received any offering it was for them, never failed to crowd after him. One winter day, as he was going to the office, a half-naked poor man came up to him asking for the alms of a garment. At once he called the archdeacon and urgently commended to him the frozen poor man. Then he went into a private cell of the sacristy, where he prayed, deeply recollected, on a simple little three-legged stool, while the clergy, in a neighbouring room called the diaconicon or parlour, attended to greetings and audiences. Meanwhile the poor man, whose promised garment was being put off, came unexpectedly right up to the holy bishop, complaining of the archdeacon and of the cold. Martin then withdrew into a corner where he could not be seen, took off his tunic, which was covered by a wide garment called an *amphibalus*, and, not dividing it this time as he had his cloak long ago, gave the whole of it to the beggar, had him leave quietly, and went calmly back to prayer to continue his preparation for the holy sacrifice. Then the archdeacon came to tell him that the people were waiting for the solemn office to begin. “First the poor man must be clothed,” answered the Saint. The archdeacon, who saw him covered with the amphibalus and did not suspect that he was without a tunic and was speaking of himself, grew impatient at seeing no poor man appear. “Bring the poor man’s garment: he must be clothed,” the venerable prelate kept repeating. Understanding nothing, driven to exasperation and in a bad temper, the cleric ran to the nearby shops, took at random, for five deniers, a wretched long-haired cape, and threw it roughly at the Saint’s feet, saying sourly: “There is the garment; but as for a poor man, there is none here.” Martin picked it up and hastily put it on out of sight. Over this rough, coarse cape, which barely covered his shoulders, he threw the stole shining with gold and silver, and went with his arms half bare to celebrate the august sacrifice. Then, wonderful to tell, continues Sulpicius Severus, “we saw, at the moment of the great blessing of the altar, a globe of fire spring from his head, spreading upwards, raising his stature and forming as it were a head of hair of flame.” Precious stones sparkled on his bare arms, adds Fortunatus, and emeralds made up for the too-short sleeves of the poor tunic. This miraculous radiance remained, as it were, attached to the humble garment, which passed early into the hands of our kings and was laid by them in the oratory of the palace. This oratory took the name of the little cape, or *capella*. Hence the word chapel.

Meanwhile Martin had reached his eighty-fourth year, and the weakness of age had neither slowed his activity nor lessened the ardour of his zeal. He went once more to Candes, near the meeting of the Vienne and the Loire, at the farthest bounds of his diocese, to settle a dispute concerning the clergy of that parish. It was the last act of his ministry. God wished at last to reward so many labours, virtues and merits: he called to heaven the angel of the Church of Tours. Just as the holy old man was preparing to return to his episcopal city, he fell ill and suddenly lost what little strength remained to him. Feeling his end approach, he called his disciples and told them, with a fatherly tenderness marked by the solemnity of the last hour, that the moment of his death had come. At once they all burst into sobs and cried out: “O our father, what! You are abandoning your children! Who will take care of us from now on? We know the ardent desire you have to be united to Jesus Christ; but for love of us, ah, ask that your reward be put off. After all, you cannot lose it.” The Saint, whose heart was as tender as it was large, was deeply moved. Mingling his tears with the tears of those who called him their father and whom he loved as his children, he made this prayer to God: “Lord, if I can still be of use to your people, I do not refuse the labour; your will be done.” A prayer as humble as it was sublime, a heroic prayer in the mouth of this great Saint, who already saw heaven open and the crown hanging over his head. God was good enough not to grant it. Ordinary men can offer God in sacrifice the

happiness of living a while longer this perishable life of earth. But heavenly men, like the apostle of Gaul and before him the Apostle of the Gentiles, carry their devotion to the salvation of souls, if need be, to the point of sacrificing everything to him, even the happiness of dying, for which they long, so as to begin to live the eternal life of heaven: *Desiderium habens dissolvi et esse cum Christo, permanere autem propter vos* [having a desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ; but to remain for your sakes; Phil 1:23–24]. The prince of shepherds was content with this readiness of his faithful minister to devote himself still further, accepting from his sovereign will, even at the moment of entering into rest, the painful labours of life as well as the sweetness of death: *Vivere Christus est et mori lucrum* [to live is Christ and to die is gain; Phil 1:21]. The illness did indeed only grow worse. It was clear that the day of reward was irrevocably fixed, and the Saint's soul was already no longer on earth. So, in spite of the heat of the burning fever that consumed him, he did not cease praying through the long hours of a sleepless night, the last he spent on earth. The body, which had always meant so little to him, was then nothing at all, nothing but a worn-out instrument past use, a vile cast-off that he was about to leave in order to put on the garment of immortal light. That is why he would have no other bed than ashes. "The Christian," he said to his disciples, who wanted at least to put a little straw under his failing limbs, "the Christian should die like this. Woe to me if I gave you any other example!" Occupied solely with heaven, towards which his hands and eyes were constantly raised, he lay motionless in the recollection of prayer, in the rapture of ecstasy. And when they suggested turning him on his side to give him some relief, he said gently: "My beloved brothers, let me look at heaven rather than at earth, so that my soul may be better prepared to take its flight to the Lord." Thinking he saw the devil near him trying to frighten him: "What are you waiting for there, cruel beast? There is nothing in me that belongs to you, and already the bosom of Abraham is open to receive me." These were the last words he spoke. A moment later his soul flew away to the heavenly country, and by its entry into glory marked for ever this day of 11 November for the memory and veneration of the peoples (the year 400).(11) As soon as he had died, the thorns of penance seemed to change into roses: his face, worn by austerities, seemed to bloom, and his complexion became rosy like a child's.

In the diocese of Nevers, the church of Clamecy, a former collegiate church under the patronage of St. Martin, has in its portal, rebuilt at the beginning of the 16th century, one of the finest iconographic pages devoted to the story of this Saint. These are its chief subjects: 1st, St. Martin, as a catechumen, sharing his cloak with a poor man; 2nd, the Saviour appears to him the following night; 3rd, the baptism of St. Martin; 4th, the ordination of St. Martin, kneeling before a bishop attended by two clerics; 5th, St. Martin receives episcopal anointing; 6th, the Saint heals a leper by embracing him; 7th, the Mass of St. Martin: Brice serves him at the altar, two women chatter during the holy sacrifice, and the devil, in a corner, writes their conversation on a scroll; 8th, the temptation of St. Martin: he is going down a staircase on which the devil has scattered nuts; Satan, hidden under the stairs and armed with a hook, tries to make him fall, but an angel holds him up; 9th, a globe of fire rises over the altar while St. Martin is celebrating, and angels surround the altar; 10th, St. Martin lays his hands on idolaters he has converted; 11th, the last moments of St. Martin: he lies in a bed, with people round him, and the devil withdraws; 12th, the death of St. Martin: he lies with the mitre on his head and a candle in his hand, held up by one of those present; the devil withdraws grimacing; two angels receive his soul in a cloth and carry it to a crowned figure (Jesus Christ); 13th, the body of St. Martin laid in a boat; among those with it is a bishop.

CULT AND RELICS.

Death only increased the public veneration that the great bishop had long enjoyed. He was mourned as a father, but he was invoked as a powerful intercessor with the sovereign master; and every place where he had shown his zeal, where he had made his virtues admired and which he had made famous by a miracle, would have liked to possess his precious remains. The people of Poitiers and those of Tours disputed the mortal remains of the earthly angel who had just flown to heaven. The men of Tours, having carried him off alive

from the diocese of Poitiers to make him their bishop, now had to carry him off dead as well to bring him to their city. The funeral procession was a true triumph, such as was never seen. The people who ran from every side in prodigious numbers formed an immense escort along the whole road. One may judge of it from the number of monks or clerics alone: more than two thousand were there, mingling their groans with the singing of hymns and psalms. A large choir of virgins consecrated to the Lord followed them in good order.

Ever since, pilgrims have never ceased to flock to his tomb, famous and venerated like that of the Apostles. Kings sent magnificent offerings to it; the guilty, the unfortunate and the persecuted found there the most inviolable sanctuary. In his honour the city of Tours was declared free of taxes. Many miracles, or rather miracles without number, never ceased to confirm the faith and confidence of the peoples and the cult paid to the memory of a life that had itself been only a long miracle of virtue and superhuman devotion. Soon pilgrims were going to Tours as to Santiago, Rome or Jerusalem, and the crowds became such that two large hospices had to be built near the church that held the holy relics. One of the events that did most to spread the fame of this venerable place was the death of the Seven Sleepers. These cousins of St. Martin had come, it is said, from Pannonia to Tours to put themselves under his direction. Since his passing to a better life, the blessed man had often appeared to them to strengthen them and console them for his absence. One year, on the night after his feast, he showed himself to them one last time in the church and said to them: “Tomorrow, early in the morning, call the abbot Aichard here. Make known to him your whole life by confessing all your sins, and charge him from me to celebrate a Mass in honour of the Holy Trinity, in which he will make mention of me and of the Saints whose relics are enclosed in this altar that I consecrated. Let him prepare and offer hosts for each of you; and when they are consecrated you will all receive communion. After receiving the holy viaticum of the body and blood of Jesus Christ, you will prostrate yourselves in prayer. Then you will pass from this life to the other, free from the pains of death as you have been free from the corruption of the flesh. You will be welcomed by the angels and by me and led to heaven, where we shall present you before the tribunal of the sovereign Judge.” Everything came to pass as the Blessed One had promised. Such is the end of the charming story of the Seven Sleepers of

Marmoutier, so called because their death seemed a peaceful sleep.

The cult of the great bishop of Tours soon spread not only through all the provinces of Gaul but through all the lands of Europe. England was one of the first to take it up. From the middle of the 5th century there stood near Canterbury, under the patronage of St. Martin, a church that may be regarded as the mother of all the churches of that famous island, for it was there that the holy monk Augustine began his apostolate. About the same time Rome and Monte Cassino also had their churches of St. Martin. Devout Spain did not lag behind the other lands of Christendom. From the end of the 5th century there were several churches there in honour of the illustrious bishop of Tours, among them the one built by Chararic, king of Galicia, an Arian prince who was converted after obtaining his son’s cure through the intercession of St. Martin, and who sent to Tours a weight of silver equal to that of the child’s body. Miro, Chararic’s successor, inherited his gratitude and devotion towards St. Martin. The queen above all had an extraordinary confidence in the man of God, which won her the raising of her son to life. Gregory of Tours, who relates this, had it from the mouths of the very ambassadors Miro had sent to Chilperic.

The veneration of the faithful for this great Saint, the wonder of his age, has been neither local nor short-lived: it has filled the whole West and has passed through all the centuries. Countless churches have been dedicated under his patronage. In France alone there are more than four thousand. In the diocese of Autun, one, it is true, of those where he most showed his apostolic zeal and his power with God, more than fifty parishes acknowledge him as their patron. In that of Beauvais there are a hundred and fourteen oratories or churches honoured by his patronage. The Frankish kings put their kingdom under his protection; and the most venerated relic of their chapel, the one on which they made their vassals swear the oath of fealty, was the coarse cape worn by the holy bishop of Tours. Charlemagne, wishing to rest in the shadow of this humble

tunic, moved it to the city where he set up his residence; and the old capital of the great Carolingian empire, which took its name of Aix-la-Chapelle from *capella* (diminutive of *cappa*), is prouder still of this poor relic of St. Martin than of the name of its Charlemagne. But no one honoured the memory of the bishop of Tours more than Brunhild, who raised on the very ground where the Saint had overthrown the idol of Saron at the risk of his life a devout and magnificent monument, which until our unhappy days was called the abbey of Saint-Martin.(12) The cult of St. Martin, already very widespread, spread further in the Auxerrois because his body stayed at Auxerre. Before that diocese was suppressed, more than twenty parishes in it were dedicated to him. In the present diocese of Nevers, Saint-Martin-d'Heuille, Blismes, Dommartin, Chougny, Fretoy (now joined to Planchez), Cuzy, Lys, Dirol (now joined to Monceaux), Cuncy-les-Varzy, Villiers-sur-Yonne, Surgy, Dornecy, Clamecy, Neuilly, Taix, Garchizy, Chitry, Bulcy, Varennes-les-Narcy, Saint-Martin-du-Tronsec, Miennes, Ciez, La Celle-sur-Nièvre, Saint-Martin-du-Pré (now joined to Donzy), Langeron, Toury, Chevenon, Druy, Saint-Martin-du-Puy, Cossaye, Charrin, Saint-Martin-de-la-Bretonnière, La Marche and Garchy acknowledge St. Martin as their patron, and the parish of Murlin honours him on the day of the translation of his relics, 4 July. He is also secondary patron of Dun-les-Places and of Chantenay. The great number of parishes under St. Martin's patronage would be enough to show how widespread his cult is in the diocese of Nevers, and yet we have made no mention at all of the chapels bearing his name. One of the oldest was that of the Beuvray, on whose ruins a cross was raised by vote of the archaeological congress of Nevers in 1851. Not far from this chapel flows pure water from the Fountain of Saint-Martin. In the parish of Marzy, on the banks of the Loire, there are also the ruins of a very old chapel dedicated to the Saint.

Two kilometres from Montigny-sur-Canne there is an enormous boulder, to which the people of the neighbourhood go to invoke St. Martin, chiefly to be cured of fevers. The origin of this popular devotion no doubt goes back to St. Martin's mission in the Morvan. This rough rock will originally have been a druidic stone; by planting a cross on it St. Martin will have made it a Christian monument.

The body of St. Martin was laid about six hundred paces below the city of Tours as it then was, in a place which, according to Alcius, formed part of the old Christian cemetery where St. Gatian had first been buried. St. Brice, his successor, built a little church over the Saint's tomb. It was first dedicated under the patronage of St. Stephen, according to the custom of the early centuries of consecrating churches only to the memory of the Martyrs, and the tradition of this was still kept by the inscription over an altar set against St. Martin's tomb. But the name of the famous wonder-worker soon prevailed among the faithful who came from every side to venerate him. Soon the church no longer seemed big enough to hold them, and in 472 St. Perpetuus, sixth bishop of Tours, had a larger one built on the same site and endowed the upkeep of a lamp there; this led to a translation of the holy bishop's relics. In 461 the thirteen bishops gathered at the first council of Tours paid solemn honours to the memory of St. Martin, but they did not touch his body. A separate town was built round the church of Saint-Martin. For a long time it had its own walls; the towers and part of the walls still exist. It was called Martinopolis, or the town of Saint-Martin, then Châteauneuf, once a fortress had been built there. There were about six hundred paces between Tours and the town of Saint-Martin, which have grown together in the course of time.

The guarding of St. Martin's relics was entrusted from then on to a chosen number of his disciples, who seconded public piety by the sacrifice and by prayer. They also busied themselves copying books suited to instruct them well in religion; they worked at their own sanctification and that of their neighbour; they lived in common under the authority of the bishops, who later allowed them to have their own heads.

The first translation of St. Martin's relics was made, as we have said, by St. Perpetuus on 4 July, the day on which it is commemorated under the double-major rite, together with the Saint's ordination. In 853, at the invasion of the Normans, it was decided to remove the precious deposit. It was first hidden not far away in the monastery of Cormery, whose position was counted on to withstand all attacks. Soon, however, it was

thought safer at Orléans, then at Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire; from there it was taken to Chablis in Burgundy, and finally to Auxerre in 856. All these halts were favoured with miracles, which the Saint seemed to take pleasure in lavishing after his death as he had during his life. Then the people of Tours, after a long interval of thirty-one years, seeing France more peaceful, claimed back their treasure. It was returned to them, and took possession again of its old home amid a magnificent gathering of bishops, clerics and an immense crowd, on 13 December 887. The bishop's body remained whole and perfectly preserved until the reign of Charles the Fair. But in 1323 that prince, by virtue of a bull of Pope John XXII, had the head separated from it before a great number of bishops, and exposed it in a gold bust for the veneration of the faithful. Nearly a century later the body was enclosed in a shrine of gold of the most magnificent workmanship and exposed on a silver platform under the dome. The bust holding the Saint's head was put beside it. His tomb remained no less the object of universal veneration. Lamps of great price burned there day and night. An iron grille surrounded it at first, and later a silver lattice, a gift of the piety of Louis XI. That monarch placed there his own statue, also in silver, life-size and in the attitude of prayer.

In May 1562 the Calvinists plundered St. Martin's shrine and burned his relics. A bone of one of his arms and part of his skull were saved, however, and remained in the same church until the French Revolution. Rescued from profanation at that time, these precious remains were placed, and still are, in the cathedral of Tours, for the ancient church of Saint-Martin was destroyed in those sacrilegious and barbarous times. Its vaults were thrown down in 1798, and a few years later a prefect whose name will pass to posterity, Pommereul, had it destroyed from top to bottom. The space it occupied is now a street. Only two towers remain standing: the tower of Charlemagne and the North tower. Mgr. Guibert, renewing the wonders of faith and art of the Middle Ages, has made an appeal to the Catholic world to buy back this sacred ground and rebuild this monument so dear to the friends of art, of country and of religion. Before the dispersal of St. Martin's relics by the Calvinists in 1562, several churches had obtained small portions of them. There was one at the priory of Saint-Martin-des-Champs in Paris. Religious of that house, now turned into the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, wished to keep this relic, a bone of the arm, when they were expelled in 1792. The revolutionary tribunal, to which they were denounced, condemned three of them to death as fanatics on 29 March 1794. They were Fathers Courtin, prior, Mettre, former master of novices, and Adam. Father Courtin was seventy-nine years old.

The parish church of Montmorency, near Paris, also has a bone of the arm of the holy bishop of Tours. Ligugé, near Poitiers, where St. Martin set up his first monastery, obtained in 1822 a fragment of the same Saint's relics from M. du Chilleau, archbishop of Tours. Two of his teeth were to be seen at Saint-Martin of Tournai.

The cathedral of Salzburg has bones of St. Martin under the third altar on the Epistle side.

In the church of Saint-Gengoult at Toul there is a fragment of bone, which appears to be a collarbone, from the old treasury of the cathedral of that city, which before the Revolution had a larger relic of St. Martin.

The cathedral of Tours, built by our Saint, was dedicated under the patronage of St. Maurice. It has borne the name of Saint-Gatien since 1096. The bishopric of Tours was suffragan of Rouen until it was made a metropolitan see. The Church of Poitiers keeps the feast of St. Martin on 11 November under the double rite of the second class, with an octave.

A few steps from the parish and abbey church of Ligugé, dedicated to St. Martin, pilgrims devoutly visit an oratory built on the site of a cell in which the Saint raised to life a catechumen who had been dead for several days.

We have taken this biography from the *Histoire de saint Symphorien* by the abbé Dinet; the *Vies des Saints du Poitou* by Ch. de Chergé; the *Vies des Saints de l'Église de Poitiers* by the abbé Auber; the *Vie des Saints du diocèse de Beauvais* by the abbé Sabatier; the *Hagiologie nivernaise* by Mgr. Crosnier; the *Histoire de*

l'Église du Mans by Dom Piolin; the *Histoire de l'Église* by the abbé Darras; Dom Ceillier; Sulpicius Severus; and Gregory of Tours.

(1) As heirs of their fathers' privileges, the sons of veterans inherited at the same time the profession of arms. "They were soldiers by birth," says the Roman law. It was on this ground that St. Martin was enrolled from his youth and fought in the *alae* of the *scholares*.

(2) So called because of the great number of wild hens found there. It is now called Isoletta d'Albenga.

(3) Of this magnificent abbey there remains only a gateway belonging to the outer wall. All the rest, except the room of St. Martin, which has been restored, was razed by the man to whom the revolutionaries had sold it. The house is now occupied by the nuns of the Sacred Heart.

(4) Called *Leprosus*. Perhaps

(5) The rock of the Pas-de-l'Âne [Donkey's Step], which the peasants still point out on the slopes of the Beuvray. St. Martin, they say, pursued by the pagans, made his donkey leap a deep valley; it came down on this rock, where its hoof remained imprinted. And indeed a rough image of the animal's hoof is to be seen on the stone.

(6) This spring must have been, before it bore the name of Saint-Martin, the object of a great cult on the part of the pagans; for even today the peasants of the true Morvan still secretly leave eggs and coins at its edge to be rid of fever.

(7) This temple was consecrated to the divinities of war, to the Mother goddesses [*Maires*, i.e. *Matres*], to the fairies, and to Flora, the goddess of the Beuvray.

(8) The oratory of Saint-Martin on the Beuvray had become the goal of a pilgrimage to which crowds went, not only in the month of May but also on the Saint's two feasts, and the many offerings of the faithful made up its chief income.

(9) This chapel stood at the end of the bridge now called the Pont-au-Change.

(10) A village of about 1,500 inhabitants between Riom and Aigueperse, six leagues from Clermont.

(11) Some authors claim that 11 November is not the day of St. Martin's death but that of the translation of his body to Tours. They put his death on 8 November in the year 397 and so make him live only eighty-one years instead of eighty-four.

(12) We have described this abbey in the life of St. Syagrius, bishop of Autun, on 27 August, vol. X, pp. 252 and 253.

ST. VERANUS, BISHOP OF THE FORMER SEE OF CAVAILLON, IN THE PRESENT DIOCESE OF AVIGNON

(About 590.)

St. Veranus, popularly St. Verain or Vrain, was born at the beginning of the 6th century (about 513, according to the records and tradition of Cavaillon). Historians are divided about his birthplace: some put his cradle at Javols (Lozère), others at Jargeau (Loiret), and some at Vaucluse (a village of the department of that name, in a valley watered by the Sorgue). But all agree in acknowledging the brilliance of his virtues and his eminent holiness. Ordained priest by the bishop of Mende, he devoted himself to the service of God and the sanctification of the people. But, alarmed at the noise several miracles worked for the sick commended to him were making around his name, he went to seek a retreat in the mountains of Vaucluse. He hoped to stay unknown there, but the fame of the miracles that had accompanied his first apostolate soon followed him.

On his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, during which he had worked several wonders and converted the people of Albenga (a town of the Sardinian States) to Christianity, the people of Cavaillon asked for him as bishop. At the second council of Mâcon, held in 585, he was noticed for his eloquence and his zeal in defence of church discipline. King Guntram honoured him with his friendship, and Childebert wished him to be godfather to his son Theuderic. St. Veranus died at the council of Arles about 590. He is sometimes shown holding a winged dragon in chains. This alludes to the following story. A dreadful dragon had made its lair in one of the rocks along the road to the fountain of Vaucluse, and did such cruel damage that fear and terror reigned throughout the neighbourhood. The servant of God, touched by these evils, went to the mouth of the monster's cave and ordered it, in the name of Jesus Christ, to leave the place. At the same time he chained it and dragged it as far as the mountain of Luberon. There, strong in the sign of the cross, he set it loose, saying: "I adjure you, by the living and eternal God, to harm no one any more, since I have not wished to do you harm." At once the monster rose into the air, flew off and disappeared for ever behind the mountain. In the church of Vaucluse there is a tomb said to be that of St. Veranus. From there, some years after his death, his body was taken to Cavaillon. Later it was moved to the Nivernais, to the place that has kept his name (Saint-Verain, Nièvre, arrondissement of Cosne, canton of Saint-Amand-en-Puisaye). The exact date and the reasons of this translation are unknown. It was the origin of the priory of Saint-Verain; and if the priory church was built on this occasion, as is thought, the date of the translation could be fixed roughly: it would in that case have taken place in the 12th century. The body of the holy bishop of Cavaillon was then moved to the banks of the Loire, to Jargeau. The bishop of Orléans was then rebuilding the collegiate church of that town, until then under the title of the Cross. He dedicated the new church to St. Vrain and showed the greatest and most generous devotion to the great wonder-worker. Since then the cult of St. Veranus has been kept in honour in that town and throughout the diocese of Orléans. Mothers especially like to commend the health of their little children to him.

The priory of Saint-Verain, however, had kept the holy bishop's head. People came on pilgrimage from very far away, above all in times of calamity. Several times (notably in 1498, 1584 and 1597) the city of Nevers had recourse to the intercession of St. Veranus to obtain the end of the plague that was killing its inhabitants.

The present parish of Saint-Verain keeps the feast of its holy patron on 19 October, as it is marked in the Roman martyrology. Until 1763 the parish church had kept its old reliquaries: one held two bones of St. Blaise, patron of the parish, and the other a bone of the head of St. Veranus and three other bones of the head and neck. As these reliquaries were falling apart with age, they were remade. On 1 May of that year, before all the people, the holy relics were taken out, but they were not put into the new reliquaries until Whit Monday, 23 May.

The reliquary of St. Verain was a silver mitre held up by four angels. In the middle of the mitre was a round opening set with precious stones, through which one could see behind glass the precious remains of the holy protector of the region. It was, they say, a gift of the duke of Nevers.

In 1793 sacrilegious hands seized this rich reliquary, which was sent to the district of Cosne to be forwarded to the Mint in Paris. The relics were thrown into the middle of the church. They were gathered up by François Chotard, sacristan of the parish, who kept them respectfully in his house.

When peace was restored to the Church of France, Chotard handed the holy relics over to the priest in charge of the parish. They were identified by two of the chief profaners and by other trustworthy persons. A new report was drawn up after their authenticity had been established, and the relics were placed in a poor cardboard reliquary, which was carefully sealed. In 1818 they were solemnly placed by M. Jean-Jacques Vée in two reliquaries of gilded wood (one held the relics of St. Verain, the other those of St. Blaise). On 10 October 1843 Mgr. Dominique-Augustin Dufêtre, bishop of Nevers, set his seal on these reliquaries after carefully examining the report presented to him by M. Mercier, parish priest, attesting the authenticity of these holy relics. There are also notable relics of St. Veranus at Cavaillon. At the start of the Luberon range,

near Lacoste (Vaucluse), there is a chapel dedicated under his patronage. Another chapel, which has become a parish church, is near Embrun (Hautes-Alpes). On 19 June 1845 Mgr. Naudo authorized the parish priest of Cavaillon to open St. Veranus's shrine and take relics from it to send to the priest who serves that chapel. We have composed this notice from the *Hagiologie nivernaise* of Mgr. Crosnier; the *Semaine religieuse* of Avignon; and local notes owed to the great kindness of the abbé Duchâteau, parish priest of Saint-Florent in the diocese of Orléans (letter of 20 June 1873).

12 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The birthday in heaven of St. Martin, pope and martyr. Having assembled a council at Rome and condemned the heretics Sergius, Paul and Pyrrhus, he was seized by treachery on the order of the emperor Constans, who was himself a heretic, taken to Constantinople, and then banished to the Chersonese. There, worn out by the sufferings he had borne for the Catholic faith, he ended his days and shone with the brilliance of many miracles. His body was later carried to Rome and laid in the church of Sts. Sylvester and Martin. 655. — In Asia, Sts. Aurelius and Publius, bishops and martyrs. — In the diocese of Sens, St. Paternus, martyr.(1) 726. — At Ghent, St. Livinus, bishop and martyr. 657. — In Poland, the holy martyrs Benedict, John, Matthew, Isaac and Christinus, hermits. — At Vitebsk in Poland, the martyrdom of St. Josaphat, religious of the Order of St. Basil, archbishop of Polotsk, who was murdered by the schismatics out of hatred for the Catholic faith. 1623. — At Avignon, St. Rufus or Roux, first bishop of that city.(2) 1st c. — At Cologne, the death of St. Cunibert, bishop. 663. — At Tarazona in Spain, St. Aemilian or Millán, priest, whom God made famous by countless miracles. His admirable life was written by St. Braulio, bishop of Saragossa.(3) 574. — At Constantinople, St. Nilus, abbot, who, having become a religious after being prefect of the city, shone by his learning and holiness under the emperor Theodosius the Younger.(4) About 450. — Also at Constantinople, St. Theodore the Studite, who became famous throughout the Church by the struggles he sustained for the Catholic faith against the iconoclast heretics.(5) 826. — At Alcalá in Spain, St. Didacus, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, famous for his deep humility, and canonized by Pope Sixtus V. His feast is kept on the following day.(6) 1463.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Angers and Vannes, St. René, bishop of the first-named see and confessor. 450. — In the diocese of Cambrai, St. Livinus, bishop and martyr, named in today's Roman martyrology. 657. — In the dioceses of Châlons, Meaux and Paris, St. Martin, pope and martyr, named today in the same martyrology. 655. — In the diocese of Limoges, the feast of the translation of St. Martial, first bishop of that see, whose life we gave on 30 June. 1st c. — In the diocese of Meaux, St. Leo or Liène (*Leo, Leonius*), priest and confessor.(7) 6th c. — In the diocese of Nevers, memory of St. Péreuse (*Petrusius*), martyred in the Morvan at the place that now bears his name (Saint-Péreuse, Nièvre, arrondissement and canton of Château-Chinon). Date uncertain. — In the diocese of Pamiers, St. Lène or Natalena, virgin and martyr. 4th c. — In the diocese of Viviers, St. Rufus, first bishop of Avignon, named in today's Roman martyrology. 1st c. — Formerly in the diocese of Besançon, St. Imier (*Himerius*), confessor. He was born at the castle of Lugnez near Porrentruy (a town of Switzerland, in the canton of Bern), and lived as a solitary in the valley of Susingau, which was then only a wilderness covered with brambles and thorns. There he built a chapel in honour of St. Martin, and many disciples came to place themselves under his guidance. When he felt his last hour approaching, he had himself carried into his oratory. His disciples, gathered round him, recited hymns and psalms in which the Saint joined, and it was amid these devout exercises that he gave back his soul to God.(8) 615. — At Esche, near Ninove, a town of Belgium (East Flanders), St. Brice or Brixius, a child, and

St. Raphaïlde or Craphaïlde, his mother, martyrs. About 652. — At Le Puy, St. Evodius (Vosy, Evosy, Voy) and St. Scutarius, bishops of that see and confessors.(9) 3rd c. — Also at Le Puy, Sts. Suacre (*Suacrius, Syagrius*), Hermentarius or Ormentaire, Aurelius and Benignus, bishops of that see and confessors. 4th c. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, St. Ysice (Isique, Esique, *Hesychius*), bishop of that see and confessor. 490. — Near Ygrande in the Bourbonnais, the martyrdom of St. Principinus, brother of the holy martyrs Espain, Lupicinus, Benignus, Bié, Marcellianus, Messain, Genitor and Tridoire.(10) About 380. — At Saintes, St. Leger or Légier, bishop of that former see, beheaded by order of a certain Ebredulph while he was on pilgrimage to Rome.(11) 7th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Vitebsk in Poland, the martyrdom of St. Josaphat, religious of the Order of St. Basil, archbishop of Polotsk, who was murdered by the schismatics out of hatred for the Catholic faith. 1623.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Avignon, St. Rufus, first bishop of that city, who introduced into France the institute of Clerks Regular, and whose body was moved to Valence in Dauphiné, where he is held in great veneration.(12) 1st c.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — At Tarazona in Spain, St. Aemilian or Millán, priest, who shone by a great number of miracles. His admirable life was written by St. Braulio, bishop of Saragossa. 574.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — The same as for the Benedictines. *Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa.* — The same as for the Benedictines. *Martyrology of the Cistercian Order.* — The same as for the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Rome, the dedication of the basilica of the Saviour.(13) 324.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Alcalá in Spain, St. Didacus or Diego, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, who, glorious for his life, virtues and miracles, was solemnly enrolled among the Saints by the sovereign Pontiff Sixtus V.(14) 1463. *Martyrology of the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis.* — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The octave of the dedication of all the consecrated churches of the whole Order of Hermits of our Father St. Augustine.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Deventer, a town of Holland in the province of Overijssel, St. Lebuin (Liafwin, Liefwin, Lifouin), priest and missionary, disciple of St. Boniface. Having one day made his way into the general assembly of the Saxons at Marklo on the Weser, the fearless apostle boldly preached the faith of Jesus Christ there, and nearly lost his life on that occasion. Although the barbarians spared his person, they burned the church the Saint had had built at Deventer. Lebuin had another built when they had withdrawn. He ended his life amid apostolic labours and the austerities of penance, and was buried in his church at Deventer, where several miracles were worked through the power of his relics. End of the 8th c. — At Caesarea in Palestine, a city of Judaea, St. Ennatha or Manathon of Scythopolis, virgin and martyr, a victim of the persecution of the emperor Galerius Maximian. About 308. — Among the Greeks, St. Ahijah of Shiloh, prophet. One day, when Jeroboam, still only a subject of King Solomon, had gone out of Jerusalem for a walk, he met the prophet Ahijah. The prophet took him aside and there, taking his cloak, cut it before him into twelve pieces and said to him: “Take ten pieces for yourself, for the Lord will divide the kingdom of Solomon in your favour and will give you ten tribes of it to reign over.” The event bore out the prediction: Jeroboam became king, but he soon lost his throne for having despised the Lord’s commandments. 994 B.C.

(1) Born in the territory of Coutances, Paternus led the religious life in the monasteries of Saint-Pair at Avranches, of Saint-Pierre at Sens and of Saint-Pierre-le-Vif. Robbers whom he was urging to give up their disorderly lives murdered him in the forest of Sergines (Yonne). His relics were carried in the 10th century to the monastery of Saint-Sauveur at Bray-sur-Seine. — Godescard.

(2) We gave the notice of St. Rufus on 22 March (vol. III, p. 604).

(3) Born at Berceo (Spain), Millán was raised for his great virtues to the parish of his native place; but jealous fellow priests set his bishop against him and he had to leave his country. He then lived as a hermit in the mountains of Distercios, where the miracles he worked won him a high reputation. On the site of his hermitage (diocese of Calahorra) a monastery was built, which still exists and keeps his relics. — Godescard.

(4) See, on 25 September (vol. XI, p. 404), the notice of St. Nilus of Constantinople.

(5) Born at Constantinople (759) of a noble family, Theodore took the religious habit in the monastery of Saccudion, of which he became abbot when his uncle St. Plato gave up that office. The new abbot's life was a long persecution. For justly reproaching the emperor Constantine VI, who had just sent away his lawful wife to join himself to Theodote, a close relative of Theodore, our Saint was exiled to Thessalonica. Recalled later by the empress Irene, he settled at Constantinople in the old monastery of Studios (whence his name of Studite). The iconoclast emperor Leo the Armenian exiled him again to Mysia. He was recalled by Michael the Stammerer, who later declared himself his persecutor. Theodore then withdrew with his religious to the peninsula of St. Tryphon, where he died. He left two Testaments containing excellent lessons for monks; the *Antirrhetica*, or Invectives against the Iconoclasts; two books of Letters; a hundred and twenty-three epigrams in iambic verse; hymns; discourses; a eulogy of St. Plato; and the Great and Little Catecheses, which contain the instructions he gave his religious. His writings show that he had very wide knowledge and great accuracy and penetration of mind; his style, always suited to the matter in hand, is clear, concise, elegant and vigorous. — Godescard.

(6) We shall give his life on 13 November.

(7) There was formerly at Meaux, in the faubourg of Saint-Liène, a parish church dedicated under his patronage; the Revolution destroyed it. The bones of the servant of God, found in that church towards the end of the 10th or the beginning of the 11th century, were moved through the care of the venerable Gautier to his monastery of Saint-Pierre at Meaux, where they became the instrument of many miracles. St. Liène was invoked chiefly by those suffering from fever. Francis I, king of France, having recovered his health through his intercession, became a promoter of his cult. — *Proper of Meaux*.

(8) His disciples laid his body in a tomb near which God later showed the glory of his servant by many miracles. The valley he had cleared took his name and is still called today the Val-Saint-Imier. The community he had formed there survived and was the origin of the monastery or Cell of Saint-Imier. In 933 the devout Bertha, queen of Burgundy, founded there a collegiate Chapter of twelve canons with a provost at their head. It lasted until the Reformation in 1530; at that time the Protestants burned the body of St. Imier. The cult paid to the devout solitary seems to go back to the time immediately after his death; it was established in the dioceses of Besançon, Basel and Lausanne. In the Catholic Jura the parishes of Damphreux, Develier and Courchapoix still invoke him today as patron. — *Saints de Franche-Comté*.

(9) Interesting details about St. Vosy, its founder, may be found in the history of Notre-Dame du Puy (*Petits Bollandistes*, vol. III, pp. 648–).

(10) See the Martyrology of France for 25 October (vol. XII, p. 597) and note 1 to that martyrology. — It is related that St. Principinus, after being beheaded, himself carried his head as far as the church of Saint-Pierre at Chasteloy, parish of Hérisson (Allier), where he was buried. Later his relics were moved to Souvigny (present diocese of Moulins), where they formerly rested on the high altar of the abbey church. — *Saints*

d'Auvergne, by Jacques Branche.

(11) The church of Saint-Pierre at Saintes formerly had the head of this holy Martyr. On days of great solemnity it was placed on the high altar alongside the shrine of St. Trojan. It was also carried in the general processions held for the preservation of the fruits of the earth and other public needs. The cult of St. Leger lasted until the end of the 18th century. His statue adorns the portal of the church of Saint-Pierre at Saintes. — The abbé Grasilier, honorary canon of La Rochelle.

(12) See his notice on 22 March, vol. III, p. 604.

(13) See 9 November.

(14) See his life on the following day.

ST. MARTIN OF TODI, POPE AND MARTYR

— Emperor of the East: Constans II.

Faith lets itself be corrupted neither by seductions nor by persecutions; they only purify it. St. John Chrysostom.

Martin was born at Todi (duchy of Spoleto). His father was a patrician named Fabricius, who joined to his nobility and the wealth inherited from his ancestors a great fear of God and piety. Heaven gave Martin good looks and a mind so lively and penetrating that he soon surpassed, in the humanities, rhetoric and philosophy alike, the masters given him to teach him.

These beginnings showed clearly that divine Providence meant him for some high rank in the Church. Indeed, having consecrated himself to the service of the altar by the clerical tonsure, he passed through all the degrees of the church hierarchy, to the general applause of all who knew him, and rose to the sovereign pontificate. He was elected pope at Rome after the death of Theodore I, and ordained on 5 July 649, under the Eastern emperor Constans II and the king of France Clovis II. There has hardly ever been an election more unanimous or more pleasing to everyone. Rome rang with joy at it; the clergy, the senate and the people showed extraordinary satisfaction, and the emperor approved the choice of a man so able to bear the weight of so great an office.

Martin did not disappoint the expectations of that great city. Piety towards God and mercy towards the poor were the two hinges on which he turned his whole life. Either he was praying, or he was busy relieving the unfortunate or governing the flock entrusted to him. He had a particular affection for religious and took a singular pleasure in talking with them. He received pilgrims, washed their feet and entertained them splendidly in his palace. He gave large alms to the needy and took the bread, so to speak, from his own mouth to give it to them. He restored several churches that had fallen into ruin, and reconciled various families that had long nursed very cruel enmities. But his greatest care was to keep the universal Church in the precious inheritance of the true faith.

For several years already Sergius, patriarch of Constantinople, and Cyrus, patriarch of Alexandria, no longer daring after the decisions of the ecumenical Council of Chalcedon to confuse the two natures in Jesus Christ openly as Eutyches had done, had sown in the East the pernicious heresy of Monothelitism, which attributed to the God-Man only one understanding, one will and one operation. The emperor Heraclius had adopted their view and had even published it throughout his empire in a heretical exposition of faith [the *Ecthesis*], which he had sent everywhere in the form of an imperial edict. Paul, who, after one Pyrrhus, had succeeded Sergius in the see of Constantinople, had made himself a promoter of the same errors, and had drawn into them the emperor Constans, grandson of Heraclius, in spite of the condemnation pronounced by Popes Severinus, John IV and Theodore I.

This prince, inspired and led by so bad a minister, saw that his grandfather's exposition was rejected by most of the churches, and above all that the Roman Pontiffs had rejected and proscribed it as heretical. So he drew up another, which he called the *Type*, by which he imposed silence on everyone on the subject of one or two wills and one or two operations in Jesus Christ. He ordered that neither be said, claiming by this means to suppress the true doctrine of the Church, which is that Jesus Christ, having two whole and perfect natures in one person, also has everything that belongs to those two natures: a divine understanding and a human understanding; a divine will and a human will; a divine operation and a human operation.

As soon as he was told of St. Martin's election, he did not fail to send him this Type, asking him to approve it and strengthen it with his apostolic authority as an edict needed to calm the troubles in the empire over religion. But the great Pope saw clearly that this exposition was only a trick to ruin the orthodox faith and slip the poison of Monothelitism into men's minds, and even to make them believe that Jesus Christ, as man, had no understanding, will or operation of his own and natural to him, but that the divinity served him in place of all these. He answered steadfastly that he would sooner lose a thousand lives than approve so dangerous a writing. Even if the whole world were to separate itself from the doctrine of the holy Fathers, who have always set before us Jesus Christ as an adorable being made of two whole and perfect natures, he would never separate himself from it; and neither promises, nor threats, nor death itself and the cruellest tortures would make him say or believe anything else.

After so generous an answer, wishing to cut the heresy off at the root at a stroke, he assembled as soon as possible a council of more than a hundred bishops in the church of St. John Lateran. There, without fearing the emperor's indignation and fury, he condemned his Type, as well as the Exposition of Heraclius his grandfather, and declared anathematized and excommunicated all who followed them. He spoke several times in the five synodal sessions with a force and eloquence altogether divine, and then wrote on the subject to all the prelates of the Catholic Church a circular letter full of apostolic vigour, sending them at the same time the acts of the Council. This he did in the very first year of his pontificate (5 October 649). His courage in this is all the more admirable because at that time the three patriarchs of the East were infected with heresy, and the Lombards had powerful armies ready to fall on Rome, so that the Holy See found itself almost overwhelmed by the great number of its spiritual and temporal enemies.

Besides, Olympius, the exarch the emperor had sent to Italy with express orders to spread the sect of the Monothelites there as far as he could and to get the Type accepted, had entered Rome in force and was doing his utmost to deceive the people and draw them into his master's views. So it was in his very presence that the Pope held his Council and condemned what he had come to publish. One may imagine the spite of this officer, wholly devoted to the emperor's passions, at seeing his efforts made useless by so solemn a condemnation. He had no other thought now than to carry the Pope off from Rome or to have him killed. As the first course seemed harder to him, because of the people's unbelievable affection for their blessed shepherd, he resolved at last to be the Pope's assassin himself and to commit this parricide at the foot of the altar, the place where one could least be on one's guard. For this he pretended to be on good terms with him and to wish to receive communion from his own hand when he celebrated Mass in the church of St. Mary Major. But he charged his squire that when he saw the Pontiff come down to bring him the body of Our Lord, he should not fail to run him through with his sword. Olympius did come to the church and approached the holy Table intending to murder the Lord's anointed. But at the moment when the squire was about to strike with his sword to carry out his hateful plan, he went blind, and in his confusion could not carry out his master's order. The exarch saw clearly that this blow came from heaven. So he was reconciled with St. Martin, conformed himself to his teaching and revealed to him all the details of the imperial instructions. Having thus made his peace with the holy Church of God, he left Rome with his army to fight the Saracens, who had seized Sicily. But plague soon cut down his troops, and he himself died of it.

Constans, learning all that had happened, gave the government of Italy to Theodore Calliopas, and, joining to him the chamberlain Pellurius, whom he knew to be entirely devoted to his will, sent them to Rome to seize the blessed Pontiff and send him to Constantinople. They carried out this order without any resistance. When, on the third day after their arrival, they came with many soldiers to St. John Lateran to carry him off, he gave himself up into their hands of his own accord, without allowing his clerics or servants to defend him. Nor would he allow any stir to be made for him in the city, for fear that blood might be shed on his account. He was taken first to the imperial palace, where the exarch kept him a few days. From there he was secretly put aboard a ship, without the bishops, priests and deacons, who were determined to go with him, being able to notice. This was on 19 June. For three months he was taken about by land and sea to various towns without any human relief, though he had been ill for more than nine months and was so weak that he could hardly stand. After that he was taken to Naxos, an island in the Aegean Sea, where he stayed a whole year, ill and deprived of all the help he needed.

On 17 September of the year 654 he arrived at Constantinople, after unheard-of insults and outrages that pagans and barbarians would have shrunk from inflicting on the head of the Catholic Church. He was thrown into a prison called Pandearia, where he was kept shut up for three months without anyone being free to speak to him. After three months of the harshest confinement he was carried by soldiers (for his illness no longer left him the strength to walk) to the apartment of the *sacellarius* Troilus, and questioned by the patrician Bucoleon; the senate had assembled to carry out the holy Pontiff's examination. When he got there, the sacellarius ordered him to stand up to answer the questions that were to be put to him. His bearers answered that he could not stand because of his extreme weakness. But this barbarian, harder than the rocks, mocked his helplessness and insisted that he rise and stand in the middle of the assembly. Two soldiers held him up, and in that position he underwent the most brutal examination.

Bucoleon spoke first to the heroic martyr. "Answer, wretch," he said; "what harm has the emperor done you? Has he confiscated your goods? Can you reproach him with a single act of violence?" Martin did not answer a word; the facts spoke eloquently enough. The sacellarius then said angrily: "You answer nothing? Your accusers will come in." There were twenty of them, most of them soldiers, the rest from the dregs of the people. At the sight of them the Pope said with a smile: "Are these the witnesses? Is this your procedure?" Then, as they were being made to swear on the book of the Gospels, he turned to the magistrates and said: "I beg you, in God's name, to spare them a sacrilegious oath; let them say what they please. Do yourselves what you have been ordered to do. But do not expose them to losing their souls." The first of the false witnesses, pointing at the Pope, cried out: "If he had fifty heads he would deserve to lose them all for having plotted against the emperor in the West together with Olympius, the former exarch." To this accusation, made so forcefully, Martin answered that he had never betrayed the emperor's interests in political matters, but that he could not obey him when the cause of the faith was in danger. "Do not talk to us about the faith," the slanderer went on; "the only question here is the crime of high treason. We are all Christians and orthodox, the Romans and we." "Would to God it were so," answered the Pope. "Yet on the terrible day of judgement I shall bear witness against you on the matter of this faith." "Why," they then asked him, "when Olympius was betraying the emperor, did you not turn him from it?" "How," said the Pope, "could I have resisted Olympius, who had all the forces of Italy at his command? Was it I who made him exarch? But I beg you in God's name, finish as quickly as you can the task you have been given. God knows you are getting me a fine reward." After this examination, whose record was drawn up on the spot, the sacellarius came back to the Pontiff and, in a fit of real rage, dared to lay a sacrilegious hand on the Lord's anointed. Constans watched this scene from a place where he could see everything without being seen. A soldier, on the sacellarius's order, tore the Pope's cloak and stripped him of his pontifical vestments. Reduced almost to nakedness, Martin was loaded with chains and dragged through the streets of the city. Amid these outrages the martyr kept the same calm he would have shown in an assembly of devout faithful. He turned to his tormentors a face full of majestic gentleness and did not stop praying for them. When he reached the praetorium he was

thrown into the prison of Diomedes, kept for thieves and murderers, and left there a whole day without food. Meanwhile the patriarch Paul fell ill. The emperor went to see him and told him how the Pope had been treated. Heaving a deep sigh, the dying man turned to the wall and cried out: “Alas! This is what will set the seal on my condemnation.” He died soon afterwards. On 10 March 655 the doors of the cell in the prison of Diomedes opened a second time, and St. Martin saw the scribe Sagoleba come in, who said to him: “I have orders to move you to my house, to wait there for the instructions the sacellarius is to send me within two days.” The Pope asked where they meant finally to take him; but the scribe refused to answer. “At least,” said the Pope, “leave me in this prison until the moment of leaving for exile.” This favour was not granted him. It was the hour of sunset. The venerable Pontiff called his fellow prisoners. “Brothers,” he said, “bid me farewell, for they are going to take me away from here.” A chalice had been kept back for this farewell love-feast. Martin drank from it first and passed it to the other captives; then, turning to the one he loved most, he said: “Come, brother, and give me the kiss of peace.” As once the apostles before the cross of Calvary, all who were there melted into tears. The one the Pope had called burst into sobs, and the sound of lamentation could be heard outside the walls. The blessed Pontiff, moved by this show of grief, begged them to stop their weeping, and laying his venerable hands on their heads he said with an angelic smile: “These are the true goods before God, the heavenly favours. Rejoice with me that I am found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus Christ.” At that moment the scribe appeared with his men and took the Pope to his house. A few days later the august prisoner was put aboard, in the greatest secrecy, a ship that took him to Cherson, in present-day Crimea. He arrived in May 655. His sufferings, which seemed at their height, grew greater still. “Famine and want,” he wrote to the clergy of Rome, “are such in this country that people talk of bread without seeing any.” He had some right to expect that the Roman Church, whose alms he had himself distributed so generously, would not forget the distress of its exiled Pontiff. But Constans’s cruel precautions kept all help from reaching him. The Pope’s complaints of his abandonment and want, mixed with feelings of the most ardent charity, deserve to be quoted. “We are,” he said in the same letter, “not only cut off from the rest of the world but as it were buried alive among a people almost entirely pagan, among whom no feeling of humanity is to be found, not even the natural compassion one meets among barbarians. Only a few provisions reach us from outside; I have been able to get nothing but one measure of grain for four gold *solidi*. That no help reaches me is as astonishing as it is certain; but I bless the Lord for it, who measures out our sufferings as he pleases. I pray him, through the intercession of St. Peter, to keep you all unshaken in the orthodox faith, above all the shepherd who now governs you.(1) As for this wretched body, the Lord will take care of it; he is near. What am I anxious about? I hope in his mercy; it will not be long in ending my course.”

At last he died in the year 655, having held the Chair of St. Peter five years, four months and twelve days, or, according to the reckoning of the Roman Breviary and the *Liber Pontificalis*, which count the years from this Pope’s accession to his death, six years, one month and twenty-six days. Two ordinations are attributed to him, in which he made eleven priests, five deacons and three bishops. His body was later moved to Rome and laid with great honour under the high altar of the church of San Martino ai Monti. God honoured him during his life and after his death with several miracles. St. Ouen, archbishop of Rouen, who lived at the same time, relates in the life of St. Eligius that while still a prisoner at Constantinople he gave sight to a blind man by the power of his prayers. And the author who wrote the history of his exile and martyrdom, and who had the honour of going with him everywhere, assures us that after his death all kinds of diseases were cured at his tomb. Pope Gregory II says the same in his Epistle to the emperor Leo the Isaurian.

The Church rightly honours him as a martyr, since he died only of the hardships his prison and exile caused him. Those to whom God gives the grace of enduring some persecution in defence of truth and justice should take courage from his example to bear generously the trials of their state, and to wait patiently for that great day when the wicked who triumphed in this world will be punished with extreme severity, and the just who have been in tribulation, rejection and disgrace will be rewarded with great magnificence.

He is shown either in prison, or standing with his hands raised to heaven, praying in the place of his exile.

To complete this biography we have used the *Histoire de l'Église* by the abbé Darras.

(1) The shepherd to whom St. Martin referred was Eugene I, who succeeded him immediately, and whom the faithful of Rome, fearing to be abandoned into the hands of a Monothelite Pope, had elected to govern them during St. Martin's captivity.

ST. JOSAPHAT KUNTSEVYCH OF VOLODYMYR, ARCHBISHOP OF POLOTSK AND MARTYR

— Pope: Urban VIII. — King of Poland: Sigismund III.

Would to God I could be the ravisher of all your souls! Maxim of the Saint.

Josaphat Kuntsevych was born about the year 1584 at Vladimir [Volodymyr], a town of old Poland (Volhynia). According to some authors his parents belonged to a noble family whose arms showed a rose on an escutcheon, but which had kept nothing of its former splendour except this modest emblem, as if to recall that the glory of this world lasts as long as a flower. Some, dazzled by the brilliance of Josaphat's virtues, have even thought they could link his family with that of the Kuncewicz of Lithuania, well known in the annals of the grand duchy. It seems more likely that the two families had nothing in common but the name: Josaphat himself, when he had risen to church dignities, liked to recall his humble condition of former days. His father was called Gabriel Kuncewicz and his mother Marina; they were honest people and good Christians. The child was baptized according to the Greco-Slavonic rite used among the Ruthenians in the church of St. Paraskeva, virgin and martyr, and received the name of John. His mother took great care to bring him up in the fear of God, and planted in his tender heart the fruitful seeds of an early virtue.

A chosen soul whom God was calling to eminent holiness, John had nothing of the lightness of his age. He gladly slipped away from his companions' games to give himself to prayer, for which he had a strong attraction. The church of St. Paraskeva was, so to speak, his usual home. There he loved to talk with his God, and there his parents found him again, often anxious at his long absences. One of his favourite pastimes was painting images of the Saints, whose cult is so widespread in the Greco-Russian Church, and whom he was already learning to venerate as far as his extreme youth allowed. Such conduct soon drew all eyes to him. People admired his piety, his modesty and his unfailing gentleness. Parents held him up to their children as a living model of virtue, and older young men often felt moved to rival him.

Applying himself to his studies, John made great progress in the Ruthenian and Polish languages, then both in use not only in Volhynia and the other provinces of Ruthenia but in Lithuania too. He owed this progress to his ability as much as to his diligence. Yet he preferred sacred studies to profane letters, and so learned by heart most of the divine office, which from then on he made a habit of reciting every day. In the thirty years he lived after that, he never once failed to pay this devout debt, as he admitted himself, when archbishop, to one of his confessors.

As John grew in age, he grew in virtue too; and when his parents had to place him with a rich merchant of Vilna, this new situation made no change in his conduct. He went on being diligent at prayer; and whether he stayed in the house or had to go out on his employer's errands, his heart remained united to God. To avoid the temptations of his age and the frivolous talk of his companions, the prudent young man gave himself to reading devout books, so much that he sometimes forgot his master's business. These involuntary lapses brought him severe rebukes and even harsh treatment from Hyacinth Popovitski (the merchant's name); but these reprimands, far from turning him from his praiseworthy habit, only bound him to it more closely. Flight from dissipation and love of study and prayer were preparing him, without his perhaps suspecting it, for his future apostolate; at the same time they preserved him from the contagion of error, which was then doing

very great harm among his countrymen, and particularly in the city where Providence had brought him.

The deplorable state of religion in Poland must naturally have troubled young Kuntsevych, then barely twenty. What grieved him most was to see the ravages of Protestantism within the Ruthenian Church, and the small number of those who had rallied to the Holy See to safeguard both true orthodoxy and the Greco-Slavonic rite together. Yet he had to decide which way to choose. John begged for light from heaven. Enlightened from above, he felt within an inexpressible repugnance for the schism, and attached himself with all the energy of his soul to the chair of Peter, repeating with the royal Prophet: “I hate the assembly of the wicked.” From then on he never ceased to address ardent prayers to God for the progress of the Union and to seek the company of fervent Catholics. The church of the Trinity was served by Basilian religious subject to the Holy See, so he frequented it in preference to others, joining his voice to the singing of the choir, serving at the altar or ringing the bell.

Under the direction of two famous Jesuits, Josaphat learned philosophy and theology in the Slavonic language and advanced in the ways of the interior life. His piety, far from cooling through study, only became more enlightened and more ardent. [This paragraph uses the name Josaphat before he took it, as printed.]

His contact and dealings with the most eminent Catholics soon had their effect. Josaphat conceived an attraction for a more perfect life. Soon his soul desired only one thing: to give itself to God in the religious life. Convinced that he was unfit for trade, he resolved to exchange it for spiritual commerce, and begged Our Lord to help him in this business. The chief obstacle came from his employer, Hyacinth Popovitski. He knew well how edified his fellow merchants were by the conduct of his young clerk; he himself admired Kuntsevych’s virtue and thought to bind him to his house by adopting him as his son and making him heir to his fortune, for he was very rich and had no children. The offer was tempting; but John, whose heart longed for the imperishable goods that faith showed him, gave up without hesitation the temporal advantages offered him. Some time later his wishes were fulfilled.

In 1604, at the monastery of the Trinity at Vilna, Kuntsevych received the religious habit from the hand of Pociej [Pociey], then metropolitan of Kiev, and made his religious profession at the same time, according to a custom that had crept in among the Basilians of the country and has since rightly been abolished. To follow another custom still in force today in the Greco-Russian Church, he exchanged his baptismal name for that of Josaphat. From that day dates, so to speak, the Order of the United Basilians of Poland; and this first novice was as it were the cornerstone of the house of Vilna, cradle of the whole Order. The number of candidates for the religious life grew, but slowly, first because of the difficulty of the times, and then because of the complete indifference shown to the interests of souls by the superior of the monastery, Samuel Sentchylo. Under an outward show of simplicity this unworthy prelate hid intentions hostile to the Union and secretly favoured the partisans of the schism. He cared as little for the religious entrusted to him as for the building meant to house them, which looked more like a ruin than a religious house.

At the entrance of the monastery there was a little cell, hardly worthy of the name, which Josaphat loved above the others because it was the nearest to the church. In this vestibule of paradise, as he called it, he buried himself to lead the life of an anchorite. His time was divided between prayer, penance and study. A hundred times a day you would have heard him repeat the ejaculatory prayer so familiar to Easterners: “Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, a sinner!” Sometimes it escaped him in his sleep, as one of his brothers testified. Forgetting the night’s rest, Josaphat spent whole hours in loving converse with his God, now in his cell, now in the nearby cemetery, where he often went barefoot in spite of the most intense cold. How often he was found there kneeling on a flagstone or on the frozen snow, letting out this cry of love: “O my God, take away the schism and give peace to your Church!” and mingling his innocent blood with his tears. It would be hard to describe the holy severities the servant of God practised on his body. He seemed to have lost the feeling of pain. When his cracked feet were frozen to an icy stone he scarcely noticed it, so much was physical

suffering absorbed by the grief the Ruthenian Church's break with the centre of unity caused him. His way of life and his whole manner bore the stamp of an uncommon austerity that recalled St. Basil, founder of the Order and his great model. A religious who kept the fasts, so frequent in the Eastern Church, he was content with coarse food, abstaining from fish and forbidding himself all use of meat and wine. His sleep was short, and he took it on bare boards. Besides a rough hair shirt that he never took off, he girded his loins with a belt set with points that pierced the flesh. On the eves of great feasts above all, his austerities became more numerous and more cruel.

By this voluntary martyrdom Josaphat was preparing himself for the bloody sacrifice that was to crown his fine life. It was amid these thorns too that the angelic virtue flowered in him, whose chaste purity was never tarnished. The integrity of his life and the brilliance of his virtues became a subject of talk and of admiration more or less widely shared. It happened that a girl whose conduct was anything but edifying heard one day the praises given to the holy religious. "I shall soon find out," she said, "whether he is as holy as you say." Inspired no doubt by hell, she managed to get into Josaphat's cell, which stood, as has been said, at the entrance to the monastery. But a stick with which the chaste religious armed himself quickly put the impudent visitor to flight, well beaten and covered with confusion. The angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, had acted in the same way in similar circumstances.

This incident increased the esteem Josaphat already enjoyed among the most influential people in the city. People began to seek his company and ask to talk with him. The Blessed One loved retirement too much to allow it to be disturbed by many visits; so he left the cell he occupied and settled in a little chapel of St. Luke in the vestibule of the church, which was completely abandoned. There he continued his hermit's life, leaving it only to go to the choir offices and the other exercises of the community. Yet his door was always open to his friend Joseph Rutski. He keenly wished to count him among his brothers and never stopped asking heaven for this grace, which was granted him two years after his entry into the novitiate (1606). He also had the happiness of seeing young men enter his Order, drawn by his words as much as by the example of his virtues. While still only a deacon, Josaphat showed an ardent zeal for the conversion of the non-Uniates, and brought a good number of them back into the bosom of the Church, some by argument, others by prayer, tears or kindness. The opponents of the Union had so high an esteem for him that they said they were ready to drink the water in which he had washed his feet. They were convinced that the Union would be finished if he came over to their side, and so more than once they tried to win him to their cause. To succeed better in their plan, they persuaded the archimandrite Samuel to separate him from Rutski, then in charge of the novices; and as soon as Rutski had been sent away, they urged Josaphat to join them. When the Saint answered with a flat refusal, the archimandrite struck him in the face and ordered him to send all the young religious at once to Joseph Rutski, twenty leagues from Vilna, so as to hand the house over to the dissidents. Afraid both of breaking his superior's order and of seeing the schismatics seize the monastery, Josaphat went to consult Father Fabricius, who advised him to inform Joseph Rutski at once. When the news of the danger reached the worthy master of novices, he was in the grip of a fever. No matter! He hurried back, had the *Te Deum* sung on his entry into Vilna, and the fever left him on the spot.

That same day the archimandrite came to reproach Josaphat for his disobedience. "What is the use," Josaphat answered, "of sending the novices to Joseph, since Joseph is among us?" These words were like a thunderbolt to the archimandrite. Quivering with indignation, the traitor tried another way to reach his ends, and entrusted it to three of his creatures. On a religious pretext one of them invited Josaphat to his house, where the other two were hiding. With friendly words the master of the house persuaded the religious who was with Josaphat to leave the Father. Then they all showed themselves together and addressed the most flattering speeches to him. "The Ruthenian Church," they said, "waits only for a sign from you to raise its head; its life is in your hands; have pity on so many unfortunates!" With these words they threw themselves at his knees, begged him to yield to their wishes and redoubled their entreaties. Vain efforts! One of them ran

to the door, locked it and stood on the threshold to make sure of the outcome; the other two, with raised hands, prepared to use force. Josaphat promised to give them an answer the next day, after consulting God, and so obtained his freedom. Back at the monastery, he found Rutski in conference with the other religious, torn between astonishment and fear. “I have come out of hell,” Josaphat told them; “I have heard devilish speeches urging me to betray the faith.” The next day, as he had no thought at all of going back to the schismatics, they reminded him in writing of his promise. “I promised you,” answered the holy religious, “to consult God. I have done so, and the Lord has shown me the impiety of your plans. The peace of the Lord be with you, then!” At the same time the metropolitan was informed of all that had happened. The unworthy archimandrite, convicted of treachery, was deposed and his place given to Rutski, whom Pociej also made his vicar general.

One can imagine the anger of the deposed archimandrite and the rage of the schismatics. Together with them, the apostate resolved to seize the church of the Trinity, lay hands on the monks and take over the monastery. But the Uniates had time to warn the local authorities and Prince Nicholas Radziwi■■ himself, palatine of Vilna, who was then away. The palatine at once sent Sentchylo an order to keep quiet on pain of the gravest penalties, and charged the authorities to put down vigorously the least attempt at disorder. At the same time the Uniates were questioned about the trap in which Josaphat had nearly been caught, and the three culprits mentioned above were handed over to the courts.

Then the schismatics carried their hatred to the point of wishing to shed blood. One day, as the primate was crossing the public square with a large escort, an assassin named John Toupeka struck him on the back of the neck with a sabre. The blow was so violent that, after cutting off two fingers of the hand with which the prelate tried to protect himself, it carried away his ring and episcopal chain and the collar of his cassock. Yet divine Providence willed that the wound should not be mortal. The venerable old man was carried into the palace of a senator, where the king himself came to visit him. The news of this attack filled the city with terror. Rutski and Josaphat gathered up the fingers the weapon had cut off and laid these first fruits of martyrdom before the image of the holy Virgin. The murderer, condemned to be quartered, died full of repentance, thanks to the charity of Josaphat, who wished to assist him in his last moments. The holy religious was himself the target of the whole party’s hatred. They spared him neither outrages nor ill-treatment. Whenever he appeared in public, mud, stones and insults rained on him from all sides, with the names of ignoramus, impious man and impostor.

These trials strengthened the young deacon’s virtue and prepared him admirably for the priesthood. To make himself more worthy of that high dignity and more useful for the salvation of his neighbour, Josaphat applied himself with incredible ardour to the study of philosophy and theology under the direction of Father Fabricius. The disciple proved worthy of the master and profited perfectly from his lessons, thanks to the loftiness of his mind, the soundness of his judgement and his good memory, and above all to the action of the Holy Spirit, who seconded his natural gifts and made it easy for him to understand the mysteries of our holy religion.

It would be hard to tell the zeal with which Josaphat, raised to the priesthood, carried out the sacred ministry. In church, at home, in the streets, in inns and public squares, everywhere he set up a pulpit, explaining Christian doctrine with rare clarity and truly apostolic zeal. His word carried conviction into his hearers’ souls, and it rarely sounded in a desert. So the non-Uniate clergy forbade their people to start any conversation with Josaphat; and while the Catholics showed their high esteem for his merits by calling him the scourge of the schismatics, the schismatics on the contrary called him nothing but the ravisher of souls (*Dushokhvat*). To discredit him in the eyes of the people, they had him painted between archbishop Pociej and Joseph Rutski in the form of the devil, with horns and armed with a pitchfork as if to spear souls; underneath was the inscription: Ravisher of souls. Josaphat made it a title of glory. “God grant,” he said, “that I may ravish your souls to present them to him!” Unmoved by these insults, he set himself to invent

ways of bringing sinners to penance. He missed no occasion to urge them to confession; and while the schismatic priests made it hateful to the faithful by turning it into a trade, he on the contrary gave money to poor penitents to encourage them to come back. One day, while he was travelling, he came to the banks of the Niemen and found there a large crowd waiting for the moment when the great blocks of ice would freeze firm and form a solid bridge to let travellers across. The apostolic man seized the occasion to urge these people to go to confession. All answered his call, and immediately afterwards they found their makeshift road perfectly passable.

However unceasing the evangelical worker's labours, he never felt tired. Charged with taking the place of the hegumen of the monastery, he carried out on his own the duties of all: confessor, preacher, bursar, alms-collector, sacristan, prefect of the choir, infirmarian and waker. The more worthy he was to command, the more eager he was to serve those below him. One day, when he had just preached with great vehemence, a large number of people begged him to hear their confessions. Kept back by very urgent business, he turned to one of his religious, a man of exemplary life but very poor health. When the good monk excused himself on account of his extreme weakness, the Saint begged him on his knees not to refuse the faithful this act of charity, promising him that God would help him in return. The religious, abashed by such humility, made no further reply; and scarcely had he entered the confessional when his weakness vanished: he was able to hear the confessions of the whole crowd.

God seems to have given his servant a special attraction for assisting those condemned to death. He loved above all to visit the poor sick in the darkest and most repulsive hovels. He gave them the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist, got them remedies and food, and often even washed their feet, though they were covered with ulcers.

Struck by so many virtues, the Lithuanian magnates vied with one another to draw him to their estates. Chodkiewicz, castellan of Vilna, offered him the famous monastery of Supra■l; John Mieleszko, castellan of Smolensk, and the marshal of Slonim, Gregory Tryzna, whom Josaphat had won to the Union, invited him to come and settle, the first at ■yrowice, the second at Byte■. Out of humility Josaphat declined Chodkiewicz's offer and accepted the monastery of Byte■. As this house was occupied by Basilian nuns, Tryzna moved them to Pinsk and gave the house to monks of the same Order, who later set up their novitiate there. Having fully organized the community of Byte■, Josaphat went on to ■yrowice, a place famous for the miraculous image of Our Lady venerated there. The sanctuary took on a new splendour; devotion to the Mother of God revived; pilgrims flocked there; nothing was left undone to make the place worthy of its august patroness. Not only Mieleszko, protector of ■yrowice, but other lords too, such as Leo Sapieha, chancellor of Lithuania, enriched it with their gifts. Beside the sanctuary Josaphat built a monastery of which he was the first superior. The holy Virgin seems to have accepted the zeal of her devout servant by opening the treasures of her mercy; and as these favours doubled Josaphat's zeal still further, he had the happiness of bringing back to unity a great many dissidents, most of them gentlemen. Among them was Soltan, the most hot-headed of all. Josaphat met him one day in a forest near the monastery and turned the conversation to the religious question. In spite of the blasphemies his companion poured out, he touched him so deeply that the man melted into tears, confessed his errors and returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

While Josaphat was feeding Christ's sheep in this charming solitude, thus living up to the name of ■yrowice, which means pasture, Hypatius Pociej, head of the United Ruthenian Church, went to receive in heaven the reward due to his labours, and Joseph Velamin Rutski succeeded him in that dignity in the same year, 1614. The new metropolitan archbishop hastened to recall Josaphat to the capital of Lithuania, to entrust him with the monastery of the Trinity, which he could no longer govern himself and which, constantly under attack from the non-Uniates, needed a valiant defender. No better choice could have been made. Under Josaphat's government the monastery became more and more prosperous. As at that time the community of Vilna was made up mostly of young religious (there were sixty in all), the whole burden of administration fell on the

archimandrite. So here too he carried out almost all the offices of the house; and, astonishingly, he did each so well that he seemed born for it alone. With all this he worked steadily for the salvation of his neighbour, prayed day and night and cut out nothing of his usual austerities. Severe with himself, he was all heart for his brothers. He never reproved them harshly, but gave them warnings with a wholly fatherly affection. His charity towards the poor was without equal, so they called him their dear father and constantly turned to his generosity. One day a poor widow, hounded by a pitiless creditor, begged the help of the servant of God. Josaphat told her to come back a little later and went to the church. His prayer finished, as he was returning to his cell, an unknown young man came to meet him and handed him fifty gold pieces wrapped in paper, saying that his master sent them as a gift. Asked his master's name, the young man said nothing and at once disappeared. Meanwhile the widow came; Josaphat gave her the gold as he had received it, without looking at it. When the creditor had been paid there was still a fair sum left, which the poor woman came to bring back; but Josaphat would not accept what heaven had sent for her.

Yet the conversion of the dissidents lay even closer to his heart than the relief of bodily misery. To bring the non-Uniates back to obedience to the Holy See and to secure the triumph of the United Church was the constant concern of this apostolic soul. Thanks to his persuasive eloquence joined to a wholly heavenly charity, he made many conquests, both among the people and among the nobility of Vilna. But his finest success was the conversion of the palatine of Novogrodek, Theodore Skumin Tyszkiewicz, the most powerful Ruthenian lord of Lithuania, and of his son Janusz, secretary of the grand duchy. They became not only perfect Catholics but also outstanding benefactors of the Order of St. Basil, and particularly of the monastery of the Most Holy Trinity, not far from which they built a sumptuous chapel to serve as the burial place of their illustrious family.

Josaphat's appointment to the episcopal see of Polotsk was to open a wider field to his zeal. The consecration took place at Vilna on 12 November, a memorable date, for six years later on that same day Josaphat received with the palm of martyrdom the consecration of blood. The new bishop was thirty-eight years old and had fourteen years of religious profession. Two months later he went to Polotsk, where he was received with unusual honours. But Josaphat's heart leaned towards sadness rather than joy, as if he had a secret foreboding that these hosannas would one day be followed by the *crucifigatur*.

Once alone at the head of the diocese, Josaphat gave free rein to the zeal that consumed him. He began by suppressing the abuses that had crept into his Church, especially among the clergy. Every year he held a diocesan synod and visited the churches in his charge. The Rules he composed for the use of priests, which still survive, show well enough the care he took to raise and maintain church discipline. A pastor of souls must, in his view, work above all to acquire learning and holiness. So he urged them to go often to the sacrament of Penance, and as often as possible to the holy Eucharist. At his request the Fathers of the Society of Jesus taught moral theology to the Greek-Uniate clergy.

The care with which Josaphat conformed to the canons of the Church and of the Fathers, and his fidelity in keeping the traditions of the Greek religion in all their purity without introducing the least change into the rite, caused great joy among his diocesans and took from the disunited every pretext for accusing him of Latinism. Divine worship recovered its former splendour. The ancient cathedral of Polotsk was in so pitiful a state that it threatened to collapse. The zealous bishop restored it entirely and at great expense, as well as the cathedrals of Vitebsk, Mogilev, Orsha and Mstislavl and several lesser ones. It was also thanks to his generosity that the convent of Basilian nuns at Polotsk came out of its poverty, considerably enlarged and well endowed. People wondered where the money to cover so many expenses could come from, for the archbishop's revenues were not enough, and on his arrival in the diocese the treasury was almost empty. It was known besides that abundant alms went into the hands of the needy. Throughout his episcopate Josaphat did not let a single day pass without seating at his table some of those suffering members of Jesus Christ, the objects of his special love. To help them, he sometimes stripped himself of necessities. A weeping poor

widow came one day to ask him for help. Having nothing in his purse, he pawned his *omophorion* (episcopal stole) and gave her the sum borrowed.

Love of poverty and good management of his modest revenues were what enabled him to make great outlays whenever the glory of God required it. For as generous as he was towards the poor and the Lord's temples, so sparing was he towards his relations and above all towards himself. In his episcopal palace there was not the least trace of magnificence. The strictest frugality ruled his meals. He never allowed himself the least breach of the laws of temperance. Far from it: he went on, as in the past, afflicting his body with penances, without even keeping any measure in them. One day, when he was officiating pontifically, his iron chain gripped his loins so tightly that he felt faint and could hardly stand. When the liturgy was over he withdrew to his rooms and, calling the archdeacon Dorotheus, asked him to take off the cruel belt, forbidding him to say a word of it to anyone. Such austere tastes did not lend themselves to vain prodigality. The worthy prelate saw to it that the goods of his Church were wisely managed, and he left nothing undone to recover those unjustly held by powerful lords of the country. Yet, "when, using his right, he had recourse to lawful means and summoned his opponents before the courts, he acted with moderation and kept in his proceedings an indefinable fatherliness that showed itself in the gentleness of his language." So says Count Michael Tyszkiewicz, who was not wholly disinterested in the matter.

While the Union was thus prospering at Polotsk, the schism was making its last efforts to destroy the work of God. We come here to a memorable event in the life of the holy bishop as well as in the annals of the Greco-Russian Church: the restoration of the non-Uniate episcopate. It was in 1620. Theophanes, patriarch of Jerusalem, returning from Moscow, where he had gone on a political mission for the sultan, passed through the Ukraine and came to Kiev. There, at the urging of the Cossacks, he consecrated as many schismatic bishops as there were sees held by Catholic prelates of the same rite, and each was assigned the see of a Catholic bishop. That of Polotsk was given to Meletius, archimandrite of the monastery of the Holy Spirit at Vilna.

This new measure threatened, along with the existence of the higher hierarchy, that of the whole United Church. To carry out their plans the dissidents chose the moment when the United bishops were at the general Diet in Warsaw. False news about these prelates was spread everywhere. They were, it was said, false shepherds, renegades, wolves in sheep's clothing; the Diet had just deprived them of their sees, and they must not be obeyed. To give weight to these lying claims, the usual bogey, the Cossacks, was brought forward. Hence disturbances in all the dioceses, above all in that of Polotsk, which they were determined to take from Josaphat. The chief author of the disorders stirred up at Polotsk was Meletius Smotrytsky. This man's name is so bound up with Josaphat's that we must pause on him for a few moments.

Meletius had been given fine talents, set off by vast learning; but he had the misfortune to put them, in Urban VIII's phrase, at the service of Satan's cause. Born in 1578 of Orthodox parents, he made his first studies under the direction of the famous Cyril Lucaris, later patriarch of Constantinople, then only rector of the school of Ostroh founded by Prince Constantine Ostrogski. From there Meletius went on to the academy of Vilna, run by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to which the dissidents sent their children as well as the Catholics. His studies finished, he travelled to Germany with the young prince Solomerecki and came back steeped in Protestant doctrines; even so he hesitated for a long time. At last the non-Uniates won. Smotrytsky took the Basilian habit at the monastery of the Holy Spirit, and three years later (1620) he was raised to the dignity of archimandrite. We have seen how he was named the same year to the archiepiscopal see of Polotsk. Consecrated archbishop in defiance of all civil and church laws, Smotrytsky hastened to send to every town of the diocese circular letters urging the faithful to abandon the illegitimate shepherd, the papist and apostate (as he called Josaphat), and to give their obedience to himself as the lawful and orthodox archbishop. These letters were entrusted to monks, who crossed the country in every direction, kindling the fire of revolt everywhere. Thanks to the activity of these emissaries and the support of the confraternities, in

a very short time the masses declared for Meletius and disowned Josaphat, whose ruin was from then on resolved. So when he returned to Polotsk, Josaphat found people's minds completely changed. He was grieved rather than surprised, for he had been told of everything while he was at the Diet. He even brought with him a decree of King Sigismund forbidding all his diocesans, under the gravest penalties, to have any dealings with the usurper Smotrytsky and charging them to obey Josaphat alone, their true shepherd. On the day appointed for the proclamation of this document the archbishop went to the town hall. The palatine Drucki-Sokoli■ski had the royal decree read; then Josaphat, taking the floor, made his profession of faith and begged those present not to abandon the true religion but to put an end to religious strife. The leaders of the opposing party protested loudly against the king's orders, adding that they would rather die than obey Josaphat. The crowd echoed their ranting, and the innocent prelate would certainly have been killed on the spot had he not been protected by the magistrates, who drove back the waves of the mob by force of arms and escorted him to the archbishop's palace.

Far from showing resentment against his attackers, the servant of God treated them afterwards with fatherly kindness. He invited the chief ringleaders to his table, talked to them of Catholic doctrine and begged them to accept the Union. A town councillor named Terlikowski, touched by such gentleness, at last acknowledged his fault. When he came to the cathedral to ask pardon of God and of his minister, Josaphat went to meet him, pressed him to his breast and, leading him to the altar, said, shedding tears of joy: "Lord, here is a strayed sheep I have just found again, and I commend him to you." Another time, in the middle of a sermon in which he had shown with great force the Catholic dogma of the procession of the Holy Spirit and the primacy of the sovereign Pontiff, Josaphat burst into sobs and cried out that for this doctrine, the only true one, he was ready to shed his blood to the last drop. At this sight several dissidents asked him to be received back into the bosom of the Church.

The holy archbishop's Gospel gentleness and disinterested zeal succeeded in calming men's minds. Polotsk recovered its peace; but it was not so in other towns of the diocese. Usually deprived of his presence, they were worked on by his opponents all the more eagerly because these were more and more angered by the success of his preaching and the irresistible influence of his holiness on all who came near him. In the course of October 1623 the rumour spread in Polotsk that the archbishop meant to go to Vitebsk. Several of his friends begged him to put off his pastoral visit to a more favourable time, or at least to accept an escort. One of them, Count Michael Tyszkiewicz, offered to go with him himself with his men. The man of God would have no escort but his own household and no protection but heaven's. At the moment of departure he ordered a tomb to be prepared for him in the cathedral at a spot he pointed out. Then, kneeling before the high altar, he made the following prayer: "Lord, I know that the enemies of the Union are after my life; I offer it to you with all my heart, and may my blood put out the fire caused by the schism!" And as these words frightened his people, he added: "My children, fear nothing; none of you will perish; I alone shall fall." That said, they set out.

The people of Vitebsk received their shepherd with feigned respect, for his days were numbered. Taking advantage of the absence of the chief authorities, the Orthodox formed a new plot, in which two magistrates of the town and a great number of citizens took part. The archbishop knew of it. A week before the crime was committed, in a sermon he preached in honour of St. Demetrius, martyr, on these words of the Gospel, "The hour comes when whoever kills you will think he is doing God a service" [John 16:2], he spoke thus: "You desire my ruin; on the rivers, on the bridges, in the streets, in the cities, everywhere you set traps for me. Here I am now in your midst. God grant that I may give my life for you who are my sheep, for the holy Union, for the see of Peter held by the sovereign Pontiffs, his successors."

At a meeting held in the town hall on 11 November, the next day (it was a Sunday) was fixed for carrying out the crime, and the plan to be followed was settled. That same evening the archbishop was told everything by a consul of the town, Peter Ivanovich, a good Catholic. But he would neither foil the conspirators' schemes

nor use the darkness of night to escape their blows. All through supper he spoke of his coming death as though it were a feast. The archdeacon Dorotheus interrupted him, saying: “My lord, you might let us eat a little.” “Fear nothing,” Josaphat replied; “it is not your death but mine I am talking about.” After supper he withdrew to his rooms and spent most of the night in prayer. The next morning, at the first sound of the bell announcing the hour of Matins, the devout archbishop went to the church of the Holy Virgin next to his palace. While he was praying there, an apostate priest named Elias was arrested in the courtyard of the bishop’s house on the order of the archdeacon Dorotheus. Here is the reason, as it was later given by the accomplices in the murder: “The non-Uniates had put up two huts for their private meetings, one of them on the opposite bank of the Dvina, facing the bishop’s palace. Although the *vladyka* could hear from his windows the songs, shouts and insulting talk that came from it, aimed at his person, he pretended to know nothing; he was content to pray to God for the unhappy men, saying that they did not know what they were doing. The priest Elias had formerly been under Josaphat’s obedience, which he had left to join the rebel party. He often crossed the bishop’s courtyard without any need, putting on an air of contempt and uttering provoking words. In spite of the prohibition laid on him, he appeared again that day, and was at once seized by servants of the palace and shut up in the kitchen, without however being harmed in any way. The conspirators were only waiting for this opportunity to carry out their criminal plans.” At once the tocsin was rung, and the crowd ran from every side towards the bishop’s house, filling the air with clamour, shouting and abuse. A hail of stones, sticks and bullets rained on the servants keeping guard round the palace, several of whom were seriously wounded.

Told of the tumult, Josaphat ordered the imprisoned priest to be set free; then, when Matins was over, he went back to the palace through the riotous crowd. He had gone in and set himself again to prayer to prepare for the sacrifice of his life when the riot flared up again. The number of rebels kept growing and the attacks became more murderous. Seeing above all that the bishop’s servants offered only a harmless resistance, as their master had ordered them, the attackers grew bolder, forced their way into the vestibule and cruelly beat some of the prelate’s officers who had taken refuge there. The archdeacon Dorotheus received eighteen wounds on the head and had all his limbs broken. Emmanuel Cantacuzene, steward of the palace, struck by thirteen wounds and bathed in his blood, was left for dead. Hearing the groans of these innocent victims, Josaphat broke off his converse with God, came out of his room and walked calmly towards the murderers. After giving them his blessing, he said to them: “My children, why are you ill-treating my servants, who have done you no harm? If it is me you want, here I am.” The assassins stood still, dumbfounded. Suddenly two wretches sprang through the crowd shouting, “Down with the tool of the Latins! Down with the papist!” and threw themselves on the archbishop just as he was crossing his arms on his breast. One of the assassins struck him on the forehead with a long pole; the other dealt him a halberd blow that split his head. The archbishop fell; the murderers rained blows on him and treated him with such barbarity that he no longer had a human face. In spite of his wounds he could still make the sign of the cross and say these words, the last that came from his mouth: “O my God!” The executioners, seeing that the victim was still breathing, fired two shots at him, which went through his skull. So died Josaphat, on 12 November 1623. He was in the forty-fourth year of his age.

The crime done, the murderers sacked the *vladyka*’s house, plundering and wrecking everything with unheard-of fury. Heated with drink (for they began by emptying the cellars), they came back to the victim, dragged him into the middle of the courtyard and were cowardly enough to insult the corpse. A faithful dog that was defending its old master’s body was killed, and its blood mingled with the martyr’s. That was not enough. Forgetting all decency, the murderers stripped the body of its clothes. At the sight of the hair shirt and the iron belt that the holy prelate never took off, they were seized with surprise, and their astonishment grew when they found in a box a bloodstained discipline. They began to fear that they had killed someone else in his place, and questioned the dead man’s servant Gregory Ushatski, an eyewitness of his death, and then one Jedlinski, Cantacuzene’s valet. Reassured and joyful, they heaped new outrages on the martyr.

Some fouled his hair and beard; others spat in his face or struck him blow after blow. Women, children, old men: all joined in these infamous sports. Fanaticism had taken from them both decency and the use of reason. In their madness they tore off the hair shirt that covered his body, tied a long rope to his feet, dragged him like this through the streets of the town to a height overlooking the Dvina, and from there threw him into the river, shouting: “Hold on, my lord, hold on!” Against all expectation the body suffered no injury and came up again on the water. Then it was put on a boat, the hair shirt filled with large stones was tied firmly round its neck, and the holy remains were sunk at the deepest point of the river, known as Peskovatik. With the victim buried in the waters, the parricides went off in triumph. But, as if to confound their rage, the sky put on mourning, and thick clouds turned day into night.

The Catholics made every possible effort to find the martyr’s body, but for several days without any result. At last, on 16 November, a little before noon, the fishermen given this task saw something like a ray of light coming out of the depths of the water. They went with their boats to the spot and did indeed find there what they were looking for. Soon the holy remains were taken out of the water and brought to the shore. At the news of the discovery a crowd of the curious ran out from the town to look at the blessed man. Among the onlookers was a councillor of the town of Polotsk named John Chodyka, whom business had brought to Vitebsk two days before. “While the two boats carrying the body and the stones,” says Chodyka, “were moving towards Vitebsk, I followed them in tears along the bank as far as the castle. There the body was laid in the middle of the church of St. Michael, and only then could I contemplate it at leisure. The face was smiling as I had never seen it in Josaphat’s lifetime. This sight made so deep an impression on me that I gave up the schism on the spot, lamenting the murder that had been committed.” The town was filled with mourning and lamentation. The body lay exposed for nine days in the castle church, clothed in pontifical vestments and giving off a heavenly scent of lilies and roses. A great crowd of clergy, nobility and townsfolk came from Polotsk to escort the body, which was carried in great pomp to that city. The people of Vitebsk accompanied the procession with their sobs and tears. The parricides detested the crime they had committed and asked pardon for it. Calvinists wept hot tears, crying out: “Ah, wretches! They have killed an innocent man, a Saint!” Even the Jews showed signs of compassion. As for the witnesses who made their legal depositions before the tribunal, they unanimously declared on oath that Josaphat’s devotion to the Roman Church and the sovereign Pontiff had been the sole cause of his death. “I attest,” said one of them (John Chodyka), “that the hatred and animosity we felt against the person of Josaphat had their source solely in the zeal with which he tried to bring us back to the Union and to submit us to the sovereign Pontiff… It was submission to the Pope that was Josaphat’s undoing. If there had been any other cause of his death, it would certainly not have escaped me, since I was then in the schism. Not only were the plans and designs of my co-religionists known to me, but I put my purse at the service of the common cause, to spread the schism and to stifle, together with the Union, Josaphat himself, who represented it. But as well as I knew the designs and bad dispositions of my party, I knew just as well that everyone did justice to Josaphat’s innocence and his blameless and holy conduct. I knew he was put to death for the Union, a thing in any case so notorious that no Catholic or dissident has ever denied it.” What is more, the parricides themselves confessed that Josaphat had offered himself as a victim to God and to the sovereign Pontiff to bear witness to the primacy of St. Peter and his successors.

When they reached Polotsk, the people rushed to the shore to look at their martyred shepherd. It was a truly heartrending sight to see this multitude of people of every rank, age and creed give way to the keenest grief. Some sobbed; others beat their breasts; some begged for God’s mercy; others begged Josaphat to forgive them. The funeral chants were drowned by groans, sobs and cries for vengeance. The holy body was carried to the cathedral of St. Sophia, where it lay exposed for several months without undergoing any change or decay. His face was still beautiful, and he went on giving off a sweet scent; his lips, of a brilliant crimson, seemed ready to speak. The look of his face, which in his life had brought sinners back to virtue, touched after his death the hardest hearts among the opponents of the Union, and it was impossible to look on his

angelic serenity without feeling touched by divine grace.

From that moment the glorious Martyr began to work many wonders: the lame walked, the blind recovered their sight and the hopelessly sick their health. Accounts of such miracles are read in the Lives of all the Saints. What interests us more are the marvels of grace; for, besides the fact that the Saints have no finer jewels in their crown, wonders of this kind add new trophies to the triumphs of their apostolate.

One of these miracles was seen in the person of Meletius Smotrytsky, declared enemy of the Union and instigator of the revolt of which Josaphat fell victim. By everyone's admission, the blood of another St. Stephen won the conversion of this new Saul. From 12 November 1623 Meletius had no more rest until the hour when, after an inner struggle of four years, he at last took the decisive step. The rest of his life was devoted wholly to penance, prayer and the defence of the Union.

St. Josaphat has been shown with his head split by an axe-blow, wearing the aureole and not the halo [*limbe*], because he had not yet been solemnly canonized. He has also been painted holding a chalice with which he turns towards the people. On the chalice the child Jesus can be seen, and a winged deacon attends the Blessed One during the holy sacrifice.

CULT AND RELICS.

The whole of Poland, through King Sigismund III, his son W■adys■aw IV, and the whole Greek and Latin episcopate, asked for this glorious Martyr the honours the Church gives to her heroes. Urban VIII, granting these devout wishes, opened the cause, and after a long process, whose details would be superfluous here, he entered the name of Josaphat in the catalogue of the Blessed, fixing his feast on 12 November, the anniversary of his birth into heaven. He decided at the same time that the canonization could proceed at the first opportunity (*quandocumque*). The first solemnities of the beatification took place not in the church of St. Athanasius, which was too small, but in the magnificent church of the Gesù. It was right that the illustrious Martyr should receive the first fruits of his cult within a society that rightly regards him as its pupil and its patron, and to which he constantly gave signs of the most sincere affection.

Two centuries went by without the cause of canonization taking a single step, in spite of the earnest pleas of several sovereigns of Poland. God, who has his moments, probably allowed these delays to draw from them greater glory for himself and for his servant. In reserving for Pius IX the honour of crowning the work begun by Urban VIII, he could not, it seems, have chosen a worthier instrument or a more fitting time. Seldom indeed has there been on the chair of Peter a Pontiff as zealous for the union of the Churches as the august Pope now reigning. Again, "while a conspiracy woven by men rebellious against all authority strives to overturn the whole world, and sets itself above all to overthrow the Apostolic See of the successors of St. Peter, here is blessed Josaphat coming from heaven to help us confound the perverse plots hatched in the shadows; he who all his life defended the primacy of the Apostolic See and sealed with his blood the union with the Church." So says the decree *de tuto*, dated 2 May 1865, declaring that one may safely proceed to the solemn canonization of Josaphat. Finally, at this very hour the United Church of Russia is in its agony: a few more years, and perhaps it will have ceased to exist! What a consolation for this martyred Church to see its Abel adorned with the finest crown a Christian can receive here below and set before the veneration of the whole Catholic world! What a powerful reason to hope that a day will come when, purified by long suffering, it will be reborn in its first splendour, full of life, strength and fruitfulness! Yes, 29 June 1867 was for it a date for ever memorable; it is the sure pledge of its coming regeneration.

You then, illustrious Martyr, who gave to the holy Union the threefold witness of word, example and blood, continue to carry on the same apostolate from heaven. Protect the chair of all truth, and the one who has given you the supreme honours, against the attacks of their treacherous enemies. But above all never cease to address to the God of mercies the prayer once so dear to your heart, in which your whole life is summed up: "Lord, take away the schism, and give peace to your Church."

St. Josaphat Kuntsevych was canonized by Pius IX on 29 June 1867. Russia answered this canonization with the sacrilegious profanation of the Martyr's body. On 17 July one read in a Cracow newspaper: "The relics of St. Josaphat were in the parish church of Bia■a in Podlachia. In the last few days a military commission arrived at Bia■a and, in the presence of an all too well-known cleric, the abbé Liwcak, broke the seals of the shrine that held the holy Martyr's remains. After a minute examination of the body, the commissioners took it away to Siedlce, from where it will be sent by way of Warsaw to St. Petersburg." We owe this biography to Father Martinov; we have only abridged it.

ST. LÈNE OR NATALENA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR, IN THE DIOCESE OF PAMIERS

(4th century.)

Natalena was the ninth child of Fredelas, governor of the town that was later to bear the name of Pamiers. At her birth her father flew into a great rage, for he had long wanted a son, and Natalena was the ninth daughter his marriage had given him. Carried away by anger, he ordered this little creature to be thrown into the Ariège. But God had great designs for her. Three shining crosses were seen to appear over her cradle; and while people were getting ready to carry out the father's cruel orders, a man sent by Providence (an old tradition says it was St. Martin) saved the child and gave her to a nurse, who brought her up carefully in the Christian religion. Natalena became a very virtuous girl, and it is believed that she consecrated her life to God early by the vow of virginity. Joined with other holy women who, like her, practised the Gospel counsels, she took particular care of the poor and sick in the town hospital. It was here that God made her virtue shine. Alydanus, lieutenant-general of Fredelas, saw her several times in this house, admired her beauty and fell in love with her. From then on he used every effort to lead her into sin, but the Saint foiled all his plans. Angered, he denounced her to the governor as a zealous Christian. She was at once thrown into a cell, and dragged like a criminal through the streets of the town before being brought before the tribunal of Fredelas. When she appeared before him, the governor asked her: "Of what family are you?" "I am the governor's daughter," she answered; "you are my father." Fredelas was as if thunderstruck at this answer. Natalena then told him her whole story from the day her father had doomed her to death. At this unexpected revelation Fredelas, stifling within him the voice of nature, accused her of lying and said to her: "You want to be my daughter, you say; you shall be, on condition that you give up your religion." "That I will never do," answered Natalena, "for I mean to remain a Christian." She was at once condemned to death, and the executioners led her to the bank of the Ariège, where they cut off her head. God glorified her martyrdom by a great miracle. Scarcely had her head rolled on the ground when, to the great astonishment of the onlookers, she took it in her hands, went down along the bank, re-entered the town by the Sainte-Hélène gate and walked to the Place du Camp, where she gave up her soul to God. It is believed that the spring of Sainte-Natalène, which still flows near the cemetery of Saint-Jean, gushed out miraculously at the touch of her head. The Saint was buried on the very spot she seemed to have chosen for her burial. Later a modest oratory was raised to her there, which is now part of the church of Notre-Dame du Camp.

Her relics were later moved to Blesle (now in the diocese of Saint-Flour). There her feast was kept on 5 November, and that of the finding of her relics on the 19th of the same month. In the diocese of Pamiers her feast was formerly kept on 10 November; today it is kept on the 12th of that month.

Pamiers has two bones of the Saint, while Blesle lost everything at the Revolution. It is largely to St. Natalena that Pamiers owes the fine title of holy town it was once given. St. Natalena and St. Antoninus (2 September) are the two great protectors of Pamiers; that is no doubt why the belief has grown among the people that they were brother and sister.

We owe this notice to the great kindness of the abbé Antoine Ricard of Marseilles.

ST. RENÉ, BISHOP OF ANGERS

(450.)

One day, as St. Maurilius, bishop of Angers (13 September), was passing through the village of La Possonnière, a lady of high birth named Bononia came and threw herself at his feet, begging him to obtain for her from heaven a child, the object of all her longing. The holy bishop prayed, and a year later Bononia gave birth to a son, whom she offered to God and whose education she entrusted to the ministers of the sanctuary. He was seven years old when a cruel illness brought him to the gates of the tomb. He was not yet baptized. His mother hurried to the church of Saint-Pierre at Angers, where St. Maurilius was then celebrating the holy sacrifice, and begged him to give baptism to her dying son without delay. “As soon as the holy sacrifice is over,” the blessed bishop answered her, “I will grant your wish.” Alas! Before the appointed moment came, the child died.

This event threw St. Maurilius into deep sadness. Convinced that he was from then on unworthy to carry out the duties of the episcopate, and that only a long penance in the depths of some unknown solitude could atone for his fault, he fled into the forests of Armorica. He came back among his flock only when God made known to him in prayer that he granted him the life of the child who had so long been the object of his regrets and tears. Maurilius went at once to the church of Saint-Pierre, where he had had Bononia’s young son buried. While the tomb was being opened he shed a torrent of tears with fervent prayer; after a few moments the little dead boy’s body came back to life and rose up in perfect health. The blessed bishop baptized him and, in memory of so great an event, gave him the name of René (*Renatus*, called back to life).

Placed from then on in the bishop’s school, René made rapid progress. He was soon raised to the dignity of archdeacon, then to that of administrator of the once famous church of Chalonnes-sur-Loire. At last, when St. Maurilius had fallen asleep in the Lord (426), René, barely thirty years old, was called to succeed him. Yet his beloved flock could not keep this treasure long. The burden of the episcopate soon seemed unbearable to the new bishop. On the pretext that he needed to make the pilgrimage to Rome, he left Angers and settled in a solitude a few steps from Sorrento (kingdom of Naples). It is even claimed that he later became bishop of that see. Be that as it may, he died in that town (6 October 450) and was buried near the city walls, under the cell he had lived in. When the news reached Angers, the people of that city made many approaches to recover this precious treasure, and they did obtain the return of a large part of the body. It was laid in the church of Saint-Maurille; in the 11th century (on 12 November) it was moved to the cathedral church. Other translations of these relics took place in 1012, 1082, 1150 and 1255. At the last date the relics were placed in a shrine of silver gilt and laid under the altar of Saint-René in the middle of the choir of the cathedral. In 1562 the Protestants broke this shrine and burned the relics it held. Some bones were nevertheless saved and enclosed in a small shrine of silver gilt, which perished in the Revolution of 1793. A bone of the Saint’s foot is still kept, however, in the church of Notre-Dame at Chalonnes; part of it has been detached for the cathedral of Angers and for the church of Saint-Maurille at Chalonnes.

Before the Revolution the cult of St. René was one of the most popular in France. The solitary bishop was also held in great veneration in the kingdom of Naples. The chapel of Saint-René at La Possonnière was visited by many pilgrims; the holy bishop was invoked for the safe delivery of pregnant women. We may add that a famous Confraternity under the patronage of St. René had been set up in the cathedral of Angers towards the end of the 15th century, and Popes Leo X and Clement VII had enriched it with many indulgences. St. René is usually shown at the feet of St. Maurilius, who has just raised him to life; but one may also draw on the other striking moments of his life.

This notice is only a short summary of the detailed biography of St. René that may be read in the *Vies des Saints de l’Anjou* by the Rev. Dom François Chamard. This author has made it his glory to rehabilitate the holy bishop of Angers, whose very existence had been denied.

ST. LIVINUS OR LIÉVIN, BISHOP IN IRELAND, APOSTLE OF WEST FLANDERS, MARTYR AT ESCHE IN BELGIUM

(657.)

Livinus, an Irishman of noble race, was remarkable from childhood for a piety and virtues beyond his years. In his youth his teacher was the priest Benignus, who taught him letters, and then St. Augustine, apostle of England, who ordained him priest. In this new state his virtue became so brilliant that the Irish wanted him as bishop. Yielding to the king's entreaties and the people's requests, he took on that office and filled it fruitfully for some years. Then, resolved to devote himself to the conversion of unbelievers, he put the archdeacon Silvanus in his place and left to announce the good news to foreign nations. So he crossed the Ocean with his disciples Foillan, Helias and Kilian, and landed among the Morini. He spread the divine seed among that people and throughout the country now called West Flanders. He visited the monastery of Ghent founded by St. Amand, where St. Florbert, abbot, received him. There he found the body of St. Bavo, who had been laid in his tomb only very recently and was shining with great miracles. He composed a verse epitaph that was engraved on his tomb, and he celebrated holy Mass on that same tomb thirty days running. He then travelled through the various districts of Flanders and Brabant, and by his word as much as by his miracles converted a great number of souls to Jesus Christ.

While he was staying in the village of Hauthem (Hauthem-Saint-Liévin), where he lived on what St. Florbert sent him, he gave back the use of his eyes to his host's son, who had been blind for a long time. He worked many other miraculous cures too. He endured persecution; he even had his tongue cut out, but God gave it back to him. He foretold his death and martyrdom, which took place in the village of Esche (Essche-Saint-Liévin), in the territory of Aalst on the Dender (East Flanders). He had come there to preach the Gospel to the still pagan inhabitants, and there he was murdered and beheaded by some wicked men on 12 November in the year 657. Buried at Hauthem, his body was raised from the ground (842) by Theodoric, bishop of Cambrai, and moved to the monastery of Saint-Bavon. Later, in the 11th century, Radbod, bishop of Tournai, laid it in a silver shrine, where it remained until the 16th century, when it was destroyed by the Calvinists. St. Livinus is shown: 1st, with his tongue gripped in pincers or cut out with shears; 2nd, holding a candle in his hand, because he carried the torch of the faith to the unbelievers; 3rd, with the sword that was the instrument of his last torment; 4th, making a spring gush out under his pastoral staff (the spring near the village of Hauthem is still visited); 5th, with overthrown idols near him; the meaning of this symbol is easy to guess.

St. Livinus is patron of Ghent.

Proper of Malines; Caractéristiques des Saints.

ST. CUNIBERT, BISHOP OF COLOGNE

(663.)

Cunibert (Hunebert, Chunebert, Clunibert, Hunibert) was born on the banks of the Moselle. His father was called Crallo and his mother Regina. He was first archdeacon of the church of Trier; then, after the death of Remigius, bishop of Cologne, he was called by everyone's wishes to succeed him, in the year 623. He attended the first council of Reims under Sonnatius, at which several canons were decreed against heresies and concerning church immunity. His holiness, prudence and wisdom shone brightly not only in the church of Cologne but in all Austrasia and the whole empire of the Franks. He helped with his counsel Dagobert, first king of Austrasia and then master of the whole Frankish nation, and he contributed not a little to the prosperity of that reign, the most flourishing seen under the Merovingian dynasty. When Dagobert made his son Sigebert king of Austrasia, with Metz as its capital, he gave him St. Cunibert as counsellor and guide. Under such wise guidance the young prince acquired virtues that shone in fine examples and a piety that left

remarkable monuments. Pepin the Elder, father of St. Gertrude, a prince as estimable for his virtues as for his talents, was bound to St. Cunibert by the closest friendship. It was these two men who, after Dagobert's death, kept the Austrasians in their duty and at peace. Our holy bishop favoured the founding of the monasteries of Malmédy and Stavelot by St. Remaclus; he promoted St. Amand to the bishopric of Maastricht; and he founded at Cologne, under the patronage of St. Lupus, the institute of the twelve weeping brothers. One of their duties was to watch beside the bodies of dead bishops of Cologne until they were laid in the ground; they also attended the offices of the cathedral on Sundays, and every day during holy Lent. Cunibert discovered the burial place of St. Ursula by the sign of a dove. Outside the walls of Cologne, on the north side, he founded the church of Saint-Clément, in which he was buried after forty years as bishop (623–663), and which now bears his name. In the 11th century a fire consumed the monastery of St. Mary ad Gradus; as the fire was spreading to the cathedral close by, the congregation of Saint-Cunibert brought the relics of its holy patron into the church and set them against the flames, which went out at once in the presence of archbishop Sigewin.

A dove and a small model of a church in miniature are St. Cunibert's most usual attributes; the story of his life gives the key to these symbols well enough.

St. Cunibert is one of the patrons of Cologne.

Proper of Cologne.

13 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The feast of St. Didacus [Didace], confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, whose death is marked on the previous day. 1463. — At Ravenna, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Valentine, Solutor and Victor, who suffered death under the emperor Diocletian. 4th c. — At Aix in Provence, St. Mitrius [Mitre], a most illustrious martyr.(1) 304. — At Caesarea in Palestine, the execution of Sts. Antoninus, Zebinas and Germanus, and of St. Ennatha, virgin. This generous girl was first torn with whips and then thrown into the fire and burnt, under Galerius Maximian. As for the men, having boldly rebuked the impiety of the governor Firmilian, who was offering sacrifice to the false gods, they were beheaded. 308. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Arcadius, Paschasius, Probus and Eutychian, Spaniards, who, during the Vandal persecution, steadfastly refused to consent to the Arian impiety. They were first proscribed by Genseric, the Arian king, then sent into exile, where atrocious torments were inflicted on them; at last they were put to death by various kinds of death. It was then that the constancy of St. Paulillus appeared, still a little child, the brother of St. Paschasius and St. Eutychian. As he could not be turned from the profession of the Catholic faith, he was beaten with sticks for a long time and then condemned to the most degrading slavery. 437. — At Rome, St. Nicholas, pope, who was filled with apostolic vigour. 867. — At Tours, St. Brice, bishop, disciple of the great St. Martin. 444. — At Toledo, St. Eugenius, bishop. 658. — At Clermont in Auvergne, St. Quintian, bishop. 527. — At Cremona, St. Homobonus [Hommebon or Homobon], confessor, whom the splendour of his miracles caused Pope Innocent III to place among the Saints.(2) 1197.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Agen, Angers, Autun, Cahors, Carcassonne, Châlons, Chartres, Coutances, La Rochelle, Laval, Le Puy, Limoges, Lyons, Meaux, Nantes, Pamiers, Perpignan, Quimper, Reims, Saint-Dié, Saint-Flour, Soissons, Tarbes, Vannes, Versailles and Viviers, St. Stanislaus Kostka, confessor, novice of the Society of Jesus, named in the Roman martyrology of 15 August. 1568. — In the diocese of Ajaccio,

St. Homobonus of Cremona, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1197. — In the dioceses of Arras, Cologne, Le Mans and Verdun, St. Didacus, confessor, named today in the same martyrology. 1463. — In the diocese of Arras, St. Kilian [Kilien], apostle of Artois. 670. — In the dioceses of Autun, Laval, Le Mans, Poitiers and Tours, St. Brice, bishop of the last-named see, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 444. — In the dioceses of Avignon and Mende, St. Veranus of Cavaillon, named in the Roman martyrology of 19 October, whose notice we sketched on 11 November. 590. — In the diocese of Cambrai, St. Maxellendis [Maxellende], virgin and martyr. 670. — In the diocese of Clermont, Sts. Quintian and Euphrasius, bishops of that see and confessors. The first had earlier been bishop of Rodez, and he is mentioned under that title in the Roman martyrology of 14 June. 527. — In the diocese of Meaux, memory of St. Kilian, apostle of Artois, named above. 670. — In the diocese of Nice, St. Nicholas I, pope, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 867. — In the diocese of Paris, the feast of the translation of St. Gendulphus [Gendulphe], bishop, whose head the cathedral church possessed until the great Revolution.(3) 922. — In the diocese of Rodez, St. Dalmatius [Dalmas], bishop of that see and confessor. 581. — In the former Benedictine abbey of La Réole in the Bazadais (S. Petrus de Regula), in the present diocese of Bordeaux, St. Abbo or Albo of the Orléanais, a man whose virtue equalled his learning, who was successively a monk of Fleury-sur-Loire (Loiret), director of the school of the monastery of Ramsey (county of Huntingdon, in England), and finally abbot of Fleury.(4) 1004. — At Souvigny (Allier), in the present diocese of Moulins, the translation (1093) of the relics of St. Majolus [Mayeul] of Valensole (11 May 994) and of St. Odilo of Auvergne (1 January 1049), abbots of Cluny.(5) — At Orléans, at Saint-Maur-des-Fossés near Paris, and at Maubeuge (Nord), the translation of the relics of St. Mamertus, bishop of Vienne (11 May 477), of St. Maurus, founder and abbot of

Glanfeuil (15 January 584), and of St. Aldegundis, virgin (30 January 689).(6) — Formerly, at Luray-sur-Creuse (Castellum Ludriacum) in Poitou, St. Fercinta (Fercincia, Ferrocincta), virgin and martyr, who had a church dedicated under her invocation in that place.(7) 6th c. — In the Limousin, St. Dominius [Domine or Duminy], a man of illustrious birth, solitary at Gimel (Corrèze, arrondissement and canton of Tulle).(8) 6th c. — At Metz, the Venerable Adalbero III of Luxembourg, bishop of that see, who must not be confused with his namesake of 15 December, also bishop of Metz. 1072. — At Saint-Dyé-sur-Loire (Loir-et-Cher, arrondissement of Blois, canton of Bracieux), St. Baudemir (Baldomirus), hermit. Born in the Chartres country, he joined St. Deodatus [Dyé], whose labours we summarized on 24 April. His body, kept in the parish church, was venerated there until the disasters of 1793. 6th c. — In Bresse, Blessed Humbert of Bâgé, archbishop of Lyons, then prior of the charterhouse of Seillon near Bourg, where his marble tomb was formerly to be seen. 1180.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — The feast of all the holy monks of the Order of our Father Basil the Great, instituted by Pope Benedict X.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Città di Castello (Tifernum) in Umbria, St. Floridus [Floride or Fleury], bishop of that city. He governed with great success the Church in which he had first embraced the institute of the Clerks Regular; his holiness was praised by Pope St. Gregory. 6th c.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — The feast of all the holy monks of the Order of our Father St. Benedict, instituted by Pope Paul V.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Cistercians. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Brothers of the Most Holy Trinity. — The feast of all the Saints of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — St. Martin, pope and martyr, who is mentioned on the eve of this day.(9) 655.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — St. Didacus, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor of the Regular Observance, famous for his humility, his life, his virtues and his miracles. He passed to heaven at Alcalá in Spain on the eve of this day, and was solemnly numbered among the Saints by Pope Sixtus V. 1463.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The feast of all the Saints of our Order.

Martyrology of the Order of Servites of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — The feast of all the Saints of our Order.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In Spain, Blessed John of Puigventós of Valencia, of the Order of St. Dominic. He knew the Arabic language very well. Now St. Raymond of Peñafort, third general of the Order, had had a revelation that his religious would make many conversions if they were sent on mission among the Moors; he at once opened schools of their language in various convents of the province of Spain, and Blessed John was charged with teaching it. After a certain number of years spent in teaching, the holy religious, moved by zeal for God's glory and urged by the entreaties of the king of Aragon, applied himself in person to the conversion of the infidels, and God blessed him abundantly in this. He worked so many miracles that a year after his death a lamp was lit before his tomb and he was honoured as a canonized Saint. He is represented holding the crucifix in one hand and a book in the other. 13th c. — In Frisia, Blessed Siard, fifth abbot of Mariengaarde and founder of Marienhof (Garden of Mary). His charity towards the poor and his love of contemplation are especially praised. In the 16th century part of his relics was translated to the abbey of Saint-Feuillien in Hainaut, and another part to the abbey of Tongerloo (Holland), where they rested until the end of the last century. 1230.

(1) Mitrius or Merre (Mitrias), a native of Thessaly, left his country and his parents, who were rich and distinguished according to the world, to become a disciple of Jesus Christ, and came, guided by divine Providence, to seek refuge in the city of Aix. The whole region was then groaning either under the sword of the barbarians or under the axe of the Roman governors. Seronatus, whom Sidonius Apollinaris calls the Catiline of his time, had been succeeded by Arvandus, a ferocious and suspicious man, violent and defiled with debauchery. Desiring to convert him to the faith and morals of the Gospel, Mitrius chose to be his slave, so as to be better placed to make him hear his salutary warnings. As soon as Arvandus learnt that Mitrius was a Christian, he became furious and resolved to have him put to death. He had him accused of theft and brought before his tribunal; and, despite an evident miracle proving the innocence of the accused, the unjust judge condemned to be struck with the axe as a thief the man who had given all his goods to the poor and had made himself poor of his own will (304). It is related that the Martyr carried his head in his hands for the space of a thousand paces. This miracle struck the inhabitants of Aix, who from then on began to pay Mitrius the honours of veneration in the basilica of Saint-Sauveur at Aix. He is patron of that city. — *Local sources.*

(2) He was a tailor and cloth merchant. His name (Good Man) paints admirably his inexhaustible charity towards the poor. The cathedral of Cremona and the church of Sant'Egidio in that city possess his relics.

He is represented: 1° surrounded by beggars and sick people whom he is busy helping; 2° prostrate before the altar, his arms in the form of a cross. While he was attending Mass he stretched himself on the ground in this posture as the *Gloria in excelsis* began, and those present noticed his death only when they came up to see what was keeping him from rising for the Gospel; 3° carrying a cask on his shoulder. When he was in the country, some beggars asked him for a drink; but the Saint, having emptied his vessel for the workmen he employed, feared his wife's scolding if he went home to fill it again; so he poured in water, and those who drank of it found that it was excellent wine; 4° holding scissors in his hand, as a tailor and cloth merchant. — St. Homobonus is one of the patrons of Cremona, of Lyons and of Modena, and of drapers, tailors and

dealers in old clothes. — *Caractéristiques des Saints*, by Father Cahier.

(3) Our readers will thank us for not entering into the discussion of the interminable problems, still without a definitive solution, that have been raised about the identity of this holy bishop. Let us say only: 1° that attempts have been made, on the basis of documents more or less authentic, to identify him with all his namesakes who were invested with the episcopal character (see our *Dictionnaire hagiographique*, tome); 2° that the editor of the Paris Breviary, printed in 1836 under the auspices of Mgr de Quélen, regrets the loss of a precious manuscript from the pen of the last historian of the Church of Paris, in which it was established peremptorily that Gendulphus is the same person as Tendulphus or Theodulphus, bishop of Paris, who obtained from King Charles the Simple, by a charter signed at Changy on 17 June 911, a privilege of exemption for the cloister and houses of the canons of Notre-Dame. — Cf. Paris Breviary, 1836; Baillet; *Gallia Christiana nova*.

(4) As the monastery of La Réole depended on that of Fleury, St. Abbo made several journeys there and fell victim to a quarrel that arose between his servants and the Gascons. At the moment he was trying to restore peace, he was pierced with a lance-thrust, of which he died. The miracles worked at his tomb have caused him since then to be honoured as a martyr. — Godescard.

(5) See the life of St. Majolus on 11 May (vol. V, pp. 460–466) and that of St. Odilo on 1 January (vol. I, pp. 32–41).

(6) We gave the life of St. Mamertus on 11 May (vol. V, p. 454); that of St. Maurus on 15 January (vol. I, p. 348); that of St. Aldegundis on 30 January (vol. II, p. 129).

(7) She enjoyed a fairly popular cult in Poitou until the episcopate of Mgr de Beaupoil de Saint-Aulaire, who suppressed, about 1780, a much-frequented pilgrimage on the day of the patronal feast, because great disorders had appeared there and for several years had made it no more than a profane gathering. — Note by M. l'abbé Auber, canon, historiographer of the diocese of Poitiers (letter of 11 February 1872).

(8) The inhabitants of Gimel still point out the place on the mountain where the Saint had fixed his dwelling. It is thought that the present church of the town was built on the site of the oratory of St. Dominius. Before the Revolution his body was kept there and his precious head was shown uncovered. Many people of the parish of Gimel receive the name Duminy in baptism, which proves the devotion the people have for our Saint. — De Beignefort, *Saints du Limousin*.

(9) See his life on 12 November.

ST. KILIAN, MISSIONARY BISHOP OF ARTOIS

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

Plein de douceur, d'une chasteté à toute épreuve, d'une charité surabondante, il savait joindre la vigilance à la sagesse.

Full of gentleness, of a chastity proof against every trial, of an overflowing charity, he knew how to join vigilance to wisdom.

Old office of the Saint.

St. Kilian [Kilien] was born in Ireland towards the end of the 6th century, of noble and distinguished parents. His education matched the rank and the piety of those who had given him life. Heaven, which destined him for great things, had gone before him with the sweetness and abundance of its blessings; and so from childhood he showed a solid piety. His light was that of faith; his heart, turned towards the Author of all things, stayed unchangeably attached to Him. After the example of the divine Master, so as not to stray from the road he had chosen, he made use of mortification and the crucifying of an innocent flesh.

While he was thus forming his heart, Kilian cultivated his mind by serious studies. Yet, without neglecting secular knowledge and humane letters, he gave the preference to what had morals and piety for its object. From this study he drew a redoubled attraction for virtue and for the places where it is professed with distinction. His courses finished, the child now become a man had to think of choosing a state of life. His parents would much have liked to bring him into an illustrious family of the island by obtaining for him the hand of a rich heiress; but Kilian's inclination drew him to a more perfect kind of life. As the world had no attraction for him, he asked leave to enter a monastery; his parents, who feared God, did not think they should go beyond remonstrances and entreaties, and at last consented to his request. Master of his choice, he embraced with the liveliest joy the profession of those who had formed him in learning and piety.

This young religious, the example of the community, had nothing so much at heart as the practice of humility. He had understood that it is at once the foundation and the guardian of the other virtues. To make himself all things to all without affectation; to distinguish himself in nothing from his brethren, but to give worth to ordinary actions and common exercises by the most sublime motives; to watch with the greatest care over all his steps; to call ceaselessly on the wisdom from on high to guide him in the course he was beginning to run: such was the constant study of this true disciple of Jesus Christ. Gentleness, a Saint has gracefully said, is born of humility as a flower from its stem. Kilian's gentleness, while it gave him an unalterable peace, made him lovable to his brethren, whose hearts he possessed. His charity liked to show itself in those thousand details of religious life where a kind word, a friendly look, a brotherly helping hand do the soul so much good and help it wonderfully to bear the Lord's yoke with joy. He possessed in a high degree all the other virtues that make Saints; and, to speak only of his chastity, it was always without a cloud; nothing in the course of his long life could tarnish its brightness.

To the practice of the virtues this perfect religious knew how to join application to the duties of his state. Perfecting in this way the studies of his early education, he developed his talents; and, as God blessed a labour undertaken for His greater glory, Kilian became very well versed in letters. Our Saint's superiors thought they should pass through all the degrees of the clerical state a subject who promised so much and was their consolation; from the minor orders he was raised to holy orders and promoted to the priesthood. The various offices of the cloister in which he distinguished himself served him as steps by which to rise to the superiorship. In this high post he is seen following the exercises of religious life with a wholly new zeal; owing his time and care to all, by his unceasing solicitude he became the living image of the heavenly Father. "His virtue, which took on a new splendour in this first elevation," say the historians of his life, "had nothing austere about it; the joy of a good conscience was painted on his face; gentle and affable to others, he was hard and severe only to himself; and by that amiable air which augurs so well of virtue he drew men to the love of duty far better than by that hard and imperious air which too often rouses revolt or discouragement."

The new superior was not content with lavishing his care on those who had placed him at their head; his fervent charity led him to extend it far beyond the enclosure of his monastery. He used his leisure to visit the families living round him, and, turning to account the influence his new position gave him, he announced the word of God to them with the authority of an apostle and the tenderness of a father.

The bishop of the place having died, eyes were turned to the abbot of the monastery to replace him. The clergy and people, assembled, chose him with one voice and brought him the decree of election, begging him to accept it. Kilian, however, excused himself; he refused the honour offered him; but in vain: since the election rested on the excellence of his conduct and his eminent holiness, they persisted in their choice and declared that they would have no other pastor than him. Kilian received this verdict with sorrow and accompanied a timid acquiescence with his tears. He gave way at last; he dared not disobey those who represented God to him, fearing to go against His will, clearly shown by the unanimity of the votes. What we regard only as an honour the new bishop looked on as a heavy burden. His eyes shut to the prerogatives of the episcopate, he saw only its charges; a crowd of duties hard to fulfil presented themselves to his mind;

and, as the light from on high showed him the vanity of the distinctions and pre-eminences attached to his place, he could only tremble at the thought that a bishop is an advanced sentry of the house of the Lord, charged with keeping watch day and night, at the peril of his life, for the defence of the Christian people.

From the first day of his episcopate our Saint believed himself still more strictly bound to devote himself to the rigorous exercises of mortification. Wishing to resemble perfectly the divine Shepherd of souls, he set himself afresh to renounce himself and carry his cross. Taking on himself the sins of his people, he chastised his innocent body. To the word that touches hearts he joined the force of example, which alone carries them along. His flock was made up of good and just faithful, who must be led to perfection, and of sinners, who must be brought to a state of justice. The good shepherd worked for both with equal patience; he took care not to be put off either by the impenitence of the latter or by the lukewarmness of the former. Always proof against the ill-humour that spoils everything, he tolerated the wicked among the good and the lukewarm among the perfect. Had he had the happiness of converting all, or making all perfect, he would have done more than the Saviour; he was content to imitate His patience and long-suffering, hoping that the holy word would one day bear its fruit in unteachable hearts. Placed in an episcopal see, Kilian had not forgotten his monastery. His religious were the élite of his flock, and he was bound to them by ties too strong to leave them altogether. It was, besides, a need and a happiness for him to go there and resume the exercises of religious life; and it was there too that the halo of holiness was first to surround his head. In the monastery everything was done in common. Each one, without the head exempting himself from anything, carried out the office assigned to him; so they passed from one to another in turn. One day, then, when the prelate was busy in the bakehouse, fire suddenly broke out. The flames having reached the bread intended for the religious' meal, the Saint rushed with confidence into the midst of the flames, put out the fire without any trace of burning, and on the spot provided his children with bread that showed no sign at all of the fire.

This double miracle was the reward of his virtue; but it made too much noise for the happiness of the one who was its object. The blessings of his disciples and the praises of his flock troubled the holy bishop. Fearing to give way to the attacks of vanity, he tore himself from his monastery and his see, to confine himself to the functions of a simple apostolic bishop. He went through Ireland as an unknown apostle; in a modest habit suited to his first state, he announced the kingdom of God in the towns. He put all his consolation in visiting the churches and tombs made famous by the concourse of the faithful. The hospitals too were honoured with his presence; there he loved to find the hidden treasure of his tenderness for the suffering members of Jesus Christ. It was above all in these refuges of misfortune that he was seen to display at once his piety towards God and his love for the poor; nothing escaped his religious charity then. He knew how to put in a word of edification everywhere, and he did it with an aptness that bears out the Proverb: "A good word is worth more than the richest gift." And so the divine word, so well announced and so well supported by the best example, bore fruit in an astonishing way in all the places he passed through. But what gave him complete authority were the cures that God, at His servant's prayer, deigned to work on the sick of every kind.

Witnesses of such virtue and loaded with such benefits, the people ran in crowds after the wonder-worker. All blessed aloud the helpful Providence that caused so powerful a Saint in works and words to appear among them. At this new assault on his modesty, once more he resolved to avoid the fight and leave a homeland that honoured him too much for his liking. Neither the tears of his countrymen nor the affection he felt for them could delay for a single moment the carrying out of his new resolution. He slipped away from his homeland and, an unknown pilgrim, crossed the sea that separates his island from the continent. Urged by the desires of his heart and by the Spirit of God who filled him, our voluntary exile went to Rome, to venerate there the tombs of the holy apostles Peter and Paul and to honour Jesus Christ in the person of His representative on earth. No place seemed to him better suited for sanctifying himself than the city of Rome. Everything he saw there moved him to the tenderest piety: religion, surrounded with the greatest pomp, let all

the beauty of its ceremonies be seen; the edifying examples of the apostles and martyrs who had sealed with their blood the faith they preached there, recalled in so many illustrious monuments, struck him as vividly as if they had been new. These powerful motives decided him to stay there and to ask to be associated with the religious of the monastery of the foreigners.

When his noble descent became known, his rank of bishop, and the praiseworthy motives that had led him to renounce the world and the episcopate, it was judged that so useful an acquisition must not be neglected. Kilian, incorporated into the monastery, resumed the life that his episcopate, his gospel journeys and his pilgrimage had somewhat interrupted. The church of the monastery was under the invocation of St. Peter; he devoted himself there to the service of God for more than eleven years. The Rule followed there was that of St. Benedict. Kilian studied with zeal this masterpiece of discretion, wisdom and piety, and applied himself to observing its prescriptions with the greatest exactness. During the eleven years he spent in the monastery our religious had the satisfaction of seeing and conversing many times with Pope Honorius, who, delighted to verify for himself the favourable report that had been given him, always received him with distinction and ordered his religious to show the bishop from Ireland all the regard due to his birth and rank. But the holy man wished to be noticed only for a greater exactness in observing every point of the Rule. Thus our Saint, while working at his own perfection, edified his brethren, earned the esteem of his superiors and drew the admiration of the Romans. But he was not to stay in Italy for ever: God had designs on him which He meant to reveal to him only little by little; in this holy retreat He was preparing him to carry His name to a nation that did not know it well enough.

Kilian had often heard of St. Faro, bishop of Meaux, and of a holy man, one of his own relatives, who had left the world many years before and had withdrawn to that beneficent prelate. He felt a keen desire to go and find them, so as to serve God in their company with greater perfection and recollection. Having taken leave of the Holy Father and of his friends, Kilian therefore made his way towards France, leaving traces of his zeal, his mercy and his fervour along his path. Having arrived at the monastery of Sainte-Croix, it was there that he formed with St. Faro a friendship so close that they were regarded as two true brothers and called each other by that sweet name. Kilian resumed there the ordinary round of religious life. He left the monastery only to go and hide in the forest of Fordille. In both places he spurred himself on, now with St. Faro and now with St. Fiacre, to walk in the ways of God. Kilian, returning to his retreat, found a new joy in practising there, under the abbot Elias, all the exercises of the cloister.

This was a way of life whose attraction always followed him. There, mingled with the other religious, he liked to hide from the crowd, whose praises were irksome to him; he put his happiness in stooping to the lowest tasks and in enjoying converse with Him whose delight is to be with such children of men. Divine Providence destined this fervent religious to occupations which, if not more useful and more sublime, were at least more in keeping with his vocation. The virtuous pilgrim would gladly have spent the rest of his days in the monastery of Sainte-Croix; but he was not made for the cloister alone, nor was he to pass his days in pious pilgrimages. The Holy Spirit had prepared him in the calm of retreat to work successfully for the salvation of others; it was time for him to resume the functions of the episcopate that his humility had forced him to interrupt, and to put at the service of the people’s good the talents heaven had dealt out to him only for that purpose.

St. Aubert, bishop of Cambrai and Arras, anxious not to neglect any part of his people, applied to the holiest bishops and asked them for some apostolic men whom he could set to work under him. Kilian was therefore invited, in the most pressing way, to go and try the labours of the apostolate in Artois. But the request had to be made again several times: letters, prayers, exhortations, everything was used. St. Faro, to whom our pious solitary could refuse nothing, prevailed at last, after declaring to him that such was God’s will for him, that he could not without sin resist it any longer, and that he would have to render account to the sovereign Judge for the buried talent. Kilian submitted and made ready to leave. From Fordille he went to take leave of

St. Faro and receive his last instructions.

Count Eulfes was then in the Soissonnais, where he owned a very fine estate and a country house washed by the river Aisne. Our traveller, knowing that he was there with all his family, made his way in that direction. Divine Providence, which had its designs, allowed the count to be away when Kilian presented himself at the castle to speak to the master. The count's wife looked at this stranger and, from some feeling of distrust we cannot name, did not invite him in. Kilian, however, tired by a long journey, begged her as a favour for some refreshment. "I have nothing to give you to drink," the countess answered drily; and at fresh entreaties she added scornfully: "If you are thirsty, the river is close by; go and quench your thirst there at your ease." To these cold, hard words his only answer was these few words: "Be it done, madam, as you have said." And at once the servant of God, so as not to irritate this woman's ill-humour further, withdrew to one side. The Saint's wish was followed by its effect. He had scarcely left the castle when the count came back to it after enjoying the pleasures of the hunt. He asked for a drink, and the cupbearer answered that the casks were entirely empty. Great surprise throughout the castle! Astonished and confused, the wife kept a gloomy and accusing silence. Eulfes, who could not believe what he was told, made sure of it for himself. He questioned, and got no answer that satisfied him. But in the conversation one of his people, pressed by his master's questions, told him: "Nobody went into your cellars in your absence; only a stranger came into the courtyard, a priest or a religious, whom Madam turned away harshly." Eulfes knew enough; he had guessed it: this stranger was the Irish bishop he was impatiently awaiting; the empty casks were the punishment for the refusal made to the holy man. That very hour he set out in search of Kilian and found him a short distance from the castle. The Saints take revenge, but they take it nobly and above all in a Christian way. After the example of the Saviour, he was praying for the woman who had treated him with so little charity. The count offered him a thousand apologies, pressed him to come with him and begged him to put an end to the trouble reigning in his house.

Kilian, who had already forgiven with all his soul, followed the count. After he had given his blessing to that desolate house and addressed a fervent prayer to heaven, the casks were miraculously filled and everything was put back in its former state. The countess then threw herself at the Saint's feet; thanks were given to heaven, and all admired the power of the God whom Kilian adored. Eulfes, embracing him with the greatest transports of joy, made him promise to stay a few days with him, so as to complete by his instructions the great work he had just begun by a striking wonder. After a short stay in that castle, where joy had been seen to follow gloomy sadness and the most gracious welcome to outrageous treatment, and where it could be admired how Providence had known how to arrange everything to reach its adorable ends, Kilian left the banks of the Aisne and went on towards the residence of St. Aubert, bishop of Cambrai and Arras. After a short stay with the holy prelate, Kilian took the road to Arras; there he received the last advice of the spiritual authority on all that concerned the gospel career he was about to enter, and went without delay to Aubigny. This was the land the Lord showed him; he longed for it as the place of his rest after so many distant journeys. Kilian, impatiently awaited, was received at the castle of Bourbon by Eulfes and his wife with great joy. He was a friend, a father; still more, a saviour.

The count owned considerable property at Aubigny. Among these lands there was one parcel separate from all the rest, between the castle and the village, cut in two and watered by the Scarpe: a convenient site either for building a church or for raising a few buildings with all that could make them useful. The count and countess resolved to give it to the holy missionary, as much to pay their debt to him as to bind him to them for good; they offered him this property and begged him to accept it for the benefit of his mission. Nothing could be more welcome to the man of God: this grant, by enabling him to receive disciples and fellow workers, also gave him the means of undertaking everything for that part of the territory of the Atrebates that had been assigned to him. So he hurried at once to the place just given him, with an eagerness mixed with joy; he measured its whole extent and examined all its parts. But what caused him as much gladness as

surprise was to discover an oratory there.

At once the holy preacher formed the plan of building a church there of a size proportioned to the number of inhabitants he was to instruct. To begin this work he needed help; Eulfes and his wife supplied it, and soon, thanks to their generosity, the building was completed; buildings were added to it to serve as lodging for the holy bishop and his clergy. It is related that while this building was going on, the thirsty workmen had recourse to St. Kilian; and he, whose soul was so sensitive to the ills of his brethren, could not see without pity the suffering of those who were working on the house of God. He prayed with confidence to Him who has promised to reward a cup of cold water given in His name; a spring gushed out at once at the spot where he lay prostrate. This spring is still called the fountain of Saint-Kilien.

After consecrating his church and placing it under the invocation of St. Sulpicius, patron of the old oratory, with whom he associated St. Brice, Kilian set to work in earnest to make his new parishioners, sinful and superstitious as they were, into instructed and orderly Christians. He soon reformed the abuses, dispelled the prejudices and checked the disorders, unhappy fruits of the remoteness and dearth of pastors, inevitable results of frequent wars and of the mutual jealousy of those who had governed the kingdom; in a word, through his care and his zeal religion reappeared at Aubigny in its first purity. Meanwhile a little clergy was being formed; the fame of his reputation could not fail to draw him disciples eager to share his labours.

As soon as Kilian had formed his community and strengthened the rule of religion in the chief place of his apostolate, he undertook, in the neighbourhood of Aubigny and as far as the borders of the dioceses of Amiens and Boulogne (towards the south-west of Arras), those famous missions in which, by powerful exhortations and miraculous works, he recalled to the purity of the faith and the holiness of Christian life peoples once more buried in the darkness of death. His first care was to clear from the field of the Father of the family the cockle sown by the enemy; he uprooted and destroyed the ever-reviving remnants of the old paganism. His virtues, his talents and his miracles formed about him a numerous and brilliant escort that made him terrible to impiety. And so the devil tried to resist him to his face, too often arming against him apostles of error, former druids, who, without daring to show themselves openly, still kept many rebels in unbelief by stealthy insinuations. But God more than once came visibly to the help of His minister, confirming the doctrine he preached by striking wonders. It was in this vast field, the greater part of which produced only brambles and thorns, that Kilian developed the talents of nature and the gifts of grace God had dealt out to him; there he made all his lights shine and displayed all the riches he had received for the good of his neighbour; there, for thirty years, the tireless missionary was seen working for the salvation of souls. If he had toil in this ceaseless labour, he also had the consolation of reaping in joy what he had sown in tears, and one may say that the Lord let him taste all the sweetness attached to well-earned success. From time to time Kilian interrupted his missions: rest is necessary to apostles as to the peoples they evangelize. Back at Aubigny, it was with a holy gladness that he rejoined those of his children whom he left there to serve the church and parish of Saint-Sulpice. In the calm of retreat, at set hours, he sang the praises of the Lord with them.

Kilian, like the just man of Scripture who rises from virtue to virtue until, like the sun, he has reached his noon, constantly showed the docile Atrebates, with an ever-new perfection, the virtues that had marked his episcopate in Ireland: gentleness of manners, affability, a persuasive eloquence all the more winning for being joined to more amiable forms. Add to this outward bearing, which disposed men in favour of the truths he announced, more solid virtues: an entire devotion to the interests of the poor, a true pity that led him to seek out every means of relieving want. When he had exhausted his own resources he laid the purses of his generous friends under contribution and, by innocent contrivances, secured abundant help for the unfortunate. In a word, his compassion knew nothing of our frivolous pretexts, and, with all respect to the prudent of this world, he did not haggle with misery and knew how to go as far as lavishness. With the help of these virtues, which religion consecrated, it is no wonder then that Kilian succeeded in converting the

inhabitants of Artois, and brought them to come and learn the truths of salvation and to feed on the bread of life.

The years had long since lessened Kilian's strength; but he, remembering St. Paul's words, ran the gospel race with a wholly youthful ardour. He had, it is true, destroyed, dispersed and almost wiped out idolatry; but since the work of God allows no slackening, the work begun on ruins had ceaselessly to be perfected, minds ceaselessly enlightened and morals regulated. To his last breath Kilian would fight ignorance and disorder; but then, at the hour of death, he would be able to present the fruit of his labours with confidence.

Towards the end of his life, overwhelmed with infirmities and feeling his strength betray his courage, our holy missionary was often forced to divide his time between the arduous functions of the apostolate and the peaceful exercises of meditation. When he resided at Aubigny he was a true religious in a bishop's habit; he led there a life more like that of the heavenly powers than of a weak mortal. Often, withdrawn apart, he gave himself to the sweetness of contemplation; but when his health allowed him to resume the course of his missions he was quite another man: an apostle full of zeal, a prophet full of fire, who, forgetting his white hair, gave himself to all that is the duty of a good pastor and a fervent missionary.

Although St. Kilian felt his strength noticeably diminishing, he would never consent to lessen his usual austerities, his prayers and the instructions with which he fed the inhabitants of Aubigny. Nothing outwardly, then, seemed to betray the man broken by old age; and this apostolic courage made him regarded as a Saint and led the peoples he evangelized to give him the title of Saint.

Meanwhile he had reached the days of the most extreme old age; his head, whitened by years and labours, bowed weakly on his breast, where there beat more than ever a heart on fire with the love of God and of men. After the example of St. Amand, he was ending his earthly pilgrimage in peace among his children. Every day his conduct gave them the most admirable examples of religious life, and every word that came from his mouth became for them a pressing exhortation to piety.

