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THE
Lives of the Saints

REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THE EIGHTH

First Edition published 1872
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New and Revised Edition, 16 vols. ,, 1914



SALVATOR MUNDI.

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THE
Lives of the Saints

BY THE
REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

With Introduction and Additional Lives of English
Martyrs, Cornish, Scottish, and Welsh Saints,
and a full Index to the Entire Work

New and Revised Edition

ILLUSTRATED BY 473 ENGRAVINGS

VOLUME THE EIGHTH

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LIVES OF THE SAINTS


July 16.

- S. FAUSTUS, *M.*, *circ.* A.D. 253.
S. EUSTATHIUS, *Patr. of Antioch*, *circ.* A.D. 336.
S. HELERIUS, OR HELIER, *M. in Jersey*, 6th cent.
S. MONULF, *B. at Maestricht*, end of 6th cent.
S. GUNDULF, *B. at Maestricht*, end of 7th cent.
S. VITALIAN, *B. of Capua*, *circ.* 7th cent.
SS. REYNILDIS, *V.M.*, GRIMOALD, AND GUNDULF, *MM.*, near Hal in Belgium, 7th cent.
S. TENENAN, OR TINIDOR, *B. at S. Pol-de-Leon*.
S. CELSAUS, *O.P. at Breslau in Silesia*, A.D. 1252.
THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, A.D. 1251.

S. EUSTATHIUS, PATR. OF ANTIOCH.

(ABOUT A.D. 336.)

[By the Greeks on February 21st and June 5th. Also by the Copts on Feb. 21st. And by the Latins on July 16th. Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authorities:—Eusebius, Theodoret, Socrates, Philostorgius, Sozomen, and the Encomium of S. John Chrysostom on the Saint.]

HE famous Council of Nicæa met in the year 325, to hear and to condemn the teaching of Arius. Among the Syrian bishops present, the first in dignity was the orthodox Eustathius, who either was, or was on the point of being made, patriarch of Antioch, the capital of Syria, the metropolis of the Eastern Church, then called 'the city of God.' He had suffered in heathen persecutions, and was destined to suffer in Christian persecutions also.¹ But he was chiefly known for his learning and eloquence, which was distinguished by an antique simplicity of style. One work alone has come down to us,

¹ Soz. ii. 19.

on the 'Witch of Endor.'¹ He had been bishop of Beræa, and was a native of Sidon in Pamphylia. S. Paulinus, bishop of Antioch, had died that same year, and Eustathius was designated to fill his place. When the emperor Constantine entered the great hall where the Council of the bishops sat, Eustathius of Antioch, who, according to Theodoret, sat on the right hand of the throne, addressed the emperor, thanked God for him, and the blessing he had given to the Church of peace and an opportunity of assembling in council. For a few years Eustathius occupied his patriarchal throne in tranquillity. But the Arian party, after its defeat at Nicæa, gathered its strength, surrounded the emperor, and trouble fell on the Catholics.

The Eusebian party—the chiefs of whom were the Nicomedian Eusebius,—his namesake of Cæsarea,—Acacius, the pupil of the latter,—George, whom Alexander of Alexandria had deposed from the priesthood,—Leontius, a smooth, cautious man,—Eudoxius, afterwards notorious for his profanity,—and Valens, bishop of Mursa in Pannonia, who became equally conspicuous by shameless want of truth,—had but one definite object before them, to undo the work of Nicæa. These tactics were, to maintain the hold they had obtained over the emperor; to get rid of the leading Catholic bishops; and to propagate Arianism in forms less flagrantly offensive to the general Christian feeling than those which the Council had condemned.

Their first victim was Eustathius. The patriarchal see of Antioch had suffered much in the third century by the scandal of an heretical occupant. It was now to pass through sufferings from the effect of which it never quite recovered. Eustathius had maintained a

¹ In this he attempts to show against Origen, that the witch did not recall the ghost of Samuel, but that by the power of Satan the imagination of Saul and the woman were impressed with a phantom vision.

firm demeanour towards the Arians, he would never admit them to communion.¹ He had expressed his distrust of the orthodoxy of Eusebius of Cæsarea, and two other bishops.² Eusebius retorted by the charge of Sabellianism, which Arians always brought against the Catholics. Bent on his ruin, Eusebius, the wily bishop of Nicomedia, pretended that he had a great desire to visit Jerusalem, and the magnificent church built there by the emperor. He departed accordingly; Constantine furnishing him with carriage and all the cost of his journey. Theognis of Nicæa, his confidant, departed with him. On reaching Antioch they pretended friendship for Eustathius, and were received with kindness and hospitality.

On reaching Jerusalem they met Eusebius of Cæsarea, Patrophilus of Scythopolis, Aetius of Lydda, Theodotus of Laodicæa, and other Arians. To them they discovered their design, and the whole party of bishops went to Antioch, under pretext of accompanying Eusebius of Nicomedia, as an act of courtesy.

On reaching Antioch, a council was summoned, which was attended by S. Eustathius and some other Catholic prelates, who were ignorant of the plot. When all were assembled, the public were excluded at the request of the Arians, and they then introduced a profligate woman with an infant at her breast, whom they had suborned to accuse Eustathius of being its father. S. Eustathius indignantly demanded some evidence to substantiate this odious charge. There was none but that of the miserable woman, who was put upon her oath; and then, with one voice, the Arian prelates condemned him to lose his bishopric. The other bishops, who were not of the plot, peremptorily

¹ S. Ath. Hist Ari., s. 4.

² Soz. ii. 19.

refused to acquiesce in this outrageous judgment, and entreated S. Eustathius not to submit to the sentence. They appealed to Moses,¹ to S. Paul,² who forbade a condemnation on a single testimony. But the Arians were in power. They did not publish the cause of the deposition of the patriarch, but hinted that he had been found guilty of Sabellianism. Eusebius of Nicomedia and Theognis then hastily returned to the emperor, and persuaded him of the guilt of Eustathius, adding, to ensure that the anger of Constantine should fall on the patriarch, that Eustathius had not treated Helena, the mother of the emperor, with respect.³ Constantine banished him, as "a pollution,"⁴ to Illyria, in 331. Paulinus of Tyre was transferred to Antioch, and on his death, shortly afterwards, Eulalius was made bishop. He soon followed Paulinus. The vacant see was then offered to Eusebius of Cæsarea. He declined it on canonical grounds, and Constantine highly applauded his refusal. But in the meantime the woman who had borne evidence against Eustathius had been stricken with illness. Then her conscience reproached her, and sending for the priests of Antioch, she confessed that she had been suborned to give false evidence. An Eustathius was indeed the father of her child, but was a coppersmith of that name. What must have been the reckless wickedness of the Eusebian party to have used such vile means to overthrow a champion of the true faith! Yet, though the falsehood of the charge was exposed, and the guilt of the Arian bishops in bringing it forward was naked to the view of all, the innocent Eustathius remained in banishment. We may well understand why Eusebius

¹ Deut. xix. 15.³ S. Athan. Hist. Arian.² 1 Tim. v. 19.⁴ Euseb. Vit. Const. iii. 60.

of Cæsarea shrank from facing the orthodox people of Antioch after the exposure of the intrigue in which he had been engaged. Eustathius died in Thrace, and was buried at Trajanopolis. His relics were translated to Antioch in 482.

S. HELIER, M.

(6TH CENT.)

[Venerated in Jersey, and in the dioceses of Coutances and Rennes. Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology. Authority :—The Acts of the Saint written after the 9th cent.]

SIGEBARD, a heathen noble living at Tongern, in the modern kingdom of Belgium, was married to a Swabian lady named Lusegarde, and for seven years they were childless. A Christian priest, living near, named Cunibert, then promised them a son, if they would give the child to him after it was born, to be by him educated in a Christian life. They gladly consented; but when in due course a son was born to them, they refused to surrender the little boy to the rough hermit-priest. A sickness which threatened the child's life alarmed Sigebard, and he reluctantly gave the little boy into the arms of the priest. The child was named by him Helier, but was not baptized.

Helier grew up under the tuition of Cunibert, learnt the alphabet, and acquired some of the psalms by heart. The lessons of the venerable man sank deep into his soul; and a mutual love attached them to each other. But Sigebard was ill-pleased to see his son and heir living like a monk on roots and water, and instead of learning to use the boar-spear, acquire a knowledge of the psalter. And in rude pagan fashion, he thought that the best way to break the connexion between the

tutor and his pupil would be to kill the former. The deed was done one night, whilst the old man was reciting his psalter, and when Helier, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the church, he found his friend and tutor dead, with his bloody finger resting on the last line he had sung, "When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

Helier, horrified at this murder, fled from home, and went to the land of the Morini, and coming to Therouanne, spent some years in fasting and prayer. After which he went to S. Markulf, who advised him to settle in Jersey. He accordingly went to that island, and took up his abode in a cave in the rock that rises in the midst of the bay which still bears his name, and is now crowned with a castle. There he spent a few years, sleeping on the bare rock. Some pirates landed in the island, and discovered his retreat by the screaming of the sea-gulls round the mouth of the cave. One of them smote off his head.

A companion, who had managed to secrete himself, when the pirates had sailed away, laid the body in a boat, and committing himself to the winds and waves, was carried to Hexvarde; and the body was laid at Stonenarlevse.

S. VITALIAN, B.

(ABOUT 7TH CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The lessons in the Capuan Breviary.]

S. VITALIAN was an old bishop of Capua; and when he had reached the age of seventy, a party of his clergy thought that they had had quite enough of his rule, and grew impatient of his childish simplicity, and

weakness of government. Discontent manifested itself in insolence, and the poor bishop had much to suffer from their impatience to see him vacate the see. If he would not die, he might be forced to resign, and they sought every available means of making his life burdensome. One night some of them got into his bedroom and carried off his clothes, substituting for them a set of female attire. When the bishop heard the summons to matins, he tumbled out of bed, and in the dark dressed himself, with no small difficulty,—for somehow hooks and buttons would not come in the accustomed places. When he appeared in church, the clergy smothered their laughter, and let the poor old man proceed with the service till day broke, and the people assembled in the church, when he became an object of general derision.

The humiliation was too much for the old bishop, and he ran away from his see. But when he was gone, the skies remained cloudless and brassy. Not a drop of rain fell; and the Capuans concluding that they were visited with a draught because they had expelled their bishop, sent for him back again. He returned, and then the rain fell. But he thought that he had had enough of ruling the see of Capua, and he accordingly resigned it, and retired to a solitary mountain, where he might end his days in peace, and not run the risk of being subjected again to practical jokes. Years passed, and his tomb on the mount above Catanzaro was clean forgotten, when some shepherds played quoits one day with a stone on the hill side. Next morning they found that the stone they had thrown about the day before had returned to the spot whence they had originally taken it. This was of course miraculous, and demanded careful investigation. One of the shepherds dreamed that under the

stone lay the bones of S. Vitalian. Bones were sought there, and discovered. The story was brought to the ears of Pope Callixtus II. in 1122, and he made no difficulty in authenticating the relics as those of the old bishop of Capua, and from that time to this they have been indulged and venerated at Catanzaro.

S. REYNILDIS OR RAINILDA, V.M.

(7TH CENT.)

[Belgian and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority :—A life founded on popular tradition, of no very ancient date.]

THIS virgin Martyr was the daughter of Witiger and S. Amalberga (July 10th), her brother was S. Aldebert, bishop of Cambrai, and her sister, S. Gudula (Jan. 8th). When Witiger and his wife, advanced in years, retired into religious houses, S. Reinildis and her sister disposed of their worldly goods and resolved to follow their example. They retired to the abbey of Lobbes, but as the monks refused to admit women within their walls, S. Gudula departed to Morselle, on the Meuse. But according to the legend, Reinildis remained for three days and nights outside the doors of the abbey praying. On the third night the doors burst open of their own accord, and when the monks rushed to see the cause, they found Reynildis in the church, with her arms extended, in prayer before the cross. She had taught the monks that a woman will have her own way; and that it was in vain for them to put up bolts and bars against a woman who has at once made up her mind to get within their doors. Having taught them this lesson, she did not care further to trouble them with her pre-

sence, but retired to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

On her return, laden with relics, she was received everywhere with admiration and respect. She distributed the relics in all directions, and then settled down by the church of Saintes, near Hal, in Hainault, with a sub-deacon, Grimoald, and a servant, named Gundulf. The Huns at this time made their terrible invasion of Germany, and their advanced posts swept Hainault and Brabant. Some of these barbarians came to Saintes, where they killed S. Reynildis, Grimoald and Gundulf. Their relics are shown to this day at Saintes.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(A.D. 1251.)

[Roman and Carmelite Martyrologies.]

THE Order of Mount Carmel commemorates this day the giving of the scapular to S. Simon Stock, fifth General of the Order. It is related that the Blessed Virgin appeared to Simon, and holding in her hand a scapular, a little woollen habit of a brown colour, to cover the shoulders, stomach, and back, informed him seriously that anyone who hereafter should receive a similar strip of woollen cloth, with a hole in the middle, from the hands of a Carmelite, and should wear it, should never burn in hell eternally.

The Pere Guerin says, "I know that several modern writers have rejected the truth of this vision, but as I find it repeated in several Papal Bulls, and that it has been contained in the lessons for the Office of the Festival, which have been approved by the Holy See and by the Sacred Congregation, and that Pope Clement X., of happy memory, has permitted the recitation of it by all

ecclesiastics, and all secular and regular communities of either sex, in lands belonging to the king of Spain, by a bull, dated Nov. 21st, 1641, I think that I cannot err in proposing it, not as a *verity of the Faith and of indubitable certainty*, but as a thing that one may receive with respect and believe piously."

Pope John XXII., it is pretended, was vouchsafed a vision of the Blessed Virgin on two occasions, in which she insisted on the Holy See pronouncing in favour of the scapular and its divine origin. The first of these visions took place on Aug. 7th, 1316; the second, in the following year, 1317. But the pope made no attempt to carry out what was enjoined on him, till 1320, when he was visited a third time. He then promulgated his famous bull, "Sabbathine" so called, because it proclaimed that all who wore the scapular in life would be delivered from the flames of purgatory on the ensuing Saturday; and which, therefore, made it a matter of the greatest advantage for a member of the Congregation of the Scapular to die as late as possible on a Friday. Pope Clement VII. confirmed this decision by a brief in the year 1528.

The conditions attached to this great privilege by the bull of Pope John XXII. are—1st. That the piece of flannel called the scapular be worn assiduously till death. 2nd. That an unmarried person maintain continence, and a married person abstain from adultery. 3rd. That the canonical hours be recited, that is, the little office of Our Lady; or—for those who cannot read—to fast on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The observance of all these conditions, however, is not necessary to ensure escape from hell fire, except only that one enjoining the wearing of a piece of flannel.

July 17.

- SS. SPERATUS, NARZALIS, AND COMP. MM. at Carthage, A.D. 200.
 S. HYACINTH, M. at Amastris in Paphlagonia.
 S. MARCELLINA, V. at Milan, A.D. 398.
 S. ALEXIS, C. at Rome or Constantinople, end of 5th cent.
 S. ENNODIUS, B. of Pavia, A.D. 521.
 S. MARINA, V., circ. 8th cent.
 S. FREDKOAND, Ab. at Deuren, near Antwerp, circ. 8th cent.
 S. KENELM, Boy M. at Wynchelcombe in Gloucester, A.D. 829.
 S. LEO IV., Pope of Rome, A.D. 855.

SS. SPERATUS AND COMP., MM.

(A.D. 200.)

[Roman Martyrology. Mozarabic Breviary, ancient Martyrology attributed to S. Jerome, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authority:—The ancient and perfectly genuine Acts.]



THE very simple, and perfectly trustworthy Acts of these martyrs, relate that Speratus, Narzalis, Cittinus, and three women, Donata, Secunda, and Vestina were brought before the pro-consul Saturninus, at Carthage.

The pro-consul said: "Ye shall receive favour of our Lords, the emperors Severus and Antoninus,¹ if you will turn with good will to our gods."

Speratus answered, "We have done no harm, nor any iniquity, nor have we cursed any one, but though ill-received by you, we give thanks always."

The pro-consul said, "We swear by the genius of the emperor, and pray for his welfare, and that is what you ought to do."

Speratus replied, "I know nothing of the genius of

¹ Caracalla, the son of Severus, associated with his father in the empire. He bore the name of Antonius.

the emperor ; but I serve my heavenly God, whom no man sees or can see. I have never stolen, but always pay the legal tax for what I take, because I recognize the emperor as my lord ; but I adore God, who is Lord of Lords."

Saturninus then turned to the rest and urged them to "sacrifice, and be not partakers in this fellow's madness, but respect and obey the edict of the sovereign."

Cittinus said, "We fear none save the Lord of Lords who is in heaven."

The pro-consul said, "Take them to prison, and let them be racked."

And on the morrow, when Saturninus had taken his place on the tribunal, he ordered the martyrs to be brought before him. And when they were led into his presence, he turned to the women, and said to them, "Honour your sovereign, and sacrifice to the gods."

Donata replied, "I do honour Cæsar as Cæsar, to God I offer worship." And Vestina said, "I am a Christian also." Then Secunda said, "I believe in my God, and desire to be in Him ; but I will not serve and adore your gods."

Saturninus ordered the women to one side, and then called up the men. Then he said to Speratus, "Do you persevere in being a Christian ?"

Speratus answered, "I do persevere. Hear all present ! I am a Christian."

Then all the rest joined in and said, "We are all of us Christians."

Saturninus said, "What, have you no desire to be released ?" "Do what you will with us," answered Speratus, "there is no release from duty." Saturninus said, "What are the books which you read and venerate ?"

Speratus answered, "The four Gospels of our Lord

Jesus Christ, and the Epistles of S. Paul the Apostle, and all divinely inspired Scripture."

"I will give you three days to re-consider your determination," said the pro-consul, unwilling to proceed to extremities with the martyrs.

Speratus said, "I am a Christian, and so are all these with me, and we shall not desert our faith. Do what you will."

But when the pro-consul saw that they were so constant, he gave sentence against them through his "exceptor," in these words:—"Speratus, Narzalis, Cittinus, Veturnis, Felix, Acyllinus, Lætantius, Januaria, Generosa, Vestina, Donata, and Secundina, confessing themselves to be Christians, and refusing to give due honour and devotion to the emperor, I order to be decapitated."

Now when this sentence was read from the tablets, Speratus and those who were with him said, "We give thanks to God, who has deigned this day to call us martyrs to heaven through confession of His Name." Having said this, they were led forth, and having knelt down, their heads were struck off, one after the other. "And," say the Acts, "these martyrs died on the 17th day of July, and intercede for us with the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be honour and glory, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, through ages of ages. Amen."

The Spanish martyrologists with eagerness have seized on these martyrs and appropriated them to Spain. Instead of Carthage they would read Carthagina, or even Cordova.

Relics at Lyons, whither they were translated from Africa before the 8th cent.

S. HYACINTH, M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Greek Menology and Menæa on the 18th July. So also the Russian Kalendar. But in the modern Roman Martyrology on July 17th. Authority:—An Encomium on the Saint, by Nicetas of Paphlagonia, who lived after the middle of the 9th cent.]

AT Amastris, in Paphlagonia, the people adored an immense tree. This excited the wrath of a Christian, named Hyacinth, and one night he hewed down the sacred tree. He was discovered, arrested, and tortured. His teeth were knocked out, then sharp reeds were stuck into his flesh, and he was cast into prison, where he died of the injuries he had received.

S. MARCELLINA, V.

(ABOUT A.D. 398.)

[Roman Martyrology. Specially venerated at Milan. Authorities:—Mention in the writing of her brother, S. Ambrose.]

S. MARCELLINA, the sister of the great Ambrose, and of Satyrius, at an early age took the veil from the hands of Pope Liberius. She was fond of reading, and to her S. Ambrose addressed his book, *De Virginibus*. She was older than her brothers, and had indeed partly educated them, so that both regarded her with the tenderest love and respect. When Satyrius died, in the magnificent oration of S. Ambrose on his brother's death, he says, "Superest soror sancta, integritate venerabilis, æqualis moribus, non impar officiis."

S. Marcellina, who lived at Rome, sometimes visited her brother Ambrose at Milan. Having learned, in the year 378, that he was ill, not long after he had sent her

his book "De Virginibus," she went to Milan to see him. She made another visit to Milan to her brother later, on account of a virgin named Indicia, of Verona, who had been trained under her, but who had been condemned by the bishop for some fault, and had appealed to the judgment of S. Ambrose.

After the death of S. Ambrose, Marcellina probably settled at Milan, and died there.

S. ALEXIS, C.

(END OF 5TH CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on March 17th; the Mozarabic Breviary of 1502 on July 16th, and the Mozarabic Missal of 1500 on the same day. Florarius in the 14th cent. on Feb. 26th; but the translation on June 17th. Not mentioned in any ancient Latin Martyrology. The Syriac Kalendar on Nov. 3rd; as also the Maronite Kalendar. The Authorities for the life of S. Alexis are mentioned in the text.]

ON Jan. 15th, the life of S. John the Calybite was given. He was a boy at Constantinople who left his home, and after some years returned to Constantinople and lived as a beggar on the alms of his parents, who did not know him. Only as death drew nigh did he disclose to them the secret that he was their son. The story of S. Alexis is very similar, and it has been conjectured by some that Alexis and John the Calybite are the same person, that one was the name by which he was known to his parents before he ran away, the other the name he bore when he lived as a beggar. This is possible, but it is also by no means improbable that there were two individuals who went through a similar course of life. The fame of one may have excited the other to emulation. And the story of S. Alexis differs in some important particulars from that of S. John. S. John ran away from home as a boy after reading the

Gospel, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." He became a monk of the Acœmeti, at Gomon, in Bithynia; he had two brothers. On leaving the monastery he exchanged clothes with a beggar, he was recognized by sending back to his mother the book of the Gospels she had given him, as a boy; and he died in the arms of his parents. All these particulars belong only to the life of S. John the Calybite.

The earliest authority for the life of S. Alexis is S. Joseph the Hymnographer, who flourished about 850 (April 3rd, p. 48), and was monk of the Studium at Constantinople. S. Joseph wrote a Canon on the Saint, from which we gather the following particulars:—S. Alexis was born of a mother who had long been sterile; he escaped from the nuptial chamber and deserted his bride, he lived an exile from his country, in great poverty, near the church of the Mother of God—where not stated; his merits were made manifest by the Blessed Virgin; he therefore returned to his native place, where he took up his abode in the house of his parents, unknown to them, and was ill-used and mocked by the servants; he finally disclosed who he was to his parents. Thereupon the clergy, the emperor, and all the people, crowded to see him, and witness the miracles he wrought; and he was buried by the patriarch in the presence of the emperor and a great train of monks. All which, says the Hymnographer, took place at Rome.

The next account of S. Alexis is, no doubt, the Greek life, which unfortunately the Bollandists do not print, "Ecgraphum habemus, sed luce indignum censemus." The Menology of the Emperor Basil II. (d. 1025), relates:—"Alexis was a Roman, son of the patrician Euphемian, who provided him with a wife.

But having dissolved his marriage at that time when he ought to have made the maiden his wife, having given her in token a ring, he left the house, and went to Edessa, where he spent eighteen years in the church. But his virtue having made him manifest, he returned to Rome, to his parents' house, and took up his abode in the vestibule, seeing his father and mother daily, and derided by the servants; whilst his parents and his chaste bride bewailed his absence. But when death approached, he procured a bit of parchment, on which he wrote all that had befallen him; and when he was dead, it was found in his hand. Then the Emperor Honorius took and read it, in the audience of all; and the body of the saint was taken up, and buried in the church of S. Peter."

A Syriac life of S. Alexis—who is called in Syriac Mar-Risca—exists.¹ This is certainly a translation from the Greek original. The Latin Acts are also a translation, or free rendering of them into Latin.

According to the original Acts, S. Alexis, finding that his virtues were blazed abroad, and that since a heavenly voice had proclaimed his sanctity, he could not maintain that privacy which was so dear to him, resolved to return to his native land, and sailing from Laodicæa ad Mare, he came to Tarsus, where he hoped to spend the end of his days in the church of S. Paul. But the ship was caught by a gale, and swept to Rome. There disembarking, he went to his father's house, and besought admission into it, crying, "Sir, give me lodging and food, and God will bless your old age, and have compassion on him whom you have lost."

Moved by this appeal, the father allowed him to

¹ So also an Arabic life, translated from the Syriac.

lodge in the atrium of his house, and to be fed with the broken victuals from the kitchen. The servants used to mock him, and throw the dish-water over him. Thus he spent seventeen years in his father's house, till he felt that he was dying; then he wrote down his life on a roll of parchment, and when he was dead this was discovered in his stiffened grasp.

The emperors Arcadius and Honorius, and the Pope Innocent buried him with great pomp. (Latin Acts.)

The Latin version of the Acts soon became popular in the West. Till it was made, no one at Rome had heard anything about S. Alexis. And now the church of S. Boniface was called after him. This was in the 12th cent,¹ and in A.D. 1200, according to Gavantus, the festival of S. Alexis was introduced into the Roman Breviary. No notice of S. Alexis occurs in either the little Roman Martyrology of the 8th cent., or in any Latin one previous to this date, and we may safely conclude that the Romans were ignorant that they had possessed such a Saint, till they were informed of the fact by the Greeks.

How this was, it is not difficult to discover.

The notion that S. Alexis lived and died in Rome arises from a mistake. There can be little doubt, in the minds of any who are not committed to accept the statements of the Roman Martyrology, that he was a native of, and died at, New Rome, Constantinople, and not Old Rome. The names of his parents are Greek, and the father is a member of the Senate. According to S. Joseph the Hymnographer, it is the Patriarch who buries the Saint. Had he meant the Pope, he would probably have stated the fact. That the ship, bound

¹ The first mention of the church as that of SS. Boniface and Alexis is in a letter of S. Peter Damian to Pope Nicolas II., A.D. 1172.

for Tarsus, should have been blown to Rome, is absurd. It is more probable that it entered harbour at Byzantium; though nothing can be concluded from the statement one way or the other. But it is a coincidence deserving of notice that in the life of S. John the Calybite, when he was returning home from Gomon, his ship encountered a gale on its way "near to Rome." In this case it was certainly Constantinople, as the genuine Acts tell us; but there exists another version of the Acts of S. John Calybite, in which the statement that the ship put into the port of Rome has led the writer into the absurd mistake of making the ship blown by the gale out of the Euxine over the Mediterranean to Old Rome. On the strength of which, some hagiographers, who had only the apocryphal acts, converted S. John the Calybite into a Roman Saint.

S. Alexis was known and venerated in Constantinople, before the fame of him reached Rome. How could this have been if Alexis was a native of, and died at Rome? And how, if his obsequies had been attended by the pope and the emperors, did the remembrance of him fade utterly out of the minds of the Romans?

But when the Romans were fully satisfied that Alexis belonged to their city, and not to New Rome, his body was discovered in the church of S. Boniface, in 1216, during the pontificate of Honorius III. And the Latin Acts were then composed from the Greek original.¹ The points of difference shall be indicated as we proceed.

Alexis, say the Acts, was born at Rome, where his father, Euphemian, was a senator. His mother's name was Aglamades (Aglæ in the Latin Acts); she was long

¹ In several cases the words are the same. But the Latin Acts are shorter than the Arabic ones. The Greek word *paramonarios* is adopted into them.

sterile, but at length her prayer and alms-deeds having gone up as a memorial before God, she was given a son. From earliest childhood, Alexis exhibited a pronounced repugnance to the theatre, childish sports, and jokes. No blandishments, no punishments could induce him to indulge in pastimes. When he reached a mature age, his father selected for him a young and beautiful bride; and they were crowned in the Church of S. Peter (S. Boniface, L.A.). On the night of the marriage, Alexis gave his bride his ring and cloak, and then fled away, took ship, and went to Edessa, "where the sacred portrait of the Lord Jesus Christ is preserved." He there made acquaintance with the bishop, Rabulas (not named in L.A.),¹ and lodged continually in the vestibule of the church of the Virgin Mother of God. One night a voice resounded in the church announcing that a model of virtue resided in the porch. Next day this was heard by all the people, and S. Alexis could no longer remain unobserved, for every one sought to know the man thus indicted as a saint by a voice from heaven. Some while after this, according to the Syriac version of the story, he sickened, and was carried to the hospital, where he died, and was buried in Edessa by the hands of Rabulas, the bishop.

But the Latin life here varies greatly from the Syriac version. The latter was no doubt altered from the original, that Alexis might be made to die at Edessa, that the church there might claim the honour of possessing his tomb. But it is evident that the original Greek Acts did not relate this, for Basil II. followed them, as did also the Latin translator.

His body having been so happily found at Rome, it was not long before the stone step under which Alexis

¹ Rabulas of Edessa died A.D. 435.

had spent so many years in his father's house, was found also.¹ This step is now in the church of Alexis, and those who venerate it on ordinary days receive indulgence of a hundred years, and forty times as many on every double festival and in Lent.

In the same church is preserved the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which proclaimed the merits of S. Alexis, at Edessa.²

In the church of S. Paolo fuori Muri is an arm of the saint, in that of S. Nicolas "in Carcere" is another arm; a third arm in the church of S. Catherine at Venice, but this was brought from the isle of Lemnos, in the Egean. A rib in the church of S. Praxedes at Rome, other relics, *i.e.*, a tooth and a bone, in the church of S. Cecilia; another tooth and a part of the jaw in the Jesuit church of S. Ignatius; a third tooth in the church of S. Alexis at Bologna; a bone at S. Maria Maggiore at Bergamo; another arm-bone at Ciudad Real in Spain; several bones at Cologne, a finger and part of the head in the Jesuit church there; a joint of the back-bone at Lisbon, also a bit of one of the ribs. Other bones and teeth at Louvain, Maestricht, and S. Tron.

The office of S. Alexis was made a semi-double by order of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1697.

There is a metrical life of S. Alexis, attributed to

¹ The Acts say nothing about his having lived under a step, but popular imagination speedily amplified the story and gave the saint a den in which to sleep under the stairs of his father's mansion.

² The Latin Acts do not say that the voice proceeded from the sacred image of the B. Virgin in the church at Edessa. The Syriac Acts only say that the voice was heard in the church at night. The sacred picture at Edessa was the portrait of Christ, not of the B. Virgin. Had this incident been recorded in the original Greek Acts, it would have been quoted in the 2nd Council of Nicæa in 787, which it was not; therefore either the Acts did not then exist, or the incident was not then included in them.

Marbod, bishop of Rennes (A.D. 1223), and the story has found its way into that popular book of the Middle Ages, the "Gesta Romanorum."

S. ENNODIUS, B.

(A.D. 521.)

[No mention in any ancient Martyrology. But inserted in the modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—His own writings.]

THIS saint was of illustrious family in Gaul; whether he was born at Arles or at Pavia is not certain. He was educated at Milan, where he studied elocution and poetry, living in the house of his aunt till her death, when he married a lady of wealth.

He lived a careless life at first, but was struck with compunction, and with the consent of his wife lived thenceforth as a celibate, and took on him deacon's orders, which were conferred on him by S. Epiphanius of Pavia.

In the furious contest between the rivals Symmachus and Laurence for the papal throne, S. Ennodius took part with the former, and after the Palmary Council, which acquitted Symmachus, had been impeached by the partisans of Laurence, S. Ennodius took up his pen to vindicate its decisions in an Apology, as he thought, eloquent, and therefore in parts altogether unintelligible.

In the East the formidable Scythian Vitalianus had raised the standard of rebellion and of orthodoxy against the aged Emperor Anastasius, suspected of Eutychian leanings, but certainly striving to maintain religious peace on the basis of the Henoticon. Some account of this emperor has already been given in this

volume.¹ He was married to Ariadne, daughter of one emperor, widow of another. His one green, the other blue eye, was taken as a sign that his faith was not orthodox, his favour of the blue faction in the racecourse threw the green faction which had been favoured by Zeno, into hostility.

Anastasius wrote to pope Hormisdas, who, on the death of Symmachus in 514, had succeeded him on the papal throne, and proposed the summoning of a council at Heraclea. The project of the council dropped, but Hormisdas sent a deputation to Constantinople, consisting of four ambassadors, of whom Ennodius, now bishop of Pavia (A.D. 515), formed one. The instructions wherewith they were furnished are extant, a remarkable manual of ecclesiastical diplomacy in a nice and difficult affair. The great question which divided the East and the West at this time related to the dead patriarch Acacius, the recognition by the emperor that he had been justly anathematized, and frank acceptance of the Tome of S. Leo and the decrees of Chalcedon.

The legates were to demand of the emperor five things, without which the schism between the East and West could not be healed; 1st, his unequivocal assent to the Council of Chalcedon, and to the letters of S. Leo. If he yielded this point, they were to express their gratitude and to kiss the emperor's breast. Then, 2ndly, they were to require him to demand the same assent from all the clergy of the East; and to compel all to union with Rome. 3rdly, he was to anathematize Nestorius, Eutyches, Dioscorus, and all maintainers of the Henoticon, Timothy the Weasel, patriarch of Alexandria, Peter the Stammerer, of Alexandria, Acacius, formerly bishop of Constantinople, and Peter

¹ See Life of S. Flavian of Antioch, July 4.

the Fuller of Antioch. 4th, the immediate recall from exile of all ecclesiastics who had refused the Henoticon, and were therefore in union with Rome; and lastly, that all who had ill-treated and wronged these latter should be tried and judged by the Apostolic See. On the full acceptance of these terms, Hormisdas consented to honour the future Council at Heraclea with his personal presence, not to deliberate, but to ratify his own solemn determination.

But Anastasius was not reduced to such extremities as to submit to such conditions as these. The memory of the gentle, peace-loving Acacius, was dear to the people of Constantinople. Anastasius expressed his entire acceptance of the decrees of Chalcedon, but refused to condemn Acacius. Why, he asked, should the living be kept excommunicated on account of the dead? The terms of Hormisdas could not be enforced without much bloodshed.

The embassy returned to Rome. Anastasius promised to send after it a deputation of bishops to the pope. Next year the deputation arrived, but it consisted of laymen, accredited to the Senate as well as to the Pope. Hormisdas treated these lay ambassadors, who presumed to interfere in ecclesiastical affairs, with contempt. The Senate made answer that no agreement could be come to, no hope of the establishment of peace be entertained, till the name of Acacius was struck out of the diptychs.

The Pope sent Ennodius with another legate, Peregrinus of Misenum, on a second embassy to Constantinople, insisting sternly on the memory of Acacius being blotted out of public record in the prayers of the Church. That name on the diptychs barred union between the East and West. To pray for Acacius was

a token that he was regarded as within the reach of the mercy of God, that his damnation was not an established fact.

But Anastasius was now more secure upon his throne, the power of his rebellious antagonist, Vitalianus, had failed. He refused to abandon, to reprobate, the memory of Acacius, whom he had loved and revered. "We may submit to insult," said the emperor, "we may endure that our decrees be annulled, but we will not be commanded. Hormisdas must await the accession of a new emperor, before the churches of Rome and Byzantium are re-united by the sacrifice of him who, besides his communion with the Eutychians, dared to equal himself with the successor of S. Peter."

Then he drove the legates from his presence. They were dismissed through a back door, and embarked under the charge of the magistrini, and two prefects, Heliodonus and Demetrius, who were given strict orders not to suffer them to enter any city. But Ennodius and his companions found means to circulate their protests and send them to the bishops, who, however, sent them to the emperor.

The legates returned to Italy, and the strife shortly after ended with the death of Anastasius in the midst of a thunderstorm.

S. Ennodius resumed his pastoral work at Pavia; and showed great zeal in the conversion of souls, in succouring the needy, and in the building and adorning of churches. He composed poems on the Blessed Virgin, S. Cyprian, S. Stephen, S. Dionysius of Milan, S. Ambrose, S. Euphemia, S. Nazarius, S. Martin, on the Mysteries of Pentecost and the Ascension, on a baptistry he had adorned with pictures of martyrs whose relics were laid in it. He wrote two new forms of

benediction for the Paschal candle, and an Eucharistic, or Thanksgiving, in which he gives a short account of his life, especially of his conversion, and how, through the intercession of S. Victor, to whom he bore great devotion, he had obtained his wife's consent to his taking the vow of celibacy.

He died on August 1st, 521, at the age of forty-eight.

S. MARINA, V.

(ABOUT 8TH CENT.)

[By the Greek *Mengæa* on Feb. 12th. Late Latin Martyrologies on June 18th. The Bollandists and the Roman Martyrology on the 17th July, the day on which the translation of her relics is commemorated at Venice. Authority:—A Life on the *Vitæ Patrum*, by an unknown author.]

THERE was a father once, left a widower with a little daughter; and in his desolation he resolved to renounce the world and retire into a monastery. So he committed the little child to a relation, and became a monk. But after a while, he thought about the child alone in the world, with no parent to watch and train her, and his heart became soft. So he wept much. Then the abbot saw his eyes red with tears, and said, "Why have you been crying, my brother?" Then he answered, "I left a little son in the world, and my heart aches for him." So the abbot said, "Well, my brother, go and bring him here, and let him dwell with you."

Thereupon the father, whose name was Eugenius, went to his kinsman and reclaimed his child, and he cut her hair, and put on her boy's clothes, and changed her name from Marina to Marinus; and brought her back to the monastery, and she lived with him for some

years, till she grew to the age of seventeen; and then her father died.

Then she remained in her father's cell, and observed all the rules of the house, and was gentle and obedient, so that all loved her well. Now there was a seaport not far from the monastery, and the monks were wont to go with a cart and a pair of oxen to bring thence what was needed for the abbey. And when they had much to do, they sometimes slept in the tavern at the quay. As it happened, the innkeeper had a daughter who had been deceived by a soldier, and when her parents found out that she expected to become a mother, they demanded the name of him who had deceived her. Then she charged Marinus, who was often at the tavern with the oxen, with the crime.

Now when the abbot heard this, he rebuked Marinus, who coloured, and said, "I have sinned, my father." So the abbot drove him from the monastery. Then Marinus lay down outside the gates, and begged crusts of bread of the monks who came in and went out. And the taverner's daughter, when she had weaned the child, brought the babe—it was a boy—and gave it to Marinus, and said, "There, take the brat." So Marinus nourished herself and the child on the alms given her by the monks. And when five years had passed, the monks were grieved, and interceded with the abbot to re-admit Brother Marinus. But he could hardly be persuaded; and when he admitted her, he ordered that in punishment for her fault, she should empty the slops, and do all the most disagreeable work of the monastery. And this she cheerfully undertook, the little boy assisting her.

But a few days after, she sickened and died. "See now," exclaimed the abbot, "I have been too lenient,

and God has judged and condemned this wicked one. And now go, wash and bury him."

But when Marinus was prepared for burial, it was found that she was a woman. Thereupon the monks gave a cry and ran to the abbot and told him. And he raised his hands to heaven, and fell on the ground, and cried, "Judge me not, O Jesus Christ! because I judged wrongfully." And Marina was buried with great reverence.

The Acts say nothing of when or where Marina lived. The relics are said to have been brought to Venice in 1113, by Jacobus de Borce "de partibus Romanixæ," that is, from the suburbs of Constantinople, and were placed in the church of S. Liberalis at Venice, now called by her name. The body is entire, with the skin covering the dry flesh and bones. Not a single bone is missing. However, another body is shown at Pavia as that of S. Marina. "A thorny question between the Pavians and the Venetians," say the Bollandists; "for it is clearer than the noon-day sun that the same saint cannot repose in two places at the same time." But a third body of S. Marina is preserved in the abbey of S. Marina de Flastris, near Tolentini, in the marches of Ancona. A fourth body, like the other three, incorrupt, is at Spoleto. But a church in Paris, dedicated in 1228 to S. Marina, claimed, before the Revolution, also to possess the relics of S. Marina; other portions of a body of S. Marina at Tournai, and in the church of the abbey of S. Marie Descouvier, in the diocese of Rouen.

Peter de Natalibus tells the story of S. Marina, but changes her name into Margarita, also called Pelagius, and slightly varies the incidents.

S. KENELM, M.

(A.D. 819.)

[Sarum Breviary of 1499; Anglican Martyrologies, the Arburthnott, and the Hyrdmanistoun Kalendar, Nova Farina Kalendar, Greven in his German Martyrology, and Ferrarius in his Catalogue of the Saints. Authorities:—William of Malmesbury and Florence of Worcester, and John of Brompton.]

THIS is the legend of Kenelm. King Kenwulf of Wessex died in 819, and left two daughters, Cwendrida and Burgenilda, and a son, a child of seven years old, named Kenelm. Cwendrida envied her little brother, and thought that if he were killed, she might reign as queen. She therefore spake to Askbert, his guardian, and gave him money, and said, "Slay me my brother, that I may reign." But Burgenilda was not privy to this wicked device, for she loved her little brother.

Then Askbert took Kenelm into a wood, under pretence of hunting; and the child, tired with the heat, lay down under a tree and went to sleep. Askbert began to dig a grave; but the boy woke and said, "It is in vain that you think to kill me here. I shall be slain in another spot. In token whereof see this rod blossom." And he stuck a stick into the ground, which instantly took root and began to flower. And it grew in after days to be a great ash tree, which was called S. Kenelm's ash. Then Askbert took the little king to another spot, and the child began to sing the "Te Deum," and when he came to the verse, "Thee, the white-robed army of martyrs praise," the assassin smote off his head; and then he buried him in the thicket.

Now at the same time, lo! a white dove flew into the church of S. Peter at Rome, with a letter in its beak, which it deposited on the high altar. And men took the letter and tried to read, but they could not make it

out, for it was written in English. At last an Englishman was found, and he read the letter. And it stated that Kenelm, the little king of the Mercians, had been cruelly murdered, and his body hidden in a thicket.

So the pope wrote letters to the kings of the English, and told them what an evil deed had been done in their land. So men went forth to seek for the body of Kenelm the little king. And as they went, they saw a pillar of light shining over the thicket, and in the thicket they found the body of Kenelm. Then they carried the body to Winchelcombe, in Gloucestershire, and there buried it. But over the place where they found his body, they built a chapel, and it is called S. Kenelm's chapel to this day. It is near Halesowen, in Shropshire.

It is hard to say what foundation there is for the story. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle does not mention Kenelm. Yet it is not improbable that the son of Kenwulf was killed, such occurrences were not rare in Anglo-Saxon history.

S. LEO IV., POPE.

(A.D. 855.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority :—A Life by Anastasius Bibliothecarius.]

ON the death of Pope Sergius II, the dangers and disasters threatening and endured by Italy necessitated precipitation in the election and consecration of a successor.

The Saracen fleets were masters of the Mediterranean, and Sicily was in the hands of the unbelievers. They had established themselves in Calabria, and were march-

ing northwards, flaming towns and fields reeking with blood marked their progress. The Moslem was next at the gates of Rome, and had pillaged the suburbs, and the churches outside the walls had been defiled by the Mussulman foot. An army of Franks led against them, according to one account, by king Louis himself, met with ignominious overthrow. Gaeta was besieged, Monte Casino threatened. And Rome trembled lest the terrible invaders, who had retreated, should return and re-invest the capital of the Christian world. Amid this confusion, dismay, despair, Sergius died. An election was made with the utmost haste, and Leo IV. consecrated as soon as elected; but, on this occasion, the imperial rights were infringed only on account of the exigencies of the time, and the consecration took place with the express reservation of the emperor's rights. Nevertheless, as if to indemnify himself for his dependence on the Franks, Leo IV., in writing to the princes, placed his name before that of the king, and refused him the title of "Dominus."

Leo was a Roman by birth and family, a son of one Rodoald. He had been educated in the monastery of S. Martin, outside the city walls, and had received holy orders from Gregory IV., and by Sergius II. had been ordained priest and given the title of the Quatuor Coronati.

A timely tempest scattered and sunk the fleet of the Saracens off Gaeta, and the rejoicing Romans believed that the apostles Peter and Paul had thus avenged on the Moslem their plundered altars outside the Roman walls.

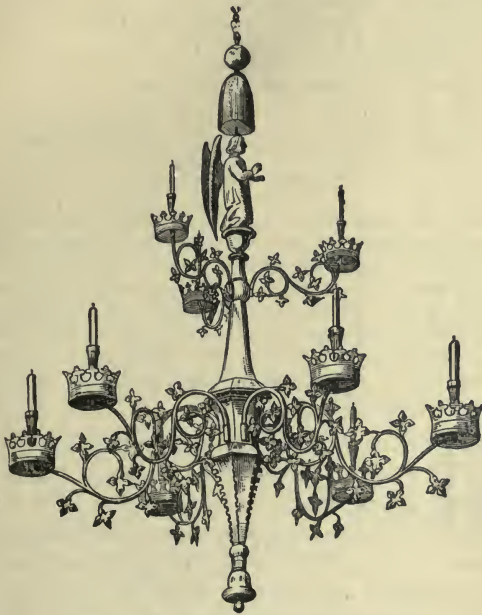
Leo's first care was to provide for the future security of the Vatican and the church of S. Peter. He carried out the design, before entertained by Leo III, of form-

ing a new suburb, surrounded by strong fortifications, on the right bank of the Tiber, which might at once protect the tombs of the Apostles, and receive the fugitives who might be driven from the city by hostile incursions, perhaps by civil insurrections. This part of Rome perpetuated the name of the pope, as the Leonine city.

The eight years of Leo's papacy were chiefly occupied in strengthening and in restoring the plundered churches of SS. Peter and Paul outside the walls, and adorning Rome. Anastasius gives us long lists of the gold and silver, the silks and gems he furnished to the churches. He tells of a white silk altar cloth, covered with roses and wheels, in the midst of which was a man's figure with a jewelled crown on his head, of an altar curtain on which was embroidered the history of S. Mary, of a silver basin (*buttonem*) with silver drops (*gabathæ*) suspended from the roof of the church of S. Peter by seven chains, of a corona of pure silver for lighting the same church. Anastasius also tells us how, when a panic took hold of the people because it was thought that a basilisk haunted the low ground by S. Lucia, and slew the people with its poisonous breath, and turned to stone all who caught its glittering eye—it was malaria impersonified—the pope went forth with hymns, and tapers, and sacred icons carried before him, to the haunted spot, and restored the confidence of the frightened people.

In 850 a synod was held at Rome for the deposition of the Cardinal Anastasius, because he had deserted his parish of S. Marcellus, and had not been near it for five years. In 853, Pope Leo IV. assembled a large synod in the church of S. Peter at Rome, to draw up canons and renew the condemnation of Anastasius, who was

then wandering in the neighbourhood of Aquileia, in sovereign disregard of his duties to the church of S. Marcellus, and of the orders of the Pope, his synods and the emperor; he was forbidden ever to return to it. Leo IV. died on July 17th, A.D. 855.



Chandelier in the Catholic Church at Dortmund.

July 18.

- SS. SYMPHOROSA AND HER SEVEN SONS, *MM.* perhaps A.D. 125.
 S. GUDDENA, *M.* at Carthage, A.D. 203.
 S. MATERNUS, *B.* of Milan, beginning of 4th cent.
 S. ÆMILIAN, *M.* at Durazzo in Bulgaria, A.D. 362.
 S. MARINA, *V.M.* in Galicia in Spain.
 S. THENEW, *M.* in Scotland, A.D. 574.
 S. ARNULF, *M.* at Ivelines in France, A.D. 640.
 S. ARNULF, *B.* of Metz, A.D. 640.
 S. ARNOLD, *C.* at Arnsweiler in Juliers, circ. 9th cent.
 S. FREDERICK, *B.M.* of Utrecht, A.D. 838.
 S. BRUNO, *B.* at Segni in Italy, 1122.
 S. CAMILLUS OF LELLIS, *C.* at Rome, A.D. 1614.