Death, which Kilian awaited from day to day, found him among his disciples and parishioners, whom he had gathered round his bed. He expired after giving them the most touching marks of the zeal and apostolic spirit that animated him, in the midst of his gospel functions, which he had never thought he should interrupt. It was 13 November 670.

CULT AND RELICS.

St. Kilian was buried in the church of Aubigny, beside the tomb of Count Eulfes. The cult and homage with which the Church surrounds the memory of the Saints go back to the very day of his death. As miracles multiplied at his tomb, people hastened to celebrate the day that began his triumph and his happiness, and his feast became a great solemnity. In the 8th century his body was raised from the ground and enclosed in a shrine. In 1130 Robert I, bishop of Arras, had the place of the Saint's first burial covered with a rich carpet and replaced his shrine with respect in a niche intended for it above the high altar. In the course of the same year Robert had the tomb of St. Kilian dug and searched, and in it was found a small casket containing some relics of St. Sulpicius, bishop of Bayonne, and of St. Brice, bishop of Tours, with a fragment of the true cross. Having opened the shrine, he enclosed these relics in it and replaced them with ceremony in the niche intended for them.

In 1131 the secular canons called of Saint-Kilien were replaced by religious from Mont-Saint-Éloi. In 1214, in a war between Philip Augustus and the count of Flanders, the church of Aubigny was burnt. When it was restored it was placed under the protection of St. Kilian, St. Sulpicius and St. Brice. In the same century a portion of the Saint's relics was given to the hermitage or priory of Saint-Fiacre, in the diocese of Meaux. They were put in a wooden shrine beside the one containing the relics of the holy solitary. On 6 June 1478 both were placed in a silver shrine. Today the relics are still at Meaux in the shrine of St. Fiacre; but they are

mixed and confused with the relics of St. Fiacre and of other Saints whose names were no longer legible when the relics were taken out of a small garden next to the chapter house, where they had been hidden during the Revolution of 1793. At Aubigny the custom was to take down the shrine of St. Kilian and carry it in procession on his feast day; two religious of Saint-Éloi were deputed for this. Such was the cult of St. Kilian at Aubigny when the Revolution of 1789 broke out. The Saint's relics were at first saved by the monks from the fury of the revolutionaries. When the priory of Aubigny was suppressed, some inhabitants resolved to withdraw their treasure from the reach of profanation. On 1 September 1805 the shrine containing the Saint's relics was solemnly replaced in the parish church of Aubigny, in the presence of the bishop of Arras. On 9 June 1854 a fragment of the Saint's bones was granted to the parish of Warlincourt. Placed in a medallion at the foot of the bust of St. Kilian, it is constantly exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the altar of the holy patron.

To compose this biography we have used the *Histoire du Saint* by M. A. Cuvillier.

ST. MAXELLENDIS OR MAXELLINDIS, MARTYR AT CAUDRY IN THE CAMBRÉSIS

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

En persévérant dans la charité et la virginité, vous devenez semblables aux anges.

By persevering in charity and virginity you become like the angels.

St. Cyprian.

St. Maxellendis [Maxellende] was born at Caudry, not far from Cambrai, under the episcopate of St. Aubert. Her father, Humlinus, a noble and powerful lord, as remarkable for his virtues and personal qualities as for his great riches, had married a lady of eminent piety. The two lived in the most perfect union and sanctified themselves by the faithful practice of the duties of religion. God blessed their marriage and gave them a daughter who received in baptism the name of Maxellendis. From her earliest years she showed the happiest dispositions to virtue, and her good nature, joined to the lessons and examples of her parents, drew her more and more towards the good. Already, to satisfy her taste for prayer, she liked to withdraw now into a little oratory, now into a church; and, as if grace had lit her soul with the purest lights of faith and revealed to her the merit of voluntary chastity, she liked to declare that she would never have any spouse but Jesus Christ.

For love of Him she was seen distributing to the poor, with a childlike joy, everything her parents gave her for her amusements; and more than once, it is said, God was pleased to multiply the charitable Maxellendis's provisions and to show in a sensible and striking way how pleasing to Him these works of mercy were. To these virtues she added an angelic modesty and a touching kindness that won her every heart. Simple in her manners, an enemy of vanity and pride, she would not appear as a mistress among the servants of her father's house; and far from covering herself, like the girls of her age, with ornaments and necklaces to set off her beauty, she liked on the contrary to flee the eyes of the world and sought to be beautiful only in God's eyes, by the purity of her heart and the innocence of her life. So the first years of the young Maxellendis flowed by in peace and prayer; so she reached adolescence, adorned with the charms of nature and still more with all the virtues of her sex.

Already a host of lords, drawn by all that was said of her good sense and her brilliant qualities, had sought the honour of marrying her. The requests were so pressing that her parents were almost importuned by them. A young man of the region named Harduin, above all, pressed Humlinus so hard that he wrung from his lips a promise of marriage; and so that no new obstacle should come to oppose this union which he ardently desired, he had the day of its celebration settled and fixed.

When Maxellendis learnt of this engagement, which her father had made without consulting her on so important a matter, she felt at first a deep sorrow; but then, throwing herself in spirit at the feet of Jesus Christ, she renewed to Him the promise she had made to live for love of Him in perpetual chastity, and begged Him to help her to be faithful to it until death.

Meanwhile the day was approaching on which the young virgin was to be betrothed. The perplexity in the family was great, and it grew every moment because of the difficulties to be feared on every side. So Humlinus and his wife took their daughter aside and asked her whether she would not give her hand to the young lord to whom she was promised. They praised his qualities, his riches, the power he enjoyed in the region, and everything that might make an impression on her. The mother above all, adding her entreaties to her husband's, spoke to Maxellendis in the most flattering and winning words: "You will be able, my dear daughter," she said, "to serve God in the married state, as you desire. How many women since the beginning of the world have pleased the Lord by a holy, blameless life full of good works!" The humble and gentle Maxellendis answered them respectfully: "My dear parents, leave me, I beg you, for this night; tomorrow I will open to you the depths of my soul and tell you what I have decided." The girl, who perhaps felt her heart shaken by the words of her father and mother, whom she tenderly loved, was asking for a little time to consult the Lord and implore His support once more.

All night she poured out her tears and prayers before God, and God in His turn increased in her heart the spirit of strength and generous constancy. An angel even, if her biographer is to be believed, came to console her and strengthen her by his presence. Next day Maxellendis hastened to her parents. At the sight of her they were filled with joy: so prompt an appearance made them think she was disposed to yield to their wishes. "Well, my daughter," said her father, "here is the moment when you are going to tell us your will, as you promised yesterday. Tell me then what you have thought of tonight and what you have resolved to do." Maxellendis then answered with modest assurance: "I will not hide the truth from you, and I will tell you frankly what I think in my heart. If I consulted only my love for you, I should be happy to give you this proof of obedience; but above you, my dear parents, there is a Master whom I must love more and to whose will I must yield in everything. That Master is my sweet Jesus, and His desire, His will, was revealed to me this very night. He wishes to be my only spouse, and, I do not hide it from you, I have pledged Him my faith. I have sworn never to have any other spouse than this divine Master."

This tender speech made the Saint's parents shed tears, and had they listened only to their own feelings, no doubt the chaste virgin's wishes would have been granted. But their word was given, and Harduin came at that moment to remind them of it cruelly. He swore that, willing or not, Maxellendis would be his wife.

Meanwhile Maxellendis had withdrawn to her room and, drawing a supernatural strength from Jesus Christ, she resolved to flee her parents' house. So she set out alone, on foot, with no other resource than her confidence in Him to whom she had vowed her virginity. But, not knowing where to turn her steps, she decided to go and ask shelter of a holy woman who lived nearby and who, having nursed her at her breast, loved her like a mother. Harduin, however, exasperated at this sudden flight, was soon on her track, and at the head of several of his friends he set off in pursuit of his victim. She, having taken refuge with her nurse, thought herself safe there; but her retreat was already known, and soon she heard close by the tread of the horses and the shouts of the riders. Then fear seized her; in her distress, and no longer knowing what means to take to put her innocence in safety, she begged her nurse to show her some place where she could hide and escape the pursuit of these men. The nurse showed her a large chest; Maxellendis got into it, and at once she was covered with clothes. Harduin had already forced his way into the house; he went through it and searched it in every direction, refusing to listen to the nurse and the other women around him. Seeing his search was useless, he was about to leave when one of his companions, as if inspired by the devil, pointed out to him the chest, which had not been examined, and in which, he said, the fugitive might well be found. They went up to it and did indeed discover, hidden under a heap of clothes, the timid virgin, who uttered cries of

fright at the sight of them and begged them in God's name to spare her. With no regard for her prayers, they seized her violently and dragged her to the place where a church was later built in honour of all the Saints, of St. Vedast in particular, and of St. Maxellendis. Arrived there, she tore herself violently from their hands and, with an energy and courage that religion alone can inspire, said: "I am betrothed to Jesus Christ; I do not fear your threats; you can destroy my body, but you can do nothing against my soul."

Hearing these words, Harduin became furious and, seizing his sword, struck the virgin with it; she fell at his feet, bathed in her blood. Heaven's vengeance was not slow: scarcely had the victim fallen when Harduin, by a terrible judgment of God, lost his sight. All his accomplices, struck with terror, took flight and scattered, without daring to speak to one another, so great was the dread that had seized them.

The news of this death and of the frightful crime that had caused it soon spread through the whole region, and before long priests, religious, devout lay people and a crowd of the young martyr's relatives and kin were seen arriving. All gave themselves up to grief and shed tears in abundance on seeing her bloodstained body. Having lifted it from the ground with the deepest respect, they laid it on a litter and carried it, to the singing of hymns and canticles, into the church of the apostles Peter and Paul in the hamlet of Pommereul.(1) There the martyr was buried on the second day after her death.

The sword, instrument of St. Maxellendis's martyrdom, is her most usual attribute.

CULT AND RELICS.

God did not allow her memory to fall into oblivion. Numerous miracles soon began to be worked at her tomb, and they spread joy through all the surrounding country. St. Vindicianus, following a vision had by a devout widow named Amaltrudis, who served the Lord faithfully in fasts and vigils and often came to pray in the church where the body of St. Maxellendis rested, proceeded to the elevation of the holy Martyr's body. The ceremony was carried out with the most religious respect, amid a countless and silent multitude that gave the most touching signs of devotion. The precious relics were laid on a litter arranged for the purpose, and then, to the singing of hymns and canticles, they were carried to the place that God Himself had pointed out.

Harduin, since committing his crime, had remained blind, despised by all and torn by remorse. Learning what was happening, he at once asked to be taken to meet the procession going to Caudry. Some charitable people granted his request and led him by the hand. When he came near those who were carrying the body of the virgin martyr, he threw himself at their feet, uttering cries of grief and repentance, confessing his sins and asking Jesus Christ, in consideration of the innocent Maxellendis, for pardon for his crime. Scarcely had he finished his prayer when his eyes opened once more to the light. At the same moment he got up, ran to St. Vindicianus and, prostrating himself at his knees, told him all that had happened.

The pontiff, overjoyed, thanked God with all the ardour of his soul for the miracle He had just worked before the eyes of His people, and, addressing the faithful around him, said: "My brethren, you have seen the work that the Lord has done in your presence; let us give Him thanks and thank Him for deigning thus to glorify the virgin Maxellendis. There is no doubt that what we are doing here is His will. Let us then complete this holy ceremony with respect and devotion." Having spoken thus, he gave his blessing to the multitude, and the procession set off again to the singing of canticles. At last they reached the appointed place, and the holy bishop, having celebrated the divine Mysteries, laid the precious relics there. Shortly after this translation of the body of St. Maxellendis to Caudry, St. Vindicianus established in that place a foundation for clerics and religious charged with celebrating the divine office and guarding this precious deposit. Humlinus, the young virgin's father, gave this community the property he owned in the village to provide for its needs, and Harduin himself made generous gifts to it to thank God for His benefits and His mercies. Later, because of the wars and the raids of enemies, it was necessary to take this holy body elsewhere. Without being able to give the precise date of this second translation, it seems very probable that it took place in the 8th century. It was carried to the church of Saint-Martin outside the walls of Cambrai, where it remained until bishop

Rothard in the 10th century; at that time it was placed in the cathedral church, where St. Maxellendis afterwards had a chapel of her own under her name; a double office with six proper lessons was celebrated there every year on 13 November, the anniversary of her martyrdom.

In the three translations we have just related, the relics of St. Maxellendis were kept intact. It was bishop Gerard of Florennes, founder of the abbey of Saint-André du Cateau, who first divided them, to give part to this new monastery, on 22 September 1025; the other, larger part was kept at Cambrai. Formerly this translation was celebrated in the monastery of Saint-André with a double office of the second class. In that church, as in Cambrai cathedral, there was a chapel dedicated to St. Maxellendis, and every year on 13 November her feast was celebrated there with an octave and in a very solemn manner. In the four proper lessons of the office of the day, the life, death and various translations of the relics of the holy Martyr were related in brief. The cult paid to St. Maxellendis in the abbey of Saint-André became still more famous through the establishment of a Confraternity which the sovereign Pontiffs themselves deigned to enrich with indulgences. Clement X, in 1671, granted in perpetuity: 1° a plenary indulgence for all the confraternity members on the day of their entry into the association, another on 13 November each year, and one at the point of death; 2° seven years and seven quarantines on 6 January, feast of the Epiphany; on 9 May, day of the translation of St. Andrew; on 29 June, feast of the holy apostles Peter and Paul; and on 22 September, anniversary of the translation of the relics of St. Maxellendis to the said monastery; 3° finally, sixty days to each member for every work of piety or charity he performed.

To these privileges from the sovereign Pontiff the archbishops of Cambrai added several indulgences of forty days. Ladislas Jonart, who governed this diocese in the time of Clement X, himself enrolled among the members. The Reverend Dom Couvreur, abbot of the monastery of Saint-André, also belonged to the Confraternity, as did all his religious. This devout abbot, to increase the faithful's devotion to the holy Martyr and spread the association established in her honour, decreed that on the first Sunday of each month a Mass should be celebrated for all the members, and that every year, on the first free day after 12 November, a solemn obit should be sung for the deceased members. All these devout practices were kept up until the time of the Revolution of 1793.

Relics of St. Maxellendis are still possessed today in the village of Caudry. They are enclosed in a finely worked shrine and exposed in the church to the veneration of the faithful. Four girls, distinguished for their virtue and good conduct, have the honour of carrying it in public processions. One can likewise see the old castle lived in by St. Maxellendis, or rather the one that has replaced it: from the avenue leading to it one sees a little niche containing the Saint's statue; at the side of the castle there is still a very old chapel, built perhaps on the spot where the old church dedicated to St. Maxellendis stood. Every year the feast of the holy Martyr is celebrated with the greatest solemnity on 13 November. On that day, or the following Sunday, all the inhabitants of the village make it an obligation to fulfil their religious duties and to honour their holy patroness by acts of piety.

Vie des Saints de Cambrai et d'Arras, by M. l'abbé Destombes.

(1) *In villa quae vocatur Pomeriolas.* — M. Benevot, in his Commentary on St. Maxellendis, had at first thought, like Colvener, that Pomeriolas was Pommereul, a village near Le Cateau-Cambrésis; but later he recognized, with Dom Potier, that the place where the remains of St. Maxellendis were first laid was Saint-Souplet, another village of the same canton; there is indeed, within that commune, a piece of land that still bears the name of Pommereul. This interpretation agrees perfectly with the words that precede, *in basilica Sancti Sulpitii*. (Note by M. Le Glay in his edition of the Chronicle of Cambrai and Arras, p. 415.)

ST. DIDACUS OR DIEGO OF SAN NICOLÁS,(1) CONFESSOR, OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

— Pope: Pius II. — Sovereign of Castile: John II.

Le souvenir de la passion de Jésus-Christ, telle est l'arme avec laquelle nous vaincrons toutes les tentations du démon.

The remembrance of the passion of Jesus Christ: that is the weapon with which we shall overcome all the temptations of the devil.

St. Bonaventure.

Didacus was born in Spain towards the beginning of the 15th century, in a village called San Nicolás [Saint-Nicolas], in the province of Andalusia and the diocese of Seville. His parents, whose names are unknown, took care to bring up this son in hatred of sin and in true piety. They had him given the name of James [Jacques] in baptism, because that blessed apostle is the patron of all Spain; but the name of Didacus, which in Spanish is the same as James, has stayed with him to distinguish him from a countless number of Saints of that name. It was clearly seen from his childhood that heaven destined him for eminent holiness, by his love of retirement, his frequent prayers, his modesty in church and the pleasure he took in hearing heavenly things spoken of. When he was of an age to bear the sweet rigours of the yoke of Jesus Christ, he withdrew with a holy priest, who was moved by the same spirit of penance as himself, to a little hermitage not far from his village. He spent some years there in continual fasting and watching, always united to God by meditation and the contemplation of divine truths. He was ceaselessly on his guard to prevent the senses from corrupting reason and the mind from yielding for a few moments to the disordered inclinations of the flesh. To avoid idleness, after his spiritual exercises he occupied himself with manual work, making things of wicker and rush, which he gave freely to those from whom he received bread and clothing as alms.

This state was holy, but God wished him in a still more perfect state; so He inspired him to enter the Order of the Observance of the seraphic Father St. Francis, which he did at the convent of Arrizafa, near Córdoba. Even before, he had so great a desire to reach this happiness that when he wished to affirm something he would usually say, instead of swearing: "So may I become a religious of St. Francis!" As he had not studied, and as besides his love of abjection always led him to take the lowest place, he wished to be only a lay brother or conversus. The rule of conduct he set himself from the first for the rest of his life was to keep the Rule of the Institute to the letter and inviolably; and he observed this so faithfully that he was a living rule and a finished model of all regular discipline. He never transgressed it in a single point; and the religious who, after travelling in Spain and Italy and frequenting the holiest persons of the Order, had the happiness of living with him bore him this witness: that he was the most exact and punctual in all things that they had ever seen.

His humility was such that he made himself the servant of all the brethren. He even lowered himself beneath the novices and, looking on them as his masters, rendered them with deep submission all the good offices they could ask of his charity. When he gave alms to the poor, consoled the afflicted, helped the ignorant with his counsel or strengthened those who were tempted, he regarded these very different persons as his lords, whom he was only too honoured to be able to serve.

His obedience was so perfect that he revered the commands of his superiors no less than if Our Lord had given them to him with His own mouth. All places and all employments were indifferent to him, because he had no other aim than to follow the will of God. He was sometimes ordered to do extremely painful and difficult things, and in a haughty and imperious manner, without any compassion for his weakness, brought on by his continual watching and fasting; but he carried them out with no less promptness and gladness than if they had been most delightful and he had been asked to do them very humbly.

To keep the flower of his chastity he humbled and weakened his body by incredible austerities. He was not content with the great number of Lents marked in his rule and the other fasts it prescribes; his life was a continual fast and Lent. His watching did not prevent his working all day, and his work did not make him

lessen his watching at all. To these mortifications he added very frequent disciplines, by which he covered his body with blood and sometimes reduced it to a state in which it could no longer hold itself up. One winter's day, when the devil was kindling the fire of concupiscence in his loins, he courageously threw himself into icy water to put out its pernicious heat.

He was always the poorest member of the convents where he lived, because he knew that his blessed Father had above all cherished holy poverty as a heavenly inheritance and as the well-beloved spouse of God; and he too had an inexpressible affection and tenderness for it. A tunic and a cowl, with a crucifix, a rosary, a prayer book and a book of meditations, made up all his riches; and even these he did not regard as his own, and he wanted them to be the most worn and the meanest in the house.

Prayer was his life and all his delight. He spent in it all the time obedience did not take up elsewhere; or, to put it better, he never interrupted it, his mind and heart being always raised towards God and his dearest delight being the contemplation of heavenly things. Our Lord did him great favours by this means and revealed to him secrets so lofty that he filled with admiration the most learned doctors of his Order, who sometimes left their books to come and consult him. It was from this inexhaustible spring that he drew that ardent love of God and that charity towards his neighbour with which his heart was always on fire. He would have given a thousand lives to destroy sin, to make Jesus Christ known and loved, to spread the faith and the Christian religion, and to procure for the divine Majesty the honour due to it throughout the earth.

His poverty did not prevent him from having many holy contrivances for relieving the miseries of other poor people. He deprived himself of his bread to feed them, always sharing with them the little he was given for his own subsistence; and when he was unable to do them good, he shed tears for them before God and consoled them in so gentle and charming a way that they gained a great deal by not being helped bodily. His strongest inclination was to help the sick, and one may say that no Saint ever surpassed him in this office of mercy. His heart, says his historian, was a hospital infinitely larger than those which popes, emperors, kings and republics have had built with such magnificence. He received everyone there, and there was no sick person whom, if obedience allowed him, he did not help with admirable eagerness. Never did their ill temper, the stench of their sores or the constant attendance their illness required put him off; he was even seen devoutly kissing their ulcers. This excellent charity of the Servant of God appeared especially at Rome in the year of the great Jubilee, 1450, when Pope Nicholas V canonized St. Bernardine of Siena. As many as three thousand eight hundred religious of his Order had gathered in the convent of the Ara Coeli, and most of them fell ill. Didacus, who had also gone there to attend this double solemnity, embraced with incredible joy and fervour the task of relieving them, and he did it with such success that, although there was an extreme shortage of bread, wine and every kind of food in the city, nothing was ever lacking to these sick men, and they received from him alone as much help as they could have received from a great number of other infirmarians.

Before this journey to Italy his superiors had sent him to one of the Canary Islands to govern a house of their Institute there. Finding a great number of idolaters in that country, he worked with wonderful zeal for their conversion, and it is beyond belief how many insults, affronts, miseries and fatigues he endured to make the truth of the Gospel known to them. His pains were not in vain. Many of these infidels opened their eyes to the light of faith and submitted to the yoke of Jesus Christ. He burned with an incredible ardour to suffer martyrdom, and it was with this intention that he put to sea to go to Grand Canary, where the name of Jesus Christ was not known at all. He hoped to find death there; but God, who was keeping him to render Him other services, did not allow him to arrive. A great storm that tossed his ship made the sailors lose heart for continuing their course, and the fear of being ill-treated by the barbarians who were masters of that island made them give up their enterprise entirely. He was therefore forced to return to his first island, called Fuerteventura [Fortaventure], and he went on converting the pagans there and strengthening the Christians admirably by the examples of his virtues and by the words of life that came from his mouth. During a famine

he fed a great part of these islanders by the holy skill of his charity, which knew how to find in the treasures of divine Providence what it did not find in the merchants' granaries or in the purses of the rich. He was recalled to Spain in the year 1449, and this gave him the opportunity of making, the following year, the journey to Rome of which we have spoken; after it he was sent to the province of Castile, where he finished the rest of his days.

The most usual object of his thoughts was the Passion of his crucified Saviour. He meditated on it, often with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross or holding a wooden crucifix in his hands, and his aspirations were then so vehement that his soul sometimes lifted his body from the ground and held it so for a long time. He was also extremely devoted to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. He served Mass with a reverence, modesty and piety that delighted those present. His recollection and his love in receiving communion were admirable; and, as he received extraordinary graces by means of this heavenly food, it is likewise impossible to express with what gratitude he fed and filled himself with it. His devotion to the Son extended also to the Mother. Mary was his refuge, his patroness, his advocate, his consolation and his hope. In her honour he fasted on bread and water every Saturday of the year; he celebrated her feasts with extraordinary gladness, and said his rosary every day in so respectful a manner that it was easy to see he was filled with a sense of the greatness of her merit.

The life of so holy a man was full of miracles. Going one day with another religious from the convent of Cerraya to that of Sanlúcar de Barrameda [Saint-Luc de Barramède], he could get no food on the way, which reduced him and his companion to such weakness that they could no longer walk. Then he raised his mind to God to implore His help, and at that very hour they saw, in the midst of the solitude, a white cloth spread on the grass with fresh bread, newly cooked fish, lemons and a bottle of wine. They looked all round to see whether this feast had not been laid for others; but, as no one appeared to right or left, they recognized that it had been prepared for them by the charitable care of divine Providence. They ate their fill with thanksgiving and then completed their journey happily. At Seville a child of seven, afraid of his mother's punishment, had hidden at the back of her oven and fallen asleep there. The woman, not thinking her son was there, threw in wood and lit a fire to heat it. The flame woke the child; he cried out, called his mother and begged her help pitifully; but it was too late, and the fire was already so fierce that there was no likelihood of being able to save him. Then the woman began to run through the streets like one in despair, accusing herself of being her son's murderer. But by a stroke of heaven St. Didacus, who happened to be near her house, consoled her and, having sent her to pray to God before the altar of Our Lady, went to her oven with his companion and a crowd of people; and, although the wood was already almost burnt up, he drew out the innocent child safe and sound, without any mark of burning. This miracle being so visible and so certain, the neighbours took the child into their midst and led him as in triumph to the chapel where his mother was praying, and the canons clothed him in white in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Since then the same chapel has been very famous, and a great concourse of people has come to it to implore the protection of this Mother of the afflicted.

Our Saint often healed the sick by his prayers, or by the sign of the cross, or by rubbing them with oil from the lamp that burned before the image of Our Lady, which he did to hide from men the great gift of miracles he had received from God. At last it pleased the divine Goodness to give His servant a crown of justice for having fought well and been faithful to Him. His reputation was so great everywhere for his simplicity, his innocence, his purity of heart and his life free from the least faults, that he was no longer called anything but the holy man. Our Lord, to exercise his patience and perfect his humility, sent him an extremely foul and painful abscess on his arm, which lasted until his death. One night when he was very ill he was so carried out of himself that he no longer had any feeling, and the Brothers and the doctors thought him dead; but he came back from this ecstasy, and then he was heard to say three or four times: "Oh, what beautiful flowers there are in paradise!" When he saw his last hour approaching, he received the sacraments of the Church and, wishing to imitate his blessed Father, asked as an alms for the poorest habit and the most worn cord in the

convent. This consolation could not be refused him; and so this admirable man, who was ripe for eternity, gave back his beautiful soul into the hands of Our Lord, to go and enjoy His divine embraces for ever. It was on the night of a Saturday, 12 November 1463. As he died he was holding a large crucifix, and his last words were those that the Church sings in honour of the cross: *Dulce lignum, dulces clavos*, etc.: "O lovely wood! O kindly nails! O cross supremely lovable, which alone wast worthy to bear the King and Lord of heaven!" His body, which his great austerities had made dry and black, at once became white and perfectly beautiful, and there came from it so sweet a fragrance that it perfumed those who came near, provided however that they were in a good state; for those whose consciences were burdened with great sins did not enjoy this happiness until they had gone to confession. His limbs were supple, as if he were still alive. He was buried on the Sunday; but four days later he was taken from the ground as fresh as before, and he remained incorrupt for several months, exposed to the devotion of the faithful and still giving off this wonderful fragrance.

He is represented: 1° holding a cross in his hand, either because he had preached the Gospel in the Canary Islands, or because his life of devotion ended with the words he spoke as he gave back his soul to God, his eyes fixed on the cross: "Precious wood, happy nails, which had the happiness of bearing the King of Kings"; 2° drawing out, full of life, from an oven in which he had fallen asleep and which had been heated without a thought for the poor little one, a young child whom he gives back to his distraught mother; 3° holding a lily in his hand, symbol of the virginity he kept all his life.

CULT AND RELICS.

A great number of miracles were worked through his invocation and by touching things that had belonged to him, such as fragments of his hair, his beard and his poor clothes. Pope Sixtus V reports a great number of them in the Bull of his canonization, and Pietro Galesini [Pierre

Galesinius], apostolic protonotary, wrote a whole book about them. The most striking was the cure of Prince Charles [Don Carlos], eldest son and heir presumptive of Philip II, king of Spain. This prince, while playing at Alcalá in the royal palace, fell from a ladder on his head with such violence that he gave himself a mortal and entirely incurable wound. Nothing was awaited but his death; the physicians and surgeons had given him up, and people were thinking only of preparing a funeral worthy of his birth, when some devout persons represented to the king his father that, since St. Didacus was working so many wonders, he might hope for the cure of the little prince if he had the Saint's body brought into his room. The king willingly listened to this proposal and at once ordered the holy body to be brought from the convent of the Friars Minor to the palace. When it was in the sick prince's room, he was made to touch it, and at that very instant he began to improve; and a few hours later, at the moment when according to the physicians' declarations he was to die, he found himself perfectly cured. This signal grace led the king to pursue the canonization of this great servant of God. He did not obtain it so soon, however; for the miracle having happened in 1562, under Pope Pius IV, the canonization was made only in 1588, under Pope Sixtus V, on the day of the Visitation of Our Lady. This shows with what exactness the Roman Church proceeds, notwithstanding the recommendations of princes, when it is a question of proposing a Saint to the veneration and public cult of all the faithful. Pope Innocent XI placed the feast of this holy confessor on the 13th of this month.

We have corrected and completed the text of Father Giry with the *Caractéristiques des Saints* by the Rev. Fr. Cahier.

(1) Also called Diègue, Didonce, Didacus.

ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA OF POLAND, NOVICE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

1568. — Pope: Pius V. — King of Poland: Augustus I.

Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa.

Qui est cet astre brillant qui disparaît presque à son aurore, mais qui a fourni, en si peu de temps, une si belle et si longue carrière ?

Who is this shining star that vanishes almost at its dawn, yet has run, in so short a time, so fine and so long a course?

Wisdom IV, 13.

Stanislaus Kostka was born in Poland on 28 October 1550, in the castle of Rotscow

[Rostków], which belonged to his parents. His father, John Kostka, was a senator of the kingdom and represented one of its most illustrious families. His mother, Margaret Kriska [Kryska], was of a birth no less illustrious than her husband's. Stanislaus was not their eldest, but he was the most modest, the most docile and the most devout, and his childhood was a model of good sense and uprightness. At the age of fourteen his father sent him to Vienna in Austria, with Paul, his elder brother, to study at the college of the Jesuits. He soon distinguished himself among his companions by his fine mind, his diligence in study and his rare virtues, which made everyone love him. Every morning before going into class he made his mental prayer in the church of the Society, and he did the same in the evening on coming out. He carefully avoided the company of dissolute schoolboys and everything that did not lead him to devotion and to the love of Jesus Christ his Saviour. Retirement and silence were his delight, and when he spoke it was always with such restraint and discretion that it was plain he said nothing hastily or lightly. His pleasure was to be dressed poorly and without any show: the commonest and most worn clothes were best for him; and although the cold was very severe in that country, he wore neither gloves nor furs nor any other garment that might give him relief. He liked to talk with simple people and with the poor, remembering that Our Lord made Himself poor for love of us. He never had a lackey follow him, unless his brother or his tutor had ordered it. In his classes he usually took as the subject of his speeches and declamations the praises of the most holy Virgin, for whom he had a singular devotion. He also said his rosary every day with great attention and respect. Besides his two periods of prayer in the day, he rose at night as well to meditate and pray, and the cold could not turn him from this divine exercise. He practised all the austerities he could; he had the skill to fast often without anyone noticing, and he also chastised his innocent body with harsh disciplines when he could do so in secret. Sometimes, out of humility, he swept his brother's room; and he had so much compassion for the miseries of his neighbour that he spared nothing a young schoolboy can do to help him.

As he grew older, the love of God burned more and more in his heart. So, filled with the desire to serve Him perfectly, he formed the plan of entering the Society of Jesus, and even made a vow to do so, by a secret movement of the Holy Spirit, who had chosen him to make him one of the greatest lights of that holy Order. He did not speak of it to his confessor, however, until six months later, not wishing the thing to be known to anyone before he was in a position to carry it out. Meanwhile he fell dangerously ill. Then the devil, who could not bear his fervour and feared that, if he lived longer and entered the Society, he would win a countless number of victories over him, appeared in his room in the form of a black dog of terrifying appearance, and three times seized him by the throat to strangle him. But the holy young man drove him off each time by the sign of the cross and by calling on the adorable name of Jesus Christ, which forced him to vanish. The illness then became so violent that the physicians, seeing no remedy for it any longer, gave him up. Stanislaus was resigned to all the dispositions of divine Providence and wished for death no less than for life; but he had one great distress. He was lodged in the house of a Lutheran, the senator Kimberker, who would not allow the Blessed Sacrament to be brought into his house; and his brother and his tutor had not enough resolution to have it brought to him in spite of their host. In this anxiety he remembered having read in the life of St. Barbara, who was moreover the patroness of his college, that those who implore her help will not die without receiving the sacraments. As indeed, on her last feast day, after confession and

communion, he had earnestly asked her for this grace, he turned to her once more and begged her to help him in the evident danger he was in of dying without communion. His prayer was heard: for on one of the following nights, when he seemed closer to death, this blessed virgin and martyr came into his room accompanied by two angels of wonderful brightness, who were carrying the most holy Sacrament. He at once told Master John Bilinski, his tutor, who was by his bed and who was afterwards a canon of Posla, of the presence of Our Lord and of these blessed Spirits, so that he might pay them the honour due to them; and, after a thousand signs of respect and gratitude, he received this heavenly food from the hand of the Saint, who presented it to him. This signal favour was followed by another very remarkable one. When people were thinking only of seeing him die, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him holding her divine Son in her arms. She showed him various marks of tenderness and, having assured him that God wished him in the Society of Jesus, to give him a token of it she placed this priceless treasure on his bed. No one can conceive the ardour, the respect, the tenderness and the consolation the holy young man felt on seeing his bed adorned with so precious a flower. The illness could not hold out before the author of salvation and life. From that moment Stanislaus began to improve and, against the opinion of all the physicians, soon became convalescent. It was he himself who made these two visits from heaven known, having found himself obliged, at the end of his life, to reveal them to the Reverend Father Emmanuel Sa and to one of his fellow novices called Stephen Augustus. Far from regarding his own testimony on this point as suspect, everyone must defer to it entirely, for he was too enlightened, and possessed the gift of discernment in too high a degree, to take false visions for true ones, and his humility puts him beyond all suspicion of having feigned revelations to win esteem.

From that time on he thought only of leaving the world and getting himself received into the Society. But his confessor, to whom he at last disclosed his secret, told him that he would not be received at Vienna, where he was a student, without his parents' consent. Not thinking he could obtain it, he turned his eyes to another province, where he was assured this difficulty would not be made. To get there he had to slip away from his brother, who kept a very strict watch on him and often treated him with great harshness. The thing was not easy, but he found a very favourable occasion. One day this elder brother, who was of a quite different temper from his, spoke to him very roughly and even threatened to strike him. Stanislaus told him with his usual gentleness that if he went on acting so towards him, he would be obliged to tell their father and to go away. Paul answered angrily that he could go where he liked and that he did not care in the least. This was the leave Stanislaus was waiting for. He made no reply; but, having gone to confession and communion, he dressed himself poorly and took the road to Augsburg, to go and ask for the habit from the Reverend Father Canisius, provincial of Upper Germany, having for this purpose letters of recommendation from a Father of the Society who was preacher to the empress.

When his brother no longer saw him he was extremely distressed, all the more because he believed it was his ill-treatment that had driven him to flee. He searched for him all over Vienna, and, not finding him, got into a carriage with his tutor and some other persons to chase after him on the Augsburg road. They were not long in overtaking him, since he was on foot; but God allowed them to pass without recognizing him; and as soon as they were a little further on, their horses backing instead of going forward, they were forced to return to Vienna. So Stanislaus, triumphing over their pursuit, happily continued on his way. Next morning, wishing to receive communion, he went into a village church which he thought belonged to the Catholics; but, discovering that it belonged to the Lutherans, he came out as quickly as he could and meanwhile prayed Our Lord not to deprive him that day of the food of life for which his heart was hungry. His prayer was heard, and at that very hour an angel came down from heaven and placed in his mouth the adorable sacrament of our altars. If the bread baked under the ashes that the prophet Elias ate, which was only a very imperfect figure of our holy mysteries, gave him strength to walk forty days and forty nights without tiring, it is no wonder that Stanislaus, strengthened by this divine food, reached Augsburg safely. He even walked ten leagues further with wonderful joy and fervour, because the Reverend Father Canisius, whom he was looking for, was then at Dillingen. This venerable superior welcomed him with every kindness and, recognizing something

heavenly in him, at once gave him entry into the Society. But so that he should not be exposed to violence from his relatives, he sent him to Rome with two companions to take the habit there. It is a road of two hundred and sixty leagues, made extremely painful and difficult by woods, rocks, mountains and waters; yet he made it on foot, weak and delicate as he was, overcoming such terrible difficulties by his fervour; and the road itself seemed short to him, because his zeal and love seemed to give him wings to fly. St. Francis Borgia, then general, received this great treasure with much thanksgiving to the divine Goodness, and he was given the habit on the day of Sts. Simon and Jude in the year 1567. His father, learning that he was a Jesuit, wrote him letters full of insults and reproaches, as if he had brought disgrace on his family by entering so holy and illustrious a Society; he also threatened, if he ever came back to Poland, to ill-treat him, to put him in a dungeon and to load him with irons. The Blessed one answered him, with modesty and firmness at once, that he believed he had honoured his house by allying it with the Society of Jesus; that he feared no threat, because it would be a happiness for him to suffer something for the service of his God, to whom he had consecrated his whole life.

Who could describe the gladness he felt at finding himself in Rome, in the novitiate of the Society, one of the most excellent schools of virtue to be found, not only in that capital city of the Christian world but in all Europe? He often shed streams of tears from the great joy that flooded his heart; and, so as not to lose the fruit of a grace he valued so highly, he applied himself from the first, with invincible courage, to all the exercises that could lead him to perfection. He advanced further in this way in the ten months he lived after entering the Society than others full of fervour advance in fifty or sixty years. From then on a wonderful harmony of all the virtues was seen in him. Resting on the knowledge of himself, that is, of his nothingness, his weaknesses, his incapacity for any good and his original corruption, he had a humility that praise could not alter and that rebuffs and humiliations could not wear out. He regarded all his brethren as angels, and himself only as a great sinner, unworthy to hold a place among them and to be of their number. That is why he always put himself last, asked as a favour for the worst clothes and the lowest employments, and wished that all the reprimands and penances might be for him. He was never seen to accuse others, or to excuse himself, or to avoid a humiliation, or to hide a fault that might bring him some blame and correction; and yet his faults were very rare, and only of the kind a novice cannot all avoid. His desire, on the contrary, was that no one should think of him except to despise him, and that no creature should ever be concerned with esteeming him.

To this humility he joined an uncommon austerity of life. His superiors could not give him his fill of mortifications; and although it is known from the deposition of the confessors to whom he had made his general confession that he kept all his life the robe of innocence he had received in baptism, he afflicted his body with continual torments, as if he had been guilty of the most enormous crimes and the hardest to expiate. The hair shirt was his most usual undergarment, fasting his most delicious meal; he also very often took the discipline until the blood came; and if he did not treat himself still more harshly, it was because his master checked the vehemence of his zeal and did not allow him to crush himself under the weight of a pitiless severity. As he had given up with such courage the great wealth he could have possessed in the world, he took care not to become attached to the little objects on which young novices often set their affection. He was perfectly poor, that is, detached from everything: God was his whole treasure, and, having found in Him the fullness of all goods, he loved only Him and wanted nothing in heaven or on earth but Him. His chastity was wholly angelic, and we might well say that he rather knew nothing of carnal pleasure than overcame it. His very look inspired purity in those who saw him, and it was enough to come near him to conceive a horror of everything contrary to modesty and capable of dimming its brightness. He possessed the virtue of obedience in the highest degree, and he was so pliant to everything his superiors wanted of him that he anticipated even their commands and the outward signs of their will. He respected all who held any office as if they had been his masters, and he was never seen to resist their orders, or even to show any reluctance about them. What shall we say of his modesty, of his gentle and obliging temper, of his exactness in keeping

silence except when he was obliged to speak by necessity or charity, of his continual recollection, and of his constancy in never transgressing any point of his Rules?

As for his prayer, we have already said that he practised this holy exercise from the time he was studying humanities at Vienna, and that he was even then so fervent that one day it was very hard to bring him round from a fainting fit that too long an application to our holy mysteries had caused him. After he became a religious he was incomparably more assiduous still. He gave to it all the hours of the day in which obedience did not occupy him elsewhere, and he also took a good deal from his sleep to continue his prayer more peacefully, aided by the deep silence in which all creatures then lie. But why should we not say that his life was a perpetual prayer, since he did all his actions with such inner peace and such union of mind and heart with God that there was no interruption in his prayer? What is admirable and very rare, even in the greatest Saints, is that he had so mastered his imagination that he had no distraction in this exercise; and so, when his brethren complained of the wanderings of mind they suffered in their devotions, he was quite surprised and could hardly understand what they meant. His outward bearing during prayer was so devout that it delighted all who had the happiness of seeing him; and often the other novices would glance at him for a moment, not out of curiosity, but because his example helped them to recollect themselves and become more attentive.

In this converse with God he received extraordinary lights and graces from Him. Above all he had the gift of tears, and he sometimes shed torrents of them with an inexpressible sweetness. The gift of wisdom and of knowledge of spiritual things was also granted him, and when occasion arose he spoke of them in so lofty and luminous a way that his prudence and elevation at so young an age could not be admired enough. Divine consolations often accompanied these lights, and all these fervours kindled so great a fire of love in his heart that wet cloths had to be laid on his breast to temper its heat. He easily obtained what he asked of God; and one day when a religious, pressed by a violent temptation, begged him to obtain the victory over it for him, he had no sooner raised his pure and innocent hands to heaven than the religious was entirely delivered. It would take an angel’s pen to treat worthily of his tenderness and filial affection towards the Blessed Virgin. Mary was his Lady, his Mistress and his most good Mother; he spoke to her day and night, and he seemed to have no other care than to please her and to do something agreeable to her. If he meditated in the secrecy of his oratory, he never failed to dwell on her greatness and converse lovingly with her; if he spoke to his brethren, his whole pleasure was to explain her excellences to them and to hold devout conferences on the way to honour and serve her. In a word, Mary was always in his mind, in his heart and on his tongue, and no one could give him more satisfaction than by showing love and respect for this august Queen of angels and of men. It was owing to him that the master of novices ordered all his disciples never to fail, every morning as soon as they were up, to kneel down facing the church of St. Mary Major and ask the Blessed Virgin for her blessing, and to do so again in the evening after the examination of conscience; the custom has been kept in that novitiate.

At last, moved by this love for the Mother of God, our holy novice wished to die on the eve of the Assumption of Our Lady, and he had a revelation that his wish was granted. On 9 August, the vigil of St. Lawrence, the saint whose cult had fallen to him for that month,(1) being at the conference with his companions, he asked them what could be done to imitate that holy deacon in his martyrdom. Each answered according to his own idea; as for him, he said he wished to perform some public mortification in his honour, so that the Saint might obtain for him from the Blessed Virgin to be presented in heaven on the day of her glorious Assumption. And indeed that very day, having said his fault before the community in the refectory, he kissed the feet of all the religious, took his discipline, humbly asked one and another, as an alms, for the bread he was to eat, according to the custom of the Society, and dined humbly on the floor, as unworthy to sit with his brethren. From there he went to serve in the kitchen, where, seeing the fire lit, he fell into a deep meditation on the torment of St. Lawrence lying on the gridiron. His absorption was so great that, joined to the mortifications he had performed that day, it made him faint. He had to be lifted up and carried to his bed.

Fever took hold of him, and he had to be put to bed. The physicians, when called, said it would be nothing; but he assured the Father rector that he would die on the eve of mid-August. His strength kept diminishing from then on, and a flux of blood that came upon him with a cold sweat finally made his life despaired of. Having received the sacraments, he asked to be allowed to die on the ground. From then on his heart and tongue were occupied only in praising God for the grace He had done him in calling him to the Society of Jesus, in conversing lovingly with Jesus and Mary, whose sacred images he had before his eyes, and in showing his joy at dying so soon to go and enjoy the sovereign happiness. He often kissed the Saviour's wounds as shown on his crucifix, and he had the litanies recited of the Saints he had had as patrons since he became a religious. At last the Blessed Virgin came herself to receive his soul, and he gave it up into her hands on 15 August 1568, a little after three in the morning, in the eighteenth year of his age and only the tenth month of his novitiate.

His face appeared so beautiful after his death that one would have said he was still alive. He was put in a coffin, which was not done for the other religious, and he was buried in the church of Sant'Andrea, which is the house of probation. No one had yet been buried there, and he was the first to enrich that ground with the deposit of his precious limbs. Everyone wanted to kiss his feet and attend his burial, which made Doctor Francis Toletus, whom Pope Clement VIII afterwards made a cardinal, say: "Here is surely a marvellous thing, that a little Polish novice who has just died should be honoured by the city of Rome as a Saint." In the church of Sant'Andrea on Monte Cavallo in Rome there are several paintings of the Saint. In one he is seen receiving the holy Child Jesus into his arms from the Blessed Virgin. Two other paintings show him bathing with water his breast burning with divine love, and receiving the sacred host from the hand of an angel. Everywhere there, too, one sees carved in white marble a dove carrying an olive branch in its beak, the symbol of the purity, gentleness and peace of which the young Stanislaus was as it were the living tabernacle.

CULT AND RELICS.

The reputation of Stanislaus Kostka spread immediately after his death through Italy, Poland and all Europe, and his image came to be held in such veneration that there was no Polish prelate or lord who did not want to have it, and the king himself put it in his gallery among the images of the Saints.

Great miracles were worked on every side by his intercession, which led Pope Clement VIII, in 1604, to declare him Blessed and to grant ten years and ten quarantines of indulgence to those who should visit a chapel built in his honour in the kingdom of Poland. His tomb has become very famous for the supernatural cures the sick have received there. He is invoked for palpitations of the heart, swellings, broken limbs, eye diseases, and quartan and continuous fevers.

Paul V approved an office in his honour for the churches of Poland. Clement X allowed the Jesuits to recite this office and fixed the feast of the servant of God on 13 November, the day on which his body was found without any mark of corruption in the church of the novitiate founded by Prince Pamphili. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX attached rich indulgences to three prayers which will be found in the booklet entitled *Neuvaine en l'honneur de saint Stanislas Kostka*, by the Reverend Father Picot de Clorivière (Paris, 1861). There are other booklets containing novenas and similar prayers in honour of St. Aloysius Gonzaga (with still richer indulgences), St. Francis Regis and others; pastors cannot recommend them too highly; they would do better still to give them to devout souls, and above all to the young. At Sant'Andrea al Quirinale is the novitiate of the Jesuits. The room or cell occupied by St. Stanislaus Kostka has been preserved to this day and turned into a chapel. It is one of the sanctuaries devout pilgrims most like to visit, either to offer the holy sacrifice there if they are priests, or to have the happiness of receiving communion there if they are lay people. On the very spot where St. Stanislaus breathed his last, a monument in polychrome marble by Pierre Legros, a French sculptor (died 1719), has been placed. The Saint is shown lying on his bed; the head, hands and feet are of white marble, the cassock of black marble, the cushions and mattresses of yellow marble. — In an adjoining

room is the authentic portrait of the Saint. — The bones of St. Stanislaus are in the church of Sant'Andrea, on the ground floor, enclosed under the altar of a chapel dedicated to him; the shrine that holds them is of silver-gilt, adorned with magnificent carvings, broad inlays of lapis lazuli and a great number of other precious stones. Several lamps burn constantly before his tomb.

We have kept Father Giry's account, which we have revised and completed.

(1) In several communities it is the custom, on the eve of the first day of each month, to give each person, by lot, one of the Saints of the month, so that he may honour him in a special way.

ST. BRICE,(1) ARCHBISHOP OF TOURS (444)

St. Brice came from the city of Tours. He was placed early in the hands of St. Martin, who formed him in the famous monastery of Marmoutier. At first he profited from the lessons of so good a master, was admitted to holy orders and even received priestly anointing, in spite of many faults of which he had already been guilty. Soon he became a cause of scandal by his pride and his outbursts. St. Martin had much to suffer from this ungrateful disciple, but, despite the urging of his clergy, he would never consent to degrade him from the priesthood and drive him from his church: God had revealed to him that Brice would succeed him, and the Saint had openly declared it.

St. Martin's gentleness helped to bring Brice back from his wanderings, and at the holy bishop's death there was no hesitation in giving him as successor the man he himself had designated on God's behalf. From then on Brice became another man; he did everything to make his past conduct forgotten and to expiate by penance the many faults he had committed. St. Martin had foretold to him that tribulations would not be spared him; and indeed he was slandered in various ways, and the virtue dearest to him above all others could not escape unjust suspicion. Trusting in Him who sooner or later makes Himself the defender of innocence, he had a child at the breast, of whom he was accused of being the father, brought before the assembled crowd, and ordered it to declare the truth. At once the child's tongue was loosed, and it said very distinctly: "No, you are not my father." The people urged the bishop to ask it who its father was; but Brice refused, saying it was enough for him to be cleared of the crime he was accused of. Despite this miracle and others that followed it, people would not believe in his innocence. He was driven from his episcopal city, which he entered again only after seven years of exile, by order of the sovereign Pontiff, who had recognized his innocence. Brice governed his diocese for seven more years, after which he died, full of merits. His body was laid in the church he had built over the tomb of St. Martin.(2) About the year 580 St. Gregory of Tours had it translated to Clermont in Auvergne and placed it beside that of the bishop St. Gallus, his uncle.

He is represented: 1° carrying burning coals in a fold of his garment. According to the Tours legend, the holy bishop obtained this miracle from heaven to clear himself, before his stirred-up flock, of the crime of fornication of which he was accused;(3) 2° making a newborn child speak, whose father he was accused of being.

St. Brice is patron of Tours and of Saint-Brisson in the Morvan. He is invoked against stomach-aches (no doubt because he was of a bilious temperament).

Taken from the Hagiologie nivernaise *by Mgr Crosnier, and from the* Caractéristiques des Saints *by the Reverend Father Cahier.*

(1) Also called Bris, Brisson, Brictius.

(2) This small sanctuary, the first consecrated to God in honour of St. Martin, soon became famous throughout the West, and pilgrims flocked to it. St. Perpetuus, St. Brice's successor, seeing that the narrow enclosure of the chapel was quite insufficient for the crowd of the faithful who came there from every side, resolved, about the year 469, to build a vast church on the same site. He did at Tours for the great bishop

what Euphronius had done at Autun for St. Symphorian. Such was the origin of that famous basilica of Saint-Martin, one of the finest and most venerable sanctuaries France possessed. The chapel, the work of St. Brice, was easily enclosed in the new temple, which was a hundred and sixty feet long, sixty wide and forty-five high under the vault of the choir. This vault was supported by forty-one artistically worked columns. In the rest of the church there were seventy-nine others, all inlaid, like the walls, with marbles of different colours, porphyry and other precious stones, on which festoons, crowns and garlands were traced. The choir was lit by thirty-two large windows and its aisles by twenty-four. In the rest of the building there were fifty-two. One entered the temple by eight doors. — M. l'abbé Dinet.

(3) "Without claiming absolutely to invalidate the Tours legend," says the Reverend Father Cahier in his *Caractéristiques des Saints* (p. 203), "I ask leave to point out that the expression 'He carries fire in his bosom' seems to have been a Celtic idiom. Among our ancestors it denoted an ardent, decided, energetic character, a man who takes fire quickly or does not calm down quickly when his bile is inflamed. Might it not first have been meant to express in this way the brusque and somewhat gruff nature of St. Brice? After which the legend would have come to explain a picture that had ceased to be understood."

ST. QUINTIAN, BISHOP OF RODEZ AND OF CLERMONT (527)

Quintian [Quintien] was born in Africa. He was the nephew of Faustus, that bishop of Carthage made famous by the miracle he worked in raising his mother to life. When he came into the world, Africa was groaning under the rule of the Vandals. These barbarous peoples, deeply attached to Arianism, persecuted the Christians to the utmost, and this persecution forced a crowd of Christians of those regions to leave their homeland and take refuge in Gaul.

Among them was Quintian, who came to settle at Rodez. The brilliance of his priestly virtues in that city soon made him known. For nearly twenty-seven years the church of Rodez had had no pastor. Quintian was designated to occupy the see. In this eminent office the bishop revealed the treasure of lofty and solid virtues with which his great soul was adorned: innocence and integrity of morals and an ardent charity. He never ceased for a moment to keep the most intelligent watch over his flock, so as to study its needs and improve its condition: Quintian made himself all things to all.

Seeing the many striking miracles worked at the tomb of St. Amans, of whom he was one of the first successors, Quintian thought it unfitting to leave his venerable relics in the too inconspicuous part of the church where they had rested until then. He had a fine church built in honour of his holy predecessor and adorned it with as much good taste as zeal. When this work was finished he fixed a feast day for the solemn translation of the glorious relics of St. Amans, inviting to this august ceremony the neighbouring peoples and all the distinguished members of the clergy and faithful, to heighten its pomp and splendour still more.

In 506 Quintian attended the council of Agde and signed it as bishop of Rodez. About a year after his return, suspected of seeking means to bring the city of Rodez, where the Arian Visigoths then ruled, under the authority of King Clovis, he found himself on the point of falling victim to the fury and vengeance of his fellow citizens. They reproached him with preferring the only Catholic monarch there then was, and with bearing only reluctantly the rule of the Arian princes, both in his episcopal city and in his diocese. The holy bishop, warned of their guilty designs, took advantage of the darkness of night to leave Rodez with some of his most faithful servants, and came to take refuge at Clermont in Auvergne, where he received honourable hospitality from Euphrasius, its bishop. Quintian attended the council of Orléans in 511, the year Clovis died, and signed it as bishop of Rodez, because Clovis, having defeated the Visigoths at the battle of Vouillé near Poitiers and driven those Arian barbarians from the Rouergue, had restored him to his see as soon as he had brought Rodez back under the authority of the king of the Franks. But at Clovis's death the Rouergue fell again under Arian rule, and Quintian took the road to Auvergne once more and took refuge again at Clermont, where St. Euphrasius received him with honour as before.

St. Euphrasius having died about 515, Quintian was called to succeed him. The great virtues and fine qualities that distinguished him and made him, in the episcopal see of Clermont, the object of universal veneration did not, however, shelter him from trials. A certain Proculus, whom the holy bishop had thought fit to raise from the rank of a simple workman to the order of priesthood, made him suffer many insults and overwhelmed him with ill-treatment. He stripped Quintian of all the property he administered and scarcely left him the bare necessities. The holy bishop bore with humility and all patience all the unworthy vexations and unjust persecutions of which Proculus was unhappy enough to be guilty towards him; and these grave troubles in no way weakened the love he had vowed to the good people that divine Providence had entrusted to him.

St. Quintian was versed in the science of the Scriptures and full of learning in everything connected with ecclesiastical knowledge. He had the magnificence of a king in his gifts and alms. Powerful against the devil, he drove him victoriously from the bodies of the possessed, whom he healed and restored to health. A perfect model of gentleness and charity, he was able to calm the feelings of anger and revenge with which the heart of King Theuderic [Thierry] was filled against the peoples of Auvergne who had deserted his cause. A true friend of his fellow citizens and his people, he obtained from the goodness of God, by dint of prayers, clothed in a hair shirt and prostrate on the ground on his knees, that a long-desired rain should come to end a disastrous drought and bring back fertility to the countryside.

Having reached a very great age, Quintian was bowed under the weight of the labours he had carried out for Our Lord Jesus Christ no less than under that of old age; and on 13 November 527 this great Saint and great bishop gave back his soul to God, full of merits. The body of St. Quintian was buried at Clermont in the church of Saint-Étienne. His precious remains were later translated to the church of Saint-Genès in the same city; and it is from this church that the canons of Rodez had the happiness of receiving as a gift the precious relics of this illustrious bishop of Rodez which they possess.

St. Quintian is invoked for the cure of fevers. He is especially honoured in the town of Aigueperse, in the diocese of Clermont, and is one of the patrons of the parish.

We owe this notice to the kindness of M. l'abbé Bousquet, canon of Rodez.

ST. DALMATIUS, BISHOP OF RODEZ (581)

St. Dalmatius [Dalmas] was born at Rodez about 491, and was elected its bishop by the unanimous votes of clergy and people, although he had reached only about his twenty-fifth year, to succeed St. Quintian, who had just been raised to the see of Clermont. In the episcopal see of Rodez Dalmatius displayed the qualities and fulfilled all the grave and holy obligations of a good and true pastor. He was a man of prayer; he habitually fasted; at night he took only a short rest. His charity in helping the poor and unfortunate was so lively and generous that he was not content to relieve them with a simple alms of money: he procured them help that was often still more precious, now good advice, now the moral support of his influence, now very active personal steps to do them good. The prudence of his conduct, the wisdom of his administration and the regularity of his whole life filled Gaul with admiration, and on every side so holy a bishop was praised and blessed. Amalaric himself, that king of the Visigoths so eager to persecute Catholic bishops and priests, felt esteem and goodwill towards him, despite his extreme attachment to Arianism, to the point of receiving him with favour and listening without taking offence to the just complaints that St. Dalmatius believed it the duty of his episcopal office to present to him on God's behalf.

At that time Amalaric reigned at Narbonne, and he witnessed a striking miracle that St. Dalmatius worked during one of the visits the interests of his flock had led him to make to him. Moved by the deep misery in which the unfortunate prisoners Amalaric had taken in his warlike expeditions were plunged in the depths of their dungeons, St. Dalmatius did not fear to reproach the Arian king with his harshness, and even begged

him to set them free. His request was not heard. Then St. Dalmatius set himself to pray before God; and, wonderful to tell, at once the bonds that held the prisoners broke, the prison doors opened, and all these poor unfortunates were able to escape. St. Dalmatius was favoured with a marvellous power over the demons. He had only to address his prayer to God for the possessed, far or near, at once to feel its happy effect and be cured. Returning from Orléans, where he had gone to attend the fourth council held in that city, he stopped at Brioude in Auvergne and by his prayers brought back to life a wretched man who had been hanging on the gibbet for several hours. King Theudebert heard the virtues of St. Dalmatius celebrated, and the report of his miracles reached his court. At once we see the king of the Franks heap on the holy bishop of Rodez the marks of the most sincere esteem and of a particular friendship. The wars and troubles that mark those difficult times had stripped the church of Rodez of its property. King Theudebert restored it, in consideration of its holy bishop. Having governed the church of Rodez holily for sixty-five years, and having reached, in a green old age, a very advanced age, St. Dalmatius ended his long career, and an episcopate that recalled the great wonders of St. Amans's, by a holy death on 13 November 581. His body was buried with honour in the church dedicated to St. Amans in the city of Rodez. Today his venerable head is exposed on the high altar with those of St. Amans and St. Naamas.

We owe this notice to the kindness of M. l'abbé Bousquet, canon of Rodez.

ST. NICHOLAS I, THE GREAT, POPE AND CONFESSOR (867)

Nicholas I was a Roman by birth; his father was named Theodore. After the death of Benedict III (855–858), he was elected by the clergy with an admirable unanimity of votes; he was taken by force from the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, carried off to the patriarchal church of the Lateran and proclaimed Roman Pontiff in the year 858. He had practised piety and all the virtues from his early years. Sergius II made him subdeacon of the Roman Church; Leo IV created him deacon; and he was of great help to Benedict III in the government of the universal Church. There exist a great number of letters written by him, in which he sets right those who go astray, humbles the proud and raises up the oppressed. Bishops, kings, emperors: he kept everyone to his duty. He broke the stubborn resistance of John, archbishop of Ravenna; he strongly rebuked Hincmar, archbishop of Reims, for the unjust deposition of Rothad, bishop of Soissons, quashed the sentence he had passed with the council of Senlis, and restored the bishop to his dignity and his see. By a threat of anathema he brought back to reason King Lothair, who had repudiated his lawful wife Teutberga to marry Waldrada, his concubine. He condemned the election of Photius, who was a layman, and restored the patriarch Ignatius to his see. He defended the rights of the Roman Church so well that his letters are regarded as so many outworks protecting the Apostolic See. He did not confine his care to the internal affairs of the Church; he concerned himself with the conversion of the infidels, and brought to Jesus Christ and attached to the Roman Church the very numerous nation of the Bulgars, despite the gnashing of teeth of a schismatic emperor. At the same time he was very assiduous in his private duties of piety; he had the names of all the needy given to him so as to be able to help them better. He repaired and adorned the churches of Rome, in particular the Lateran basilica. At last he passed from earth to heaven at the beginning of the tenth year of his pontificate (13 November 867), and was buried at the Vatican.

Proper of Rome. — Cf. Darras, Histoire de l'Église *(vol. XVIII, pp. 450–481).*

14 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Heraclea in Thrace, the birthday in heaven of the holy martyrs Clementinus, Theodotus and Philomenus. — At Alexandria, St. Serapion, martyr, whom the persecutors treated with such horrible cruelty under the emperor Decius that, after dislocating all his limbs, they threw him from the top storey of his house, and so he became a martyr of Jesus Christ. 249. — At Troyes, St. Venerandus [Vénérand], martyred under the emperor Aurelian.(1) 275. — In France, St. Veneranda [Vénérande], virgin, who received the crown of martyrdom under the emperor Antoninus and the governor Asclepiades.(2) 2nd c. — At Gangra in Paphlagonia, St. Hypatius, bishop, who, on his return from the great council of Nicaea, was attacked with stones by the Novatians and died a martyr. — At Algiers in Africa, Blessed Serapion, who, the first of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, was crucified for having ransomed Christian slaves and preached the faith of Jesus Christ; he was then cut in pieces and earned the palm of martyrdom. 1240. — At Emesa, the execution of several holy women who were massacred in a horrible way under the cruel Mady, chief of the Arabs. — At Bologna, St. Jucundus [Joconde], bishop and confessor. — In Ireland, St. Lawrence, bishop of Dublin. 1181.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Amiens, St. Geoffrey, bishop of that see and confessor, whose life we gave on 8 November. 1155. — In the dioceses of Angers, Limoges and Pamiers, St. Martin, pope and confessor, whose life we gave on 12 November. 655. — In the dioceses of Carcassonne and Nice, St. Deusdedit I, pope and confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of 8 November. 618. — In the dioceses of Autun, Châlons, Clermont, Coutances, La Rochelle, Le Puy, Lyons, Meaux, Mende, Nantes, Perpignan, Saint-Dié, Soissons, Tarbes, Tours and Versailles, St. Didacus, confessor, whose life we gave on the previous day. 1463. — In the diocese of Avignon, St. Rufus, bishop of that see, whose notice we sketched on 22 March. 1st c. — In the diocese of Bayeux, St. Spatius, martyr, of whom we spoke on 10 November. About 363. — In the diocese of Cahors, the feast of the holy patrons of the whole diocese. — In the diocese of Cambrai, St. Leonard, solitary in the Limousin, whose life we gave on 6 November. 6th c. — In the diocese of Chartres, St. Brice, bishop of Tours, whose notice we sketched on 13 November. 444. — In the diocese of Moulins, St. Ursinus, first bishop of Bourges, whose life we gave on 9 November. 1st c. — In the dioceses of Gap and Nîmes, St. Veranus, bishop of the former see of Cavaillon, whose notice we sketched on 11 November. 590. — In the diocese of Périgueux, St. Anianus [Anien], confessor, disciple and successor of St. Front in the episcopal see of that city. — In the diocese of Reims, St. Balsamia, mother of St. Celsinus or Soussin (25 October). 5th c. — In the diocese of Rennes, St. Amandus [Amand], bishop of that see and confessor. He succeeded Arthemius and walked in the footsteps of his holy predecessors. After an episcopate under which religion and piety were seen to flourish, he designated St. Melanius [Melaine] as his successor, and died about the year 505.(3) — In the diocese of Rouen, St. Lawrence, archbishop of Dublin, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1181. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Adeltrudis, widow, countess of Aurillac, mother of St. Gerald of Auvergne (13 October).(4) About the end of the 9th c. — In the diocese of Verdun, St. Vitonus [Vannes], bishop of that see and confessor. About 529. — In the diocese of Viviers, St. Montanus, hermit, of whom we spoke on 9 November. About the end of the 4th c. — In the Limousin, St. Adorator or Oradour of Tours, martyr. Before dying for the faith he had the happiness of converting his parents to the Christian religion.(5) About the end of the 4th c. — In the monastery of Susteren (an abbey of women founded by St. Willibrord), in the diocese of Liège, the translation of St. Albric (Albert, Alberic), bishop of Utrecht (Holland), whose death is marked in the martyrology of France of 21 August. 794. — At Rouen and throughout the Pays de Caux, St. Saëns or Sidonius, Irish or Scottish by birth, monk of Jumièges, founder (675) of the Benedictine abbey of Saint-Saëns, of which St. Leutfred [Leufroi] was the first abbot and which was ruined in the 9th century by the Normans.(6) 689 or 695. — At Langres, St. Antidius [Antège], bishop of that see and confessor. 7th c. — In the country of Autun, Blessed Letaldus, monk of Cîteaux, famous for his regularity, obedience, humility and simplicity. About 1110.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — The commemoration of all the departed Saints of our Order. — At Tours, Blessed Martin, bishop and confessor, whose life was so miraculous that he was found worthy to raise three dead men. His birthday in heaven is celebrated on 11 November. (7) 400.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — St. Lawrence, bishop of Dublin, at first a canon regular, who always kept the rule of life he had professed before his elevation to the episcopate and gave it to all the secular clerics of his diocese to follow. Famous for his virtues and miracles, he was canonized by Pope Honorius III. 1181. — Among the Premonstratensians, the feast of all the holy relics honoured in the churches of the Premonstratensian Order.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — The commemoration of all the departed of our Order. — The same day, St. Justus, bishop and confessor, who is mentioned on 10 November. 632.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Cistercians. — The commemoration of all the faithful of our Congregation who rest in the Lord. — St. Martin, pope and martyr, who on the 12th of this month flew victorious to heaven.(8) 655. — At Clairvaux, in the original diocese of Langres, the translation of the body of our Father St. Benedict, abbot, from the tomb placed before the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the marble sarcophagus placed behind the same altar. This solemn translation took place under Pope Alexander III. 1159–1181.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Brothers of the Most Holy Trinity. — The commemoration of all the departed of our Order. — St. Didacus, confessor, who is mentioned on the previous day.(9) 1463.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Caccamo in Sicily, Blessed John Liccio, confessor, of the Order of Friars Preachers, famous for his very great eloquence on divine things, his charity towards his neighbours, the spreading of the Rosary, his care to keep the Rule, and his other virtues. He rested in the Lord at the age of a hundred and eleven. 1511.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — At Ancona, Blessed Gabriel Ferretti, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, who, illustrious for the nobility of his birth, his virtues and the fame of his miracles, fell asleep in the Lord on the 12th of this month. On the day of his funeral his eulogy was delivered by St. James Picenus. His body is kept at Ancona, in the church of his Order. 1456.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The feast of all the Saints of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The feast of all the Saints of our Order. — At Alcalá in Spain, St. Didacus, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, famous for his humility. Sixtus V inscribed him in the catalogue of the Saints. His birthday in heaven was on 12 November, but it is celebrated today in our Order. 1463.

Martyrology of the Order of Servites of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — The same as among the Hermits of St. Augustine.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — The same as among the Friars Minor.

(1) Venerandus was born at Troyes, in the bosom of idolatry, of one of the noblest and richest citizens of the city. One day, as he was reading Psalm 50 without understanding it, an angel appeared to him and explained that the verse *Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor* meant the grace of the Christians' baptism. He believed at once, renounced the idols and, despite his father's threats and caresses, resolved to become a Christian. As he was walking on the banks of the Seine, meditating on heavenly things and on the means to take to save his soul, the Lord appeared to him and baptized him. Having become a Christian, Venerandus preached the Gospel, worked miracles and made many conversions. At that time Aurelian, on his way to make war on the Germans, passed through the city of Troyes. Learning that there were many Christians there, and hearing Venerandus spoken of as the most zealous of them all, he had him brought before him to force him by torture to renounce Jesus Christ. Rubbed with oil and tied to an iron stool, he was put in that state on a pyre; but, not having been burnt, he was pierced with arrows and finally put to death by the sword in the year 275. — *Old Proper of Troyes.*

(2) Veneranda, French by origin, had as parents two Christians, Agatho and Polena, who, after living thirty-five years without children, obtained her from heaven by their prayers. She was brought up with great care in piety and the knowledge of the holy Scriptures, and when she was thirty she began to preach Jesus Christ for nine years; then she went to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles and Martyrs. She continued her preaching in that city, converted many pagans, and was arrested by order of the prefect Asclepiades and brought before his tribunal. Every means was tried to seduce her, but in vain. Then her feet and hands were bound, she was stretched on the ground, her breast was beaten with ox-sinews, and an enormous stone was then laid on her. By a special protection of Providence she came out of this safe and sound. This miracle brought about the conversion of a multitude of idolaters. The tyrant did not admit defeat and had the Saint plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil, which did her no harm. Astonished, the prefect wanted to look at this oil closely; a drop of it spurted into his eye and blinded him. The Saint healed him and converted him. St. Veneranda was taken to two other cities, where other tortures were inflicted on her in vain; at last, by order of the emperor Antoninus, she was beheaded. — *Local notes.*

(3) The relics of St. Amandus, formerly kept in the abbey church of Saint-Melaine and now in the cathedral of Rennes, are solemnly exposed or even carried in procession through the streets of the city in times of calamity; and more than once the inhabitants of Rennes have been able to experience the power their holy patron enjoys in heaven. — *Proper of Rennes.*

(4) She died at Aurillac and was buried in the church of Saint-Clément in that city. The many miracles worked at her tomb drew a great number of pilgrims there. This concourse lasted until the 16th century, when the Calvinists scattered the precious relics of the devout countess. — *Proper of Saint-Flour.*

(5) This holy Martyr suffered on 14 September, in the flower of his age. Buried first at Tours, his body was later translated to the village of Lupersat (Creuse, arrondissement of Aubusson), where St. Montanus had once stayed for a time. His precious relics were almost entirely consumed in 1511 in a fierce fire that ruined the church of the place; this has not prevented him from being held ever since, and still today, in great veneration among the faithful. He is patron of Lupersat and of Saint-Oradoux-près-Crocq. — De Reignefort, *Saints du Limousin.*

(6) The abbey of Saint-Saëns was originally called Camp-Souverain or Camp-Soudain (*Campus Sidonii*). The holy founder was buried in the church of his monastery. Where were this church and monastery situated? Tradition gives them two different places: the farm of Camp-Souverain, near the forest of Eawy, three kilometres from the present town of Saint-Saëns (Seine-Inférieure, arrondissement of Neufchâtel-en-Bray); or else the mound of the Châtelier, near the town and the old castle. There is a venerated spring there (called that of the blessed St. Saëns), to which people come on pilgrimage and even in procession in times of drought. — M. l'abbé Cochet, in his *Seine-Inférieure historique et archéologique.*

(7) See his life on 11 November.

(8) See his life on 12 November.

(9) See the life of St. Didacus on 13 November.

ST. LAWRENCE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

— Pope: Lucius III. — King of England: Henry II.

Que la modestie soit l'ornement de votre sagesse, et que la pudeur domine en vous toutes les vertus.

Let modesty be the ornament of your wisdom, and let purity rule over all the virtues in you.

St. Jerome.

St. Lawrence [Laurent] had as his father Maurice O'Tuathail, king of that part of Ireland called Leinster, and as his mother Queen Inianobren, who was of a princely family. His birth caused his father such joy that he received into his good graces Donald, earl of Kildare, his vassal and his enemy, and even chose him to be godfather to his newborn son, asking him to name him Conchobar, a name much used in that country. But as the child was being carried to Kildare, to the church of St. Brigid, where the bishop of the place was to perform the ceremonies of baptism, a man commonly held to be a prophet came forward and, stopping the company, said in Irish verse that this child would be magnificent on earth and glorious in heaven; that he would have many poor and rich under his guidance; and that, moreover, he absolutely insisted that he be given the name of Lawrence. There was some difficulty about complying with his wish, because of the king's order to the contrary; but he answered that they need not worry, and that the following night he would go to the palace and inform His Majesty of the reason for this change. On his word the earl of Kildare gave the young prince the name of Lawrence at the font, as a happy omen that he would imitate the fervour of the three glorious martyrs who had borne the same name, and of St. Lawrence, archbishop of Canterbury, successor of St. Augustine, apostle of the English, and heir to his zeal.

The ceremony over, the prince was carried back to the king his father, who loved him as tenderly and had him brought up as carefully as if he had been his eldest son, although he was the last of several children. He was only ten when, as if he had come into the world only to reconcile kings and procure peace for his homeland, he was given as a hostage to one of the most powerful and formidable princes of the island, named Dermot [Dermith], with whom his father had had a quarrel and who would make peace only on condition that the young prince Lawrence should be put into his hands as surety for his father's good faith. He was inhumanly treated in that foreign land. Dermot, far from giving him a place at his table as his rank and propriety required, banished him, bound like a criminal, to the most desolate place in his kingdom, where for two years he suffered hunger, nakedness, the violence of the cold and the north wind and so many other hardships that his health was soon reduced to the most wretched state. His father, informed of everything, had twelve gentlemen among Dermot's subjects arrested and sent word to him that unless he sent his son back at once he would put them all to the sword. This made Dermot send Lawrence to the bishop of Glendalough [Glendenoch] to hand him back to his father in exchange for the twelve lords.

This prelate, who was a good man, seeing the little prince, felt no less pity at the neglect of his instruction during his captivity than at the state of exhaustion to which his sufferings had reduced him. He took care of his health and at the same time charged his chaplain to recall to his memory the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and all the other points of his catechism. God blessed this care. Lawrence was cured in a very short time, and he so relished the Christian truths this fervent cleric taught him that when the king his father came to Glendalough to fetch him, he told him he wished to enter the Church and remain with the bishop who had begun to give him such salutary instruction. King Maurice agreed to his son's proposal all the more willingly because he wished one of his children to consecrate himself to the service of the altar; so he left him at

Glendalough under the discipline of the bishop and the protection of St. Kevin [Coëmgen], the ancient founder and patron of that cathedral church.

The young Lawrence made great progress at this school, both in humane letters, which he learnt in a short time, and in the practice of virtue. All his desires were turned towards heaven, and he looked on the greatness of the earth only with extreme contempt. Devotion was all his delight. In prayer he found the peace and consolations the world cannot give. At twenty he lost his dear master, the bishop of Glendalough; but far from lessening his fervour on that account, he showed even more modesty, gravity and recollection, more detachment from earthly things and more love for the exercises of the spiritual life. So it was that when an abbey of the same town, which since its founder St. Kevin had always been held by persons of very illustrious birth, fell vacant, the clergy and people who had the right to appoint to it turned their eyes to so religious a prince to raise him to this high prelacy. He resisted the election for some time; but, recognizing God's will in the extraordinary eagerness of the electors, he was at last obliged to submit to the orders of divine Providence.

It was in this office that he showed himself truly the father of the poor and the provider of the whole country. For when a great famine came upon the province, he used all his revenue, which was very large, to give bread to the hungry, to clothe the naked, to procure remedies for the sick and to relieve every kind of unfortunate. Some great lords, setting themselves up as tyrants and gathering bands of brigands about them, did much violence to his vassals and tenants; but the Saint, without taking up arms against them and with no other help than the prayers he addressed to God, joined to penance and tears, made them fall into the hands of the king's officers, so that they were all punished and the land was at last purged of these public enemies. After four years of barrenness and scarcity, when plenty returned to the kingdom, St. Lawrence grew no richer and made the same use of his revenue as ever: everything not needed for the upkeep of his house he spent in relieving the ordinary poor, repairing churches that were ruined or threatening to fall, building new ones, founding hospitals and increasing divine worship in all the dependencies of his abbey. This faithfulness in administering a lesser prelacy made Our Lord choose him for a greater. When the new bishop of Glendalough died, everyone at once turned to this excellent abbot to make him his successor. He had every quality one could wish in a prince of the Church: learning, virtue, experience, authority, zeal, courage and eloquence. Yet he could never be brought to accept this new dignity, and his resistance was stronger than all the entreaties of the diocesans. He did not, however, escape the honour of the episcopate; for shortly afterwards, when the archiepiscopal see of Dublin fell vacant, he was chosen to fill it, and it was shown him so clearly that he could not oppose this choice without resisting the will of God that he was obliged to consent to his ordination.

After his consecration, which Gelasius, primate of Ireland, performed in the presence of several bishops and amid the acclamations of all the people, he began the exercise of his office with his own person, making himself a perfect model of holiness, so that, supporting his words by his own actions, he might lead souls effectively to the perfection of Christianity. To mortify his body and subject it to the rule of reason and grace, he armed himself with so harsh a hair shirt, reaching from his shoulders to his feet and binding him so tightly, that the horsehair entered his flesh like needle points; and as the vermin he let breed in it by way of mortification stung him continually, he was never a moment without suffering. He led the canons of his church to become regulars and to embrace the constitutions of those of the abbey of Arrouaise, and had this confirmed by a papal bull; he chose to profess this institute himself, so as to require nothing of others of which he did not give the example in his own person. He was in choir with them, ate in the same refectory and practised the same exercises, of prayer and silence as of fasting and the discipline; he even lowered himself to the least offices of the community, and never thought himself happier than when he had occasion to serve the last of the brethren. His fervour led him to go further still than the mortifications of the other religious. He often stayed in choir after Matins until daybreak, to converse familiarly with God at the foot of

a miraculous crucifix in his church; and when the day began to break he went into the cemetery to pray over the graves of the dead. He never ate meat after he became a canon regular; he fasted every Friday on bread and water, and often took no food at all on that day. Three times a day he exposed his delicate body to harsh scourgings that drew blood in abundance. His custom was also to dip his bread in lye, so as to be able to say with the Royal Prophet that he ate his bread with ashes. The little he spent on himself enabled him to help the poor; every day he fed thirty or forty of them, and sometimes even sixty, at his table; he also received pilgrims there with kindness, and gave countless other alms in his cathedral city and throughout his diocese.

When he was elected archbishop of Dublin he gave up his abbey of Glendalough, not wishing to hold two benefices together. King Dermot, seeing it vacant, appointed to it a cleric who was not worthy of it, with no regard for the right of the clergy and people, to whom this appointment had always belonged; but this cleric did not enjoy it long, and the lawful electors thereupon gave it to Thomas, our Saint's nephew, a wise and learned young man endowed with many virtues. This was why the blessed Prelate, to whom this nephew was extremely dear, not out of regard for kinship but for his singular piety, often went to Glendalough to have the consolation of conversing with him. Three miles from the town there was a cave hollowed in the rock, which St. Kevin had once made for himself to live in solitude. Our Saint withdrew there too every year and spent forty days in almost continual prayer and tears. During all that time he saw no one but his nephew, who informed him of the urgent affairs of his diocese and waited for his answers; he took no food but bread, vegetables and water. But while his body fasted, his soul was fed with the delights of eternity, and he received from on high such abundant lights that he seemed rather an angel from heaven than a man of this world. And so he never came out of that grotto but with his heart full of the fire of charity and his face, like that of Moses, shining with light; and then he preached with such zeal against the disorders reigning in his province that one had to be utterly hardened to resist the force of his words. It was in one of these retreats that he had a revelation of the future capture and sack of Dublin, his metropolitan city, because of the enormous crimes committed there in spite of his remonstrances and continual exhortations. He warned the inhabitants of it in his sermons with all the vehemence his zeal and charity inspired; but as they did not listen to their Pastor's voice and did not have recourse to the remedy of penance, they soon experienced the truth of his prediction. Dublin was taken by King Dermot, of whom we have already spoken, and, given over to the insolence and greed of the soldiery, it was pillaged and burnt with all the cruelty one could have feared from the most barbarous idolaters. St. Lawrence showed his courage and his love for his people on this occasion. He did not leave the city during the siege nor flee at the time of its capture, but stayed always beside his flock, to assist at the deaths of those mortally wounded, to dress the wounds of the injured, to prevent prisoners from being killed or carried into captivity, to save some of the vanquished, to help those whom so strange a catastrophe had reduced to the depths of misery, and, after the enemy withdrew, to work at raising up the ruins of the unhappy city. Above all he obtained from the victors the restitution of the vestments and church books they had carried off from the holy places, and in this way he kept up the divine offices and the celebration of the holy Mysteries, which without this wise precaution would necessarily have been interrupted.

His admirable charity, which could never be exhausted, led him to undertake various journeys, chiefly to England, either for the good of his own diocese, or for that of the kingdom of Leinster or of all Ireland. On one of these journeys a half-witted man, hearing everyone say that the archbishop of Dublin was a Saint, took it into his head that by making him a martyr he would do a fine deed and render a great service to God and the Church. So one day, when the Saint, vested in his pontifical robes, was going up to the altar to celebrate the holy Mysteries in the church of the Holy Trinity, where the tomb of St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury and martyr, was, the madman brought a great lever down on his head, which threw him to the ground half dead and almost senseless. The whole place at once rang with the cries and tears of those present. The religious of that house, who had received him with extreme joy, thinking themselves blessed to possess so holy a man for a time, crowded round to help him. The holy bishop, coming to himself, asked for water,

blessed it with the sign of the cross and recited the Lord's Prayer over it; then he asked that it be used to wash his wound; and no sooner had this been done than he found himself perfectly cured, so that he celebrated Mass pontifically as if nothing had happened to him. The mark of the wound, however, stayed with him all his life, and one can still see on his skull that he had suffered there a great fracture that should have killed him. The king condemned the sacrilegious man to be hanged; but the Saint interceded for him and obtained his pardon.

He received other extraordinary help from heaven several times, particularly through the intercession of Our Lady, to whom he bore a singular devotion and who for her part had a mother's affection and tenderness for him. Wishing one day to cross back from the principality of Wales to Ireland, he could not put to sea because of a cruel storm that was raging. But the Blessed Virgin appeared to a good hermit who lived in a nearby church and told him that this storm was only to stop the archbishop of Dublin and oblige him to dedicate that church, which was built under her name, because she wished it to be consecrated by his ministry. And indeed, as soon as he had finished the ceremony, the storm calmed and in a moment he was carried back to his own country. Moreover, his blessing gave such power to that sacred place that countless miracles have been worked there since. At other times, on the same crossing, when the ship he was in and those accompanying him were near to shipwreck, he delivered them by his prayers and by calling on his most powerful Advocate. He worked a host of other miracles too: he restored their minds to the insane, drove demons from the bodies of the possessed, healed sick people given up by the physicians, gave sight to the blind and raised the dead.

In 1179, Pope Alexander III having convoked a general Council at Rome in the church of St. John Lateran for the common affairs of the Church, our holy Prelate was obliged to go there, to obey the orders of the sovereign Pontiff and contribute his share to the help of all Christendom. He was received there by His Holiness with a thousand marks of esteem and respect, and he won great glory there by the wise counsels he gave and by his wholly holy conduct, which served as a light and a model to the other Prelates who made up that venerable assembly. When he was about to leave, the Pope made him his legate for all Ireland, so that by his prudence and zeal he might reform the abuses that had crept in there and make Christianity flourish again, whose brightness and beauty were wretchedly disfigured by the vices of the country, which have always been extreme. St. Lawrence did not let the talent the father of the family had entrusted to him lie buried. He visited the whole island and spared nothing to restore church discipline there. For this he made very wise regulations and renewed those the other legates, his predecessors, had made; he applied himself above all to the sanctification of the ministers of the Church, knowing well that the whole reform of God's people depends on it.

During his legation Ireland was afflicted by a great famine, which gave him new occasions to show his mercy. Every day he gave alms to five hundred poor people who came to beg his help, besides about three hundred to whom he sent food, clothing and all the other necessaries of life; and this lasted three years. Several women who found themselves unable to feed their children took it into their heads to expose them before the door of his episcopal palace, or in other places he was to pass, knowing well that he would not fail to give them the help their poverty required. The number of these children did not put him off; he received them with a pastor's charity and a mother's tenderness, in honour of the childhood and poverty of Jesus Christ. He made himself their foster father, distributed them among various places in his archdiocese, and charged his bailiffs and other officers to take particular care of them and have them well brought up. There were nearly two hundred of them, not counting those he had fed in his palace. When they were older he had each of them given a wooden cross as a sign that they belonged to the Church, so that when they went about the country everyone gave them alms freely. When the holy archbishop was near the end of his days, a great dispute arose between Henry II, king of England, under whose reign St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, had suffered martyrdom, and Roderic, king of Ireland. This zealous Pastor, to try to reconcile them, crossed

to England with one of his nephews, a very handsome young lord, whom he meant to give as a hostage to the Englishman if he could agree with him on the articles of peace. His negotiation did not succeed, and Henry, far from having regard to his remonstrances, treated him very uncivilly and even refused him leave to return to Ireland, going so far as to forbid all the ports to let him embark. During this persecution the Saint withdrew to the monastery of Abingdon; but seeing that the prince, who had crossed to Normandy, was a very long time in coming back, he resolved to go there himself, in the hope of winning in that country, over the king's mind, what he had not been able to win in England. So he took ship at London and landed at Wissant, between Calais and Boulogne.

As soon as he was in France he was seized by a fever that caused him great weakness; but, his charity overcoming his illness, he went on with his journey as far as the town of Eu, which separates Picardy from Normandy. When he was on the hill overlooking that town, he asked what the church was that he saw in the middle of it; he was told that it was dedicated to Our Lady and belonged to the Canons Regular of St. Augustine of the Congregation of Saint-Victor of Paris. He showed great joy at this and, already having presentiments of his death, said in a prophetic spirit: "This is my resting-place for ever; here I will dwell, for I have chosen it." He then went to pray in that church; and, not wishing to be a burden to anyone, he went to bed in the neighbouring inn, believed to be the one that now has a swan for its sign. As soon as he was in bed he sent to beg the abbot of that religious house, named Osbert, to come and see him; and, having made his confession to him, he begged him to give him holy Viaticum, which he received with wonderful devotion.

The approach of death did not stop him from thinking of the purpose of his journey, for he wished to procure peace at his death as he had procured it at his birth. For this he sent David, his nephew's tutor, to Rouen to the king of England to renew the entreaties he had already made to him. He was more fortunate through this envoy than he had been in person, and God gave him more success in the helplessness and weakness to which his illness reduced him than he had had when full health left him the strength to speak and act vigorously. David came back after four days with full assurance of a settlement, which gave our blessed Prelate such joy that, unable to show it in words, he made the cleric rest his head for a while on his breast, in gratitude for so happy a negotiation.

Meanwhile, his illness growing worse and worse, he sent a second time to beg the abbot to come and see him with his religious, and, before receiving from his hands the sacrament of Extreme Unction, he asked to be received into his Congregation, as being already a canon regular. He easily obtained what he asked, the religious thinking themselves greatly honoured to have so great and holy a Prelate in their company. When he was spoken to about making his will, as was the custom, he answered that God knew he had not a crown left, and so it was impossible for him to make a will. Indeed, he had given everything to the poor, and his charity had so stripped him that he was no longer able to give any more. Thus at his death he imitated the great St. Augustine, who had also refused to make a will, as during his life he had been the faithful observer of his Rule. At last, having spent his last moments continually repeating these words: "Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy on me, for my soul puts all its hope in Thee," he gave up his spirit to Our Lord on 14 November in the year 1181.

On the night he died, an inhabitant of Dublin named Innocent saw in a dream the high altar of the cathedral fall to the ground and break in pieces. He went first thing in the morning to see whether his vision was true and, finding the high altar whole, judged that this imaginary fall signified the real death of the holy archbishop. The same night a great fire appeared over the church of Our Lady in the town of Eu, and as it rose into the sky it was taken as a happy omen that the soul of our Saint had gone without delay to enjoy the delights of beatitude.

He is represented: 1° looking at a church surrounded with light; 2° standing on a ship without a pilot, which lies becalmed until he makes a vow to build a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, whose figure is seen in a great star.

CULT AND RELICS.

The body of St. Lawrence was buried in the church of Our Lady in the town of Eu, in the middle of the choir, in the presence of Cardinal Alexis, legate of the Holy See in Scotland, and God honoured his relics with several great miracles.

Five or six years later, when this church was being rebuilt, his body was found whole and giving off a very pleasant fragrance, and it is even said that there was still blood in his veins. This discovery, and the extraordinary help many sick people received by his intercession, led to the translation of his precious remains to a small vault before the altar of St. Leodegar [Léger], and then to the pursuit of the decree of his canonization, which was made in the year 1226, on 11 December, by Pope Honorius III. The following year a new translation was made into a rich shrine, which was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The first translation was made on 14 April, and the second on 18 May.

The wonders worked at both these translations cannot be counted, nor those worked since in the church where his relics rest and everywhere else his protection is implored: dead men raised, illustrious persons saved from shipwreck, fires put out, incurable diseases suddenly cured, rain obtained from heaven or stopped when it was too abundant, demoniacs delivered, lepers and epileptics restored to perfect health, and countless other help granted to every sort of unfortunate.

The shrine containing the body of St. Lawrence was kept in the abbey of Notre-Dame d'Eu and was placed above the high altar. It is now in the parish church, and his head has been placed in a silver reliquary. Some small portions of his relics have been given to other churches. The church of the abbey, where the bodies of several counts of Eu, of Ponthieu and others rest, as well as those of several princes of the house of Bourbon, is now divided into two vast churches, one of which serves as the parish church and bears the name of Saint-Laurent, who is the chief patron of the town. Three feasts are celebrated there every year in his honour: one in November, another in August and the third in May. Some distance from the town there is a chapel built on the spot where the clergy and magistrates went to greet him when they learnt of his arrival. The town of Eu is full of monuments attesting its veneration for St. Lawrence, and there is no longer any of Henry II, who often honoured it with his presence.

To compose this biography we have used the *History of the Saint* by the Rev. Fr. Jean Guignon, Franciscan; the one written by a canon of Eu and reported in Surius; and the additions made by the continuators of Godescard.

ST. VITONUS (VENNE OR VANNES), EIGHTH BISHOP OF VERDUN (ABOUT 529)

King Clovis, having made himself master of the city of Verdun, did not think it prudent, despite the submission and good welcome of the people of Verdun, to leave to their votes the choice of the bishop who was to replace St. Firminus; and he declared that Euspicius was the man he wished to see called to this eminent post, from then on the first in the city. This Euspicius was a venerable old man whom the people of Verdun had sent as envoy to the king of the Franks to implore his clemency for the besieged city. He was therefore elected by acclamation; but he declined to accept, because of his great age, which left him no other wish than to end his days in the peace of the cloister. Then, presenting St. Vitonus [Vannes], one of his two nephews, he attested that he was worthy of the office to which they had wished to raise himself: Vitonus was elected.

The history of this holy pontiff is still half legendary, and in the time of Bertharius (9th century) no ancient writing about him could any longer be found. From what is known in a general way it emerges that St. Vitonus was one of the great figures of his time; that he rooted out the remains of idolatry among the people of Verdun; that under his administration, and no doubt thanks to the favour of Clovis, the bishopric

began to become the dominant power in Verdun; and finally, that his episcopate lasted about twenty-five years.

Vitonus died in such odour of sanctity that the old basilica where he rested, beside most of his predecessors, was soon known only by his name, because of the crowds of people who came from afar to pray at his tomb. This church kept the relics of its patron until 1790, in a silver shrine into which they had been translated in 1147 by Pope Eugenius III in person, when he came to dedicate the cathedral rebuilt by bishop Albero of Chiny. This shrine has been described to us as a casket of silver-gilt, adorned outside with figurines and with jewels imitating precious stones. The reliquary had the form of a little church and bore an inscription in Latin verse recording the translation we have just mentioned. At the time of the Revolution the relics of our holy bishop were happily hidden; they still enrich the treasury of Verdun cathedral. The legendary history credits St. Vitonus with having delivered the country from a dragon or great serpent which had made its lair in the rocks on which the citadel now stands, darting out from there on men and beasts and spreading death far and wide with its pestilent breath. Attempts to destroy it were vain; Masses and psalms were sung; at last St. Vitonus, taking a few of the faithful with him, marched boldly to the monster's cave. The people watched him from afar and prayed to God. He was seen to go alone into the place of horror; and after some time had passed amid general anxiety, people were already afraid he would never come out of the den, when at last he reappeared, drawing the hideous reptile by his stole, as though an invisible power were taming it at his feet; and he dragged it thus to the Meuse, into which the dreadful beast threw itself and disappeared for ever. In memory of this famous miracle St. Vitonus was shown in pictures with a winged dragon held by a chain, and a figure of the fantastic animal was carried each year in the Rogation processions.(1)

Let us say a word, in closing, about the famous abbey of Saint-Vanne. It lay outside the walls of Verdun on the west side, on a height linking the town with the hill of Saint-Barthélemy. It consisted of a group of buildings and gardens surrounded by walls, in the centre of which rose its fine church. This church, at first dedicated under the invocation of the apostles Peter and Paul, went back to the very beginning of Christianity at Verdun; it was the seat of the first four bishops of Verdun, and their successors usually chose their burial there. When the episcopal see was moved into the town, St. Vitonus established there a community of clerics, which for more than four centuries was governed by men of eminent piety and learning, and often by bishops, as provosts and abbots, who gave great brilliance and splendour to religion in that diocese. In 952 Berengar, twenty-third bishop of Verdun, placed religious of the Order of St. Benedict in this church and attached conventual buildings to it, which thus became the first monastery of the town. Humbert of Verdun was its first abbot. Charles, cardinal of Lorraine and archbishop of Reims, was abbot of Saint-Vanne from 1548 to 1574; with the authorization of Pope Gregory XIII he had the monastery united to the episcopal revenue of Verdun. From that time the abbey, which was beginning to decline, was restored to regularity according to the Rule of St. Benedict through the zeal, piety and wisdom of the priors who governed it. The most famous was Dom Didier de La Cour, who began the Reform there in 1600 by virtue of a brief of the Holy See obtained by Duke Eric of Lorraine, bishop of Verdun and abbot of Saint-Vanne. This famous monastery then became the head of the illustrious Congregation of all the abbeys of its Order in Lorraine, Champagne and Burgundy that embraced the same Reform. Through its religious it also passed the Reform on to all the other monasteries of France, which embraced it under the title of the Congregation of Saint-Maur. The Congregation of Saint-Vanne was erected by a brief of Pope Clement VIII dated 7 April 1604, on the model of the statutes of Monte Cassino, giving power to the presidents and visitors to join to their Congregation all monasteries that wished to accept the Reform.

At the Revolution the abbey of Saint-Vanne was suppressed and its buildings handed over to the military authorities. Almost all these buildings have been preserved, though not without many changes in their layout and many mutilations of their architecture. As for the church (the modern Gothic church dated from 1520), since by the nature of its construction it could not be put to use, it was left in a state of neglect that brought

rapid decay; it was completely demolished in 1831–1832.

Proper of Verdun; Histoire ecclésiastique et civile de Verdun *by Roussel (Bar-le-Duc edition, 1864);* Histoire de Verdun et du pays verdunois *by M. l'abbé Clouët (Verdun, 1867).*

(1) Since idolatry was regarded as the worship of the infernal powers, the triumph of Christianity was everywhere celebrated as the defeat of the dragon of hell; and this is what the Verdun legend means. Its historical sense is that St. Vitonus had the idols that still stood on the hill where the fabulous story sets the scene of his wonder thrown down. The custom of carrying St. Vitonus's dragon in the Rogation procession was still kept up at Verdun in the middle of the last century, as is proved by a liturgical ceremonial written at that time; but shortly afterwards this odd emblem was suppressed, and no one regretted it, except perhaps the bearer, who received a little loaf in the gaping jaws of his monster in front of every bakery. — The abbé Clouët, *Histoire de Verdun.*

ST. SERAPION, RELIGIOUS OF THE MERCEDARIAN ORDER, MARTYR AT ALGIERS (1240)

Serapion, an Englishman by nation and of an illustrious family, was born towards the end of the 12th century, was brought up at the court of the duke of Austria and at first embraced the profession of arms. Having gone to Spain with the duke, who was bringing help to the king of Castile against the Moors, he entered the service of Alfonso IX and stayed in the Peninsula, wishing to devote his life to fighting the enemies of the Christian name. He bore arms for some years; but one day, meeting religious of the recently founded Order of St. Mary of Mercy, who were coming from the country held by the infidels with many captives they had ransomed, his heart was touched at the sight, and he began to feel the desire to embrace this holy militia. Received into the Order by St. Peter Nolasco at Barcelona, he gave himself from then on with great ardour to the practice of all the virtues; he exercised himself ceaselessly in prayer, humility, mortification and chastity. Zealous for the salvation of souls, he drew many from the corruption of vice and brought them back to virtue; in particular he converted many fallen women. He was found worthy to be chosen several times by his superiors to go among the infidels to negotiate the ransom of captives, and each of his journeys was crowned with full success. The holy founder of his Order, Peter Nolasco, entrusted to him the direction of the novices, among whom was St. Raymond Nonnatus; but the desire to establish the new Order in his homeland made him cross back to England. During the crossing he was taken by corsairs, who stripped him and loaded him with ill-treatment. His zeal for souls having led him to remonstrate with these brigands about the blasphemies they uttered and the disorders to which they gave themselves without restraint, they were so enraged that, after beating him until they left him for dead, they threw him into the sea. With God's help he managed to reach the coast and went to London, from where he passed to Ireland and Scotland. He was persecuted in the latter kingdom and returned to Spain.

St. Peter Nolasco sent him almost at once to Algiers with another religious named Berengar. He freed eighty-seven Spanish captives whom he meant to take back to their homeland. But those of other nations, seeing their deliverance put off, went to Serapion, set before him their wretched condition and the danger they were in of losing the faith through the ill-treatment inflicted on them to force them to apostatize. The holy religious then resolved to let his confrère leave with the ransomed captives and to stay himself among these unfortunates to support and console them while the money needed for their deliverance was collected. However, as he openly announced the true faith to the infidels and made converts among them, the chief of the Moors had him loaded with irons, thrown into a dungeon and cruelly beaten. Soon afterwards a sentence of death was passed on him: he was put on a cross, and all the members of his body were cut off, joint by joint. During his torture he repeated this prayer: "Lord, deliver not to the beasts the souls of those who confess Thee; save the souls Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood." At last he was beheaded and flew to heaven to receive the crown of martyrdom in the year 1240. Benedict XIII approved his cult on 14

July 1728.

He is represented: 1° tied by the Moors to a St. Andrew's cross, where his belly is opened to draw out the entrails, which are wound on a windlass (one of the paintings in the Spanish gallery of the Louvre under Louis-Philippe showed this torture); 2° bound on a saltire cross, with his four limbs cut off above the elbows and thighs. He is one of the patrons of Barcelona and of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy.

Proper of Algiers.

BLESSED GABRIEL FERRETTI OF ANCONA, FRIAR MINOR OF THE OBSERVANCE (1456)

Blessed Gabriel was born at Ancona, of the illustrious family of the counts Ferretti, to which our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, gloriously reigning (1873), belongs. His parents, endowed with deep piety, took every care to instil the Christian virtues into him from childhood. Docile to their lessons, he showed while still young a great aversion for the vanities of the world; and so he left his father's house early, to exchange for Franciscan humility the glory and human advantages that his family's distinction promised him. As soon as he had put on the holy habit, the practice of this humility seemed to become the object of his chief study. He seemed to have no other desire than to be the servant of all his brethren; he took on with joyful and constant eagerness the lowest offices of the monastery and delighted in the most complete self-denial. But, despite the care he took to hide his talents, he did not succeed in remaining unknown to his superiors, whose will imposed on him first the office of guardian of the convent of Ancona and later that of first superior of the province. He regarded these offices only as an occasion to serve his Brothers with more devotion and humility than before.

He was vicar provincial when, on his way to Assisi to gain the indulgence of the Portiuncula, he passed through Foligno and went into a church to pray. The sacristan, seeing him, took him for a poor Brother and with a certain tone of authority invited him to serve a Mass. Father Gabriel, happy to practise obedience, submitted to the sacristan's order. Shortly afterwards the Father guardian of a nearby convent, also coming into the church, was much astonished to see him serving Mass and began to reproach the sacristan for the offhand way in which he had employed so respected a prelate in this humble office; but the Blessed one took the sacristan's side. "To serve Mass," he said, "is a sublime function which the angels would count it an honour to fulfil; so I can only be very happy to be charged with so lofty a ministry."

For many years Blessed Gabriel gave himself with a wholly apostolic zeal to the ministry of preaching, and many souls owed him their salvation. He possessed the gift of prayer in an eminent degree; his contemplation of heavenly truths was interrupted by none of the labours in which his life was spent; he was often seen in sweet ecstasies conversing familiarly with Our Lord Jesus Christ and His holy Mother. Finally, God favoured him with the gift of prophecy and that of miracles.

In his last illness he had the happiness of being attended by St. James of the Marches and by Brother George of Alba [Albe]; in reward for the tender charity with which they served him he announced to each of them, on God's behalf, that their names were already written among those of the inhabitants of heaven.

He breathed his last on 12 November 1456. The people of Ancona paid great honours to his mortal remains, and God was pleased to make him illustrious by striking and numerous miracles. His fellow citizens asked Pope Callistus III for his beatification; the Holy Father named St. James of the Marches apostolic commissioner for the inquiry into the cause; but the process was not completed in the court of Rome. Innocent VIII allowed his body to be exhumed so as to give it a place befitting the remains of a Saint. The Blessed one's family had a marble chapel built for this purpose, and when his body was taken from the ground to be placed in this monument, it was seen with admiration that the corruption of the tomb had not touched it.

Benedict XIV authorized the cult of Blessed Gabriel, and Clement XIII approved the lessons of his office.

Extracted from the Annales franciscaines.

BLESSED JOHN LICCIO OF SICILY, OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC (1511)

A town of the diocese of Palermo (it is believed to be Caccamo) saw the birth, in 1397, of Blessed John Liccio, of poor parents. He lost his mother at six months, and as his father was too poor to pay a nurse, the child was given pomegranate juice instead of milk. A devout woman, moved by the state to which this poor orphan was reduced, took him to nurse him, and was at once rewarded for so good a deed: her husband, who was sick in bed, had no sooner touched the little John Liccio than he was suddenly cured. As soon as John had reached the age of reason he was seen to be full of zeal and ardour for prayer, fasting and bodily mortification.

Later, at the prompting of Blessed Peter Geremia, he entered the Order of St. Dominic, which he was to make illustrious by his virtues. Charged by his superiors with announcing the word of God, he did it with such success that the most hardened sinners felt their hearts touched with compunction and returned to God. His charity and readiness to be of service quickly won him the people’s affection. To this charity he joined a tender piety, and he was often seen shedding tears while he celebrated the holy mysteries. He had a great love for the Blessed Virgin and worked to spread the devotion of the Rosary everywhere. Relying on Providence and public charity, he undertook to found a convent of Dominicans in his native town. The work was brought to a successful end, and for a long time the Blessed one was at the head of this house, which he governed with great zeal and intelligence. He lived to a hundred and eleven and died in 1511, embracing the crucifix. Many miracles worked through his intercession led to a cult being paid to him, which the great Pope Benedict XIV approved on 25 April 1753.

Cf. the continuators of Godescard.

15 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The feast of St. Gertrude, virgin; her death is commemorated on the 17th of this month. 14th c. — The birthday in heaven of St. Eugenius, bishop of Toledo and martyr, disciple of St. Denis the Areopagite. Having completed his martyrdom near Paris, he received from Our Lord the crown he had earned by his torments. His body was later carried to Toledo.(1) 95. — At Nola in Campania, St. Felix, bishop and martyr, who from the age of fifteen shone brightly by his miracles and finished his combats for the faith, with thirty others, under the governor Marcianus. — At Edessa in Syria, Sts. Gurias and Samonas, martyred under the emperor Diocletian and the governor Antoninus. 299. — In the same place, the execution of St. Abibus [Abide], deacon, who was torn with iron hooks and then thrown into the fire under the emperor Licinius and the governor Lysanias. 322. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Secundus, Fidentianus and Varicus. — In Brittany, the blessed death of St. Malo, bishop, whom God made illustrious by miracles from his earliest youth. 630. — At Verona, St. Luperius, bishop and confessor. About 800. — In Austria, St. Leopold, margrave of that province, who was placed in the Catalogue of the Saints by Pope Innocent VIII. 1136.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Autun, Paris, Soissons and Versailles, St. Eugenius, martyr, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 95. — In the dioceses of Coutances, Nantes, Rennes and Saint-Brieuc, St. Malo,

named today in the same martyrology. 630. — In the dioceses of Laval, Le Mans, Meaux, Nancy, Pamiers, Rouen and Verdun, St. Gertrude, virgin, named today in the same source. 1334. — In the dioceses of Laval and Le Mans, memory of St. Pavin (Paduinus), monk, then prior of Saint-Vincent (a monastery founded by St. Domnolus, bishop of Le Mans, 560–581), and finally abbot of Sainte-Marie de Baugé (founded by the same).(2) About 580. — In the diocese of Nancy, St. Leopold, confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 1136. — In the territory of Albi, the death of St. Desiderius [Didier] (popularly St. Géry), bishop of Cahors and confessor, whose life we shall give on 26 November. 654. — At Limoges, St. Cessator or Cessadre, bishop of that see and confessor. He was a pontiff of generous feelings, strength of character and a courage proof against everything. He was also endowed with a tender compassion for the unfortunate, eminent piety and prodigious vigilance and activity.(3) 8th c. — At Toul, in the present diocese of Nancy, St. Arnulf of Orléans (Arnulphus), twenty-ninth bishop of that ancient see, which he governed for twenty-five years. He was buried in the abbey of Saint-Èvre. 871. — At Dinan (Côtes-du-Nord), in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc, St. Carné, martyr, who has given his name to a parish of that diocese. 5th c. — In the Limousin, St. Junianus of Champagné-le-Sec, recluse, founder and abbot of Mairé in the diocese of Poitiers, whose life we gave on 13 August. 587. — On Mont-Valérien near Paris, the Venerable John Lecomte, solitary, a native of Le Mans. For forty years he led the most austere life there, taking for all his food a piece of black bread, a few herbs and a little water. About 1638.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — St. Martin, pope and martyr, who is mentioned on 12 November.(4) 655.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — In Poland, Sts. Matthew, Isaac and Christinus, martyrs, of the Order of Camaldoli, who are mentioned on 12 November. 1004.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Cistercians. — The translation of the body of our Father St. Bernard, abbot and doctor of the Church. This translation took place on the eve of this day. 12th c.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Cologne, Blessed Albert the Great, bishop and confessor, of our Order. The holy Virgin, Mother of God, revealed to him in a vision God’s will to make the Church illustrious by his wonderful teaching. He worked miracles before and after his death. 1280.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The Commemoration of all the departed of our Order. — In Germany, St. Gertrude, virgin, of the Order of St. Benedict, who was famous for the gift of revelations and passed to her heavenly Spouse on 17 November; her feast is nevertheless celebrated on this day. 1334.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — St. Gertrude, virgin, of the Order of St. Benedict. 1334.

(1) Eugenius, disciple of St. Denis the Areopagite, having left his master in Gaul, made his way to Spain, penetrated to the heart of the country, preached the Gospel, converted many people and so became the father and founder of the Church of Toledo (New Castile). Wishing to strengthen his new foundation and establish relations with St. Denis and the Church of Paris, he took the road back to Gaul. As persecution was raging in that country, St. Eugenius was arrested by the agents of the prefect Sisinnius at Deuil in the Parisis; he was questioned about his faith, generously confessed the unity of God and the divinity of Jesus Christ, and completed his martyrdom by the sword (15 November 95).

The pagans threw St. Eugenius's body into the lake of Marchais near Deuil, where it long remained hidden. At last St. Denis the Areopagite appeared to an inhabitant of that region who was gravely ill, and told him he would recover his health on condition that after his cure he would draw St. Eugenius's body out of the water and place it in a fitting spot. As soon as he was cured, Herold (that was the man's name) hastened to carry out St. Denis's order, and St. Eugenius's body was drawn out of the water perfectly preserved and laid in a magnificent tomb. Later it was carried to the church of Saint-Denis. Finally the relics of the holy founder of the Church of Toledo were carried to that city, where they still are today. — *Proper of Spain.*

(2) The monastery of Sainte-Marie de Baugé (so called from a mound near which it was built) soon became famous, above all through the reputation of the holy abbot, the hospice attached to it and the school St. Pavin directed there. Throughout the Merovingian period this school rivalled that of the monastery of Anisola, and it was for the whole province one of the chief centres of light and life. The monastery itself became very flourishing in the number of its monks, and the concourse of the faithful round this sanctuary was the origin of the town of Saint-Pavin-des-Champs near Le Mans. The parish church replaces the basilica of the monastery and is under the patronage of the Saint whose name it bears. — Dom Piolin, *Histoire de l'Église du Mans*; Proper of Le Mans.

(3) A public cult was soon paid to him after his death; our ancestors built him a church in the outskirts of Limoges, known until lately as Saint-Cessadre (popularly the Pénitents-Rouges); this church disappeared in the revolutionary storm. Before that disastrous period his tomb could be seen there. As for his body, it was carried in 844 to Saint-Santin near Brive, to save it from the ravages of the Normans. It was found again (17th century) under the high altar of that church, and a whole arm bone was given to the parish priest of Saint-Cessadre at Limoges. This precious relic is probably the same as that of St. Cessator now venerated in the parish church of Sainte-Marie at Limoges. — De Reignefort, *Saints du Limousin.*

(4) See his life on 12 November.

ST. MALO OR MACHUTUS,(1) BISHOP OF THE FORMER SEE OF ALETH IN BRITTANY, AND CONFESSOR

— Pope: Honorius I. — King of France: Dagobert I.

In omnium ore virtutum ejus fama versabatur.

His praise was on every lip.

Office of St. Malo, at Rennes.

St. Malo, better known in Saintonge by the name of Macout (Maclovius, Machutus), was probably of Irish origin, to judge by the primitive form of his name, which in all likelihood must have been Mac-Low. It is not known what circumstance had brought his parents to the continent; but he was born at Raux or Roc, near Aleth, according to Bili, the oldest of his biographers. His birth is said to have been granted to the prayers of his father and mother. She, named Darval, was already sixty-six when she brought our Saint into the world, on Easter Day 497.(2) God willed that everything about this child should be supernatural. His father, named Gwent, was lord of the old province of the Silures. He is held to be the founder of the town of Caer-Went, now Chepstow, on the Bristol Channel. At that time holy anchorites such as Cadoc, Illtud [Eltut] and Brendan had made their monasteries into so many schools, where they worked for the civilization of Ireland and Great Britain by the Christian education of the children of the leading families of the country. Macout, as soon as he was old enough to study, was entrusted to the care of St. Brendan, abbot of Llancarfan [Lan-Carvan]. The legends have told, and the old liturgy liked to repeat, the virtuous traits and marvellous deeds of his childhood. God showed one day, by a wonderful preservation, with what care His Providence watched over this child. One evening the young pupils of Llancarfan were at play on the seashore near the

monastery. Macout, yielding to his love of solitude, had gone far from his companions to a mound, where he fell asleep lying on seaweed. The tide had forced the young troop to move away, and had flooded the place where Macout was sleeping. His absence was not noticed until they were back at the monastery. The holy abbot, full of anxiety, ran to the shore and made it ring with his repeated cries. He called Macout. Macout did not answer. Doubtless, alas, he was drowned. In the grip of his grief Brendan went back to his cell and spent the night praying for his dear child, whom he believed dead. Next day, very early, less in hope of finding him than to satisfy an impulse of his heart, he went back to the shore. From the highest points he cast an anxious look over the immensity of the waves. O wonder! The young Macout, standing on the seaweed, which the waters had lifted up without even wetting his clothes, was singing the praises of the Creator. Master and disciple were near enough to hear each other, and a dialogue began between them. The child told how the divine goodness had preserved him from all danger, and Brendan, moved and joyful, thanking God from the bottom of his heart, brought his dear pupil back to the monastery, where his schoolfellows were awaiting his return. The monk Sigebert of Gembloux, another biographer of the Saint, says that the clod of earth on which Macout slept grew at the moment of the flood tide and formed an island that still rises above the waves.

Meanwhile the Anglo-Saxons had invaded the whole eastern part of Great Britain. About the year 536 the ravages they wrought on the west coast forced Macout and several holy men to emigrate to Armorica. Among them was St. Samson, who had already received episcopal consecration as an auxiliary bishop, according to the custom of the time, and who was the first bishop of Dol; then St. Magloire, St. Brieuc, St. Pol and St. Méen. These new apostles landed on an island not far from the mainland, called the island of Aaron (today the town of Saint-Malo-de-l'Isle), from the name of a holy anchorite who lived there. Macout, under the guidance of Samson, thought only of applying himself to the monastic virtues and tasting the charms of solitude, when the Christians of the town of Aleth, separated from this island by a narrow channel, unanimously chose him as bishop, with the assent of their prince, whom Bili names Judelus and who is known in history as Judwal or Alan. King Childebert I (557) had just restored this prince to the states of his fathers, usurped in 546 by Conomor.

Sigebert, speaking of Macout's election, says that he was seated on the episcopal chair. This expression does not seem to indicate the creation of a new bishopric. He would not, then, have been its first holder, as several have claimed. The Acts of St. Samson name Gurval as the bishop of Aleth who attended that Saint's funeral in 565. Manet gives our Saint a predecessor named Budoc. It would have been truer to say that our Saint was the first bishop of Aleth of British origin, all the others before him having belonged to Armorican families.

It was in 575. Until 594, the year of Judwal's death, the holy bishop never ceased to exercise his apostolate in peace and to edify his diocese and the whole of Armorica by his word, his example and his miracles. Hailoch or Hoël III, Judwal's son and successor, had not inherited his father's piety. He was the first persecutor of the holy bishop, and on the following occasion. Macout had made the journey to Luxeuil expressly to learn St. Columban's Rule, already famous, from his own lips. Back at Aleth, he built at Raux, his birthplace, a monastery which he placed under that Rule. He liked to lead the cenobitic life there himself. The riches of this soon flourishing abbey had tempted Hoël's greed. He wanted to destroy the church; but God struck him with blindness. Forced to acknowledge his guilt, he begged for pardon and healing. Macout, always ready to do good to his enemies, washed his eyes with oil and water he had blessed and gave him back his sight. The prince was grateful for this benefit all his life. At his death, in 612, the persecution began again. Macout had first had the grief of seeing one of the count's children, whom he had hidden in his own cell, massacred there. The author of this murder, named Kethwel, meant to do away in this way with all the sons of Hoël III. Three days later, in punishment for his crime, he was himself struck down by a shameful death. Feeling was none the less roused against Macout. God allowed, to try him, that he should find adversaries even among his colleagues in the episcopate. He was driven from his see; the prince even dared to pull down his cathedral.

The Saint then resolved to leave this ungrateful land, which he had cultivated for nearly forty years. On leaving, he called down on it the curses of heaven, not in a spirit of revenge but so as to bring sinners back to themselves under the blow of temporal punishments. He took ship with thirty-three religious who chose to share his exile. After several days' sailing towards the coasts of Aquitaine, they landed on an island of Saintonge which Bili names Agenis and which seems to us to be the Île d'Aix (Aia, Agia, Aias, Ais, Ayensis, Aquensis). Macout inquired about the customs and religion of the inhabitants. Learning that they were Catholics, he asked them whether he might find in the neighbouring city a bishop or some other considerable person given to works of mercy who would kindly give shelter to him and his companions. They named Leontius, bishop of Saintes, who was at that moment on another island called Euria, which we believe to be Hiers. They at once set sail for that place. Leontius, learning what esteem Macout had won by his virtues, welcomed him eagerly and gave him, as a dwelling for himself and his monks, a magnificent estate near his episcopal city, with fine revenues. To these gifts the people of the neighbourhood added a donkey to carry wood for the use of the community. One day the donkey, badly watched, was devoured by a wolf. Macout then forced the wild beast to take on the donkey's pack-saddle and perform its various tasks; which it did willingly, says the legend, as long as the Saint lived.

God was pleased to show by miracles a virtue that strove to make men forget it. A new occasion made it better known. The daughter of the governor of Saintes, bitten by a venomous snake, was on the point of dying. Macout, moved with compassion, hurried to her, dipped an ivy leaf in holy water, applied it to the wound and made the poison flow out entirely. The governor in gratitude gave Macout considerable lands to help him in the alms he distributed every day to the needy. Another day St. Leontius had set aside some water in which Macout had washed his hands. A blind woman bathed her eyes with it and recovered her sight. Leontius, wishing his whole diocese to enjoy the benefits and edification that Macout's presence brought, invited him to make the visitation of the parishes with him. The course of this visitation had brought the two bishops to a town which Sigebert names Brea, the Hérouval manuscript Briage and the Breviary of 1542 Brya. There were two churches or chapels in this town. The likeness of the name, the former importance of the place attested by the imposing remains of an ancient keep, and above all the existence of two churches dedicated one to St. Peter and the other to St. Eutropius, as charters of Notre-Dame de Saintes bear witness: all these circumstances together lead us to believe that the old town of Broue is meant. It then stood proudly in the gulf of Brouage, on a high promontory beaten by the waves of the Ocean. Leontius had assigned to Macout one of the two churches in which to perform the sacred functions while he performed them in the other. Now it happened that a boy of twelve of the bishop of Saintes's household fell into a well and was drowned. Moved by this sad event and touched by the tears of the child's family, Leontius had the dead boy's body carried into the church he had assigned to Macout. Macout understood what was being asked of him. He spent the whole night in prayer, and next day, prostrating himself seven times on the child after the example of the prophet Eliseus, he gave him back his life. Out of humility he attributed this miracle solely to the merits of Leontius.

While Saintonge was happy to possess so brilliant a light, the diocese of Aleth presented the most deplorable sight. Never had so many lame, blind and lepers been seen there. Foul miasmas spread contagious diseases through every house. The land had become barren; famine was general. The inhabitants, touched with repentance, asked heaven for the return of their holy pastor. He was earnestly begged to come back to his flock. At the same time an angel warned him not to delay in yielding to his diocese's wishes. At his arrival all the scourges ceased; the effects of the holy bishop's curses gave way to abundant blessings.

On leaving Saintonge, Macout had promised to come back there to end his days. The end of his course was approaching. God made known to him that it was His will that he should take the road to Saintes again. Scarcely had Leontius learnt of Macout's happy landing than he hurried to meet him as far as a place then called Archembiacum. Giry translates this word as Archembray; but there is no place of that name in

Saintonge. We believe Archembiacum, whose name has been lost, is to be found at Lugon, otherwise called Saint-Macout, near Nancras, not far from Broue, where the Saint may very well have landed. A charter of the 11th century relating to the monastery of Sainte-Gemme mentions that of Lucum (Lugon). In the last century it was still a priory in the gift of the Jesuits of Limoges. This place, in the ancient forest of Baconais, offered Macout charms that kept him there. Leontius and he talked for a long time of the happiness of the other life. They had to part. The bishop of Saintes had scarcely reached his episcopal city when the Blessed one fell ill. He would have no other bed than ashes and a hair shirt, say his biographers. He kept his hands and eyes constantly turned towards heaven, and it was in this attitude that he gently breathed his last on 15 November 630, at the age of a hundred and thirty-three, as all the old lives, the Breviary of Saintes of 1542 and the Martyrology of France formally affirm.

St. Malo is represented: 1° healing a lord who had lost his sight for trying to pull down a church built by the holy bishop; 2° carried by a clod of earth floating on the waters, as we have related; 3° making a wolf that had eaten his donkey work for him, and forcing it to carry faggots; 4° saying Mass on the back of a whale. The Bretons will have it that on a long voyage the Saint found himself at sea on Easter Day. Then, wishing to be able to celebrate Mass, he had himself put ashore on an island that turned out to be only a whale. He was nevertheless able to offer the holy sacrifice on this odd footing without too much mishap, if the legend is to be believed, and the animal dived only after the Mass was over.

He is patron of Rouen, Saint-Malo, Valognes, Conflans-sur-Oise and Dinan. He is invoked with success against dropsy.

CULT AND RELICS.

St. Leontius hastened to pay his friend the last duties. He had his precious remains carried to Saintes and gave them the burial befitting those of a Saint, in the fine church he had built outside the walls to the west of the city, in the quarter that still bears the name of Saint-Macout. At this translation the Saint worked several miracles, delivering a possessed man, giving sight to two blind men and straightening a cripple. The church built by St. Leontius, adds the Breviary of Saintes of 1542, was ruined by the English when they invaded Aquitaine in the 15th century. After the war it was rebuilt, but it was far from having its former splendour. We learn from the memoirs of Canon Tabourin that the Chapter of Saint-Pierre de Saintes came in procession to Saint-Macout on the eve and the day of the Saint’s feast, on the Thursday after Easter and on St. Mark’s day. On that day, as on St. Macout’s day, Mass was said in this church by the prior of the place, who in Tabourin’s time was a canon of Saintes. All those who took part in the procession heard this Mass, “and there were more of them outside than inside,” he adds, “because the church was very small.” A manuscript notice read at the office of St. Macout in several churches both of France and of Brittany relates that the mere touch of his relics raised many dead, and that since the Apostles there has not been seen a man more distinguished by his miracles, more commendable for his virtues or more powerful for the conversion of souls. The body of St. Macout had rested at Saintes for several years when it was carried off by a Breton gentleman named Ménobert. The bishop of Saint-Malo had promised this gentleman to restore him to his property if he brought back to Brittany the precious treasure it envied Saintonge. Such thefts were then regarded as acts of piety. Ménobert therefore came to Saintes and entered the service of the cleric in charge of the Saint’s relics. He watched for this cleric’s absence, during which, having fasted three days and prayed fervently to the Saint, he secretly seized the precious deposit. Brought to Saint-Malo, the body was placed in the church of Saint-Aaron, where it worked great miracles. Ménobert is said to have left an arm and the head at Saintes. This last relic was translated to the abbey of Saint-Jean-d’Angély; it appears in the inventory of those kept there at the time of the wars of religion. The arm, which is said to have remained at Saintes, was, if an old chronicle is to be believed, put in safety in the castle of Merpins at the approach of the Normans. The treasure of the church of Saint-Macout is also said to have been saved from the rapacity of those barbarians by burying it under the altar. At the time of the same Normans’ invasion the precious bones of our Saint were

carried from Aleth to the monastery of Gembloux, and Sigebert, who was a monk there, wrote the Saint's life on that occasion. From there they were translated to Paris, where King Lothair had them placed in the church of Saint-Michel du Palais, which was his chapel. The religious of Saint-Magloire afterwards possessed them, either in their little church before the palace, or in their abbey in the rue Saint-Denis, or in the one given them in the faubourg Saint-Jacques.

The head kept at Saint-Jean-d'Angély was destroyed in 1562 by the Calvinists. Twenty years later the relics honoured in Paris fell into the hands of a troop of soldiers. Finding nothing to satisfy their greed, they left them in the abbey of Saint-Victor, where they were placed in a copper shrine. The body was almost entire, except however for the head and an arm, which had been given back to the cathedral of Saint-Malo, some bones given to the church of Saint-Maclou at Pontoise, and a rib obtained by the town of Bar-sur-Aube, where a collegiate church was established in honour of the holy bishop. In 1706 the parish of Saint-Maclou at Moisselles, near Versailles, was enriched with a shoulder bone of its holy patron, which it still keeps. This is perhaps the only relic of the Saint still in existence today. Those at Saint-Victor were destroyed or dispersed at the suppression of the abbey in 1791. The persecution was so horrible in the town of Saint-Malo during the revolution that that church lost the relic it possessed.

The cult of St. Macout is very ancient and almost universal in Brittany and the neighbouring provinces. In Saintonge it had at Saintes, in the faubourg of his name, the church founded by St. Leontius, and near Nancras that of Lugon. These two churches were originally served by monks. St. Macout is still patron of the parishes of Thézac, Colombiers and Ars near Cognac.

In Poitou, on the banks of the Clain, at La Folie-Saint-Gelais, formerly Granges-Saint-Gelais, there was a chapel dedicated to St. Eutropius and St. Macout. An inscription in hexameter verse tells us that on the day of the Assumption 1485 Charles de Saint-Gelais, bishop of Margi, now Passarowitz, and abbot of Montierneuf, consecrated and dedicated the altar of this chapel to these two Saints. Since the destruction of this sanctuary the stone bearing the inscription has been set in the wall of the basin of a spring called Saint-Macout's, to which people come from very far away on pilgrimage to dip *macouin* children in it. That is the name given to those whose limbs are knotted [i.e. rickety]. The holy bishop is not unknown in Italy, where he is called St. Mauto. In Rome, near St. Peter's basilica, there is a small church dedicated to him, and an obelisk of that city has borne the name of San Macuto, which is the same as that of Malo.

This biography, much more exact than Father Giry's, is by M. l'abbé Grasilier of Saintes. For his work this writer drew on the learned dissertation on St. Malo from the pen of M. Brillouin, addressed in 1842 to M. l'abbé Daunas, parish priest of Saint-Vivien de Saintes.

(1) Also called Maclou, Macou, Maçons, Mahout; Machutes, Machutus, Maclovius, Macilliavus, etc.

(2) St. Macout, according to Dom Lobineau (*Vies des Saints de Bretagne*), was not born until 547. Yet he is said to have been bishop of Aleth, according to the *Art de vérifier les dates*, in 540; according to Feller in 541; according to d'Argentré in 560. Feller, Godescard and the *Art de vérifier les dates* make him die in 565.

BLESSED ALBERT THE GREAT, BISHOP OF RATISBON (REGENSBURG), OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC

— Pope: Nicholas III. — Emperor of Germany: Rudolf I.

Magnus in magia, major in philosophia, maximus in theologia.

Albert was great in the natural sciences, greater in philosophy, greatest in theology.

Belgian Chronicle.

Blessed Albert the Great was born about the year 1193 at Lauingen, a town of Bavarian Swabia. His birth made him great before his virtue could earn him that title of honour, since his father was a count of the house of Bollstädt, one of the most illustrious in the country. The days of his childhood are wrapped in almost impenetrable darkness.

When the happy years of that period of life had fled and Albert had reached the joyful shores of youth, he had to think of the future and choose a career. That of arms, followed with glory by his ancestors, offered him honours, distinction and offices, above all amid the fierce struggles of East and West. The Crusades gave the brave knight the chance to distinguish himself and win glory and riches. The imperial house of Swabia, in whose service the count of Bollstädt stood, was shining with its brightest splendour and was engaged in endless wars. But on the other hand, learning drew his candid soul with all its charms. Albert answered this call. It did not seem possible to him to hesitate between the peaceful, lawful and noble study of the sciences and the tumultuous noise of arms, the too often unjust and disastrous triumphs of the man of war. It was at the University of Padua that Albert came to quench his thirst for knowledge. Grammar, dialectic, rhetoric, music, geometry, arithmetic and astronomy were the sciences he studied under learned masters. He then advanced towards the formidable sanctuary of logic as towards an arsenal where the soldier finds the weapons he needs to conquer truth and to defend its possession against the attacks of its enemies.

But it was not only in books and public lectures that our young nobleman worked eagerly to win the golden fleece of knowledge and wisdom. He kept his eye constantly open on the great book of the outer world and applied himself to reading its marvellous pages. He made many excursions with his friends into the neighbouring towns and provinces, observing every phenomenon with a penetrating eye and seeking to explain it.

No biographer mentions how long Albert gave to philosophical studies at the University of Padua, but we may believe it was fairly long. For if the founder and patriarch of the Friars Preachers, St. Dominic de Guzman, gave six years to the study of philosophy, with which he was nevertheless little satisfied because it is not the wisdom of God, it is likely that Albert, ceaselessly tormented by the thirst for knowledge, gave a much longer time to it. Yet the moment had come to make a decision. Albert had stayed long enough under the fair peristyle of the general sciences. He was reaching the age when he had to think seriously of the future and choose between the study of law, which would lead him to the highest political dignities, and the service of the altar, whose horizons were no less splendid. There was in this latter field a career he had often thought of, the religious life, which drew his fine and great soul by its mysterious charms. Moral sufferings, those formidable forerunners of a new life, then caused him strange struggles. Our Blessed one reflected unceasingly on the post destined for him in the world, without ever being able to decide anything. He did not rely on himself, but turned to God with tears and implored Him to make known his true vocation. One day when he was in the church of the Dominicans, the Blessed Virgin, before whose statue he had knelt, seemed to address these words to him: “Albert, my son! leave the world and enter the Order of Friars Preachers, whose foundation I obtained from my divine Son for the salvation of the world. There you will apply yourself courageously to the sciences according to the prescriptions of the Rule, and God will fill you with such wisdom that the whole Church will be enlightened by the books of your learning.” So it was at the feet of the Blessed Virgin that Albert’s future was decided. He resolved to leave that ocean of the world, so fertile in shipwrecks, and to take refuge in the safe harbour of the monastic life.

But this plan was hard to carry out; insurmountable obstacles rose before him. The uncle whom he loved with a son’s affection, and who seems to have taken the place of his father, (1) was far from approving his nephew’s plans. He forbade him all communication with the Dominican monks and wrung from him the promise that he would not carry out his design until after a fixed time.

Meanwhile Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the disciple and successor of St. Dominic, had just arrived from Bologna. Few men in history have possessed as he did the marvellous gift of drawing souls.

The news of his presence soon spread through the whole town, and a prodigious number of hearers, among them Albert, filled the church of the Friars Preachers to taste his doctrine, sweeter than honey. The famous preacher, having gone up into the pulpit, painted in such burning strokes and with such heavenly enthusiasm the snares Satan uses to turn men from the care of their salvation that Albert was deeply shaken and felt suddenly born in him an admirable courage to carry out his plan. This time he hesitates no longer. Scarcely is the eloquent sermon over when, breaking every bond, he flies to the monastery door, throws himself at Father Jordan's knees, crying, "Father, you have read my soul!" and asks with tears for his admission into the Order. It must be said that the days of trial fixed by the uncle, which Albert had promised faithfully to keep, had run out. Jordan of Saxony, whose eye had been trained by long dealings with young people, saw at once what Albert would become. He received him with joy and gave him the habit. This happened in the year 1223.

Our young nobleman had reached the goal of his most ardent desires. The wealthy student, already famous for his learning, who had so long walked the streets of Padua with all the luxury of the rich of the world and had lived in plenty in a marble palace, had become a poor monk. What a change! Freely, and for the love of God, he had renounced all earthly goods, the pleasures and the hopes the world could offer him! But did he not find a rich compensation in the joys of the spirit with which the silence of the cloister, his closer dealings with God and the peaceful cultivation of the sacred sciences were about to fill him? He could not, moreover, stay longer at Padua, for theological studies did not yet flourish there, and the presence of his relatives might be a drawback. He was therefore sent to Bologna to finish his studies there and acquire divine learning. The convent of San Nicolò, the second cradle of the Order, had for some years held the mortal remains of the holy Patriarch, who in his lifetime loved to live there. It was there that this new disciple gathered the strength needed to build a magnificent and gigantic edifice, that of a universal and Christian science. He received there the lessons of the most famous professors of a university that passed for the second centre of the scientific world. His altogether extraordinary progress at once gave him great standing among the learned, and people went to him as to an oracle for the answer to the thorniest questions. In the end he was no longer called Brother Albert but, by excellence, *the philosopher*. His superiors, not wishing so brilliant a light to remain uncommunicated, sent him to their convent at Cologne to teach philosophy and theology there straight away. He did so with the general applause of the whole city, which could not rejoice enough to see itself enlightened by this new sun. What was most admired in him was that to the deep learning that drew everyone to his school he joined a prodigious simplicity, modesty and humility. He had only the lowest opinion of himself; he despised himself and sought only to be despised; he looked on himself as the last of the brethren and wished to be treated as the last. His studies and other great occupations did not keep him from being exact in his spiritual exercises; and it is even said that, besides holy Mass, the hours of the Great and the Little Office and the rosary, he never failed to recite every day the hundred and fifty Psalms of David. He also regularly made mental prayer, and it was there that he drew his highest lights and those admirable conceptions which he then set down in writing or explained to his disciples.

From Cologne he went to teach at Hildesheim in Saxony, at Freiburg, at Ratisbon and at Strasbourg, and he succeeded there no less than at Cologne. It would take too long to go into the detail of all that happened to him in all these towns; but it must not be left out that in the year 1237, when Blessed Jordan, general of the Order, had died on his way back from the Holy Land, Albert took his place until the election of his successor, which took place on the day after Pentecost of the year 1238. He was put forward for this eminent office, although he was still only thirty-three, together with the great Hugh of Saint-Cher, afterwards cardinal. But as each of them refused it with all his strength and pressed hard for his companion, the votes were evenly divided, and in the end St. Raymond of Peñafort was elected, who, not being at the chapter, could not make the same efforts to escape this charge. This was doubtless a great stroke of divine Providence, which, wishing our Blessed one to be the master of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas, did not allow him to be engaged in the thorny office of general, which would have kept him from continuing his lectures. After the close of the

Chapter he made a journey to Barcelona to place joyfully in St. Raymond's hands the seals of the Order intended for him.

From there he returned to Cologne, and it was at this time that he had as his disciple the one who was to be the eagle of doctors, the angel of the schools and the oracle of the world. At first, since his humility and love of silence kept him from appearing in the disputations, his companions gave him the nickname of *the dumb ox*. But our Blessed one, having discovered the subtlety of his mind, the depth of his judgement and the strength of his memory, foretold that this ox would bellow so loudly that he would be heard throughout the earth.

It was quite fitting that the University of Paris should not be deprived of the happiness of having Albert as one of its doctors. He was accordingly sent there, and after receiving the doctor's cap he went up into the chair to spread out the treasures of learning with which his soul was filled. The schools were soon too small to hold the endless number of hearers who flocked to his lectures and to profit by his doctrine. He had to teach in a public square so that no one should be deprived of this consolation. This was the square that has kept his name and that, by abbreviation, is called the Place Maubert instead of the square of Master Albert.