SS. SYMPHOROSA AND HER SEVEN SONS, MM.

(CIRC. A.D. 125.)

[Roman and most ancient Latin Martyrologies. Authority:—The Acts, certainly ancient, but hardly as we have them now untouched by interpolators. Whether an adaptation to Christian romance of the history of the Mother and her Seven Sons in 2 Maccabees, c. 7, of which we have another version in the story of S. Felicitas and her Seven Sons, or whether it rests on any foundation of fact in the history of Christian persecutions, it is impossible to decide. It is curious to find, on June 27th, the same names of the sons, in the same order, in Martyrologies, as martyrs at Cordova,]

ACCORDING to the Acts, which Ruinart calls “sincera,” Hadrian the emperor built a magnificent palace, and dedicated it with heathen rites, but the oracles assured him that they were tormented by the prayers of the widow Symphorosa and her Seven Sons, so that they could give no hopes to Hadrian of prosperity to the new house he had built, till these eight were removed.

Then Hadrian ordered the apprehension of the widow and her sons; and when they refused to do sacrifice to his gods, that they should be taken to the temple of Hercules,



S. MARINA.
After Cahier.

and there be slain. Symphorosa was beaten with stones, then hung up by the hair of her head, and finally thrown into the Tiber with a stone attached to her neck. The body was afterwards recovered by her brother Eugenius.

The seven sons were attached to stakes, Crescens had his throat cut, Julian was pierced in the breast, Nemesius was stabbed to the heart, Primitivus was run through the belly, Justin was transfixd with a sword through his back, Stracteus was struck in the side, and Eugenius was cleft downwards.

The place where they died was afterwards called by the heathen priests, "Ad septem Biothanatos." Symphorosa was the widow of Getulius the martyr, commemorated with Cerealis on June 10th. The Acts of those martyrs have been attributed to Julius Africanus, so also have those of S. Symphorosa and her Sons, neither on even plausible grounds.

It is very questionable whether both are not an early Christian romance.

The invention and translation of the relics of S. Symphorosa and her Seven Sons took place in the time of Pope Stephen II., A.D. 752.

The relics are now in the church of S. Symphorosa at Tivoli; others at Pavia, Bologna, Douai, &c.

S. THENEW, MATR.

(A.D. 514.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. The Life of this saint, the mother of S. Kentigern in the Aberdeen Breviary, is an abridgment of the fragment of the life of S. Kentigern, written at the desire of Herbert, bishop of Glasgow (d. 1164), which is now preserved in the British Museum. It is worthless historically.]

THENEW, or, as she is called in Welsh, Duynwen or Denyw, was a daughter of Llewddyn Lueddog of Dinas

Eiddyn, that is, of Edinburgh; she was brought up in the Christian faith, but was unbaptized. According to the legend in the Breviary she vowed herself to chastity, a vow she certainly did not keep, and which it is very probable she never made. Her father urged her to marry Ewen, son of Urien Rheged, king of Cumberland, and when she refused, he drove her ignominiously from his doors, to live with a swineherd. The swineherd, a secret Christian, preserved her honour, and treated her with profound respect; but forgetful of her vow, she gave promise of becoming the mother of a child by a beardless youth. Her father, highly incensed, ordered her to be stoned and cast in a chariot from the top of a hill. Miraculously saved, she was put in a coracle of platted twigs, tarred and covered with leather, and carried to the Isle of Man, whence she was sent adrift. Accompanied by a shoal of fishes, she was wafted to Culross, where she brought forth S. Kentigern, and where both she and her son were regenerated in the sacred font by S. Servan. She afterwards came to Glasgow, and there died and was buried. The popular name of her church at Glasgow was S. Theneukes Kirk, which has been gradually corrupted into S. Enoch's church.

According to another story, S. Kentigern's father was Eugenius III., king of the Scots. Nothing really trustworthy is known of the early part of Theneuk's life. She closed her days as a devout and self-denying woman, revered by all for her charities and piety.

S. ARNULF, B. OF METZ.

(A.D. 640.)

[Florus, in his additions to Bede, Usuardus, Ado, Hrabanus, Notker, Sarum, Scottish, Gallican, German and Roman Martyrologies. Authority:—A Life by a contemporary; and mention by Paul Warnefield in his account of the Bishops of Metz; written A.D. 777.]

ARNULF, a man of noble Frank birth,¹ was advanced in the court of Theodebert, by Gundulf, mayor of the palace, when he was only sixteen years old. He served the king in war and in peace, and became accomplished in every art then cultivated. He could read, but he could also fight, write, and also hunt.

He remained at court with Clothair II. after the defeat and assassination of Theodebert by his brother Thierry, king of Burgundy. Thierry died of sickness in 611, the year after the death of Theodebert, and his young son, Sigebert, was left in the hands of the ferocious Brunehaut, his great grandmother. Clothair, son of Fredegund and Chilperic, king of Soissons, ascended the throne of Soissons in 584, on the murder of his father, probably by Fredegund, who had assassinated the sons of Chilperic by his first wife. In 611, on the death of Thierry, Clothair banished, or put to death, the sons of Thierry, and became sole king of the Franks.

S. Arnulf was married to Doda, a Swabian lady, and by her had two sons, one of whom was S. Chlodulph or Clou, and the other Ansigis; it is from the latter that the Carolingian race of kings is sprung.

It may be easily imagined that Arnulf, a man loving God,

¹ He is said to have been son of Arnoald and Oda. Arnoald was the son of Ansbert and Blithilda, the daughter of Clothair I. S. Arnulf was born about A.D. 582, in Lorraine.

² Theodebert, son of Childebert, became king of Austrasia, Paris, and Orleans, in 596.

seeking righteousness, should feel ill at ease in attendance on the throne of a prince like Clothair, stained with so much blood, and much of that the blood of brothers and father. He would have retired to the monastery of Lerins, but was not suffered to do so by the king.

The story is told of him, that as he was crossing a bridge over the Moselle, he looked down into the rushing stream, and drawing a gold ring from his finger, cast it in, saying, "I shall not believe that my sins have been pardoned till I see this ring again." Years after, when he was a priest, a fisherman brought him a large fish, and when it was being cleaned for table, the ring was found in its belly. But this is only an old and favourite nursery tale which reappears again and again, in this instance attaching itself to S. Arnulf.¹

On the see of Metz becoming vacant, in or about A.D. 599, Arnulf was elected by the clergy and people to the vacant see, and his election was ratified by the king. In 622, Clothair II. divided his dominions, and gave Austrasia to his son Dagobert, when S. Arnulf was appointed to be his principal adviser. He was thus drawn once more into the current of political life, which had grown distasteful to him, as it interfered with the work he had to do for his own soul. He urged the king to suffer him to retire from court, and from his see, but was long refused, and finally only extorted consent with difficulty. Clothair threatened to cut off the heads of his sons if he insisted, then drew his sword upon him, but was conquered by the gentle persistency of the bishop.

He retired to the Vosges mountains, near the monastery of Remiremont, and there prepared for his death, which took place on August 16th, 640.

¹ The reader will remember the ring of Polycrates.

S. FREDERICK, B.M.

(A.D. 838.)

[Utrecht Breviary, Modern Belgian and Gallican Martyrologies. Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—A Life attributed to Oetbert, who lived in the 11th cent., also mention by William of Malmesbury.]

S. FREDERICK, a Frieslander, was brought up at the feet of S. Ricfried, bishop of Utrecht, who also gave him the minor orders, and finally, after he had proved his virtue, advanced him to the priesthood. On the death of Ricfried, the emperor Louis conferred on him the see of Utrecht. Frederick in vain pleaded to be spared this burden, but as the delegates of Utrecht told the king that they would willingly accept him as their bishop, Louis insisted on his acceptance of the proffered honour.

When Frederick had with reluctance submitted, he repaired to his metropolitan, the archbishop of Mainz, and was consecrated by him at Aix-la-Chapelle in 820. On the death of the Empress Hermingard, Louis the Pious had married Judith, daughter of the Bavarian Count Wippo, four months after the decease of his first wife. Judith was not only the most beautiful, she was also, according to the flattering testimony of bishops and abbots, the most highly educated woman of the time, eloquent as well as learned, and a proficient on the organ. In 823 she bore Louis a son, afterwards Charles the Bald; and at once the jealousy of the sons of Louis by his former wife broke out. It became irreconcilable as that son advanced towards adolescence. This jealousy arose from apprehension, that in the partition of the empire, according to Frankish usage, confirmed by Charlemagne, on the death of Louis, the largest, and perhaps an unjust share, of the empire would be given to the son of the favourite wife. Rumours, of which it is

impossible to doubt the falsehood, were industriously circulated derogatory to the fair fame of the empress Judith. It was the object of the enemies of Charles to dissolve, by fair means or by foul, it mattered not which, the influence exerted over the uxorious monarch by his accomplished and beautiful wife.

The sons of Hermingard insinuated at first, then openly asserted, that Charles was the son, not of Louis, but of Duke Bernard of Septimania. But no such suspicion had entered the head of the king; he had the utmost confidence in the integrity of his wife, and to Duke Bernard he entrusted the education of the young Charles. It was made a party matter, neither side scrupled as to the epithets they lavished on those of the opposite faction. Those who favoured the discontented elder sons of Louis broke into revolt, under Pepin, whom he had made king of Aquitaine.

Around Pepin assembled all the discontented nobles and prelates, Jesse, bishop of Amiens, Frederick, bishop of Utrecht. Their demands were stern and peremptory; the dismissal and degradation of Judith. The emperor was deserted by his troops, for the pope had sanctioned the revolt of the sons against their father; and Judith was obliged to take refuge in the convent of S. Mary at Laon. There she was seized by the adherents of her step-sons, and compelled to promise that she would use her influence to urge the emperor to retire into a cloister. Before herself was set the alternative of death or of taking the veil. She chose the latter, and edified by her piety the sisters of S. Radegund at Poitiers. But the faithful Germans rallied to the standard of their emperor. Judith left her place of imprisonment, and at a diet at Aix-la-Chapelle her innocence of the charges made against her was proclaimed. Posterity will acquit Judith of the guilt of adultery, which,

perhaps, it was never seriously believed that she had committed. Louis, who knew his wife better than anyone else, never for a moment mistrusted her, and when passionate invective died away, Charles the Bald ascended the throne without any doubt of his legitimacy being entertained.¹ It is sad to see the gentle and pious Frederick drawn into these miserable contests; he was doubtless led away by others. In his zeal against licentiousness, he believed in the guilt of the unfortunate woman so loudly proclaimed by those who sought her downfall, without having, in his simplicity, any doubt in the singleness of the object of her accusers. In his own diocese he laboured with zeal. The island of Walcheren was in bad repute; the inhabitants contracted marriages within the prohibited degrees, without caring to ask for dispensations. S. Frederick visited Walcheren, and preached to the people, and strove to force them to dissolve the unions they had made. His efforts were effectual; and he left a profound irritation rankling in the hearts of the Zealanders, when he departed.

Odulf, a pious hermit of Aershot, joined himself to the bishop, and was sent by him to Alkmar to instruct the Frisians in the right belief in the Trinity, as they had uncertain, if not heretical views, on this great mystery.

In 831 the three elder sons of Louis were again in arms against their father. The whole empire was divided into two hostile camps; on each side were dukes, counts, bishops and abbots. The Northern Germans espoused the cause of the emperor; the Gaulish Franks and the Southern Germans sided with the rebellious sons. The armies met

¹ The biographer of Frederick shifts the charge against the unhappy queen. He pretends that she was the niece of Louis. But had the marriage been contracted within prohibited degrees, the bitter enemies of Judith would have proclaimed it during her life. But this is only one more instance of the recklessness of these accusations, which goes far to disprove them all. The contemporary Thegan says of them that "they were all lies."

on the plains of Rothfeld in Alsace, in 833, Pope Gregory IV. was in the camp of the revolted sons; let us hope with the purpose of putting an end to this unnatural conflict by his mediation. But if so, no tokens of such a disposition were manifested; his presence in the hostile camp was taken as a sign that he blessed the rebellion, and the nobles and clergy who had adhered to the emperor deserted him for the camp of his sons and the sovereign Pontiff. The emperor and his queen, and their young son Charles, were now the prisoners of Lothair the eldest son of Louis. Judith was sent into Italy, and imprisoned in the fortress of Tortona. The sons divided the empire, and the pope in great sorrow, and, perhaps, regret at the part he had played, returned to Rome. Louis was degraded to perform a humiliating penance before his son Lothair, and to resign to him all pretence to the empire.

But the degradation of the emperor excited general indignation. A revulsion of feeling took place throughout the empire, Pepin and Louis, the two sons of the emperor next to Lothair, found it necessary to reprobate the cruelty and insult that had been heaped upon him by Lothair, and the prelates who sided with him. The people threatened, and Lothair fled from their abhorrence, and took refuge in Burgundy. With the return of power to the emperor, many of the bishops found it expedient to return to their allegiance.

Lothair gathered an army, met and defeated his father, near Châlons, and with savage ferocity burned the town, and massacred its inhabitants without even sparing the females. Not content with the blood of a son of Duke Bernard, his sister was dragged from the convent, shut up in a wine-cask, and cast into the Saône. But pestilence revenged these atrocities on the victorious army, and the rebel son was driven before it into Italy.

In a solemn assembly at Metz, eight archbishops and thirty-five bishops condemned the rebellion, and declared the justice of the cause of Louis.

And now the empress Judith, forgetful of the wrongs done her, laboured by her gentle influence to bind the bands of peace which had been rent in the miserable contests of the last eight years. She succeeded in affecting a reconciliation between Lothair and his father, in 838.

In that same year, whilst Judith was thus engaged, Frederick of Utrecht was foully murdered. He had been saying mass, and was returning from the altar, when he was attacked by two assassins and stabbed in the bowels. He expired reciting the verse of the psalm (cxl.), "I will praise the Lord in the land of the living."

The author of the life of S. Frederick attributes the murder to Louis the Pious, who bade Judith see to it being perpetrated during his absence in Gaul. This author lived two hundred years after the events. It is more than improbable that such was the case. It is utterly inconsistent with the deeply religious character of the king, and his reverence for the persons of the bishops. There was, moreover, no reason at the time for his murder. Judith was at that time concluding a peace with the rebel son. It is also sufficient to state that no contemporary writer, not even Judith's bitterest foes, charge her with having been guilty of this crime.

The martyr was buried at S. Saviour's church at Utrecht.

S. CAMILLUS OF LELLIS, C.

(A.D. 1614.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Benedict XIV., in 1742, and canonized in 1746. Authority :—A Life by his disciple, Cicutelli.]

THE little town of Bacchianico, in the Abruzzi, has the honour of being the birthplace of this Saint. He was born of aged parents, and it is said that his mother dreamed that she was about to give birth to a child with a cross on his breast, but it is probable that this is a pious fable of later times.

In his youth Camillus gave no promise of good things ; he spent his time in pleasure and dissipation, and had an inveterate passion for cards, so that he lost at once his health, his fortune, and his reputation. He became a soldier of fortune, passing from one service to another. He gambled away everything he had, and staked at last his sword, his arquebus, his cloak and coat. Then, reduced to abject destitution, he was forced, burning with shame, to solicit alms, till he could work for his livelihood. He hired himself as hod-man to some masons engaged in building for the Capuchins of Siponto. It was when thus engaged, his conscience reproaching him with his past excesses, that the Guardian of the convent took him aside one day, and walking up and down the garden walks, spoke to him seriously about the condition of his soul.

Next day Camillus was on horseback on some errand, when his mind recurred to the words of the father. Struck with anguish of spirit, his soul melted by divine grace, he felt that he had erred far from God, and that the voice that called to his heart must be answered, or it would cease to speak again. He flung himself from the horse, and falling on his knees in the middle of the road, burst into tears and prayer for pardon.

On reaching the convent, he sought the tribunal of penance, and reconciled his soul with God. Then he humbly asked to be admitted into the Franciscan Order. He was tried for some time before his request was granted. He was made to sweep the convent, work in the garden, and do the most servile tasks for the convent. But as he remained constant in his resolution, he was sent to pass his noviciate in the convent of Trirento. But the breaking out of an ulcer on his leg made the Franciscans decline to accept him, and he was obliged to leave them. He went to Rome, where he served for four years in the hospital; and as his leg became again healed, he once more applied for admission into the Minorite Order. But again the old wound opened, and he was obliged to leave the convent. He now felt satisfied that God did not will him to become a Capuchin.

His work in the hospital had convinced him that to minister to the sick, the nurses should belong to a religious congregation, and not be mere hirelings. He determined therefore to found an Order whose special work should be in the hospitals.

He now set to work to learn sufficient to take holy Orders. In the schools he was an object of joke among the boys, who saw a tall man, head and shoulders higher than themselves, sitting with them at their desks, standing up with them in class.

He persevered, distanced his youthful companions, and was ordained priest in 1584. He founded his Congregation in the same year. Only two men joined him. They cleansed the hospital wards, made the beds, applied poultices, and did all that was possible to succour and cheer the sick. The Order grew, and was given a house and church in Rome, spread to Naples, Milan, Genoa. In 1591 it received the sanction of Gregory XIV.

After a holy and devoted life in religion, very different from that he had lived in the world, S. Camillus breathed forth his happy soul on July 14th, A.D. 1614, at the age of sixty-five. He expired murmuring, "Mitis atque festivus Christi Jesus mihi aspectus apparet."

His relics are preserved in the church of S. Mary Magdalen in Rome.

He is generally represented in Art accompanied by an angel, as he is said often to have seen his guardian by his side.



July 19.

- S. EPAPHRAS, *M., B. of Colosse, 1st cent.*
 S. MARTIN, *M.B. of Treves, circ. A.D. 210.*
 SS. JUSTA AND RUFINA, *VV., MM., at Seville, end of 3rd cent.*
 S. MACRINA, *V. in Pontus, A.D. 380.*
 S. ARSENIUS, *H. in Scete, in Lybia, circ. A.D. 440.*
 S. SYMMACHUS, *Pope of Rome, A.D. 514.*
 S. AUREA, *V.M. at Cordova, A.D. 856.*
 S. VINCENT OF PAUL, *C. at Paris, A.D. 1660.*

S. EPAPHRAS, B.M.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Mention in the Epistles of S. Paul.]



SAINT EPAPHRAS, a fellow labourer with the Apostle S. Paul, is mentioned, Col. i. 7, as having taught the Colossian Church the grace of God in truth, and is designated by S. Paul as a faithful minister of Christ. He was at that time at Rome with S. Paul,¹ and seems by the expression there used, to have been a Colossian by birth. We find him again mentioned in the Epistle to Philemon, which was sent at the same time as that to the Colossians. Epaphras may be the same as Epaphroditus; but the notices in the New Testament do not enable us to speak with any confidence on this point.

S. Jerome mentions a tradition to which he gives no credit, that the parents of S. Paul were natives of Giscala in Judæa, and that when that province was devastated by the Romans, they were carried off to Tarsus, and took with them the young Paul; and that at the same time Epaphras also was taken away from Giscala to Tarsus,

¹ Col. iv. 12.

and so he and S. Paul made acquaintance with one another. S. Epaphras is said in the Roman Martyrology to have been bishop of Colosse, and a martyr ; but there is no evidence for either of these statements. Baronius is the authority for them, and with him they were mere conjecture. It is said that his relics exist in the church of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome.

S. MACRINA, V.

(A.D. 380.)

[Greek *Menæa* and modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities :—The same as for the Life of S. Basil, and a life by S. Gregory, bishop of Nyssen, a contemporary.]

S. MACRINA, the sister of S. Basil the Great, beautiful, well educated, and wealthy, brought up her younger brothers, after the death of their father and mother, and to her we are no doubt indebted for the deep seriousness, the holy earnestness which characterized S. Basil. She moulded his character when it was in its most plastic condition. For further particulars about her the reader must turn to the life of S. Basil (June 14th.)

S. ARSENIUS, H.

(ABOUT A.D. 440.)

[By the Greeks on May 8th ; by the Latins on July 19th. Florus, in his Additions to Bede, Ado, Usuardus, Notker, Wandelbert, &c. Modern Roman Martyrology. Specially venerated in France and Belgium. Authorities :—A Life by Theodore of the Studium (d. 826), and mention in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert.]

S. ARSENIUS was a Roman, of a noble and wealthy house. He was supposed to be, and perhaps was learned

for a time when learning was rapidly decaying, and was shortly to disappear.

Theodosius made him tutor of his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, in Constantinople. In the court he lived in the utmost splendour, surrounded with every luxury. He had a duty to perform of the highest importance—the training of the future emperors of the known world.

In 395 Theodosius died, and the empire was parted between the brothers. Then, or shortly after, Arsenius fled to Egypt, covered with shame, as well he might be, at having wasted his glorious opportunities, and provided the world with governors, the one a cypher, the other with no higher aims than breeding poultry, false, cruel, without gratitude to his best friends and deliverers.

The monks of Egypt hailed Arsenius, when he took refuge among them, as the Father of the Emperors. No title could have been better calculated to shame him, and overwhelm him with self-reproach. The formation of the emperors' characters had been in his hands, and he had instilled into them not a generous, not a noble idea.

Well might he fly from the monastery and hide himself in the wildest wastes of the desert, away from where news could reach him of the feebleness of Arcadius, and the foolishness of Honorius. So the old man spent long years, silent, consuming his heart with remorse, understood by none, for none in those deserts could tell how miserably he had betrayed a sacred trust. He would speak to no one; for every visitor added to his shame by telling the news from Europe, now how the two brothers were quarrelling, and exciting the barbarians to fall on each other's territories, now how the feeble Arcadius had fallen under the sway of the eunuch Eutropius, then how Honorius was flying without striking a blow before the invading

Goths, and leaving Rome to be pillaged by them, then, worst of all, how he had murdered in cold blood the heroic general who had routed the barbarians and saved his throne and the Roman honour.

Men came to see Arsenius in his cave, and sat down with him ; but could not prevail on him to speak a word, and went away wondering at his reticence. So year after year passed, and the old man remained in the desert, weeping till the lashes were worn off his red eyelids—weeping over his sins of omission, and over the degradation of Rome, till his time was accomplished, and God called him to his rest.

S. SYMMACHUS, POPE.

(A.D. 514.)

[Roman Martyrology. Not found in any Martyrologies prior to the 16th cent. Authorities :—Anastasius Bibliothecarius, his own letters, and writers of the period in Muratori.]

THE Eastern and Western Churches had been estranged since Felix III., Pope of Rome, and Acacius, patriarch of Constantinople, had mutually excommunicated each other in 484. Felix died, Acacius died ; but the two Churches remained separate. Felix would not be reconciled till the name of Acacius was struck out of the diptychs, when Acacius died in 489. To pray for him, to commemorate him at the altar, was to doubt the damnation of the man who had dared to fulminate excommunication against the successor of S. Peter. Felix was succeeded, in 492, by Gelasius I., and the schism remained unhealed ; the Churches of the East persisted in mentioning Acacius in their eucharistic supplications. Gelasius died in 496, and Anastasius II. succeeded him. "Felix and Acacius

are now before a higher tribunal than ours," said the gentle pope; "leave them to that unerring judgment."¹

He made overtures of reconciliation, and even, it is asserted, admitted to communion a deacon of Thessalonica who had kept up communion with Acacius. His sudden death, after a brief pontificate of two years, cut short all prospect of reconciliation of the schism.

The mild measures of Anastasius seem to have given rise to a party in Rome, headed by the senator, Festus Niger, which was desirous to see the wretched schism healed, and the terms of compromise approved by Pope Anastasius made a basis for general reconciliation. On the other side there was a party opposed to every compromise, demanding the erasure of the name of Acacius, now dead fourteen years, from the diptychs, as one damned beyond redemption, and the rejection of the Henoticon of Zeno, which had been accepted by the greater part of the Eastern Church as terms of mutual forbearance, without compromise of principle. But the Henoticon did not formally accept as final the ruling of the Council of Chalcedon, and without the enunciation of heresy it evaded stigmatizing as heretical the views held by the Eutychians.

The death of Anastasius was the signal for a collision of these rival parties in Rome; each elected a pope, the former chose the archpriest Laurence, the latter the deacon Symmachus, a Sardinian, and a convert from paganism.² The rival pontiffs were consecrated the same day, Symmachus in the Lateran Church, Laurence in the basilica of S. Maria. At the head of the party of Laurence stood

¹ "Namque et predecessor noster Papa Felix, et etiam Acacius illic proculdubio sunt; ubi unusquisque sub tanto iudice non potest perdere sui meriti qualitatem."
—*Anast. Epist.* A.D. 496.

² "Catholica fides, quam in sede beati Petri, veniens ex paganitate, suscepi."
—*Epist. ad Anastat.*

the senator Festus and the saintly deacon Pascasius, noted for his love of the poor, his self-denial, and meekness.

Pascasius, till his death, clave to the party of Laurence; he has left two books on the divinity of the Holy Ghost, which are still extant.

The two factions encountered one another with the fiercest hostility; the clergy, the senate, the populace were divided; the streets of the Christian city ran with blood, as in the days of republican strife; and each party laid the blame of these atrocities on the other.¹

To terminate the schism it was resolved to appeal to the judgment of the Gothic Arian king, Theodoric. He decided, with rough common sense, that he was pope who counted the largest number of votes. Symmachus fulfilled this requisite, and was therefore acknowledged by the Gothic king as the legitimate pope. He at once summoned a council to lay down rules to restrain the contests and violence which too often desecrated the election of a pope.

Theodoric visited Rome in order to lend the weight of his presence towards establishing Symmachus firmly on his contested throne. He was met by the pope at the head of his clergy, and by the senate, and he was conducted to S. Peter's, where he performed his devotions with the fervour of a Catholic.

For a while the party of Laurence was overawed; but when the king withdrew it raised its head again. Strange rumours of crimes laid to the charge of Symmachus circulated in Rome and Italy. It was breathed in the ear that he had fallen into adultery. Some of the Roman clergy and senators took the charge up, and denounced him to

¹ The author of the *Hist. Miscell.* asserts that the adherents of Laurence slew their opponents. A fragment of a writer on the other side, published by Muratori, ascribes these acts of violence, slaughter, and pillage, to Symmachus.

the Gothic king. Theodoric sent Peter, bishop of Altino, to Rome, to investigate the truth of these accusations, ordering him to require Symmachus to surrender to him his slaves to be examined by him, but not to be tortured into giving evidence against their master. The bishop of Altino, it is said, did not follow out exactly his instructions; he sided with the enemies of the pope. Symmachus was summoned to Ravenna, and confined in Rimini. But finding that prejudices were darkening against him in the court of the Gothic king, where some ladies of rank had appeared and borne witness against him, he escaped to Rome. Again sanguinary tumults broke out between the factions; priests were slain, monasteries burnt, and even sacred virgins treated with the utmost indignity.

Theodoric then summoned a Council of Italian prelates to meet at Rome and hear the charges laid against the pope. The Italian bishops protested against the right of the king to convene a council, but did not refuse to attend. At the first session Symmachus set forth to attend the Council, but was assailed on the way by the mob, which pelted him with stones. Many of the priests who attended him were knocked down, their heads cut open and bruised, and the pope only escaped under shelter of the shields of his Gothic guard.

The final, named the Palmary, synod was most numerously attended. It passed judgment on the matter in somewhat vague terms: "We declare that Pope Symmachus, as to men, is innocent of the charges laid against him, and must be left to the judgment of God. We order that he shall minister in sacred things in all the churches depending on his see. We exhort all the faithful to receive the Holy Communion from him, under pain of giving account before the judgment seat of God. Those clerks who have made a schism shall be restored to their func-

tions when they have asked pardon of the pope ; but who-soever after this shall offer sacrifice without the consent of pope Symmachus, shall be punished as a schismatic.”

It was a verdict of Not Proven, rather than a full acquittal ; yet the finding was impeached by the enemies of Symmachus, and S. Ennodius was obliged to defend it in a lengthy apology.¹

The decree of the Council when it reached Gaul alarmed the bishops, and S. Avitus of Vienne, in their name, wrote to the senate, to Faustus and Symmachus, patricians and princely consuls, to remonstrate against bishops assembling under the authority of a king to judge a pope. This they deemed a dangerous innovation.

Pope Symmachus also wrote an apology for himself against the emperor Anastasius, who had called him a Manichæan. The pope enquired, “Am I an Eutychian ? Do I protect the Eutychians whose errors approach those of the Manichees.”² And indeed Symmachus had burned the books of the Manichæans which he had found in Rome, and had expelled the luckless heretics from the city.

“You say,” continued the pope, “that I have conspired with the senate to excommunicate you. It is true ; but in so doing I have followed the example of my predecessors. You say, What does it concern me what Acacius did ? Well, then abandon Acacius to prove that you are disinterested. I ask for nothing else. It is not you, sire, whom we excommunicate ; but Acacius”—dead fourteen years before—“separate yourself from him, and you will

¹ In it he pretends that accession to the chair of S. Peter rendered the popes impeccable, or rather that God only permits such to become popes as are predestined to be saints. And therefore Symmachus was guiltless. A strange theory read by the light of the history of such popes as Benedict IX., John XXIII., Alexander VI., &c.

² The value of the random charges made by one side against another, in those times so deficient in Christian charity, may be estimated by the fact that the odious imputation of Manichæanism laid on the pope by the emperor Anastasius was fung back in return on Anastasius, and jeopardized his throne.

free yourself from his excommunication, otherwise it is not we who excommunicate you ; but you who cut yourself off from our communion.”

Roman undying abhorrence of the conciliatory conduct of Pope Anastatius II. found expression in the hope, the certainty of his condemnation in that dark circle of hell allotted to the violent against God,¹ whilst it has canonized the unbending orthodoxy of Symmachus, Gelasius, and Felix.

The question forces itself upon the reader, Was Symmachus guilty of the crime laid to his charge? It is impossible for us to decide. Those who, in the fury of party strife, did not hesitate to commit murder and rapine, may have felt slight scruple in suborning false witnesses. But at least Laurence, the anti-pope, and Paschasius, his adherent, were guiltless of complicity in any such nefarious proceedings. Their blamelessness, their eminent piety and sanctity, was on all hands acknowledged, and Laurence, had he not been an anti-pope, would certainly have been ranked among the Saints. We may wish that the Palmary Council had spoken with more unhesitating voice, if it were satisfied of the innocence of Symmachus, and had not given a judgment which is inconsistent with itself. If the party of Laurence were guilty—as the opposite faction maintained—of producing false evidence, that of Symmachus does not escape with clean hands, for to it is due the forgery of the Acts of the apocryphal Council of Sinuessa.

If Symmachus were guiltless, he perhaps deserves a place among the Saints as one who bore reproach, suffering wrongfully ; but the Church hesitated for five hundred years before she inscribed him in her Martyrology. Of his private life and virtues we know nothing, except that he

¹ Dante Inferno, xi.

gave largesses to the poor, and built and enriched churches. That he was innocent of the grievous crime laid to his charge is probable, that he was rigidly orthodox is certain. No historian is less inclined than the late Dean Milman to relieve a Roman pontiff from any imputation of evil that can attach itself to his name, and his verdict is:—“Considering the horror in which the crime of adultery was held in an ecclesiastic, we can scarcely suppose, either that the severe Theodoric would not have driven him from his presence, or that an assemblage of prelates would have attempted to shield a pontiff, of precarious and disputed title, without full and conclusive evidence of his guiltlessness.” The decision must be left, as it was left by the Palmary Council, “to the final judgment of God,” only regretting that, with the cloud still hanging over his memory, he should have been enrolled in the Roman Martyrology without evidence of a holy and devoted life; and that history does not afford us.

S. VINCENT OF PAUL, C.

(A.D. 1660.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1729. Canonized by Pope Clement XII. in 1737.]

HARDLY a more solemn, silent land exists than that vast region of undulating pine and heath which forms the department of Landes in the South of France. The traveller in the old-fashioned diligence for Pau or Bayonne grows weary of the paved causeway between deep yellow sands, in which wheels sink to the axle, and the interminable stretches of dull green pine forests which stretch as far as the eye can reach. The writer remembers traversing it in autumn in a chaise, many years ago. The air

was sweet with the scent of the pines, and musical with the vibration of their myriad spines in the passing airs. Here and there a patch of yellow sand and nodes of ferruginous sandstone protruding through it, tufts of heath, beds of juniper, a broad blaze of sun falling on them, and then the great upreared wave of the forest threatening to engulf it in its shadows. On the road ascending a slight hill, miles and miles of a green ocean of trees was visible, rolling in the wind, stretching and rippling to the horizon. But what is that far to the South? Is it a bank of clouds, piled up, threatening a storm? No. The mountains, the Pyrenees, a mighty ridge, aerial blue and silver, rising in softest beauty of tender colour above the sullen grey ocean of pines beneath.

It was at Pouëy, near Dax, in this desolate region that in 1576, S. Vincent was born, one of the most beautiful characters the Church has reared, and the world has wondered at.

In this little village, in the latter part of the 16th century, lived a poor villager named John de Paul, who struggled hard to support a wife and six children upon the produce of a scanty patch of poor land which he cultivated. He was a simple, open-hearted peasant, one who lived in the fear and love of God, and who trained up his children in the same course. His wife, Bertranda de Moras, was the fitting partner of such a man. Among their children was one, the fourth, born in 1576, whose fervent piety and precocious ability attracted the special attention of his parents. He laboured in the fields with the others, he shared in watching the sheep and swine, yet he was unlike those about him. When quite a child, Vincent used to clamber up an oak near his father's house, and hide himself in its branches, that he might say his little prayers undisturbed. At a later age, whenever his parents missed

him, they were sure to find him in the hollow of this tree, as if in a cell. When he was sent to herd the flock, in the neighbourhood, he would steal away and retire to his beloved oak and pray, while he watched his charge from its boughs. The Lord had called the child. And like Samuel he answered, "Speak, Lord ! thy servant heareth."

His vocation for the priesthood became so marked that his father sent him to the Franciscan friars at Dax, who received him for the small payment of sixty livres, or about six pounds a year. In 1596 he went to the University of Toulouse, when he was twenty years of age. His parents sent him their blessing, and sold two of their oxen to provide him with the means for the journey. His studies progressed and prospered, and on September 23rd, 1600, he was ordained priest.

In 1605 he was returning by sailing vessel from Marseilles to Narbonne, on his way home to Dax, as being a more economical way than making the journey by land. The vessel coasted the gulf, passing by day the sunny sands of the Carmague, and rippling at night through the flashing phosphorescent waters—how phosphorescent the Mediterranean waters are on that sunny coast ! But suddenly an Algerine brigantine swept down on the barque, it was boarded, two or three of the crew were killed, and all more or less wounded. The survivors, amongst whom was S. Vincent, were thrown into chains, and carried off as slaves to Barbary. At Tunis, S. Vincent was sold to a fisherman, but as he suffered from sea-sickness, which he did not get over, the fisherman disposed of him to a chemist, who treated him kindly, and taught him some of his secrets. He was with this master for a twelvemonth, and then, the chemist dying, he was sold to a Christian renegade, who set him to work on his farm. This man had three wives. One of these was accustomed

to sit in the fields whilst Vincent worked; and she heard him often sing the psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and the hymn, "Salve Regina." The poor woman listened with pleasure to these songs, and asked Vincent about them. He told her something about his faith. The idea of womanhood exalted in the Virgin Mother shot a light into her dark soul.

It was wondrous to her to think of woman as something other than the slave and toy of man. She spoke to her husband about what she had heard, and told him how she marvelled at his having deserted a creed so beautiful. The man was moved, the remembrance of his Christian childhood rushed back upon him, softened, melted him; and he fled with Vincent secretly in a boat to France.

What became of that dark soul upon which a glimpse of light had shone, we would fain know. But unfortunately only a scanty record of the captivity of S. Vincent is preserved in a letter he wrote on his escape in 1607.

In 1658 the letter was found among some other papers by a gentleman at Acqs, who gave it to one of the canons of the cathedral. The canon sent a copy of it to Vincent two years before the death of the saint, thinking the old man would derive pleasure from reading his youthful adventures. Vincent read it, and threw it into the fire; and then wrote to the canon for the original copy. Had that been sent, the saint would have destroyed it also; but fortunately the canon suspected his intention, and took no notice of the request.

In 1608, S. Vincent came to Paris, and lodged in the faubourg S. Germain. A country magistrate from the Landes shared his chamber. One morning this man rose and left the room before Vincent was out of bed, for Vincent was sick, and was expecting the apothecary's boy with some medicine. The boy came, and brought the

physic, and finding some money which the magistrate had left about—it was a large sum, 400 crowns,—he stole it. The magistrate, on discovering his loss, accused S. Vincent of having taken it, drove him out of the house, and meeting him in society, publicly denounced him as a thief. “God knows the truth,” said Vincent gently, but pale, and with a spot burning on each cheek.

Years after, the apothecary’s apprentice was arrested and imprisoned at Bordeaux on another charge. As accident would happen, he was brought before the very magistrate whom he had robbed; and when he was sentenced, he made confession of the robbery perpetrated in the faubourg S. Germain some years before. The magistrate at once wrote to S. Vincent, imploring forgiveness for having wrongfully accused him.

Vincent of Paul next became parish-priest of Clichy. Those who knew him loved to speak of his incessant labours among the poor; he visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, taught the children, and drew all hearts to him by that singular magnetic attraction which he exercised all his life long.

Three years after, in 1613, he was reluctantly persuaded by his director to leave his parish, and become tutor to the three sons of the Count de Joigny. One of these children died young, the other two became eminent. Oné became Archbishop of Paris, the Cardinal de Retz; the other, the elder, succeeded to the family honours, and was the Duke de Retz.

Vincent spent twelve years in this family as tutor to the boys, and domestic chaplain. In 1617, he accompanied the countess to the castle of Folleville, in the diocese of Amiens, and there spent his spare time in visiting the poor, with whom his heart ever was, and ministering to the sick. One day he was summoned to hear the confession of a

peasant who was dangerously ill. On his way to the house, it occurred to him that it would be safer if he got the man to make a general confession. He then learned that the man had for years been making sacrilegious confessions, concealing some grievous sins he had fallen into, and which he was afraid or ashamed to divulge. When the countess afterwards came to see the sick man, he said, "Madam! I should have been lost eternally, had not M. de Paul persuaded me to make a general confession."

This incident made a deep impression on S. Vincent; he had to preach in the church at Folleville a few days after, and he took the opportunity of speaking on the advantage of making a general confession at intervals during life. The result cannot be better told than in the modest language of the saint himself. "The good people," he says, "were so moved that they all wanted to make their general confessions. I began to hear them, but the crowd was so great, that, even with the assistance of another priest, there was more than I could manage; so the countess wrote to the Jesuit Fathers at Amiens to come and help us. The reverend Rector came, but as he could not remain long, he sent another father to take his place; and through the mercy of God he had enough to do. We afterwards went to the neighbouring villages, and continued the same system. Everywhere there was a crowd of people, and God's blessing crowning the work." It was on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul that S. Vincent preached that sermon, and he afterwards desired his congregation to observe that festival with special devotion, for it was, as he thought, the birthday of his great work.

But eight years passed before that which he had then begun took form and shape.

In 1617 he secretly ran away from the noble family in

which he had lived, drawn by the yearning that filled his soul to devote himself wholly to his dear poor. He consulted his director, and was given the parish of Chastillonles-Dombes in Bresse.

Only five months intervened between his flight from the family of Gondi and his return ; but these months were not unfruitful. One day, as he was about to enter the pulpit of his church, a lady stopped him, and begged him to recommend a family in the village to the charity of the congregation, as it was afflicted with poverty and sickness. The Saint did so. In the evening he went to the cottage, and on his way met a train of charitable people returning with empty baskets, and overtook others bearing laden ones to the house in distress. "This will never do," said S. Vincent. "The poor folk will have superfluity one day, and be destitute the next. We must introduce method into almsgiving."

Next day he organized a system of relief for the poor among the well-to-do ; and thus sprang into existence the first rudiments of his Order of Charity. A new field of labour now opened on Vincent, in another part of France, and among another class of people. The Count de Joigny had been appointed by the king to the general supervision of the galleys, and the convicts who were condemned to them. Feeling the responsibility of his office, he obtained for Vincent de Paul the appointment of chaplain to the galleys. Vincent reached Marseilles in 1622, and immediately began to investigate the condition of the convicts. Nothing could have been more deplorable. The foul air in the hold, the filth, the villany, the bestial savagery of the convicts, struck him with horror, but not with despair. He threw himself at once into his task with dauntless courage. His sweetness of disposition, his gentle words, the marvellous goodness which was shown by his every act,

word, and look, and which irresistibly influenced all with whom he was brought in contact, produced its effect on these brutalized wretches. His broad head, long nose, plain features, which would have called up a smile of derision, if found unlighted by such a loving, heaven-aspiring soul, seemed beautiful to these rude convicts, and they learned to love him and obey him with the docility of children.

In an astonishingly short time he had perfectly mastered these men, usually accustomed to obey only those who enforced obedience with the lash.

After he had done what he could for them he returned to Paris, and visited the prisons in which the convicts were confined previous to their being sent to the galleys. He found them to be in a most wretched neglected condition. The unhappy creatures imprisoned in them were devoured with vermin, half-starved, and utterly degraded in mind and body.

Vincent at once began to improve their condition. He took and fitted up a house in the faubourg S. Honoré, with the consent of the general of the galleys, and removed the prisoners into it, where he might keep them under his own eye till their removal from Paris.

On his way to and from Marseilles, Vincent passed through Macon. That town was then in a most miserable condition. It had become the head-quarters of beggary and vagabondism. The streets swarmed with tramps; and the citizens, weary of imposition, closed their hearts and purses against the oft-repeated tale of woe, which might be true, but which was generally false. Consequently the deserving poor were neglected. Vincent halted in Macon, and suggested to the clergy and magistrates that something should be done to cure this flagrant evil, which threatened to become inveterate. He was met with courteous

indifference, and assurances that a remedy was impossible.

But Vincent was armed with a scheme, and he was by nature an organizer. He drew up a plan of operations and presented it to the authorities. They took it into consideration and granted it a tardy approval. The saint at once set to work. He collected about him some zealous, practical people, they divided the city between them; went through it, visited the houses, made lists of the necessitous, ascertained their trades, detected the impostors, threatened them and frightened them out of the place. He organized a species of voluntary poor-rate, and arranged for the relief of the poor and sick who needed assistance. He provided for the bedding of those tramps who visited the town; they were to be lodged one night, given a supper, and sent off with a sou in their pockets on the morrow. Begging in the streets and at the church-doors was strictly forbidden. Vincent took three weeks to organize this scheme, and amazed everyone in the town by his success. In three weeks he had achieved what neither clergy nor magistrates had dreamed before of accomplishing. He had swept the city clear of its throng of idle beggars, and placed the relief of the poor on a sound footing.

When it was known that he was about to leave, the grateful citizens prepared him an ovation. His modesty took the alarm, and he escaped secretly to Marseilles.

The work of carrying on home missions had specially commended itself to the mind of S. Vincent ever since that sermon on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul. The Countess of Joigny was desirous of seeing it carried out systematically, by a society devoted to that object, and she and her husband bought the College of the Bons Enfants, and gave S. Vincent a sum of money for a modest endowment, that he might start in it a society with

this object in view. But Vincent had made a promise to the countess not to desert her as long as she lived, and that promise he kept sacred. But he was now about to enter upon the great work of his life ; that work which is more especially connected with his name, and for which God had been gradually training him. There is something very significant in the fact, that eight-and-forty years of his life had been spent before his chief work was begun.

God loosed the only tie which held him back, at the time when He saw fit. The pious countess died, and S. Vincent ministered to her on her death-bed. Then he asked leave of the count to depart, and the leave was reluctantly given.

In 1625, he took up his residence in the College des Bons Enfants. Humble and modest was the beginning of a work that was to become great and famous.

There was an old, tried, and dear friend of Vincent's, a M. Portail, who joyfully followed the Saint to the new field of labour. These two holy men invited a third to join them, and offered him a salary of fifty crowns a year. They were then three. They had no servant; and when they went forth on their mission work they locked the door of the college behind them, and it remained closed till their return. They visited the parishes to which they were invited, preached, instructed, heard confessions, and wherever they went the grace of God went with them and wrought a great awakening.

Such was the little mustard-seed from which the lofty tree of the Congregation of the Mission sprang. Well might S. Vincent marvel at the rapid growth of the work, and say, as he did one day in after years, " We went forth in singleness of heart, and without any thought, save of obeying the bishops who sent us, and of preaching the Gospel to the poor. But God blessed our work. O my

Saviour! who would have thought that such results would have sprung from these poor beginnings? For neither I nor poor M. Portail ever dreamt of such a result!"

By degrees other priests joined them, but not many. First the blade, then the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. All great works that He has called into being have begun humbly, poorly, without forecasting what the future would be.

There was at this time in Paris a house of the canons of S. Augustine, bearing the name of S. Lazare. It was a princely establishment, with stately buildings, and temporal jurisdiction over a lordship. The prior was a good, earnest man, M. Adrien le Bon. But the canons were worldly, loved ease, and cared nothing for the rules of their order. The prior in vain sought to establish discipline among them, and he therefore determined to import men of a very different type into the princely precincts of S. Lazare. He thought of Vincent de Paul and his little community, and invited them to take up their quarters in the priory. S. Vincent was staggered. He hesitated. M. le Bon insisted. Friends interfered, pressed the Saint to accept the offer; and on January 8th, 1632, S. Vincent entered for the first time the great building which was thenceforth to be the home and mother-house of his congregation.

No sooner was S. Vincent settled in his new house than he cast about him to make use of the new opportunities of doing work for God that it afforded him. Shortly before his arrival at S. Lazare, he had instituted religious exercises for candidates for Holy Orders; and the large resources of his new residence gave him the means of receiving young ecclesiastics into his house, that he might carry out more thoroughly the system.



S. VINCENT OF PAUL.

Founder of the Order of Sisters of Charity.
After an Engraving by Edelinck, XVII. Century.

And it was greatly needed. Worldliness had infected the clergy of France to a terrible degree. Religious earnestness was scarce. Vincent sought to impress those taking Orders with the solemnity of their duties, the awfulness of their responsibilities. The Archbishop of Paris warmly seconded the views of S. Vincent, and determined that every candidate for Holy Orders should pass a ten days' retreat in the house of S. Lazare before receiving the seal and sacrament of Orders.

But this was not all. Vincent felt that there were men living in the world, there were priests in the toil of their parish work, who needed retreats in which they could forget for awhile the cares and distractions of the world, and commune with God and their own souls in silence. To such he opened the gates of S. Lazare. No question was asked as to the rank or means of the applicant who came to make a retreat. Enough that he sought admission, and wished to be alone with God for a while. The hospitality of the house supplied his temporal wants, the spiritual skill of Vincent and his brethren ministered to his soul. All who were in retreat shared the same frugal repast—nobles, mechanics, ecclesiastics of high rank, beggars, the wise, the ignorant. Well might S. Vincent say that S. Lazare was a Noah's Ark, into which were received all kinds of animals.

One good work led to another ; one want supplied but served to bring to light a second, which sprang out of the former. The taste for spiritual food once formed, a craving grew which could not be withstood. Thus was it with those who had been prepared for the sacred ministry at S. Lazare. They had found such benefits from the retreat there, that they desired to meet more frequently and take sweet council together under the loved roof of S. Lazare. Thus grew into shape an institution of weekly "spiritual

conferences," in which the clergy met at S. Lazare to confer upon matters connected with their state of life, their special duties and difficulties. The good which resulted from them soon bore testimony to the wisdom with which they had been designed and with which they were directed ; and their speedy adoption elsewhere showed that they met a demand which had been generally felt.

S. Vincent had not yet done with the clergy. He had another scheme in his head, which he brought before Cardinal Richelieu, who gave it his hearty approval. He had already provided a retreat for those who were about to be ordained, and spiritual conferences for those who were at work in their parishes ; but he saw that there was need of another institution to complete the work,—a seminary for the training of the young candidates in which they might pass one or two years in theological study before their ordination. The Cardinal gave S. Vincent a thousand crowns to carry out this plan in his old *College des Bons Enfants*, and the first ecclesiastics were received into it in the beginning of the year 1642. Before long, others entered the college at their own expense, and thus the seminary of the *Bons Enfants* was founded. As years passed, the place grew too strait for the numbers pressing into it, and S. Vincent moved the younger candidates into a house adjoining S. Lazare, to which he gave the name of the *Seminary of S. Charles*. This last institution completed the whole work ; and thus, from first to last, from childhood till death, Vincent had provided for the spiritual training and nourishment of the clergy of the diocese of Paris.

We must now look at S. Vincent de Paul organizing another class of institution. During the few months that he had been parish priest of Châtillon, he had cast the foundations of a society for the systematization of relief

given to the poor. The idea commended itself to others, and the Confraternities of Charity spread rapidly. S. Vincent so highly esteemed them that after he had held a mission in a parish, he proceeded to organize in it a congregation of charity. It drew the rich towards the poor, discouraged vagabondism and beggary, and secured to the necessitous regular and judicious relief. All he did at first was to lay down a few plain rules; and as occasion offered, he visited these congregations and took note of their progress or decline. But as their number increased, the time required for looking after them was more than Vincent could afford to spare from his other work; and experience showed that a female hand was needed to train those who had little but charity to qualify them for the task. It was then that God raised up an instrument for His purpose, and placed it in Vincent's hands when he most needed it.

This instrument was Madame le Gras. By birth and marriage this lady was placed in a high position, but on the death of her husband, she laid aside the care and dignity of her station, to devote the rest of her life to the service of the poor. She placed herself under the direction of S. Vincent de Paul, and took up her abode in the neighbourhood of the College of the Bons Enfants, in 1625, just at the time that the saint came to reside there, on the death of the Countess de Joigny. For four years she devoted herself to works of mercy among the poor in that neighbourhood, but did not extend her labours beyond the district. She was, in fact, though she knew it not, being trained under God's providence for the greater work for which she was designed.

In 1629, S. Vincent sent her round to visit, regulate, and incite to fresh ardour, the Congregations of Charity he had founded in so many parishes. Her zeal and energy

carried her everywhere, and made her visits most salutary to the young institutions. She assisted some with money, others with advice, when some were languishing she remained and worked with them till they revived. Whatever she did was done with such meekness and humility that she won all hearts, and disarmed opposition.

Thus she persevered for several years, visiting all the congregations in the dioceses of Beauvais, Paris, Senlis, Soissons, Méaux, Chalons in Champagne, and Chartres. Village and city, highway and byway, alike shared her care, wherever Vincent and his priests of the Mission had been, she followed to build up the work they had founded. All this labour of love was performed at her own cost ; and those who shared her toils also shared the means which she had provided for the journey. Thus for thirty years did she and a few ladies under her, and one servant, spend the spring, summer, and autumn of every year, and in winter she laboured among the poor of Paris. But there was an imperfection in these confraternities which could not escape the keen eye of their founder, as he saw it constantly marring the execution of the work he had entrusted to them. The rule required that each member should take her turn in nursing the sick ; and as the congregations increased, it became evident that many of those who had joined it either had no natural aptitude for sick-nursing, or were prevented by some domestic or social duty from fulfilling their obligations to the sick poor with that regularity which alone could make the working of the society perfect. The first remedy which suggested itself to S. Vincent was to engage girls of the servant class, pious, well-disposed women, who had no vocation for marriage, and to salary them for the work. But it was soon found that this scheme did not answer. Girls of that class were not disciplined in those habits of self-restraint

subordination to rule, and readiness to give up their own will, which is part of the education of young ladies, and those who joined the institutions of S. Vincent, did so rather because they thought thereby they would be "bettering themselves," or getting lighter work, or from caprice; and their disobedience, neglect, or resignation of the work when most needed, made it abundantly clear that they were broken reeds on which Vincent could not rely, unless they had gone through regular training and discipline beforehand to prepare them for the work.

It was in 1633 that the first attempt was made to deal systematically with the matter. S. Vincent chose four girls and placed them in a house under the control and instruction of Madame le Gras. It was not without misgivings that this lady undertook the task. She could not but see the extreme difficulty of managing the girls and deepening their shallow characters, and of making principle supplant in them the dominant power of self-will. However, come what might, the effort must be made; the good to be gained was too great to be lost through lack of energy and perseverance. She took heart, and began her work with these four girls; and from this beginning, laid in doubt, sprang the vast, wide stretching society of "Sisters of Charity." The success which crowned the efforts of Madame le Gras quickly showed itself. The urgent demands of the needy drew forth her pupils before she could well have desired it; nevertheless they acquitted themselves so well, exhibited such sweetness, modesty, and zeal, that they earned golden opinions, and drew numbers to follow their footsteps; so that Madame le Gras was overwhelmed with applications for admission into her house.

The growth of this institution was rapid, beyond expectation. On every side poured in entreaties for aid,

and as fast as sisters could be trained they were sent out, and others crowded into the house to be trained for the holy work which prospered so abundantly. During the life of S. Vincent de Paul not less than twenty-eight houses of the Sisters of Charity were founded in Paris alone; while far and wide the good work spread,—through the whole of France, and even to Poland. As time went on, and the Order took firmer root, its charity embraced a wider range; and those who had at first limited their care and attention to the sick poor in their parishes, took the widow and the orphan under their charge, and ministered to the wounded soldiers, and to the sick in hospitals. Vincent gave them fresh occupation when he entrusted to them the education of foundlings and of poor young girls; and again, when he called them to the charge of the sick convicts. These varied occupations naturally divided the body into different congregations, each of which had its more especial task to fulfil; although they still continued under one general rule, with special regulations. Their constitutions, framed by S. Vincent de Paul, abound with wise regulations and weighty admonitions. The founder points out that although, from the nature of their employment, they cannot lead the recluse life of true nuns, yet they ought to be as strict in their conduct as those who dwell in cloisters.

The sick room was to be their convent-cell, the parish church their chapel, the streets and lanes of the city their cloisters, the fear of God the grate excluding the world, and modesty their veil.

The other provisions of the rule are conceived in the same spirit of practical wisdom and elevated piety. After having been tested by the experience of twenty years, it was formally approved, in 1655, by the Archbishop of Paris.

The "Sisters of Charity," or Grey-sisters, as they were sometimes called, were to undergo five years' probation before they were admitted to their office ; and then were to take the three customary vows, with a fourth, pledging them to labour for the poor. These vows were to be made for the space of one year only, and to be renewable annually on the 25th of March, with the permission of the superior. The refusal or suspension of this licence is regarded in the Order as the gravest of all punishments, and instances of its infliction are extremely rare.

A kindred association, also originated by S. Vincent de Paul, and styled the "Company of Ladies of Charity," acquired great reputation and influence in Paris by its energetic labours in the service of the sick and poor. Its members were chiefly ladies of high rank under the "President" de Goussault, who was its first superior. At the meetings of these noble ladies, benevolent schemes of all kinds were discussed and organized ; but the principal duty for which they made themselves responsible was that of visiting the inmates of the Hôtel Dieu, or central hospital of Paris. In this undertaking they were zealously seconded by Madam le Gras and her Sisters of Charity ; and a detachment of the latter community was established for this purpose in a house adjoining the hospital. On the recommendation of S. Vincent, the ladies formed two divisions, the first having for its province the religious instruction and consolation of the patients, while the second ministered to their temporal necessities. Fourteen members were elected every quarter, in the Ember week, to compose each section ; they attended two and two, by rotation, at the Hôtel Dieu, every day in the week ; and at the end of their term of service they made a report to the general meeting of the Society, recording the course of their proceedings, with any circumstances which might be

useful for the guidance and encouragement of those who were to replace them. It may be well imagined that the spectacle of such self-devotion in those whose birth had placed them on the highest steps of society, and who were accustomed to every luxury that wealth can procure, made a vivid impression upon the inhabitants of Paris in general, independently of the direct benefits conferred upon the sufferers in the hospital. The gentleness, tenderness, and persevering patience displayed by the Ladies of Charity in the discharge of their functions met with a signal reward. If we may credit the biographer of Vincent de Paul, their success in the work of conversion was such that in the course of a single year no less than seven hundred and sixty heretics abjured their errors and embraced the Catholic faith which, they saw, produced such living fruit.

A volume would be required to give an adequate idea of the multifarious labours of S. Vincent de Paul. New establishments of "Priests of the Mission" were gradually formed in most of the large towns of France, and earnest application was made for their services in various foreign countries. In 1639 they planted a colony at Annecy in Savoy; in 1642 they passed the Alps into Italy, and were installed in a spacious college at Rome; three years later they were summoned to Genoa, and subsequently the Queen of Poland assigned them a house and sufficient revenues at Warsaw.

The Lazarists were also entrusted with the management of diocesan seminaries in various parts of France; besides the noble college at the head-quarters of S. Lazare, they successively undertook the direction of similar institutions at Saintes, Le Mans, S. Malo, Agen, Tréguier, and Narbonne.

There are few institutions in Paris which excite more

admiration in strangers than the Foundling Hospital, the Hospice des Enfants trouvés, in the Rue d'Enfer. No one can visit it without being moved with veneration for S. Vincent de Paul, whose work it is. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state of the foundlings of Paris when they first attracted the attention of the Saint. Not less than three hundred or four hundred children were yearly left exposed by their parents in the streets; and these were collected by the police, and taken to an institution called *La Couche*, where a widow with three servants were paid to attend to them. But all was done in the most perfunctory manner, with no spark of Christian charity entering into the hearts of those who nursed the children, and sanctifying their work. They only sought what gain they might make out of the children. There were no wet-nurses for the youngest, and no fitting food for those who had been weaned. Most died, or lingered on to grow up sickly, their constitutions ruined by the narcotics administered to them to keep them quiet in the charnel house which was their nursery.

And while the bodies of these little ones were thus neglected, none cared for their souls. The woman who had charge of them confessed that she had never baptized or procured the baptism of a single child who had come into her charge.

This gigantic evil crossed Vincent's path; his tender heart was touched. He called the Ladies of Charity to him, led them to *La Couche*, and bade them remedy this great wrong. Twelve of the little foundlings were at once removed to a house they hired for the purpose, and Madame le Gras and her Sisters of Charity undertook the immediate charge of them.

It was in 1638 that this first step was taken, and gradually the number thus selected was increased, till in 1640,

when S. Vincent's Congregation of Sisters undertook the entire charge of all the Paris foundlings, and has continued it till the present day.

In 1622 S. Vincent paid a visit incognito to the galleys at Marseilles, when finding a poor convict in tears and trouble about his wife and children, Vincent offered himself in the place of the man. The offer was accepted, and, for several weeks, he worked chained like the rest of the galley-slaves, till, by some accident, he was discovered and released. When one of his priests asked Vincent some years after if this story were true, and accounted for the swelling of his ankles, from which he suffered, Vincent turned the conversation with a smile.

Another work he was entrusted with was characteristic of the times. Parents of rank whose sons were dissipated and wasteful of their fortunes obtained from the king or Cardinal Richelieu *lettres-de-cachet* consigning them to prison in S. Lazare. The young men were arrested, without being told for what crime, nor who were their accusers, and were taken to S. Lazare where they were handed over to the pious exhortations of the Fathers of the Mission; and kept there imprisoned till it was supposed that their exhortations had produced the desired reform in the principles of the youths. This system may possibly in some instances have produced good results, but most probably in many it turned reprobates into hypocrites. This system was none of Vincent's devising; the work was forced on him, and he was obliged to do the best he could for these prodigals under circumstances more than ordinarily disadvantageous.

The year 1643 saw great changes in France; and for once political movements drew our Saint within their circle. In the previous December, Cardinal Richelieu had died, and in less than five months he was followed by the king

whose counsels he had so loyally swayed. Anne of Austria was now regent, and Cardinal Mazarin was her chief councillor. One of the first works of Anne of Austria, on entering on the office of regent, was to devise a plan by which abuse in the appointment to bishoprics and abbeys might be prevented. Richelieu had too often made the highest ecclesiastical offices the mere instruments of his policy, and filled the most responsible places in the Church with men utterly unfit morally to occupy them. The bishopric of Metz had been given to the bastard son of Henry IV., Henri de Bourbon, a man not even in holy Orders, yet who held for many years the bishopric, together with eight abbeys of which he had been made abbot. It is but one instance out of many.

The queen nominated a council of four, whose duty it was to examine all matters affecting religion, and to decide on the qualifications of those who were recommended to ecclesiastical dignities. It was called the Council of Conscience; and consisted of Cardinal Mazarin, the Chancellor Séguier, the Grand Penitentiary Charton, and Vincent de Paul. Vincent's penetrating eye had soon read the heart of Mazarin, and he saw how little there was in common between them. As ambitious as his all-powerful predecessor, Mazarin pursued a different course in aiming at supreme power. Richelieu had gone straightforwardly towards the end to be attained, crushing all who opposed him, scorning to stoop to flattery or deceit.

Mazarin, on the contrary, was all suppleness and diplomacy; with smiles and lies he wormed his way on, bribing those he could not cajole, cringing when he could not defy.

Richelieu was a lion, Mazarin a fox. If the former was an enemy, he was at least sincere; but none could trust the friendship of the latter.

It is alike amusing and instructive to watch the inevitable contest that broke out between Mazarin and Vincent de Paul. At first the cardinal pretended to ignore his colleague, and began to nominate, without consulting Vincent, to abbeys and bishoprics, looking only to his own interests. But Vincent quietly cancelled these appointments by refusing to approve them; and, as Madame de Motteville says, the scheming minister found him to be a man "all of a piece," who never cared to gain the good graces of the powerful men at court. The queen supported Vincent, and determined to allow the cardinal to make no such appointments without his sanction.

His power was thus confirmed, and Mazarin could only console himself by sneering at Vincent, and mocking the homely dress in which he appeared at court, "See!" he said, taking hold of Vincent's old cassock-sash, "What a girdle this man wears!" Vincent could bear the sneers of the Cardinal without a blush, but not the praise of others. The Prince of Condé one day tried his humility severely, when, meeting him in the Louvre, he invited him to a seat at his side. "Your Highness does me too much honour, in suffering me to stand in your presence," said Vincent modestly; "I am only a poor swineherd's son."

"*Moribus et vitâ nobilitatur homo,*" said the Prince (Man is ennobled by his pure morals and his good life).

On another occasion Vincent prevented the appointment of an improper person to a bishopric, and by so doing gave great offence to the family of the disappointed candidate. To revenge themselves, they invented a calumny against S. Vincent, which was reported to the queen. Anne spoke to him about it.

Vincent replied gently, "Madame, I am a sinner." "But," exclaimed the Queen, "you must have this set to rights, and your character cleared of such infamous asper-

sions." "They said worse things of my dear Saviour," said Vincent.

During one of S. Vincent's absences from court, Mazarin nominated a man he wished to advance from political reasons, without regard to his character, which was scandalously evil. Vincent, on hearing of it, hastened to the father of the young man who was offered the bishopric, and implored him, as he loved his son's soul, to refuse the bishopric for him. The nobleman hesitated, but would not consent. Vincent tried in vain to move him, and then warned him that by persevering he would bring on his son the speedy vengeance of God. The young man accepted the bishopric, was consecrated, and died almost immediately.

A lady of high rank recommended her son to Vincent for a bishopric. As he knew nothing of his character, he merely replied, that he would enquire into the matter. He did so, and found that the son was unworthy of the appointment. He, therefore, promoted some one else. Next time Vincent was ushered into the lady's presence, she stormed at him, and threw a silver lamp at his head. It struck him on his face. A brother who was with him exclaimed, in dismay, and attempted to draw Vincent from the room.

"It is nothing," said the Saint, wiping the blood from his face, "but an instance of a mother's excessive love for her child."

Thus, amid many difficulties and much opposition, Vincent pursued the path which conscience had marked out for him, in his high and responsible station.

He was brought in contact with the abbé of S. Cyran, the Jansenist, and respecting the earnestness and piety of the man, drew naturally towards him; but when S. Cyran broached his heresy, Vincent's sound judgment recoiled

from a doctrine which left man's will prostrate, dumb, and helpless before constraining grace. S. Augustine's dangerous speculation on free will and grace was now brought to practical application, and common sense saw that it was destructive to Christian morality, nay, even to the ordinary natural principles of right and wrong. It had been formulated in one way by Calvin into a rigid predestinarianism, by Luther in another way, into the obliteration of the last trace of freedom in the human will. Jansenism was an attempt to introduce this odious heresy, degrading to man, into the bosom of the Church. Providentially, in Calvinism and Lutheranism, the natural conscience has revolted against the rejection of Free Will which it professes with the lips, and has saved morals from hopeless overthrow. In the French Church the Jesuits combated and conquered Jansenism; it is to be regretted that the means they employed, and the manner in which they accomplished it, were so harsh, as to stain the history of that Order.

The closing labours of S. Vincent de Paul, notwithstanding a complication of maladies which afflicted him at his great age, exhibited the same wisdom, and the same disinterested self-sacrifice which had characterized him through life. In 1658 he compiled a code of statutes for his Congregation of the Mission, containing the well-weighed results of his long experience. For thirty-three years the missionaries had worked together without written rules; but Vincent felt that, in the near prospect of his own removal, it was necessary to provide them with fixed precepts for their future guidance. These regulations he based on the cardinal principle of conformity to the likeness of Christ in the two great branches of His ministry, as a teacher and an evangelizer. "Our rules," he said, "are almost entirely taken from the Gospel, and they all tend to conform our life to that of our Saviour when on earth. He

came to preach the Gospel to the poor ; and, my brethren, this is the object of our mission. The poor are our inheritance. You have long waited for rules, my brethren, and we have long deferred giving them to you. 'Jesus began to *do* and to teach.' For thirty years he practised virtue, he taught for three. Thirty-three years have passed since we began our work, and during all that time we have kept the rules which were unwritten, but which we shall now draw up. You will find in them nothing new, only what you have practised for many years." Under the general head of conformity to the life of Christ, the priests were enjoined to emulate specially ; (1), the poverty ; (2), the purity ; (3), the obedience ; (4), the charity of Christ ; and to cultivate the five characteristic qualities of simplicity, humility, gentleness, unselfishness, and love of souls.

One of the last charitable undertakings of Vincent de Paul was the foundation of a hospital at Sainte Reine, near Dijon, in Burgundy, for the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims and afflicted persons annually visiting that spot, some for the purpose of devotion, others for the benefit of the mineral springs of the locality. The project was first started by a worthy citizen of Paris, whose health had been recruited by the use of the waters. He was moved with compassion for the crowds of poor helpless patients, who, after the fatigues of travel, found no better lodgings at Sainte Reine than a farm or an outhouse, and not seldom were obliged to lie without shelter in the open street. This citizen, with the assistance of a few friends, made an effort to remedy the evil, but soon found that it was too serious and weighty to be dealt with by the scanty means at their command. In their embarrassment they applied to S. Vincent de Paul, addressing him by the expressive title of "Steward of the affairs of God." He received them with warm cordiality, encouraged them with

judicious counsel and assurances of support, and directed them to begin the work forthwith, in full confidence of a successful issue. Within two years, in spite of the public difficulties arising from war with Spain, and his increasing personal infirmities, which kept him a close prisoner in the house, Vincent had collected the funds required for building the hospital, which was completed early in 1660. "Such," says Collet, the biographer of the saint, "was the commencement and the progress of this famous hospital, where, without reckoning three or four hundred patients who are received annually, more than twenty thousand pilgrims of all ages, of both sexes, of every nation and of every religious persuasion, find, year after year, all the attention and assistance, both temporal and spiritual, that it is possible to procure for them. These various functions are divided between good ecclesiastics and virtuous Sisters of Charity."

The decline of S. Vincent's health was gradual; and it was not till he had passed his eightieth year that his bodily infirmities were accompanied by any visible diminution of mental vigour. He lost the use of his feet, through swelling of his ankles and partial paralysis, but drove about in a little carriage that his friends had provided him with; but it was only with difficulty that he could be brought to use what, in those days, was regarded as a prerogative of the noble and wealthy. "I, a poor swineherd's son, to ride like a prince!" said the humble old man. And the Parisians were amused to see him drive about with some poor convalescent to whom he was giving an airing, or some sick whom he was taking to his hospital.

The sufferings with which he was afflicted increased from day to day; yet his attention to the many duties which pressed upon him never flagged. Letters poured in on him from all sides, and he conscientiously read them all

himself, gave them his attention and answered them fully. Responsibilities appeared to multiply with his increasing years ; and others seemed to consider the burden they were laying on the aged man as little as he did himself.

For some years he had been unable to walk, but now his infirmities prevented him from standing to say mass ; he was therefore obliged to content himself with daily assisting at mass, and communicating every morning. Daily might the aged servant of God be seen dragging his powerless limbs into the chapel by the help of crutches. As his cheeks sank in, and his white hair thinned over his temples, the full breadth of his forehead became conspicuous, and expressed the man of active brain within, which had weighed and judged so many matters. His eye gained in brightness, and an inexpressible sweetness stole over the aged features ; the soul, brightening as the vessel of the body failed, seemed to shine through it.

He could not endure the idea of giving trouble, and dissembled his pain and febleness as much as he was able, to spare his attendants. He still continued to rise at four, and spend three hours in prayer and mass. Those who visited him found him patient, cheerful and tender-hearted as of old, unwilling to speak of himself, ready to enter with keen interest and sympathy into the hopes, and troubles, and plans of others. He knew that he was sinking, and therefore every day after mass recited the prayers of the Church for those in their last agony, and the commendation of a departing soul. Like a good servant he watched for the coming of his Lord. Profound humility, the surest test of sanctity, dwelt in his heart, and found utterance from his lips. "One of these days," said he to those about him, "the wretched body of this old sinner will be laid in the dust, and be trodden under foot. Alas ! my Lord ! my sins multiply on me, and I never seem to

amend." Some days before his death he became subject to frequent attacks of lethargy, which he recognised as the signs of the approach of the last sleep. "This is the brother," he said, after one of these fits, "the sister will follow speedily." And then he turned with a distressed look to those who ministered to him, and begged them to pardon him the trouble he gave them.

On Sunday, September the 26th, Vincent was able to hear mass and to communicate ; but scarcely was he taken back to his room before one of his fits of sleep came on. The brother who was attending upon him roused him several times, but he quickly relapsed. The physician was sent for, and he saw that the holy old man was sinking. A priest hastened to his bedside. Vincent was roused, and said a few words calmly, and then dozed off again. His spiritual children crowded into his room, with tearful eyes and pale cheeks ; their friend, their father was going over Jordan before their eyes. One of the priests of the Mission entreated him to give them all his parting blessing. The old man opened his eyes, his lovely smile played once more round his lips, and he raised his hand. All fell on their knees in the room, and along the corridor outside. He began the words of benediction in a clear tone, but before he could finish it, his hands fell, the words grew faint, and his eyes closed once more.

The same night he received Extreme Unction. His soul was fluttering in its fragile cage. Occasionally he fell into a doze. But if anyone whispered the precious name of "Jesus" in his ear, his eyes opened, a light sprang up in his face, and the old familiar smile played on his lips. When the versicle, "O Lord, make speed to save me," was said, he tried hard to respond, "O God, make haste to help me." At a quarter-past four, on the morning of the 27th, M. le Prêtre, one of S. Vincent's dearest friends,

entered the room. Vincent was in his chair, in his old rusty cassock, lying back, half-conscious; with death written on his white face. He had not been moved from that chair for twenty-four hours, in fact, since he had returned from mass and Communion in the chapel; for, indeed, he was too weak to be moved. M. le Prêtre begged him to give his blessing for the last time to the Congregations he had founded, that their ministering fervour might not languish. The dying saint, instead of a blessing, gave a promise, replying in the words of S. Paul, "Qui cœpit opus bonum Ipse perficiet." (He who hath begun a good work in you will also perform it). His voice failed him, and ere he could complete the verse, his head bowed forward on his breast, and he died in that humble attitude, like his Master whom he loved.

No change passed over that peaceful, benign countenance. Vincent seemed to be sleeping in his chair; but he was with his God. The trials of life were over, its duties all performed as best he might, and like him whose words were the last on his lips, he had finished his course, he had kept the faith, and he had now gone to receive the crown that was laid up for him in heaven. The Fathers of the Mission were saying matins when S. Vincent de Paul died, on the 27th of September, 1660, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

The body was laid in a leaden coffin in the church of S. Lazarus at Paris.

July 20.

- S. ELIAS, *Prophet in Judah, circa. B.C. 896.*
 S. JOSEPH, called BARSABAS or JUSTUS, *1st cent.*
 S. MARGARET, *V.M., at Antioch in Pisidia.*
 S. WILGEFORTIS, *V.M. in Portugal.*
 S. EUSPICIUS, *C. at S. Mesmin, near Orleans, 6th cent.*
 S. SEVERA, *V. at Treves, A.D. 660.*
 S. VULMAR, *Ab. of S. Vulmar, in Picardy, end of 7th cent.*
 S. ANSEGIS, *Ab. at Fontenelle, in Normandy, A.D. 833.*
 B. BERNHARD, *B.C. at Hildesheim in Germany, A.D. 1153.*
 S. JEROME EMILIANI, *C. at Somasque in Italy, A.D. 1537.*

S. JOSEPH BARSABAS.

(1ST CENT.)

[Ancient and modern Roman Martyrologies. Ado, Usuardus, and Notker. By the Greeks on June 30th, along with other disciples of Christ. By the Copts on July 20th; the Syriac Kalendar on June 20th.]



JOSEPH, called Barsabas, or the Son of Sabas, who received the surname of the Just, was one of the two persons chosen by the assembled Church as worthy to fill the place from which Judas, by transgression, fell.¹ The lot, however, fell on Matthias, and he was numbered with the Twelve Apostles. Eusebius says that Joseph was one of the Seventy,² which is probable enough; and S. Epiphanius makes the same assertion. From the words of S. Peter: "Of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection;" it is clear that Joseph had been a close and constant follower of Christ. Eusebius, quoting S. Papias, relates that he was given poison to drink, but that it did him no harm.³

¹ Acts i. 23.² Hist. Eccl. i. c. 12.³ Lib. iii. c. 29.

S. MARGARET, V.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[By the Greeks under the name of Marina, on July 17th. The Russian, Ethiopic, Syriac Kalendars, on the 17th. The first to insert her in a Latin Martyrology was Hrabanus Maurus (d. 856) on July 13th, under the name of Margaret; and again, on June 18th, under the name of Marina. He was followed by Notker and Wandelbert. The Roman Martyrology on July 20th. Sarum, York, and Reformed Anglican Kalendars on the same day. Usuardus inserted a S. Marina, martyr at Alexandria, on June 18th, and he probably meant S. Margaret, and put Alexandria for Antioch. The name of S. Margaret found its way into Anglican Litanies of the 7th cent., and an Anglo-Saxon Passion of S. Margaret has been edited by Mr. F. O. Cockayne (*Narratiunculæ Anglicæ conscripta*). In 966 a church was dedicated to S. Margaret in the diocese of Liege. The Little Roman Martyrology, and that attributed to S. Jerome, do not contain any mention of S. Margaret. In the 13th cent. the *cultus* of S. Margaret became very great in England, and her day was kept as a holy-day, on which no work was allowed to be done. With regard to the Acts of S. Margaret, Greek or Latin, all that can be said is that they are a barefaced forgery. The author pretends to have been eye-witness of all he describes. He says:—"I, Tectinus (Theotimus) took pains to observe all, when the blessed Margaret fought against the dragon and the tyrant, and I wrote all that she endured." Again, "Theotinus and her nurse were in the prison ministering to her bread and water, and they looked through a window, and wrote down her prayer, and in the fear of God noted all that took place." Then follows the cock-and-bull story of the dragon swallowing S. Margaret, and bursting to let her get out of his stomach, because her cross had stuck in his throat. One of the devils tells how Solomon had shut him up and sealed him in a jar, and how some Babylonians broke open the jar in search of money, and so the devil escaped. This recalls the story of the Fisherman and the Jin in the "Arabian Nights."]

It is possible that in one of the persecutions of the Church there suffered a virgin martyr at Antioch, named Margaret or Marina, but we have no authentic account of her passion.

It is not just to conclude, because the Acts are fabulous and a forgery, that they relate to a purely mythical personage. In the instance of S. Procopius we saw forged

acts which every critic would reject with disdain, and one would have been inclined to doubt that there had ever existed such a person as Procopius, had not Eusebius, in a few words, told us the true story of his martyrdom, different in almost every particular from that of the apocryphal legend. If we had only Hroswitha's account of the death of S. Pelagius (June 26th, p. 377) we should doubt if there ever had been such a boy martyr; but we have fortunately got the account of his martyrdom by a contemporary, Ragucl of Cordova.

Consequently, because the Acts of S. Margaret are devoid of the appearance of truth, it will not do to conclude that S. Margaret never existed. All we can safely say about her is that there may have been such a person; but that we know nothing trustworthy about her.

The story of S. Margaret and the dragon may have sprung up from a poetical allusion in the Menæa to her conquering the Old Dragon, *i.e.*, Satan, which has been taken literally and converted into a romantic episode.¹

According to the legendary Acts, S. Margaret, or Marina, was the daughter of a heathen priest, Edessius, of Antioch in Pisidia, and was brought up by her nurse, a Christian. When her father discovered that she had embraced the faith of Christ, he was filled with rage, and refused to receive her into his house, or even to see her. She was therefore obliged to live with her nurse, and keep sheep for her. But, unfortunately, Olybrius, the prefect of Pisidia, happened to see her, and becoming enamoured of her, enquired if she were free or a slave. If free he would marry her; if she were a slave he would buy her. She replied that she was free-born, but was a servant of Jesus

¹ It is, however, not impossible that pagan representations of Aphrodite (the foam-born), Atergatis, or Derceto, rising out of a fish or dragon, with her symbol, a dove, may have been mistaken in later times for S. Margaret, and helped towards the genesis of her legend.

Christ. Olybrius threw her into prison, when the devil appeared to her as a dragon, but could not frighten her. Olybrius tortured her in various ways, and finally she was decapitated. Such is the story in outline, cleared from the most outrageously fabulous incidents.

The body of S. Margaret, entire, is shown in the cathedral of Monte-fiascone, and it is pretended that it was brought from Antioch, but the historians who relate the translation have confounded Antioch in Syria with Antioch in Pisidia. The translation, we are gravely told, took place at the time when Berengar was king of Italy—he died 924, and Sergius was pope of Rome, *i.e.*, 980–982. But another body, pretending to be that of S. Margaret, is said to be shown at Mount Sinai, in the monastery of S. Catherine, from which the left hand and part of the arm were removed to the Escorial, and are now in Lisbon. In addition to these two bodies with their heads, six more heads are exhibited to the devotion of the people. One at Anderlech, near Brussels; another was divided between the convents of S. Clare, at Paris, and that of S. Regulus, at Senlis. Her chin and girdle are, or were, in S. Germain des Près at Paris.

A bit of one of these heads, or perhaps of a fifth, at S. Cæcilia's, Rome; another head at S. Bartholomew's at Ravennani; a seventh head at Trani; an eighth at Brindisi. As for the rest of her bones, they are as abundant, proportionately, and as well authenticated, as her skulls. All the heads, except those specified, are entire; not mere particles of bone,

In Art S. Margaret is represented with a cross in her hand rising out of a dragon, sometimes with a dove upon her.

S. WILGEFORTIS. V.M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Roman Martyrology, Spanish, Portuguese, Belgian, Gallican, German Martyrologies. Authority :—The fabulous Acts.]

THIS mythical saint bears a great number of names, in England she was anciently called S. Uⁿcumber, in Germany she is Ohnkummer, Kummerniss, Sanct Gehulf; in Flanders Onkommera, Regnfeldis; in France S. Livrade; and in Liturgies she is called S. Liberata, Liberatrix, or Eutropia.

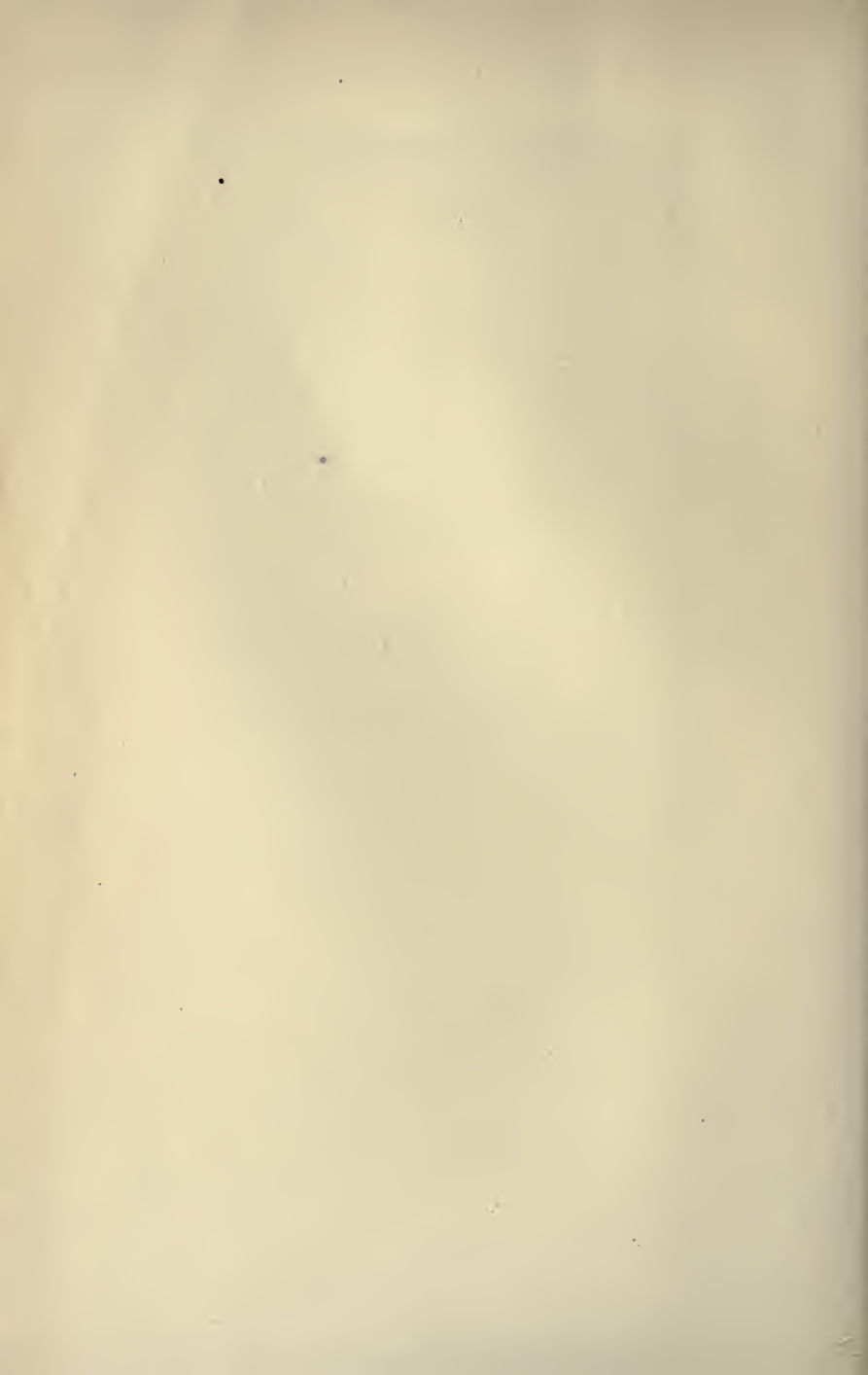
The story of this Saint is almost too absurd to be given. She was the daughter of a king of Portugal; one of seven twin sisters. Her father desired to marry her to the king of Sicily, but Wilgefortis had taken a vow of perpetual virginity. She therefore prayed, and a beard, moustache and whiskers, sprouting on her face, indisposed the prince of Sicily to accept her hand. Her father, in a rage, had her crucified.

“For my part,” says the Jesuit father Cahier,¹ “I am inclined to think that the crown, beard, gown and cross, which are regarded as the attributes of this miraculous virgin, are only a pious devotion to the celebrated crucifix of Lucca, somewhat gone astray. It is known that devotion to this image of Jesus Christ crucified was widely extended in the 12th century; so that the favourite oath of William Rufus, king of England, was ‘By the sacred face of Lucca.’ Now this famous crucifix, like many others of the same period, was completely dressed and crowned. In course of time, the long gown caused it to be thought that the figure was that of a woman, and the beard caused her to be called *Vierge-forte*. Let us add that the crucifix of Lucca was shod in silver to obviate the deterioration

¹ “*Caracteristiques des Saints*,” T. I., p. 122.



S. WILGEFÖRTIS, aliàs LIBERATA, quam Belgæ à depellendi
 curis, ONTCOMMERAM nominant, Regis Portug. Filia: postq̃ à Xp̃o
 sperato suo, deformari rogasset, ne ab Amasio ad nuptias expaerètur;
 atq; ita subito promissa illi barba exereuisset: pro Xp̃iana Relig: ac
 p̃dicatæ defensione, Cruci affixa fuit: miraculis hodieq; clarissima.
 Atq; hoc inter cætera: quod simulachrum Ipsius Gytharedi cuius damus
 àll mortem damnati, atq; ad patrocinium Eius confugentis Inno-
 centium unius ocrea argentea exussione, declararit.
 Vide Martyrolog: Rôm. et Molari: ad Usuard.
 P. B. Boultaz. sculp



caused by the kissing of the feet by pilgrims. This also has turned to the glorification of S. Wilgefortis. For it is said that a poor minstrel one day played an air under the statue of the Saint, and was recompensed by her giving him one of her rich shoes."

The body of S. Wilgefortis is preserved at Sigüenza in Spain, but other relics, indulgenced by Pope Urban VIII., existed at Brussels before 1695.

In the Salisbury Enchiridion, published in 1533, she is invoked, and provided with hymn and collect. According to some she died on July 12th, according to others on July 20th; according to others again on October 2nd. But it is of less importance to be assured when she died than whether she ever existed.

Her name, Wilgefortis, is a corruption of Virgofortis; Uncumber and Liberata are names given to her on account of her prayer when on the cross, according to the fabulous acts, in which she prayed that all who were mindful of her and her passion, might be delivered from all encumbrances and troubles.

S. VULMAR, AB.

(END OF 7TH CENT.)

[Roman, Gallican, and Belgian Martyrologies. Authority:—An ancient life, "*venerabilium hominum narratione comperita*," not therefore by a contemporary, but sufficiently near to the time to be full of life-like, interesting particulars.]

IN the middle of the seventh century, there lived in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, at Samer, a nobleman of Frank origin, named Vulbert, married to a wife named Duda, who bore him two sons, Vulmar and Vuilmar. In his youth Vulmar was married to a girl, named Osterhilda, who had, however, been betrothed in childhood, by her

parents, to someone else. This man complained to the King of the Franks of the wrong done him by Vulmar, and the king ordered the separation of the young couple, and that Osterhilda should be given to him to whom she had been previously betrothed.

This blow destroyed all Vulmar's happiness. The biographer has given us no picture of the parting of the young husband and wife, their tears, and his despair. But it is just as well, for anyone can imagine it, and feel the desolation of the young heart, when the passionately loved wife was torn from him, and the house was left silent. The blow destroyed all Vulmar's confidence in life, all his care for the happiness this world can give. He left his home, now too full of painful reminiscences, and fled to the monastery of Hautmont in Hainault, where he was set to tend cows.

Every night when the brethren slept, Vulmar rose and cleaned their shoes for them, then restored them to the sides of the beds whence he had taken them. The monks wondered who had done them this kind office. One evening that the abbot had cast off a pair of very muddy shoes, he heard soft steps creep to the side of his bed, and pick up the shoes. "Who is there?" asked the abbot, putting out his hand, and catching Vulmar by the arm. No answer. "On your obedience tell me?" "I am your little son Vulmar," answered the young man in a whisper. "Go in peace, my son," said the abbot; and he never told the monks who cleaned their shoes for them.

At last he was ordained priest, and then a desire came on him, as it did on so many others of his period, to hide in the green wood, and serve God under the shadows of the broad oaks, with no other visitors than the fawns and the squirrels. He therefore took his priestly vestments and vessels, a hatchet, and ran away. He hid himself in

the forest of Eeken, and lived there many years. But when the place of his retreat became known, he returned to his native place, and built a hermitage in the wood near Samer. One day his brother Vuilmar was hunting in the forest, when he lighted on a little cot of wattled walls, and fern thatched roof, standing in a gap of the forest, where the sun pierced the great canopy of leaves. Before the door was a bearded man, busily engaged in digging. Vuilmar went up to him and asked his name. Vulmar rose, and leaning on his spade, looked him in the face, and said, "Brother!"

When the first greetings had passed, Vuilmar entreated Vulmar to return with him to the castle, to see his mother, who had long mourned him. But the hermit shook his head. How should he leave his delightful solitude for the haunts of men? All he asked was that his brother would occasionally bring him some plain food.

Vuilmar did this. One day, not seeing Vulmar, he shouted to him. The hermit came running up, with his face a picture of distress. "My brother! I implore you, do not make the forest resound with your clamour. See! if you want me at any time, call me thus," and he hung a wooden tablet and a hammer on a tree bough. "Knock on the tablet, but, in mercy, do not shout!"

In time disciples of both sexes gathered about the holy man, and he built two monasteries in the forest, one for men, which he directed himself, the other for women, which he placed under the government of his niece, Eremberta. There he was visited, in 688, by Ceadwalla, king of the West Saxons, then on his way to Rome. Ceadwalla gave him thirty sous,¹ and asked his prayers. Vulmar gave him his blessing, and promised his prayers. Cead-

¹ "Triginta solidos contulit," gold sous no doubt.

walla went on to Rome, where he was baptised by Pope Sergius, and died.¹

S. Vulmar died at a green old age, either at the end of the 7th, or the beginning of the 8th century, and was buried at Samer. His bones were scattered by the Huguenots.

S. ANSEGIS, AB.

(A.D. 833.)

[Gallican and Benedictine Martyrologies. Authority:—An ancient life by a contemporary anonymous writer.]

THE life of this abbot is singularly dull and deficient in interesting particulars, save of the books he gave to the different monasteries he ruled, his donations of Church vessels and vestments, which are minutely specified, and are curious, as a bowl (hanapus) of silver set with four gold snails, a wooden altar frontal embossed with silver figures, a silver crown and lamp, three green chasubles, gilded fans for the altar, and pillows of silk, on which to lay the Gospel book.

He became a monk about the year 788, and ruled the abbeys of Fontenelle, Flaix, Luxeuil, &c. He was made abbot of two other monasteries in 807, of Flaix in the same year, and of Luxeuil in 817, and of Fontenelle in 823.

¹ So also Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, ad ann. 698.

S. JEROME EMILIANI, C.

(A.D. 1537.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Benedict XIV., and canonized by Clement XIII. In 1769 an office in honour of the saint was approved by the Holy See, and appointed to be recited on July 20th.]

THIS great saint was born at Venice, in the year 1481, and was the son of Angelo Emiliani and Eleonora Marocini, both issued from illustrious houses, which had furnished Venice with senators and grand captains, in the times of her greatness. At fifteen, Jerome, who had lost his father, joined the troops Venice was raising in 1495, and led a dissolute life, which caused both his mother and brother great distress. In 1508, he served in the Venetian troops raised to oppose the league of Cambrai, and the defence of Castelnuovo, on the confines of Treviso, was entrusted to Emiliani. The walls were ruinous, and in spite of a gallant defence, the place was taken by the Germans, the garrison put to the sword, and Emiliani thrown into a noisome dungeon, laden with chains, and linked by the feet to a ball of stone.

In the darkness of his prison, he reviewed his past life, and resolved, should he escape, to endeavour to recompense for the evil he had done, and the opportunities he had wasted. He made a vow to the Blessed Virgin to visit the pilgrimage chapel at Treviso, dedicated to her, should she deliver him. Scarcely had he done so when, we are told, he found the key to his fetters. A fair form stood compassionately at his side, and helped him to shake them off, led the way out of the dungeon, opening all the doors before him, and finally conducted him in disguise out of the castle. He hastened to Treviso, where he published his miraculous escape, and hung up his chains and stone ball to the roof of the chapel. The story no doubt ante-

dates this final incident. He cannot have escaped with his chains and fetters, and stone ball, if he shook them off in the prison. But no doubt later, when the Venetian government gave him the podesta-ship of Castelnuovo, and confirmed it to him and his family for thirty years, he recovered the chains and ball from the dungeon, and sent them to the chapel at Treviso.

After his marvellous escape, Jerome at once cast off the chains of his old sins and evil habits, as he had the bonds in the dungeon. He devoted himself to the care of the sick and starving in 1523, the terrible year of plague and famine. He was himself struck down with disease, but providentially recovered; and this sickness confirmed his resolution to devote himself entirely to the sick and suffering. With his fortune he built several hospitals for the sick, and orphanages for the poor children who had been deprived of their parents by famine or pestilence. He dressed his orphans in white, and on festivals they walked through the streets and squares of Venice chanting litanies.

He visited Bergamo, where he founded another orphanage, and also by means of his earnestness, touched the hearts of, and converted a number of unhappy, sinful women. He was joined by others, zealous for the glory of God and the poor, and with the consent of the bishop of Bergamo, they spread through the villages, preaching to the people, and instructing the children.

S. Jerome Emiliani saw that all the institutions he had founded, and which were worked by men who had placed themselves under his orders, needed some central house, the head-quarters of the society. He pitched on Somasque, between Milan and Bergamo, and founded there a central house. On all who had joined him he imposed the rule of the regular canons of S. Augustine. To the care of orphans, S. Jerome speedily added the education of

young ecclesiastics. He saw the need there was that those who were destined for the priesthood should receive a religious training. Hitherto this had not been regularly carried out, and the result was, that many of the priests of Upper Italy were deficient in true piety, and some even gave great scandal by their disorderly lives. It was an evil which the Council of Trent sought to remedy by ordering the establishment of diocesan seminaries, but which was never seriously taken in hand till S. Vincent of Paul founded his order of Lazarists in France.