Cologne then asked for him again, and he returned there for the third time, so as to send his dear disciple St. Thomas to take his degrees at Paris. But when he was thinking only of composing the learned treatises with which he has enriched the Church, the Fathers of his province of Germany, meeting at Worms, elected him their provincial and laid their government on him against his will. He did everything he could not to be confirmed in his new office; but having failed, he applied himself with wonderful courage to fulfil perfectly all the duties of this prelacy. This province was very large, since it included Austria, Swabia, Bavaria, Saxony and the country about the Rhine and the Moselle, and even reached into Holland and Brabant. Yet that did not prevent him from visiting the whole of it on foot and without any provision for the journey, but begging alms, which was a great example to the other superiors of his Order. He taught his religious more by his example than by his words. But when it was necessary he did not fail to join justice and severity to gentleness; and he showed this clearly in the case of a lay brother who was found after his death to have died owning property. Having had him dug up, he had him thrown into unconsecrated ground, not judging worthy of sacred burial one who had violated by a sacrilege the solemn vow of religious poverty.

About the same time he received an apostolic mission to go to Poland to have certain customs abolished there that had remained from paganism, namely, killing children born with natural defects or beyond the number that could be fed, and old people who could no longer work; and he carried this out with great success. He was then summoned by Pope Alexander IV, and it was there [i.e. at the papal court] that, as Master of the Sacred Palace, he publicly expounded the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John and refuted the errors of William of Saint-Amour, who, in attacking the institution of the mendicant Orders, sought to take from the Church the great number of Saints, lectors, evangelical preachers and learned theologians those Orders have given her. The Pope often wished to raise him to the episcopal dignity, but he always managed to excuse himself, until, having returned to Germany to attend the provincial Chapter of his province, held at Strasbourg, he was elected bishop of Ratisbon. This election caused him much bitterness, because on the one hand his humility made him believe he was not capable of so high a prelacy, and on the other his inclination drawing him to write, teach and compose, he was pained to see himself withdrawn from these employments by the press of outward affairs. But it was not possible for him to ward off this blow. He therefore received episcopal consecration and applied himself to all the duties of a true pastor. He often preached to his people, trained his clergy, rebuked sinners, encouraged the good to persevere, and showed all his diocesans the ways of salvation. He so regulated his expenditure that, having found his bishopric stripped of everything and heavily in debt, he paid all its debts and increased its revenue, while still giving considerable alms to the poor. In spite of these great occupations, the historians of his life assure us that he composed in his episcopal castle of Stauf his notable work on St. Luke, one of the finest and richest ever to come from his pen.

This pastoral charge, however, weighed extremely on his shoulders, and he groaned continually at no longer being in the privacy of his cloister and his cell. So he pressed Pope Urban IV so hard that he at last obtained permission from him to resign his bishopric. This was only to place himself again as a simple religious among his brethren and to go on at Cologne with his former exercises of meditation and the writing of books on Scripture and theology. He then received a new mission from the sovereign Pontiff to preach the crusade in Germany, and did so with marvellous success, having led a great number of lords and people of every kind to undertake the journey to Palestine to deliver the holy places from the hands of the infidels. Scarcely had he finished this journey when Gregory X, Urban's successor, summoned him to the Council of Lyons, to which St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas and many other lights of the Church were also called. As he was preparing to leave, being at table with the religious on 7 March 1274, which was the day of St. Thomas's death, tears came to his eyes and he cried out that the Church was losing that day one of her greatest lights. At this council he won admiration by a learned discourse on the words of Isaiah: "God will send them a saviour and a defender who will deliver them." And as he acted there as orator for the Emperor Rudolf, he obtained from the assembled bishops all that this emperor desired.

He then returned to Cologne, where he was constantly employed in great affairs. He enriched his convent with three hundred bodies of saints and several other relics, above all a thorn from Our Lord's crown and a part of His cross given by the king St. Louis. He reconciled lords who were at odds. He often performed episcopal functions in the diocese with marvellous fervour and zeal. Above all he used his pen to write excellent treatises in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Several authors assure us that this Queen of angels, to make this writing easier for him, showed herself to him in the incomparable state of her beauty.

At last, as the time of his death drew near, while he was giving a learned discourse before an immense audience, he suddenly lost his memory, in accordance with the warning the same Virgin had given him as early as his noviciate. This led him to disclose that mystery and to warn his hearers that the end of his life was not far off. From that moment the thought of deliverance was unceasingly present to Albert's soul. He had always wished that his body might rest in the shadow of the cross, among his brethren, in the city of Cologne. He hoped on the day of the general resurrection to go out to meet his Judge with all those Saints among whom so many thousands of martyrs await their Lord's coming. That is why, following the example of the righteous of old, he had long since chosen the place of his rest in the church of his monastery. Every day he visited his tomb and said for himself the Vigils of the dead, as for a man already dead to the world. He also visited the altars and tombs of the Saints. He greeted them devoutly from afar as fellow citizens and friends of his God, and begged them with tears to help him by their charitable intercession.

The great servant of God was thus sighing for his deliverance when the hour of the last departure struck, and the illustrious scholar, broken by old age and labours, heard this consoling word come down from heaven: "Courage, good and faithful servant, come and share the joy of your Master!" Having received the sacraments of the Church with admirable sentiments of devotion, he gave back his fine and holy soul to the God he had served so faithfully. He died in his cell, seated on a poor chair, in the presence of the brethren kneeling in tears, and sang with divine enthusiasm these words of the Psalmist: "As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of God." It was on Friday 15 November of the year 1280, in the seventh year of the reign of King Rudolf of Habsburg, in the sixty-fourth since the foundation of the Order, six years and four months after the death of St. Thomas Aquinas, that Albert the Great, that sun of philosophy, went out. He had reached the age of eighty-seven.

He is represented in pontifical vestments, holding a book in his hand.

CULT AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

The body of the illustrious Dominican, clothed in the pontifical vestments, was placed in a wooden sarcophagus. All the conventuals of the churches of the city of Cologne, Archbishop Siegfried, many nobles

and a countless crowd of people accompanied it. It was laid in the choir of the conventual church, beside the holy cross, before the high altar. This mournful ceremony took place amid universal grief and tears and ended with the celebration of a most splendid funeral service.

The church of Ratisbon, of which the great master had been bishop, wishing to possess the precious remains of its holy pastor, at once sent commissioners to Cologne to claim them; but the monks would not let so rare a treasure be taken from them. They sent to Ratisbon only a considerable relic (*exta*, the intestines), which were buried, it is said, in the basilica of St. Peter behind the high altar.

On the blessed master's tomb in the church at Cologne a magnificent marble was placed bearing this inscription: "In the year of the Lord MCCLXXX, on the fifteenth day of November, died the venerable lord Brother Albert, former bishop of Ratisbon, of the Order of Friars Preachers and master in sacred theology. May his soul rest in peace. Amen." It is impossible to fix the date when his tomb was first opened. However that may be, from the first translation the body of our Blessed one remained for nearly two hundred years in the middle of the choir of the Dominican church at Cologne, the object of deep veneration and the goal of devout pilgrimages. But at last, when the University of Cologne, which had sprung largely from Albert's famous school, had risen to its highest point of splendour, and the faculty of theology had won universal regard and esteem, the humble tomb of the great master of learning no longer seemed fitting to the great number of students. They wished to raise to this extraordinary genius a more splendid and worthier mausoleum, such as many scholars of lesser merit had obtained. Moved by the unceasing prayers of this famous school, Sixtus IV allowed the opening of the tomb and the translation of the body, asking Hermann, archbishop of Cologne, to put no obstacle in the way of so praiseworthy an undertaking. And since the general of the Dominicans, Salvo Cassetta, happened to be in Cologne at that time, the opening of the tomb was fixed for the January of the year 1482. The provincial of Germany, Jakob Stubach, the prior of the Cologne convent, Jakob Sprenger, who was to direct the undertaking, the rector of the University, Ulrich of Esslingen, the professors, doctors and students were all present at the drawing up of this act. Great pains had to be taken to move, with strong tools, the huge stone that closed the entrance of the vault; but at last they found what they were looking for. Soon the stone sepulchre appeared with the wooden sarcophagus containing the holy remains. These were still clad in the episcopal vestments. The head wore the mitre, somewhat damaged; the right hand held the pastoral staff, whose upper end was of lead and its lower part of wood, likewise damaged. A copper ring was found on the finger of the left hand, and sandals on the feet. If all these objects proved Blessed Albert's love for the holy virtue of poverty, the signs of his ardent devotion were no less present. From the neck of the body hung a small crucifix containing a particle of the holy cross, a little silk packet enclosing an Agnus Dei in wax, and a pfennig once pierced by one of the Saviour's nails. The body itself had suffered almost no harm. It was only covered with a little earth. The lid of the wooden sarcophagus having been destroyed by time and damp, the religious removed the earth without touching the body and found the head almost intact; the matter of the eyes was still in their sockets, and flesh covered the chin with part of the beard. One could even still see a dried ear. The shoulders were perfectly intact, the limbs covered with dried flesh, and the feet still attached to the legs.

People were amazed that the holy body, after so long a time under the earth, still gave off a fragrance that filled all present with admiration. Those who presided at the translation detached the right arm, intended for Pope Sixtus, who gave it to the Friars Preachers of the convent of Bologna, and replaced the rest of the holy relics, with their original adornment, in a more honourable tomb, so built that they could always be offered to the veneration of the faithful. Unfortunately we can no longer say what this new and remarkable monument was like, since it disappeared, like so many others, at the beginning of this century. It is likely, however, that it was of stone, raised above the ground and enriched with carvings. In the middle the wooden sarcophagus will have been placed, fitted with a transparent cover that could be uncovered. From this memorable translation onward a great number of devout faithful visited the relics, and many sick people obtained their

cure there.

The church of the Dominicans of Cologne fell, in the first ten years of our century, under the blows of modern vandalism, which likewise destroyed eighty other buildings, churches or monasteries, in the city of Cologne. An artillery barracks today replaces the old convent of the Friars Preachers. Albert's own magnificent mausoleum could find no mercy with the wreckers in that time of grievous memory. When the sarcophagus was opened then, the great man's remains almost all fell into ashes; only the vestments and part of the pastoral staff remained whole. All these relics were carried to the church of St. Andrew. The bones, together with the two pieces of the wooden pastoral staff (each fifty centimetres long), one of which still bore at its top the curve of iron or lead, were again enclosed in a small wooden box, which was hung on the wall of the north side entrance of the church. As for the vestments, they were kept and placed in the upper sacristy of the church, where they can still be seen. They consist of the chasuble, the maniple and the stole; the material is a remarkable violet velvet on silk. The chasuble is of considerable weight and still has the ancient form of a mantle full of folds that covers the whole body and has to be lifted at the arms. On front and back a cross (*mari frisia*) is drawn in the shape of a pallium, made of cloth of gold and decorated with red and green squares or stars. The stole is a long, narrow band reaching to the ends of the alb and decorated with twelve very small but complete images of the twelve Apostles. The maniple, of similar shape but shorter, bears images of holy virgins and, at the ends, the figures of two Saints of the Order of St. Dominic.

From the Blessed one's death, faith in his glory in heaven had spread everywhere in the places he had honoured with his presence. His cult developed by degrees. Some of the faithful first began to invoke him in their needs or to visit his tomb devoutly. Fifty years after his departure from this world, the question of his canonization was already being raised. If certain biographers are to be believed, Pope John XXII, that great friend of learning, ordered inquiries into Albert's canonization in 1334. This was doubtless after he had enrolled Thomas, the Angelic Doctor, in the catalogue of the Saints in 1323. Yet for reasons unknown to us the process was not followed up at that time. Meanwhile Albert's cult grew daily among the people of Cologne. The Dominicans then found themselves obliged to open the tomb. When they had found the precious remains again and established several cures obtained by touching the relics, they published, with the authorization of Pope Innocent VIII, an office in honour of the blessed master. They also raised an altar to him and celebrated the anniversary of his death with great magnificence in the convents of Ratisbon and Cologne.

At the beginning of the 17th century a Bavarian bishop and prince who, bearing the name of Albert, had a great veneration for the servant of God, took up again the pending matter of the beatification with all the zeal and perseverance recognized in the men of those lands. This was Albert IV, count of Törring and bishop of Ratisbon. He began by inquiring how the great man's feast was celebrated at Cologne. Two years later he asked the Friars Preachers of that city to give him the head or skull of the Blessed one, telling them he wished to expose this relic, enclosed in a precious vessel, in his cathedral church. But the Dominicans could not part with their dear treasure. To satisfy the prince-bishop in some measure, however, the proxy of the general of the Preachers, Thomas Marinus, took the bone of the left arm from the tomb and sent it to Ratisbon on 18 January 1619. About the same time Bishop Albert IV asked Pope Paul V that the Blessed one's feast, already celebrated at Cologne and Ratisbon, be extended to all the parishes dependent on the latter city; but the negotiations dragged on. The Roman congregation, at whose head was the famous Bellarmine, answered at first that in Rome nothing was known of the matter or of Albert's alleged miracles, and that a process must therefore first be opened, for which, moreover, they were willing. When this answer reached Ratisbon, they hastened to prove that the said feast had long been celebrated with an immense concourse of people at the Dominicans', that Albert bore the title of Blessed in all the old books and martyrologies, and that a great number of miraculous deeds of his were known. At last the count of Törring sent his own chaplain, Menzel, to Rome with the task of pushing the matter vigorously. At the same time he

asked Duke Wolfgang William of Neuburg, the Elector Maximilian at Munich and the Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand, to take an interest on his behalf at the papal court. This happened in the year 1622. Now, when the inquiry had passed through all the required stages, Pope Gregory XV, who in the meantime had succeeded Paul V, declared on 15 September 1622 that the Church of Ratisbon was permitted to celebrate a solemn office every year on 15 November in honour of Blessed Albert. That is to say, in other words, that the great man might be counted among the Saints of the Church, that he had practised the virtues in a heroic degree, and that miracles had shown forth his glory.

Moreover, in 1622 Bishop Albert made a foundation of five hundred florins, with the Pope's authorization, so that the Blessed one's feast might be celebrated every year in the choir of the cathedral. Pope Urban VIII in his turn, yielding to many requests, extended the privilege of the Church of Ratisbon to all the houses of the Order of Friars Preachers in the Papal States, in Germany and in Italy. Finally Clement X allowed all the Dominican convents in the world to celebrate the anniversary of Albert the Great's death. In our own day, by a decree of the Congregation of Rites dated 27 November 1856, the sovereign Pontiff Pius IX placed Albert the Great among the Saints of the archdiocese of Cologne and ordered that his feast be celebrated on 16 November.

Albert raised himself the most splendid monument to his glory by the works he published on every branch of human knowledge. An exact list of them will perhaps always be impossible, for there is no contemporary catalogue of them; many have never been printed, others still lie buried in libraries, and many works by others have been counted among his writings. Labbe claims that Albert endowed the world with eight hundred works, so that he alone could take the place of all libraries. Even if we should see in this only a poetic hyperbole, it is certain that he brought out a prodigious quantity of works and far surpassed all earlier writers in fruitfulness. He spoke of all matters divine and human with truly astonishing learning.

1° Authentic printed writings of Albert the Great. We may divide them into two classes: 1° those that relate to philosophy or in general to the natural sciences, and 2° those that treat theological questions. To the first class belong the writings contained in the first six volumes of the Lyons edition, namely:

The first volume takes in the treatises on logic: *On the Predicables*, nine treatises; *On the Ten Predicaments*, seven treatises; *On the Six Principles* of Gilbert de la Porrée, eight treatises; on Aristotle's two books *On Interpretation*, or *Peri Hermeneias*; *On the Syllogism simpliciter*, that is, on the book of the *Prior Analytics*, sixteen treatises; *On Demonstration*, that is, on the book of the *Posterior Analytics*, ten treatises; eight books on the *Topics*; on the two books *De Sophisticis Elenchis*. — The second volume contains treatises on physics: on the eight books *De Physico auditu*; *On the Heaven and the World*, four books; *On Generation and Corruption*, eleven books; *On Meteors*, four books; *On Minerals*, five books. — The third volume contains the writings on psychology and metaphysics: the three books *On the Soul*; the thirteen books of the *Metaphysics*. — The fourth volume is given to ethical and political matters: ten books of the *Nicomachean Ethics*; eight books of the *Politics*. — The fifth volume contains the little physical treatises (*Parva Naturalia*): *De Sensu et Sensato*, one book; *On Memory and Reminiscence*, one book; *On Sleep and Waking*, one book; two books *On the Motions of Animals*; *On Age, or Youth and Old Age*; *On Spirit or Respiration*, two books; *On Death and Life*, one book; *De Nutrimento et Nutribili*, one book; *On the Nature and Origin of the Soul*, one book; *On the Unity of the Intellect against Averroës*, one book; *On the Intellect and the Intelligible*, two books; *On the Nature of Places*, one book; *On the Causes and Properties of the Elements*, one book; *On the Passions of the Air*, one book; *On Vegetables and Plants*, seven books; *On the Principles of Progressive Motion*, one book; *On the Procession of the Universe from a First Cause*, one book; *Astronomical Mirror*. — The sixth volume contains the zoology: *Opus insigne de Animalibus*, twenty-six books.

The second category of Albert's works takes in those treating theological matters. In volume VII are contained: the *Commentaries on the Psalms*. — In the eighth volume: the *Commentaries on the*

Lamentations of Jeremiah; on Baruch; on Daniel; on the twelve Minor Prophets. — In the ninth volume: the *Commentaries on St. Matthew*; on St. Mark. — In the tenth volume: the *Commentaries on St. Luke*. — In the eleventh volume: the *Commentaries on St. John*; *Notes or Commentaries on the Apocalypse*. — Volume XII contains: the *Sermons for the Seasons*; *Prayers on the Sunday Gospels of the whole year*; *Panegyrics of the Saints*; thirty-two *Sermons on the Sacrament of the Eucharist*; the book *On the Valiant Woman*. — The thirteenth volume offers: the *Commentaries on Dionysius the Areopagite*. — Volumes XIV, XV and XVI contain: the *Commentaries on books I, II, III and IV of the Master of the Sentences*. — The seventeenth volume contains: the first part of the *Summa theologiae*. — The eighteenth volume: the second part of the *Summa theologiae*. — The nineteenth volume: the *Summa de Creaturis*, divided into two parts, the first of which treats the four co-eternals: prime matter, time, the heaven and the angel; the second treats of Man. — The twentieth volume: the *Mariale*, or two hundred and thirty questions on the Gospel *Missus est*. — The twenty-first volume contains various *miscellanea*: *On Apprehension and the Modes of Apprehension*, one book; *Philosophy of the Poor*, or *Isagoge* on Aristotle's books on physical hearing, on the Heaven and the World, on Generation and Corruption, on Meteors and on the Soul; *On the Sacrifice of the Mass*, one book; *On the Sacrament of the Eucharist*, one book; *Paradise of the Soul*, or little work *On the Virtues*; little work *On the Necessity of Cleaving to God*. Such are the works gathered in the complete collection of Albert's works that may be attributed to him.

2° Authentic manuscript writings. There are still others recognized as authentic by the oldest and most respectable authorities. These writings, with a few exceptions, have not been printed so far. They are lost or remain buried in libraries. Many are only extracts from the works mentioned above. Among them are the following: 1. *On the whole Bible by way of notes*; — 2. *On some books and texts of the Old and New Testament*; — 3. *Postils on Job*; — 4. *On the Canticles*; — 5. *On Isaiah*; — 6. *On Jeremiah and Ezekiel*; — 7. *On all the Epistles of St. Paul*; — 8. *Against the Guillelmists, adversaries of the religious*; — 9. *Book containing the solution of a great number of questions, addressed to the Parisians*; — 10. *A great number of Proses or Sequences and other pious subjects*; — 11. *An Office of the Body of Christ*, not in common use in the Church, with various proses on the same Sacrament; — 12. *On the book of the Divine Names of Dionysius the Areopagite*; — 13. *Book on the Art of Preaching*; — 14. *Book of the Restoration of Fallen Man*; — 15. *On the Length and Shortness of Life*; — 16. *On the Difference between Spirit and Soul*; — 17. *Fifteen books of questions against the Averroists*; — 18. *On the Unity of Form*; — 19. *On Stones and Herbs*; — 20. *Five books on the Monastic Life and four on the Economic Life*; — 21. *Questions on the books of the Ethics*; — 22. *Eight books of the Politics*; — 23. *Two books of the Economics*; — 24. *Two books of the Magna Moralia*; — 25. *Problems of Aristotle*; — 26. *Exposition on the three books of the Rhetoricians*; — 27. *Summa of Arithmetic*; — 28. *Summa of Music*; — 29. *Summa of Geometry*; — 30. *Summa of Perspective*; — 31. *The most complete Summa of Astronomy*; — 32. *Commentary on the Arithmetic of Boethius*; — 33. *Commentary on the Music of the same*; — 34. *Commentary on the Geometry of Euclid*; — 35. *On the Almagest of Ptolemy*; — 36. *On the Perspective of Alhazen*; — 37. *The book of the Sphere of the World*; — 38. *The book of the Imaginations of the Astrologers*; — 39. *Summa in which Albert condemns the magic arts* and combats necromancy, geomancy, hydromancy, pyromancy, the science of the haruspices, horoscopy, augury, spells, sorceries and illusions; — 40. *The book of the Nature of the Gods*, divided into several parts or little works; — 41. *Book of Immortal Man*; — 42. *The book of the Twelve Alphabets*; — 43. *Book on Machines for carrying water and loads*; — 44. *On Logic or Dialectic*; — 45. *On the book of the Divisions of Boethius*; — 46. *On the books of the Moderns by way of literal exposition*; — 47. *Summa of Grammar*; — 48. *Book of the Art of Oratory*; — 49. *Exposition of the ancient grammarian Doctors*; — 50. *On the Intelligences and Separate Substances*; — 51. *Book on Medicine*; — 52. *Book on the Art of dressing wool, on the Art of strategy, on Agriculture, on Hunting, on Navigation and on the Art of the theatre*.

Besides these works, already known to the oldest cataloguers such as Pignon and Valeoletanus, the Lyons librarians in 1646 also cite the following writings as Albert's and still extant in their time. These writings are,

moreover, only repetitions of the works already mentioned, with different titles and in shortened form. 1. *On Holy Scripture*; — 2. *Little Notes on the Gospel of St. Matthew for the day of the Epiphany*; — 3. *Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ*; — 4. *Annotations on the books of St. Augustine*: the *Confessions*, the *Trinity*, *On the Quantity and the Immortality of Souls*, *Genesis*, *On Ecclesiastical Discipline*, etc.; — 5. *Table on the four books of the Sentences*; — 6. *On the Good and the Nature of Goods*; — 7. *On the Grace of God*; — 8. *On the Origin and Immortality of the Soul*; — 9. *On Sacred Theology*; — 10. *Theology positive, moral, scholastic, mystical, symbolic and oratorical*; — 11. *On Manifold Fear*; — 12. *Enchiridion of the True and Perfect Virtues*; — 13. *Prayers on the Sentences*; — 14. *Whether it is expedient for a man to vow entry into religion?* — 15. *On the Four Cardinal Virtues*; — 16. *On the Art of Dying Well*; — 17. *Little treatises*: on the Book of Life, on the Evacuation of Charity, on the Order of Charity in the Fatherland; on the Cardinal Virtues; on the Gifts, the combination of the Gifts, Fear, Knowledge, Wisdom; on Vices in general and Usury in particular; on Lying; *Difference between Meekness and Mercy*; — 18. *A volume on the Sacraments*; — 19. *Various Discourses*; — 20. *On the Art of Speaking and Keeping Silent*; — 21. *On the Office of the Mass*; — 22. *On the Lord's Prayer*; — 23. *Litanies of the Season and of the Saints*; — 24. *Little Prayers on the Lord's Passion*; — 25. *On the Mysteries of the Mass*; — 26. *On the Hair of the Blessed Virgin*; — 27. *Commentary on the canticle Magnificat*; — 28. *Summa of the Blessed Virgin* and *Treatise on the martyrdoms of the Saints*; — 29. *On the Antepredicaments, the Contingent and the Possible, the Postpredicaments, Definitions*; — 30. *Isagoge on Physics*; — 31. *On the Mobility of the Body according to place*; — 32. *On the Common Sense and the other powers of the soul*; — 33. *On the Nature of Birds and Quadrupeds*; — 34. *On Man and his different definitions*; — 35. *On the Perfection of the Soul*; — 36. *Moral Philosophy*; — 37. *On Astronomical Direction and the Stars*; — 38. *Whether it is lawful to have recourse to the judgements of the stars?* — 39. *On the Astrolabic Mirror*; — 40. *Ephemerides*; — 41. *On Causes*; — 42. *On Being and Essence*; — 43. *On various questions*; — 44. *Various theological questions. Universal principles*; — 45. *On Fate*.

3° Apocryphal writings. These writings are:

> *The Compendium of Theological Truth; — 2. The notable work On the Praises of the Blessed Virgin Mary; — 3. Little work On Alchemy; — 4. On the Tree of Aristotle; — 5. The incomparable treatise On the Condition of the Rational Soul and on what it needs to know God, itself and other creatures; — 6. Third (part of the Summa): On Christ and the Virtues; — 7. Fourth part: On the Sacraments and the Glory of the Resurrection. These two works were composed by a successor, from Albert the Great's commentary on the Sentences; — 8. On the Birth of Man and his formation in the mother's womb; — 9. Liber de Secretis secretorum Alberti in quo mira et inaudita posuit. It often appeared in print under this title: De Secretis mulierum. The Congregation of the Index speaks thus of this widely spread publication: Alberto magno doctori egregio falso adscriptus libellus de Secretis mulierum omnino prohibetur ("The little book On the Secrets of Women, falsely ascribed to Albert the Great, the eminent doctor, is altogether forbidden"). That this writing has been falsely ascribed to Albert is plain from this alone, that he is often cited in it by the author. The book is generally believed to be the work of Henry of Saxony, one of Albert the Great's disciples; — 10. Book of Aggregations, or Secrets of the virtues of stones, herbs and animals; — 11. On the Marvels of the World; — 12. Secrets of Henry of Saxony: on the formation of the foetus; — 13. On the Secrets of Nature, or on physiognomy. The author of this work is Michael Scot, the famous mathematician and astronomer who lived under the reign of Frederick II (1290); — 14. On Nature, or on the Natures of Things.*

To complete and correct Father Giry we have used the Année dominicaine and the work entitled Albert le Grand, sa vie et sa science, *by Dr. Joachim Sighart, professor of philosophy at the royal lyceum of Freising (Paris, Poussielgue, 1862).*

(1) From this time on there is no further mention of Albert's parents. They had doubtless died, which is all the more likely as they were already old at his birth.

ST. GERTRUDE OF EISLEBEN, BENEDICTINE NUN, ABBESS OF RODERSDORF AND OF HELFTA

— Pope: Benedict XII. — Emperor of Germany: Louis V of Bavaria.

Those who seek the Lord unceasingly by their good works and by the ardour of their desires soon reach the most sublime graces.

St. Gregory the Great.

Gertrude was born about the year 1264 in a town of the county of Mansfeld in Saxony called Eisleben. The parents of our Saint were among the noblest of the country and joined piety to the glory of their birth. At her own wish they placed her from the age of five with the Benedictines of Rodersdorf, where, weak and little as she was, she shone by the harmony of her virtues. As she did not know the world, she had no inclination for it. Her innocence and modesty were so perfect that she seemed not to have contracted the disorders of fallen man. She spoke only when it was necessary. She never looked at a man steadily enough to be able to recognize him. Her soul was in continual recollection, and she had so renounced her own will that she put all her joy in obeying God and those whom His providence had given her as superiors and guides. As she naturally had a quick and penetrating mind, she was allowed to join the study of letters to the exercise of virtue. She made such great progress in it that in a short time she became very well versed in languages, rhetoric and philosophy. She then applied herself to scholastic and mystical theology and easily grasped their finest secrets. In this exercise she had no other aim than to make herself more capable of knowing and loving God. However, because she began to take a little too much pleasure in it, which lessened the fervour of her devotion, Our Lord appeared to her and reproved her severely for this fault. After this apparition she found in that study only gall and bitterness, and she was so ashamed of having given room in her heart to tastes that were not purely of God that she could not bear herself. When she was twenty (1284), Our Lord willed Himself to be her master and teach her truths she could not have found in books. Indeed, on the eve of the Purification of Our Lady He filled her with lights so pure and so abundant that, although her past life had been a model of holiness for the most innocent souls, she looked on it only as a time of darkness and vanity. This favour was followed by so intimate a union with this divine Spouse that, until the age of thirty-five, when she composed the Treatise in which she speaks of this union, she never lost sight of His most sweet and most lovable presence, except for eleven days during which, to try her fidelity, He did not make Himself felt in the depth of her heart as sensibly as He usually did.

Such precious graces did not escape her superiors. Convinced of her merit, they made her abbess of the monastery of Rodersdorf, where she had made her profession, so that, raised above the others, she might shed the rays of her virtues more abundantly on the whole community. She did not stay long in that monastery, however. Shortly afterwards, for reasons we do not know, she was given charge of that of Helfta. One cannot worthily describe the fruits of grace and holiness that this admirable abbess produced in these two houses during the forty years she was superior of them in turn, nor how many young virgins she formed to perfection. She spared nothing to advance their sanctification, and she worked at it with such skill and unction that the least fervent were obliged to enter the ways she showed them. These happy successes did not prevent her from having a very low opinion of herself. She thought herself only a very great sinner; she said she did not deserve to be suffered on the earth, because anyone else would have made better use than she of the graces she received from the goodness of God. She was nevertheless very faithful in corresponding to them, and one has only to read the works she composed to see how delicate was her conscience and how exact she was in following every inspiration of her divine Spouse. She distrusted herself so much that, enlightened as she was, she still consulted others in the least difficulties; she went above all to St. Mechtilde, who was a nun in her monastery. She was sometimes assailed by vain and useless thoughts that came into her mind; but as she knew the corruption of our nature, and knew that all these involuntary ideas came only from her own bad ground, she was not surprised at them; she merely tried to repress them.

The variety of her occupations took nothing from her fervour, because everything served her as subject and motive to rise to Jesus Christ. All the actions she did in the morning before Communion she offered to God

as preparations for approaching the holy Table more worthily; and those that followed Communion she offered Him as so many acts of thanksgiving for the inestimable benefit she had received in communicating. Several people, knowing her experience in spiritual things, consulted her on the times they should choose for approaching holy Communion. She herself had recourse to prayer to learn from her divine Master how she should act on these occasions, and by an uncommon favour the divine Saviour assured her that He would give her the lights needed not to err in the advice she gave on this point, and further that He would grant those whom she advised to communicate the graces they needed in order not to communicate unworthily. These extraordinary favours show the singular affection this lovable Saviour had for His dear Spouse. She for her part was so on fire with His love that she could not be a moment without doing something she believed pleasing to Him. In all things she desired and sought only His glory, and she had so imprinted Him on her mind that she could think only of Him. The divine Saviour made this known one day to His holy Mechtilde in a vision in which He appeared to her seated on a throne, with Gertrude at His side, her eyes so fixed on Him that she did not turn them away for a moment. This holy nun took it as a clear sign of the kindness Our Lord had for her most worthy superior, and of the continual and untiring attention St. Gertrude gave to God present. Our Lord also revealed to one of her nuns the eminent perfection this holy abbess had reached. He declared to her that, as there was no one on earth with a will so disinterested and an intention so pure as Gertrude's, so there was no heart in this world in which He dwelt with more pleasure than in that of this faithful lover. Indeed, one cannot describe the flames of divine love He kindled in that heart, entirely devoted to Him, nor the mysterious workings of grace He produced in the depth of her soul. Sometimes He made in it the same impressions as if He had been born again there, making Himself felt in the state in which He was at Bethlehem and in His childhood. Sometimes He engraved on it spiritually the wounds He had received in His body in the Passion, to make her understand something of the excess of His sufferings. Sometimes He put rings on her fingers, as on His bride's, to mark the close covenant He was contracting with her. Sometimes He came to her with His most holy Mother, assuring her that this blessed Virgin would also have a mother's tenderness for her. Sometimes, finally, He acted in her as if He had exchanged hearts with her, so that she should have no other affections or inclinations than His, and should love Him with a love perfectly purified of all things here below.

All these extraordinary graces only stirred in her an ardent desire for suffering and an admirable zeal for the salvation of her neighbour. She could not live without feeling some pain. The time she passed without suffering was extremely tedious to her. She said that the spiritual man who took pleasure in the state of quiet had not yet gone far in virtue, and she added that whoever seeks that rest has not yet begun to work to acquire it. That is why she unceasingly practised rigorous mortifications, and why she could not be brought to accept any relief in her illnesses, even the most violent, unless her divine Spouse assured her that He did not disapprove of it.

One cannot believe with what fervour she tried to procure the salvation of the souls the Saviour acquired by the merits of His blood. She shed torrents of tears for them at the foot of the cross and before the Blessed Sacrament. With ardour and a seraph's zeal she made exhortations able to touch the hardest hearts. She wrote urgent letters and spiritual treatises full of the unction of divine love, which she sent everywhere, so that reading the saving maxims these writings contained might convert some, instruct others and bring everyone into the ways of perfection and holiness. By this means she won a great number of people to Jesus Christ. Some of them left the world to withdraw into the cloister, and others, who were already nuns, rose to a very high degree of prayer and union with God.

We shall not speak here of her prophecies or her miracles, which would detain us too long; the reader can find the details in her own works and in her life, which various authors very enlightened in spiritual things have put at the beginning of her books. After she had amassed on earth inestimable treasures of merit for about seventy years, it pleased Our Lord to give her the reward of them in heaven. She fell into a very acute

illness that lasted no less than five months. During this time she gave not the least sign of impatience or sadness; on the contrary, she was the more content the more violent her pains were. As she lost her speech and the nuns could not know her needs, they often gave her just the opposite of what she needed for relief; but she never complained of it, and she was as cheerful and as calm as if she had been given every relief nature could desire. She showed by signs that in the midst of her sufferings her heart was flooded with heavenly consolations. Indeed, she entered into so perfect a union with her Spouse that her spirit seemed transformed into that of Jesus Christ, as if she had no spirit but His. That is why, in the twenty-two weeks she remained without speaking, she was nevertheless heard to say these words: *Spiritus meus*, "my Spirit". And Our Lord made known by revelation to a nun of her monastery that the painful illness He had sent her was only to exercise her patience, in which He found wonderful delight, and that if He had taken away her power of speech, it was so that, having no more converse with men, she might have no other conversation than with Him. Her daughters, for whom the loss of such a mother could not but be infinitely painful, had recourse to St. Lebuin to obtain her cure through the merits of his intercession. But this illustrious martyr, appearing to a nun, told her that when the King wished to crown the Queen, it was not for a soldier to try to prevent Him.

At last, when the day of her death had come (1334), she saw her heavenly Spouse come down from the highest heavens, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin, by St. John the Evangelist, to whom she had always been very devoted, and by a great number of other blessed spirits who came to lead her to the glory prepared for her. She also saw near her bed several devils in hideous and horrible forms, but shamefully chained, to add to the pomp of her triumph by the victories and trophies she had won over them. At the moment she died, the nun who had been the faithful keeper of all her secrets saw her soul go straight to the heart of Jesus Christ, her beloved, as to the centre of all her affections, and that heart opened to receive it. It was in this chariot of glory that she was happily carried into heaven, there to be eternally plunged and lost in the joy of her God. Some devout persons also had a revelation that at the same hour several souls in purgatory had been delivered by her merits, to keep her company in her triumphal entry into the abode of the Blessed.

St. Gertrude of Eisleben is represented either with her heart opened and serving as a throne for the Child Jesus, or with her heart in her hand. This alludes to Our Lord's words: "You will find me in the heart of Gertrude"; and the Church has kept the memory of them in the collect of her feast.

CULT AND RELICS. — WRITINGS AND SPIRIT OF ST. GERTRUDE.

The feast of St. Gertrude of Eisleben is celebrated on different days in the Order of St. Benedict: some monasteries keep it on 12 April, others on 12 November, others again on the 15th of the same month; the Roman Breviary prescribes it on this last day. Mabillon speaks of relics of St. Gertrude that are said to have been carried to Mont-Sainte-Marie. Her mantle is also said to be kept in Neustria; but nothing very positive is known about all this, any more than about her tomb. The *Lipsanographia*, or Catalogue of the relics kept in the electoral palace of Brunswick-Lüneburg, mentions a fine shrine containing the sacred remains of St. Gertrude.

St. Gertrude has drawn the portrait of her soul in the book of her *Revelations* or *Pious Insinuations*. It is nothing other than the account of her communications with God. We shall extract some passages from it for the edification of our readers.

In a revelation of Jesus Christ to our Saint, she was told that, as the ring is the sign of the covenant of spouses with each other, so adversity, bodily as well as spiritual, is the most authentic sign of divine election and, as it were, the covenant of the soul with God.

One day when, uniting herself to the priest at the moment of the elevation of the sacred host, she herself was offering this spotless host to God the Father as a worthy reparation for all her sins, she felt that Jesus Christ had deigned to present her soul to His Father, and at the sight of such goodness she at once tried to pay God a just tribute of thanksgiving. Then she received from Jesus Christ Himself the understanding of this truth: that

each time someone devoutly assists at the holy sacrifice of the Mass and carefully turns his attention to the God who offers Himself in this sacrament for the common salvation of all men, that person is truly regarded with favour by God the Father, because of His delight in the thrice-holy victim offered to Him. Such a one would be like a man who, coming out of darkness, walks amid the rays of the sun and finds himself suddenly bathed in splendour. And then she put this question to the Lord in these terms: “Is it true, Lord, that as soon as someone falls into sin he also loses this happiness at the same time, like a man who comes back from the rays of the sun into darkness and loses the pleasant brightness of the light?” “No,” answered the Lord. “Although he who sins darkens in some way for his soul the light of the divine favours, yet my goodness always keeps for him some remnant of that happiness for eternal life; and a man increases and heaps up that happiness each time he devoutly assists at Mass and the other sacraments.”

Another day, after receiving holy Communion, while she was turning over in her mind with what care one should watch one’s tongue, which among the other members of the body is the one destined to receive Christ’s precious mystery, she was taught from on high by this comparison: “If anyone who does not guard his mouth against vain, false, shameful, slanderous or other such words approaches holy Communion without repentance and without penance, he receives Jesus Christ (as far as in him lies) in the same way as one who should overwhelm with a hail of stones the guest who comes to his house just as he crosses the threshold, or break his head with an iron hammer. Let whoever reads this comparison,” she adds, “consider with a deep feeling of compassion the relation between so great a cruelty on our part and so great a goodness on the Lord’s; let him see whether He who comes for man’s salvation with such gentleness deserves to be pursued with such harsh barbarity by those He comes to save. And the same may be said of all the other kinds of sin.”

Another day when she was to communicate, as she regarded herself as less well prepared than usual and the moment of Communion was approaching, she spoke to her soul in these terms: “See, the Bridegroom is already calling you; and how will you dare go to meet Him, not adorned at all with the ornaments of merit that would make you worthy of Him?” But then, considering her unworthiness still more, distrusting herself entirely and placing all her hope in the infinite charity of God, she said to herself: “What use is it to delay, since even if you had a thousand years to apply yourself, you still could not prepare yourself worthily, having absolutely nothing of your own that could suffice for so magnificent and so difficult a preparation? But I will go on the contrary to meet Him with humility and confidence, and when He has seen me from afar, my sweet Saviour, moved by His own love, will be powerful enough to send me what I need to present myself worthily and in perfect preparation.” And going forward indeed in this disposition, she kept the eyes of her heart fixed on her deformity and ugliness.

And when she had come a little nearer, the Lord appeared to her, looking at her with an air of mercy, nay, of affection. He sent to meet her, to prepare her worthily to appear before Him, the innocence she was asking for, and covered her with it as with a soft tunic shining all white. Then He gave her His humility, that humility by which He deigns to associate Himself with us who are so unworthy, so that she might cover herself with it as with a violet robe. And then His hope, that hope by which He Himself desires and burns to receive the embraces of the soul, to clothe herself with it as with a green ornament. Then His love, that love with which He is filled towards the soul, which He gave her as a gold-coloured mantle to adorn her. Further, His joy, the joy He Himself tastes in the bosom of the faithful soul, which He had placed on her like a crown set with gems and precious pearls. Lastly His confidence, which He Himself deigns to inspire, making Himself the support of the vile clay of human frailty and placing His delight in dwelling among the children of men, so that she might make it her footwear, and that, thus adorned on every side, she might present herself worthily before Him.

After receiving Communion, while she was recollected in the depth of herself, the Lord appeared before her in the form of a pelican piercing its heart with its beak, as that bird is usually represented. Filled with wonder

at this, she said to God: “Lord, what do You wish to persuade me of by this vision?” The Lord answered her: “I mean to make you consider that in offering you so august a gift I am urged by such great feelings of love that, if it were not unfitting to speak so, I would dare to say that, having made this present to men, I would rather remain dead in the tomb than see a loving soul abstain from this fruit of my generosity. It is, finally, to make you see how excellent is the way in which your soul is quickened for eternal life by taking this divine food, since it is quickened in the way the young pelican receives life from the blood that flows from its father’s heart.”

While at prayer she was asking the Lord about the usefulness of her prayers for her friends, since, though she prayed so often for them, she saw that they felt no benefit from them, the Lord deigned to teach her by this likeness: “When a child is adopted by an emperor and enriched with the immense inheritance of his domains, who among those who see that child notices from his height and shape the effect of this gift, although the witnesses know very well who he is and how great he will one day be through such abundant riches? Do not be surprised, then, that you do not see with bodily eyes the fruit of your prayers, which I dispose in my eternal wisdom for a greater profit. And the more often one prays for someone, the happier one makes him, since no prayer of a faithful soul will remain without effect, though men do not see the manner of it.”

Another time, when about to communicate, she said to the Lord: “O Lord, what are You going to give me?” The Lord answered her: “Myself, whole and entire, with all my divine essence, as the Virgin my mother received me in her womb!” And then she added: “What more shall I have than those who received You yesterday with me and abstain today, since You always give Yourself entirely?” To which the Lord answered: “If among men of the world one who had twice received the dignity of the consulship must have more honour than one who had held it only once, how should not he have more glory in eternal life who has received me many times on earth?” Then, groaning within herself, she said: “Oh, by how great a glory will the priests of the Lord surpass me, they who by their state communicate every day!” And the Lord said to her: “It is true that those will shine with great glory who approach worthily; but nevertheless the affection and love of the one who approaches must be judged very differently from the outward glory that appears in this mystery. Thus one reward is granted to those who approach with desire and love; another is reserved for those who receive it with fear and reverence; and another again is received by those who prepare to receive it by applying all their practices and exercises; while none of these rewards is destined for one who celebrates only out of habit.”

One day when she was examining her conscience and found something she would gladly have confessed had she not lacked a confessor, she had recourse, as was her custom, to her only consoler, the Lord Jesus Christ, and laid before Him with some anxiety the obstacle she was meeting. And the Lord answered her, saying: “Why are you troubled, my beloved, since whenever you desire it of me, I myself, the sovereign priest and true pontiff, will be at your disposal, and each time I will renew in your soul all seven sacraments at once? For I myself will baptize you in my precious blood; I will confirm you by the very power of my victory; I will espouse you by the very faithfulness of my love; I will consecrate you by the perfection of my most holy life; in the excess of my mercy I will loose you and absolve you from your sins; in the superabundance of my love I will feed you with myself, and in enjoying you I shall be satisfied; and finally, in the sweetness of my spirit, I will penetrate your whole interior with so effective an unction that through all your senses and pores an abundance of piety will flow without ceasing, by which you will become day by day more perfect and more holy for eternal life.”

We have completed Father Giry’s account with Godescard, the Caractéristiques des Saints *by Father Cahier, and the* Esprit des Saints *by M. l’abbé Grimes. — Cf. the* Revelations of St. Gertrude, *printed in Latin in 1664 and translated into French in 1676.*

STS. GURIAS AND SAMONAS, MARTYRS AT EDESSA IN SYRIA (299)

Gurias and Samonas, natives of Edessa in Syria, had withdrawn together to the country and settled there, so as to be less interrupted in the exercises of Christian piety. They led there a life so pure and so detached from earthly affections that in a short time they became wholly heavenly men. The examples of virtue they gave each other increased their fervour from day to day and made them aspire unceasingly, with one accord, to a higher perfection. Yet, as they had great zeal for spreading the glory of God and the honour of Jesus Christ, they often left their solitude to come into the city to strengthen the faithful persecuted by Diocletian's orders and to work for the conversion of the idolaters.

This led Antoninus, governor of Edessa, one of the most passionate ministers of that emperor's cruelty, to have them arrested and thrown into a dark prison. Having then recalled them to his tribunal, he used every kind of artifice to persuade them to obey the prince's edicts. But they answered courageously: "God forbid that we should ever leave the true faith, which will win us eternal life, to adore the works of men!" The judge threatened them with the cruellest tortures and even with death if they did not change their resolve. But they said to him: "You are mistaken, my lord, and you want to deceive us. We should truly die if we obeyed you; but in doing the will of God we shall not die: on the contrary, we shall obtain a life that will never end." At this answer Antoninus sent them back to prison and reported all that had happened to Diocletian.

That prince, relentless against the Christians, ordered Musonius, prefect of Antioch, to go to Edessa as soon as possible and try these glorious Confessors of the faith of Jesus Christ. Musonius came, summoned Gurias and Samonas before him and urged them for a long time to sacrifice to Jupiter. But all his efforts were useless, and our generous athletes answered boldly that they would do nothing of the kind. Then the judge ordered them to be hung up by one hand, with an extremely heavy stone tied to one foot. They were five hours in this state, enduring unbelievable pain; but they did not utter a single cry nor say even one word of complaint, so that one would have said they were suffering such searing pains in a borrowed body and were spectators rather than sufferers. The judge then had them thrown into a dungeon made unbearable by its stench and darkness, with orders to give them nothing to eat for the first three days and, for the rest of the time, very little, so as to afflict them with continual hunger. They remained there quite content from the beginning of August until the end of their martyrdom. On 10 November they were questioned again, and as they appeared firmer and more unshakable than ever, the prefect vented his fury on Samonas, who was of a much stronger constitution than Gurias. He had one of his feet bent back with horrible violence and fastened to the knee with an iron ring; then, having him hung in the air by that same foot, he had an iron weight tied to the other that dislocated all his limbs. This torment seemed so cruel to the executioners themselves that they were moved to compassion and begged the holy Confessor with tears to free himself from it by sacrificing to the gods. But the generous Martyr, despising their false compassion, did not deign to answer them. He turned to God and asked Him for the strength to suffer to the end for His love. As for Gurias, he had no part in this torture; not that the prefect pitied him, but, since he was very delicate and hunger and the earlier torments had left him in a pitiable state, the barbarian feared he would die in the executioners' hands. At last, on 15

November, he had them appear for the last time before his tribunal, and seeing that their constancy was increasing instead of weakening, he condemned them to be beheaded. This was carried out the same day, in the year of grace 299, according to Cardinal Baronius. Their bodies were buried by the Christians in Edessa, and God made them illustrious by great miracles.

This account is by Father Giry.

ST. LEOPOLD, MARGRAVE OF AUSTRIA (1136)

Leopold IV, sixth margrave of Austria, was the son of Leopold the Fair and of Ida, daughter of the Emperor Henry IV. The high virtues he showed from his earliest childhood won him the surname of *the Pious*. Having inherited his father's states (1096), he governed his subjects with admirable prudence. He won their minds by gentleness and sought to be useful to them. He regarded their goods as if God had entrusted them to him as

their protector. And he took care to procure their eternal salvation, encouraging the good to persevere by the favours he granted them and bringing the wicked back to the observance of the divine laws by fatherly punishments. His charity towards the poor was inexhaustible. His palace was the refuge of widows and orphans; strangers found sure help with him. He never refused his assistance to those in oppression who begged the strength of his arm to be delivered. He had a deep respect for clerics and religious. The affairs of his state did not keep him from often visiting the churches and remaining there a long time in rapt devotion. In a word, all his conduct was so edifying that his people had at every moment new reasons to admire the goodness, wisdom and holiness of his behaviour. His piety took nothing from his courage, which was naturally great. When he had to render to Caesar what he owed to Caesar, he showed himself no less fearless amid armies than he had shown himself steadfast at the foot of the altars in rendering to God what he owed to God. In the year 1104 he began his military exploits under the Emperor Henry IV, who was at war with his son Henry V. Having then taken the latter's side, he married his sister. Her name was Agnes, and she was the widow of Frederick, duke of Swabia, by whom she had had Conrad, afterwards emperor, and Frederick, who also gave the empire the famous Frederick Barbarossa. This marriage, which took place in the year 1106, was very happy, both because the princess was perfectly virtuous and because God blessed it with great and holy prosperity; for they had eighteen children together, eight sons and ten daughters. Heaven took seven of them in their baptismal innocence, and the other eleven all made themselves worthy of esteem, whether in the world, in religion or in the ecclesiastical state.

This new tie did not make Leopold relax his devotion at all. On the contrary, finding himself with a wife entirely devoted to virtue, he strove to give his people new examples of holiness together with her. As they had no other desire than to procure the glory of God, they resolved together to build a church and endow it for the maintenance of divine service there. The place where they were to build it was shown them by a kind of miracle. One day, when the weather was very mild, the veil the princess wore on her head was carried far away, and Leopold found it only some years later, undamaged, at the top of a tree in a place called Neuburg [Klosterneuburg], near Vienna. This marvel, which they took as a sign of God's will, decided them to raise a magnificent basilica there in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Its first stone was laid on 9 June 1111. This church was served by Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. That was not the only public witness our Saint gave to his religion. In the year 1127 he also founded, twelve miles from Vienna, a famous monastery under the name of Holy Cross [Heiligenkreuz]. He also repaired and endowed anew an old house already founded by his ancestors, and by force of arms he drove from the province the enemies who had laid it waste and had forced the religious to abandon it.

Leopold gloriously crowned so fine a life with a most holy death. He was buried in his church of Neuburg, and many miracles have attested his holiness. This is what led Pope Innocent VIII to canonize him (1485).

Even in our day, on St. Leopold's feast, his relics are exposed for the veneration of the people in a silver shrine, the head adorned with the ducal hat and lying on a red velvet cushion. The church is then always full of the faithful, both from the town and from the surrounding country. The ducal crown and the arms of the house of Austria are frequent attributes of St. Leopold. The emblazoned banner, a general characteristic of princes, is also one of his. As founder of churches and monasteries, he sometimes carries a small model of a church in his hand. He is also represented (especially in German engravings) surrounded by children: these are the eighteen offspring we have mentioned.

He is patron of the duchy of Austria, of Carinthia and of Styria.

We have completed Father Giry's account with the continuators of Godescard and the Caractéristiques des Saints.

16 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Rome, St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Congregation of the Discalced Clerks of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He brought countless sinners back into the way of salvation and at last, filled with merits, flew to the bosom of God on the 15th day before the calends of November (18 October). 1775. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Rufinus, Mark, Valerius and their companions. — The same day, the holy martyrs Elpidius, Marcellus, Eustochius and their companions. Elpidius was of senatorial rank; but having generously confessed the Christian faith in the presence of Julian the Apostate, he was tied, with those who were with him, to unbroken horses that dragged and tormented him for a long time. Then he was thrown into the fire and gloriously completed his martyrdom there. 4th c. — At Lyons, the birthday in heaven of St. Eucherius the Younger, bishop and confessor, a man of admirable faith and learning. Renouncing the senatorial dignity, he embraced the religious life and remained hidden for a long time in a deep cave, where he served Our Lord in the exercise of prayer and fasting; but he was drawn from it by the revelation of an angel, to be solemnly raised to the episcopal chair of Lyons.(1) 530. — At Padua, St. Fidentius or Fens, bishop. 168. — At Canterbury in England, St. Edmund, bishop, whose holiness God declared by great miracles that He made him work. Exiled for having upheld the rights of his Church, he died at Provins in the diocese of Meaux. Pope Innocent IV placed him among the Saints. 1240. — The same day, the death of St. Othmar, abbot. 759.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Ajaccio and Mende, St. Stanislaus Kostka, confessor, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1568. — In the diocese of Arras, St. Livinus, bishop and martyr, whose notice we sketched on 12 November. 657. — In the dioceses of Angers, Chartres, Limoges and Pamiers, St. Didacus, confessor, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1463. — In the dioceses of Bayeux and La Rochelle, St. Malo, bishop of Aleth, whose life we gave on the previous day. 630. — In the diocese of Blois, St. Aignan [Anianus], bishop of Orléans, whose life we shall give on the following day. 453. — In the diocese of Bordeaux, St. Emilian, monk and confessor. 767. — In the diocese of Cahors, St. Namphasius or Namphasy, confessor.(2) 8th c. — In the diocese of Carcassonne, St. Nicholas I, pope and confessor, whose notice we sketched on 13 November. 867. — In the dioceses of Clermont and Tours, St. Gregory, bishop of the latter see, of whom we shall speak on the following day. 595. — In the diocese of Cologne, Blessed Albert the Great, archbishop of Ratisbon, whose life we gave on the previous day. 1280. — In the dioceses of Coutances, Nantes, Rennes and Versailles, St. Gertrude of Eisleben, virgin, whose life we gave on 15 November. 1334. — In the diocese of Le Puy, St. Evodius or Vosy, bishop of that see, of whom we spoke on 12 November. — In the dioceses of Lyons and Fréjus, St. Eucherius the Elder, bishop of the former see and confessor. 450. — In the dioceses of Meaux and Sens, St. Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, named in today's Roman martyrology. 1240. — In the diocese of Montpellier, St. George, bishop of Lodève (Hérault), whose life we gave on 19 February. 884. — In the diocese of Moulins, St. Patroclus, recluse in Berry, whose life we shall give on 19 November. About 577. — In the diocese of Quimper, St. Melanius [Melaine], bishop of Rennes, whose life we gave on 6 January. 530. — In the diocese of Reims, St. Oricle (Oriculus), disciple of St. Nicasius, and his two sisters Oricula and Basilissa, martyred by the Vandals near the village of Senuc (Ardennes, arrondissement of Vouziers, canton of Grandpré). (3) 5th c. — In the diocese of Rodez, St. Quintian, bishop of that see and confessor, whose notice we sketched on 13 November. 527. — In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Amans, bishop of Rodez, whose life we gave on 4 November. 440. — In the diocese of Verdun, St. Maurus, bishop of that see and confessor, whose life we gave on the 8th of this month. 2nd c. — In the diocese of Viviers, St. Martin, pope, whose life we gave on 12 November. 655. — In the diocese of Séez, St. Geronna [Céronne], virgin. 490. — In the same diocese, St. Hilus or Nil (Hilus), bishop of that see. He was born in Greece and ordained priest there. Wishing to visit the chief sanctuaries of Christendom, he left his homeland.

Having travelled through Italy and part of Gaul, he arrived at Séez. The clergy and people were then gathered in the church to elect a bishop, and Hilus happened to be there too. God then revealed His servant's merits miraculously, and he was elected bishop unanimously. 4th c. — In Saintonge, St. Martin, founder of the monastery of Saujon (*Coenobium Saliginense*).(4) 400. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, St. Leonianus, recluse. A native of Sabaria (today Steinamanger [Szombathely] in Hungary), he had been taken captive in that country and brought to Autun by the Burgundians. He is believed to have governed the abbey of Saint-Symphorien at Autun and to have founded at Vienne hermitages that were the origin of the monastery of Saint-Pierre. 510.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — The octave of the dedication of the basilica of the Most Holy Saviour.(5) 324. — Among the Canons of the Lateran, the octave of the crucifixion of the Image of the Most Holy Saviour. — Among the Canons of Vienne: at Lyons, St. Eucherius, bishop and confessor, a man of admirable doctrine and faith. Belonging to the most noble order of senators, he took the habit and embraced the life of the Canons Regular. After shutting himself up for a long time in a cave, where he gave glory to God by his prayers and fasts, he governed the church entrusted to him with great care and solicitude. 530.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — St. Didacus, confessor.(6) 1463.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — In Poland, Sts. John and Benedict, martyrs, of our Order, who are mentioned on 12 November. 1004.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Cistercians. — At Canterbury in England, St. Edmund, bishop. He was exiled for having fearlessly defended the liberties of the Church, after the example of St. Thomas the martyr, and withdrew to the monastery of Provins, of the Order of Cîteaux, where he became a monk and lived very devoutly. God has shown his holiness by the greatness of his miracles. 1240.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Ferrara, Blessed Luce or Lucy of Narni, virgin, of the Third Order of our Father St. Dominic, whose body, kept incorrupt at Ferrara, is the object of great veneration. Her death took place on the 15th of this month, but her feast is celebrated today.(7) 1544.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Assisi in Umbria, St. Agnes, virgin, sister of St. Clare. Called to the wedding of the Lamb by her sister's prayers, she shone with such purity and holiness that the devils were put to flight at the approach of her tomb, where many other miracles were still being worked by the will of God. 1253.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — St. Martin, pope and martyr, whose birthday in heaven was on 12 November but whose feast is celebrated today in our Order. (8) 655.

Martyrology of the Order of Servites of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — St. Stanislaus Kostka, confessor, of the Society of Jesus, who flew to heaven on 15 August.(9) 1568.

(1) For a long time this St. Eucherius was confused with his namesake in today's French martyrology. Baronius, who at first, taking antiquity as his guide, had declared for a single Eucherius, later recognized two. Cardinal Noris, Vossius, Cave, Father Labbe, Father Théophile Raynaud and others have admitted two different Sts. Eucherius, both bishops of Lyons, and the Church of Lyons itself has adopted this opinion. Many reasons led them this way; it would take us too long to set them out and discuss them. On the other hand, the reasons brought by the supporters of the opposite opinion are not without weight. They are found condensed in the book that Joseph Antelmy, canon of Fréjus, published under the title *Assertio pro unico*

sancto Eucherio, Lugdunensi episcopo (Paris, 1728, in-4°). The question is in dispute. It is not for us to settle it; the Bollandists, whose duty that is, will doubtless do so. Let us await their work.

(2) Namphasius, of noble race, won by his qualities the friendship of the Emperor Charlemagne and the esteem of everyone. He was affable in speech, pure of conscience and humble of heart; he relieved the oppressed and consoled the afflicted. At that time the worship of idols had infected Aquitaine, where almost no one practised the Christian religion any longer. A fearless soldier, on fire with zeal for the faith, Namphasius went through the province making war on the Goths, the Vandals and the other enemies of the Catholic faith. Having reached the territory of Cahors, he richly endowed the monasteries of Figeac and Marcillac, founded long before by King Pepin, then destroyed by the barbarians, and at last raised up and restored by Charlemagne. Namphasius himself built another, called Lantoy, not far from the other two and near Cajarc (Lot, arrondissement of Figeac). He then withdrew to lead the hermit's life in an oratory dedicated to St. Martin near Marcillac. There he grew old in prayer, fasting and austerities of every kind, and at last left this world to receive the reward of his merits. The people of the country buried him honourably in a crypt near the place called Camiac. Many miracles have been worked at his tomb, especially for unfortunates suffering from the falling sickness. — *Proper of Cahors.*

(3) Buried in the same sarcophagus, the bodies of the three Martyrs were raised from the ground under the episcopate of Seulf, archbishop of Reims (922–925), and placed again in a single tomb. About the year 1050, Herimar, provost of Montagne, wished to place the relics in three different shrines; but the bones of the two sisters came of themselves to rejoin those of their brother, and they had to be left together. — *Proper of Reims.*

(4) Martin, born in the neighbourhood of Saintes about the middle of the 4th century and a disciple of the great St. Martin of Tours, spent some years in his abbey of Marmoutier. He then came to found a monastery of his own at Saujon (today the chief town of a canton in the arrondissement of Saintes). About 590, St. Palladius [Pallais], bishop of Saintes, moved the body of St. Martin of Saujon, whose tomb had become famous for the many miracles worked there, into the church the prelate had just built at Saintes and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours. He also placed relics of the latter there. Thus this parish church of Saintes possessed the venerable remains of master and disciple, both bearing the same name and both enjoying great credit with God. — *Local notes.*

(5) See 9 November.

(6) See his life on 13 November.

(7) At the age of five this Blessed one received the little Child Jesus from the hands of the Virgin. Another time the Lord espoused her in the presence of St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Siena, who, treating her as their daughter, gave her the habit of the Order themselves. She was visibly marked with the stigmata of the Passion. The town of Viterbo gave her refuge, and she founded a monastery there, where the brightness of her virtues drew a great number of Christian virgins. After fifty-eight years of sufferings she went to receive the palm of immortality. — *Local notes.*

(8) See his life on 12 November.

(9) We have given his life on 13 November.

ST. GERONNA [CÉRONNE], VIRGIN, IN THE DIOCESE OF SÉEZ

— Pope: St. Felix III. — King of the Franks: Clovis I.

St. Geronna [the text spells her Céronne throughout; the heading prints "GERONNB"] was born about the beginning of the 5th century in the village of Cornillan near Béziers. Her father was named Olympius and her mother Sarrabia. They possessed what the world values most: fortune, nobility and honours. But they lacked

the true treasures in God's eyes, faith and charity, for they were given to the worship of idols. Like a rose that grows among thorns and opens gracefully to the rays of the sun, little Geronna, though born of idolatrous parents, was enlightened early by the lights of the Holy Spirit. She conceived from then on a great horror of paganism and an ardent love for the Christian religion. Seeing that it was impossible for her to be fully instructed in this holy religion because of the obstacles she met from her parents, she took a resolution worthy of a soul as noble and generous as hers: to leave parents, fortune and homeland so as at last to follow the voice of God that called her to become a Christian.

However, as she was as chaste as she was beautiful, and considered that she could not carry out this great design alone, she revealed it little by little to one of her brothers named Sophronius, whose firm and generous character was in sympathy with her own. She began by setting out for him the chief articles of the Christian religion, such as the existence of one God infinitely good, His sweet providence that provides for all the needs of His servants, and the unspeakable joys He promises even in this life to those who sacrifice everything for Him. Leading him thus by degrees to the goal she had in mind, she had the double joy of winning her brother for Jesus Christ and of obtaining his promise to accompany her in her flight. The occasion to carry out their plan was not long in coming. At once, throwing themselves on their knees to commend themselves to Jesus Christ, they begged Him to send His angel to guide and protect them on their way. They then left their father's house, crossed the provinces of southern Gaul at the cost of a thousand hardships, and arrived at Bordeaux, where they had decided to stop. They went at once to present themselves to the bishop, told him the cause of their flight and begged him to receive them among the catechumens. The devout bishop welcomed them with joy, had them instructed in the Catholic faith and soon conferred holy baptism on them.

Some time later, feeling called by the Spirit of God to a higher degree of perfection, they went again to the bishop and told him of their plan to consecrate themselves entirely to Jesus Christ. Sophronius told him humbly that he wished to spend his life working for the salvation of his brethren in the priesthood, and St. Geronna begged him earnestly for the veil of virginity. The bishop, happy to see them so full of the love of God, nevertheless judged it fitting to test them for some time. Having made sure that it was God Himself who inspired this resolve in them, he admitted Sophronius to the priesthood and gave the veil of virginity to St. Geronna. Having thus become the sister of the angels and the chaste spouse of Jesus Christ, the humble virgin thought only of despising the world and its vanities. She forgot the greatness and nobility of her origin and put all her glory in holy poverty. St. Geronna and her brother, having settled at Bordeaux, lived there for a fairly long time, peaceful and happy under the Lord's wing. Full of humility, gentleness, patience and charity for the poor, they edified all the faithful by their angelic life and tasted by experience how sweet the Lord is to those who love Him. But even the happiness of the Saints on earth cannot be perfect, and the joys of this world are almost always mixed with tears. God, wishing to test the virtue of His servants and make it shine still more before men, allowed their life, so innocent and pure, to become the target of the shafts of calumny. Some wicked men, stirred up by the enemy of God, gave out that Sophronius and Geronna were not brother and sister, that they took that name only the better to cover their disorderly life, and that the mere wish to live more freely in crime had led them to leave their homeland and their families. These two holy persons were deeply grieved to see their innocent life tarnished in the eyes of the faithful by so abominable a calumny. They bore this humiliation with patience, however, and offered God this new sacrifice, more painful to them than all those they had made Him until then. For what is dearer to the Saints, after the grace of God, than their reputation, over which the Holy Spirit Himself bids us watch? So, although none of the respectable people of the city believed this calumny, St. Geronna and her brother, the more surely to stop it, resolved to part for ever.

Having said goodbye to his sister with many tears, Sophronius went to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles, and died some time later in the odour of sanctity. As for St. Geronna, she set out towards the north

of Gaul, crossed several provinces and, after many hardships and dangers from which she escaped by the protection of her good angel, arrived in the diocese of Séez about the year 440. Having come upon a solitary wooded place a short distance from Mortagne, between the ancient town of Mont-Cacune and Mont-Romigny, she felt as if inspired to stop there and spend the rest of her days. With this in mind she had a little cell built there to live in. The innocence and holiness of her life soon drew to her several devout persons who, encouraged by her example and instructions, courageously followed her into the way of evangelical perfection. With the permission of the venerable bishop Hilus, who was then governing the diocese of Séez, she gathered them into a community, and so founded in this diocese the first religious house of which history has kept any memory.

St. Geronna then had a chapel built near her monastery, which the holy bishop dedicated to Our Lord under the patronage of St. Marcellus, pope and martyr, for whom St. Geronna had a great devotion. This chapel was not the only monument she raised to the glory of God. The authors who have written her life tell us that she had another oratory built opposite the chapel of Saint-Marcel, on the slope of Mont-Romigny, at the very spot where the church of Sainte-Céronne stands today. This place was almost daily the scene of the superstitious rites of the inhabitants of Mont-Cacune, who came there to deposit the ashes of their dead. Our dear Saint wished to sanctify it by building a chapel there, where she came each day to pray to the Lord for the conversion of these poor idolaters.

St. Geronna joined the apostolic life to the contemplative, and made every effort to draw the pagans of that country to Christianity. She spent part of her time instructing them in the truths of the faith and the other part asking God for their conversion. She worked at it with such zeal that her instructions, her miracles and above all her admirable examples of piety, patience and detachment from earthly goods brought about the conversion of almost all the idolaters of that country, who began to venerate her as their benefactress and mother. As the report of her virtues and miracles had spread through all the surrounding country, many people came to visit her, some to commend themselves to her prayers, others to be consoled by her gentle words, or to stir themselves to a greater love of God by the sight of her charity. St. Geronna received them kindly, lavishing encouragement on sinners and consolation on the unfortunate. These outward occupations did not lessen her recollection, because she never lost sight of Jesus Christ. Always intent on pleasing Him, she persevered in fasting, in prayer and in meditation on the holy Scriptures. She lived thus to a very advanced age and strove continually to give her sisters the example of all the virtues.

Towards the end of her life her sight began to trouble her, and she finally lost it altogether. But as she was perfectly resigned to the will of God and had no other desire than soon to see her Saviour in the heavenly Jerusalem, she did not regret this misfortune, which would have been a cause of affliction to so many others. She even went on going every day to her two oratories of Saint-Marcel and Mont-Romigny, about two hundred paces from the first. To make the way easier she had an iron wire stretched from one to the other to guide her unsteady steps. It is said that children or shepherds out of mischief broke this guiding wire several times, and that it was always found miraculously joined again. At last came the happy moment when Jesus Christ deigned to call this blessed virgin to Himself. Her soul, full of joy, then took flight on the wings of charity and flew to the abode of the blessed, to receive there the reward reserved for those who on earth have followed the spotless Lamb in the way of virginity. Her precious death took place on 15 November 490.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS. — PILGRIMAGE.

The body of this holy virgin, laid out by the hands of her devout daughters, was buried with great respect in the oratory of Saint-Marcel. Soon several miraculous cures took place at St. Geronna’s tomb, revealing to the faithful the glory this humble virgin enjoyed in heaven, she who had marked her passage on earth only by her good works. As word of this spread far and wide, many pilgrimages were made to her tomb. People came from everywhere to ask God, through the intercession of this beloved Saint, for the healing of the ills of body

and soul, and God was pleased to fulfil the wishes of His servants by glorifying St. Geronna.

However, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, seeing the great veneration in which this holy virgin was held, feared that her body might be taken from them, as happened only too often with the relics of the Saints. They exhumed the Saint's body and carried it, amid psalms and canticles of joy, to the oratory of Mont-Romigny, around which a fairly large village had already formed. Our Lord continued to show forth the Saint's glory there by many miracles, worked above all for people sick with fever who were brought there from all sides. Then began that very popular devotion which so many centuries have not been able to weaken and which still continues today, thanks to the many cures St. Geronna has obtained at all times for those who have had recourse to her powerful protection. However widespread devotion to St. Geronna was in the diocese of Séez, it had not yet been publicly authorized by the bishops. But about three centuries after our dear Saint's death, about the year 912, St. Adelin, bishop of Séez, was warned by a divine revelation to search for the body of this glorious virgin and expose it for the veneration of the faithful. The search was not easy, because during the ravages of the Normans the oratory of Mont-Romigny had been pulled down, and the faithful, scattered in different directions, had lost the memory of the exact spot where the Saint's body lay. Yet St. Adelin, to obey God's command, at once began to pray, and after three days spent in fasting and prayer he learned by a new revelation the place where the body of this holy virgin rested. At once he went in procession with the clergy and people to the place shown him. He had it dug with complete confidence, and found the holy body entire and without any mark of corruption. It lay in a tomb covered with earth and so hidden under the turf that it was impossible to suspect a body was buried there. The holy bishop, admiring the means divine Providence had used to preserve this glorious relic from profanation during the ravages of the Normans, prostrated himself to thank God for the new treasure He had just revealed to His Church. Then, having raised this holy body from the ground with great marks of veneration, he placed it in a magnificent shrine and exposed it for the veneration of the faithful, who had flocked from all sides for this fine ceremony. Not content with giving it these marks of honour, he had a large and fine church built over her tomb and solemnly consecrated it under the name of Sainte-Céronne.

For several centuries the diocese of Séez, which had seen the relics of its chief Saints disappear as a result of the Norman ravages, congratulated itself on possessing at least those of St. Geronna entire. But later God allowed them to be taken from it like the others, because of the sins of the people. In the 12th century the English, having made themselves masters of Mortagne and all the surrounding country, were delighted to find in the church of Sainte-Céronne the relics of a Saint venerated throughout Normandy. They hastened to carry off this precious treasure, and, fearing to lose it if the country were ever reconquered, they took it to Mont-Saint-Michel, where it was kept in great veneration. When peace had been restored between France and England, however, the bishop of Séez took advantage of it to claim St. Geronna's body. But whatever prayers and entreaties were made to them, the kings of England would never give it back entire. They only allowed the religious of the monastery in which they had placed it to return one of the Saint's arms and a small portion of her bones, which were devoutly brought back to her parish church. The arm was placed on the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The other relics were enclosed in a bust representing St. Geronna and placed near the tabernacle. It is not said in what year this second translation took place; but it is to be believed that it happened in the 12th century.

In 1794, when revolutionary impiety was ravaging the churches and giving to the flames the relics of the Saints that our fathers had venerated for so many centuries, the faithful of the parish of Sainte-Céronne could not, despite their vigilance, prevent a raving impious man of the town of Mortagne, named Follet, from getting into their church, knocking down its statues and profaning the relics of St. Geronna kept at the high altar. Driven by a satanic rage, he tore from the Saint's bust the silver box containing the relics. He then took away another silver reliquary placed on the other side of the tabernacle, containing, according to common belief, relics of St. Adelin. Having laid everything waste in the church, he went out blaspheming against God

and His Saints. By a providential design he forgot the silver reliquary containing St. Geronna's arm. A few moments after he had left, a devout woman named Françoise Girard came into the church to see the havoc this impious man had made. She saw the reliquary, which he had thrown on the church floor and then forgotten there. She hastened to carry it home and showed it to another devout woman of Sainte-Céronne, named Gratienne Esnault, who had bought the church to save it from demolition. Gratienne advised her to open the reliquary and, after taking out the precious relic, to take the reliquary back to the church to ward off all suspicion. The devout Françoise followed her advice. But as she feared the relic might perish altogether if it were discovered in her house, she broke it in Gratienne Esnault's presence, and each took a fragment, so that if one disappeared the other at least would be kept for the parish.

After the Revolution they joyfully handed the holy relics over to M. Létat, parish priest of Sainte-Céronne. As the two fragments fitted together perfectly, no one raised the least doubt about their authenticity. These precious relics continued, then, to be honoured in the church of Sainte-Céronne, and on 19 October 1832 they were recognized by Mgr. Alexis Saussol. Advantage was taken of the opening of the shrine on that occasion to extract a few particles of the venerable bone. They have been distributed to several churches or communities, which keep them carefully. One of these particles was even sent in 1863 to the seminary of St. Charles near Baltimore (United States). As for the Saint's other relics, kept in the Middle Ages in the church of Mont-Saint-Michel, it is not known at present what has become of them.

The diocese of Séez is the only one today in which a public office is said in honour of St. Geronna. This office, of semi-double rite, was approved at Rome in 1857. The Saint's feast, which has been moved to 16 November, is celebrated every year with great devotion by the clergy of that diocese.

Some distance from the town of Sainte-Céronne lies the village of Saint-Marcel, where the Saint's monastery and private oratory once stood. They were ruined during the Norman wars; but a dwelling is still shown in this village which, according to the parish tradition, is built on the foundations of St. Geronna's house. Opposite the same village, at the top of a fairly deep ravine, there is a spring known from time immemorial as the Spring of the good St. Céronne. Popular devotion attributes to its water the power to cure fevers, the illness that seems to have caused the Saint's death. Before going to the spring, each pilgrim visits the relics of the patroness and has a Mass, a novena or a Gospel said in her honour in the church of the place. The parish church of Sainte-Céronne is the goal of a pilgrimage all the more frequented because miraculous cures take place there almost every year. In the middle of the choir one sees the tomb where the Saint's body rested for centuries and worked so many miracles for the poor sick. At the top of the high altar, in a pretty niche, there is a statue of St. Geronna. The Saint is represented in religious dress; over her robe she wears a scapular. Her particular attribute seems to be a book she holds in her left hand, to recall that she brought the Gospel with her. On one of the side altars (the altar of the Blessed Virgin) one sees St. Geronna's venerated arm, enclosed in a wooden reliquary sealed with the bishop's seal. It is solemnly exposed and carried in procession on the Saint's two feasts: that of 15 November, and that of the third Sunday of July, established in memory of the translation of the Saint's relics.

Extracted from the Vies des Saints du diocèse de Séez *by M. l'abbé Blin, parish priest of Durcet (Laigle, 1873). This work is a worthy*

companion to the Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens *by M. l'abbé Corblet.*

ST. EDMUND [EDME],(1) ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

— Pope: Gregory IX. — King of England: Henry III.

He triumphed over the world, the flesh and the devil by the harmony of his pure intention, his upright words and his perfect works.

Bull of his canonization.

Edmund came into the world towards the end of the 12th century in a small town in England named Abingdon, in the county of Berkshire, six miles from Oxford. His father was called Reginald-Edward Rich, and his mother Mabel. Without being very poor, they had little fortune but much virtue. Edward left the world with his wife's consent and became a monk at the monastery of Evesham, where he died a holy death. Mabel stayed at home to bring up her children, but she lived there with no less piety than if she had been in the cloister. She constantly wore a rough hair shirt and an iron corselet; she attended Matins almost every night; she worked perpetually to master her passions and to make herself a model of perfection in her family. Edmund was the eldest of her children. He came into the world with a body without stain, pure as a flower. Born in the morning, he gave no sign of life until evening, and he would have been buried had his mother not opposed it. She had him baptized, and it was then seen that he was alive.(2) The name Edme, or Edmund, was given him because he had first made himself felt in his mother's womb in the church dedicated to St. Edmund, king of England and martyr. As soon as he was old enough to practise virtue, his devout mother accustomed him to an austere life. She made him fast on Fridays on bread and water. She sometimes clothed him in a little hair shirt, and by little presents she gently drew him to mortification and penance. When she sent him with his brother Robert to study at Paris, fearing that the fire of youth might make them lose the inestimable treasure of chastity, she gave each of them a hair shirt as well, telling them to wear it two or three times a week. And every time she sent Edmund new linen she never failed to put some new instrument of mortification among it.

This blessed child, in England as in Paris, corresponded perfectly to the inclinations and care of so prudent a mother. He was a model of gentleness, modesty and devotion. He was hardly ever seen except at school, at church or in his room. Prayer and study, apart from the indispensable needs of the body, shared all his time, and on feasts and Sundays, following his mother's instruction, he never failed to recite the whole Psalter of David. Love of the Child Jesus was deeply rooted in his heart. He often thought of Him, and this lovable Saviour did not forget him for His part, but watched carefully over all his needs. He received a signal favour from Him one day. As he was walking with other students, he drew away from the company for fear that some useless or improper talk might make an impression on his imagination. Then the divine Child appeared to him in ravishing beauty and, casting on him a look full of love, said these words: "Hail, my beloved." Edmund was surprised at so gracious a greeting and stood quite dumbfounded, not daring to answer anything. But the Saviour added: "Do you not know me, then?" "I have not that honour," Edmund said to him, "and I am also sure you take me for someone else and do not know me either." "How can it be," the little Jesus answered, "that you do not know me, I who am always at your side in school and go with you wherever you go? Look at my face and see what is written there." Edmund raised his eyes and read these words, *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*, written in heavenly characters. "That is my name," the adorable Child went on. "You must engrave it deeply in your heart and imprint it on your forehead at night, and it will preserve you, and all who do the same, from sudden death." Then He disappeared, leaving our holy student filled with inconceivable joy. From then on he had a singular devotion to Our Lord's Passion and made it the continual occupation of his mind.

Some authors have written that this miraculous apparition took place in the Pré-aux-Clercs at Paris. Our Saint's mother, having fallen dangerously ill and judging well that she would not recover, called this dear son back from Paris as soon as possible to give him her blessing. He received it with deep respect and then begged his good mother to give it also to his brother and sisters. "That is not necessary, my son," she answered. "I have blessed them all in your person, since it is through you that they will be made sharers in the blessings of heaven." She was not unaware of the degree of holiness he would one day reach. The night before, she had seen him in a dream wearing on his head a crown of thorns which, suddenly catching fire, sent its flames up to heaven. As he was the eldest, she charged him to take care of his brother and to watch particularly over the modesty of his sisters. Their extreme beauty, although it went with perfect good conduct, made him fear for them the dangers to which they would be exposed in the world. He therefore

suggested that they become nuns, and with their consent he presented them to the superior of a monastery. But she would receive them only on condition that they brought a certain sum of money in cash. Fearing there might be simony in this, he withdrew and had recourse to God in prayer, telling his sisters to do the same. After his prayer he went to a poor monastery where he knew the observance was kept in all its integrity. As soon as the prioress saw him she called him by his name, although she did not know him, and, anticipating his request, which God had revealed to her, told him he could bring his sisters and they would be received with joy.

Freed from family cares and resolved to return to Paris, Edmund first consecrated himself to God and the Blessed Virgin by a vow of chastity. For this solemn act he chose a day and a sanctuary dedicated to the Mother of God, and this is how he made this gift of himself. He came to an altar of Mary and laid at the foot of her statue two rings prepared beforehand, around which he had had the Angel's Salutation engraved. On his knees he pronounced the vow of perpetual chastity he had already made in his heart. Then he took one of the rings and, as a pledge of his vows and of a covenant henceforth irrevocable, put it on the finger of the holy image. He likewise placed a similar ring on his own finger and kept it until his death: a sweet memorial that recalled by its shape the eternity of his promises, and that, by the gentle *Ave* engraved on it, remained on his hand as a perpetual salutation to his beloved Mother. From that time Mary never ceased to protect this dear child, and he for his part was always faithful to her whom he called "his sovereign, his guardian, his spouse, his mother".

He came back to Paris to finish his studies. He loved learning, but he had no less ardour for virtue. He studied as if he were to live for ever, and he lived as if he were to die the next day. Study made him despise vanity, the pleasures of the senses and everything that could keep him from practising virtue; and virtue filled his soul with heavenly lights that made it able to penetrate the most sublime truths by study. So by this happy harmony he became so learned that he was the admiration not only of his fellow students but of his masters too. He was considered a prodigy of doctrine and learning, while the purity and innocence of his life made him a miracle of holiness.

As he grew older he increased his austerities. Not content with the ordinary hair shirts his mother had once given him, he had one made so rough and, so to speak, so cruel and unbearable that hardly anything like it had ever been seen. He added breeches and stockings of horsehair, together with the corselet he had inherited from his mother, which made him endure at every moment an inconceivable martyrdom. When he had received the first degrees of the faculty of Paris, he taught letters there with great reputation. In this post he was so disinterested that not only did he not press his students for money, but what was given him he often left on a window-sill covered with earth, saying that dust should be left with dust. When his students were in need he relieved them with his alms; and one day he took into his house one who was sick and slept six weeks beside his bed to look after him. He healed another of a cruel pain in the arm, saying to him: "May Our Lord Jesus Christ heal you!" He also applied himself to leading them to virtue, and often used his chair to give them powerful exhortations on their obligation to live as Christians. He had a chapel built in his parish in honour of the Blessed Virgin, where he took them with him to Mass. Every day, in honour of this Queen of angels and of St. John the Evangelist, he said the prayer *O intemerata*; and once when he had left it out he was reproved for it by that beloved disciple. While he was teaching geometry and applying himself to solving its problems, his mother appeared to him in a dream and asked him what all these figures meant to which he was giving such attention. When he had answered whatever came into his mind, she took his hand and imprinted on it three circles, which represented the Holy Trinity, saying to him: "Leave, my son, all the figures that occupy you now, and think only of these." The Saint understood well what this meant and at once applied himself to the study of theology.

After teaching the liberal arts for six years he went back to class as a simple student. When studying he had before him the image of Our Lady, around which the mysteries of our

Redemption were depicted; and in the midst of his hardest work he would turn to her with such fervour that his mind sometimes entered into the sweetness of contemplation and, in a manner, into ecstasy. He never took up the Bible to read it without kissing it respectfully. He spent part of the night in this reading. Every day he heard Matins at Saint-Merry and then remained a very long time in prayer, with tears and groans, at the foot of an altar of the Blessed Virgin. From there he went to the schools without taking any rest. In the afternoon he heard Vespers; and although he was so assiduous at church, he was never seen sitting there, but always in a humble posture. Walter de Gray, archbishop of York, knowing he needed books, had some copied for him; but he refused them for fear it might be a burden to the monastery. He even sometimes sold his own books to give alms to the poor, because the more he grew in light, the less he needed books.

It was by these acts of religion as much as by study that he made himself worthy of the rank of doctor. He had nevertheless to be forced to accept it, because his humility made him believe he did not deserve so great an honour. He at once used this new degree for the benefit of his neighbour, as if he had been born only for the use of others. He gave his lectures with such unction that while enlightening his hearers' minds he also softened their hearts. Several, touched by the exhortations burning with divine love that he mingled with his discussions, left considerable benefices and ecclesiastical dignities to embrace the religious life.

One night he saw in a dream a great fire filling the hall where he taught publicly, and seven torches, formed from that fire, coming out of it. The next day seven of his students, among them Stephen of Lexington, afterwards abbot of Clairvaux and founder of the famous Collège des Bernardins at Paris, joined the abbot of Cîteaux, who had come to hear him, and went to take the habit in his monastery. Another time, when he was to treat of the Most Holy Trinity, he fell asleep in his chair while waiting for the lecture to begin. In his sleep he saw a dove come down from heaven and bring a host to his mouth; after which he spoke on this mystery with such depth that it was clear he was speaking by an extraordinary impulse of the Spirit of God. He also applied himself to preaching, and his sermons were so animated with apostolic zeal that he overcame the resistance of the most hardened sinners, as he did with William, earl of Salisbury, who had not been to confession for a long time.

From his childhood he had fasted on bread and water on Fridays and from Septuagesima until Lent. After his promotion to the priesthood he ate only once a day, and he kept an abstinence almost always in prayer. He often adored Our Lord with the words *Adoramus te, Christe*, which he repeated at each of His wounds. It is held that for three years he never lay down in his bed, and that he slept sometimes lying on a bench or on the bare ground, sometimes sitting, so that only half his body rested. He would never have a benefice where he could not reside; and when he was obliged to teach, if he held one, he resigned it so as not to receive its revenues without fulfilling its obligations. But at last, to have more freedom to devote himself to the ministry of preaching the Gospel without being a burden to anyone, he accepted, though with much reluctance and only at the urging of his friends, the treasurership of the illustrious church of Salisbury. He had such contempt for gold and silver that he never touched them except to give alms. He left his receipts and expenses to his steward and never asked him for an account, provided he was generous to the poor.

The Pope, informed of his holiness and his zeal for the glory of Jesus Christ, sent him an apostolic mission to preach the Crusade against the Saracens, with power to require from the churches what would be necessary for his journey. He would not use this privilege, preferring to proclaim the word of God as a true Apostle, with no other help than that of zeal and self-denial. He fulfilled his mission with immense success, which he owed to the irresistible power of holiness. The see of Canterbury being vacant, and the election of the archbishop of that city having devolved on His Holiness, Pope Gregory IX named our holy preacher to it. He hid to avoid this honour and made great resistance when he was found; but at last, when it was pointed out to him that he could no longer oppose this choice without offending God, he let himself be led to his archiepiscopal see. Consecrated (1234) amid the general applause of all the people, he showed himself a worthy Pastor of the flock of Jesus Christ. He increased his austerities rather than lessening them. He did not

take bright and magnificent clothes, as the bishops of his time did, but contented himself with a neat and decent simplicity in his dress. He took particular care of all the spiritual and bodily needs of his flock. He was the feeder of the poor, the father of orphans, the support of widows, the refuge of the persecuted and the relief of the sick. He gave in marriage girls who had no means of providing for themselves, and applied to his works of charity, besides his own income, the fines of his officiality. Above all he pursued vice; but at the same time he worked everywhere to win sinners and draw them to penance. He would never accept any present, and he could not approve of judges accepting them. On this he used to say pleasantly "that between *prendre* and *pendre* [to take and to hang] there is only one letter of difference".

Such was St. Edmund's life while he enjoyed his see in peace. But because he was pleasing to God and dear to heaven, he had to be tried in the furnace of tribulation. Indeed, as he showed himself inflexible in defending the rights of the Church and ecclesiastical immunities, he so incurred the anger of the king, the lords, cowardly and compliant bishops and even his own chapter that they inflicted on him a thousand kinds of outrages and persecutions. In these trials his patience was always invincible. He tenderly loved his own persecutors and showed them every kind of friendship when occasion offered. He consoled and strengthened his servants and those attached to him, telling them that these insults were medicines which, bitter as they were, were nevertheless very wholesome for him and contributed to the health of his soul. He compared them to the wild honey St. John lived on in the desert, which had sharpness and sweetness at once. However, after making strong remonstrances to the king, and seeing that his presence irritated people's minds and that he was no longer left free to perform his episcopal functions, he resolved to withdraw to France. He worked several more miracles before his departure, and when he was about to embark, St. Thomas, that admirable archbishop of Canterbury who had left him so fine an example of episcopal vigour, appeared to him and urged him always to keep good courage, assuring him that in a short time he would receive the reward of all his labours. He therefore left England secretly and withdrew to the abbey of Pontigny, of the Order of Cîteaux, where he was received with all the reverence due to his rank and his eminent virtue (1240).

Shortly afterwards he fell dangerously ill. His friends persuaded him to have himself carried to the monastery of Soisy, of the same Order, near Provins, where the air was milder and much better. This change grieved the monks of Pontigny extremely, and they showed him their sorrow by abundant tears; but he consoled them, promising that he would come back to them on the feast of St. Edmund, martyr. His illness did not lessen in the other house; on the contrary, it grew from day to day, so that he asked for the Viaticum. As soon as he saw the sacred host in the priest's hands, stretching out his arms towards this object of his love, he cried out with extreme confidence: "You are, Lord, the one in whom I have believed; You are the one I have preached and proclaimed to Your people, according to the truth of Your Gospel. I take You to witness that I have sought on earth You alone, and that all my desire has been to accomplish Your holy will. That is still what I desire now above all things. Do with me what You will." Those present were quite astonished to hear him speak so, because by his gestures, his looks and the tone of his voice he seemed really to see Jesus Christ.

After receiving the most holy Eucharist he remained in great joy all that day; he seemed no longer to be ill. Tears burning with the ardour of his love flowed from his eyes, and the composure of his face was proof of the tranquillity of his soul. At last he was given the sacrament of Extreme Unction; and then, taking the cross in his arms, he bathed it with his tears and spent a long time kissing, with the tenderest and most heartfelt devotion, the wounds of his Saviour. He pressed his mouth, so to speak, to that of His sacred side, and, as though he wished to draw blood from it, he said: "Now is the time to draw saving waters from the fountains of the Redeemer." The weaker his limbs grew, the more he felt his soul strengthened by new graces. He would never lie down but remained always seated, and took no other relief than sometimes resting his head in his hands. At last, without giving any sign of death or uttering any sigh, he gave back his fine soul to Our Lord on 16

November of the year 1240. The night before his death, a holy man had a revelation of his glory and of the veneration he deserved on earth.

He is represented: 1° placing a ring on the finger of the Blessed Virgin; 2° standing, seeing Jesus Christ appear to him, showing him the word INRI written on His forehead and pointing out this devout means of preserving oneself from sudden death; 3° seeming to bless a child lying at his feet. He has also been represented embracing the Child Jesus and receiving a mysterious ring from the Virgin Mary.

CULT AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS. — WRITINGS.

Immediately after St. Edmund's death his heart was separated from his body and placed in a shrine, which was laid in the church of the abbey of Saint-Jacques at Provins, where it was kept until the French Revolution. The venerable body, clothed in pontifical vestments, was exposed in the church of Soisy and then carried to Pontigny. All along the way the funeral carriage was preceded and followed by an immense crowd that never stopped growing. It was with this magnificent procession that the holy body arrived at Pontigny on 20 November, the day of St. Edmund, martyr. It was placed in the middle of the sanctuary, where it remained exposed until the seventh day, clothed in its pontifical vestments and with the face uncovered. His features were not altered, and while he remained exposed to the eyes and veneration of the faithful, a numerous throng never ceased to fill the church. The monk charged with guarding the sacred deposit, wishing to have a relic of the Saint, tried to take his pontifical ring from his finger; but he could take it off only after asking the Saint's pardon for his rashness and humbly begging him to make him this present himself. This ring was kept among the holy things, and the Lord granted many cures to the power of its touch. On 25 November the body was laid in a grave prepared for it facing the high altar, under the paving of the sanctuary. Scarcely had the holy Pontiff been lowered into the tomb when God glorified His servant by three miracles. Eight days later wonders began to happen at his tomb in such numbers that the monks of Pontigny thought of giving him a more honourable resting-place. The coffin was taken out of the grave and opened, and the body was found without any corruption, the face as fresh and as ruddy as on the day of his death.

Edmund was scarcely in possession of his tomb when he found himself invested with the glory of the Saints. The brilliance of his miracles, the memory of his heroic virtues and the anticipated homage of the faithful canonized him before the judgement of the Church. At last he was placed among the Saints by Pope Innocent IV in 1247, and the ceremony of his translation was fixed for 9 June of the same year. It took place in the presence of Louis IX and all his court and of a multitude that had flocked from the various regions of France and England. The holy body was found entire and incorrupt and was laid on the high altar, where it received the homage of the many faithful. The next day it was laid in a stone mausoleum; but shortly afterwards a second translation took place. The devout generosity of the faithful having made it possible to have a magnificent shrine made, resplendent with gold, crystal and precious stones, the holy body was placed in it; it was raised on four bronze columns at the back of the sanctuary.

France flocked no less eagerly than England to the tomb of the holy archbishop of Canterbury. The throng grew every day, and the monks were no longer enough to show the holy relics. To satisfy the devotion of the faithful and lessen the fatigue, they confined themselves to having the right hand kissed; two brothers held it outside the shrine and presented it to the pilgrims' lips. When they were exhausted, two others took their place without interruption; but such was the eagerness of the crowd that "the dead man's hand tired out the hands of the living". It also happened that, through the continual movement given to the arm in offering it to be kissed, it seemed about to come away at the elbow joint, as if "to share by its weariness in the fatigue of the Brothers". The monks noticed it, and fearing that the movement, by being repeated, might damage the rest of the body, and not wishing to provoke by a refusal the murmurs of pilgrims who had often come from afar, they resolved to complete the separation of the forearm with respect. They enclosed it in a golden armlet

adorned with precious stones, offered in the name of King St. Louis by the two queens of France. Even today this hand is still presented to the gaze and veneration of the faithful.

Pontigny became the centre of a pilgrimage that drew men of every condition from the most distant provinces of the kingdom. The kings of France, in the calamities that threatened their family or their people, had recourse to the intercession of St. Edmund to appease the divine anger. These illustrious pilgrimages followed one another without interruption until the end of the 18th century: princes and towns came or sent deputations with presents and prayers to obtain signal favours or turn aside the anger of God. Several times St. Edmund's relics escaped barbarous invaders such as the Calvinists or the Revolutionaries of 1793. They were saved intact. Likewise the church, which dates from 1150, is the only one of the Order of Cîteaux that has escaped the ravages of time and of the wreckers. It still stands, without any alteration inside. It is remarkable for two characteristics: the unity of its style and the austere purity of its architecture.

Here all is noble, dignified, imposing. The Rule of Cîteaux has doubtless not been disregarded; but simplicity, purity of line and the gravity of the architectural style have produced something great, beautiful and solemn. In their meeting the pointed arch is joined to the Romanesque round arch: this is the early Gothic style. We find in the abbey church of Pontigny one of the first and happiest essays of the Gothic art that was then being born; it produced nothing purer or more irreproachable later than the sanctuary with its apse lightly borne on its eight monolithic columns. Twenty-four chapels radiate in an elegant crown around this sanctuary, and from their midst it frees itself and springs up in colonnades and pointed arches as graceful as they are imposing. The nave too is beautiful in its majestic bareness; but stripped of ornament to the point of poverty, it seems cold and neglected, and one feels that the choir was treated by the artist with a just preference. The eye accustomed to the florid ornamentation of our cathedrals of the 13th and 14th centuries would look here in vain for embroidered rose windows, wide and splendid stained-glass windows, elegant niches, or figurines that breathe in the stone. One must not ask such luxury of art of a church as severe as the monastic rules. Crocket capitals in the sanctuary and water-leaf capitals in the nave are the only carvings of this grandiose monument. Those narrow lancet windows, which measure out the light to you sparingly and give the holy place so recollected a colouring, recall the monk's cell and proclaim that the prescriptions of St. Bernard and religious austerity have not been forgotten. At the back of the apse is a monument that dominates the sanctuary and has an imposing majesty. One guesses that this shrine, suspended in the air and held up by the hands of angels, is the throne of him who, after God, is plainly the lord of the holy place. In this shrine, decorated with old gilding and a few statuettes, a mixture of magnificence and poverty bears witness at once to a long veneration and a long indifference. On this age-old couch prepared for him by the faith and love of the people, the body of the holy pontiff rests peacefully as on a bed of state and continues his sleep of six centuries. It is clothed in red silk and in pontifical vestments that are clearly of the 13th century, the same in which the holy body was wrapped at its first translation (1247). The head, despite the ravages of time, is well preserved, and some teeth can still be seen fixed in the mouth. His left hand is dried and stretched along the body. The right hand, still intact, is kept in a separate reliquary. The four candles which, by the generosity of the kings of England, burned night and day and were to burn for ever before the holy tomb, went out under the breath of the Reformation (1532). On the fine carvings of the choir the revolutionary axe has left the marks of its vandalism.

Of the ancient abbey a single building has survived. Contemporary with the church and standing beside it, this last remnant does not disgrace it; it is quite worthy of representing the famous monastery before the ages and gives a high idea of its solid beauty. This building consists of a cellar and a granary one above the other. When one considers these vaults and pillars, of an architecture so elegant and so strong that it can defy the injuries of time and bear comparison with the most splendid buildings of our day, one feels that the monks built for centuries and that those ages were not as ignorant or as devoid of genius as modern pride would like to persuade itself. Of the monastery itself and the cells inhabited by the monks not one stone remains. The

cloisters, where so many holy and learned men walked, have disappeared like the other buildings under the wreckers' hammer. All that remains are a few arches backing on the north side of the church; their destruction would have endangered the stability of the building, and thanks to this necessity they have been kept for us. Enclosure walls as old as the abbey surround the fields it occupied. Left to the outrages of time, they have braved every kind of weather and bear witness by their unshakable solidity to the hands that built them. Within the enclosure a few scattered stones, foundations hiding under the grass, and a canal dug by the monks whose waters still water this fertile land are the only remains that have escaped destruction.

Beside this old cellar, which raises its massive walls supported by buttresses and blackened by time, a quite young house rises, graceful as a resurrection of the past and an offshoot of immortal Catholicism. The same faith that had gathered on this ground for seven centuries men in love with God and devoted exclusively to His service, that eternally fruitful faith, has just rebuilt, amid indifference and on the ruins of a glorious past, a new fortress of God.

The abbey of Pontigny was bought back in 1843 by Mgr. de Cosnac, archbishop of Sens, and it was the remains and memory of St. Edmund that gathered in these abandoned ruins a few young priests eager to devote themselves without reserve to the service of God and of the most neglected souls. After testing themselves for several years in the religious life and the apostolate, they at last believed themselves ripe for their great design. On 29 September 1852, gathered in a humble chapel whose ancient vaults had heard St. Edmund, they consecrated themselves to God by the ordinary vows of religion, which they had long since pronounced in their hearts and practised in their lives. Consoling sight! In the midst of these lands laid waste by indifference, like an oasis among arid sands, a modest institution is born and grows! Children of these regions, where the faith is weakened, gather on ground mingled with the ashes of the Saints, in the neighbourhood and under the protection of St. Edmund, whose name they bear and whose church and tomb they touch; and by their life, at once solitary and apostolic, they join again the chain of a glorious past. The monastery bell rings as of old; people study, pray and work as of old; the silence, the peace, the gentle joy of the monastic family reign as of old. They are the same psalms, the same hymns and the same canticles; it is the same sacrifice celebrated on the restored altars. It is no longer the Pontigny St. Edmund found when he took refuge there, but it is still Pontigny. It is now only a memory, a shadow of that great name, but at least a devout memory and a shadow without stain! *Magni nominis umbra!*

About the year 1236 Edmund published provincial Constitutions marked with the wisdom that comes from God. They were meant to prevent discord and to destroy certain abuses that had crept in among the people and the clergy. The chief prescriptions, contained in thirty-six canons, concern the love of peace, the care of children, the administration of the last sacraments to the sick, and the disinterestedness and purity of life that must distinguish clerics. In these ordinances, which came from a fatherly heart, the pontiff's pure and gentle soul is found entire. Before formulating the fifth canon, he addresses the rectors, vicars and other priests set over the government of parishes in these terms: "It is a duty for us, my children, to love peace, since God is its author, since He has recommended it to us, since He came to make peace between heaven and earth, and since on this peace in time depends the peace that is eternal… We therefore warn you and expressly enjoin you to live at peace with all men as far as depends on you; to exhort your parishioners to be one single body in Jesus Christ by the unity of faith and the bond of peace; to settle all the disputes that arise in your parishes, to end all quarrels as far as you can, and not to let the sun go down on the anger of any of the souls entrusted to your care…" The eighth canon urged priests to flee, in the administration of holy things, that shameful greed which chills the charity of the faithful and keeps them from the sacraments. It also laid down that in each deanery God-fearing men should be charged with informing the archbishop or his official of disorders that might scandalize the people and grieve the Church. Children were not forgotten, and in the many attentions with which the archbishop wished their birth and first upbringing to be surrounded he seems to remember the dangers that had threatened his own first moments. He ordered the faithful to be reminded

every Sunday “that mothers must nurse their children with care, must not lay them to sleep beside them for fear of smothering them, and must not leave them alone near fire or water”. The other articles enjoined priests to surround the Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction with the greatest respect and with certain fixed solemnities when they carried them to the sick. These wise constitutions had scarcely been published when a national council (1237) gave them an august sanction. The best edition of the holy archbishop of Canterbury’s Constitutions is the one Wilkins has given: *Conc. Brit. et Hibern.*

Edmund trained several persons in the great art of prayer; indeed he was a skilled master in the ways of the interior life, and he is still regarded as one of the most famous contemplatives of the Church. He wanted the spirit of humility and mortification joined to prayer. He inculcated on every occasion the necessity of prayer of the heart. “A hundred thousand people,” he said, “will fall into illusion by multiplying their prayers… I would rather say only five words from the heart, and with devotion, than five thousand coldly, with indifference, and by which my soul is not touched. Sing the praises of the Lord with understanding. The soul must feel what the tongue says.” “St. Edmund,” says a modern author, “applied himself from his youth to the contemplation of eternal truths… He so united in his person, which is very rare, the science of the heart with that of the school, mystical with speculative theology, that, having passed the lights of his mind into his heart, he became a perfect mystical theologian. He enlightened the Church no less by the holiness of his life than by that admirable spiritual writing entitled the *Mirror of the Church*, in which several excellent things on contemplation are found.”

The *Speculum Ecclesiae*, or *Mirror of the Church*, was printed in volume XIII of the *Bibliotheca Patrum*. The work is found in manuscript in several libraries, notably in the Bodleian Library and in that of the English College at Douai. But there are considerable differences between these manuscripts. Some are only abridgements; others offer only a Latin translation made from a French version by William of Beaufu, a Carmelite of Northampton. In the Bodleian Library other manuscript works of St. Edmund are to be seen, such as ten very devout prayers in Latin; a treatise on the seven deadly sins and on the Decalogue, in French; and another treatise entitled *The seven Sacrements briefly declared of seynt Edmunde of Pountenie*, that is, the seven sacraments briefly explained by St. Edmund, etc. See Tanner’s *Bibliotheca*, under *Riche*.

To complete this biography we have used the Life of St. Edmund by the Rev. Fr. L.-F., of the Society of the Fathers of Saint-Edme of Pontigny.

(1) Alias: Edmond, *Edmundus*.

(2) It is doubtless because of this circumstance that for six hundred years people have never ceased to bring to his tomb children who died without baptism, to obtain for them through his intercession the grace of coming back to life, and the more precious grace of receiving the sacrament that opens to them the gate of heaven.

ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, CONFESSOR

— Pope: Clement XIV. — King of France: Louis XVI.

Happy is he who glories not in the wisdom, riches, eloquence and power of the world, but in the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

St. Jerome.

Paul came into the world at Ovada, a large market town in the diocese of Acqui, on 3 January 1694. At the moment of his birth a striking sign showed the greatness of his predestination: the room was suddenly lit by a resplendent light. At his baptism, which took place on the day of the Epiphany, he received the names Paul Francis. His parents worked to give him a thoroughly Christian upbringing. They formed his mind by teaching him the truths of the faith and developed his heart by introducing him to their practices of piety. The

child responded to their care and surpassed all their hopes; at that tender age he meditated unceasingly on the sorrows of the divine Crucified. He was nearing his tenth year when his parents sent him to Cremolino to study letters, and there, under the direction of a venerable priest, he made rapid progress.

The love of God did not cool in his soul. To study he joined piety, and his conduct was so good that it aroused the admiration of all. He spent long hours in devout meditation; he visited the churches, recited the divine office with the ministers of the Lord, and his heart went out, in the holy transports of an ardent love, towards the divine sacrament of our altars; often too he fed on the eucharistic bread. At night he gave free rein to his fervour. He withdrew to a solitary place in the house, where he spent part of the night contemplating the divine beauties of his God and the sorrowful scenes of the Passion. He broke off only to tear his virginal flesh with cruel scourgings, and he allowed his exhausted body only a few hours' rest on planks, so bringing it into subjection before he had ever felt it rebel. He fasted often. On Fridays, to honour the memory of Jesus crucified, he ate only a little bread and drank gall dissolved in vinegar. His tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin was equalled only by the special protection with which this Mother of mercy surrounded him. His charity towards the poor was admirable. He relieved their miseries by every means in his power, even giving them part of his meal. On fire with zeal for the salvation of souls, he gathered round him many chosen young men. He spoke to them often of God and the things of heaven, took them to the churches, stirred them to contempt of the world and its vanities, instructed them in the mysteries of the faith and the rules of a Christian life, and taught them above all to meditate on the holy Passion of Jesus Christ. Several of them, touched by his counsels, embraced the religious life, and the others lived in the world giving the example of the most solid piety.

In 1715 Paul, learning that a large army was being raised at Venice to drive back the Turks who were ravaging Hungary, went to Crema as a volunteer. But God made known to him that He was calling him to other battles, and he went back to his homeland, where he took up his exercises of piety and his usual work again with new ardour. Shortly after his return to Castellazzo, one of his uncles, who was a priest, made him heir to all his goods on condition that he married a devout, modest, rich and well-brought-up girl, so as to restore to his family the rank from which it had fallen. But Paul had already resolved in his heart to have God alone for his inheritance and the object of his love. He gave proof of a very rare disinterestedness by renouncing the rich inheritance offered him. For a long time God had been raising up and strengthening in his soul the desire to lead a solitary life and to gather companions, in order to work for the salvation of souls, consecrate themselves to His worship and above all stir the faithful to a tender devotion to Jesus crucified. In 1720, one day as he was coming back from the church of the Capuchins, a clear and precise vision showed him the will of heaven. He saw a black tunic on which stood out a heart with a white cross and the holy name of Jesus, also in white letters; he understood that this was to be the dress of the disciples of the congregation of which he was to be the founder. Paul hastened to open his heart to the bishop of Alessandria, and this wise prelate approved his plans and on 22 November 1720 clothed him in the holy habit that the Passionist religious have worn ever since.

On his bishop's advice Paul withdrew to a humble little room near the parish church of San Carlo at Castellazzo. His only food was the bread given him as alms; he allowed himself only a few hours' sleep and lay on vine shoots. A tunic of coarse frieze was his only clothing; he went always bareheaded, and in all seasons his feet were bare. He rose in the middle of the night to pray, and until morning he conversed with his God in the most intimate union. He would then go to hear and serve Mass, receive the Holy Eucharist, and give counsel and consolation to the many faithful who came to him as to a man in whom the Spirit of the Lord dwelt. He soon set about establishing the Rule of the new institute, and wrote it with such ease and speed that he seemed to be writing at someone's dictation. Paul then submitted it to the judgement of his bishop; but the humble pastor, not daring to trust his own judgement, submitted it to that of other devout and learned religious, who all recognized in it the finger of God. They joined the holy bishop of Alessandria in

urging Paul to go to Rome to seek from the Holy See the approval of his Congregation and of the Rules God had revealed to him. From then on he left his homeland and went to Rome to carry out the designs of heaven. A slave of obedience, and fearing to oppose the will of God, Paul hastened to carry out the plan that the decisions of His ministers had assured him was its expression. He therefore set out in September of the year 1721. But, as happens to works inspired by God, this one met with nothing but opposition. The refusal his request met obliged him to return to his homeland without his efforts having had any success.

Paul did not lose heart, however. Some time later (1725) he again undertook the journey to Rome, taking one of his brothers with him; and this time the matter took a much more favourable turn. After some stay in the holy city, they were both raised to the priesthood (7 June 1727), and then employed for some time at Rome itself in works of charity towards their neighbour. It was then that they obtained permission to withdraw to Monte Argentario near the town of Orbetello. It was there, in a little hermitage, that the two brothers, eager for mortification, first lived. But having then obtained permission to gather companions, and their number growing from day to day, the servant of God at once set about building the first monastery of the new congregation, which he placed on the same mountain of Argentario; it was taken possession of with great solemnity on 14 September 1737. Having happily obtained this first result of his efforts and cares, the servant of God directed all his endeavours to obtaining from the Holy See the confirmation and approval of the Rules of the Society, so that they might be observed more exactly in another solitude better suited to the spirit of the Institute and the Rule. Only after long and persevering efforts and several journeys undertaken for this purpose did Paul receive from the Lord this consolation and the object of his most ardent wishes. After having these rules maturely examined and indicating the changes to be made in some articles, Benedict XIV, of immortal memory, approved them joyfully by a rescript of 15 May 1741, and in the year 1746 had the brief of this approval dispatched.

In his brief Benedict XIV had provisionally named Paul general of the congregation until a chapter met. This dignity weighed on the Saint’s humility, and he soon called all his companions together in his retreat on Monte Argentario. The assembly was small, but the virtue and holiness of its members made up for their number. There was no long deliberation over the choice of a head. Paul’s disciples regarded him as a saint and a father, and despite his reluctance they wanted him as their superior for the rest of his life. To keep him in this office they had to ask the Holy See three times to dispense from their Rule, which allowed only one re-election. The holy old man never stopped weeping and groaning, begging to be relieved of the burden of authority; but his sons knew too well his merits and the spiritual and temporal advantages of his government, and they remained immovable. The cares of governing his flock, and the efforts and struggles to found and develop his institute amid persecutions and obstacles, never turned Paul from the apostolic ministry. As soon as the Holy See, confirming God’s decrees, had ordered him to proclaim Jesus crucified to men, he gave himself entirely to preaching. He let slip no occasion to preach the word of God. Missions and spiritual exercises showed his untiring zeal; these were his battlefields, where he fought without rest to destroy the roots of vice in souls and plant in their place the seed of every virtue. For fifty years he devoted his life to converting sinners, sanctifying repentant hearts and perfecting just souls.

On several occasions the Lord surrounded our Saint with visible protection. One day as he was crossing Monte Argentario he felt himself fainting. Fatigue had so exhausted his strength that he was seized with violent convulsions and had to throw himself on the ground. Believing then that his last day had come, full of tender confidence in his God, he cried out: “Lord, I should not like to die in this place without the help of my religious.” He had not finished this prayer when an invisible arm raised him from the ground; when he opened his eyes he saw two angels, who carried him in an instant to the place of his retreat. Upheld by the hand of God, he walked on the waters of rushing rivers; at his sight brigands put off their savage ferocity; and criminal hands tried in vain to poison him.

Although the statutes of the congregation had been approved by a brief of Benedict XIV, they had not yet received canonical institution. Clement XIV, to whom the Saint had often foretold the tiara, granted him this signal favour. Raised to the chair of St. Peter, this pontiff always kept a tender affection for Paul. At the religious's humble request he charged two prelates to examine the constitutions, and, their opinion being favourable, he approved them again on 15 November 1769 by a brief beginning with the words *Salvatoris nostri*. The following day he published the bull *Supremi Apostolatus*, which confirmed the new Institute, praised it and erected it into a Congregation of clerics bound by simple vows; at the same time the Holy Father was pleased to enrich it with signal privileges and graces. The Saint, shut within the walls of his hospice, was hiding his joy in that devout refuge, thanking heaven and praying for the sovereign Pontiff, when God's designs and an order of the Pope called him a last time into the apostolic arena, to preach Jesus crucified to the Roman people. In vain he tried to cover with a modest veil the virtues and favours with which God filled him; his fame was so great and so popular that the largest churches could not hold the crowds that came at his voice. When, at the age of eighty, he preached at Santa Maria in Trastevere, the crowd that filled the basilica and the square of that name overflowed into all the neighbouring streets.

His unceasing labours brought on an illness the doctors declared incurable and mortal. While his grieving disciples trembled at every moment to lose their beloved father, he sighed only for the hour when he would go to be united with his God, and while practising the most heroic virtues he settled his affairs and those of his congregation. Clement XIV learned of his illness. The thought of being parted from the friend he loved so much caused him keen sorrow, and he asked a miracle of the holy virtue of obedience. When two religious came to beg his blessing for the dying man, the Pope charged them to give Paul these exact words: "Tell him that I do not want him to die now; I give him a respite; let him obey." When he received this order the servant of God burst into tears, protesting to the divine Crucified that he wished to obey His vicar. From that day his recovery made steady progress, and he lived several more years.

Satisfied with the humble and narrow retreat he occupied near the Lateran palace, our Saint had no thought of looking for another dwelling. But his benefactor, the sovereign Pontiff Clement XIV, was concerned to find him one, and his watchful affection at last discovered a place that answered both to his own generosity and to the needs of the Congregation. On 9 December 1773 the Passionists, with their venerable father at their head, solemnly took possession of the house and church of Sts. John and Paul on the Caelian hill. Paul's prodigious austerities and long and serious illnesses, joined to the fatigues of his apostolate and the struggles he had had to sustain to establish his Congregation, had left him with many infirmities that made his life a continual martyrdom. Each day his strength grew less; he could no longer walk, and at the end of June 1775 he had to keep to his bed. Yet he neglected none of the exercises his piety towards Mary had inspired. So as not to be deprived of the treasures of grace contained in the holy sacrifice, since he could no longer celebrate it himself, he wished at least to assist at it. For this purpose he had chosen a priest whose strong and clear voice let him follow the prayers of the Mass, and who came every morning to say it in a little chapel next to his room. For some time he received the eucharistic bread every day. However, the doctor attending him saw that his strength was rapidly failing and advised that he be given Communion as Viaticum; and on 30 August, in the presence of all the religious, sad and recollected, the Most Holy Sacrament was brought to him. United to his God, the Saint awaited resigned the hour of deliverance, and nothing in his bearing betrayed the many revelations he had had about the moment of his death. On 8 October, the day consecrated to the divine maternity of the Virgin, wishing to honour the Mother of mercy and at the same time to take new strength for passing from life to eternity, he asked to receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction. During the ceremony he remained plunged in deep recollection; with joined hands and eyes full of gentle tears, he answered the priest's words in a tone of loving piety. At last, on 18 October, after a sweet vision in which the divine Redeemer and His holy Mother had appeared to him, his blessed soul flew to heaven.

He is represented, like all the Passionist religious, with a heart on his breast bearing the words *Passio Domini nostri Jesu* [Christi].

CULT AND RELICS. — CONGREGATION OF THE PASSIONISTS.

Scarcely had the Saint been laid in the tomb when the faithful invoked him as one of the blessed in heaven. The sick were touched with his relics and images, and to these devout practices was attributed the power to obtain the desired cures from the Lord. The wonders and graces God was pleased to grant at his intercession were many. His Holiness Pope Pius IX, having approved two of the great servant of God's miracles, declared by a brief of 1 October 1852 that his beatification could proceed; its solemnity took place on 1 May 1853. Later, new and striking miracles led the same Pontiff to place him among the Saints on 29 June 1867. A decree of 14 January 1868 makes his office obligatory on 28 April, the day on which his feast has been fixed.

His body rests in the church of his monastery, under the table of the altar dedicated to St. Vincent de Paul. It is clothed in the dress of his Order and seems to sleep, awaiting the awakening of the glorious resurrection. At the time of the Vatican Council a chapel was being arranged between the church of Sts. John and Paul and the Passionist convent, which was to be dedicated to St. Paul of the Cross and receive his relics. Two monolithic columns of oriental alabaster of the highest value are to be seen there. They are a present of Pius IX, who wished by this royal gift to recognize the merit of humility and penance. In the convent one sees the rooms the Blessed one occupied during his life. Everything there is simple; everything preaches the love of the cross. The Saint's prayer books, his priestly vestments, his hair shirt, the iron chain with which he girded his loins, and his discipline, whose cords are metal blades, are kept there. Under the floor of the convent where St. Paul of the Cross practised his austerities a cave is shown where the pagan emperors fed the beasts that were to devour the Christians in the circus.

But the honours paid to his ashes have not alone perpetuated his memory. He has left to the Christian world an imperishable monument in the flourishing Congregation that has received the inheritance of his virtues.

After the holy founder's death the Congregation never ceased to grow and, like a tree, to stretch its many branches far and wide. Houses were founded in the March of Ancona, in Umbria, in the kingdom of Naples; in recent times in the duchy of Lucca, then in Tuscany and in the States of Genoa. Today there are Passionist religious in England, in Belgium, and in France in the diocese of Arras. The Congregation has three novitiates, one in Italy, one in Belgium and the third in England. In each house the religious are very numerous; most of them apply themselves to the study of philosophy and theology. They give six years to it: two to philosophy, three to theology, and one to sacred eloquence and the study of holy Scripture and the holy Fathers. By these solid studies they make themselves able to reach the end of their Institute.

It is time now to set out the usefulness of this Congregation of Passionists and the services it renders to society and the Church. There is no doubt that St. Paul of the Cross, in founding this Congregation with so much pain and labour, had in view not only the salvation of those who wished to become members of the society, but above all the sanctification of souls. For at the beginning of the rules in general, and at the head of each rule in particular, he reminds his religious that the end of this Congregation is not only to save one's own soul but also that of one's neighbour. That is why the life of the Passionists is at once active and contemplative. Its members show in all their acts that apostolic life to which they strive to form themselves every day. As for the duties that the first part, that is, the contemplative life, imposes on the religious of the Congregation of the Passion, one need only read their rules to know them. To speak of only one point, we shall be content to say that the Passionists are bound to the exact observance of the three vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. They make besides a fourth vow that distinguishes them from other religious: to do all they can to stir up in the hearts of the faithful the memory of the death of Our Lord Jesus Christ. This fourth vow is not solemn, since the founder thought he should submit to the wish of the Holy See, which approved the institute with simple vows; and so its observance is not strictly required. The Passionist

religious make an hour's meditation in the morning, an hour in the evening and half an hour during the night. After the recitation of the divine office, continual silence and withdrawal from the noise and dissipation of the world are the virtue proper to the Passionists. That is why the holy founder wanted the monasteries to be built, as far as possible, in solitary places, so that the religious, separated from the agitations of the world, might more easily enjoy the first part of their vocation; and so that, after giving themselves to the labours of the holy ministry for the sanctification of souls, they might have the advantage of withdrawing into solitude, recollecting themselves there, strengthening themselves and making themselves more able to give themselves afterwards to the functions of the active life. In short, to sum up, the life of a Passionist is a life consecrated to rigorous poverty and strict solitude, which disposes them perfectly to fulfil all the duties of the contemplative life, one of the ends of the institute. Let us say a few words about the other part of the Passionist religious' life.

The active life that the holy founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ prescribed for his children consisted in working, as far as their strength allowed, for the sanctification of souls. That is why all the priests of the Congregation judged capable of devoting themselves to the sacred ministry were to give themselves to missions and to give spiritual exercises to the clergy, to seminarians, to monasteries, to boarding schools and to all persons living in community. To fulfil this part of their vocation, these religious gave spiritual exercises without interruption to all who wished to recollect themselves and make a retreat for their spiritual progress. To correspond to this special part of their vocation, the gospel preachers of the Congregation of the Passion strive to imprint on the memory and the heart of the faithful the remembrance of the most holy Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which is the object of the fourth vow. They teach the practical method of meditating on it and of drawing from one's crucifix the treasures of knowledge and wisdom it contains. Those who do not preach fulfil the duties of the active life in the sacred tribunal of penance, and receive every day of the year the multitude of penitents who frequent their churches. The zeal of these apostolic men has not been limited by the frontiers of Italy, France, England and Belgium; it has reached even the infidels. The Congregation of Propaganda has for many years entrusted to the Passionists the missions of Bulgaria and Wallachia; it maintains a bishop and eight missionaries there and keeps that number always complete.

Although the religious of the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ are not bound by solemn vows, they are not therefore free; for on the very day of their profession they make a vow of perseverance in the Congregation. Consequently, unless for a real and grave reason approved by the superior general, the Passionists cannot leave the Congregation, nor can the Congregation exclude them from its bosom. The habit of the Passionists consists of a tunic of black cloth and a mantle of the same coarse material; the robe and mantle are like those worn by clerks regular, except that the cloth is commoner. They also wear on their habit, on the left side of the breast and hung from the neck, a heart embroidered in white surmounted by a white cross. To distinguish the lay brothers from the priests, the latter wear these on both tunic and mantle, the others only on the tunic. This robe is girded with a black leather belt. Among other austerities, they have for their use only shirts of coarse wool, winter and summer; they may have only sandals for footwear; they wear a poor hat on their heads; they usually fast three days a week besides Advent and Lent; they sleep on straw fully dressed, and may take off their clothes to go to bed only in case of serious illness; they rise at night to sing Matins, and they recite in choir, at the time fixed by the rubrics, every other part of the canonical office. The love of perfection, above all of recollection and prayer, makes them seek solitude; hence their houses, which bear the name of *retreats*, are set up in remote places.

Before his death St. Paul of the Cross founded a monastery of Passionist nuns. Their life is in all things like that of the religious, except that the Rule admits some small differences in things unsuited to their sex. The town of Corneto had the favour of being chosen to receive this monastery of Passionist women. The Rule bids them apply themselves, as far as they can, to proclaiming to all Jesus, and Jesus crucified. When they

cannot contribute to this in any other way, they must offer the Lord fervent prayers to obtain the efficacy of the word of those who go to evangelize the peoples, and in particular of the religious of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The Passionist nuns wear the same dress as the religious; they sing the offices at the same hours and give the same time to meditation at the same hours of day and night. In a word, the Passionist nuns live by the same spirit and are in all things like the religious of the same Congregation.

The Passionists today have more than thirty houses, eleven of them in the Papal States, two on Monte Argentario and one near Aquila, etc. To observe poverty more strictly, they have no revenues, live only on alms and possess absolutely nothing except in common. Their house of retreat of Sts. John and Paul in Rome stands on the very spot where those two Saints suffered martyrdom for Jesus Christ. The Passionists enjoy the highest esteem in Rome, as in all Italy. They have a great reputation for regular observance. In the judgement of Gregory XVI and of Pius IX, now reigning, their house in Rome is one of the convents of the holy city where most fervour reigns. The most ardent wish of these religious is to see England return to the Catholic religion. They pray much for this intention, with great confidence of being heard; they even have on this point a prediction of their venerable founder, who foretold to them England's return to unity. They are at present directing their efforts to this end.

To compose this biography we have used the Vies des Saints canonisés à Rome en 1867 *and the* Dictionnaire des Ordres religieux *by Hélyot. — Cf. the* Vie du P. Paul de la Croix *by Father Vincent Mary Strambi, Passionist, and another, longer one, published in 1821 by a Father of the same Order.*

ST. EUCHERIUS THE ELDER, ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS (450)

Eucherius was a rich senator of Lyons whose nobility and virtue made him highly regarded. He married in the fear of God and kept the laws of conjugal chastity in marriage. God blessed this union with the birth of two sons, one of whom was Salonius and the other Veranus. When they were old enough he sent them both to the monastery on the island of Lérins to be brought up in learning and virtue under the eyes of St. Honoratus and under the guidance of the famous Salvian. They profited so well by the instruction they received that, having embraced the ecclesiastical state, both deserved to be raised to the episcopate. It is not known which see Salonius held (some hagiographers say Geneva). As for Veranus, he was bishop of Vence in Provence (9 September 480), and his eminent holiness has earned him public veneration. St. Eucherius shone in the world like a star by the perfection of his virtue; but, frightened at the dangers he ran there for his salvation, he withdrew (about the year 422) to the monastery of Lérins with the consent of his wife, who for her part consecrated herself to the service of God in retirement. His life in this desert was admirable: he practised the hardest exercises of the monastic life there with extraordinary fervour. Cassian, then abbot of Saint-Victor at Marseilles, dedicated several of his *Collations*, or conferences on the religious life, to Eucherius and Honoratus; he joined the two friends in his veneration. "O holy brothers," he said to them, "your virtues shine out on the world like great beacons. Many Saints will be formed by your example, but they will hardly be able to imitate your perfection."

Eucherius, who wished to lead a still more solitary life, left Lérins to withdraw to the island of Lero (today Sainte-Marguerite). But whatever care he took to stay unknown in his desert, he still sent out rays of holiness on every side that made him known. So when Senator, bishop of Lyons, died, the clergy and people of that city, who had witnessed Eucherius's virtue while he was among them, elected him their bishop unanimously. One can judge from his extreme love of solitude how much grief this election caused him; yet he had to submit to the will of God and bow his shoulders under the charge divine Providence had prepared for him. The praises given him by Claudianus Mamertus, Sidonius Apollinaris, Gennadius, Isidore of Seville and many others show clearly enough that he fulfilled his ministry most worthily.

He often preached to his people, and almost all the homilies so often cited under the name of Eusebius of Emesa belong to him. One does not know which to admire more in them, the elegance of the style or the

piety and unction with which they were composed. This great servant of God also wrote other very useful homilies and treatises, which the learned Salvian calls brief in style, rich in doctrine, perfect for instruction, and worthy of the beauty of mind and the piety of their author. As archbishop of Lyons he attended the first Council of Orange, over which his dear friend St. Hilary, archbishop of Arles, presided, and he signed it in the name of the other prelates his suffragans, whom he calls his comprovincials. At last, full of merits and years, he fell asleep in the Lord after holding the episcopal see for about twenty years.

The Church owes St. Eucherius several works, whose names are as follows:

1° The treatises *On the Solitary Life* [*De laude eremi*] and *On Contempt of the World*, addressed in the form of letters, the first to St. Hilary and the second to one of his relatives named Valerian (he is believed to be the one raised to the see of Cemenelum and honoured at Lérins under the name of St. Valerius). These two treatises prove that St. Eucherius was a great master in the art of writing well and in that of living well. The beauty of the style and the delicacy of the thoughts compel the reader's admiration. The Latinity is almost worthy of the age of Augustus. All the beauties of eloquence and all the powers of mind and reasoning are mingled in them with an air of piety so moving that it is impossible to read them without being touched with the desire to leave the company of men to seek that of God.

2° The *Formulae*, or *Principles of Spiritual Understanding*. These are explanations of some passages of Scripture that St. Eucherius wrote for the use of Veranus, the second of his sons. It is true that one does not find in them the same elegance or beauty of style as in the two preceding works; but the subject did not allow it, and simplicity is the distinctive character of this kind of writing.

3° The *Instructions*, in two books, addressed to Salonius, the Saint's other son. This work too aims to explain several difficulties found in holy Scripture. It is more solid and more useful than the treatise of the *Formulae* addressed to Veranus.

4° The *Acts of the martyrdom of St. Maurice and his companions*. Dom Rivet has shown that they were written by St. Eucherius. Chifflet published them in his *Paulinus illustratus*; but the edition Dom Ruinart gave is more correct. Those that Surius and Mombritius had printed seem to have been compiled from St. Eucherius's work by a monk of Agaune of the 7th century, who made additions and changes to it.

5° The *Abridgement of Cassian*; the *Commentary on Genesis*; the *Commentary on the Books of Kings*; the letters to Philo and to Faustinus; various discourses, etc.

The works of St. Eucherius, printed several times separately, have been included in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*. The treatises *On the Solitary Life* and *On Contempt of the World* have been translated into various languages. Arnauld d'Andilly gave a French translation of the second of these treatises, with the Latin text at the end of the volume. This translation appeared in 1672, in-12. It was later reprinted in the collected works of Arnauld d'Andilly, Paris, 1775, in folio. The complete works of St. Eucherius were published together with those of St. Vincent of Lérins by J.-F. Grégoire and F.-Z. Collombet, text and French translation, Paris, 1834, in-8°. The Latin text is found in vol. L of M. Migne's *Patrologia Latina*.

We have completed Father Giry's account with the Esprit des Saints *by M. l'abbé Grimes.*

ST. EMILIAN [ÉMILION], MONK OF SAUJON, NEAR SAINTES (767)

St. Emilian was born at Vannes of an obscure and poor but Christian and devout family. From his youth he breathed only love of Jesus Christ and charity for the poor. One day when, as was his custom, he was carrying hidden under his cloak some loaves he meant for the poor, he met the count, who said to him: "What are you carrying like that in your bosom?" Emilian answered: "I am carrying wood to warm the poor." The count looked, and indeed he saw only pieces of wood, which became bread again when Emilian distributed them to the poor. This miracle caused a stir and drew many devout visitors to the man of God, which obliged

him to withdraw into the desert.

He then withdrew to the monastery of Saujon (*coenobium Saliginense*) near Saintes, of which he became cellarer. He was a model of religious life and holiness. Soon, yielding to the jealousy of some brothers, and also to be freer to serve God, he withdrew into a forest of the Bordelais then called Les Combes, lying along the Dordogne. A cave under a rock gave the holy man a refuge on the river bank.

Pilgrims, drawn by the heavenly fragrance of his virtues, soon flocked to this place. The Saint welcomed everyone, healing souls and sometimes bodies. Among other miracles, he gave a woman back her sight by making the sign of the cross over her. He gathered a number of disciples, whom he guided in the way of perfection according to the Rule of St. Benedict. At last, on the point of death, he addressed this prayer to Jesus Christ with his eyes raised to heaven: “Happy are the men who stand always in Your presence and learn wisdom. See, I come to see with my own eyes what was told me of You in the foreign land. Take me from this body of clay, so that my soul, which has lived for You alone, may live in the eternal vision of Your glory.” He fell asleep in the Lord in the year 767. Later a monastery was built at this place, and a basilica cut in the rock. Profaned and abandoned during the Revolution, this church was given back to the devotion of the faithful by Mgr. Ferdinand Donnet, archbishop of Bordeaux, in 1838. Dwellings had gathered early round this sanctuary; they formed the town of Saint-Émilion (Gironde, arrondissement and canton of Libourne).

Proper of Bordeaux.

ST. AGNES OF ASSISI, POOR CLARE (1253)

Agnes was the sister of St. Clare and about four years younger. The tenderest affection had bound her from childhood to her elder sister, and no doubt Clare’s devout example had penetrated her soul the more deeply thanks to the liveliness of their mutual love. When Clare had left her father’s house, Agnes wished to be the first to follow her on that way where the Lamb went before them and where so many virgins, until the end of time, were to follow His steps with them. So she too fled and joined her sister at the monastery of Sant’Angelo, where Clare then was. “I do not come,” she said to her, alluding to the persecutions their family had waged against Clare, “I do not come to try your patience with useless reproaches. On the contrary, here I am, ready to stay with you for ever in the service of the same master.” Clare, embracing her with inexpressible tenderness, answered: “O my sweetest sister, blessed for ever be the mercy of God, who has heard me when I was so anxious for you!” But the persecution Clare had overcome broke out more terribly against Agnes. Favarone, their father, whose heart still bled from his elder daughter’s departure, was filled with fury on learning of the second’s. He gathered his kinsmen and succeeded in filling the hearts of twelve men with his own anger. They took their weapons and went with him to the monastery of Sant’Angelo, resolved to bring Agnes back willingly or by force.

The gentleness and tears they first used not having shaken the young saint, they seized her and struck her, and one of them pulling her by the hair, they dragged her to the foot of the hill on which the sisters’ devout refuge stood. Agnes kept calling on Clare for help, saying: “Help me, dearest sister! Do not let me be torn from Jesus Christ my Lord!” Clare, indeed, had thrown herself on her knees; her prayers and tears obtained miraculous help from God, and heaven showed that it was indeed heaven that had snatched these two virgins from the world. Suddenly Agnes became so heavy that she could not be carried or moved at all, and the twelve men taking her away spent their strength in vain without making her go one step further. One of her uncles, made more furious by this wonder, seized his sword to take the life of this innocent dove; but an invisible power stiffened his arm, and at the same moment he was seized with unbearable pains, from which he was cured only after several days through Agnes’s prayers. At the same time Clare appeared, asking for this tender victim to be given back to her. They took care not to refuse her, and the two sisters went back to their refuge.

A few days later St. Francis placed them in the monastery of San Damiano, which their virtues were to make for ever famous; and to consecrate Agnes to Jesus Christ he cut off her hair. Agnes followed her elder sister closely on the way of the highest perfection. She wore a rough hair shirt on her delicate flesh and almost always ate only bread and water; and while she treated herself with this severity she showed matchless kindness to all her companions. Her assiduity at prayer and the monastic exercises was admirable. So God favoured her with His most privileged graces, and one day her sister Clare saw her, in a corner of the choir where she had gone to pray, raised from the ground with her head adorned with a triple and mysterious crown. She was also sometimes favoured with the visit of the holy Child Jesus, to whom she had the tenderest devotion.

The seraphic Father, recognizing that so holy a virgin was called by the divine Saviour to prepare new brides for Him, sent her first to Florence, where several young women had already gathered to imitate the angelic life of the Poor Ladies of San Damiano. It was from there that Agnes wrote to Clare the letter that has become famous, in which she expresses so keenly her grief at feeling separated from her sister. Besides this monastery at Florence, Agnes founded a great number of others in the Peninsula, notably those of Venice and Mantua. After a life full of labours and of the most heroic virtues, she came back to the sister she had loved so much; but it was to witness the solemn sight of her last moments, when the Queen of heaven came with a choir of blessed virgins to announce eternal glory to this incomparable lover of her divine Son. Agnes, who had once felt her separation from her sister so painfully, soon joined her at the wedding banquet of the Lamb. She died three months after her, on 16 November 1253, in that convent of San Damiano which had been her school of holiness. Pius VI approved her cult in 1777.

Extracted from the Annales franciscaines.