S. Jerome died at Somasque, of pestilence, which he caught in nursing the sick. He died on February 8th, 1537, at the age of fifty-six.



July 21.

- S. DANIEL, *Prophet at Babylon, circ. B.C. 500.*
 S. PRAXEDES, *V. at Rome, 2nd cent.*
 SS. JULIA, *V.M.*, CLAUDIUS AND OTHERS, *MM. at Troyes in France,*
circ. A.D. 275.
 SS. VICTOR AND COMP., *MM. at Marseilles, A.D. 304.*
 S. BARHADBESCIABAS, *D.M. at Arbela in Persia, A.D. 354.*
 S. ZOTICUS, *B.M. at Cumana in Armenia.*
 S. JOHN, *H. on the Dead Sea in Palestine, end of 6th cent.*
 S. ARBOGAST, *B. of Strasburg, A.D. 678.*

S. PRAXEDES, V.

(2ND CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. The ancient 'Martyrologium Parvum,' Bede, Ado, &c. Anglican, Scottish, and other Martyrologies. Authority:—The Acts of SS. Pudens, Pudentiana, and Praxedis, which purport to have been written by S. Pastor, a contemporary. But their authenticity is, unfortunately, very questionable.]



SAINT PRAXEDES was the daughter of Pudens, a Roman senator, and his wife Servilia. She had two brothers, Novatus and Timotheus, and a sister Pudentiana, all of whom are numbered with the Saints. S. Paul the Apostle is said to have lodged in the house of Pudens, and to have used it as a church. S. Praxedes is said to have ministered to the martyrs in prison, and to have been diligent in collecting their relics. The church of S. Praxedes at Rome, which gives a title to a cardinal, contests with that of S. Pudentiana the claim to be the oldest church in Rome, and to have been the palace of Pudens. In the nave of S. Praxedes is a well, in which it is pretended the Saint cast the sponge wherewith she had sopped up the blood of many martyrs.

Her relics are preserved in this church.

She is represented in Art with a basin in one hand and a bunch of palms in the other, though she did not herself suffer martyrdom.

SS. JULIA, V.M., AND CLAUDIUS, M.

(CIRC. A.D. 275.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—The apocryphal legend of these saints.]

THIS is a Gallican localization of the legend of SS. Luceja and Aucejas, given in the June volume of "Lives of the Saints," p. 342. The story is the same exactly in both cases, only the names and localities are altered. For Luceja, we have in the French story Julia, for Aucejas the barbarian king, we have the barbarian "emperor" Claudius.

The story is, that in one of the inroads of the Goths on Gaul, the barbarians carried off a young damsel named Julia, from her native place, Troyes. The "emperor" of the Goths was named Claudius; he fell in love with the maiden, but she announced to him that she was a Christian and a consecrated virgin. Then he treated her with the utmost respect, and when he went to war visited her as an oracle, and obtained from her prophecies as to the event of his wars. She lived in a hut, or tent, he erected for her. At last she converted him and several other Gothic chiefs, and all returned together to Troyes, and submitted their necks to the executioner's sword by sentence of Elidius, the prefect.

The relics of all these martyrs are shown at Troyes. It is observable that in transferring the story to Gaul, those who perpetrated the fraud of altering and adapting the acts of SS. Luceja and Aucejas were so ignorant that they

did not give to one of the German martyrs (they were twenty-one in all) a simple name of Teutonic origin—all are either Latin or Greek.

SS. VICTOR AND COMP., MM.

(A.D. 304.)

[Most Latin Martyrologies ; that attributed to S. Jerome, Ado, Usuardus, Hrabanus ; Gallican Martyrologies. Authorities :—The Acts. Of these there are several versions, differing in many particulars from each other, and none of them to be regarded as original.]

IN the year 304, the Emperor Maximian was at Marseilles, and his presence filled the Christians there with dire alarm. S. Victor, a Christian officer in the army, went about by night from house to house, encouraging their hearts, and bidding them play the man for Christ, and not fear what man could do to their bodies, if only they might save their souls alive. He was denounced to the emperor for this, was taken and brought before the prefects Asterius and Eutychius, who urged him to be a faithful soldier and reject the novelties which were being introduced in religion. The prefects, unable to persuade him, sent him to the emperor, who commanded him to be degraded from his rank, his hands and feet to be bound, and that he should be thus dragged through the streets, an object of derision to the people.

Victor was brought back bruised and bloody to the tribunal of the prefects, who again entreated him to abandon his infatuation, and return to the worship of the state-gods. S. Victor replied, "I despise your deities ; I confess Jesus Christ. Torment me as you will."

Eutychius, unable to come to an agreement with Asterius as to the treatment to which Victor was to be subjected,

withdrew, and Asterius was left alone to contend with the martyr.

After being further tortured, the martyr was sent back to prison, where he converted three soldiers, Alexander, Longinus, and Felician, who were on the morrow decapitated by order of the emperor. S. Victor was hung up by the wrists, beaten and torn with iron-toothed combs, and then led before an image of Jupiter, and commanded to adore. He struck the idol, and it fell over; whereupon Maximian ordered his foot to be cut off, and then that he should have his head smitten off by the executioner's sword. The different versions of the Acts vary so considerably that it is impossible to give a correct account of the martyrdom of S. Victor.

In the 5th cent. S. John Cassian built a monastery over the tomb of S. Victor, and the relics of the saint remained in the church till the French Revolution. But all, save a few small bones, have been lost. Other relics are scattered over France and Belgium.

In the year 102 B.C. Marius routed the Teutons, who were threatening Provence and Italy on the banks of the Cænus, near Aix. In memory of the victory, a temple was erected on the site, dedicated to Victory. Thither, every year, in the month of May, the population used to come and celebrate a festival, and light a bonfire, answered by other bonfires, on the neighbouring heights. When Gaul became Christian, neither monument nor festival perished; but the temple was felicitously dedicated to S. Victor, the martyr of Marseilles.

In Art S. Victor is represented as a Roman soldier bearing a palm and sword.

S. BARHADBESCIABAS, D.M.

(A.D. 354.)

[Authority :—The genuine Chaldaic Acts, published by Assemani, T. L., p. 129.]

IN the fifteenth year of the great persecution raised in Persia by king Sapor II., Barhadbesciabas, the zealous deacon of the city of Arbela, was apprehended and put on the rack. As he was being tormented, the officers cried to him, "Worship water and fire, and eat the blood of beasts, and you shall be set at liberty." But the blessed deacon Barhadbesciabas showed, by the cheerfulness of his countenance, that his soul was filled with a joy and light of which his persecutors knew naught; and which made him indifferent to his suffering body. He said to the judge, "Neither you nor your king, nor any manner of torments shall ever be able to separate me from the love of Jesus. Him alone have I served from my infancy to this old age." The governor at length condemned him to be beheaded, and commanded Aghæus, an apostate Christian, to be his executioner. The holy deacon stood bound waiting with hope for the happy moment when he should enter into the joy of his Lord. Aghæus trembled so as not to be able to give the blow steadily. He struck seven times at the martyr's neck, and not being able to sever his head from his body, ran his sword into his bowels. The holy deacon fell forward and expired. The judge set guards to watch the corpse; but two clerks carried it off in the night, and buried it after the Roman fashion. He suffered on the 20th day of the month of July, in the year 354.

S. ZOTICUS, B.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology; inserted by Baronius.]

IN the Roman Martyrology Baronius inserted "at Cumana in Armenia, S. Zoticus, bishop and martyr, who suffered under Severus." But it is impossible to find his authority. Zoticus Ostrenus, a priest, is mentioned in the letter of Apollinaris of Hierapolis, against the Montanists, as having been left by him at Ancyra in Galatia, to oppose the heretics; and that "when Maximilla was pretending to utter prophecies at Pepuza, Zoticus endeavoured to interfere and reason with the spirit by which she was inspired, but was prevented doing so by those who followed her." If this is the Zoticus meant by Baronius, then there is no authority for making him a bishop of Cumana, and a martyr. If he meant another martyr bishop, the existence of such a person was unknown to every martyr-ologist before him, and authority for his statement is wanting. Baronius was probably labouring under some confusion at the time, and fell into one of those accidental errors to which all mortals are subject.

S. ARBOGAST, B. OF STRASBURG.

(A.D. 678.)

[Not mentioned by Ado, Usuardus, or Notker. Roman Martyrology. German Martyrologies, Wyon, Menardus. Authority:—A Life by Utho, bishop of Strasburg, d. 965.]

S. ARBOGAST was bishop of Strasburg in the reign of Dagobert II., king of Austrasia. One day as the king's son, Sigebert, then a boy, was out boar-hunting, his horse

¹ Eusebius, Hist. Eccl., Lib. V., cc. 16, 18.

carried him after the beast, distancing the rest of the huntsmen. Then the boar turned, and the horse taking fright, plunged and threw the lad, and drew him clinging to the rein some way. He was taken up insensible from contusion of the brain, and was put to bed. The king, the queen, the whole court were in despair. The boy was unconscious and white, perhaps dead. The bishop hurried to the palace, wept and prayed all night, and in the morning the boy opened his eyes, and gradually recovered. The king, attributing this restoration to the prayers of the bishop, gave him the town and lordship of Ruffeich, near Colmar.



July 22.

- S. MARY MAGDALEN, *Penit. in Palestine, 1st cent.*
 S. SYNTYCHE, *Disciple of S. Paul at Philippi, 1st cent.*
 S. PLATO, *M. at Ancyra in Galatia, circ. A.D. 306.*
 S. JOSEPH, *C. at Scythopolis in Palestine, circ. A.D. 356.*
 S. WANDREGISL, *Ab. of Fontenelle in Normandy, A.D. 667.*
 S. MENELEUS, *Ab. of Messate in Auvergne, circ. A.D. 730.*
 S. THEOPHILUS THE YOUNGER, *M. in Cyprus, A.D. 790.*

S. MARY MAGDALEN, PENIT.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. In some Martyrologies the Conversion of S. Mary Magdalen on April 7th. In the Hildesheim Breviary, her Conversion on March 1st. The Invention of her relics on May 5th. On various days in different churches are commemorated the Translations of her relics. By the Greeks S. Mary, the sister of Lazarus, on March 18th; but Mary Magdalen on July 22nd; as also the Syriac, Coptic, Chaldaic, and Russian Kalendars. In the Sacramentary of S. Gregory is no mention of S. Mary Magdalen or of S. Mary, sister of Lazarus; nor in the Martyrology attributed to S. Jerome. In the Martyrologium Parvum, drawn up in the 8th cent., S. Mary Magdalen appears, and from that time forward the festival was observed in the West.]



HE history of S. Mary Magdalen is one which has been disputed over without any certainty having been attained on some points.

S. Luke (viii. 1, 2, 3) says that Our Blessed Lord travelled from place to place, "and the twelve were with him, and certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils, and Joanna, the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto him of their substance." This was in the first year of his ministry.

S. Mark (xvi. 9) confirms the statement of S. Luke, that Christ had cast seven devils out of the Magdalen. When He was on the cross, "There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene." S. Mary Magdalen was also one of the women "which came with him from Galilee, who followed after, and beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid, and returned and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment." "Now on the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre." And when they had seen a vision "they returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest. It was Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles."¹ It is not easy at first sight to harmonize this account with the order of events as related by S. John; but it is probable S. Luke is running two visits into one. S. John tells us that Mary Magdalen went early to the sepulchre while it was dark, and found the stone rolled away. She was not alone, the other women were with her. They returned to the apostles and told them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Then S. Peter and S. John ran to the tomb, and found it even as the women had told them. Then Mary Magdalen, who had gone back to the sepulchre, with SS. Peter and John, and who was also perhaps accompanied by the other women, saw the

¹ S. Luke xxiii. 54, 56; xxiv. 1, 10.

vision of angels. In S. Luke all the women see it; in S. John, Mary Magdalen alone.

But there were probably two visions; the first when the other women were with her. The account in S. Matthew perplexes the matter further, as he relates the descent of the angel and the rolling back of the stone, and flight of the keepers, after mention of the starting of "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary" for the sepulchre. But it is probable that this took place before the women reached the sepulchre. Then, when they saw the stone rolled away, and had seen the vision of angels, they ran and told the apostles; but—this is probably the order—Mary Magdalen returned, and after the apostles had gone, remained standing "without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and saw two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

Mary Magdalen came and told the disciples that she

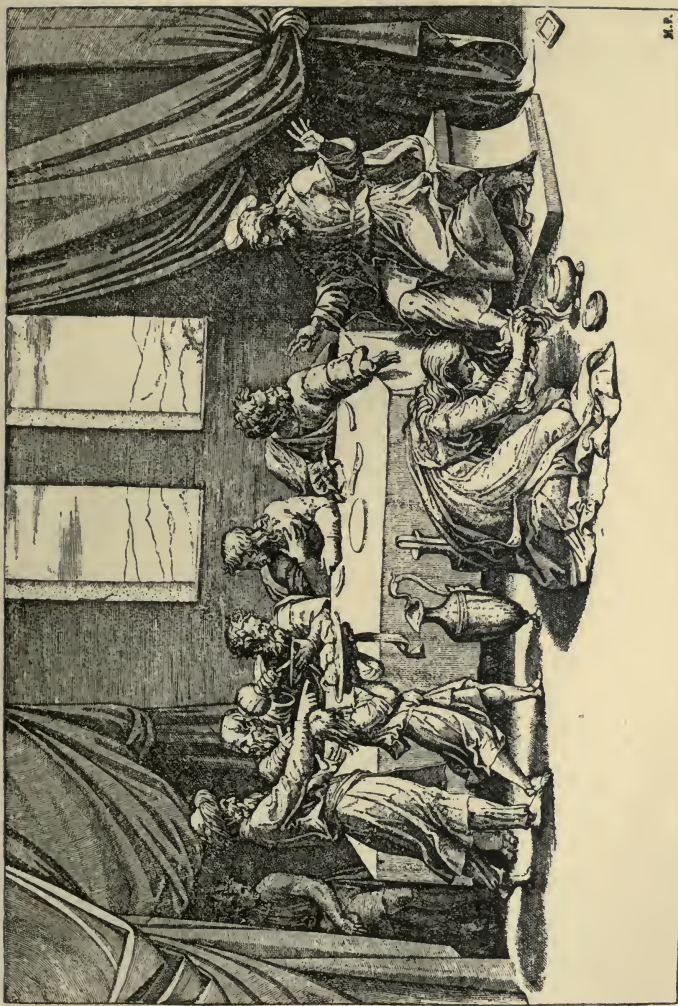
had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.¹

This is all that Holy Scripture tells us about Mary Magdalen by name. But it has been supposed that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and the woman who was a sinner, and who anointed Christ with ointment at Nain, are the same person.

That the woman who anointed Christ at Nain was Mary Magdalen is probable enough. Magdala is a small town, or village, on the sea of Tiberias, in Galilee, and Mary was no doubt called Magdalen because she was a native of that place. It was in Galilee, at Nain, that the touching event took place which is recorded by S. Luke (vii. 36-50):—

“And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee’s house, and sat down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee’s house, brought an alabaster box of ointment. And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner. And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which

¹ S. John xx. 1, 28.

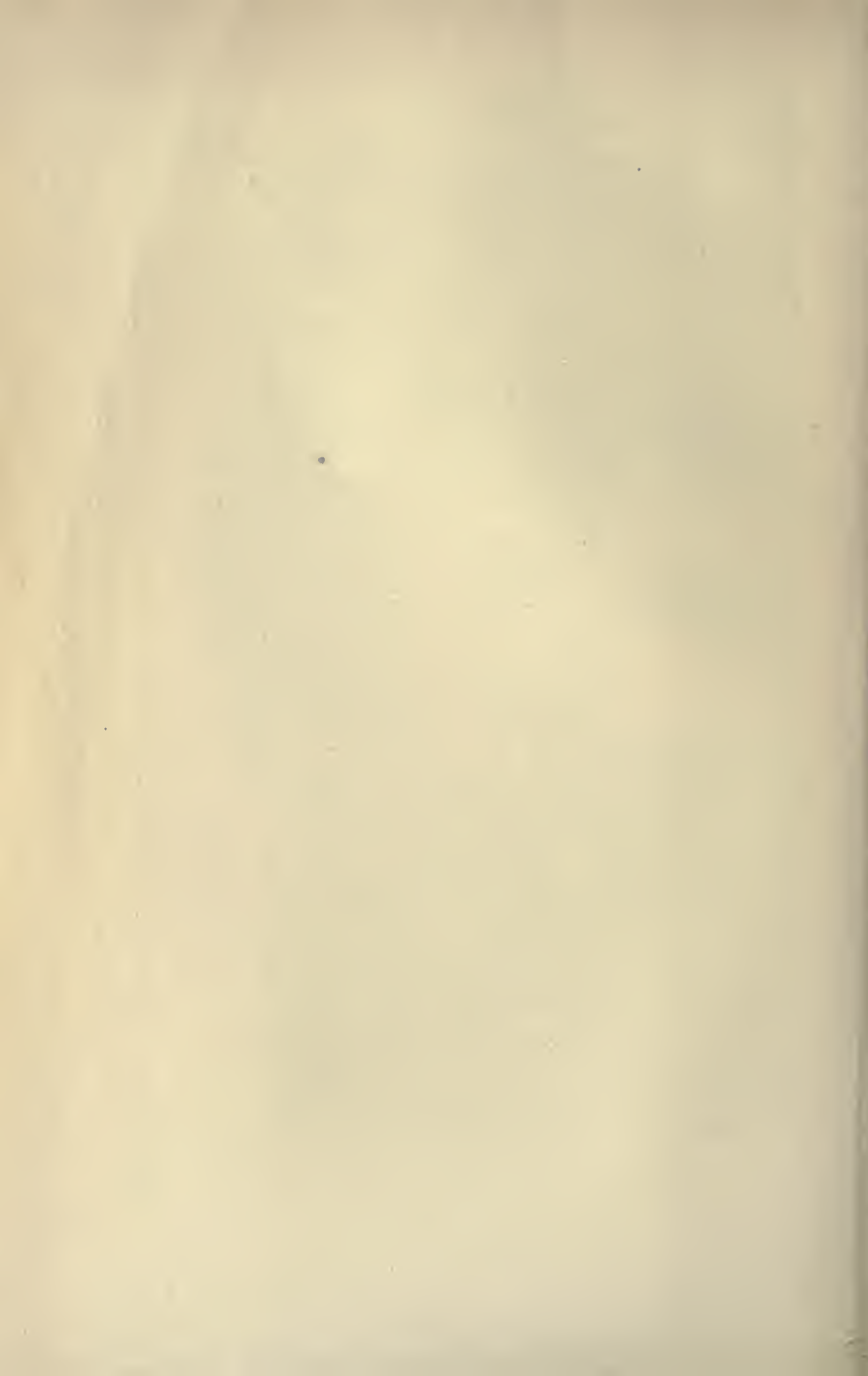


MARY MAGDALEN WASHING THE FEET OF CHRIST.

After an Engraving by Mark Antony.

July, Part II. p. 506.]

[July 22.



of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou has rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And he saith to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

This took place in the first year of our Lord's ministry, and directly after, we find Mary Magdalen following him.

Of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, it is said:—"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. It was Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick."¹ But this anointing refers to that which took place at Bethany, in the house of Simon the Leper, in the third year of his Ministry, as recorded by S. Matthew.²

"Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head, as he sat at meat. But when his disci-

¹ S. John xi. 2, 2.

² S. Matt. xxvi. 6, 13

ples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor. When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

It is difficult to understand how that Mary of Magdala and Mary of Bethany can be the same person; but it is quite possible that Mary Magdalen may have been the woman whose act is related in the 7th chapter of S. Luke. Origen mentions that in his time some supposed "the woman who was a sinner," the Magdalen, and Mary of Bethany, to be one and the same person. "But I," says he, "rather think that they were three separate persons."

Victor of Antioch, who flourished about A.D. 400, says:—"Apollinaris and Theodorus assert that what is written by all the evangelists refers to the same woman, but that John gave the history of her more fully than the others." These are the earliest passages referring to the identification, and it shows that it had not taken place firmly in the first four centuries. In the Eastern Church it has been always supposed that the Mary of Bethany and the Mary of Magdala were distinct.

Nothing trustworthy is known of what became of S. Mary Magdalen after the Resurrection. The Greeks say that she went to Ephesus, to S. John the Divine, where she died, and was buried in the entrance to the cave in which afterwards the Seven Sleepers took

refuge. Her relics were translated thence by the emperor Leo VI., and laid in the monastery of S. Lazarus at Constantinople.

But there is a tradition that she came to Gaul with Lazarus and Martha—for she is identified in mediæval Western belief with Mary of Bethany—and that she settled at Marseilles, where she is regarded as the apostle of Provence. Two churches in France dispute the possession of her body, that of Vezelai, which exhibits bulls of popes Lucius II., Urban III., Clement III., and Innocent III., affirming the authenticity of the body preserved there, and that of Marseilles, where the body was discovered in the 13th century; but in addition to these there are innumerable other relics.¹ There is a long story told of the voyage of S. Mary Magdalen with her brother Lazarus and her sister Martha, to Provence, and of her mission work at Marseilles; but this is all so apocryphal and modern, that the Bollandists did not deign to insert it in their collection.

In Art S. Mary Magdalen is represented with the vessel of ointment, her hair loose and flowing.

¹ "Superest modo immensa adhuc rerum congeries, si loca omnia percurrenda sint, in quibus sacræ S. Mariæ Magdalenæ reliquiæ asservari honorarique dicuntur." And after enumerating a host of arms and fingers, &c., the Bollandist adds, "De his omnibus aliisque sexcentis sub S. Mariæ Magdalenæ nomine reliquiis, nemo ex me quæserit, verasne et genuinas ejus esse censeam."—*Acta Sanct., Julii*, T. V., p. 222, 223.

S. SYNTYCHE.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. The ancient Martyrologium Parvum, Usuardus, Ado. Authority :—S. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, iv. 2, 3.]

S. SYNTYCHE was a female member of the church of Philippi; and she is spoken of honourably by S. Paul as one who was his fellow labourer in the Gospel, and whose name is written in the Book of Life.

S. PLATO, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 306.)

[Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on November 18th. Also by the Russians. The ancient Greek Acts do not exist; there are Latin versions, but of what date is uncertain. The ancient Acts existed, however, when the old Roman Martyrology, falsely attributed to S. Jerome, was drawn up. The following account is taken from the Greek Menology.]

PLATO the martyr, a native of Ancyra in Galatia, was the brother of the martyr Antiochus, and was a young man very zealous for the Gospel. He was brought before the prefect, Agrippinus, and was beaten, then laid upon red-hot plates of iron, and red-hot iron was applied to his sides, till the skin burst and the juices poured out. His half-roasted flesh was cut off in strips, and one of these pieces Plato flung in the face of the prefect. He languished for eight days in prison, and then his head was struck off, and he entered into his rest.

A church was built in his honour at Constantinople, by Anastasius Dicorus, about A.D. 510.

S. JOSEPH, COUNT, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 356.)

[Roman Martyrology. Inserted by Baronius. Not found in any ancient Martyrologies, Greek or Latin. Authority :—An account of his life, partly from his own lips, and partly from personal knowledge, by S. Epiphanius, in his Book on Heresies.]

JOSEPH was a Jew of Tiberias, an intimate friend of the Rabbi Hillel, ruler of the synagogue of Tiberias, in the early part of the 4th century. Hillel, it is said, was convinced of the truth of Christianity, and when he was dying, he sent for the bishop of Tiberias, who was a physician; but without his Jewish friends knowing for what intent he desired his presence. The bishop had a private interview with the old rabbi, and ordered him a bath. Accordingly water and a large vessel were brought into his bedroom, and then all were dismissed whilst the physician bathed his patient. But some suspicion arose in the mind of Joseph, and he peeped through a crack in the door, and saw the physician baptize Hillel in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity. He said nothing about what he had seen to anyone.

Hillel died shortly after, and left Joseph and another Jew trustees of his property and guardian of his son—"named Judas, I think, but as it is some time since I was told, I cannot be sure," says S. Epiphanius.

Joseph opened the treasury of his old friend, and found that it contained very little money, but a good many books, amongst others, the Gospel of S. John and the Acts of the Apostles, together with the "Book of the Generations of S. Matthew, translated out of Greek into Hebrew."¹ These he read with great interest, and

¹ This was the Gospel of the Twelve, or of the Hebrews, translated by S. Jerome into Greek and Latin from the original Hebrew, and not as Epiphanius says, a translation from Greek into Hebrew. This Gospel, now lost, bore a close resemblance to the Canonical Gospel of S. Matthew, without being identical with it. Only fragments of it remain.

was almost convinced of the truth of Christianity. When he fell sick, in his feverish dream, the form of Christ haunted him, but when he recovered his health, the impression made on him by these dreams wore off.

His ward gave him great annoyance, for as he grew up he became dissipated, and caused great scandal by his profligacy. One day that the young fellow was in the public baths he brushed past a maiden of modest mein, with such a sweet face and expression, that he at once fell madly in love with her. When he touched her, he noticed that she crossed herself. It was clear, therefore, that she was a Christian, and could not be his by honourable marriage. Yet he pursued her unremittingly, sending presents to her house, which were returned indignantly; waylaying her to obtain a meeting and urge his passion, but she passed him coldly, with averted eyes, and the sign of the cross. At last he had recourse to magic, and went with a companion to the demon-haunted cavern of Polyandria, where the dead were buried in cells along its gloomy sides, there to concoct hideous spells wherewith to bend the Christian maiden to his will.

Joseph's fellow guardian heard of the expedition, and rushed in dismay to Joseph, and both hastened to the cavern to bring back the youth, and remonstrate with him for dealing with familiar spirits, and incurring the doom of sorcerers decreed by the law of Moses.

Judas was unmoved by their remonstrances. That the maiden should have been unshaken by these demoniacal spells appeared to Joseph certainly miraculous, and proved another link in the chain which was finally to bind him to Christ.

His mind, however, remained in an unsettled state. But he must do something to convince himself. There

was near Tiberias a poor possessed man, who ran about naked and howling. Joseph secured him and brought him into a room by himself, and having put everyone forth, that he might not be shamed, should his projected attempt fail, he took water, made the sign of the cross, sprinkled the maniac, and adjured the devil, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of the man. The madman howled and fell down in a swoon on the floor. Joseph watched by him as he lay there insensible for an hour, and saw consciousness gradually return. The man sat up, drew his hand over his face, and looking at himself, blushed to see that he was naked. The blush convinced Joseph that the man was restored to his right mind. He ran and got him a suit of his own clothes, and the demoniac from that day forth retained his senses.

But still Joseph made no open profession of Christianity. His head was convinced; but his heart had not been touched. The cross had not been laid on his shoulder. When his ward was of age, he resigned to him the effects of Hillel, and then was appointed ruler of the synagogue at Cilicia. He felt he was acting against his conscience, and this made him harsh to others, and gloomy. He had no word against Christ, and he hesitated about the future Messiah, so that the Jews grew uneasy, suspicious, set spies, and detected him reading the Book of the Gospels. The book was plucked out of his hand, Joseph was set upon by the furious Jews, beaten, and would have been killed, but for the bishop of Tarsus. Another day he was taken and flung by the Jews into the Cnydus. The current carried him under, and he escaped to the bank with difficulty.

He had now felt persecution for the name of Christ,

and his hesitation came to an end. He was baptized, and returned to Tiberias, where Constantine, the emperor, made him an officer of state, with the title of Count, and authority to build churches.

At Tiberias there was an unfinished temple begun by Hadrian, which the citizens wanted to turn into public baths.

Joseph at once, with his newly-acquired authority, converted it into a Christian church; and to complete it, he erected a kiln outside the town, where limestone might be burnt to provide the masons with lime.

But the fire in his kiln would not kindle, and this was due, it was supposed, to the incantations of the Jews, angry with Joseph for having embraced Christianity. Tidings were brought to the Count that his kiln would not draw, and burn lime. He hastened to the spot, called for a bowl of water, signed it with the cross, dashed it over the kiln, and presently the fire burned up, and the kiln answered the purpose for which it was constructed.

Then all the people declared that "great is the God who assisteth the Christians."

Joseph took up his residence at Scythopolis, and built churches at Diocæsarea, Capernaum, and other towns. When Arianism spread through the Church in Palestine, Joseph was the only Christian in Scythopolis who remained steadfast to the unpopular and orthodox faith; and but for his title, he would have suffered deprivation of goods from the Arian bishop, Patrophilus, who was in favour with the Emperor Constantius. Joseph was afraid lest the Arians should seize him by force and ordain him, and he therefore married again, so as to make his ordination uncanonical.

The date of the death of Joseph cannot be fixed with certainty, as S. Epiphanius does not mention it; but it was probably about A.D. 356.

S. WANDREGISL, AB.

(A.D. 667.)

[Roman, Gallican and Benedictine Martyrologies. Authorities:—Two lives, both by contemporary writers, one a monk in the Jura, the other a monk of Fontanelle.]

S. WANDREGISL, or, as he is called in French, S. Wandrille, was a son of Waldgis, a kinsman of Pepin of Landin. He was married when young to a noble maiden, Pharaildis, daughter of Hermanfred, mayor of the palace, by whom he had a daughter, S. Landrada; after that they agreed to live as monk and nun; so she clipped off the hair on his crown, and he put the veil on her head. Afterwards he returned to Montfaucon, a monastery, in or about 629; but as Dagobert, the king, could not brook that one of his nobles should embrace the religious life without his consent, he ordered Wandregisl to his presence. The young man came, and when he drew near the palace, found a poor man whose cart had been upset in the mud at the door. The courtiers passed him with contempt, or a curse, for encumbering the road. Wandregisl lifted the cart up, set the wheel on the axle, and raised the poor man, covered with mud and bruised. Then, amidst the laughter of the courtiers, he walked boldly into the king's presence.

"Loud the taunting laughter rang,
Wherefore should he fear it?
'Twas as if a small bird sang,
Scarcely did he hear it.

'What will be my guerdon now
In the royal presence?
Scornful look and frowning brow,
Patron saint of peasants.'

Onward Vandregisl strode,
Grand he looked and stately:
He who greatly fears his God,
Fears not others greatly.

Now in presence of the king,
He his head is baring;
Whispered words go round the ring,
Of his pride and daring.

Solemn pause the monarch made,
Looked upon him coldly—
'Wherefore, sir, in masquerade,
Comest thou thus boldly?'

'Good, my liege, my brother lay
At thy gate despairing;
Could I on this joyful Day
Pass him by uncaring?'

'God the poor man honoureth,
Taking his condition:
One Poor Man of Nazareth
Saved us from perdition.'

Such a smile the king's face wore
Not before or after;
All who stood beside the door
Ceased their scornful laughter.

'Look,' said he, 'and fix your gaze
On the soiled raiment;
So the world its heroes pays
With a sorry payment.'

'But to me these mud-stains are
Jewels fair and royal,
Sent by One Who dwells afar
To His servant loyal.'

'From the vanguard of His host
I have long detained thee;
I, because I loved thee most,
All these years restrained thee.

'Now I yield thee up to One
Of a kingdom vaster,—
To the Father's Royal Son,
Christ, thy feudal Master."¹

Wandregisl spent several years in solitude in the Jura, and as a monk at Bobbio, and finally he built and established, in 648, the great monastery of Fontanelle in Normandy, which has since borne its name, as S. Vandville. There he died after having collected about him a large assembly of monks.

Of his relics only two arms remain, one at Fontanelle, the other at Bron. Of the noble abbey, the cloisters exist, and part of the abbey turned into a factory. Of the four churches, one the great abbey church, a magnificent specimen of architecture of the 13th century, nothing remains. In 1828 much of this great church existed. Since then the proprietor, M. Cyprien Lenoir—let his name go down gibbeted to posterity—has blown it up with gunpowder.

S. THEOPHILUS THE YOUNGER, M.

(A.D. 790.)

[Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on Jan. 30th. Authority—Mention in the Menology of the Emperor Basil II., and the contemporary Chronographia of S. Theophanes.]

THEOPHILUS of Constantinople, of senatorial rank, was sent by the emperor Constantine and the empress

¹ "Legenda Monastica, and other Poems." Oxford: Mowbray, 1872.

Irene against an Arab fleet which menaced Cyprus. All the Byzantine ships took to flight on meeting the fleet off Cyprus, with the exception of the vessel of Theophilus, which was surrounded by the enemy, and Theophilus was taken captive. He was kept some time in prison; every possible means was had recourse to, to prevail on him to abandon his religion and adopt the worship of the sun and stars, but in vain; and the Arabs cut off his head, wearied at his obstinate refusal.



July 23.

- S. APOLLINARIS, B.M. of Ravenna, circ. A.D. 75.*
SS. RAVENNUS AND RASIPHUS, MM. at Bayeux, in Normandy.
S. LIBORIUS, B. of Sens, in France, end of 4th cent.
S. JOHN CASIAN, Ab. at Marseilles, beginning of 5th cent.
SS. ROMULA, REDEMPTA AND HERUNDINA, VV. at Rome, 6th cent.
SS. TWENTY-THREE PRIESTS, MM. at Ruremund in Guelders, A.D. 1578.¹

S. APOLLINARIS, B.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 75.)

[Roman Martyrology, and almost all Latin Martyrologies.]



SAINTE APOLLINARIS was the first bishop of Ravenna, sent there, according to the apocryphal Acts, by S. Peter. From a very early period S. Apollinaris has been revered at Ravenna. S. Peter Chrysologus, in a sermon on his festival, styles him a martyr, not because he died for Christ, but because on several occasions he was called to shed some of his blood in testimony of his faith.

He was first buried at Classis, the ancient port of Ravenna, now choked with sand. In 549 his relics were translated to a vault under a church dedicated to him at Classis. Venantius Fortunatus (d. c. 600) exhorts the faithful to make pilgrimages to his tomb, and S. Gregory the Great (d. 604) ordered oaths in doubtful lawsuits to be taken before the tomb of S. Apollinaris. Pope Honorius built a church under his name in Rome in 630.

The apocryphal Acts are as dull as they are devoid of historical value.

¹ See July 4, p. 227.

The body of S. Apollinaris is still at Classis. It has been repeatedly examined, and all the bones are there.

Nevertheless a head of the saint is shown in the church of S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna, four miles off; another head at Cisoin, near Lisle, in France; one of the arms in the church of S. Martin des Prés at Paris; an arm at Floreffé, near Namur; several relics at Fulda; others at S. Apollinaris, above Andernach, on the Rhine; others at Bologna, in the churches of S. Peter and S. John "in Monte;" others at Catania in Sicily, a part of the thigh and of another head at Cologne. Other relics at Dijon, Brindisi, &c. But as there were some five or six other saints of the same name, it is probable that some of these skulls and arms belong to them, but have been mistaken for those of the better known Apollinaris of Ravenna.

According to Nieremberg,¹ on the feast of S. Apollinaris, such swarms of ravens arrive at Ravenna, that the inhabitants kill and throw out a horse to feed these black pilgrims. But the story, no doubt, arose in Germany, from the name Ravenna bearing some resemblance to the word Raben, a raven. S. Apollinaris is usually represented as a bishop, holding a sword or a club; and in Germany, with a raven at his side.

¹ "De Miraculis," T. i., c. 4.

S. LIBORIUS, B.

(END OF 4TH CENT.)

[Roman, Gallican, and German Martyrologies. Authorities:—Four lives, all written late, and containing no facts, but a great amount of padding to take the place of facts.]

S. LIBORIUS was bishop of Sens in Gaul, and a friend of S. Martin, who buried him. This is really all that is known of this saint. His relics were translated to Paderborn in 836. He is invoked against gravel and the stone, and is represented holding calculi on a book in his hand.

S. JOHN CASSIAN, AB.

(BEGINNING OF 5TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrology of Saussaye. He was called Sanctus in a bull of Urban V. By the Greeks he is venerated on Feb. 28th, and in leap year on Feb. 29th. Authorities:—John Cassian's Collations; mention by the contemporary biographer of S. John Chryostom, perhaps Palladius of Helenopolis; Gennadius, in his Catalogue of Illustrious Men, c. 62.]

S. JOHN CASSIAN was probably of Scythian origin, perhaps born at Constantinople; but there is great uncertainty as to his nationality and place of birth. Some texts of Gennadius describe him as a Scythian, another as a native of Constantinople, another, followed by Honorius of Autun, calls him an African,—but perhaps Honorius thought he came from Scete, not Scythia. On the other hand Photius, in his Bibliotheca, speaks of him as a native of Rome; but in this case it may be New Rome, not Old Rome, which he means, and therefore his statement does not necessarily contradict that which makes him a native of Constantinople. It is certain that S. John Cassian, in his book on the Incar-

nation, against Nestorius, speaks of the Constantinopolitans as his fellow citizens.¹

We hear of him as a young monk with a friend, the abbot Germanus, in Syria, at Bethlehem, when, hearing of the perfection of the Egyptian solitaries, he was drawn with Germanus to visit them. The two young men accordingly explored the Nile deserts together, visiting the colonies and solitary cells of the hermits, and wondering greatly at the ways and words of the solitaries. They made acquaintance with the abbots Cheræmon, Nesteron, and Joseph, and spent some time at Diolcos, under the abbot Piammon. They were converted into solitaries by the artifices of a hermit named Archebius, who, when he heard them speaking in praise of the eremitical life, told them that he was about to leave his cell, and that he would make it over to them with all its contents, and that, whether he had met them or not, it had been his fixed intention for some time to leave the place. The two young men accordingly settled into the place, when, to their amazement, Archebius returned and built himself a new cell close by. His zeal to obtain two converts had overcome his scruples at telling a falsehood. But S. John Cassian did not remain long there; he went into the desert of Scete, and visited the hermits scattered among its barren rocks. He afterwards returned to Bethlehem, where he gave an account of what he had seen, and then made a second excursion to Egypt, and remained some time at Scete. But about the year 400, he left Egypt, and went to Constantinople, where he and Germanus were ordained deacons by S. John Chrysostom.

When Theophilus of Antioch obtained the condem-

¹ "Unde obsecro ac deprecor omnes vos, qui intra Constantinopolitanæ urbis ambitum siti, et per affectum patriæ aves mei, &c." Lib. vii., c. 32.

nation of S. John Chrysostom in the council of the Oak, John Cassian and Germanus were sent to Rome by the saint, to explain his case, and defend him against his accusers. It is thought, but on insufficient grounds, that Cassian was ordained priest at Rome.

When, or on what occasion, he went to Marseilles is not known. There he built two monasteries, one for men, the other for women, and at the request of Castor, bishop of Apte, he drew up his "Institutions of the Monastic Life," as a guide and rule to the religious of his monastery of S. Victor. To S. Eucherius he dedicated his other immortal work, his *Collations* or "Conferences," giving an account of the acts and sayings of the monks of Egypt, with whom he had spent seven years.

Cassian had no desire that his monastery should become like Lerins, a nursery for bishops of Southern Gaul. He resolved to maintain and increase the ancient barriers which separated the monks from the secular clergy. He recommended the monks to avoid bishops, because the latter sought every occasion to impose upon them some ecclesiastical office in the world. "It was the advice of the Fathers," says he, "an advice always in season, that a monk should at all hazard flee the society of bishops and women; for neither women nor bishops permit a monk to remain at peace in his cell, nor fix his eyes on pure and heavenly doctrine."¹

A passage in the "Conferences" of S. John Cassian stirred up the wrath of Prosper of Aquitaine, as has been related elsewhere.²

¹ *Institutiones*, lib. xi., c. 27.

² June 25, p. 354.

S. ROMULA, V.

(6TH CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Dialogues of S. Gregory the Great, a contemporary, who gives the story on the authority of a friend, a priest, Speciosus.]

ROMULA and another maiden lived in the house of an aged virgin, Redempta, who had learned to serve God in the religious life from a virgin named Herundina, a solitary in one of the deserts of Palestine.

Romula was struck with paralysis, but remained in her long illness perfectly gentle and resigned, praying to God, and singing his praises.

One night she called out to Redempta, "Mother, Mother come!" Redempta hurried into the room, and found it filled with a dazzling, unearthly light, and a sweet fragrance. There were sounds as of many people entering the house, and the door burst open. "My mother, fear nothing," said Romula, as Redempta fell down quaking with terror. "I shall not die just now." Gradually the light faded, but the fragrance remained.

On the fourth day afterwards Romula felt she was dying, and she besought Redempta to give her the Sacred Viaticum, which she had received in the church, therewith to communicate the dying woman. As Romula received the heavenly gift, suddenly there burst forth strains of vocal music in the street without, men chanting and women singing in response. It was perhaps some procession passing, some litany that was being sung. When the sweet song had died away in the distance, the spirit of the poor paralyzed woman was fled.

Her body was laid in the church of S. Maria Maggiore, and afterwards, when Redempta died, she was laid beside her spiritual daughter.



July 24.

- SS. NICETA AND AQUILINA, *MM.* in *Lycia*, 3rd cent.
 SS. CLEONICUS AND STRATONICUS, *MM.* at *Leonini* in *Sicily*.
 S. CHRISTINA, *V.M.* at *Tyre* in *Palestine*.
 S. PAVACIUS, *B.C.* at *Le Mans*, in *France*, 4th cent.
 S. FANTINUS, *C.* at *Seminara* in *Calabria*.
 SS. WULFHAD AND RUFIN, *MM.* at *Stone* in *Staffordshire*, circ. A.D. 658.
 S. ARNULT, *M.* at *Monson* in the *Ardennes*.
 S. DECLAN, *B.* of *Ardmore* in *Ireland*, 6th cent.
 S. LEWINNA, *V.M.* in *England*, 7th cent.
 S. SEGOLENA, *W.* at *Albi* in *France*, 7th or 8th cent.
 SS. ROMANUS AND DAVID, *MM.* at *Wissigorod* in *Russia*, A.D. 1015.
 S. CHRISTINA, *V.* at *S. Trond* in *Belgium*, circ. A.D. 1224.
 B. CUNEGUND, *V.* at *Cracow*, A.D. 1292.
 S. FRANCIS SOLANUS, *O.M.* at *Lima* in *Peru*, A.D. 1610.

SS. NICETA AND AQUILINA, MM.

(3RD CENT.)

[By the Greeks and Russians on May 9th. By the Roman and most Latin Martyrologies on July 24th. Usuardus, Ado, Notker; not in the early Roman Martyrologies. Authority:—The purely fabulous account in the Acts of S. Christopher, which are an allegory and not a statement of facts.]



NICETA and Aquilina, or more properly Callicene, as she is called in the Greek *Menæa*, were two sisters, harlots, sent to induce S. Christopher to renounce Christ and the virtues of his Christian calling, when he was in prison. He, however, converted them, and they were executed by order of the king, Dagon. The story is utterly fabulous. The particulars are so repugnant to reason that after quoting them, the Bollandist father, Pinius, exclaims, "Who can read with patience, much less

with belief, such things as these of which the afore-said MS. is composed?" That such persons may have existed is rather possible than probable.

S. CHRISTINA, V.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Greek *Menæa*, Russian *Menology*, Coptic *Martyrology*, and Roman *Martyrology*. The ancient Latin *Martyrology* attributed to S. Jerome, and the "*Martyrologium Parvum*." Florus in his additions to Bede, Ado, Usuardus, Notker, Wandelbert, &c. Authority:—The purely apocryphal Acts, and notices in the *Menæa* and *Menology*, and in the *Martyrologies*. The Bollandists say of the Acts of this Saint:—"Dolendum est sanctam adeo illustrem non habere Acta melioris notæ, quæ vel inviti compellimur notare pessimo calculo, re ipsa edocti, verissima esse, quæ Papebrochius jam pridem notaverat his verbis: Obscura sunt ejus Acta nec levi examine ac censura indigent, ut plurimum sanctorum hujus generis."]

THE following story belongs to the realms of Christian romance, and what and how much (if any) of fact has formed a foundation for the great superstructure of fable it is not possible to determine.

There was a maiden at Tyre, aged eleven, the daughter of Urbanus, a man in military command, and of a mother of the illustrious Anician family. Now Urbanus built a high tower, in which he placed gold and silver gods, and twelve servant maids, and he shut up Christina, his daughter, in this tower, that she might consume her time in adoring her gold and silver gods, and might be beyond the reach of ardent and venture-some lovers.

But Christina soon tired of her seclusion and of her gods of precious metal, and began to believe in the God who made the heavens, which she could see through her window; and so she placed her censer in the window,

and watched the fragrant smoke curl up to the pure dark night sky.

Then her maids murmured because the gold and silver gods and goddesses had been neglected for nine days, and when Christina refused to have anything more to do with them, the maids rushed out of the tower to complain to her father.

Thereupon Urbanus entered and said, "Christina, my child, what is this I hear of you?" "Do not call me your child," answered the girl petulantly; "I will only worship the God of heaven."

Then her father tried to kiss her, but she drew her face aside and said, "You pollute me with your kisses, for you are a heathen, and I am a believer in the One only God."

"My dear Christina," exclaimed Urbanus. "If you offer incense and prayer to one god only, all the rest will be out of temper with you. Here, child, here are three of them. Worship at least three." Then thinking she was discontented at being shut up in a tower and deprived of her liberty, he thought best to leave her and take no more notice of her petulance. But when he was gone, Christina washed her hands and face, and began to cry.

Then an angel came from heaven and bade her not fear, and made the sign of the cross on her head; and having given her a brief instruction in the principal Christian verities, he deposited a loaf of white bread on the table for her to eat.¹ And when night came, she

¹ This story is adapted from the Apocryphal History of Asenath and Joseph. Asenath, daughter of Potiphera, priest of On, was a maid of wondrous beauty, of which she was very proud, and she greatly despised all men, though she had never seen any, saving her father. She dwelt in a tower ten stories high, which contained idols of gold and silver, which she daily worshipped. But she saw Joseph and heard from him something about the true God, for when her father bade her

smashed the idols, and throwing a rope out of the window slid down by it to the ground, distributed the fragments of the idols among the poor, and then swarmed up the rope again, and into her window.

Next day her father sent her before the magistrate, and twelve robust soldiers were set to scourge her in turn, but they failed to produce any effect on the maiden.

She was thrown into prison, where her mother visited her, and vainly entreated her to renounce the worship of Christ. Then the maiden, opening her mouth, answered, "How can you call me your daughter? Was there any of your family called Christina?" "None," said her mother. "Then see, I bear the name of my Saviour; it is He whom I love, who gives me power against those who oppose me."¹

In the morning she was brought forth again to be scourged, and pieces of her flesh fell before the lash. She stooped, picked up a piece and flung it in her father's face. Then he ordered a stone to be put round her neck, and that she should be flung into the sea. But when she was cast in, the stone broke, and she walked on the surface of the water. Then she prayed for baptism, and Jesus Christ himself came down from heaven, and baptized her in the Name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This incident, which is given in the lections for the Sunday after the festival of S. Christina in the Neapolitan Breviary, is not con-

kiss his visitor Joseph, Joseph declined the favour, saying, 'It becomes not a man who worships the living God to kiss a woman who adores idols.' Then Asenath was filled with shame and sorrow, and snatched her idols, and threw them out of the window. Then an angel appeared, and gave her honey to eat gathered from the roses of Paradise. Vita Assenath, filia Potipharis, in Fabricius, Codex Apocr. Vet. Test., III. p. 85, and my "Legends of Old Testament Characters," II. c. 28.

¹ It is of course absurd to suppose that pagan parents should have called their daughter Christina.

tained in the Acts, which only say that a purple garment fell out of heaven over her, as she prayed for baptism, and a crown dropped upon her head. The archangel Michael conducted her ashore, and she was again remitted to prison. She was taken into a temple of Apollo, and according to the lessons of the afore-mentioned Breviary, she ordered the idol to walk about the temple, and it did so, till she bade it stand still, and then it stood rigid. She was put in a cradle filled with boiling pitch and oil, and four soldiers were set to rock her in it.

She was placed in a pit full of serpents, and two vipers hung on her breasts like infants sucking them; she was cast into a burning fiery furnace, and walked about in the flames with an angel, unhurt; and, finally, according to the Greek story, was stabbed with a sword, according to the Latin, transfixd with a javelin or arrow. As to the date of her martyrdom there is much difference of opinion, some say A.D. 302, in the persecution of Diocletian, others in that of Aurelian in 275; the Russian Menology says that she suffered under Severus in 200; Felicius gives as her date 287; but probably one of these dates is just as true as another.

By a curious blunder of the martyrologists, Tyre was placed on the lake of Bolsena in Tuscany. Consequently at Bolsena she is supposed to have suffered there, and the stone attached to her neck, and the impression of her feet on a rock are exhibited. Not only so, but her body, entire, attracts crowds of pilgrims to Bolsena, and on this day, as we are solemnly assured, her head is seen to swim about the lake. But her body, also entire, is shown also at Sepino, another body at Torcelli, another at Venice, a fifth at Beuvry, near Bethune, in Artois, a sixth at Palermo; a head in the Escorial,

another head at Avila, another at Hertzbruch in Osna-burg; a rib at Lisbon, some bones at Prague, an arm at Cologne, a jaw at Montpellier; another head in the church of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. But enough: numerous other relics of this saint are shown all over Catholic Europe.

S. Christina is represented in Art bearing an arrow, with her tower at her side, and sometimes a burning kiln.

SS. WULFHAD AND RUFIN, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 658.)

[The Salisbury Martyrology of Wytford (1526) on July 31st. Ferrarius on June 1st. In the Anglican Martyrology, published in 1640, on July 24th, the day on which the martyrs died; on which day also the Bollandists. Authority:—The Acts written, according to Camden, by Robert of Swaffham, in the 12th cent. They rest entirely on popular tradition, and are certainly incorrect in many points.]

ACCORDING to the story, Wulfhad and Rufin were the sons of Wulfhere, king of Mercia, and of his wife Erminilda, daughter of Ercombert, king of Kent, but as this does not agree with the statements of reliable historians, nor with probability, it cannot be easily admitted. The story goes on to say that Wulfhere was much under the influence of a heathen counsellor, Werbod, who asked the hand of S. Werburga, the king's daughter, in marriage. The mother and the two brothers scouted the notion of Werburga being given to a man not a prince or earl, and Wulfhad and Rufin told him to his face that he was not worthy to marry their sister. Werbod dissembled his rage, and waited an opportunity for revenge. One day Wulfhad was out hunting, when the stag he was pursuing brought

him to the cell of S. Chad, who exhorted him to receive the faith of Christ and be baptized. Wulfhad answered that he would do so if the stag he had been pursuing would come of her own accord, with a rope round her neck, and present herself before him. S. Chad prayed, and the stag bounded through the bushes to the spot, with the rope as Wulfhad desired. S. Chad then baptized the prince, and next morning communicated him. Rufinus was led by his brother to receive holy baptism, and when Werebod learned this, he told the king of it, and Wulfhere, in a fit of fury, pursued his sons to the cell of S. Chad, and killed them with his own hands.

The story lacks confirmation from any trustworthy historian. Wulfhere, it can scarcely be doubted, was not the person who murdered the princes. If the murder took place, it is more likely to have occurred under Penda, his father.

S. DECLAN, B. OF ARDMORE.

(6TH CENT.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority :—A life, founded on traditions.]

S. DECLAN is said to have been the son of Erc, prince of the Nandesi (Desies, in the county of Waterford), and to have been born in the house of one Dobran, where his father and mother, whose name was Dethideim, happened to be on a visit. Whilst they were there, Colman, a holy priest, who afterwards became a bishop, came and preached to them the Christian faith, and foretold the future greatness of the child. They believed, and delivered to him the infant to be baptized,

and he gave him the name of Declan. He remained in the house of Dobran, who was his foster-father, for seven years, and his education was entrusted to a Christian named Dymna, who inhabited a cell in the neighbourhood. Having spent a long time with Dymna, his reputation became very great, and several persons put themselves under his direction, amongst whom were Mochelloc, Bean, Colman and Lactin, who afterwards erected cells in the vicinity of Declan's place of retreat, near Lismore.

Declan is said to have visited Rome with some of his disciples, and to have been there ordained bishop by the pope. On his return to Ireland, he spent some time in Desies, and then re-visited Rome, passing through Wales, and seeing David on his way. On his return to Ireland he settled at Ardmore, on land given him by the lord of that country. The life of S. Declan contains serious anachronisms, but there can be little doubt that the date of his death was towards the early part of the 6th century.

S. CHRISTINA THE WONDERFUL, V.

(A.D. 1224.)

[Belgian, Benedictine and Cistercian Martyrologies, the Gallican Martyrology of Saussaye. Authority:—A life by Thomas de Chantpre, O.P. at Louvain; he had all the particulars from those who had seen and conversed with Christina. He was born in 1201, and died in 1263, Christina died in 1224.]

CHRISTINA THE WONDERFUL was born at the village of Brusthem, near S. Trond in Hesbain, in the year 1150. When aged fifteen she was left an orphan, the youngest

of three sisters, and was sent by her elder sisters to tend cattle in the fields.

One day she fell down in a cataleptic fit, and was taken up as dead. Her sisters had her washed, laid out, placed on a bier and carried to church, where the funeral mass was said. But suddenly, in the midst of the service, Christina jumped out of her coffin, ran after the scared mourners, in her winding sheet, scattering them in all directions, and then scrambled up a pillar to one of the rafters of the roof on which she seated herself, "like a bird." One sister alone remained in the church, and the priest who, with a trembling voice, finished the mass.¹ When the priest had taken off his chasuble, he came into the church and forced Christina to descend from her perch, where she had taken refuge, it is asserted, to escape the smell of the peasants,² which to her refined perceptions was especially repugnant, as it is at the present day to English travellers, unused to the odours of garlic.

Christine was led home by her sisters, and was given her breakfast, which she ate heartily.

When her appetite was satisfied, she told a wonderful tale. She had been carried in spirit to Hell, where she saw many of her acquaintances, then to Purgatory, where she also recognized friends; and then was conducted to Heaven, and was given her choice to remain there, or to return to earth, and liberate by her prayers and sufferings those unfortunate souls she had seen in the flames of their purgation. Without hesitation

¹ "Cumque pro depositione ejus missarum oblatio fieret, subito commotum corpus exsurrexit in feretro, statimque instar avis evecta templi trabes ascendit. Fugientibus ergo cunctis, qui aderant, sola soror ætate major cum timore remansit usque post Missam immobilis perseverans."

² "Horrebat enim, ut quidam autumant, subtilitas ejus spiritus, odorem corporum humanorum."

she chose the latter alternative. "When the priest said the first *Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi*, I was standing in spirit before the throne in heaven; at the third *Agnus Dei*, my soul was restored by the angels to my body."

Christine now began to roam about the country, to get away, as she pretended, from the scent of men which offended her nostrils. For this purpose she climbed to the tops of trees, scrambled to the summits of church towers, and balanced herself beside the weather-cock.

Her sisters and other relations naturally concluded that Christine was deranged, or, as they expressed it, "full of devils,"¹ and therefore had her caught and shackled.

But she broke loose, and ran off to Liége, where she rushed headlong into the church of S. Christopher, and asked the priest to communicate her. He naturally demurred to give the holy Sacrament to a wild-looking girl, with her hair flying about her shoulders, of whom he knew nothing, and he made an excuse that he was busy. Then she ran out of the church, and rushed into another one, and made the same demand to the priest. He proved more compliant than the priest of S. Christopher, but he, too, was somewhat dismayed when he saw the communicant start up, race out of the church, and rush down the steep hill towards the Meuse. He ran after her, sorely perplexed in mind, and came upon the priest of S. Christopher, who was tottering after the girl to find out something about her.

Both gave pursuit, and followed Christine to the water's edge, when to their amazement and alarm, they saw her dash into the Meuse, and swim the broad stream, without

¹ "Putantes eam plenam dæmonibus."

hesitation. They only breathed freely when they saw her stand wringing out her dripping clothes on the further bank.

Christine's conduct became stranger than before; she crept into bakers' ovens, and had to be forcibly drawn out. Sometimes she would dash into the midst of a fire and scatter the blazing brands about with her naked feet.

In winter she would run into the river Meuse until the priest of the parish came and ordered her out. She delighted in letting herself go under the sluice of a miller's water conduit, and shoot with the stream over the wheel, and astonish the spectators by coming up unhurt out of the water below. Or she would stand close to the wheel, and let the water rush and spray over her, in the coldest, freezing weather.

Her attitude in prayer was characterized with eccentricity at least, for she used to coil herself into a ball.¹ And when the fervour of her devotion was over, she suddenly threw out her legs and arms, and resumed her natural shape.² She also ran barefoot along the tops of palings, or balanced herself on them whilst she prayed.

At last her sisters, blushing (erubescences) for the annoyance caused by Christine's conduct to their family—for every one regarded her when alive as possessed with devils; it was only after her death she was worshipped as a saint—engaged a strong man to catch her, as best he could, and chain her up.

But she was too fleet and slippery for him to capture her by fair means, and he only brought her to the ground by striking her on the leg with a cudgel, and

¹ "Cum oraret, et contemplationis in ea gratia divina descenderet, velut calefacta cera, omnia membra ejus in unum globum concludebantur, nec poterat in eis nisi tantum corpus sphaericum deprehendi."

² "Extendebantur membra, quæ informi prius materia claudebantur."

as he supposed, breaking her thigh-bone. She was unable to walk, and a cart was brought to the spot; she was placed in it, and was thus conveyed to her sisters' house, and thence, for greater security, to Liège, where she was locked up in the cellar of a surgeon's house to which she was sent to be cured of her broken leg. The surgeon applied splints and bandages, gave her food, and made her a bed, but bound her by chains to a pillar in the midst of the cellar.

In the night Christine rose, shook off her splints—the bone was not broken—wrenched off her chains, pulled up a flag-stone, beat a hole in the wall of her prison, and scrambled through it, as the grey dawn was breaking. After this escape her sisters and relatives abandoned all attempts at securing her.

One day she visited the parish church of Wellen, near S. Trond, and finding the cover off the font, jumped into it, and sat herself down in the baptismal water. This, says her grave biographer, had the effect of subduing the more lively manifestations of her devotion, and thenceforth she was better able to endure the smell of human beings.¹

Every scrap of food she ate was begged or taken. It was the same with her clothes. She wore a ragged white gown, with patches of divers colours, and sewn together with threads of bark of linden or willow, or pinned together with twigs. She had sleeves of different colours. When a sleeve was torn off she asked anyone she met for another.

On the occurrence of a death in the town or neighbourhood, she would haunt the house like a banshee, howling,

¹ "Quo facto, hoc inibi dicitur consecuta, quod contemperior ex tunc fuit modus ejus vitæ hominibus, quietiusque habuit postea, et melius pati potuit odorem hominum."

writhing, interlacing her legs and arms "as if all her bones were flexible."

She delighted especially to visit the dying, and would draw lively pictures of the condition their souls would be in, in purgatory, to their edification, if not to their comfort.

She was taken into the house and given a night's lodging by the kind sisters of S. Catharine's, outside the town of S. Trond, and astonished them not a little with her wonderful antics. One day as she was talking to them, she suddenly curled up into a ball, and began to roll round the room, "like a boy's ball, without any signs of her members appearing." And then spread herself out flat on the floor, and ventriloquized. "No voice or breath issued from her mouth and nose, but only her breast and throat resounded with an angelic harmony."

Louis, count of Loos, entertained a high regard for her, and was wont to receive her admonitions with respect, as if from a mother; and she had access to his castle and presence when she liked. One day she came upon him over the wall of the churchyard when he was lying down among his men at arms, and looking down on him from the top of the wall, she said, "Oh, how good-looking you are, my lord!"

"Hark! Count, what praise you are getting," said the soldiers, laughing.

"Oh, it is not me she is praising, but Him who gave me my good looks," answered the count.

"That is right," said the mad woman, nodding approvingly. "But surely you ought to love Him better for having given you such a handsome face."

When Count Louis was dying, he sent for Christine,

and getting with difficulty out of bed, knelt at her feet, and confessed to her all his sins from childhood to manhood. Then he got into bed again and died.¹ After which Christine used to wander moaning about the castle, and water with her tears all the spots where the count had committed sins, as indicated by the ghost of the dead count which appeared to her.

Towards the end of her life she spent most of her time in the convent of S. Catharine, and there was attacked with mortal sickness.

When she was apparently insensible, the superior, Sister Beatrice, said to her, "Christine! you have always obeyed me, return now to life."

Christine opened her eyes and said, "Beatrice! why do you trouble me? I was on my way into the next world. Now tell me quickly what you want, that I may be gone."

Then Beatrice put the question to her she wished, received her answer, and next moment the spirit had fled. She died in the year 1224, on July the 24th.

Twenty-five years after, one morning before dawn, an old woman came to the convent door and said, "I have been sent by divine revelation to tell you, that the body of that most holy woman, Christine, is not receiving proper respect. If you neglect to give it sufficient honour it will be ill with you. Farewell." And she departed and was seen no more.

On the strength of this message, the body of poor Christine was dug up, and enshrined. Miracles attended the elevation of the body, and thenceforth S. Christine the Wonderful has received veneration as a saint in Belgium; and her name has been inserted in the Bene-

¹ He died A.D. 1218, when Christina was aged 68.

dictine and Cistercian Martyrologies, and in the Gallican Martyrology of Saussaye. Her relics are exposed to the devotion of the faithful in the church of S. Catherine at Milen, outside S. Trond, and on her festival every year a mass is said in her honour.



S. FRANCIS SOLANO, O.M.

(A.D. 1610.)

[Roman and Franciscan Martyrologies. Beatified by Clement X., and canonized by Benedict XIII., in 1755. Authority:—*A Life* by Tiburtius Navarrez, O.M., Rome, 1671.]

S. FRANCIS SOLANO was born at Monsilia in Andalusia, in the diocese of Cordova, in March, 1549. His father and mother, distinguished alike for their rank and piety, inspired him from earliest infancy with the love and fear of God. He made his first studies with the Jesuits, and at school was conspicuous for his love of peace, and guilelessness. One day, seeing two men engaged in a duel, the boy rushed between them, exclaiming, "For the love of God! put away those swords or you will hurt one another." Amused and touched, the combatants drew back, unwilling to injure the child; and their anger cooling, they sheathed their swords, and shook hands.

The young Francis spent his leisure in gardening, and over his work his bright, cheerful voice could be heard singing. Under his tender nurture the garden flowered as a patch of Paradise.

At the age of twenty he entered his noviciate among the Franciscans of Monsilia, and indulged in all the vehement austerities which young and inexperienced enthusiasm suggested. After his profession, he studied philosophy and theology, and was appointed master of the novices. Later, he became superior of the convent, but feeling strongly a vocation to labour for souls, he obtained his discharge from the duties of superior, that he might absent himself from the convent preaching. When the plague broke out, Francis ministered to the sick, assisted by another friar, with the utmost assiduity.

His companion was stricken. He nursed him, and received his last breath. Then he went about his work, doing all alone, till one day he fell, dizzy and sick, and the plague boil having appeared, he crawled back to the hospital, and laid himself down to die.

But God had other work for his servant. Francis recovered, and as soon as he was restored, returned to his labours among the sick.

The New World at this time opened a field of conquest for souls to the adventurous missionaries who dared to explore it. The craving for the work came on Francis like a mighty wind filling a sail, and driving it over the ocean. The breath of God filled his great heart with unspeakable charity for the souls of the poor Peruvians, and, having received permission to depart, in 1589 he sailed for South America. As the ship, after having doubled Cape Horn, was coasting Chili, it was caught by a storm, and driven upon a sand-bank. All hope of saving the vessel having been abandoned, the captain ordered the Spanish sailors and passengers into the long boat. There were negroes on board, slaves for the colony, they might perish,—a loss of capital, nothing more. But Francis Solano looked on the poor black men with a very different eye. They too had been made in the image of God, and had souls to be saved. He refused to enter the boat. He would remain on the wreck with the negroes. There was no time for delay, the painter was cast off, and the straining eyes of those on the ship saw the boat, and with it, as they deemed, every chance of life, disappear over the waves.

Huge billows thundered against the stern, or catching the vessel midships lifted her, and threw her farther up the bank. In the midst of the storm, Solano, cross in hand, hurried from one cowering group of negroes to

another, briefly explained to them the outlines of the faith, and baptized them in a scud of foam.

The vessel parted, and some of her living freight went down in the sea. Francis Solano and the remainder clung to the bows, grounded on the sands. Morning broke, and the sea began to go down. He continued his pious instructions to the trembling, stupefied negroes, cheered them with hope, and pointed to the breaking clouds and retreating waves. The fall of the tide, and the abatement of the storm exposed a long sandy shore, on which, among the sad wrecks of human bodies and spars of the vessel, Francis found his habit, from which he had divested himself, to assist in manœuvring the vessel during the storm.

Three days after, the boat returned and picked up the survivors.

On their arrival at Lima, Francis was sent to the Rio de la Plata. He found the Indian tribes there speaking various languages, but having a great natural facility for tongues, he speedily mastered their languages, sufficiently at least to make himself understood by the natives.

He is said to have had the gift of prophecy, and to have foretold the destruction of Truxillo by earthquake fifteen years before the event took place; but in a country where earthquakes are of daily occurrence, there is nothing extraordinary in the accomplishment of a threat of punishment on a careless town by earthquake shock. Scarce a year elapses in Peru without serious devastation being caused by the subterranean agitations.

In 1604 he was preaching at Lima, on the text "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." He attacked the pre-

valent vices of the Peruvian Spaniards with such vehemence; uttered such lofty truths, denounced such dire woes in the event of morals being unreformed, that a panic fell on his hearers. The alarm, the contrition, were catching; the whole population of Lima trembled, wailed over the past, and promised amendment. The friars of S. Francis and S. Dominic vied with one another in public scourgings of their bare and bleeding shoulders, to appease Divine wrath. Litanies were chanted in procession. The report spread that Francis had foretold the speedy ruin of the city by earthquake. Every vibration of the soil sent a chill to the hearts of the citizens, and redoubled their alarm; alarm grew to agony of terror. The magistrates interfered. The viceroy of Peru took counsel at night with the archbishop of Lima how to appease the general excitement. A commission was appointed to investigate the causes. S. Francis was summoned before it, and remonstrated with. He assured the commissioners that he had not prophesied the overthrow of the city, he had denounced the ruin of individual souls, not of material buildings. He was required to put this statement in writing on his oath, and sign it. It was published; and by degrees the excitement was appeased.

He died, July 14th, of fever. It was the feast of S. Bonaventura, and mass was being sung in the convent church. The sick man lay on his hard pallet, murmuring his wonted exclamation, "God be glorified!" The friars nursing the saint were singing the Credo in the infirmary. Some little birds perched on the infirmary window were twittering joyously. Those attending the sick man thought—it was a pleasant fancy—that the birds also were chanting their Credo. Then through the thin hot air came the clang of the bell, as

the words, "And He was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary," were being sung by the friars round the bed; for at that moment the elevation was made in the convent church. The sick man at the same moment clasped his crucifix, looked at it, sighed "God be glorified!" laid it on his breast, folded his hands over it, and was dead.



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July 25.

S. JAMES THE GREAT, *Ap. M. at Jerusalem, A.D. 44.*

S. CHRISTOPHER, *M. in Lycia, 3rd cent.*

S. CUCUPHAS, *M. at Barcelona, circ. A.D. 303.*

SS. THEA, VALENTINA AND PAUL, *MM. at Caesarea in Palestine, A.D. 308.*

S. MAGNERIC, *Abp. of Treves, circ. A.D. 596.*

S. EBRÛL, *Ab. at Bayeux, end of 6th cent.*

S. GLODESIND, *F. at Metz, circ. A.D. 608.*

S. JAMES THE GREAT, AP. M.

(A.D. 44.)

[By the Greeks on April 30th, as also by the Russians, Copts, Maronites, Abyssinians. But in the ancient Carthaginian Calendar on May 27th. The little Roman Martyrology on July 25th, and so all Latin Martyrologies. Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Reformed Anglican, &c.]



OF the early life of this apostle we know nothing. He was the son of Zebedee, and the brother of S. John the Divine. In the spring or summer of the year 27, Zebedee, a fisherman,¹ was out on the Sea of Galilee fishing, with his two sons, James and John, and some boatmen. Their partners, Simon and Andrew, were in another fishing-boat near. After a night spent in dragging the water with their nets, no doubt with torches set up in the boat to allure the fish to the light, they came towards shore, and began to gather up and wash their nets. Then Jesus appeared on the beach, and bade them, "Come, and I will make you fishers of men." Then straightway James and John left their father

¹ S. Mark i. 20; St. Matt. iv. 10.

² S. Luke v.



S. JAMES THE GREAT.
From the Vienna Missal.

Zebedee in the boat with the hired servants and followed Him.

With this call was connected the first miracle of the miraculous draught of fishes. Neither S. Matthew nor S. Mark mention this, when narrating the call of the sons of Zebedee, but it is related by S. Luke.¹

“And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret, and saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon’s, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship. Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken: and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.”

¹ S. Luke v. 1, 11.

For a full year we lose sight of S. James. When next we hear of him it is in the spring of A.D. 28, when he is called to the apostleship with the eleven others. In the list of the Apostles given us by S. Mark, and in the book of Acts, his name occurs next to that of Simon Peter; in the Gospels of S. Matthew and S. Luke it comes third. It is worthy of notice that with one exception,¹ the name of S. James is put before that of S. John, and that S. John is twice described as "the brother of James."² This would appear to imply that S. James was the older of the two brothers.

It would seem to be about the same time that the name Boanerges was given to the sons of Zebedee. The "Sons of Thunder" had a burning and impetuous spirit, which twice exhibits itself in its unchastened form. Once, when a village of the Samaritans would not receive our Lord, SS. James and John exclaimed, "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" But Jesus turned and rebuked them, saying, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." And they went to another village.³

On another occasion "James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire. And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you? They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory. But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptised with the baptism that

¹ S. Matt. x. 2; S. Mark iii. 14; S. Luke vi. 13; Acts i. 13.

² S. Luke ix. 28.

³ S. Luke ix. 51, 56.

I am baptized with? And they said unto him, We can. And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptised withal shall ye be baptised; but to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared. And when the ten heard it, they began to be much displeas'd with James and John. But Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."¹

According to the account given by S. Matthew, Salome, the mother of SS. James and John urged this request as well.²

When our Blessed Lord retired to the mountain, in the spring of A.D. 29, He took with him S. James as well as S. Peter and S. John, and these three apostles witnessed His transfiguration.³ S. James was also one of those privileged to be admitted to the room where Our Lord raised the daughter of Jairus to life.⁴

On the night of the Crucifixion he was present in the Garden when our Lord was taken.⁵ On the day of the Ascension he is mentioned as persevering with the rest of the Apostles and disciples in prayer.⁶

In the year 44, Herod Agrippa I., son of Aristobulus,

¹ S. Mark x. 35—45.

² S. Matt. xx. 20.

³ S. Matt. xvii. 1; S. Mark ix. 2; S. Luke ix. 28.

⁴ S. Luke viii. 52.

⁵ S. Matt. xxvi. 37; Mark xiv. 33.

⁶ Acts i. 15.

was ruler over the dominions which, at the death of his grandfather, Herod the Great, had been divided between Archelaus, Antipas, Philip, and Lysanias. Policy and inclination would alike lead such a monarch to "lay hands on certain of the Church,"¹ and accordingly when the Passover of the year A.D. 44 had brought S. James and S. Peter to Jerusalem, he seized them both, probably as being the oldest, and those who were of most authority in the growing Church. Shortly before the day of Passover, Herod put him to death "with the sword."

S. Clement, in his *Institutions*, relates an incident of his death, which Eusebius has adopted into his *Ecclesiastical History*.² He says that the man who had brought S. James to judgment was so moved by his constancy, that he also confessed his faith in Christ, and was condemned to death. As both were on their way to execution, the new convert asked S. James to pardon him the evil he had brought upon him. The apostle paused, said "Peace to thee," and kissed him. Both were executed together. The Pseudo-Abdias relates many apocryphal details of the martyrdom.

The Spanish historians and martyrologists pretend that between the Ascension and the death of S. James, that apostle travelled to Spain, and there preached.³ There is not a shadow of evidence to support the assertion. They say also that after his death, Hermogenes and Philetus, his disciples, put his body in a boat, spread sail, and fell asleep. Next morning the ship

¹ Acts xii. 1.² Lib. ii. c. 9.

³ The earliest mention of his having preached in Spain is by S. Isidore of Seville, in the 7th cent.; but he makes a mistake, for he calls him the author of the Catholic Epistle. His words are: "Jacobus filius Zebedæi, frater Joannis, quartus in ordine duodecim tribubus, quæ sunt in dispersione gentium, scripsit, atque Hispaniæ et Occidentalium locorum gentibus evangelium prædicavit."

was off the coast of Spain.¹ And so the body of S. James the Great found its way to that country, and was finally lodged at Compostella. The story does not deserve serious discussion. At Saragossa is shown an image of the Blessed Virgin, which S. James is said to have set up there, when he made his apostolic tour in Spain!

But it is not only at Compostella that the body of S. James the Great reposes, along with the relics of S. James the Less; his body is, or was, also shown at Toulouse, along with that of S. James the son of Alphæus, brought there by S. Heliodorus, bishop of Altino, from Jerusalem, in the 4th cent.

On the other hand, there was an "invention" of the body of S. James, in 1395, on Monte Grigiano in Italy, and the church containing it was indulged by pope Boniface IX. But another body of S. James the Great was translated—or is said to have been translated—to Italy in the 4th cent. It reposes in the church of Zibili, near Milan. It is entire, except that it has lost one arm. The heads of S. James are very numerous. One at Toulouse, two at Venice, one in the church of S. George, the other in the monastery of SS. Philip and James. Another skull in the church of the Apostles at Rome, where also is shown a vessel full of his blood, still red and liquid. Again, another skull at Valentia, on the Po, covered with flesh and skin, and with the hair still on the head. Another head at Amalfi; but according to some it is that of S. James the Less. Another head at S. Vast in Artois. A part of one of these, or of another head, at Pistoja. The authenticity of this having been attested by miracles,

¹ The Spaniards are unhappy in their choice. S. Paul mentions Hermogenes and Philetus in his Epistle to Timothy, i, 15, as deserting him.

pope Eugenius III. gave indulgence to all visiting and performing devotions at the altar when the relics were enshrined.

An arm at Troyes in France, brought from Constantinople in 1209; another arm at Monte-regale in Sicily; a finger at Messina; on the island of Capri another arm; an arm again at Pavia—the right arm; in S. Paolo fuori Muri at Rome another arm; arm-bones at Andechs in Bavaria; another right arm at Torcelli. At Liége an arm brought from Compostella, where, however, the skeleton is shown entire; a jaw in the church of S. Panthaleon at Cologne. Roger Hoveden says that in 1116, Mathilda, widow of the emperor Henry II., sent a hand of S. James to her father, king Henry of England, who gave it to the abbey of Redding. But whether this was the hand of S. James the Great or S. James the Less he does not specify. The staff of S. James the Great is shown and venerated at Compostella.

Some bones of S. James the Great are in the Escorial. An arm-bone in the church of S. Loup at S. Martin-es-Aires; a bone in the cathedral of Nevers; another arm-bone in the Christ-aux-Reliques at Nolay. The relics at Toulouse are two portions of the skull, a jaw with teeth, part of a foot, and other bones.

At Saragossa is the famous Notre Dame d'el Pilar, an image of the Blessed Virgin on a pillar. She is said to have appeared thus to S. James in Spain, long before her death, to encourage him in his mission work. A hundred lamps are always burning on this celebrated spot.

S. James the Great is represented in Art with the sword.

Previous to the twelfth century, in artistic represen-

tations S. James is only distinguished among the Apostles by his place, which is the fourth in the series, the second after SS. Peter and Paul, S. Andrew being the third in order. From the thirteenth century he always bears in one hand the Holy Gospels, and in the other a long pilgrim's staff, sometimes with a gourd or a scrip attached to it; as the first of the Apostles who departed to fulfil his mission of evangelization. Frequently he wears the flapped hat and cloak of a pilgrim, adorned with scallop-shells, in allusion to the pilgrimages made to his shrine at Compostella. He is usually portrayed with a family likeness to our Lord, his kinsman (though not so strong as that borne by S. James the Less), with brown hair parted in the middle and flowing down each side, and with a thin beard. In the Greek paintings he has a pointed beard, and, what is curious, is represented as a young man, while in the West he always appears somewhat advanced in years.

S. James in Spanish is S. Jago; in French, S. Jacques; in Latin, Jacobus.

S. CHRISTOPHER, M.

(3RD CENT.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology, the *Martyrologium Parvum*, Ado, Usuardus, and almost all Latin Martyrologists. By the Greeks however on May 9th. The "*Ordo divini Officii*" for the Vatican basilica, pub. in 1665, gives July 27th for S. Christopher. At Arras as a semi-double on Jan. 29th. The Nocera Breviary on July 27th. Modern Roman Martyrology on July 25th. Authority:—The purely apocryphal Acts; of these there are several versions, none more trustworthy than the others.]

THE following story seems to be destitute of every element of truth; though it is possible that there may have been a martyr of the name of Christopher. The

statement that he suffered under Decius, and had been baptized by S. Babylas at Antioch, made in the Greek *Menæa* and *Menology* is perhaps founded on a more trustworthy tradition than the fabulous *Acts*; but the *Menology* of Basil says:—"Many monstrous and paradoxical things are related of this saint,—that he had a dog's head, and ate men; but that when he believed in Christ, he was transformed;"—so that a version of the fabulous *Acts* existed in the time of Basil II. The story has the appearance of a clumsy and stupid compilation of incidents from Holy Writ—Dagon falling before the ark, Ahab's soldiers sent to take Elijah, Samson, &c., and the Egyptian figures of Anubis. Some of the pagan romancists, Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, for instance, became Christians, and bishops, and may have exercised their pens in the composition of Christian romances or novelettes, and may have taken real martyrs as their heroes, though altering the facts, and thus have originated such tales as the *Acts* of S. Margaret, S. Procopius, S. Christina and S. George. But other stories were of heroes as purely imaginary as Theagenes and Chitophon, Anthia and Leucippe, of late Greek profane romance. To this latter class there is strong probability that S. Christopher belongs. The story shall speak for itself.

In the days of king Dagon, who ruled in Samos, there was a man of the Cynocephali, who was instructed out of heaven in the faith, and a cloud came down out of the sky and baptized him, a voice from heaven uttering the necessary sacramental words. Then this man went into Syria, to Samos, and stood with an iron staff in his hand at the entrance of the city. Now a certain woman came out to adore her idols, when seeing a man with a dog's head, she ran back and told the

people to come and see the marvel—for, as has been said, Christopher belonged to the race of the Cynocephal, or dog-headed men.¹ And when a crowd was assembled round him, Christopher prayed that a sign might be given to convert the people, and he planted his iron staff in the ground, and forthwith it put forth leaves and bloomed. Then one thousand and eighteen persons believed and were forthwith baptized.

On hearing this, king Dagon sent two hundred soldiers to take the dog-headed man. But the soldiers did not like the looks of him, so they ran away. Then Dagon sent two hundred others, more valiant than the first, and they saw Christopher standing and praying, so they stood still, and began to pray also. And when he had done praying, the soldiers said, "Sir, the king desires to see you." Christopher answered, "If I choose I will go. If I don't choose, I will not go. However, I will accompany you."

Now when he was brought into the hall of Dagon, the king tumbled out of his chair with fright, for Christopher was a giant, and his features were, to say the least, of an unusual type. But after a while, finding his position somewhat undignified, the king scrambled on his legs again, mounted his throne, and plucking up an appearance of courage, asked, "What is your name?"

"My name," said the saint, "was Reprobate, but at my baptism I was called Christopher."

"You dog," said Dagon. "Adore my gods."

S. Christopher replied, "You are rightly called Dagon;² whose lot is death and hell, for you are a fool

¹ "Videns ipsum sanctum contremuit: videns corpus hominis, caput autem canis."

² "Vere bene vocatus es Dagnus; quia tu es pars mortis et conjux patris tui diaboli." What does this mean? Dagon is identical with Minos, a judge in Hell, see Hitzig i.—Urgeschichte u. Mythologie der Philistaer, p. 212.

to worship such gods." Then Dagon ordered four hundred soldiers to bind him and take him to prison. But lo! all the four hundred believed and were baptized on the spot, and were martyred. Then Dagon said within himself, "What shall I do with this fellow, bred among wild beasts?" And he bribed two women, Nicæa and Calinice (Aquilina)¹ to lead him into idolatry. But the two women saw his face as a flame of fire, and they fell down and lay on the ground from the third to the sixth hour. Then Christopher said, "Get up and do not be frightened?" And he preached the truth to them; and they believed, and were martyred.

And Dagon ordered a red hot pot to be put on Christopher's head; then said three of his consuls, "It were well, O king, had you not been born." For saying which they were executed with the sword.

Then Dagon ordered S. Christopher to be measured for a seat on which to be tortured, all the benches available being of far too contracted dimensions to accommodate his capacious body, and his measure for a seat was twelve cubits. Then, when suitable accommodation had been made, a fire was put under the iron chair, and four hundred pitchers of oil were poured over the saint.

"I am not afraid of your torments!" said S. Christopher, and lo! the iron chair gave way under his ponderous weight, dissolving like wax. Christopher started up so as not to fall in a sitting posture in the flames, and began to pray. Then his face became "as a new rose," and seeing this amazing transformation and the failure of his iron chair, the king tumbled out of his throne once more, and lay on the ground from the first to the ninth hour.

After that, he got up on his legs again, and said to S.

¹ Commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on July 24th.

Christopher, "You bad beast,¹ are you bent on drawing away all my people after you?" Then he ordered him to be bound to a great post, of suitable height, and that his soldiers should shoot at him. And they shot off their arrows from the first to the twelfth hour. Then the king thought that such a host of arrows must have made his body like that of a porcupine. But what was his amazement to see all the arrows hanging in the air, without falling, and none had reached the martyr. Then one of the arrows turned round in the air, and rushed at the king, and put out one of his eyes. Thereupon S. Christopher said, "I tell thee, King Dagon, that to-morrow I shall gain my crown; and the Christians will take my body, and will put it in the place where they pray. Then do thou make clay with my blood, and apply it to thy blind eye, and it will recover sight." And he prayed, "Grant that where my body is laid, no hail may fall, no fires may break out, there may not be famine, nor mortality; and in that city, evil workers and demoniacs who come and pray with all their hearts, and invoke my name in their prayers, may be saved." Then there fell a voice from heaven, "It shall be as thou hast prayed not only where thy body is, but also where it is not." And S. Christopher also prayed "Lord, grant to those who write and those who read my passion, a good reward. Amen." And when Christopher had completed his martyrdom Dagon anointed his eye with the blood, and saw; and he also believed, and published a decree, "to all nations and languages, that all who should blaspheme the God of the Christians should be slain with the sword."

Such are these absurd and worthless acts.

Western legend has added to them. Reprobatus as a

¹ "Fera mala."

heathen giant—he has not a dog's head in Western legend—determined to serve the strongest king he could find. He goes to the mighty Pharaoh and serves him; but whenever the devil is mentioned the king crosses himself. Reprobus perceives that he fears the devil, consequently he goes off in search of the devil to serve him. Satan takes him into his service; but one day Reprobus sees the devil start aside from a cross. Then he sees that there is one stronger than Satan, so he leaves the service of the devil, and goes off in quest of Christ. He finds a hermit, who orders him to pray. "That I cannot do," says Christopher. "Then you must carry travellers over the deep river." So Christopher undertakes this good work. One night a voice called him. He goes out and finds a little child, whom he takes on his shoulders to carry over. But the child nearly weighs him down. When he had placed the child on the other side, he said, "You seemed to weigh as heavy as the whole world."

"Well said, Christopher," answered the child. "I created the world, I redeemed the world, I bear the sins of the world." And he vanished. Thus Christopher saw that he had borne Christ over the stream.

It is thus that S. Christopher is usually represented in Western Art. It is evident that an allegory is contained in this beautiful story.¹

Relics of S. Christopher abound. The shoulder on which he bore Christ is shown in S. Peter's, Rome; the arm in the church of S. Maria del Popolo; another arm in S. Peter "ad Vincula." Another arm at Ravenna; a bone at Trani; other bones at Brindisi, among them an arm-bone; a jaw in the church of

¹ It is given in full in the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacques de Voragine. I have only given the salient points of the story here.



S. CHRISTOPHER.

S. Christopher at Milan. Part of a shoulder at Ronana, a bit of his tongue, and a neck-bone, in the convent church of S. Christopher at Venice. An arm at Compostella, others at Toledo, a jaw at Astorga, and other relics in Spain, too numerous to be detailed. A finger at Centule in Picardy; a shoulder blade at Cologne in the church of S. Severinus; a toe in that of S. Cuni- bert; a finger in the Carthusian chapel, now sup- pressed; a thumb at Utenburen; a bone of the head at S. Omer; part of his dress and hand in the cathedral at Bruges; an arm at Tongres; another arm at Letten; at Dinant a mighty tooth; an arm-bone at Wevelghem, &c.

It was common in the Middle Ages to represent S. Christopher outside churches, or in a conspicuous position against the gate of a city, as it was supposed that he who looked on a figure of the saint was safe not to meet with sudden death that day. The inscription accompanying these gigantic figures usually was:—

“Christophori sancti faciem quicumque tuetur,
Illa nempe die non morte mala morietur.”

S. CUCUPHAS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology attributed to S. Jerome, on Feb. 16th, under the name of Quoquoafatis. The ancient Corbei Martyrology on July 25th, that of S. Maximus at Treves on Feb. 12th as well as July 25th. Notker on Feb. 12th and 16th, and again on July 25th. All later Latin Martyrologies, Ado, Usuardus, Wandelbert, &c., on July 25th. The Mozarabic Breviary translates the commemoration of S. Cucuphas to July 27th, because of the festival of S. James on July 25th and of S. Anne on July 26th. Authorities:—The Acts, which are unfortunately not the original ones, but were written in the 9th cent.,¹ and mention in a hymn of Prudentius (b. 338, d. 405).]

¹ They mention the translation of the relics in 835.

S. CUCUPHAS, Cucufans, Cucubas, Ququfas, Quoquofas, Cocovatus, or as the Catalonians call him S. Culgat, or as the French call him, S. Quiquenvat, or simply S. Covat, is one of the most renowned of the Spanish martyrs. He was born at Scillitana in Africa, and came with S. Felix (Aug. 1st) to Cæsarea in Mauritania to study. There the two young men invested their capital in merchandise, and laded a vessel to trade with Barcelona. The persecution of Diocletian and Maximian was then afflicting the Church. Felix and Cucuphas were Christians, and they had hoped, as merchants, to escape death, avoiding those places where the harshest rulers sought out and tortured the Christians. They were too well known in Mauritania to remain there. But there was no safety for them in Spain. The pro-consul Galerius, perhaps greedy of securing their merchandise, arrested Felix at Gerona, and Cucuphas at Barcelona. The martyrdom of Felix shall be related elsewhere. Cucuphas was racked, all his limbs pulled out of joint, and he was then decapitated.

The relics of S. Cucuphas were taken from Barcelona by Charlemagne in 777, and given to S. Fuldrad, who placed them in his monastery of Lebraw in the Vosges. But under Louis the Pious, in 835, the body was translated to S. Denys, near Paris. But the Barcelonese indignantly refuse to believe that they were deprived of their martyr's body, and exhibit it there, wanting only the head. This body was discovered in the monastery of S. Cucuphas, near Barcelona, in the following manner:—A monk, Lazarus, was possessed by two devils named Zenab and Ynt, and to drive them out, the abbot placed upon him the body of an unknown martyr, "Martyr occultus," they possessed in the church. The devils howled with pain, the abbot questioned them,

and they declared that the unknown martyr was S. Cucuphas. This "invention" took place on April 29th, 1079; and that day is observed as a festival at Barcelona.

SS. THEA, VALENTINA AND PAUL, MM.

(A.D. 308.)

[By the Greeks on different days, July 15th and 17th. Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Eusebius of Cæsarea, in his account of the Martyrs of Palestine.]

AMONG the numerous martyrs who suffered at Cæsarea in Palestine, in the persecution of Diocletian, an account of whom has been given by Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, and a contemporary—he wrote in 324, sixteen years after the martyrdoms—was a woman, whose name Eusebius does not give, but whom the Greek Menæa calls Thea.¹ The governor, Firmilian, had taken several Christians at Gaza, and they were brought to Cæsarea to receive sentence. This woman "not enduring the threat of violation, and having used a certain expression against the tyrant, for committing the government to such cruel judges, was scourged, then racked, and her sides galled and torn." Whilst she was thus suffering, another woman, Valentina, standing by, roused to indignation and disgust, exclaimed, "Monster, how long will you thus cruelly torture my sister?" Firmilian instantly ordered her apprehension. She boldly declared herself a Christian, and resisted every effort made to induce her to sacrifice. She was dragged to the altar by force, her hands extended, and incense put in them which the tormentors were about to force her to

¹ The Roman Martyrology, following Eusebius, does not give the name of Thea.

strew on the flames before the idol, when she spurned the altar with her foot, threw it over, and scattered the fire on the ground. The governor was furious, and tormented her with the utmost ingenuity and cruelty, "glutting himself with her very flesh wounds and the lacerations of her body." And then, weary of this profitless struggle, he ordered Valentina and "the former woman, whom she had called her sister," to be cast into the flames. Thea was a native of Gaza, but Valentina was of Cæsarea. After this, a Christian named Paul was brought up for execution. When he was about to receive the fatal stroke, he prayed for the conversion of the Jews, the Samaritans, the Gentiles, for the emperors, the judge who condemned him, and the executioner who held the sword over his head.

S. GLODESIND, V.

(ABOUT A.D. 608.)

[Usuardus, Benedictine and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—A Life written shortly after A.D. 882; another life written in the 10th cent. by John, Abbot of S. Arnoul, at Metz.]

GLODESIND was born in the reign of Childebert II., and was the daughter of Wintrio, duke of Austrasia, who was murdered in 598 by Theodebert, the son of Childebert, at the instigation of the savage Brunehild.

She was born in 575; her mother's name was Godila. When the girl was sixteen or seventeen years old, her parents married her to a young man of noble birth, named Obolen, and he took her home to his castle the same day. It was a bright day for the young couple, who loved each other tenderly, but it was suddenly overcast. When he and his bride arrived at his home,

it was found in possession of the royal soldiers, who arrested the bridegroom, and carried him off to Childebert, on a charge of treason. He was cast into prison, where he languished a year, and was then executed.

The shock broke all Glodesind's ties to earth. She had been rudely awakened to the transitoriness of human happiness; and when her parents talked to her of another husband, the poor young virgin-bride, whose heart was in the grave with her first love, fled from home, and took refuge in the church of S. Stephen at Metz, where she clung for protection to the "confession," or relics of the proto-martyr.

Her parents did not venture violently to remove her, but they watched all the doors of the church, to take her, should she attempt to leave it. For six days she remained in the church, and on the seventh, the Sunday, a priest entered in his glittering robes, followed by two serving boys, and solemnly veiled her, before all the people. He as suddenly retired, and it was rumoured that an angel had veiled the maiden. The parents were induced to give credence to this tale, or to pretend that they did, and they abandoned their ineffectual attempt to overcome the repugnance of Glodesind to another marriage.

She was allowed to remain unmarried, and go to her aunt Rotlinda, a religious at Treves, with whom she tarried till she had learned to walk in the religious life. Then her parents built her a convent at Metz, and in it she spent six years, and died, at the age of thirty, beloved by all.

July 26.

- S ANNE, *Mother of the Blessed Virgin.*
 S. ERASTUS, *Disciple of S. Paul, 1st cent.*
 S. PASTOR, *P. at Rome, middle of 2nd cent.*
 S. HYACINTH, *M. at Rome.*
 S. PASTOR, *Ab at Scete in Egypt, 4th or beginning of 5th cent.*
 S. CHRISTINE, *V. at Termonde in Flanders, 8th cent.*
 S. SYMEON, *H. at Padolirona, near Mantua, A.D. 1016.*
 BB. EVANGELISTA AND PEREGRINUS, *at Verona, 13th cent.*

S. ANNE.

[By the Greeks thrice in the year ; on September 4th, with Joachim ; on December 9th, the Conception of S. Anne ; on July 26th, the death of S. Anne. Procopius of Cæsarea, who lived in the early part of the 6th cent., mentions a church dedicated to S. Anne, "whom some believe to be the mother of the Virgin, and the grandmother of Christ," at Constantinople, erected by Justinian the Younger. The first mention of the "cultus" of S. Anne in the West is in England, in 1378, in a letter from Urban VI. to the English prelates. In the year 1425 the festival of S. Anne was decreed to be observed in Denmark. The festival is inserted in the modern Roman Martyrology and in the Anglican Reformed Kalendar. Authority :—The Apocryphal Gospel of S. James.]



THE Apocryphal Gospel of S. James, or the Protevangelium, is a compilation of early traditions, facts and fables thrown together into a narrative form, and attributed to S. James, who was traditionally one of the sons of Joseph the Carpenter. It was composed probably in the 2nd century, by a converted Jew, and was first written in Greek. It is also found in Arabic, and a part of it in Coptic. Dr. Wright has published a fragment of a Syriac translation of it, belonging to the 5th century. Some have thought it was known to Justin Martyr,¹ S. Clement of Alexandria,² and Origen. S. Gregory of

¹ Trypho, c. 78.² Stromata, lib. vii.



S. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE B.V. MARY.
From the Vienna Missal.

Nyssa and S. Epiphanius either saw it, or a work very similar. S. Gregory of Nyssa says:—"Let us first hear what is traditionally related of her (the Blessed Virgin.) I have heard a certain apocryphal story which relates that the father of the Virgin was a certain illustrious citizen observing the law, and of great probity of life, who lived to an old age without children, as he had a sterile wife. But according to the law special honour belonged to mothers, which was not accorded to barren wives. Wherefore she imitated what is written of the mother of Samuel, she approached the holy of holies, and supplicated God that she who had not broken the law might not be deprived of the benediction of the law. And she promised if she became a mother that she would dedicate the child to God. And when, having made her vow, she became the mother of a daughter, she called her Mary, that by this name she might testify that the child was a gift of God. And when the child was grown up and weaned, she led her to the temple of God and surrendered her there, and fully discharged her vow." S. Gregory seems to have perceived what is obvious enough, that the story of the birth of S. Mary is an adaptation of that of Samuel; he might have added also that the writer of the apocryphal story had also appropriated to the mother of the Blessed Virgin the name of the mother of Samuel.