17 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Neocaesarea in Pontus, the birthday in heaven of St. Gregory, bishop, illustrious for his learning and holiness, who deserved to be called the Wonderworker [*Thaumaturgus*] because of the wonders and miracles he worked for the glory of the Church. About 270. — In Palestine, the holy martyrs Alphaeus and Zacchaeus, who were beheaded after many torments in the first year of Diocletian's persecution. 303. — At Cordova, St. Acisclus and St. Victoria his sister, who during the same persecution were most cruelly tortured by the governor Dion and received from the Lord's hand the crown earned by an illustrious martyrdom. 4th c. — At Alexandria, St. Dionysius [Denis], bishop, a man of great learning, most famous for having confessed Christ several times and glorious for the various kinds of torment he endured. Full of days, he fell asleep in peace in the bosom of God in the time of the emperors Valerian and Gallienus. 265. — At Orléans, St. Anianus [Aignan], bishop, whose frequent miracles have shown that his death was precious in the sight of God. 453. — In England, St. Hugh, bishop, who was taken from the Carthusian Order to govern the church of Lincoln, where he worked many miracles and died a holy death. 1200. — At Tours, St. Gregory, bishop. 595. — At Florence, St. Eugenius, confessor, deacon of St. Zenobius, bishop of the same church. — In Germany, St. Gertrude, virgin, of the Order of St. Benedict, illustrious for the gift of revelations with which God had favoured her. Her feast is kept on the 15th of this month.(1) 1334.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Arras, Châlons, Le Puy, Le Mans, Saint-Flour and Verdun, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, bishop of Neocaesarea, named in today's Roman martyrology. About 270. — In the dioceses of Autun, Bayeux, Le Mans, Montpellier, Paris, Rodez and Soissons, St. Anianus, bishop of Orléans, named today in

the same martyrology. 453. — In the dioceses of Perpignan and

Toulouse, St. Acisclus and St. Victoria his sister, martyrs at Cordova, named in today's Roman martyrology. 4th c. — In the diocese of Poitiers, St. Gregory, bishop of Tours, named today in the same source. 595. — Formerly at Séez, the anniversary feast of the death of St. Raverianus or Raverein, bishop of that see, already named in the Martyrology of France of 3 February. His body was buried in the abbey of Fontenelle, where he had been a monk and where he ended his days after resigning the episcopate.(2) 682. — At Saintes, St. Leontius, bishop of that ancient see, whose notice we sketched on 19 March. 640. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, St. Namatius (Naamad, Manat), bishop of that see, famous for his great charity to the poor. Euphrasia, whom he had married before receiving Orders, showed herself the worthy imitator of his virtues; having distributed all her goods to the poor, she went into solitude to enrich herself with the goods of heaven. About 566. — In the former Benedictine abbey of Chelles (*Calensis abbatia*), in the present diocese of Meaux, St. Hilda, abbess in England.(3) 680. — In the former priory of Thouarcé (Maine-et-Loire, arrondissement of Angers), Blessed Liminius and Guilminus (or Bourgin), monks.(4) 6th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — In Frisia, St. Siard, abbot of the Premonstratensian Canons, famous for his rare humility, his charity and the brilliance of his miracles. He fell asleep in the Lord on 13 November. 1230.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — In Germany, St. Gertrude, virgin, of the Order of St. Benedict, famous for the gift of revelations with which God had favoured her.(5) 1334.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Cistercians. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Cracow in Poland, Blessed Salomea, virgin, of the Second Order, wife of the king of the Galicians, who by an admirable virtue kept her virginity in marriage and became illustrious by the holiness of her life and the great number of her miracles. 1268.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — The same as above.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Nicholas of Armenia, martyr, of the Order of St. Dominic. He had rescued a young Christian girl from the seductions of a pasha who governed the country in the name of the Turks. The tyrant, furious at having his prey snatched from him, had our Saint thrown into prison and given every day a hundred or two hundred blows of the stick on the soles of the feet, until he died. 1601. — Also among the Friars Preachers, Blessed John Augustine of Lérida, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He became famous for his regular observance, the austerity of his life, his patience and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He made devotion to the Rosary, which in his time had fallen into great neglect, flourish wonderfully again in Spain. The Mother of God often visited him; at the hour of his death she appeared to him accompanied by St. Ursula and several other virgins. Blessed John Augustine died at Cordova. Scarcely had he fallen asleep in the Lord when delicious perfumes breathed from his body and filled the church and convent with their fragrance. 15th c.

(1) We have given her life on 15 November.

(2) The martyrology of Aimon shows that in the 12th century a commemoration of this Saint was made in the diocese of Séez on 17 November. Mgr. Forcoal inserted (1680) an office in honour of St. Raverianus in the

Proper of his diocese. This office was recited by the clergy until 1864. — M. l'abbé Blin, *Vies des Saints du diocèse de Séez.*

(3) She was the daughter of Hereric, nephew of St. Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, and was baptized by St. Paulinus in 631 at the age of fourteen. The desire to consecrate herself to God made her resolve to go over to France to take the veil in the monastery of Chelles, where St. Hereswith, her sister, was a nun. At her sister's death, Hilda returned to her homeland and shut herself up in a little monastery on the Wear. A year later she was elected abbess of Heortu (today Hartlepool). She then founded the double monastery of Streaneshalch (today Whitby), where her virtues drew a great number of persons of rank. Hilda fell asleep in the Lord at the age of sixty-three. Her body, buried at Streaneshalch, was later moved to Glastonbury (Somerset). — *Various martyrologies.*

(4) Formerly at Thouarcé, in a chapel bearing the name of Saint-Limin, there was an altar reached by four or five stone steps. Under this altar was an underground chapel entered by a door closed with an open iron grille. In the chapel were two tombs of hard stone raised above the ground, in which, by immemorial tradition, the bodies of our Blessed ones were buried. There was a great concourse of pilgrims who came to invoke them to be cured of gout. Today the chapel of Sts. Liminius and Bourgin is a private house and is in great part ruined. — The Rev. Father Chamard, *Vies des saints personnages de l'Anjou*.

(5) See her life on 15 November.

ST. DIONYSIUS [DENIS], BISHOP OF ALEXANDRIA

265. — Pope: St. Dionysius. — Emperor: Gallienus.

St. Basil and the other Greeks usually give St. Dionysius the title of the Great, and St. Athanasius calls him the doctor of the Catholic Church. His parents were rich and distinguished in the world. He was born at Alexandria, which was then the centre of learning. In his youth he went successfully through the various branches of secular literature, and his desire to learn led him little by little to recognize the absurdity and impiety of the paganism in which he had been born. The Epistles of St. Paul, which he chose to read, offered him charms he had not found in the writings of the philosophers: his heart was touched at the same time as his mind was enlightened. At last he left idolatry and became a Christian. He tells us himself that he owed his conversion to a voice that made itself heard to him in a vision, as well as to his love of thoughtful reading and to the impartiality with which he examined the various opinions. His change was so complete that he would live for God alone. He trampled underfoot all the glory of the world; he despised the advantages he might have promised himself from his birth, his merit and the first dignities. He placed himself among the disciples of Origen, who kept the catechetical school at Alexandria. His progress in the science of religion and in piety caused him to be raised to the priesthood. He was put in charge of that same school in 231, the year Heraclas, who had also held that post, was elected bishop of Alexandria; and in 248 he succeeded Heraclas in the see of that city. The reign of Philip had been favourable to the Christians, but the peace they enjoyed was disturbed at the elevation of St. Dionysius. A persecution stirred up by the populace of Alexandria shed the blood of a number of the faithful in that city. Shortly afterwards Decius slew Philip and took the purple. The persecution then became general and more violent. Horrible tortures were inflicted on the Christians without distinction of age, sex or rank. Many fled to the mountains and woods, where they perished of hunger and want. Some fell into the hands of the Saracens and were condemned to a slavery worse than death itself. But of all these evils, none touched the holy bishop more keenly than the apostasy of those who had let themselves be overcome by the torments. This scandal was, however, in some measure repaired by the unconquerable constancy of the greater number and by the miraculous conversion of a number of pagans. Some of these, indeed, having first insulted the martyrs, were so struck by their gentleness and courage that they suddenly declared they were Christians and ready to suffer the cruellest torments for the religion they were embracing. Two made this declaration in the very presence of the judge, and their courageous resolve

both surprised and frightened him. Having been condemned, they went to the place of execution thanking God and rejoicing in the glorious witness they were bearing to Jesus Christ.

It was at the beginning of the year 250 that the bloody edicts of Decius were published at Alexandria. The holy bishop neglected nothing to prepare the soldiers of Jesus Christ for the combat. Sabinus, prefect or governor of Egypt, sent a guard to seize him; but he escaped by staying hidden in his house for four days, where the guard never went, no doubt persuaded that he could no longer be there. Dionysius then left it in order to find a safe refuge. God allowed things to turn out otherwise; he fell into the hands of the persecutors with those who were with him, and all were taken to the little town called Taposiris. A large body of country people, told what had just happened, took up arms and flew to the help of their bishop. They came up to the guards, whom fear put to flight, and made themselves masters of the prisoners. They carried off by force the bishop, who was expecting death at every moment, and obliged him to see to his own safety. Dionysius withdrew to a desert in the province of Marmarica and stayed hidden there with the priests Peter and Caius, who had gone with him, until the end of the persecution, which came in the middle of the year 251. During that time he never ceased to watch over his flock, especially those who were suffering for the faith. He sent them priests to console them, and gave them by letter the instructions their situation required.

St. Dionysius was back at Alexandria when he learned of the schism raised against Pope Cornelius, of which Novatian was the author. This antipope represented his election to him as having been made according to the rules. Dionysius gave him an answer with which the intruder had no cause to be satisfied. “You ought,” he told him, “to suffer anything rather than stir up a schism in the Church. To die in defence of the unity of the Church is as glorious, and in my opinion more glorious, than to refuse at the cost of one’s life to sacrifice to idols, because then it is a question of the general good of the Spouse of Jesus Christ… If you bring your brethren back to unity, you will repair your fault, you will make it forgotten, and you will deserve just praise. If you cannot win the others, at least you will save your own soul.” The holy bishop wrote several times to the clergy of Rome and to the confessors who, deceived by appearances, had declared for the schism. His exhortations had the success he hoped for. The confessors renounced the schism before the end of the year; and as Novatian taught that the Church had no power to forgive certain sins, Dionysius ordered, to show his horror of this heresy, that communion be granted to all who asked for it at death.

Fabius, bishop of Antioch, seemed to lean towards Novatian’s excessive rigour toward those who had fallen in the persecution. St. Dionysius wrote him several letters on the matter. In one of them he tells him what had happened to Serapion. He was an old man who had had the misfortune to give way under torture and to sacrifice. He had been excluded from communion and had been doing penance since his fall. An illness that came upon him made his friends fear for his life. For three days he was without speech and even without consciousness. Coming to himself at last, he cried out: “Why am I kept here? I ask to be set free.” He then told his grandson, still a child, to go and fetch the priest; the priest was ill and unable to leave his house. He sent the Eucharist by the child, telling him to moisten it so that it could be made to flow into the old man’s mouth. When the child arrived, Serapion said to him: “The priest cannot come; do what he told you, so that I may not be kept here any longer.” Scarcely had he received the Eucharist when he expired with a light sigh. God, according to St. Dionysius, had miraculously kept him alive so that he should not be deprived of holy communion.

The holy bishop had the grief of seeing part of his flock perish in the plague that began in 250 and whose ravages were felt for several years. He gave those stricken by the scourge every help in his power. He inspired the priests, deacons and even lay people with the zeal that animated him, and many died martyrs of charity on that occasion.

Some passages of the Apocalypse, badly understood, gave rise to Millenarianism. This error consisted in believing that Jesus Christ would reign a thousand years on earth with His elect before the Day of Judgement. Those who thought with Cerinthus that this reign would be spent in the enjoyment of sensual

pleasures were always regarded as abominable heretics. The Catholic millenarians claimed that there would be question only of spiritual pleasures. The Church tolerated this opinion for some time. Nepos, a pious and learned bishop of the Arsinoites who died in Catholic communion, spread the doctrine of Millenarianism, understood in the latter sense, in that part of Egypt; he even defended it in writing in two books entitled *On the Promises*. St. Dionysius refuted them. He also made a journey to the district of Arsinoe, where he held a public conference with Coracion, leader of the Millenarians. He spoke so soundly, and at the same time with such gentleness and charity, that Coracion and his followers acknowledged that they had misunderstood Scripture, that their view was contrary to tradition, and that they must keep to the common doctrine, which was contested only by a few doctors or by a few particular churches.

Our Saint always worked zealously to keep peace in the Church. When Pope Stephen threatened to excommunicate the Africans because they persisted in wishing to rebaptize heretics, he wrote him the most urgent letters to persuade him to suspend the carrying out of this threat. St. Jerome was misinformed when he ascribed the Africans' opinion to him, since, according to St. Basil, he admitted even the baptism of the Pepuzians, which was rejected in Asia. The reason is that these heretics, through a series of variations common to all sects, corrupted the essential form of baptism in some places while keeping it in others.

When Valerian renewed the persecution against the Christians in 257, Aemilian, prefect of Egypt, had St. Dionysius arrested, together with Maximus, a priest; Faustus, Eusebius and Chaeremon, deacons; and one Marcellus, a Roman by birth. When they had been brought before him, he pressed them to sacrifice to the gods who preserve the empire. "Not all men," answered Dionysius, "worship the same divinities. As for us, we worship the true God, who created all that exists and who gave the empire to Valerian and Gallienus. We offer Him prayers without ceasing for the peace and prosperity of the reign of these princes." The prefect tried in vain to persuade them to join to the worship of their God that of the divinities of the empire. At last he exiled them to Kephro in Libya. At the same time he forbade the Christians to hold assemblies or to go to the places called cemeteries, that is, to the tombs of the martyrs. St. Dionysius converted to Christianity the pagans who lived in the country to which he had been sent. But the prefect gave orders that he should be taken with his companions to Colluthion, in the Mareotis. By this change of exile the holy bishop found himself less far from Alexandria and better placed to keep up correspondence for the instruction of his people. During his exile, which lasted two years, he wrote two paschal letters.

The captivity of Valerian, whom the Persians took prisoner in 260, changed the face of affairs. Gallienus, by public edicts, gave peace back to the Church, and St. Dionysius was free to return to the midst of his flock. The heresies that then troubled the Church gave the holy pastor new work. Sabellius of Ptolemais in Libya, a disciple of Noetus of Smyrna, revived the blasphemies of Praxeas by denying the distinction of the divine Persons. St. Dionysius, to whom the care of the churches of the Pentapolis belonged, warned the authors of this error of the crime they were committing and urged them to return to the unity of the Church; but they obstinately maintained their impious doctrine. They were condemned in a council held at Alexandria in 261. Pope Sixtus II, who held the see from 257 to 259, had been told earlier of the heresy of Sabellius in a letter St. Dionysius had written him, of which Eusebius has preserved a fragment. In the letter the same Saint wrote to Euphranor and Ammonius on the same subject, he laid great stress on the humanity of Jesus Christ in order to show that the Father is not the Son. Some persons who misunderstood the holy bishop of Alexandria attributed to him a doctrine he did not teach and slandered him to Pope Dionysius, St. Sixtus's successor. That Sovereign Pontiff wrote of it to our Saint, who justified himself by showing that when he said Jesus Christ was a creature and differed from the Father in substance, he was speaking only of His human nature. This was the subject of his *Apology to Dionysius, Bishop of Rome*. In it he also showed that the Son, as to the divine nature, is of the same substance as the Father. St. Athanasius has shown this clearly in his book *On the Opinion of Dionysius*. Our Saint also established in the same work the divinity of the Holy Spirit, and the passages St. Basil quotes from it leave no room for doubt.

Unhappily the writings of St. Dionysius of Alexandria have not escaped the ravages of time; only a few fragments remain, with his canonical epistle to Basilides. This epistle holds a distinguished place among the ancient canons of the Church. In it the Saint mentions a difficulty then being raised, namely at what hour of the morning one might break the Lenten fast on Easter Day. “It is at midnight,” he says, “that the fast is held to end (which has long been decided as regards the precept of the Church); nevertheless, as it is neither natural nor usual to eat then, one could not do so without incurring the reproach of intemperance. One must therefore wait for the morning to break the fast.” Christians then spent the whole night of Easter Eve in prayer. The Saint speaks of the fasts of superposition kept in the last week of Lent. Some fasted the last six days before Easter without taking any food; others fasted more or fewer days, according to their strength and devotion, from which it follows that this extraordinary fast was not of precept. In his canonical epistle St. Dionysius also insists on the extreme purity of soul and body required of all who approach the holy Table and receive the body and blood of the Lord.

Some time before his death he defended the divinity of Jesus Christ against Paul of Samosata, bishop of Antioch, who joined to heresy an unbearable pride and many other vices. He was invited to the council held at Antioch in 264 against this heresiarch. As his great age and infirmities did not allow him to attend, he refuted the new errors in several letters he wrote to the church of that city, in which he did not greet the man who was its bishop. Paul, by his hypocrisy, escaped for the time the condemnation he deserved and remained some while longer in his see. St. Dionysius died at Alexandria towards the end of the year 265, after governing his church with as much wisdom as holiness for about seventeen years. His memory, says St. Epiphanius, was kept at Alexandria by a church dedicated under his name, and still more by his incomparable virtues and his excellent writings.

Godescard; Dom Ceillier; Fleury.

ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS, BISHOP OF NEOCAESAREA

270. — Pope: St. Felix I. — Emperor: Aurelian.

Theodore, later called Gregory and surnamed Thaumaturgus [the Wonderworker] because of his miracles, was born at Neocaesarea (today Niksar) in Pontus. His parents, distinguished by fortune and rank, were bound up in the superstitions of paganism. Having lost his father at the age of fourteen, he began from then on to discover the weakness of idolatry; and as education developed and perfected his reason, he felt his doubts on this point grow. The reflections prompted by the light he gained every day little by little disposed him to recognize the unity of God and the truth of the Christian religion.

His mother had him follow the plan of education his father had laid down. He was intended for the bar, where the art of oratory was then so necessary. He had the greatest success in the study of rhetoric, and it was easy to foresee that he would one day be one of the most famous orators of his age. He learned the Latin tongue, which those who aspired to the first dignities of the empire had to know; his masters also advised him to apply himself to Roman law, the knowledge of which could only be very useful to him, whatever state of life he might embrace.

Gregory had a sister who was married to the assessor of the governor of Caesarea in Palestine. Her husband sent for her to join him. She made the journey at the State’s expense and was free to take with her whomever she thought fit. Gregory went with her, as did Athenodorus, his other brother, who later became a bishop and suffered much for the name of Jesus Christ. From Caesarea the two brothers went to Berytus (today Beirut), which was nearby and where there was a famous school of Roman law. Shortly afterwards they returned to Caesarea. Origen had withdrawn there about the year 231 to escape the proceedings of Demetrius, bishop of Alexandria. This great man opened a school there, and his reputation soon drew a crowd of hearers. In his first meeting with Gregory and Athenodorus he discovered that both had an extraordinary capacity for

learning and rare dispositions for virtue. He therefore worked with particular care to inspire them with the love of truth and an ardent desire to reach the knowledge and possession of the sovereign good. Gregory and his brother, delighted to find such a master, became his disciples and no longer thought of returning to Beirut.

When the fire of persecution was kindled in the East under Maximin, Origen was obliged to leave Caesarea in 235. Gregory withdrew to Alexandria, where there were two famous schools, one of medicine and the other of Platonic philosophy. His conduct in that city was so regular that the students grew jealous of his virtue, which they regarded as a silent rebuke of their disorders. To take their revenge they made use of an infamous prostitute. While Gregory was talking seriously with some learned friends, a woman was seen approaching who asked him for payment of what they had agreed, giving it to be understood that Gregory had had guilty relations with her. Those present took her for a slanderer, because they knew Gregory's virtue, and drove her off indignantly. But the accused, keeping all the serenity of his soul, asked one of his friends to give the wretched woman what she asked, so that she would stop interrupting them and they could go on with their conversation. Some, shocked at such compliance, did not know what to think and reproached him for it; but the suspicions that were beginning to form about his innocence were soon dispelled. Scarcely had the prostitute received the money given her when the evil spirit seized her; thrown to the ground, she let out frightful howls, her mouth foamed, she tore her hair, and in the violent agitation she was in all the signs of a true possession could be seen. Gregory, moved with pity, called on heaven for her, and she was delivered on the spot.

Gregory's stay at Alexandria lasted three years; he remained there from 235 to 238. When the persecution had ceased, he returned to Caesarea to complete his studies under Origen. He spent five years in all at the school of this great man, after which he received baptism and prepared to leave the learned master who had opened a new way and a new life to his youth. Before a large assembly he gave him a public testimony of his gratitude. In it he praises the wise method that had guided his studies; he thanks God for having given him so able a master, and his guardian angel for having led him to such a school. He draws the finest portrait of Origen and describes his separation from this great man as a true exile. Among other dogmas he clearly teaches original sin and the divinity of the Word. Finally he ends by praying his guardian angel always to lead him in his ways. Gregory had scarcely arrived at Neocaesarea when Origen wrote him a letter full of tender feeling. He urges him to make all the talents he had received from God serve the glory of religion, and to borrow from the pagan philosophers only what could contribute to that end, imitating in this the Jews who used the spoils of the Egyptians to build the tabernacle of the true God. He recommends him to join prayer to the study of Holy Scripture.

Gregory's fellow citizens expected to see the fruit of his studies; the leading men among them pressed him to seek the first offices and to use the great talents he had cultivated with such care. But he gave up all he possessed in the world and withdrew to a solitary place in the country, where he would converse with God alone. Such conduct, in a city that counted only seventeen Christians, seemed folly; but it was the folly of the cross, which converted the world.

Phaedimus, archbishop of Amasea and metropolitan of the province of Pontus, resolved to make him bishop of Neocaesarea; he judged that his virtues and rare talents should make his youth forgotten. Gregory, learning what was afoot, changed his dwelling and wandered for some time from solitude to solitude so as not to be found. In the end, however, he yielded, but on condition that he be granted some time to prepare himself to receive episcopal anointing. When this term had expired, he was consecrated according to the ceremonies in use in the Church.

It was about the same time that he set down in writing the creed he had received. It is a rule of faith concerning the mystery of the Holy Trinity. We read in St. Gregory of Nyssa that this creed was given him in a vision by the Blessed Virgin, in the following manner. One night, when the Saint was in deep meditation on

the august mysteries of religion, he saw a venerable old man who said he had been sent by God to teach him the truths of the faith. Beside the old man was a woman who seemed above the human condition; she called the old man John the Evangelist and bade him instruct the young man in the mysteries of the true religion. The old man answered that he was ready to obey the Mother of God. At once he explained the heavenly doctrine, and Gregory wrote it down; when this was done, the vision disappeared. The holy bishop afterwards made it the rule of his instructions. He left this creed to his church, which has always conformed to it, according to St. Gregory of Nyssa; and so it had the happiness of being preserved from all heresy, especially that of the Arians and Semi-Arians, since this creed clearly explains the Church's doctrine on the Trinity. St. Gregory of Nyssa reports that in his time the original was kept in the archives of the church of Neocaesarea. It is cited by St. Gregory Nazianzen, by Rufinus and by several other ecclesiastical writers. The city of Neocaesarea was large, rich and populous. Its inhabitants were so corrupt and so attached to the superstitions of idolatry that the Christian religion had not been able to make its way there, although it flourished in many parts of the province of Pontus. St. Gregory, burning with zeal and charity, did everything to fulfil worthily the duties of the ministry entrusted to him. An extraordinary power of working miracles ensured the success of his labours.

One day, as the Saint was going from the city into the desert, he was caught in a violent storm. To take shelter he went into a temple of idols, the most renowned in the country because of the oracles given there. On entering he made the sign of the cross several times and, as was his custom, spent the night there in prayer with his companion. The next morning he went on his way. When the priest of the temple came for his usual service, the demons declared that they could no longer stay there and that the man who had spent the night there was forcing them to withdraw. He tried in vain to call them back; he ran after the Saint and threatened to complain of him to the magistrates and to the emperor. Gregory calmly answered that he had received from God the power to drive out and to call back the demons at his will. The priest was astonished to see his threats come to nothing and to hear the Saint say that he could command the demons. Then his fury turned to admiration, and he begged the Saint to make trial of the divine power he claimed to have received and to order the demons to return to the temple. The bishop granted his request and gave him a piece of paper on which was written: *Gregory to Satan: return.* When the paper had been placed on the altar and the priest had made the usual offerings, the demons gave their oracles as before. What was happening filled the priest with the greatest astonishment. He went back to the Saint and begged him to make known to him the God whom those he worshipped obeyed. Gregory explained to him the principles of the Christian religion. Seeing that the mystery of the Incarnation shocked him, he pointed out that this great truth was not to be proved by human reasoning but by the wonders of divine power. Then the priest, pointing to a great stone, asked that it be ordered to change its place and move to a spot he indicated. Gregory gave the order, and the stone obeyed by the power of Him who promised His disciples that their faith would be able to move mountains. This miracle converted the pagan priest; he left his family and friends to become a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

The people of Neocaesarea, hearing of Gregory's miraculous deeds, wished to see so extraordinary a man, and they received him with acclamation the first time he reappeared in their city. But he passed through the midst of the crowd modestly, paying no attention to the general eagerness, without even raising his eyes. His friends, who had come with him from the desert, seemed anxious about where they might find lodging; he reproached them for their lack of confidence in divine protection. He added that they should not worry about what concerned their bodies but think of their souls, which were infinitely more precious and for which a dwelling must be prepared in heaven. Meanwhile several persons offered him their houses; he accepted that of Musonius, one of the most distinguished inhabitants of the city. He preached that very day and converted enough idolaters to form a little church. The next morning a crowd of sick people was brought to him, and he healed them. The number of Christians became considerable in a very short time, so that the holy bishop had a church built for their use. All worked on this building or contributed their money to its construction. In spite of the edicts issued for the demolition of churches, and of an earthquake that did much damage at

Neocaesarea, the church we speak of was not harmed: not even one stone was dislodged.

The Lycus, today called the Kelkit, which rises in the mountains of Armenia, flowed past the walls of Neocaesarea. It sometimes overflowed so violently that it swept away crops, flocks and houses with their inhabitants. St. Gregory, moved with compassion, went to the river and drove his staff into its bank. He then ordered the waters, on God's behalf, not to pass this boundary, and they obeyed. There had still been no flood in the time when St. Gregory of Nyssa was writing. The staff itself took root and became a great tree.

The miracles and wisdom of the holy bishop spread his reputation far and wide. People came to consult him from all sides and abided by his decision even in civil affairs. Two brothers were disputing a lake that formed part of their father's inheritance. Gregory proposed various means of reconciliation to them in vain; they were so embittered that they resolved to uphold their right by force of arms. A day was fixed for coming to the spot to settle the quarrel. The Saint, wishing to prevent bloodshed, spent the night before that day in prayer on the shore of the lake, which the next day was found dried up. In this way the dispute was ended. The remains of this lake could be seen long afterwards. We have told, on 11 August, how Gregory learned by revelation and made known the merits of Alexander the Charcoal-burner, who was thus elected bishop of Comana.

The miracles we have just cited are reported by St. Gregory of Nyssa. In St. Basil too there is an account of some of these same miracles. In the time of these two Saints it was not yet a hundred years since the great bishop of Neocaesarea had died. They had learned what they say of him from Macrina, their grandmother, who had herself taken charge of their education and who in her youth had known Gregory Thaumaturgus and heard him preach. He was, according to St. Basil, a man endowed with the spirit of the Prophets and Apostles. All his conduct bore the stamp of evangelical perfection. In all his exercises of piety he showed the greatest reverence and the deepest recollection; he never prayed except bareheaded. He spoke with modesty and simplicity, and he abhorred lying, artifice and the evasions that do not agree with the most exact truth. Knowing neither envy nor pride, he supremely hated whatever could wound charity or do the slightest harm to his neighbour's reputation. Always master of himself, he never gave way to anger; not even a word escaped him that showed bitterness.

During the persecution of Decius, which began in 250, St. Gregory advised the faithful of his flock to take flight and not to expose themselves to the combat, for fear they might not have courage enough to resist the enemies of their faith. He had the consolation of seeing none of them fall into apostasy. He himself withdrew into the desert, accompanied by the idolatrous priest he had converted and raised to the diaconate. The pagans, knowing he was hidden on a mountain, sent soldiers to arrest him; but these came back shortly afterwards and said they had seen nothing but two trees. Fresh searches were ordered. The man charged with them found the bishop and his deacon at prayer: it was they whom the soldiers had taken for trees. Convinced that they had escaped death by a miracle, he came and threw himself at the bishop's feet and, having embraced Christianity, wished to be the companion of his retreat and to share the same dangers. The pagans, furious at having missed the shepherd, turned their rage against the flock; they seized all the Christians they could find, men, women and children, and put them in prison. St. Gregory, still hidden in the desert, saw in spirit the combats of the martyr Troadius. He was a young man of distinction in the city who, after suffering various torments, had the happiness of dying for the faith. The persecution ended in 251 with the emperor's life. Gregory returned to Neocaesarea. Shortly afterwards he undertook to visit the whole country. He made excellent regulations to repair the abuses that might have crept in, and instituted anniversary feasts in honour of the martyrs who had suffered during the persecution.

On one of the days specially devoted to the worship of the pagan divinities there was a prodigious concourse at Neocaesarea; the unbelievers had gathered to attend the games and shows given in the theatre. The crowd was so great that some prayed Jupiter to make room for them. The bishop, told of this, said they would not long have to complain of lacking room. And indeed plague made its ravages felt and depopulated all Pontus.

The scourge ceased at Neocaesarea only through the prayers of the holy bishop. Most of those who were still idolaters then opened their eyes and believed in Jesus Christ.

The weakness of the emperor Gallienus's reign had emboldened the Goths and Scythians, who ravaged Thrace and Macedonia. From there they crossed into Asia, where they burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus; they laid waste Pontus and several other lands, leaving everywhere traces of their fury and cruelty. In these times of confusion there were Christians who, having been plundered by the Barbarians, plundered others in their turn and bought from the unbelievers their unjust booty. A bishop consulted Gregory on the kind of penance to impose on these Christians. The Saint then wrote his Canonical Epistle, which holds a distinguished rank among the penitential canons of the early Church. In it we read the following: "Let no one deceive himself on the pretext that he has found a thing. It is not permitted to make use of what one has found. If in time of peace we are forbidden to seek our own advantage at the expense even of an enemy who through negligence leaves what belongs to him, how much more will it be forbidden to appropriate what unfortunate people abandon out of necessity, in order to escape by flight the fury of their enemies! Others falsely imagine they may keep what belongs to another because they found it on their own land. So, because the Boradi and the Goths commit hostilities against them, they shall be allowed to become Boradi and Goths toward others? Those who, by restoring what they have found, fulfil the Lord's precept must do so without human motives, without asking or demanding anything, on any pretext whatever." This maxim of justice is strongly inculcated by St. Augustine. In his Canonical Epistle St. Gregory Thaumaturgus mentions the different orders of penitents. In 264 a council was held at Antioch to condemn Paul of Samosata, who had been bishop of that city for four years. This heresiarch taught, among other errors, that there is only one person in God and that Jesus Christ is a mere man. He was besides a man of unbearable vanity and pride; he had hymns sung in church in his own honour. St. Gregory Thaumaturgus and Athenodorus his brother are named first among those who subscribed the Council. No personal censure was pronounced there against Paul of Samosata, because he concealed his errors; but he later renewed them, and a second council of Antioch, which met in 270, condemned and deposed him. He nevertheless kept possession of the bishop's house until Zenobia, queen of the East, who had declared herself his protector, was defeated (272).

It is not known exactly in what year St. Gregory Thaumaturgus died; the most probable opinion is that it was about the year 270, on 17 November. Feeling his last hour approach, he asked whether there were still many pagans in the city; there were found to be only seventeen. He thanked the Lord that, having found only seventeen Christians on his arrival, he left at his death only seventeen unbelievers. He prayed for the conversion of these and the perseverance of all the others. Then he made his friends promise that no special place would be bought for his burial and that his body would be laid in the place set aside for common burial. "Having always lived," he said, "as a stranger on the earth, I would not wish to lose that title after my death. So I must not have a burial of my own. No place must bear the name of Gregory. The only possession I covet is one that will not make me suspected of any attachment to the earth." St. Gregory Thaumaturgus is named under 17 November in all the martyrologies of East and West.

He is represented sometimes standing before a monastery and holding a book, sometimes driving demons out of the body of an idol.

WRITINGS OF ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS.

The works of St. Gregory that remain to us are:

> *1° his Discourse in Honour of Origen. It is one of the most finished pieces of eloquence, in which one admires equally its author's art and learning. It shows us the method of Christian teaching, which differed from that adopted by the pagans with regard to the sciences, and it also contains several interesting notices on the principles and systems then current in the academies. As to the purity and magic of the style, says Möhler, this panegyric has always been considered a masterpiece. 2° his Creed. 3° his Canonical Epistle. 4° his Paraphrase on Ecclesiastes. The author adds little to the text and is content to give Solomon's thoughts a new turn and to set*

them out more fully.

As for the *Treatise on the Soul* and the four Sermons that Vossius gave us under the name of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, it is commonly agreed that they are spurious pieces. Besides the works that remain, the ancients had seen a greater number, which have not come down to us. St. Jerome speaks of several letters, and St. Basil of an *Exposition of Faith* that we no longer have. Some passages under the name of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus are also read in Ghislerius's *Catena on Jeremiah*. His writings were collected by Gerard Vossius and printed at Cologne in 1618, in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, and in that of Lyons in 1677. De la Rue gave a very exact edition of his *Discourse in Honour of Origen*. M. Migne reproduced it in his *Greek Patrology*, vol. vii. The collection of the *Selecta Patrum* of M. Caillau contains the complete works of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus. Cardinal Mai published the Greek text of the *Exposition* in vol. vi of the *Scriptores veteres*. All that remains of St. Gregory was published by M. Migne in vol. vii of the *Patrology*, Greek series in Latin, and in vol. x of the Greek-Latin series. Some fragments read in the *Catenae* were, however, omitted, as was a passage cited by John Beccus in the *Opuscula aurea* of Arcudius. M. Guillon, in his *Bibliothèque des Pères*, gave a translation of the *Panegyric*.

Taken from his Life written by St. Gregory of Nyssa; from Eusebius, Hist. bk. vi, ch. 23; from St. Jerome, in Catal.; from the discourse delivered by the Saint in the presence of Origen; from St. Basil. — Cf. Hist. de l'Église, by the abbé Darras; Tillemont and Dom Ceillier.

ST. ANIANUS [AIGNAN] OF VIENNE, BISHOP OF ORLÉANS

453. — Pope: St. Leo the Great. — King of the Franks: Merovech.

St. Anianus was born at Vienne in Dauphiné of noble and Catholic parents. They were natives of Hungary and had taken refuge in Gaul to escape the persecution of the Arian Goths, who in their country cruelly hunted down the defenders of the divinity of Jesus Christ. As soon as he was past childhood he withdrew to a solitary place near Vienne called the Old Castle, where he occupied himself day and night with reading the sacred writings, with prayer and with contemplation of divine truths. He also afflicted his body with watchings, fasts and other very severe mortifications. And as he spent almost nothing on himself, he generously used all the goods he had to receive pilgrims, relieve the poor and help every kind of unfortunate. Nor was he miserly with the supernatural lights he received from God's mercy; he shared them abundantly with those who came to him, teaching the ignorant, enlightening those who needed counsel and helping sinners to return to the ways of salvation. He remained in this retreat until, learning of the eminent virtues of St. Evurtius [Euverte], bishop of Orléans, and of the grace he had received from on high for the guidance of souls, he gave up all his acquaintance and left his country to place himself under the direction of that holy man. St. Evurtius soon recognized the merit of his new disciple. So, having ordained him priest, he made him abbot of Saint-Laurent-des-Orgerils, outside the walls of the city. Anianus discharged this office so worthily that the holy prelate saw clearly that heaven intended him to be his successor; and so, to avoid the disputes that might arise on the matter after his death, he wished to provide for it in his lifetime by a canonical election. He therefore assembled the chief nobles of his diocese and asked them which of all his clergy they judged most worthy to take his place. Opinions being divided, he had the names of all who had been named written down, with that of St. Anianus, and had their slips put into a box. Then, after a three days' fast according to custom, he sent a little child who could not yet speak to draw the slip that first came to his hand; and, by a special guidance of divine Providence, the child drew that of St. Anianus. It might have been thought a chance; but to show that it was truly a stroke from heaven, the child, who could neither read nor speak, cried out as he opened the slip: "Anianus, Anianus, Anianus is chosen by God to be bishop of this city." St. Evurtius, to give fresh proof of this heavenly election, had the Psalter, the Epistles of St. Paul and the book of the Gospels opened one after the other. In the Psalter they at once found this sentence: "Blessed is he whom thou hast chosen and taken to thee: he shall dwell in thy courts." In St. Paul they found this one:

“Other foundation can no man lay but that which is laid.” And in the Gospel this other: “Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” So, everyone being convinced that St. Anianus was the one whom divine goodness wished to give as pastor to its people, St. Evurtius consecrated him and seated him on his throne. When the time came for him to make his solemn entry into Orléans, he asked for the release of all the criminals in the prisons. Agrippinus, who commanded in the city, refused it as unjust and unreasonable. But a stone fell on his head in the church, and the wound could be healed only by the new pontiff’s prayers; he then acknowledged his fault and granted all he asked.

Meanwhile the glorious St. Evurtius went to receive in heaven the reward of his labours and of the care he had taken of his people. Anianus buried him with magnificent pomp in the field of a noble senator named Laetadius [Létrade], where the basilica was later built that is called Saint-Euverte after him. He then had the vault of the church of the Holy Cross raised, and in this building he miraculously healed Mellius, his chief architect, who had broken his whole body in a fall from the roof.

About this time Attila, king of the Huns, that terrible scourge of God, having sacked all Austrasia, was preparing to push his conquests into the heart of Gaul. Paris was so terrified that, but for the wise counsel of St. Genevieve, all its inhabitants would have fled and abandoned everything. St. Anianus, foreseeing that he would leave Paris and come to besiege Orléans, went in haste to Arles to Aetius, the emperor’s lieutenant-general in Gaul, to beg him to come without delay and fight this common enemy. He was received with a respect and deference that Aetius did not usually show to bishops, and he obtained from him all he asked. It is said that this general, proud as he was, threw himself at his feet; and that Anianus, telling him the day on which Orléans would be taken if he did not relieve it, obliged him to make haste to prevent so serious a loss. It was also on this journey that our Saint, passing through Vienne, miraculously healed St. Mamertus, later archbishop of that see and institutor of the Rogations, whom he found sick unto death. In the abbey of Arnay he gave back his sight to an abbot who had been blind for thirty years. As soon as he was back at Orléans, Attila arrived with his army and laid siege to it. The assaults he ordered were terrible, and it seemed that no human strength could ever withstand them; but the Saint obtained by prayer what he could not hope for from the valour of the besieged. He had processions made in the city and the relics of the Saints carried on the ramparts, and with groans and extraordinary penances he implored God’s mercy on his people. Heaven seems to come to his help. A storm forces the enemy to suspend the siege works for three days and gives some rest to the unhappy besieged. But on 14 June the sun reappears, and the fight begins again with matchless fury. Anianus sends off a soldier with this message for Aetius: “If you do not arrive this very day, tomorrow will be too late.” The soldier did not return. Soon the walls are heard collapsing with a horrible crash, and the shattered gates turning on their hinges. The Huns rush into the city, massacring, chaining and plundering. All seems lost. Anianus prays more urgently still. All at once a sudden cry rings out from the top of the tower: “The Romans! The Romans!” The cry revives the vanquished and freezes the victors. Indeed Aetius, the Roman general, is seen with Theodoric and Thorismund his son at the head of a large cavalry force; they are coming at full gallop. A furious battle begins in the city itself, which is flooded with blood. The inhabitants, from the tops of their houses, overwhelm the Huns with tiles, stones, beams and furniture. Some were drowned in the Loire, some were put to the sword, and others fell into the victor’s hands. St. Anianus, whose charity extended to his cruellest enemies, saved their lives and prevented their being slaughtered in revenge for the ravages they had committed in France. Attila, nevertheless, whose army was almost numberless, still saved several hundred thousand of his men; but shortly afterwards he was defeated again and lost more than two hundred thousand men on the plain of Châlons, Merovech, king of the Franks, having then joined Aetius.

These signal victories, owed to our Saint, won him immortal glory and caused him to be justly called the impregnable wall of Gaul, the support of the fatherland, the protector and as it were the second founder of Orléans, and the true father of the people. What was more wonderful still came after the withdrawal of so

many troops. No harvest or vintage was expected, the countryside having been not only foraged by the soldiers but utterly ruined and laid waste by the march of men and horses. Yet, by an astonishing effect of divine Providence, the earth was laden with wheat and the vines with grapes for two years, and there was also a general abundance of every kind of fruit. So the people of Orléans, instead of the famine they feared, were loaded with good things and able to supply their neighbours. After so brilliant and glorious a service rendered by St. Anianus to the Church, to France and to his diocese, nothing remained for him but to go and receive in heaven the reward of his good works. And so, two years after the defeat of Attila and the deliverance of Orléans, he ended his life happily and gave up his spirit to God to be crowned with immortality. This was on 17 November of the year 453. He is said to have been then ninety-five years old and to have been bishop for sixty-five years.

St. Anianus is represented: 1° receiving the episcopal crozier from the hands of St. Evurtius; 2° praying on the walls of his city while it is besieged by Attila.

CULT AND RELICS.

His body was carried solemnly to the church of Saint-Laurent-des-Orgerils, of which he had been abbot, and where several miracles made it famous. Three sick children were healed, and one who was dead was raised to life by invoking his merits. Robert, king of France, won a glorious victory at Beaune in Burgundy through his intercession, and in thanksgiving had a fine church built in his name at Orléans, to which his sacred remains were translated. Seven bishops performed the ceremony of this translation. The king himself attended, and St. Odilo, abbot of Cluny, also honoured it with his presence. The Saint’s bones were placed in a silver reliquary enriched with gold and precious stones, which His Majesty had given. This pious monarch then commended his children and his kingdom to him. He commonly called him the protector of kings, the defence of princes, the honour of prelates, the father of clerics and religious, the support of widows and orphans and the help of all the needy. St. Louis, whose devotion to him was no less, had a new reliquary made for him and was also present with Louis and Philip, his sons, when the sacred deposit of his body was transferred into it. This second ceremony was performed by Blessed Philip Berruyer, who from bishop of Orléans had become archbishop of Bourges, and by Robert, who was then bishop of Orléans. But at last, in the year 1562, the Calvinist heretics, having made themselves masters of this magnificent church of Saint-Aignan, burned these precious relics together with fifteen other holy bodies of the city of Orléans. Nevertheless some bones of the holy bishop are still kept in his church, with a fine reliquary of gilded wood placed above the high altar and adorned with his statue. The people of Orléans invoke St. Anianus with great confidence in all public calamities.

In the diocese of Nevers, the parishes of Saint-Agnan of Cosne, Luthenay, Sichamps, Nannay (now united to Chasnay), Saint-Agnan-en-Morvan and Colmery honour the holy bishop of Orléans as their patron. The last-named parish possesses a relic of the Saint. The parish of Saint-Agnan of Cosne formerly kept two feasts of its holy patron in the year: besides the solemnity of 17 November, it honoured him in a special way on 14 June, the anniversary of the miraculous deliverance of Orléans.

Annales d’Orléans, by Charles de la Saussaye; St. Gregory of Tours; Hagiologie nivernaise, by Mgr. Crosnier; Beautés de l’Histoire de la Champagne, by M. l’abbé Boitel; Dom Ceillier.

ST. GREGORY, ARCHBISHOP OF TOURS

595. — Pope: St. Gregory the Great. — King of France: Childebert II.

Humility is the queen of the virtues, as pride is the king of vices. St. Bonaventure.

Everything that can make a family illustrious and glorious was happily united in that of St. Gregory of Tours: holiness, nobility, high office, and the honour of learning and scholarship. Leocadia, his paternal

grandmother, was descended from Vettius Epagathus, martyr of Lyons. His father, Florentius, was a senator; and his mother, Armentaria, was the granddaughter of St. Gregory who, having renounced the world, had become bishop of Langres. Gregory was born at Clermont on 30 November 539. At the age of five he was placed under the guidance of St. Gall, his paternal uncle, bishop of Clermont, who took special care of him. Even then he was so pleasing to God that the great St. Nicetius [Nizier], archbishop of Lyons, his kinsman, regarded him as a saint and one of the predestined. Even in his early years he deserved twice to cure his father miraculously of the violent pains of gout and other ills that tormented him. Once he did so by placing under his bolster a tablet on which the name of Jesus was written; another time, after the example of the angel Raphael in the book of Tobias, by the smoke of the liver of a fish he had roasted. Both these means had previously been revealed to him in a dream through the ministry of an angel. Having fallen ill himself, he had himself carried to the tomb of St. Illidius [Allyre], a former bishop of Clermont, to be healed. He was not healed the first time; but the second time, having promised to enter the Church if he recovered his health, he recovered it completely. He at once fulfilled his vow and, renouncing all worldly hopes, took God alone for his portion and inheritance.

In 569, at the age of thirty, he received the diaconate from Cautinus, successor of St. Gall; Cautinus was succeeded by St. Avitus, under whom Gregory continued his studies.

A citizen of Clermont had brought from Tours a piece of wood from the tomb of St. Martin and did not keep it in his house with proper reverence, and all his household fell ill. He had recourse to God to learn the cause. A person with an indignant face appeared to him in a dream and told him that the cause of his illnesses was the little respect he paid to the piece of that holy bishop's tomb. He was to put it into the hands of the deacon Gregory, who was worthy to keep it, and the scourge of his house would cease. He did so, and soon saw this promise happily fulfilled. There were then in Auvergne many religious of a penitent and very exemplary life. Our Saint often visited them, and through their conversation he became entirely disgusted with the world and took the generous resolution of applying himself solely to his own sanctification. His continual prayers and great austerities so impaired his health that he fell into a violent illness that made his life despaired of. But having himself carried to Tours, to the tomb of the same St. Martin, in whom he had a singular confidence, he received a perfect cure there. The same thing happened to him so many other times that one would have said he held his life from that great Saint alone.

His frequent journeys made him so well known that after the death of Euphronius (4 August 573) eyes were turned to him to put him in his place. He resisted his election as much as he could; but the authority of King Sigebert and Queen Brunhild compelled him to bow his shoulders under the burden. He found the churches of his diocese ruined, the morals of the Christians corrupt, and regular discipline greatly impaired by the misfortune of the wars that had laid waste the whole country. He showed wonderful zeal in remedying all these disorders and, despite the obstacles his good designs met at first, he succeeded in the end. He had his cathedral church, founded long before by St. Martin, repaired, and had others built entirely new. He corrected a great number of abuses that had crept in among the people, and reformed his clergy, who were not living with the restraint and modesty fitting for ministers of Jesus Christ. He had the gift of discernment of spirits, which he used to good effect to free his flock from their spiritual sicknesses. It is told, for instance, that he revealed their most secret thoughts to two religious, Senoch and Leobardus, who are acknowledged as saints, and so cured them of a dangerous vanity they were nursing in their hearts without rightly knowing it. He helped the poor according to the greatness of his charity, which was boundless, rather than according to the size of his means and the revenue of his bishopric. He upheld with dauntless courage the immunities of the Church and the right of sanctuary of holy places against the greatest lords and even against kings. With this firmness he would never deliver to Chilperic, king of France, his son Merovech, who had taken refuge at the foot of the altar of Saint-Martin. And when Duke Bladastes and Badachaire, count of Bordeaux, had recourse to the same sanctuary, he went to King Guntram to obtain their pardon. When he had been refused, he said

boldly to that prince: “Since you will not grant me, Sire, what I ask, what do you wish me to answer my lord who sent me to you?” “And who is this lord?” replied the king. “It is the glorious St. Martin,” said Gregory with a smile. “He has taken these two lords under his protection, and he himself asks you for their pardon.” These words so touched Guntram that he pardoned them and had their goods, which he had already confiscated, restored to them.

This excellent prelate showed no less constancy at a synod held at Paris (577) against St. Praetextatus, archbishop of Rouen, whose adversaries were Chilperic himself and Queen Fredegund. The other prelates dared not speak in favour of the accused for fear of displeasing the court. Gregory had the courage to urge those who stood best with the king to persuade him to withdraw from this affair, which would only bring him the blame of men as well as the anger and just vengeance of God. And when Chilperic summoned him to complain that he was supporting a bishop who was displeasing to him, he gave him this excellent answer: “If any of your subjects departs from his duty and commits some injustice, you are above him to punish him; but if you yourself leave the straight path of justice, there is no one who has the right to punish you. So we, to whom God has committed the care of souls, then take the liberty of making most humble remonstrances to you, and you listen to us if you will. But if you do not listen to us, you will have to answer to a sovereign judge who, being the absolute master of kings, will treat you according to your deserts.” This speech, however, did not prevent the condemnation of Praetextatus. But as Fredegund learned from it the episcopal vigour of our holy prelate, she did all she could by promises and threats to draw him over to her side. He was unmoved by both. In the deplorable state France was then in, troubled by the quarrels of four kings and almost ruined by the cruelties of two ambitious queens, he kept himself unshaken in the defence of truth and justice. He learned, nevertheless, how dangerous it was to displease Fredegund. Three years after the affair of St. Praetextatus she had him summoned before a synod held at Brenni, near Compiègne, on the pretext that he had spoken ill of her. But as there was no proof against him and his oath cleared him entirely, he was sent away acquitted, and his accuser was excommunicated as a slanderer.

In the year 594 he made the journey to Rome to visit the tombs of the holy Apostles. St. Gregory the Great, newly elected pope, received him with much honour. Yet, seeing him to be very small of stature, he wondered that God had enclosed so beautiful a soul and so many graces in so small a body. The bishop knew this thought by revelation and said to him: “The Lord made us, and not we ourselves; but He is the same in the little as in the great.” The Pope was astonished to see that he had read the secret of his heart. From then on he honoured him as a Saint, gave him a golden chain to place in his church at Tours, and granted fine privileges to that same church for his sake. During his life he worked a very great number of miracles and supernatural cures; but as he was extremely humble, to hide the grace of healing with which God had favoured him, he always applied the relics he carried on him to the sick he wished to heal. He also received from God’s goodness quite extraordinary favours and help. Robbers who had come to ill-treat him were forced to flee, seized by a sudden panic. When a storm with lightning and thunder rose while he was travelling, he did no more than hold up his reliquary against it, and it scattered in a moment. On that same occasion the miracle gave him a little vain joy and a kind of self-satisfaction; he at once fell from his horse, and learned from this to stifle the smallest feelings of pride in his heart. One Christmas morning, when he was very drowsy from having watched all night, a person appeared to him in a dream and woke him three times. The third time the person said, alluding to his name Gregory, which means watchful: “Will you always be sleeping, you who must wake the others?” In short, his life was filled with so many wonders that a whole volume would be needed to relate them.

After his return from Rome he applied himself more than ever to visiting his diocese, to correcting and sanctifying the souls committed to him, to preaching the word of God and to all the other duties of a good bishop. It was in these exercises that he finished the course of his life, being only fifty-six years old, on 17 November of the year 595, the twenty-first of his episcopate. The humility he had practised during his life

appeared again after his death in the choice he made of his burial place.

St. Gregory is represented:

> *1° with his hand resting on several volumes of his works; 2° with a monstrous fish at his feet, recalling the miraculous cure of the blindness from which his father suffered; 3° kneeling, holding a crozier and a book.*

CULT AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

St. Gregory was buried, as he had wished, at the foot of St. Martin's tomb, so as to be continually trodden underfoot by those who came to honour that sacred sepulchre. But the people of Tours took him from that place and built him a magnificent monument beside that of the great Saint whose virtues he had so faithfully imitated. His body remained there until the year 1562, when it was taken out by the Calvinists to be sacrificed to their fury, like all the other holy bodies of the same city. The memory of St. Gregory has always been greatly venerated at Tours, where the Minims dedicated their convent to him. This holy bishop left to posterity a great number of works devoted to the instruction of the faithful and the glory of the Saints:

> *1° the History of the Franks, in ten books, to the year 591; 2° a book On the Glory of the Martyrs, in which he shows the perfection of faith by the example of those who had it perfectly; 3° the book On the Passion, Virtues and Glory of St. Julian of Brioude; 4° the book On the Glory of the Confessors; 5° four books On the Miracles of St. Martin; 6° the Lives of the Fathers; 7° a Commentary on the Psalms, of which only three fragments remain; 8° a Treatise on the Offices of the Church, which has not come down to us.*

The *History of the Franks* was edited perfectly in 1836–1841 at Paris by J. Guadet and N. R. Taranne, with a French translation facing and with notes and observations. M. Henri Bordier brought out a new translation of the *Ecclesiastical History of the Franks* at Didot's, Paris, 1860. It is followed by a summary of St. Gregory's other works and preceded by his Life written in the 10th century by Odo, abbot of Cluny. In 1857 he had published at Jules Renouard's the books of the *Miracles* and other minor works of Gregory of Tours, revised and collated on new manuscripts.

To revise and complete Father Giry we have used the *Vie des Saints de l'Église de Poitiers* by M. l'abbé Auber; the *Histoire des Auteurs sacrés et ecclésiastiques* by Dom Ceillier; and the *Histoire littéraire de la France* by Dom Rivet.

ST. HUGH, BISHOP OF LINCOLN

1200. — Pope: Innocent III. — King of England: John Lackland.

Three things are necessary to a true Christian: charity in the heart, truth on the lips, and chastity in the body. Maxim of the Saint.

St. Hugh came of an illustrious family of Burgundy. Having lost his mother at the age of eight, he was placed by his father, a man of war but full of the fear of God, in a house of canons regular, there to spend his life in purity and innocence. A good old man who was given charge of him often taught him this holy lesson: "Consider, my son, that I am bringing you up for Jesus Christ, and that the disciples of such a master must renounce all the things of the earth." His father followed him into that house. Hugh made such progress there in virtue and learning that after his novitiate and profession he was soon raised to holy Orders. He was then given the administration of a parish, a charge he discharged so worthily that his prudence and holiness could not be admired enough. But Our Lord, who wanted him in a more austere life, inspired him to become a Carthusian. On a journey he made to the Grande-Chartreuse, the silence, recollection and continual prayer of those excellent religious filled him with a wholly heavenly unction. His brethren opposed this resolution; but he vigorously overcame all these obstacles and was at last admitted to that venerable monastery. At first he felt there such violent temptations of the flesh, stirred up by the devil to disgust him with his undertaking, that another less constant and less generous than he would have given way. But he overcame them by

humility, patience, austerity of life, assiduous prayer and the protection of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he was extremely devoted. So he kept his virginal purity as one of the most precious and richest ornaments one can possess on earth.

When he had received the order of priesthood, he left nothing undone to live up to the holiness of that divine character. His devotion kept growing, and he tamed his flesh and his passions more than ever by fasts, disciplines, the hair shirt and a diet of bread and water alone. Ten years after his entry into religion, his prudence and gentleness caused him to be chosen procurator of the monastery. He discharged this office so perfectly that Henry II, king of England, hearing of his merit, asked for him to come and finish establishing the house of Witham in the county of Somerset, which he had given to the Order. The poverty there was extreme, but the holy prior and his religious, animated by his word and example, bore it with unconquerable patience. At last the king, who had a great affection for him, gave him all that was needed to finish the buildings and support the community. This prince esteemed him so highly that he could refuse him nothing, and he used to say with very good grace: “What power this foreigner has over me! Truly, he would be formidable had he entered my kingdom with great forces, since by his word alone he carries off whatever he wants.” But the veneration he had for the Saint grew still more through an extraordinary grace for which he acknowledged himself indebted to Hugh’s merits. As he was returning from France, so furious a storm arose at sea that his ship and his whole fleet were within a hair’s breadth of shipwreck. Everyone began to pray and made vows to God and the Saints to be saved. At last, as the sea would not grow calm, he implored the help of Hugh, and that very hour the storm ceased, the waves grew calm, and all his ships came safely into port without losing a single man. It is said that at the height of the danger the prince vowed to give Hugh a bishopric if he had the good fortune to come out of it. Certainly from then on he had so much affection for him that no one in his kingdom had so much credit with him.

Several men of merit, touched by his holiness, became his disciples by taking the Carthusian habit at Witham. There he was again assailed by violent temptations against purity. After many prayers and tears he was delivered from them by the apparition of Basil, former prior of the Grande-Chartreuse, who had received him into religion and to whom he had recourse after his death, not doubting that he was one of the most glorious citizens of heaven. The time left over from the duties of his office he spent reading the Holy Scriptures and books of piety. He used to say that this reading was absolutely necessary to religious, and above all to solitaries: it was their delight in calm, their support in combat, their food in hunger and their remedy in spiritual languor.

While he was thus enjoying the sweetness of the contemplative life, he was unanimously elected bishop of Lincoln, whose see had been vacant for several years. He did all he could to excuse himself from this honour and alleged supposed defects in his election. But the king, the clergy and the people ardently wished it to take effect, and his General gave his consent, so he was forced in spite of himself to yield. He was consecrated by Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, on 21 September 1186. The first thing he did on finding himself in the episcopal see was to call to his side wise and learned men who feared God, so as to take their advice in governing his Church. He entrusted the guidance of souls only to those he knew to love purity and to be gentle; the others he rejected, however learned and able they might be. He conferred benefices only on those whose virtue he had tested, and in this he was so exact that he declined the king, his benefactor, when the king wrote asking him to give a prebend to a man whose services he wished to reward. He excused himself courteously, saying these excellent words on the matter: “Benefices are not for courtiers but for churchmen. The king has the means to reward those in his service, and he must not, to enrich them, deprive the servants of the King of kings of the goods intended for them.” Henry took offence at this as an act of ingratitude and complained of it to Hugh himself; but the Saint gave him such strong reasons to justify what he had done that he was perfectly satisfied.

He worked with all his power to make peace and charity reign among his flock, and for this he wished his officers to be very gentle toward those over whom they had authority. He used to say that three things were necessary to a true Christian: charity in the heart, truth on the lips and chastity in the body, and that without them one bears so glorious a title falsely. His preaching was so powerful that it converted many sinners who were held to be incorrigible. His charity to the poor was boundless; he stripped himself of everything to give it to them. The sick found in him a consoler full of tenderness; he visited them assiduously and helped them, spiritually and bodily, in every way he could. He did not refuse his help even to lepers, and often kissed them as figures of Jesus Christ in His Passion. William, chancellor of Lincoln, told him one day laughingly that St. Martin kissed lepers and healed them by his kiss, but that he kissed them and did not heal them. “That is true,” he replied; “but if St. Martin’s kiss healed the lepers’ bodies, the lepers’ kiss heals my soul.” His piety extended also to shrouding and burying the dead; he buried even very foul corpses that no one else dared approach. One day he learned that one of those who had persecuted him had died, and he went to render him this duty of mercy. His people tried to dissuade him on the pretext that he would be ambushed on the road; he told them that when his feet and hands had been bound, he would have good reason to excuse himself.

Above all he showed episcopal vigour in defending justice and upholding the immunities of the Church. He excommunicated the chief forester of the royal forests for the vexations he and his keepers inflicted on the people and on Hugh’s vassals, and would not lift the excommunication until he had acknowledged his fault and asked absolution in due form. Then he reconciled him to the Church, and afterwards this man was one of the most zealous protectors of the privileges and rights of the Church. He would not allow his official to sentence the guilty to money fines, lest self-interest and avarice should have the chief part in these sentences; he wished him to impose the penalties laid down by the Canons. It was then the custom for the clergy to give the king a precious mantle every year. It was bought with sums raised from the people, and the clerks shared among themselves the money left over. Hugh abolished this custom after obtaining from the king that he would renounce the gift.

Richard, who had succeeded Henry, wishing to make war on the king of France, assembled the bishops and great men of the kingdom to ask them for a levy of money. The Saint, knowing the poverty of the people and how little need there was for this war, generously opposed it and declared that even if all the others consented, he alone would never consent. The king was greatly offended at this and sent soldiers to insult him and plunder the goods of his bishopric. But Hugh pronounced excommunication against them if they touched the least thing belonging to the Church, and this so frightened them, for fear of being seized by the devil, that they withdrew without doing anything. He himself came to find the king in Normandy and obliged him to embrace him, to send him the pax during Mass before kissing him, and to honour him above all the bishops at his court. Then, taking the king aside, he asked him very gently in what state his conscience was: “For,” he said, “since you are one of my household, I must give account of your soul at the terrible judgement of God.” “It is going well enough,” the king answered, “except that I always feel very angry against the enemies of my State.” “What is this, then, that I hear?” the holy Pastor went on. “Is it not you who oppress the poor, who afflict the innocent, who have no scruple in laying unbearable taxes on your people? And is there not a rumour that you have entered into unlawful attachments to the prejudice of conjugal faith? Do these things seem to you small sins?”

These words of the holy bishop, or rather of the Holy Spirit speaking through his mouth, greatly astonished the king. He admitted part of his faults, asked pardon for them and promised to amend; afterwards he used to say that if all bishops were like the bishop of Lincoln, they would make themselves feared by the greatest monarchs. This is why St. Hugh was called the Hammer of Kings. Some of his friends one day pressed him to grant this prince something truly contrary to the rights of his church, but of very little importance. “Our predecessors,” he said, “raised the honour and increased the liberties of the Church; would it not be a great shame to us if, instead of increasing them, we let them weaken and diminish through our cowardice?” This

admirable courage came from his confidence in God. It was so great that he accused himself, as of a considerable sin, of having been touched by fear on occasions that would have made anyone else tremble. He was seen to stand firm amid drawn swords, and he went on rebuking, threatening and excommunicating those who were rash enough to attack him. This made their weapons fall from their hands, or drew terrible chastisements from God upon them.

In the greatest affairs he always kept the spirit of a true religious. He spoke of affairs of State only when obliged to do so in order to calm troubles and reconcile kings and lords with one another; apart from such occasions he no longer spoke of them and would not have religious discuss them. He was so recollected within himself that on his journeys someone had to go ahead of him to keep him from straying off the road. Every year he made several days' retreat at the monastery of Witham, so as to fill his soul with the spiritual goods he was to distribute to his people. Wherever he was, he took care to recite the hours of the divine office at the times appointed by the Church, and no one could ever make him say them earlier or later.

His humility was so perfect that he never distinguished himself in dress from the Fathers of his Order, and had no mark of a bishop but the ring he wore on his finger. All his life he pressed the Popes earnestly to relieve him of his bishopric, but in vain; on the contrary, they often committed the greatest affairs of England to him to judge and decide, which he always did with wonderful judgement. Moreover, when he was having a church built at Lincoln, he took pleasure in carrying the materials for the building himself; and God showed by a miracle that this was pleasing to Him, for the hod he had used healed a lame man who had it put on his back. As his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar was admirable, Our Lord often consoled him there with His sensible presence, appearing to him at Mass in the form of a child of incomparable beauty; other devout persons saw this too at the same time. His faith in the truth of this mystery was so perfect that he would not go to see the miraculous blood that had flowed from the sacred Host onto the corporal, saying that he had no need of a miracle to be persuaded that Our Lord is really present in the Blessed Sacrament.

At last he fell ill in London of an acute fever, which warned him that his death was not far off. He was asked whether he did not wish to make a will; but the only will he would make was to distribute to the poor, before his death, the little money and furniture he had left. He received Extreme Unction on the day of St. Matthew, which had been that of his consecration. The archbishop of Canterbury, who had persecuted him unjustly, came to see him in his illness and asked his pardon. Hugh felt great joy at this act of humility and said to him with a smiling face: "I forgive you with all my heart. Know, however, that I do not regret having reproved you, but rather that I did not do it often enough; for your negligence and your attachment to worldly things were doing great harm to the souls God has placed under your guidance."

A little before his death he foretold the great evils that would befall all the Orders of England. On 17 November, at the hour of Compline, he had blessed ashes strewn on the floor of his room and had himself laid on them, and during the canticle of Simeon he gave up his spirit to God in wonderful tranquillity, in 1200, in the sixtieth year of his age.

His body was embalmed and carried solemnly from London to Lincoln. The kings of England and Scotland hastened to this ceremony with a great number of archbishops, bishops, abbots and earls. So many miracles took place at his tomb afterwards that Pope Honorius III issued the decree of his canonization. On 6 October 1280 his body was found without any corruption and his clothes quite whole, and a miraculous oil was seen to flow from his head and coffin for the healing of the sick. Then it was translated into suitable reliquaries in the presence of the king and queen of England and the king of Navarre.

St. Hugh is represented:

> *1° stilling a furious storm by his prayers; 2° visited by Our Lord in the form of a child of incomparable beauty while he celebrates Mass; 3° accompanied by a swan, the symbol of solitude and silence.*

Taken from Surius.

BLESSED SALOMEA, QUEEN OF GALICIA, VIRGIN, POOR CLARE NUN (1201–1268)

This illustrious princess was the daughter of Leszek [Lescon], duke of Cracow and Sandomierz. From her earliest childhood, radiant with beauty, innocence and candour, she was the pride of her family and the ornament of the court of Poland. She was scarcely three years old when the king of Hungary, Andrew II, father of St. Elizabeth, asked for her for his youngest son, Prince Coloman, aged six. They were betrothed in spite of their youth; and Salomea, who according to the custom of the time was to be brought up with her future husband, was torn from the caresses of her august parents and taken to the court of Hungary.

The little princess soon won the admiration of her new family by her beauty, her quickness of mind, her lovable character and the wisdom that seasoned all she said. Among other things she learned Latin with astonishing ease, and her memory was so active that she had only to hear the Gospel read or sung once at Mass to remember it and translate it. Salomea was gentle in her words and full of tender compassion for the unfortunate; she loved solitude and silence. The best part of her time was for God and for the poor; the rest was given to good reading. Early on she was inspired to consecrate her virginity to God. But seeing too many difficulties in getting her plan accepted by those who had authority over her, she entrusted herself with complete abandonment to the loving providence of God, while commending to Him with tears the pious design that grace had inspired in her young heart.

The time of her wedding came: Salomea was then thirteen. On the very first day of their union the two young spouses together made a vow of perpetual virginity, and during the twelve years they lived together they kept it with the most scrupulous fidelity. Salomea often interrupted her night's rest for long hours given to prayer. In her sweet communings with God she felt such keen transports that she sometimes fainted, and in the morning she would be found lying motionless on the floor of her oratory. Filled every day with a deeper contempt for the world, the Saint thought only of crucifying her flesh by mortifications of every kind. She exchanged the purple for the habit of the Third Order, which she received from the hands of her confessor, Father Adalbert, a Friar Minor; from then on she wore only the livery of poverty and penance, under which she hid a rough hair shirt. Such striking contempt for the vanities of the world in a young and beautiful princess could not fail to have its effect. A general reform came about at court: the noblest ladies renounced the pomp of finery and the luxury of entertainments to give themselves to the practices of piety and works of mercy. When she became a sovereign princess through the election of her husband to the throne of Galicia, the Blessed one changed nothing in her habits of simplicity and piety. On the contrary, she used the fuller independence and more abundant resources her position gave her to extend and multiply her good works. Her noble husband, far from opposing her generous intentions, seconded them with all his power. After twelve years of a union more angelic than human with Salomea, the young King Coloman went to receive from God the reward due to his chastity and courage. He died in 1225, fighting gloriously against the Tartars in defence of his country and his faith.

From that moment Salomea resolved to consecrate herself to God in the religious life. To prepare for the great act she had in mind, she divided her immense wealth in two. One part was distributed to those who had suffered most from the misfortunes of war; the other was devoted to repairing and adorning the churches ruined by the Tartars and to building convents of Franciscans and Poor Clares. Nearly fifteen years passed in these holy occupations. At last, having put the finishing touch to the great works she had undertaken, the pious princess entered in 1240 the convent of Zawichost, where the Rule of St. Clare was observed in all its purity. She received the veil there from the hands of Blessed Prandota, bishop of Cracow. Later, as the monastery of Zawichost was continually threatened by the incursions of the Tartars, the blessed princess left it and settled with her community at Scalen [Ska■a; see (A)] near Cracow, where Duke Boles■aw, her brother, had built her a monastery.

On taking the religious habit Salomea kept nothing of all she had possessed until then. Moreover, she asked as a favour for the most inconvenient and poorest cell in the monastery, so that her dwelling might in every way match the life she wished to lead. In this retreat chosen by her heart, her fervour knew no bounds, and her austerities frightened the most courageous. Day and night she wore various instruments of penance under her clothes; her fasts were continual, and she forbade herself the use of wine for ever, although the Rule did not forbid it. Her bed was only a mat thrown over bare boards, and her sleep never lasted more than three or four hours. The Blessed one spent twenty-eight years in the practice of the deepest humility, the most absolute poverty and the most complete obedience, waiting patiently until it should please God to take her from this world. This happened on Saturday 17 November 1268. Salomea had lived sixty-seven years, twenty-eight of which had been spent in religious life.

The Saint's body was buried, as she had wished, in the church of the Friars Minor at Cracow, near the remains of King Coloman. Pope Clement X, informed of the high holiness of Blessed Salomea and of the great and numerous miracles worked through her intercession, solemnly authorized the cult the Poles had paid her for four centuries, and permitted the whole Order of St. Francis to keep her feast, with the rite of a double, on the anniversary of her death.

Extracted from the Annales franciscaines.

18 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Rome, the Dedication of the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul. The first, having been enlarged and adorned, was solemnly consecrated on this day by Pope Urban VIII.(1) 1626. — At Antioch, the birthday in heaven of St. Romanus, martyr.(2) In the time of the emperor Galerius, seeing the prefect Asclepiades force his way into a church intending to destroy it, he urged the Christians to resist his designs. After horrible torments his tongue was cut out, yet he did not cease to praise God; at last he was strangled in prison and honoured with the crown of martyrdom. Before him a little child named Barulas (or Barallah) was also martyred. Asked by St. Romanus which was better, to worship one God or many gods, he answered that one must believe in the one God worshipped by the Christians, and for this he was beaten with rods and beheaded. 303. — Also at Antioch,

St. Hesychius, martyr. He was a soldier, and on hearing an edict proclaimed ordering that whoever would not sacrifice to the idols should lay aside the military belt, he at once laid down his own; for this he was thrown into the river with a heavy stone tied to his right arm. About 304. — The same day, St. Oricle and his blessed companions, who suffered death for the Catholic faith during the persecution of the Vandals.(3) 5th c. — At Mainz, St. Maximus, bishop, who after enduring much from the Arians in the time of the emperor Constantine, afterwards died peacefully with the title of confessor. — At Tours, the death of St. Odo, abbot of Cluny. 942. — At Antioch, St. Thomas, monk; the people of that city kept his feast every year in thanksgiving for having been delivered from the plague by his prayers. About 782. — At Lucca in Tuscany, the translation of St. Frigidian, bishop and confessor. 800.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Ajaccio, Albi, Autun, Bayeux, Laval, Le Mans, Le Puy, Limoges, Meaux and Montpellier, the feast of the Dedication of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, given in today's Roman martyrology. 1626. — In the dioceses of Auch and Le Puy, St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, cited in today's Roman martyrology. 942. — In the diocese of Lyons, St. Romanus, martyr at Antioch, cited today in the same

source. 303. — In the dioceses of Meaux and Paris, St. Aida or Aude (Aida, Auda), virgin, disciple of St. Genevieve. She filled these two dioceses with the fragrance of her virtues. When she had fallen asleep in the Lord, her body was laid near that of St. Genevieve in the basilica of the Holy Apostles. (4) 6th c. — In the diocese of Soissons, St. Mummolinus [Momble] (Mummolus, Mombolenus, Mumbolenus), abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Saint-Pierre at Lagny-sur-Marne (*Latiniacum ad Matronam*), in the present diocese of Meaux. 7th c. — At Coutances, the death of St. Romphaire or Réphaire, bishop of that see, of whom we shall speak on 26 November, the day on which he is honoured throughout the diocese. 728. — In the ancient and famous Benedictine abbey of Saint-Honorat of Lérins (*Lerinus*), in the present diocese of Fréjus, the holy abbots Nazarius (28 July 450), Vincent (24 May 450) and Amandus (18 November 700), who became famous for their wise government of that flourishing community. — In Brittany, St. Maudez, solitary. 7th c. — At Saint-Pol-de-Léon (Finistère), in the diocese of Quimper, St. Tanguy or Tanneguy, abbot.(5)

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — At Rome, the Dedication of the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, the first of which, having been rebuilt and enlarged, was solemnly consecrated anew on this day by Pope Urban VIII. 1626. — At Tours, the death of St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, who restored the ancient discipline and spread it far and wide. 942.

Martyrology of the Order of Camaldoli. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In Japan, the martyrdom of Blessed Leonard Kimura, lay brother of the Society of Jesus, a Japanese; Andrew Tocuan, Japanese; Cosmas Toquea, Korean; John Xoum, Japanese; and Dominic Georgi, Portuguese; the last four were members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. 1619. — Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Lawrence Mendez, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. After a stormy youth he was converted and took the habit of the Friars Preachers at the convent of Guimarães in Portugal (province of Minho). From then on he became another man. His life was a web of mortifications and prayers. He loved solitude, yet he left it when there was need, to exercise the ministry of the Friars Preachers, in which he did great good to souls. The purity of heart he had won back earned him the familiar company of the angels. One day, when he was giving a mission, one of these heavenly spirits appeared to him carrying a silver reliquary full of relics. “Take this,” he said; “I have brought these precious objects from a city that is soon to be sacked by the infidels.” The Blessed one’s companion witnessed this marvel. After his death God worked so many miracles at his tomb that an altar was set up in his honour. He is represented, as missionary saints usually are, with the crucifix in one hand and the book of the Gospels in the other. 1280.

(1) The second (St. Paul’s), reduced to ashes (1823) by a violent fire, was rebuilt under the reigns of Leo XII, Pius VIII, Gregory XVI and Pius IX. Pius IX solemnly consecrated the new building (10 December 1854) in the presence of most of the cardinals and bishops who had attended, on 8 December, the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the most holy Virgin. We gave fairly ample details on the basilica of St. Peter in the life of that holy Apostle (vol. vii, pp. 422–460), and on that of St. Paul in the life of the other Apostle (vol. vii, pp. 461–512). We shall therefore not repeat them here.

(2) St. Romanus is honoured on this same day throughout the diocese of Lyons; in the diocese of Nevers he is patron of the parishes of Château-Chinon, Lucenay-lès-Aix and Poil. — *Local notes.*

(3) This is very probably St. Oricle, disciple of St. Nicasius of Reims, martyred at Senuc (Ardennes) by the Vandals with his two sisters Oricula and Basilissa. Yolande of Cassel, countess of Bar (Meuse), founded in 1368 a chapel of Saint-Oricle at the castle of Clermont-en-Argonne. She endowed it richly and gave it to the

religious of Béchamp or Beauchamp (*Bellus Campus*, in the diocese of Verdun), on condition that they say four Masses a week in that chapel. — Cf. *Martyrology of France*, at 16 November; and *Histoire de Verdun*, by Roussel.

(4) The Canons of Sainte-Geneviève formerly possessed the relics of St. Aude; we learn this from a detail in the life of St. Louis. That prince had enjoined the colleges of Canons and the monasteries to come and venerate the holy Crown of Thorns, each bringing the relics of their holy patrons. The Canons of Sainte-Geneviève let him know that they would not bring their patroness's reliquary out of their church except on the express condition that all the clergy of Paris came to meet them with the body of Blessed Marcellus. St. Louis took their request into consideration and allowed them to substitute the reliquary of St. Aude for that of St. Genevieve. Even today some bones of our Saint are religiously kept in the parish church of Sainte-Aulde (Seine-et-Marne, arrondissement of Meaux, canton of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre). — *Proper of Meaux.*

(5) He is perhaps the same as St. Tudin or Tudy, abbot, companion in the labours of St. Corentin (9 and 11 May); or as St. Tanneguy, abbot of Saint-Mahé in Finistère (12 March, 600).

ST. MUMMOLINUS [MOMBLE] OF IRELAND, ABBOT OF LAGNY

End of the 7th century.

Nothing can separate those whom divine charity has joined together. St. Augustine.

This saint was Irish, and he attached himself to St. Fursey to be trained in his school in the holy exercises of the religious life. He came with him to France, where he worked generously both for the spread of the Gospel and for the instruction of the faithful and the founding of monasteries. The chief of these was that of Lagny, six leagues above Paris, on the Marne. Mummolinus spent several years there in the practice of the most eminent virtues. He joined prayer with fasting, and assiduous study of the Holy Scriptures with the most humbling practices of religion. His gentleness, modesty, patience, charity toward his neighbour and contempt for all the things of the world were admirable. Many nobles had withdrawn to this monastery to win heaven by doing continual violence to nature. He served them as a light and an example, teaching them more by his devotion and fervour, which seemed to be renewed every day, than by the words, animated by the spirit of God, that came from his mouth.

St. Eligius [Éloi], informed of the incomparable merits of our blessed confessor, wished to have him in his diocese of Noyon to sow there the seed of the Gospel. He ordained him priest and ordered him to work on every side at clearing the field of the Lord. To carry out this mission, Mummolinus built himself a little hermitage at Condren, two leagues from Chauny. From there he went from village to village, fighting vice, explaining the law of God, enlightening the ignorant and reconciling penitents. The miracles he constantly worked gave great weight to his preaching and made sinners yield to the force of his remonstrances.

Meanwhile, after the death of the abbot of Lagny, all the religious of that house, remembering the edifying life of St. Mummolinus, unanimously elected him their abbot and sent to take him from his solitude and place him in the chair of St. Fursey. Only after great resistance did he yield to their wishes. This new dignity did not change him. He kept the same poverty in his dress, the same abstinence in his food, the same assiduity in prayer and the same contempt for all earthly things. In that monastery he also worked with dauntless courage to maintain the regular observance St. Fursey had established there, whose yoke some young religious, too fond of their liberty, could not bear. This firmness brought complaints and murmurs upon him. Obliged to give up his prelacy and return to the hermitage of Condren, which he had already sanctified by his prayers and tears, he was followed there by some religious passionately in love with solitude. He gathered there besides a small number of other disciples, with whom he lived in wonderful fervour. His time was divided between the exercises of the contemplative life and the duties of Christian

charity. He conversed with God like Moses, and fought like Joshua against the enemies of his people; he spent the night at the foot of the altars and devoted the day to preaching, spiritual conferences and the important work of the sanctification of souls.

Besides, he had an extreme charity for the poor and for every kind of afflicted person. He received pilgrims, clothed the naked, gave bread to the hungry and consoled those he saw in desolation; in a word, he made himself all things to all men, to win them all. God honoured this charity with many miracles. Mummolinus healed a countless number of sick people, sometimes by the sign of the cross, sometimes by anointing them with blessed oil, sometimes by giving them the sacrament of Extreme Unction. He also gave sight back to the blind, hearing to the deaf, the use of their limbs to the crippled and paralysed, cleanness of body to lepers and life to the dead. In all these marvels, which continually drew the praise and applause of the people upon him, he always kept a very deep humility. The greater he appeared in the eyes of men, the more he annihilated himself and desired to be hidden. His continual occupations did not make him lose his love of retreat and silence; and in the fatigues of his journeys and sermons he was no less austere and penitent than in the repose of his cell.

At last it pleased God to reward his labours with a precious death, which was only a passage to the happiness of eternity. This was on 18 November, towards the end of the 7th century.

CULT AND RELICS.

His disciples buried his body in his oratory at Condren, and not at Lagny as Du Saussay wrote in his martyrology; the old lessons of his office and the ancient manuscripts of his life leave no doubt on this point. So many miracles took place at his tomb that, as the place was too small for the faithful who flocked there, it was decided to move him to the village parish church, dedicated under the name of St. Peter. This translation took place in the time of the emperor Louis the Pious, by Ekart or Fricard, bishop of Noyon. He was accompanied by Alithgaire [Halitgar; see (A)], whom some make parish priest of Chauny and others bishop of Cambrai and lord of Condren. On opening the tomb they found the holy body entirely whole, although it was about a hundred and fifty years since he had died. Later, part of this precious relic was given to the religious of Saint-Éloi-Fontaine in Picardy. The other part was transferred to Chauny, to the principal church, dedicated in honour of Our Lady, which therefore took St. Mummolinus as patron. It keeps his office on this day with an octave, and on 29 August keeps the solemnity of his translation. The Calvinists, having made themselves masters of Chauny in 1567, took these sacred remains from their reliquaries, reduced them to dust and threw it to the wind, except the head, which has remained in that church as a great treasure.

This life has been taken from the lessons of the office of St. Mummolinus and from the manuscripts of Saint-Corneille of Compiègne, of Lagny in Brie and of Saint-Éloi-Fontaine. The Rev. Father Mabillon also speaks of him in vol. ii of the Saints of the Order of St. Benedict.

ST. ODO OR EUDES, ABBOT OF CLUNY

942. — Pope: Stephen VIII. — King of France: Louis IV d’Outremer.

It is by contempt and denial of self that the life of the good religious begins. St. Bonaventure.

St. Odo was born, according to a respectable tradition, in a manor where his father lived near Château-du-Loir. He came of a noble Frankish family whose piety was no less than its nobility. His father, named Abbo, was well versed in history and knew the *Novels* of Justinian by heart. His conversation was very Christian, and if any quarrels arose among his kinsmen, he was asked to be arbiter and his decisions were followed like judgements. Finding himself without children, he prayed to Our Lord one Christmas Day, by the virtue of His birth in time and the fruitfulness of His holy Mother, to give him a son; and his prayers were happily answered, for his wife soon afterwards brought little Odo into the world. One day, going up to

the child's cradle, he took him in his arms and, lifting him up, offered him to St. Martin, saying: "Martin, pearl of prelates, receive this child, I pray you, and be his protector and his father."

As soon as he was weaned, Abbo entrusted him to the care of a wise and virtuous priest, who gave him a wholly holy upbringing. But when he saw him ready to appear in the world, he took him from that school of virtue and placed him at the court of Fulk the Good, count of Anjou, where he stayed for some time. From there he passed into the service of William the Pious, duke of Aquitaine. As such a place is always contagious, Odo grew very slack there in his former exercises; thinking of little but gaming, hunting and arms, he neglected his usual prayers and his other practices of devotion. Yet God did not allow him to find pleasure in these vain amusements. On the contrary, the deeper he went into them, the more bitter they seemed to him, and he came out of them only with a sadness and melancholy whose cause he did not know. He was also frightened by dreams that showed him the dangers of a slack and disorderly life. In this inner trouble he had recourse to the Blessed Virgin. On a Christmas Eve, when the office of her loving childbearing was about to be celebrated, he begged her to have pity on him and lead him in the straight ways of holiness. The very next day, as he began to sing God's praises with the clerics, he was seized with so violent a headache that, unable any longer to stand, he had to hold on to the railings to keep from falling. He was then sixteen, and this illness, which made his life despaired of, lasted three years. At last he learned from his father's lips that he had been offered to St. Martin; he then consecrated himself to the Saint of his own will and promised to bind himself for ever to his service. At once his headache vanished, and he recovered the same freedom he had had before the age of fifteen.

After so astonishing a cure he withdrew to Tours and consecrated himself to the service of God in the church of Saint-Martin. Fulk, count of Anjou, had a hermitage built for him a league from the city and founded a canonry in the collegiate church of Saint-Martin to provide for his support, and he chose that place for his dwelling. There he applied himself wholly to prayer and study, to make himself worthier to fulfil the priestly ministry. Nevertheless he did not fail to visit St. Martin's tomb every night, in spite of a thousand snares the devil laid for him to turn him from this devotion. Many people also visited him in this desert, some out of curiosity, others to profit by his instruction; but none came back without being touched by his words, and all admitted that they had an unction that filled the heart with a wholly divine sweetness. His austerity was very great: bread and beans or a few very coarse vegetables, in small quantity, made up his whole food. He had no bed but a mat spread on the floor. At first he did not deprive himself of reading the secular authors, and he even took a singular pleasure in reading Virgil. But Our Lord soon made him give up this vain occupation and devote himself only to reading Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church. He showed him in a dream an antique vase of admirable beauty but full of a multitude of serpents. The Saint understood the heavenly warning and read no more pagan books. He made a journey to Paris (901), where he became the hearer and disciple of a learned religious named Remigius, who was lecturing publicly on some books of St. Augustine. On his return the canons of Saint-Martin, his confrères, urgently begged him to make them an abridgement of the *Morals* of St. Gregory. For a long time he firmly refused, not thinking himself capable of touching the works of so great a doctor. But St. Gregory himself appeared to him in the church of Saint-Martin where he was praying, and put a pen into his hands, to make him understand that it was God's will and his own that he should yield to the prayers of those pious churchmen. This he did with great success.

The state he had embraced was most praiseworthy; but Our Lord, who destined him for a still higher state, inspired him to enter the monastery of Baume in the diocese of Besançon. St. Berno, its abbot, gave him the habit in 909. He was set to instruct the novices and look after the boarders, because he was a man of letters and had brought a hundred volumes with him, which the desire for learning had made him prefer to all the riches of the earth. This blessed teacher carried out the office with incomparable zeal and prudence. While he instructed his pupils and formed them in human letters, he instilled into their hearts contempt for the things of the world, love of regular observance and an ardent desire to please Jesus Christ alone. For this he was not

content with the unction of his words; he also used the force of his example, making himself, in spite of his studies, the most exact observer of all the rules of the community.

To judge of his exactness it will be enough to relate the following act, which, though slight in appearance, was approved by God with a great miracle. It was a rule of that monastery that at mealtime each monk should gather the crumbs of bread he had made and eat them before the end of the reading; it was not permitted to let them be lost or to eat them after the reading was over. One day it happened that Odo already had the crumbs in his hand and was about to put them in his mouth when the abbot gave the signal and told the reader to stop. The servant of God was much troubled about what to do with the crumbs, since it was equally against obedience to leave them on the table and to eat them. So he kept them in his hand, and after grace he prostrated himself before his abbot and humbly confessed his fault in this transgression. The abbot, not quite understanding what he meant, made him open his hand; and the crumbs were found to have been changed into a kind of precious pearls, which were afterwards used as ornaments for the church.

Odo obtained permission to make a journey to his own country to work for the sanctification of his father and mother. He so moved them with the desire of greater perfection that, old as they were, they renounced the world and entered a monastery, where they ended their days in holiness. On his return his abbot presented him to Turpio, bishop of Limoges, to be ordained priest. He was so far from desiring so great an honour that he was ordained almost in spite of himself (926).

After the death of St. Berno (927), who governed six monasteries, three were entrusted to St. Odo. They were Cluny (newly founded in 910, five leagues from Mâcon, on the Grosne); Massay (near Vierzon, today in the department of Cher); and Déols or Bourg-Dieu (near Château-Raoul, today Châteauroux, chief town of the department of Indre). He settled at Cluny, of which many call him the founder because he organized and enlarged that young house. His reputation alone drew a crowd of monks there. There was already at Cluny an oratory dedicated to the Virgin Mary, but it was no longer enough. Odo had a new church built, dedicated to St. Peter and known later as Saint-Pierre-le-Vieux.(1) The community had begun with twelve monks, according to the precept of St. Benedict, and fifteen farms; it no longer had buildings enough to lodge it, and our Saint had new dwellings built. The simplicity of these monastic beginnings shines out in the very ceremony of the dedication of the new church. Odo had invited all the bishops round about and other important persons. Having no provisions, he was very anxious about how to entertain his guests fittingly, when a wild boar came of its own accord and offered itself to the people of the house, and served to feast the abbot’s company.

Odo’s virtues never failed in the course of his monastic government. He gave everything to the poor without worrying about the morrow. Children were above all the object of his particular affection. At that time the schools had taken refuge in the cathedrals and monasteries. The abbot of Cluny watched with a father’s care and a mother’s gentleness over the morals, the studies and the sleep of these dear children. The sons of kings in their fathers’ palaces, says the chronicle, could not have been brought up with more care, tenderness and modesty. Odo himself directed the studies and taught the children and the monks. The Rule of St. Benedict was followed with zeal. Fasts, abstinences, devout chant, many offices, almost absolute silence and work filled the brothers’ days. What remained of the bread and wine served in the refectory was given to poor pilgrims. Eighteen poor people were fed every day besides, and charity there was so abundant, especially in Lent, that in one such season food was distributed to more than seven thousand needy people.

Silence was so religiously kept in the monastery that the brothers had become used to speaking by signs. Two monks, Archimbald and Adalise, taken prisoner by the Normans who were ravaging Poitiers and Tours, kept the severity of the Rule amid blows and wounds and preferred to be silent, at the risk of further angering the cruel victor by the obstinacy of their silence. Even the rigours of the hermit life were not unknown to them. In separate cells scattered far apart in the woods around Cluny lived a great number of anchorites, drawn by the nearness of Odo’s holiness. They imitated in the West the Stylites and all the austerities of the

Eastern solitaries.

Odo's vigilance extended beyond Cluny. Three times he visited Rome, where Popes Leo VII and Stephen VIII called him. In that capital he reformed the monastery of Saint-Paul-outside-the-Walls, later that of St. Augustine at Pavia, and several others. He likewise brought under the discipline of Cluny the abbeys of Tulle in Limousin, Aurillac in Auvergne, Bourg-Dieu and Massay in Berry, Fleury (Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire) in the Orléanais, Saint-Pierre-le-Vif at Sens, Saint-Allyre at Clermont, Saint-Julien at Tours, Sarlat in Périgord, Romainmôtier in the Pays de Vaud, and others besides.

He attached to his abbey, under his abbatial authority and as so many dependencies, the new communities he founded and those whose observance he succeeded in reforming. There were no separate abbots, only priors, for all these monasteries; the abbot of Cluny alone governed them, with unity of rule, statutes, regulations and discipline. It was a grouping of monasteries round a single one, which thus became their metropolis and head. This system was soon understood and adopted by others, notably by Cîteaux, founded towards the end of the following century. Everything in this great Saint had astonishing proportions: his influence, his good works, his energy. At Rome he reconciled Hugh, king of Italy, with Alberic, patrician of Rome, who were waging a cruel war on each other; Hugh gave his daughter in marriage to Alberic.

Carried away by this divine prestige, a young bride-to-be, already dressed in her wedding clothes, threw herself at the feet of the abbot of Cluny and vowed herself to the cloister on the spot. On his journeys, so difficult and dangerous in that age, he thought only of helping his neighbour. He would get down from his horse to let the poor and the old ride in his place. In the Cottian Alps he was seen carrying a poor woman's sack himself. And yet, in spite of so much fatigue, on his last journey to Rome he walked about with his young disciples and wore them all out by the speed of his pace. They were astonished that after so many austerities and labours he should still, at sixty-seven, have kept so much strength and agility. While he was at the monastery of Saint-Paul in Rome, Abbot Baldwin begged him to make corrections and observations on the book of *Dialogues* on the life of St. Martin composed by Sulpicius Severus. He consented and first gave the volume to another religious to correct. While he was working on it, the bell rang for the evening office. At once, in obedience to the Rule, which orders that at that moment one should leave everything, even a letter begun, to go to choir, our Saint and the monk correcting under him left the book open in the workplace and went where the bell called them. It was winter, and it rained so heavily all night that the place where the book lay was completely flooded. Yet it was wet only round the margins, and not a single letter was found damaged. People wished to attribute this marvel to Odo; but he referred all the glory of it to the glorious St. Martin, whose life was written in that volume.

Odo's providential task was finished; he had earned the name of restorer of monastic discipline: "from Benevento to the Atlantic Ocean, the most important monasteries of Italy and Gaul rejoiced to be subject to his command." A serious illness warned him that the hour of reward was near. He prayed St. Martin to obtain from God the power to visit his tomb once more. His prayer was granted: he recovered, set out, and after fatigues almost unbearable for an infirm old man, he reached Tours for the feast of that glorious Prelate. He celebrated it with wonderful fervour and tenderness. He said Mass there like a victim ready to be immolated by divine justice, and spoke of the merits and virtues of that heavenly man, who has become the admiration of the whole Church. After three days he fell ill again, as he had expected and desired. From then on his life was nothing but continual prayer, accompanied by a torrent of tears, a pure and fervent offering of his life to the divine Majesty, and an inexpressible eagerness to leave the earth and go to enjoy the presence of his God. He received the Holy Eucharist in this excellent disposition. He exhorted to observance the religious who had hastened from all sides to see him and gave them his blessing. Then he gave up his soul to God in the hands of Theotolo, archbishop of Tours, his disciple and friend. He has been represented:

1° set upon by a pack of wolves at the devil's instigation, and putting them to flight with a sign of the cross; 2° holding an open book on which is written Statuta Cluniacensis, with a crozier in his hand, looking at St. Martin

of Tours and St. Benedict, who appear to him in the sky; 3° standing, without any particular attribute; 4° again standing, holding two fishes.

CULT AND RELICS. — WRITINGS.

St. Odo was buried at Tours in the church of Saint-Julien. In the 15th century John, archbishop of Tours, translated his relics, which were placed in a new reliquary. His head was taken to L'Isle-Jourdain, a town of the diocese of Auch, where it is still kept today. As for the rest of his relics, they were for the most part burned by the Huguenots. His cult was established shortly after his death, and his feast had the same rank there as those of the Apostles and St. Martin.

Part of St. Odo's miraculous crucifix is still kept today, and we shall now give its history. One day the man of God lay prostrate before the crucifix set in the middle of the church, in holy rapture, his hands outstretched and his eyes raised to heaven. Several monks who had stayed there to witness his prayer saw him rise above the ground to a height of about three cubits and remain so for an hour, motionless, suspended in space by an invisible force. His face shone with a superhuman joy, which seemed to come from some enchanting and divine object outside the earthly sphere. At the same moment the image of Christ bowed deeply toward Odo. "This miraculous crucifix," say the manuscripts of Saint-Martin of Autun, "is of a stone as hard as marble. The cross is of wood, and above the head of Christ a hand coming out of a cloud holds suspended a crown of precious stones. It has been noticed that since the moment the miraculous crucifix bowed toward St. Odo, the posture of Christ is that of a living body, although the divine Saviour is represented with His side opened." This august image never ceased, until the destruction of the abbey, to draw a great concourse of the faithful to Saint-Martin of Autun. Many miracles granted to their prayers justified their faith and rewarded their confidence. In the course of the 17th century several Popes in succession granted a plenary indulgence, for seven years, to all the priests of the monastery who said Mass at the altar of St. Odo's Crucifix on the eve and during the week of All Souls. Mutilated by the Calvinists, the crucifix was repaired in 1640. In 1664 it was reproduced on canvas, and the painting was placed in the cathedral of Autun, in the chapel called the Great Crucifix. The collegiate church of Beaune wished to have a copy, and soon afterwards thousands of engravings were made of it. The crucifix remained in the church of Saint-Martin until about the year 1795. The church was then turned into a factory for gun-carriages and was laid waste. At the moment when they were taking the crucifix from its altar, the stone Christ came loose from the cross, whose wood was worm-eaten, and broke as it fell to the ground. It is today exposed to public veneration in the church of Saint-Pantaléon, recently built under the title of Saint-Symphorien. In the chapel dedicated to the holy crucifix there is also the old painting from the cathedral chapel, which represents the crucifix; in the cathedral it has been replaced by another, painted on a gold ground strewn with crosses and also representing the miraculous crucifix.

St. Odo composed hymns and antiphons in honour of St. Martin, which were soon adopted throughout Gaul. He also wrote an abridgement of the *Morals* of St. Gregory on Job; *Collationes* or Conferences on the dignity of the priesthood, which show a deep knowledge of Scripture and moral theology; the *Life of St. Gerald*, count of Aurillac; sermons or homilies, which won him the reputation of the first preacher of his time; hymns in honour of St. Mary Magdalen; a poem in four cantos entitled *Occupatio*; a *Commentary on the Books of Kings*; and a treatise in dialogue form on music. For to all his other titles to fame St. Odo added that of being the most learned musician of the 10th century. He also composed a great number of other works long since lost.

To complete Father Giry we have used the Histoire de l'abbaye de Cluny by M. Lorain; the Histoire de l'Église du Mans by the Rev. Dom Paul Piolin, Benedictine of the Congregation of France; the Vies des Saints de Franche-Comté by the professors of the college of Saint-François-Xavier at Besançon; and the Histoire de saint Symphorien by M. l'abbé Dinet.

(1) This church received several consecrations: the first under St. Odo, the second on 14 February 981 under St. Majolus. It was then that the vase containing the ashes of St. Peter and St. Paul, patrons of the abbey, was enclosed in a column under the high altar.

ST. MAUDEZ OR MANDÉ, ABBOT IN BRITTANY (7th century)

A king of Ireland named Ereleus had a great number of children by his wife Gentusa. Maudez was the tenth, and for that very reason he was consecrated to God even before his birth, as the tithe of his family. He kept faith with so glorious a destiny inviolably. When his nine brothers had died and the great men of the kingdom were demanding that he marry, he prayed God to send him some infirmity. His prayer was heard: he was given one to suffer that gave off so foul a smell that no one dared come near him, and he was delivered from it as soon as there was no more question of his marriage. Having been raised to the priesthood, after studying with the aim of sanctifying himself, he preached with zeal and success in his father's states and at his court. Later he left everything to come and hide himself in Armorica, and landed at a port near Dol (Ille-et-Vilaine). His first care was to visit the many holy communities there. He went to Tréguier (Côtes-du-Nord), where St. Tugdual (30 November) welcomed him kindly, admitted him to his monastery and charged him with preaching the word of God to the people, a task Maudez carried out zealously. After travelling through the country he came back to Tréguier and placed himself under the guidance of St. Ruellin (28 February), who then governed the monastery. He spent some time there, but his attraction to the solitary life made him withdraw to a hermitage. He settled in a very isolated place called after him "Lanmodez" (Côtes-du-Nord, arrondissement of Lannion, canton of Lézardrieux), that is, "the land of Maudez". There he led a wholly angelic life, always occupied with God and almost forgetting that he had a body. At last, wishing to flee applause and the importunity of the people, who came from all sides to his charity, rich in miracles, for the healing of their illnesses, he crossed the arm of the sea between the mainland and the island now called Saint-Maudez. By his prayer he made that island habitable, though it is said to have been uninhabitable before because of a countless multitude of reptiles that infested it. This was not the only extraordinary grace he obtained from heaven. The lord who had given him the island had two sons, one of whom killed the other at play. The Saint went to prayer and obtained the young man's resurrection, and gave him back alive to his father. He built an oratory near a cave, which served him as a dwelling, and a great stone is still shown there called *Guele-san- Maudez*, "St. Maudez's bed". It was in this place that he spent the rest of his days and ended his holy course (7th century). The cult of St. Maudez was once very popular in the dioceses of Tréguier, Dol, Léon, Quimper, Bourges and Orléans.

As for his relics: when the Normans were ravaging the country round Tréguier in 878, the body of St. Maudez was carried out of Brittany. His two disciples Bothmael and Tudy had buried it at first in his oratory. It was laid in the church of Bourges, where for the most part it remained until the time of the Calvinist ravages. The count of Penthièvre, founder of the abbey of Beauport (of the Premonstratensian Order, in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc), later obtained the Saint's head from the church of Bourges. He enriched a new abbey with it, from which it was taken to the church of Plouézec (Côtes-du-Nord), which keeps it now. Other churches have also possessed relics of him, among them that of the abbey of Sainte-Marie of Paimpont (*Panis Pons*, Order of St. Augustine), in the present diocese of Rennes. The former cathedral of Tréguier also has a fairly large portion. Besides St. Maudez's bed, his cell is still shown on the island that bears his name. It is built round like a tower, in two storeys, and is called *Forn-Maudez*. There was formerly in the Dinan country (Côtes-du-Nord), quite near Corseul, a rather fine church dedicated to this Saint. Some traces of a cloister can be seen nearby, and the bas-relief figures round the churchyard cross lead us to think there was a commandery of the Knights Templar in that place.

In the 9th or 10th century some Breton religious brought a few relics of St. Mandé to Paris. Very near Vincennes they built a chapel under his invocation, which later became a priory dependent on the

Benedictine abbey of Saint-Magloire in Paris. In this chapel, which has been a chapel-of-ease since the Revolution, an arm bone of St. Mandé is still kept. A great concourse used to gather there on 14 May, the day the translation of this relic was celebrated. This devotion to the Saint has not entirely ceased: people go to Saint-Mandé (Seine) to obtain the healing of children suffering from wasting sickness [*en chartre*], and the patronal feast is kept solemnly in that church on the Sunday nearest 18 November. Drawing on the circumstances of his life, St. Mandé may be represented:

> *1° with a crown at his feet, to show that he knew how to despise the honours of the court; 2° in a boat taking him from Ireland to Armorica; 3° with at his side the harmful reptiles of which he rid the country; 4° raising a dead man to life.*

Taken from the Lives of the Saints of Brittany by Dom Lobineau and Tresvaux.

19 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Marburg (*Marpurgum*) in Germany (Electoral Hesse), the death of St. Elizabeth, widow, daughter of Andrew, king of Hungary, of the Third Order of St. Francis. Having spent her life in the continual exercise of good works, she went to heaven all shining with the glory of her miracles. About 1231. — The same day, the birthday in heaven of St. Pontian, pope and martyr. He was taken to Sardinia with the priest Hippolytus by order of the emperor Alexander, was beaten to death with clubs there and completed his martyrdom. His body was afterwards brought to Rome by Pope St. Fabian and buried in the cemetery of Callistus. 235. — At Samaria, St. Obadiah [Abdias], prophet.(1) 9th c. before Jesus Christ. — At Rome, on the Appian Way, the birthday in heaven of St. Maximus, priest and martyr, who was put to death during the persecution of Valerian and buried beside St. Sixtus [Xystus]. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, St. Barlaam, martyr, a countryman, rough by the world's standards, who, filled with the wisdom of Jesus Christ, overcame the tyrant and conquered even the fire by the constancy of his faith. St. Basil the Great preached a very fine discourse on his feast day.(2) About 304. — At Ecija, St. Crispin, bishop, who won martyrdom by losing his head. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, the holy martyrs Severinus, Exuperius and Felician. Their bodies were found several years after their death through a revelation they themselves gave; raised from the earth, they were buried with honour by the bishop, clergy and people of that city. 189. — The same day, St. Faustus, deacon of Alexandria. He was first sent into exile with St. Dionysius during the persecution of Valerian; later, having grown very old, he was beheaded under Diocletian and so completed his martyrdom. About 304. — In Isauria, St. Azas and a hundred and fifty soldiers, his companions, who suffered death in the time of Diocletian under the tribune Aquilinus. 4th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Carcassonne, St. Pontian, pope and martyr, cited in today's Roman martyrology. 235. — In the dioceses of Paris and Tours, St. Elizabeth, widow, cited today in the same martyrology. 1231. — In the diocese of Tours, St. Mandé of Brittany, recluse, whose life we gave on the previous day. 7th c. — In the diocese of Viviers, the holy martyrs Severinus, Exuperius and Felician, cited in today's Roman martyrology. 189. — In the diocese of Nantes, St. Felix of Valois, whose life we shall give on the following day. 1212. — At Dol (Ille-et-Vilaine), in the diocese of Rennes, St. Budoc (Buzeu, Buzy, Buzot, *Budocus*), bishop of that see and confessor, successor of St. Magloire. About 600. — At Saint-Pol-de-Léon (Finistère), in the diocese of Quimper, St. Houardon (Ouardon, Wardon, Hoarzon, *Huardo*), bishop of that ancient see (created in the 6th century, suppressed in 1790), successor of St. Tenenan. About 652. — In Auvergne, St. Patroclus, recluse in Berry. About 577. — In the former Benedictine abbey of Micy or Saint-Mesmin (*Miciacum*), in

the diocese of Orléans, St. Theodemir or Theodomir, abbot of that monastery, which he edified by his virtues for fifty-five years. 585. — In the former abbey of Saint-Chaffre (*Calminiacum*), in the diocese of Le Puy, St. Eudes or Eudon, first abbot of that monastery.(3) 700. — At Loudun (Vienne), in the diocese of Poitiers, St. Citroine or Cistron (*Citronius*), confessor. About 580. — At La Chapelle-d'Angillon (Cher, arrondissement of Sancerre), in the diocese of Bourges, St. James of Sasseau (*Jacobus de Saxiaco*), monk, of the Order of St. Basil. About 865. — At Dinan (Côtes-du-Nord), in the diocese of Saint-Brieuc, Blessed Peter Cerca, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He was a very exemplary religious, extremely mortified and especially devoted to holy watching. After the office of Matins he never went back to rest in his cell, but spent the rest of the night in church before the most holy Sacrament. 1241.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Constantinople, St. Theodore the Studite, of the Order of St. Basil, who by his combats stoutly upheld the Catholic faith against the Iconoclasts and made his name famous throughout the Church. His feast is kept on 12 November.(4) 826.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Among the Canons of the Lateran: at Lucca in Tuscany, St. Frigidian or Fridian, son of a king of Ulster (Ireland), who introduced into his country the institute of Canons Regular, to which he belonged. Having afterwards become bishop of Lucca, he founded a great number of parishes, and was buried in the church of St. Vincent, later dedicated under his name. About 800.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Trinitarians. — The vigil of our Father St. Felix of Valois. 1212.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Marburg in Germany, the death of St. Elizabeth, widow, daughter of Andrew, king of Hungary. Under the habit of the Third Order of our Father St. Francis she gave herself assiduously to works of piety, and, famous for her miracles, passed to the Lord; Pope Gregory IX placed her among the Saints. The sisters and nuns of the Third Order venerate her as their chief patroness. About 1231.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — The same as above.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At the Benedictine monastery of Ottobeuren in Germany, Blessed Toto, abbot. Born in Germany of a patrician family, he left his homeland and devoted himself to the ministry of the altar in the church of Vienne in Dauphiné. When his pious parents founded the monastery of Ottobeuren (764), he resolved to give himself wholly to the Lord in that peaceful solitude. Elected abbot (767), he showed by his gentleness and affability that he was born to govern and make that young nursery flourish. His biographers praise above all his assiduity in divine service and his gentle, attentive charity toward the poor. When he had fallen asleep in the Lord, his disciples buried his body in the part of the church called the *Langhaus*, from which it was translated (1163) under the high altar.(5) 815. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia, Sts. Maximus, Mucian, Zophorus and several other martyrs. 303. — In Bithynia, the martyrdom of the forty widows of Heraclea. 4th c. — At Gethrabbi, near Mount Sinai (Arabia), the martyrdom of twelve monks and twenty-six inhabitants of the district, massacred by the Saracens. — In England, St. Ermenburga, abbess, in the diocese of Canterbury. About 689. — At Münster (Westphalia), St. Suederus, bishop of that see and confessor. 11th c.

(1) The person of Obadiah, his country, his life and the time of his prophecies are unknown to us. However, as his prophecy concerns hardly anyone but the Idumaeans, whom he threatens with total ruin because they had treated the Jews inhumanly and joined the Chaldaeans in the siege of Jerusalem, it is conjectured that this Prophet lived after the taking of Jerusalem. What confirms this conjecture is that Obadiah clearly foretold the return of the Jews and Israelites from their captivity. St. Jerome remarks that a great part of his prophecy is found in that of Jeremiah; but it is not extraordinary that the two Prophets, having prophesied against the Idumaeans, should have expressed themselves in nearly the same terms on the same subject. — Dom

Ceillier, *Histoire des Auteurs sacrés et ecclésiastiques*.

A pitcher in one hand and a loaf in the other: such are the emblems of the prophet Obadiah. They recall that he made himself the provider of the Prophets while Jezebel was persecuting them. — Father Cahier, *Caractéristiques des Saints*.

(2) His constancy is especially praised. The judge had him taken from prison and placed before an altar on which there were burning coals for burning the incense intended for the sacrifice. They held his hand out over the fire, after covering it with incense and burning coals. They imagined that the pain would make him shake his hand, and that, the incense falling into the fire, it could be said that he had sacrificed. The Saint, to whom the mere shadow of the crime was abhorrent, and who feared to give the least scandal, let his hand be burned without consenting to move it. — Godescard.

(3) Born at Orange of a patrician family, Eudes entered the religious state and was formed in piety in the monastery of Saint-Honorat of Lérins (present diocese of Fréjus). At that time St. Calminius (19 August), duke of Aquitaine, having had the monastery of Saint-Chaffre built at the foot of the Mons Mercius, asked the abbot of Lérins for a man capable of governing that house; Eudes was chosen as the most virtuous and accomplished. Having left Lérins, he took over the government of Saint-Chaffre and established a strong discipline there. He applied himself and others to the exercises of piety, subjected the body to the spirit, and kept the wolf from the fold with the weapons of fasting, silence and austerities. His reputation for holiness drew many disciples to him. Among them were his nephew Theofrid [Chaffre], who succeeded him, and St. Menelé of Précigné (22 July), later restorer and abbot of the monastery of Menat (diocese of Clermont). — *Proper of Le Puy*.

(4) See, in the Roman martyrology of 12 November (vol. xiii, page 32), a note (note 4) concerning him.

(5) In the 16th century Abbot Leonard gathered the mortal remains of Toto with the other holy relics, which were later enclosed in a reliquary in the monastery church, beside the altar of St. Martin. — *Continuators of Godescard.*

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, WIDOW

1231. — Pope: Gregory IX.

Haec erat plena operibus bonis et eleemosynis quas faciebat. Almsgiving and good works of every kind marked every moment of her life. Acts ix,

It seems that God gave this glorious princess to the world to show how far the strength of Christian humility and the love of the cross can go: detachment from the things of the earth, the spirit of poverty amid the good fortune of an illustrious birth, and the desire to strip oneself in order to clothe the poor of Jesus Christ. Elizabeth was the daughter of Andrew II, king of Hungary, who made himself illustrious by his piety and justice, and of his wife Gertrude of Merania or of Andechs, whose father had been the grand duke of Carinthia. Through her mother she was also the niece of St. Hedwig, duchess of Silesia and Poland. Her brother was Béla IV, king of Hungary. Besides the rare qualities that made him a very great and very holy monarch, he had the happiness of being the father of St. Kinga [Cunégonde], who kept her virginity in marriage with Boleslaus, duke of Poland, and afterwards entered the Order of St. Clare, where she worked countless miracles; and of St. Margaret of Hungary, a nun of the Order of St. Dominic. Lastly, her second brother was Coloman, king of Galicia and prince of Russia, who kept perpetual continence with Blessed Salomea of Poland, his wife, and led a wholly angelic life amid the cares of worldly affairs and the continual troubles of war.

Elizabeth was only four years old when Hermann, landgrave of Thuringia, prince of Hesse and Saxony and count palatine, sent to ask her in marriage for his son Prince Louis, heir presumptive to all his states, who

was also only a child. He obtained what he asked, and the young princess was taken to Thuringia to be brought up at the court according to the customs of the country. It is said that in Hungary she had already shown a wonderful inclination to help the poor. As she grew older, Our Lord worked more powerfully in her soul. The delights and adornments of the body were unbearable to her. She took no pleasure in games or dances or the vain amusements of the court, but only in prayer. She cut down as much as she could on the jewels with which she was adorned, and had a thousand ways of providing for the needs of beggars. She took St. John the Evangelist as her patron and as protector of her chastity, and all her life she had a singular devotion to him.

After the death of the landgrave (1216), Elizabeth, then only nine, showed still more humility, piety and mercy. When she went into church she always took off the jewelled crown she wore on her head, saying it was not right for her to appear so before God crowned with thorns. She was happier with the young noble ladies placed in her service than in the showy bustle of the court. Her whole pleasure was to be in church or in her oratory, and she could have nothing at her disposal without at once distributing it to the needy. Sophia, the young landgrave's mother, Agnes his sister, and most of the great people of the court, who had only the spirit of the world, were very displeased at this conduct. They often mocked her with very cutting gibes, which she bore with unconquerable patience, and they tried to prevent her marriage from taking place, saying she was fitter for the cloister than for reigning. But the young prince, whose heart God had touched through her prayers, pointed to a great mountain and declared that even if he were offered gold the size of that mass, he would not abandon his resolve to marry Elizabeth. After her marriage, which took place in 1220, she took as her director Blessed Conrad of Marburg, a priest of very eminent holiness, and made incredible progress in detachment of heart from all earthly things and in union with God. The thought of Jesus Christ poor, suffering and covered with insults touched her so deeply that she had no other desire than to resemble Him. She regarded the pomp of her sovereign rank and all the finery that went with it with a contempt that cannot be expressed. As she saw in her husband the image of the Saviour, Spouse of the Church, she loved him perfectly. She went with him on his journeys, however hard they were, always ate with him and was never parted from him by day or night. Yet she spent almost the whole night in prayer, with tears in her eyes, prostrate on the ground, and sometimes wholly absorbed in contemplating the greatness of God and the ineffable perfections of Jesus Christ. If the landgrave had to leave her when he went out of his states, she at once took off her magnificent clothes and put on simple ones until his return. Her abstinence and austerities were extreme, and it seemed impossible that a body as delicate as hers could bear them. The following twelve maxims, which her confessor had given her, were as it were the summary of her rule of life:

> *"1° Bear contempt patiently in the midst of voluntary poverty. 2° Give humility the first place in your heart. 3° Renounce human consolations and the pleasures of the flesh. 4° Be merciful in all things toward your neighbour. 5° Keep the memory of God always at the bottom of your heart. 6° Give thanks to God that by His death He has redeemed you from hell and eternal death. 7° Since God suffered so much for you, carry your cross patiently too. 8° Consecrate yourself wholly, body and soul, to God. 9° Remember often that you are the work of God's hands, and act accordingly so as to be with Him for ever.*
>
> *10° Forgive and remit to your neighbour all that you wish him to remit or forgive you; do for him all you wish him to do for you. 11° Think always how short life is, and that the young die as well as the old; aspire always to eternal life. 12° Bewail your sins unceasingly, and pray God to forgive them."*

Her mercy toward the poor had no bounds, and a whole volume would be needed to describe its wonders. Every day she received and fed a very great number of them in her palace, and she had several hospitals built for them, of which she was the mother, protector and nurse. Dirty as they were, she cleaned them with her own hands, washed their feet, fed them by mouthfuls and dressed their wounds with unconquerable charity. Neither the difficulty of the roads, nor the filth of the streets, nor the bad smell and infection of the places ever kept her from visiting on foot women in childbed, the sick, the shamefaced poor and prisoners. One day she was being urgently pressed to come to table, where the landgrave was entertaining the greatest lords of

his state, and a poor man was importuning her; she gave him her own ducal mantle as alms. But an angel at once brought it back, and perhaps it was the angel himself who had received it. Another time, when the ambassadors of the king her father had come to her husband, although she was simply dressed she appeared covered with a robe of hyacinth trimmed with gold, gems and precious pearls. But none of the miracles with which God honoured our Saint is more popular than the following. One day she was going down a little, very rough path, which is still shown, with one of her favourite attendants, carrying in the folds of her mantle bread, meat, eggs and other food to distribute to the poor. Suddenly she found herself face to face with her husband, who was returning from the hunt. Astonished to see her bent under the weight of her burden, he said: “Let us see what you are carrying”; and at the same time he opened, in spite of her, the mantle she was clutching in alarm to her breast. But there was nothing in it but white and red roses, the most beautiful he had seen in his life; and this surprised him all the more because it was not the season for flowers. Noticing Elizabeth’s distress, he wanted to reassure her with caresses; but he stopped short on seeing a luminous image in the form of a cross appear above her head. He then told her to go on her way without troubling about him, and went back up to the Wartburg himself, meditating recollectedly on what God was doing with her. He took with him one of those wonderful roses, which he kept all his life.

No words can do justice to her devotion at Mass, her attention and reverence in hearing the sermon, and her humble ways on Good Friday and the principal feasts of the year. Then there was no distinction between her and the people, and her whole pleasure was to humble herself before God to honour the self-abasement of her Saviour.

To follow her inclination to humility more fully, she embraced the Third Order of St. Francis, receiving its cord from the hands of the venerable Conrad, then guardian of Marburg and later provincial of Germany, who is different from the Blessed Conrad we have already mentioned. Meanwhile God, who wished to perfect her holiness by the most heroic exercises of humility and patience, took from her the landgrave her husband. He died in Sicily on his way to the Holy Land with the emperor Frederick, to deliver the holy places from the hands of the infidels. As soon as the news reached Thuringia, Prince Henry, her brother-in-law, who made himself regent of the state, had no regard for the grief with which so painful a loss pierced her heart. He drove her from her palace and stripped her of all her goods; she could scarcely find a place in an inn of the town to take refuge with her children, who were brought to her. Those who owed her most for her protection and her immense charities abandoned her and refused her shelter. An old woman whom she had fed with her alms pushed her into the mud so as to cross a filthy stream before her. She received these mishaps as priceless gifts from heaven.

The bishop of Bamberg, her maternal uncle, and some great men of the kingdom who had brought back her husband’s body, had her return to the palace and obliged Prince Henry to ask her pardon for the ill-treatment he had given her. She then renounced of her own accord all worldly greatness and had a little house of earth and planks built for herself in the town of Marburg. While it was being built she lodged in a village, in a wretched half-roofed cottage where nothing protected her from wind, rain and the other harshness of the weather. We have no words to describe the state of poverty to which she reduced herself, the austerities she practised, or what she did to help the poor. Her clothes were of nothing but wool, and when they were worn she mended them herself with poor scraps of cloth, without even caring whether they were the same colour as the garment she was mending. Brown bread and a few vegetables, most often cooked only in water, made up her whole food. She kept exactly the fasts of her Rule and many others her director allowed her.

In her deepest poverty she took the bread from her own mouth to give it to the poor, and when she could give them nothing more, she gave herself to them, rendering them services that the lowest maidservants would have shrunk from. Through the efforts of Pope Gregory IX, of a great lord named Rudolf, and of the priest Conrad, her director, to whom His Holiness had particularly commended her, her dowry was restored to her. She preferred to have it in money rather than in land, and she gathered a multitude of poor people on a fixed

day and distributed to them, that one time, as much as nine thousand livres. Her lavishness would have been still more excessive and would have reduced her to the last beggary, as she passionately wished, had her director not checked her fervour. Moreover, this wise churchman did much by his severe guidance to make her die to herself and break her own will in everything. He forbade what she ardently wished and ordered what he saw to be most contrary, not only to the inclinations of her nature but even to the supernatural impulses she wished to follow. One day, when she had delayed in obeying, he sent her away severely and told her he would no longer have anything to do with her guidance; she obtained the continuance of his care only by her tears and a perfect death to her own judgement. He took away two holy women who had always been with her and whose company was an extraordinary relief and consolation to her. In their place he gave her harsh and severe women, who reproved her without respect and came to accuse her when she had done nothing wrong.

Our princess's gentleness was admirable on all these occasions. Never any distaste, never any impatience, never any sadness: the peace and tranquillity of her heart could always be seen painted on her face. She was the servant of her own servants; she made them eat with her, and when one of them could not bear this heroic act of humility, she told her she would have to eat on her own lap. God often worked miracles to give lustre to all her virtues. She delivered her mother from purgatory by her prayers. When a patient in the hospital longed to eat fish, she drew one from a well where there were none. Her prayer was so effective for a young libertine that, as she prayed, he felt his heart catch fire with the flames of divine love and his body break into a sweat. Through all these exercises she was raised to a very high contemplation, and Our Lord communicated Himself to her in an ineffable manner. For part of the day she earned her living by the work of her hands; but apart from that and the works of charity, she was so absorbed in God that her mind and senses lived only in Him and for Him.

At last her heavenly Spouse, for love of whom she had refused the second marriage her illustrious kinsfolk offered her, called her to Himself with these loving words, spoken to her in an apparition: "Come, my beloved, and enter the blessed dwelling I have prepared for you before all ages." Three days before her death she asked that no one should enter her room except those who could help her to die well. She made the poor her heirs. She received the sacraments with wonderful compunction of heart and devotion. She said such ravishing things about our holy mysteries that one thought one was hearing an angel speak. At last she gave up her spirit to God on 19 November 1231, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

St. Elizabeth is represented:

> *1° carrying to the poor, in her robe, loaves that are changed into roses; 2° holding a book on which two crowns rest; 3° in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis; 4° dressing the wounds of the sick; 5° holding a bird on her hand, and a vase; 6° distributing food to the needy; 7° carrying loaves, with a crown near her; 8° seated and working among the girls of her palace; 9° among the poor and infirm; 10° dead, her hands crossed, lying in her open coffin. Our Lord, with Our Lady at His side, stands near the coffin. Elizabeth's soul, in the form of a newborn little girl but already crowned with glory, is presented by her guardian angel to Christ, who raises His hand to bless her; another angel incenses her; the Blessed Virgin looks with love on her humble and docile pupil. Beside her is a bearded man, lance in hand and wearing the cross of the crusades.*

CULT AND RELICS.

St. Elizabeth's body was carried by the Franciscan religious to the humble chapel of the hospital of St. Francis, where it remained exposed for four whole days, giving off a sweet and delicious fragrance. On the fourth day after her death she was buried in that same chapel, in the presence of the abbots and religious of several neighbouring monasteries and an immense multitude of the faithful. From the first days after the funeral great wonders took place at her tomb. The deaf, the lame, the blind, lepers, paralytics and sufferers from various infirmities went home entirely cured after praying in the chapel where she lay. Sick people came flocking from the dioceses of Mainz, Trier, Cologne, Bremen and Magdeburg.

Pope Gregory IX, learning of the marvels with which divine power surrounded the tomb of the glorious dead woman, and of the ever-growing veneration of the people for her, ordered the archbishop of Mainz to make an inquiry into the life and miracles of the Saint and send them to Rome. Meanwhile Archbishop Siegfried of Mainz went to Marburg and on the feast of St. Lawrence (10 August 1232) solemnly consecrated two altars that the faithful had built in Elizabeth's honour in the very church where she was buried. Gregory IX issued the decree of her canonization on Whit Sunday (26 May 1235). He granted an indulgence of a year and forty days to all the faithful, truly penitent and having confessed, who should visit her tomb on that day. An altar was raised in the Saint's honour in the Dominican convent at Perugia, which the Pope endowed with an indulgence of thirty days for all who came to pray there. The bull of canonization was published on 1 June 1235 and sent to the princes and bishops of the whole Church. The archbishop of Mainz fixed 1 May 1236 for the elevation and translation of the Saint's body.(1) The body was found entire, with no sign of corruption, and giving off a delicious fragrance. It was then taken from its coffin, wrapped in a purple cloth and laid in a lead coffin, which was carried solemnly to the place where it was to be exposed to public veneration. When the reliquary containing the holy body was opened the next day, it was found flooded with an oil whose fragrance was like that of the most precious nard. This precious oil was gathered with religious care, and many cures were obtained by its use in serious illnesses or for dangerous wounds. So many heavenly favours only increased the number and fervour of the faithful. The glory of St. Elizabeth soon spread through the whole Catholic world and drew great crowds of pilgrims to Marburg. Her body rested for three centuries beneath the vaults of the magnificent church dedicated to her, in the keeping of the knights of the Teutonic Order. But her heart was granted to the bishop of Cambrai, who carried it solemnly to his episcopal city and placed it on an altar of his cathedral, which was destroyed during the Terror. Many churches rose under her invocation: at Trier, Strasbourg, Kassel, Winchester and Prague; throughout Belgium convents and hospitals took her as patroness. The abbot of Saint-Gall dedicated an altar and a chapel to her in one of the inner courts of his monastery. In Hungary a splendid church rose in her honour at Kaschau [Košice], and in the 15th century it was enriched with an admirable tabernacle. Pope Innocent IV, by a bull of the second of the ides of February 1244, granted a year and forty days of indulgence to those who should visit the church and tomb at Marburg in the last three days of Holy Week. Sixtus IV, by a bull of 1479, granted fifty years and as many quarantines of indulgence to all the faithful, penitent and having confessed, who should visit the churches of the Order of St. Francis in Elizabeth's honour on her feast day. On that same day there is still today, at Rome, an indulgence of a hundred years to be gained in one of the seven basilicas of the eternal city, at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, and at the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. There is moreover a plenary indulgence at the church of the Third Order, called Saints Cosmas and Damian, in the Forum. The Orders of St. Francis, St. Dominic, Cîteaux and Prémontré each dedicated a special office to her, and her feast was introduced into the Roman breviary with the rank of a minor double by Pope Clement X.

Near Marburg, on the road to the village of Wehrda, there can still be seen a three-spouted fountain called the *Elisabethbrunnen*. It was there that she herself washed the linen of the sick; a large blue stone on which she knelt during this hard work has been moved into the church and can still be seen there. On 18 May 1539 Landgrave Philip of Hesse, a direct descendant of St. Elizabeth, had Protestant worship celebrated for the first time in the church dedicated to his ancestress. Then, seizing the reliquary that held the Saint's body, he had it taken to his castle. The Saint's bones were buried shortly afterwards in a place known to no one but the landgrave and two of his confidants. In 1546 he had the reliquary placed in the castle of Ziegenhain. But two years later, having been taken prisoner by the emperor Charles V, he was obliged by him to have this sacred property brought back to Marburg and to restore St. Elizabeth's relics to the church. A large part of them was already missing, however, and from that time their sure trace is lost.

Towards the end of the 16th century the Infanta of Spain, Isabella Clara Eugenia, governor of the Low Countries, acquired the skull with several bones. She had them taken to Brussels and placed with the

Carmelite nuns, whose convent disappeared, like so many others, under the blows of revolutionary vandalism. The skull was later sent to the château of La Roche-Guyon, from which, about 1830, it was transferred to Besançon by the cardinal duc de Rohan. It is venerated today at the hospital of Saint-Jacques in that city. A portion of it has been sent as far as Bogotá in South America. One of her arms was sent to Hungary; other portions of her relics were still to be seen at Hanover, Vienna, Cologne and above all at Breslau. There, in a fine chapel, the staff that supported her when she was driven from the Wartburg is also kept. Her glass is still kept at Erfurt; her wedding dress at Andechs; her wedding ring at Braunfels, with her book of hours, her table and her straw chair; her veil at Tongres; and a shift she had dyed with her blood while taking the discipline, at the convent of the Sisters of St. Charles at Koblenz. One of the Saint's arms came from the abbey of Altenberg. It belonged to the Count of Boos-Waldeck, who offered it for sale to several sovereigns who count her among their ancestors, but found no buyers. It is now in the chapel of the castle of Sayn. At Marburg the only thing of hers shown today is a large tapestry on which she is said to have worked, and which is used for the communion ceremony according to the Lutheran rite. Her reliquary, empty for three centuries, was carried off to Kassel by order of Jérôme Napoléon, then brought back to Marburg in 1814 and replaced in the sacristy. The magnificent church consecrated to her has been given over to Protestant worship since 1539. Since 1811 Catholic worship has been authorized in that town, which, like the whole country where the Saint lived, has denied its faith. There is a small Catholic church there, but not even a Mass is said on St. Elizabeth's feast! At Eisenach there is now a chapel under the Saint's title.

We have kept the account of Father Giry, which we have revised and completed with the Histoire de sainte Élisabeth de Hongrie, duchesse de Thuringe, by the comte de Montalembert.

(1) The Franciscan breviary, however, fixes the feast of this translation on 18 April; and Caesarius says that in his time it was celebrated only on 2 May, because the eve was that of the apostles St. Philip and St. James.

ST. PONTIAN, POPE AND MARTYR (235)

Pontian, a Roman by birth, was the son of Calpurnius. He held the see for five years, two months and two days under the reign of Alexander Severus, from the consulate of Pompeianus and Pelignianus (230–231). The policy followed under Alexander Severus toward the Sovereign Pontiffs was soon applied to Pontian. This holy Pope had to suffer persecution for the freedom of his ministry. He was not put to death, however; an order from the imperial court exiled him, with the holy priest Hippolytus (not the bishop of Porto), to the island of Buccina,(1) one of the wildest off the southern coast of Sardinia.

Alexander Severus had undertaken an expedition against the Germans. The legions, displeased at the severity with which he was working to restore military discipline, and stirred up by Maximin the Thracian, murdered him near Mainz in the twenty-eighth year of his life (235). Maximin hastened to gather the fruit of the crime. The new emperor, once a shepherd in the mountains of Thrace, was a giant eight and a half feet tall, coarse and unlettered, scarcely able to speak Latin, who made sport of men's lives and was of a savage and ferocious character. His first care was to publish edicts of death against the Christians. This was the sixth general persecution to break out against the Church. Maximin's decrees were aimed especially at those who taught in the churches and governed them. The material impossibility of extending the proscription to the whole multitude of the faithful without depopulating the empire, together with the hope of extinguishing religion in the blood of its leaders and pastors, had dictated this restraint. The order was at once sent to put to death the holy Pope Pontian on the very island to which Alexander had exiled him (November 235). His body was afterwards brought to Rome and laid, under the pontificate of St. Fabian, in the cemetery of Callistus.

The abbé Darras, Histoire générale de l'Église.

(1) Today Isola del Tavolato [Tavolara], on the eastern coast of Sardinia, opposite the village of Terranova, the ancient Phausania. This islet is five miles long and two wide.

ST. PATROCLUS, RECLUSE IN BERRY (about 577)

St. Patroclus, born in Berry of a family of modest standing, kept his father's flocks in his youth; his father was named Aetherius [Elhère]. Having applied himself to study, he made great progress in it. He completed his formation with a lord attached to the court of Childebert, king of Paris. His mother, now a widow, called him home and proposed that he marry. But he answered that he had other plans, without explaining them to her. He went to ask the clerical tonsure from Arcadius, bishop of Bourges. The prelate, who knew his virtues and learning, granted his request and some time later ordained him deacon. Patroclus lived at first in the community of clerics. He gave himself much to watching, fasting, prayer and the reading of Holy Scripture, and already he thirsted for solitude. Raised to the priesthood, and feeling a desire to lead a more perfect life, he withdrew near the town of Néris (Allier), where he built an oratory in honour of St. Martin and devoted himself to teaching children. His holiness soon made him known, and possessed people were brought to him from all sides, whom he delivered. Resolved to leave the place to find again the solitude he no longer enjoyed, he established a community of nuns near his oratory and left Néris, taking nothing but the tools he needed to build himself a cell in the depths of some forest. Later he built the monastery of Colombier (*Columberiense*), about five leagues from his new dwelling, but he gave its government to another so as not to have to abandon his retreat. He wore the hair shirt continually and never drank wine. He lived only on bread soaked in water with a little salt, and interrupted his prayer only to read Holy Scripture or do some work. One day he was tempted by the devil. Then he had a vision: having climbed to the top of a high column that an angel showed him, he saw the world unfold before his eyes as it was, with its murders, thefts, wars, adulteries and all its shames. He cried out: "I pray You, Lord, let me never go back into this pit of perversities, which I have forgotten since I have been in Your service." He died at the age of about eighty, about the year 577. He was buried at Colombiers (Cher), and miracles took place at his tomb.

An old block is kept at Colombiers that is used to print the Saint's image. It shows an abbot driving the devil out of a possessed woman. The Saint puts his fingers in the sick woman's mouth, and the devil escapes in the form of a monster surrounded by smoke. An angel standing on a high column holds a book in his left hand, and with his right points to a scroll on which are read these words: *Desine ergo mundum quaerere, ne pereas cum eo* ["Cease then to seek the world, lest you perish with it"]. Under one of these images a short history of the pious solitary has been placed. Here it is: "St. Patroclus was from Berry; he was ordained priest by St. Arcadius, archbishop of Bourges; he flourished in the 6th century; he lived at Néris, then at La Celle, for eighteen years; he died at the age of eighty on 18 November, about the year 577. Richard I, archbishop of Bourges, had his body taken from the tomb on 9 October of the year 1076; people flocked from all sides to his tomb."

A circumstance not found there, but mentioned in a *History of the Fathers of the Desert*, is that Patroclus was held in honour at the court of the king of France. He escaped from all these grandeurs to avoid their vices. It was then that his mother wished him to marry, but he refused, to give himself wholly to God. The place where he died, *Mediocontus*, in French Lachamp, is in the parish of La Celle, whose church is under the title of St. Patroclus.

Patroclus had expressed the wish to be buried at Colombiers, whose church he had built. When his disciples set about carrying his body from La Celle to Colombiers, the people of Néris, who had kept his memory, set about carrying it off. But a miracle from heaven settled the question. The clothes covering the holy body suddenly shone with an extraordinary light. The archpriest of Néris was so taken aback that he at once gave up his plan and, joining his voice to those of the bystanders, went with them all to lay the Saint in the monastery of Colombiers itself. A popular tradition speaks of a real battle fought on this occasion between

the people of Néris or of La Celle and those of Colombiers. Everything suggests that the battle, of which the children of St. Patroclus living at Colombiers are still proud, took place not on the day of the burial, since the Saint's legend makes no mention of it, but five centuries later, at the exhumation of the solitary's relics. Many corpses found at various times near the church are said to be the result of this crusade, whose aim was to carry off a body that the faithful of Colombiers defended to the utmost.

The remains of the blessed solitary rest today in the church of Colombiers, in a double reliquary of lead and oak. Two feasts are held every year in honour of St. Patroclus: the principal one on 18 November, the day of his death, and the other on 9 October, the day of the translation of his relics. These two solemnities are still impressive; not only the people of the district but pilgrims from La Marche and Berry come to venerate these precious remains.

Nothing remains at Colombiers of the monastery built by St. Patroclus; it was destroyed by the brigands who ravaged the Bourbonnais in the Middle Ages. It was replaced by a priory whose holders were appointed by the prior of Souvigny. The priors did not reside; the priory was served by priests on the *portion congrue*. The church of Colombiers was rebuilt in the 12th century; it is one of the fine monuments of the province. It has three naves. First dedicated to St. Peter, it is now under the title of St. Patroclus. A quite particular piety reigns at Colombiers; it is attributed to St. Patroclus, who is regarded as an ancestor and a model. His memory is still alive in the district.

Old Proper of Bourges, completed with notes owed to the great kindness of the late M. l'abbé Boudant, parish priest of Chamelle.

ST. JAMES OF SASSEAU, HERMIT IN BERRY (865)

The son of Felix and Harmena, St. James was born in Greece at the beginning of the 9th century. He served first as a soldier under Leo the Armenian. Later, following the example and advice of Herpillinus, his elder brother, who was already vowed to the Lord, he became a cleric and set out for Gaul. After a short stay at Genoa, where he healed a blind woman named Petronilla and preserved the fields from hail, he left that city secretly, revolted at the ingratitude of its inhabitants. He passed through Lyons and went to Fredegisus, a famous bishop of Clermont, who took an ardent liking to him, ordained him priest and wished to attach him to his person. But obeying higher orders, James continued his pilgrimage, reached Bourges, and began by visiting the churches and the tombs of the Saints.

For a moment he thought of settling in the monastery of La Nef; but his love of the contemplative life prevailing, he set himself up as a hermit twelve miles from the metropolis of Berry, on the banks of the Sauldre, in a wooded place called *Saxiacus*.(1) He did so with the consent of Robert, a high and mighty lord of that country, of royal blood and son-in-law of Wilfred, count of Bourges. There he first built a narrow hut for himself and his disciple John; then, with the help of alms, he raised a modest chapel with his own hands.