S. Epiphanius, who died in 403, says in his book on Heresies, when treating of the Gnostics, that the histories of S. Mary had been feigned and fabled by them:—"Invented histories, of which one is that book which treats of the generation of Mary, in which are contained some of their horrible and detestable sayings." No traces of Manichæan error are perceptible in the Protevangelium as we now have it. Probably the

Manichæan version was different, but based on this apocryphal work.

S. Augustine, writing against Faustus,¹ says that the Manichæan, relying on this apocryphal work, denied that Christ was of the lineage of David, as that book made Mary the daughter of Joachim, who was of the tribe of Levi.

A writer, mistaken for S. Jerome, says that he translated a little book on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin from Hebrew into Latin, and that the book was attributed to S. Matthew. "You ask of me that I should write you what I think of a certain little book on the Nativity of S. Mary. Now I wish you to know that I have found many false things in it. For a certain Seleucus, who wrote the passions of the Apostles, composed this book. But though he spoke truly of their virtues and miracles, he lied about their doctrine, and in like manner in this book, he invented many things out of his own heart. However, I will translate it word for word as it is in Hebrew, as if the holy evangelist Matthew composed this book as an introduction to his Gospel, in Hebrew, which I commit, if true, to the author of the preface and the faith of the writer; but I—though I assert these things to be doubtful—do not affirm them to be wholly false." There are other passages in this letter which are equally confusing. Nor is the Pseud-evangel of S. Matthew, to which he refers, less perplexing. Passages from Scripture quoted in it are translated, not from the Hebrew Scriptures, but from the Greek version of the LXX. Of this Pseudo-Matthew, Dr. Ellicot says:—"It is scarcely necessary to say that nothing can be made out of such an agglomeration of folly and fraud. The Gospel is built up out of

¹ Lib. xxiii. c. 9.



S. ANNE TEACHING THE VIRGIN TO READ.
After the Picture by Murillo in the Royal Museum at Madrid.

the Protevangel, certain oriental traditions which we afterwards find in the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy, and the Gospel of Thomas. The additions and embellishments are probably pure fiction, and for the most part do not seem referable to any ancient traditions."

That it was written, not originally in Hebrew, but in Greek is most probable. It is difficult otherwise to account for such a passage as the following:—"Cumque accepisset parhithomum infans—parhithomus id est circumcisio." The writer also exhibits utter ignorance of Jewish rites, and Jewish matters in general.

In the Pseudo-Matthew the father of Anne is Achar, a name that does not occur elsewhere.

There are various theories about the marriage of S. Anne; some think she was only once married, others that she was married thrice, hence the lines quoted by Gerson in his sermon on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin:—

"Anna tribus nupsit, Joachim, Cleophæ, Salomæque,
Ex quibus ipsa viris peperit tres Anna Marias,
Quas duxere Joseph, Alphæus, Zebedæusque,
Prima Jesum, Jacobum Joseph cum Simone Judam
Altera dat, Jacobum dat tertia datque Joannem."

A theory as fanciful as it is incongruous. Anna married Joachim; after his death Cleophas, and then Salome—which, by the way, is a woman's name; by each husband she had a daughter called Mary. The first Mary married Joseph, and was the mother of Jesus; the second was the mother of James, Joses, Judas, and Simon; and the third was the mother of James and John. Possibly the first to assert this triple marriage was Eugisippus, in the 11th cent., quoted by Leo Allatius. S. Fulbert of Chartres, in the 10th cent., in his treatise "De ortu almæ virginis Mariæ," says:—

“She was happy in having not many, but one daughter, who brought forth one son, the Son of God. Nor was it seemly that the progenitors of this singular virgin should be stained with the propagation of many children.”

The story in the apocryphal *Protevangelium* is that S. Anne and S. Joachim were old people, with no hope of children, when the Blessed Virgin was given to them, consequently, if this tradition be adopted, the probability of S. Anne having been married again after the death of Joachim, and again becoming a mother, is very small. S. Ildefons, in the 7th cent., says:—“The virgin was born of barren Anna, and a father already aged, not after the order of nature.” Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, in the 9th cent., adopts the same view.

In S. John's Gospel (xix. 25) we are told that there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas. But it is supposed that Mary is called his mother's sister, because Cleophas was the brother of Joseph, and she was therefore her sister-in-law. Indeed Eusebius, on the authority of Hegesippus, who lived in the 2nd cent., asserts that Cleophas was the brother of Joseph.

Among the visions of S. Colette was a curious one, reflecting the popular notions of S. Anne in her day. She saw S. Anne, who told her that she had had three husbands.

It is impossible wholly to solve the difficulties which surround the relationships, but the most probable solution is that Mary, the wife of Cleophas or Clopas, as the name is more correctly written, was either the sister or the sister-in-law of the Blessed Virgin, that she was the mother of James the Less, Jude, Simon and Joses,



THE B.V. MARY LEARNING TO READ.
After the Picture by Van Eyck.

by Cleophas or Alpheus—the name is the same, the latter being the Greek form.

It is pretended that the body of S. Anne was found in the time of Charlemagne, at Apte in France, by a dumb boy exclaiming, "Here lies the body of Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

At the spot indicated by the boy, men dug under the direction of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, and found the body. This discovery is commemorated by a yearly festival at Apte. According to the story at Apte, S. Peter dug S. Anne out of her grave in the valley of Jehosophat, and carried her to Rome, gave her to S. Clement, who made a present of her bones to S. Auspicius, bishop of Apte.

The Roman Breviary of 1528, in one of the lessons for the festival of S. Joachim, appointed by Pope Julius II., said that, "in the time of Constantine, Helena, his mother, took the body of S. Anne from Jerusalem to Constantinople, but left the body of her husband at Jerusalem, where it was highly venerated."

Trithemius says that the body of S. Anne, in his time (A.D. 1516) reposed in the islet of Barbara, near Lyons, brought there by S. Longinus, the soldier who pierced our Lord's side. But he was probably mistaken about the body; more trustworthy authorities say that the relics there preserved are the skull only. There is a skull of S. Anne, with the rest of her bones, also at Apte, of which, however, the lower jaw is wanting, which Charlemagne is said to have given to the church of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Another head of S. Anne at Chartres, brought from the East in the 12th cent., by Louis, count of Blois, who died on a second visit to the Holy Land in 1205. Another at Bologna, given by Henry VI. of England, to

Nicolas Albergati. Another skull, entire save for the jaw, at Castel-bona in Sicily, with a Greek inscription on it, brought from Lorraine by John de Hieac, about A.D. 1468. Another head at Duren in Germany. This was brought from the Holy Land in 1212. The arms of S. Anne are more numerous than the heads; I must refer the reader to the tedious lists in the Bollandists.

S. ERASTUS.

(1ST CENT.)

[The Menology of Basil II. on November 10th, the Roman Martyrology on July 26th. Ado, Usuardus, &c.]

It is supposed by some that there were two of this name, who are mentioned in the Acts and the Epistles of S. Paul. One was attendant, or deacon, with S. Paul at Ephesus, who was sent forward with Timothy into Macedonia whilst the apostle remained in Asia.¹ He is probably the same with Erastus who is again mentioned in the salutations to Timothy.²

The other Erastus was chamberlain, or rather public treasurer of Corinth, and was one of the early converts³. According to the tradition of the Greek Church, he was first treasurer to the church at Jerusalem, and afterwards bishop of Paneas. But it is more probable that there was only one Erastus. He was no doubt one of the early converts of S. Paul at Corinth, when the apostle abode there "a year and six months teaching the word of God among them."⁴

S. Paul sent Erastus into Macedonia, whilst he remained in Asia, Erastus had therefore, we may conclude,

¹ Acts xix. 22.

² 2 Tim. iii. 20.

³ Rom. xvi. 23.

⁴ Acts. xviii. 11.

followed S. Paul to Ephesus. But afterwards Erastus "remained at Corinth." He is not thought to have suffered martyrdom.

S. PASTOR, P.

(2ND CENT.)

[Roman, but no ancient Latin Martyrologies. Authority:—The Acts of SS. Pudentiana and Praxedis, containing a letter of S. Pastor, not however genuine.]

S. PASTOR is said by Anastasius Bibliothecarius to have been the brother of Pope S. Pius I. In the second epistle of Pope Pius to Justus, bishop of Vienne, the pope says, "the priest Pastor has built a title (church), and has worthily fallen asleep in the Lord." For the mention of S. Pastor in the Acts of SS. Pudentiana and Praxedis, the reader is referred to the notices of these saints, July 21st.

S. SYMEON, H.

(A.D. 1016.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, Benedictine Martyrologies. Authority:—A life written not long after his death by a monk of Padolira. The early part of his life was learned from letters of Arsenius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. He was canonized by Benedict VIII.; and at the elevation of his body, Leo IX. sent a brief to the bishop of Mantua, approving veneration to the saint.]

SYMEON, a native of Armenia, ran away from his home, when his parents had married him to a suitable wife, and took refuge with some other like-minded men in a cave, where they lived as hermits. One winter night the snow bed on the mountain slope above their

cave slipped, and blocked up their cave. They remained for six or seven days buried under the snow, and broke a way out with the greatest difficulty. They were starving; but God sent them food. A stag took refuge from the cold and storm in their cave, and the ravenous hermits fell on her, cut her throat and devoured her. Only one of them refrained, saying it was wrong to eat meat, and he fainted from exhaustion. When he came to himself, he changed his mind.

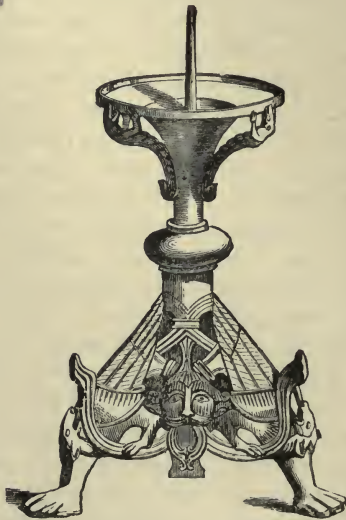
After a while, Symeon got tired of his cave, and the solitude of the Armenian mountains, and started on his rambles. He visited Jerusalem, where he made acquaintance with the patriarch, and then taking ship, came to Rome in 983. There he very nearly lost his life. His unusual appearance, perhaps the fact of his making the sign of the cross differently from the Romans, caused a priest to denounce him as a heretic, and demand that he should be consigned to the flames. A howling rabble surrounded him, delighted with the prospect of burning a Manichæan, and the unfortunate Armenian would infallibly have been put to death, had not Pope Benedict VII. heard of the proceedings, and ordered an Oriental bishop, then present in the city, to examine the unfortunate man in his faith, and ascertain whether he really deserved to be burnt. The bishop reported that the stranger was sound in his creed, and he was dismissed. Symeon at once escaped out of Rome, and we next hear of him obtaining shelter in a monastery at no great distance from Pisa. There he was so unmercifully beaten by the monks, who also probably took him for a heretic, that the bishop had to interfere and rescue him from their hands. He then went to Lucca, and a poor man who had heard of the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected, let him

ride thither on his ass. At Pisa he lodged with some Jews, with whom he began to argue on the truths of Christianity; when one of them, in the heat of controversy, fell down in a fit and died. This so alarmed those present that they professed their eagerness to become Christians, and next day Symeon led them before the bishop, to announce their conversion.

He rambled through Lombardy, accompanied by other pilgrims. As he crossed the bridge over the Po, on his way to Vercelli, he found an old man crying over his horse which had fallen down, and had, as he thought, so severely injured itself, that it would never rise up and be of service to him any more. Symeon blessed the old horse and it started up, and jogged along its way as hale as if it had not fallen. One cold winter's day he had compassion on a nearly naked beggar, so he sat down by the road-side, pulled off his trowsers, and gave them to the poor man. He wandered through Gascony, visited the tomb of S. James at Compostella, then rambled through France, paid his devotions at the tomb of S. Martin at Tours, and returned to Italy, to settle in the Benedictine Monastery of Padolira, near Mantua, for the rest of his days. He filled the people of Mantua with the most intense amazement and veneration, by patting the head of a lion and putting his hand into its mouth. The lion was tied to a stake in the market-place, and was being exhibited, probably by some travelling showmen. When the Mantuese saw how coolly Symeon handled the lion, they shouted, "Truly this is a servant of God."

One day he was called into a cottage to see a girl nearly choked with quinsy. He blessed her, and the quinsy burst. One of the monks of Padolira got a

fish bone down his throat, and was in dreadful pain, and nearly suffocated. Symeon crossed his throat, and he coughed up the bone and some blood with it. Symeon died on July 26th, 1016.



Romanesque Altar-lights.

July 27.

- SS. MAURUS, B.M., PANTALEEMON AND SERGIUS, MM. at *Bisceglia*,
and cent.
- THE SEVEN SLEEPERS, at *Ephesus*, A.D. 250.
- S. PANTALEON, M. at *Nicomedia*, about A.D. 305.
- S. DESIDERATUS, B. of *Bezaucon*, 4th cent.
- S. GALACTORIUS, B.M. of *Lescar in Bearn*, A.D. 507.
- S. LAURENCE, Abp of *Milan*, A.D. 512.
- S. ANTHUSA, V. at *Constantinople*, 8th cent.
- SS. AURELIUS, SABAGOTHA OF NATALIA, AND OTHERS, MM. at *Cordova*,
A.D. 852.
- S. BERTHOLD, Ab. of *Gastein in Styria*, A.D. 1142.
- S. HUGH OF LINCOLN, M., A.D. 1255.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

(A.D. 250.)

[Roman Martyrology on July 27th. By the Greeks on August 4th and October 22nd. Also the Russian and Abyssinian Kalendars: by the Kopts and Melchites on the same day. By the Maronites on March 7th. The first Latin Martyrologist to insert them is Ado, on July 27th. The Sarum Breviary commemorated the festival with three lessons and collect. Greven and Maurolychus on August 11th, "the awaking of the Seven Sleepers."]



THE first mention we have of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus is by James of Sarug, a Syriac writer of the end of the 5th and the beginning of the 6th century,¹ who relates the story as follows:—In the persecution of Decius, the emperor came to Ephesus, and he celebrated there a great festival to Zeus, Apollo and Artemis. Now there were in Ephesus eight boys, the sons of honourable parents, and they went into the church to avoid the idolatry that prevailed. Then they were denounced to

¹ He was born A.D. 452, and began to write A.D. 474. He became bishop of Batnæ in A.D. 519, and died A.D. 521.

the emperor. And he ordered them to be beaten with rods and dismissed. Then they said one to another, "Let us flee from this city of Ephesus, lest the emperor tortures us." Now there was in the mountain above Ephesus a cave, and they took with them some money, and they retired into this cave, and prayed, "O good Shepherd, who hast chosen thy sheep, guard us thy flock from the ravening wolf." And they laid them down, and the Lord took their souls away.

Now on the morrow Decius asked after the boys, and he was told that they were hiding in a cave in the mountain. So he ordered the mouth of the cave to be walled up. But there were two "sophist's sons" who wrote on tablets of lead the names of these youths, and why they were thus walled in, and they threw the tablets into the cave.

Years passed away. And one day it happened that a rich man of Ephesus wished to build a sheep-cot on the mountain, and for this purpose he pulled down the wall before the cave. Then the light shone in, and instantly the boys awoke, sat up, and began to converse with one another. And they said, "Who will go down into Ephesus, and see what is going on?" Then Jamblicus said, "I will go." So the others said, "Take money with you, and buy bread, for we have not supped yet." So the boy went down, but when he came to the gate of the city he started, for he saw the cross set up over it. Thereat he bowed his head and venerated it, but he looked round to make sure that he was not seen, for he thought this was some craft of the emperor. Then he went to another gate, and the cross was there also. And he was bewildered, and going into the market place, he asked some one, "What city is this?" The answer was "Ephesus." So he was sore perplexed, and

he went through the streets as one in a dream. At last he found a baker's, and he bought bread, and paid down his coin. Thereat the baker looked astonished, and he called others, and they examined the coins. Then they held the boy fast, and said, "Boy! you have found a treasure. Tell us where it is, or we will put you in jail." The boy answered trembling, "I have found no treasure."

In the meantime a crowd had gathered, and it was buzzed through the market-place, that a boy had found a treasure. The rumour reached the bishop, who came out of the church, and questioned the lad, and he said, "Who are you, my son? Where do you come from?" Jamblicus answered, "I am a native of Ephesus, son of Rufus, one of the chief men of the city." And he scanned the crowd to see if he could catch the eye of one of his kinsmen or friends; but every face was strange. Then his eyes filled with tears, and he began to weep.

There was present a sophist who began to question the boy with more discretion. And he said, "My son, tell me where you live." "I will tell you," answered the boy, "but explain to me first, where is the emperor Decius?" "What do you mean?" asked the philosopher, reddening with anger. "Are you mocking me, boy?"

"I ask you the question in all seriousness," answered Jamblicus.

"Decius died three hundred and seventy-two years ago," answered the sophist. The lad paused, and then said, "But I and my comrades fled from him, only today, and my seven comrades are in the mountain still."

And a great crowd poured out of Ephesus, led by the boy and the bishop, towards the mountain. And the

seven children heard the trampling of feet, and the hum of voices, and they trembled, thinking that the emperor and his satellites were coming to take them. But presently the crowd surrounded the entrance, and the bishop and Jamblicus entered. And all saw the seven youths seated on the ground in the cave.

Then the bishop wrote a letter to the emperor Theodosius, urging him to come and see the marvel. So the emperor came; and when he had read the leaden tablets, he invited the eight to come down into Ephesus;¹ but they refused, saying, "We will remain in this place, for we have loved it. But now the Lord Christ has raised us up to shew to all that the Resurrection of the Dead is true." Then they fell asleep again, in their eternal slumber.

It is necessary before proceeding further to make a few remarks on this story as told by James of Sarug. He makes the boys eight instead of seven, as in the later accounts. Had such a marvel really occurred in the time of Theodosius, we should certainly have had notice of it in the contemporary histories. The date of Theodosius the younger was 408—450,² consequently some one hundred and eighty years had elapsed, not three hundred and seventy-two, since the persecution of Decius.

The next to tell the story is Gregory of Tours (d. 594), who tells the story much as does James of Sarug, only that he makes Seven Sleepers instead of eight. There can be no doubt that Gregory got his story from James of Sarug, or a similar source, for he says that it

¹ In the account of James of Sarug, "The emperor invited them to come down with him to Ephesus; thinking to build a temple over their bones."

² He was only seven when his father Arcadius died; and when the Seven Sleepers woke it was, no doubt, supposed to be towards the latter part of his reign.

was translated out of the Syriac.¹ But he gives the names of the seven as Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Constantine, Dionysius, John and Serapion.²

But what is very remarkable is the concurrent tradition of Seven Sleepers in Northern Europe. Gregory of Tours, who tells the legend of the Sleepers of Ephesus, tells also the other legend. He says, in a letter to Sulpitius of Bourges that seven nephews of S. Martin of Tours, named Clement, Primus, Lætus, Theodore, Gaudens, Quiricius, and Innocent, having left their country, arrived at the monastery of Mont-Majeur, where they received the Holy Communion from the hand of the abbot Aicard, and then gently fell asleep. Their faces were fresh and rosy, and they were as if in a profound slumber, so the abbot placed them in their stalls, and people came to see them, but none could wake them; and thus they remained sleeping on. These French Seven Sleepers are commemorated on September 26th. They fell asleep on November 12th.

But a still more curious story is that given by Paul Warnefried, in his *Gesta Longobardorum*, written at the end of the 8th cent. He says that, in the extreme limits of the North, on the borders of the ocean, is a cave in a huge rock, in which repose seven men, who have been sleeping from a remote age, and who remain fresh and incorruptible, and receive great veneration from the barbarians of the North. In dress they are like Romans, and Warnefried thinks they may be Christians, who will wake up some day to preach to, and convert those northern nations. Undoubtedly Warne-

¹ "Quod Passio eorum quam, Syro quodam interpretante, in Latinum translulimus, plenius pandit."

² "De Gloria Martyrum," lib. I. c. 95. There are also much fuller acts of the Seven Sleepers by Gregory of Tours, than the epitome of the story in his work on the Glories of the Martyrs.

fried heard this story from the Lombards, and it formed part of their heathen mythology.¹

The next mention of the Seven Sleepers is in the curious Itinerary of S. Willibald, written by a nun from his own account of his travels (July 7th). He was at Ephesus in A.D. 721. In the Itinerary it is said, "Thence sailing to Asia, they came to Ephesus, and walked to the place where repose the Seven Sleepers." Gregory of Tours asserts that in his day, the 6th cent., the Sleepers were exhibited at Ephesus in their cave, covered with silk cloaks.

We come next to Photius of Constantinople (9th cent.), who, in his *Bibliotheca*, tells the story, and calls the Seven Sleepers, Maximilian, Jamblicus, Martin, Dionysius, Exacustodian, Antoninus and John.

But before this, the story had been laid hold of by Mahomet, who has introduced them into the Koran, and he makes them prophecy his coming and mission, but of that presently.

The story is told by Elmacin, and Abulfraj (A.D. 1250); Euty chius of Alexandria (10th cent.), in his *Arabic Annals*, tells the story, changing the names of Maximilian into Maximian, and Exacustodian into Dianus. According to the Melchite Acts, Jamblicus is called Melito, according to the Ethiopian, given by Ludolf, he is Diomed; the Latins call him Malchus. It is unnecessary to quote the account in such late writers as Theophanes, Cedrenus, and Metaphrastes.

The story, as told in the Koran, is somewhat improved. The dog, Al Rakim, watches and guards the sleepers. James of Sarug says that when they fell asleep, a watch or guard was placed beside them, but he does not say it was a dog. As a special favour, this dog

¹ See what has been said of S. Sunifa, July 8, p. 195.

is to be one of the ten animals to be admitted to the Mohammedan Paradise, the others being Jonah's whale, Solomon's ant, Ishmael's ram, Abraham's calf, the Queen of Sheba's ass, the prophet Salech's camel, Moses' ox, Balkis' hoopoe, and Mahomet's ass. Twice a day, according to the Koran, did the sun alter his course, so as not to shine into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were preserved from putrefaction, by turning in their sleep from right to left.¹

A very curious notice of the Seven Sleepers occurs in the life of King Edward the Confessor, by S. Aelred of Rievaulx, who wrote in the middle of the 12th cent., and the same story occurs in William of Malmesbury's Chronicle of the Kings of England.² King Edward the Confessor sat, on Easter Day, wearing his royal crown, at dinner, in his palace of Westminster, surrounded by his bishops and nobles. During the banquet the king, instead of indulging in meat and drink, mused upon divine things, and sat long immersed in thought. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all present, he burst out laughing. After dinner, when he retired to his bed-chamber to divest himself of his robes, three of his nobles, Earl Harold, and an abbot and a bishop, followed him and asked the reason of his rare mirth. "I saw," said the pious monarch, "things most wonderful to behold, and therefore did I not laugh without a reason." They entreated him to explain; and after musing for a while, he informed them that the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who had been slumbering two hundred years in a cavern of Mount Celion, lying always on their right sides, had of a sudden turned themselves over on their left sides; that by heavenly favour he had seen them thus turn themselves, and at

¹ Sura xviii.² Lib. ii. c. 13.

the sight he had been constrained to laugh. And as Harold and the abbot and bishop marvelled at his words, the king related to them the story of the Seven Sleepers, with a full description of their personal appearance. And he added that for two hundred years they had lain on their right side, and now they were on their left sides, and so they would lie for seventy-four years; and during those seventy-four years nations would rise against nations, there would be earthquakes in divers places, pestilence and famine, wars of pagans against Christians.

Earl Harold, on hearing this, got ready a knight, a clerk, and a monk, who were forthwith sent to the emperor at Constantinople, with letters and presents from King Edward. By the emperor these messengers were forwarded to Ephesus, with letters to the bishop, commanding him to admit the three Englishmen into the cavern of the Sleepers. And, lo! it fell out even as the king had seen in vision. For the Ephesians declared that they knew from their forefathers that the Seven had ever lain on their right sides; but on the entry of the Englishmen into the cave, they were all found lying on their left sides. And this was a warning of the miseries which were to befall Christendom through the inroads of the Saracens, Turks and Tartars. For whenever sorrow threatens, the Sleepers turn on their sides.¹

In almost all the stories of the Seven Sleepers, one of them is called John. This connects the fable of the Seven Sleepers with that of the sleep of S. John the Divine at Ephesus, of which there exists a Syriac account of about the same date as that of the Seven by

¹ So Loki, lying on his bed under the mountains, turns, and when he turns the earth quakes, and is full of wars and pestilence.

James of Sarug, or perhaps earlier. According to this, S. John did not die, but fell asleep, and lies sleeping still at Ephesus, to awaken at the last as one of the witnesses before the second coming of the Lord. Sir John Mandeville, in his Travels, relates how at Ephesus, the earth over his tomb rises and falls as S. John breathes in his sleep.

Another tradition relates that S. Mary Magdalen lies asleep at Ephesus also.

According to Rabbinic tradition, Ezra, when he passed by the ruins of Jerusalem, wept and despaired to see the waste places raised up again; he collected fruit, and retired among the ruins into a vault, and drew in his ass on which he had ridden. Then he fell asleep, and he woke after the lapse of a century, and found the ass standing by him, and the fruit fresh at his side, and the walls of Jerusalem set up, and the breaches repaired.¹ The Jews have a similar tradition of Chonai (Onias) Hamaagal, related in the Talmud by the Rabbi Jochanan, who lived about A.D. 300.² Onias lived B.C. 70. He one day meditated on the passage in the Psalms, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, then were we like unto them that dream." And he thought, "Seventy years of captivity! how could that pass as a dream?" Then he saw a man planting a carob tree, and he asked him, "How long before that tree will bear fruit?" "Seventy years." "Fool! think you that you will live to eat the fruit of the tree you plant?" "Rabbi, my father planted a carob tree of which I eat now. I plant this that my son may eat thereof." Then, the day being hot, Onias retired into a cave, and fell asleep. When he awoke he saw a man

¹ See my "Legends of Old Testament Characters," ii. p. 49.

² Taanith III., f. 23; Maase, c. 52.

shaking the fruit out of a carob tree. "Did you plant that tree?" he asked. "No, Rabbi, my grandfather planted it seventy years ago." Onias returned to his home, and found it in the possession of his grandson. He had slept seventy years.

Pliny relates the story of Epimenides the epic poet, who, when tending his sheep one hot day, wearied and oppressed with slumber, retreated into a cave, where he fell asleep. After fifty-seven years he awoke, and found everything changed. His brother, whom he had left a stripling, was now a hoary man.¹ This story is a version of the older legend of the perpetual sleep of the shepherd Endymion, who was thus preserved in unfading youth and beauty by Zeus.²

In the Museum Victorium at Rome is a curious cast of sulphur and plaster, representing the Seven Sleepers.³ They are represented with various instruments of torture beside them, and it has been conjectured on the authority of this cast that they were seven martyrs at Ephesus, and that their "falling asleep" in death was mistaken for a supernatural sleep, from which they woke in the time of Theodosius the Younger. But this is a mere guess. The only written accounts of them describes them as Seven Sleepers in a cave. James of Sarug was born only two years after the death of Theodosius, and either twenty-seven or fifteen years after the waking of the Sleepers, if we may adopt either of the dates given by Assemani for that marvel, A.D. 425 or A.D. 437. According to Photius their awakening was in the thirty-eighth year of Theodosius, which

¹ Hist. Nat., lib. viii. c. 52.

² I must refer the reader for numerous instances to my "Myths of the Middle Ages," I., p. 93.

³ SS. Septem Dormientum Hist. ex ectypis musci Victoril expressa (by Pagliarini). Romæ, 1742.

may coincide with A.D. 439 or 446, making the period between the event and the birth of the historian of it only thirteen or six years, according to when we date the beginning of the reign of Theodosius. The idea that they were martyred must therefore be abandoned. It is more probable that the story was made up of floating myths common to Jews and Greeks, for a purpose, and the purpose is obvious enough, to confound those heretics who denied the possibility of the resurrection of the body. Photius says that Theodore, bishop of Agæ, was the one who propounded this heresy. The only bishop of that name that I can identify is Theodore, bishop of Egæa, in Asia Minor, who flourished about A.D. 250.

The collect for the feast of the Seven Sleepers in the Sarum Breviary ran thus :—"God, who didst famously crown Seven Sleepers, glorious preachers of the eternal resurrection, grant, we beseech thee, that we, by their prayers, may obtain that holy resurrection which was wondrously foreshadowed in them, through, &c."

In Art they are represented in their cave; a modern fancy has given them the emblem of a poppy. Before the Reformation an eye of one of the Seven Sleepers was venerated in the Cathedral of Viborg in Denmark.

S. PANTALEON, M.

(A.D. 305.)

[Roman Martyrology. Greek Menæa and Menology on the same day. The Martyrologium Parvum, and some copies of the Martyrology of S. Jerome, as also Ado and Notker on July 28th. Hrabanus Maurus on Feb. 18th. In some Martyrologies on April 23rd. Authorities :—The Acts, which are, however, apocryphal. Of these there are two versions, one by Metaphrastes, neither of any value.]

THAT there was a martyr named Pantaleon at Nicomedia, in the persecution of Diocletian, can scarcely be doubted. There was a church dedicated to him at Constantinople at an early age, which was so old and out of repair that it had to be rebuilt entirely by Justinian I. A.D. 532.¹ It is said that Constantine erected a church to S. Pantaleon at Sebaste, but this statement rests on no good authority. It is, however, not improbable that the church under that invocation, on the headland near Constantinople, was erected in his reign. Justinian also restored a monastery in the desert of Jordan, dedicated to the same saint.² But the Acts of S. Pantaleon are so filled with fable, so amplified with marvellous details, as to be wholly untrustworthy as to particulars. He is said to have been a physician of Nicomedia, son of Eustorgius, a heathen, and a Christian mother named Eubule. He was attached to the person of the Emperor Maximian, but having been converted to Christianity by a priest named Hermolaus, he was denounced to the emperor, who ordered him to be executed with the sword. The fabulous Acts say that from his neck flowed milk, which watered the roots of an olive tree to which he was tied, and the tree at once put forth fruits.³

The body of S. Pantaleon, together with a vessel of the milk that flowed from his neck, were shown at Constantinople, in 970. But the church of S. Gregory on the Celian hill at Rome, professes to possess part of the body, and in the church of S. Pantaleon at Rome some more bones, the skull,—or part of it, and a bottle

¹ Procopius Cæsariensis, *De ædificiis Justiniani*, lib. I., c. 9.

² *Ibid.*, lib. V., c. 9.

³ The first time the executioners smote, the neck of Pantaleon was hard as marble and the sword would not cut it. This incident is taken from the Talmudic legends of Abraham and Nimrod.

of his blood, which liquifies on his festival. At Ravelli another vial of his blood, said to liquify the same day. The liquifaction takes place during the singing of the hymn "Deus tuorum militum" at first vespers. Another bottle of his blood at Naples in the Dominican church, together with an arm of the saint. This blood, it is pretended, also liquifies. Other bones and another vial in the church of the Apostles, others and another bottle in that of the Conception, in the same town; an arm in that of San Ligorio, also at Naples. Another vial of his blood at Bari, another at S. Mark's, Venice, with the hand and two bones of the head. In the church of Pantaleon at Venice a foot, leg, arm, part of the skull and a finger. In the church of S. Mary Magdalene, at Venice, another leg-bone and part of an arm. A bottle of blood at Lucca, and a skull of the saint "emitting a marvellous odour;" this skull is entire. A body at La Bureba, near Burgos; an arm entire at Brindisi, at Crema the greater portion of a skull, at Ravenna a jaw. The entire body at Genoa; at Volterra a bone, another at Milan, other bones at Andechs, Orvieto, Cambrai, Bruges, Luxembourg, Mechlin, &c. A head at Lyons, and all the rest of the body at S. Denys', near Paris. Another bottle of blood at Lavello, near Naples, which also liquifies. A head and arm in the church dedicated to the saint at Cologne, and other relics in many of the other churches of Cologne. Another body at Oporto. S. Pantaleon is regarded as patron of physicians.

SS. AURELIUS, SABAGOTHA (NATALIA), AND OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 852.)

[Roman and Spanish Martyrologies. Authority :—A life by S. Eulogius, a contemporary, and a martyr in the same persecution, therefore perfectly trustworthy. He knew the martyrs and directed them in their conduct.]

IN the Mussulman domination of Spain, those Christians who were half Moors by blood, and those Moors who were converted to the faith, were certain to meet with death. Some zealous Christians, also, wanting in discretion called down upon themselves the vengeance of the conquerors by openly, insultingly, scoffing at Mahomed and the faith of Islam. To the former class belonged Aurelius, Sabagotha, Felix and his wife Liliesa; to the latter the monk George, all of whom suffered this day at Cordova, in the year of our Lord 852.

Aurelius was the son of a Christian, Gothic, mother and a Moor. He lost his parents at an early age, and was reared by an aunt, a devout Christian, who instilled the principles of her religion into the opening mind of the boy. When he was grown older, he married a beautiful, modest maiden, named Sabagotha, the daughter of a Moorish father and mother, but her mother had married a Christian after the death of her first husband, and had been converted by him, and Sabagotha had acquired from her mother and her stepfather a passionate attachment to the religion of Christ. She had been baptized, but secretly; so had Aurelius, and though openly their union was accomplished according to Mussulman rites, they were privately married by a Christian priest.

Aurelius had a kinsman, named Felix, married to a

good wife, named Liliosa, a Christian, but secretly. Felix had been baptized, and had been brought up as a Christian, but out of fear, or to escape the disadvantages to which the Christians were exposed,—had embraced the religion of the Conquerors, and was heartily ashamed of his cowardice in having done so. The two husbands and their wives became attached friends, and opened their hearts to one another. It was galling, it was degrading to Aurelius, to have to act and speak as a Mussulman, conform to Moslem rites, when at heart he believed in Christ and abhorred Mahomet.

One day he saw the martyr John the Merchant conducted through the market-place of Cordova, with his face to the tail of an ass, on which he was seated, laden with chains, his back bleeding from the scourge. He had been sentenced to this humiliating treatment for having publicly mocked at Mahomet.

Aurelius returned to his wife, and told her what he had seen. His conscience reproached him for having concealed his religion, and acted an imposition on his Moorish fellow countrymen, by pretending to observe the precepts of the Koran.

Sabagotha and he went to the prisons, and visited several confessors languishing therein, Isaac, John, and the maidens Flora and Mary (Nov. 24th). Then, uncertain how to proceed, Aurelius and Sabagotha consulted S. Eulogius, the writer of their history. They had two little girls, one aged nine, the other six. Should they desert their babes, and leave them to be brought up as Moslems? Eulogius advised them to make provision that the children should be consigned to Christian guardians, sell their goods, give part to the poor and dispose of the rest in sure hands, for the use of the little girls. Soon after this Flora and Mary suffered

martyrdom, and their glorious death deepened the conviction in the hearts of the devout pair, that they ought openly to profess Christ.

One night shortly after, Sabagotha in dream saw the two virgin martyrs appear to her in robes of dazzling whiteness, with bunches of the flowers of Paradise in their hands. They bade Sabagotha be of good cheer, she and her husband were called to confess Christ with their blood. "But," added the vision, "we will give you a sign. We shall send a monk to lead you to your death."

Aurelius now disposed of his property, and prepared for his confession. He and his wife visited the monastic societies at Tabana, and were encouraged by the abbot Martin, and his sister Elizabeth.

It was on one of these visits, that Sabagotha encountered a monk, named George;—he came from the monastery of S. Sabas, near Jerusalem, and had been sent into Africa to gather alms for the monastery, but as he collected little there, he came on into Spain; and was now thinking of returning to the Holy Land. He was a good man, humble, but very dirty—he had not washed for a quarter of a century.

Directly she saw him, Sabagotha knew that he was the monk who was to be her guide to death; she conducted him to her husband. The enthusiasm of the pair communicated itself to the monk, he resolved to share their confession and their crown. Felix and Lilia were at one with Aurelius and Sabagotha in purpose. Felix was bent on wiping out the stain of his apostacy with his blood, and Lilia could not think of not winning heaven with her husband. Sabagotha and Lilia boldly, with unveiled faces, after the manner of Christian women, visited a church. The *cadi* heard of

it, and sent to make enquiries; they professed themselves Christians. He sent to their husbands, they made the same profession. Thereupon orders were issued for their apprehension. Aurelius hastened to where his little ones had been placed in security, took them in his arms, and imprinted on their cheeks his last kiss, then hastened home, and surrendered himself to the officers.

The monk George began loudly to insult the Mahomedan religion, whereat the soldiers threw him down, kicked, and beat him. "Go to Hell with your prophet!" shouted George. They took him, and drove him along with the other prisoners.

They were led before the *cadi*. Aurelius and Sabagotha, Felix and Lilia, were condemned to death, as renegades from the religion of the Prophet. George would have received a contemptuous dismissal, but he, fearing he should lose his crown, began to shout imprecations on the name of Mahomet and all his followers. "He is a disciple of the Devil, a minister of Antichrist, the cause of the damnation of all who believe in him." He was ordered to execution.

Felix was first executed, then George, Lilia, Aurelius, and lastly Sabagotha. Their bodies were secretly buried by the Christians in various churches.

The body of the monk George, the body without the head of S. Aurelius, and the head of S. Sabagotha, to whom the French give the more euphonious name of S. Natalie, were brought by two monks, Usuard and Odilard, in 858, to Paris, and placed in the church of S. Germain des Prés.

S. HUGH OF LINCOLN, M.

(A.D. 1255.)

[Anglican Martyrology of Wilson. Authorities :—Matthew Paris in his *History*, sub. ann. 1255.]

THIS is one of those sad stories of boys murdered by Jews used as an excuse for pillaging and executing the wealthiest members of the proscribed race. It does not differ greatly from so many similar stories already related.

In 1255, a woman of Lincoln lost her son, a child of eight years old, named Hugh. It was found in a well near a Jew's house. A Jew was seized and promised his life if he would accuse his brethren of the murder. He did so, but was hanged nevertheless. On this accusation, wrung from the wretched man through hopes of life, ninety-two of the richest Jews in Lincoln were arrested, their goods seized to replenish the exhausted royal exchequer; eighteen were hung forthwith, the rest were reserved in the tower of London for a similar fate.

It is to the credit of the Franciscans that they interceded to save the lives of the remainder. Matthew Paris says they were bribed by the Jews to effect their release; and on May 15th, 1256, thirty-five of the wretched Jews were released. What became of the remaining thirty-nine is not known, perhaps they died in prison of the tortures applied to them.

That the innocent child Hugh was murdered cannot be doubted; that he was murdered by the Jews is more than questionable.

The story is charmingly told in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

July 28.

- SS. NAZARIUS AND CELSUS, MM. at Milan, 1st cent.
 S. VICTOR, Pope M., at Rome, A.D. 201.
 SS. MARTYRS IN THE THEBAID, in Egypt, circ. A.D. 250.
 S. EUSTATHIUS, M. at Ancyra in Galatia.
 S. ACACIUS, M. at Miletus in Caria, circ. A.D.
 S. INNOCENT I., Pope of Rome. A.D. 427.
 S. SAMSON, B. of Dol in Brittany, circ. A.D. 565.
 S. IRENE, F. Abis. at Constantinople, 9th or 10th cent.
 S. BOTVID, M. in Sweden, A.D. 1100.
 S. RAYMUND PALMARIUS, C. at Piacenza, A.D. 1200.

SS. NAZARIUS AND CELSUS, MM.

(DATE DOUBTFUL.)

[Roman Martyrology. Latin Martyrologies on July 28th, the day on which they were buried; on June 12th, when the invention of their bodies took place; and in some Martyrologies along with Protasius and Gervasius on June 19th. By the Greeks on October 14th, The Acts are a composition of perhaps the 10th century, full of anachronisms, absurdities and impossibilities.¹]



PAULINUS, a clerk of Milan in the times of S. Ambrose (A.D. 374-397), wrote a life of that great saint, and in that life he relates how that S. Ambrose found a dead body in a garden outside the city of Rome, and that, concluding it was that of a martyr, he translated it to the church of the Apostles in Milan. The body was fresh, with beard and hair, incorrupt, and the blood as though recently shed. "When this martyr died," says Paulinus, "to this day we have not been able to learn."² After this body had been disposed of, another was found,

¹ Here is one specimen. The wild beasts out of the menagerie of Nero burst into the garden of Nero and scratched his foot.

² "Qui quando sit passus, usque in hodiernum diem scire non possumus."

that of a boy, in the same garden; it was also taken to the church of the Apostles. Inquiry was made of the proprietors of the garden, if they knew anything about these bodies. They said that their ancestors had forbidden them to sell the ground, as a treasure was hidden in it. The bodies of the saints were, no doubt, that treasure.

This invention took place, we are told, after the death of Theodosius the Great (A.D. 395). S. Ambrose died A.D. 397, consequently the discovery took place about A.D. 396. S. Ambrose sent some of the relics of S. Nazarius to S. Paulinus of Nola, as the latter tells us in a poem (xxiv). If the body was fresh, it is scarcely credible that the great archbishop should have amputated portions—the blood still liquid—to distribute among his friends. S. Gaudentius of Brescia also rejoiced, in years later, in 397, in possessing another piece of the corpse.¹

A sermon, falsely attributed to S. Ambrose, probably a composition of S. Maximus of Turin (5th cent.) on the martyrs Nazarius and Celsus, says:—"Although the holy church of Milan retains the entire body of the blessed martyr Nazarius, yet she transmits it all to the whole world in benediction. This is the glory of these holy martyrs, that although their remains are dispersed throughout the whole world, yet the plenitude of their virtues remains entire." Constantinople received relics of the two saints, so did the church in Africa, sent by pope Symmachus. Childebert I. obtained other portions of the relics, and built a church at Paris to contain them. The apocryphal Acts of SS. Nazarius and Celsus—of whom in S. Ambrose's time nothing was known—contain the fullest details of their travels in Gaul.

¹ In his sermon xvii.

Their relics are shown at Embrun, Autun, Gap, and innumerable other places. It is perhaps necessary to give an outline of their fabulous story.

Nazarius is said to have been the son of a heathen named Africanus, and a Christian mother, named Perpetua. He was baptized by S. Linus, and preached the Gospel at Milan, at Genoa, and then at Cimia, near Nice, where a lady entrusted to his care her child named Celsus, whom Nazarius at once adopted as his son. They visited the Alps of Dauphiné, and preached at Embrun, Geneva, and Treves. At the latter place they were imprisoned. According to another version, it was at Rome, by order of Nero, that this took place. They were put on a ship, they walked to land over the water. They returned to Milan, and were arrested by Anulinus, the governor, and their heads were struck off.

S. VICTOR, POPE, M.

(A.D. 201.)

[Roman Martyrology. The "Martyrologium parvum" on April 20th, so also Ado, Usuardus, and Notker. Hrabanus Maurus on July 28th. Authorities :—Eusebius, Anastasius Bibliothecarius, &c.]

ON the death of Eleutherius, the chair of S. Peter was filled by Victor, in A.D. 189. Theodotus, a leather dresser of Byzantium, a Christian of some learning, probably during the siege of Byzantium by the forces of Severus, was brought before the governor, on the charge of being a Christian. Theodotus denied his faith, and so escaped death.¹ When the city was taken by Cœcilius, and the Christians were freed from danger, some of them reproached Theodotus for his shameful

¹ S. Epiphanius, Hær. lib. 2.

apostacy. He found it necessary to leave Byzantium, and he went to Rome, where he remained for some time unnoticed. But some Byzantines recognized him, and his fall was again made a matter of public comment. Theodotus excused it by saying that he had denied not God, but man; evidently meaning that it was Christ as mere man whom he had rejected. This impiety reached the ears of Pope Victor, and he cut him off from the communion of the Church. This excommunication took place in the year 196 or 197, and the following year is mentioned as the date of a transaction less creditable to Victor. The controversy about the Paschal festival had continued to divide some parts of the Eastern and Western Churches ever since S. Polycarp and Pope Anicetus had discussed the question at Rome in 158. The two parties had not conducted themselves with the gentleness and Christian forbearance of these bishops, and the dispute was running high at the period which we are now considering. The Churches of Asia Minor adhered to the Jewish method of observing the Paschal festival on the fourteenth of the first month; whereas all the other churches kept it on the day before Easter Sunday. Even the Church of Jerusalem was opposed to those of Asia Minor upon this point. Theophilus, bishop of Cæsarea, and Narcissus, bishop of Jerusalem, took the lead among the bishops of Palestine. Synods were held, and an unanimous decision was arrived at by the bishops of Palestine against the Jewish mode of keeping the Paschal festival. Irenæus convened the Churches of Gaul, and they were unanimous in the same view of the subject. Victor of Rome also wrote upholding the same usage. Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, led the opposite side; the Church of Rome

requested him to convene a synod of the Asiatic bishops. This was done; and a letter was written in their name by Polycrates to Victor and the Roman Church, in which he speaks in a firm, though charitable tone, of adhering to the custom which had been instituted by S. John the Divine and the Apostle S. Philip.

This declaration was met in a different tone by Victor. He endeavoured to persuade all the other Churches to unite with him in cutting off the Church of Asia Minor from communion with them. But he stood alone in this uncharitable proposal, which was rejected by all the other Churches. He then wrote letters in the name of his own Church announcing that it would not hold communion with any of the Churches of Asia Minor. Some of the bishops, on hearing this, wrote to Victor, exhorting him to have greater regard for unity and charity; and even rebuking him, according to Eusebius, with sharpness. Among the rest was Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, and the letter is a beautiful specimen of that spirit of peace and concord which should mark the conduct of a Christian bishop. It is said to have had the effect of producing a reconciliation.

But Victor was not satisfied, and his irritation seems to have led him to the brink of sanctioning a dangerous heresy. Tertullian speaks of a bishop of Rome, who was on the point of recognizing the pretensions of Montanus, but was fortunately persuaded by Praxeas, who had lately arrived from Asia. There are good grounds for thinking that this bishop was Victor. Praxeas himself fell into heresy, and was excommunicated by Pope Zephyrinus, who succeeded Victor in 201 or 202. There is no trustworthy evidence which

entitles us to believe that Victor was a martyr. S. Jerome says he wrote on the Paschal controversy, but nothing that he wrote has survived.

SS. MARTYRS IN THE THEBAID.

(ABOUT A.D. 250.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—S. Jerome in his *Life of S. Paul the first hermit.*]

IN the persecution of Decius and Valerian, in which Cornelius of Rome, and S. Cyprian of Carthage shed their blood, many martyrs suffered in Egypt and the Thebaid. One of them was anointed with honey, and exposed in the sun to be stung by wasps and other insects. This horrible death was one not uncommon in that age. Apulæus mentions a slave so tortured to death in his "Golden Ass." Another, a young man, was placed in a garden among lovely flowers, and exposed to the blandishments of a courtesan. He bit his tongue off, and spit it in the face of his temptress.

S. INNOCENT I., POPE.

(A.D. 417.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—A life by Anastasius, &c.]