Robert and his pious wife Agane, who lived nearby, visited him often and had a servant bring him dishes from their table. James lived long in this way, in prayer and mortification. When he felt his end coming, he ordered his disciple to dig a grave inside the chapel, lay down in it and breathed his last, his hands joined and his eyes turned to heaven. Some days before, he had foretold, it is said, the death of Raoul of Turenne, archbishop of Bourges, a great famine, and a new invasion of the Normans that was to be fatal to the monastery of La Nef and lay Aquitaine waste. Like the cells of Eusicius and Patroclus, the sanctuary where St. James's remains lay brought the desert to life. Dwellings gathered round it and soon formed a village that took the name of La Chapelle, to which usage added that of Gillon of Sully, one of the oldest lords of the district.

The Benedictine annals add that there used to be shown, a league from Bourges on the Vierzon side, in a church likewise dedicated to St. James, a dark cell where tradition holds that the illustrious solitary lived

before settling on the banks of the Sauldre.

Extracted from the Pieuses légendes du Berry by M. Veillat.

(1) Several people have confused *Saxiacus*, like Château-Gordon, with the town of Sancerre itself, whereas it is in reality only the old Sasseau, today La Chapelle-d'Angillon or Dam-Gillon.

20 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

St. Felix of Valois, confessor. 1212. — At Messina in Sicily, the holy martyrs Ampelius and Caius. — At Turin, the holy martyrs Octavius, Solutor and Adventor, soldiers of the Theban Legion, who fought valiantly for the faith and were crowned with martyrdom under the emperor Maximian. About 286. — At Caesarea in Palestine, St. Agapius, martyr, who was condemned to the beasts under the emperor Galerius Maximian; having received no wound from them, he was thrown into the sea with stones tied to his feet. About 306. — In Persia, the execution of St. Narses, bishop, and his companions. — At Dorostorum in Moesia, St. Dasius, bishop, who was beheaded under the governor Bassus for refusing to consent to the impurities of the feast of Saturn. — At Nicaea in Bithynia, the holy martyrs Eustace, Thespesius and Anatolius, executed during the persecution of Maximian. — At Heraclea in Thrace, the holy martyrs Bassus, Dionysius, Agapitus and forty others. — In England, St. Edmund, king and martyr. 870. — At Constantinople, St. Gregory of the Decapolis, who suffered much for the veneration of holy images. — At Milan, St. Benignus, bishop, who governed with great constancy and piety, amid the invasions and oppressions of the barbarians, the Church that divine Providence had entrusted to him. 477. — At Chalon-sur-Saône, St. Silvester, bishop, who died full of days and virtues in the forty-second year of his episcopate. (1) 6th c. — At Verona, St. Simplicius, bishop and confessor. About 535.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Amiens, Arras, Le Puy and Saint-Dié, St. Felix of Valois, confessor, cited in today's Roman martyrology. 1212. — In the diocese of Amiens, memory of the finding and translation of the bodies of the holy confessors Warlois (Vuarlois, Warlais, Ouarlux, Warlus, Waloy, Urloux, Warlut, Wuarlesius, Warlesius, Walesius, Warlusius, Valerius, Waclesius) and Luxor (Lussor, Lusor, Luxoenus).(2) — In the dioceses of Arras and Soissons, St. Autbode (Aubode, Obode), an Irish missionary who left his homeland about the year 650 and came to preach the faith in Artois, Hainaut, Picardy and the neighbouring countries. He then went to Laon, where he spent the rest of his life in the exercise of the most sublime virtues; it was there that he fell asleep in the Lord.(3) 690. — In the diocese of Angers, St. Apothemius, bishop of that see and confessor. Greek by origin, he had no doubt come to Gaul in order to sanctify himself in solitude under the guidance of St. Martin. Time has destroyed even the last memory of this pontiff's life.(4) About 389. — In the diocese of Beauvais, St. Maxentia, virgin and martyr, cited in the Martyrology of France of 24 October. 5th c. — In the diocese of Le Puy, St. Eudes or Eudon, abbot of Saint-Chaffre (*Calminiacum*), of whom we spoke on the previous day. 700. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Maximus, bishop of that see and confessor. Every moment of his precious life was marked by the relentless persecutions the Arians directed against him. His body, laid in the church of Saint-Hilaire at Mainz, was later translated to Halle in Saxony. 4th c. — In the diocese of Poitiers, the feast of the Dedication of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome. This feast is marked in the Roman martyrology on the 18th of this month. 1626. — In the diocese of Toulouse, memory of St. Edmund, king of England and martyr, cited in today's Roman martyrology. 870. — In Franche-Comté, St. Hippolytus, bishop of Belley. 769. — At Autun, the death of St. Pragmatius, bishop of that see, of whom we shall speak on 22 November. About 520.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — Among the Canons of the Lateran: at Rome, St. Gelasius, pope and confessor, famous for his holiness and learning. The Order of Canons Regular, which he had embraced in Africa under the Rule of our Father St. Augustine and established in the church of the Lateran, owes him its reform and growth. He passed to heaven on 21 November.(5) 496.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Trinitarians. — At the monastery of Cerfroid in the diocese of Meaux, our Father St. Felix of Valois, confessor, founder of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives. 1212.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — At Rome, St. Gelasius, pope. Brought up in the school and monastery of our Father St. Augustine, he left Africa because of the persecution of the Vandals and came to Italy, near Naples in Campania, to lead the monastic life. Elected to the sovereign pontificate by the Roman clergy because of his great holiness and the excellence of his doctrine, he occupied the chair of St. Peter with great wisdom and integrity. 496.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Bonvisus of Piacenza, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. A very famous doctor before entering religion, he received the habit from the hands of St. Dominic himself. That great patriarch often took him as his companion, for the pleasure he found in his conversation, as virtuous as it was learned. While still a novice in the convent of Bologna he was charged with founding a house of his Order in his native city. His humility was wounded, but the spirit of obedience compelled him to accept the undertaking, and it succeeded beyond all hope. Some time later, while he was procurator in the convent of Bologna, bread ran out completely for the community’s dinner. He went to explain this awkward situation to St. Dominic, who told him: “Have the brethren assembled all the same; it is good that the children of a poor God should feel want.” When all the brethren were seated, two angels were seen to enter the refectory carrying a basket of fine white loaves, which they distributed. Blessed Bonvisus was soon ripe for heaven: he died at almost the same time as St. Dominic. 1221. — At Hildesheim (*Hennepolis*), a town of Hanover, St. Bernward or Bernard, bishop of that see and confessor. His exactness in fulfilling all the duties of the episcopate made his people love and respect him. After giving the day to his pastoral duties, he spent part of the night in prayer and reading. He restored ecclesiastical discipline and made laws, sciences and arts flourish. The poor were sure to find in him a father and protector. While the holy bishop was busy building or repairing churches and monasteries, and seeking every means of procuring God’s glory, he was struck by an illness that made him suffer greatly for five years. He received it as a trial God sent him to purify his soul. Giving the goods that came to him from his patrimony to the monastery of St. Michael that he had founded, he took the habit there in the last year of his life. His body was laid in the church of that monastery. Pope Celestine III canonized him in 1194. 1021.

(1) Silvester succeeded Blessed John, bishop of Chalon-sur-Saône, about the year 490; it was under his guidance that St. Caesarius of Arles spent his early years. He worked to destroy the last remnants of idolatry among his people, and had the happiness of seeing his whole flock gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. In 517 he attended the council of Epaon; his name is found in the signatures after those of the metropolitans, St. Avitus of Vienne and St. Viventiolus of Lyons, which suggests he was one of the oldest bishops. He died in peace, according to Gregory of Tours, after governing his Church holily for forty-two years. After his death the hammock that had been his bed was long kept as a relic, and the sick who passed under this bed of woven cords that had served a Saint recovered their health. Public cult in honour of this holy bishop was authorized by Pope John VIII in 870.

For a long time it was not known where his body had been buried. Girbold, bishop of Chalon, discovered it in the church of Saint-Marcel, together with that of St. Agricola, about the year 878, and translated them. He

took only part of St. Silvester's relics, which he placed on the altar of St. Peter with the whole body of St. Agricola, and left the rest in the marble tomb he had found. St. Silvester's feast is kept on 28 November in the diocese of Autun. — Godescard and *Proper of Autun*.

(2) The bodies of Sts. Luxor and Warlois were formerly enclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary at Notre-Dame of Amiens. What the Revolution left us of their relics is now enclosed in the reliquary of St. Honoratus; some are also kept at the Carmel of Amiens. The church of Saint-Jean-Baptiste at Picquigny and that of the Carthusians of Abbeville formerly possessed some. The names of Warlois and Luxor are inscribed in the litanies of Amiens of the 13th and 14th centuries, in the additions of some manuscripts of Usuard, in the old martyrologies of Amiens and Saint-Riquier, and in the oldest breviaries of Amiens. — M. l'abbé Corblet, *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens*.

(3) St. Autbode is patron of the village of Wancourt (between Arras and Cambrai). There is a little fountain there bearing his name, whose waters are very healing for the sick and infirm. Even today those suffering from fever drink from it and are often cured through the merits of the holy patron. Painters usually represent St. Autbode in a hermit's habit, holding a staff in one hand and a rosary in the other, no doubt to express his status as a religious missionary. — M. l'abbé Destombes, *Saints de Cambrai et d'Arras.*

(4) As many miracles confirmed the people's confidence in his powerful protection, a church soon rose under his patronage in a suburb of the city of Angers. About 848, through a pious theft, the holy bishop's relics were stolen from his church and taken to that of the abbey of Saint-Sauveur at Redon, in the diocese of Rennes. Countless wonders made the Saint's new tomb famous. On 20 November 1284 the modest reliquary that had held the bones of the apostle of Angers until then was replaced by a far more precious one. It still exists; but as its seals were broken at the Revolution, St. Apothemius's remains are no longer exposed to the veneration of the people. — *Saints d'Anjou*, by the Rev. Dom Chamard.

(5) See the notice of St. Gelasius on the following day.

ST. HIPPOLYTUS, BISHOP OF BELLEY

769. — Pope: Stephen III. — King of France: Carloman.

God alone is our treasure; a Christian must not fix his heart on any other object. Maxim of the Saint. St. Hippolytus was born about the year 686 in Transjurane Burgundy. His parents took such care to form him early in virtue that the faults almost always inseparable from youth were never seen in him. But it was above all in the inner school of grace that he learned the science of salvation, in which he made rapid progress; from then on it was easy to see that he was preparing for the sublime holiness that won him the honours of the altars after his death. Solid piety, a gentle candour, a wise and prudent circumspection in word and deed, and a knowledge of sacred and profane letters far beyond what was acquired in that age won over all who had the happiness of knowing him. These happy beginnings of so perfect a life drew the applause of the world, which held out an honourable place to him; but the young Hippolytus had already meditated on the dangers it offers to virtue, and he resolved from then on to leave it and embrace the religious state. He was received at the monastery of Condat (later called Saint-Claude), which was not far from his birthplace. The instructions and examples of the fervent monks who lived there only stirred more and more the ardour of charity with which the young novice burned. Never was a novice seen more fervent, more recollected, more modest, more humble or more submissive. Not content with having renounced the world by religious profession, he strove, as far as the rule of the house allowed, to follow the example of the most austere anchorites. Even his cell did not seem solitary enough for secret prayer; he spent part of the nights at the foot of the altars in prayer and meditation. Yet common prayer had a great attraction for him, and his happiness was to sing God's praises in choir. Only obedience, which he always practised with the perfection so much recommended by the first founders of monastic life, could set limits to his excessive mortifications. Weakened by the many blows of a

cruel discipline, and ready to collapse after continual fasts and long watches, he moderated their rigour at his abbot's order. But he never treated his body otherwise than as an enemy to be kept by penance in subjection to the spirit. His deep humility was in no way inferior to his obedience and austerities. Raised to the priesthood in spite of his resistance, he showed his change of state only at the altar; everywhere else he would have been taken for the least of the brethren, so eagerly did he choose the lowliest tasks of the monastery. He sought no less to abase himself by his words than by his actions. To hear him speak of himself, he was the greatest of all sinners; but he alone said so, and the contempt he showed for himself could never rob him of the just praise the other religious heaped on him.

All of them, like Hippolytus, were striving for perfection; yet each thought himself happy to follow him from afar in the course of the most sublime virtues, and he who thought himself the last among them was put at the head of the monastery by the union of all votes. The voices that called him to succeed St. Aufredus, fourteenth abbot of Condat, whom death had just taken from the love of his monks, were too unanimous for him to resist the election. But he accepted it only with trembling, and to counterbalance the deference the monks showed him, he redoubled his humility and fervour. He served them with such affection that he often moved them to tears. If a rebuke had to be given, he spoke to them not only gently but respectfully; and, as St. Benedict recommends to abbots, he governed them more by his example than by his counsel.

Under such a head the monastery of Condat gained new renown. Hippolytus's reputation grew with it, and as fame spread it far and wide, it is no wonder that several Churches wished to have as pastor a religious so worthy of the episcopate.

It was by a visible act of Providence that the Church of Belley set its eyes on our Saint and chose him to succeed Ansemundus. Given wholly to retirement and study, and believing himself known to God alone, Hippolytus, like the Chrysostoms, Basils, Ambroses and Augustines of old, fell into anguish and alarm at the sight of the charge they wished to lay on him. But the objections he raised to his election succeeded no better than those he had made when they wished to put him at the head of his monastery. The clergy and people demanded him so insistently, and the Sovereign Pontiff pressed him so strongly, that Hippolytus at last thought he recognized the voice of God in the agreement of so many respectable wills. The grief of all the monks cannot be described; they would not let their abbot go without obtaining his promise that he would continue to govern the monastery of Condat.

So, all difficulties being removed, Hippolytus was consecrated about the year 755 and made his entry into Belley amid public rejoicing. The high opinion that had been formed of his holiness was soon confirmed by his presence. His modesty, humility, gentleness and piety won all hearts; and however well disposed people had been toward him, their esteem and veneration grew rapidly through the striking brilliance of his example. The eminent holiness he had acquired in solitude then appeared in full light, and all the virtues St. Paul requires of a bishop shone in the person of this prelate. His charity for the poor, admired in him since childhood, poured out abundantly on all the unfortunate of his diocese. Hospitals, leper-houses and prisons were places he loved to visit, and the poor were always welcome at his house, so much so that his palace seemed to be their home. He went carefully through his diocese, everywhere reconciling enemies and relieving the needy. Under such a bishop piety and religion flourished, so great is the sway a pastor's holiness holds over all his flock! The restoration of ecclesiastical discipline was one of his first cares and the first fruit of his pastoral solicitude. He formed a pious and zealous clergy, who furthered the growth of civilization among our ancestors. They were still sunk in ignorance then, disputing with the wild beasts the forests that covered part of the Bugey at that time; they won those forests for agriculture with the powerful and fruitful help of religion.

Though surrounded by honours, St. Hippolytus kept his taste for simplicity. He lived in his palace at Belley as he had lived in his cell at Condat: the same fasts, the same watches, the same penances, the same harshness toward himself, keeping all his indulgence for his flock. He attended choir with his canons and

constantly gave them an example of assiduity. His reverent modesty in the holy place was an eloquent sermon that inspired the whole people with respect for religion. His love of poverty gave him the means to make considerable repairs to his cathedral and to help other churches.

The occupations of the episcopate and a laborious and austere life did not turn him from the care he owed to Condat. Like a fire whose flames grow in proportion to the fuel it is given, St. Hippolytus's zeal seemed to take on new ardour to extend his abbey by new foundations. He knew that religious houses are a refuge not only for virtue but also for great passions which, after tormenting themselves in the noise of the world, need solitude to console themselves for the vanities of earth by the remembrance of heaven. So he built a great number of them in various provinces of France.

Pepin the Short delighted in heaping favours on our Saint. He honoured him with his confidence and often consulted him on affairs of State; among the fine privileges he granted him was that of minting coin at Condat. Charlemagne, Pepin's son and successor, followed in his father's footsteps and gave St. Hippolytus several considerable estates in Champagne, Burgundy and Brittany, where he founded abbeys. This is the origin of the many priories that the monastery of Saint-Claude still possessed before 1792 in those provinces, as well as in the Bugey, Bresse and the Pays de Gex. These riches changed nothing in the austerity of the religious. St. Hippolytus turned them to the profit of the poor and of religion by using them to multiply the houses of his Order. He also spent very large sums building the great cloister that connected the church of St. Peter with that of his monastery. It is not known exactly how long St. Hippolytus was bishop of Belley; some historians claim he governed that Church only from 755 to 765. What is certain is that in that same year he attended the synod of Attigny. There the bishops and abbots, assembled in great numbers, decided important questions concerning the good of religion and the salvation of souls. They agreed in that assembly that as soon as one of them died, the others would pray to God for him, and they even specified the prayers the bishops and abbots were to say. In signing the acts of this synod, St. Hippolytus signs among the bishops without taking any title but that of abbot of Condat; from which it must be concluded that by 765 he had already resigned the episcopate to return to solitude. It is on this document that those who say he was at the head of the diocese of Belley for only ten years base their conjectures.

St. Hippolytus's decision to leave his see spread dismay among his flock. The grief he himself felt at the separation would have kept him at Belley, had he not long since resolved to go and die in solitude. The decline of his strength, due even more to his great austerities than to old age, had not weakened the vigour of his tender piety; he felt himself slowly consumed without relaxing any of his devotions. The pains inseparable from a very great age never disturbed his tranquillity or his gentleness. All his life he had had a loving devotion to the Blessed Virgin; this devotion grew still more, and his prayers became longer and more fervent. He spoke constantly to his religious of the contempt we must have for life, which is strewn with miseries and ends in the tomb. "Happy," he would say, "are those who regard themselves as strangers on earth and look on death with a serene eye as the end of their exile!" "God alone is our treasure," he loved to repeat; "a Christian must not fix his heart on any other object. Do not let yourselves be dazzled by anything that glitters in this life, because death strips us of everything except the merits we have acquired before God far from the world." His strength declined day by day, and seeing his end approach, he asked for the last sacraments, which he received with new fervour. From then on he entered into a sweet contemplation of the Lord's mercies, in which he expired on 20 November 769 amid his weeping disciples, whom he blessed with his failing, fatherly hand. He was more than eighty years old and had governed the abbey of Condat for more than twenty years.

CULT AND RELICS.

His body was buried with pomp in the abbey church near those of St. Oyend and St. Claude, his glorious predecessors. His tomb became famous for the great number of miracles worked there. He was placed among

the Saints, and his feast was afterwards kept every year with solemnity on 20 November. Today his office is said in the diocese of Saint-Claude on 28 November. It was also said in the diocese of Belley before the Revolution of 1790. The old Missal (1527) and the old Breviary (1518) of Belley, printed under Mgr. Claude de Stavayé, contained the office of St. Hippolytus. The cathedral possessed a rib of this holy bishop of Belley, which Mgr. de Passelaigue had obtained from the monks of Saint-Claude and had solemnly carried into the cathedral, assisted by all his clergy, on 31 May 1645. Sacrilegious hands threw it into the flames on 6 December 1793. In that same year the body of St. Hippolytus, which was in the cathedral of Saint-Claude, was profaned by the impious. From that fatal time the feast of St. Hippolytus was interrupted in the diocese of Belley, which the Concordat of 1802 united to that of Lyons. It was reserved to the zeal and piety of Mgr. Devie, one of his illustrious successors and the faithful imitator of his virtues, to revive the cult of so great a protector of his Church. The office of St. Hippolytus is fixed at the rite of a minor semi-double in the calendar this learned bishop published in 1831 in vol. iii of his *Ritual*.

Extracted from the Histoire hagiologique du diocèse de Belley by Mgr. Depéry.

ST. FELIX OF VALOIS, FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY FOR THE REDEMPTION OF CAPTIVES

1212. — Pope: Innocent III. — King of France: Philip II Augustus.

Mementote vinctorum. Remember those who groan in chains. Hebr. xiii, 3.

Felix was the son of Raoul I, count of Vermandois and Valois, and of Eleanor of Champagne, sister of Theobald, count of Champagne and Blois. He was born at the castle of Amiens on 11 April 1127. He was named Hugh at baptism, but changed that name to Felix, as we shall relate, when he left the world to give himself wholly to God in the secret of a retired life.

Countess Eleanor, who had had some extraordinary visions during her pregnancy about the happy destiny of the child she was to bear, took him to St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, to be offered to God. The holy abbot received the countess of Valois at the entrance of the monastery, holding in her arms her child of three. He led her, with all his religious singing psalms, to the high altar of the church, where he celebrated Mass, after which he offered the child to God and vowed him to the service of the Blessed Virgin. After the ceremony the religious sang the *Te Deum*; the holy abbot then said the holy Gospel over mother and child, praying God to fill both with His blessings. Before leaving, the countess conferred for some time with St. Bernard on the means best suited to her perfection; then she returned with her son to the castle of Crépy. She took very particular care of the child, regarding him as a sacred trust that heaven had confided to her. She applied herself to all kinds of good works, especially almsgiving to the poor, who were then in extreme want. When her servants distributed food to them, an inexpressible joy was seen on the face of little Hugh, who took the pieces of bread from the servants' hands to give them out himself, though he was not yet of an age to understand the worth of works of charity. Nothing quieted his childish crying so well as putting into his hands something he could give to the poor.

Pope Innocent II, driven from Rome by the faction that supported his rival Anacletus, had come to seek refuge in France. Raoul I, count of Valois, offered his castle of Crépy as a residence to the exiled Pontiff. Innocent II made use of this generous hospitality for some time, and in gratitude called down heaven's blessings on the young child whom his mother was guiding with such care in the ways of virtue. This lovable child grew in virtue as he grew in age. His only cares and thoughts were for helping the poor. He deprived himself of everything he was given in order to share it with them, and carried them the sweets offered to him. At table he gathered on his plate all the morsels he could get and, leaving the company without any human motive, went to talk with the poor and give out to them, with great prudence and kindness, all the good dishes he had brought. He said that the duties we are obliged to render to Jesus Christ in the person of the poor must

be preferred to all others. When he was older, the pious young man recognized that his uncle, Count Theobald, also loved to do good to the needy, and he wisely knew how to draw large sums from him to help them. This made his uncle say one day that he believed his nephew of Valois had formed the plan of making him poor in order to make the poor rich. He often gave his clothes to those he saw in need, and to those who told him he should use a little discretion he answered that it was the way of the prudence of the flesh to take all these precautions, but that the wisdom of the Gospel spirit had no such views. The more contemptible and repulsive the poor were, the more covered with ulcers and sores, the nearer he went to them and the more he esteemed them. One day a poor man covered with ulcers came to implore his charity. Felix slipped away from the eyes of his attendants, led the beggar aside and clothed him in his own garments. But God permitted those same garments to be found miraculously the next day under the bolster of the young count's bed. This filled him with astonishment and gratitude toward the divine goodness, which showed him in this way that we do not lose what we give to the poor for love of Jesus Christ.

His charity was not limited to helping those deprived of temporal goods; it extended also to all others in affliction, whom he tried to console by every means in his power. He had such compassion for criminals that he seemed himself to be loaded with the chains he saw weighing them down, and to see him groan with them one would have said he felt their weight. He worked very hard to obtain their pardon, and even stood surety for them. He delivered one of them in a wonderful way that the Church recounts in his office. When he was only ten, he learned that a criminal was about to be condemned to death for murders and killings. He felt inwardly moved to ask for his pardon, knowing by a secret light that the man would do penance and become a Saint. He went to visit the wretch in his dungeon and converted him. Then he set himself to prayer, shed a great abundance of tears, and promised God to make satisfaction as far as he could for the crimes of the one for whom he prayed. This act was so pleasing to God that the young count was granted a revelation in which he knew clearly that this great sinner would become a great Saint. Full of confidence in God, he made every kind of approach to the judges and to Theobald his uncle, whose subject the condemned man was, and he persisted until he obtained his pardon. The sinner withdrew into a frightful solitude, did very austere penance there, and at last ended his days there happily.

Meanwhile the reputation these virtues and wonders won St. Felix decided him to go away in search of calm and solitude. The divorce between Raoul his father and Countess Eleanor his mother was no small motive in confirming his resolve: Raoul repudiated her and married, to her prejudice, Princess Alix-Petronilla, second daughter of the duke of Aquitaine. This unjust act of Raoul's, which caused Eleanor so much grief, drew the thunderbolts of excommunication on her husband the count. It obliged the legates sent expressly from Rome to lay all his lands and domains under interdict, and it gave rise to cruel wars in the State. These sad events, these troubles and divisions, and so many human interests on every side contributed not a little to the holy young man's resolve to abandon the world and all he might claim in it, and to seek a place of refuge where he would think of nothing but the business of his salvation. So he left to Theobald, count of Champagne, his uncle and Eleanor's brother, the task of arranging the reconciliation needed between his father and mother. Following the counsel of the Holy Spirit, he left his people, his country and his father's house to set out on the road to heaven.

Remembering that he had often been told he had been offered to God at Clairvaux by the hands of St. Bernard, he went to that abbey to renew and ratify that first consecration. As soon as he was in that holy community he forgot in a moment all the affairs of the world. He thought himself in heaven, seeing himself in a house where people lived like angels. Nothing seemed hard to him; he easily copied all he saw that was edifying in others. Austerities, fasts, penances, watches and work all seemed easy to him. The millet and oat bread set before him, the boiled beech leaves given him for a stew, the vegetables, the wild roots and all such things were delicious dishes to him. There he found Henry, son of Louis the Fat and Adelaide of Savoy, who was one day to govern the Church of Beauvais and later that of Reims. This prince's example, like

St. Bernard's, aroused his admiration and fed his zeal. When Felix noticed the esteem in which he was held, he wished to escape the temptations of self-love and withdraw into a solitude out of reach of praise, where his life, his name and his memory would stay buried in eternal oblivion. He opened his plans to St. Bernard, who approved them.

The better to hide his intention, Felix went to the court of his uncle Theobald, count of Champagne. He was received there with the honours due to his rank and, after a short stay, he expressed the wish to visit Italy. Theobald saw in this only a means of completing his nephew's education and gave him an escort for the journey. As soon as Felix had crossed the Alps he set about carrying out the plan that had guided his steps. Everywhere he inquired about the way of life in the monasteries, the regular observance flourishing there, and the holy persons who edified them by their virtues. Learning that a devout anchorite had shut himself away in the midst of the Alps and practised a superhuman perfection in that solitude, he suddenly felt in his soul a mysterious attraction to that way of life. He resolved to become the holy anchorite's disciple without anyone suspecting the place of his voluntary exile. He took advantage of an outing to slip away from his attendants and plunge into the forest. When his servants noticed his absence, they set out to look for him. Their long efforts remaining fruitless, they believed their master had perished in some ravine and spread the report of his death.

Having managed to find the hermit's cave, the young count of Valois told him of his plan to bury his name and existence in oblivion. Encouraged by the holy man to carry out his humble plans, the son of Raoul and Eleanor changed his name from Hugh to Felix, which he chose to express the happiness he felt in consecrating himself henceforth entirely to the service of the Lord.

Following the example of the model he had chosen, Felix prolonged his prayers and meditations through the night and gave himself to austerities that revived in him the traditions of the Thebaid. He mortified his mind even more than his flesh and subjected all his inclinations to the divine will. He obeyed with a child's docility his companion, who sometimes tested him with orders that could not be carried out. Nothing could disturb Felix's patience and gentleness, and a delightful peace became the reward of his self-denial and perpetual self-sacrifice.

Such great virtues, sustained with such fidelity, led the venerable hermit to have his disciple take holy orders. When Felix had received the character of the priesthood, he began to afflict his body afresh with new mortifications. He took almost no food. His obedience to his superior was so great that the latter, full of admiration, treated Felix as his brother and often asked his advice on the interior life. Knowing he was about to die, the holy old man told his dear disciple and gave him his last counsels for following his vocation faithfully. He left him his cell and his desert as an inheritance, and at last expired in his arms.

Some time later, following the attraction of grace, our Saint returned to France, where his long absence, his altered features and his change of dress kept him from being recognized. He built himself a little cell in the diocese of Meaux, in the middle of a forest that was then frightful and impassable, full of wild beasts and almost inaccessible to men because of its situation, and he built a little oratory there. This place, later called Cerfroid,(1) was very inconvenient: water had to be fetched from half a league away. That difficulty did not dismay the devout hermit, used as he was to work, and this lair of wild beasts became a paradise for him. He led a wholly angelic life there and seemed to live only by miracle. He sometimes went for weeks without taking anything; a few wild roots or a few pieces of brown bread brought to him from the villages were all his food. He spent nights and days in prayer and in contemplation of our most holy mysteries.

It was in the deep silence of this lovely solitude that God gave Felix the first ideas of the Order of the Redemption of Captives, of which He wished to make him founder with St. John of Matha.(2) On this occasion he had a vision that prepared him for this great design. Being near the spring(3) where he went every day to take his small meal, he saw a stag that came to refresh itself in its running waters and bore

between its antlers a red and blue cross. He could not penetrate this mystery at the time and learned its secret only later.

When God began to reveal His designs to Felix in his solitude, He also instructed John of Matha, who, obeying a secret voice, came to seek Felix in his desert. As they had received from heaven the same impressions about the institution of the Order of the Redemption of Captives, they no longer doubted that God was the author of this design and that they should stay together to lay the first foundations of the institute.

They first judged it right to draw up in writing Rules they could follow faithfully. They sang the divine office together with angelic modesty; they took almost no rest at night; they ate only one meal a day, and their food was a piece of bread that they went to eat on the edge of the spring we have mentioned. They stayed three years in that place in the practice of the most heroic and austere virtues, miraculously healing all the sick of the neighbourhood. Yet with many tears they begged Our Lord to transfer to others this signal gift, which drew too many people and too much renown to them; they preferred the unknown and hidden life to such great and striking deeds. It was a thing worthy of admiration and of great edification to see these two holy anchorites each attribute this great power of healing the sick to the other.

Divine Providence sent them several disciples who, generously leaving goods, family, country, pleasures, honours and fortune, came to place themselves under the discipline of these venerable masters in the way of salvation. They recognized so well the vanity of the world's grandeurs and delights, comparing them with the solid and true pleasures they found by their own experience in the silence of the forests, that in a very short time they were confirmed in their holy vocation. The rules and the example given them by the two holy anchorites were the two most powerful means that led them to the perfection they aspired to. God inspired these two celebrated hermits to go to Rome to consult the Sovereign Pontiff on their design. Docile to the voice of heaven, they left their disciples to the care of divine Wisdom and set out, although the season was beginning to be unfavourable. A few days after their arrival in Rome, the Pope approved their institute, as we have said in the life of St. John of Matha, on 8 February.

After such happy success they returned to France and went to comfort the dear disciples they had left at Cerfroid in the care of Providence alone. They set to work at once to perfect the rules and constitutions they had already begun. John of Matha went back to Rome shortly afterwards to have the Rule confirmed after completing it, so that Felix of Valois remained sole superior of Cerfroid. It was then that he worked to give great growth to the Order, of which he had been declared Patriarch by the vicar of Jesus Christ. A great number of good subjects came to put themselves under his wise direction, and several persons of rank, some of them his close relatives, gave him all he needed to construct the necessary buildings. He was the counsellor of the whole country and the physician of body and soul to all the afflicted. He miraculously healed all the sick and gave comforting and salutary advice to all who consulted him in their troubles.

All hell rose up against this new Order. The devils first attacked the holy Patriarch with countless assaults. Sometimes they inspired him with feelings of vainglory and self-satisfaction at the great progress he was making in his Order. At other times they tried to overcome him by open force, raining countless blows on him even outwardly. They troubled his disciples and new religious with countless evil impressions and malicious, diabolical suggestions, all aimed at making these innocent hermits leave the desert and persuading them to return to the world. But Felix, always successful in these assaults and always victorious in the hard battles, lost none of those whom heaven had entrusted to him, and kept himself to his death the humblest of all men.

Although the holy Patriarch was obliged by necessity, against all his inclinations, to throw himself into countless cares and outward labours that the building of his monasteries demanded every day, it was nevertheless a spectacle worthy of great admiration to see the constant modesty and wholly angelic

recollection he was able to keep. It was enough to see him to be moved to devotion, and many confessed that his bearing alone and the mere sight of his venerable face had worked great feelings of conversion in them. Nothing could make him lose his hours of prayer. If necessity interrupted during the day this sweet exercise that was all his delight, he knew how to make up for it amply at night. Quite often he spent the time from evening until Matins adoring, praying and sighing before the crucifix at the foot of the high altar of the church where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. After Matins he withdrew to a chapel of the Blessed Virgin to spend the rest of the night in other like exercises of piety and penance.

He had a most singular devotion to the Mother of God. He had her honoured under the title of Our Lady of Remedy, to show that we must turn to her to obtain the healing of our ills. A Confraternity of Our Lady under that name was later set up and united to that of the Holy Trinity.

St. Felix, having learned by revelation that his death was near, told his disciples. He had only one desire on earth: to see Father John of Matha once more before dying. God did not disapprove of this innocent wish; He even let him know that he would see him, and Felix told his disciples in advance that Father John of Matha would soon arrive. The event proved his prediction: against all likelihood Father de Matha arrived and brought inexpressible joy to the houses of the Order already established in France. Felix conferred with him for the last time on all the affairs of the Order. John of Matha told him of all the blessings God had given to the houses he had established in Spain and Italy, and of the happy success of several redemptions he had made on the coasts of Barbary, at Tunis, at Algiers and in the kingdom of Valencia. Felix for his part told John of Matha of the Order's progress in France: the monasteries that had been founded, the prospects of establishing new ones soon, the alms he held in trust for redemptions in infidel lands, the regular observance, and the other things needed to maintain the Order and make it grow.

When his holy friend had left again for Italy, Felix was attacked by a fever that made it clear his hour was not far off, so old was he and so worn out with labours and austerities. He was favoured with several ecstasies during his illness. He received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with wholly angelic devotion and went into a rapture after receiving these last helps of the Church. Coming out of it, he spoke a few more words burning with seraphic love, which showed the ardour with which his heart had just been inflamed. At last his voice failed and, raising his eyes to heaven, where his heart already was, he gave up his spirit to God while giving a kiss of love to the image of Jesus Christ on the cross. It was 4 November 1212. His face at once appeared surrounded with light, and his body gave off an odour so sweet that it surpassed the most exquisite perfumes. The death of this great servant of God was not unknown to St. John of Matha: Felix of Valois had no sooner died than he appeared to him surrounded with glory and light.

St. Felix of Valois is represented with a crucifix in his hand, to recall his attachment to mortification and perhaps also the last circumstance of his life. He is also given a purse and a cross-bearing stag as attributes.

Giacinto Calandrucci painted him holding a standard with the arms of Valois, with a captive freed from his chains at his side.

An octagonal medal struck at Rome in the 17th century shows on one side St. Felix of Valois and St. John of Matha, to whom an angel appears between two slaves. On the other side it shows the Virgin appearing to St. Felix, clothed in the habit of his Order, singing the office with him and with a crowd of angels who had taken their places in the stalls of the church of Cerfroid. The Trinitarians bore as arms the old shield of France with fleurs-de-lis without number, with the red and blue cross at the centre. Two stags served as supporters. These arms clearly recalled both St. Felix's princely birth and the miraculous origin of the Order.

CULT AND RELICS.

Felix was buried in the church of Cerfroid, a place then in the diocese of Meaux and, since the Concordat, belonging to the Church of Soissons. His tomb became a much-frequented place of pilgrimage. He was

invoked above all for children suffering from wasting sickness, and the Church of Meaux honoured him particularly from the year 1219. Apart from this exception, the cult of St. Felix of Valois long remained a prerogative of the Trinitarian Order. Only on 1 May 1262 were the honours of solemn canonization paid him by Urban IV, whose original bull, dated 4 October 1263, was lost in the course of the following ages. So when the Trinitarians in the 17th century sought the inscription of their founders' names in the Roman Breviary, they could produce only equivalent proofs. They showed that John of Matha and Felix of Valois had enjoyed the honours of cult from time immemorial and had been called saints by several popes, notably in a bull of Urban VIII. Louis XIV brought his powerful solicitation to bear, and in 1671 the Sacred Congregation of Rites inscribed St. Felix's name in the Roman Martyrology on 4 November.

Later it was noticed that the feast of St. Felix of Valois was always outranked by that of St. Charles Borromeo, which fell on the same day, and in 1679 it was moved to 20 November. A vain search was made at Cerfroid in 1705 to find St. Felix's burial place. A small relic is kept in the present monastery. The Trinitarians of Saint-Quentin left that town in the middle of the 13th century to settle at Templeux-la-Fosse, in the present deanery of Roisel. Their charter of foundation, given by Vermundus, bishop of Noyon, is dated 29 January 1254. It was these religious who in 1665 took over the direction of the college of Péronne.

In 1866 M. l'abbé Capella, parish priest of Authie and vicar general of Mgr. Massaia, vicar apostolic of the Gallas (southern Abyssinia), founded in the diocese of Amiens the Work for the Ransom of Slaves, which is annexed to the Order of the Holy Trinity and adopted by that of Our Lady of Mercy.

For this biography we have used the Vie des Saints Jean de Matha et Félix de Valois by the R. P. Ignace Dilloud, and the Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens by M. l'abbé Corblet.

(1) Cerfroid is today in the diocese of Soissons; it is a hamlet of Brumetz, canton of Neuilly-Saint-Front.

(2) On the Order of the Redemption of Captives, see the life of St. John of Matha, 8 February.

(3) This spring was later called the Fountain of the Trinity because of a carving of the three divine Persons. It is now within the enclosure of the monastery of Cerfroid.

ST. MAXENTIA,(1) VIRGIN AND MARTYR IN THE BEAUVAISIS (5th century)

Maxentia's father was Malcolm, king of the Scots, lately converted to the Christian faith by the illustrious St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland. Brought up from her earliest years according to the precepts of the Gospel, she feared the Lord and kept His commandments. Soon the holy delights of virtue held so strong an attraction for her that she renounced the joys of the earth and made to Jesus Christ the generous sacrifice of her virginity. To preserve herself from the corrupting breath of the world, Maxentia resolved to flee its approaches. Withdrawn into the most secret part of her apartments, she lived there united to God, hiding her youth and beauty from every eye. By humility, prayer and watchfulness over herself she became daily more pleasing to the heavenly Spouse she had chosen for her portion; but however much she hid her merits, they only shone the more. A pagan prince of the neighbourhood, hearing her wisdom and charms praised, came to ask for her hand; and Malcolm granted it, fearing the anger and vengeance of this noble suitor.

As soon as Maxentia knew the dangers to which her pious resolutions were exposed, she prostrated herself at the foot of the altars and implored the Lord to defend a heart that belonged to Him. Prayer gave calm back to her soul and inspired in her the thought and the courage to seek her salvation in flight. She confided her plans to an old and faithful servant of the king her father, named Barbantius, and to Rosebia, one of her most devoted attendants, and persuaded them to share her exile. With them she secretly left her family and country and came, led by the hand of the Lord, to gladden the Beauvaisis with the spectacle of her virtues.

After the fatigues of a long and painful journey, borne with patience after the example and for love of a God who died on the cross, Maxentia stopped on the banks of the river Oise, not far from the town that bears her name today and was then called *Litanobriga*. There, helped by old Barbantius and Rosebia her companion, she built a little hut near a spring, in which she led a hidden life of penance.

Meanwhile Maxentia's flight soon became known to the prince who had obtained her hand. Convinced that he had been deceived by the king and his daughter, the proud suitor went in all haste to Malcolm and pressed him, with threats, to hand over the woman who was to be his wife. Malcolm, as grieved as the prince was angry, tried to calm him with gentle and affectionate words. He called heaven to witness that his daughter had fled without his knowledge, and said he was ready to keep his promise as soon as Maxentia was restored to him. "Go and look for her yourself," he added; "and if you succeed in bringing her back to my palace, I consent that she become your wife at once." Without losing an instant the prince, followed by a large escort, ran on Maxentia's track with the fury of a hunter pursuing his prey. Learning that she had crossed into Gaul, he crossed the sea and succeeded in discovering the refuge where she was hiding her virtues. Surprised suddenly in her solitude, Maxentia drew from her faith and her love for Jesus Christ the strength to overcome so hard a trial. Her courage did not weaken before flattery and promises. "Flee my presence," she said to the prince with admirable firmness. "Go away, minister of Satan, and do not hope that there will ever be anything in common between us. I hold your flattery and your treasures in equal contempt. You will neither shake me nor seduce me, for I have the Saviour for my support and guide." These words turned the prince's love into blind fury. Having tried in vain to bend Maxentia to his designs by fear of torture and death, he seized her by the hair and cut off her head. The monster also took the lives of Barbantius and Rosebia and went back to his country, his conscience stained with three horrible crimes, while his noble victims made their triumphant entry into the kingdom of heaven.

It was on 20 November, in the 5th century of the Christian era, that Maxentia received the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. The people of Litanobriga gathered up the Saint's body and buried it with honour. Later they raised a chapel and a priory on the place of her execution and adopted her as patroness. Her cult became so popular at Litanobriga that from the 7th century the town ceased to bear its own name and took that of Pont-Sainte-Maxence. Her memory was much celebrated in the churches of the three kingdoms of the British Isles until the time of their break with Rome. In Ireland the feast of St. Maxentia was kept on 24 October, in England on 6 April, and in Scotland on 20 November. Although the chapel and priory raised in her honour were destroyed at the end of the 18th century, together with her precious relics, the town of Pont has not ceased to invoke her, and every year at Whitsuntide a multitude of the faithful still go to venerate the places where the virgin martyr shed her blood.

She is represented:

1° beheaded by a young libertine; 2° on or near a bridge, as patroness of Pont-Sainte-Maxence.

Vies des Saints du diocèse de Beauvais, by M. l'abbé Sabatier.

(1) Alias Maissence, Messence, *Maxentia*.

ST. EDMUND, KING OF ENGLAND, MARTYR (870)

Offa (757–796) reigned over the East Angles. Wishing to end his days in Rome in the exercises of piety and penance, he handed his crown to Edmund, who was only fifteen but showed the happiest inclinations to virtue and was descended from the ancient Anglo-Saxon kings of Britain. According to the historians of his life, Edmund was placed on the throne of his ancestors and crowned on Christmas Day 855 at the castle of Burum (today Bures or Buers), on the Stour. His moral and religious qualities made him the model of good kings. In so young a prince people admired the most decided aversion to flatterers. He wished to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, so much did he fear being taken by surprise in his judgements, false

reports and the schemes of human passions. His whole ambition was to keep the peace and secure the happiness of his subjects. Hence his zeal to have justice administered with integrity and to make religion and good morals flourish in his states. He was the father of his subjects, above all of the poor, the protector of widows and orphans, the support and stay of the weak. His fervour in the service of God enhanced the brilliance of his other virtues. Following the example of the monks and many other devout persons, he learned the Psalter by heart. The book he used was religiously kept at the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds (county of Suffolk) until the destruction of the monasteries in England.

St. Edmund had reigned fifteen years when he was attacked by the Danes. Hinguar and Hubba, two princes of that nation who surpassed all pirates in barbarity, landed in England and spent the winter among the East Angles. Having made a truce with that people, they left for the North in the summer. They put all Northumberland and Mercia to fire and sword, marching through the provinces of Lincoln, Northampton and Cambridge. Edmund, trusting in the treaties, had believed his subjects safe and had not prepared for war. But seeing that nothing was sacred to the barbarians, he gathered what troops he could and marched against them. He defeated part of their army near Thetford (county of Suffolk). This loss was soon made good, and the infidels' army was even strengthened by fresh troops. Edmund, too weak to hold the field and unwilling to waste his subjects' blood to no purpose, withdrew toward his castle of Framlingham. The barbarians made him various proposals, which he refused because they were contrary to religion and to the justice he owed his people. He preferred to face death rather than betray his conscience. While he was fleeing, the infidels surrounded him at Hoxne on the Waveney. He tried in vain to hide; his retreat was discovered. He was loaded with heavy chains and taken to the general's tent. There new proposals were made to him; but he answered firmly that religion was dearer to him than life and that he would never consent to offend the God he worshipped. Hinguar, furious at this answer, had him cruelly beaten; then, having ordered him to be tied to a tree, he had him torn with whips. The holy king bore this barbarous treatment with unconquerable patience, calling on the sacred name of Jesus. The infidels left him tied to the tree and loosed a hail of arrows at him, with which his body was soon bristling. At last Hinguar condemned him to be beheaded. So the Saint completed his martyrdom (20 November 870). The infidels carried Edmund's head into a wood and threw it into the undergrowth; but it was miraculously found again and buried with the body at Hoxne. Shortly afterwards these holy relics were translated to Bedricsworth, later called Bury St. Edmunds. The holiness of the servant of God was attested by various miracles. In 920 fear of the barbarians caused his relics to be carried to London, where they remained for three years in the church of St. Gregory. They were then taken back to Bury St. Edmunds. The wooden church built there in honour of St. Edmund lasted until the time of King Canute. To make amends for the outrages his father Sweyn had done to that place and to St. Edmund's relics, Canute founded (1020) a new church and abbey in honour of the holy Martyr and had them built with the greatest magnificence.

St. Edmund is represented:

> *1° tied to a tree and pierced with arrows; 2° beheaded, with a wolf at his side guarding his head from the approach of carnivorous animals.*

Father Giry, completed with the Caractéristiques des Saints of Father Cahier.

21 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Jerusalem, the Presentation of the glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, in the Temple. — The same day, the heavenly birthday of St. Rufus, whom the apostle St. Paul mentions in his Epistle to the Romans.(1) 1st

c. — At Rome, the execution of Sts. Celsus and Clement. — At Ostia, the holy martyrs Demetrius and Honoratus. — At Reims, St. Albert, bishop of Liège and martyr, who was put to death for the defence of the liberties of the Church. 1192. — In Spain, the holy martyrs Honorius, Eutychius and Stephen (or Estève). — In Pamphylia, St. Heliodorus, martyr, who was executed during the persecution of Aurelian, under the governor Aetius. His executioners were converted by the example of his constancy and were thrown into the sea. 3rd c. — At Rome, St. Gelasius, pope, remarkable for his learning and holiness. About 496. — At Verona, St. Maurus, bishop and confessor. — At the monastery of Bobbio, the death of St. Columban, abbot, who founded several monasteries and was the father of a great number of religious, and who, after shining by his virtues, died in a happy old age. 615.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Autun, St. Columban, founder and abbot of Luxeuil, cited in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 615. — In the dioceses of Avignon, Châlons, Limoges, Meaux, Paris and Saint-Dié, feast of the Presentation of the Most Holy Virgin, given today in the same source. — At Metz, St. Pappolus, bishop of that see and confessor.(2) 624. — At Waucourt, between Arras and Cambrai, St. Autbod (Aubode, Obode), the Irish missionary of whom we spoke on the previous day, where he is honoured in the dioceses of Arras and Soissons. 690. — At Brive-la-Gaillarde, in the diocese of Tulle, St. Liberalis, confessor. A native of Brive, he resolved to withdraw into solitude and, leaving his country, travelled toward the Alps and so came to the city of Embrun (Hautes-Alpes). He would have wished to live there unknown; but the brilliance of his virtues betrayed his humility, and the clergy and faithful chose him as bishop. Liberalis showed himself faithful in all things to his divine mission and gave himself without reserve to the labours of his holy ministry. His body was laid in the church of Brive. About 940. — In the church of Saint-Étienne at Bar-le-Duc, in the diocese of Verdun, on the Sunday after 21 November, feast of Our Lady of the Watch.(3) — At Sainte-Croix, in the diocese of Nantes, feast of Our Lady of Good Help. The original shrine, built on the little island of La Saulzaie, dated from 1443. Rebuilt in 1778, it has been a private house since the Revolution of ’93. Sainte-Croix then raised within its church an altar to replace the old chapel. Pilgrims came there, and Pius IX attached to it (1854) a plenary indulgence, with an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for each visit to the altar.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Romaeus, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He was born at Llívia, near Puigcerdà in Catalonia, and so is often called Romaeus of Livia or Romaeus the Catalan. He held the office of prior at the convents of Lyons and Bordeaux, and for some years he also governed the province of Toulouse. He was accomplished in every kind of virtue. The grave historian Bernard Gui, who had heard of his qualities from eyewitnesses, dwells with pleasure on his praise: “One could not see a religious more observant, more mortified, more modest, gentler or humbler.” The secret of this high holiness was devotion to the Mother of God. From childhood he had consecrated himself to her service, and for love of her he entered the Order of St. Dominic, where she was greatly honoured. The *Ave Maria* was constantly on his lips. He said the angelic salutation at least a thousand times a day, using a knotted cord in the form of a rosary to count them. The mystery of the Incarnation was the object of his constant contemplation. He could not keep from speaking of the Son of God made man and of the Virgin His Mother, whether in his sermons or in conversation. His blessed death came on the day of the Presentation of the Virgin in the temple, a fortunate day for him, since he presented himself to Jesus and Mary laden with merits. Twenty-four years after his death, the many miracles worked at his tomb led the religious to translate his body. It was found perfectly preserved and was given a very honourable burial. It was kept with great veneration at Carcassonne, where he died. At the Revolution his relics were profaned and scattered. He is gladly represented holding a crown of roses, in the middle of which shines the monogram of the *Ave Maria*. 1261.

(1) We gave the notice of St. Rufus, founder of the Church of Avignon, on 22 March (vol. iii, p. 601).

(2) Pappolus held the see of Metz for only three years (607–610). Outside the city walls he founded the abbey of the Holy Innocents, which in the 10th century took the name of Saint-Symphorien when Blessed Adalbero II rebuilt it and placed there relics of the holy Martyr of Autun. St. Pappolus gave the monastery of the Innocents great properties, in particular the estate of Plappeville (*Pappoli Villa*) near Metz. He was buried there, and after him several of the bishops his successors. The abbey of Saint-Symphorien was later transferred into the city, and the Benedictine religious succeeded the Jesuits in running the great college. St. Pappolus's tomb was discovered in 1513; it was of marble inlaid with precious mosaics. — *Local notes.*

(3) In the 12th century, under Renaud I, count of Bar, the town was besieged by soldiers who came from the direction of Verdun. Having made themselves masters of the lower town, the besiegers advanced as far as the Porte-au-Bois (upper town) and were about to invade that part of the city. Now above the Porte-au-Bois the piety of the people of Bar had placed a statue of the Mother of God holding the Saviour of the world on one arm. A soldier picked up a piece of tile on his way and threw it at the statue, shouting: "Look out for yourself!" At once the Virgin caught the tile in her hand and gave it to the Child Jesus. The blaspheming soldier fell stone dead, and the Virgin cried: "To the watch! the town is taken!" This saving cry reached the post that was keeping watch, which, profiting from the supernatural warning, fell furiously on the besiegers and pursued them into the plain, where they vanished.

From then on Our Lady of the Watch became famous. In the 15th century the statue exchanged its modest niche for a chapel, to which many pilgrims flocked. The holy Mysteries were celebrated there every day, and frequent miracles repaid the piety of the faithful. Then came the dark days of the Revolution: in 1794 the chapel was razed and the statue broken to pieces. Thanks to the zeal of MM. Rollet and Gouget, former parish priests of Saint-Étienne of Bar, the miraculous statue has been restored. Since 1806 it has stood in the parish church, where a chapel was raised (1655) in its honour. — *Local tradition.*

THE PRESENTATION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM

Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui, filia principis! How beautiful are thy steps, O daughter of the King of kings! Canticle of Canticles, vii, 1.

Devout parents never fail to consecrate their children to the Lord, before and after their birth. Among the Jews this general consecration was not always thought enough. Some offered their children to God when they were born; these children lodged in the buildings belonging to the temple and served the priests and Levites in the holy functions of their ministry. We have an example of this special consecration in the person of Samuel and some other Jews. There were also apartments for the women who devoted themselves to the divine service in the temples. Among these women were Josabeth, [wife] of Joiada, and Anna, daughter of Phanuel.

It is an ancient tradition that the Blessed Virgin in her childhood was solemnly offered to God in the temple, and this gave rise to the feast celebrated today. It is called the Presentation, and the Greeks often call it the Entry of the Blessed Virgin into the temple. It is mentioned in the most ancient martyrologies, as well as in a constitution of the emperor Manuel reported by Balsamon. We have several discourses on this feast. Their authors are Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, in the 8th century; St. Tarasius, patriarch of the same Church; the emperor Leo the Philosopher; George, who was not archbishop of Nicomedia, as Surius states, but chancellor of the church of Constantinople; and others. It passed from the Greeks to the West, and it was being celebrated at Avignon in 1372. Three years later it is named in a letter of Charles V, king of France. Sixtus V ordered in 1585 that its office be recited throughout the Church. According to Molanus, Pius II and Paul III had published it and attached indulgences to it.

Who could tell with what holy dispositions Mary made this offering of herself to God? She dedicated and consecrated herself in the depth of her heart in so pure and eminent a way that never had angel or man dedicated himself to God with such purity and such love.

The heavenly spirits, seeing her climb the steps of the temple with courage and approach the sanctuary with a wholly heavenly innocence, gravity, modesty and fervour, must have cried out with the Bridegroom of the Canticle: “How charming are thy steps and how pleasing thy shoes, O prince’s daughter! How beautiful thou art, how full of charm and grace, and how wonderful are the delights with which thou art filled and which thou givest to those who look on thee!”

In this august ceremony Mary parted from what she held dearest on earth and what most deserved her affection, and, to obey the voice of God in Psalm xliv, she forgot her people and her father’s house. Joachim and Anne for their part gave God what they had most precious, worth more than all the treasures of the world; and there was seen then in the temple the most excellent victim ever offered before the throne of the divine Majesty. But what were the occupations of this incomparable virgin in the twelve years she remained enclosed there? We shall say in four words that she behaved there as a humble handmaid devoted to the service of her Lord, as a careful and intelligent pupil attentive to her master’s lessons, as a faithful bride anticipated by her Bridegroom’s caresses, and as a most pure victim sacrificing herself on the altar of her God. She said constantly what she later said with such happiness: “Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word!” And in this spirit she was first at work, the most fervent at the temple offices, the most obedient to the priests, who represented God’s authority to her, and the most self-effacing and humbled in the thought of His adorable presence.

Epiphanius, a priest of Constantinople, thinks she learned the Hebrew language there so as to read the sacred books in their original tongue, and that she was also taught to work wool, linen thread, silk and gold, so that she might make or adorn the priestly vestments.

Her sweetness and consolations as a bride were no less. St. John Chrysostom, explaining the angel Gabriel’s words in the first chapter of St. Matthew, “Fear not, Joseph, son of David, to take Mary thy wife”, says it was the custom among the Jews that when a man had married a girl not yet of age, he took her to his own home to be himself the witness and guardian of her chastity; Roman law later ordered the same. It seems that the Holy Spirit chose today to respect this custom. Mary was His bride, but she was still very little. What does He do? He takes her to His house, which is the temple, so that she may be brought up there in an innocence and holiness worthy of her divine vocation. Three parts were distinguished in the temple: the Court, which everyone entered; the Holy Place, where the priests offered the sacrifices; and the Holy of Holies, which only the high priest had power to enter, for the most solemn ceremonies. St. Evodius, patriarch of Antioch, and St. Germanus of Constantinople say without hesitation, as a thing known by undoubted tradition, that Mary not only had leave to pray in the secret place set aside for virgins, but by a special privilege also had entry into the holiest part of the temple, at the foot of the Ark of the Covenant. It was there that, withdrawn alone, she poured out her heart before God; it was there that she spoke tenderly with Him.

Being a bride did not keep her from being in the temple the victim and sacrifice of her God. She offered herself continually to His glory; every day she made a morning sacrifice and an evening sacrifice there: a morning sacrifice by acts of faith, confidence, pure love, adoration and praise; an evening sacrifice by works of mortification and penance. Nothing was lacking to these sacrifices. They were whole and unreserved, for Mary never had any disordered affection or attachment to creatures; her renunciation was complete, and nothing could please her but God alone. They were voluntary, and she made them with joy, for we may say of her what the prophet Isaias says of her Son: *Oblata est quia ipsa voluit*, “She was offered because she herself willed it.” Finally, they were marked by stability and perseverance, for many hold that it was at this time that she made a perpetual vow of virginity, and some doctors even believe she had made it before her presentation. St. Ambrose and St. Jerome consider here also her modesty, her silence, her recollection, her

assiduity in prayer, her charity toward her companions, the care she took to inspire them to good and lead them to sublime virtues, and her fidelity in giving perpetual thanks to her sovereign benefactor.

We leave the reader to make deeper meditations on the whole course of this mystery, and content ourselves with noting two great lessons we must draw from it. The first is not to put off giving ourselves to God by a perfect conversion, as Mary presented herself in the temple from her tenderest childhood. Indeed, we owe Him not only our riper years and our old age, but all our years, all our hours and all our moments; since we receive them all from Him, it is just that we use them only for His service. The second is to fulfil faithfully our vows and promises to God, as Mary fulfilled with such religion the vow her parents had made for her birth, according to the word of the Royal Prophet: *Vovete et reddite*, "It is not enough to make vows; we must fulfil them." A vow is a contract we make with God, in which we promise Him and He promises us. He will not fail to give us faithfully what He has promised us; let us not fail either to render Him exactly what we have promised Him. If we wish our offerings to be perfectly pleasing to Him, let us unite them to those of our august queen. Let us make them with the innocence, purity of intention and fervour that appeared in her presentation, and let us implore her help, so that, as she never slackened in her first resolutions, we too may remain firm, constant and unshakeable in the love of our sovereign Lord.

Popular art has treated the subject of the Presentation in the temple. Mary is shown received by the high priest at the foot of the altar, with St. Joachim and St. Anne behind her. In the sanctuary, behind the altar, the young Virgin, placed as on a block of stone, is fed by an angel until the age of twelve.

We have kept the account of Father Giry.

ST. COLUMBAN, FOUNDER AND ABBOT OF LUXEUIL

615. — Pope: St. Deusdedit. — King of France: Clothaire II.

True piety does not consist in humbling the body, but in humility of heart. Maxim of the Saint.

St. Columban, the rival of St. Benedict, was born in the very year the patriarch of Monte Cassino died. Trained from childhood in letters and the liberal arts, he also had to struggle early against the temptations of the flesh. His beauty, which drew every eye, exposed him to the shameless advances of the fair women of Ireland. In vain he plunged into the study of grammar, rhetoric, geometry and holy Scripture; the goad of pleasure still pressed him. He went and knocked at the cell of a devout recluse and consulted her. "Twelve years ago," she answered, "I myself left my home to make war on evil. Burning with the fires of youth, you will try in vain to escape your frailty as long as you stay on your native soil. Have you forgotten Adam, Samson, David and Solomon, all lost through the seductions of beauty and love? Young man, to save yourself you must flee." He listened to her, believed her, and decided to go. His mother tried to stop him and lay down before him across the threshold of her door. He stepped over that dear obstacle and left the province of Leinster, where he was born. After some time spent with a learned teacher, who had him compose a commentary on the Psalms, he took refuge at Bangor, among the thousands of monks still filled with the first fervour that had gathered them there under the crozier of the holy abbot Comgall.

But this first apprenticeship in the holy war was not enough for him. The roving temper of his race, the passion for pilgrimage and preaching, carried him beyond the seas. He heard ringing constantly in his ears the voice that had said to Abraham: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." That land was ours. The abbot tried in vain to keep him. Columban, then thirty years old, left Bangor with twelve other monks, crossed Great Britain and landed in Gaul. He found the Catholic faith standing there, but Christian virtue and Church discipline outraged or unknown, thanks to the fury of the wars and the negligence of the bishops. For several years he devoted himself to travelling through the country, preaching the Gospel, and above all giving the example of the humility and charity he taught to all. In the course of his apostolic journeys he came to Burgundy, where

King Guntram welcomed him. His eloquence delighted the king and his leudes. Fearing to see him go farther, Guntram offered him anything he wished to keep him. When the Irishman answered that he had not left his country to seek riches but to follow Christ carrying his cross, the king insisted. He told him there were wild and lonely places enough in his states where he could find the cross and win heaven, but that he must on no account leave Gaul or think of converting other nations before he had secured the salvation of the Franks and Burgundians.

Columban yielded to this wish and chose as his dwelling the old Roman castle of Annegray.(1) There he and his companions led the harshest of lives. He spent whole weeks with no food but the grass of the fields, the bark of trees and the bilberries found in our fir woods, and he received no provisions but the charity of the neighbours. He often left his disciples to plunge alone into the woods and live in company with the beasts. There, as later, in his long and intimate communion with the harsh and wild nature of those deserts, nothing frightened him, and he frightened no one. Everything obeyed his voice. The birds came to receive his caresses, and the squirrels came down from the tops of the firs to hide in the folds of his cowl. He had driven a bear out of the cave that served him as a cell. He had taken from another a dead stag whose hide was to serve as shoes for his brethren. One day, as he wandered in the thickest of the wood carrying a volume of holy Scripture on his shoulder, he was wondering whether the ferocity of beasts that do not sin was not better than the rage of men who lose their souls. He saw twelve wolves come at him and surround him right and left. He stood still, reciting the verse *Deus in adjutorium*. The wolves touched his clothes with their jaws and, seeing him without fear, went on their way. He went on his, and a few steps further he heard a great noise of human voices, which he recognized as those of a band of German brigands of the Suevian nation who were then ravaging the region. He did not see them; but he had cause to thank God for preserving him from that double danger. One may see in it a double symbol of the constant struggle the monks had to wage in their laborious career against the wild forces of nature and the still wilder barbarity of men.

After some years the growing number of his disciples obliged him to move elsewhere. Through the protection of one of the chief ministers of the Frankish king, Agnoald, who was married to a Burgundian woman of very noble race, he obtained from Guntram the site of another stronghold, named Luxeuil. There had been hot baths there, magnificently adorned by the Romans, and in the neighbouring forests could still be seen the idols the Gauls had worshipped. On the ruins of these two civilizations was planted the great monastic metropolis of Austrasia and Burgundy (590).

Luxeuil lay on the borders of those two kingdoms, at the foot of the Vosges and north of that Sequania whose southern region the abbey of Condat had already lit up for more than a century. This whole country on the flanks of the Vosges and the Jura, later so famous and so blessed under the name of Franche-Comté, then offered, over a length of sixty leagues and an average width of ten to fifteen, nothing but parallel chains of inaccessible gorges. They were broken by impenetrable forests and bristling with immense fir woods that came down from the summits of the highest mountains to shade the swift, pure waters of the Doubs, the Dessoubre and the Loue. The barbarian invasions, above all that of Attila, had burnt the Roman towns to ashes and wiped out all cultivation and population. Vegetation and wild beasts had taken back this solitude, which it was reserved to the disciples of Columban and Benedict to turn into fields and pastures. Disciples flocked round the Irish colonist. Soon he counted several hundred in the three monasteries he had built one after another(2) and governed together. The Frankish and Burgundian nobles, overcome by the sight of these grandeurs of work and prayer, brought him their sons and lavished donations on him. Often they came and asked him to cut their long hair, the badge of nobility and freedom, and to admit them into the ranks of his army. Under Columban’s strong hand work and prayer had reached proportions unheard of until then. The crowd of poor serfs and rich lords became so great that he was able to organize the perpetual office called *Laus perennis*. It already existed at Agaunum, on the other side of the Jura and Lake Leman; in it, day and night, the voices of the monks, “as tireless as those of the angels”, took turns in celebrating the praises of

God in an endless song.(3) All, rich and poor alike, were bound to the work of clearing the land, which Columban directed himself. With his natural impetuosity he spared no weakness. He required even the sick to go and thresh the corn on the floor. An article of his Rule bids the monk go to bed so tired that he is already asleep on the way, and get up before he has slept enough. It is at the price of this perpetual and excessive labour that half our country and of ungrateful Europe has been given back to cultivation and to life.

Twenty years passed in this way, during which Columban's reputation grew and spread far. But his influence was not uncontested. He displeased part of the Gallo-Frankish clergy: first by the Irish peculiarities of his dress and tonsure, perhaps also by the intemperate zeal with which his letters reminded the bishops of their duties, and more certainly by his obstinacy in having Easter celebrated in the Irish way. That meant keeping it on the fourteenth day of the moon when that day fell on a Sunday, instead of celebrating it with the whole Church on the Sunday after the fourteenth day. This pretension, at once petty and oppressive, troubled his whole life and weakened all his authority, for he pushed his stubbornness on this point so far as to try more than once to bring the Holy See itself round to his view.

It is, however, doubtful whether this attitude did not shake the ascendancy that Columban's virtues and holiness had won him among the Gallo-Franks. But he soon regained it entirely in the conflict he waged, for the honour of Christian morals, against Queen Brunhild and her grandson. The thirst to reign alone led this queen astray, she whose youth had been blameless, to the point of encouraging in her grandsons the polygamy that seems to have been the sad privilege of the Germanic princes, and above all of the Merovingians. For fear of having a rival in credit and power with the young king Theuderic, she opposed with all her might his replacing his concubines with a lawful queen. When at last he decided to marry a Visigothic princess, Brunhild, though herself the daughter of a Visigothic king, managed to turn her grandson against her and have her repudiated at the end of a year. The bishop of Vienne, St. Didier, who had advised the king to marry, was struck down by assassins whom the queen mother had posted.

Yet young Theuderic had religious instincts. He was glad to have in his kingdom a holy man like Columban and often went to visit him. The zealous Irishman took the opportunity to reproach him for his disorders and urge him to seek the comfort of a lawful wife, so that the royal line might come from an honourable queen and not from a place of prostitution. The young king promised to amend; but Brunhild easily turned him from these good inspirations. When Columban came to see her at the manor of Bourcheresse, she presented to him the four sons Theuderic already had by his concubines. "What do these children want of me?" said the monk. "They are the king's sons," said the queen; "strengthen them with your blessing." "No!" answered Columban; "they will not reign, for they come from an evil place." From that moment Brunhild swore war to the death against him. First she had the religious of the monasteries Columban governed forbidden to leave them, and everyone forbidden to receive them or give them the least help.

Columban wished to try to enlighten Theuderic and bring him back. He went to find him at his royal villa of Époisses. Learning that the abbot had arrived but would not enter the palace, the king had a sumptuously prepared meal carried out to him. Columban refused to accept anything from the hand of one who forbade the servants of God access to other men and a dwelling among them. Under the blow of his curse all the vessels containing the various dishes were miraculously broken. The king, frightened by this wonder, came with his grandmother to ask his pardon and promised to amend. Columban, appeased, returned to his monastery, where he soon learned that Theuderic had fallen back into his usual debauchery. Then he wrote the king a letter full of vehement reproaches, threatening him with excommunication. Brunhild had no trouble stirring up the chief leudes of Theuderic's court against this unaccustomed boldness. She even undertook to persuade the bishops to intervene and condemn the Rule of the new institute. Roused by all he heard around him, Theuderic resolved to take the offensive. He came to Luxeuil in person and called the abbot to account for departing from the customs of the country and for not opening the inside of the monastery to all Christians, even to women. This was another of Brunhild's grievances against Columban: he

had forbidden her, queen though she was, to cross the threshold of his monastery. The young king went in person as far as the refectory, saying that everyone must be let in everywhere or else all royal gifts must be renounced. Columban, with his usual boldness, said to the king: “If you wish to violate the strictness of our Rules, we have no need of your gifts; and if you come here to destroy our monastery, know that your kingdom will be destroyed with all your race.”

The king was afraid and went out; but he soon came back to it: “Perhaps you hope I shall give you the crown of martyrdom; but I am not mad enough for that. Only, since it pleases you to live apart from all dealings with seculars, you have only to go back the way you came, all the way to your own country.” All the lords of the royal train cried out that they too would not tolerate in their country people who cut themselves off from everyone like this. Columban said he would leave his monastery only if he were dragged from it by force. Then they seized him and took him to Besançon to await the king’s further orders (610). After that a kind of blockade was set up round Luxeuil to stop anyone leaving it. At Besançon Columban was surrounded by the respect of all and enjoyed his freedom within the town. One morning he took the opportunity to climb to the top of the rock where the citadel now stands, which the Doubs encircles with its winding waters. From that height he looked along the road to Luxeuil, seeming to look for obstacles that might prevent his return. His mind was made up: he came down, left the town and set off for Luxeuil. At the news of his return Theuderic and Brunhild sent a count with a cohort of soldiers to take him back into exile. Then took place the scene so often repeated for twelve centuries, and still in our own day, between persecutors and victims. The ministers of the royal will found him in choir, singing the office with his whole community. “Man of God,” they said, “we beg you to obey the king’s orders and ours, and to go back where you came from.” “No,” answered Columban; “having once left my country for the service of Jesus Christ, I think my Creator does not want me to go back there.” At these words the count withdrew, leaving the fiercest of his soldiers to do the rest. Overcome by the firmness of the abbot, who repeated that he would yield only to force, they knelt before him and begged him with tears to forgive them and not drive them to a violence imposed on them on pain of death. At the thought of a danger no longer his own, the intrepid Irishman gave way. He came out of the sanctuary he had founded, where he had lived for twenty years and which he was never to see again. His religious surrounded him, groaning as if they were walking at his funeral. He consoled them, telling them that this persecution, far from ruining them, would only serve to multiply “the monastic people”. All wished to follow him into exile; but a royal order forbade that consolation to monks not of Irish or British birth. Brunhild was glad to be rid of these islanders, bold and independent like their chief, but she had no wish to ruin the great house of which Burgundy was already proud. The Saint, accompanied by his Irish brethren, took the road of exile.

He was taken a second time through Besançon, then to Autun and Avallon, along the Cure and the Yonne as far as Auxerre, and from there to Nevers, where he was put on a boat on the Loire. He marked each stage with miraculous cures or other wonders, which nevertheless did not soften the rancour he had aroused. On the road to Avallon he met one of King Theuderic’s squires, who tried to run him through with his lance. At Nevers, at the moment of embarking, a brutal soldier of the outlaws’ escort took an oar and struck Lua, one of the most devout of Columban’s companions, to make him get into the boat faster. The Saint cried out: “Cruel man, by what right do you add to my pain? By what right do you dare strike the weary members of Christ? Remember that divine vengeance will overtake you on the very spot where your fury has struck the servant of God.” And indeed, on the way back the wretch fell into the water and drowned at the very place where he had struck Lua.

On reaching Orléans he sent two of his brethren into the town to get food; but no one would sell or give them anything, so as not to break the royal prohibitions. They were treated as outlaws, put out of the king’s peace, whom the Salic law forbade anyone to take in under pain of the then enormous fine of six hundred deniers. Even the churches were closed to them by the king’s order. But as they were coming back they met a Syrian

woman who asked where they came from and, having learned it, offered them hospitality and gave them all they needed. “I too,” she said, “am a stranger like you, and I come from the distant sun of the East.” She had a blind husband, to whom Columban restored his sight. The people of Orléans were moved by it; but they dared show their veneration for the outlaw only in secret.

Passing the city of Tours, Columban asked to be allowed to go and pray at the tomb of the great St. Martin, revered alike by Celts, Romans and Franks. But his savage guards ordered the sailors to row hard and keep to the middle of the river. Yet an invisible force stopped the boat, and it turned of itself toward the harbour. He went ashore and spent the night by the holy tomb. The bishop of Tours came to find him and took him to dine at his house. At table they asked why he was going back to his country. He answered: “That dog Theuderic has driven me from my brethren.” Then one of the guests, one of the king’s leudes or sworn men, said under his breath: “Is it not better to give people milk to drink than wormwood?” “I see,” Columban replied, “that you wish to keep your oath to King Theuderic. Well, go and tell your friend and lord that within three years he and his children will be wiped out, and all his race rooted out by God.” “Why speak like that, servant of God?” said the leude. “I cannot keep silent,” the Saint replied, “about what the Lord charges me to say.”

At Nantes, on the eve of leaving the soil of Gaul, his thoughts turned to Luxeuil, and he set about writing a letter in which he poured out his whole heart. He laid down the arrangements he thought best suited to secure the future of his dear community of Luxeuil, through pure elections and inner harmony. He commended to his religious confidence, strength of soul and patience, but above all peace and union. The bishop and count of Nantes hurried his departure. But the Irish ship carrying Columban’s belongings and companions, which he was to join in a small boat, was thrown back by the waves when it reached the mouth of the Loire and lay three days high and dry on the beach. Then the captain had the monks and all that belonged to them put ashore and went on his way. Columban was left free to go where he wished. He made for the court of the king of Soissons and Neustria, Clothaire II. This son of Fredegund, true to his mother’s hatred of Brunhild and her offspring, gave the most eager welcome to his enemy’s victim and tried to keep him with him. He took in good part the remonstrances the indomitable apostle, always faithful to his office of censor, addressed to him on the disorders of his court, and promised to amend. He consulted him on the quarrel that had just broken out between the two brothers Theuderic and Theudebert, each of whom was asking him for help. Columban advised him to meddle in nothing, because within three years both their kingdoms would fall into his power. He then asked for an escort to take him to Theudebert, king of Metz or Austrasia, through whose states he wished to pass on his way to Italy. Passing through Paris, Meaux and Champagne, he saw the leaders of the Frankish nobility bring him their children, and he blessed several who were destined to inherit his spirit and spread his work. Theudebert, at war with his brother Theuderic, gave the outlaw the same welcome as Clothaire II, but had no more success in keeping him. At the court of the king of Austrasia he was not far from Burgundy, and he had the consolation of seeing again several of his brethren from Luxeuil, who escaped to join him. At their head, and encouraged by Theudebert’s promises and eager protection, he set out to try to preach the faith among the still pagan nations under Austrasian rule who lived in the regions near the Rhine. That had always been his ambition, his taste and his favourite work. After sixty years of labour spent on reforming kings and peoples already Christian, he began the second phase of his life, preaching to the infidels. So he took ship on the Rhine below Mainz and went up that river and its tributaries as far as the Lake of Zurich. He stayed some time at Tuggen and at Arbon, finding here and there a few traces of the Christianity that Roman or Frankish rule had sown there, and settled at last at Bregenz on Lake Constance, among the ruins of an old Roman town.

During his stay at Bregenz our Saint went to see King Theudebert again, on what occasion is not known; the king was still at war with his brother the king of Burgundy. Enlightened by a presentiment and moved by the gratitude he owed this young prince, he advised him to give way and take refuge in the bosom of the Church by becoming a monk, rather than risk both his kingdom and his salvation. Columban’s advice made the king

and all the Franks around him laugh. “Never,” they said, “has anyone heard of a Merovingian king becoming a monk of his own free will.” “Very well,” said Columban amid their curses, “since he will not be one willingly, he will be one by force.” With that the Saint went back to his cell on the shores of Lake Constance. Soon he learned there that his persecutor Theuderic had again invaded the states of his protector Theudebert, routed him and pursued him to the gates of Cologne (612). The decisive battle was fought on the fields of Tolbiac, where Theudebert was defeated and taken. Theuderic sent him to the implacable Brunhild, who had his head shaved, then had him clothed in the monastic habit, and soon after had him put to death. Forced to leave Bregenz, Columban kept only one disciple with him, Attala, and continued his journey across the Alps. It was the image or memory of this journey that inspired the opening of one of his instructions to his monks, in which the tireless traveller compares life to a road: “O mortal life! how many you have deceived, seduced and blinded! You flee and are nothing; you appear and are only a shadow; you rise and are only smoke. You flee every day and every day you come; you flee in coming and come in fleeing, alike at the starting point, different at the end; sweet to fools, bitter to the wise. Those who love you do not know you, and only those who despise you know you. What are you then, O human life? You are the road of mortals and not their life; you begin in sin and end in death. You are therefore the road of life and not life. You are only a path, and an uneven one, long for some, short for others; broad for these, narrow for those; joyful for some, sad for others, but for all equally swift and without return. So, wretched human life, we must sound you and question you, but not trust you. We must pass through you without stopping. No one stays on a highway: one must only walk on it, in order to reach the homeland.”

The king of the Lombards, Agilulf, received the venerable exile with respect and confidence. Columban, hardly arrived at Milan, at once set to writing against the Arians, for that baneful heresy still prevailed among the Lombards; those who had not remained pagan, the nobles above all, were still in the grip of Arianism. The Irish apostle thus found new food for his missionary zeal and could give himself to it with success without renouncing his love of solitude. Agilulf gave him a territory called Bobbio, in a remote gorge of the Apennines between Genoa and Milan, not far from the famous banks of the Trebbia where Hannibal had camped and defeated the Romans. There was an old church there dedicated to St. Peter. Columban undertook to restore it and add a monastery to it. In spite of his age he insisted on sharing the workmen’s labours, and bent his old shoulders under the weight of enormous fir beams that it seemed impossible to carry across the precipices and steep paths of those mountains. This abbey of Bobbio was his last stage. He made it the citadel of orthodoxy against the Arians and lit there a hearth of learning and teaching that made it for a long time the torch of northern Italy.(4)

While the tireless missionary was thus beginning again in Italy his career as preacher and monastic founder, everything had changed among the Franks to whom he had given half his life. King Theuderic had died suddenly at twenty-six. Brunhild and Theuderic’s four sons were handed over to Clothaire. He had the two eldest murdered and showed himself the worthy son of Fredegund by the atrocious death he inflicted on Brunhild. Clothaire II, having become through all these crimes sole king of the Franks and master of Austrasia and Burgundy as well as Neustria, remembered the prediction Columban had made to him and wished to see again the Saint who had prophesied so well. So he charged Eustasius, who had replaced Columban as abbot of Luxeuil, to go and fetch his spiritual father and take with him a deputation of nobles to stand surety for the king’s good intentions. Columban received Eustasius with joy and kept him with him for some time to fill him with the spirit of the Rule he must make prevail over “the monastic people” at Luxeuil. But he refused to answer Clothaire’s call. He confined himself to writing him a letter full of salutary advice and commending to him his dear abbey of Luxeuil, which the king did indeed load with gifts and favours.

As for Columban, he ended as he had begun, by seeking a solitude still narrower than that of the monastery he had just founded at Bobbio. On the opposite bank of the Trebbia, in the side of an immense rock, he had found a cave, which he had turned into a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There he spent his last days

in fasting and prayer, returning to the monastery only for Sundays and feast days. His death came on 21 November 615.

St. Columban is represented:

1° blessing wild animals, with a sun shown on his breast; 2° at the moment when he drove a bear from its cave and settled there; 3° standing, holding a cross and a crozier, with a sun shown on his breast; 4° making water spring from a rock.

CULT AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

After his death the chapel where he had spent his last days was long venerated and visited by afflicted souls. Three centuries later the annals of the monastery recorded that those who entered it sad and downcast came out gladdened and consoled by the gentle protection of Mary and Columban. The Saint was buried at Bobbio, where his body was kept until recent times in a stone chest on the high altar of an underground crypt, with those of his successors St. Bertulf and St. Attala, if trustworthy authors are to be believed. The little town of Locminé, in the diocese of Vannes, also has some relics of the Saint and honours him as its patron.

We have from St. Columban:

1° seven pieces of verse, of interest only as specimens of the poetry of those times; 2° sixteen Instructions to his monks. They are remarkable on several counts: they show a great knowledge of holy Scripture, a special unction, and a beauty of imagery and elegance of style of which the 6th and 7th centuries would perhaps offer few examples. Sometimes antithesis is carried to excess; that was the fault of the time. These precious remains must make us regret what has been lost; 3° Letters;

4° his Rule and his Penitential, a complete treatise on the monastic life.

The Rule is divided into ten chapters: the first deals with obedience; the second, silence; the third, the food fitting for a monk; the fourth, poverty and detachment; the fifth, the contempt we must have for vanity; the sixth, chastity; the seventh, the order of the psalms; the eighth, discretion; the ninth, mortification; the tenth, the perfection of a monk. Under these various headings the Saint arranges all the counsels that can form the good religious. He rightly lays down obedience as the foundation of monastic virtue; without obedience the religious spirit disappears. Everything must rest on the two great precepts of the love of God and the love of neighbour, which are like the pillars of the spiritual building. Time must be divided between prayer and work, and not a single moment must be left to idleness. The Saint follows to the letter St. Jerome’s precept: “Always be doing something, so that the devil may always find you busy.” The divine offices were of a length that would seem excessive today, but the fervour of those heavenly men bore it easily. It was, moreover, related to the solemnity of the feast and even to the season. The shortest Matins contain twenty-four psalms and eight antiphons; the longest, seventy-five psalms and twenty-five antiphons; the middle ones, thirty-six psalms and twelve antiphons. From the Nativity of St. John the Baptist to the calends of November, the Matins of Saturday and Sunday were to contain the whole psalter. The same held for the whole winter, and on ferial days the middle Matins were said. In spring, the Saturday and Sunday Matins and those of ferial days were shortened each week by three psalms, until the first were brought down to thirty-six psalms and the second to twenty-four. This phase lasted for the ferial days until the autumn equinox. The reason for this difference was no doubt drawn from the work of the season. As for the day office, which was to be interrupted by bodily work, it consisted of three psalms at each hour, followed by prayers for sinners, for all Christendom, for the priests and all the orders of the Church’s hierarchy, for benefactors, for peace among kings, and for enemies. At the end of each psalm they knelt. Besides the prayers in choir, each religious had others of his own to say in his cell.

Obedience was the holy founder’s chief recommendation. In his view the religious must obey even in what is most repugnant to his will; like the divine Master, he must obey unto death. He is forbidden to do or undertake anything without the abbot’s counsel. It is in this denial of self-will that Columban places above

all Christian mortification; without it the mortification of the senses would be only a delusion. Yet that is not neglected. Silence must be kept continually and may be broken only for necessity and usefulness. The food consists of herbs, vegetables, meal mixed with water and a little bread; it was, however, to be proportioned to the work. Ale was the only drink; that was the name of a kind of beer made from barley or fruit and much used at the time. Wine was almost unknown among the monks, except for the holy sacrifice, for some cases of illness, or for guests. They were to eat every day so as to keep the strength needed for work. The meal was taken toward evening. Work filled the time not given to exercises of piety. It consisted chiefly in clearing and cultivating the land. The monks ploughed, harvested and threshed the grain; the monasteries were vast schools of agriculture. When Columban came to Luxeuil, the ground was covered with brambles and thorns; it was he who created the fine fields admired today round that town.

It was also a rule at Luxeuil, as in all the monasteries of that time, that there should be a library for the monks' use; St. Columban's Rule even fixes the time to be given daily to reading. It was in this way that learning and the taste for letters were kept alive in the monasteries. The Rule of St. Benedict, a century and a half older, already required that only men versed in letters be chosen as abbots. Bodily work was often suspended to copy manuscripts. Everyone knows to what elegance the art of writing was carried in those times. Even the nuns copied books. Certain convents of women, in particular those of Eika [= Maaseik, Aldeneik] in Belgium and of Bischoffsheim in Germany, had brought the art of copying and illuminating manuscripts to a wonderful perfection. Without these assiduous and persevering labours, without this care to hand on the works of antiquity, even the names dearest to literature would never have come down to us; everything would have fallen into the night of ignorance and barbarism. The Saint particularly commends chastity to his religious, and he forbade women to enter his monastery; this was partly the cause of the persecutions he suffered. In 856 we still find this prohibition in force at Luxeuil. In his Penitential Columban inflicts heavy punishments on those who have broken their vow of chastity. He also pursues avarice in monks vigorously. "It is a leprosy for them," he says, "since not only the possession but even the mere desire of what is superfluous is forbidden them." Detachment from earthly goods is in his eyes the first degree of perfection, as the second consists in rooting out vices, and the third in the perfect love of God and neighbour, and so in the taste for heavenly things, which must take the place of the taste for the goods of earth. Since human nature is always inclined to slackness, Columban drew up a penal code to keep his wise rules effective. Its provisions would seem exaggerated or ridiculous today, but they suited the Rule itself and the manners of the age. And lest contact with the world should be for his monks an occasion of dissipation or scandal, the inside of the monastery was closed to lay people; the prohibition was not lifted even for King Theuderic.

Such were the means St. Columban used to keep up in his monasteries the fervour he had himself inspired. His soul must have felt great joy at seeing so many generous disciples vie with one another in ardour in the ways of God, and as long as he lived he had the consolation of enjoying this fine sight. His Rule, moreover, has always been regarded as a true code of monastic perfection. In his lifetime he saw it established in several monasteries, and a still greater number adopted it after his death. Toward the middle of the following century it was absorbed by that of St. Benedict, with which it had more than one feature in common. The care of piety did not make Columban neglect the study of letters. A man of letters himself and very learned for his time, he took particular care to make Luxeuil a school, a centre of study whose influence could spread far.

Holy Scripture and the Fathers were the chief, or rather the only, object of the monks' studies. That, says the learned Mabillon, was the only theology of those times. Able and learned masters explained and commented on these inexhaustible sources of instruction and light. The humanities and liberal arts, geometry, rhetoric, poetics, mathematics, grammar and the rest, were not however excluded from the monasteries; but all these sciences had to converge on the principal aim, holy Scripture and the Fathers. Wars sometimes suspended these studies, but they resumed at once with peace. The reading of profane authors was tolerated, but only of

those free of all obscenity. Among St. Columban's lost works are counted:

> *1° a Commentary on the Psalms; 2° his writings against the Arians; 3° two Letters, one to King Theuderic and the other to King Clothaire; 4° letters and writings on Easter and on the Three Chapters.*

The complete works of St. Columban are found in vol. lxxx of the Latin Patrology.

Les Moines d'Occident, by de Montalembert. — Cf. Surius, Mabillon, Dom Rivet, Dom Ceillier and Hélyot.

(1) Today a hamlet of the commune of Faucogney (Haute-Saône).

(2) Annegray, Luxeuil and Fontaines. — The biographer of St. Valéry gives the figure of two hundred and twenty; other authors say six hundred.

(3) This perpetual office, called *Laus perennis*, was long in use at Saint-Maurice, at Saint-Riquier, at Saint-Denis and elsewhere. Traces of it are already seen in the first monasteries of Egypt and Palestine.

(4) The school and library of Bobbio were among the most famous of the Middle Ages. Muratori gives the catalogue of the seven hundred manuscripts it possessed in the 10th century. From there came the famous palimpsests from which Cardinal Mai drew Cicero's *De Republica*. — The monastery was suppressed only under French rule, in 1803; the church still stands and serves as a parish church.

ST. GELASIUS I, POPE (496)

Gelasius, a native of Africa and son of Valerius, succeeded Pope St. Felix III (483–492). He occupied the see of St. Peter for four years, eight months and eighteen days (1 March 492 – 19 November 496). In two ordinations held at Rome in February and December he made two deacons, thirty-two priests and seventy-seven bishops. He was a man of most ardent zeal for the spread of the faith, very learned above all in sacred literature, and of dauntless courage in resisting those who invaded the Church's rights and in humbling the pride of schismatics. While Theodoric, whom history was to call the Great, was imposing his rule on the West by the double force of diplomacy and arms and founding the kingdom of the Ostrogoths, the Sovereign Pontiff, with no weapons but right, charity and prayer, was setting on unshakeable foundations the religious discipline destined to bend all the barbarians under the yoke of the Gospel. Incessant wars, political revolutions and the turmoil of the whole world did not turn him from this work. It was modest in appearance and wholly one of inner perfecting, but it was to bear fruit no less useful to the Church herself than to the rising states of Christian Europe.

Gelasius began his apostolic mission with charity. During a famine that afflicted the city of Rome he provided for it generously. The Lupercalia and other pagan festivals still survived, in spite of the emperors' edicts and the zeal of the Pontiffs. St. Gelasius abolished them at last for ever, in spite of the senator Andromachus and several other notables of Rome. He had the books of the Manichees of Rome publicly burnt in the square of St. Mary Major. He likewise repressed the Pelagians and other sectaries, and he condemned the partisans of Acacius, in particular Euphemius of Constantinople. Though his pontificate lasted less than five years, the name of Gelasius I, with those of St. Leo and St. Gregory the Great, has left the deepest mark on the Church's liturgy, law and discipline. Besides some twenty letters preserved entire, sixty canons of Gelasius have found a place in the *Corpus juris*. We owe him the fixing of the canon of Scripture and the first index of works recognized as authentic by the Holy See. Finally, the Sacramentary that bears his name gives us the oldest collection of the liturgical formulas of the Latin Church published since the so-called Apostolic Constitutions. St. Gelasius also composed a Treatise on the Two Natures in Jesus Christ against the Nestorian errors; this great work has not come down to us. On the occasion of the schism of Eutyches he began the treatise *On the Anathema*, which death did not allow him to finish.

The life of Gelasius I matched his doctrine, which was wholly holy. He regarded the dignity he bore not as a means of domination but as a true servitude. His constant occupation was prayer and meditation on the holy

Scriptures. He delighted in the company of the servants of God and loved to talk with them of spiritual things. He practised the mortifications and fasting of the most austere anchorites; poor himself, he fed the poor. His conduct in the difficult circumstances of his pontificate was full of prudence, moderation and gentleness. St. Gelasius fell asleep in the Lord on 21 November 496 and was buried at the Vatican.

M. l'abbé Darras, Histoire générale de l'Église, vol. xiii, pp. 547–61.

ST. ALBERT, BISHOP OF LIÈGE AND MARTYR (1192)

Albert was born at Louvain, a town of Belgium (Brabant), in the middle of the 12th century. He was the son of Godfrey III, count of Louvain, and of Margaret of Limburg; his brother, Henry I, was duke of Lorraine and Brabant. As devout as he was noble, from childhood he feared God, whom he chose as the portion of his inheritance by entering the clergy of the cathedral of Liège. As he shone by the purity of his morals and the holiness of his life, he was first raised to the dignity of archdeacon. His simplicity, his guilelessness, his gentleness and meekness, his angelic purity and his great charity toward his neighbour drew all eyes to him. After the death of Bishop Radulf, public opinion loudly named him as his successor.

But God showed him how much he would have to suffer for His name. His election was lawful; yet Baldwin, count of Hainault and Namur, set out to have it annulled, and entered Liège in arms intending to enthrone one of his relatives in the see of that Church. Albert did not have the support of Henry VI, emperor of Germany; that simoniacal prince had awarded the bishopric to Lothair of Hochstaden. Albert appealed to the Roman Pontiff. He left Liège in disguise so as not to be seized by his enemies and, after a most perilous journey, reached Rome, where he was received by Pope Celestine III. The Pontiff examined the affair carefully according to canonical rule and declared that Albert had been lawfully designated bishop of Liège; and to reward his eminent virtues he made him a cardinal. On his return from Rome he was consecrated by the archbishop of Reims. Yet, for love of peace, he stayed in that city, waiting until it pleased God to put an end to the schemes of the wicked. While he was living peacefully in this refuge, some wretches bribed and hired by the emperor came to Reims, pretending that they too were fleeing the prince's vengeance. Not suspecting their treachery, Albert took them into his lodging as companions in misfortune, victims like himself of Henry's injustice, and shared his slender means with them. One day they lured him out of the city on a plausible pretext and murdered him, on 21 November 1192.

His body was laid in the tomb of the archbishops of Reims. In 1612 the Archduke Albert translated it from Reims to Brussels. He gave it to the convent of Carmelite nuns he had just founded, and carried it himself on his shoulders, accompanied by the apostolic nuncio and a great number of prelates and lords. These precious relics were taken in 1783 to the Carmelite convent of Saint-Denis near Paris and brought back to Brussels seven years later. In 1822, with the authorization of Pius VII (decree of 11 September 1821), they were divided between the cathedral of Liège and Saint-Pierre at Louvain. He is represented pierced with a sword or dagger.

Proper of Reims.

22 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Rome, St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr. She persuaded Valerian, her betrothed, and Tiburtius, Valerian's brother, to believe in Jesus Christ, and encouraged them to martyrdom. After their execution Almachius, prefect of the city, had her arrested herself; and when she overcame the violence of the fire, he had her

finished off by the sword. Her martyrdom, which has remained famous, took place under the emperor Marcus Aurelius Severus Alexander. 230. — At Colossae in Phrygia, St. Philemon and St. Apphia, disciples of St. Paul. Under the emperor Nero, one day when the pagans celebrating the feast of Diana burst into the church, they alone were seized while the other Christians fled. They were scourged by order of the governor Artocles, then buried up to the waist, and finally overwhelmed with stones.(1) 1st c. — At Rome, St. Maurus, martyr, who came from Africa to visit the tomb of the holy Apostles, fought for the faith and was executed under the emperor Numerian and Celerinus, prefect of the city. 284. — At Antioch in Pisidia, the martyrdom of Sts. Mark and Stephen under the emperor Diocletian. 4th c. — At Autun, St. Pragmatius, bishop and confessor. 520.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Albi and Paris, St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, cited in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 230. — In Auvergne, St. Calminius or Calmine, duke of Aquitaine and hermit, founder of the abbey of Saint-Chaffre (*Calminiacum*) in the diocese of Le Puy.(2) 6th c. — In Velay, St. Savinian, a religious of Saint-Chaffre, then abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Menat (*Bracum*) in the diocese of Clermont. 8th c. — In the diocese of Soissons, St. Marême or Médricine (*Mederasma*), virgin. Date uncertain. — In the Autunois, St. Magnentia, virgin, one of the five young women who, at the death of St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre (who died at Ravenna), followed his funeral procession from Ravenna to Auxerre.(3) 448.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Benedict du Pont, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He gave missions among the Tartars that have remained famous in the Dominican annals. Blessed Humbert of Romans, fifth master general of the Order, had sent him with several companions to preach the faith to the infidels. Having learned the hour of his death by a divine revelation, he died, so to speak, weapons in hand, after a sermon, as soon as he had received the last sacraments. 13th c. — At Caesarea in Cappadocia (today Kayseri, on the Halys, near Mount Argaeus), St. Verocianus, martyr. — In the diocese of Burgos (*Bravum Burgi*), in Spain, Blessed Tigridia, virgin and abbess, daughter of Sancho, count of Castile. 11th c. — Among the Greeks, St. Zeto, martyr.

(1) Philemon was a wealthy citizen of Colossae (Phrygia). He had been converted either by St. Paul, when that Apostle preached at Ephesus, or by Epaphras, a disciple of St. Paul, who first proclaimed the Gospel in the pagan city of Colossae. He made the greatest progress in virtue in a short time. His house became like a church through the piety of those who made it up and the religious exercises held there; it even seems that the assembly of the faithful met there. Everyone knows St. Paul’s beautiful epistle to Philemon about Onesimus, his servant. In this letter the Apostle praises the devout Colossian’s faith, his charity and his liberality toward all the faithful. He shows him his affection, assuring him that he always remembers him and commends him to God in all his prayers. He gives him the title of brother and tells him he has been the consoler and benefactor of all the Saints who have been in affliction. — *Godescard.*

(2) We gave the life of St. Calmine of Auvergne on 19 August (vol. x, pp. 20–24).

(3) A village of the old diocese of Autun, between Saulieu and Avallon, formerly called Saint-Pierre-sous-Cordois (*vicus Cordubensis*), has received the name of Sainte-Magnance (Yonne, arrondissement of Avallon, canton of Quarré-les-Tombes). She died there and was buried in the common cemetery, from which her bones were translated into the church in the 13th century; her very ancient tomb can be seen there. Before the Revolution her head was enclosed in a silver bust. — *M. l’abbé Pequegnot, Légendaire d’Autun.*

ST. CECILIA OF ROME, VIRGIN AND MARTYR (230)

Pope: St. Pontian. — Roman Emperor: Alexander Severus.

> *Plurima cum sponso generavit pignora virgo. A virgin with a virgin spouse, she bore to the Church a numerous family. — Hugues Vaillant, Fasti Sacri.*

Cecilia was born in Rome, and her family enjoyed there the first honours of the patriciate. The race of the Caecilii, one branch of which early adopted and made famous the surname of Metellus, gloried in having for ancestress Caia Caecilia Tanaquil, wife of Tarquin the Elder and one of the most celebrated figures of the age of the Kings. Rome, in its admiration for this matron, had raised a statue to her on the Capitol. This noble family had never ceased, in the course of the centuries, to gather every kind of distinction. From the time of the Republic its splendour had risen to the highest point. To say nothing of the dictatorships, censorships and pontificates held in turn by the Caecilii, to which the annalists of Rome and the marbles themselves still bear witness, we find their name as many as eighteen times in the Consular Fasti before the accession of Augustus to the empire. The coins struck in Rome by the Caecilian family are still found today in such numbers that a series of forty-four has been published, all belonging to the time of the Republic. As for the triumphs decreed to members of this house, they were many and splendid, and added to the glory of the ancient Caecilii the titles of Macedonicus, Balearicus, Numidicus, Dalmaticus and Creticus, in memory of the most brilliant victories.

Under the emperors the Caecilian family several times received the fasces of the consulate from the hands of the masters of the world; and in the period immediately preceding the time when it had the glory of producing the blessed daughter who alone has made it more illustrious than all the great generals of whom it was so proud, the Fasti show us the names of Caecilius Silanus, Caecilius Rufus, Caecilius Simplex, Caecilius Classicus and Caecilius Balbinus as invested with that magistracy.

Among the women of this illustrious race who have left a name in history we note Caecilia, daughter of Metellus Balearicus, of whom Cicero reports several marvellous particulars; Caecilia, daughter of Metellus Dalmaticus, first married to Aemilius Scaurus and afterwards the wife of the dictator L. Sulla; and that other Caecilia, daughter of Q. Metellus Creticus and wife of the Roman Crassus, who raised for her an elegant and magnificent tomb, still today the chief monument of the Appian Way. The foundations of this famous building go down into the very soil beneath which stretch the mysterious crypts that served as a refuge for the pontiff Urban, and in whose shadow the remains of the Christian Cecilia rested for six centuries.

An ancient tradition of Christian Rome places on the Campus Martius the house where Cecilia was brought up and where she spent her years until marriageable age. In the bosom of that opulent dwelling, adorned with all Roman pomp, amid the trophies and crowns of her ancestors, Cecilia, a stranger to the luxury and allurements of the world, practised with entire fidelity the divine law that Christ came to bring to men. History tells us nothing of the means the divine Spirit used to win her to this heavenly doctrine; but we know that from her earliest childhood Cecilia was initiated into the mysteries of Christianity. Perhaps a grandmother enlightened by the true light, or a faithful nurse, had instilled into the young girl that faith whose profession was then as fatal to earthly happiness as it is fruitful, in every age, for the eternal felicity of those who have accepted it.

Cecilia’s father and mother had remained in the darkness of unbelief; but they do not seem to have opposed in their daughter this attachment to a religion that was gaining greater consideration in Rome day by day, and that counted followers even in the imperial palace. Whether from tenderness or from indifference, they did not hinder her in the profession of her worship, and let her attend the assemblies of the Christians. Cecilia could go and pray with the faithful in the churches where the mysteries of our faith were celebrated with a kind of publicity, in the days of calm that came before the storm. She frequented the crypts of the martyrs, where the anniversary of the triumph of these heroes of Christian society often drew together the faithful of Rome; and the poor who kept the secret of Pope Urban’s hiding-place knew her and carried out her messages.

The Christians of that time lived with the thought of martyrdom. This expectation, so formidable to nature, did not make Cecilia's soul waver; on the contrary, she found in it a rest full of delight. Martyrdom would unite her for ever to Christ, who had deigned to choose her from the bosom of a pagan family and to reveal Himself to her. While she awaited that happy call, she lived in the depth of her heart in the company of this divine Master, and her converse with Him ceased neither by day nor by night. Ravished by the charm of His inward word, she sought Him at every hour in the sacred oracles, and the book of the Gospels, hidden under her garments, rested continually upon her breast. From this sacred contact Cecilia received a strength that raised her above weak nature, and the virtue of the words that are spirit and life was communicated to her.

The hand of the heavenly Bridegroom alone could claim to gather this flower that rose so fresh and so sweet from among the thorns of paganism, and He inspired in Cecilia's heart a love worthy of Him who had loved her on the cross. The virgin answered for ever the advances of a God, and swore in her heart that she would never admit a mortal spouse. Her heavenly Spouse takes care of her and lets her know it. Her guardian angel has received the order to show himself to her; he has assured her, and for ever, of his protection; he will defend her against the world and its senses. She will always feel him near her; he is ready to strike with his avenging arm the rash man who should dare to covet the treasure of heaven.

Meanwhile the age of marriage drew near. In spite of her vow of virginity, Cecilia, in obedience to the will of her parents, was obliged to be betrothed to a young pagan named Valerian. The nobility of this young patrician, his beauty and the qualities of his soul seemed to make him worthy of such an honour, and he longed ardently for the day when he would at last possess her whom so many other young patricians envied him. The happy betrothed had a brother named Tiburtius, whom he loved with that frank and devoted affection which was one of the chief traits of his character. He thought with joy that his union with Cecilia would draw still closer these dear bonds, by joining to their mutual friendship the tenderness of so accomplished a sister. Cecilia, then, had not been free to repulse the tokens of Valerian's affection. Full of esteem for the qualities of this young pagan, she would have loved him as a brother; but she was his betrothed, and the wedding day was about to come with all its alarms. Who could paint the anguish of the virgin? The irresistible command of her parents and the ardour of the young man froze her with fear, and she could only press down into the depth of her soul the chaste secret of that love which had won irrevocable empire over her heart. She knew that her angel watched beside her; but soon she would herself have to struggle, and it was time to prepare for the combat. Beneath the gold embroidery of a sumptuous robe a hair shirt bruised her innocent flesh. This severe armour subjected the senses to the law of the spirit; the flesh would be less rebellious to the sacrifice if soon, a victim of the love of Christ, Cecilia must pay with her blood the honour of having been preferred by that divine Spouse. Condemned to live in the midst of patrician softness, she took her precautions against herself; by voluntary suffering she blunted the attraction of pleasure which tyrannizes over the children of Eve, and which too often reveals to the imprudent and inattentive soul the abysses of the heart of man.

If, after the example of the widow of Bethulia, Cecilia hid under her garments the instrument of her penance, like David she further weakened her flesh by rigorous fasts. According to the custom of the first Christians when they wished to move heaven or to obtain some signal grace, she abstained from food for two days, sometimes for three, taking only in the evening the meal that was to sustain her life. These courageous advances, by which she sought to make sure of her victory, were made still more effective by the ardent and continual prayer that poured from her heart. With what insistence she commended to the Lord the hour for which she trembled! With how many tears and sighs she implored the heavenly Spirits who co-operate in the salvation of our souls, the holy Apostles, patrons and founders of Christian Rome, and the blessed inhabitants of heaven who protect us in our combats! At last the day came on which Valerian was to receive Cecilia's hand. All was astir in the palace of the Caecilii; the young man's heart leapt with happiness, and the two families, proud to be united in their noble offspring, hailed the hope of a posterity worthy of its ancestors.

Cecilia was led forth; she came forward in the bridal attire of patrician women. A plain tunic of white wool, adorned with fillets and bound with a girdle also of white wool, formed her dress and figured the candour of her soul. The virgin's hair, parted into six tresses, imitated the head-dress of the Vestals, a touching symbol of Cecilia's consecration. A flame-coloured veil hid her modest features from profane eyes, without withdrawing them from the admiration of the angels. At this solemn moment, however, the virgin's heart was firm and untroubled; she rested her weakness on the help of the angel who protected her. A stranger until then to pagan rites, Cecilia was forced to endure the sight of them. The offering of wine and milk was performed in the presence of the virgin, who turned away her eyes. The cake, symbol of the covenant, was broken, and Cecilia's timid hand, adorned with the invisible ring of the brides of Christ, was placed in Valerian's. All was accomplished in the eyes of men, and the virgin over whom heaven watched had taken one step more towards danger.

At nightfall, according to ancient custom, the new bride was led to her husband's house. Valerian's house lay in the Transtiberine region, near the Via Salutaris, a short distance from the Cestian bridge, which joins the island of the Tiber to the quarter of the Janiculum. This dwelling, which was about to receive Cecilia, was soon to surpass in glory the palaces, baths and temples around it, whose traces the antiquary today has difficulty in finding. A sanctuary consecrated by the blood of the virgin, it was to survive all the disasters of Rome, and to proclaim through the course of the centuries the fidelity of her who rested a few days beneath its roof. The nuptial torches went before the procession that led Cecilia to her husband. The crowd applauded the graces of the young virgin, who was conversing in her heart with God. They reached the threshold of the palace. Under the portico, decked with white hangings on which garlands of flowers and greenery were traced in festoons, Valerian awaited Cecilia. According to ancient usage, the bridegroom began with the question, "Who art thou?" The bride answered, "Where thou art Caius, I shall be Caia." The allusion was still more touching at the marriage of a daughter of the Caecilii, for this formula was also a memory of Caia Caecilia, venerated by the Romans as the type of the woman devoted to the care of her household. Cecilia crossed the threshold of the house. There is reason to believe that her being a Christian caused her to be spared the superstitious rites with which the Romans accompanied the moment when the bride entered the conjugal roof. The customs that followed were more seemly. Water was offered to the bride, as a sign of the purity with which she was to be adorned; then she was handed a key, symbol of the domestic government henceforth entrusted to her; finally she sat for a moment on a woollen fleece, which was to remind her of the household tasks she must not fear to undertake. The spouses then passed into the triclinium, where the wedding supper was served. During the feast the epithalamium celebrating the union of Valerian and Cecilia was sung, and a choir of musicians made the hall ring with the harmonious sound of instruments. In the midst of these profane concerts Cecilia too was singing, but in her heart, and her melody joined that of the angels. She repeated to the Lord this verse of the Psalmist, which she adapted to her situation: "May my heart and my senses remain ever pure, O my God, and may my modesty suffer no harm!" Christendom, which each year repeats these words of the virgin on the day of her triumph, has kept faithful memory of them, and, to honour the sublime concert that Cecilia performed with the heavenly spirits, far beyond the melodies of earth, has hailed her for ever as queen of harmony. After the feast, matrons guided Cecilia's trembling steps to the doors of the bridal chamber, adorned with all Roman luxury but made more imposing still by silence and darkness. Valerian followed the virgin. When they were alone, Cecilia, suddenly filled with power from on high, addressed to her husband these gentle and artless words: "Young and tender friend, I have a secret to confide to you; but swear to me that you will respect it." Valerian swore ardently that he would keep Cecilia's secret and that nothing in the world could force his lips to reveal it. "Listen," the virgin went on. "I have as friend an angel of God, who watches over my body with solicitude. If he sees that in the least thing you dare to act towards me under the impulse of sensual love, his fury will at once be kindled against you, and under the blows of his vengeance you will perish in the flower of your brilliant youth. If on the contrary he sees that you love me with a sincere heart and a spotless love, if you keep my virginity whole and

inviolate, he will love you as he loves me and will lavish his favours on you." Troubled to the depth of his soul, the young man, whom grace was already mastering without his knowing it, answered the virgin: "Cecilia, if you wish me to believe your word, let me see this angel. When I have seen him, if I recognize him as the angel of God, I will do what you urge upon me; but if you love another man, know that I will pierce you both with my sword."

The virgin answered with ineffable authority: "Valerian, if you will follow my counsel, if you consent to be purified in the waters of the fountain that springs up for ever, if you will believe in the one God, living and true, who reigns in the heavens, your eye will be able to see the angel who keeps guard over me." "And who is he that will purify me, so that I may see your angel?" asked Valerian. Cecilia answered: "There is an old man who purifies men, after which they can see the angel of God." "This old man — where shall I find him?" said Valerian. "Go out of the city by the Appian Way," answered Cecilia, "as far as the third milestone. There you will find poor people asking alms of those who pass. These poor are the object of my constant care, and my secret is known to them. When you are with them, you will give them my greeting of blessing and say to them: 'Cecilia sends me to you, that you may show me the holy old man Urban; I have a secret message to give him.' When you are in the old man's presence, you will repeat to him the words I am now saying to you; he will purify you and clothe you in new and white garments. On your return, when you enter this room where I am speaking to you, you will see the holy angel, become your friend also, and you will obtain from him all that you ask." Driven by an unknown force, the young Roman, a little before so hot-blooded, left without effort the virgin whose sweet accents had changed his heart. He set out, and at the first light of day he reached Urban, having found everything as Cecilia had told him. He related to the Pontiff the conversation in the bridal chamber, which alone could explain Valerian's presence in that place. The old man was ravished with joy; he fell on his knees and, raising his arms to heaven, cried out with his eyes full of tears: "Lord Jesus Christ, author of chaste resolves, receive the fruit of the divine seed that You sowed in Cecilia's heart. Good Shepherd, Cecilia Your handmaid, like an eloquent sheep, has fulfilled the mission You entrusted to her. This husband whom she received like an impetuous lion she has in an instant made the gentlest of lambs. If Valerian did not already believe, he would not have come here. Open, Lord, the door of his heart to Your words, that he may acknowledge You as his Creator and renounce the devil, his pomps and his idols!" Urban prayed long, and Valerian was moved in all the powers of his soul. Suddenly there appeared to the eyes of the young man and of the Pontiff a venerable old man, clad in garments white as snow and holding in his hand a book written in letters of gold. It was the great Paul, apostle of the Gentiles, the second pillar of the Roman Church. At this awe-inspiring sight Valerian, seized with terror, fell as if dead, his face to the ground. The august old man raised him kindly and said to him: "Read the words of this book and believe; you will deserve to be purified and to behold the angel whose sight the most faithful virgin Cecilia has promised you." Valerian raised his eyes and began to read without uttering a word. The passage ran thus: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and in us all." When he had finished reading, the old man said to him: "Do you believe that it is so?" Valerian cried out forcefully: "Nothing under heaven is truer; nothing ought to be more firmly believed." As he finished these words, the old man vanished, leaving Valerian alone with the Pontiff. Urban lost no time in leading the young man to the fountain of salvation, and when he had admitted him to the most august mysteries of the faith of Christ, he told him to return to his wife. Cecilia had conquered, and the first trophy of her victory was the heart of Valerian, offered for ever to the Saviour of men. During her husband's absence she had not left the bridal chamber, still ringing with the sublime conversation of the night and all fragrant with the heavenly perfume of virginity. She had prayed without ceasing for the completion of the great work her word had begun, and she awaited with confidence the return of a husband who would be dearer to her than ever.

Valerian, still clad in the white tunic of the neophytes which he had barely put on, reached the door of the room. He entered, and his reverent gaze fell on Cecilia prostrate in prayer and, near her, the angel of the Lord, his face blazing with a thousand fires, his wings shining with the richest colours. The blessed spirit

held in his hands two crowns woven of roses and lilies. He placed one on Cecilia's head and the other on Valerian's, and, letting the accents of heaven be heard, said to the two spouses: "Deserve to keep these crowns by the purity of your hearts and the holiness of your bodies; I bring them to you from the garden of heaven. These flowers will never fade, their fragrance will always be as sweet; but no one will be able to see them unless he has, like you, deserved by his purity the good pleasure of heaven. Now, Valerian, because you have consented to Cecilia's chaste desire, Christ the Son of God has sent me to you to receive any request you may have to make of Him."

The young man, seized with gratitude, prostrated himself at the feet of the divine messenger and dared to express his desire thus: "Nothing in this life is sweeter to me than the affection of my brother. It would be cruel of me, now freed from peril, to leave this beloved brother in danger of perdition. I will therefore reduce all my requests to one: I beg Christ to deliver my brother Tiburtius, as He has delivered me, and to make us both perfect in the confession of His name." Then the angel, turning towards Valerian a face radiant with that joy with which the blessed Spirits in heaven exult when a sinner returns to God, answered him: "Because you have asked a grace which Christ is still more eager to grant you than you are to desire it, just as He won your heart through Cecilia His handmaid, so you yourself will win your brother's heart, and both of you will come to the palm of martyrdom."

The angel went back up to heaven and left the two spouses in the fullness of their happiness. Cecilia glorified the Master of hearts, who had displayed so brilliantly the riches of His mercy; she exulted at the sight of the roses mingled with lilies on Valerian's crown as on her own, announcing that he too would share in the honours of martyrdom. Tiburtius would share the palm with his brother; but the happy prediction had not extended to her. The virgin, then, was to survive the two brothers and to assist them in the combat; so far heaven had disclosed its decrees no further. The two spouses poured out their hearts in a delightful conversation, which was still going on when Tiburtius came in, impatient to see his brother again. As wife of his dear brother, Cecilia had become his sister; Tiburtius greeted her with a brotherly kiss. But what was his surprise to feel coming from the virgin's hair a fragrance that recalled the freshest flowers of spring! It was the month in which winter tempers its rigours without yet allowing nature to recover its life and brightness. "Whence comes, Cecilia, this scent of roses and lilies at this season?" cried Tiburtius. "Were I holding in my hands at this moment the most fragrant bunch of these flowers, it would not give out a perfume equal to the one I breathe. This marvellous scent transports me; it seems to renew my whole being." "It is I, Tiburtius," answered Valerian, "it is I who have obtained for you the favour of smelling this sweet odour; if you will believe, you will even deserve to see the flowers from which it comes. Then you will know Him whose blood is red as roses and whose flesh is white as the lily. Cecilia and I wear crowns that your eyes cannot yet see; the flowers that form them have the brilliance of purple and the purity of snow." "Is this a dream, Valerian," cried Tiburtius, "or do you speak the truth?" "Until now," answered Cecilia's husband, "our life has been only a dream; now we are in the truth, and there is no falsehood in us; for the gods we worshipped are only demons." "How … how do you know it?" answered Tiburtius. Valerian answered: "The Angel of God has taught me, and you yourself will be able to see this beneficent Spirit if you will purify yourself from the defilement of idols." "And how long," replied Tiburtius, "must I wait for this purification that will make me worthy to see the Angel of God?" "It will be quick," Valerian went on; "only swear to me that you renounce idols and that there is but one God in the heavens." "I do not understand," said Tiburtius, "for what purpose you require this promise of me."

Cecilia had kept silence during this dialogue between the two brothers; she had had to leave the speaking to the neophyte in the ardour of the zeal that urged him. Besides, it was right that Valerian should speak first to Tiburtius. But the virgin, nourished from her earliest years in the doctrine of the Gospel, had a better command than her husband of the language needed to detach a Gentile from idols. Borrowing, then, the arguments of the ancient Prophets, of the Christian apologists and of the martyrs before their judges, she

spoke on the vanity of idols and the impiety of pagan worship with all the force and charm of eloquence.

Tiburtius, struck by the evidence of her reasoning and touched by grace, cried out eagerly: “Yes, it is so, and he who does not understand it has sunk to the level of the brute.” At this answer Cecilia, transported with joy, rose and embraced this pagan who was beginning to taste the light. “Today,” she said to him, “I acknowledge you as my brother. The love of the Lord has made your brother my husband; the contempt you profess for idols makes me your true sister. The moment has come when you are to believe; go then with your brother to receive regeneration. Then you will see the angels and obtain the pardon of all your faults.” Then Tiburtius, turning to Valerian: “Who is the man to whom you are going to lead me?” “A great personage,” answered Valerian; “his name is Urban, an old man with white hair, with the face of an angel, whose words are true and full of wisdom.” “Would it not be,” said Tiburtius, “that Urban whom the Christians call their Pope? I have heard that he has already been condemned twice and that he keeps hidden in I know not what underground places. If he is discovered he will be given to the flames, and we, if we are found with him, shall share his fate. So, for having sought a divinity hidden in the heavens, we shall meet a cruel torment on earth.”

Though he had learned to scorn idols, Tiburtius had not yet come to despise the sufferings of this world; Cecilia came to his aid. “Indeed,” she said to him, “if this life were the only one, if there were no other, we should be right to fear losing it; but if there is another life that will never end, must we then dread losing the one that passes, when at the price of that sacrifice we secure the one that will last for ever?” Such language was quite new to a young man brought up in the Roman society of the third century, where there reigned at once the most degrading superstitions, a corruption of morals that had sunk to the level of Heliogabalus, and all the aberrations of a sceptical philosophy. He therefore answered the virgin: “I have never heard anything like it; is there then another life after this one?” “But,” Cecilia went on, “can we even call life the one we pass in this world? The plaything of every pain of body and soul, it ends in death, which puts an end to pleasures and anguish alike. When it is over, one would say it had never been; for what is no more is as nothing. As for the second life that follows the first, it has joys without end for the just and eternal torments for sinners.” “But,” replied Tiburtius, “who has gone into that life? Who has come back from it to tell us what happens there? On what testimony can we believe in it?”

Then Cecilia, rising with the majesty of an apostle, uttered these weighty words: “The Creator of heaven and earth and of all they contain begot a Son of His own substance before all beings, and by His divine power produced the Holy Spirit: the Son, in order to create all things by Him; the Holy Spirit, to give them life. All that exists, the Son of God, begotten of the Father, created; all that is created, the Holy Spirit, who proceeds from the Father, animated.” “What!” cried Tiburtius. “A moment ago, Cecilia, you were saying that we must believe in only one God, who is in heaven, and now you speak of three Gods!” Cecilia answered: “There is only one God in His majesty; and if you wish to conceive how He exists in a holy Trinity, listen to this comparison. A man possesses wisdom. By wisdom we understand genius, memory and intelligence: genius, which discovers truths; memory, which keeps them; intelligence, which explores them. Shall we for that reason acknowledge several wisdoms in the same man? If, then, a mortal possesses three faculties in one wisdom, should we hesitate to acknowledge a majestic Trinity in the single essence of almighty God?” Tiburtius, dazzled by the splendour of so high a mystery, cried out: “O Cecilia, human tongue could not rise to such luminous explanations; it is the Angel of God who speaks by your mouth.” So keen was the young man’s gratitude towards the divine light whose rays were beginning to come down to him that he no longer dared address the virgin, the interpreter of heaven; but turning to his brother he said: “Valerian, I confess that the mystery of one God no longer holds me back; I desire only one thing, to hear the rest of this discourse, which must satisfy my doubts.” “It is to me, Tiburtius, that you should turn,” Cecilia went on. “Your brother, still wearing the white robe, is not in a position to answer all your questions; but I, instructed from the cradle in the wisdom of Christ, you will find ready on every question you please to put.” “Very well,” said

Tiburtius, “I ask who it is that has made known to you this other life which you both announce to me?”

The virgin, taking up her discourse again with an altogether divine enthusiasm, traced in a magnificent picture the life of Jesus Christ and the founding of the Church. She ended thus: “Now, Tiburtius, I think I have left out nothing to satisfy your question. See, then, whether it is not fitting to despise this present life from the bottom of one’s heart and to seek with ardour and courage the life that is to follow it. He who has faith in the Son of God and keeps His commandments will not even be touched by death when he lays down this perishable body; he will be received by the holy angels and led into the blessed region of paradise. But death joins with the devil to chain men by a thousand distractions, and fills their imprudence with a crowd of needs that it suggests to them. Now it is a misfortune to come that frightens them, now a gain to be seized that captivates them; sensual beauty charms them, intemperance drags them on. In short, by every kind of bait death contrives that, to their misfortune, they think only of the present life, so that their souls, on leaving their bodies, are found entirely naked, bearing nothing but the weight of their sins. I feel, Tiburtius, that I have only touched a few points of so vast a subject; if you wish to hear me further, I am ready.”

But the young pagan had understood everything, and Cecilia’s rapid discourse was renewing his whole soul. His tears flowed abundantly and he broke into sobs. His soul, still fresh, had not that impenetrable bark that vice forms and maintains in men jaded by pleasure or greed. “Oh!” he cried, throwing himself at Cecilia’s feet, “if ever my heart and my thoughts cling to the present life, I consent never to enjoy the one that is to follow it. Let fools gather, if it suits them, the advantages of time; until this hour I have lived without aim, and I will have it so no longer.” After this promise, made into the hands of the virgin, whose apostle’s heart leapt with happiness, Tiburtius turned to Valerian. “Dear brother,” he said, “take pity on me. No more delay; every hold-up frightens me, and I can no longer bear the weight that crushes me. Take me at once before the man of God, I beg you, that he may purify me and make me a sharer in that life the desire of which consumes me.” Barely two days had passed since the wedding whose approach had caused Cecilia so much alarm, and already Christian virginity, ever fruitful in souls, had produced such glorious fruits. The believing wife, as the Apostle says, had sanctified the unbelieving husband, and he, by the merit of his faith, had won the soul of his brother.

Valerian and Tiburtius took leave of Cecilia. Arriving at the Pontiff’s feet, they related what had happened since the neophyte’s return to his wife, and the old man gave thanks to the Lord, who had prepared such sweet triumphs for His faithful handmaid. He received Tiburtius with gladness, and the young man soon went down into the pool of salvation, whence he came up purified, lightened, and breathing with delight the pure air of that new life for which he had so ardently longed. After regenerating Valerian and Tiburtius in the waters of baptism, the holy Pope Urban consecrated them soldiers of Christ by the anointing of the Holy Spirit. They were ready for the combat, and the combat would soon begin. In the absence of the emperor Alexander, who was favourable to the Christians, the prefect of Rome, Turcius Almachius, persecuted them cruelly. His violence fell first on that part of the numerous Christian body of Rome that belonged to the common people. The slaughter was considerable, all the more because on that side the prefect feared protests less. Not content with tearing the limbs of the faithful by every kind of torture, Almachius wished their bodies to remain unburied. We know the zeal the first Christians showed in burying their martyred brethren, and how many of them found the immortal crown in rendering this pious duty to those who had already obtained it.

Valerian and Tiburtius distinguished themselves among all the Christians of Rome by their eagerness in seeking out the slain bodies of their brethren. They were seen to devote their treasures to preparing tombs for these generous athletes, poor according to the flesh but already kings in the palaces of heaven. Jealous to show their respect for these glorious remains, they did not spare even the most precious perfumes, while at the same time, by abundant alms and by all the works of mercy, they supported the Christian families that the loss of their heads or chief members had left without the means of life. The two brothers were soon

denounced to the prefect Almachius. Both were arrested and brought before the prefect's tribunal. He had no intention of dealing severely with these two patricians whom he had summoned to his bar; he wished simply to intimidate them and to obtain satisfaction for the public violation of his orders that they had dared to commit.

"What!" he said to them. "You, the offspring of so noble a family — can you have so degenerated from your blood as to join the most superstitious of sects? I learn that you squander your fortune in lavish gifts on people of the lowest condition, and that you stoop to burying with every kind of honour wretches who have been punished for their crimes. Must we conclude that they are your accomplices, and that this is why you give them an honourable burial?" It was easy to see from this language that the prefect had acted without orders from the prince in the violence done to the Christians; he cited no edict, and preferred to ascribe to imaginary crimes the cruel death that so many of the faithful had suffered by his sentences. The younger of the two brothers spoke. "Would to heaven," cried Tiburtius, "that those you call our accomplices would deign to admit us among their servants! They have had the happiness of despising what seems to be something and yet is nothing; by dying they have obtained what does not yet appear and yet is the only reality. May we imitate their holy life and one day walk in their footsteps!" "Well then," said Almachius, "tell me what it is that seems to be something and is nothing." "Everything in this world," Tiburtius retorted sharply, "everything that drags souls into the eternal death in which the joys of time end." "Now tell me," Almachius went on, "what is it that does not yet appear and is nevertheless the only reality?" "It is," said Tiburtius, "the life to come for the just and the punishment to come for the unjust. Both are drawing near, and by a sad illusion we turn away the eyes of our heart so as not to see this inevitable future. The eyes of our body stop at the things of time, and, lying to our own conscience, we dare to use, to brand what is good, the terms that suit only evil, and to adorn evil itself with the epithets that serve to describe the good."

Valerian, in arguing with Almachius, insisted like his brother on the emptiness of earthly pleasures and the eternal reality of heavenly goods. "I have seen," he said, "in winter-time men crossing the countryside amid games and laughter and giving themselves up to every pleasure. At the same time I saw in the fields many country people turning the soil with ardour, planting vines and budding roses on the wild briars; others grafted fruit trees or cut away with the knife the shrubs that might harm their plantings; in short, all were vigorously engaged in the labours of cultivation. The men of pleasure, having watched these country folk, began to mock their toilsome work and said: Wretches that you are, leave these needless labours; come and enjoy yourselves with us and share our amusements and our raptures. Why tire yourselves so in such hard work? Why wear out the time of life in such dreary occupations? They accompanied these words with bursts of laughter, clapping of hands and insulting provocations. The season of rain and cold gave way to calm days; and behold, the fields tilled with so much effort were covered with thick foliage, the bushes displayed their blooming roses, the cluster hung in festoons along the vine-shoot, and on every side delicious fruits hung from the trees. These country folk, whose toil had seemed foolish, were in gladness; but the frivolous townsmen who had boasted of being the wisest found themselves in dreadful want, and, regretting too late their soft idleness, they soon lamented and said to one another: Yet these are the men we pursued with our mockery. The work they did seemed a disgrace to us; their way of life horrified us, so wretched did it seem. Their persons seemed vile to us and their company without honour. Yet the event has proved that they were wise, as it shows how unhappy, vain and foolish we were. We did not work; far from coming to their help, from the midst of our delights we jeered at them; and now they are surrounded with flowers and crowned with glory."

Thus the young patrician, whose grave and gentle character made so pleasing a contrast with his brother's impetuous nature, imitated the language of Solomon and branded the vanities of the world in the very bosom of the vainest and most voluptuous of cities. Almachius had listened to Valerian's discourse to the end. Speaking in his turn, he said: "You have spoken eloquently, I admit; but I do not see that you have answered

my question." "Let me finish," Valerian went on. "You have treated us as fools and madmen on the pretext that we pour out our riches into the bosom of the poor, that we give hospitality to strangers, that we help widows and orphans, and finally that we gather up the bodies of the martyrs and give them honourable burial. According to you our folly consists in refusing to plunge into pleasures and in disdaining to make use, before the people, of the advantages of our birth. A time will come when we shall gather the fruit of our privations. Then we shall rejoice; but those who now exult in their pleasures will weep. The present time is given us for sowing; and those who sow in joy in this life will reap mourning and groaning in the other, while those who sow passing tears today will reap in the future a gladness without end."

To make an end, Almachius said to the two brothers: "Enough of useless speeches; no more of these lengthy discourses that waste time. Offer libations to the gods and you shall go away without suffering any penalty." It was a question neither of burning incense to the idols nor of taking part in a sacrifice; a simple libation, barely noticed by those present, would free the two brothers from all prosecution and protect the dignity of the magistrate. Valerian and Tiburtius answered together: "Every day we offer our sacrifices to God, but not to the gods." "Who is the God," asked the Prefect, "to whom you thus pay your homage?" The two brothers answered: "Is there then another, that you put such a question to us concerning God? Is there then more than one?" Then Valerian showed that the plurality of gods was an absurd doctrine. "So," Almachius went on, "the whole universe is in error, and you and your brother alone know the true God!" At these words of the Prefect a noble and holy pride stirred in Valerian's heart, and, proclaiming before this proud magistrate the immense progress of the Christian faith, which Tertullian had not long before pointed out to the Roman Senate in his *Apology*, he said: "Do not deceive yourself, Almachius. The Christians, those who have embraced this holy doctrine, can already no longer be counted in the empire. It is you who will soon be the minority; you are those planks that float on the sea after a shipwreck and have no other destiny than to be thrown on the fire."

Almachius, angered by Valerian's generous boldness, ordered him to be beaten with rods; he still hesitated to pronounce the death penalty against him. The lictors at once stripped the young man, and his joy at suffering for the name of Jesus Christ burst out in these courageous words: "Here then is the hour I awaited with such ardour; here is the day that is sweeter to me than all the feasts of the world." While Cecilia's husband was being cruelly beaten, the voice of a herald rang out with these words: "Beware of blaspheming the gods and goddesses." At the same time, through the noise of the rods, Valerian's strong voice could be heard addressing the multitude. "Citizens of Rome," he cried, "let not the sight of these torments keep you from confessing the truth. Be firm in your faith; believe in the Lord, who alone is holy. Destroy the gods of wood and stone to which Almachius burns his incense; grind them to powder, and know that those who worship them will be punished with eternal torments."

During this execution Almachius was hesitating over the fate of the two brothers. Tarquinius, his assessor, to settle his uncertainty, said to him privately: "Condemn them to death; the occasion is favourable. If you delay, they will go on distributing their riches to the poor, and when at last they have suffered the capital penalty you will find nothing left." Almachius understood this language. His interests might be one with those of the treasury; he resolved therefore not to let his prey escape. The two brothers were brought before him again: Valerian, his body bloody from the rods, and Tiburtius, holily jealous that his brother had been preferred to him in the honour of suffering for Jesus Christ. The sentence was given at once. It applied to both young patricians and ordered that they be taken to the Pagus Triopius on the Appian Way, near the fourth milestone. By the road stood a temple of Jupiter that served as a kind of entrance to the pagus. Valerian and Tiburtius would be invited to burn incense before the idol, and if they refused they would be beheaded.

It was done. The two brothers, hurried along by the soldiery, set out for the place of their martyrdom. Maximus, Almachius's clerk, had been chosen to accompany them. It was for him to report to the prefect the

outcome of this fearful drama. He was to bring Tiburtius and Valerian back free if they sacrificed to the gods, or to certify their execution if they persisted in professing Christianity. At the sight of these two young patricians walking so lightly towards their death and talking together with tranquil joy and ineffable tenderness, Maximus could not hold back his tears, and he said to them: “O noble and brilliant flower of Roman youth! O brothers united by so tender a love! So you persist in despising the gods, and, at the moment of losing everything, you run to death as to a banquet!” Tiburtius answered him: “If we were not sure that the life that is to follow this one will last for ever, do you think we would show such gladness at this hour?” “And what can that other life be?” said Maximus. “As the body is covered by garments,” Tiburtius went on, “so the soul is clothed with the body; and as the body is stripped of its garments, so will it be with the soul in regard to the body. The body, whose coarse origin is the earth, will be returned to the earth; it will be reduced to dust, to rise again, like the phoenix, to the light that is to dawn. As for the soul, if it is pure, it will be carried into the delights of paradise, there to await, amid the most entrancing joys, the resurrection of its body.”

This unexpected discourse made a strong impression on Maximus. It was the first time he had heard language opposed to the materialism in which pagan ignorance had plunged his whole life. He made a movement towards this new light that was revealing itself to him. “If I were certain of this future life you speak of,” he answered Tiburtius, “I feel that I too would be disposed to despise the present life.” Then Valerian, full of a holy ardour communicated to him by the divine Spirit, spoke thus to Maximus: “Since you need nothing more than proof of the truth we have announced to you, receive the promise I make you now. At the hour when the Lord grants us the grace of laying down the garment of our body for the confession of His name, He will deign to open your eyes, that you may see the glory into which we shall enter. Only one condition is attached to this favour: that you repent of your past errors.” “I accept,” said Maximus, “and I give myself up to the thunderbolts of heaven if from this very hour I do not confess the one God who makes another life follow this one. It is now for you to keep your promise and let me see its effect.”

By this answer Maximus was already offering his name to the army of Jesus Christ; but the two brothers would not leave the earth before he had obtained, under their eyes, the benefit of regeneration. So they said to him: “Persuade the men who are to put us to death to take us to your house; they will keep us in sight. It is only a delay of one day. We will send for the one who is to purify you, and this very night you will already see what we have promised you.” Maximus did not hesitate a moment. All the calculations of the present life, its fears and hopes, were already nothing in his eyes. He took the martyrs to his house with the escort that accompanied them, and at once Valerian and Tiburtius began to explain Christian doctrine to him. The clerk’s family, and the soldiers themselves, attended the preaching of the two apostles, and all, divinely struck by their language, so true and so solemn, wished to believe in Jesus Christ.

Cecilia had been informed of what was happening by a message from Valerian. Her fervent prayers had no doubt helped to obtain so great an outpouring of graces, but the divine work had to be completed in these men so swiftly won to the faith of Christ. Cecilia arranged everything with zeal and wisdom, and when night had come she entered Maximus’s house, followed by several priests whom she brought with her. The priests baptized the new converts.

The next day was to be the day of martyrdom for Valerian and Tiburtius. At dawn Cecilia’s voice gave the signal for departure in these words of the great Paul: “Come,” she cried, “soldiers of Christ, cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light. You have fought worthily, you have finished your course, you have kept the faith. Go to the crown of life that the just Judge will give to you and to all who love His coming.” The heroic band set out at the inspired words of the young virgin. The two confessors were led by the new Christian Maximus, escorted by soldiers whose brows were still wet with the baptismal dew. The Acts do not tell us whether Cecilia followed her husband and her brother to the place of triumph.

The martyrs and their pious escort made their way to the Appian Way. Along the tombs that lined it they moved towards the Pagus Triopius. The memory of Peter meeting, in this very place, the Saviour laden with His cross redoubled the courage of the two brothers. To right and left the crypts silently stretched out their vast, deep galleries, and the martyrs could salute in passing the bed of their glorious rest. The mysterious valley where the holy Apostles slept no doubt drew their gaze and their thought at this moment when they were preparing to join them in eternal happiness. Opposite was Urban's retreat, in the bosom of which they had lately drawn the immortal hope to which they were today so generously sacrificing the joys of the present life. Near the top of the last hill they passed close to the tomb of Metella, and Valerian could read on it the name of Cecilia — of the wife heaven had given him, to whom he owed far more than happiness here below. He was going before her by only a few days, and soon their two souls would be united for ever in their one fatherland. The fury of Almachius gave sufficient warning that the hour was approaching for the noble virgin. Valerian's one desire henceforth must have been to rest near her, under the vaults of the city of martyrs, far from the profane pomp of their ancestors. They reached the Pagus. The priests of Jupiter were waiting with the incense. Tiburtius and Valerian were invited to pay their homage to the false divinity; they refused, knelt down and stretched out their necks to the executioners. As the Christian soldiers could not draw the sword on martyrs, other arms offered themselves, and these two glorious heads received with the same stroke death and the crown of life. At that moment heaven opened to the eyes of Maximus, and for an instant he glimpsed the happiness of the Saints.

The zeal of the faithful succeeded in carrying off the bodies of the two heroes, and Cecilia was put in possession of these dear and holy remains. She buried the bodies of her husband and her brother herself, and nothing was lacking to this Christian burial: neither the tears of farewell and hope, nor the perfumes, nor the triumphal stone on which the faithful loved to engrave the palm and the crown, symbols of the most brilliant victory. The cemetery of Praetextatus, on the left of the Appian Way beyond the second mile, received the two martyrs.