INNOCENT, a native of Albano, after the death of Pope Anastasius,¹ ascended the Papal throne in 402. During his reign the great Chrysostom was intrigued against, denounced, persecuted in the East by the proud and jealous Theophilus of Alexandria. Innocent was the fearless

¹ S. Jerome says of him, "Apostolicæ cathedræ et supradicti viri successor et filius est." But Anastasius Bibliothecarius says he was the son of a man of the same name as himself.

advocate of persecuted holiness, of eloquence, of ecclesiastical dignity, of strict orthodoxy, against the oppression of a violent foreign prelate, and the rancour of a haughty empress, whose vanity had been galled by the outspoken truths, uttered by Chrysostom.

Innocent was in Rome during the siege by Alaric the Goth, in A.D. 408. He saw his flock decimated by famine. The dead bodies that encumbered the streets produced a pestilence. In vain did the Senate labour to negotiate an honourable capitulation. Alaric scorned their offers. When he was told of the teeming, starving population crowded within the walls, "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mown," he said. On his demand of an exorbitant ransom, the Senate despairingly exclaimed, "What then is left us?" "Your lives!" replied the insulting Goth.

There is a strange story told of the conduct of Innocent during this siege. In the despair of the wretched inhabitants, every available, possible and impossible, reasonable and fantastic scheme, offering relief was proposed, and caught at with eagerness. Among these was the proposal to try Etruscan magic arts on the besiegers, to call down lightning from heaven, to explode and burn among the barbarians. The Christian historian, Sozomen, declares that the Christians held aloof from this suggestion. Zosimus, the heathen, asserts that Pope Innocent countenanced it. The Etruscans may have been acquainted with some explosive materials to be used as engines of warfare. The more ignorant and superstitious may have thought their superior knowledge witchcraft; it would tend to the credit of the pope if his more penetrating genius perceived that this knowledge was not what the vulgar deemed it. But superstition prevailed, and the attempt was abandoned.

The barbarian, at length, consented to accept a ransom, to pay which the heathen temples were stripped of their costly sacrificial vessels, and the golden or silver idols were melted down to buy off the Goth, whose arms degenerate Roman valour was powerless to withstand and repel.

Alaric retired, dragging in his train a miserable army of 400,000 slaves, made in the suburbs and neighbourhood of Rome.

Again Alaric appeared before the walls, and Rome opened to him her gates; he set up a phantom emperor, one Attalus, and retired.

A third time Alaric invested Rome. Innocent was absent, at Ravenna, endeavouring to persuade the despicable Emperor Honorius to send succour to the imperial city.

But it was in vain. Rome fell, on Aug. 24th, A.D. 410.

The pope was spared the horrors of that fatal night, and the three days pillage of the city. Alaric and his host, at the end of six days, broke up from Rome to ravage the rich and defenceless cities of Southern Italy; then Innocent returned to mourn over the ruins, and energetically to restore them.

In the time of Innocent, the Pelagian conflict was waging in Africa. Pelagius resolutely asserted the freedom of the human will, but in doing so, he fell into excess, and almost denied the efficacy of Grace. He doubted, disputed the doctrine of Original Sin. He was combated by S. Augustine, who stood up to do battle for Divine Grace, but in the vehemence of his championship, went dangerously near denial of the freedom of the human will, and therefore the ethical consequence of his teaching when carried to extreme would be the paralysis

of all moral endeavour. The teaching of Pelagius, if carried to its rigid consequence, made man independent of Grace, of the Sacraments. Christ came to instruct men, not to help them. His mission was that of a teacher, was historical, but He ceased to be an ever-present help, the strength of His people.

The bishops of Africa wrote to Innocent about Pelagianism. They wished the pope to call Pelagius to Rome to answer for his heresy, and to exclude him from the communion of the faithful.

Pelagius addressed an explanatory letter, and a profession of faith, to the Bishop of Rome.

The Augustinian teaching singularly suited the languid, listless African temperament. The easy African had no energy, his will had melted away in soft indulgence, till he had forgotten that he had one to assert. It was most pleasant to believe that he was blown as a helpless bubble along the stream of life, by the breath of Omnipotence. Exaggerated Augustinianism, undisputed predestinarianism, took full possession of the African mind, and when Mahomedanism swept the Mediterranean shores of Africa, it recognised a kindred belief, and faded with scarce a protest into it.

The fresher Northern nature, full of springs of energy, impelled by an active will, could not understand this fatalism, and in shaking it off contemptuously, it shook itself free from Christian dogmatic teaching about the necessity of Grace. Innocent, in his answer to the African bishops, placed himself on the broad, popular, unanswerable ground, that all Christian devotion implies the assistance of divine grace, that it is admitted in every prayer, in every response. Those who denied the grace of God, and asserted that men

could work out their own salvation unassisted by God, were anathematised.

This was almost his last utterance. On March 12th, 417, Innocent was dead.

S. SAMSON, B. OF DOL.

(ABOUT A.D. 565.)

[Usuardus, &c. Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Authority:—An ancient Life, attributed to a certain Bishop Tigernomail, of S. Pol de Leon,¹ who lived at the same time or shortly after.² It is for the most part trustworthy, and is very curious. Another Life, mainly agreeing with this, in the Liber Landavensis, l. 8, c. 25; a third is Du Bosc, Biblioth. Floriac., 464—484; a fourth, apparently never printed, attributed to Ba'deric, bishop of Dol (d. 1130.).]

S. SAMSON was born in Glamorganshire, and was the son of Amwn Dhu, son of Emyr Llydaw, by Anna, daughter of Meurig ap Tewdrig, and was a cousin of S. Padarn.

Amwn Dhu was a petty prince in Armorica, perhaps only the son of one; he crossed over into Wales, where he married Anna, daughter of Meurig, prince of Glamorgan, and enjoyed the friendship of S. Dubricius

¹ He had been a pupil in the monastery of S. Illut. He says, "in cuius magnifico monasterio ego fui." The later lives are all based on this one, but amplified with marvels.

² "Credi a me vos volo, quo non juxta adinventionis meæ temeritatem, nec juxta inordinata et incomposita audita, hæc verba collecta sunt; sed juxta hoc quod a quodam religioso ac venerabili sene, in cuius domo, quam ultra mare ipse solus Samson fundaverat, ille per octogenarios fere annos catholicam vitam ducens, propissimisque temporibus ejusdem supradicti sancti Samsonis mater tradidisse avunculo suo sanctissimo diacono (qui et ipse diaconus consobrinus esset sancto Samsoni), mihi veraciter affirmavit; multaque de ejus gestis ad me referens, et non solum hoc, sed etiam quamplura de ejus actibus, quæ citra mare in Britannia ac Romana (i.e., Gallia) fecit, verba supradictus sanctus diaconus, Henocus nomine, congruis stillis polita ultra mare adportavit, et ille de quo nuper præfati sumus venerabilis senex, semper ante me in illo monasterio commanens, pie legere et diligenter faciebat."—*Tigernomail*.

and S. Iltut. He afterwards retired to an islet, near Llantwit Major, where he lived an austere life, and then moved to a solitary place on the shores of the Severn, where he died. Anna settled near his cell, and in after time her son Samson consecrated a church there for her.

Amwn and Anna were some time without a child, but on Amwn presenting three bars of silver to the church, Anna conceived, and believed she heard it announced to her in a dream that the child that was to be born would be to her seven times as precious as the bars of silver given for him.

Samson was taught in the school of Iltut "all the Old and New Testament, and all sorts of philosophy, to wit, geometry and rhetoric, grammar and arithmetic, and all the arts known in Britain."

At the age of fifteen, Samson began to practise himself in fasting, but was reprimanded by the master, who said, "My little son, it is not proper that you should injure the health of your small body in its early bloom by severe abstinence."

One day when the boys were out winnowing corn with the steward, an adder (*hilider*) darted out of a bramble bush suddenly and struck one of the monks, who fainted with fright. "Run, one of you boys, and tell the abbot!" said the steward. Samson ran to Iltut with tears in his eyes, to tell him the news, and full of faith and enthusiasm, asked the abbot to allow him to attempt the cure of the monk. Iltut gave the desired permission, and Samson ran back, and rubbed the bite with oil. By degrees the monk got over his fright and the adder's bite; and Samson was thought much of after this.

At last the day of his ordination as deacon arrived.

S. Dubricius¹ came to the monastery. There were three of the brethren to be ordained, two as priests, Samson as deacon. As they knelt before the altar, the bishop² saw a white pigeon fly in at the church window—it was no doubt one that Samson was wont to fondle and feed,—and flutter about his head, then gently perch on his shoulder; and there the bird sat whilst the young deacon was ordained, and till he arose, after having received the Holy Communion.

Samson did not escape envy. There were two nephews of the abbot in the monastery, one a priest, and they were very jealous of Samson, fearing lest he should be appointed abbot on the death of their uncle, and so their own right to succeed to the rule of the monastery be invaded. They therefore determined to make away with Samson. The priest's brother was butler in the monastery, and it was the custom for the monks to drink a cooling beverage of crushed herbs, to purify their blood when heated. The butler put some poisonous herb³ into Samson's cup, but he let the cat⁴ lap some of it, and the animal died.

Samson was ordained priest, and then began to lead a more austere life than before. There were so many monks now in the monastery, that he craved for quiet, and he asked the abbot Iltut to allow him to spend his days on a little island,⁵ near the monastery, where lodged Piro, "a holy priest and excellent man."⁶ Iltut gave him leave, and Samson took up his abode in the island. He worked hard all day with his hands, and in the evening, lit his lantern and

¹ "Dubricius papa."

² "Vidit sanctus papa."

³ "Tillium"—what herb it is I do not know. Not Tilia the Lime tree, the leaves and flowers of which are wholesome. Lime flowers are used to make a cooling drink in Belgium. Was the butler a foreigner, and Samson suspicious of a novelty?

⁴ "Pilax."

⁵ "In qua insula et ego fui."

⁶ "A quodam egregio viro de sancto presbytero, Piro nomine."

retired to his cell, where he remained reading till late at night.

Now Amwn, the father of Samson, fell ill, and desired to see his son before he died. So he sent messengers to fetch him. But Samson said coldly, "I have left Egypt, why should I return thither?" and he refused to go. Then Piro rebuked him, and bade him remember that it was his father who sent for him, and insisted on his going to see him. So Samson and a young deacon, as his companion, set out on a couple of horses for his father's palace. They passed through a vast wood, and the hooting of the owls, the various strange sounds of an unpeopled land, filled both with alarm, but especially the young deacon; and when they saw an old woman emerge from the forest with wildly flowing grey hair, with a huge boar spear in her hand; the deacon screamed to Samson not to be afraid, beat his own horse, and sped along the rough road at a tearing gallop, till his horse stumbled; he was thrown, and fell stunned on the road. Samson crossed himself, caught the woman,—she was a witch, asked her who she was, ordered her to restore his friend to consciousness, and because she was unable to do so, killed her; thinking he did God a service in ridding the world of a witch. The young deacon was restored to consciousness, and both pursued their journey. "You were lucky not to be transfixed with her great spear," said Samson. In his flight the deacon had lost his cloak. Samson picked it up, and restored it to him.

On reaching his father's house, Amwn ordered all out of the room except his wife, his son and the deacon, and before them he made confession of all the errors and offences of his past life. And then he vowed to dedicate himself, his wife, the six brothers of Samson, and

his baby daughter to the Lord. Samson blessed them, and accepted the oblation in the Lord's name, except only that of the infant daughter, "She is given up to this world's pomps and pleasures," he said coldly, "nevertheless, let her be suckled, for she is a human being."

Amwn, who was recovering from his sickness, was forthwith shaven, together with his brother, his wife, and his sister-in-law. On the complete restoration of Amwn to health, Samson placed him and the rest in suitable cells, where they might learn monastic discipline.

Samson returned to Iltut, and the deacon told the abbot all that had befallen them in the way, "not concealing his own cowardice." Iltut was so pleased with his favourite disciple, that he constituted him cellarer. This did not give universal satisfaction; some of the monks grumbled that Samson had a sweet tooth, and ate the honey out of the jars in the store room. Iltut heard this, and went to examine the jars; they were full.

Unfortunately, a sad affair happened about this time. Piro, that "excellent man and holy priest," was returning one night, it was said, very drunk, to his cell, when he tumbled into the well. A monk heard his howl of terror, rushed to the spot, and hauled him out. But Piro died of the bruises and broken bones he had received. When S. Iltut heard of this, he made all the monks in Piro's island come to his monastery and elect Samson to be their abbot. Then they returned to the island, and Samson did his best to instil into them a love of temperance in drink and moderation in diet, by his own example.¹ But the opposition of his monks

¹ "Studebat inter dapes abundantes et pocula inundantia jejunos semper ac sitiens esse."

made him abandon the rule over them, after a year and a half, and he went to Ireland, visited some of the monasteries there, and then, returning to Wales, settled in a cave on the shore of the Severn Sea.

One night in this lone cave, Samson had a dream. He saw three bishops in glittering vestments, with gold mitres on their heads, come to him. He asked their names. They were the apostles Peter, James and John. They recited the office of ordaining bishops over the sleeping Samson, and when he woke, he felt in himself that he was indeed a bishop. He forthwith went to S. Dubricius and informed him of his vision. Dubricius believed him, declared it unnecessary to re-ordain one who had received the grace of episcopal orders from the hands of the Apostles themselves, and gave him a see, in Wales, with wise discretion he joined with him two assistant bishops who had received consecration in the ordinary way.¹

One Easter night whilst Samson was saying mass, he fell into a trance, and saw a tall man appear at his side, who bade him leave Wales and go to Armorica.² He accordingly took ship to Brittany, and on reaching the coast, filled a cart with his books and vestments, harnessed to it "two horses which he had brought from

¹ In the 12th century, the concurring interests of the clergy of Dol wishing to establish the independence of their see against the Archbishop of Tours, and of Giraldus Cambrensis wishing to prove the metropolitanship of S. David's against the see of Canterbury, led to the assertion that Samson had been an archbishop, Geoffry of Monmouth says, of York, Giraldus says, of S. David's. This arises from mistaking this Samson, son of Amwn, for Samson, son of Caw, who had a church at York, but was no bishop of York. The story goes that the Saxons destroyed his church of York, and then Samson fled to Brittany, where he became bishop of Dol. Of all this the Welsh authorities say nothing. Samson, son of Caw, lived a generation earlier than Samson, son of Amwn.

² Tigernomail was told this by Samson's father, "ut narrare postea suum patrem audivimus." But perhaps he means that Enoch, his great authority, heard this from Amwn.

Ireland," and started—he knew not whither. One day he passed a hill where a crowd of Bretons were making merry and dancing round an upright granite stone. Samson jumped out of the cart, ran among them, and denounced their idolatry. Gwedian, the chief of that district, was present. He told the man of God that the people were not guilty of practising "mathematics" (meaning magic) with the stone, they were only playing and making merry. But it was a relic of paganism, which Samson could not endure, and he uttered threats of divine vengeance. The revellers laughed and mocked; but just then, a boy who was galloping about the field on the back of a horse, fell off, and was taken up insensible, and their scoffing at his warnings were exchanged into wails of sorrow. Samson knelt down by the stunned child, and shortly after it returned to consciousness. The saint chiselled a cross on a standing granite block, on the hill, as a memorial of the miracle. His biographer tells us that he had seen the cross and felt it.

Samson settled at Dol, and there erected a monastery. He found that Jonas, prince of that part of Brittany, had been killed by an usurper named Commor, who had sent the son of Jonas, named Judael, to king Childbert, at Paris. Samson went to Paris to implore the king to release the young prince, and re-instate him in his ancestral possessions; but met with strong opposition from Queen Ultrogotha.¹ Nevertheless he carried his point, and restored Judael to his people and principality. The Welsh accounts proceed to say that Samson returned from Armorica to the college of Iltut, where he died; and in the churchyard of Lantwit

¹ All this latter part of the narrative appears to have been tampered with by copyists, who have inserted stories of his conquering lions and dragons.

Major, two large stone crosses still remain, one of them having three inscriptions, purporting that it was the cross of Iltut and Samson, the second that Samson erected the cross for his soul, and the third that one Samuel was the carver; the other cross has but one inscription, which states that it was prepared by Samson for his soul, and for those of Judael, the king, and Arthmael. The life of S. Samson by Tigernomael does not say anything about his return to Wales, but rather leaves one to infer that he died at Dol.

He assisted at a council at Paris in A.D. 555 or 557.

S. BOTVID, M.

(A.D. 1100.)

[Swedish Kalendar. Authority:—The Acts, apparently quite trustworthy, in the *Passionale* of the Monastery of Bodense.]

BOTVID, a pious Swede, had bought a Slavonic captive, and he laboured to instruct the man in the Christian faith. He had him baptized, and then gave him his freedom, and urged him, on his return to his native land, to teach the Christian truths to his relatives. Then Botvid persuaded a friend named Asbjorn to convey the converted slave to his country across the Baltic. Botvid and Asbjorn, and the slave, entered the boat and on reaching an islet, at nightfall, they ran the boat ashore, and lay down under the trees to sleep. During the night the slave rose stealthily, crept to the side of his master, took his axe, and killed him by a single blow. Then he strode to where Asbjorn lay asleep, and killed him in like manner. He fled with the boat and its contents.

The kinsmen of Botvid wondered that he did not

return, so they manned a boat, invited the parish-priest to join them, and went in search. Scarcely had they got to sea before a little bird perched on the bows, and began to twitter blithsomely. Some of the boys on board wished to dislodge it, but the priest forbad them, and the bird continued singing till they reached the island where the dead men lay.



July 29.

- S. MARTHA, *V.* Sister of Lazarus and Mary, 1st cent.
 SS. LUCILLA, FLORA, AND OTHERS, *MM.* at Rome.
 SS. BEATRIX, SIMPLICIUS AND FAUSTINUS, *MM.* at Rome, *circa* 303.
 S. CALLINIUS, *M.* at Gangra in Paphlagonia.
 S. FELIX II., Pope at Rome, A.D. 365.
 S. LUPUS, *B.* of Troyes in France, A.D. 479.
 S. OLAF, *K.M.* at Drontheim in Norway, A.D. 1030.
 S. WILLIAM, *B.* at S. Brieux in Brittany, A.D. 1237.

S. MARTHA, V.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. "Martyrologium parvum" and Usuardus, together with Mary and Lazarus, on December 27th.]



MARTHA, the sister of Lazarus and Mary, lived with her brother and sister at Bethany. All we know of her is from what is recorded in the Gospels. The two sisters seem to have been better known among the Jews than the brother; this the language of S. John implies. Lazarus is said to be "of Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha."¹ From this, and from the order of the three names in S. John (xi. 5), we may reasonably infer that Lazarus was the youngest of the family. A feast was prepared for our Lord in their house;² Martha serves, and Mary takes upon herself that which was the special duty of a hostess towards an honoured guest. From the account in S. John's Gospel we should have supposed that the brother and sister were the givers of the feast. But in the Gospels of S. Matthew and S. Mark,³ the same facts are recorded as happening in the

¹ S. John xi. 1.² S. John xii. 2.³ S. Matt. xxvi. 6; S. Mark xiv. 3.

house of Simon the Leper. But a leper, as such, would have been compelled to live a separate life, and certainly could not have given a feast, and received a multitude of guests. It may be supposed, therefore, that Simon was a man who had been healed of his leprosy, and it is not improbable that he was the father of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. Or it may be that he had been stricken with leprosy, and that actual death, or the civil death that followed on his disease, had left his children free to act for themselves. A comparison of S. Matt. xxvi. 6, S. Mark xiv. 3, with S. Luke vii. 36-44, suggests the probability that Simon the Leper was also the Pharisee Simon, mentioned by the other evangelists, and this would explain the fact of the friendship which existed between the sisters of Lazarus and the members of that party in Jerusalem. All the circumstances mentioned by S. John point to their having enjoyed wealth and social position above the average.

The account we receive of S. Martha indicates a character devout, after the customary Jewish type of devotion, sharing in the Messianic hopes, and accepting Jesus as the Christ. When she first comes before us, as receiving her Lord into her house, she is "cumbered with much serving," is "careful and troubled about many things." She needs the reproof, "One thing is needful;" but her love, though imperfect in form, is yet true, and she too, no less than Lazarus and Mary, has the distinction of being one whom Jesus loved.¹ Her position is obviously that of an elder sister.

After the raising of Lazarus we hear of our Lord again supping at the house which, though it still bore the father's name, was the dwelling of the sisters and their brother. Lazarus is there, and Martha serves, no

¹ S. John xi. 3.

longer jealously, and Mary pours out her love in the costly offering of the spikenard ointment.

The apostleship of S. Martha at Tarascon in Provence is fable. The story is late, not without romantic interest. The tomb and relics of S. Martha, as will be presently related, are shown at Tarascon.

The legend of S. Martha and her sister Mary Magdalen, and her brother Lazarus, their voyage to Provence, their apostleship there, and their death, form the subject of a curious religious romance attributed to Hrabanus Maurus, archbishop of Mainz, who died, A.D. 856. This life is founded on a somewhat earlier one. The Latin text of the earlier life is imbedded in that of Hrabanus, if the long Latin legend be by him. It exists in MS. at Magdalene College, Oxford, and has been published by the Abbé Faillon.¹ The story is sufficiently curious for an outline of it to be given here. It is believed in profoundly at the present day in Provence, though not resting on a shadow of evidence deserving of serious consideration.

At Bethany lived Martha and Lazarus, and their young and beautiful sister, Mary. They were the children of Eucheria, a woman of royal Hebrew blood, and of a Syrian father named Theophilus.² Theophilus was of noble race, and his rank was high in the state, the most important offices in the administration of affairs being committed to him. Indeed he was made prince of Syria and all the maritime parts of Palestine, but having heard Christ preach, he left all and followed him.

The family possessions included a large portion of

¹ "Monuments inédits sur l'apostolat de S. Marie Madeleine," Paris, 1858. The legend is, however, I have no doubt, not by Hrabanus Maurus, but is a Latin translation of a Provençal metrical romance, and its date the 12th cent.

² The names are Greek, it may be observed in passing.

Jerusalem, and those handsome estates, Bethany in Juda, Magdala in Galilee, and another Bethany (Bethabara) beyond Jordan, where the Baptist preached. Before the death of their parents, the estates were divided, and Mary became mistress of Magdala. Martha "endowed with the courage of a man and the heart of a woman, used her fortune liberally. Unmarried, she remained free from ties, and showed herself amiable and gentle to her household, affable to the poor, merciful and generous to all."

As for Mary—"she was resplendent in beauty—too beautiful!—she was remarkable for the perfect proportion of her limbs, the grace of her visage, her abundant hair, her exquisite charms, and her character full of gentleness; her mouth and lips of graceful contour were a mixture of roses and lilies. In short, she was so graceful in form and beautiful in face that she was declared to be an extraordinary and marvellous masterpiece of Creative power." This is quite in the style of Provencal romances, of one of which the Latin life is a translation in all probability, and not a composition of Rabanus Maurus, at all.¹

"But as the splendour of beauty is rarely associated with chastity, and the abundance of wealth is usually the enemy of continence, this young girl, swimming in a sea of pleasure, began, as is the wont of youth, to re-

¹ Take a specimen. "Lancelot had a beautiful complexion, neither white nor brown, but the one playing into the other, so as to be, what one might call *clair-brunet*. His countenance was illumined by his natural rosy tint so sweetly harmonised with the white and the brown, that one could not say that the white was eclipsed by the brown, nor the brown by the white: thus the one was tempered by the other and blended by the rose, which kindled the other colours; so united were they, that no man could say there was too much white, or brown, or rose, but that each justly balanced the others." This is of Launcelot at the age of three. M. Fauriel might well exclaim, "Il y a de quoi trembler de le voir devenir homme." *Hist. de la Poesie Provencale*, T. ii., p. 259.

joice in the elevation of her spirit and to allow herself to be drawn away by the lusts of the flesh. The flower of youth, and corporeal grace and superfluity of riches enervate good manners ; material beauty, a lively spirit breathing love—that evil whose aspect is sweet ; nobility of blood, beauty of face, and great riches are wont to uproot modesty of soul, and the ardour of youth, the allurements of the flesh, and the infirmity of sex ruin the chastity of body.” And so it goes on, repeating over and over again the same ideas slightly varied, as in Lancelot’s face the rose and the brown and the white are mingled. Hrabanus Maurus would have blushed to write such trash. It is entirely consistent with the taste of the romancists of Langedoc.

When Christ was invited to the house of Simon the Pharisee, Mary “*De la Tour*,” or Magdalen, went thither with her alabaster box of ointment of spikenard. The box comes in for an elaborate description. The thoughts and emotions of Mary occupy pages.

After the conversion of Mary Magdalen, which in the legend is a tedious paraphrase of the simple Gospel narrative, she joins Joanna and Susanna, and the other women who ministered to Our Lord.

On his return from Tabor, after his transfiguration, Our Lord came to Bethany, and went into the house of Lazarus and Martha, and sat down to table “with his twelve apostles, seventy-two disciples, and the pious women. Martha waited at table, with liberality, as was her custom, assisted by her stewardess Marcella, and Susanna, and Joanna, whose husband was the steward of the realm of Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, and officer of the prince’s table.” When Christ was in Galilee, the mansion at Magdala was thrown open to him and his disciples. One day when there, he had healed a man

deaf and dumb, when there was a crowd gathered. His mother was without, and wished to come to him. Then followed the incident narrated in the Gospel, whereupon Marcella cried out, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked."¹

It is unnecessary to follow the author of the romance as he goes over the ground occupied by the Gospels, at tedious length. We will resume the story after the Ascension, and Descent of the Holy Ghost. At the former of these events Mary Magdalen, Martha and Lazarus, we are told, were present, and on them also, assembled with the Apostles, the fiery tongues descended at Pentecost, to give them with the Eleven an especial Apostolic character and mission.

When the persecution against the Church broke out at Jerusalem, and the Apostles were scattered, the pious women also left Jerusalem. "Amongst these was the venerable hostess of the Son of God, Martha, the very holy, whose brother Lazarus was then bishop of Cyprus, she followed her sister Magdalene. With Martha was the blessed Marcella, a woman of great devotion and great faith, the servant of the Blessed Martha; it was she who said to Our Lord, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, &c. Saint Parmenas, a deacon, full of faith and grace, was also of the number; it was to his care and protection that Martha confided herself, as S. Mary Magdalene had confided herself to the pontiff Maximin. They took their course towards the West, by the admirable counsel of divine providence, that the glory and celebrity of the blessed Mary and her sister Martha might spread throughout the universe, not only through the Gospel, but also, that as the East had been

¹ The Roman Breviary in the lesson for S. Martha, mentions S. Marcella, her servant, and attributes this saying to her.



SS. MARTHA AND MARY.
After a Picture by Le Sœur.

favoured by the example of their life, so might also the West be made illustrious by their corporeal presence and their holy relics.

“In company with the glorious friend of God, Mary Magdalene, and of S. Martha, her sister, the holy archbishop Maximin went to sea, with the blessed Parmenas, archdeacon, and the bishops Trophimus, Eutropius, and the other chiefs of the Christian army. Driven by the East wind, they quitted Asia and descended by the Tyrrhenian Sea by Europe and Africa, making many detours. They left on the right Rome and Italy and the Alps, which leaving the Gulf of Genoa and the Gallic sea, terminate in the Adriatic. At last they stepped ashore on the right, in Vienne, a province of Gaul, near the city of Marseilles, where the Rhone pours into the Gallic sea.”

But this story is not sufficiently marvellous to satisfy tastes greedy for the wonderful. The popular version is somewhat different. It is given as sober history by those profound and scrupulous hagiographers, Guerin and Giry.

According to the legend fondly believed in Provence, after the martyrdom of S. Stephen, Lazarus and his two sisters escaped from the persecution which raged against the Church, into Galilee. They were extremely wealthy persons; but it is doubtful whether they had sold all their possessions and poured the proceeds into the common fund. If they had not, say Guerin and Giry, they had funds sufficient to keep them at ease in their exile; if they had, having no longer possessions of their own, they would be indifferent as to where they went and what sort of lodgings received them.

When the first persecution had passed over, they returned to Jerusalem, and remained there till the second

persecution, A.D. 45. Then it was that the apostles were scattered everywhere, and S. Peter started for Rome, and the Blessed Virgin was conducted by S. John to Ephesus. Then, according to Greek tradition, S. Mary Magdalen went to Ephesus, and fell asleep there, and remained in slumber without dying. A remarkable place for the occurrence of this phenomenon was Ephesus, for there S. John also fell asleep, and the earth heaved over his breast as he breathed in slumber, and there also lay in a cave of Celion the seven lads who fled from Decius, sleeping and turning at intervals of a few hundred years from one side to another.

“It may be accorded to the Greeks,” say Guerin and Giry, “that S. Mary Magdalen tarried awhile at Ephesus with Our Lady; but having returned to Judæa, she could not again escape the fury of the Jews, who hated her because she had been beloved by Our Lord, and because the life of Lazarus, her brother, was a continual reproach to their obstinacy and malice. She was therefore seized, along with Lazarus and her sister, S. Martha, and S. Marcella, who is believed to have been a servant of S. Martha,—and according to an ancient tradition approved by the Holy See, and confirmed by the testimony of an infinity of grave authors, ancient and modern,¹ these barbarians placed her and all her company in an old boat without mast or oars, on the Mediterranean, that they might perish at sea.

“S. Maximinus,—one of the seventy-two disciples of Our Lord, who had baptized them, Sidonius, who is thought to have been the man born blind of whom the Gospel speaks, and many others, amongst whom the

¹ The reader must take this statement for what it is worth.

English place of Joseph of Arimathea, were exposed to the same peril.

“Never was a vessel in greater peril of shipwreck. The Jews did not think it possible that it could reach the deep sea, and they hoped to see it founder before their eyes. But never was a vessel better guarded, or did one make a more prosperous voyage.

“It had neither sails, nor oars, nor rudder, nor pilot; but the waves swept it along of their own accord, and supplied all deficiencies.

“It passed without accident across these wide tracts of sea which expand between Palestine and Sicily, and between Sicily and Provence, and, thing unheard of, it swam as straight as an arrow, and never entered a port till it arrived at Marseilles, which was then one of the principal ports and celebrated cities of Gaul.

“It was impossible to see it arrive without wonder and emotion. So great a miracle made the voyagers to be regarded as persons most extraordinary, under the special protection of Heaven. They were received with honour, they were listened to with pleasure, they were assisted with satisfaction and liberality. They made use of so favourable a reception to announce to the people sunk in idolatry the august verities of Christianity; and their preaching was not fruitless. They soon had the consolation of reaping where they had sown, that is to say, of seeing the seed of the Gospel produce fruit in abundance.”

And now to return from the modern story to the more ancient and not less fabulous one. The pseudo-Hrabanus goes on to say that the company which arrived divided Gaul between them. “The holy archbishop Maximin had for his share the city of Aix, metropolis of the second province of Narbonensis, in

which the blessed Mary Magdalen ended her pilgrimage on earth. Paul had Narbonne, metropolis of the first province of Gallia Narbonensis; Austregisl had the town of Bourges,¹ Irenæus had Lyons,² Sabianus Potentianus had the city of Sens, Valerius that of Treves, Feroncius, that of Besancon, Eutropius had the city of Saintes, and Trophimus took Arles." Another Eutropius who accompanied them preached at Orange, George at Veliac, Julian at Le Mans, Martial at Limoges, Saturninus at Toulouse, Parmenas and S. Martha retired to Avignon, taking with them Marcella, Epaphras, Sosthenes, Germanus, Euodias and Syntiche. They sent into Spain Torquatus, Ctesiphon, Secundus, Indalectus, Cecilius, Hesychius, and Euphrasius.

None excelled Martha and Mary Magdalen in preaching, the latter especially. "She exhibited herself to sinners as a warning and an example of conversion; to penitents as a proof of sure hope and pardon; to the faithful as a model of charity; and to all the Christian people as a proof of divine mercy. She showed them her eyes, with the tears of which she had watered the Saviour's feet, with which, first of all, she saw the risen Lord; she showed them her hair, with which she had wiped His feet; she showed them her mouth with which she had kissed his feet alive and dead; her hands and fingers which first of all had touched the feet of God most high, had washed and anointed them several times."

"The blessed Martha also, with her companions, announced to the people of Avignon and Arles the glad tidings of the Lord and Saviour, and in the towns and

¹ It is sufficient to observe with regard to Austregisl, the reputed companion of S. Martha, that his history is well known, and the date of his death, A.D. 624, capable of being fixed with tolerable certainty.

² S. Irenæus died A.D. 202.

villages about the Rhone and in the Viennese province. She publicly proclaimed what she had seen of the person of Christ, and heard the truth from his lips ; she proved the truth of what she preached by the miracles she herself wrought. For she had received the gift of miracles, and when occasion offered, by prayer and the sign of the cross (which, says S. Paul, has the virtue of healing,¹) she cleansed lepers, restored paralytic persons, raised the dead, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, a sound walk to the lame, strength to the feeble, and health to all the sick. Such were the privileges of S. Martha.

“Both sisters bore on their faces a venerable beauty, and exhibited a true nobility of manner ; their speech had a marvellous grace to persuade promptly. Hardly ever, if indeed ever, was there found any who did not go away bathed in their tears or was incredulous after hearing them preach. Their nutriment was poor and trifling, their clothing decent and religious. Although Mary took little pains to provide for her clothing and food, after having lost sight of the corporeal presence of the Lord and Saviour, the holy women who lived with her, and were attached to her by marvellous affection, provided for her necessities.”

She lived usually, says popular tradition, in a cavern, called the Sainte-Baume. This cave is situated in a huge rock, 2,800 feet high, reached by a narrow stair in the rock ; from it a path leads upwards to the chapel called Saint-Pilon, built on the top of the rock. The rock rises to a point, from the top is seen a terrific precipice, out of which grow wild pinks, and a few shrubs, and where falcons make their nests. At the foot are

¹ Where does he say that? Hrabanus Maurus would never have made such an ignorant assertion.

piles of stone, which has fallen from the basaltic crag. The plain at its base is covered with ancient forest of oaks, pines, and yew. S. Mary Magdalen is thought to have occupied other caves, as the grotto of S. Victor, of Marseilles, of Aigalades, and of Baume le Beton, near Gemenos.

But it was chiefly the cavern of Sainte-Baume that the Magdalen frequented till her death, which took place thirty years after her landing in Provence. Pope Eugenius IV., in a bull given by the Abbé Faillon in his work on the Apostolate of S. Mary Magdalen in Provence, accepted and approved this tradition, and the Breviary, in one of the lessons for S. Martha, says, "As to the Magdalen, accustomed to watch in prayer at the feet of the Saviour, she betook herself to a vast cavern, on a steep mountain, to enjoy that better part which she had chosen—the contemplation of celestial beatitude. There she spent thirty years, separated entirely from human beings; and, in all that time, every day she was elevated in the air by angels, to hear celestial concerts."

It has been asked, How could it be known that the Magdalen was elevated in the air seven times a day—it was so often, as we are told by S. Francis of Sales—if for thirty years no living person went near her in her cave. But the Abbé Faillon answers this objection, "If it entered into the designs of divine wisdom . . . the means of manifesting these wonders, and of giving to the Church indubitable proofs of their existence would be easily found." It is exactly these "indubitable proofs," not only of S. Mary Magdalen being lifted up in the air to hear "celestial concerts," but of her having ever been in Provence, that the critical historian desires, but cannot discover.

The elevation of the Magdalen in the air by the ministrations of angels is now so accredited a tradition, that it has become a characteristic type of the saint. When she is not represented lying down in her grotto, she is shown elevated in the air in the hands of angels, sometimes clothed in garments, other times covered with her hair.

It is said that when about to die, the Magdalen came through the air to S. Maximin and received from him the holy Communion, after which she breathed her last. On the road to the Sainte Baume, a little way from Saint Maximin, is a curious representation in stone, about 4ft. high, of the Magdalen supported by four angels in Benedictine habits. As this representation is supported by a column, it is called the Saint-Pilon. It is erected on the spot where S. Mary Magdalen was deposited by the angels to receive the viaticum from the hands of S. Maximin, and where she died. In the church of S. Maximin to this day are treasured the bones of the Magdalen, over the altar; her skull, with a bit of flesh adhering to the forehead, where the Saviour touched it, her arm gilt, and the shrines of her saintly attendants.¹

But to return to S. Martha.

“Between Arles and Avignon, in the midst of small woods and the gravelly banks of the Rhone, was a desert infested by ferocious beasts and venomous reptiles”—the writer means the Crau. “There, among

¹ The tradition of the Magdalen in Provence is probably derived from Maguelonne, an ancient city, once populous, near Cette; it was formerly the see of a bishop. The fair Maguelonne was also a favourite heroine of Provencal lay, the traditional founder of the city. The romance of Pierre de Provence and la belle Maguelonne is one of the most charming of Mediæval creations. It is possible that there may have been a Marie de Maguelonne, who lived a hermit's life at Sainte Baume, in the early part of the Middle Ages, and so have originated the legend of the Magdalen in Provence.

other poisonous creatures, lived a terrible dragon, of incredible length and of enormous size. Its mouth exhaled pestilential vapours; from its eyes flames issued; its jaws, armed with crooked teeth, uttered strident whistlings and horrible roars. It tore to rags whatever fell under its claws, or came between its teeth; every living being that approached died of the stink of its breath. The number of beasts and shepherds it devoured is incredible, incredible also is the number of men who died of its poisonous breath.

“One day the very holy Martha was announcing the word of God to a crowd of people assembled on the spot, whose conversation turned, as was usual, on the dragon; and some of those present, with devout supplications; and others, as usual, to tempt Martha, said, If the Christ whom that holy woman preaches, has any power, let her show it now, and deliver us from the dragon.

“Martha said to them, If you will believe, nothing is impossible to them that will believe.

“Then the people having promised to believe, the saint preceded the grateful crowd, and with a firm pace, walked to the dragon’s den, and, making the sign of the cross, she appeased its ferocity; then tied her girdle round the neck of the monster, and looking at the people who gazed from a distance with wonder, said, ‘What ails you?’ She cried, ‘Why do you tremble? Here is the serpent a prisoner, and you hesitate still. Approach boldly in the name of the Lord, and tear the venomous monster to pieces.’”

Encouraged by her words, the multitude came up, and falling on the dragon, rent it in a thousand pieces. A city named Tarascon was afterwards founded on the spot, and took S. Martha as its patron.

The Abbé Faillon has no doubt that the Tarasque or dragon which S. Martha subdued was a crocodile from Egypt; how it got to France he does not explain.¹

But the origin of the story must be sought elsewhere than in fact.

Martis or Brito-Martis (the sweet virgin, as the name signified in Cretan²), was a goddess of the Phœnicians and Philistines, and her worship spread wherever the Phœnicians formed settlements. One of these settlements was Massilia or Marseilles, and no doubt the worship of the "sweet virgin" Martis was translated thither, and there took root firmly. Brito-Martis was the patroness of sailors and fishermen, and was represented in a boat. This arose from her being a moon goddess, who sailed in her silver vessel over the blue ocean of the heavenly vault. She was also represented treading on a dragon or fish, for she was identical with Atergatis, Derceto, Aphrodite, and Semiramis.³

When Provence became Christian, the recollection of Martis, the virgin patroness of sailors, who triumphed over the dragon, lingered on in the popular mind. Another cause, as will be shown presently, the great encouragement received from the Syrian prophetess Martha, by the soldiers of Marius, against the Cimbri

¹ The recollection of this deliverance was commemorated at Tarascon until lately by a procession of mummers, attended by the clergy, who paraded the town escorting the figure of a dragon, made of canvas, and wielding a heavy beam of wood for a tail, to the imminent danger of the legs of all who approached. The dragon was conducted by a girl in white and blue, who led it by her girdle of blue silk, and when the dragon was especially unruly, dashed holy water over it. The ceremony was attended by numerous practical jokes, and led to acts of violence, in consequence of which it has been suppressed. The effigy of the dragon now reposes in the lumber room of the theatre.

² Brito meant sweet, and Martis, virgin. Solinus Polyph. II.

³ I must refer the reader to Movers, Religion der Phœnitzer; Hitzig, Mythologie der Philistaer, and Lenormant's La Légende de Semiramis.

and Teutons, tended to perpetuate the memory of Martha or Martis; but the recollections of the people had undergone modification, they were baptized and Christianized, and the Martis of the Phœnician settlers became S. Martha, the hostess of Christ, and apostle of Provence.

S. Martha is said to have raised a young man to life near Avignon. She was preaching on one side of the Rhone, when a young man tried to swim across to hear her sermon, but was drowned. When the body was recovered, some time after, it was placed before S. Martha, who called back the soul to the dead man, and restored him alive to his parents. The recitation of this miracle formed one of the lessons for the ancient office of S. Martha at Avignon, Tarascon, and Autun. A chapel stands on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, in the street of the Vieilles Lices, and is called Calade.

One day Maximin of Aix, S. Trophimus of Arles, and S. Eutrophius of Orange met at Tarascon to pay S. Martha a visit. The holy woman received them with honour, and lodged them hospitably till the 17th of December, on which day the three prelates dedicated the house of Martha as a basilica to the Saviour. After the dedication, Martha prepared a meal for the bishops and the crowd who had assembled to the dedication. As wine was wanting, she changed water into the most costly and delicious wine. So delighted were the bishops with the wine and with the hospitality of S. Martha, "that with one consent they established that the day should be in perpetual and respectful honour, as the occasion of the dedication of the basilica, and that of the miraculous transformation of water into wine."

The reputed house of Martha is now the church of S. Martha, a church with work of the 12th century in it, but for the most part dating from the 14th. In the crypt beneath the nave, which is earlier, is the shrine and tomb of S. Martha, ornamented with her recumbent effigy in white marble, not badly executed, but modern. Against the walls the history of S. Martha is represented in a series of bas-reliefs in a sad state of mutilation. In the floor is a well, the water of which is said to rise and fall with the Rhone.

S. Martha is said to have seen the soul of her sister Mary Magdalen leave her body and fly to heaven. Seven days after, towards evening, Martha ordered her servants to light seven wax tapers and three lamps. Towards midnight all the attendants fell asleep. Then a violent whirlwind swept through the house and extinguished all the lights. Martha woke her servants and bade them re-light the candles and lamps. They ran forth to get a light; and whilst they were out, suddenly a bright light from heaven filled the house, and Mary Magdalen appeared holding a torch in her hand, and she kindled all the extinguished lights in the chamber. Then coming to her sister's side she said, "All hail! my sister." And when Martha had saluted her in turn, Mary said, "See! I have visited you after death as you asked me by the mouth of the blessed pontiff Maximin. And now lo! the Saviour approaches, to call you from this vale of tears to his glory. Come and tarry not."

Then the Lord Jesus appeared, entering the room, and he said, "Behold and see me!" And she answered, "I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God, who came into the world." He said, "Tarry yet a while. I go to prepare a place for you;" and he vanished with Mary Magdalen.

And when morning dawned, Martha bade her servants carry her forth into the open air, and they strewed the ground with straw under a green thick foliaged tree, and made on the straw a cross of ashes. And at the rising of the sun, Martha was carried forth and laid on the ashes; and then a cross was placed before her eyes where she could contemplate it.¹

Martha then recalled that she had brought with her from Jerusalem a detailed recital of the passion of Christ, in the Hebrew tongue. She now called to her S. Parmenas, and bade him read the book to her. And when he came to the words of Christ "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," she breathed forth her wearied soul.

Now S. Parmenas, S. Germain, S. Sosthenes and S. Epaphras, S. Marcella, and SS. Euodias and Syntiche, these seven, prepared to bury Martha with great pomp; and they spent three days in making preparation. And numerous candles were lighted in the church, and lamps in the houses, and bonfires in the woods.

On the Sunday morning S. Frontus at Perigueux was about to say mass, and whilst waiting for the people, he fell asleep in his chair; when he saw Christ appear, who said to him, "My son, come and accomplish the promise you made to assist at the obsequies of Martha my hostess."

At the instant Frontus found himself at Tarascon, in the church with Christ, holding office books in their hands, he at the feet, Christ at the head of the body of Martha, and they interred her, to the amazement of all present. As they went forth out of the church one present went after them, and asked Christ who he was.

¹ The cross of S. Martha, of copper, was preserved in the church at Tarascon till the Revolution, when it disappeared. It was a double cross of two branches.

He answered not, but gave the book he held into the hands of the querist, and therein was written, "The memory of Martha, hostess of Christ, shall be eternal; she shall not fear evil tongues."

In the meantime at Perigueux, the deacon woke the sleeping pontiff, and said in a whisper that the hour of sacrifice was past, and that the people were impatient with waiting.

"Be not troubled," said Frontus, "If I have delayed them, it is not without cause." And he proceeded to relate what had taken place.

Now whilst Frontus was burying Martha, for convenience he had taken off his glove and ring, and had deposited them along with his office book in the hands of the sacristan. And when messengers from Perigueux came to Tarascon to ask for the articles Frontus had forgotten, then only did the people of Tarascon know who it was who had buried Martha. The glove was preserved at Tarascon as a singular relic till the Revolution, when it disappeared.

From this long story, which is, however, but a mere epitome of the lengthy legend attributed to Hrabanus Maurus, it will be seen that the story is not without romantic interest.

It has been said that an historic recollection may have tended to the formation of the legend of S. Martha's presence in Provence.

Is it possible that a dim historic tradition of Martha, the Syrian prophethess, sent to Marius at Arles, by his wife Julia, may have remained in the memories of the natives of Provence, and have resolved itself into the legend of the apostleship of Martha, the sister of Lazarus, in that district.

It will be remembered that the Provence and Italy

itself were threatened by the Kymri and Teutons (Cimbri and Teutones), who, in 113 B.C., burst from the Cimbrian peninsula, now-a-days Jutland, driven thence by an earthquake and an inundation. In B.C. 110 a mixed horde poured into Gaul, and reached the Rhone, and the frontiers of the Roman province. The commotion at Rome was extreme; never had so many and such wild barbarians threatened the Republic; never had so many and such large Roman armies been beaten in succession. Marius marched against them, to arrest their progress. He spent two years in the neighbourhood of Arles, inuring his soldiers to hardship, and to the sight of the barbarous invaders. In his camp, superstition was kept at a white heat, the enthusiasm of the soldiers was fanned by the prophecies and exhortations of the Syrian Martha, who accompanied Marius in all his marches, presided at all the sacred ceremonies, and obtained unbounded influence over the minds of the soldiers and the inhabitants of the province they had come to protect.

The glorious victory of the Cœnus, near Aix, confirmed the faith of the province in the predictions of the prophetess, and as the tradition of the victory was never lost,¹ so may the memory of her who incited the soldiers to it, have remained unobliterated though transformed.

¹ See S. Victor, Jul^{re} 27, p. 499.

SS. BEATRIX, SIMPLICIUS AND FAUSTINUS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Martyrology of S. Jerome. Mentioned in the Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius. Ancient Roman Martyrology, Wandelbert, Hrabanus, Ado, Usuardus, Notker, &c. Modern Roman Martyrology. The Acts, though they have been tampered with, are trustworthy.]

IN the reign of Diocletian and Maximian, S. Beatrix, the sister of the blessed martyrs Simplicius and Faustinus, who had endured many torments, and had been flung over the bridge into the Tiber, rescued their bodies from the river, and consigned them to a grave in the cemetery of Sextus Philippus. She then sought a home in the house of S. Lucina (June 30th), and lived with her seven months.