The happy witnesses of the martyrdom of Valerian and Tiburtius had returned to Rome full of admiration for the courage of those who had initiated them into the secrets of eternal life, and all longed to follow them as soon as possible. Maximus above all felt himself burning with a divine fire, and he never ceased to repeat that he had glimpsed the dawn of the eternal day. "At the moment when the sword struck the martyrs," he would say, affirming it on oath, "I saw the angels of God shining like suns. I saw the souls of Valerian and Tiburtius come forth from their bodies like young brides adorned for the wedding feast. The angels received them in their arms and carried them to heaven on their wings." As he said these words he shed tears of joy and longing. Many pagans were converted after hearing him; they renounced idols and submitted with sincere faith to the one God, creator of all things.

The conversion of the clerk Maximus reached the ears of Almachius. He was all the more angered because this courageous defection had found many imitators, not only in Maximus's family but outside it as well. The fate of this officer of Roman justice was soon settled. He was not beheaded like the two patricians; the Prefect ordered him to be beaten to death with whips weighted with lead balls, which was the punishment of persons of inferior rank.

The martyr generously gave back to God the soul whose worth and destiny Valerian and Tiburtius had revealed to him. Cecilia wished to bury him with her own hands. She chose for him a grave near those where her husband and her brother lay, and, with touching thoughtfulness, the emblem she had engraved on the stone of the tomb was the phoenix, in memory of the allusion Tiburtius had drawn from that marvellous bird to give Maximus an idea of the resurrection of our bodies.

Meanwhile Almachius was enforcing the sentence of confiscation that, under Roman law, had followed the execution of the two patricians. By his orders search was made for the property that formed their estate, and for the money and precious furniture they had left on departing this life. But Valerian's provident and

charitable wife had forestalled the exactions of the treasury by distributing to the poor all that remained of this rich inheritance. On the eve of setting out for her one fatherland, the virgin was sending all her treasures on ahead of her.

Cecilia was too well known in Rome for the nobility of her rank; the deaths of her husband and her brother had been too much talked of, and her profession of Christianity had become too public, for the prefect of Rome to refrain for long from demanding of her some satisfaction to the gods of the empire. Almachius, however, at first showed some hesitation. He would have liked to stop on the cruel road down which his passions had dragged him, and not yet to stain himself with the blood of this young lady whose virtue, modesty and graces were the admiration of all who came near her. Wishing as far as possible to avoid the stir of a trial that might end tragically and would further compromise the responsibility of a magistrate acting in the emperor's absence and without express orders, he sent officers of justice to the virgin's house to propose that she sacrifice to the idols, hoping to obtain, without public display, a result sufficient to cover his honour as judge.

Almachius's men went to Cecilia's dwelling and laid the prefect's proposal before her. The virgin easily discerned the emotion that her bearing, full of gentleness and dignity, caused them at first. Respect, deference and embarrassment at having to carry out such a mission to her appeared in their words and even in their attitude. Cecilia answered them with heavenly calm: "Fellow citizens and brothers, listen to me. You are the officers of your magistrate, and in the depth of your hearts you abhor his impious conduct. For my part, it is glorious and desirable to me to suffer every torment in confessing Jesus Christ, for I have never had the least attachment to this life. But I pity you, who seem to me still in the age of youth, for the misfortune of being thus at the orders of a judge full of injustice." At these words Almachius's officers could not hold back their tears; they lamented to see a young patrician so noble, so beautiful and so wise run to death with such eagerness, and they begged her not to let so much charm and so much glory become the prey of death.

The virgin interrupted them with these words: "To die for Christ is not to sacrifice one's youth but to renew it; it is to give a little mud to receive gold; to exchange a narrow and mean dwelling for a magnificent palace; to offer a perishable thing and receive in return an immortal good. If today someone put gold pieces at your disposal on the sole condition that you gave him in return as many pieces of base coin of the same weight, would you not be eager for so advantageous an exchange? Would you not urge your parents, your kinsmen and your friends to share this good fortune with you? Those who tried to turn you from it, even if they came to tears, you would think foolish and ill-advised. Yet all your eagerness would only have obtained for you a precious but earthly metal in exchange for another, coarser metal, weight for weight. Jesus Christ our God is not content to give thus weight for weight; what is offered to Him He returns a hundredfold, and adds besides eternal life."

Overcome by this discourse, those present could no longer contain their emotion. In the transport of her apostolic zeal Cecilia climbed on to a block of marble that stood near her and cried out in an inspired voice: "Do you believe what I have just said to you?" All answered at once: "Yes, we believe that Christ the Son of God, who has such a handmaid, is the true God." "Go then," Cecilia went on, "and tell the unhappy Almachius that I ask for a delay; let him be pleased to put off my martyrdom a little. In the meantime you will come back here, and you will find the one who will make you sharers in eternal life." Almachius's officers, already Christians at heart, carried Cecilia's request to the prefect, and, by a secret disposition of divine Providence, Almachius refrained from ordering the virgin to be brought immediately before his tribunal.

At once the pontiff Urban received a message from Cecilia informing him of her coming martyrdom and of the new conquests being prepared for the faith of Jesus Christ. Not only Almachius's officers but a great number of other persons of every age, sex and condition, chiefly of the Transtiberine region, had felt the stirring of divine grace and longed for baptism.

Urban wished to come himself to gather so rich a harvest and to bless for the last time the heroic virgin who in a few days would hold out her palm to the holy old man from the height of heaven. The Pontiff's presence was a keen consolation to Cecilia. The baptism was celebrated with splendour, and more than four hundred persons received the grace of regeneration. One of the neophytes was Gordian, a noble personage, to whom Cecilia, making use of her last hours and wishing to escape the grasp of the treasury, made over all her rights to her house, so that henceforth it might serve for the Christian assemblies and, under the name of this patrician, add to the number of the Titles of Rome.

Urban, in spite of the dangers, took up his abode under Cecilia's roof, and for some days this house was the centre from which went forth the rays of the grace that the Lord was pouring out on Rome for the advancement of the Church and the destruction of Satan's empire.

At last Cecilia received a formal order to appear at Almachius's tribunal. The virgin, all radiant with merit, appeared with assurance before the judge who summoned her to confess her faith. She stood face to face with the man whose hands were stained with the blood of her husband and her brother, in a praetorium where the impure and sacrilegious images of the false gods were seen on every side; but the bride of Christ, who held the world beneath her feet, had never appeared more imposing in the dignity and ineffable modesty of her bearing. Rapt in Him who possessed her whole heart and who was calling her at last to the wedding of eternity, she lowered her gaze to the earth only with sublime disdain. She was about to open her mouth to answer; but her word would be nothing but a protest against that brute force which sought to stop souls in their flight towards the infinite good. Her mission as apostle was accomplished; the martyrs she had formed had gone before her to heaven; others would soon follow her; nothing remained for her but to give the last testimony, whose prize was the palm. Almachius shuddered at the sight of a victim so gentle and so proud, and, pretending not to recognize the daughter of Caecilius, he dared to open the interrogation thus: "Girl, what is your name?" "Before men I am called Cecilia," answered the virgin, "but Christian is my fairest name." "What is your condition?" "A citizen of Rome, of illustrious and noble race." "It is about your religion that I question you; we know the nobility of your family." "Your question was not exact, then, since it called for two answers." "Whence comes this assurance before me?" "From a pure conscience and a sincere faith." "Do you not know what my power is?" "And do you not know who my betrothed is?" "Who is he?" "The Lord Jesus Christ." "You were the wife of Valerian: that is what I know."

The virgin must not expose the mysteries of heaven to profane ears; she therefore did not take up Almachius's words, but, returning to the insolent way in which he had boasted of his power, she said to him: "Prefect, you spoke just now of your power; you have not even an idea of it. But if you questioned me on this matter, I could show you the truth plainly." "Well, speak," answered Almachius; "I should like to hear you." "You scarcely listen to anything but what pleases you," said Cecilia; "listen, however. The power of man is like a skin filled with wind. Let a mere needle pierce the skin, and at once it collapses and all its firmness is gone." "You began with insult," answered the prefect, "and you go on in the same tone." "There is insult," retorted the virgin, "when one alleges things that have no foundation. Show that I have said something false, and I will admit the insult; otherwise your reproach is a calumny." Almachius changed the subject. "Do you not know," he said to Cecilia, "that our masters the invincible emperors have ordered that those who will not deny that they are Christians be punished, and that those who consent to deny it be acquitted?" Cecilia answered: "Your emperors are in error, just as much as your Excellency. The law on which you rely proves one thing only: that you are cruel and we are innocent. For if the name of Christian were a crime, it would be for us to deny it and for you to force us by torments to confess it." "But," said the Prefect, "it was in their clemency that the emperors made this provision; they wished to assure you of a means of saving your lives." The virgin answered: "Is there any conduct more impious and more fatal to the innocent than yours? You use tortures to make evildoers confess the nature of their offence, the place, the time, their accomplices; when it is a question of us, our whole crime is in our name, and we need only deny that name to find favour with you.

But we know all the greatness of that sacred name, and we cannot deny it. Better to die and be happy than to live and be wretched. You would like to hear a lie from our mouths; but by proclaiming the truth we inflict on you a crueller torture than those you make us undergo." "Let us have done," said Almachius. "Choose one of these two courses: either sacrifice to the gods, or simply deny that you are a Christian, and you shall go away in peace."

At this proposal a smile of compassion appeared on Cecilia's lips. "What a humiliating position for a magistrate!" she said. "He wants me to deny the title that bears witness to my innocence and to make myself guilty of a lie. He consents to spare me, but only to show himself crueller still. If you admit the charge, what do these efforts mean to force me to deny what I am charged with? If your intention is to acquit me, why do you not at least order an inquiry?" "But here are the accusers," Almachius went on; "they testify that you are a Christian. Only deny it, and the whole accusation comes to nothing; but if you persist in refusing to deny it, you will recognize your folly when you have to undergo the sentence." Cecilia answered: "The accusation is my triumph; the punishment will be my victory. Do not charge me with folly; rather reproach yourself for having been able to believe that you would make me deny Christ." Pressed to sacrifice to the gods, Cecilia refused with indignation. Almachius resolved to put her to death. Nevertheless he shrank from ordering the public execution of this young woman, who joined to so many graces the gift of drawing all noble hearts to herself. He feared besides the emperor's reproaches on his return, for so odious a spectacle given in the heart of Rome might stir up the murmurs of the patricians.

He ordered Cecilia to be taken back to her house, so that she might meet death there without stir or tumult. Almachius's orders were that she should be shut up in the bath-hall of her palace, which the Romans called the caldarium. A violent and continuous fire would be lit in the hypocaust, and the virgin, left without air under the burning vault, would breathe in death with the scorching vapour, without any need to send a lictor to kill her.

This cowardly expedient did not achieve its end. Cecilia, entering joyfully the place of her martyrdom, spent there the whole rest of the day and the following night without the fiery atmosphere she breathed drawing from her limbs even the slightest moisture. A heavenly dew, like the one that refreshed the three children in the furnace of Babylon, deliciously tempered the fires of that burning abode. In vain the ministers of Almachius's cruelty fanned the blaze with the wood they kept throwing on the furnace; in vain a devouring blast poured continually from the heat-vents and filled the narrow room with the boiling vapours of the basin: Cecilia was invulnerable, and waited calmly until it should please the divine Spouse to open another road for her to rise to Him.

This prodigy, reported to Almachius, overthrew the hope he had formed of not having to go so far as to shed the blood of a Roman lady. He felt that it was no longer possible for him to stop on the fatal road on which he had set out. A lictor received the order to go and cut off Cecilia's head in the very place where she was mocking death. The executioner presented himself armed with the instrument of punishment. The virgin saw him enter with gladness, as one who came to bring her the bridal crown. She offered herself to martyrdom with the eagerness to be expected of one who had until then triumphed over all that frightens and all that seduces human nature. The lictor swung his sword vigorously, but his unsteady arm could not, after three strokes, cut off Cecilia's head entirely. He left the virgin lying on the ground, bathed in her blood — she over whom death seemed afraid to exercise its empire — and withdrew in terror. A law forbade the executioner who had not finished his victim after three strokes to strike her again.

The doors of the bath-hall had remained open after the lictor's departure; the crowd of Christians who were waiting outside for the consummation of the sacrifice rushed in with reverence. A sublime and pitiful sight met their eyes: Cecilia at grips with death, still smiling at the poor whom she loved and at the neophytes for whom her word had opened the way of true life. They hastened to gather on linen cloths the virginal blood that flowed from her mortal wounds; all lavished on her the marks of their veneration and love. From one

moment to the next they expected to see that pure soul breathe forth, breaking the weak and last bonds that still held it. The crown hung above Cecilia's head; she had only to stretch out her hand to seize it, and yet she delayed. The faithful did not yet know of the delay she had asked for and obtained.

For three whole days they surrounded her blood-stained couch, continually suspended between hope and fear, but full of respect for the mysterious will of the Lord concerning His handmaid. Cecilia's voice never ceased to exhort them to stand firm in the faith. From time to time the virgin had the poor brought near; she lavished on them the most touching marks of her affection and saw to it that whatever she still had left was shared among them. The men of the treasury had not presented themselves; they knew that the victim had been missed by the executioner, and besides, this blood-stained house must have seemed as fearsome to the pagans as it seemed august to the faithful, who venerated it as the glorious arena where Cecilia had won the crown.

There came a moment when the stream of people flowed away. The dying virgin was to receive the visit of Urban, who for some days, as we have said, had been sheltering his exile in Cecilia's house. Until this longed-for hour prudence had not allowed him to approach the martyr, who was ardently awaiting him before going up to heaven. Cecilia wished to receive the blessings of the Father of the faithful and to place in his hands the only inheritance she left behind her. The Pontiff entered the bath-hall, and his tender gaze fell on his beloved daughter, stretched out like the lamb of sacrifice on the altar flooded with her blood.

Cecilia turned towards him her eyes full of sweetness and consolation. "Father," she said to him, "I asked the Lord for this delay of three days in order to put into the hands of Your Beatitude my last treasure: the poor whom I fed, and who are about to lose me. I bequeath to you also this house in which I lived, that it may be consecrated by you as a church and become a temple to the Lord for ever." After these words the virgin recollected herself and thought only of the happiness of the Bride who is about to go to her Bridegroom. She thanked Christ for having deigned to associate her with the glory of His athletes and to unite on her head the roses of martyrdom with the lilies of virginity. The heavens were already opening to her dying eye, and a last fainting announced the approach of death. She was lying on her right side, her knees modestly drawn together. At the supreme moment her arms sank one upon the other; and, as if she wished to keep secret the last sigh she was sending to the divine object of her one love, she turned towards the ground her head, furrowed by the sword, and her soul gently left her body.

St. Cecilia is represented:

> *1° In the attitude she had in dying: lying in a posture full of modesty, resting on her right side, her arms sunk in front of her body, her neck marked with the three cuts made by the executioner's sword, and her head, by a mysterious and touching inflection, turned towards the bottom of the coffin. 2° Placed before a table on which are various musical instruments; two angels accompany the Saint. 3° Seated, seen from the front, her right hand placed above the keys of an organ, pausing as if in ecstasy on hearing a concert that the angels are performing in heaven. 4° Surrounded by Christians who are gazing at her; two women are busy staunching the blood that flows from her wounds and gathering it in a vessel. 5° Lying dead and guarded by two angels, one of whom holds the palm of martyrdom.*

CULTUS AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS.

So great a Martyr could be buried only by the most august hands. Urban, aided by the ministry of the deacons, presided at Cecilia's funeral. The virgin's garments were not touched — richer still for the purple of martyrdom that covered them than for the gold of which they were woven; even the attitude she kept at the moment she expired was respected. The body, wasted by suffering, was laid in a coffin of cypress boards, and at its feet were placed the linens and veils in which the faithful had gathered the virgin's blood.

The following night the precious deposit was carried along the Appian Way to the cemetery of Callistus, before the third milestone. Valerian, Tiburtius and Maximus lay a short distance away, but the entrance to

their tombs was on the left of the Appian Way. To honour the apostolate Cecilia had exercised, Urban wished her to be buried within the enclosure Callistus had prepared for the Pontiffs, where he had laid the body of Zephyrinus, his predecessor. Shortly after the martyrdom of St. Cecilia, Pope Anterus (235) had an authentic account (acts) made of this glorious martyrdom. These acts served for the definitive redaction made in the fifth century. Her name was inserted in the diptych of the canon of the Mass; 22 November was the day fixed for her feast, preceded by a vigil of preparation.

St. Cecilia's palace having been made into a church, Pope Paschal, in 821, had the old basilica rebuilt, its walls threatening to fall into ruin. He greatly desired to lay the virgin's relics there; but they had already been sought in all the crypts of the Appian Way. It was believed that the Lombards, who besieged Rome in 755 and carried off the bodies of several Martyrs, had discovered that of St. Cecilia.

But the Pope, attending Matins one Sunday in the church of St. Peter, fell asleep and had a dream in which he learned from St. Cecilia herself that the Lombards had searched for her body in vain and had not been able to find it. It was therefore discovered in the cemetery that bore the Saint's name. It was wrapped in a robe of cloth of gold, and at its feet were found blood-stained linens. The body of Valerian was near St. Cecilia's. The Pope transferred them to the new church, together with those of St. Tiburtius, St. Maximus and the holy popes Urban and Lucius, who lay in the cemetery of Praetextatus, adjoining that of our Saint and likewise on the Appian Way. This translation took place in 821. Pope Paschal founded, in honour of these Saints, a monastery near the church of St. Cecilia, so that the divine office might be celebrated there day and night. He adorned the church with great magnificence and made it rich gifts. On one of the vestments was represented an angel crowning St. Valerian and St. Tiburtius. This church is the title of a cardinal-priest. It was rebuilt by Cardinal Paolo Emilio Sfondrati, nephew of Pope Gregory XIV; in 1599 St. Cecilia's tomb was opened and the complete integrity of her body was established; it still rests in the same place. The church of St. Cecilia was rebuilt in the last century by the munificence of Benedict XIII, and an inscription that comes from the old church, cut in characters of the end of the Middle Ages on an ancient cippus, bears these words: *Haec est domus in qua orabat sancta Caecilia* — "This is the house where St. Cecilia prayed." This inscription has been moved to the sacristy. Among the Christian monuments so numerous in Rome, one of the most graceful is the tomb of St. Cecilia, placed under the high altar of the church dedicated to her and set against the room in which her martyrdom took place. The tomb is adorned with alabaster, lapis lazuli, jasper, agates and rich sculptures in gilt bronze. A great number of lamps burn continually around it. The Saint's tomb in an old chapel of the catacomb of St. Callistus, on whose walls old and venerable paintings can still be made out, is lit up for the feast and decked with box and flowers; all the galleries or corridors of this catacomb are also lit up.

In 1282 there was begun at Albi, and finished in 1512, a church under the name of St. Cecilia. It is one of the most interesting works of Gothic architecture in France. Dark and grim outside, with its bricks blackened by time, its tower rising in four stages four hundred feet above the waters of the Tarn, and its walls a hundred and fifteen feet high, it presents within an aspect full of richness and grace: a vast nave without pillars, which springs its vaults to a height of ninety-two feet above the pavement; twenty-nine chapels radiating around it; a very beautiful rood-screen; a prodigious number of statues in the choir; and everywhere painting, showing scenes from the Old and New Testaments, the lives of the Saints and the history of the Church.

St. Cecilia has become a favourite subject for many painters, Raphael, Domenichino and others; but there is one art that acknowledges her as its special patroness: she is the queen of harmony. There are relics of her at the Louvencourt of Amiens, at Wailly and at Mont-Saint-Quentin.

This biography is taken from the Histoire de sainte Cécile *of the Rev. Fr. Dom Prosper Guéranger, abbot of Solesmes, which we have sometimes abridged and sometimes reproduced textually.*

ST. PRAGMATIUS, BISHOP OF AUTUN (520)

Like St. Euphronius, Pragmatius honoured the see of Autun by his learning and his virtues; like him too, he was surrounded with the highest esteem and consulted by his colleagues in the episcopate. St. Sidonius Apollinaris, who saw in Euphronius a master, a guide and a father and had kept up a correspondence with him, continued, it is said, the same relations with Pragmatius.

St. Avitus, bishop of Vienne, who had had the consolation of seeing Sigismund, king of Burgundy, renounce Arianism, summoned — no doubt in concert with that prince — all the bishops of the kingdom to Epaone on 15 September 517, to deliberate on the means of rooting out Arianism entirely and of completing, by removing the last traces of that obstinate heresy, the work so well begun by the prince's conversion. Pragmatius, happy to find this occasion of contributing to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, answered the summons eagerly. He signed the decrees of the council in these terms: "I, Pragmatius, in the name of Christ bishop of the city of Augustodunum, have read and subscribed, on the day and under the consulate stated above, the 17th of the calends of the eighth month, under the consulate of the most illustrious Agapitus." Back among his flock, the holy bishop gave himself to the ordinary labours of his zeal, full of the joy the conversion of the Burgundians had given him. Alas! great sorrows were soon to poison his old age and tear his heart. During the war of the sons of Clovis against the kings of Burgundy, the unhappy city of Autun, besieged and taken by the victors, suffered greatly. The good shepherd could not long bear the sight of such desolation, and soon, delivered from the miseries of this life, he went to take possession of the glory of the Blessed.

His body was buried in the ancient church of Saint-Étienne, next to that of Saint-Pierre-l'Étrier. The church of Saint-Andoche at Autun once possessed a bone of one of his arms. No one knows what has become of this precious relic; the tomb of St. Pragmatius disappeared with the church that held it.

M. l'abbé Dinet, Saint Symphorien et son culte.

23 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The birthday in heaven of St. Clement, pope, who was raised to the sovereign pontificate as the third after the Apostle St. Peter. Banished to the Chersonese during the persecution of Trajan, he was thrown into the sea with an anchor tied to his neck and won the palm of martyrdom. His body was carried to Rome under Pope Nicholas I and laid with great honour in the church that had already been built under his name. 100.

— At Rome, St. Felicity, mother of seven martyrs, who after their execution was beheaded for Jesus Christ by command of the emperor Marcus Antoninus.[1] 150.

— At Mérida in Spain, St. Lucretia, virgin, who completed her martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian under the governor Dacian. About 304.

— At Cyzicus on the Hellespont, St. Sisinnius, martyr, who was beheaded after several other torments during the same persecution. 4th cent.

— At Iconium in Lycaonia, St. Amphilochius, bishop, companion of St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nazianzus in the desert and their colleague in the episcopate. He fought many battles in defence of the Catholic faith, and afterwards rested in peace with a great reputation for holiness and learning.[2] About 394.

— At Girgenti in Sicily, the death of St. Gregory, bishop. About 600.

— In the Hesbaye, St. Trond, priest and confessor. 693.

— At Mantua, Blessed John the Good, of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, whose life, full of fine deeds, was written by the bishop St. Antoninus.[3] 1222.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Dijon, Metz, Nancy and Paris, St. Clement, pope and martyr, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 101.

— In the diocese of Nancy, commemoration of St. Clement, first bishop of Metz.■ 1st cent.

— At Chabris (Indre, arrondissement of Issoudun, canton of Saint-Christophe), in the diocese of Bourges, St. Phalier of Limoges (*Phaletrus, Phalevius*), priest and confessor, a recluse in the solitudes of Chabris. His legend shows him "sanctifying the desert, given to the most austere practices of the hermit life, eating barely once in five days a barley loaf and roots watered with the pure water of the springs; building in honour of Our Lady of Pity a chapel in which he places, among other relics brought from the Holy Land, where he had gone on pilgrimage, the handkerchief with which the Virgin wiped her eyes during the agony of her Son; forming a Congregation of the faithful who wish to place themselves under his rule; healing the sick, relieving want, and giving the example of the rarest virtues until the moment when he breathes his last and receives from the hands of one of his disciples a burial fruitful in miracles, which daily draw from the most distant lands those afflicted in body and mind."■ About the year 525.

— In the diocese of Reims, St. Gobert (*Gothbertus*), confessor. He has given his name to a parish of the diocese of Soissons (Saint-Gobert, Aisne, arrondissement of Vervins, canton of Sains■). 1263.

— In the Benedictine abbey of Nivelles (southern Brabant), St. Wulfetrude (Wilfetrude, Wolfetrude), virgin, second abbess (659) of that monastery, founded in 645 by St. Gertrude, her aunt. 670.

— At Zeelhem, Blessed Adela, mother of St. Trond. 7th cent.

— In Franche-Comté, St. Lamain (*Lamanus*), monk, martyred by the Saracens or the Northmen near Poligny, on the very spot where the village of his name grew up (Saint-Lamain, Jura, arrondissement of Lons-le-Saunier, canton of Sellières■). 8th or 9th cent.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — In the Hesbaye (part of the former principality of Liège), St. Trond, priest and confessor, who founded a monastery with his patrimony and lived with the Clerks regular. He cared for the salvation of the people and shone by his miracles. 693.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Saint-Gall in Switzerland, St. Rachildis, virgin and recluse, whose life we have given with that of her companion St. Guiborat or Wiborada on 2 May. 946.

— In Wales, St. Daniel, first bishop of Bangor. He was buried on the island of Bardsey. The cathedral of Bangor is dedicated under his invocation. 545.

— Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Diether of Nassau, bishop and confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He was a religious of great piety and exceeding charity. He occupied the see of Trier. 13th cent.

— In Greece, St. Ischyrion, bishop and confessor.

— At Spoleto in Italy, on the Maroggia, St. Speus, bishop of that see and confessor. About 420.

— At Chieti, a city of the kingdom of Naples (Abruzzo Citeriore), St. Urban, confessor.

— In Egypt, Sts. Teclahawarjat and Gabrajoanne, confessors.

— At Pescara (Abruzzo Citeriore), St. Guy, abbot of Casauria. 1045.

Notes printed in the original.

1° See, under 10 July (vol. VIII, p. 227), the life of St. Felicity with that of her seven sons. 2° St. Amphilochius wrote much against the heretics of his time (Arians, Macedonians, Messalians); but most of his works are lost; those that remain are in vol. XXXIX of the Greek Patrology. We learn from Theodoret (Hist. v, 16) that St. Amphilochius, being at Constantinople, begged Theodosius to issue a law forbidding the Arians to hold their assemblies and to blaspheme the Son of God; the emperor refused. Some time later Amphilochius went to the palace. Finding Theodosius with his son Arcadius, lately proclaimed Augustus, he greeted the father and appeared to take no notice of the son. Theodosius showed his surprise and displeasure. "What!" said Amphilochius, "you cannot bear an insult done to your son, and you tolerate those who dishonour the Son of God!" The emperor, struck by this answer, issued a law which we still have, proscribing the assemblies of the Arians, Eunomians, Macedonians, Manichaeans and Apollinarists. — Dom Ceillier and Godescard. 3° We have given the life of Blessed John the Good under 23 October (vol. XII, p. 552). 4° St. Clement was sent into Gaul by St. Peter himself. He preached the Gospel at Metz and in the surrounding country for more than twenty years and founded that church, after which, full of merits, he put off his mortality on 23 November. So say the most ancient traditions. His body was raised from the ground in 1090 by Hermann, bishop of Metz, who placed it with honour in the church of Saint-Félix, which afterwards took the name of Saint-Clément. In the middle of the sixteenth century his relics were moved into the interior of the city. They perished during the Revolution, except some bones given long before to the church of Saint-Martin at Pont-à-Mousson, which still keeps them reverently today. A portion was obtained by Mgr Du Pont des Loges, bishop of Metz, who enriched the cathedral of that city with it in 1846. Today the diocese of Metz keeps the feast of St. Clement on the last Sunday after Pentecost. — Proper of Metz. 5° His body was buried at Chabris. A great number of miracles took place at his funeral, and they still occur at his tomb, empty though it has been since the Huguenots burned his relics during the wars of religion and set fire to his church. It is said that the sound of the bells of that basilica was terrible to the infernal powers. Chabris was formerly a much-frequented place of pilgrimage. King Louis XI came there to invoke St. Phalier and was cured of a slow fever that was secretly wasting him and seemed to threaten him with consumption. In thanksgiving for this miraculous favour he granted the parish of Chabris a general exemption from every kind of taille and tax, and presented it, among other precious objects, with a gold statue of St. Phalier and a magnificent shrine to hold his relics. All these riches fell into the hands of the Calvinists; a small part of the Saint's skull and some small bones of the body were nevertheless saved from the pillage. Part of them remains in the church of Chabris, and the rest has been distributed to various churches. In the dioceses of Bourges and Orléans there are a great number of churches, chapels and altars dedicated under the invocation of St. Phalier; he is invoked especially for cure of the disease of the spleen. — Veillat, Légendes du Berry; De Reignefort, Saints du Limousin. 6° See the Martyrology of France for 20 August (vol. X, p. 37). 7° His cultus existed in the abbeys of Saint-Claude, Autun and Saint-Marcel of Chalon; the village near which he was put to death is mentioned under the name of Church of Saint-Lamain in several charters of the twelfth century. No fragment of his relics survives. — Saints de Franche-Comté. [This note is printed on the following page, inside the life of St. Clement.]

ST. CLEMENT OF ROME, POPE AND MARTYR (100)

Roman Emperor: Trajan.

Nimis honorificati sunt amici tui, Deus. Your friends, O my God, You have as it were overwhelmed with honours. — Psalm cxxxviii, 17.

If the English acknowledge St. Gregory the Great as their apostle because he sent them St. Augustine, a monk of Rome, to announce to them the truths of the Gospel, is it not right that we too should acknowledge St. Clement as our apostle, since it was by his wise providence that St. Denis and his illustrious companions came into Gaul and to Paris to bring there the light of faith and the knowledge of Jesus Christ? But he made himself commendable to the Church by so many other heroic actions worthy of eternal memory that we can give him no praise that is not infinitely below his merits.

He was a Roman, son of the senator Faustinian, a kinsman of the emperors Vespasian, Titus and Domitian. He was born in the quarter of the Caelian Hill and was first of all a disciple of St. Paul; that Apostle, in his Epistle to the Philippians (chapter iv), declares that he laboured with him in the ministry of the Gospel and that his name is written in the Book of Life. Afterwards he assisted St. Peter in the government of the Roman Church and gained a very high reputation for prudence and virtue. Tertullian (*Prescriptions*, book ii, chapter xxxii), St. Epiphanius (*Heresies* xxvii) and Rufinus (Preface to the book of the *Recognitions* of this holy Pope) say that the Prince of the Apostles named him his successor at his death. But as it is certain that he did not succeed him immediately, but only after St. Linus, they add that he would accept this charge only after that blessed Pontiff, who had been St. Peter's coadjutor. He acted thus either from humility, thinking himself unworthy of so great an honour, or from prudence and caution, not wishing to give grounds for believing that ecclesiastical offices could become hereditary.

"Clement," says the *Liber pontificalis*, "sat nine years, two months and ten days (67–76), under the reigns of Galba and Vespasian, from the consulate of Trachalus and Italicus to that of Vespasian and Titus. It was he who first divided the seven regions of the Roman Church among as many faithful notaries, each charged in his district with recording scrupulously and in detail the acts of the martyrs."

Clement's holiness caused many pagans to leave their superstitions and embrace the Christian religion, and many of the faithful to enter the narrow ways of perfection. Clement gave the veil of virginity to St. Flavia Domitilla, that illustrious virgin whose acts we have given on 12 May. He baptized Sisinnius, one of the first men of Rome, who had come out of curiosity to study what went on in the assemblies of the Christians and had lost the sight of his body, so as to deserve by his conversion to receive the sight of his soul. Clement gave him both at once, and he was afterwards very zealous for the spread of the Gospel, as was Theodora, his wife. Finally this generous Pontiff, worthy heir of the zeal as well as the chair of St. Peter, sent preachers of the Gospel in every direction to combat idolatry and spread through the world the knowledge of the true God.

While he was applying himself so courageously to the salvation of souls, a furious persecution suddenly arose against the flock of Jesus Christ. Torcutian, count of the offices, so won over the subordinate prefects that they stirred up a sedition among the people to demand the ruin and massacre of this innocent band. They attacked chiefly the holy Shepherd, accusing him of sacrilege, impiety, disobedience to the emperors' edicts and blasphemy against the gods. Some citizens on the contrary took his part, loudly praising his conduct, his good faith, his detachment from earthly goods, his mercy towards the poor and his charity for the sick and for the afflicted of every kind. These very different feelings obliged Mamertinus, who held the first prefecture of Rome, to summon the holy Pontiff before his tribunal; but having examined him himself and finding him guilty of no crime, he informed the emperor Trajan of all that was happening.

Trajan answered that Clement must sacrifice to the gods, or else be banished without delay to a desert and barbarous island beyond the Euxine. On this decree Mamertinus did what he could to persuade the blessed Pontiff to obey the prince's orders; but that generous confessor of Jesus Christ answered steadfastly that neither exile nor death would ever make him commit so detestable an impiety. He also tried to win Mamertinus and make him renounce the idols, and if he did not entirely succeed, he at least inspired in him feelings of gentleness towards the Christians. Indeed, it was only with regret that he banished our Saint to the Tauric Chersonese (the present Crimea). He even had a comfortable ship prepared for the voyage, and when he took leave of him he shed tears and said these words: "I hope that the God whom you honour will not abandon you in your disgrace, and that He will be your consolation and your help in this banishment which you are going to endure for His glory." Several Christians went into voluntary exile with him and gave up their country so as not to leave so accomplished a master, from whom they received such holy instruction.

In that peninsula Clement found more than two thousand of the faithful deported for the same cause and condemned to quarry marble. He told them on arriving that our Lord had not sent him to them for his own merits, but to make him a sharer in their sufferings and to encourage them to stand firm in the faith. One of

their greatest hardships was that they had to fetch water from two long leagues away from the quarry where they worked and carry it on their shoulders. The Saint was touched with compassion. He set them to prayer and prayed for them himself, and he had scarcely finished his prayer when he saw on the mountain a lamb that marked with its right foot the place of a spring. He went at once to the place shown, struck it with a spade, and immediately a spring gushed out, which served for the relief of that whole army of confessors. The report of this marvel having spread through the province, the people flocked to see St. Clement. He took advantage of the occasion: he preached Jesus Christ to these barbarians, converted a very great number of them and gave them the sacrament of Baptism. It is said that not a day passed without his baptizing as many as five hundred. The idols were overthrown, their temples pulled down, their groves cut, and within a year seventy-five churches were built there in honour of the true God.

Trajan, learning of this admirable progress of Christianity, sent in haste a governor named Aufidianus to stop it by the rigour of punishments. This tyrant did not fail to use against the faithful everything most cruel that rage could inspire; but seeing that, far from being intimidated, they came of their own accord in troops, with inexpressible joy, to offer themselves for martyrdom, he grew weary of putting them to death and turned all his fury against the holy Pontiff who strengthened them in the faith. After trying in vain to make him sacrifice to the idols, he condemned him to be thrown into the sea with an anchor about his neck, so that, dying amid the waves, he might be deprived of the honours the Christians were accustomed to pay to the Martyrs. No words can express the affliction of the remaining faithful when they learned the sentence pronounced against their holy pastor. They went with him to the shore, followed him with their eyes out to the open sea, and filled the air with their cries and sighs. All of them said to God: “Lord, save him.” Clement for his part commended his spirit to his divine Master and, thrown into the waters, ended his life there on 23 November in the year 100. Shortly after his death Cornelius and Phoebus, two of his disciples, advised the other Christians to set themselves all to prayer, to ask God with one accord to make known to them where the body of their holy pastor was. A prodigious thing! While they prayed, the sea drew back a league and a half. They followed the retreating waters dry-shod, and in that place, which before had covered the depths, they found a little marble chapel of admirable structure, built by the hands of angels, in which lay the body of the holy Martyr and beside it the anchor that had been the instrument of his death. There they lavished on him the marks of the deepest respect. His disciples were then warned by revelation to leave this precious relic in that same place, because every year, on the anniversary of the holy Pope’s martyrdom and the seven following days, the sea would withdraw as far as that and give free access to all the faithful who wished to go there to make their devotions.

This miracle did in fact continue for several centuries, and in those times the blind received sight, the deaf hearing, the dumb speech; the feverish were cured, the possessed delivered, those suffering from the kidneys or the stone relieved, and the sick of every kind obtained perfect health. So it came about that the whole country was so thoroughly converted that there was no longer a Jew, a pagan or a heretic to be found there. St. Ephrem, martyr, bishop of the city of Georgia in the Chersonese, relates a great miracle that happened during one of these pilgrimages. One of the chief citizens of that city and his wife had without thinking left their little child asleep in this wonderful chapel of St. Clement; it remained alive there the whole year amid the waters, and at the end of that time they found it safe and sound, having had no food but what divine Providence had supplied. St. Gregory of Tours also relates this prodigy, and Cardinal Baronius says in his *Annals* that the proofs of it are so constant in antiquity that there is no reason to call it in question.

St. Clement is represented:

1° Making a spring gush forth, at the place shown him by a lamb that appears to him, to quench the thirst of the Christians condemned to the quarries. 2° Holding in his hand a ship’s anchor, the instrument of his death.

3° With a little chapel surrounded by water near him or under his feet; we have given the key to this symbol.

St. Clement is patron of the Crimea, of Velletri and of Seville (because that city was taken by Ferdinand in 1248 on 23 November, the holy Pope's feast). At Bruges the boatmen have chosen him for their patron (no doubt because of the anchor that marks him). He is invoked against children's diseases; we have hinted at the reason in his legend.

CULTUS AND RELICS. — MONUMENTS. — WRITINGS.

The body of the holy Pontiff was translated from the Chersonese to Rome under the pontificate of St. Nicholas I (858–867) by St. Cyril, apostle of the Slavs, and laid in a church that had been built in his honour several centuries before. Some portions of this precious treasure were detached to enrich France. Before 1793 the abbey of Cluny showed his sacred head in a silver reliquary; and today the churches of Saint-Clément at Clermont and Saint-Marcel at Paris still have the happiness of possessing some bones of the holy Pope. We may add that a relic of St. Clement, brought from Rome in 1840, rests at Bordeaux near the shrine of St. Fort, in the church of Saint-Seurin.

The primitive church of St. Clement of which we have just spoken was built on the very site of this holy Pope's family home, not far from the Flavian amphitheatre (now the Colosseum), where so many Christians were given to the beasts and where [the great Ignatius] of Antioch, ground by the teeth of the lions, could at last quench his thirst for martyrdom. St. Clement himself had set up a chapel in his own house; later, when the era of persecution was over, the faithful built a church within whose precincts the Saint's house was enclosed.

It is very likely that this primitive basilica of St. Clement was entirely or almost entirely destroyed at the time of the invasion of the Normans led by Robert Guiscard in 1084. Paschal II (1099–1118) had it rebuilt at the beginning of the following century. After its reconstruction it was served by various religious Orders, and lastly by the religious of St. Ambrose *ad nemus* (founded and established long ago by St. Ambrose near Milan). But these were suppressed under Eugenius IV (1431–1447), so that a little later Innocent X (1644–1655) was able to call there the Irish Dominicans, who still serve it today. The primitive basilica having been filled with rubble, the present church rises directly above the first. In 1857 the Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Mullooly, prior of the convent of San Clemente, had the happy idea of beginning excavations under the present basilica. He soon discovered three fine marble columns and some frescoes. Encouraged by this result, but unable to continue because of the convent's limited resources, he turned to the Commission of Sacred Archaeology. It approved his plan, and in June 1858 he was able to have the work continued; it was finished only in 1868. We shall not list all the archaeological treasures that these intelligent excavations have drawn from the earth. Let us say only that, thanks to the perseverance of the learned Fr. Mullooly, the underground basilica has been entirely cleared. A magnificent staircase leads from the modern church to the old one, whose aisles are lit by air-shafts and lamps; the high altar has been set up again in the very place it once occupied; the columns have been strengthened and the frescoes cleaned. The consecration of the altar took place on 23 November 1867. On 30 January 1868 took place the solemn translation, from the ancient underground basilica to the high altar of the present church, of the relics of St. Clement, St. Ignatius of Antioch and several other Saints, whose precious bones had lain buried in the earth for a thousand years.

St. Clement is the author of several theological writings, though some have also been attributed to him that he did not compose. The authentic writings of this holy Pope are:

1° His First Epistle to the Corinthians. In the second half of the first century the Church founded by St. Paul in the capital of Achaia had seen its peace troubled by a sedition. Some minds, infatuated with their own vain knowledge, had risen against the holders of spiritual power, several of whom were violently driven from their sees. Torn by these discords, the Church of Corinth had turned to that of Rome, centre of Christian unity, to ask for its intervention against the authors of the schism that had broken out in its bosom. Hence the origin of this first epistle of St. Clement. It is one of the most remarkable monuments of sacred eloquence among the apostolic Fathers. First, this intervention of the Roman Pontiff in the internal affairs of a distant Church furnishes of itself

an almost decisive argument in favour of the supremacy of the see of Rome. Further, by pointing to pride as the moral cause of the schism and to humility as the preserving principle of unity, Clement brings out the close relation between the moral order and the social order, the one serving as foundation for the other. The care he takes to impress on the Corinthians obedience to the hierarchy as an essential condition of order proves that in the eyes of the primitive Church unity of doctrine was inseparable from unity of government. By tracing back to Christ and the Apostles the establishment of the hierarchy and its various degrees, the disciple of St. Paul destroys in advance the rationalist theories on the constitution of the primitive Church. Finally, the spirit of gentleness that the letter breathes and the tone of fatherly authority it shows from beginning to end indicate the true character of ecclesiastical power, which is to be based on humility and tempered by love. The authenticity of this epistle is clearly established by the many quotations the Fathers have made from it, all of which agree with the present text. Its authority in the Church is affirmed by St. Dionysius of Corinth, who had it read every Sunday in the assembly of the faithful; by St. Irenaeus, who calls it "an august monument"; and by Eusebius, who names it "the great and admirable Epistle". Outside the canonical Scriptures we possess no document whose origin is more certain, and the rationalist school of Tübingen has been forced to admit it through Baur, its most accredited spokesman. 2° The fragments of his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (for it has come down to us only mutilated: the superscription is missing, and the text breaks off abruptly in the middle of a sentence). In it St. Clement sets out to refute the heretics of his time (Naassenes or Ophites, Sethians, Peratae, Ebionites). He therefore insists more particularly on the divinity of the Saviour, the reality of His passion, the magnificent economy of the work of redemption, the realities of the future life, the impossibility of salvation outside the Christian law, and the certainty of the resurrection of the flesh. 3° Two Letters on Virginity, recently discovered in a Syriac manuscript and translated into Latin by Cardinal Villecourt. In St. Clement's time, as in ours, two kinds of persons professed to embrace chastity: the ministers of the altar, and souls called to the perfection of the evangelical counsels. To the former the Pontiff recalls the sublimity of their holy functions and the obligation of remaining faithful to them; for the latter he lays down rules of conduct to keep them in the holiness of their special vocation. Thus ecclesiastical celibacy, which was said to be a yoke arbitrarily imposed on priests by the ambition of the Popes, and the profession of virginity, decried as the recent invention of an absurd fanaticism — these two great institutions are found standing in apostolic times exactly as they are before our eyes, and truth joins hands across the ages to confound all the sophisms of heresy ancient and modern.

Let us say a word on the apocryphal works of St. Clement. One of the most curious, most interesting and most original works the literature of the Church possesses is the theological romance of the *Clementines*. Under this name is comprised that whole class or family of similar writings connected with St. Clement, which interweave his biography with the theological discussions of his time. Apart from some quite marked divergences in doctrine and in facts, their theme is at bottom the same, and consists in embroidering on a canvas, true or false, taken from the life of St. Clement, a more or less connected doctrinal fabric. First there are twenty homilies or discourses, preceded by two epistles of St. Peter and St. Clement to St. James the Less, bishop of Jerusalem; then the ten books of the *Recognitions*, so called because the various members of St. Clement's family find one another again one after another after losing sight of each other; finally an *Epitome* or abridgement of the two preceding works, addressed like them to St. James of Jerusalem.

The *Clementines*, in the form in which we have them, cannot be the work of St. Clement. To say nothing else, they contain the refutation of heresies that appeared only at the end of the second century, such as that of the Marcionites. Their spurious origin or character is a fact established by scholarship and admitted by everyone. They are the work of an Ebionite gnostic of the end of the end of the second century.

We have completed the biography of St. Clement with the Caractéristiques des Saints *of the Rev. Fr. Cahier. The details on the basilica of San Clemente in Rome were supplied by the* Année dominicaine*; as for the account and analysis of the holy pope's works, we have drawn them from the* Pères apostoliques *of Mgr Freppel and the* Histoire générale de l'Église *of M. l'abbé Darras.*

ST. TROND OR TRUDO,[1] BELGIAN PRIEST (693)

In the same year (660) in which St. Theodard ascended the episcopal see of Maastricht, St. Trudo, better known as St. Trond, was laying the foundations of a monastery in the Hesbaye (part of the former

principality of Liège). His parents were rich lords of that country and, what counts for more than nobility, excellent Christians. From his tenderest childhood he aspired only to heaven and made no account of the goods of this world, which Providence had distributed to him so generously. He gave the poor everything he had on him, even his clothes. If the young men of his age and rank invited him to hunt or to other amusements, he answered that his pleasures were higher. He loved learning but put it at the service of piety. Having lost his parents while still very young, he went to find St. Remaclus, then bishop of Maastricht, while the latter was making his pastoral visitation at Zepperen, quite near his estate, and asked him very humbly what he must do to please God. The holy bishop told him to go to St. Clodulphus, bishop of Metz, and there consecrate his goods to St. Stephen. Trudo made haste to follow this advice. He had hardly left when some of those accompanying the bishop began to laugh at the poor garb in which the Saint had presented himself before them. Remaclus rebuked them for being so little discerning and for judging a man by his outward appearance. “This young man,” he said, “is greater than we are in the eyes of God. Pray the Lord that, through the merits of Trudo, He may have mercy on you.”

St. Clodulphus showed no less esteem for the young Saint. After having him instructed in theology, he gave him all the Orders up to the priesthood. Then he sent him back to his own country to sanctify by his zeal the lands he had just offered to the first of the Martyrs. Trudo built at Sarchinium, on the little river Cisindria, a church under the invocation of St. Stephen and of the apostle of the Franks, St. Remigius. Then he began to preach God by word and example with such effect that one would have said his former subjects had become angels in a mortal body. Meanwhile young men of the highest nobility came to learn under his direction to despise the world and its pomps and to attach themselves to Jesus Christ. Soon he had a great number of disciples, and so the monastery of Saint-Trond was born. It is not known for certain whether he gave them the Rule of monks or that of Canons Regular. He died on 21 November in the year 693, and his tomb at once became famous for miracles. Shortly afterwards there was placed near his precious remains a part of the relics of Adela, his mother, who had been buried at Zeelhem and who worked no fewer wonders after her death than her blessed son. Saint-Trond soon became a famous school for young men, while Nivelles served as a school for noble young women under the direction of St. Wulfetrude.

He is represented:

> *1° Carrying a little church in his hand, as founder of a monastery. 2° Making a fountain spring up by driving his staff into the ground. This is no doubt meant to show that he was the apostle of the Hesbaye and made the living springs of the faith gush forth there.*

Fr. Smet, Saints de Belgique*; Fr. Cahier,* Caractéristiques des Saints.

Note printed in the original.

> *1° Alias: Troyen, Truyen, Truao.*

24 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The feast of St. John of the Cross, whose death is recorded on 14 December. 1591.

— The birthday in heaven of St. Chrysogonus, martyr, who, after long suffering chains and prisons for having steadfastly confessed the name of Jesus Christ, was taken by order of Diocletian to Aquileia, where he was beheaded and thrown into the sea, and so completed his martyrdom.[1] 304.

— At Rome, St. Crescentian, martyr, who is spoken of in the Acts of the martyrdom of Pope St. Marcellus.

— At Amelia, a town of the duchy of Spoleto, St. Firmina, virgin and martyr, who during the persecution of Diocletian, among other torments she endured, was hung up in the air and then burned with blazing torches, and gave up her spirit in this torment. 303.

— At Corinth, St. Alexander, martyr, who fought to the death for the faith of Jesus Christ under Julian the Apostate and the governor Sallust. 4th cent.

— At Córdoba, the holy virgins and martyrs Flora and Mary, who after a long imprisonment died by the sword during the persecution of the Arabs. 851.

— At Perugia, St. Felicissimus, martyr.

— At Milan, St. Protasius, bishop, who at the council of Sardica defended the cause of St. Athanasius before the emperor Constantius, and who, after labouring much for his Church and for all Christendom, went to enjoy in peace the company of our Lord. 352.

— At Blaye on the Garonne, St. Romanus, priest. The brilliant miracles he has worked are a proof and a eulogy of his holiness.[2] 385.

— In Auvergne, St. Porcianus [Pourçain], abbot, who shone by his miracles in the time of King Theuderic. 6th century.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Bordeaux, Rodez and Tours, St. Romanus, priest and confessor, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 385.

— In the dioceses of Clermont and Tours, St. John of the Cross, named today in the same source. 1591.

— In the diocese of Dijon, feast of the finding of the body of St. Benignus, apostle of Burgundy.[3]

— In the diocese of Paris, St. Severinus, monk.■ About 540.

— In the diocese of Soissons, St. Gobert, monk at Villers in Brabant, of whom we spoke in the Martyrology of France for 20 August. 1263.

— In the diocese of Vannes, St. Columban, abbot, whose life we have given on 21 November. 615.

— In the diocese of Clermont, St. Pourçain and St. Leopardinus, his brother, confessors. 6th cent.

— At Cambrai, St. Sarre, priest, patron of Lambres near Douai. 7th cent.

— At Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne (Savoy), St. Marinus, solitary. 731.

— In Brittany, St. Bieuzy, priest and martyr. It is related that he was a disciple of St. Gildas of Rhuys; that he stayed on after him in his hermitage of Blavet; that he was asked for by all the inhabitants of the district as their pastor; and that he had the special power of curing men and beasts of rabies. This was the cause of his death. Summoned one feast day to cure the hounds of a neighbouring lord, a brutal and hot-tempered man, he would not for such a reason fail to celebrate divine service for his people. Angered by this delay, the violent man came raging to the church and dealt Bieuzy a sword-blow that left him dead on the spot. His head was kept in the church of Pluvigner (Morbihan). 6th cent.

— In Auvergne, St. Protasius, hermit. It is said that, having had a revelation of the ceaseless attacks with which the devil pursued St. Pourçain, he sent him one of his disciples to strengthen him in his struggles and to tell him that, to foil all Satan’s efforts, he must use frequent prayer and the sign of the cross. 6th cent.

— In Maurienne, St. Edolard or Odilard, bishop of Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, martyred by the Saracens at Embrun (Hautes-Alpes), where he had taken refuge with St. Benedict, bishop of that see. 10th cent.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Reggio in Emilia, the translation of St. Prosper of Aquitaine, disciple of our Father St. Augustine and bishop of that same city. He was remarkable for his learning and piety and fought courageously against the errors of the Pelagians.■ 5th cent.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — At the monastery of Bobbio, St. Columban, abbot, whose birthday in heaven is kept on 21 November.■ 605.

— At Úbeda in Spain, St. John of the Cross, confessor, whose birthday in heaven is kept on 14 December; but his feast, by order of Pope Clement XII, is kept on this day. 1591.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — At Tours, St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, of the Order of St. Benedict, who after a long life full of virtues passed to the Lord on 18 November.■ 942.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The same as among the Canons Regular.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — The same as among the Benedictines.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Conrad of Friesach, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. His vocation was most extraordinary. He was a celebrated doctor of the University of Bologna, and St. Dominic drew him to the Order by a single prayer humbly addressed to the sovereign Master of hearts. Conrad evangelized Germany. While at Magdeburg (Saxony) he learned by revelation the hour of his death. Jesus, Mary and the angels visited him at the last moment, and he gave up his soul singing the psalm *Cantate Domino canticum novum*. 1239.

— At Jerusalem, St. Justus, bishop. 2nd cent.

— In the East, St. Carion, anchorite.

— At Milan, St. Audentius, confessor.

— In Ethiopia, St. Lican or Abeblicane, abbot. 5th cent.

— In Ireland, St. Kennain, confessor. 450.

— At Panzano in Tuscany, St. Leoninus, bishop of Padua.

Notes printed in the original.

> *1° We shall speak of St. Chrysogonus on 25 December, in the life of St. Anastasia, whom he trained in virtue. Let us say only that after Diocletian had him beheaded his body was thrown into the sea, but a holy priest named Zoilus, finding it on the shore, buried it reverently in his house. Today the greater part of the body of St. Chrysogonus is kept at Venice; his head, enclosed in a fine shrine, enriches the basilica of San Crisogono in Rome (Trastevere). This church dates from the age of Constantine. Twenty-two granite columns separate its three aisles; four columns of oriental alabaster support the canopy over the high altar; magnificent paintings adorn its vaults and chapels. The church is now served by Trinitarian religious. 2° Romanus was ordained priest by St. Martin of Tours and sent to Blaye (Gironde) to announce the Gospel. He built himself a cell on the bank of the Garonne on the outskirts of Blaye, and both by his preaching and by his miracles he converted all the inhabitants of the country. A famous pagan temple there was turned into a church. St. Romanus had the joy of*

dying in the arms of St. Martin, his master, who buried him. A church and a monastery were built by Charlemagne on the site of St. Romanus's cell; they were destroyed during the wars of the fourteenth century. As for the relics of St. Romanus, the church of Saint-Denis near Paris glories in possessing them. In the book of the Glory of the Confessors (chapter xlvi), St. Gregory of Tours relates the following: "In the territory of Bordeaux are the relics of St. Romanus. His tomb is on the banks of the Garonne, not far from the castle of Blaye. Those in danger of perishing in the waves never fail to invoke the Saint and say: 'Have pity on us, St. Romanus, confessor of God'; and their prayer is not left unanswered, for the storm is miraculously calmed and they soon reach the shore. Whoever can so much as glimpse the Saint's basilica from amid the waves is saved. We ourselves experienced the help of the Blessed one in a very grave danger. We were embarked on the river Garonne, whose waves the wind was raising violently, and we were about to be swamped, when the holy Confessor, invoked by us, came to our aid, calmed the storm and brought us safe and sound to the shore." — Proper of Bordeaux. [The second half of this note is printed after the Religious Orders section.] 3° See the article Cultus and Relics in the life of St. Benignus (vol. XIII, pp. 80– 85). 4° Moved by the desire to lead the contemplative life, he shut himself up in a little cell near Paris, where he lived in admirable holiness. He had as his disciple St. Clodoald [Cloud], son of Chlodomer, king of Orléans, and grandson of Clovis. His virtues and austerities brought him into great veneration, and the Parisians went in crowds to ask his advice and commend themselves to his prayers. He was buried in the chapel of his hermitage (later the parish of Saint-Séverin); in the course of time his relics were moved to the cathedral of Paris. — Proper of Paris. 5° The martyrology of the Religious Orders here confuses St. Prosper of Aquitaine with Prosper of Reggio. We refer our readers to what we have said on this subject in an earlier volume (vol. VII, p. 824, note 2 to the Roman Martyrology; and pp. 341–340, Life of St. Prosper of Aquitaine). 6° See the life of St. Columban on 21 November. 7° See the life of St. Odo of Cluny on 18 November.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. MARINUS [MARIN], MARTYR IN MAURIENNE

731. — Pope: Gregory II. — King of France: Theuderic II.

Just as pride is the usual guest of narrow minds, humility is the companion of lofty spirits and Christian hearts.

Eulogy of the Saint.

St. Marinus was very probably born in Italy, towards the end of the seventh century. He was one of those chosen vessels in which the Lord, as He forms them, lays the seed of the gentlest and most sublime virtues. Born of a family distinguished by nobility and wealth, he learned from his tenderest years to value at their true worth those perishable vanities the world makes so much of; and, convinced of their nothingness, he set himself to acquire a more real nobility and more solid riches. The angelic purity of his ways, his sincere piety and his care to avoid the slightest faults filled all who saw him with admiration. Gifted with a lively and precocious mind, he retained marvellously what he was taught, above all the examples of the Saints, which he was eager to know and strove to imitate as far as his youth and his position allowed. For fear of overstepping the often faint line of duty, he denied himself many permitted things and mortified his body before he had soiled the robe of innocence put on him at his baptism. For penance is not only the necessary expiation of faults committed; it is also the best safeguard against the snares of the devil and the stirrings of concupiscence.

The eighth century witnessed in the East many misfortunes over which religion groaned. It was the time when the Mohammedans were persecuting Christianity there, and the West felt itself threatened by them. Italy, for her part, was hardly more tranquil: the Lombards were forever making war on the small principalities around them; some of their kings, still imbued with Arianism, did not spare the Catholics and wrought sad havoc in lands too weak to resist them. But Providence always draws good from the evils His children suffer, and in the face of these dangers the peoples and their spiritual guides alike understood the need to make God favourable to them. Piety flourished; schools were founded in the monasteries on every side, and Rome, capital of the Catholic world, gave the impulse to these civilizing endeavours. It was there

above all that, despite the many misfortunes caused by the greed and assaults of the barbarians, the hearth of learning remained, and the meeting-place of those who sought it. It was there, too, that the young Marinus's parents chose to bring their son, to develop in his heart and mind the precious qualities they admired in him. Arriving in the eternal city, they had the good fortune to find for the young man a tutor beyond their hopes. This was a holy bishop named Elydius, who was living in Rome, having no doubt been obliged to flee before the barbarians who were laying waste his diocese; there, near the successor of St. Peter, he awaited the moment when God would let him go back to console and gather his scattered flock. However that may be, the man of God was putting great talents to use in the education of youth. He adopted his new pupil and, soon won over by the astonishing aptitude for learning he found in him, and no less by his virtuous inclinations, he spared nothing to draw from this mine the treasure it could yield. Under such a master, everything guaranteed the progress of such a disciple. Marinus was seen to be formed in a short time in holiness and in human knowledge, so that, though he was only twenty, and despite the rule already observed in the Church of admitting a cleric to the priesthood only after his twenty-fifth year, he received the priestly character. He refused it, it is true; his conscience, enlightened on the fearful duties of that great charge, seemed to entitle him to fear it. But no one is a good judge of such decisions for himself, and he had to yield to the gentle insistence of the prelate, who was looking far ahead to procure for his diocese a subject so capable of edification and devotion. The grace of the priesthood produced in the Saint something like an increase of new holiness. Taught by the examples of the confessors and virgins that solid virtue is maintained only by mortification of the senses, he redoubled his fasts and macerations. He spent nights in prayer and deprived himself even of necessities, so as to bring his life more perfectly into line with the penitential life of the God-Man. Frequenting the world only out of duty, he appeared there all the more usefully for the salvation of souls; he carried into it the edification that always follows a good priest, and won the respect and confidence of all.

So he was giving himself to all the virtues of his holy state when his devout protector Elydius was called to a better life. Everything suggests that the prelate had taken advantage of the calmer days God had given back to him to return to his diocese, and that Marinus had followed him; for the authors of his life tell us that, after the worthy pontiff who had become a second father to him, it was thought impossible to give him any other successor than his right-hand man, the one who had profited so well from his lessons. These plans of the clergy and people became known to Marinus, who, alarmed at a prospect to which his humility could not consent, hastened to leave the city and take the road to Burgundy, after disposing of all his goods in favour of the poor. This departure carried out a plan he had long since settled in his heart: he had promised himself one day to hide in the peaceful obscurity of the solitary life. God seemed to be inviting him to it, and he would have thought himself guilty of resisting grace had he not seized the opportunity offered him.

God led him into Maurienne, to a monastery dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the Rule of St. Benedict. A multitude of monks there were living the life of angels. One of them above all, Blessed Eusippius, was venerated by the people of the district as their benefactor and model. It was indeed the most solitary place one could find, and the most fitted to raise the soul to great and holy thoughts: above the monastery, a steep and wild mountain; behind it, a plateau cleared by the monks, along which the hamlets of two communes are strung out today; below, a sheer-cut rock; opposite, a mountain with bare flanks strewn with blocks of rock torn off by the storm; between the two mountains, at the bottom of a narrow, deep valley, the river Arc, now small and peaceful as a brook, now broad as a river, or loud and furious as a torrent; then, to the south, the mountains drawing apart to make room for the town of Maurienne and the cathedral of St. John the Baptist. The place was called Chandor (*monasterium Candorense*). The monastery stood right at the foot of the knoll on which, three centuries later, if tradition is to be believed, Berold of Saxony built the tower that still bears his name, to check the incursions of the marquis of Susa. The name of Chandor was then changed to that of the castle of Hermillon (*castrum Hermelionis*), from the name of the commune at the bottom of the mountain, on the other side of the knoll. Today the commune that grew up beside Berold's castle and the

ancient monastery of Chandor is called simply Le Châtel.

The abbot of Chandor was a holy man named Erilius. Learning from our Saint why he had left the diocese to which Providence had first led him, he begged him earnestly to stay in his monastery. Marinus consented all the more willingly because from his arrival he had been touched by the recollection and the great austerities practised there. Having become the humble brother of these fervent religious, he soon became their model; so much so that Erilius, who in his conversations with him had quickly discovered what treasures of learning lay hidden under that deep humility, entrusted him with the teaching of Holy Scripture and theology. Marinus fulfilled this important charge for a year with the greatest success; for to vast knowledge he joined the gift of adapting himself to his pupils' capacity, of measuring out to each the share of instruction he could grasp, and of giving truth the aspect that suited it. At the same time he regarded himself as the last of all and afflicted his body with redoubled prayers and macerations.

Yet his ever-growing reputation alarmed him. His name was known far and wide; the whole district talked of nothing but the holiness and learning of the Benedictine of Chandor; people came from every side to consult him as an oracle and admire him as a Saint. So much honour wearied and frightened his humility; he feared the fatal reef of vainglory and felt the desire for solitude grow in him every day. "What!" he said to himself, "I have abandoned the pomps of the world, and the world has abandoned me; must it now pursue me with its empty noise, and must I be exposed to being caught by its illusions, which I have so despised?"

One evening, when he had been overtaken by sleep while absorbed in these thoughts, the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by the Apostles, appeared to him and said: "Marinus, Marinus, what you wish to do, do quickly; for soon you will have much to suffer for the name of the Lord." As soon as morning came he went to Erilius and asked leave to withdraw to some spot on the mountain where, apart from men, he might give himself solely to prayer and meditation on eternal truths. This request threw the abbot into great perplexity. On the one hand he did not wish to oppose the will of God; on the other, the thought of parting from the Saint grieved him deeply. The day passed in this uncertainty. But the following night he had a vision in which St. Benedict commanded him to let Marinus do as he desired, because the time was not far off when he would have much to suffer for Jesus Christ. Erilius submitted; he sent for our Saint and gave him full permission to follow the attraction of grace.

Marinus built himself a cell on a ledge of rock halfway up the knoll crowned by Berold's tower. He sanctified it by a rigorous three-day fast, which he would have prolonged further had God not renewed in his favour the miracle He once worked in the desert for St. Paul, patriarch of solitaries. Two bears arrived, each carrying a hive full of honey, which they laid before the servant of God; then, lying down at his feet, they began to lick them, as if to invite him to taste the food the Lord was sending him. He gave thanks to God and, after restoring his strength weakened by so long an abstinence, he bade the messengers of Providence withdraw and return each day with heaven's gifts. The two bears obeyed, and from then on they never failed a single day to bring two small loaves to the holy hermit. Each time, before going away, these wild beasts, grown as gentle as lambs, licked his feet in token of their respect and submission. Absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things, Marinus seemed no longer to belong to the earth; his life was no longer a man's: he was an angel clothed in a human body. He had but one desire, to give his life for love of Jesus Christ, who gave His for the salvation of men; and though his humility persuaded him that he was unworthy of such a grace, the greatest God can grant His servants, he never ceased to ask for it and to prepare for it by redoubled fervour and austerities. An inner voice told him that his prayers would be granted, as the Blessed Virgin had foretold.

Marinus had lived for four years wholly cut off from the world, with no dealings save with heaven, when the Saracens invaded the provinces that formed the kingdom of Burgundy, pillaging, burning and massacring all in their path, and hunting above all priests and religious. They came to the monastery of Chandor, all of whose religious had fled into the mountains, and tried to set it on fire; but God did not allow it. They

destroyed everything that fell into their hands and headed for the town of Maurienne, to make it suffer the same fate as so many towns and villages of which nothing remained but smoking ruins. The road they took to go down into the plain and cross the Arc brought them right past St. Marinus's hermitage.

Then an angel appears to him and commands him, on God's behalf, to go out to meet the barbarians and preach Jesus Christ to them. The Saint, carried away with joy at seeing his most ardent desires about to be fulfilled, leaves his cell; he goes out to meet the Saracens, boldly reproaches them for their cruelty and announces to them that there can be no salvation for them unless they believe in one God in three persons and in Jesus Christ His only Son. They halt, astonished at such boldness; then, recovering from their surprise, they seize Marinus, bind his hands and take him to their chief, whom the legends call Requerem or Acquirinus. Scarcely has the servant of God come before the tyrant when his bonds break and his guards are thrown to the ground. At the sight of this miracle Requerem cries out: "What do you mean to do? Do you imagine you will overcome me by your magic arts? Renounce your God, worship mine, and you will feel the effects of the munificence of Engald, my king; he will make you great among us and give you authority over the provinces of his empire." — "I have no use for your treasures," answers the martyr; "I have more precious and more secure ones, which rust and worms do not devour." — "Take care what you are doing," retorts the Saracen, made furious by the courage of the confessor of Jesus Christ; "renounce your God, or I will punish your obstinacy with the cruellest tortures and you will perish by a dreadful death." But Marinus is unmoved by these threats. "Our king," he says, "knows how to soften the sufferings of his soldiers and change their torments into eternal glory."

Requerem has the Saint thrown into a blazing furnace. But the Lord, who saved Daniel from the jaws of the lions and the three children from the flames of the furnace, goes down into it with the martyr; he is heard calmly singing the praises of God amid the flames. Requerem condemned him to be beheaded, and this was carried out at once. Marinus himself offered his head to the executioner and went to receive in heaven the double crown of penance and martyrdom, on 24 November 731.

CULTUS AND RELICS.

The religious of Chandor gathered up the holy Martyr's body and laid it in their church, where God showed the glory of His servant by many miracles. But at the end of the eighth century Charlemagne, having built the monastery of Saint-Savin in Poitou, enriched it with a great number of relics, among them those of St. Marinus. At Saint-Savin, as in Maurienne, our Saint rewarded the devotion of the people by repeated proofs of his credit with God. Then, in the ninth century, came the Norman invasions; landing on the coasts of France, the Normans pushed inland and ravaged Poitou. The religious then had to think of saving the relics of their churches from irreparable profanation. Those of Saint-Savin carried the body of St. Marinus to Bourges. Later, forced to save it from a fresh danger, they hid it under the pavement of their church, taking care to leave no sign by which it might be found. It remained so, entirely forgotten, until 1020, when Odo, prior of the monastery, having obtained the permission of Abbot Gongaud and received a considerable sum from Aymone, countess of Poitou, had the church repaired and enlarged. On removing the foundations of the old building, the holy relics were found and were once more exposed to the veneration of the faithful. But then came the wars with the English in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and after them, in the sixteenth, the Protestants tore the bosom of the Church with excesses no less lamentable. There was no lack of reasons to fear both and to guard the sacred deposit against their attacks: so it had to be protected once more by being made to disappear. The misfortunes of the abbey and the dispersal of the monks in the unhappy years 1562 and 1563 long left the basilica deprived of its worship and its Saints. At last God allowed the tomb of St. Marinus to be found again in 1670, covered with masonry that had hidden it from all eyes. The holy body lay in a stone coffin on which was engraved this inscription in Latin: *Here lies Marinus, illustrious martyr.* The tomb was surrounded with iron chains. Was this a mere precaution, to guard the holy monument against any unlawful opening when it was exposed in the abbey church? Or might these not also be those forever

venerable chains with which the Saracens had loaded the hands of the Blessed one? Until quite recently a portion of this chain was kept in the sacristy of the church, which had become a parish church; it has suddenly disappeared. The inscription placed on St. Marinus's coffin is all the more remarkable in that it is worded in the same terms as the one still read on the edge of an altar slab in the eastern apse, called from time immemorial the Chapel of St. Marinus. Everything suggests that this altar dates either from the arrival of the holy body at the abbey about the year 800, or from its first discovery in 1020, after which all the honours of a solemn cultus must have been restored to it.

On 16 June 1671, after the happy discovery made the previous year had been authenticated according to the rules of the Church, the sacred bones were solemnly taken from the sepulchre and placed on the old altar just mentioned, in a gilded shrine that can still be seen there. But like so many others, this shrine, a pretty piece of carved woodwork that clearly marks the age of Louis XIV, is empty today of the least remains of that treasure. The Revolution of 1792 spared them no more than so many others, and the little town, stripped at that time, will always regret not having understood soon enough that impiety too is a kind of barbarism.

In 1857 Mgr Pie, after mature examination of the facts we have just related, desired that the Church of Poitiers, recovering the trace of this powerful protector, should render him the same honours as our fathers did, and that his cultus be maintained in the church of Saint-Savin. More fortunate than the church of Saint-Savin, that of the monastery of Chandor, now the parish church of Le Châtel, has kept a small bone of St. Marinus. It too keeps his feast on 24 November, the anniversary of his martyrdom.

On the site of the Saint's cell there has stood for centuries a small chapel with nothing remarkable about it, except the many tokens of gratitude from the sick who go there to have recourse to the Saint's intercession.

Taken from the Lives of the Saints of the diocese of Poitiers, by the abbé Auber, and from the Histoire hagiologique du diocèse de Maurienne, by the abbé Truchet. Chambéry, 1867.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, SPANISH RELIGIOUS

1591. — Pope: Innocent IX. — King of Spain: Philip II.

When the soul looks for its consolation from God alone, He is always ready to give it. *Maxim of the Saint.*

If persons of rank rightly take their names from the estates and lordships that belong to them, no name could have suited this excellent religious of the Order of Mount Carmel better than that of the Cross. For all his life he never wanted any other inheritance than the cross, the reproaches and the humiliations of Jesus Christ. In the cross he placed all his hopes; from the cross he drew all his glory; to the cross he gave all his affections. Never did a voluptuary have such ardour for the delights and satisfactions of the body as this great servant of God had for being despised, humbled and afflicted with his Saviour.

He was born at Fontiveros, a village near Ávila in Spain, in the year of grace 1542. His father was Gonzalo de Yepes and his mother Catalina Álvarez, wise and virtuous people. This devout mother early inspired in him a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he deserved to be delivered from several dangers by the visible protection of her whom he invoked so fervently.

His mother, left a widow, was without help and burdened with three young children. She withdrew with them to Medina. John was sent to school to learn the first elements of grammar. Shortly afterwards the administrator of the hospital, who had witnessed his extraordinary piety, took him in, intending to employ him in the service of the sick. John carried out this task with a zeal far beyond his years. His charity shone out above all in the exhortations he gave the sick to inspire in them the sentiments they ought to have. In secret he practised incredible austerities, and at the same time he continued his studies at the Jesuit college.

When he reached his twenty-first year he took the habit with the Carmelites at Medina (1563). It was his devotion to the Blessed Virgin that made him choose that religious Order. Never did a novice show more

submission, humility, fervour and love of the cross. Far from slackening after the novitiate, his zeal kept on growing. Sent to Salamanca to study theology, he went on practising extraordinary austerities there. He chose to live in a narrow, dark cell at the far end of the dormitory. A hollowed-out plank that looked like a coffin served him as a bed. He wore a hair shirt so rough that the slightest movement covered his body with blood. His fasts and other mortifications were beyond belief. These were the means he used to die to the world and to himself. But at the same time the continual practice of prayer, to which he gave himself in silence and retirement, made his soul take flight. The fundamental maxim of perfection which he made the rule of his conduct, and which he later set out in his writings, was this. Whoever wishes to be perfect must begin by doing all his actions in union with those of Jesus Christ, desiring to imitate Him and to put on His spirit. In the second place, he must mortify his senses in all things and refuse them whatever cannot be referred to the glory of God. He would have liked to be only a lay brother, but his superiors refused to consent.

Having finished his course of theology with success, he was ordained priest. He was then twenty-five. He prepared to celebrate his first Mass by fresh mortifications, by fervent prayers and by long meditations on the sufferings of Jesus Christ. He wanted to imprint the Saviour's precious wounds on his heart and to unite to the sacrifice of the God-Man the sacrifice of his will, his actions and his whole person. The graces he received from this first celebration of the holy mysteries increased his love of solitude. He weighed a thought that had come to him of entering the Carthusian Order. St. Teresa, who was then working at the reform of Carmel, happened to travel to Medina del Campo. What she had heard of our holy religious made her want to see him and talk with him. She told him that God had called him to sanctify himself in the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. She said she was authorized by the general to found two reformed houses for men, and that he must be the first instrument heaven would use in that important work. Shortly afterwards she founded her first monastery of men in a poor house in the village of Duruelo. John of the Cross withdrew there. Hardly two months had passed before some other religious came to join him. They all renewed their profession on the first Sunday of Advent, 1568. Such was the origin of the Discalced Carmelites, whose Institute was approved by Pius V and confirmed in 1580 by Gregory XIII. The austerities of these first reformed Carmelites were carried so far that St. Teresa thought it necessary to prescribe a mitigation. The odour of their holiness soon spread through all Spain. St. Teresa was obliged to found three more monasteries, the first at Pastrana, the second at Mancera, the third at Alcalá. She moved the community of Duruelo to Mancera.

John's example and exhortations inspired the other religious with the spirit of retirement, humility and mortification. His love of the cross shone out in all his actions, and he increased it every day by meditating on the sufferings of Jesus Christ. He worked unceasingly to form in himself a perfect likeness to Jesus Christ crucified. To purify his heart entirely, God made him pass through the most rigorous trials, both interior and exterior.

After tasting the sweetness of contemplation, he found himself deprived of all sensible devotion. This spiritual dryness was followed by interior trouble of soul, by scruples, and by distaste for the exercises of piety, which the servant of God nevertheless never abandoned. At the same time the demons assailed him with the most violent temptations, and men persecuted him with calumny. But scruples and interior desolation were the most terrible of all his pains. The Saint seemed to see hell open and ready to swallow him. In his book entitled *The Dark Night* there is an admirable description of the anguish this state causes. It is known more or less to contemplative souls: this trial usually comes before the special graces God grants them. It was by this road that John of the Cross reached that detachment and poverty of spirit, that renunciation of all earthly affections, and that conformity to God's will which rests on the destruction of one's own will. By it, too, he reached that heroic patience and that courageous perseverance. The rays of divine light at last pierced the darkness surrounding the holy religious, and he found himself as if carried into a paradise of delights. But fresh darkness followed the first. The interior pains and the temptations that came

with them were so violent that God seemed to have abandoned His servant and grown deaf to his sighs and tears. He fell into so deep a sadness that he would have died of grief had grace not upheld him. Calm returned and was followed by consolations. John of the Cross then felt the full benefit of sufferings, and above all of interior trials. He understood how much they served to purify the soul of its imperfections. He was always recollected, because he was always in the presence of God, and his heart burned with the fire of divine charity. He was inflamed with an ardent desire to imitate the suffering Jesus, to carry His cross, to share His humiliations, and to serve his neighbour for love of Him. Nothing seemed able to withstand his courage. He enjoyed an unalterable peace, and he was often raised in transports of love to the divine union, which is the most sublime degree of contemplation. Sometimes the sweetness of this love made so lively an impression on his soul that it was as if plunged into a torrent of delights, though without ceasing to feel the pain he calls the wound of love. He explains this himself, saying that in this state the soul feels it is wounded by darts of fire, which leave it to be consumed entirely with love. It is so inflamed that it seems to go out of itself and to begin to become a new creature.

The life of John of the Cross shows a continual alternation of crosses and privations with heavenly visits and favours. He never received an extraordinary favour that had not been preceded by some great tribulation. This, moreover, is how Providence deals with those who are to reach eminent holiness. By the sensible visits of His grace God spurs a soul to run in the ways of His love, just as He perfects its virtue by tribulations. So the diamond receives its lustre and brilliance from the hammer and chisel of the one who works it.

St. Teresa made good use of John of the Cross for the success of the reform she was establishing. She met great difficulties from the convent at Ávila where she had made her first profession. The bishop of that city thought it necessary for her to become its prioress, at least so as to cut down the frequent visits of lay people. He sent John of the Cross there and made him its director in 1576. John soon persuaded the nuns to give up the parlour and to correct every abuse that a life of retirement and penance must forbid. He preached with such unction that people came eagerly from every side to hear him. Several persons in the world entrusted him with the direction of their consciences.

But God afflicted him with fresh pains by allowing him to find persecutors among his own brethren. The Carmelites of the old observance opposed the reform. Although St. Teresa had undertaken it with the consent and approval of the general, they called it rebellion against the Order. So at their chapter held at Piacenza they condemned John of the Cross as a fugitive and an apostate. Officers of justice sent by them carried him off from the convent in a tumult and dragged him to prison. But knowing the veneration the people of Ávila had for him, they had him taken to Toledo, where he was shut in a cell that got light only through a very narrow opening. During the nine months he stayed there he was given nothing to eat but bread, water and a few small fish. He regained his liberty, however, through St. Teresa's influence and by a visible protection of the Mother of God. During his captivity he was favoured with the most abundant consolations of heaven, which made him say afterwards: "Do not be astonished if I show so much love for sufferings. God gave me a high idea of their merit and value when I was in prison at Toledo."

He had hardly been set free when he was made superior of the little convent of El Calvario, which stood in a wilderness. In 1579 he founded the convent of Baeza. Two years later he was put in charge of the convent of Granada. In 1585 he was elected vicar provincial of Andalusia, and in 1588 first definitor of the Order. At the same time he founded the convent of Segovia. None of the offices he held ever made him lessen his austerities in the least. He slept only two or three hours each night and spent the rest in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. People never tired of admiring his humility, his love of abjection, his fervour and zeal in all his exercises, and his insatiable desire to suffer. "We see," he used to say, "by the example of Jesus Christ and the martyrs, that suffering for God is the distinguishing mark of divine love. Persecutions are means of coming to know the mystery of the cross, and a necessary condition for understanding the wisdom of God and His love." One day he heard Jesus Christ ask him what reward he desired for his labours. "Lord," he

answered, “I want no other than to suffer and to be despised for love of You.” The mere name of the cross threw him into ecstasy in the presence of Mother Anne of Jesus. There were three things he often asked of God: first, to pass no day of his life without suffering something; second, not to die a superior; third, to end his life in humiliation, disgrace and contempt. The mere sight of a crucifix was enough to rapt him in love and make him melt into tears. The Passion of the Saviour was the usual subject of his meditations, and he strongly recommends this practice in his writings. His trust in God made him give to the poor, several times, what he himself needed, and he was rewarded for it with miraculous graces. He called this trust in God the patrimony of the poor, and above all of religious. The fire of divine love so burned his heart that his words set his hearers aflame. He was so absorbed in God that he had to do himself violence to talk of temporal business, and sometimes, just after praying, he could not do it at all. Then he would cry out as if beside himself: “Let us take flight, let us rise on high! What are we doing here, my dear brothers? Let us go to eternal life!” His love for God showed itself on certain occasions by rays of light that shone from his face. One person of rank was so struck by this one day that he resolved on the spot to leave the world and enter the Order of

St. Dominic. A lady who went to him for confession felt the same impression from the same cause. She gave up worldly finery at once and consecrated herself to God in retirement, to the great astonishment of the whole city of Segovia. His heart was like an immense furnace of love which he could not contain within himself. It burst out in outward signs he could not master. His love for his neighbour was no less admired, above all for the poor, the sick and sinners. He was full of affection and tenderness for his enemies and always returned them good for evil. He was a rigid observer of poverty, to keep himself from all attachment to earthly things. The whole furniture of his cell was a paper picture, a cross made of rushes and a very rough bed. He chose the most worn breviary and habit. The deep religious sense that filled him gave him an extreme respect for everything that belonged to divine worship. From the same motive he tried to sanctify all his actions. He spent most of the day and night in prayer, often before the Blessed Sacrament. In short, he practised the true devotion whose character he himself traced. It is humble and an enemy of display, he said; it loves silence and shuns activity; it strips itself of all attachment; it hates singularity and presumption; it distrusts itself; and it follows the holy common rules with ardour. Experience in spiritual things, and still more the light of the Holy Spirit, had given him the gift of discerning spirits. It would not have been easy to deceive him about what did or did not come from God. More than once he found that alleged visions on which he had been consulted were only illusions.

At the chapter of the Order held at Madrid in 1591, John of the Cross spoke freely against the abuses that some of the heads were tolerating or wished to introduce. Nothing more was needed to rouse the ill will felt towards him. He was stripped of all the offices he held in the Order. The Saint saw himself with joy reduced to the state of a simple religious. He withdrew to the convent of La Peñuela, in the mountains of the Sierra Morena, a very healthy place.

It pleased God to complete His servant’s virtue by a second trial, which again came from his own brethren. John of the Cross looked on his exile at La Peñuela as a happiness. He excused the authors of his disgrace, and he stopped his friends from writing to Father Vicar General to inform him of the injustices of which he was the victim. His chief enemies were two religious of the Order who had great influence. They were all the more dangerous because they hid their ill will under an appearance of zeal. Puffed up with pride at their learning and at the applause their sermons won, they had shaken off the yoke of the Rule and no longer fulfilled their duties. When John of the Cross was provincial of Andalusia he had often rebuked them for this disorder. Seeing that his remonstrances were useless, he used his authority: he forbade them to preach or to leave their convent. But instead of submitting meekly, they conceived an implacable hatred for their superior. They regarded the treatment they justly suffered as the effect of injustice. They complained loudly of the hindrances put on their zeal, pretending not to know that God blesses the functions of the holy ministry only

so far as they go with self-distrust and deep humility. This presumption threw them into other excesses, more criminal still, which they tried to cloak under the name of virtue.

One of them, taking advantage of the Saint's present disgrace, gave out through the whole province that he had sufficient grounds to have him expelled from the Order, and he painted his conduct in the most odious colours. John of the Cross answered the charges brought against him only by saying that he would suffer with joy whatever penalties were inflicted on him. He was soon abandoned. Everyone feared to seem to have any dealings with him, lest they be caught up in the same disgrace. He had no other consolation than prayer. From it he drew the graces that made him bear his sufferings with patience and even with joy. The truth, however, came to light, and innocence triumphed. During this trial the Saint received the most signal favours from heaven. He learned by his own experience that a soul that serves God is always in joy, and that it never ceases to sing new canticles of love and jubilation with new ardour and new delight.

In his retreat he gave himself up entirely to austerities and contemplation. At last he fell ill, and he could not long hide his condition. As there was no help to be had at La Peñuela, his provincial proposed that he leave that house, and left him free to withdraw either to Baeza or to Úbeda. It seemed natural that he should choose the convent of Baeza, both because he would have been very comfortable there and because the prior was his intimate friend. He preferred, however, the convent of Úbeda, which was poor and was governed by one of the two religious we have spoken of. It was love of suffering that decided his choice. The fatigue of the journey greatly increased an inflammation in one of his legs, which was soon accompanied by ulcers. Painful operations had to be performed, which he bore without complaint and even without a sigh. The fever, besides, would not let him enjoy a moment's rest. Amid his pains he kissed his crucifix and pressed it to his heart. The prior, forgetting all humanity towards him, treated him in the most shameful way. He forbade the other religious to visit him. He changed the infirmarian because he served him with charity, and he shut him up in a small cell. He spoke to him only to heap insulting reproaches on him. He gave him only what was absolutely necessary to keep him from dying, and refused him the comforts sent from outside. John of the Cross bore this barbarous treatment with joy. To perfect his sacrifice, God left him for a time in the state of interior desolation he had once experienced, and his love and patience only became more heroic. When the provincial came to the convent of Úbeda, he learned with indignation what was going on. He had the door of the servant of God's cell opened, saying that such a model of virtue ought to be known not only to his brethren but to the whole world. The prior of Úbeda acknowledged the shamefulness of his conduct and begged the Saint's pardon. He received his instructions meekly and never ceased, until his death, to lament his errors and his cruelty towards the servant of God.

As for John of the Cross, we cannot better depict what he felt in his last moments than by quoting what he said of the death of a Saint: "Perfect love of God makes death pleasant and lets one find in it the greatest sweetness. Those who love in this way die with burning ardour. They leave this world in an impetuous flight, through the vehemence of their desire to be united with their beloved. The rivers of love in their hearts are ready to overflow and enter the ocean of love. They are so vast and so tranquil that they then seem to be calm seas. The soul is flooded with a torrent of delights as the moment approaches when it is to enjoy the full possession of God. On the point of being freed from the prison of the body, now almost wholly broken, it seems to be already contemplating the glory of heaven, and everything in it is being transformed into love." Two hours before his death our Saint recited the psalm *Miserere* aloud with his brethren. He then had part of the Song of Songs read to him, and during the reading he felt the liveliest transports of joy. At the end he cried out: "Glory to God!" Then, pressing the crucifix to his heart, he said: "Lord, into Your hands I commend my soul!" and died peacefully on 14 December 1591, aged forty-nine, after spending twenty-eight years in religious life.

Speaking of him in her letters and her other works, St. Teresa says that he was a Saint even before he embraced the reform. She says he was one of the purest souls in the Church, that God had given him great

treasures of light, and that his understanding was filled with the science of the Saints.

St. John of the Cross is represented:

1° kneeling, seeing Jesus Christ appear to him;

2° with a branch of lilies and books beside him; 3° carried up to heaven in a kind of ecstasy, his left hand resting on a flying eagle, which holds the Saint's pen in its beak. In his right hand is a cross bearing the inscription Pati et contemni. Above his head is the legend Mis sublimior alis;

4° kneeling before the Blessed Virgin and asking her for suffering;

5° as a boy, being drawn by the Blessed Virgin out of a well into which he had fallen;

6° an interesting engraving serves as the title-page of his works. On a mountain stands a tree with a knife driven into it to draw out the fragrant sap, as the inscription indicates: Vadam ad montem myrrhae. On another mountain, to the Saint's left, is a cedar whose trunk bears the inscription Tulit medullam cedri. Matching the cartouche with the title are two angels, one holding the Saint's pen and the other his works. In the background is a hermitage. At the foot of the tree an open censer gives off its perfume.

CULTUS AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

After his death his body gave off so pleasant an odour that it surpassed every fragrance on earth. The crowd had already carried off most of the Saint's clothing. To satisfy its devotion, all the linen the man of God had used during his illness had to be distributed, and it was the instrument of a great number of miracles. In 1593 his body was secretly removed and taken to the convent of Segovia, except for a leg, which the prior of Úbeda kept, and an arm, obtained by Ana de Peñalosa, at whose house the holy body had been brought in Madrid. The relics were placed in a shrine, which was put in the sacristy and later in the main chapel of the church. The town of Úbeda, deprived of its most precious treasure, sent deputies to Rome to obtain from Pope Clement VIII the return of what had been taken from it. The Sovereign Pontiff decided in favour of Úbeda. But the people of Segovia were ready to go to the last extremities rather than lose their treasure, so a compromise was reached: Úbeda obtained an arm and a leg of the Saint. These precious relics were put in a richly adorned shrine, which was placed under a canopy of embroidered damask. The city of Segovia raised a very fine tomb for him in a chapel and set three large silver lamps before it. Pope Clement X, by his decree of 25 January 1675, placed him among the Blessed, and he was canonized by Benedict XIII on 27 December 1726. On 4 April of the following year the same Pontiff granted a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions. It is gained by all who, truly contrite, having received the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, visit on the Saint's feast some church of the Reformed Carmelite friars or nuns, from first Vespers until the evening of the following day, and there pray devoutly to the Lord for the usual intentions. This indulgence is perpetual.

The works of St. John of the Cross are these.

1° The Ascent of Mount Carmel. This treatise is divided into three books. Our Saint sets out to raise the souls that follow his teaching to the very summit of the mountain of perfection. The way he marks out for the climb is this: the all of God; the nothingness, the nought of the creature; the intimate union of the soul with God; and the dark night one must enter to be intimately united with God. This sublime doctrine is contained in twelve verses, of which this is a translation: "1° To enjoy everything, have a taste for nothing; — 2° to know everything, desire to know nothing; — 3° to possess everything, wish to possess nothing; — 4° to be everything, be content to be nothing in all things; — 5° to come to what you do not enjoy, you must go by what does not please your taste; — 6° to come to what you do not know, you must go by what you do not know; — 7° to have what you do not possess, you must go by what you do not have; — 8° to become what you are not, you must go by what you are not; — 9° when you stop at anything, you cease to throw yourself into the all; — 10° for to come from the all to the all, you must renounce all in all; — 11° and when you have come to the possession of the all, you must keep it by wanting nothing; — 12° for if you want to have anything in the all, you do not have your treasure purely in God."

2° The Dark Night of the Soul. This book is only a continuation and, as it were, the complement of the Ascent of Mount Carmel. It treats the night of the senses and the night of the spirit. It deals with the faults into which beginners fall, which our Saint compares to the capital sins by giving them a spiritual analogy. There is spiritual pride, which makes them take joy in their fervour and wish their spiritual masters to esteem and approve their state. It shows itself in the passion to make themselves known to others, to give glimpses of their interior perfections, to make movements of the head, gestures, and so on. There is spiritual avarice, which keeps them from ever being content with God, so that they grieve and complain that they do not have enough spiritual consolations, and so on. There are spiritual lust and gluttony: the charms, the delicious tendernesses, the satisfactions people seek in devotion. There is spiritual envy, which makes them sad and keenly distressed at the good of others who surpass them in spirituality. He wants all these faults renounced on entering the dark night of the senses. One must strip oneself of all these tastes and all these natural passions, so as to enter the only right way of union with God by an absolute detachment from everything that can only displease Him. He then passes to the night of the spirit. Here dryness, aridity, privation and darkness must also find their direction, or rather their immolation. The spirit must consent to lose everything to gain God, and to part from everything to be united to Him alone. The soul must suffer like a sick person under treatment, so that by abandoning itself into God's hands it may be delivered from its faults, practise the true virtues and become able to receive the impressions of divine love. Among other benefits, this night humbles the soul and takes from it the imperfections of spiritual pride, spiritual avarice, spiritual gluttony and the other spiritual vices. Then the soul remembers God almost continually and greatly fears to fall back in the ways of perfection. At the same time it exercises itself in all the virtues, spurs itself to good works and rises to the sublime heights of contemplation. Without noticing it, it receives great sweetness of spirit, a most pure love and very subtle spiritual knowledge, and it triumphs over the violence of its enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil.

3° The Living Flame of Love. In the two preceding books our Saint spoke of the highest degree of perfection that can be acquired in this life, which is the transformation of the soul into God. Here, however, he treats of a love still more consummate and perfect within that same state of transformation. The soul concentrates itself more and more in the love of God, like wood that fire first burns, then unites to itself, changes into itself, inflames with greater ardour, and finally reduces to sparks and ashes. So penetrated with the divine fire, devoured by it and united to it, the soul too is changed into a living flame. Sparks fly from it, and it is as if turned to ashes in the burning furnace of love that makes it pass wholly into the love of God.

4° The Spiritual Canticles, forty in number, are a vivid expression of the finest sentiments of a soul on fire with charity.

To complete this biography, taken from Godescard, we have used the Life of the Saint by Collet, priest of the Congregation of the Mission, and the Esprit des Saints by the abbé Grimes.

ST. PORCIANUS [POURÇAIN], ABBOT, IN THE DIOCESE OF CLERMONT

St. Porcianus (commonly St. Pourçain) was born in Lower Auvergne. Nothing about him was great except his virtue, but it raised him above all that is most important in the world. He was a servant and a slave. In a state so lowly in the eyes of men, he had managed from childhood to cultivate an angelic purity together with the most ardent love for Our Lord. His patience was also sorely tried by the brutality of a very violent master. But religion had taught him to see in his superiors the very authority of God, and nothing could lessen his gentleness or his obedience. One day, when his master had given way to his usual fits of rage, the ill-treated slave had to take refuge with the abbot of the neighbouring monastery, Mirande. The abbot was the only man able to stop the storm and arrange a reconciliation for him. The master, ever more furious, pursued him and heaped insults on him, without sparing his generous protector either. But he was soon suddenly struck blind and forced to come to himself. He owed the recovery of his sight solely to the piety of his charitable servant, who at the abbot's command hastened to lay hands on him. From that moment, freed by his master, St. Pourçain withdrew into the monastery. There he showed such eminent virtue that he later became its abbot. It was then that his holiness appeared in all its splendour.

Fasts, austerities and the most painful exercises of penance held nothing repellent for him. Our Saint's zeal, and above all his example, taught people to respect and exactly fulfil all the obligations of a Christian. Nothing was so edifying as his piety in our holy churches. The mere sight of him was enough to command respect and devotion towards Our Lord, who makes Himself present there, and towards the august mysteries celebrated there. To so many virtues he joined the deepest humility. But he could not long hide himself from the world, and his holiness soon became famous throughout the kingdom. Theuderic, king of Metz, had invaded Auvergne in arms and was carrying off most of the inhabitants as captives. St. Pourçain went to find him. His reputation had gone before him and was borne out by his miracles. At the very moment he came forward as a suppliant he became, despite himself, the object of the veneration of the whole army and of King Theuderic himself, who hastened to grant him the pardon of the captives. Back in his monastery, the holy abbot redoubled his fervour and austerity. Though far advanced in perfection, he had much to suffer from the temptations of the devil. But he always triumphed over them with the help of grace and by means of prayer.

St. Pourçain's death was as edifying as his life. After receiving the rites of the Church he fell peacefully asleep in the Lord (527). In that town, where he had spent his life, he left a great memory of his virtues together with the deepest veneration. Such striking miracles took place at his tomb that he was solemnly numbered among the Saints. He also had the glory of giving his name to the district that venerates him, and his precious remains were exposed in a shrine for public veneration. The translation of his relics made in August 970, and its anniversary, long celebrated, no doubt gave rise at first to the extraordinary flow of pilgrims that has come to that district ever since. The relics were kept in the town of Saint-Pourçain (Allier) until the Revolution of '93, despite the ravages of war and the Norman invasion. We know that until that time they had always been the object of the most devout cultus. Even on that occasion the zeal of the town's inhabitants did not fail. While everywhere churches were being profaned, altars abolished, and the images and relics of the Saints given to the flames, the remains of the glorious St. Pourçain were moved to the town hall, where they stayed through the evil days of the Terror. When calm was restored and religion could show itself with confidence, these same relics were solemnly returned to the church of the place. A public act signed by the elders of the district still attests their authenticity today. Since then the devotion of the faithful has not slackened. Their trust in the patron of their town has always been justified by abundant graces, and even in our own day several families gratefully make known wholly miraculous favours obtained through his intercession.

A broken cup with a serpent coming out of it is the emblem of St. Pourçain. When King Theuderic I was ravaging Auvergne, the holy abbot wished to intercede with the prince for the people. He arrived while the king was still asleep, and the chief officer offered the servant of God a drink. He refused, saying that he had not yet seen the king nor said the office. Pressed, however, he blessed the vessel brought to him. It broke at once and let a huge serpent escape along with the wine. The whole court considered that it owed the holy man its escape from a poisoning.

Father Giry, completed with local notes, and the Caractéristiques des Saints of Rev. Fr. Cahier.

ST. LEOPARDINUS, ABBOT OF SAINT-SYMPHORIEN OF VIVARIS, AND MARTYR

6th century.

Leopardinus, brother of St. Pourçain, spent some years with him at the monastery of Mirande. Then, on a warning from heaven, he set out for the city of Bourges, intending to found a new monastery there. After receiving the bishop's blessing from the hand of St. Sulpicius, he hurried off in search of a suitable site. Now at Aubigny (Allier), not far from Bourbon-l'Archambault, there was a charming place, entirely suited to

carrying out his plan: it was called Vivaris. There he planted his traveller's staff and decided to pitch his tent. He could not have chosen better, especially as the land belonged to a prince named Ardée, great before God as well as before men, good, gentle and devout, and always ready for good works. Full of confidence, Leopardinus went to this excellent man and asked him to allow him to live on his land at Vivaris. He told him he meant to settle there in order to pay God the daily tribute of sacred chant in the chapel that stood there. The devout Ardée granted his request. Leopardinus set to work at once and, helped by a few companions, managed to build the monastery he longed for. The new house prospered admirably under the direction of the man of God and the patronage of St. Symphorian, for the chapel was dedicated to that illustrious martyr of Autun. But Blichilde, Ardée's unworthy wife and the wickedest of women, envied the prosperity of the good religious. She won over to her side a certain Placidus, an unworthy disciple of Leopardinus. Through him she managed to post four assassins on the road the holy abbot had to take to visit his brethren at Colombier. The murderers rushed on the servant of God, dealt him a heavy axe-blow on the head and left him for dead. But the Saint, miraculously healed, soon rose from the bloodstained ground where he lay and went on his way. Thwarted in her hope, the infamous Blichilde then nursed a fresh plan of murder. Some time later our Saint was going into the Nivernais, where he had been called to heal a sick man. He was set upon by a band of madmen, who dragged him into a great wood, tortured him at their pleasure and finally cut off his head. Then they dug a deep pit and threw the holy body into it. For fear it might be found, Blichilde soon had it dug up and thrown into the pond of Hiaure, near the Allier. Later she had it taken out again and cast into the deepest part of the river.

A religious of Saint-Symphorien, however, learned by revelation the exact spot where the holy remains lay. The body was taken from the river and laid in the abbey church. In the eleventh century Aymon, archbishop of Bourges, raised it from the ground. The monastery of Saint-Symphorien of Vivaris, a priory dependent on the abbey of Saint-Sulpice of Bourges, then took the name of Saint-Léopardin. The cultus of our holy abbot goes back to the most distant centuries. From the first years of the seventh century it had already spread to a great many places in the Church of Gaul: from the banks of the Rhône, the Allier, the Cher and the Loire to the banks of the Seine and beyond, and from the mountains of Auvergne to the banks of the Moselle and on into Germany.

The life of St. Leopardinus is given in full in the abbé Dinet's work, Saint Symphorien et son culte; we have only summarized it.

ST. SARRE OF LAMBRES, PRIEST AND CONFESSOR

7th century.

St. Sarre was born in the village of Lambres, near Douai, of rich and powerful parents. A very ancient privilege given by Radulphus, bishop of Arras, in 1213, assumes and confirms this view when it speaks "of the lands and properties of St. Sarre, which the aldermen and inhabitants of Lambres had divided under oath…"

It seems that while still young he told his parents of his desire to consecrate himself to the service of God. He generously trampled underfoot all the goods and pleasures of the world to enter the clerical state. Later ordained priest, he was attached to the church of Notre-Dame at Cambrai and afterwards, it seems, to the parish of Lambres itself as its pastor. Authors do not agree about the period when he lived. Some suppose it was the sixth century, because, they say, the body of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, assassinated at Vitry near Douai, was carried to the village of Lambres, which perhaps already had St. Sarre as its patron. It is easy to see how weak and hazardous this reason is. Others suppose he lived in the eleventh century. But their view is equally false, since his relics were moved in 1025 from the church of Notre-Dame at Cambrai to that of Saint-André at Le Cateau (Nord). Moreover, Balderic, author of the *Chronicle of Cambrai and Arras*, who lived at that time, does not mention him. We prefer to follow the opinion of the learned authors of the *Acts of*

the Saints of Belgium and suppose that St. Sarre lived in the seventh century, a period so rich in Saints in that country. This opinion has no positive proof in its favour, but also no reason that directly contradicts it, and it seems the most probable.

Gérard of Florennes, bishop of Cambrai, moved the relics of St. Sarre to his monastery of Saint-André at Le Cateau. From that time the religious regarded him as one of their principal patrons. They kept his feast solemnly on 24 November, and not on the 23rd as at Cambrai, Lambres, Vred, Estrées and Courchelettes, all parishes of the present diocese of Cambrai. The office was taken entirely from the common of confessors not bishops. It is very doubtful whether the relics of St. Sarre were preserved at Le Cateau. Everything suggests they perished in 1133, when Gérard Maufilastre burned the town. This view seems all the better founded because in 1631 Paul Boudot, bishop of Arras, with the consent of the pastor and inhabitants of Lambres, gave Antoine de Montmorency, abbot of the monastery of Saint-André, part of the Saint's head, kept from time immemorial in that village. St. Sarre is shown in different ways in paintings. At Lambres he is seen in a hermit's habit with a scapular, holding a cutting tool in his right hand. Perhaps this is meant to show that, like the Apostles, he worked with his hands to live and to give alms to the poor. In the abbey of Saint-André he was shown in priestly vestments, holding a book.

Vie des Saints de Cambrai et d'Arras, by the abbé Destombes.

25 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The birthday in heaven of St. Catherine, virgin and martyr. Under the emperor Maximin she was first thrown into prison at Alexandria for confessing the Christian faith. Then, after being long beaten with whips armed with iron points, she was beheaded, and by this torment she completed the course of her martyrdom. Her body was carried by angels to Mount Sinai, where it is honoured by a great gathering of Christians. 4th cent.

— At Rome, St. Moses, priest and martyr, who was often consoled in his prison by letters St. Cyprian wrote him. This excellent priest opposed with fearless courage not only the pagans but also the schismatic Novatians. He was at last honoured with a glorious and admirable martyrdom during the persecution of Decius, as Pope St. Cornelius writes. About 251.

— At Antioch, St. Erasmus, martyr.

— At Caesarea in Cappadocia, the martyrdom of St. Mercurius, a soldier, who conquered the barbarians and overcame the cruelty of Decius with the help of the angel who guarded him. At last, having won much glory by the great number of torments he was made to endure, he went to reign in heaven with the crown of martyrdom. About 259.

— In Emilia, a province of Italy, St. Jucunda, virgin.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Dijon, Meaux and Paris, St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 4th cent.

— At Metz, St. Livarius or Livier, martyred at Marsal in the diocese of Nancy, whose notice we sketched on 17 July. 5th cent.

— At Agen, St. Maurinus, deacon and martyr, of whom we shall speak on the following day. 6th cent.

— At Moutier-Rozeille (Creuse, arrondissement of Aubusson, canton of Felletin), in the diocese of Limoges, St. Barbary, abbot, whose head is kept at Aubusson. Date uncertain.

— At Reims, St. Réol or Rieul, archbishop of that see and confessor. At first a monk at Hautvillers (*Altum Villare*, Order of St. Benedict, diocese of Châlons), he became its second abbot on the death of St. Berchar [Bercaire]. The high reputation for wisdom and virtue he enjoyed raised him to the metropolitan see of Reims after the death of St. Nivard (672). With the consent of Ebroin, mayor of the palace, he founded the abbey of Orbais (*Orbacum*, Order of St. Benedict, present diocese of Châlons), where he placed six monks taken from Rebais. St. Rieul attended the council held at Rouen in 689 by St. Ansbert. In the same year he granted Berchar, then abbot of Montier-en-Der, the land of Gaugiac or Vèque-Ville in the diocese of Châlons, to build a monastery of nuns there. After an episcopate of 26 years the holy bishop fell asleep in the Lord, leaving great possessions to his church and to the religious houses of his diocese.[1] 698.

— In Brittany, St. Teliaus (Theliau, Eliud, Tielau, Teilau, Theylo, Deilo, Thelianus, Chelianus), bishop of Llandaff in Wales.[2] About 580.

— Also in Brittany, St. Hermeland or Erbland, abbot, whose life we gave on 25 March. 718.

— At Lavaur (Tarn), in the present diocese of Albi, St. Elan or Alain, bishop and confessor.[3] 7th cent.

— At Castres (Tarn), in the diocese of Albi, the death of Blessed John Scalarius, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. He is a great model of a delicate conscience. If he let slip a thought, word or action in which he saw the least evil, he ran to accuse himself of it at the tribunal of penance to receive absolution. When he made his general confession before dying, not only did his director find no mortal sin in it, but he had great difficulty in finding even a venial fault. He is shown with a mirror in his hand, a symbol of his constant vigilance in examining his life strictly. 1292.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Discalced Order of the Most Holy Trinity. — The birthday in heaven of St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, second patroness of our Order. Under the emperor Maximin she was first thrown into prison at Alexandria for confessing the Christian faith. Then, after being long beaten with whips armed with iron points, she was beheaded, and by this torment she completed the course of her martyrdom. Her body was carried by angels to Mount Sinai, where it is honoured by a great gathering of Christians. 4th cent.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In the Benedictine abbey of Rheinau, near Schaffhausen (Switzerland), St. Fintan, monk and hermit. He was born of a noble family in Ireland (800). The Northmen took him captive, but he escaped them and managed to reach the coast of Scotland. Finding a ship sailing for Gaul, he embarked on it and went to Tours, to the tomb of St. Martin. He crossed part of France and Germany, Lombardy and Italy, came back over the Rhaetian Alps, and reached the monastery of Pfäfers (Switzerland), where he stayed for some time. At last he came to the abbey of Rheinau and settled there. For five years he offered the whole community a model of obedience, humility and purity. Discipline at Rheinau was then somewhat slack, but the Saint’s presence was enough to revive everything. Seized with an ardent desire to unite himself wholly to God, he thought of shutting himself up in a cell, and he asked his abbot’s permission. The abbot granted his wish and had a cell built for him on the left of the monastery. Fintan spent twenty-two years in this new dwelling, dividing his time between fasting, watching, prayer and the works of charity.■ 878.

Notes printed in the original.

1° St. Rieul was buried at Orbais, according to the life of St. Gombert, though a manuscript history of this prelate states that he was buried at Reims, in the church of Saint-Remi. In that case his relics must have been moved later to Orbais, since Nivelon de Chérisy, bishop of Soissons, authenticated them there in 1180 and they

are still kept there. — Gallia christiana nova.

2° He is honoured in England on 9 February. At Dol his feast was kept on 29 November, with the rite of a double. He was buried at Llandaff, but it may be presumed that some portion of his relics was brought to Brittany, for some were kept at Landeleau (Finistère). Some are still shown in the church of Saint-Thélo (Côtes-du-Nord), where he is honoured as patron and his feast is kept on 9 February. — Dom Lobineau and Tresvaux, Saints de Bretagne.

3° Nothing precise is known of the acts of St. Alain. Some hagiographers confuse him with St. Amand of Maastricht; others hold that he is a different person. We have not succeeded in clearing up the question. The former cathedral of Saint-Alain at Lavaur recognizes him as its founder. — Cf. Monographie de l'ancienne cathédrale de Saint- Alain de Lavaur, by Hippolyte Crozes. Toulouse, Chauvin, 1865. [The second half of this note is printed on the following page, inside the life of St. Catherine.]

4° His body was laid in the abbey church of Rheinau, where his relics are still kept with veneration today. He was honoured as a Saint immediately after his death. When in 925 the monastery was burned to ashes in the Hungarian raids, this cultus was interrupted for a time. St. Conrad, bishop of Constance, restored it in 934. In the eleventh century the abbey of Rheinau had become very illustrious, and Fintan was canonized at the same time. A proper office was then composed in his honour, which is still recited today. — Continuators of Godescard. [Printed on the following page, inside the life of St. Catherine.]

ST. CATHERINE, VIRGIN AND MARTYR AT ALEXANDRIA, PATRONESS OF YOUNG GIRLS AND OF PHILOSOPHERS

4th century.

We greet you, O Catherine, pearl of virgins; we greet you, glorious bride of the King of kings. We greet you, living victim of Christ; do not refuse your prayers to those who implore your protection. *Antiphon of the Dominican liturgy.*

This illustrious virgin is very famous among the Greeks under the name of Aecatherina. Cardinal Baronius believes her to have been that Christian Amazon whom Eusebius of Caesarea calls Aechatê and whose constancy and chastity he praises so highly. She was born at Alexandria of a noble and illustrious family, which Simeon Metaphrastes calls royal.

Peter de Natalibus relates that before her baptism she had a mysterious vision in a dream. The Blessed Virgin, holding Jesus Christ in her arms, presented her to the divine Child, asking Him to receive her among His handmaids. But the Child pushed her away and turned His head aside so as not to see her, giving as His reason that this girl had not yet been reborn in the font of baptism. On waking she reflected on what she lacked to please this lovable Saviour, and resolved to put off receiving that sacrament no longer; and she did receive it. After this Jesus Christ appeared to her again and gave her a thousand tokens of friendship and goodwill, even taking her as His bride in the presence of His most holy Mother and a multitude of heavenly spirits. He put on her finger a miraculous ring, which she indeed found on waking, and which made the truth of this divine union known to her.

Having a lively mind fit for anything, she applied herself in her youth to the study of philosophy and theology. This was all the easier for her because there were then at Alexandria learned men who kept holy schools for the instruction of Christians. She succeeded so admirably that, despite the weakness of her sex, she became able to defend the truths of our religion against the most subtle sophists. At that time, about 307, Maximin II, a native of Dacia and nephew of Maximian Galerius, son-in-law of Diocletian, shared the empire with Constantine the Great and Licinius. Since Egypt lay in his district, he usually lived at Alexandria, capital of that province. He was a cruel and barbarous prince, who had inherited from Diocletian and Galerius their pitiless hatred of Christians no less than their imperial power. So he had an edict published ordering all his subjects to sacrifice to the gods, and condemning to great torments and to death those who refused to obey. He wished himself to give a striking example of this impiety by holding at Alexandria the

most famous sacrifice ever seen there. The whole city was full of bulls and rams brought to be slaughtered on the altars. Neither the temples nor the public squares were large enough to hold the crowds who flocked to the ceremony. The very air was darkened with the smoke of the victims burned as holocausts or roasted to feast that countless multitude.

During this sacrilegious festival Catherine worked with all her strength to strengthen the Christians. She showed them clearly that the oracles so vaunted by paganism were pure illusions, and that those called gods were only mortal men who had made themselves famous by countless crimes. The demons, enemies of the truth, were the authors of this superstition. No one could obey the emperor's orders without drawing on himself the indignation and eternal punishment of Him who made heaven and earth and who alone deserves to be adored. Her words, full of grace and unction, served admirably to support weak spirits whom the sight of that dazzling ceremony might shake. But this incomparable girl did not stop there. She saw well that the city, after swimming in the blood of victims, would swim in the blood of the Christians who had not been seen at the sacrifices. So she resolved to approach the emperor herself in the temple of Serapis, where he was holding his infamous ceremony with all his court, and to remonstrate with him over his impiety. She asked to speak with him, and as she had a majestic bearing, a rare beauty and an air of greatness that showed in her face and in all her actions, she had no difficulty in obtaining an audience.

She told the prince with surprising firmness "that he should have recognized for himself that this multitude of gods he adored was an untenable error. Natural light shows us that there can be only one sovereign Being and one first principle of all things. But if his reason was not developed enough to grasp so evident a truth, he should at least yield to the testimony of the most learned of his own teachers. They themselves had taught plainly that there was only one God, and had written of the cause and origin of this horrible multiplying of divinities, as Diodorus of Sicily, Plutarch and some others did. It was a strange thing that by his example he should draw so many peoples to so abominable a worship, when his rank as emperor obliged him on the contrary to turn them from it. She begged him to put an end to so great a disorder by rendering to the true God the honour due to Him, lest God, weary of so many sacrileges, should at last punish him terribly by taking from him his sceptre and his life." The emperor's astonishment on hearing this speech cannot be expressed. He restrained himself, however, and, not wishing to appear moved, told the virgin that her remonstrances would not make him interrupt his sacrifice, but that he would hear her afterwards at his leisure. As soon as he had returned to his palace he had her brought before him and asked who she was and where she got the boldness she had shown in so august and venerable an assembly. "My birth," answered the Saint, "is well enough known in Alexandria. My name is Catherine, and my parents were among the most illustrious in the land. I have spent all my time in seeking knowledge of the truth, and the more I have studied, the more I have recognized the vanity of the idols you adore. I place all my glory and all my wealth in being a Christian and the bride of Jesus Christ. My only wish is that you too may know Him, with your whole empire, and renounce the superstitions in which you are caught. That is what gave me the boldness to go to the temple and make you my very humble remonstrances." She then added several arguments to show that Jupiter, Mars and Mercury were not gods but ancient kings like other men, made famous in the world by their vices alone. The emperor, not thinking himself learned enough to answer her, said that as he was no doctor he would not undertake to resolve these difficulties. But he would send for the wisest philosophers of his realm, and he was certain they would shut her mouth and convict her of blasphemy. Catherine agreed to dispute with them, relying on the goodness of her cause and on the extraordinary help of heaven. Fifty of the ablest sophists were summoned and told that it was to confer with Catherine and bring her back from her errors. The first of them, who had the reputation of being the most capable, told the emperor that there was no need to assemble so large a company to confound this young girl. The least of his pupils would have got the better of her. Nevertheless, they would gladly give his imperial majesty that pleasure themselves, if he would be present. The day and hour were fixed. Pride and presumption filled these philosophers and made them see the dispute only as a certain victory. Catherine, on the contrary, knowing that we can do nothing

without God's help, tried to deserve it by humbling herself before His divine majesty through the sacrifice of her fasts, her prayers and her tears. The time of the contest came. The emperor entered the hall with all his court and sat on his throne, hiding the rage and fury that filled his soul. Catherine was brought in, and the whole company of sophists appeared, showing plainly by their gestures the contempt in which they held their opponent.

As soon as the usher had called for silence, Catherine addressed the emperor. She said "it was a surprising thing that His Majesty should force her into so unequal a contest, wanting her alone to withstand the onslaught of fifty orators and philosophers. She accepted it very willingly nevertheless. But she asked him as a favour that, if the true God she adored made her victorious, he would embrace her religion and renounce the worship of demons." This freedom did not please the prince, and he told her that it was not for her to set conditions for the debate. The chief of the sophists opened his mouth and began to rebuke Catherine sharply for opposing the authority of the most enlightened poets, orators and philosophers, who had all with one accord revered Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Minerva and the other divinities. He quoted their passages on the point and concluded that, since his religion rested on such authentic testimonies, it must prevail over Christianity, which had been unknown to all antiquity.

Catherine listened patiently to his speech, quite certain of victory, of which an angel had come to assure her on God's behalf. When he had finished, she first won the esteem and affection of her hearers by an opening full of wit and eloquence. Then she undertook to show three things. First, that the history of the gods of which the sophist had spoken was a pure fable that no man of sense could approve. Second, that sound philosophy must acknowledge only one God, creator and governor of the whole universe. Third, that without prejudice to the unity of God, one must acknowledge Jesus Christ, true God and true man, who had come to redeem the world. She proved the first by laying bare the ridiculous tales that Homer, Orpheus and the other poets tell of their own divinities, the abominable crimes they ascribe to them, the origin of only a few centuries they assign them, and the admission of some of them that these gods are gods only in the opinion of the vulgar. She showed the second by demonstrative reasons drawn from the books of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. These plainly conclude that there can be only one governor of the universe, one principle of all motion, and one infinite, independent and necessary being. Finally she proved the third by the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Old Testament, and above all by the testimony of the Sibyls, to whom the pagans deferred greatly. The Sibyls had announced very clearly both the time and the other circumstances of the coming of the Messiah.

So powerful and forceful a speech filled the whole assembly with admiration and astonishment. The chief of the philosophers, who had opened the dispute, was so moved by it that when Catherine asked him whether he had any answer, he admitted that he was beaten. He yielded very willingly, he said, to the truths the Holy Spirit had announced to him through her mouth. Maximin, beside himself with anger, ordered the others to speak and refute all the Saint had said. But grace had worked in their hearts too and had made them subscribe entirely to all this heavenly teacher had told them. So they answered "that since their chief yielded to Catherine's teaching, they would take good care not to reply to it. They judged it very reasonable, and it was out of ignorance that they had opposed it until then." At the same time they assured the virgin that no consideration or violence would make them renounce this teaching. They thanked her for the grace she had done them in bringing them from darkness to light, from error to truth and from death to life, and earnestly begged her to help them with her prayers. Maximin, more furious than ever, had them all arrested by his guards. He ordered his officer of justice to put them all to the fire if they persisted in their views. The officer urged them to come to their senses, but, unable to shake their constancy, he at last carried out the prince's cruel sentence against them. So these fifty victims were sacrificed in honour of Jesus Christ. Unable to be baptized with the baptism of water, they were baptized with that of blood and fire. Their bodies were not consumed by the flames, and this great miracle, together with the signal victory Catherine had just won over

the subtlety of false philosophy, served for the conversion of a great number of idolaters. Savage as he was, the emperor was nonetheless smitten with Catherine's beauty and her other incomparable qualities. He conceived a violent love for her. The wisdom she had shown throughout the dispute only increased his passion and inspired him with the plan of marrying her, though he was already married. Passion made him believe that Catherine would easily yield to his wishes out of a desire to reign. He knew that women are ambitious and that sovereign power is a great temptation for them. But he was disappointed in his hope: Catherine laughed at his proposals and his promises. She told him she was equally attached to Christianity and to chastity, which she had vowed. She would never have any other God or any other bridegroom than Jesus Christ. She would rather live in misery with the poor than be raised to a throne at the cost of those glorious titles of handmaid and bride of her Saviour. This refusal so angered Maximin that he ordered the virgin to be stretched on the rack, her limbs to be dislocated and her body torn with whips. By these torments she was to be made to feel what it means to scorn the goodwill of so great a prince. His sentence was carried out for two hours with all the cruelty he wished. After this he ordered the Saint to be thrown into a dungeon and left there to die of hunger, without dressing her wounds or stanching the blood that flowed from them on every side.

While she was there, this monster of inhumanity made a journey towards the mouth of the Nile to see the frontier of Egypt, and above all the town of Canopus, its chief fortress. In the meantime his wife Faustina saw blessed Catherine in a dream, all shining with light. Catherine made her sit beside her, put a crown on her head and said to her: "Augusta, it is my bridegroom who gives you this crown." This vision, together with the great marvels she had heard told of Catherine, made her want to speak with her. She asked Porphyry, one of the emperor's chief captains, to procure her this consolation, and she went to the prison with him to enjoy so delightful a conversation. They found Catherine healed of all her wounds and recovered from all the violence done to her body. She was as plump and well as if she had been fed on the most delicate meats. Her Bridegroom had indeed visited her and taken care to feed her: not with bodily food, which breeds only corruption, but with those heavenly sweets that carry health and life with them. Catherine spoke to them with such force and unction of the need to believe in Jesus Christ, to escape eternal pains and to merit true beatitude, that they yielded to her reasons and declared they would never part from that faith. She foretold to them that in three days they would be martyred, and assured them that God would strengthen them with so powerful a grace that they would laugh at the violence of the torments.

As soon as Maximin returned he had his prisoner brought before him. He was so surprised to see her healthier and lovelier than ever that he would have put her guards to death for disobeying his orders, had she not revealed that she had been healed of all her ills by a miracle from on high and not through their leniency. He urged her again to yield to his wishes and consent to mount his throne, so as to share with him one bed and one power. But finding her more inflexible than ever, he ordered a machine to be made of three or four wheels, armed on every side with razors and iron spikes, so that her body, once tied to it, would at once be cut to pieces by the contrived motion of the wheels. The machine was built in haste, and meanwhile Catherine was taken back to prison. At the end of three days Maximin had her brought before him again. Unable to prevail against the invincible firmness of her heart, he had her tied to the wheels. This terrible instrument made everyone tremble; but at the first movement it was miraculously broken to pieces, without the virgin receiving any wound. The fragments flew in all directions with such force that they wounded and killed several people. The other onlookers, recognizing in this the hand of the Almighty, cried out that the God of the Christians was great.

This was a strange cause of confusion for the emperor. Yet he did not lessen his barbarity in the least. On the contrary, when his wife came to show him that by so many miracles he must at last recognize the Christian religion as the only one to embrace, he had her beheaded. He did the same to the captain Porphyry, who offered himself willingly to death with two hundred of his soldiers; after his conversion he had become their

apostle and evangelist. Faustina's death is placed on 23 November and Porphyry's on the 24th. These executions gave the emperor occasion to press Catherine even more strongly to be his wife, for since his wife was no more, it seemed to him that the main obstacle to the marriage had been removed. So he told her she need no longer fear that another woman would share with her the rank of empress and the sovereign power. She alone would have all his affection and be mistress of all his goods. Her happiness would surpass that of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra, and never would a princess have been as happy as she would become by marrying him. But if she refused these offers out of a vain hope of the beatitude of the other life, she would be taken by everyone for a madwoman. She would no doubt lose all the high esteem for wisdom and discretion she had won.

The Saint heard this speech only with horror. Taking a scornful and severe tone, and answering the fool according to his folly, she told him he was unworthy of the life he enjoyed. After so many miracles of God's power he still refused to adore Him, and wanted to snatch from Him a bride consecrated to Him. Then all Maximin's fury awoke again, and he ordered on the spot that Catherine be taken from his presence and led to the public square to be beheaded. On the way she asked two things of Our Lord. First, that He would not allow her virgin body to be seen and touched by the executioners after her death. Second, that He would at last put an end to the persecutions against the Church and banish the darkness of idolatry entirely from the world, so that the admirable light of the Gospel might shine there. Both her requests were granted, and she received assurance of it from a voice that brought it from heaven. When they were about to cut off her head, all the bystanders wept; she alone had the smiling face of a seraph. At last she stretched out her neck to the executioner, who struck off her head on 25 November 307.

St. Catherine is represented:

1° holding a small cross and a wheel;

2° standing, holding a palm, with her broken wheel of torture beside her;

3° seated, holding the instruments of her torture;

4° in a white robe, holding a book and receiving written papers presented to her by various kneeling figures;

5° adoring the Child Jesus;

6° being buried by angels;

7° standing, holding a sword.

The church of Cideville, in the arrondissement of Yvetot, has a charming sixteenth-century image of the Saint. It is a stone statue, skilfully carved, gracefully draped and posed with infinite wit. The young virgin of Alexandria is dressed not in the Greek fashion but in the French fashion of the time of Mary Stuart. Her gown, tight at the waist and coquettishly buttoned over the breast, is trimmed with lace cuffs, like a young lady of high society. Her face is full of modesty and dignity at once. Her hair is simply swept back, and her head is crowned with a marchioness's or duchess's coronet. In her left hand she holds an open book, and in her right a sword reversed, point downward. One would say that this innocent victim is playing with the instrument of her torture. Under her feet she treads the symbolic wheel and the head of Maximin, her persecutor. The artist was so skilful that he gave expression to this philosophical head, with the kind of wit that suits a seducer thrown off the scent. Maximin indeed has a thick beard like our "lions" of today. He wears the Valois ruff at his neck, and below it a collar, symbol of the passions that enchain him. A Leaguer's hat, set on his head with great pretension, is shaded by a white plume in the manner of Henri IV. But the greatest meaning lies in the mouth of this ambitious man, who rages at seeing himself humbled for centuries under the feet of a young girl.

CULTUS AND RELICS.

In the ninth century, Christians found on Sinai the body of a girl of eighteen. Her shrouds and her gown, still stained with her blood, bore the age of several centuries. But corruption had spared this body, which gave off, like those of the predestined and the martyrs, a kind of heavenly perfume. Her fair hair, falling on a neck almost still bleeding, covered her with its waving silk. On her pure brow shone a sort of halo of holiness, that seal of election which the God of the persecuted Christians set upon the relics of His servants and martyrs. By all these signs the pilgrims recognized the body of a young virgin whose touching story had once resounded in Alexandria, and whose precious remains had been hidden from the veneration of the Christian people. It was indeed that precious body. No one knows how it had been carried from Alexandria, the second capital of pagan pomp, into the lonely sands of Arabia, onto that holy hill of Sinai, still quivering with the divine thunderbolts and the terrors of humbled Israel. The Christians gave her the name of Catherine, that is, "pure and spotless." Since that time this Saint has received throughout Catholic

Christendom the cultus of honour and prayer that we render to our Saints as the beloved of the Lord. In the collect of her feast the Church bears witness to this marvellous translation of her body. It thereby asks the eternal Father that, by the merits of this excellent virgin, we may come to the true mountain, which is Jesus Christ. From that time the religious of Sinai sometimes heard there a wonderful melody of heavenly spirits. This led the emperor Justinian I to resolve to build a magnificent church there in the Saint's honour and to increase the number of monks. In the eleventh century Simeon, a monk of Sinai, came to Rouen to receive the yearly alms of Richard, duke of Normandy. He brought with him a portion of the relics of St. Catherine, which he left in that city. Her head is kept at Rome. Her memory has always been very celebrated among the Greeks. It became so in the East through the miraculous help that the princes and lords of Europe received from her powerful protection when they went to the East for the deliverance of the Holy Land. St. Louis, on his return from overseas, built in Paris in thanksgiving for her favours the famous church of Sainte-Catherine-du-Val.

A hand, in flesh and bone, of St. Catherine was brought back from Mount Sinai by the father of Henry V, count of Champagne, and given to the church of Saint-Jean at Vertus. The silver-gilt reliquary holding this precious relic was put in safety at Châlons during the English ravages in Champagne, and deposited in the abbey of Toussaints outside the city walls. In 1450 the reliquary was brought back and placed in the church of Notre-Dame at Vertus. It was then carried solemnly to the church of Saint-Jean on 25 November, the Saint's feast. That church was destroyed in the Revolution, and no one knows what became of the relics of St. Catherine it possessed. No popular devotion to the Saint flourishes in that parish today (1873), and St. Catherine is hardly honoured there except by the little schoolgirls. There are relics of her at Saint-Maurice in Amiens and at Mailly.

We have kept the account of Father Giry, which we have completed by means of local notes kindly supplied by M. Thibault, honorary canon and dean of Vertus (letter of 13 July 1873), by the Beautés de l'Histoire de la Champagne of the abbé Boitel, etc.

26 November

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Alexandria, the birthday in heaven of St. Peter, bishop of that city, who, adorned with every virtue, was beheaded by command of Galerius Maximian. 310.

— Also at Alexandria, in the same persecution, the holy martyrs Faustus, priest, Didius and Ammonius suffered, together with Phileas, Hesychius, Pachomius and Theodore, Egyptian bishops, and six hundred and sixty other Christians, to whom the sword of persecution opened the gate of heaven. 311.

— At Nicomedia, St. Marcellus, priest, who was thrown from the top of a rock by the Arians in the time of the emperor Constantius, and so died a martyr. 349.

— At Padua, St. Bellinus, bishop and martyr. 1149.

— At Rome, St. Siricius, pope and confessor, illustrious for his learning, his piety and his zeal for religion. He condemned various heretics and restored ecclesiastical discipline by very useful regulations. 398.

— At Autun, St. Amator, bishop.[1] 3rd cent.

— At Constance, St. Conrad, bishop. 976.

— At Fabriano, in the March of Ancona, St. Silvester, abbot, founder of the Congregation of Silvestrine monks. 1267.

— In the territory of Reims, the birthday in heaven of St. Basle [Basolus], confessor. 620. — At Hadrianopolis in Paphlagonia, St. Stylianus or Alypius the Cionite, anchorite, illustrious for his miracles.

— In Armenia, St. Nikon the Metanoeite, monk. 998.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Agen, St. Maurinus, deacon and martyr. 6th cent.

— In the dioceses of Ajaccio, Carcassonne and La Rochelle, St. Silvester, abbot, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 1267.

— In the dioceses of Angers, Beauvais and Poitiers, St. Felix of Valois, confessor, whose life we gave on 20 November. 1212.

— In the diocese of Auch, feast of the dedication of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome.[1] 1626 and 1854.

— At Autun, St. Martin, bishop, successor of St. Amator. Only his name and his reputation for holiness have come down to us; his life and works remain buried in the night of the ages. 3rd cent. — In the dioceses of Avignon and Digne, St. Delphine, virgin. 1360.

— In the diocese of Cahors, St. Didier (Desiderius), bishop of that see and confessor. 654.

— In the dioceses of Bordeaux and Dijon, St. John of the Cross, confessor, whose life we gave on 24 November. 1591.

— In the dioceses of Châlons and Reims, St. Basle, confessor, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day. 620.

— In the diocese of Clermont, St. Stanislaus Kostka, of the Society of Jesus, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1568.

— In the diocese of Cologne, anniversary feast of the elevation, in the church of Saint-Gereon in that city, of the bodies of several Martyrs of the illustrious Theban Legion. 1121.

— In the diocese of Coutances, St. Romphaire or Rephaire, bishop and confessor.[2] 728.

— In the diocese of Limoges, St. Justus, priest and confessor, disciple of St. Hilary. Hilary made him his travelling companion, his friend and the intimate confidant of all his secrets. On the death of the great bishop of Poitiers, Justus was unanimously elected to succeed him. But out of humility he fled the city secretly and

reached Limoges, where he ended his days in the exercises of piety and mortification.[3] About 372.

— In the diocese of Meaux, St. Columban, abbot, whose life we gave on 21 November. 615.

— In the diocese of Mainz, St. Mercurius, martyr, named in the Roman Martyrology of the previous day. About 259.

— In the diocese of Metz, St. Trond, priest, whose notice we sketched on 23 November. 693.

— In the diocese of Moulins, St. Pourçain, abbot, of whom we spoke on 24 November. 527.

— In the dioceses of Nantes and Paris, St. Genevieve, virgin, whose life we gave on 3 January.■ 512.

— In the dioceses of Ajaccio, Cologne, Châlons, Metz, Perpignan, Reims and Saint-Flour, St. Peter of Alexandria, bishop and martyr, named in the Roman Martyrology of this day.

— In the diocese of Saint-Flour, St. Menas, Egyptian soldier and martyr at Cotyaeum in Phrygia, named in the Roman Martyrology of 11 November.■ 303.

— In the diocese of Tours, St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, whose life we gave on 18 November. 942.

— In the diocese of Viviers, St. Elizabeth, widow, whose life we gave on 19 November. 1231.

— In the diocese of Versailles, St. Gertrude, virgin, whose life we gave on 15 November. 1334.

— At Trier, St. Sebaldus [Sébaud], bishop of that see and confessor. About 662.

— At Saint-Priest-sous-Aixe (Haute-Vienne), in the diocese of Limoges, St. Martin of Arades, monk of Corbie (Somme), chaplain and confessor of Charles Martel.■ 726.

— In Savoy, Blessed Pontius of Faucigny, canon regular, then abbot of Sainte-Marie d'Abondance, founder and abbot of Notre-Dame de Sixt. He was invoked above all on behalf of those sick with fever.■ 1178.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Alexandria, the birthday in heaven of St. Peter, canon regular, then bishop of that city. 310.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — At Fabriano, in the March of Ancona, St. Silvester, abbot, founder of the Congregation of Silvestrine monks under the Rule of St. Benedict. 1267.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of St. Silvester. — At Fabriano, in the hermitage of Monte Fano, our Father St. Silvester, abbot. Born of the noble family of Guzzolini, he overcame by the grace of God and of the Blessed Virgin his father's displeasure, the delights of the world, the temptations of the devil and its terrors, and escaped every danger. From a son he then became a Father, founding the monastic Congregation of the Silvestrines under the Rule and habit shown him in a vision by our patriarch, the most holy Benedict. At last, having fulfilled all his labours, broken by old age and longing more and more to enjoy the sight of God, he gave up his blessed soul, which the angels of the Lord carried joyfully to heaven. 1267.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Naples in Campania, the birthday in heaven of St. Andrew Avellino, clerk regular, most celebrated for his holiness and his zeal for the salvation of souls. Clement XI had him inscribed in the catalogue of the Saints.■ 1608.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — At Rome, Blessed LEONARD of Port Maurice, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor of the strict observance, apostolic missionary. For forty-four years he

was celebrated in Italy and throughout the lands subject to the Pope for the abundant fruits of his preaching, his virtues and his miracles. On 19 June 1796 the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI solemnly inscribed him among the Blessed. 1751.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — At Apt in Provence, Blessed Delphine, virgin, of the Third Order of St. Francis. She was most celebrated for the nobility of her birth, the glory of the virginity she preserved in marriage, and the renown of her miracles. Her body, with that of her husband St. Elzéar, rests in the church of Saint-François of the Friars Minor, where it is surrounded by the devout veneration of the faithful. 1360. — Among the sisters and religious of the Third Order, the octave of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, widow, of the Third Order of St. Francis.■ 1231.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Order of Servants of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis. — The same as among the Friars Minor.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — The same as among the Benedictines.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Beatrice of Ferrara, of the Order of St. Dominic. She was one of the first nuns of the monastery of St. Catherine of Siena at Ferrara. Her great devotion to St. Catherine of Alexandria, martyr, won her several favours from that Blessed one. Though she was the youngest of her companions (she was hardly twenty), she foretold that she would die first. And indeed, a few days before the end of her novitiate, she flew away to the abode of glory. After her death she appeared to one of her sisters and said: “O my sister, love God well; in that consists eternal life.” Several miracles made her memory celebrated, and her tomb is still greatly venerated. She must not be confused with another Blessed Beatrice of Ferrara, who belonged to the Order of St. Benedict. 1505.

— In Africa, St. Victorina, martyr.

— At Milan, St. Audentius, senator. About 435. — In Syria, St. James the Hypaethrus [open-air], solitary. 5th cent.

Notes printed in the original.

To the Roman Martyrology.

> *1° St. Amator, a citizen of Autun, opens the period of the formation and hierarchical constitution of the Church of the Aedui. St. Andochius and St. Benignus had sown the first seeds of the faith in those regions. St. Amator came to gather the harvest, to clear new lands, to push back the limits of Jesus Christ’s inheritance, and to constitute and organize. He spent his strength and his life in the threefold care of the episcopal ministry: preaching, divine worship and the government of souls. Then the excellent workman fell asleep in peace amid the fruits of his devout labours. He was buried at Autun in the cemetery of the Via Strata, near the church he had dedicated, and not far from the place where the remains of the martyr St. Symphorian rested. — The abbé Dinet, canon of Autun.*

To the Martyrology of France.

> *1° See note 1 to the Roman Martyrology of 18 November (vol. XIII, p. 488).*
>
> *2° Romphaire, English by birth, applied himself from childhood to the study of letters and the practice of piety. As soon as he reached eighteen he resolved to visit Gaul, to enjoy the sight and conversation of the holy solitaries who were then flourishing in Aquitaine. So he embarked, but a storm that nearly wrecked the ship drove it into the harbour of Barfleur (Manche, arrondissement of Valognes). There he restored to health three sick people with desperate illnesses. Romphaire went to visit St. Lô, who was then governing the Church of*

Coutances. The holy bishop received the young stranger with great kindness, kept him near him and, seeing his great virtues, raised him to the priesthood. Romphaire returned to Barfleur, where he reconciled all hearts by the holiness of his life. He won so great a reputation for virtue that when St. Lô died he was unanimously chosen to succeed him. In that high office Romphaire was more remarkable than ever for his

patience, his humility, his laborious life and his assiduity in reading the divine Scriptures. He gave honourable burial to St. Praetextatus of Rouen, unjustly put to death in the year 568. He left this world on 18 November. An altar has been dedicated to St. Romphaire in the cathedral church of Coutances, as well as a parish church in the same diocese. The relics of St. Lô and St. Romphaire, translated at the same time, are now kept with equal honour at Rouen and at Angers; part has been returned to the church of Coutances. — Proper of Coutances.

3° His body was buried some distance from the city of Limoges. His tomb, long a goal of pilgrimage, became the nucleus of the present town of Saint-Just (Haute-Vienne). About the year 1217, his relics were moved to the cathedral of Limoges, and this translation was celebrated on 27 July. Before the Revolution the parish church of Couzeix (commonly called Le Petit-Limoges) kept a very precious and fully authentic relic of our Saint. It was a bone from one of his legs, about nine inches long, enclosed in a small gilded wooden shrine. On its back were four seals in red Spanish wax bearing the arms of Mgr de Coëtlosquet, bishop of Limoges. — De Reignefort, Saints du Limousin.

4° On the origin of this special feast of St. Genevieve, see what we said in her life (vol. I, pp. 92–104, and especially p. 100).

5° Some of his relics were brought to Gourdièges (Cantal, arrondissement of Saint-Flour, canton of Pierrefort) and to Jaleyrac (Cantal, arrondissement and canton of Mauriac). They are still held in very great honour there today (1873), and the sick come to venerate them in the hope of recovering their health. — Proper of Saint-Flour; cf. Roman Martyrology of 11 November, and note 1 to that martyrology (vol. XIII, p. 310).

6° St. Martin was buried in the parish church of Saint-Priest-sous-Aixe. His head, long kept by the Dominicans of Limoges, later went back to Saint-Priest, whose church became a place of pilgrimage. St. Martin of Arades was invoked above all against gout, catarrh and paralysis. — The abbé Corblet, Hagiographie d'Amiens; De Reignefort, Saints du Limousin. 7° He was buried in the church of Notre-Dame de Sixt. On 14 November 1620 St. Francis de Sales, who had great devotion to the Blessed one, opened his tomb and took from it the bones of a finger, so as to be able to venerate this precious relic at leisure. At Sixt there is still today a great concourse of people at the tomb of Blessed Pontius. The pilgrims devoutly drink the water of the fountain that bears his name (a spring a few steps from the church). — The abbé Grobel, Notre-Dame de Savoie.

8° We gave the life of St. Andrew Avellino on 10 November (vol. XIII, p. 302).

9° See her life on 19 November.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. PETER, PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA, MARTYR

310. — Pope: St. Eusebius. — Roman emperor: Maximin II.

The Church of Alexandria was founded by the evangelist St. Mark in the name of the apostle St. Peter, and was the metropolis of Egypt and of several other provinces. When it fell vacant by the death of St. Theonas, St. Peter, one of its priests, was put in his place towards the end of the third century. His zeal in winning idolaters to Jesus Christ, and his vigilance in keeping in purity of faith the sheep divine Providence had entrusted to him, soon showed that no better choice could have been made. When the great persecution of Diocletian and Maximian broke out, he took particular care to strengthen his people against the cruelty of the tyrants. But he was soon forced to leave Alexandria and withdraw to Tyre in Phoenicia, to Palestine and to other places where he was not known. Everywhere he exhorted the confessors who were ready to yield to the violence of the storm, and he raised up those who had already fallen. In his absence he did not forget his dear flock of Alexandria. He sent it pastoral letters to instruct it in its duties and to rouse it to fervour and

perseverance. Above all he took particular care to encourage the bishops Hesychius and Theodore, with more than six hundred prisoners who were in chains and on the eve of being put to torture. When he learned that some of his own had won the crown of martyrdom, he felt an inexpressible joy, and he ceaselessly asked the divine goodness to grant the others that grace, the most important and precious of all graces.

When he was able to return to his church, he went there at once. Despite his care, several had renounced the faith to escape the rigours of torture. Afterwards, repenting of their cowardice, they asked for mercy and to be received into the communion of the Church. So in 305 he drew up penitential Canons fixing the satisfaction each of these apostates had to make, according to the gravity of his faults, before being admitted to share in the holy mysteries. Among other things, he deprived of the exercise of their Orders those clerics who, instead of giving lay people the example of inviolable constancy and fidelity, had on the contrary given them the example of cowardice and treachery. At the end of these Canons he shows that Christians rightly fast on Wednesday and Friday. On the one day the Jews resolved with Judas to seize the Son of God; on the other that lovable Saviour suffered death on the cross for the salvation of the whole human race.

The following year he held a Synod and deposed Meletius, bishop of Lycopolis, who was lawfully convicted of having offered incense to idols during the persecution and of several other detestable crimes. But this act of religion and justice brought strange persecutions on our Saint. Instead of turning to the remedy of penance, Meletius rebelled against his judge and separated from the Church. He formed a schism in the flock of Jesus Christ and drew into it Arius, who later became the author of the famous Arian heresy. He made himself one of the chief instruments of Maximin II, then emperor, in persecuting the orthodox. Above all he stirred the tyrant up against St. Peter, and his pursuit was so violent that this glorious confessor of Jesus Christ could not refuse the many Christians who begged him to escape death once more.

His absence, however, did not last long. The shepherd could not stay away from his sheep, the father from his children, the bridegroom from his bride, or the head from its members. He returned to the city as soon as he could, and a tribune seized him and had him thrown into prison loaded with chains. His occupation there was to encourage the confessors imprisoned with him, to sing the praises of God, and to converse with His divine Majesty in the secret of prayer. One day, when he was praying with more than usual fervour, Our Lord appeared to him in the form of a child shining with light. He wore a linen tunic of heavenly whiteness, but torn from top to bottom, and He held it with both hands, pressing it to His breast as if to hide His nakedness. Peter, seized with fear, asked Him with deep humility who had put Him in that state. “It is Arius,” He replied, “for it is that hypocrite who has divided the Church and robbed Me of part of the souls I redeemed with My blood.” He then warned him that clerics would come to beg him to pardon Arius’s past faults and reconcile him to the Church. But Peter must take good care not to do so, all the more because Arius was a dead man in the eyes of the heavenly Father, cast out from His face for all eternity. Finally He told him that his successors would be his priests Achillas and Alexander, and that he must not fail to charge them never to receive Arius into their communion.

The next day a number of clerics, among them Achillas and Alexander themselves, came to the prison with the most honourable of the Christian laity, at the request of Arius. Throwing themselves at the holy confessor’s feet, they begged him with tears to pardon that wretch, whom they truly believed to be penitent. But the blessed bishop answered that he could not. He had once already absolved Arius after his schismatic union with Meletius, because he had believed him converted, and since then he had made him a deacon. But he had found that Arius still adhered to the schismatics. He had a turbulent and factious spirit, and he held very impious views on the mystery of the most Holy Trinity, from which Peter’s remonstrances had never been able to bring him back. So he had been obliged to excommunicate him a second time. He knew that Arius persisted in the same views, and for that reason he was accursed by God both for time and for eternity. He would therefore take good care not to admit into the fold of Jesus Christ one who wanted to slaughter its sheep. Then he took Achillas and Alexander aside. He revealed to them that they would succeed him one

after the other, and adjured them in God's name never to yield to the entreaties of that blasphemer. After this everyone fell silent, and no one dared press him further on the matter. For his part, he told them that the day of his martyrdom was near and that he was speaking to them for the last time. He begged them to remember the zeal, the constancy and the piety of so many holy men who had gone before them in Alexandria, and not to fall short of their virtue.

Meanwhile a rumour spread through the city that he was to be put to death. The faithful, already very numerous, flocked to the prison, together with many solitaries whom charity had brought out of the deserts to help the confessors. They made ready to prevent by force his being led to execution. The emperor nevertheless passed sentence of death on him and charged a tribune with carrying it out. The tribune did not think he could do so by day because of the great crowd, and waited for night, thinking everyone would then disperse. But love for the holy prelate was so engraved in every heart that no one would fail to watch and keep good guard all night for his safety. The Saint saw clearly that it was his own sheep who were delaying his happiness. So, to outwit all their vigilance and avoid a riot, he suggested that a hole be made in the prison wall on the side where no one was, and that he be taken out that way. The hole was made, and he gave himself up into the hands of the executioners. He was led to the place of martyrdom of St. Mark the Evangelist, first bishop of Alexandria. Before mounting the scaffold he went into a nearby chapel dedicated to St. Mark, where he prayed for some time, asking God to end the persecution. It is said that a virgin then heard a voice from heaven saying: "Peter, the first of the Apostles; Peter, the last of the martyr bishops of Alexandria." This proved true, for since St. Peter no bishop of Alexandria has been put to death for the faith by the pagans. After his prayer he gave himself up to the soldiers. But he appeared so radiant and so full of majesty that no one dared strike him. At last one man, who was given five gold pieces for it, took his sword and cut off his head. This was at daybreak on 26 November 310.

The Christians, who ran up at the noise of this execution, gathered up his blood and carried his body to the cemetery of the martyrs, where there was a chapel built in honour of Our Lady. Before burying him, they carried him into his principal basilica. They clothed him in his pontifical vestments and placed him in the chair of St. Mark. Out of deep humility and extreme reverence for the blessed Evangelist, Peter had never been willing to sit in it during his life, but sat only on its steps. At last, despite the persecution, they carried him solemnly to his tomb with palms and other branches in their hands, singing songs of joy as if they were celebrating a great triumph.

Godeau says that the Church of Grasse possesses the greater part of his relics. They were brought from Egypt by a bishop named Bertrand when the see was still at Antibes. His people have often felt at his tomb the power of his intercession, and his memory has always been venerable to the faithful.

Baronius; Surius.

ST. BASLE [BASOLUS], HERMIT IN CHAMPAGNE

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

The solitary life is like a bath in which the soul plunges; vices perish there, and the soul is cleansed of its stains. *St. Peter Damian.*

Basle, or Basolus, was born at Limoges about the year 555. His parents, distinguished as much by their nobility as by their virtues, made him drink in piety with his mother's milk. Brought up in the fear of God, he showed from his tenderest years the seed of every virtue. When he reached adolescence the breath of the passions could not tarnish the candour of his soul. He kept the fair virtue of chastity pure and spotless by carefully avoiding everything that could do it the least harm.

Basle first took up the profession of arms, where he gave proof of his valour and his zeal for his prince's service. The nobility of his birth and his courage in war could have earned him honours and dignities, and his parents were already forming the brightest hopes for his future. But he did not find his happiness in the vanity and joys of the world. He wished to give himself wholly to his God and to serve Him freely, far from the noise and turmoil of the world. In the depths of his heart he heard a secret voice calling him to a more perfect kind of life. Basle does not resist this command from heaven. It costs him to leave his parents, whom he loves dearly; but God has spoken, the cry of flesh and blood must be stifled. Basle sacrifices his affections and bids a last farewell to the people and places dearest to his heart. Staff in hand, he sets out in search of the solitude God has destined for him. He turns his steps towards the city of Reims to venerate the relics of the illustrious St. Remigius. The news of his arrival spread through the city. Archbishop Giles, who knew the virtues of this devout man, went out to meet him with a great crowd of people and received him with great honour and kindness. The pilgrim, not forgetting the purpose of his journey, went and prostrated himself before the tomb of St. Remigius, and there he prayed the Lord to enlighten him. His prayer was granted. He told the archbishop of his desire to lead the cenobitic life, and the archbishop took him to the monastery of Verzy, near Reims. Basle did not hesitate for a moment: this would be his place of rest. He was admitted with joy by the good monks, and his fervour soon caused him to be held up as the model of the community, its living rule. Still Basle is not satisfied. He believes God asks of him a more perfect detachment, and he wishes to imitate the holy and mortified life of the solitaries of the East. With this in mind, and with his abbot's permission, he leaves the society of men entirely. He withdraws to the summit of the mountain now called Saint-Basle and builds himself a small cell in a remote part of the forest. There, under the eye of God alone, he leads an altogether angelic life for forty years. Dead to the world, he delights in the practices of the most rigorous penance: fasts, vigils, prayer and the recitation of the psalms. The salvation of his own soul did not make him forget that of his brothers. He was often seen to leave his beloved retreat and go down into the valley to pour out there the riches of heaven he had drawn from his sublime and rapturous contemplations. God soon showed His servant's holiness in broad daylight.

Not content with providing for the spiritual needs of those he called his dear children, the holy anchorite also came to their help in their temporal needs. As in the time of Elijah, the sky was of brass. God, justly angered, refused the earth His dew and His waters. Most of the streams had stopped flowing, and men languished, tormented by the most burning thirst. In such great need the people of Verzy and the surrounding country turn to their usual benefactor. At the sight of such misery Basle is moved with compassion. He begs the Lord with tears to come to the help of his family, and all at once clear, limpid water springs from the heart of a rock and lets the people quench their thirst. This fountain was given the name *Legit ossa*, because its waters had the power to strengthen the limbs, and several sick people who drank of it recovered their health. Annegisel, blind for twelve years and full of confidence in the Saint's merits, comes to the hermitage and begs the Blessed one to restore his sight. Basle prays the Lord to grant his wish, and the blind man, healed, can see and bless his benefactor. Men were not the only ones to find a powerful protector in this devout anchorite. One day Attila, count of Champagne, was hunting near the hermitage while Basle was at prayer before his cell. Suddenly a wild boar of enormous size, laying aside its ferocity, ran to take refuge under his robe and to implore his help by a silent prayer. The hounds pursuing it were, so to speak, nailed to the ground, unable to go forward. At this sight Attila recognized the finger of God. To show his affection and respect for St. Basle, he gave him a large part of the forest, lands at Bouzy and the village of Sept-Saulx. But this angel on earth used his goods only to relieve the poor. Ripe for heaven and worn out with suffering, Basle learned with joy the day of his death, which the Lord was pleased to reveal to him. He then sent to Limoges for his nephew Balsemius and told him it was God's will that he should live in his cell after his death. Then, with gentle and fatherly kindness, he gave him his last counsels. Balsemius profited by them, for he later showed himself a worthy imitator of his holy uncle's virtues. Basle shut himself up in his cell again so as to converse with God alone, and lived on for some time sighing after eternal beatitude. That soul, so fair

and so pure, had been like a bright star rising over the horizon of our country to light and protect it. It soared into the bosom of the Most High on 26 November 620. His feast is kept on that day in the diocese of Reims.

CULTUS AND RELICS.

St. Basle was buried by St. Balsemius on the summit of the mountain that bears his name. The many miracles worked through the intercession of this glorious confessor led St. Nivard, archbishop of Reims, to rebuild the monastery of Verzy over the Saint's tomb, and this was the first time he was honoured with public cultus. About the year 879 Hincmar, archbishop of Reims, opened St. Basle's tomb and placed his body in a silver shrine to expose it for the veneration of the people.

At the time of the Hungarian invasion under Charles the Simple, in 926, the people of Verzy tried to take refuge in Reims to escape death, and they did not forget their most precious treasure, the shrine of the Blessed one. They had already come halfway when they stopped to beg the Saint to keep the enemy away. From that moment the shrine clung so fast to the ground that they could go no further. The night was spent in prayer. The next day, full of confidence in their protector's intercession, they took the road back to the monastery, and soon afterwards it was learned that the barbarians had withdrawn. In a fresh Hungarian incursion in 936, one of them dared lay a sacrilegious hand on the altar where the Saint's body had rested only the day before. But his hand stuck to it so fast that he could not pull it away. The stone had to be cut, and the wretch carried the stone, so to speak, embedded in his hand for the rest of his life. Countless miracles took place at the holy hermit's tomb, and the people had great veneration for his relics. Every year the shrine of the Blessed one was carried in procession, to the singing of hymns, as far as the gates of Reims. There the archbishop, all the dignitaries of the church, the clergy and a crowd of the faithful came to receive the shrine and carry it in triumph into the church of Notre-Dame. Once, while following the procession, a freethinker of the time belittled St. Basle's virtues and laughed at those who invoked him. Struck by a just punishment from heaven, he suddenly lost the use of all his limbs. At last, overcome by his illness and by the grace of God, he had himself carried to the feet of the abbot of Verzy, confessing his fault and asking for healing. He obtained it through the powerful intercession of the one he had despised.

When the fury of the Revolution was seen to strike down even the smallest village, the people of Verzy understood that the venerated remains of their holy protector would not be respected. Four of them, full of religion and armed with holy courage, climbed the mountain on 8 April 1791 and carried off the precious relics. But in 1793, when even the darkest hiding-places no longer gave shelter from guilty searches, the sacred bones that the rage of the impious wanted to give to the flames had to be buried in the earth. The shrine was dug up on 4 April 1795. On 28 June 1853 Cardinal Gousset, archbishop of Reims, at the request of the abbé Misset, dean of Verzy, carried out the fourth solemn translation of our Saint's relics. A countless crowd of the faithful came from every side to the imposing ceremony. The relics comprise almost the whole body. They rest in a magnificent shrine in the form of a tomb. On its sides the principal events of St. Basle's life are shown in eight different scenes. The lid bears, in very well carved relief, one of those remarkable and well-known trees called the *Faux de Saint-Basle*.

The monastery of Verzy, four leagues from Reims, goes back to a very great antiquity. The author of the Life of St. Basle dates its origin to the end of the persecutions, and according to Dom Marlot it yields to no monastery of the diocese in this respect. St. Columban introduced his Rule there; later that of St. Benedict prevailed, with the constitutions of Cîteaux. The abbey had a school of great reputation, and St. Basle himself made great progress there under Comart. Later St. Nivard moved this famous monastery to the mountain. Several councils were held there, among them the one at which the learned Gerbert, later pope under the name of Silvester II, was raised to the see of Reims… After many vicissitudes the Benedictines still held it when it fell under the blows of revolutionary vandalism. Time and the owner finished off what the storm of '93 had spared. So only two stretches of wall, one of the library and the other of the great tower, were still

standing, and the rest lay buried under rubble, when excavations were made in 1860. Soon what was left of those immense materials went to the buildings of the camp of Châlons. Today not one stone is left upon another.

A cross known as the Cross of the Hermitage still marks the site of St. Basle's cell today, a short distance from that of the monastery. It was renewed in 1852.

To compose this biography we have used Flodoard, Dom Marlot, Soret, and notes kindly supplied by the abbé Philémon Denis, of the diocese of Reims.

ST. LEONARD OF PORT MAURICE, OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

1751. — Pope: Benedict XIV. — King of France: Louis XV.

Not to give way to impatience or to other faults, one must walk constantly in the presence of God. *Maxim of the Saint.*

Port Maurice, a town of the diocese of Albenga on the Genoese Riviera, glories in being the birthplace of Blessed Leonard. He was born on 20 December 1676, to parents fairly rich in the goods of the earth but much richer in those of heaven, piety and virtue. His father lost his first wife, our Blessed's mother, when the boy was only two, and married a second wife, by whom he had four children. He led them all to the love of God by his example even more than by his words. He took particular care of our Blessed, who was called Paul Jerome, because all the signs of a privileged soul, born for heaven, were seen in him.

And indeed from his tenderest age Paul Jerome showed a strong dislike for the amusements and games of childhood. His greatest pleasure was to build little altars and to hold processions, to which he invited his playmates. After reciting various prayers or singing hymns with them, he would often give them little sermons in the manner of a preacher. People marvelled to see this young child recite his rosary and other prayers morning and evening with extraordinary fervour, to pay the most holy Virgin his tribute of homage and veneration.

Besides this, he often made barefoot pilgrimages with his young companions to the church of Our Lady of the Plain [Madonna del Piano], about two miles from Port Maurice. There he gave free rein to his devotion. It was there above all, at the time when earthquakes were afflicting the city of Naples and spreading terror everywhere, that he went to beg the powerful Mother of God ardently to deliver his country from that terrible scourge. He visited other churches too, always with the same schoolfellows. He stirred up their devotion to the holy Virgin, recited various prayers with them, taught them Christian doctrine as best he could, and in this way tried to keep them away from occasions of sin.

When he was ten, a ship's captain drew him and his young companions to himself and tried by caresses and little presents to lead them into evil. These weak lambs commend themselves to God and at once take flight to escape the tooth of the wolf pursuing them. As soon as our Blessed was out of danger he went to the church to thank God for saving his innocence. Then he made a barefoot pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Plain to show his gratitude to his good Mother. After studying with the greatest success in his native town, he went to Rome to a paternal uncle named Augustine. This wise and virtuous man entrusted him to a skilful master and found him a devout confessor in Father Grifonelli. Delighted with his progress in learning and his edifying conduct, he treated him with as much affection as his own children. After three years he had him attend the public lectures of the Roman College. Our Blessed had as his master Father Tolomei, famous for his learning and his virtues, who was later made a cardinal. His progress in piety was no less than in learning. He gave himself in a quite special way to an interior and spiritual life. He received the Sacraments in the oratories on every feast day, and he took up the habit of commending his soul to God each day, morning and evening, as though he were to die that very day or the following night. He was modest, humble, devout,

studious and watchful over himself, so much so that he never said a word or did the least action that could be regarded as a sin, or that could cause scandal or surprise. All his talk with his companions turned on piety or study. His virtue and exemplary life thus made him the mirror of all the young men who attended the Roman College; to each of them he was an object of edification and a finished model.

A lover of solitude and retirement, he had few friends, but only virtuous ones, as it should be. He loved one of them above all, because from him he had learned the great maxim that, not to give way to impatience or to other faults, one must walk constantly in the presence of God. One day this precious companion offered to take him to a sermon. He led him to a square where the body of a criminal could still be seen hanging on the gallows, and turning to him said: “My dear friend, there is the sermon. Whoever lives badly is overtaken sooner or later by divine justice; for when a man has not the fear of God, he is capable of committing every crime.” These words and that sight moved the servant of God deeply, and he conceived from them a still greater horror of sin.

While still very young he enrolled in devout congregations. One met at the oratory of Father Caravita, a Jesuit; the other at that of St. Philip Neri, at the Chiesa Nuova. He was already practising the mission of an apostle. On feast days he went through the streets and public squares of Rome, urging everyone to go to the sermons. The rude words, the scorn and the insults he often had to bear from libertines and irreligious people could not slacken his zeal.

He did his spiritual reading diligently, particularly in the *Introduction to the Devout Life* of St. Francis de Sales, which he always carried with him; he had a special devotion to its holy author. He often received the sacraments, and he delighted in visiting churches and hearing sermons. He remembered them in part and afterwards repeated them to the people of his household. In later life he used to tell how, while still a layman, he made his general confession to Father Grifonelli in the very cell once occupied by St. Philip Neri. God deigned to give him so lively a contrition that he became another man, and he felt the love of austerities and penances grow in his heart. Then he would add, out of humility, that at that time he had had a little fervour, but that since then he had lost it entirely. Preaching in Rome in 1749, he urged the faithful to keep and increase the grace of God in themselves. Among other means to this end, he advised them to join some devout congregation. He assured them he spoke from experience, adding that if he had done any good, and above all avoided evil, in his youth, he believed he owed it to the favour of having been enrolled in the oratory of Father Caravita and in that of the Chiesa Nuova.

At the devout meetings of these congregations he was so inflamed with love of virtue, and with such a desire to suffer and to mortify his body, that when he came back to his uncle’s house he could not help letting the fervour that filled him show through. He spoke only of the things of God. He told the lives of the Saints commemorated that day, or repeated the sermons and instructions he had heard in the oratories or the churches. He often gave himself to these devout talks in the evening at supper, and he was so taken up with his subject that he even forgot to eat. His uncle, noticing at times that the meal was about to end without his having taken anything, would order him to be quiet and eat, adding that his hearers would take care to imitate the lives of the Saints he had spoken of. Some, however, foretold from this that the virtuous young man would one day be a great preacher. Others noticed that he deliberately spent the supper hour in these devout conversations so that the dishes he wanted to go without would grow cold meanwhile. He would then have a pretext to do without them, and could thus hide his spirit of mortification. He used a thousand devices to hide in the same way the other penances by which he chastised his body to subject it to the spirit. Yet he could not prevent several members of the household from seeing clearly that he left his bed at night to lie on the bare floor of his room, resting his head on a plank or on a stone he kept hidden in the room itself. Other instruments of penance were also found, such as disciplines and hair shirts, and it was quite plain that he used them.

Though he lived in the world as one not of the world, he resolved to make his salvation more secure and to serve God more perfectly by following the inner voice calling him to the religious state. He spoke of it to his confessor, who first wished to prepare him for so holy a vocation by the most humiliating trials. One day he ordered him to go round the booksellers of Rome and buy a book containing, gathered in a single well-bound volume, the fables of Aesop, of Bertoldo and of Bertoldino. The young man saw at once that no such book could be found and that his errand would expose him to mockery. Even so he set off at once to carry out this strange order. He went the round of the bookshops without being put off, though his searches brought him only what he had foreseen. At last, as though nothing had happened, he came back cheerfully to the Chiesa Nuova. He told Father Grifonelli that he had not been able to find the book in question, but that he was ready to start again and search more diligently if he thought fit. The Father answered that he was sure his stupidity would not let him find so easy a thing. The young man kept silent and said not a word to defend or excuse himself.

While Paul Jerome was multiplying his prayers and penances and asking Our Lord to make His holy will known to him once and for all, he saw two religious crossing the Piazza del Gesù. They were poor in appearance and very modest in bearing. He was edified and struck by the sight of them. As he later told when speaking of his vocation, he seemed to see two angels come down from heaven, and at the same time he felt himself on fire with the desire to embrace their way of life. But he did not know what Order they belonged to or what convent they lived in. So he set out to follow them until he saw them go into the convent or retreat of St. Bonaventure on the Palatine. It was inhabited by Friars Minor of the poorest of the various branches of the Order. He entered the convent church just as the religious were beginning Compline, and he heard the first words: *Converte nos, Deus, salutaris noster*, "Convert us, O God our Saviour!" He felt himself struck to the heart by these words at once. Enlightened by a light from on high, he decided on the spot to embrace that strict institute, saying to himself: *Haec requies mea*, "This is the place of my rest." And indeed, after consulting his confessor and other devout persons, and despite his uncle's resistance, he presented himself at that house on 2 October 1697 and at the same time received the name Leonard. His humility has told us with what fervour he made his novitiate. In later life, whenever he happened to speak of that happy time, he called the day he received the religious habit the day of his conversion, and the year of his novitiate the holy year. He complained that he had lost the devotion he had then, and had only gone backwards instead of forwards on the road of perfection. Even then it was foreseen that he would one day be the glory of the Order. He was admitted to solemn profession by a unanimous vote on 2 October 1698. As soon as he had made his vows he was set to the study of theology. People soon admired not only his success in that science but also his great regularity. He urged his companions to be faithful even in the smallest things and exact in keeping the devout practices of the Order, on the ground that what can please or displease God must not be regarded as a small thing. "If, while we are young," he would sometimes add, "we make no account of little things and fail in them knowingly, we shall allow ourselves to fail in the most important points when we are older and have more freedom." If his conduct served as a model, such talk spurred the other religious on to practise every virtue. So the community marvelled to see how swiftly he was tending towards the most sublime holiness. This thought followed him even in the hours of recreation, when he walked in the garden with his brethren. "Let us hope in God," he used to say, "and with the help of His grace, which never fails, we can not only be good, but even become Saints." He led them each to choose a virtue every week and make as many acts of it as possible in that time; that virtue and the means of acquiring it were to be the subject of their conversations. He also laid down that if anyone committed a fault, he would be obliged, at the conference they held among themselves, to kneel before one of his fellow students. He was to beg him to have the charity to point out the failings that had been noticed in him, and to promise, with God's help, to amend.

On fire with love of God and zeal for the salvation of his neighbour, he cherished the keenest desire to go among the unbelievers. He was on the point of going to China with Monsignor de Tournon, who was later made a cardinal. But the Lord, who wished him to evangelize the peoples of Italy, did not allow the plan to

be carried out. He often said afterwards that he had not been judged worthy to shed his blood for Jesus Christ. When he heard of the persecution that was sending so many martyrs to heaven in that distant country, he would cry out: “I too ought to be among them, but my sins were the cause of my not going.” When he was ordained priest he took up the habit of going to confession every morning before going up to the altar, and often he went to confession both evening and morning. He finished his course of studies with marvellous success, owed no less to his application than to his natural talents. In his conferences to the religious he returned all his life to the need of acquiring fresh knowledge to procure the glory of God and the salvation of souls, which can only be done by study. He would sometimes add that he had always studied and was still studying continually for that end. So he managed to join the reputation of a scholar to that of a Saint, and for that reason he was named professor of philosophy. But Providence, which wished to make of him not a Thomas Aquinas but a Vincent Ferrer, allowed him to fall ill. His delicate constitution, his severe penances and his application to study soon made his life despaired of. He became like a skeleton, nothing but skin and bone. He was made to go to Naples, and then to Port Maurice, his native place, to recover.

There, after finding human remedies powerless, he turned to the holy Virgin. He begged her to obtain for him from her divine Son a health that he would devote to winning souls for heaven. His prayer was granted. The illness he had suffered from for five years disappeared so completely that he was able to undertake, and carry on without respite, labours more numerous, more difficult and more glorious than those of Hercules; for he overthrew monsters far more terrible, we mean those that devour souls. He began by making known the devout exercise of the Way of the Cross and the incomparable treasure of indulgences that can be gained by practising it. He even worked with the sovereign pontiffs Benedict XIII, Clement XII and Benedict XIV to have these indulgences extended to all places. He gave his first mission in the diocese of Albenga, at Artallo, two miles from Port Maurice. Every morning he set out from his residence and came back in the evening barefoot, although it was the depth of winter. He kept up this practice, despite his fatigue, until the last year but one of his life, when Benedict XIV obliged him to wear sandals. Two incidents will be enough to show the fruits our Blessed must have gathered in this mission.

One day, as he was coming back rather late, as was his custom, to the convent of the Friars Minor Observant where he was staying, he noticed that a man was following him with deep sighs. He turns round, waits for him, opens a conversation with him on a spiritual subject, and asks whether he could be of use to him in any way, assuring him that he was ready to help him. The poor man knelt down and said to him in tears: “Father, you have at your feet the greatest sinner on earth.” The Blessed one, moved by his words and his tears, answered at once: “And you, my son, have found in me, wretched as I am, a father who will be full of tenderness towards you.” He encourages the sinner to be reconciled with God, leads him to the convent and hears his long confession. He sends him away full of joy at being freed from a burden of sins that until then he had never been able to bring himself to confess.

For the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, which was to be kept at Caramagna, he was invited to preach a sermon there. He was told of an abuse that recurred every year on that day: men and women danced together in public and made a feast day into a real carnival. He spoke out forcefully against such a disorder, showing by the strongest reasons that the devil has everything to gain at dances. In spite of this, most of his hearers, as soon as they left the church, went as in other years to the place where the dancing was held. When Leonard was told of it, he took a crucifix in his hand and, accompanied by two men carrying lighted candles, went there himself. At the sight of him the musicians and the others took flight. But he called on them to stop and addressed them, and he made so strong an impression on those present that the whole crowd melted into tears and gave the sight of the most sincere and universal repentance. While he was speaking, it happened that one arm of the crucifix came loose from the cross. At this sight the people, more moved than ever, cried out asking God for mercy. The man of God used the occasion to condemn more forcefully the guilty custom of profaning the feasts consecrated to the Saints by dances. He added that the Lord had wished to make them

understand by this sign that He was ready to hurl His thunderbolt if they did not promise never again to commit such profanations. The people, seized with a holy fear, promised it on the spot and faithfully kept their promise ever after. The new missionary, seeing that heaven was blessing his labours, was encouraged by it to preach for the spiritual good of his neighbour. So he hastened wherever he was called, without troubling about fatigue or difficulties.

No one can say how many sinners he drew back from their wanderings. Almost the whole of Italy in turn witnessed his labours and his victories over sin. The grand duke of Tuscany, Cosimo III, called him to reform the morals of his States. He often went to visit him to learn how to govern others and, above all, what is much harder, how to govern himself. To spread the fruits of our apostle's zeal as widely as possible, he asked him to give missions throughout the grand duchy, offering him help and protection both for himself and for his companions. The servant of God thanked the good prince for his generosity. With holy freedom he told him that he gladly undertook to work in the Lord's vineyard, but that as for his upkeep, he had a Master richer than His Highness. That Master had always provided for it in the past and would certainly not fail to do so in the future. The grand duke asked him who this master was. He answered that it was God Himself, on whose providence he relied. He wished to live only on alms, convinced that this divine Master would not forget him while he worked for His glory. One can imagine how edified the prince, who was very religious, was by such an answer. He appointed someone to look after the missionary, and in a letter this person gives the following account of the results of the mission at Pitigliano:

"I cannot help informing you, with feelings of the liveliest joy, of the happiness Pitigliano has had in possessing this great servant of God. He is ending his mission here and will then go to Sorano to sanctify that place in its turn; for it is not only converting that he does, it is sanctifying. Father Leonard is an instrument of the Holy Spirit. By his good manners he draws to himself all who hear him, even the most hardened. I have the honour of having been charged by His Royal Highness to serve him and to have everything he needs prepared for him. But I have had few occasions to be of use to him or his companions, for the little they take as food they go and beg for. I had had a small apartment of five rooms prepared for him, with a bed furnished with a mattress and everything suitable. He had scarcely arrived when he had it all taken away, and put in its place a few planks on which he takes his rest at night. I believe God keeps him alive by a special assistance, for it is not naturally possible to keep going amid such great fatigues with such harsh penances."

No one could form an idea of the multitudes who pressed round our Blessed, as once on the steps of the Son of God, to receive the bread of the divine word. One day a miraculous image of the holy Virgin was carried in procession to thank that good Mother for delivering Tuscany from the plague, and the number of the faithful at this moving ceremony came to more than a hundred thousand. When the procession reached the top of the hill of Santa Maria, the holy missionary gave a fervent address. It was clearly heard by the whole multitude, and even those farthest away, a good mile from the preacher, did not lose a single word. The address was followed by the blessing. At the same moment cannon, placed on purpose at intervals on high ground throughout the country, fired a general salvo. In this way all Tuscany was told the exact moment of the blessing, so that everyone, wherever he was, could kneel to receive it. Emotion was at its height, and the whole people melted into tears.

Every diocese would have liked to have the servant of God. He went through those of Massa, Arezzo and Volterra and the countryside of Siena, gathering abundant harvests for heaven everywhere. People did not know which to admire most, his zeal, his eloquence or his austerities. The bishop of San Miniato wrote to thank the Father Guardian of San Francesco al Monte for sending him so holy and zealous an apostle, and put it thus: "Father Leonard returns to his holy retreat laden with merits. He has worked with admirable zeal for a fortnight, and I could also say for fifteen nights, for the salvation of my beloved flock. Nothing surpasses his devotedness, unless, as I dare hope, it is the fruits he produces. For my part I say that divine grace triumphs in him, for it does not seem possible to me that without a quite special help from God a man could do so

much."

Here now is what the parish priest of San Rocco, near Pistoia, wrote when our Blessed had finished the mission there: "Blessed be the hour when the thought came to me of troubling you, my reverend Father, to obtain Father Leonard. All that God has deigned to work by means of His servant, God alone could make known, because God alone knows it. The whole town venerates Father Leonard as a Saint, as a learned preacher, as a fervent missionary, and every soul has been as it were chained to his word of fire. He breaks hearts, even the most indifferent, which lend an ear only to what flatters them and close it to the truth. No one could resist him except those who did not come to hear him. His congregation was among the largest. At the second penitential procession it is reckoned there were a good fifteen thousand people, and at the papal blessing about twenty thousand. All the confessors of the town had a great deal to do, and in all the penitents one noticed extraordinary dispositions, a very lively concern for the needs of their souls and a deep forgetfulness of everything else. He has taken with him the regrets of all, shown by the tears of the faithful, who would not let him go. So the town especially is waiting anxiously for the happiness of having him again. The most notable inhabitants of Pistoia, men and women, came to San Rocco at very inconvenient hours and in the heat of the day to be able to hear him and confess to him. Many people spent the night under the church portico. Blessed be God, who deigns to visit His Church by sending it such servants! One can judge the fruit of the mission simply by seeing the devotion with which the exercise of the Way of the Cross is practised. It is a quite extraordinary thing to see the gentlemen and ladies of quality of Pistoia, such enemies of outward demonstrations of piety, make the Way of the Cross with such recollection and fervour that they do not blush to kiss the ground, and this even since the mission ended."

In 1715, while he was labouring in this way in Tuscany, and just after the missions we have described, he was appointed guardian and director of the convent of San Francesco al Monte at Florence. By his exhortations and his example he established the greatest regularity there. He spoke with such warmth and unction that as one listened one felt moved not only to be good but to become a Saint. Not content with observing very exactly everything prescribed, he also gave himself to great austerities. He took only a short rest on bare planks and had only a piece of wood for a pillow. He took only one meal a day, and that was a simple dish of vegetables. He went barefoot even in the bitterest cold. In every season he wore only a single garment, all torn and patched, to say nothing of many other mortifications that will be mentioned later. One could not admire enough the charity with which on every occasion he helped his religious as well as lay people. He spared himself no fatigue to bring the one to perfect observance and to help the others in all their needs.

But the solitude of an ordinary convent was not enough for our Blessed. Like the seraphic St. Francis, he looked for a remote place where he could, at least from time to time, live alone with his God. There he could warm again at that hearth of eternal heat a soul that grows cold the further it moves away from it. Our Lord granted his prayers and provided him with a hermitage on a mountain six miles from Florence, called Santa Maria dell'Incontro. With the consent of the superiors of his Order, Leonard set up there a solitude for religious whom God, by a particular inspiration, would call there from time to time. He drew up constitutions, which were approved. On the feast of the Annunciation he set out barefoot over the snow with a few religious, singing psalms and hymns. He saw to it that the rules of the strictest poverty were observed there. Each solitary's cell was so small that by stretching out one's arms one could easily touch both ends, and by raising them touch the ceiling, which was made of simple reeds.

As for food, he laid down that no one there would eat meat, eggs, milk foods or fish, and that the nine Lents would be kept, after the example of St. Francis. So, except for fifteen or sixteen days a year when eggs and milk foods were allowed, a fast was kept so strict that the food could be regarded as a continual penance. At midday there was only a dish of greens and a dish of vegetables, with some fruit, and in the evening the simple collation allowed on the fast days prescribed by the Church. He further ordered that they should sleep

on the hard boards, and that each should practise other mortifications besides. The devout solitaries embraced all these austerities with such joy and eagerness that each was to the other an object of holy emulation, and they always aspired to do more.

As founder of this solitude, Blessed Leonard wished to set an example to his own. He would be the first to withdraw there and to carry out every point of his Rule strictly, doing besides everything that his love of suffering and the fervour of his spirit could suggest. He kept the continual and strict silence that was prescribed. Day and night, without ever missing, he attended the vocal and mental prayer made in common. He practised the strict seclusion that allowed no one but the superior to administer the sacraments, or to write or receive letters except from persons in high places. He took the discipline, as the Rule directed, every night after Matins and in the day after Vespers. Like the others, he spent an hour at manual work.

He would have liked never to leave this solitude. He called it the place of his delights, and when he went there he said he was going to make the novitiate of paradise. Only obedience and his ardent zeal for the conversion of sinners could tear him away from it. So he went there regularly twice a year, and sometimes he even spent months there making the spiritual exercises. He went there besides when a solemnity was approaching, the better to prepare to celebrate it. And when he came back from the missions to which he had to devote himself by order of Clement XI, even while he was guardian, his rest after a life of apostolate and fatigue was a still more mortified and penitent life in that desert. When he was about to leave the convent for that beloved solitude, on the evening before his departure he would prostrate himself in the middle of the refectory with a stone hung round his neck. He accused himself of being a man of lukewarm and careless life, who needed God’s help to rekindle his fervour and amend. So he asked the religious community’s pardon and begged it to obtain for him from God, by its prayers, the grace of changing his life. It was in these sentiments that he withdrew to work at his sanctification, and he came out of his retreat full of a fervour beyond description.

The good odour of the altogether angelic life led in that sanctuary spread abroad. Regulars of various institutes asked to be admitted there to make the spiritual exercises, and after staying a few days they went back deeply moved and edified. Many men of the world too, moved by the desire to amend, regarded it as a singular favour to be able to spend a week with these solitaries. They took part in their devout and austere exercises day and night, and even wished to put on their coarse tunic during those days of retreat. When the moment of departure came, they protested with tears that they were leaving a paradise. Other distinguished persons, both clerics and laymen, wished to visit that holy place. Seeing the poverty and austerity that reigned there, and the fervour with which the exercise of Christian perfection was carried on, they went away full of astonishment and edification, praising God, who never fails to send His Church faithful servants, intent only on serving and glorifying Him. The grand duke himself, Cosimo III, hearing much talk in Florence about this solitude and the religious who lived there, went there in person with his court and visited even its smallest parts in detail. Later it received a visit from the most serene princess electress, his daughter, in the company of Monsignor Conti della Gherardesca, archbishop of Florence. Everyone was amazed, and seized with a holy dread at the sight of the place as much as with admiration for its inhabitants. The sovereign Pontiff, Clement XI, on reading the constitutions and what they prescribed, could not hold back his tears. He exclaimed that they carried out the most perfect idea of a Friar Minor, and that Leonard was spreading the flames with which his heart burned through almost the whole of Italy. So it would be hard to say how far the public veneration for this great servant of God went.

At his request Cosimo III, grand duke of Tuscany, had the trial of a girl condemned to death and about to be executed reviewed. She was found innocent and owed her life to Leonard’s charity and influence. In a town of the diocese of Pisa he made an extraordinary impression on his hearers by preaching on scandal. While he was taking the discipline in public, according to the custom followed in Italy during missions, the parish priest of the place mounted the platform. He seized the instrument of penance and began to scourge his bare

shoulders hard, confessing aloud that he himself was the one who gave scandal. The people, already melting into tears, were moved still more to see their worthy pastor, a virtuous and edifying priest, give them this striking mark of humility. Monsignor Frosini, archbishop of Pisa, heard of the wonders this evangelical labourer was working in his diocese and wished to hear him in person. So he went to Pontedera, six miles from Pisa, where the man of God then was. He arrived in the middle of the sermon on the Last Judgement. Seeing the emotion of the people, who were sobbing and crying aloud for mercy so that they often interrupted the preacher, he admitted that he had never seen so many tears and sobs. The city of Leghorn seemed to be the sink of every vice. The minister of God undertook to convert it as carnival drew near. Soon tears were being shed at his sermons, and the plainest signs of repentance were given in public. Carnival was no longer spoken of. Although great preparations had been made at great expense, masquerades were forbidden by common consent. As for the theatres, they stayed closed for want of spectators, and crowds of penitents besieged the holy tribunals of penance day and night. More than forty persons of evil life went to the sermon out of curiosity, without the least intention of changing their lives. They were terrified at their state when they heard the preacher's terrible threats against those who hate their soul so much as to prefer a base pleasure to it, and who fear so little to lose it eternally. They conceived such sorrow for their sins that all together they broke into sobs. They began to cry for mercy and to ask pardon of God and of the city for the scandal they had given until then. The devout missionary took them in and placed them in a private house. In the following days they were seen leaving it, dressed in penitential garb, to go to the church. So God gave them the grace of edifying the city they had scandalized. The churches of Rome were too small for the crowd eager to hear our Blessed when he began his apostolic labours there on 28 October 1730. Everyone was struck by the strength and holy freedom with which he rebuked vice, brought out its ugliness and urged everyone to detest it. Could anyone hold back his tears on seeing him accompany his words with a harsh discipline? He gave it to himself on his bare shoulders with an iron instrument until the blood spurted in abundance. The people were no less edified to see him walk barefoot and poorly dressed. In his missions he was fairly accustomed to preach a sermon on the souls in purgatory, followed by a collection whose proceeds were used on their behalf. Seeing the prodigious throng of people of every rank and condition who pressed into San Carlo, he decided to preach that sermon there. On hearing it his congregation was moved by so lively a compassion for the souls in purgatory that more than seven hundred Roman crowns (nearly four thousand francs) were collected that evening in that church alone. Some put down their rings and even their swords. On this occasion, as on every other, he would not take charge of the use of this money himself. He left it to others to distribute it among the different churches of Rome to have Masses said for the souls of the departed. He preached penance in the town of Velletri with marvellous success. To root out blasphemy, which was then rife, and to make people conceive all the horror that this frightful sin should inspire, he led the inhabitants to trace the monogram of the most holy name of Jesus above their doors. He recommended this devout practice everywhere, after the example of St. Bernardine of Siena.

The grand duke of Tuscany and Princess Violante could not bear the absence of our Blessed. They recalled him to their States, where he was received amid transports of universal joy. When he opened the mission in the diocese of Lucca, he declared to his hearers with extraordinary assurance that there was an obstinate people there, determined to persevere in its disorders and not to change its life. If his voice and strength were not able to shake it, he prayed God to let His thunderbolt burst forth to break its hardness. Scarcely had he spoken these words when a terrible clap of thunder was heard from a clear sky. Lightning flashed through the church in every direction and, without touching the bodies, carried fright and consternation into the souls. The people were moved beyond all expression to see God confirm His minister's efforts for the conversion of sinners by such striking signs, and they answered the call of grace with the most unanimous eagerness.

Here are a few more examples of the striking signs with which God took care to accompany His servant's word. At Sezze he spoke out forcefully against the hellish habit of blasphemy that prevailed there. A young debauchee, a great blasphemer, laughed at his threats. One day, as he was riding through the town at sermon

time, he suddenly fell to the ground and died miserably, his tongue hanging out of his mouth in a frightful way and black as coal. Everyone saw this as a manifest punishment from heaven, and it brought about a salutary fear of the judgements of God. He has a time to punish those who, instead of opening their ears to His warnings, despise them and mock them.

This was seen in the diocese of Velletri during the carnival of 1732. Leonard had strongly urged the people to abstain from dances and masquerades. Some people who had come from a neighbouring village to hear him had scarcely got home when they accepted an invitation to a party, paying no heed to the missionary's urgent exhortations. They went, but their joy was soon turned to mourning. In the very middle of the dance the floor of the hall where they had gathered suddenly collapsed, and everyone was more or less seriously hurt. It was even noticed that those who had promoted the party were all brought to death's door. The lord of the place wanted to punish them severely. But on reflection he thought it good to inflict on them a punishment that would be salutary for their souls. He obliged them all to go in procession to the exercises of the mission Father Leonard was giving at Segni. They obeyed in sentiments of true repentance and were a subject of general edification.

The city of Viterbo witnessed a far more terrible punishment. Our Blessed had threatened with the wrath of God those who dared to profane feast days by work. In spite of his threats a girl went to work in the fields. She was seized with violent pains in her bowels, as though an invisible fire were consuming her within, and she began to cry: "I am burning, I am burning!" Her companions carried her under a tree and left her alone there for a moment to go back for the things left in the middle of the field. When they came back they were terrified to find her black as coal and lifeless. Everyone saw in this a punishment from God. People conceived a higher idea of Leonard and resolved to observe faithfully all he commanded. For his part he was far from glorying in these prodigies; he thought himself unworthy of his ministry. So he regarded as a severe trial what happened to him in the diocese of Orte, where the venerable Tenderini was bishop. After his sermon opening the mission he was to give at Orte, the man of God was taken with his companions to the bishop's palace, which had been assigned as his lodging. On entering, he found prepared in a room a seat, a basin full of hot water, and everything needed for washing the feet. Our Blessed was at first astonished at all these preparations. But he was much more confused and humbled when the venerable bishop invited him to sit down, wishing to wash his feet himself. After a holy dispute the devout prelate, seeing that he could gain nothing by his entreaties, ordered him in the name of obedience to let him render him this service. At the mere word obedience Blessed Leonard sat down, covered with confusion. The humble prelate, on his knees, religiously carried out his office, washing first the feet of the servant of God and then those of his companions one after another. This act soon became known. It increased the people's veneration for their bishop and disposed them to receive the seed of the word of God more eagerly. We cannot follow him in all his missions, depict all his sufferings or recount all his merits. As we have said, he always went barefoot, whatever the severity of the season and the state of his health. People wondered that he could hold out under his austerities and labours. Cardinal Corradini, seeing him worn out, invited him to rest. "My rest," he answered, "I neither desire nor want on earth; but I desire it and want it in paradise." So ardent a zeal was moreover upheld by many miracles. One day, when he was preaching on the holy name of Jesus, everyone saw a dove fly several times, fluttering, above and below the sounding-board of the platform. It disappeared, no one could say how, as soon as the sermon ended. From this it was judged that the Holy Spirit, under this symbol, had wished to make it understood that He Himself was assisting His minister and giving his words their strength and power. During another sermon, three marble columns adorning the façade of the church, under which there were many people, came loose from their capitals. In falling they should have crushed several people. But they stayed as though hanging in the air, to everyone's great astonishment, and so did no harm. Among the devout devices he used to help sinners, one consisted quite simply in having the great bell rung in the evening on every day of the mission. He wanted three *Paters* and three *Aves* to be said at the same time for the most hardened. One evening, when people had refused to carry out this order, the bell began to

ring by itself. In another mission a poor woman was very eager to go and hear the catechism the missionaries were giving. She left her child, barely two years old, in bed, commended him to the holy Virgin and went to the church. When she came home and no longer saw the little one, she began to look for him in tears. She found that he had fallen through an opening two storeys high and had stayed hanging in the air by his clothes without hurting himself. This astonished all who witnessed it or heard of it.

At Gaeta, preaching on the obstinate sinner, the Blessed one spoke in an extraordinarily animated tone and, against his custom, uttered these words: “My heart tells me that there is an obstinate sinner here. If he does not come to himself, it is all over with him; this very night he will receive his punishment.” And indeed there was one man in the congregation who kept up a scandalous liaison. Neither the admonitions nor the threats of his bishop had been able to turn him from it, and he continued it even during the mission. That same evening the wretch was having supper with two clerics. While he was eating an egg he was suddenly struck by a violent seizure and fell stone dead, before either of the two priests had time to pronounce the formula of absolution. He turned black, twisted, hideous and frightful to see. The whole town was deeply moved by this fatal accident. It conceived a higher idea of the missionary and took his words more than ever as so many oracles. In the sermon on the holy Virgin he urged his hearers to forgive offences received and to be reconciled with their enemies. The major of the garrison had for a long time not even greeted his bishop. Moved on hearing the exhortation of the servant of God, he at once left the body of officers and, in front of everyone, went and kissed the hand of the prelate on his throne. This drew tears of tenderness from the eyes of the bishop and of most of those present.

Sometimes he would collapse from exhaustion, faint in the middle of the sermon and remain half dead. But he took no account of these weaknesses. “My ass has thrown itself on the ground,” he would say, “but I shall take care to punish it so that it does not take it into its head to do it again, and stands firm on its feet.” He would then put a chain round his neck and a crown of thorns on his head, take his discipline, and often strike himself until people threw themselves on him to restrain him. Genoa, Lucca and the island of Corsica felt the effects of this tireless zeal. At Genoa it is believed his congregation sometimes exceeded a hundred thousand people. After the mission a mound of white and black stones was raised, surmounted by three crosses and bearing as its inscription these words, often repeated by the servant of God: “My sweet Jesus, mercy!” And since he had recommended putting the names of Jesus and Mary on the doors of houses, these sacred names were set up in letters of gilded bronze, mounted on marble, at the Porta di Monte Reale, with great pomp, to the roar of the harbour cannon and the sound of all the city bells. In Corsica, which was prone to feuds and grudges, several families were divided by inveterate hatreds that kept them constantly under arms. But on hearing the missionary’s moving exhortations, they renounced all hostility, laid down their arms and made peace. There was a most touching scene. All wept hot tears, asked one another’s pardon and embraced like brothers. What is most wonderful is that all this happened as if suddenly. Those who had nursed mortal enmities for many years were not only reconciled publicly at the Blessed one’s voice, but also wished to ratify the peace by an authentic deed.

Our Saint then went through Italy as far as Rome, where he preached for the Jubilee. He himself withdrew to the convent of St. Bonaventure. There, as if in wearing himself out in the service of others he had neglected himself, he wished to make the spiritual exercises in his turn. On the evening before his retreat he threw himself on his knees before his superior in the common refectory to ask his permission and blessing. He protested before his brethren that he had nothing of a religious but the habit and commended himself to the community’s prayers, and he began to weep so hard that sobs choked his voice.

One may judge from this with what recollection, and what profit to his soul, he gave himself to his holy exercises. Afterwards he went to present himself to the Pope. When he was asked what fruit he had drawn from them, he answered that the fruit was an ardent desire to die soon so as to go and enjoy his God.

During the missions he gave after this, he told his companions several times that they were the last. Several times he hinted that his death was near. The Pope wrote him a very affectionate letter recalling him to Rome, and he set out to obey him. This journey was very painful for him. On leaving Tolentino, since the mountains they had to cross were covered with snow, he suffered so intense a cold that all the heat left his limbs and he looked like a corpse. When his companion asked him how he felt, he answered twice: “I am ill.” No suffering had been able to draw this complaint from him for twenty-five years. When he reached Foligno he wished to say Mass. The good brother begged him to refrain this time, since he could no longer stand on his legs. He answered in a deeply moved tone: “My brother, one Mass is worth more than all the treasures of the world.” As soon as he had passed through the gate of Rome he said to his companion: “Intone the *Te Deum*, and I will answer.” The brother did so, and it was while reciting this hymn of thanksgiving that he reached the convent of St. Bonaventure on 26 November after sunset.

He was got down from the carriage with difficulty, for he was so weak that no pulse could be felt any longer, and he had to be carried in people’s arms to the infirmary. Scarcely had he entered it when he made his confession and asked for the holy Viaticum. It was given to him about an hour after his arrival, in the presence of the whole community. When his divine Saviour entered the room, he addressed Him in so loving and expressive a colloquy, and made his acts of faith, hope and charity with such energy and feeling, that all present were moved to tears. After remaining recollected in God for some time, he received the doctor’s visit. He begged him not to order him to eat meat, so jealous was he of keeping to his last breath the abstinence he had observed for so many years. The doctor found him quite without pulse and ordered him to take a strengthening drink. He received it from the infirmarian’s hands, thanking him for his charity, and added: “Oh! if only as much were done for the soul as for the body!” After drinking he said again: “My brother, I have no words enough to thank God for the grace He grants me of dying among my brethren.” Wishing to remain recollected, the Blessed one dismissed the religious, telling them to go and rest. Only the infirmarian stayed near him to help him if need be. Standing outside the room, whose door was open, the infirmarian was edified to hear the sick man make the most fervent acts of love, invoke the holy Virgin and converse with her as if she were present. Then he went up to the bed and saw that his face was all flushed. He touched him and found his flesh burning. Extreme Unction was given to him at once, and he received it with sentiments of the most perfect devotion. Shortly afterwards, having kept his full presence of mind to the end, he seemed overtaken by a gentle sleep, and without making any movement he fell asleep in the Lord.

It was on Friday, 26 November 1751, a little before midnight, that he went to receive the reward of so many labours undertaken for the glory of God and the salvation of his neighbour. He was seventy-four years, eleven months and six days old. He had spent fifty-three years in religion and had devoted forty-four of them to the missions. Early in the morning, in accordance with the instructions received, the Holy Father was informed. On learning of Father Leonard’s death he said with a deep feeling of sorrow: “We have lost much; but we have gained a protector in heaven”; and tears were seen running from his eyes. He is represented carrying a banner of the holy Virgin, to express the zeal he showed in spreading the cultus of the Mother of God.

CULTUS AND RELICS. — HIS WRITINGS.

The funeral of the servant of God took place on 28 November 1751. The throng of people was so great that it was decided not to lay him out in the church, for fear of disorder; but during the Mass only he was placed before the high altar. He was then carried from the church into the convent chapel and laid with great pomp in a coffin sealed with Spanish wax by order of His Holiness. He was buried opposite the chapel of St. Francis. This tomb has become very famous in Italy because of the great number of miracles worked there. The body has escaped corruption and is perfectly preserved; one would say he had just died. It rests uncovered under the high altar. In the cell where he died, which has been turned into a chapel, one can see his iron discipline, his cord girdle, his crucifix and five letters in his own hand. The venerated cell is open all day

on the Saint's feast to the throng and devotion of visitors. In 1796 Pope Pius VI placed him among the Blessed, and in 1867, on the occasion of the Centenary of St. Peter, he was solemnly canonized by Pope Pius IX.

We have from St. Leonard: a Lenten course; Meditations or exercises for a Retreat; a Directory; and the *Way of Eternity*. This last offers only a few very simple meditations and devout practices. All his writings are notable for great warmth of feeling, much abundance and unction of language, and finally for a force of persuasion and a simplicity that has been called golden, which delight the reader.

Taken from the Life of the Saint by the Rev. Father Salvator of Ormea, of the Order of St. Francis.

ST. SIRICIUS OF ROME, POPE (398).

St. Siricius, a Roman, son of Tiburtius, was cardinal priest of the title of St. Pudentiana *in pastore*, or, as other authors say, a cardinal deacon created by Damasus. He was elected pontiff in 384. He is said to be the author of the *Communicantes* in the Mass. By a decretal written to Himerius, bishop of Tarragona, which according to many writers is the first genuine decretal of the pontiffs, he allowed monks to receive the order of priesthood, which until then had not been permitted them. He forbade the ordination of men married twice and of those who had married widows. He prescribed celibacy for priests and deacons. At that time, says Novaes, no law or canon had been published that forced clerics in major orders to celibacy under threat of a canonical penalty. St. Siricius also ordered that baptism, except in case of necessity, should be administered only at Easter and Pentecost. He condemned the Manichaeans, obstinate followers of Manes, a Persian slave who had spread his errors in 273. Among other ravings they held that the body of Jesus Christ was a phantom; that there were two principles, one good and one evil, and that the ancient law came from the latter. They did not admit obedience to princes and found it dangerous. According to Manes, all the prophets were damned. The absurd dogma of metempsychosis, the ban on killing any animal at all, and total abstinence from every kind of meat made up the other points of his religion. He taught publicly. In imitation of the twelve apostles of Jesus Christ, he sent twelve disciples, among whom are named Thomas, Hermas and Buldas, to preach his doctrine, first in the provinces nearest Persia, then in India, in Egypt and in China. St. Siricius also condemned the Priscillianists, followers of Priscillian, bishop of Avila. Priscillian followed some errors of the Manichaeans and added that men were subject to fatal stars. Jovinian, a monk of Milan, was also condemned. He denied the virginity of the holy Mother of God.

Some authors attack the holiness of Siricius because he is said not to have been quick to repel the venom of the errors that Rufinus, a monk of Aquileia, long kept hidden, and that were uncovered by St. Marcella, a Roman lady, and by Pammachius, a senator of Rome. Benedict XIV excuses the pontiff, especially in a letter to John V, king of Portugal. Moreover, the same Benedict XIV ordered that the name of St. Siricius be placed in the Roman martyrology. Baronius had earlier accused him of having shown himself cold in his relations with St. Jerome and of not having continued to him the confidence Damasus had shown him. These circumstances did not influence the decision of Benedict XIV, which today has the force of law. What must have struck that learned Catholic legislator of the eighteenth century is that the works of Siricius show great courage. In his letters the pontifical authority shines in all its dignity. One recognizes in them the Prince of the Church, the lieutenant of God. He commands that his decrees be published in all the provinces and that the ecclesiastical primates see to the execution of their provisions under pain of immediate deposition. The pontiff declares expressly that whoever refuses to observe these injunctions will be cut off from the communion of the faithful and liable to the pains of hell. In five ordinations, in December, St. Siricius created thirty-two bishops, twenty-seven or thirty-one priests, and sixteen or nineteen deacons. He was the first to have himself called pope.[1] Siricius governed the Church for fourteen years. He died at the age of seventy-four in 398 and was buried in the cemetery of Priscilla on the Via Salaria. From there he was moved by Paschal I to the church of St. Praxedes.

History of the Roman Pontiffs, by Artaud de Montor.

1° This name is derived from the title PAter PAtriae; others derive it from PAter PAtrum, or from PAter PAstorum. Some say it is derived from the initial letters of Petri Apostoli Potestatem Accipiens. All these interpretations suit so mysterious a name.

ST. MAURINUS OF AGEN, MARTYR AT LECTOURE (6th century).

The birth of Maurinus was a signal favour from heaven. It came after eighteen years of prayer, when his parents had lost all hope of offspring. His father, Eutychius, and his mother, Alabanna, were no less distinguished for their piety than for their nobility. They gave their child the most Christian education, and the young Maurinus was no less remarkable for a brilliant intelligence than for a tender piety. But above all he had to be kept from contact with heresy. Agen, like most of the other Churches of Aquitaine, had been without a pastor since the decree issued against the episcopal sees by the impious Euric. Maurinus was therefore sent to Germanus, bishop of Capua, whose holiness and learning were famed far and wide. The young Christian made such progress under his new master that Germanus gave him baptism and the order of deacon. After keeping him with him for seven years, he sent him back to his parents, in the hope that he could now fight successfully against the error that was laying waste his homeland.

Now the town of Lectoure, then governed by Walduan, one of the most fanatical ministers of Alaric, was a prey to the strife of heresy, and the governor carefully kept all preachers of the Catholic faith away from it. It is there that Maurinus, burning with zeal, flies fearlessly. He crosses the city, preaching the Gospel at the crossroads, in the streets and in the public squares. Angered by such boldness, Walduan has him seized and sentences him to torture if he does not deny his faith. He is tied to a stake, and three lictors aim a hail of darts at him. Armed with prayer, Maurinus is invincible, and the darts at first break against his breast. Soon the wrath of God has breathed: it turns the darts back against the executioners and wounds them mortally. The governor, present at this sight, flies into a rage and has the Saint thrown into prison. He alone has not understood this prodigy; but the crowd, less impious, has recognized the power of Maurinus. It rushes after him and lays the three miraculously wounded lictors on the threshold of the prison. The Saint begins to pray, and the lictors are healed. Then an angel sent by God comes down from heaven, and his dazzling light scatters the darkness of the prison. Walduan shuts his eyes to this new prodigy. He has Maurinus chained on a funeral pyre; but the flames that consume it respect the Saint’s body. Yet the steel, more powerful than the flames, is about to end his torment. The governor makes a sign, and the confessor’s head falls under the executioner’s axe. His mutilated body receives it in its hands and carries it as far as the Militane spring. On the border of the Agenais and the Quercy, between Puymirol (Lot-et-Garonne) and Bourg-de-Visa (Tarn-et-Garonne), amid the ruins of the ancient abbey of Saint-Maurin, two columns still stand, crowned with historiated capitals. On the first one sees an angel in ample draperies, spreading his wings, holding the Saint with one hand and with the other pointing him to heaven to encourage him to martyrdom. Standing beside it is the mutilated body of St. Maurinus, carrying his head in his two arms. At his feet a Christian woman kneels, holding out her hands to receive the venerated head. On the other capital is the old man Eutychius, leaning on his staff and receiving death from the hand of the executioner, who is cutting off his head. God sends him an angel who upholds him in that supreme moment.

The abbé Barrère, Religious and Monumental History of the Diocese of Agen.

ST. DIDIER [DESIDERIUS] OR GÉRY, BISHOP OF CAHORS (654).

Didier, son of Salvius and Archenefreda, was born at Obrège, a town on the borders of Aquitaine and Narbonensis. He was brought up with his two brothers, Rusticus and Syagrius, at the court of Chlothar II. Rusticus entered the ecclesiastical state and was made deacon of the Church of Rodez, then abbot or master of the king’s chapel, and finally bishop of Cahors. Syagrius was count of Albi and chief magistrate of

Marseilles.

Didier made great progress in letters and won much fame by his eloquence. He was made treasurer of the privy purse, or keeper of the royal treasury, and he filled this office with great ability and admirable disinterestedness. He lived at court like the most exemplary religious. He spurred himself on more and more to virtue by the counsels and examples of several holy men who were then at court, such as St. Arnulf, St. Ouen and St. Eligius. He also felt strengthened by the instructions contained in the letters written to him by the devout Archenefreda, his mother.

King Dagobert, like Chlothar his father, had great confidence in Didier, and even heaped new honours on him. He gave him as successor to his brother Syagrius, whom death had carried off, on condition, however, that he should go on remaining at court. Shortly afterwards Rusticus, Didier's other brother, was murdered by some villains of Cahors. Such a crime was punished as it deserved. When it was known at Cahors that the king would be pleased to see Didier succeed Rusticus, the clergy and people hastened to ask for him as their pastor. Here is the remarkable warrant the king gave on this occasion:

"Dagobert, king of the Franks, to the bishops, the dukes and all the people of the Gauls. We must take care that our choice be pleasing to God and to men. And since the Lord has entrusted to us the government of kingdoms, we must give dignities only to those who are commendable by the wisdom of their conduct, the uprightness of their morals and the nobility of their birth. Therefore, having recognized that Didier, our treasurer, has been distinguished for his piety since his youth, as a true soldier of Jesus Christ under the livery of the world, and that the good odour of his angelic virtues and of the truly priestly conduct he has maintained has spread even to distant provinces, we grant to the votes of the citizens and abbots of Cahors that he be their bishop. We believe that it is God's choice and will that we follow, since we do violence to ourselves in depriving ourselves of so necessary an officer. But whatever it may cost us, we must provide the churches with pastors who will lead according to God the peoples we entrust to their care. Therefore, according to the request of the citizens and our own will, which agrees with theirs, we will and order that Didier be consecrated bishop of Cahors, so that he may pray for us and for all the Orders of the Church. And we hope that, through the merit of the prayers of so holy a pontiff, God will prolong our life." This act is dated April 629.

Clothed with the episcopal dignity, he shone even more than before with the splendour of every virtue. He built several churches both inside and outside the town, as well as several monasteries under the Rule of St. Columban and of St. Benedict. But, as he said himself, it was nothing to build houses for Jesus Christ if one did not save the souls who are the true temples of God. So he fed his people most assiduously with the bread of souls, which is the word of God. He was bound in close friendship with St. Eligius, St. Ouen, St. Radulphus and St. Paul, and he kept it up by letters breathing a heavenly piety. Here, for example, is what he writes to St. Paul, bishop of Verdun: "You have no doubt heard of the monastery I have undertaken to found and of the basilica I have just finished by the grace of God. I therefore pray and invite your apostolic dignity to be so good as to attend the dedication of this church. And when we have seen each other at that solemnity, I wish that we may for some days converse familiarly of that eternal and desirable life for which we once sighed together. I shall arrange to obtain the presence of several bishops, whose examples and exhortations will be useful to us and whose company will be most agreeable." His great age and infirmities warned him that he was nearing his end. He made his will and left all his goods to his church, on condition that it provide for the support of the poor he had fed. He died in 654 in the territory of Albi, at the age of seventy-five, as he was returning from the land where he was born. His body was brought back to Cahors and buried in the church of Saint-Amand. A woman tormented by the evil spirit, who followed the body during the translation, was healed at the place called Milliarque. Several miracles took place at his tomb. Later his relics were moved into the cathedral. They remained there until the end of the sixteenth century, when they were completely destroyed by the Calvinists.

Proper of Cahors, and Godescard.

ST. SILVESTER GOZZOLINI, FOUNDER OF THE SILVESTRINES (1267).

Silvester was born (1177) of noble parents at Osimo in the March of Ancona. From his childhood he was noted for his success in letters and for the purity of his morals. When he reached adolescence his father sent him to study law at Bologna, but he gave his chief care to theology and so fell into his father's disfavour. His rare merit led to his admission among the canons of Osimo, an office in which he made himself useful to the people by his prayers, his example and his preaching.

At the sight of the corpse of a man once famed for his beauty, he made this reflection: "I am what this man was; what he is now, I shall be." Then, recalling the Lord's word, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me," he left Osimo secretly and withdrew to a wilderness thirty miles from that town. He was then forty years old. The life he led was very austere. Always fasting and keeping vigil, he lived only on raw herbs. Several times he changed his retreat the better to hide from the eyes of men. At last he settled at Montefano, then a wilderness, though near Fabriano. He built a monastery there in 1231, placed it under the Rule of St. Benedict, and gave his disciples the habit that had been shown him in a vision. Such was the origin of the Congregation of the Silvestrine religious. The holy abbot experienced the jealousy of Satan, who set about frightening the inmates of the monastery by violently shaking the doors at night. But the man of God repelled the enemy's attacks and won a reputation for holiness that confirmed his disciples more than ever in their holy vocation. Pope Innocent IV approved the new institute in 1248. The Order of Silvestrines spread rapidly, and it had twenty-five houses in Italy when it lost its blessed Father. St. Silvester died on 26 November 1267, at the age of ninety. Several miracles took place at his tomb.

These are the constitutions of the Order. The religious rise at night to say Matins, but at different times according to the seasons. On ferias and simple feasts, besides the great Office, they also say the little office of the Virgin in choir. After Prime they say the litanies of the Saints, and the conventual Mass is sung after Terce. It is followed by Sext. None is said after dinner. They hold a spiritual conference after Vespers, and after Compline an hour of prayer, at the end of which they withdraw to the dormitory. They meet in chapter every day. They take the discipline privately one day a week and in common every Friday; in Advent and Lent they take it twice a week privately, and on Wednesdays and Fridays in common. The use of meat is forbidden them unless they are sick. They eat twice a day from Easter to the feast of the Exaltation of the holy Cross, and from Christmas to Ash Wednesday. Eggs and milk foods are then allowed them, except on Fridays and the fasts ordered by the Church. They also fast every day from the feast of the Holy Cross until Easter, except on Christmas Day and the feast of St. Silvester; the superior can dispense from this on solemn feasts, outside Advent and Lent. They are not allowed to eat eggs and milk foods on their fast days. They are bound to the fasts of the Rule even when travelling, except for reasons of infirmity or long journeys. As for the dress of these religious, it consists of a robe and a fairly wide scapular, to which a hood is attached. In choir and in town they wear a large cowl in the manner of the other Benedictines, the whole of a dark turquoise blue. When the weather is bad or they go out alone, they are sometimes allowed to wear a large cloak in the manner of clerics. They have only serge shirts, and their collars and cuffs are also only of white serge. The general is dressed in violet. He wears the mantelletta and the mozzetta in the manner of the prelates of Rome. He uses pontifical vestments and can confer minor orders on his religious. The other abbots can also officiate pontifically in their monasteries three times a year. They are perpetual, but they cannot be superiors in the same monastery for more than four years. Besides the general chapter, a general diet is held every two years. At it superiors who have finished their term of office are changed and provision is made for the good of the Congregation.

The Order of Silvestrines bears for arms: azure, three mountains vert, surmounted by a crozier or, flanked by two branches of rose bush with their flowers.

Proper of Ajaccio, completed with the Dictionary of Religious Orders by Fr. Hélyot.

ST. DELPHINA OF SIGNE, OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS (1360).

She was the daughter of Guillaume de Signe, lord of Puimichel and other fiefs in Provence, and of Delphine de Barras. She lost her father and mother at the age of seven (1291) and remained under the guardianship of her uncles and under the guidance of her aunt Cécile du Puget, abbess of Sainte-Catherine de Sorbs (diocese of Riez). She took such pleasure in the practices of the monastery that she seemed destined never to leave it. But the grace of her looks and the distinction and wealth of her house drew the notice of Charles II, king of Naples and count of Provence, who wished to betroth her to Elzéar de Sabran.[1] At first she was little inclined to fall in with this plan. It is said that she decided to follow her family's will in this matter, convinced that the married state was not incompatible with continence. The two spouses received the nuptial blessing in 1299. It is related that after the wedding feast Delphina took her husband aside and told him of her firm intention to remain a virgin, and the young baron promised not to oppose it. So they lived as brother and sister, and so as not to weaken in their resolve they called prayer, fasting and mortification to their aid. Elzéar, called to Italy by business, was separated from Delphina for four years. Then, after he had come back to spend a year in Provence with her, they both went to Naples. The young countess left her retreat of Ansouis with regret. She felt that the frivolous talk of the court had to be expiated by redoubled privations and austerities. When her husband took her to the county of Ariano, she succeeded in stifling all the quarrels that divided the gentry and the townsfolk there. She soon won the confidence of persons of her sex and rank who wished to give themselves to God. Sancia, who later became queen of Naples, joined Delphina in good works. United by their tastes and their friendship, they visited the poor and the hospitals together and encouraged each other in the ways of perfection. On the occasion of the court mourning for the death of Charles II in 1309, Delphina spoke so forcefully to the queen's ladies of the frailty of human things that most of them resolved to begin a more Christian life at once.

About 1321 Elzéar followed the king of Naples to Avignon. He left his wife in that city and went on to Paris, where he had been sent on a negotiation and where he died (1325). Delphina, who outlived him by thirty-five years, then left the court for good and withdrew to Cabrières, near Ansouis. Having gone to Sicily on devout business, she made the vow of perpetual poverty there in a village chapel. It was at Palermo that she was first seen begging, asking for her bread from door to door and giving the poor what she had left over. She did the same at Naples, where she lived only on alms, to the great astonishment of the king and queen. When she arrived in Provence she would no longer lodge in her castles or even enjoy the income of her rents. The sale of her goods, which she had carried out, produced considerable sums. With them she gave dowries to many orphan girls and married them, repaired and adorned several churches, and relieved many families. The convents were not forgotten: seven hundred gold florins were given to the monastery of Sainte-Croix at Apt alone. Of all these riches Delphina kept back only forty-five ounces of gold, and even these she chose to share among her servants for reasons of justice and charity. After that she had to dismiss them, begging them to call her by no other name than Servant of Jesus Christ, which she preferred to all others. After staying some time at Apt, she came to Cabrières and lodged there in a wretched house that was almost falling into ruin. But her brother-in-law, Guillaume de Sabran, obliged her to accept a room in the old castle, since he could not get her to agree to take more comfortable lodging elsewhere. She lived there in perfect recollection. She wore a robe of grey burat, girded with a cord, and a veil, hiding her hands in the folds of her wide sleeves. She slept on straw and kept the most absolute silence. She asked for her food only by means of a little bell, which she rang to call her servant Bartholomea, who had wished not to be separated from her and

to imitate her in her devotion. Delphina spent the last fifteen years of her life at Apt. The house she lived in, still standing in 1820, adjoined the old bridge that ended in front of the church of the Cordeliers and joined the enclosure of their convent. She had chosen this place because it was close to her husband's tomb.

She died at Apt on 26 November 1360, at the age of seventy-six. Two hours later her body, clothed in the habit of St. Francis, was carried into the church of Sainte-Catherine to be exposed for public veneration. The next day it was moved in state to the church of the Cordeliers, where Philippe de Cabassole delivered her funeral oration. She was buried beside her husband in the same tomb. In 1363, at the request of the people of Apt, the nobility of Provence and the Estates of the country concerning Delphina's canonization, Urban V appointed commissioners to conduct the preliminary inquiry on the spot. They stayed at Apt from 13 May 1363 to the following 5 July and held their public sessions in the church of the Friars Minor. Then they went to Avignon to present the result of their inquiries to the Pontiff. But Urban V died in 1370 before the matter was finished, and the troubles that followed in the country prevented its being pursued. In 1410 the Saint's body was exhumed and placed in a wooden chest covered with silver plates showing the twelve greatest miracles of the countess. This shrine was stripped of its ornaments during the siege of Apt by des Adrets. The relics were then put in a gilded chest, where they remained until 1642. It seems the Saint's office began to be said at that time. Her head was then separated from the rest of her body by order of Bishop Modeste de Villeneuve, to be enclosed in a bust like that of St. Elzéar. In 1669 it was decided that the shrines of the two Saints would be sealed with iron bands to prevent the relics from being taken away. In 1791 the constitutional clergy moved them from the church of the Cordeliers, which was about to be sold, to the cathedral, where they still rest today.

Barjavel, Biographical Dictionary of the Department of Vaucluse.

1° See his life on 27 September (vol. xi, p. 446).

27 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Antioch, the holy martyrs Basileus, bishop, Auxilius and Saturninus. — In Persia, St. James Intercisus, a most illustrious martyr. In the time of Theodosius the Younger he at first denied his faith to please King Yazdegerd. But his mother and his wife withdrew from his company because of it, and he came to himself. Touched with regret, he went back to the king and confessed Jesus Christ before him. The prince, enraged, ordered all his limbs to be cut off one after another and finally his head to be struck off. A countless multitude of martyrs suffered death at the same time in support of the faith. About 421. — At Sebaste in Armenia, the holy martyrs Hirenarchus, Acacius, priest, and seven women. The constancy of the women so moved Hirenarchus that he was converted to Jesus Christ. For this the governor Maximus condemned him to be beheaded with Acacius, under the emperor Diocletian. 303. — In Galicia, on the river Cea, St. Facundus and St. Primitivus, who were executed under the governor Atticus. — At Aquileia, St. Valerian, bishop. 388. — At Riez in Provence, St. Maximus, bishop and confessor. Adorned with every virtue from his youth, he was first abbot of the monastery of Lérins, then bishop of Riez, and shone in that see by the great miracles he worked. 460. — At Salzburg in Bavaria, St. Virgilius, apostle of Carinthia, placed among the Saints by Pope Gregory IX.[1] 780. — In the part of India bordering on Persia, St. Barlaam and St. Josaphat, whose admirable deeds were written by St. John Damascene. — At Paris, the death of St. Severinus.[2] About 540.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Ajaccio, Cahors, Meaux and Versailles, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, confessor, whose life we gave on the previous day. 1751. — In the diocese of Algiers, the holy martyrs Papinian and Mansuetus, bishops of that see, who perished by fire during the Vandal persecution. 5th c. — In the dioceses of Arras, Digne and Fréjus, St. Maximus, bishop of the former see of Riez, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 460. — In the dioceses of Autun and Saint-Flour, St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, whose life we gave on 18 November. 942. — In the dioceses of Avignon and Nîmes, St. Syffroy or Siffrein (Siffredus), bishop of the former see of Carpentras (suppressed in 1801). About 659. — In the diocese of Beauvais, St. Acaire or Achaire (Acarius), bishop of the former see of Noyon and confessor. 639. — In the diocese of Blois, St. Eusice, founder and abbot of the monastery of Celle, which was the origin of the town of Selles-sur-Cher, in the present diocese of Blois. 542. — In the diocese of Carcassonne, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, widow, whose life we gave on 19 November. 1231. — In the diocese of Nantes, St. Hermeland, abbot, whose life we gave on 25 March. 718. — In the dioceses of Nice and Chambéry, Blessed Margaret of Savoy, marchioness of Montferrat, a nun of the Order of St. Dominic. 1464. — In the diocese of Paris, St. Linus, pope and martyr, whose life we gave on 23 September. 67. — In the dioceses of Perpignan and Rennes, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, whose life we gave on 17

November. 270. — In the dioceses of Périgueux and Poitiers, St. Justus, priest and confessor, of whom we spoke on the previous day. About 372. — In the diocese of Reims, St. Albert of Liège, bishop and martyr, whose notice we sketched on 21 November. 1192. — In the dioceses of Saint-Claude and Strasbourg, St. Columban, abbot, whose life we gave on the 21st of this month. 615. — In the diocese of Tours, feast of the Dedication of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome.[3] 1626. — In the diocese of Viviers, St. Didacus, confessor, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1463. — At Maillezais (Vendée), in the diocese of Luçon, St. Goustan (Gustanus), a monk of the abbey of Saint-Gildas de Rhuys (Order of St. Benedict, in the diocese of Vannes). About 1009. — In the diocese of ’s-Hertogenbosch in Holland (North Brabant), St. Oda, virgin.■ About 726.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — At Lyons, St. Eucherius, bishop and confessor, a man of admirable learning and faith. He belonged to the most noble order of senators, took the habit and embraced the life of the Canons Regular. After being shut up of his own free will for a long time in a cave, where he gave glory to God by his prayers and fasts, he governed the church entrusted to him with great care and solicitude.■ 530. — Among the Canons of Vienne. At Lucca in Tuscany, St. Frigidian, son of a king of Ulster, who brought into his country the institute of the Canons Regular to which he belonged. Becoming afterwards bishop of Lucca, he founded a great number of parishes and was buried in the church of St. Vincent, later dedicated under his name. About 800.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — St. Odo, abbot of Cluny, who is mentioned on 18 November.■ 942.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — The same as among the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — The feast of all the Saints of the Order of Cîteaux.

Martyrology of the Discalced of the Most Holy Trinity. — The Octave of our Father St. Felix of Valois, confessor.■ 1212.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Preachers. — At Turin, Blessed Margaret of Savoy, widow, a woman of royal race. Despising sovereignty and refusing the most splendid marriages, she embraced the Order of St. Dominic. She bore courageously the calumnies, bitterness and persecutions that had been shown to her beforehand under the figure of three lances, and went to paradise by the narrow path of patience. 1464. — At

Bologna, the holy martyrs Vitalis and Agricola. The first, who was the slave of the second, shared his lot and became his companion in martyrdom. The persecutors used every kind of torture on him, so that no part of his body was without a wound. But he bore them with great constancy and then gave up his spirit to God in the fervour of his prayer. As for St. Agricola, he was fastened to a cross with many nails and died in that torment. St. Ambrose, who was present at their translation, relates that he gathered the martyr's nails, his blood and the wood of his cross, and placed them under the holy altars.■ 304.

Martyrology of the Three Orders of St. Francis. — At Apt, in Narbonese Gaul, Blessed Delphina, of the Third Order, most famous for the nobility of her birth, the glory of the virginity she kept in marriage, and the splendour of her virtues and miracles.■ 1360.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, bishop and confessor, who died on 17 November.[1]■ 270.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — At Ubeda in Spain, St. John of the Cross, confessor, companion of St. Teresa in the reform of the Carmelites. His feast is kept on 24 November, and among us on this day.[11] 1591.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Minors of St. Francis. — The same as among the Friars Minor.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In Japan, the blessed martyrs Bartholomew Xequi, Anthony Kimura, John Juananga, Alexis Nacamura, Leo Nacanisci, Michael Tascita, Matthias Cozoka, Romanus Matevoca, Matthias Nacano, John Motaiana, Thomas Cotenda, all Japanese and members of the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary. 1619. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Bilhild or Bilehild (Bilhildis), foundress of the monastery of Altmünster. She was brought up in piety by one of her cousins at Würzburg (Bavaria). When she returned to her parents at Hochheim on the Main, a duke named Hettan asked for her hand in marriage. Pressed on every side, she consented to the union. But heaven took from her her husband and her son, and the devout widow resolved to consecrate herself entirely to the Lord's service. With this in view she founded the convent of Altmünster (*Altum monasterium*) at Mainz, where she ended her days.[12] 8th c. — In Persia, St. Maharsapor, martyr. He was a prince of Persia whose virtues made him even more commendable than his illustrious birth. Arrested during the persecution of King Yazdegerd, he underwent several interrogations and was put to the question. He was left to languish for three years in a foul prison, where he suffered all the rigours of hunger. When that term was over, he was brought again before the judge. The judge found him unshakeable in confessing Jesus Christ and ordered him to be thrown into a dark pit and its mouth closed. Some days later soldiers opened the pit. They found the martyr's body lifeless but surrounded with light and kneeling, as if he were at prayer. It was in that posture that Maharsapor had consummated his sacrifice. 421. — In Ethiopia, St. Mora of Benhor, martyr. — At Bologna in Italy, St. Pinuphius, confessor. — In Ireland, St. Secundinus, priest of the Church of Armagh. About 4[47?]. — At Saponara in the kingdom of Naples, St. Laverius (Laterius), martyr. — At Antioch, St. Romanus of Cilicia, solitary. 5th c. — At Cracow, a city of former Poland (present-day Galicia), St. Salome, duchess of Sandomierz. 1268.

1° Virgilius, born in Ireland, won universal respect there by his virtue and learning. He passed into France in the reign of Pepin the Short (741–768). That prince showed him great marks of veneration and kept him two years at his side. He consented to his departure only when he had had him placed in the see of Salzburg (746). Virgilius had the church of the monastery of St. Peter in that city, of which he had for some time been abbot, magnificently rebuilt. He moved into it the body of St. Rupert, founder of his see, and the church afterwards became the cathedral. — Continuators of Godescard.

2° See the Martyrology of France for 24 November.

3° See note 1 to the Roman martyrology of 18 November (vol. xiii, p. 488); the life of St. Peter (vol. vii, pp. 422–460); and that of St. Paul (vol. vii, pp. 461–512).

4° Daughter of a Scottish prince, she came out of devotion (about 710) to visit the tomb of St. Lambert at Liège, where, according to ancient chronicles, she recovered her sight miraculously. She spent the rest of her life at Rode (a village of the diocese of 's-Hertogenbosch) in the greatest holiness. Over her tomb a wooden chapel was first built, then a fine collegiate church, which was destroyed in 1683 by the Dutch Protestants. The remains of St. Oda were raised from the earth in 1009 and exposed for the veneration of the faithful by Albert, bishop of Liège. — Continuators of Godescard.

5° On St. Eucherius the Younger, see note 1 to the Roman martyrology of 16 November (vol. xiii, p. 437). 6° We gave the life of St. Odo of Cluny on 18 November.

7° See the life of St. Felix of Valois on 20 November.

8° See note 1 to the Roman martyrology of 4 November (vol. xiii, p. 153).

9° See the life of St. Delphina on the previous day.

10° We gave his life on 17 November.

11° See the life of St. John of the Cross on 24 November.

12° A will of St. Bilhild is still extant, but it bears many traces of falsification. It is also related that a queen, perhaps Immechild, wife of Sigebert, made her a present of a shroud. The nuns of Altmünster claimed to possess half of it, which, after the suppression of that convent, passed to the church of St. Emmeram at Mainz, where it is still shown. The other half was kept until the French Revolution in Mainz cathedral, and it is not known what has become of it since. — Continuators of Godescard.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. MAXIMUS, BISHOP OF RIEZ

460. — Pope: St. Leo the Great. — King of France: Childeric I.

Happy the land that gave birth to so illustrious a man; happier still the one that formed him! May the land that gave him be sanctified; may the land that gave him back be blessed. *St. Faustus, Homily on St. Maximus.*

St. Maximus was born in the diocese of Riez about the year 388, in his family's own castle of Corner or Décomer. It was then a considerable village, known in later centuries as Cornette (*Castrum de Corneto*) and finally as Châteauredon. His parents joined the practice of the Christian virtues to the nobility of their birth. They had him baptized immediately after his birth, despite the custom then current of putting off baptism until manhood or even a later age. They took very particular care over his education. Their words, upheld by their example, inspired our young Saint with a deep humility and a solid piety that made him worthy of the glorious name Maximus, which means "very great." And indeed he was great before God and before men. What made him a perfect Christian besides was the zeal he showed, from his youth to the end of his life, always to acquire some new virtue, as if each day he were only beginning to serve God. He set himself to master his passions at an age when one seems not to be free not to follow them. With constant fidelity, even on the most delicate occasions, he kept the purity of his morals and his baptismal innocence. It is a priceless treasure, for whose keeping young people can never take too many precautions. At about the age of eighteen he generously vowed his virginity to God. Firmly resolved to be faithful to this vow, he rejected with horror the least seductive pleasures. He made it a daily duty to weaken, by abstinence and repeated fasts, the strength of the body, which so often becomes harmful to salvation. All this not being enough for his zeal, he put on a hair shirt that he never took off again. He took still more care than before to fight his passions, and even to forestall the most dangerous vices before they were born, by so many austerities and mortifications that it seems nothing was lacking to him for the glory of martyrdom but a tyrant to persecute him.

So edifying a conduct easily won him the hearts and admiration of all with whom he had to live. His kindly look, the gentleness of his words, the calm of his mind, and his modesty, which showed even in his clothes,

made him venerable to all who saw him. He was affable and obliging towards everyone, wholly detached from the things of earth, generous to the poor, full of tenderness and compassion for the unfortunate. He was endowed with unalterable patience, courage proof against everything, and a greatness of soul that raised him above every untoward event. In a word, he united in his person all the qualities the world seeks and admires.

Maximus put no less ardour into adorning his mind with all useful knowledge than into adorning his heart with all the Christian virtues. Since he had talent and loved reading, he applied himself so carefully to the study of letters that he surpassed his masters' expectations. He was soon able to seek in the holy Scriptures the heavenly food for which he longed. In this way he made his praiseworthy passion for study, and the gifts of his mind, serve the good of his soul by serious meditation on the truths of salvation. He was indeed convinced that a man distinguished by his birth must be better instructed in his duties and his religion than the common run of men. With such conduct and such sentiments the young lord became the good odour of Jesus Christ, not only at Décomer, where in all likelihood he did his studies, but also throughout the diocese and the other neighbouring districts.

This fervent soldier of Jesus Christ did not think himself strong enough against the dangers to which salvation is exposed in the world, and he formed the plan of embracing the religious state. Yet before carrying it out he wished to make sure that God was really calling him to it. He made long and serious trials in secular dress, and so spent several years in his own country and in the bosom of his family, practising the Christian virtues in all the austerity of the solitary life. At last, after long testing himself and learning well of the great blessings the Lord was pouring out on the monastery St. Honoratus had founded on the island of Lérins, between Antibes and Fréjus, he generously left his family, his friends and the great riches destined for him to go and shut himself up in that blessed solitude. So Maximus teaches by his example those who wish to embrace the religious state to test themselves well beforehand, to learn at leisure the extent of the duties they are about to contract, to seek out the house where the rule is best observed, and finally to overcome with courage and promptness the obstacles that stand in the way of their vocation.

St. Honoratus, having recognized Maximus's happy dispositions and the certainty of his vocation, received him with joy among his disciples. Maximus for his part was filled with gladness at seeing himself admitted to the company of so many holy religious, who had come from even the most distant provinces of the Roman empire to place themselves under the holy founder's guidance. His exactness in observing the rule and discipline of the monastery was admired. So, after his public profession, he did not so much begin to be what he had not been before as reveal what he had always been. His humility, his gentleness, his love of evangelical poverty, his perpetual recollection, his spirit of mortification, his fervour, his application to prayer and his general detachment from the things of earth were a continual subject of edification for his brethren. In the end he rose to so high a degree of perfection that all the religious, of whom he thought himself the last, already regarded him almost as their master.

Maximus spent seven years in this way in obedience and the state of a simple monk. Then, towards the end of the year 426, St. Honoratus, elected bishop of Arles, wished to make him abbot in his place. The choice was approved by the whole of his holy and numerous community, and our Saint was obliged to submit to the will of God shown by so unanimous an election. He accepted the charge laid on him, but with trembling, and filled it for seven full years as a good father and a watchful abbot. Taking his predecessor as his model in everything, he set himself to maintain the fine order Honoratus had established at Lérins. It was not by procuring riches and the other comforts of life for his religious that Maximus made his monastery happy and famous. His daily instructions, upheld by his good example, formed perfect religious there. Under him solid piety and penance flourished as much as the sound studies he established and directed himself.

The holy abbot did not confine himself to instructing his religious and keeping them holily occupied by day; he watched over them by night as well. While they rested, Maximus usually went round the monastery and the whole island, which is very small, every evening to make sure that proper order reigned everywhere. This

solicitude so angered the common enemy of mankind that he did everything to turn him from this holy care. To each of his wiles the Saint, who put all his trust in Jesus crucified, opposed the weapons of faith, and he scattered his false illusions by the sign of the cross. In this he teaches us to arm ourselves with the same sign in temptations and dangers, for it is a powerful sign that recalls the chief mysteries of the faith.

One evening our Saint was making his usual round, accompanied by a young monk who, out of curiosity or affection for him, had asked to follow him. The devil suddenly appeared to them in the form of a giant of enormous and terrible appearance. The Saint was not frightened. But his companion was seized at that very moment by so violent a fever that he had to go back to the monastery with trembling steps. The devil, seeing the holy abbot alone, promised himself an easier victory and hoped to cow him for ever. He then appeared to him in the form of a furious and menacing dragon. But Maximus had scarcely made the sign of the cross when the dragon, terrified in its turn, vanished and was gone. The devout abbot finished his round in peace and went back into the monastery, where he found the young monk half dead and overwhelmed with fever. Falling on his knees by the sick man's bed, he addressed so fervent a prayer to God that he obtained his complete and perfect cure. So in the same evening he triumphed three times over the infernal spirit, and brought the Lord solemn thanksgiving, both from the monk miraculously healed and from the whole community when it learned of the prodigy. Another time this excellent pastor, again making his usual round, came near the shore at the spot where there was a small harbour called the Mole. He saw there a laden ship and several sailors working hard, stowing all the gear and tackle of the vessel. As they landed, two of them left the group and came up to the holy abbot. They told him they had been drawn to that place on business and hoped to make an enormous profit. They had heard of a good man named Maximus, as famous for his holiness as for his reputation, known in lands beyond the sea and so longed for in Syria and Palestine that, if they were lucky enough to find him and take him with them to Jerusalem, they would value that advantage above all the gains they could make in their trade. Besides, the journey could only be very advantageous for Maximus, since he would arrive in a country where everyone's prayers called him and where he could win many souls for the Lord.

The man of God, deeply wounded in his humility by this insidious talk, at once suspected a new trick, a new battle waged by the enemy of salvation. He armed himself with the sign of the cross, implored the help of heaven, and answered with authority: "The malice of the impostor cannot deceive the soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the evil spirit cannot delude by his artifices those to whom God gives the grace to know his wickedness and to foresee all he devises to destroy them. As for this island, it has been so well fortified by the prayers of the blessed Honoratus that the devil no longer has any entry into it, nor any power to harm it." At these words ship and sailors vanished. The Saint returned quickly to the monastery church, called his religious together before the usual hour, had the office sung, and gave solemn thanks to Him by whose help he had won so glorious a victory.

As Maximus's reputation spread day by day, several cities ardently wished to have him as bishop. Antibes, the nearest to Lérins, was the first to ask for him. Our Saint generously refused a dignity that has always seemed formidable to the true servants of God, and by his refusal protested against his election. It was then that St. Armentarius, one of his disciples, was chosen in his place, in the year 430. Two years later the church of Fréjus, to which Lérins belonged, lost its pontiff, St. Leontius. The choice of the clergy and people named the humble abbot of Lérins as his successor. Deputies were accordingly sent to the island to obtain the consent of the man elected and to compel him by every possible means of persuasion. Maximus learned of this decision. Seeing on the other hand several boats approaching the island, he hastily threw himself into another boat, which took him to the mainland by the opposite route. Accompanied in his flight by his beloved disciple Faustus, he plunged into the neighbouring country and woods. There for three days and three nights he endured the hardship of a hard and continual rain, and begged the Lord with tears and prayers to change the minds of the people of Fréjus. The deputies, after searching in vain for the servant of God, returned to

their city, where a new election had to be held. Theodore, abbot of the monks of the Stoechades or Hyères islands, was elected in place of Maximus.

The more Maximus repelled and fled the episcopal dignity, the more eager the peoples were to offer it to him, so great was their esteem for his person and their veneration for his virtues. The church of Riez was widowed of its pontiff. It had lost a Saint on earth, but it had gained one more protector in heaven. In its grief it thought it could not repair this loss better than by giving him the holy abbot of Lérins as successor. So it resolved to ask his community for him as a deposit it had entrusted to it, and to which it had more right than any other Church, since he belonged to its diocese.

All the bishops of the province, with St. Hilary at their head, joined their votes to the wishes of the people and clergy of Riez. Deputies were therefore sent to beg him to consent to his election. At the first warning he received of it, our Saint once more hastily threw himself into a small boat steered by a trusty man who knew his plan. He fled far away out of Gaul to the coasts of Italy, which were then full of solitaries. His flight, which showed still better how worthy he was of the episcopate, only redoubled the ardour of his people. The deputies, though greatly distressed at not finding him either at Lérins or in the neighbourhood, were ordered to seek him everywhere. Their search was so thorough and so fortunate that they found him at last. But they had to use force, seize him and take him to Riez, where the bishops of the province and the clergy of that city, gathered together, had every kind of difficulty in overcoming his reluctance. Forced at last to submit to the will of the Lord so plainly shown, the humble Maximus consented, trembling, to accept the episcopate. Scarcely had he given his consent when he received the sacred anointing from the hands of St. Hilary, his metropolitan, about the beginning of the year 434.

Maximus governed his diocese as he had governed his monastery, as a charitable, watchful and zealous pastor. All the virtues mounted the episcopal throne with him, and the sight of his deeds showed him to be greater still than fame had proclaimed. He took care to teach his people the law of God and to have it practised by making it lovable. He knew perfectly how to temper with gentleness the grave and serious air that virtue gives, and he made himself loved, feared and respected. He was the father of the poor, the protector of widows, the consoler of the afflicted, and gave everyone easy and kindly access to him.

The episcopate changed nothing in his way of life. Always the enemy of pleasure and idleness, he loved work. Nothing was dearer to his heart than to speak of God in his conversations and to converse with Him in prayer. He was then so penetrated with His presence that one would have said he saw Him face to face, and in the desire to be united to Him for ever he shed abundant tears. He never took food without saying with the Prophet: “When shall I come and appear before the face of my God?” He hungered and thirsted only for justice and eternal life. Regarding present things as vain and already past, he spurred himself on to win the goods to come, saying with the Apostle: “Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”

While devoting himself to his flock and giving them the bread of the word in his many visits, Maximus wished to make the perfection that reigned at Lérins flourish in his diocese. As Faustus tells us, he carried that blessed island there by establishing the same studies and some colonies of his monks. He placed them chiefly in a kind of monastery hollowed out by nature in tufa caves (on which the town of Moustiers is now built) and in some other neighbouring mountains. There he placed his religious, and there he often went to instruct his disciples and spur them on to keep the spirit of their state, a spirit he took care to keep himself. For if as abbot he had led a laborious life, as bishop he continued the austere life of a monk.

While working to raise temples to the Lord in the hearts of his flock, the holy pontiff did not neglect the building of material temples. The city of Riez, then very important and populous, was divided into a lower town or city and an upper town or castle, in Latin *castrum*. Yet it still had only one church, under the title of Notre-Dame du Siège, built at the very bottom of the city in the quarter called the Champ-de-Foire. The

episcopal see remained fixed there for several centuries.

Maximus, wishing to make the devotion of the faithful easier, had two other churches built, using for their adornment architectural remains of the ancient pagan temples. The first, dedicated to the holy Apostles and especially to St. Peter, was built on the slope of the hill against which Riez stands, between the upper and lower towns. It was in this church that our Saint was laid immediately after his death, as we shall tell later. The second, dedicated to St. Alban, martyr, was built on the plateau of Mont Saint-Maxime, at the top of the upper town. In dedicating this church to St. Alban, our Saint wished to perpetuate among us the cultus and devotion he had vowed to the oldest and most famous martyr of England. This church, which all the oldest titles call a basilica, was a true monument of architecture. The fine granite columns that adorned it were brought from the lower town and had probably belonged to one of the pagan temples. These heavy pieces were dragged up the hill by oxen, and our Saint usually attended the work. One day when he had not been able to go there, the oxen stood stock still and could not be made to move. At first several more oxen were added to the first, in the hope that if they were all goaded together the haulage would be easily done. Vain hope! The animals stayed motionless and as if insensible to the shouts and blows rained on them. So the Saint was hastily sent for. He came full of confidence in God and, after examining what was happening with great calm, said to the bystanders: “It is no use tormenting these poor animals that lack reason. Do you not see that it is the devil, our enemy, who out of malice prevents them from moving? For my part, I see him in the form and shape of an Ethiopian placing himself in front of them and stopping them.” Then, kneeling down, he prayed God to scatter all the artifices of that evil spirit. The devil could not hold out against the power of a prayer made with as much faith as fervour and humility. The Saint then had the extra oxen unyoked, and the first ones dragged the columns without hindrance to the site intended for the building of the basilica.

Maximus attended the first council of Riez, held in 439, and those of Orange in 441, Vaison in 442, and Arles in 451 and 453. After forming in the cloister of Lérins a great number of servants of God judged worthy of the episcopate, he was destined towards the end of his life to form one more for the Church of Valence in Dauphiné. Apollinaris, then a young lord, was the son of St. Hesychius, who from senator of Vienne became its bishop. Knowing Maximus’s reputation for holiness, he came to Riez to visit him and talk with him about the means of securing his salvation. The devout bishop willingly fell in with his request and soon inspired him with the desire for a more perfect life and an absolute renunciation of the things of this world below. So the bonds of a close friendship were formed between the disciple and his master. Apollinaris made frequent journeys to Riez to strengthen himself more and more in his generous resolutions. To converse with him more at leisure and make his lessons bear fruit by solitude and silence, Maximus had placed his disciple in a lonely spot an hour away to the north-east of the town, where there was an oratory. He went there himself as often as his pastoral duties allowed. Apollinaris profited so well by his counsels that he finally renounced the world and embraced the religious state at Lérins, as the chronicles of that illustrious abbey tell us. Later he was obliged to leave the cloister to mount the episcopal throne of Valence, which he made illustrious by his virtues.

The place where our two Saints met to converse of divine things later took, and still keeps today, the name of Saint-Apollinaire, popularly Sant-Pouïnar, between Riez and Puimoisson, a short distance from the departmental road. This place, then called Lacunus, was asked for and granted to the Church of Valence by Charlemagne. The donation was confirmed by Frederick I, emperor and king of Burgundy, by an act given at Vienne on the 15th of the calends of September in the year 1178, Henry being bishop of Riez. The chapel still to be seen there in the last century had been built and maintained by the Church of Valence as a place sanctified by Apollinaris’s birth to the religious life. In times long past a procession used to go there every year from the parish of Puimoisson. It is for this reason too that the feast of St. Apollinaris was noted in the ancient calendars of the Church of Riez.

Though our holy bishop was already so commendable for his miracles and his virtues, he still did not think he had done enough to please the Lord. His strength, worn out by so many austerities, reminded him every day that he would soon be united to his Creator. From then on he conceived such contempt for himself and such great sentiments of penance that he seemed hardly to have entered on that road, and all he had done until then seemed only a trial. He renewed himself in fervour and in the spirit of mortification. The zeal he had shown all his life was almost nothing compared with what he displayed in his old age. He increased his ordinary good works. His pastoral solicitude became more watchful, his prayers more fervent, his alms more abundant, his recollection deeper, his ardour for heaven keener. More penetrated than ever with the fear of God, he ceaselessly turned over in his mind these words of Job: “I feared the wrath of the Lord as waves hanging over my head and ready to swallow me up.” He trembled to think that he would soon appear before Him who judges even justices. But at the same time he encouraged himself by considering the goodness of God, whose mercy is infinite. Such were the dispositions of blessed Maximus when, one day as he was celebrating holy Mass in his cathedral church, the day of his death was revealed to him. When the holy sacrifice was over, he asked his clergy and people publicly and with great humility for permission to visit his family at Châteauredon once more. He left shortly afterwards for the places that had seen his birth and where he was to die. God wished that the land already sanctified by his birth and by the virtues of his youth should be sanctified again by the sight of his last moments.

His family gave themselves up to the liveliest joy on seeing him arrive. But this joy was short-lived, for Maximus told them that he had only a few days left to spend on this earth of exile. The neighbouring bishops, told why he had come, hastened to assist him and to be edified by the sight of his death. After receiving the sacraments of the Church with the liveliest faith, and asking to be buried in the hair shirt he had never taken off, Maximus consented to be laid on his bed. Then, falling peacefully asleep to the chant of the sacred psalms, he gave up his beautiful soul to God on 27 November 460. Suddenly the room was filled with a most pleasant odour, as if the most exquisite perfumes and the sweetest flowers had been brought in. It was a just cause of wonder for all present, and of thanksgiving to God, who seemed to wish to console them by so unexpected an event and make them understand that they ought rather to rejoice than grieve at Maximus’s glorious birth in heaven.

St. Maximus is represented: 1° at the feet of Mary, to recall that he upheld her dignity as Mother of God together with all the religious he trained in sacred letters and virtue; 2° hidden in a wood to avoid being made bishop; he is discovered and consecrated against his will.

CULTUS AND RELICS.

The news of Maximus’s death was soon carried to Riez and the surrounding country. The people flocked to meet the funeral procession making for the episcopal city. There were cries, tears, and exclamations of joy and sadness. His virtues were proclaimed, his miracles recounted, his words and instructions repeated. A father was mourned, a Saint invoked.

The Lord, who had been pleased to show the world His servant’s high holiness by the gift of miracles during his life, wished to make it known immediately after his death as well. Décimes, in Latin *Decime*, a village destroyed many centuries ago, stood in sight of the road the procession was to take. Several inhabitants of that village had come out to bury a girl already grown. They had only to lower the corpse into the grave when they saw our Saint’s funeral procession and heard the chant of the psalms repeated by a numerous clergy and a countless people. The poor villagers, moved by an inspiration from heaven, suddenly gave up their purpose. They hurried with the girl’s corpse towards the holy bishop’s procession. There they asked, with the most pressing entreaties and the most ardent confidence, to be allowed to have the Saint’s bier touch the girl’s corpse. The good villagers’ wish was willingly granted, in the hope that the gift of miracles would be given to the blessed bishop even after his death. All present prostrated themselves with great devotion,

prayed for a long time, and sang the *Kyrie eleison* seven times. The prayer was scarcely over when the girl came back to life. She got out of her coffin, threw off her grave-clothes and put on others. Then, joining the procession, she made the air ring with her exclamations and praises all the way to Riez. This sight filled those present at once with astonishment and dread, with fear and joy. It was for all an evident sign of the holy Confessor's power with God and of his entrance into eternal beatitude. The procession reached Riez amid acclamations made still livelier and more general by the sight both of the recent miracle and of the person on whom it had been worked. The holy prelate's body was laid out, according to custom, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame du Siège. The throng of the faithful was great and continual. People came to gaze with respect on the precious remains of this beloved pastor. They addressed vows and supplications to him and shed sweet tears; already they were paying him all the honours given to the Saints. From the cathedral the body was carried into the church of the Apostles, or of St. Peter, which he had built in the city, but only to remain there in deposit. Finally it was moved into the basilica of St. Alban, where a decent and fitting tomb had been raised for him, later surrounded by an iron railing. From that time the basilica took the name of St. Maximus, its founder, a name it has always kept. It long served as the cathedral and collapsed into ruins at the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the ruins of that ancient monument the present chapel of Saint-Maxime was built under the episcopate of Nicolas de Valavoire, in 1662. Our Saint's cultus dates from his death. Since then the solemnity of his feast has been kept without interruption on 27 November, the day of his death. Dynamius, who wrote our Saint's history about a hundred years after his death at the request of Urbicus, bishop of Riez, attests two things. First, it was already an ancient custom to recount Maximus's deeds and virtues on this feast. Second, people still went to pray at his tomb in the basilica he had built, which bore his name, and all kinds of people received many graces there by his intercession, which made him famous throughout France. St. Gregory, bishop of Tours, bears the same witness.

In 1230 the bishop of Riez, Rostaing de Sabran, wishing to rekindle in the hearts of his diocesans the tender devotion that moved him himself, called the clergy and the faithful together for 21 May. There, in the presence of an immense and recollected crowd, he examined and verified the remains of St. Maximus. He enclosed the top of the skull and a bone of an arm in two fine silver-gilt shrines made at his own expense. These precious relics were then carried in triumph, with all possible solemnity, through all the streets of the town and to the bounds of its territory. We shall not relate here in detail the various prodigies worked on a great many people during this translation. Its memory is attested: 1° by a particular feast which has been celebrated without interruption from that time to our own day, under the date of 21 May and under the title of *Triumph of St. Maximus*; 2° by the oldest calendar of the Church of Riez; 3° by the annual procession and the Mass sung in the Saint's chapel on the third day of Pentecost, which in 1230 fell on 21 May, the day of the translation of the relics.

A considerable portion of the skull was separated in 1354, with some fragments of the Saint's clothing, at the request of Joanna I, queen of the Two Sicilies, countess of Provence and of Piedmont, who wished in this way to reward a lord of her court. He had them taken to his castle of San Martino d'Agliè, near Ivrea, in Piedmont, where they are kept in a reliquary head of pure silver gilt, set with precious stones, on a bust also of silver.

The Saint's other relics had already been dispersed for some centuries in different places, but the greater part was kept in the abbey of Lagrasse, diocese of Carcassonne. They were examined and verified on 5 November 1701 and moved the next day from the old chest in which they had been laid. There were likewise portions of these relics in other places: at Lérins, where two of his teeth were kept; at Nantua in Bresse; at Beaufort, diocese of Moûtiers in Savoy, where there is such devotion to him that the place is called indifferently Beaufort-de-Saint-Maxime and Saint-Maxime-de-Beaufort; at La Ferrière and at Saint-Maximin, diocese of Grenoble, near Pontcharra and the fort of Barraux; at Eyragues, near Saint-Rémy, diocese of Aix; at Vernon-sur-Seine, diocese of Évreux; at Vienne in Dauphiné; at Saint-Maime, diocese of Digne; and

elsewhere.

St. Maximus is likewise honoured as patron by the Churches of Riez, Vernon-sur-Seine, Saint-Maime, Châteauredon, Eyragues, Beaufort, La Ferrière and Saint-Maximin of Grenoble. A fellowship between the cathedral church of Riez and the collegiate church of Vernon was made on 7 May 1232 and renewed on 5 March 1632. The two churches undertook to recognize and venerate the same Saints as their respective patrons, to recite the same office, and to grant the canons and dignitaries of each Chapter the same rights, honours and prerogatives when they visited one another.

St. Maximus was also the first and oldest patron of the parish of Valensole. Its parish church was under our Saint's title when the monks of Cluny were put in possession of it by Bishop Almerald at the beginning of the eleventh century. Father Columbi tells us in his *Vierge de Romigier* that in the territory of Manosque, his native place, there were two chapels, one built in honour of St. Maximus and the other in honour of the holy martyr Alban, both honoured with a special cultus.

The Church of Thérouanne also honours him as its principal patron and as the apostle of the whole province of the Morinian Alps. Those of Boulogne and Ypres likewise venerate him as patron, and these last two claim to possess our Saint's relics. This historical point is much disputed. It is commonly believed that the relics they possess, which are also found in part at Saint-Omer and at Saint-Wulfran of Abbeville, are those of another bishop of Riez, also named Maximus, but much later than the one whose life we are writing.

Saints of the Church of Riez, by the abbé Feraud, parish priest of Sieyès.

BLESSED MARGARET OF SAVOY, OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC

1464. — Pope: Paul II. — King of France: Louis XI.

He who follows the will of God has an upright heart. — *St. Augustine.*

Blessed Margaret came of the royal family of the dukes of Savoy, and from her childhood she gave pledges of her future holiness. Her education was worthy of a person of her rank, and she answered it admirably by virtues far beyond the reach of her age. Indeed, she had nothing of childhood but its smallness, innocence and grace; her obedience, her modesty and her recollection delighted all who came near her, and she had so much honour and modesty that she seemed rather an angel than a girl subject to the passions of our corrupt nature. Even then she had the happiness of hearing the sermons of St. Vincent Ferrer, and she sometimes even enjoyed his conversation, in which she so relished heavenly things that she could look on those of this world only with extreme contempt and aversion. The death of her father was a terrible blow to her; but she received it with admirable patience and resignation to the will of God. She found another father in the person of Louis, her uncle, a virtuous and magnanimous prince, devoted to the interests of God and of the Church, who, having no children, looked on Margaret rather as his daughter than as his niece and ward.

She wished to keep her virginity for ever, knowing well that there is no spouse comparable to Jesus Christ, who is the sovereign Spouse of virgins; but she was obliged to sacrifice this desire to the interests of the public good, and to marry Theodore, marquis of Montferrat, in order to quiet a cruel and often renewed war between that marquis and the princes of Piedmont. In this marriage she perfectly fulfilled all the duties of a Christian towards God and His ministers, of a wife towards her husband, of a mother of a household towards her servants, and of a sovereign towards her subjects. She was extremely exact in keeping, and in causing others to keep, the commandments of God and of the Church, assiduous in prayer and strict in observing abstinence and fasts. She often approached the sacraments, and all her delight was to be at the foot of the altars, to hear sermons and to attend all the religious ceremonies held in the town. Her respect and submission towards the marquis, her husband, could not have been greater; she had one mind and one will with him, she loved him tenderly, and this love served only to draw him gently into the practices of the most

solid piety. She had no less care and affection for his children by his first marriage than if they had been her own; she regarded herself as put in the place of Joan of Bar, their mother, so as to bring them up in the fear of God and inspire them with the sentiments that Christian princes ought to have, and she never ceased turning them from evil, drawing them to good, and giving them all the instruction necessary for living according to the maxims of the Gospel.

Her household was ordered like a monastery. She suffered in it no swearing, no blasphemy, no debauchery nor the vice of incontinence; and when she noticed that a servant was given to these disorders, she dismissed him at once, for fear that his company and example might become contagious. She had prayers said there, and took care that everyone frequented the churches and fulfilled his Christian duty at the principal solemnities of the year. Finally, since God gave her no children, she took the poor for her children. She had a faithful report made to her of all who were in need, and she never failed to provide for them at once by the breadth and resourcefulness of her mercy. How many widows she preserved from the last extremity of misery by her charities and her protection! How many girls she kept from prostituting their chastity by procuring them, through her alms, a lawful marriage! How many orphans she maintained until they were able to earn their living! How many old men she assisted until death, so that they should not sink under the miseries of their age! And how many charitable associations she had formed, to unite a number of persons, and the greatest ladies of her State, in this pious duty of assisting the wretched!

Her moderation cannot be praised enough when the marquis, her husband, having been made governor of the city and republic of Genoa, she was obliged to make a solemn entry there with truly royal pomp and magnificence. All the display of that great festival was nothing compared with the humility and modesty that appeared on her face, and it seemed that God had allowed so great an honour to be paid her only so that she might have the merit of despising its splendour and of being humble in the midst of brilliance and glory. But divine Providence also took her to Genoa for another purpose: it was to hear a second time St. Vincent Ferrer, who came there to stir up the people and to beg God earnestly for the end of the schism that then afflicted the whole Church.

She attended, among the people, all the prayers and all the processions he had held, and she was so moved by his sermons and his fiery exhortations, especially on these words of St. Paul to the Romans: “I beseech you, by the mercy of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God”, that, as if she had done nothing until then, she resolved to begin a penitent and humbled life, and to die entirely to the world and all its refinements. Indeed, she put on a hair shirt under her garments of gold and silk; she gave herself with new fervour to fasting, abstinence and the other mortifications of the body, which she accompanied with tears, sobs and sighs; and grace worked in her soul so great a death to everything frail and perishable that, her rank of princess and sovereign having become distasteful to her, she desired only to be reduced to the condition of the poor, or to be shut up in the obscurity of a cloister, there to converse alone with her heavenly Master, who possessed all her affections.

A little while afterwards, divine Providence, which wished to fulfil in her the holy desires it inspired, allowed the marquis, her husband, to die at a still vigorous age and at the very height of his glory. She felt in her soul all the severity of this loss, which was the greater because in the fifteen years they had lived together they had never had a moment’s disagreement. But she bore it with admirable strength and without ever giving any sign of impatience. As she had married only against her inclinations, no sooner did she see herself freed from this bond than she made a vow of continence and of remaining always a widow; and at the same time she applied herself seriously to all the duties that the apostle St. Paul requires of women who wish to remain in that state: that is, to govern their households well, to bring up their children in the fear of God, to hope in Him alone, to be assiduous in meditation and prayer, to live without reproach and to give themselves to every kind of good work, above all to hospitality and mercy.

Her palace was like a sanctuary, where vice and disorder dared not show themselves. Having at first the regency of the State until her stepson was of age to govern it, she composed her council only of the wisest and most virtuous old men of the marquisate. She took particular care to make peace, justice and religion flourish everywhere in it. She had the churches repaired, the altars adorned, the hospitals and houses of charity enlarged and multiplied, and divine worship increased. She worked with a courage above her sex at the good order of the towns, the relief of the people, the safety of commerce and the strengthening of public tranquillity. Nothing could be added to her application in bringing up the marquis, her stepson, well and making a great prince of him, so as to put the conduct of affairs into his hands as soon as possible. Not only did she give him a governor and tutors of singular prudence and probity, who, together with the exercise of letters and arms, made him practise piety; but she had him attend all the councils, to form his judgment on the wise deliberations of her counsellors, and she herself took the trouble of instructing him in all his duties and forming him according to the holy maxims of the Gospel. God was her whole support, and she put her confidence neither in her credit, nor in her riches, nor in her great alliances, nor in the strength of mind she had received from heaven, but only in the protection of that sovereign Lord who calls Himself the Father of orphans and the Judge who upholds the cause of widows. And so she had continual recourse to Him in prayer; besides Mass and the other public devotions, she spent two hours every day in prayer in her oratory, often bathed in tears in the consideration of the sufferings of her crucified Saviour.

Her life, far from being open to any reproach, was a model of all the virtues. Nothing was more chaste than her looks, gentler and more prudent than her words, more moderate than her meals or better ordered than all her conduct. She knew what the Apostle says, that a widow who lives in pleasures is dead already; so for the love of her God she weaned herself from the most innocent pleasures her condition offered her, and she afflicted herself with very harsh penances, of which a princess brought up as delicately as she was hardly seemed capable. She drew blood with disciplines, she kept very rigorous fasts, and, although she had spent the day dispatching very thorny business, she took very little rest at night. One of her principal cares was to help the poor and provide for the needs of the sick. In this she kept almost no measure, and her charity grew the more as her alms seemed to exhaust her. Monasteries too had a large share in her mercy, and she let them want for nothing, so as to share the more in their tears, their prayers and their penances.

It was to be wished that so holy a regent should keep the government a long time; but her heart sighed unceasingly for release from the affairs of the world and for the tranquillity of a solitary life. As soon as she saw the marquis able to take up the burden of government himself (which she had greatly hastened by her assiduity in instructing him well), she laid it on his shoulders; and, without regard to his entreaties or to those of the great men of the State, who wanted her to remain always at his side to help him with her counsel, she left the court, trampled her crowns underfoot, renounced all the grandeurs of the earth and withdrew to the town of Alba, there to live in silence and in the sole exercise of works of piety. It was then that Prince Philip Mary, duke of Milan, who, like all Italy, had been informed of the incomparable qualities of this illustrious marchioness, sought her urgently in marriage and had the proposal made to her by his ambassadors. When she replied that, having made a vow of chastity, she was no longer free to marry, he wrote to Rome and obtained from Pope Eugenius IV a dispensation from her vow, so that nothing should prevent her consenting to the alliance; but this generous widow refused with invincible constancy, saying that she had not made that vow out of haste or lightness, but with a will entirely determined to have no more dealings with the flesh and the world. She therefore excused herself to His Holiness from using his brief; and the Pope, who had granted it only out of condescension to the prayers of the duke of Milan, was well pleased with her resistance and firmness, and even wrote to her to express his satisfaction.

This resolution, however, brought many calumnies on her from those who took the duke’s side, and they did all they could with their slandering tongues to blacken her reputation and to make her pass for an obstinate woman, or a devotee without wit, or a woman who loved her liberty and had criminal attachments besides.

Margaret bore this persecution generously, without defending herself or allowing anyone to defend her; then, wishing for no other justification than her good works, she embraced, by order of St. Vincent Ferrer, who appeared to her, the Third Order of St. Dominic. She drew into it at the same time a great number of ladies of the noblest families of Italy, and received them into her palace to live in community with her. As this palace soon proved too small for all the devout persons who wished to enter it, she obtained from Pope Eugenius IV the union of the provostship of the Humiliati called St. Mary Magdalen du Bourget, to carry on the same exercises there. The church of this provostship became her church, and its buildings served to lodge these holy tertiaries, who wished to walk in the footsteps of the great St. Catherine of Siena.

Her charity then led her to ask also, for herself and her sisters, for the hospital of St. Mary of the Angels; and the acts of humility, patience and mortification she showed there in caring for the sick cannot be described worthily enough. The lowest tasks were those that pleased her most. She always tended the most hideous sores and the most corrupt ulcers.

At that time our Blessed suffered extreme affliction from the apparition of a sister of her congregation. This unhappy woman declared to her that she was damned for having done all her actions in a spirit of vanity and out of pure hypocrisy; then, taking some dust, she scattered it in the air, to show that the life of vain and proud souls is only a little dust that a wind carries off and reduces to nothing. The Saint was so terrified by this vision that, fearing she herself might be among the reprobate, she spent several days in continual fasting, mortification and tears, to draw down the mercy of God and stay the arm of His anger, which she believed was about to fall heavily on her.

Then Our Lord visited her, accompanied by a great number of blessed spirits, and presented her with three lances, one called Calumny, the second Sickness, and the third Persecution, as sure ways of salvation. He allowed her to choose the one that suited her best. The angels warned her to choose nothing, but to abandon herself to the providence of her divine Master, who knew far better than she what was good for her. She abandoned herself entirely to it, and even offered to be pierced by all three lances, however sharp and painful they might be, if it was His good pleasure. So heroic a resignation had its effect at once. Margaret was exposed to the slanders and calumnies of libertines, who, unable to bear the incomparable brilliance of her virtues, tried to obscure them by unjust accusations and malicious impostures. Margaret was tormented until death by the pains of gout and of several other illnesses, so acute that she needed superhuman courage to bear them with patience. And so, as they grew from day to day and brought nature almost to its end, the holy Virgin appeared to her and inspired her with a wholly heavenly strength and vigour. Finally, Margaret was persecuted in her own person by various insults offered her, and above all in the person of her director, a religious of the Order of St. Dominic, who was twice put in prison on false accusations for having upheld the interests of religion and justice against the designs of worldly policy. Jesus Christ, her dear Master, took singular pleasure in seeing her suffer, because of the resignation and joy she showed in the midst of her crosses, and yet He consoled her at the times when she was most overwhelmed, to make her feel that He did not abandon her and was always with her. It was then that, at her word alone, a cask [*muid*] of special wine that had been brought for her to relieve the violence of her gout, having been distributed to other sick people as her charity inclined her, was found quite full, just as if none had ever been drawn from it.

What was most admirable in Margaret was that she always believed she had as yet done nothing for the service of God, and that she lived in continual fears and apprehensions. This disposition led her, not content with the practices of penance and devotion of the Third Order of St. Dominic, which she had embraced more than thirty years before, to persuade her companions to become nuns of the same institute, taking the veil and changing their house into a monastery. For this she obtained the Pope’s approval and all the necessary permissions from the Master General of the Order. She had a regular convent built, which she endowed with what her great alms and her lavish gifts to the poor had left her of her goods, and to which, by a bull of His Holiness, she had united the abbey of Our Lady of Graces, founded in 1016 by Aliprand, duke of Milan. She

entered it with all the sisters of her congregation, and, having received the religious habit there, she made her profession, binding herself by solemn vow to the Rule of St. Augustine and the constitutions of St. Dominic.

In this new state she renewed, so to speak, all her virtues. She had renounced four or five crowns, namely those of Achaia, of the Morea and of Piedmont, which were her father's inheritance; that of Geneva, to which she could lay claim on her mother's side; and that of Montferrat, which she held as dowager of the marquis Theodore, her husband. She had also stripped herself of all her revenues for the foundation of her monastery; but what is more astonishing is that, great princess though she was, she made herself the poorest of her house. The most worn clothes, the coarsest food and the least comfortable furniture were always those that pleased her best. She took such great care of the purity of her body and soul that she did quite extraordinary things to preserve it. Her acute and almost unbearable illnesses did not keep her from tormenting herself with voluntary punishments. The hair shirt was her shirt, fasting her best meal, and prayer almost all the rest she took after her greatest fatigues. She did not allow the least imperfection to remain on her conscience without going at once to lay it at the feet of her confessor. However perfect she was, she was nonetheless tried like a novice by very difficult commands. She was made to give up innocent satisfactions that served to refresh her a little in the great sufferings that overwhelmed her; what was dearest to her in the world, and seemed to bind her heart to the creature by a thread, was taken from her; but no one ever found in her a moment's resistance. The will of her directors was her own, and her obedience was so complete that she did not even think herself allowed to reason about what she was commanded.

She was often made prioress of her convent, and however averse she was to this honour, we nevertheless do not read that she ever resisted her election, because she was so dead to her own judgment that she let herself be led blindly wherever divine Providence and her superiors wished to lead her. We have no words to express either her exactness in observing all her rules or the breadth and depth of her humility. Even in the office of prioress she made herself the least of the sisters. If the dormitories had to be swept, the dishes washed, the dirtiest places of the house cleaned, the most repulsive services rendered to the sick, she was the first to set her hand to it, and she did so not only to encourage the community by her example but also from a humble sense of her lowliness and unworthiness. We will add nothing to what we have said of her great patience; as the gout tormented her cruelly until her death, she made until that moment countless heroic acts of this virtue; and after the apparition of the holy Virgin she bore this illness with such joy that she let no one guess its violence.

Our Lord, in reward for so many virtues, gave her the gift of prophecy and the grace of miracles and supernatural cures. By her prayers she calmed a horrible storm of wind, rain, fire, lightning and thunder, which had begun to uproot trees and overturn houses and threatened the town of Alba with general ruin; and the demons were then heard in mid-air crying: "Cursed Margaret, who has stopped us from finishing what we had begun!" She raised up the corn that a furious hailstorm had beaten down and cut to pieces, and in the very field that had been so badly damaged she brought forth a harvest twice as abundant as had been hoped for. By her prayers she restored to health her niece Amedea of Savoy, who had fallen ill in her monastery and had been given up by the physicians.

At last it pleased God to crown her labours with a holy death, which put her in possession of eternal goods. Nine different signs showed the greatness of her merit and the eminence of the glory she was about to possess in heaven: a comet appeared above her room for several nights before she died; two days before, Our Lord honoured her with His visit, and she made great efforts on her bed to go and put herself in His arms; about the same time a great light filled the whole place where she was, as if to show that she had always been a daughter of light; the nuns heard in the same place something like troops of people passing, who were no doubt blessed spirits coming to invite her to the marriage of the Lamb; on St. Cecilia's day her whole room rang with wonderful music made only of heavenly voices; when she was given Extreme Unction, the confessor, the physician and all those present saw beside them an unknown nun of extraordinary grace and

majesty, clothed in the habit of St. Dominic, who attended the whole ceremony and then disappeared, without anyone daring to ask her who she was; at the hour of her death the sisters present heard around her bed two choirs of virgins singing the praises of the Almighty with wonderful sweetness; at the same hour, which was midnight, all the streets of Alba were filled with this melody, which came from a procession of maidens from heaven walking with candles in their hands towards the monastery of this Blessed. Several townsmen were eye- and ear-witnesses of it, and even followed it to the door of her monastery, where it disappeared.

She died on 23 November 1464, aged over eighty years, of which she had spent the fourth part in Savoy with the princes her parents, fifteen with the marquis of Montferrat her husband, thirty-one in the profession of the Third Order of St. Dominic, and the rest in religious enclosure. Her body was buried in the common crypt, at the feet of the other sisters, as she had asked out of humility; but as the tomb had not been closed, because a stone was to be put on it, it was found eighteen days later without any corruption, supple as if she were still alive and giving off a very pleasant fragrance. Since then several translations have been made of it, during which very great miracles were worked as a testimony to her glory. Pope Clement X placed her among the Blessed.

She has been represented: 1° receiving from Jesus Christ three lances, each bearing an inscription, namely Calumny, Sickness and Persecution; 2° walking with the help of a stick, because of the infirmity with which she was afflicted and which the holy Virgin urged her to bear patiently, to which she resigned herself. The holy Virgin seems to show the Saint the place she is to occupy in heaven.

This account is from Father Giry. — Cf. Année dominicaine, vol. V; and Life of Blessed Margaret of Savoy, by the Rev. Fr. Regnault.

ST. JAMES INTERCISUS, MARTYR IN PERSIA (421).

James lived at Beth-Lapeta (Persia). His birth, his riches, his rare qualities, the posts he held and the favours he had from the king (Yazdegerd) had made his name famous. All these advantages became a dangerous temptation for him, and he gave way to it. When the prince declared war on Christianity, he was cowardly enough to sacrifice to his master’s favour the true religion he had professed until then. His mother and his wife felt keen grief at his fall; they urged his conversion fervently and wrote him a letter of reproaches that made the strongest impression on James. He no longer appeared at court, kept away from all who might have led him astray, and renounced for ever the advantages that had caused his fall.

The king (Vararanes, successor of Yazdegerd), informed of his change, sent for him. James generously confessed that he was a Christian. Vararanes, beside himself with anger, called his ministers and the judges of the empire to deliberate on what new kind of death should be inflicted on a man who, he said, offended the gods of the country. It was decided that, if the alleged criminal did not abjure Christianity, he should be fastened to the rack and his limbs cut off one after another. No sooner was the sentence published than the whole city ran to see so extraordinary an execution. The Christians offered fervent prayers to God that He would deign to give His servant the grace of perseverance.

When James reached the place of execution, the executioners came up to him and spread out before his eyes the instruments that were to torture him. They then seized his hand and stretched out his arm violently. But before striking, they urged him to obey the king and so free himself from the cruel torments he was about to suffer. But the soldier of Jesus Christ stood firm. When the executioners had cut off his right thumb, he made this prayer: “Saviour of Christians, receive this branch of the tree. It is true that this tree will rot; but it will grow green again, and I am sure that it will be crowned with glory!” The judge appointed by the king to attend the execution could not hold back his tears. With the other spectators he began to cry out to the Martyr: “You have done enough for your religion; do not let a body as delicate as yours be torn to pieces.

You have riches: give part of them to the poor for the salvation of your soul; but do not die in this way." — "The vine," answered the Saint, "is as if dead during the winter, but it lives again in the spring. How should the body of man, though cut to pieces, not live again?" When the executioners had cut off his forefinger, he cried: "My heart has rejoiced in the Lord, and my soul has been carried away in the salvation He has won for me. Receive, Lord, this other branch."

Then the joy flooding his soul was seen, showing even in his face. At every finger cut off he gave thanks to God. The executioners passed from the right hand to the left. Meanwhile the judges begged him to have pity on himself and save his life. "Do you not know, then," the Saint answered them gently, "that he is not worthy of God who, having put his hand to the plough, looks back?" The executioners cut off the toes of both his feet one after another. He praised the Lord at each amputation and showed fresh joy. Seeing that he had no more fingers or toes, he said calmly to the executioners: "Now that the branches have fallen, cut down the trunk. Do not let yourselves be moved by compassion for me; for my heart has rejoiced in the Lord, and my soul has risen towards Him who loves the little and the humble." Then they cut off his feet, his hands, his arms, his legs and his thighs. His trunk, deprived of all its limbs, was still alive and went on blessing the Lord. Finally one of the guards struck off his head and so ended his martyrdom. The kind of punishment he suffered has given him the name Intercisus (that is, "cut to pieces").

The Christians gathered up his scattered limbs and shut them up with the trunk in an urn, which they buried in a place unknown to the pagans.

The axe, the presumed instrument of St. James's martyrdom, is his usual emblem.

Godescard, completed from Father Cahier's Caractéristiques des Saints.

ST. EUSICIUS OF CHALUSSET, ABBOT OF CELLE IN BERRY (542).

St. Eusicius [Eusice] was born at Chalusset (Dordogne), near Jumilhac-le-Grand, on the borders of the Limousin and Périgord. He belonged to a poor family whom famine forced to leave the country and go into Berry. Eusicius's parents found themselves obliged to sell their child; but he was taken in by a generous abbot (*Abbas loci Patriciaci*), who educated him and brought him into the clergy. Eusicius, having become a priest, obtained from his superior permission to lead the solitary life and to withdraw into a thick forest near the river Cher. He was clothed in a hair shirt, lived on barley, herbs and water, lay on the bare ground, and kept bees. A thief came and stole honey from his cell; the Saint converted him and said to him: "Do not come back, for theft is Satan's money." People came to him from every side to obtain his prayers and cures; sick people were brought to him, and children suffering from throat ailments, and he healed them by the sign of the cross or by making them drink holy water. King Childebert offered him fifty pieces of gold; Eusicius refused them and foretold his victory over Amalaric. After the victory, the grateful king granted him the freedom of several prisoners of war and had a church built for him. Such is the origin of the little town of Selles in Berry (*Cella sancti Eusitii*), which until the Revolution possessed an abbey of which St. Eusicius was the founder and first abbot. It was there that he was buried.

There are still today (1873), at Selles-sur-Cher in the diocese of Blois, notable relics of St. Eusicius and of several holy hermits, his companions. In 1767 Mgr de Phélypeaux, archbishop of Bourges, granted a relic of the Saint to Madame de Menou, marquise de Jumilhac, for Chalusset, the Saint's birthplace, whose church had just been made a parish. This relic consisted of two broken bones of the lower jaw, to which nine teeth adhered, eight molars and an incisor (today only six remain). In 1768 Mgr de Prémeaux, bishop of Périgueux, confirmed the authenticity of the relic and himself placed it in the reliquary that had been prepared. On 1 August 1869, the church of Chalusset threatening ruin, the relic was solemnly carried to a chapel of the church of Jumilhac-le-Grand.

We have composed this notice, which is inaccurate in Father Giry, by means of manuscript notes kindly supplied to us by the Rev. Fr. Carles of Toulouse and by M. l'abbé Damourette. — Cf. Proper of Sarlat of 1677.

ST. ACHARIUS [ACHAIRE OR ACAIRE], BISHOP OF NOYON (639).

Acharius, born in Burgundy, left early the noble family from which he sprang to enter the monastery of Luxeuil. There he could meditate on the nothingness of earthly things and prepare himself for the high mission the Lord had in store for him. The spirit of St. Columbanus, who had recently founded this monastery, was still there in all its first vigour, under the wise government of Blessed Eustasius: holiness and learning went there side by side. Acharius, profiting by the lessons he gathered from the lips of his masters and by the examples of virtue he had before his eyes, soon became an accomplished religious. His piety yielded nothing to that of Omer, of Walbert and of his other fellow students, several of whom afterwards became great bishops, eloquent preachers, heads of abbeys, the glory of the Church, the models and supports of the faithful.

Nothing was dear to the Saint like the solitude of Luxeuil; he left it only to go and exercise among the neighbouring peoples a ministry of charity, peace and salvation. In his humility Acharius wished to live unknown to men, and to await in silence, prayer and mortification the great day of eternity; but God did not allow so brilliant a light to remain hidden under the bushel: He called him to enlighten the Church with its beneficent rays. Betrayed by the reputation of his virtues, Acharius was raised to the episcopate against his will and placed at the head of the vast diocese of Noyon and Tournai. At the same time, as if the administration of two important Churches were not enough for his active solicitude, Clotaire II called him to his councils. The Blessed used the influence that the holiness of his life gave him over the minds of the king and the great for the prosperity of the State, and above all for the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. This divine Master was still unknown in several parts of the diocese of Tournai, where the devil had succeeded in keeping up the worship of idols. Acharius, unable to provide by himself for the spiritual needs of so numerous a flock, had recourse to the apostolic zeal of St. Amandus, whom his entreaties, joined to those of St. Ouen and St. Eligius, had just reconciled with Dagobert I; he therefore charged him to go and evangelize those regions. While Amandus laboured to dispel superstitious practices by the breath of the Gospel word, Acharius gave all his care to the diocese of Noyon. He made himself humble and little in order to instruct the country people and win them to the Saviour; he was seen above all among the poor and afflicted, whose needs he delighted to relieve and whose sufferings he loved to soothe; sinners never heard him without being moved, and he had the happiness of converting a great number. Regarding monasteries as a refuge against the dangers of the world, an asylum for piety, virtue and learning, a place of expiation where prayer and holy austerities disarm divine justice, he built several, both from his own liberality and with the alms of the faithful.

Acharius's solicitude for his flock did not make him a stranger to the general needs of the Church. He sat at the council held at Reims in 630 with Marinus of Beauvais, Agomarus of Senlis and about forty other prelates. In concert with his venerable colleagues he worked to root out the abuses and errors of the time, to restore discipline, to abolish simony and to efface the evils caused by civil discord.

Acharius loved to make known to his children the virtues, glory and power of the Lord's elect. As several miracles had occurred in his diocese at the tomb of a humble servant of God named Momble [Mummolenus?], he had the body of this blessed man, which had been preserved from corruption, solemnly raised from the ground, and inscribed his name in the catalogue of the Saints. By these acts, and so many others like them that we cannot relate here, having as it were prepared the way for the illustrious St. Eligius, who was to succeed him in the see of Noyon, he ended his mortal course on 27 November 639, at the age of seventy, and went to receive in heaven the reward of his labours. He was buried in the church of St. Peter and

St. Paul, now called Sainte-Godeberte, near Noyon.

Saints of Beauvais, by the Abbé Sabatier.

ST. SIFFREIN OR SYFFROY [SIFFREDUS], BISHOP OF CARPENTRAS (659).

Siffrein, of noble race and a native of Albano (Terra di Lavoro), withdrew to the monastery of Lérins with his father, a devout knight, who fell asleep in the Lord after some years spent in the monastic profession. As for Siffrein, under St. Caesarius, then abbot and afterwards bishop of Arles, he made such progress in the practice of virtue and in the study of letters, and at the same time won such a reputation for holiness, that even before being admitted to holy orders he was elected bishop by the people and clergy of the Venaissin. For a long time he refused to accept a charge he regarded as beyond his strength; at last, compelled to accept, he let himself be taken to St. Caesarius, who gave him orders and consecrated him bishop. In the episcopate he kept all the habits of monastic life. His austerities were great: he mortified his flesh by fasting, by vigils and by the hair shirt, and for all his food took only bread and water with lentils. He often spent the nights in prayer, held by the contemplation of heavenly things. Father of the poor and the sick, he often made his way to their humble dwellings, which he gladdened doubly, by kind words and by abundant alms. He erected basilicas in honour of the Most Holy Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St. John the Baptist; he also built one at Carpentras in honour of St. Anthony, to which, fleeing the world's company, he would go to recollect himself in the presence of God, coming out again with new strength and more ardent zeal.

God made the holiness of His servant shine forth by miracles. A cleric whom he loved for the purity of his life having died, he called him back to life. The sick came to him in crowds and went away healed. He saw into the secrets of hearts and those of the future. Towards the end of his life he built himself a little house near the basilica of the Mother of God, where, without ceasing to fulfil his duties as pastor, he awaited in recollection and meditation the coming of his hour to pass from this world to a better. He died on 27 November and was buried in the basilica of the Most Holy Trinity at Venasque (Vaucluse). Today his relics are devoutly kept at Carpentras, in a church bearing his name.

The dedication of the church of Saint-Siffrein, formerly celebrated on the fourth Sunday after Easter, has since the Concordat of 1801 been transferred to the first Sunday after the octave of All Saints. Raymond de Mazan, bishop of Carpentras, gave in 1285 a reliquary of silver gilt, set with precious stones and shaped like a cathedral, which is mentioned in the inventory drawn up under Otto in 1322, when one of the Saint's arms had been placed separately in an arm of silver. In 1447 Guillaume Soyberti placed the head in a bust of the same metal, made at his own expense. These three reliquaries having been destroyed in 1793, those that the parish church of Carpentras now possesses were made when worship was restored, roughly in the form of the old ones, but in silvered copper and not in silver.

The cultus of St. Siffrein spread to several places in the diocese of Arles and even to other metropolitan provinces, notably to Uzès (Gard) and to the town of Séguret (Vaucluse). St. Siffrein was invoked chiefly against evil spirits.

Proper of Avignon, and Barjavel's Biographical Dictionary of the department of Vaucluse.

ST. BARLAAM AND ST. JOSAPHAT, HERMITS IN THE DESERT OF SENNAAR, IN MESOPOTAMIA (date uncertain).

Son of a king of eastern India named Abenner, Josaphat was of extraordinary beauty. Among the astrologers consulted about his destiny, one having said that he would be a Christian, his father, a fierce partisan of idolatry, in order to prevent the fulfilment of this prediction, had him brought up in a separate castle, where

he was given officers and servants on whose fidelity the king relied entirely. This human prudence was useless. Josaphat grew out of childhood and began to reflect judiciously on everything he saw. He reflected in particular on the constraint in which he was kept, and, wishing to know the reason for it, he turned to one of his tutors whom he loved more than the others and asked him why the king his father kept him a prisoner in this way. The tutor told him everything. His words touched Josaphat's heart, and the Holy Spirit, accompanying them with His grace, inspired him with the desire to know the truth.

God revealed the disposition of his heart to a holy hermit named Barlaam, so that he might go and instruct him. The solitary obeyed this command from heaven, and, leaving the desert of Sennaar where he lived, he took ship and came in the dress of a merchant to Josaphat's castle. There he made the acquaintance of the tutor we have mentioned and told him he had an important communication to make to the young prince. The prince wished to see the solitary. Barlaam gave him a fine and moving explanation of all the mysteries of the Christian religion, of the maxims of the Gospel, of the necessity of the sacraments, of the inconstancy of all earthly things, of the reward of the just in heaven, of the dreadful punishments of sinners in hell, and in short of all the truths of salvation. As he spoke, Our Lord poured His grace into the young prince's heart, so that after several conferences he received holy baptism without fearing the anger of the king his father. The holy solitary then exhorted him to the practice of good works, to contempt of vanity, to perseverance in the state he had just embraced, and to the study of Christian perfection.

Josaphat's father fell into the most violent despair when he learned of his son's conversion to Christianity; nevertheless he used every means to bring him back to the religion of his fathers. But all his efforts were in vain. The young neophyte left the world and went into the desert in search of his dear Barlaam. He endured incredible hardships; for, having taken no provisions, he lived only on wild herbs, was often without water, and found himself almost at every moment reduced to a pitiable state. But divine love made him overcome all these difficulties with joy. After searching two whole years for what he desired, he at last found Barlaam in the desert of Sennaar. He begged him to receive him as his disciple and promised him perfect obedience. From then on his life was wholly angelic, and he undertook the exercises of solitude with such zeal that his master, long accustomed to them, marvelled to see himself surpassed by a young prince brought up in every kind of luxury.

While they were both thus enjoying the sweetness of the solitary life, it pleased the divine goodness to call Barlaam from this world to reward him for his labours. He had a revelation of the time of his death and told his dear disciple of it, to prepare him for the separation. He spent the little life that remained to him in encouraging him to persevere in the service of Jesus Christ. Seeing his hour near, he celebrated the divine mysteries, in which he made him take part, and after bidding him farewell with words full of tenderness, he died in the joy of the Lord, making the sign of the cross in the midst of the fervour of his prayer. As soon as his eyes were closed, Josaphat embraced his body and bathed it with his tears; and having wrapped it in the hair shirt he had received from him at the time of his conversion, he spent a day and a night singing psalms and buried it with great reverence in a grave near his cave. At the end of this holy ceremony he fell asleep, and during his sleep he had a vision in which the blessed dead man appeared to him to make known the glory he enjoyed in heaven and to assure him that he would receive the like if he persevered until death in his good resolution. This hope filled him with joy and gave him new strength to practise with inviolable fidelity all the exercises worthy of his vocation. He did so until the age of sixty, of which he spent thirty-five in the deserts. A hermit who had shown him Barlaam's grotto had a revelation of his death and took care to bury his body with that of his master.

This account is from Father Giry.

28 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Rome, St. Rufus, whom Diocletian had martyred with his whole family. About 304. — At Corinth, the birthday of St. Sosthenes, disciple of the apostle St. Paul, who mentions him in his epistle to the Corinthians. At first ruler of the synagogue of the Jews, he was afterwards converted to Jesus Christ, and, shortly after, having been violently beaten before the proconsul Gallio for the cause of the faith, he consecrated the first fruits of his conversion by a most noble beginning. 1st c. — In Africa, the holy martyrs Papinian and Mansuetus, bishops, who, during the Vandal persecution under Genseric, the Arian king, were burned all over their bodies with red-hot plates and so ended their glorious combats. 430. — At the same time, other holy bishops, namely Valerian, Urban, Crescens, Eustace, Cresconius, Crescentian, Felix, Hortulanus and Florentian, were sent into exile and died there. 5th c. — At Constantinople, the holy martyrs Stephen the Younger, Basil, Peter and Andrew, with three hundred and sixty-nine religious of their company, who were tormented in various ways under Constantine Copronymus for the veneration of holy images, and confirmed the Catholic truth by the shedding of their blood. 756. — At Rome, St. Gregory III, pope, who passed from this life to everlasting bliss after shining by his holiness and merits. 741. — At Naples, the death of St. James of the Marches, confessor, of the Order of St. Francis, famous for the austerity of his life, the success of his preaching and his embassies in the interests of the Church. He was placed among the Saints by Pope Benedict XIII. 1476.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the diocese of Algiers, St. Honoratus, martyr. — In the diocese of Autun, St. Silvester, bishop of the former see of Chalon-sur-Saône.[1] 6th c. — In the diocese of Nantes, St. Stanislaus Kostka, of the Society of Jesus, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1568. — In the diocese of Avignon, St. Maximus, bishop of the former see of Riez, whose life we gave on the previous day. 460. — In the dioceses of Cahors, Reims and Saint-Flour, St. Didacus or Diego, confessor, whose life we gave on 13 November. 1463. — In the dioceses of Carcassonne, Châlons and Nice, St. Gregory III, pope and confessor, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 741. — In the diocese of Périgueux, St. Eusicius, abbot, whose notice we sketched on the previous day. 542. — In the diocese of Laval, St. Anianus, bishop of Orléans, whose life we gave on 17 November. 453. — In the diocese of Mainz, St. Conrad, bishop of Constance, named in the Roman martyrology of the 26th of this month. 976. — In the diocese of Poitiers, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, whose life we gave on 17 November. 270. — In the diocese of Saint-Claude, St. Hippolytus, bishop of Belley, whose life we gave on 20 November. 769. — In the diocese of Tarbes, St. Brice, archbishop of Tours, whose notice we sketched on 13 November. 444. — In the diocese of Tours, St. Clarus, priest and confessor.[2] 4th c. — At Boulogne-sur-Mer (Pas-de-Calais), in the diocese of Arras, St. Maximus of Wismes (Mans, Masse), patron of that Church.[3] Date uncertain. — At Dijon, St. Hilary, senator, and St. Quieta, his wife. United by tender affection and by the stronger bond of solid virtue, they were the model of Christian spouses, helping each other with untiring patience, bringing up their many children in learning and piety (among whom shines St. John, abbot of Réome), and distributing their revenues to churches, abbeys and the poor.■ About 450. — At Vienne in Dauphiné, St. Philip, bishop of that see and confessor. He presided over the fourth council of Paris, held at Saint-Pierre du Mont (today Sainte-Geneviève du Mont). About 580.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Constantinople, the holy martyrs Stephen the Younger, Basil, Peter, Andrew and three hundred and sixty-nine religious of the Order of St. Basil, their companions, who under Constantine Copronymus were cruelly tormented with various punishments for the veneration of holy images, and confirmed the Catholic truth by the shedding of their blood. 766.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, bishop and confessor, who is commemorated on 17 November.■ 270.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — As with the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — As with the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — At the monastery of Bobbio, St. Columbanus, abbot of Luxeuil, untiring propagator of the Order of St. Benedict and an apostolic man, who on the 21st of this month flew away to heaven.■ 615.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — At Naples, the death of St. James of the Marches, confessor, of the Order of Friars Minor, famous for the austerity of his life, his apostolic preaching and the success of his legations in the interest of the Church. The sovereign pontiff Benedict XIII placed him among the Saints. 1476.

Martyrology of the Order of Friars Minor. — As above.

Martyrology of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel. — The octave of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Martyrology of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine. — St. Felix of Valois, confessor, whose memory is kept on 20 November and is transferred for us to this day.■ 1212.

Martyrology of the Order of the Servants of the Blessed Virgin Mary. — As with the Carmelites.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis. — As with the Friars Minor.

Martyrology of the Order of Discalced Carmelites. — As with the Carmelites.

ADDITIONS FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

Among the Friars Preachers, Blessed Calimer of Montechiaro, confessor, of the Order of St. Dominic. This holy religious was an untiring preacher of the divine word and exercised that ministry into extreme old age. Having reached the age of eighty and being no longer able to climb into the pulpit himself, he had himself carried into it. He would never accept any important office, so as to be able to apply himself solely to the work of the apostolate. The Lord has shown his glory by countless miracles worked at his tomb. 1521. — In Syria, Sts.

Theodulus, Trophimus and several others, martyrs. — At Antioch, St. Theodoret, martyr. 663.

[1] See note 1 to the Roman martyrology of 20 November (vol. XIII, p. 509).

[2] St. Clarus is named in the Roman martyrology of 8 November. We refer our readers to note 1 of that martyrology (vol. XIII, p. 250) and to the life of St. Sulpicius Severus (vol. II, p. 108).

[3] In the church of Saint-Wulfran at Abbeville there was a fine reliquary containing a considerable part of his relics. His head and some of his bones were kept at Ypres (West Flanders). The church of Antoing, near Tournai (Hainaut), also had several fragments. The relics of St. Maximus were discovered at Wismes (Pas-de-Calais, arrondissement of Saint-Omer, canton of Lumbres) on 13 December 953. They were visited in 1065 by Milo II of Thérouanne, accompanied by the bishops of Amiens and Noyon. — The Abbé Destombes, *Saints of Cambrai and Arras.*

■ Hilary was buried in the church of Saint-Jean, in a magnificent tomb of Parian marble. When the body of Quieta was laid beside her husband's, St. Hilary was seen to raise his right hand, pass it round St. Quieta's neck and draw her to his heart. At this wonder the onlookers, carried away with admiration, raised cries of joy, saying: "See how they loved each other in this world, since they embrace even in the tomb." Their relics, honoured as those of Saints, were translated before the 9th century to the crypt of Saint-Bénigne at Dijon and

placed in two separate sepulchres. — The Abbé Duplus, *Saints of Dijon*.

■ See the life of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus on 17 November.

■ We have given the life of St. Columbanus on 21 November.

■ See the life of St. Felix of Valois on 20 November.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. STEPHEN THE YOUNGER, MARTYR AT CONSTANTINOPLE

756. — Pope: Stephen II. — Emperor of the East: Constantine IV Copronymus.

Brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned. — *II Thess. 2:14.*

Stephen was born at Constantinople under the empire of Anastasius II (713–719). John, his father, and Anne, his mother, were rich; yet they still had not wealth enough to satisfy their liberality towards the churches and the poor. God having given them two daughters, they wished for a son; they obtained one by a vow to consecrate him to the holy Virgin. Anne, being with child of him, begged St. Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, as he entered the church of Saint Sophia, to bless him in her womb. By a prophetic spirit he knew at once what this child would be, and gave her his blessing, saying: “May Our Lord bless this fruit through the intercession of the first of the Martyrs.” The devout woman then saw a flame come from the mouth of the glorious prelate, and she begged him, as soon as the child was born, to take the trouble of baptizing him himself. He did so and gave him the name of Stephen. Immediately after his baptism, his parents carried him to the church of the Blachernae and offered him to the holy Virgin before one of her images; and Anne declared to her husband that she who was represented by that image had appeared to her before she conceived and had promised her the child of whom she had the happiness to be mother.

Our Saint applied himself to study with great care; but above all he loved the reading of holy Scripture, which he learned by heart so perfectly that his memory served him as a book. He also took singular pleasure in the works of St. John Chrysostom, for whom he had an almost incredible affection; but he made still more progress in virtue than in learning. He loved to hear the word of God; he despised the riches and grandeurs of this perishable world, and had no other aim than to make himself worthy of the immortal goods that are acquired by a pure and innocent life. He worked unceasingly at governing his tongue well and subjecting his passions to the rule of reason; and as he avoided conversation with men, he became assiduous in prayer, in visiting churches and in every kind of spiritual exercise.

At that time Leo the Isaurian, having usurped the empire, began a fierce war against holy images and against the faithful who professed to honour them. He drove the patriarch St. Germanus from his see, put many Christians to death, and, raging above all against the religious, shut them up in prisons and dungeons, sent them into exile, and condemned several to death. This persecution did not prevent our Saint’s father and mother, as soon as they saw him sixteen years old, from taking him to Mount Auxentius, which faces Constantinople on the side of the province of Bithynia, to dedicate him to God according to the vow they had made to obtain him. St. Auxentius had been its first inhabitant, and it was from him that it had taken the name Auxentius. Sergius, his disciple, had been heir to his grotto as well as to his virtues. Bendianus, a man of admirable holiness, had succeeded him. Gregory had held it after him. Lastly it was John, a person of incomparable merit and endowed with the spirit of prophecy, who occupied it when Stephen was brought there. This blessed old man at once recognized the designs of divine Providence on this child, and that he would be an unshakeable pillar upholding the Church against the attacks of heretics. Having therefore told his parents that it was clear the Spirit of God rested on him, he kept him in his company; then, after the night prayers, and after giving him holy instructions on the state he was about to embrace, he cut his hair and

clothed him in the religious habit.

Stephen took up this kind of life with great fervour and omitted none of the exercises that could advance him in piety. Besides the vigils and fasts he used to mortify his flesh, he practised all the monastic virtues in a very high degree of perfection. He was especially remarkable for humility and obedience; he eagerly sought the meanest and most laborious tasks. It is noted that every day he went to fetch water and the other necessaries from a place very far off and hard of access, which in the heats of summer and the frosts of winter cost him incredible pains. But this work, hard as it was, never drew from his mouth a word of impatience nor made him fail in any of the observances; and by this fervour he merited such great graces that the wildest animals became obedient to him and offered themselves of their own accord to serve him.

One day, when he had just finished some of these duties, he found the holy old man with his head resting on his window, weeping bitterly. After lying prostrate on the ground a very long time, as was his custom, to receive his blessing, and seeing that he did not give it, he could not tell what the cause might be. At last the holy man raised his head and said to him: “It is because of you, my dearest son, that I weep so, for I know for certain that, after the service of God has grown in this place under your guidance, it will be ruined by these impious enemies of holy images.” These words made Stephen sigh from the bottom of his heart, and he answered: “What, father, do you also foresee that I shall be cowardly enough to let myself be poisoned by this false doctrine?” — “God keep me, my son,” replied the holy old man, “from having such a thought of you! He will never allow that to happen; but make yourself worthy of that grace by deep humility and continual watchfulness over yourself.” He then foretold to him more clearly all the persecutions he was to endure.

Meanwhile Stephen’s father died, and by order of his superior he went to Constantinople to pay him the last duties. There he sold all his goods and gave the price to the poor; leaving in the city one of his sisters, named Theodota, who was already a nun, he brought the other with his mother to receive the holy old man’s blessing; then he placed them in a monastery of women founded by St. Auxentius, where they too became nuns, and so, from being their son and brother, he became their spiritual father. Shortly afterwards his admirable guide passed from this life to immortality, and all the solitaries round about, being told of it, came to kiss his body and lay it in the earth. They could not lament their loss enough, but they found in Stephen another Joshua succeeding Moses, or another Elisha who inherited not only Elijah’s mantle but his double spirit too. He was then a little over thirty, and he shut himself up in that small grotto, where, following the Apostle’s advice, he joined work to prayer, either making nets for fishermen or copying books, so that not only was he a burden to no one, but he even had something to give in alms to the needy.

The brilliance of his virtues soon drew disciples to him, and the monks found no difficulty in leaving the valleys to come up on to this rock and put themselves under his guidance. At first he received twelve, the most notable of whom were Marinus, John, Christopher and Zachary; but when the number had grown to twenty, he named the first of these four as their superior and resolved to lead a more hidden and austere life. He withdrew to the summit of the mountain, where he had prepared himself a new grotto of extraordinary construction. It was only two cubits long and half a cubit wide, and so low that he could scarcely stand in it even bent over. It was half uncovered, so that the heat of the sun could burn him there in summer and the harshness of the cold pierce him in winter. For clothing he had only a single, very small sheepskin; and, this austerity not wholly satisfying him, he girded his whole body with an iron chain. In this way he accustomed himself to the torments of the martyrdom that were prepared for him. His disciples, who did not yet know of his retreat, went after Matins to prostrate themselves at the entrance of his usual grotto to receive his blessing; but, not finding him there, they searched everywhere and at last discovered him in his new cell. Astonished to see him in this state, they said to him with tears in their eyes: “What, father! do you want to kill yourself with this austerity? Do you want to make us orphans by a hastened death?” — “Do you not know, my children,” he answered, “that it is written that the way to heaven is narrow?” They dared make no

reply to these words, but begged him at least to cover his cell. “That is not necessary,” he said; “heaven will serve me for a roof.”

However much he wished to keep himself hidden, he could not prevent the reputation of his holiness from spreading everywhere and drawing to him a multitude of people who came to ask his advice in the persecution with which the fury of the Iconoclasts was troubling the Church of the East. For it was then that the detestable emperor Constantine Copronymus, son and successor of Leo, wishing to outdo the crimes of his father, was laying waste and ravaging the churches like a wild beast; and because solitaries, full of zeal for God and for the honour due to holy images, had reproved him for his impiety, he waged a crueller war on them. He had made a great multitude of ignorant people take a solemn public oath on the cross of Jesus Christ, on the Gospel and on the holy Eucharist, that they would break the images as idols and would shun the communion of all who honoured them, and chiefly of the solitaries, who vigorously upheld their sacred cult. These, then, persecuted to the utmost by this wretched emperor, had no stronger refuge than to have recourse to our Saint, to learn from him what they should do in so general an affliction. He received them with great charity, and, after powerfully exhorting and encouraging them to defend the true faith until death, he nevertheless advised them to withdraw to places not yet infected by the poison of heresy, assuring them that God would be their protector and that they would at last have the joy of seeing the Church avenged of all these injuries and peace restored to the faithful.

Constantine, who knew Stephen’s virtue, undertook to win him to his side, flattering himself that if he could bring him over there would be no anchorite able to resist him. For this he sent to him a senator named Callistus, well versed in his heresy and a very fine speaker, who brought him presents to induce him to subscribe to a false council, or rather a robber-synod, which the emperor had had held in the church of the Blachernae, where, by the cowardice and treachery of three hundred and thirty-eight bishops, the impiety of the Iconoclasts had been approved and the Catholic doctrine on the veneration of images condemned. But Stephen, who yielded nothing in constancy to the first of the martyrs whose name he bore, answered generously: “I will not subscribe to this false Synod, which has set itself against the doctrine of the Fathers and the tradition of the Church; I will not say that what is bitter is sweet and that darkness is light. I am ready to die for the honour due to the images of Jesus Christ and of the Saints; and if I had no more blood left than would fill the hollow of my hand, I would gladly shed it for the confession of this doctrine.” Callistus, covered with shame, went back to carry this answer to the emperor.

Then the tyrant, full of fury, sent soldiers to Mount Auxentius to drag Stephen from his cell and take him prisoner to the monastery below. His austerities had reduced him to so pitiable a state that he moved even these barbarians to compassion; for his sinews had so contracted from his being continually on his knees or sitting on the ground that he could no longer stretch them or stand upright. So they carried him in their arms, and, having shut him up with the solitaries who were at the grotto of St. Auxentius, they kept guard at the entrance while awaiting fresh orders from the prince. Six days passed without the Saint taking any food; and during that time Constantine, learning that the Scythians were coming in arms against him, sent word that he should be taken back to his cell.

He was scarcely there when Callistus, the impious senator who had vainly urged him to come round to his prince’s opinion, never doubting that he would please the tyrant if he could ruin the reputation of so holy a man, won over by money and promises a certain Sergius, one of the first twelve solitaries who had given themselves to Stephen, to testify against his innocence and accuse him of detestable crimes. This man, then, imitating the traitor Judas, composed a defamatory libel full of horrible calumnies against him, accusing him among other things of having called the emperor a tyrant, a heretic and another Vitellius, and of having had impure relations with a lady named Anne, to whom he had given the habit of a nun in the monastery near his cell. To give colour to these impostures, Callistus also won over a slave-woman of this lady, promising her freedom and an advantageous marriage, to say that Stephen’s sacrilegious relations with her mistress were

true and that she herself had witnessed them. He sent all these writings to the emperor in Scythia, who was overjoyed and at once ordered Anthetes, prefect of Constantinople, to go to that monastery of women, take Anne from it by force and send her to him at the camp. She went there with courage, and that monster of iniquity spared nothing to make her tear Stephen's honour to pieces by confessing these crimes of which he was innocent; but his efforts were useless: neither the threats he made her at the camp nor the tortures to which he condemned her on his return could ever wring from her mouth the calumny and false witness that were demanded of her.

After the war, the emperor, seeing that this stratagem had not succeeded in ruining the blessed solitary, thought of another device. He charged one of his favourites, named George, to pretend that he wished to be converted and to go and ask for the monk's habit from this heavenly man, whose charity extended to all sinners who wished to do penance. George did go, and played the hypocrite so well that the Saint, believing him touched by God, did not delay to receive him among his disciples and clothe him in the habit of obedience. He kept up this state for three days, the better to cover his imposture, and at the end of that time he went back to the emperor. The emperor, having gathered a great multitude of people in the amphitheatre, loudly complained that the solitaries were carrying off the men of his court, and as proof he produced this cheat, still wearing the religious cowl; then he stripped him of the habit, threw it into the assembly to be trampled underfoot, and had him washed from head to foot, as if to purify him of the stain he had contracted by wearing that garment. Finally, foaming with rage, he sent men to Mount Auxentius, who burned the church and monastery there, scattered the solitaries, and, having dragged the Saint from his cell a second time, hauled him like a thief, with every cruelty and outrage imaginable, to the foot of the mountain and as far as Chalcedon.

When he was there, they put him on board a ship, broken as he was, and carried him to the monastery of Philippicus in the city of Chrysopolis. The emperor showed great joy at the ill treatment inflicted on the holy martyr, and at once had an order published forbidding, under pain of death, anyone to live on Mount Auxentius or even to approach it, for fear the Saint's disciples should return there. He then deputed to him several iconoclast bishops, with his secretary of state and another officer, to put him to an interrogation. Stephen suffered great outrages from these bishops, one of whom struck him in the face, while the others let a soldier maltreat him and trample him underfoot. But on the other hand he covered them with confusion, showing them clearly that the Council of Constantinople, which they called holy, ecumenical and the seventh general Council of the Church, had none of those qualities: that it was not holy, because it had abolished holy things, namely the holy images and the sacred vessels on which the history of the Church was engraved; that it was not ecumenical, because it had been neither convoked nor approved by the sovereign Pontiff, without whom no dogma of faith can be established, and because even the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem had not consented to it; finally, that it could not be called the seventh council, because it had not followed the other six, since, whereas those six had honoured the holy images in the churches where they held their Synods, these men on the contrary had torn them, broken them and condemned them to the fire. He then asked them whether what he said was not true; and as they could not deny it, raising his eyes and hands to heaven with a deep sigh, he said aloud: "Whoever does not revere the image of Our Lord Jesus Christ according to His humanity, let him be anathema and numbered among those who once cried: Away with this man, crucify him, crucify him!"

This generous freedom so astonished all these prelates that they went back to the emperor in confusion. He asked them how their conference had ended; but as they tried to hide their shame, Callistus said to him: "We have been beaten, lord, we have been beaten. This man's doctrine is profound; he is powerful in argument, his virtue is incomparable and his soul is fearless. Not only does he despise threats, he does not fear death." This faithful report angered the emperor, and he ordered Stephen to be taken into exile at Proconnesus, an island of the Hellespont. He nevertheless remained another seventeen days in the monastery of Philippicus

and spent all that time without eating; before leaving it he miraculously restored to health the superior of that house, who was at the point of death. When he reached the place of his banishment, he found there a cave which the people of the country called Cissada, in which there was a chapel dedicated to St. Anne, mother of the glorious Virgin. He was overjoyed, and, never doubting that divine Providence had prepared this dwelling for him, he settled there, living only on the roots of the plants that grew round about.

His disciples came to find him there, except Sergius, of whom we have spoken, and another named Stephen, who renounced his profession and his priesthood to give himself to the service of the impious and sacrilegious emperor. His mother and his sister, whom he had made nuns on Mount Auxentius, came there too, and died there after some time, within seven days of each other. He was then forty-nine, and, as if he were only beginning a life of penance, he built a column on which he constructed a little cell, where he shut himself up and practised fresh austerities from day to day. God rewarded him even in this world with the grace of miracles: he gave sight to a man born blind, delivered from the devil the only son of a great lady of Cyzicus, and restored to health a woman of Heraclea who had suffered seven years from an issue of blood. When he saw the sea in a storm, he would set himself to pray for those at sea, and they often saw him, now lifting up the ship, now working at the sails, now steering the helm himself, which kept them from shipwreck.

These wonders should no doubt have confounded his enemies and brought them to their senses; but quite the contrary happened, and they became the cause of a new persecution against him. For the emperor, having learned that he had healed a paralytic by making him venerate the holy images of Our Lord and the holy Virgin, sent to seize St. Stephen in the desert where he was exiled, brought him back to Constantinople and had him shut up in the dark prison of the Phiale, with irons on his hands and his feet tightly clamped between two pieces of wood. Some days later he had him brought to the place called the Pharos, where he treated him with the utmost indignity. The Saint, losing nothing of his usual gentleness, proved to him solidly the holiness of the cult of images, and showed him by unanswerable arguments, which the reader will find in the full history of his life, that this cult had nothing of idolatry in it. And to confound him completely, he drew from his hood a gold coin, which he had asked of a devout man on the way and on which the figure of the prince was stamped, and said to him, as Jesus Christ had once said to the Jews: “Whose is this inscription?” Copronymus, astonished at the question, answered haughtily: “Whose should it be, but the emperor’s?” — “And if someone,” added Stephen, “threw it on the ground with contempt and trampled it underfoot, would he be made to suffer some punishment?” — “Yes, certainly,” replied those present, “and with great justice, since he would have outraged the prince’s image.” The man of God heaved a deep sigh, and, his heart pierced with grief, cried out: “O deplorable blindness! You say that one who trampled underfoot the image of the emperor, who is only a mortal man, would have to be punished; what penalty, then, do they not deserve who have trampled underfoot and thrown into the fire the images of the Son of God and of His most holy Mother?” And as he finished these words he threw the gold coin on the ground and stepped on it. At once they flung themselves on him to go and cast him into the sea; but the emperor, hiding his fury, wanted him only to be taken to the prison of the praetorium, a rope round his neck and his hands bound, to be punished for this alleged outrage by regular justice and according to the ordinance of the laws.

As soon as the Saint saw the prison, he knew by a movement of the Spirit of God that he would end his days there. He found there also three hundred and forty-two solitaries of eminent virtue, who had been brought there from various places. Some had had their noses cut off, others their ears, others their hands, and several had had their eyes put out or torn out for having defended the cult of holy images by word or in writing. They still bore the marks of a thousand other indignities that had been inflicted on them. The Saint, at the sight of so many torments as they had endured, could not tire of extolling their happiness and of lamenting that he himself had not yet lost a single limb for so just a cause. They, for their part, came to him as to their master, to receive salutary instruction from his lips. He encouraged them to persevere in suffering and taught them to

practise, even in prison, all the exercises of the regular life, so that the praetorium was soon changed into a monastery.

The gaolers were so edified by his conduct that they regarded him as an angel come from heaven. One of them having said so to his wife, she, a very prudent woman, came and threw herself at his feet and begged him to intercede for her with God and to allow her to feed him during his captivity. At first he refused her the second request, thinking she was an iconoclast heretic; but he learned from her own mouth that she honoured images; she even brought him three, which she had kept in her casket: one of the holy Virgin holding the child Jesus in her arms, and the other two of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. He then consented to receive from her the food he needed. It was only six ounces of bread and a little water a week.

After nine months, as the moment of his triumph and reward drew near, he wished to spend forty days without any bodily food. He therefore called the gaoler's wife, thanked her for her charity and told her to bring him nothing more, because he wished to spend the forty days of life that remained to him in continual penance. He happily accomplished his plan, and yet throughout that time he did not cease to sing the praises of God and to occupy himself in meditating on His goodness. Sometimes too he conversed with the solitaries about the constancy of the martyrs who had already suffered death for the veneration of holy images; and their conversations were so holy and spiritual that even lay people vied with one another to gain entrance to the prison to witness them. On the thirty-eighth day he gave fresh blessings to his devout nurse and returned to her the three images she had lent him, assuring her that they would preserve her from every kind of harm and would be a pledge of her reverence and love towards God; then, with a deep sigh, he said: "Tomorrow I shall go to another world and see another emperor."

And indeed the next day he had his habit taken off, lest it should be dishonoured by the impious and sacrilegious heretics. Two wretched brothers, to please Copronymus, who was complaining that no one rid him of this miserable Stephen, entered the prison with a troop of soldiers and ordered the gaoler to hand him over to them. He came out to meet them himself, and, saying, as Jesus Christ said to the Jews, that he was the one they sought, he gave himself up to their cruelty. They threw him to the ground and dragged him through the streets and gutters of the city, overwhelming him with kicks, stones and blows of sticks, as if he were an abominable criminal who had caused the ruin of the whole State. When he was in front of the church of St. Theodore, not far from the praetorium, he propped himself on the ground with both hands and, raising his head, gave a last sign of veneration to that glorious martyr. Then Philomatius, one of his executioners, dealt him a great blow on the head, which took from him his temporal life and put him in possession of the happiness of immortality. It was 28 November 756.

His body was then treated with every indignity that could have been inflicted on that of an incendiary or a parricide. They went on dragging it through the mud; they pierced the belly and drew out the entrails; they broke the skull and spattered the brain. The women and children were so set against him, to please the emperor, that each tried to strike him. As they passed before her monastery they even tried to force his sister, a nun, to throw stones at him; but she escaped this violence by hiding in the darkness of a tomb. At last what remained of him after so many cruelties was buried in the pit into which were thrown the pagans publicly executed for their crimes. On that spot there had formerly stood the church of St. Pelagius, martyr; but the impious Copronymus, who had taken from all the blessed, whether martyrs or confessors, the title of Saints, had had it destroyed and had defiled the place by this profane use.

God at once showed that He meant to avenge so barbarous a slaughter. He who had given the Saint the death-blow was at that very hour seized, tormented and strangled by the devil; the whole city of Constantinople was covered with a cloud so thick, though the sky had been quite clear before, that day became like night; and after a horrible whirlwind there fell around the palace hail so enormous that several thought they would be crushed by it. The Saint's brain and some other parts of his body were gathered up by a holy man named Theodore, who carried them to the monastery of "Die", where they were placed under the

altar of the chapel of St. Stephen, the first martyr. The blessed Basil, Peter and Andrew, with all the other holy solitaries imprisoned whom we have mentioned, also suffered death at the same time for the honour of holy images.

St. Stephen is represented: 1° dragged by the feet, his head split open; 2° in prison, a woman presenting holy images to him.

Baronius, Annals; St. John Damascene; Surius; De Vence, History of the Church.

ST. JAMES OF THE MARCHES, FRANCISCAN

1476. — Pope: Sixtus IV. — King of France: Louis XI.

The treasure of the virtues must be shut up in the ark (*l'arche*) of the heart with the key of humility. — *St. Bonaventure.*

This Saint was born in 1391 in a village of the March of Ancona. He was named Dominic at baptism because the day of his birth was a Sunday. His parents, though poor, took great care to bring him up in the fear of God and to have him taught. After learning the first elements of Latin at Offida (*Offide*) under the guidance of a virtuous priest, and the humanities at Ascoli, he studied civil law at the university of Perugia, which was then very flourishing. His father and mother having died, he became tutor to the children of a man of rank in the same city. From there he went to Florence with this lord to help him in the exercise of a judicial office he had obtained; but, recognizing through this employment the iniquity of the world and the danger of being lost in it, he resolved to withdraw into a cloister.

His first thought was to become a Carthusian; but on a journey he made to Bibbiena in Tuscany he was so edified by frequent conversations with the religious of St. Francis that he resolved to embrace their institute. He received their habit, with the name James, at the convent of Our Lady of the Angels near Assisi; then, having made his novitiate in the one called the Prison of St. Francis [the Carceri], not far from it, he went back to make his profession in the first. He was twenty-one, and wholly filled with the flames of divine love and with zeal for the observance, which he had kindled in his heart during his year of probation. Far from growing slack, throughout his life, both before and after his promotion to the priesthood, he did nothing but grow in purity and fervour. Knowing how precious time is, he tried never to let a single moment pass without employing it faithfully and drawing some spiritual profit from it. Hence he avoided as much as he could every kind of conversation with men and kept himself withdrawn in his cell to converse with Our Lord.

He ordinarily gave only three hours to sleep and spent the rest of the night in meditating on heavenly things; and this exercise, in which he received a fullness of sweetness and spiritual consolation, so exhausted his body that it was sometimes almost impossible for him to rise from the place where he had prayed. To these vigils he added rigorous abstinence and continual mortification of mind and senses. He never ate meat, kept inviolably the seven Lents of St. Francis, and at all other times took so little food that he seemed not to have touched it. He never put off the hair shirt, and for eighteen years he wore a coat of mail on his bare flesh. For forty years he did not miss a single day taking the discipline with extreme severity. These austerities so ruined his health that he was attacked by fourteen different illnesses, all very painful, such as the stone, the gout, stomach trouble and an issue of blood that lasted thirty whole years without stopping and was followed by a hectic fever; but he endured all these ills with heroic patience, without exempting himself on their account from saying Mass, attending choir, reciting Our Lady's crown or performing his other exercises of devotion, or even from practising the penances that had caused them. The only pain he felt was that he could not apply himself to preaching, the one employment he desired in his Order. For this he went to Our Lady of Loreto, celebrated the holy Mysteries there, and after the consecration that powerful Advocate appeared to him and assured him that his prayer had been granted.

And indeed from then on he preached with such fervour and unction that he never went into the pulpit without touching the hardest hearts and making signal and quite miraculous conversions. Preaching one day at Milan on St. Mary Magdalen, he spoke so strongly against the vice of impurity that at the end of his sermon thirty-six courtesans renounced their infamous trade and resolved to lead a life of penance. He was associated with St. John Capistran to preach the crusade against the Turks, who, having become masters of Constantinople, filled all Christendom with terror. He bore himself with such zeal on this occasion that the success of that glorious enterprise may be attributed to him in part. He had gained so absolute a hold over hearts that he seemed to have them at his disposal. At Buda he stopped a furious sedition by his presence and by simply showing the crucifix to the people; so that the rioters, no longer thinking of looting and killing, took him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph through all the streets of the city. At Prague, capital of Bohemia, he brought back to the Church a great number of people led astray by the heretics; then, having courageously drunk the poison those impious men offered him, he went up into the pulpit that very hour, and, without feeling any harm from the venom, preached so forcefully on the truth of our mysteries that he made thousands of conversions. A magician, a notorious sorcerer, wanted to enter into debate with him; but, having made his prayer before all the people, the Saint struck him dumb and so forced him to withdraw covered with confusion. At Châteauneuf he had a very furious demoniac brought to him with no other chain than his rosary, and delivered him from the power of the evil spirit by his command.

He devoted nearly thirteen years to travelling through the northern provinces, in three different journeys made by order of Eugenius IV, Nicholas V and Callistus III. He went to Germany, Dalmatia, Hungary, Poland, Norway, Denmark and many other places, and everywhere he gathered prodigious fruit by the fervour of his preaching, the brilliance of his miracles and the admirable example of his life. On all these journeys, long and toilsome as they were, and where he could not expect great help from the wild peoples he visited, he carried no other provision than poverty and trust in God. This was a fund that never failed him in need; and yet, if Our Lord allowed him to find neither lodging nor sufficient food, he was extremely glad, seeing himself thereby in the actual practice of the poverty he had professed.

He was working with wonderful success on the borders of Germany for the conversion of souls and the bringing back of heretics, and was even preparing to go among the Turks to preach the Gospel to them, in the hope of finding the crown of martyrdom there, when he received letters from Callistus III. This Pope recalled him to Italy to act as inquisitor general against the heretics, and in particular against those called Fraticelli [*Frérots*], who under a mask of piety taught a very perverse doctrine. He obeyed at once and discharged this office with all the profit that could be wished. A great number of people, touched by his words, convinced by his miracles and terrified by the dreadful threats of God’s judgment that were constantly on his lips, renounced their errors and returned to the bosom of the Church. This apostolic zeal and the great progress of his preaching drew new persecutions on him from the heretics. They tried every means of putting him to death: they laid ambushes for him in the places he was to pass; they had poison put into the food that was to be served him; they tried by their calumnies to stir up riots against him. But God delivered him from all these dangers and preserved him in the midst of the most furious and cleverly concerted conspiracies.

The impious and the libertines, whose debauchery he strongly rebuked, also became his persecutors. One of them, having heard him preach against the impurity with which his own body and soul were defiled, persuaded himself that it was of him the Saint had meant to speak; and in his rage he went to wait for him on the road to murder him. But as he went into a chapel near by, where there was an image of the holy Virgin, a terrible voice came from the mouth of the image and said to him: “What then, wretch, you mean to kill my servant!” At these words the weapons fell from his hands and he himself fell half dead, powerless to carry out his design. He afterwards came to himself, and, acknowledging his fault, confessed it to our Saint and told him how the holy Virgin had prevented him from committing this crime. Another, enraged that he had converted his brother, came to find him to kill him; but as he raised his arm to strike, the head of the axe he

held flew off the handle and wounded him himself, which opened his eyes to recognize his crime.

Catholics themselves thwarted the servant of God. Some envious preachers, who could not see without jealousy that everyone followed him and listened to him as to an oracle, not only decried and defamed him in their sermons but were wicked enough to denounce him to the Inquisition as a man who sowed bad doctrine. Yet none of this could harm him. Everyone recognized his innocence and holiness, and he himself never let himself be troubled by the violence of the persecution; his patience kept him always in tranquil possession of his soul, no less victorious over his invisible enemies, whose design was to make him lose his interior peace, than over the visible enemies who wished to ruin his reputation and halt the course of his glorious conquests. In his sermons he particularly urged devotion to the holy name of Jesus, imitating in this St. Bernardine of Siena, who had spread this devotion throughout Italy. He healed several sick people simply by sending them this venerable name written on paper; and from this came the custom among the religious of St. Francis, and eventually among all religious, of giving “names of Jesus” for the healing of the sick and the protection of those in health.

After travelling through part of Italy he came at last to Rome, where he was honourably received by Pope Paul II, who had succeeded Callistus III and Pius II. During a visit he paid to the cardinal of Savona, who had been general of his Order, as he spoke of a treatise he had written on the Conception of Jesus Christ, an image of the Virgin Mother bowed its head in the sight of all present, in witness to the truth of all he had written on that subject. He had the gift of prophecy in a high degree, and foretold to this cardinal that he would be raised to the sovereign Pontificate; which happened soon after, for Francesco of Savona succeeded Paul II under the name of Sixtus IV.

The reputation of so holy a man made Ferdinand, king of Naples, wish to have him in his States. He therefore had him asked by the duke of Calabria, his son, to come there; and when the Saint excused himself on account of his age and infirmities, the king had recourse to the Pope, whom he well knew our Saint would not fail to obey. His Holiness ordered him to give the king this satisfaction, and he set out at once, with great joy at sacrificing his health and his life to the duty of obedience. When he was at Naples, he had a revelation that he would end his days there. He did not go to the convent of the Observance in the city, called Santa Maria la Nova, for fear of being overwhelmed with visits, but to the one outside the city, where he hoped to find more solitude. He left it only to go and work for the salvation of souls by preaching and the other functions of the Gospel. He worked several miracles in that kingdom. It is even said that he saved the king from death and cured the duke of Calabria of a dangerous illness.

At last, at the age of ninety, of which he had spent seventy in the inviolable observance of his Rule, he was violently attacked by an illness to which he was subject; and after suffering its acute pains for some days with invincible patience, and fortifying himself most edifyingly with the sacraments of the Church, he suddenly lost his strength in transports of love, in which his whole body seemed to want to spring towards heaven. It was in the midst of these efforts, worthy of a soul already wholly heavenly, that he gave up his spirit to God on 28 November 1476.

Besides his immense labours for the Church, which may be compared with those of the apostolic men, he shone in his Order by all the religious virtues. We have said enough of his austerities, and they are incredible in a Saint obliged besides to so many journeys and fatigues. He showed his very deep humility when, elected archbishop of Milan, one of the first prelacies of Italy, he fled and hid so as not to accept it; discovered through the efforts of the duke of Milan, he brought forward so many reasons, that he might be left free to work everywhere for the salvation of souls without being bound to a diocese, that he at last freed himself from the charge. He showed his spirit of poverty even in things that seemed necessary to his ministry, contenting himself with very few books, and hardly having any that were not written in his own hand. He remained a virgin all his life, and he merited this grace by avoiding and fleeing as much as he could the sight and conversation of women. The enemy of purity did not fail to wage several battles against him to make him

lose that great treasure; but he always came out victorious, and he so subjected his flesh to his spirit by penance that it no longer had the strength to make war on him. Obedience was always infinitely dear to him, and he would have left a word half spoken, a sermon at the greatest vehemence of his discourse, and an undertaking of the greatest importance for the salvation of souls, to fulfil obedience and go to the place where he was called. Finally, his continual labours took nothing from his fervour and devotion in his spiritual exercises, above all in the celebration of the divine mysteries and in mental and vocal prayer.

St. James is represented: 1° holding a chalice in which a serpent or dragon is seen, to show that he was preserved from the effects of a poisoned drink; 2° debating with a cardinal on the mystery of the Incarnation.

CULTUS AND RELICS.

His body, which remained for several days as beautiful, as bright and as rosy as if it had been painted, was at last buried at Naples in the church of Santa Maria la Nova; but some time afterwards it was raised from the ground and exposed to the veneration of the faithful by permission of Pope Sixtus IV. The city of Naples has placed him among its patrons, and Urban VIII granted the whole Order of St. Francis leave to keep his office as that of a blessed confessor. Many miracles have been worked, not only at his tomb but in various places, by the merit of his intercession. Possessed persons have been delivered, sick people healed, blind people given sight and even dead people raised. In the year 1631, when Mount Vesuvius was throwing out flames that threatened the city of Naples with a general conflagration, this blessed old man was twice seen in the air driving back the devouring fire and protecting the city from so great a danger. He was canonized in 1726 by Benedict XIII, who had been an eyewitness of a miracle worked through his intercession.

The Rev. Fr. Arthur du Moustier wrote the Saint's life, and in his Franciscan martyrology he notes a great number of authors who have spoken of him, the principal being Wadding, in the Annals of his Order.

ST. GREGORY III, POPE (741).

Gregory III, a Syrian by nation, son of John, succeeded Gregory II in the see of Rome, having been elected by the unanimous votes of the clergy and people in the year 731. A man of rare learning and eminent virtue, he was well versed in the Greek and Latin languages, gifted with admirable eloquence and with so happy a memory that he could recite the whole psalter by heart; in short, comparable in learning and prudence to his illustrious predecessor.

An intrepid defender of the Catholic faith, he first tried by fatherly counsel to bring the iconoclast emperor Leo the Isaurian back to better sentiments. But as he gained nothing by gentleness, he convoked a synod attended by ninety-three bishops of the West, confirmed the cult of holy images by an apostolic decree and pronounced a severe anathema against the Iconoclasts. At this news Leo began to roar with fresh violence. He sent a powerful fleet against the Pope, but God made it perish by storms in the Adriatic.

Gregory also had much to suffer from Liutprand, king of the Lombards, who besieged Rome and plundered the basilica of St. Peter. In this extremity the Pontiff, following in this the example of his predecessor, implored the help of Charles Martel, to whom he sent an embassy and presents. He fortified Rome, distributed abundant alms, erected new basilicas, adorned and restored the old ones, the Vatican basilica in particular, within which he had a chapel made, all glittering with gold, silver and precious stones and rich in works of art of every kind, but above all in relics of the Apostles and Martyrs, which he had sought out throughout the world with all the more care as others took the more to destroy them. He restored many ancient monasteries, and established that priests and religious should sing the praises of God alternately day and night. He died in the eleventh year of his pontificate (28 November 741) and was buried in the chapel he had built in the Vatican basilica.

Proper of Rome. — Cf. Darras, History of the Church, vol. XVII, pp. 3–189.

29 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

The Vigil of St. Andrew, apostle. — At Rome, on the Via Salaria, the birthday of the holy martyrs Saturninus, an old man, and Sisinius, deacon, who were long tormented in prison under the emperor Maximian; after which, by order of the prefect of the city, they were stretched on the rack, violently pulled, bruised with blows of sticks and of whips armed with iron points, and burned with torches; finally they were taken down from the rack to be beheaded. About 305. — At Toulouse, St. Saturninus, bishop, who in the time of the emperor Decius was seized by the pagans in the Capitol of that city and thrown headlong from the top of the steps to the bottom. His head shattered, his brains spilled and his whole body torn and broken, he gave up to Jesus Christ his soul, worthy of eternal rewards. 1st c. — Also the martyrdom of St. Paramon and three hundred and seventy-five companions, who died under the emperor Decius and the governor Aquilinus. 250. — At Ancyra, St. Philomenus, martyr, who during the persecution of Aurelian, under the governor Felix, was tried by fire, had his hands, his feet and finally his head pierced with nails, and so consummated his martyrdom. About 274. — At Veroli, the holy martyrs Blaise and Demetrius. — At Todi, St. Illuminata, virgin. 4th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Agen, Auch, Autun, Angers, Blois, Chartres, Carcassonne, La Rochelle, Mende, Montauban, Montpellier, Nîmes, Pamiers, Paris, Poitiers, Rodez, Saint-Flour, Tarbes, Toulouse, Tours, Verdun and Viviers, St. Saturninus, apostle of Toulouse and confessor. 1st c. — In the dioceses of Ajaccio and Nice, St. Gelasius I, pope and confessor, whose life we gave on 21 November. 496. — In the diocese of Avignon, St. Gregory of Nyssa, bishop, whose life we gave on 9 March. 396. — In the diocese of Bayeux, the Vigil of St. Andrew, apostle. — In the diocese of Quimper, St. Huardo (Ouardon, Wardon, Hoarzon, Huardo), bishop of the former see of Saint-Pol de Léon (Finistère), already named in the martyrology of France of 19 November. About 652. — At Utrecht, a city of the kingdom of Holland, St. Radbod (Rathbod, Ratbode), bishop of that see and confessor. He spent his early youth at Cologne and went to finish his studies in France, in the palace school, under Charles the Bald and Louis the Stammerer. Mannon, one of the foremost philosophers of his time, was then at the head of that school. Radbod won a high reputation; his merit was so well known at Utrecht that on the death of Egilbold (25 November 899) he was chosen bishop of that city. He governed his church for about nineteen years, fulfilling the episcopal duties with the greatest zeal.[1] 918. — At Namur, a city of Belgium, Blessed Ida of Nivelles, of the Cistercian Order, named in the martyrology of France of 16 December. 13th c. — In the Gévaudan (*Gabalitanus pagus*), Blessed Rosalie (*Rosata*), stabbed for the faith together with one of her children aged ten by two heretics, her cousins; her husband, Blessed “Chélirs” du Masel, was found shortly afterwards with his throat cut and half flayed, between Pradal and Saint-Germain (Hérault). 1702. — At Notre-Dame d’Aynes (Aveyron), in the diocese of Rodez, St. Brendan the Younger (Brendan, Brandon), founder and abbot of the monastery of Birr in the county of King’s (Ireland).[2] 6th c.

MARTYROLOGIES OF THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Basil. — At Agrigentum (today Girgenti Vecchio, in Sicily), St. Gregory, bishop, of the Order of St. Basil, whose birthday is kept on 23 November. About 600.

Martyrology of the Canons Regular. — The Vigil of St. Andrew, apostle. — St. Romanus, regular cleric of the Church of Caesarea and deacon, who was crowned with a famous martyrdom on 18 November. 303.

Martyrology of the Order of St. Benedict. — The Vigil of St. Andrew, apostle. — The same day, St. John of the Cross, confessor, who is commemorated on 24 November and 14 December.[3] 1591.

Martyrology of the Camaldolese Order. — As with the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Congregation of Vallombrosa. — As with the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the Cistercian Order. — As with the Benedictines.

Martyrology of the three Orders of St. Francis. — The Vigil of St. Andrew, apostle. — The same day, the feast of All the Saints of the three Orders of our Father St. Francis. This feast is solemnly celebrated on this day, which is the day on which our seraphic Father obtained from Honorius III the confirmation of the Rule of the Order of Friars Minor. The sovereign pontiff Clement XII (1730–1740) granted a plenary indulgence to all members of the Seraphic Order who renew their vows of profession on this day.

Martyrology of the Capuchin Friars Minor of St. Francis. — As above.

ADDITIONS FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

At Mantua, Blessed James de Benefactis, bishop of that see and confessor, of the Order of Friars Preachers. Having perfectly fulfilled all the duties of a good pastor, through his love for his flock he earned the surname of Father of the poor. While he was governing the Order of which he had been general, Blessed Benedict XI, of the Order of St. Dominic, had appreciated the eminent merit of our holy religious, and when he ascended the throne of Peter he did not fail to use him for the good of the Church by calling him to the episcopate. Heaven was pleased to make the holiness of the humble prelate shine forth after his death: twice in the cathedral of Mantua (in 1483 and in 1604) the solemn translation of his relics was made, and each time his body was found entire and incorrupt. The miracles obtained by those who invoke his intercession have made his cult popular. 1332. — In the diocese of Naples, St. Emygdius of Trier, bishop of Ascoli Piceno in the March of Ancona, whose notice we sketched on 5 August. 303 or 304. — At Milan, the death of St. Mirocles, bishop of that see and confessor. About 318.

[1] St. Radbod died at Ootmarsum on 15 November 918; his body was solemnly buried in the church of Saint-Lebuin at Deventer, to which he had temporarily transferred his see after the devastation of

Utrecht by the Danes. — Continuators of Godescard.

[2] St. Brendan the Younger (not to be confused with his namesake of the Roman martyrology of 16 May) is titular patron of the cathedral of Ardfert in the county of Kerry, his native country. In consequence, apparently, of some translation of relics, he is well known in the Rouergue, and M. l'abbé Berthier, parish priest of Notre-Dame d'Aynes (Aveyron, canton of Conques), wrote to us on 25 April 1873: "My church possesses a fairly large bone of St. Brendan's body. Hence the devotion to this Saint at Notre-Dame: it grows every day because of the many miracles worked through his intercession. If I were not afraid of being too long, I could tell you of three miraculous cures of which I have been witness since I became parish priest at Notre-Dame (1856): the first worked on a girl of the parish of Cassaniouze (Cantal); the second on a young man of Montsalvy (Cantal); and the third on a workman from near Figeac (Lot). The pilgrims who come to my church are numerous. They come above all from the Cantal and the Lot; and many people, returning to give thanks, have told me that they were cured or at least relieved in their sufferings by the Saint's protection. St. Brendan obtains the cure of every kind of skin disease, but above all of the ailment the peasants call St. Brendan's sickness. The chapel in my church dedicated to St. Brendan is on the left, facing the Virgin's. It has a very fine statue of the Saint holding the crozier in his left hand and blessing with his right. It has just been richly decorated."

[3] We have given the life of St. John of the Cross on 24 November.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. SATURNINUS, BISHOP OF TOULOUSE AND MARTYR

1st century.

He who has truly tasted the good things of heaven finds nothing more to love on earth. — *St. John Chrysostom.*

St. Saturninus, first bishop of Toulouse, was the son of Aegeus, king of Achaia in Greece, and of Cassandra, a woman of Arab race and daughter of Ptolemy, king of the Ninevites. He was born at Patras, a city celebrated in antiquity, which St. Andrew made more illustrious still by consummating his glorious martyrdom there. The authors who have written the life of our blessed apostle tell us nothing of his childhood or youth. They report only that at that same time St. John the Baptist was living in Palestine. The fame of the holy Precursor's sanctity passed the bounds of Judaea and reached Greece and other distant lands. Saturninus, touched by the account of the wonders this holy man worked, resolved to go to Judaea to see and hear this great oracle. As soon as he had witnessed his holiness and his austerity in manner of life and of dress, he conceived so keen a desire to follow him that, distributing his goods and riches to the poor, he made himself the humble disciple of St. John in the spiritual life, to learn from him the perfection the world could not teach him. St. John the Baptist often spoke to his disciples of the wonders and the greatness of the Messiah, awaited with such impatience by the Jews. His words awakened in Saturninus an extreme desire to see the Messiah. Shortly afterwards Jesus came from Galilee to the banks of the Jordan to receive the baptism of John. Scarcely had John the Baptist seen Jesus coming towards him when, pointing Him out with his hand to the crowd, he cried: "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who takes away the sins of the world. This is He of whom I said to you: He who comes after me is preferred before me, for He was before me." Jesus was therefore baptized by the hand of John, and Saturninus received the same favour. He was then thirty years old.

St. Saturninus was so touched in heart from the time of Our Lord's baptism that, feeling himself called to something greater, he resolved to leave St. John and put himself at the service of Jesus Christ. He therefore gave the kiss of farewell to the holy Precursor and, having received his blessing, became the disciple of the divine Saviour. From then on he kept always near His adorable person and was an eye-witness of all His marvellous deeds. The Son of God included him among the seventy-two disciples whom He named after choosing the twelve Apostles.

After the glorious Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ into heaven, St. Saturninus, who had not abandoned his divine Master during His mortal life, did not leave the Apostles. He entered the Cenacle with them, remained there until Pentecost, and like the other disciples received the Holy Spirit on that day. And when the

Apostles, who were to carry the torch of the faith into every part of the world, had divided among themselves the countries of the earth, St. Saturninus became the disciple of St. Peter. Having learned in the school of the Saviour that a magnificent reward was kept for him at the end of his course, and that he would be crowned with immortal glory if he fought valiantly, he joyfully undertook the preaching of the Gospel. The Prince of the Apostles first associated him with his own labours and, having brought him to Antioch, gave him the mission of going forward into the East and proclaiming Jesus Christ there. To fulfil the charge entrusted to him, Saturninus went towards the Pentapolis, a region of Palestine, and from there to Hierapolis, a city of Asia. The zeal that inflamed him was so ardent that he feared no fatigue and shrank from no danger to win souls for Jesus Christ. Led by this zeal which nothing could stop, he reached the land of the Persians and the Medes and also penetrated into the neighbouring provinces. Wherever he passed he gladly spread the seed of the Gospel, and God, blessing his labours, worked various miracles through him in confirmation of the

doctrine he preached. He healed the sick, cleansed lepers, restored the use of their limbs to paralytics and delivered the possessed from the devil. And so that after his departure the peoples should not forget the holy truths of the faith he had taught them, he left them in writing what they were to believe and practise.

St. Saturninus had a face of wonderful beauty: truth spoke by his mouth and prudence dictated his counsels. His whole life was a perfect model of holiness, and words flowed from his lips sweet as honey. He had followed the blessed apostle Peter to Rome, and Peter received the command of Our Lord to choose disciples and entrust them with the mission of dispelling the darkness of paganism that enveloped the West, and of driving away the dark night in which all Gaul was plunged, making the bright rays of faith and truth shine upon it. Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, therefore chose several of his disciples and, entrusting them with the preaching of the Gospel, ordered them to go and conquer the various peoples of the Gauls for Jesus Christ, and showed each the provinces and cities assigned to them.

Then this blessed Apostle said to St. Saturninus: “O my most sweet brother Saturninus, remember that the harvest is great and the labourers are few. Go into Aquitaine and into the Gauls, into Spain and Galicia; go and preach in those lands the word of salvation and the august mystery of the Most Holy Trinity. Fear not to announce the Gospel in those distant regions, where scattered sheep have been kept for your labours, who will recognize in you the shepherd of their souls and who, docile to the voice of your preaching, will not follow as hirelings. Go then; you will gather many fruitful ears into the granary of your Master.”

Full of respect for the Prince of the Apostles, blessed Saturninus answered: “O my most sweet Master and Father, I am ready to do what you ask of me; I fear nothing and I will keep all your commandments.” And, filled with a sweet and true joy, blessed Peter added: “Know, O my most sweet brother, that you will sow an abundant seed which will give you wonderful fruit, and that great will be your reward.”

Although St. Saturninus had fulfilled the functions of an Apostle in the East and preached the Gospel in several countries, he had not yet received episcopal consecration. Blessed Peter, before sending him to Toulouse, raised him to the dignity of bishop, so that he could found the see of that city and establish pastors in the rest of Aquitaine and in the north of Spain. Acting towards St. Saturninus as he was accustomed to do with the missionaries he sent into lands far from Rome, the Prince of the Apostles gave him a companion in the apostolate. His choice fell on one of his beloved disciples, named Papulus. They therefore left Rome while Claudius was still reigning. At the moment of their departure they bade a cordial farewell to their brethren, whom they were never to see again, gave all the kiss of peace and joyfully received the blessing of St. Peter. His soul filled with happiness, Saturninus made all haste towards the West, spreading the seed of the Gospel along his way and preaching Jesus Christ in every city he passed through. As idolatry flourished on every side and the superstition of that execrable religion prevailed everywhere, he went forward undaunted, armed only with divine power, towards the places where its reign was most prosperous and where the ferocity of the pagans raged most violently. With the plough of preaching he broke open those desolate and uncultivated lands, and tore out by the root everything opposed to the truth. His journey was a true harvest. Wherever a fairly large number of pagans were converted and embraced Christianity, Saturninus built churches, blessed them, dedicated them to the Lord, and ordained priests and deacons to fulfil the functions of the sacred ministry in them. Thus he came to Arles in Provence.

Saturninus stayed some time in that city and announced the Gospel of Jesus Christ there. His words, powerfully aided by the miracles he worked, did not fall on hardened hearts. Many pagans, opening their eyes to the true light, abandoned the worship of idols and, receiving baptism at the hands of St. Saturninus, became Christians. From Arles he went to Nîmes, and there, as at Arles, he won a great number of souls for Jesus Christ by his preaching and his wonders. One day, when he had left the city to go into the countryside, he saw a young man named Honestus, son of Hemelius and Honesta, the candour and modesty shining on whose face pleased him. Our apostle looked on him with favour and said to him, as Our Lord said to St. Matthew: “Follow me.” Honestus at once abandoned his riches and his family, walked in the paths of the

apostolic faith, and imitated perfectly blessed Saturninus, who had just opened to him the ways of true happiness.

From Nîmes blessed Saturninus, crossing the rest of Septimania or Languedoc, went on towards Toulouse, accompanied by St. Papulus and St. Honestus, his young disciple, whom, like a new Elias, he had taken from his plough and his oxen to apply him to the divine works of grace — a sublime vocation to which God in His mercy had called him. As soon as they entered Carcassonne they announced the name of Jesus Christ to the people and preached His doctrine publicly. Rufinus, prefect of the city, angered by their boldness, had them seized and shut up in a dark, damp dungeon, where they suffered the torments of hunger. But God did not abandon His faithful servants; shortly afterwards He sent them one of His angels, who opened the doors of the prison and set them free. Thus delivered, the three heralds of the Gospel at last reached Toulouse, a populous city, opulent in riches.

God at once made known the credit the venerable Pontiff enjoyed with Him, and his power was shown in a most striking manner. The demons who dwelt in the many idols before which the people prostrated themselves could not bear his presence; the idols became dumb and, though frequently consulted, gave no more answer to their worshippers. This marvel caused great astonishment in the city, and people were seeking the cause of this extraordinary event when a new prodigy made it evident. There was then at Toulouse a woman named Cyriaca, whose husband, called Agatho, was one of the principal men of the city. This woman was rich, but covered with leprosy. St. Saturninus came before her and began to speak of the sovereign Master he adored. Cyriaca listened eagerly to his words, and as the blessed Pontiff spoke, light dawned in her mind, and the desire to embrace the religion he preached won her heart. She therefore asked to be instructed in the religion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and when she had a sufficiently exact knowledge of our faith she received baptism. As soon as she entered the sacred pool, where, according to the usage established by the Apostles, she was to be immersed three times, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, her flesh became like the flesh of a little child and she found herself healed. This miracle made a lively impression on all who witnessed it and filled them with admiration for the God of the Christians, in whose name and by whose power it had been worked. Not only did the members of Cyriaca’s family profess the faith of Jesus Christ, but half the city of Toulouse embraced Christianity. Some historians claim that Cyriaca was the same person as Austris, daughter of Marcellus, chief or king of Toulouse; but it is likely that they were two different persons, both of whom were cleansed of their leprosy.

Saturninus, raised to the episcopal dignity, was thus very powerful by the splendour of his virtues and his wonders; and from his soul, learned in human and divine sciences, came abundant floods of eloquence. As soon as he had established his see at Toulouse he applied himself to instructing the inhabitants in the precepts of the Gospel and strove to enlighten them with the unchanging and eternal light of truth. Filled at the same time to the very depths of his heart with the treasures of charity, he had compassion on the sorrows of the afflicted and, rich in help for their twofold life, he gave them also remedies useful for their health. So it came about that the reputation of his admirable holiness spread far around, and peoples flocked from various lands, eager to find relief for their different ills with him. This holy pontiff, making over them by divine inspiration the sacred sign of the cross, healed those who were sick in soul and body, and delivered them from this twofold infirmity by cleansing them in the bath of holy regeneration.

The faith of Jesus Christ thus made fairly considerable progress at Toulouse at first. Happy at this success, St. Saturninus resolved to leave the city for a little while and carry the blessing of the Gospel to the neighbouring towns. He left the government of the Christians of Toulouse to his disciples Papulus and Honestus, and went towards a place then called Villa-Clara, where the city of Auch was afterwards built. He was working to establish the Christian religion in that pagan country when he learned the news of the martyrdom of his dear master and father St. Peter, whom the cruelty of Nero had put to death. He was so convinced of the holiness of that illustrious Apostle that he had a little church built in his honour on the

banks of the Gers, the river that washes the walls of Auch. After evangelizing Villa-Clara, St. Saturninus went to the city of Eauze,[1] where by frequent preaching he brought the inhabitants to renounce their false idols, to believe in Our Lord Jesus Christ and to receive holy baptism. In preaching to the people of Eauze he kindled in their hearts so lively an affection for Mary, Mother of God, that at his persuasion they built an oratory in honour of that blessed Virgin.

While St. Saturninus was evangelizing Eauze, the sweet odour of his virtues crossed the Pyrenees and the report of his glorious deeds reached Spain. Drawn by this fame, an inhabitant of Toledo named Paternus came to find Saturninus at Eauze. He attached himself to our blessed Pontiff, became his disciple and advanced so rapidly in the way of virtue that Saturninus, looking to him to consolidate the good already begun and complete what remained to be done, ordained him first bishop of that city. He did more still: he made the see of Eauze a metropolis and fixed the cities over which it should extend its jurisdiction. Having thus settled all these things, he returned to Toulouse to strengthen the faith of the new Christians, who lived mingled with an idolatrous population. His apostolate in Novempopulania had lasted seven years.

Back at Toulouse, blessed Saturninus, desiring ever further to extend the Christian name and wishing to bring the light of the Gospel into Spain also, chose St. Honestus to go and preach the worship of the true God there. Like his master, Honestus had a great desire to win souls for religion. Gladly obeying the order he had received, he hastened across the Pyrenees and reached Pamplona, where he at once began to announce the Gospel. Shortly afterwards he returned to Toulouse to tell blessed Saturninus all the good he had done and to beg him to come and finish what was not yet complete and gather the first ears of this new harvest.

Honestus easily persuaded the most holy pontiff Saturninus to leave his episcopal city for a time to work in this new mission. The account of the good dispositions of the people of Pamplona filled him with joy; he shared the gladness of Honestus and at once resolved to set out to cultivate the well-prepared field that opened before his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls. On leaving Toulouse blessed Saturninus left the care of his flock to St. Papulus. For two years this faithful disciple governed the flock entrusted to him. He preached the word of God fruitfully at Toulouse and in the neighbouring towns, and, a watchful shepherd, lost none of the sheep placed in his keeping.

Accompanied by the venerable priest Honestus, St. Saturninus made his way as fast as he could towards Pamplona. The two apostles walked so quickly that on the seventh day after their departure they reached that city. Tired from the journey, Saturninus sat down under a terebinth in a sacred cypress grove near Pamplona, in the middle of which stood a temple of Diana, very ancient and much frequented by the people. Now, as he rested, he saw some pagans prostrating themselves before the statue of that goddess. The sight of this superstition touched the blessed bishop’s heart deeply. He raised his eyes and hands to heaven and most humbly besought the divine Goodness to have pity on these souls redeemed at the price of the precious blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ. God heard the prayer of His beloved servant and miraculously gave him to understand that it was granted. Blessed Saturninus, rejoicing at this revelation, then addressed the pagans who were worshipping the idol of Diana and, in a voice full of compassion, showed them that the divinity before which they prostrated themselves was nothing but nothingness. Then, instructing these pagans in the doctrine of the Gospel, he exhorted them to abandon the worship of false gods, to believe in the one true God and to become true Christians. He revealed to them the foundations of our faith and, teaching them the mystery of the Holy Trinity, told them that there is only one God in three persons, from whom all creatures visible and invisible have drawn their origin. Finally he taught them, resting on solid proofs, how by a secret and unfathomable design of divine mercy the Son of God had become man in the virginal womb of Mary and been born of a Virgin Mother; how man had sinned, and what means God had used to redeem him. Blessed Saturninus remained in the same place for three days, giving the people the word of salvation and confirming it by miraculous works. God gave such efficacy to his words that the idolaters understood the truth of the doctrine he preached to them and were converted in great numbers. The more the fame of these events

spread, the more the venerable tree of the new faith grew, and the more the detestable and cruel persecution of deceitful paganism weakened. Soon the inhabitants of the city heard of the marvellous things that had taken place, and the people, thirsting for truth, came in crowds to the holy bishop and asked him to make known to them the word of life. The faithful servant distributed to all the talent the Lord had entrusted to him; he set the seal of the Creator on this people, of whom the cunning devil had taken possession, and, breaking by the purifying grace of baptism the yoke of sin under which the infernal tyrant held it enslaved, he restored it to God and to the freedom that sin had made it lose. Forty thousand persons of both sexes renounced the fictions of the devil and were drawn away from error and from the profane worship of idols. Blessed Saturninus made known to them the true God and Jesus Christ His only Son, and baptized them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. The divine hand wiped away the stain of the sins these pagans had committed, and they came forth pure and spotless from the font of holy baptism.[2] And those places, which for so many years had witnessed the frightful foulness of paganism, sanctified by his presence, now echoed only with the divine teachings of Christianity.

After all these conversions, blessed Saturninus, seeing that the new harvest, made fertile by the heavenly dew, was constantly growing, exhorted the Christians to keep their hopes lively and left them the priest Honestus to dispense to them the bread of the divine word. His desire to win souls for Our Lord could not leave him at rest; he went to spread the seed of the Gospel in the surrounding lands, travelled through Galicia and announced the faith at Toledo. His missions were everywhere crowned with success. At his voice hearts were stirred, conviction entered minds, and the harvest the blessed Bishop gathered was most abundant. Having ordained priests, deacons and other ecclesiastical ministers to preserve it, he designated the pastors of the Churches who were to go to the Council of Toledo, namely those of Pamplona, Nájera and some other cities. As for those nearer the Pyrenees, he ordered that they should go to Eauze for the holding of the Council.

Having thus evangelized Spain, the blessed bishop Saturninus crossed the Pyrenees again and came to announce the Christian faith to the peoples of Gascony and of the country of the Convenae (Comminges), whom he won almost entirely for Jesus Christ. He raised an altar to the Virgin Mary at Lugdunum (Saint-Bertrand), and built a church in honour of St. Peter at a place called Le Mas. This church, later demolished by the Goth Melet, king of the Convenae, was rebuilt afterwards on the spot where the young martyr Gaudens was beheaded. From that time Le Mas-Saint-Pierre bore the name of Saint-Gaudens. While St. Saturninus was thus extending the kingdom of God, the pagans stirred up a persecution against the Christians of Toulouse. They seized St. Papulus and, after loading him with insults, procured him the glory of martyrdom by a violent death. As soon as the holy bishop of Toulouse learned of this sad event he returned in all haste to his episcopal city, to watch carefully over his flock and to receive in his turn the crown of martyrdom. His absence from Toulouse had lasted two years.

Back at Toulouse, blessed Saturninus withdrew into a small house in the city, where he spent his days in the exercises of the most perfect holiness. Though hidden, he fought the devil unceasingly and took from him a great number of souls who embraced the Christian religion. Thanks to his zeal and the miracles he worked, the Church of Toulouse multiplied from day to day and grew strong in the Lord. Soon the great power of the holy bishop imposed silence on the demons, put an end to their oracles, unmasked their lies and their wiles, and the faith of the Christians was established on the ruins of the pagan religion. There was then at Toulouse a superb palace called the Capitol. One reached the top of this building by a broad staircase placed outside. It was there that the pagans gathered to sacrifice to the false gods the city adored. Now the fervent apostle had to pass in front of this Capitol to go to the little church he had built. The demons fled, unable to bear the presence of the man of God, and the vain images, returning to their material nature, became deaf to the vows and prayers of their worshippers and gave them no more answers.

The priests of this sacrilegious superstition, astonished at so extraordinary a fact, are confounded; they ask one another where so unusual a silence of their gods can come from: “Who has closed their mouths, once so quick to answer? Why are they insensible to the prayers addressed to them? In vain we immolate victims to them, in vain the blood of bulls flows in streams before their altars; they remain deaf and dumb. Are they angry, or absent?” Then an enemy of our religion, an apostate perhaps, told them that Saturninus was the cause of their gods’ silence. “The head of the Christian religion, of that religion which has sworn the ruin of the immortal gods, often passes in front of the Capitol. It is the sight of him that frightens the gods and causes their silence. There is only one way left to make them speak: to put the bishop Saturninus to death.” Full of rage against the holy bishop of Jesus Christ, the pagans enquire where he can be found, so as to make him suffer the extreme penalty.

While the inhabitants are thus stirred by various emotions, some surprised at what is happening and others lamenting the departure of their gods, the crowd grows larger. Everything is carefully prepared for a sacrifice; a magnificent bull is chosen, and it is hoped that the gods, charmed by the beauty of the victim, will return to their temple and break their stubborn silence. All was ready and they were about to begin, when one of these impious idolaters saw blessed Saturninus, who, as was his custom, was making his way to his little church to celebrate the holy mysteries. As soon as he saw him he cried out: “There he is, the sacrilegious man! There is the enemy of our gods, the worshipper of Christ! There is the man who preaches everywhere that our temples must be pulled down and who dares to call our gods demons! It is his presence that silences our oracles. Since he comes before us so opportunely to be treated as he deserves, let us avenge our injury and that of the gods; let us force him to give them incense to appease them, or his life to delight them.” Roused by this sacrilegious voice, the whole crowd surrounds blessed Saturninus, seizes him and pushes him about on every side with extreme violence. This gentle servant of Jesus Christ is struck with a thousand blows and loaded with insults.

St. Saturninus had learned by a revelation from heaven that he was to end his life by martyrdom. Far from frightening him, the thought of death had filled him with joy, for he ardently desired to die, so that his soul might be united to Jesus Christ and remain with Him for ever. But although the prospect of martyrdom was for the holy bishop a motive of encouragement rather than of dread, he had nevertheless urged a priest and two deacons who accompanied him not to abandon him. Since they assisted him at the altar, he wished them to be witnesses of his death and of his victory. He had therefore said to them on leaving his house: “Behold, I am about to be immolated, and the moment of my death is near. Do not leave me, I beg you, until the end of my course.” But the courage of the three companions of our blessed bishop failed at the sight of the whole people rushing upon him; they abandoned him and fled. St. Saturninus remains firm and unshaken in the midst of his executioners. He is dragged, loaded with chains, to the top of the Capitol, and is ordered to sacrifice to the idols, to adore the gods, to abandon the faith of Christ and to cease preaching the Gospel. The valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, having faith for his arms and hope for his support, and all aflame with charity, despised the threats of these impious men. He prayed Jesus, for whom he wished to die, to grant him the help of His grace so that he might suffer martyrdom generously. “My God,” he said, “now is the time when Your goodness must stretch out a helping hand to me. Give me the strength I need to resist courageously all the torments that the rage of my enemies and Yours is about to invent.”

This lively and ardent prayer of blessed Saturninus was scarcely finished when an angel of the Lord appeared to him in the form of a handsome young man and said to strengthen him: “O Saturninus, most generous athlete of Jesus Christ, courage; accomplish manfully what you have so happily begun. Already a double diadem of precious stones is ready for you; already the white robe of immortal life is ready.” Having said these words the heavenly herald disappeared, and St. Saturninus felt his soul so wonderfully strengthened and his heart so bold that he no longer dreaded any kind of torment.

So incense and various libations are brought, and the impious crowd commands the man of God to sacrifice to the demons. Motionless, like an unshakeable rock in the midst of a stormy sea, blessed Saturninus counts the incitements of Satan as nothing. Then the series of tortures begins again for him. The holy and gentle pontiff is stripped, and under the blows of rods his flesh flies in shreds. They kick him and defile him with spittle; finally they order him once more to offer incense to the idols. Though still loaded with chains, Saturninus does not yield to these threats. On the contrary, raising his voice, he reproaches the pagans for their folly and, making them hear the divine preaching, exhorts them to cast off the darkness of their errors and to do penance in order to obtain the remission of their sins. In a strong, clear voice he cried: “No, no, never will I sacrifice to demons. I know only one God, who alone is true; to Him alone will I offer a sacrifice on the altar of my heart. As for your gods, they are only demons; you honour them far more, but in vain, by the loss of your souls than by the victims of your flocks. Besides, how can you expect me to fear these gods who, by your own account, tremble before me?”

At these words of the holy bishop the fury of that sacrilegious multitude rises still higher and knows no bounds. The pagans lay their cruel hands on him, tearing him and flinging him violently about on every side. While they are thus tormenting the blessed pontiff, Saturninus, his soul ever raised to God, kept repeating: “These torments will soon be over, and I endure them willingly. I give You thanks, Lord; I regret only that I am powerless to show You all my gratitude. My sweet Jesus, give me patience; to You is due praise, and to You belongs glory.” God did not leave His faithful servant without consolation. As they were torturing him with the utmost cruelty, behold, an astonishing prodigy takes place. All the idols of the pagans collapsed and came rolling to the feet of the invincible martyr, broken and reduced to dust. Far from converting the idolaters, this spectacle inflamed their rage and redoubled their anger against blessed Saturninus. The pontiff, for his part, is full of joy; for the soldier of Jesus Christ is not vanquished; on the contrary, he triumphs.

Meanwhile the whole city, seeing the idols of its gods in the dust, is plunged into mourning. During this time Saturninus was as if rapt in the ecstasy of prayer. His heart and his eyes were raised to heaven. The priests of Satan take the bull destined for the sacrifice and pass round its flanks a rope, one end of which they leave hanging down a good length. To this rope they tie the sacred feet of blessed Saturninus, thus making a savage bull the instrument of their sacrilegious cruelty. Goaded on, the bull rushes down from the top of the Capitol and drags the holy victim after it in its headlong course. But at the first jolt, on the first steps, the head is shattered, the brains are spilled on the ground, the body is torn to pieces, and in heaven Jesus Christ receives this soul worthy of God, to crown it with laurels after the victory. Meanwhile the furious bull dragged the lifeless body of the martyr to the place where, the ropes having broken, it soon afterwards received burial.

St. Saturninus is represented: 1° dragged down a hill, tied to the tail of a furious bull; 2° standing, holding his crosier, with an ox lying beside him; 3° in a 17th-century stained-glass window at the abbey of Molsheim (Alsace), standing, with crosier and mitre, holding a book, with an ox or bull beside him.

CULT AND RELICS. — THE SACRED TREASURY OF TOULOUSE.

The history of the relics of St. Saturninus begins on the day of his martyrdom. Two young women, generally known under the name of the holy Puellae, gathered up his bloodstained body, laid it in a wooden coffin and buried it in a place near the scene of his martyrdom. A constant tradition preserved the memory of the place where his bones rested; the faithful went there to pray in secret and, after their death, wished to rest in peace in the shadow, and as it were under the protection, of these relics. It was to distinguish and mark his tomb that St. Hilary, third bishop of Toulouse, had a vault thrown over it and added to it a wooden *sacellum* to serve as an oratory. But in the 4th century, when peace had been restored to the Church by Constantine, St. Silvius, bishop of Toulouse, to pay a striking homage to the memory and the bones of St. Saturninus, laid the foundations and began the building of a great and sumptuous edifice; but death did not allow him to finish his work. St. Exuperius, who succeeded him, had the happiness of completing it. God willed that this

illustrious pontiff, whose charity and virtues stirred the genius of St. Jerome, should preside over this solemn translation. St. Exuperius sought the emperor's permission. It is related that the respect the memory of St. Saturninus inspired in him made him fear to touch his relics; but he was warned by a mysterious dream to continue his undertaking. The martyr's sepulchre was opened, and his bones, exposed to the gaze of the faithful, were taken out of the wooden coffin that had held them for more than a century and placed in a marble tomb. This tomb was laid in an underground chamber at the entrance of the canons' choir.

The author of the celebrated work entitled *Gallia christiana* places the ruin of this first basilica, built by St. Exuperius, in the year 721. "We believe," he says, "that at that time the Saracens besieged the city and that the church of Saint-Saturnin was overthrown from top to bottom."

It is generally believed that it was rebuilt by one of the sons of Charlemagne, king of Toulouse. Louis the Pious, or the Debonair, identified himself with his subjects and, sharing their veneration for him who had been their apostle and first bishop, had a church built more spacious and more splendid than the one whose construction St. Exuperius had completed at the beginning of the 5th century.

The basilica built by Louis the Debonair was destroyed like the first. The authentic charter drawn up in the year 1098 by William, count of Poitiers, leaves no doubt about the causes of this destruction. In this charter he offers great properties to the church of Saint-Saturnin, and says: "Impious men, spread through this province, have risen up in our age to destroy this basilica." These were the forerunners of the Albigensian heresy.

The third basilica, which stands today, was begun by Pierre Royer, bishop of Toulouse, and finished by St. Raymond, canon and abbot of Saint-Sernin. Urban II consecrated it after the preaching of the first crusade. Through these various periods of ruin and rebuilding the relics of St. Saturninus had remained in their marble tomb, in the underground chamber where they had first been laid; they had not yet been raised from the ground, and so they had been preserved for posterity and for the devotion of the faithful.

But in 1258, under Raymond de Falgar, former provincial of the Order of St. Dominic and then bishop of Toulouse, and Bernard de Gentiac, abbot of Saint-Sernin, the elevation of the relics of St. Saturninus took place. Here is the official record of this elevation:

"In the year 1258, on the 6th day of the month of September, the body of St. Saturninus was sought and found in the upper part of the church, before the canons' choir. This body was enclosed underground in a marble tomb near the bodies of many other saints. It was then placed, with its marble tomb, in a raised place. Later a silver shrine was made. This elevation was carried out with great solemnity. One goes up to this tomb by steps."

This mausoleum stood behind the high altar, above the present crypts. It was twenty-two feet high and had the form of a hexagon. Each of its faces consisted of a pointed arch whose tympanum was cut with open-work trefoils; these faces ended in a pinnacle at the top of which were placed statues of angels. At each angle there were also statues of bishops six feet high. Gilded grilles were fixed from one angle to the next, and four altars were placed against four of these faces [line end cut: "fa…"].

This mausoleum no longer exists. In 1736 it was replaced by a baldachin in modern style. It is formed of six columns of *griotte* marble, surmounted by vases with jets of flame and by genii bearing the pastoral staff and the palm of martyrdom. In the middle of the baldachin is a marble plinth on which rests the martyr's shrine. Above the shrine is seen the apotheosis of the Saint, sculpted by Rossat in 1759. This shrine is of gilded wood and contains the body of the holy martyr.

Behind the baldachin is a small altar, and in a niche made above it one sees the bust of St. Saturninus. In the base of the bust is a capsule of silver-gilt, on which are represented on one side the martyrdom of St. Saturninus and on the other the translation of his relics by St. Exuperius. This capsule contains the Saint's

skull.

The illustrious basilica of Saint-Saturnin possesses the following relics: 1° a small part of the body of St. Agatha, virgin and martyr; — 2° a particle of the body of St. Apollonia, virgin and martyr; — 3° a large part of the bodies of St. Acisclus and St. Victoria, brother and sister, natives of Córdoba in Spain, where they suffered martyrdom under Diocletian. Their bones, carefully gathered in a case of hard wood artistically painted and laid in a *sacellum* made in the wall of the apse of the basilica, near the chapel dedicated to St. Susanna, were verified and recognized as authentic in 1807. Since then some bones have been taken from the shrine and put into two busts, to be carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 4° the relics of St. Barnabas, apostle, placed in a bust of gilded wood; — 5° the head and some bones of St. Bartholomew, apostle; — 6° the large bone of the leg of St. Benedict, founder of the Order of Benedictines. This relic, formerly venerated in the convent of Benedictine nuns in the parish of Saint-Sernin, was transferred to the basilica at the time of the suppression of the religious Orders in 1791. It is enclosed in one reliquary with the relics of St. Crescens and St. Serenus, martyrs; — 7° bones of St. Blandina, martyr; — 8° a small portion of the body of St. Blaise, bishop. Before the Revolution it was venerated in the chapel of Saint-Julien. When that chapel was closed it was taken to Saint-Sernin. In 1807 this relic was found, with its authentications, wrapped in a red silk cloth; it was enclosed in a small sealed box; — 9° a reliquary containing bones of St. Boniface, St. Castus and St. Clement, martyrs; — 10° a reliquary containing bones of St. Felician, St. Gaudiosus or Gaudentius and St. Victoria, martyrs; — 11° the relics of Saints Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorian, Castorius, brothers, and of Simplicius, martyrs, brought from Rome to Toulouse. The bones were divided between two shrines of gilded wood of the same shape. The heads were put into busts of gilded wood. These relics and their authentications were verified and recognized in 1807; — 12° a reliquary containing a small part of the body of St. Catherine, virgin and martyr; — 13° a relic of St. Christopher or Christophorus, martyr; — 14° relics of St. Cyr or Quiricus and of St. Julitta, his mother, martyrs. In 1814 they were placed in the two twin busts that contain them today and are carried in procession; — 15° the relics of St. Edmund, king of England, martyr. The silver shrine that held them was taken in 1794, and the bones remained in a wooden case, where they were verified and recognized in 1807. The head of St. Edmund was put in 1834 into a reliquary of gilded wood, which is carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 16° a small particle of the body of St. Elidorus or Alidorus, martyr; — 17° a particle of the relics of St. Stephen, deacon, first martyr, patron of the diocese and the metropolitan church of Toulouse. It is kept in the treasury of relics of Saint-Sernin, where it is still preserved, together with a stone that was used in the stoning of the holy Martyr and is stained with his blood; — 18° the relics of St. Exuperius, bishop of Toulouse. The head of this holy bishop was put in 1817 into a bust of gilded wood to be carried in processions. The shrine containing the body was restored in 1834 and placed on the altar of the chapel of the Holy Spirit; — 19° a relic of St. Fiolent, martyr; — 20° the skull-cap and a bowl or cup of St. Francis of Paola, confessor, a Minim religious; — 21° the body of St. George, martyr. His relics were verified in 1807, and the case that held them, in which they remained until 1816, was sealed. At that date the reliquary was renewed, the old case being put inside it. The relic of St. George is carried in procession enclosed in a tower, on the top of which the Saint is represented in a warrior’s costume; — 22° a finger of St. Germaine Cousin, the shepherdess of Pibrac, put into a fine silver reliquary and deposited in the basilica. This reliquary is exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the tabernacle of the chapel of the Holy Cross, opposite the baptismal font; — 23° relics of St. Gilbert, founder of the Order of Gilbertines; — 24° the relics of St. Giles, abbot. In 1794 the reliquaries were taken, but the relics were respected; — 25° a bone of St. Gregory the Great, pope; — 26° a relic of St. William, duke of Aquitaine; it is enclosed in a sealed reliquary which is carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 27° the body of St. Hilary, bishop of Toulouse. In 1794 his relics underwent the rigours of the law: the saleable material was taken, but the bones were respected; — 28° the head and some bones of St. Honestus, disciple of St. Saturninus. In 1627 all the bones and the head were put together in one reliquary, which was taken in 1794 like so many others. The bones having been found intact in 1807, they

were put in 1816 into a bust of gilded wood, to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful and carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 29° the body of St. Honoratus, bishop of Toulouse. The skull and some bones of this holy bishop were put in 1644 into a silver bust to be carried in processions. This reliquary having been taken in 1794 to be sent to the Mint, the bones remained in a sealed case, and those of the bust in the capsule that held them. They were verified and recognized in 1807 and placed in 1823 in the bust of gilded wood that now contains them. The tomb of St. Honoratus can still be seen in the crypts of Saint-Sernin; — 30° the reliquary of the holy Innocents, containing several small bones that belonged to young children. The relics and their authentications were verified and recognized in 1807. Before the Revolution the bones were enclosed in a carved ivory casket mounted in silver. It was carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 31° part of the skull and some bones of St. James the Greater; — 32° some bones of St. James the Less and of St. Philip, apostles. Some fragments of the heads of the two Saints were taken from the shrine and put into a silver reliquary, which disappeared at the Revolution; but the bones, enclosed in a sealed box, were respected. Some bones of these holy Apostles were put in 1826 into two busts of gilded wood, to be exposed on feast days to the veneration of the faithful and to appear in the processions of the Corps-Saints. The old shrine containing some bones of St. James and St. Philip, apostles, still exists in the crypts of the basilica; — 33° a bone of St. Jucundus, martyr; — 34° relics of St. Jude and St. Simon, apostles. The heads of the two Apostles were placed in two silver busts in 1621. These relics were again verified and recognized in 1624 and in 1807. Some bones of these Saints were put in 1829 into busts of gilded wood to be carried in processions; — 35° a relic of St. Julian the Hospitaller; — 36° a bone of the upper thigh (the femur) of St. Louis of Anjou, bishop of Toulouse; his body rests in the cathedral of Valencia in Spain; — 37° a small particle of the body of St. Luce or Lucy, and a stone from her tomb. These relics were verified and recognized in 1807. The bones of this virgin were put into a bust to be carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 38° a bust containing a small part of the body of St. Margaret, virgin and martyr; — 39° some relics of St. Martial, bishop of Limoges; they were deposited there in 1526; — 40° a bone of St. Maurice, first abbot of Carnoët, in Brittany; — 41° a relic of St. Nicholas, bishop; — 42° a relic of St. Orientius [Orens], bishop of Auch. Owned by the church of Saint-Orens or of the Crosiers, it was carried to the basilica in 1771. It has been placed in a bust of gilded wood to be carried in processions; — 43° the relics of St. Papulus, disciple of St. Saturninus, martyr. His body was found buried in the crypts of the basilica on 4 October 1265. The solemn elevation of the Saint's body took place on 24 March 1517; it was put into a stone tomb, where it remained until 1623. On 7 April of that year the bones were translated and put into a wooden shrine covered with plates of silvered copper; the head was placed in a silver bust. All these relics were verified and recognized on 11 June 1807. At present the head of this Saint is carried in processions in a bust of gilded wood; — 44° a very small part of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, the gift of Pope Callistus II. Before the Revolution these holy relics were kept in a rich silver reliquary in the shape of a tower; today they are enclosed in a superb silver reliquary; — 45° a relic of St. Pius V, pope. In 1861 it was carried for the first time in the procession of the Corps-Saints, in a large bust of gilded wood; — 46° bones of St. Raymond, abbot of Saint-Sernin, bishop of Barbastro in Spain; — 47° bones of St. Raymond, canon of Saint-Sernin. Placed in a magnificent silver shrine, which was taken by the revolutionaries in 1794, they were put into another shrine, which was restored in 1834. The Saint's bust, containing some bones, is carried in the processions of the Corps-Saints; — 48° *Reliquiae plurium sanctorum* [relics of several saints]. These bones, now deposited in a fine shrine, were enclosed before the Revolution in a statue of Our Lady the Black of La Daurade. In 1794 this venerated image was brought into one of the courtyards of the Capitole and stripped of the precious materials with which it was adorned, to be then given to the flames. But care was taken first to remove from inside the bust in which they were enclosed the venerable relics of several Saints. The bones and their authentications then remained some years at the Capitole in a small case, and were afterwards carried into the crypts of the basilica. There is also kept in the church of Saint-Sernin a small casket of marble or agate containing the bones of various Saints; — 49° a reliquary containing bones of St. Valentine, St. Victricius and St. Servatus, martyrs; — 50° a small bone of St. Simplician, martyr; — 51°

the body of St. Susanna of Babylon. Her head was put into a bust to be carried in processions; — 52° the body of St. Silvius, bishop of Toulouse. The new church built in the faubourg of La Colonne was placed under the patronage of the Saint in 1862; — 53° relics of St. Thomas Aquinas, doctor, of the Order of St. Dominic. They were brought to the basilica of Saint-Sernin in 1791, at the closing of the church of the Jacobins, where they were venerated. In 1794 the shrine was stripped of the silver plates that covered it, and the case was reverently deposited in the crypts. In 1825 the relics were put into a shrine of gilded wood and exposed on the altar of the chapel of the Holy Spirit, where they are still seen today. The head was put into a bust of gilded wood, where it remained until 17 July 1852; the next day the Saint's head was wrapped in a cloth of silver and deposited in a magnificent reliquary, also of silver; — 54° a bust of gilded wood containing a small portion of the body of St. Vincent de Paul, the apostle of charity; — 55° the holy Thorn from the crown of Our Lord Jesus Christ, stained with His blood. Kept in a fine silver reliquary forming the baldachin under which it is placed, in a tube of rock crystal, it is deposited on the altar of the chapel dedicated to it in the crypts of the basilica of Saint-Sernin, and a lamp burns constantly near it; — 56° a piece of the true Cross. It has been enclosed in a reliquary which is carried in processions under a magnificent canopy, immediately preceding that of the holy Thorn; — 57° a piece of the robe of the Blessed Virgin, brought from Constantinople by the army of the Crusaders. Before the Revolution it was enclosed in a superb silver bust representing the Blessed Virgin. The reliquary having been taken in 1794, the capsule containing the relic was put away with the others in a safe place and officially recognized in 1807. Today this relic is kept in a silver statue representing the Blessed Virgin carrying her Son. It appears in the processions; — 58° a piece of wood from the Crib in which the Blessed Virgin laid her divine Child. It was brought, it is said, from Bethlehem by the Crusaders. In 1807 it was recognized and enclosed in a sealed box; — 59° a stone from the holy Sepulchre of Our Lord; — 60° the Crusaders' Crucifix; — 61° the Crucifix of St. Dominic. It is reverently preserved, framed and under glass, above the altar of the chapel dedicated to St. George. It was carried from the church of the Jacobins to the basilica of Saint-Sernin on 12 June 1791; — 62° a chasuble of St. Dominic, formerly kept in the church of the Jacobins of Toulouse; — 63° a habit of St. Peter Martyr, of the Order of St. Dominic, which was carried in 1791 from the church of the Jacobins to the basilica; — 64° the portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is exposed in one of the sacristies of the basilica; — 65° the chain of St. Orientius. This relic consists of a small silver chain fixed at one end to a reliquary containing a particle of the body of St. Orientius. The religious of Saint-Orens formerly possessed this chain, which has the power of curing persons suffering from illnesses brought on by frights. It is passed round the sick person's body while an invocation to the holy bishop is recited. This ceremony continues in the basilica of Saint-Sernin, before the altar dedicated to St. Silvius, more particularly on 1 May and on the feast day of St. Orientius.

We shall now make known all the holy relics venerated in the churches and chapels of the city of Toulouse. These relics consist of small particles, except where we indicate the nature of the relic.

Metropolitan church of Saint-Étienne: 1° St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin; — 2° St. James the Greater, apostle; — 3° St. Andrew, apostle; — 4° St. John the Baptist; — 5° St. Stephen, deacon, first martyr, patron of the metropolitan church; — 6° St. Clement, pope, martyr; — 7° St. Saturninus, first bishop of Toulouse, martyr; — 8° St. Vincent, martyr; — 9° St. Lawrence, martyr; — 10° St. Aventinus, martyr; — 11° St. Antoninus, martyr; — 12° St. Peter, martyr; — 13° St. Marcellinus, martyr; — 14° St. Callistus, pope, martyr; — 15° St. Silvester, pope, martyr; — 16° St. Julius, martyr; — 17° St. Josippus, martyr; — 18° St. Victor, martyr; — 19° St. Cyriacus, martyr; — 20° St. Justus, martyr; — 21° St. Palmas, martyr; — 22° St. Tiburtius, martyr; — 23° St. Beatrix, martyr; — 24° St. Benignus, martyr; — 25° St. Pontianus, martyr; — 26° St. Honestus, martyr; — 27° St. Leo, martyr; — 28° St. Benedict, martyr; — 29° St. Severus, martyr; — 30° St. Pacificus, martyr; — 31° St. Fortunatus, martyr; — 32° St. Primus, martyr; — 33° St. Chrysanthus, martyr; — 34° St. Pius, pope, martyr; — 35° St. Quirinus, martyr; — 36° St. Magnus, martyr; — 37° St. Firmus, martyr; — 38° St. Austerus, martyr; — 39° St. Donatus, martyr; — 40° St. Ly, martyr; — 41° St. Prosper, martyr; — 42° St. Liberatus, martyr; — 43° St. Vitalis, martyr; — 44°

St. Agapitus, martyr; — 45° St. Urban, martyr; — 46° St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, martyrs; — 47° St. Fulgentius, martyr; — 48° St. Victorian, martyr; — 49° St. Innocent, martyr; — 50° St. Fructuosus, martyr; — 51° St. Eusebius, martyr; — 52° St. Hilary, martyr; — 53° St. Julian, martyr; — 54° St. Lucidus, martyr; — 55° St. Augustine, martyr; — 56° St. Justin, martyr; — 57° St. Peregrinus, martyr; — 58° St. Salvator [Sauveur], martyr; — 59° St. Faustinus, martyr; — 60° St. Desideratus, martyr; — 61° St. Paulinus, martyr; — 62°

St. Felix, martyr; — 63° St. Christian, martyr; — 64° St. Severus, martyr; — 65° St. Auctus, martyr; — 66° St. Modestus, martyr; — 67° St. Pantaleon, martyr; — 68° St. Valentine, martyr; — 69° St. Boniface, martyr; — 70° St. Beatus of Valcabrère; — 71° St. Deodatus; — 72° St. Aurelius, a great part of whose body is at Toulouse in the chapel of the Visitation; — 73° St. Amator, bishop of Auxerre; — 74° St. Alidorus or Elidorus; — 75° St. Amantius of Rodez; — 76° St. Bonitus, bishop of Clermont; — 77° St. Amantius, priest; — 78° St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage; — 79° St. Gregory the Great, pope; — 80° St. Germerius, bishop of Toulouse, whose body rests at Muret; — 81° St. Francis de Sales, bishop; — 82° St. Albinus, bishop of Angers; — 83° St. Thomas Aquinas, doctor; — 84° St. Vincent de Paul; — 85° St. Anthony, monk; — 86° St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians; — 87° St. Louis, king of France; — 88° St. Roch of Montpellier; — 89° St. Aloysius Gonzaga; — 90° St. Stanislaus Kostka; — 91° St. Alexis; — 92° St. Francis Xavier; — 93° St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin; — 94° St. Thecla, virgin and martyr; — 95° St. Apollonia, virgin and martyr; — 96° St. Ursula and her companions; — 97° St. Victoria, virgin and martyr; — 98° St. Margaret; — 99° St. Barbara, virgin and martyr; — 100° St. Petronilla, virgin; — 101° St. Celestina, virgin and martyr; — 102° St. Martina, virgin and martyr; — 103° St. Quiteria, virgin and martyr; — 104° St. Candida, martyr; — 105° St. Beata, martyr; — 106° St. Adeodata, martyr; — 107° St. Blandina, virgin and martyr; — 108° St. Amantia, virgin and martyr; — 109° St. Anastasia, martyr; — 110° St. Fortunata, martyr; — 111° St. Theodora, empress; — 112° St. Aurelia, virgin and martyr; — 113° St. Julia, virgin and martyr; — 114° St. Bridget, widow; — 115° St. Bona, virgin and martyr; — 116° St. Claudia, martyr; — 117° St. Carina, martyr; — 118° St. Aurea or Aura, martyr; — 119° St. Boniface, martyr; — 120° St. Domitilla, virgin and martyr; — 121° St. Justa, virgin and martyr; — 122° St. Clementia, virgin and martyr; — 123° St. Praxedes, virgin; — 124° St. Justina, martyr; — 125° St. Innocentia, virgin and martyr; — 126° St. Catherine of Siena; — 127° St. Frances de Chantal; — 128° St. Germaine Cousin of Pibrac; — 129° some of the true Cross; — 130° a small fragment of the Crown of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Notre-Dame de la Daurade: 1° a bone of St. Benedict, abbot, secondary patron of the old church of La Daurade; — 2° St. Deodatus, bishop of Mâcon: several large bones or notable relics; — 3° St. Concordia, martyr: several large bones; — 4° St. Clare, abbess: a large bone; — 5° St. Benedicta, martyr: a large bone; — 6° in the bust of Our Lady the Black there are several particles of bones of men and women Saints; — 7° a Thorn from the Crown of Our Lord Jesus Christ; — 8° some of the true Cross.

Notre-Dame de la Dalbade: 1° St. Germerius, bishop of Toulouse, secondary patron of the parish, whose body rests in the church of Muret; — 2° St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin; — 3° St. Vincent de Paul; — 4° St. Aloysius Gonzaga; — 5° St. Stanislaus Kostka; — 6° St. John the Baptist; — 7° St. Elizabeth, cousin of the Blessed Virgin; — 8° St. Barbara, virgin and martyr; — 9° St. Apollonia, virgin and martyr; — 10° some of the true Cross; — 11° a particle of the Robe of the Blessed Virgin.

Saint-Nicolas: 1° St. Nicholas, bishop, patron of the church. The feast of the translation is kept on 11 May; — 2° St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage; — 3° St. Roch of Montpellier; — 4° St. Philomena, virgin and martyr; — 5° St. Germaine Cousin of Pibrac; — 6° the body of the venerable Germaine d'Armaing, a Poor Clare nun; — 7° some of the true Cross.

Saint-Jérôme (formerly the Blue Penitents): 1° St. Jerome, patron of the church. The solemn reception of this holy relic took place on 9 May 1756; — 2° St. Louis, king of France; — 3° St. Magdalen, penitent; — 4° St. Helena, given to the church of Saint-Jérôme in 1827; — 5° some of the true Cross.

Notre-Dame du Taur: 1° St. John the Baptist; — 2° St. George, martyr; — 3° St. Anne; — 4° St. Vincent, martyr. From the Grey Penitents.

Saint-Aubin: 1° St. Albinus, bishop, patron; — 2° some of the true Cross; — 3° St. Germaine Cousin.

Saint-Pierre: 1° St. Felix, martyr: the head and a great part of the body; — 2° St. Peter, patron of the parish; — 3° some of the true Cross.

Saint-Exupère: 1° a notable relic of St. Exuperius, bishop of Toulouse, patron of the parish; — 2° the body of St. Theodore; — 3° a large case of bones from the old church of the Discalced Carmelites. The reliquaries having been carried off at the time of the Revolution, these holy relics were gathered pell-mell into this case; — 4° St. Peter and St. Paul; — 5° St. Vincent de Paul; — 6° St. Roch of Montpellier; — 7° St. Joseph, spouse of the Virgin; — 8° St. Aloysius Gonzaga; — 9° St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin; — 10° St. Teresa; — 11° St. Germaine Cousin; — 12° some of the true Cross; — 13° a stone from the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin.

Church of the Gesù: 1° a particle of the body of the Saints, the Blessed and the Venerable of the Society of Jesus; — 2° St. Germaine Cousin.

Calvary (former church of the Recollects): 1° St. Roch of Montpellier; — 2° the holy Innocents; — 3° some of the true Cross; — 4° St. Germaine Cousin.

Notre-Dame de Nazareth: 1° St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin; — 2° some of the true Cross.

Hôtel-Dieu Saint-Jacques: 1° St. Vincent de Paul; — 2° St. James the Less, apostle; — 3°

St. Narcissus, martyr; — 4° St. Pius V, pope (1825); — 5° St. Quirinus, martyr; — 6° St. John the Baptist; — 7° St. Innocent, martyr; — 8° St. Martin, bishop (1825); — 9° St. Benedict, martyr; — 10° St. Victor, martyr; — 11° St. Vincent, martyr; — 12° St. Paul, apostle; — 13° St. Francis de Sales; — 14° St. Theophilus, martyr; — 15° St. Columba, virgin and martyr; — 16° St. Amata; — 17° St. Venusta; — 18° St. Justa, virgin and martyr; — 19° some of the true Cross; — 20° wood of the coffin of St. Vincent de Paul; — 21° a fragment of the veil of St. Magdalen.

Saint-Joseph de la Grave: a great number of small particles of relics of men and women Saints.

Novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools: in several reliquaries are enclosed more than a hundred particles of bones of as many men and women Saints, whose enumeration would be too long. We shall cite only the following: 1° St. Henry, emperor; — 2° St. Adauctus, martyr; — 3° St. Lupus, bishop; — 4° St. Nicholas, patron of schoolboys; — 5° St. Aloysius Gonzaga; — 6° St. Stephen, first martyr; — 7° St. Bernard, abbot; — 8° St. John of the Cross; — 9° St. Firminus, bishop; — 10° St. Philip, martyr; — 11° St. Peter and St. Paul, apostles; — 12° St. Teresa and St. Philomena; — 13° Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, John Baptist Ros, John Sare; — 14° St. Germaine Cousin; — 15° the venerable John Baptist de la Salle; — 16° some of the true Cross; — 17° a piece of the cloak of St. Joseph; — 18° a piece of the cloak of the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers; — 19° a small particle of a veil of the most holy Virgin.

Diocesan major seminary: this ecclesiastical establishment possesses several notable relics, in particular the body of St. Pius, martyr, which was given to it by our Holy Father Pope Pius VII to show his gratitude for the affection the clergy of the diocese of Toulouse had shown him when he passed near its walls. The ceremony of the translation took place on 2 February 1816.

Notre-Dame (du Salin): 1° St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin; — 2° St. Germaine Cousin; — 3° some of the true Cross; — 4° a case of bones from the old convent of the Cordeliers called “du Salin”.

The Visitation (chapel of the nuns of the): 1° a great part of the body of St. Aurelius; — 2° the body of St. Ursia, virgin and martyr, given by the Pope to this convent in 1843. The city of Toulouse possesses besides, in its churches and chapels, a great number of holy relics which, though some at least lack their authentic documents, are none the less to be respected because of the traditions that indicate their origin, or because of their presence in places where ordinarily only pious and venerated objects are found.

On the site of the prison in which St. Saturninus was shut up at Carcassonne a church dedicated to St. Saturninus was later built. In the Cité or old town of Carcassonne one still sees a tower called the *Sacraire de Saint-Sernin*. It formed the apse of the church demolished in 1793.

In the diocese of Nevers the parishes of Vandenesse and Alligny-sous-Cosne honour St. Saturninus as their patron. An old chapel erected in honour of this Saint in the parish of Coulanges-lès-Nevers formerly drew many pilgrims.

Extracted from the Life of St. Saturninus by the abbé Latou, priest of the diocese of Toulouse; from the History of the holy relics preserved in the basilica of Saint-Saturnin by Alphonse Brémond; from the Hagiologie nivernaise by Mgr Crosnier; from the Origines de la foi chrétienne dans les Gaules by the abbé Corblet; and from local notes kindly supplied by the abbé Crépel, curate of Saint-Saturnin.

ST. SATURNINUS AND ST. SISINNIUS, MARTYRS AT ROME (303)

Saturninus was a servant of God who had spent his years at Rome in the exercises of true piety, when the emperor Maximian (286–305), relentless against the Christians, condemned them to work on the baths he was having built in that city in honour of Diocletian, who had made him his colleague in the empire; and he was among the confessors who were forced to this labour. His age made him unfit for so painful a task, all the more as he was in no way used to it and the overseers of the works took pleasure in overloading the Christians without showing them any mercy; yet he bore so great a persecution with admirable vigour and, never allowing himself a word of impatience, persevered constantly in his fidelity to Jesus Christ.

That good Master, for His part, sent him relief by means of a holy deacon of the Church of Rome, named Sisinnius. Touched by the wretched state of the venerable old man, he brought him food and lavished his consolations on him. Maximian learned all that was going on. Saturninus and Sisinnius, and with them a band of generous Christians, were thrown into a dark dungeon.

Our devout captives soon changed this place of ignominy into a temple of honour and a school of piety. There they preached Jesus Christ, not only to the other prisoners but also to many pagans from outside, who flocked there to share in their divine lessons; and their preaching was so eloquent that it converted part of their hearers, whom they baptized.

One may judge the fury into which the president Candidus fell when he learned of this wonderful progress of Christianity. He at once had Saturninus and Sisinnius brought before him, barefoot and loaded with chains, and, looking at them with an angry eye, commanded them to adore the majesty of the gods on the spot if they did not wish to feel the rigour of the most horrible torments. “We do not adore gods of stone and wood,” said Sisinnius. “It is to Jesus Christ alone, Son of the living God, that we offer our adoration and homage.” Saturninus said the same, and as the judge, despite their resolution, had a bronze tripod brought to make them throw incense on it before the idols, the holy old man added: “May the Lord break the gods of the nations!” And at that very instant the tripod broke as if it had been made of earthenware. Two soldiers, Papias and Maurus, touched by this sight, recognized the truth of Christianity and cried out before everyone that there was no other divinity than the one Saturninus and Sisinnius adored. As for the president, he remained hardened and, to satisfy his malice, had the Martyrs stretched on the rack and ordered their limbs to be broken with blows of sticks, of ox-sinews and of scorpions, which were whips armed with iron hooks.

In these torments the soldiers of Jesus Christ did nothing but bless their divine Master, who in His goodness associated them with the company of His Confessors and Martyrs. As for the two newly converted soldiers, they had the boldness to reproach the president for his barbarity and to tell him that only the devil could inspire it in him; for this the wicked man had their teeth broken with stones and then sent them to prison, from which they were taken a few days later to be beaten to death with leaded whips. As for St. Saturninus and St. Sisinnius, who were bound on the rack, he had their sides burned besides with blazing torches. Finally, unable to overcome their constancy, he condemned them to be beheaded. They were therefore led two miles from Rome, near the Viminal gate (the gate of Saint Agnes), and there received the palm of a glorious martyrdom. A zealous Christian called Thraso took away their bodies with a holy priest named John and buried them on his own estate on the Via Salaria.

Baronius, in his Notes on the martyrology, speaks of a church in their honour on the same Via Salaria which, according to Pope Felix IV, was ruined by fire. He also speaks there of a translation of their relics within the walls of Rome, to the churches of Saint Peter in Chains and of Saint Martin on the Hills [San Martino ai Monti]. The nuns of Le Charme, of the Order of Fontevrault, in the diocese of Soissons (1685), possessed a considerable bone of St. Sisinnius in an ebony shrine enriched with silver figures.

This account is from Father Giry.

---

[1] Eauze, formerly Elusa, was long the seat of an archbishopric. This city having been almost destroyed towards the 9th century, the archiepiscopal see was transferred to Auch. Eauze, former capital of Novempopulania, is today a simple chief town of a canton (Gers).

[2] Vasaeus in his Chronicle of Spain, the Breviary of Pamplona and all the old authors put at 40,000 the number of persons converted by St. Saturninus. At Pamplona, at the entrance of the Calle Mayor, opposite the church of Saint-Saturnin, they still show a covered well, placed, according to tradition, at the spot where St. Saturninus rested, and whose waters served to baptize the 40,000 converts.

30 November

Martyrologies

ROMAN MARTYROLOGY.

At Patras in Achaia, the birthday of St. Andrew, apostle, who preached the Gospel in Thrace and Scythia. Arrested by order of the proconsul Aegeas, he was first put in prison, then most cruelly scourged; finally he was fastened to a cross, on which he lived two days without ceasing to teach the people; but having prayed Our Lord not to allow him to be taken down from the cross, he was surrounded there by a great light that came from heaven, and as this light vanished he gave up his soul to God. 62. — At Rome, the execution of the holy martyrs Castulus and Euprepitus. — At Constantinople, St. Maura, virgin and martyr. — Also St. Justina, virgin and martyr. — At Saintes, St. Trojan, bishop, a man of great holiness, who shows by the great number of his miracles that he is living in heaven while we have his body on earth. — At Rome, St. Constantius, who for the generous resistance he made to the Pelagians suffered many ills through their intrigues, and thereby merited to be numbered among the confessors of Jesus Christ. About 418. — In Palestine, St. Zosimus, confessor, who under the emperor Justin was distinguished by his holiness and his miracles. 6th c.

MARTYROLOGY OF FRANCE, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

In the dioceses of Bordeaux, Coutances, Dijon, Meaux, Paris and Verdun, St. Andrew, apostle, named in the Roman martyrology of this day. 62. — In the diocese of Chartres, St. Tugdual, bishop of the old see of Tréguier (Côtes-du-Nord). About 564. — At Belley, the death of Blessed Raynald, a religious of Portes, then bishop of Belley after the death of St. Anthelm. He walked in the footsteps of his holy predecessor and revived his zeal, his firmness and his virtues. 1184. — At Saint-Omer (Pas-de-Calais), in the diocese of

Arras, Blessed Joscio, a religious of the monastery of Saint-Bertin. Most devoted to the Blessed Virgin, he never failed to sing every day after Matins the five psalms *Magnificat*, *Ad Dominum cum*

tribularer, *Retribue*, *In convertendo*, *Ad te levavi*, which begin with one of the letters of the name of Mary, and to have each of these psalms preceded by an *Ave Maria*. One night, about the feast of St. Andrew, the subprior, not having found Brother Joscio in choir, went to the dormitory: he was dead. Five roses in full bloom were opening on his face, and the word *Maria* was written on the one that came out of his mouth. In 1614 this miracle could still be seen carved behind the choir, and the chapel of the Assumption was named "Chapel of Blessed Joscio" from the feast instituted in his honour in 1619. 1163. — At Déols or Bourg-Dieu (Indre), in the diocese of Bourges, Blessed Josbert, a Benedictine religious.[1] 1186. — At Annecy in Savoy, Blessed Andrew, canon of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem.[2] 1347. — At Castres, in the diocese of Albi, Blessed Pierre Guillot and his companions, martyrs, of the Order of Friars Preachers. In 1568 the Dominican convent of Castres, where more than four hundred Catholics had taken refuge, was invaded by a band of Calvinists. These madmen, after beating to death all the religious and those to whom they had given shelter, seized Blessed Peter, who was prior, sat him on an ass with his face turned backwards and a bit in his mouth, and paraded him through every quarter of the town, loading him with insults and stones. Finally, after making him undergo the most shameful treatment, they stabbed him and threw him into the river. He came back to the surface while they were firing arquebuses at him and, raising his bloodstained arms, cried three times: *Credo, Credo, Credo,* and gave up the ghost. 1568.

ADDITIONS MADE FROM VARIOUS HAGIOGRAPHERS.

In Persia, the martyrdom of St. Narses, bishop of Sciaharcadat (province of Beth-Germa), and of St. Joseph, his disciple. With them suffered a great number of other Christians: John, bishop of Beth-Seleucia; Isaac, priest of Hulsar; Papa, priest of Helmine; Ulianam, a young cleric; Guhsciatazades, eunuch of the palace of Ardascirus; Sazanes, Mares, Timaeus and Zaron; Bahuta, a widow; Thecla and Danacha, Tatoua, Marna, Mazachia and Anne, virgins of Beth-Seleucia; Abiata, Ratés and Mamlacha, virgins of the province of Beth-Germa. About 343. — Also in Persia, the holy martyrs Sapor, bishop of Beth-Nictor; Isaac, bishop of Charclia; Mahanes, Abraham and Simeon. 339. — In West Frisia (Holland), St. Accas or Acca, one of the apostolic preachers who spread the seed of the Gospel there. He died bishop of Hagulstad (today Hexham, in Northumberland). 740.

Mgr Paul Guérin, Les Petits Bollandistes (7th ed.) — English translation (draft)

Table of Contents

ST. TUGDUAL OR TUGDUALD[3], BISHOP OF TRÉGUIER (564)

Tugdual was of the most illustrious family of Brittany, since he had for father Hoël I, surnamed the Great, son of Budic, king of that country, whom Clovis put to death, it is believed, in order to seize his States. Hoël had married Pompea, who gave him several children. This prince, obliged to withdraw to Great Britain to King Arthur his kinsman, came back to Armorica in 513, defeated the Frisians who had seized part of the country, drove out the lieutenants of Childebert, who had lately succeeded Clovis, and recovered his father's kingdom. He afterwards went back to Great Britain to bring help to King Arthur, and there ended his days. His family had stayed in that island, and two of his sons, Tugdual and Leonorus, who had been born there, were entrusted there to the celebrated St. Iltut, under whose guidance they made their studies. Tugdual, generously despising all the advantages that his birth and his outward gifts could offer him, embraced the monastic life after living for some time as a hermit, and in course of time became superior of a monastery. There he gave the example of every virtue, but above all of a tender compassion towards the unfortunate. Hoël having died in 545, Tugdual resolved to cross the sea and come to live in Armorica. He was accompanied by Pompea his mother, who had embraced the religious life after her husband's death and was

returning to her homeland; by Blessed Seva his sister; and by seventy-two solitaries who had practised for some years the exercises of the monastic life under Tugdual's government in the island of Britain. This holy band landed near Le Conquet, at a little haven in the parish of Ploumoguer, in the country of Léon. St. Tugdual, after giving thanks to God for the happy outcome of his voyage, first looked along the coast for a place fit for building a monastery. His brother Hoël, second of the name, surnamed Jona, who had succeeded their father in the government of Brittany, gave him the land needed to settle suitably; and Tugdual, having built his monastery, stayed there some time with his religious. Experience made him know the great need the people had of being catechized and exhorted to live in a manner befitting the holiness of their belief. So he left his solitude and, choosing the most zealous of his disciples from his community, travelled with them through the whole province, and there bore such great fruit by his preaching, his miracles and his examples, that there was no district of Brittany which did not feel his charity and did not wish to have some of his solitaries. At the same time as they were asked of him, lands and sites were given him, which Tugdual used to found new monasteries from day to day.

Of all the refuges the Saint opened to piety, the most considerable was the one he raised in a valley called Trecor, today Tréguier. There he received a great number of disciples whom he had persuaded to leave the world; and there he most usually lived, to instruct and form them, an occupation to which he gave all the time left to him after his missions.

Meanwhile deputies of the country of Tréguier came to beg King Childebert to give them Tugdual as bishop, because all the people desired it and asked it of him through them. The king, answering their wishes, willed that he be consecrated at Paris. It was not without difficulty that the servant of God consented to take on the burden of the episcopate (about 552), and he gave way only when he believed that the divine will had been clearly shown him. His new dignity, giving him greater authority, inspired in him at the same time a redoubled zeal and fervour to restore discipline, good order and piety in his diocese. To this he applied preaching, example, and even miracles. In his time the country was afflicted by a mortality which carried off a prodigious number of persons. To appease the anger of heaven, St. Paul, who governed the church of Ocismor, invited St. Tugdual, his neighbour, and ordered a general procession. St. Tugdual preached to the assembly, and the mortality ceased on the instant. But those who had admired and loved Tugdual as long as he had only preached and practised the Gospel could no longer bear him once he joined his authority to his words and his examples to call these bad Christians back to their duty. By calumnies they stirred up the people against Tugdual, who was forced to yield to the storm and withdraw to a solitude of his diocese with some of his religious.

His exile lasted only two years. Want and misery had opened the eyes of his diocesans during his absence. The calumnies had all vanished, and he found his people much more submissive and docile than he had left them. He knew how to profit by these good dispositions for the service of God and the spiritual advancement of his flock during the three or four years that he still lived, after which he went to receive the crown of glory in heaven on a Sunday, the last day of November of the year 564. His body was buried in the monastery of the valley of Trecor. To withdraw his relics from the profanations of the Normans, one of his successors, in the ninth century, carried them out of Brittany in 878. He wished to deliver them to the Church of Chartres, where they had already been kept during other troubles; but in passing through Laval, the good welcome he received from the inhabitants of that town and the services they rendered him touched him so much that he gave them a considerable part of the precious treasure of which he was the keeper. He took the rest to Chartres, where it was divided that same year between that Church, which kept his head and some bones, the collegiate church of Saint-Aubin at Crépy-en-Valois, and the town of Château-Landon. The portion of the relics which was at Laval was placed in 1406 in the church of Notre-Dame, where there was a chapter which took the name of Saint-Tugal and lasted until the Revolution. The ruins of that church disappeared entirely only in 1834. These relics, formerly kept in a fine silver shrine, and which consist of fragments of tibias and

femurs, are kept still today in a shrine of gilded wood, and it is the parish church of the Trinity which possesses them. They were visited by M. de Tressan, bishop of Le Mans, on 16 July 1674, and recently, on 20 April 1826, by M. de La Myre-Mory, his successor in that see. Those of Château-Landon were in a church which was at once a priory and a parish. They consisted of a shoulder bone and two small bones. Enclosed in a silver shrine, they were for a long time the object of the veneration of the faithful; but in 1568 the Calvinists, having seized Château-Landon, took these holy relics and threw them into the fire. A woman had the courage to mingle among them and snatch the shoulder bone from the flames; she saved it and gave it back to the church that owned it. The Church of Chartres lost in the Revolution the Saint's head and the other bones it kept. A shrine of silver-gilt, small but richly adorned, held them; this shrine was formerly placed behind the high altar of the cathedral. It is believed that it was from Chartres that a bishop of Tréguier obtained the relics of St. Tugdual now seen in that latter town, which are fragments of arm bones, once enshrined in a silver arm, hidden during the Revolution, and since placed in a fine reliquary of gilt bronze given by Mgr de Quélen, archbishop of Paris.

Saints of Brittany, by Dom Lobineau and Tresvaux.

ST. TROJAN OR TROYEN, BISHOP OF SAINTES (532)

It is said that Trojan was born of an Israelite father and a Moorish mother. His parents brought him while very young to the metropolis of the Santones, where they intended to stay for some time. The bishop of Saintes, St. Vivian, was struck by the happy dispositions of the young stranger, whom he had occasion to know. He took him into his care, procured him the benefit of baptism and brought him up in the principles of the Catholic Church.

Trojan answered his bishop's fatherly efforts wonderfully. He made surprising progress in learning and piety. Soon he was admitted to the clerical state and afterwards to the diaconate. Called later to the priesthood, he was sent to Toulouse to combat Arianism as at its source: clear proof of the enlightenment and the unshakable firmness of doctrine of the holy priest.

On his return from this mission, and in spite of his resistance, Trojan was raised to the episcopate and put in the place of the bishop of the Santones who had just died. His eminent qualities and virtues then shone with a bright lustre. Dividing all his time between prayer, study, preaching and the visitation of his diocese, he won such a reputation for holiness that people came from all sides to visit and hear the prelate, and counted themselves happy to be able to carry away some object that had belonged to him. The theological learning of this bishop had also made him highly esteemed, so that from the most distant parts people hastened to have recourse to his enlightened counsels. He was one of the lights of the Church of Gaul.

St. Trojan died on 30 November 532, according to St. Gregory of Tours. He was buried, on the report of the same hagiographer, beside St. Vivian his predecessor. His relics were profaned and scattered by the Calvinists in 1568. St. Gregory pays the worthy bishop a tribute which we are glad to reproduce: "Trojan, bishop of the Church of the Santones, is united in heaven to blessed Vivian, as at his tomb, not far distant from his own; fame celebrates the great virtues of this prelate… He was revered during his life as the most illustrious and distinguished man of the city. It is told that when, to go through his diocese, he put on a new vestment, several of the faithful would fight over the fringe of that garment, convinced that whatever could be snatched from the holy bishop was an infallible remedy. Now that his body is committed to the earth, his soul lives in the heavens, whence it shows its power by a multitude of miracles. All the sick and infirm who come to pray at his tomb go home healed."

A parish under the holy bishop's patronage exists in the island of Oléron, whose church was built about 1070; we find another of the same name near Cognac, and a third near Blaye (Gironde); the church of Rétaud, near Saintes, is dedicated to the same Saint.

M. Rainguet, Biographie Saintongeaise.

SUPPLEMENT

THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER

ST. QUENTIN, MARTYR IN VERMANDOIS

Our text of the life of St. Quentin was already stereotyped when there reached us, from some members of the honourable clergy of Saint-Quentin, critical and corrective notes aimed especially at two points of our account: the apostolate of St. Quentin, and the tomb of the holy martyr. In a spirit of impartiality, and because we mean not to deprive our readers of the least hagiographical wealth, we gladly make use, in the present case, of the latitude we reserved to ourselves of publishing, in a special supplement attached to each of the volumes of our work, what it would have been impossible for us to set out in the body of those same volumes.

I. THE APOSTOLATE OF ST. QUENTIN *Was the Vermandois evangelized by St. Quentin?*

We said that St. Quentin had in no way made the Vermandois illustrious by his apostolate, but only by his martyrdom. We took this assertion from the much-esteemed work of the abbé Corblet of Amiens[1], and he himself wrote to us, after our account had been written:

“I continue to think that it is wrongly that St. Quentin has been called the apostle of the Vermandois. There is not even a serious tradition about his preaching in that province.”

Against these assertions, we are written to from Saint-Quentin:

“It is very probable that St. Quentin preached in the Vermandois, and in any case no one is entitled to claim that he did not. You say yourself, moreover, that ‘everywhere he published the name of Jesus Christ and the wonders of His power’; now it is infinitely probable that in this *everywhere* the Vermandois must be included, a country so near to the Amiénois. Besides, the probability of the evangelization of the Vermandois by St. Quentin is upheld in the *Acta Sanctorum* by the Reverend Father Bossue, one of the Bollandists of Brussels. Lastly, all our traditions, all our liturgical books agree on this point.”

What is to be concluded from these differences of opinion? It is not for us to settle so delicate a question: let our readers judge for themselves.

II. THE TOMB OF ST. QUENTIN *St. Quentin having had several tombs, which is the one now kept in the crypts of the church of Saint-Quentin?*

In 358 St. Eusebia laid the body of St. Quentin in a sarcophagus; in 641 St. Eligius discovered the tomb of the holy Martyr. But is the tomb kept today in the crypts of the church of Saint-Quentin really the one St. Eusebia used and St. Eligius discovered; or a tomb later than that time, that is, the one in which the abbot Hugh translated the body of St. Quentin in 835 into the crypt he had had built for him? We said that the sarcophagus kept in our day at Saint-Quentin was probably the one St. Eusebia herself had prepared. In this we relied on the proofs brought by M. Charles Gomart in an interesting study he published on the subject, from which we take these few fragments:

“There exists, in the crypt of the church of Saint-Quentin, a sarcophagus of this holy Martyr. It was hollowed out of an enormous fluted column of white marble, whose flutings were removed and worn down so as to make the outer circumference of the semi-cylindrical lid round and polished. The flutings in the lower part of the sarcophagus are still whole.

“If we consult the manuscripts of Dom Grenier, this tomb would be the one in which the abbot Hugh translated the body of St. Quentin in 835 into the crypt he had had built for him. But this sarcophagus seems to us much older, and we believe, with some likelihood, that it is the one in which St. Eusebia buried St. Quentin in the middle of the fourth century. Here are our reasons:

“The shape of the tomb of St. Quentin differs essentially from that of the sarcophagi of the Merovingian period. The tomb made by Hugh must have been decorated, since it stood above ground, supported on small columns; it must have borne either an inscription or Christian symbols, since it was meant to receive the relics of a Saint and to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Lastly, in the eighth century no one would have hollowed out a tomb for a Saint in a column of white marble, coming no doubt from some pagan temple; but a stone sarcophagus would have been made, like those of Clovis and Clotilda, of a flared shape with a prismatic lid, in the style of those of St. Victoric and St. Cassian (ninth century), which shows what the visible tomb of the abbot Hugh must have been.

“The proofs abound, on the contrary, to show that the tomb kept at Saint-Quentin is the one prepared by St. Eusebia. It is known that the sarcophagi of the first Christian period were not decorated; ornaments and symbols came only on tombs meant either to be visible or to serve as altars for the holy sacrifice of the Mass, like the sarcophagus of Moissac and the one that serves as an altar in the church of Saint-Denis.

“The tomb of St. Quentin has the semi-cylindrical shape of the Christian sarcophagi of the fourth century. It is like that of Honorius (fourth century), seen at Ravenna. The tomb of St. Hilary (*saint Hilaire*), buried in 368, is of white marble; it has the same shape as St. Quentin’s; but, as it was meant to be visible, it was decorated at its ends and on the cross-pieces with figures and emblems.

“The shaft of white marble column chosen to hollow out the tomb of St. Quentin shows that for this apostle was done what was done for several Saints, that is, he was buried in the column of a pagan temple whose idols he had overthrown. This tomb cannot have been placed on small columns, as history indicates for that of the abbot Hugh, because of the flutings still on its lower part. Lastly, the absence of all ornament shows clearly that this sarcophagus was meant by St. Eusebia to be put in the ground; let us add that the yellow colour the tomb has taken on outside, and still keeps, shows that it lay in the clayey earth that forms the bottom of the soil of the church of Saint-Quentin.”

These arguments are plausible; but those which tell in favour of the contrary opinion, the one which holds that the tomb kept at Saint-Quentin is not the one discovered by St. Eligius in 641, are no less peremptory. It is said, in fact, in the Life of St. Eligius by St. Ouen:

“Scarcely had St. Eligius, at the bottom of the trench opened by the workmen busy at the digging, struck a few blows on one of the sides and loosened a little earth, when he uncovered a tomb whose antiquity could not be doubtful, and which must contain some holy body. Then, carried away with joy, with the spade he held in his hand he struck the stone of the tomb boldly, and soon made an opening in it. At that instant a sweet perfume and a brilliant light escaped from it.”

“Now it is to be believed,” we are written from Saint-Quentin, “that this light sprang precisely through the opening St. Eligius made; but you would look in vain on the present sepulchre for a trace of that opening, or even of the place struck by St. Eligius.”

As can be seen, on both sides the arguments are not to be despised. Until light is shed, we could not, for love of truth, refrain from setting out their substance. Besides, we owed this step to the just and courteous representations of our venerated brethren of Saint-Quentin.

---

[2] We reproduce this entry from the old martyrology of the abbey of Déols only for the record. The legend of Blessed Joscio of Saint-Bertin is absolutely the same as that of Blessed Josbert of Déols; only the places, the times and the names differ. Evidently one must conclude that the two persons are identical.

[3] Before the Revolution the secular (formerly regular) canons of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, established at Annecy from the end of the 12th century, where their church still stands though given over to profane uses, solemnly kept the feast of Blessed Andrew on 30 November. He was descended from the Gulsord family. First appointed *clavaire* (administrator of the temporal revenues) of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, he was sent to Europe as visitor of the houses of the Order. Arriving at Annecy, he made several purchases there as *clavaire*, and died there in great repute for holiness. Jacquemette, widow of Gervais de Faucigny, sold a house at Annecy whose price was to be used for the cost of Father Andrew's tomb (27 March 1360). Mgr de Rossillon de Bernex, bishop of Geneva, residing at Annecy, himself showed this tomb to two religious of Saint-Maur, Dom Martène and Dom Durand, who passed through the town in 1709 on their researches; the monument had been repaired in 1655 by the chapter of Annecy, as appears from an inscription in which Father Andrew is given the title of Blessed. — Note of the abbé Ducis, archivist of the department of Haute-Savoie. March 1872.

[4] Alias: Tutwal, Tudual, Tugal, Tuald.

[1] *Hagiographie du diocèse d'Amiens* (4 vols. 8vo, Paris, J.-B. Dumoulin, 1869–1873).