Now there was a farm which had belonged to Simplicius, and on the death of the brothers, it fell to the possession of their sister Beatrix. This farm was coveted by a neighbour or a kinsman, who, to obtain it, threatened to accuse Beatrix before the magistrates of being a Christian. As she refused to adore the gods of the heathen, Lucretius, her kinsman, ordered his servants to confine her in a cellar, and there she was by his orders strangled by the slaves.

S. FELIX II., POPE.

(A.D. 365.)

[Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authorities :—Sozomen, the Letters of S. Athanasius and S. Jerome, Anastasius Bibliothecarius.]

CONSTANTIUS, sole master of the Roman empire, on the death of Constans, was resolved to establish

throughout it the supremacy of Arianism. He sent his agent, Eusebius the Eunuch, to Rome, to persuade, threaten, or bribe the Roman Pontiff, Liberius, into an alliance with heresy. The promises of Eusebius were coldly listened to, his threats did not shake the pope, the presents he left on the altar of S. Peter; Liberius ordered them to be cast forth from the sanctuary. Then Liberius pronounced a solemn anathema against all Arian heretics. Constantius, furious at being opposed by a subject, ordered his instant seizure. Rome rose to defend her prelate. Liberius was secretly apprehended and conveyed to the emperor at Milan. With him appeared the aged, orthodox, all-but-martyr for the faith, Hosius of Cordova, and many of the most distinguished bishops of the West, Eusebius of Vercelli, the uncompromising Hilary of Poitiers, the zealous, if indiscreet, Lucifer of Cagliari. Constantius insisted on the condemnation of S. Athanasius by a Council of the Church. Liberius remained unshaken, "If I were the sole friend of Athanasius," he said, "yet would I adhere still to the righteous cause."

Constantius sent him into banishment to Thrace. He indignantly rejected the money offered him by the emperor, to pay his expenses on his journey. But two years of exile, in the bleak inhospitable Thrace, broke his spirit; and he consented to sign the semi-Arian creed of Sirmium, and to renounce communion with S. Athanasius. He was exiled in 355, he returned in 357. During his exile a fresh pope had been elected, by orders of the Arian Emperor, a pope whom he hoped would prove more compliant than Liberius had proved before his banishment. Felix was chosen pope in his room—according to S. Athanasius—"by three eunuchs, in place of all the people, and ordained by three spies,

they deserve not the name of bishops, in the palace, because the people refused to allow the consecration to take place in the churches."¹ S. Jerome adds that the clergy of Rome took an oath not to recognise Felix.

S. Athanasius regarded this atrocious act as a crime worthy of Antichrist. Theodoret² says that though Felix adhered to the creed of Nicæa, yet he communicated with Arians. Socrates³ condemns him as infected with Arian heresy, but Sozomen says⁴:—"It is said that Felix always continued in adherence to the Nicene faith; and that, with respect to his conduct in religious matters, he was blameless. The only thing alleged against him was that, prior to his ordination, he held communion with the heterodox."

In 357, the ladies of Rome entreated the emperor to recall Liberius, they expatiated on the hostility of the people of Rome to the intruded pope, their abstention from his religious acts. Constantius was disposed to relent, Liberius had suddenly become submissive to the imperial will, and Felix, exalted on the supposition that he was Arian at heart, had adopted an attitude of rigid orthodoxy. Constantius issued an edict declaring that the two bishops should rule with conjoint authority, each over his respective community. He hoped that the great majority of clergy and people who had adhered to Liberius would be duped into adhesion to his Arianism, and that the repudiated Felix would be the

¹ "Epist. ad Soletar."

² Hist. Eccl. ii. 16.

³ Hist. Eccl. iii. 37. But only hesitatingly. "The adherents of Ursacius appointed Felix to succeed Liberius. He had been a deacon in the Church of Rome, but on embracing the Arian heresy was elevated to the Episcopate. Some, however, assert that he was not favourable to that opinion, but was constrained by force to receive the ordination of bishop."

⁴ Hist. Eccl. iv. 25.

discredited pope of a thin congregation of Catholics. The edict was read in the circus, where the Romans were eagerly watching a race. "What!" exclaimed the scoffing spectators, "because we have two factions here, distinguished by their colours, shall we have two factions, two colours in the Church!" The whole audience burst into an indignant shout of "One God! One Christ! One Bishop!"

Liberius returned, and his return was an ovation. The people thronged forth, as of old, to meet some triumphant consul, or Cicero on return from exile. The rival bishop, Felix, fled before his face; but Felix and his party would not altogether abandon the co-equal dignity assigned him by the decree of Constantius, and confirmed by the Council of Sirmium. He returned; and at the head of a body of faithful ecclesiastics, celebrated divine worship in the basilica of Julius, beyond the Tiber. He was driven out by the populace and patricians in arms. A tradition recorded in the Pontifical Annals records a massacre. The streets, the churches, ran with blood,—the streets, where the partisans of the rival popes met in arms and fought with fury; the churches—where they fiercely interrupted each other's services. Felix himself escaped; and lived some years in peace, on an estate near the road to Portus. He died in retirement the year before Liberius.

Felix is inserted in the Martyrologies as a martyr, an inscription—"Corpus Felicis Papæ et Martyris qui damnavit Constantium"—is said to have been discovered; but if Felix had been martyred, some mention of it would assuredly have found its way into the histories of the time. The designation martyr is used doubtless in the general sense of a witness to the

orthodox faith against Pope Liberius. But Liberius, on his return to Rome, showed no disposition to countenance Arianism.

S. LUPUS, B. OF TROYES

(A.D. 479.)

[Roman Martyrology, Martyrology of Bede, Hrabanus, Ado, Notker, Wandelbert, Gallican Martyrologies. Authorities:—A Letter of Sidonius Apollinaris (Lib. vi. ep. 1) to S. Lupus, mention in other of his letters. A Life of the saint written by some one who was acquainted with his disciples; a second and longer Life, written at the end of the 8th or beginning of the 9th cent. This cannot be trusted.]

S. LUPUS was born at Tulle in Gaul, about the year 383, and was the son of Epirichius, a nobleman, perhaps of British race. He married Pimeniola, sister of S. Hilary of Arles, and spent seven years with her in great love. Then he retired to the island of Lerins, and placed himself under the direction of S. Honoratus. What became of his wife is not stated. When S. Honoratus was made bishop of Arles, he went to Macon, in Burgundy, to dispose of an estate he possessed there, and was preparing to return, when he was met by the deputies of the church of Troyes, which had just lost its bishop, A.D. 426, to announce to him that he had been elected to the episcopal throne of that church.

In an assembly held at Arles in 429, it was decided to send S. Germain of Auxerre and S. Lupus of Troyes to Britain to oppose the Pelagian heresy, which had greatly spread in the island. The history of that mission is related in the life of S. Germain (July 31st).

He saved Troyes from being sacked by Attila, king of the Huns, when Gaul was overrun with the barbarian horde, and died in 479.

In Welsh his name is *Bleiddian*, in French *Lieu*.

S. OLAF, K.M.

(A.D. 1030.)

[Roman, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Anglican Martyrologies. Authorities:—Olafs Saga helga Haraldssonar, in the *Heimskringla*, VII., of Snorro Sturlason, b. 1179, d. 1241. Another, Olafs Saga helga hin minni, written in the latter part of the 12th cent. Another, Olafs Saga helga hin minni, in the *Forðmanna Sögur*, IV. and V. Although these were committed to writing a century after the events, they existed from the date of the death of S. Olaf, having been committed to memory. Of their historical accuracy there can be no question.]

OLAF the Saint, the patron of Norway, must not be measured by Christian men of another age or other lands. He was zealous for the propagation of the Christian faith in Norway, but he propagated it with the sword, hacking off the hands, and digging out the eyes of those who refused baptism. If he was diligent in his observance of the fasts of the Church, he was unscrupulous in passing the bounds of temperance on all other days. He rigidly observed the sanctity of the Sunday, but his moral life was far from pure. His successor, Magnus, was not his son by his Queen Astrid. If he was ferociously cruel, he was severely just. He inherited all his pagan ancestors' vices, but they were united to a chivalrous, zealous enthusiasm for the Christian faith. A saint he can only be termed by stretching that appellation to its extremest limits.

S. Olaf was the son of King Harald Grænske and Aasta, daughter of Gudbrand. On the death of Harald, Aasta married Sigurd Syr, petty king in Ringarik, in Norway, and Olaf was brought up in his foster-father's house. When King Olaf Trygvason came to Ringarik to spread Christianity, Sigurd and his wife, and Olaf Harald's son, were baptized. Olaf Trygvason fell in battle in 1000, and Norway passed under the

rule of the Danish king Sweyn, who set his brother, Earl Harald, to govern it.

Olaf the Saint, not deeming it safe for him to remain in Norway, went, at the age of twelve, at the head of a piratical expedition, harrying the shores of Denmark, Sweden, and France.

He is thus described at that age:—"He was not tall, but middle sized, stout and strong. He had light brown hair, and a white and red complexion. His eyes were peculiarly fine, beautiful and piercing, so that one was afraid to look him in the face when he was angry. Olaf was very expert in all bodily exercises, understood well how to handle the bow, and to throw the spear. He was a great swimmer, and handy at smith's work."

As Olaf Haraldson was too young to rule men, to steer ships, and command a piratical expedition, Rane, nicknamed the foster-father of kings, was given charge of the young boy, by his mother Aasta.

"When Olaf in this way got a ship and men, the crew gave him the title of king; for it was the custom that those commanders of troops who were of royal descent, on going out upon a viking cruise, should receive the title of king immediately, although they had no land or kingdom. Rane sat at the helm; and some say that Olaf himself was but a common rower, although he was king of the men-at-arms. They steered east along the land, and came first to Denmark. So says Otto Swart, in his lay which he made about King Olaf:—

"Young was the king when from his home
He first began in ships to roam,
His ocean steed to ride
To Denmark on the tide.

Well exercised art thou in truth—
 In manhood's earnest work, brave youth !
 Out from the distant North
 Mighty hast thou come forth."

And again—

"Thy ship from shore to shore
 With many a well plied oar,
 Across the Baltic foam is dancing,—
 Shields, and spears, and helms glancing !
 Hoist high the swelling sail
 To catch the freshening gale !
 There's food for the raven-flight
 Where thy sail-winged ship shall light ;
 Thy landing-tread
 The people dread ;
 And the wolf howls for a feast
 On the shore-side in the East."

Towards autumn he sailed to Sweden, as he thought he had cause of hostility against the Swedes, because they had killed his father Harald. His first battle was fought at Sotholm within the Skiergard, or smooth water within the fringe of skerries which guards the coast. He attacked some vikings there, threw grappling irons into their ships, boarded them and cleared them of men. Thence he steered his way into the Mælar lake, that beautiful little inland sea, to which access is obtained by an inlet near Stockholm. He sailed along the shores, ravaging the land on both sides. News of the havoc reached Olaf, the Swedish king, and he laid iron chains across Stokkesund, the channel between the Mælar lake and the sea, and guarded the entrance with his troops. Olaf the Saint sailed East, intending to escape out of the lake before winter ; but found the entrance watched and barred. He therefore dug a canal across the flat land that lay between the Mælar and the sea. Now a great number of rivers run into

the Malar lake ; but as the only outlet is small, when heavy autumn rains fall, the water rushes through the narrow jaws of the Stokkesund like the sluice of a water wheel, and all the low land round the lake is flooded. That autumn the rain fell in torrents, the rivers were swollen, and the lake brimmed over, rushed into the cutting made by Olaf, and swept his boats through it into the open sea.

Olaf then sailed to Gothland in harvest, and prepared to plunder ; but the Gothlanders assembled, and sent men to him, offering him money if he would spare his hand from burning their stacks and farms. Olaf took the money, and spent the winter in Gothland. Next spring he went plundering, and burning, and murdering along the coast of the Eysyssel and up into Finland. He next returned to Denmark, and joined company with another pirate, Thorkell the Tall, brother of Earl Sigvald, and they sailed along the Jutland coast to Sudurwick, where they fell in with a fleet of Danish vikings, fought and dispersed them. After having harried the coast of Friesland and Holland, he made for the English coast.

“It was then that the Danish king, Sweyn Forked-beard was in England with a Danish army (A.D. 1014), and had fixed there for some time, and had seized upon king Ethelred’s kingdom. The Danes had spread themselves so widely in England that Ethelred had been obliged to desert the country, and had gone to France. The same autumn that king Olaf came to England it happened that king Sweyn died suddenly at night in his bed, and it is said by Englishmen that S. Edmund killed him, in the same way that the holy Mercurius killed the apostate Julian. When Ethelred, king of the English, heard this in Flanders, he returned

directly to England; and no sooner was he come back than he sent an invitation to all men who would enter into his pay, to join him in recovering the country. Then many people flocked to him; and among others came king Olaf, with a great troop of Northmen to his aid.

“They steered first to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet; but the Danes had a castle within (the Tower). On the other side of the river is a great trading place, called Sudrvik (Southwark). There the Danes had raised a great work, dug large ditches, and within had built a bulwark of stone, timber, and turf, where they had stationed a large army. King Ethelred ordered a great assault; but the Danes defended themselves bravely, and king Ethelred could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, so broad that two waggons could pass each other upon it. On the bridge they raised barricades, both towers and wooden parapets, in the direction of the river (*i.e.*, across the bridge), which were nearly breast high; and under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river.

“Now when the attack was made, the troops stood on the bridge everywhere, and defended themselves. King Ethelred was very anxious to get possession of the bridge, and he called together all the chiefs to consult how they should get the bridge broken down.

“Then king Olaf said he would attempt to lay his fleet alongside of it, if the other ships would do the same. It was then determined in this council that they should lay their war forces under the bridge; and each made himself ready with his men.

“King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he



S. OLAF.

took down old houses ; and with these, as a roof, he covered his ships so widely, that it reached over the ship's sides. Under this screen he set pillars so high and stout, that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them.

"Now when the fleet and men were ready, they rowed up along the river ; but when they came near the bridge, there were cast down among them so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold against it ; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged, that many retreated out of it.

"But King Olaf, and the Northmen fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables around the piles which supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken at their foundations and were loosened under the bridge. Now as the armed troops stood thick with men on the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons on it, and the piles underneath were loosened or broken, the bridge gave way ; and great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the rest fled, some into the castle, some into Southwark. Thereafter Southwark was stormed and taken.

"Now when the people in the castle saw that the River Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became afraid, surrendered the tower, and took Ethelred to be their king. So says Ottar Swart :—

"London Bridge is broken down,—
Gold is won, and bright renown.

Shields resounding,
 War-horns sounding,
 Women shouting in the din !
 Arrows singing,
 Mail coats ringing—
 Odin makes our Olaf win !

“ And Sigvat the Scald relates as follows :—

“ At London Bridge stout Olaf gave
 Odin's law to his war-men brave—
 ‘ To win or die !’
 Their foemen fly.
 Some by the dyke-side refuge gain—
 Some in their tents on Southwark plain !
 This sixth attack
 Brought victory back.

“ King Olaf passed all the winter with king Ethelred,
 and fought a great battle at Hringmara Heath in
 Ulfkel's land ;¹ and here again the king was victorious.

“ So says Sigvat the Scald.

“ To Ulfkel's land came Olaf bold,
 A seventh sword-thing he would hold.
 The race of Ella filled the plain—
 Few of them slept at home again !
 Hringmara's heath
 Was a bed of death :
 Haarfager's heir
 Dealt slaughter there.

“ And Ottar sings of this battle thus :—

“ From Hringmar field
 The chime of war,
 Sword striking shield,
 Rings from afar.
 The living fly ;
 The head piled high,
 The moor enrich,
 Red runs the ditch.”

But though Ethelred the Unready had obtained

¹ Somewhere in East Anglia, probably Assington in Essex.

London, he was not as yet the master of the whole of England.

Canute, son of Sweyn, was in Lindesey (part of Lincolnshire), and he caused great mischief still. But king Ethelred fell on Canute when he did not expect it, and drove him to his ships. Canute then went to Sandwich, and cut off the ears, noses, and hands of the English hostages who had been given to his father. Canterbury was still in the hands of the Danes, but Olaf and his Northmen marched thither, attacked, and took the town, "killing many people and burning the castle."

On the capture of Canterbury, Ottar Swart made an ode:—

"All in the grey of morn
 Broad Canterbury forced
 Black smoke from house-roofs borne
 Hides fire that does its worst ;
 And many a man laid low,
 By the battle axe's blow,
 Waked by the Norseman's cries,
 Scarce had time to rub his eyes."

And the scald Sigvald sang:—

"Of this eighth battle I can tell
 How it was fought, and what befell
 The castle tower
 With all this power
 He could not take,
 Nor would forsake,
 The Perthmen¹ fought,
 Nor quarter sought :
 By death or flight
 They left the fight.
 Olaf could not this earl stout
 From Canterbury quite drove out."

Olaf was entrusted with the land defence of England,

¹ Perthshire men, as hired soldiers, are alluded to here by Sigvald.

and he sailed round the land with his war ships. At New Romney¹ he met the Danes again, and had a hard battle with them. Of this fight Sigvald says:—

“ The youthful king stained red the hair
Of Angle men, and dyed his spear
At Nymode in their heart's black blood ;
And where the Danes the thickest stood—
When the shrill storm round Olaf's head
Of spear and arrow thickest fled,
There thickest lay the Thingmen dead !
Nine battles now of Olaf bold
Battle by battle, I have told.”

Ethelred ordered that Olaf should be paid for his assistance 21,000, or, as some say, 30,000 pounds, and for collecting this sum, Olaf was allowed to overrun the country extorting it from the people and murdering and burning where it was refused. The English historians say that the English thought this as great a grievance as having the Danes in the land. Ottar sings of the doings of Olaf the Saint in England:—

“ The English race could not resist thee,
With money thou madest them assist thee ;
Unsparingly thou madest them pay
A tax to thee in every way ;
Money, if that might be got—
Goods, cattle, house gear, if not
They gathered spoil, borne to the strand,
Swept the best wealth out of English land.”

S. Olaf remained in England till the death of Ethelred, A.D. 1016, when he sailed away, fought a battle off the coast of Normandy, then coasted all along the West of France, and lay to in the mouth of the Garonne waiting for a favourable wind, intending to

¹ Nyamode, probably New Romney; others suppose Newport in the Isle of Wight.

coast and harry Spain, sail through the straits of Gibraltar, and visit Jerusalem. But one night he saw in a dream a gigantic man, who warned him to return to Norway, there to receive his crown. After this he returned northwards and plundered and burnt Partheny on his way. He reached Normandy, and spent the winter of 1016—1017 at Rouen, where he met the sons of Ethelred, who had been expelled England by king Canute, after the murder of Edmund Ironside. They made an agreement with Olaf that he should have Northumberland, if he should succeed in driving the Danes out of England. In spring A.D. 1017, Olaf made an attempt on the South West coast, which was unsuccessful. He then sailed to Northumberland and did a little fighting and burning there; and laden with vast booty, he then made for Norway.

He landed at Sælö (Lucky Isle). "A lucky day for me," said Olaf, "to have lit on Lucky Isle." As they were going up in the isle, the king slipped with one foot in the clay, but supported himself from falling with the other foot. "Hah!" said he, "the king falls." "Nay," replied Rane, "thou didst not fall, king, but set fast foot in soil." The king laughed, and said, "It may be so, if God wills it."

Olaf had two vessels, he laid them at anchor in a sound, one on each side, with a thick cable between them.

Hakon, Earl Eric's son, was the first who came to offer battle. He rowed right in between the boats. Then Olaf made his men draw the cable up under Hakon's ship's keel, and wind it up with the capstan. As soon as the stern was lifted, the bows plunged down; the water rushed in, and sank the vessel; and Earl Hakon and most of his men who were not drowned

were taken prisoners. Olaf offered Hakon his life and liberty if he would swear that he would leave the country and never take arms against him again. Hakon took the required oath, and was allowed to depart.

A favourite ballad of two hundred stanzas tells a different story from authentic history.

S. Olaf, when he was in Northumbria, was accompanied by his brother Harald, and making for the shore of Norway, they laid a wager that he who arrived first there should be king; but cried Harald, "We will change vessels, the Ormen (Serpent) is so fast, the Oxen she sails slow."

Olaf agrees; off they set; but the Saint stayed to hear mass before he started. Harald, sure of victory, exultingly led the way across the open sea. They came off Kyrkesund, surrounded by a reef of rocks; within was calm water and the Isle of Tjörn. Harald, in the Ormen, hovered outside the reef, waiting for the turn of the tide and a favourable gale, but S. Olaf dashed unscathed across the rocks scarcely covered by the foaming breakers, outstripped his brother, and gained the crown of Norway.

He erected six small watch-towers in memory of this miracle. Four piles of brickwork remain on Tjörn, called at this day S. Olaf's Vårdar; two out of the six have fallen and disappeared.

To return to the history in the Saga.

Olaf then went to his mother's house to see her and his step-father, Sigurd Syr.

"He came to the house one day very early. Olaf's mother, Aasta, was sitting in the room, and round her were some of her girls. When the servants told her of King Olaf's approach, Aasta stood up directly, and ordered the men and girls to put everything in the best

order. She ordered four girls to bring out all that belonged to the decoration of the room, and put it in order with hangings and benches. Two fellows brought straw for the floor, two brought forward four-cornered tables and drinking jugs, two bore victuals, and placed meat on the table, two carried in the ale; and all the other serving-men and girls went outside the house. Messengers were sent to seek king Sigurd wherever he might be, and take him his best dress-clothes, and his horse with gilt saddle, and his bridle, which was gilt and set with precious stones. Four men she sent off to invite all the great people to a feast. All who were in the house she made to dress themselves in their best clothes, and they lent clothes to those who had none suitable.

“King Sigurd Syr was standing in his cornfield when the messengers came to him with the news. He had many people on his farm. Some were then shearing corn, some bound the sheaves, some drove it to the garner; but the king, with two men, went sometimes into the field, sometimes to the barn. His dress, it is told, was this:—he had a blue kirtle and blue hose; shoes laced about the legs; a grey cloak, and a grey wide-brimmed hat; a veil before his face (to keep off the mosquitoes); a staff in his hand with a gilt silver head on it, and a silver ring round it. Sigurd was a gain-making man, who attended carefully to his cattle and husbandry, and managed his house-keeping himself. He was not given to pomp, and was rather taciturn.

The messengers told king Sigurd that king Olaf was about to arrive, and that Aasta urged him to do his best to support Olaf in his attempt to recover his kingdom, and at all events, to put in a decent and dignified appearance when he met her son.

King Sigurd would not make up his mind in a hurry. "This matter means fighting all the power of Sweden and Denmark," said he. "Then the king sat down, and made them take off their shoes, and put on his corduvan (Cordova tanned leather) boots, to which he bound his gold spurs. Then he put off his cloak and coat, and dressed himself in his finest clothes, with a scarlet cloak over all; girded on his sword, set a gilded helmet on his head, and mounted his horse. He sent his labouring carles out of the way, and gathered to him thirty well dressed men, and rode home with them.

"As they approached the house, they saw on the other side of the house the banners of Olaf coming waving; and there was he himself with some hundred well equipped men. People were gathered on all the roofs to see them. King Sigurd immediately greeted his stepson in a friendly way, and invited him to come in and take a cup of drink with him. But Aasta went up and kissed her son, and invited him to stay with her in the house, and offered land and people, and all she had to help him."

King Sigurd seems to have felt that he was nothing beside the impetuous Aasta, that whatever his prudence might dictate, she was resolved on uncompromising partisanship. A consultation was held, Sigurd spoke out his objections, but was overruled by his wife. King Olaf, who had been cautiously invited in to "take a cup of drink," stayed on with his hundred men as guests of Sigurd Syr, "who entertained them, day about, the one day with fish and milk, the other day with flesh and ale."

King Olaf had now to make a tour through the Uplands and visit all the petty kings, who were in reality

only the largest farmers of each district, and canvas them. After some demur, all the Upland kings and bonders agreed to acknowledge Olaf as sovereign.

The Earls Swend and Hakon had ruled in Norway under the Danish supremacy; Hakon Olaf had upset into the sea, and driven out of the country. Earl Swend hastened to collect an army to oppose Olaf. Swend's army was 2,000 men strong and was assembled at Nidaros, the present Drontheim, and marched along the Gaular-dale to surprise and attack Olaf, who had only time to escape on board his ships, leaving all his provisions on shore, which were destroyed by the army of his opponent. Nothing more was done that winter. But next spring both Earl Swend and King Olaf prepared for a fight.

"King Olaf steered his fleet out from Viken, until the two fleets were not far from each other, and they got news of each other the Saturday before Palm Sunday. King Olaf had a ship called the Carl's Head,¹ on the bow of which a king's head was carved, and he himself had carved it.

"King Olaf had in his ships 100 men armed in coats of ring-mail, and in foreign helmets. Most of his men had white shields, on which the cross was gilded, but some had painted it in blue or red. He had also had the cross painted in front on all the helmets in a pale colour. He had a white banner, on which was a serpent figured. He ordered a mass to be read before him, went on board ship, and ordered his people to refresh themselves with meat and drink. He then ordered the war-horns to sound to battle, and row off to meet the earl."

¹ Probably the Head of Charlemagne, who was held in high veneration by Olaf. His son Magnus was named after him.

The conflict was short, furious, and decisive. Olaf was victorious, Earl Swend spread sails, and fled out of the country. He went to Russia, where he fell sick and died shortly after.

The results of the battle were the complete submission of the whole of Norway to king Olaf.

A long desultory war ran on between king Olaf of Norway and king Olaf of Sweden, which ended in S. Olaf marrying Astrid, the daughter of the Swedish king, and a reconciliation being patched up between them. Now Ingigerd, the king of Sweden's daughter, born in wedlock, had been promised to S. Olaf, but had instead been given to Jaroslav of Russia. A dowry, also, which should have gone with Astrid, the king's daughter by a Wendish slave girl, was not fully paid.

West Gothland was discontented with the rule of the Swedish king, and some of the chief men in it meditated transferring their allegiance to the crown of Norway. The chief man of West Gothland was Egmund of Skara, law-giver of that district. The resolution of the chiefs was carried out in a curious manner, characteristic of a state of civilization when fables are in vogue to veil plain meanings.

Egmund mounted his horse and rode to Upsal, where king Olaf of Sweden was. He went before the king, bent his knee, and saluted him. The king asked him if he brought any news from Gothland. Egmund answered, "There is little news among us Gothlanders; but it appears to us a piece of remarkable news that the proud, stupid Atli, whom we took to be a great sportsman, went into the forest in winter with his snow-shoes and his bow. After he had got as many furs as his hand-sledge could carry, he returned home from the woods.

But on the way he saw a squirrel in the trees, and shot at it, but did not hit it; he was angry, and left his sledge to run after the squirrel; but still the squirrel sprang where the wood was thickest, sometimes at the roots, sometimes from branch to branch. When Atli shot at it, the arrows flew too high or too low, and the squirrel never jumped so that Atli could get a fair aim at him. He ran all day after the squirrel, which ever eluded him, till night fell, and it was dark. Then he lost himself in the snow, and lay there all night through in a heavy snow storm. As to his sledge, with all the furs he had got in his hunting, it was buried under the snow, and Atli was never able to find it again. So he lost both furs and squirrel and arrows."

"This is no news of importance," said the king. "Have you come all this way to tell me this?"

"No, king," answered Egmond, "I have come to ask your judgment in a law case."

"What is it?" asked Olaf.

Egmond replied, "There were two noble-born men of equal birth, but unequal in property and disposition. They quarrelled about some land, and did each other much damage; but most was done to him who was the least powerful of the two. At last the quarrel was settled, and it was arranged that a composition should be paid by the most powerful of the two. But at the first payment, instead of paying a goose, he paid a gosling, for an old sow he gave a sucking pig, and for a mark of gold, half a mark, and for a half a mark a pat of clay. What is your judgment, sire?"

"Let the full payment be made, or he who has thus treated the other shall have his property and goods

confiscated, and half go to the king, and half to the aggrieved party."

Egmund took witnesses to the judgment, and hastily departed. Now in the evening at supper, no Egmund appeared at the king's table; next day the king asked the cause of his absence. He was told that directly after he had received the king's judgment Egmund had galloped away. It now flashed on the king that the law-giver's story and case were fables and applied to him. He was Atli. His sledge full of furs was Sweden; the squirrel was poor little Norway. In aiming at getting Norway he was in danger of losing Sweden. He and S. Olaf were the two noble-born men at variance: and after a reconciliation had been effected, he had shirked the fulfilment of his promises. Instead of giving Olaf of Norway his well-born daughter Ingigerd, he had given him his base-born daughter Astrid.

The lesson proved of advantage. He hastened to make full friendship with S. Olaf, and indemnify him for the injuries he had done him, and thus arrested the secession of the Gothlanders.

S. Olaf had a son by his wife Astrid; but the son who was to succeed him was the child of a slave-girl named Alfhild, his concubine.¹

"When the child was born, it was very weak, and the priest told Sigvat the Scald to hasten to the king and tell him the event. Sigvat answered that the king was asleep, and he had forbidden any man to break his slumbers.

The priest replied, It is necessary that the child be baptized at once, for it appears to have very little life in it. Sigvat said, I had rather take on me to let thee

¹ Probably before he was married to Astrid.

baptize the child, than awaken the king. I will take it on myself if anything is amiss, and will give the child a name.

"They did so; and the child was baptized, and got the name of Magnus.

"The next morning, when the king woke and had dressed himself, the circumstance was told him. He ordered Sigvat to be called, and said, How darest thou baptize the child before I knew anything about it?

"Sigvat replies, Because I would rather give two men to God than one to the devil.

"The king—What meanest thou?

"Sigvat—The child was near death, and must have been the devil's if it had died as a heathen, and now it is God's.

"The king—But why didst thou call him Magnus, which is not a name of our race.

"Sigvat—I called him after King Carl-Magnus, who, I knew, had been the best man in the world.

"Then said the king,—Thou art a lucky man, Sigvat; but it is not wonderful that luck should accompany understanding." The king was overjoyed at the circumstance, for, among the heathen Norsemen, and among those just Christianized, it was thought that the communication of a name imparted to the recipient the valour and luck of him whose name was borrowed.

If S. Olaf was not very scrupulous about breaking one of the Ten Commandments, he was so about breaking another of them.

"It happened one Sunday that the king sat on his high seat at the dinner table, and had fallen into such deep thought that he did not observe how time went. In one hand he had a knife, and in the other a piece of

fir wood from which he cut splinters from time to time. The table-servant stood before him with a bowl in his hands; and seeing what the king was about, and that he was involved in thought, he said, It is Monday, Sire! to-morrow. The king looked at him when he heard this, and then it came into his mind what he was doing on the Sunday. Then the king ordered a lighted candle to be brought in; he swept together all the shavings he had made, set them on the fire, and let them burn on his naked hand; showing thereby that he would hold fast by God's law and commandment, and not trespass without punishment on what he knew to be right."

"It was king Olaf's custom to rise betimes, put on his clothes, wash his hands, and then go to church and hear mattins and mass. After that he attended a council, to which he invited great and small—whoever were known to be men of understanding. He made them recite the laws of Hakon, Athelstan's foster-son, and after considering them with men of understanding, he altered or added to them. But Christian matters he settled according to the advice of Bishop Grimkel and learned priests; and bent his whole mind to uprooting heathenism and old customs, which he thought contrary to Christianity." For this purpose he visited the Uplands, and on his progress "he inquired particularly how it stood with the Christianity of the people, and, where improvement was needful, he taught them the right customs. If any there were who would not renounce heathen ways, he took the matter so zealously in hand that he drove some out of the country, mutilated others of hands and feet, or stabbed their eyes out; hung up some, cut down some with the sword; and let none go unpunished that would not

serve God. He went thus through the whole district, sparing neither great nor small. He gave them teachers, and placed these as thickly in the country as he saw to be needful. In this manner he went about that district, and had three hundred deadly men-at-arms with him; and these thence proceeded to Raumarik. He soon perceived that the farther into the interior of the county he proceeded, the worse was the Christianity. He went on therefore everywhere in the same way, converting the people and severely punishing those who would not listen to his word."

This led to a revolt of the five upland kings. Olaf suddenly surrounded the hall in which they slept, drew them forth, cut out the tongue of one, punched out the eyes of another, and banished the rest.

The following little incident shall be quoted from the Saga writer literally. It presents before us King Olaf in a more pleasing light:—

"It is told that when King Olaf was on a visit to his mother Aasta, she brought out her children, and showed them to him. The king took his brother Guttorm on one knee, and his brother Halfdan on the other. The king looked at Guttorm, and made a wry face. Both the boys were frightened. Then Aasta brought to him her youngest son, Harald, who was three years old. The king made a wry face at him also; but the urchin looked the king in the face without regarding it. The king took the boy by the hair, and plucked it; but the boy seized the king's whiskers, and gave them a tug. 'Ah!' said the king, 'Thou wilt be revengeful, my friend, some day.' Next day the king was walking with his mother about the farm, and they came to a playground, where Aasta's sons, Guttorm and Halfdan, were amusing themselves. They were building great

houses and barns in their play, and they were supposing them full of cattle and sheep; and close beside them, in a clay pool, Harald was busy with chips of wood, sailing them in his sport along the edge. The king asked him what these were; and he answered, these were his ships of war. The king laughed, and said, 'The time may come, friend, when thou wilt command ships.' Then he called to him Halfdan and Guttorm; and first he asked Guttorm, 'What wouldst thou like best to have?' 'Corn land,' he replied. 'And how great wouldst thou like thy corn land to be?' 'I would have the whole spit of land that runs into the lake sown with corn every summer.' On that tongue of land there are ten farms. The king replied, 'There would be a great deal of corn there.' And, turning to Halfdan, he asked, 'And what wouldst thou like best to have?' 'Cows' he replied. 'How many wouldst thou like to have?' 'When they went to the lake to be watered, I should like to have so many, that they stood as tight round the lake as they could stand.' 'That would be a great house-keeping,' said the king; 'and therein ye take after your father.' Then the king turned to Harald and said, 'And what wouldst thou like best to have?' 'House-servants.' 'And how many wouldst thou have?' 'O! so many as would eat up my brother's cows at a single meal.' The king laughed, and said to Aasta, 'Here, mother, thou art bringing up a king!'

One of the Upland kings, Rærek, who had been blinded by Olaf, made more than one attempt on the king's life, but was treated with great forbearance by Olaf. The account of the acts of the king in the Saga are so graphic that it is best to give them in their original freshness.

"When his wound was healed, King Olaf gave

Rærek two men to serve him, let him sit on the high seat by his side, and kept him in meat and clothes in no respect worse than he had kept him before. Rærek was taciturn, and answered short and cross when anyone spoke to him. It was his custom to make his foot-boy, when he went out in the day time, lead him away from the people, and then to beat the lad till he ran away. Then he complained to king Olaf that the lad would not attend to him, and so his servants were changed, but it was as before: no servant would remain with king Rærek. Then the king appointed a man called Swend to wait on king Rærek, who was his kinsman. Rærek continued his morose ways and solitary walks; but when he and Swend were alone together, he was merry and talkative, recalling former days when he was king. He said, 'It is hard that thou and my other relations are so degenerated that you will not avenge the shame brought on our race.' Swend said, they had too great power to deal with. Rærek said, 'Why should we live longer as mutilated men with disgrace? I, a blind man, may conquer them as well as they conquered me when I was asleep. Come then, let us kill this fat Olaf.' Swend at last agreed to join him. The plan was laid that when the king was ready to go to vespers, Swend should stand on the threshold with a drawn dagger under his cloak. Now when the king came out of the room, it so happened that he walked quicker than Swend expected; and when he looked the king in the face he grew pale, and then white as a corpse, and his hand sank down. The king observed his terror, and said, 'What is this, Swend?' Swend threw down his cloak and dagger, and fell at the king's feet, saying, 'All is in God's hand, and thine, king.' The king ordered him to be seized and put in irons. He ordered Rærek's

seat to be moved to another bench. He gave Swend his life, and he left the country. The king appointed a different lodging for Rærek to sleep in from that in which he slept himself, and in which many of his court-people slept. He set two of his court-men, who had been long with him, and whom he could trust, to attend Rærek night and day."

One night Rærek and a Finn whom he had persuaded to assist him, murdered two of the guards and escaped. The king sent after them and caught Rærek before he had gone far. He was brought back, and watched more carefully than before.

"It happened on Ascension-day that king Olaf went to high mass, and the bishop went in procession round the church, and conducted the king; and when they came back to the church, the bishop led the king to his seat on the north-side of the choir. There Rærek sat next to the king, and concealed his face in his cloak. When Olaf had seated himself, Rærek laid his hand on the king's shoulder and felt it.¹ 'Thou hast fine clothes on, cousin, to-day,' said he. King Olaf replied, 'It is a festival to-day, in remembrance that Jesus Christ ascended to heaven from earth.'

"King Rærek said, 'I understand nothing about that, so as to hold in my mind all you tell me about Christ. Much of what you tell me appears incredible to me, although, no doubt, many wonderful things happened in the olden times.'

"When mass was finished, Olaf stood up, held his hands up over his head, and bowed down before the altar, so that the cloak hung down behind his shoulders. Then king Rærek started up hastily and struck at the king with a long knife; but the blow was received in

¹ To feel if he had his armour on.

the cloak at the shoulder, because the king was bending forward. The clothes were much cut, but the king was not wounded. When the king perceived the attack, he sprang upon the floor, and Rærek struck at him again with the knife, but did not reach him, and said, 'Art thou flying, Olaf, from me, a blind man?' The king ordered his men to seize him, and lead him out of the church. After this attempt many hastened to king Olaf, and advised that Rærek should be killed."

Olaf, however, would not listen to this advice. "I will not sully my victory over five kings by shedding his blood," said he. Then an odd incident occurred, characteristic of the age.

"There was an Icelander named Thorarin. He was a remarkably ugly man, principally because he had ungainly limbs, but he was prudent and well-spoken. He had great ugly hands, and his feet were still uglier. Thorarin was in Tunsberg when the attempt on Olaf's life was made by Rærek. Thorarin was just then done rigging out a merchant vessel that he owned, and with which he intended to sail to Greenland in the summer. King Olaf had Thorarin as his guest for some days, and conversed much with him; and Thorarin even slept in the king's lodgings. One morning early, the king awoke while the others were still sleeping. The sun had newly risen in the sky, and there was much light within. The king saw that Thorarin had stretched out one of his feet from under the bed-clothes, and he looked at the foot awhile. In the meantime the others in the lodging awoke; and the king said to Thorarin, 'I have been awake some while, and have seen a sight worth seeing, and that is a man's foot so ugly, that I do not think an uglier could be found in this merchant town.' Thereupon he told the others to look at it, and

see if it were not so; and all agreed with the king. When Thorarin observed what they were talking about, he said, 'There are few things for which you cannot find a match, and that may be the case here.'

"The king said, 'I will lay you a wager on it, that not an uglier foot can be found in the town.' Then Thorarin said, 'I am willing to take the bet.' The king said, 'And he who wins shall have the right to ask what he likes of the other.' 'Be it so,' said Thorarin. Thereupon he stretched out his other foot from under the bed-clothes, and it was in no way handsomer than the other, and moreover was deficient in a little toe. 'There,' said Thorarin, 'see now, king, my other foot, which is so much uglier; and, besides, it has no little toe. Now I have won.'

'Not so,' replied the king. 'The first foot had five ugly toes on it, and this one only four, so that the first is the ugliest.'

'The king's decision must be right,' said Thorarin, 'but what does the king require of me?' 'To take Rærek to Greenland,' answered the king."

So Rærek was taken away, not to Greenland, but to Iceland, as Thorarin's boat was driven back by gales; and in Iceland Rærek ended his days—the only king who lived and died on that island.

King Olaf was fortunate in his bets. On another occasion he played the king of Sweden with dice for a farm.

The Swedish king threw two sixes, and said Olaf of Norway need not throw; he could not beat that cast. Olaf shook the dice, threw, and had sixes also. The king of Sweden threw again, and had again two sixes. Olaf, king of Norway, then threw, and had six upon one dice, the other split in two, and turned up seven eyes; thus he won the farm.

Hearing that the Dronthjem people continued their sacrificial feasts at the coming in of winter, mid-winter, and spring, and that Olver, a wealthy bonder of Egge, was preparing for the spring feast, Olaf secretly made ready an expedition, consisting of five ships and three hundred armed men, and steered up the Dronthjem fiord. The wind was favourable, the ships sailed briskly before it, and nobody in the district was aware of the king's design. He anchored at nightfall at Mære, at the head of the fiord, and surrounded the house of Olver. Olver and his men were brought out and put to death. Then the king took all the provision prepared for the feast, and all the goods, clothes, arms, and treasure of Olver, and divided the booty among his men. Then he dispersed his men throughout the district, plundering and burning the farms of those who rejected or coldly received Christianity.

Thence the king went to North and South Møre, and in autumn he went into Raunsdal, everywhere enforcing submission to Christianity; and taking hostages from the bonders for their fidelity to the faith. He next visited Gudbrandsdale, but found such large bodies of armed farmers prepared to meet him, that he was unable to sack and burn their homesteads, and hack off their hands and feet, as they had done elsewhere.

A meeting was summoned. It assembled in pouring rain. Under these gloomy auspices Olaf stood up before the people and invited them to believe in the true God who had made heaven and earth.

Gudbrand, the chief of the valley, rose and answered, "We know nothing of Him whom thou speakest about. Dost thou call him a God whom no one can see? But we have a god whom we should have brought unto the assembly to-day, but that it is so rainy, and

the sight of him will make your blood run cold. If your God is so great, let Him make to-morrow to be a cloudy day without rain, and then we shall be able to meet and discuss this matter with greater comfort."

The king asked about this god, and he was told it was Thor the Thunderer, represented with his hammer in his hand. Every day five cakes were set in front of the image, and they had vanished before next morning.

Olaf went to mass next day early, and then attended the council. The sky was grey, no rain fell. The bishop, Grimkel, was there in his pontifical vestments, with his mitre on his head, and his staff in his hand. He spoke to the farmers of the true faith. Thord, one of the bonders, replied, "That horned man, with a staff in his hand, crooked at the top like a ram's horn, tells us many new things. If his God is as powerful as he says, let Him give us clear sunshine to-morrow forenoon, and then we will meet again here, and do one of two things, agree with the king to believe as he pleases, or else to fight him."

There was a man with King Olaf called Kolbein, who carried a knobbed club in his hand. The king told Kolbein to stand beside him next morning and do exactly what he told him. Then he ordered his men privately to bore holes during the night in the ships of the farmers, and to set loose their horses that were hobbled or tied or stabled. All night the king remained in prayer. Next morning he heard mass early, and took his place at the council. Thor's idol was brought to the meeting. It was a huge wooden image glancing with gold and silver. When it arrived, the bonders rose and bowed before it. Then it was set down in the middle of the field; on one side of it sat the bonders, and on the other the king and his people.

Then Gudbrand of the Dale stood up, and said, "Where now, O king, is thy God? I think he will be abashed before this glorious god of ours, whom I see you fear, for you will not raise your eyes to look at him. Neither you nor that horned man yonder, whom you call your bishop, are as bold as yesterday."

The king whispered to Kolbein, "Should the bonders turn their heads, strike the idol hard with your club."

Olaf then arose and spoke, "Much hast thou talked to us this morning, and greatly hast thou wondered that thou canst not see our God; but we expect his arrival. Thou wouldst frighten us with thy blind and deaf god, who cannot move without your shoulders carrying him along. But now——" he paused, then in a loud voice he cried, "Look to the East, behold our God coming!"

The sun was rising, and all turned to look. At that moment Kolbein smote the idol with his knotted club, crashed through the painted sides, beat it down, and out rushed a swarm of rats and mice.

The farmers fled in all directions, but their horses were running wild, their ships were scuttled; they could not escape. The king rose and addressed them. "I do not understand this noise and running about. Ye see yourselves what your God can do,—the idol ye adorned with gold and silver, and to which ye offered meat. Take now your gold and ornaments strewed about on the grass, and give them to your wives and daughters; but never hang them up hereafter on stocks and stones. Here I offer you two conditions, choose between them—either accept Christianity, or fight this very day; and the victory be to them to whom the God we worship gives it."

The farmers sullenly submitted, and were forthwith

baptized by the bishop. The king left teachers behind him, and then went on to enforce the observance of Christianity in Hedemark.

In the following year he visited the districts of Vors and Valders. At Vors the farmer armed against him, but did not dare to fight. He appointed a council at Valders, and the people attended it in arms. Whilst they were assembled, Olaf's men went round the great lake of Valders setting fire to the farms. The unfortunate bonders were so distracted with anxiety for their burning homesteads, the smoke and flame from which rose in the sky, that they submitted. Then the king had them all baptized, and restored to them such of their property as had escaped the flames.

Olaf sent messengers to Iceland requiring the natives to accept Christianity, and threatened if they refused to close all the harbours of Norway to their trading vessels, and arrest and imprison every Icelander who fell into his power. The Icelanders, as a matter of political and commercial expediency, declared their readiness to change their religion, and asked the king to send them teachers to instruct them in the faith he desired them to adopt.

The harshness with which Olaf treated the people, his iron repression of every attempt to revive heathenism, but above all, the rigour, the impartial severity with which he put down piracy, the darling pursuit of the Northmen, raised great discontent, which burst out at length into general revolt.

Earl Hako of Denmark, kinsman of Canute, king of England, sailed with a large fleet to Norway, and the country was in one wide blazing insurrection; he was received with enthusiasm. Olaf was obliged to fly the kingdom and take refuge in Russia. But the opportune death of Hako caused his hopes to revive, and at the

head of two hundred men he left Russia and landed in Sweden. As he made his way through the forests to the Norwegian frontier, he was joined by a few friends, but the vast majority of the chiefs, the farmers, and all the peasantry of Norway were opposed to him. Numbers of outlaws, vagabonds and forest-settlers, joined the king, eager for spoil. Among these were two, Gauka-Thorer and Afarfaste, vagabonds and robbers, at the head of a company of thirty men. Olaf endeavoured to persuade them to become Christians. Gauka-Thorer said, "I and my comrades have no faith but in ourselves, and with this faith we slip along sufficiently well." The king replied, "It is a great pity that such brave slaughtering fellows as you should not believe in Christ." And he offered to advance them to great dignities if they would be baptized. But if not, he desired that they should leave the army. Afarfaste said he could not believe, and Gauka-Thorer muttered, "It is a great shame that the king drives us thus from his army, and I never came before where I was not heartily welcome, nor will I leave now." So they fell into the rear, but followed the army. Now when King Olaf had reached the frontier on Staf's Moor, he heard that the army of the Norwegian bonders was marching against him, and that a battle was imminent. He mustered his force then, and found that he had more than 3,000 men. Of these 900 were heathens, and Olaf ordered that these men should allow themselves to be baptized. "We must not," said he, "put our confidence in numbers, but in God alone; for through His power and favour we must be victorious, and to obtain His favour we must not have heathen men mixed up with our host."

When the heathens heard this, they held a meeting,

and 400 men agreed to be baptized; but 500 men refused and returned to Sweden. Then the brothers Gauka-Thorer and Afaraste presented themselves before the king and offered again to follow him. Olaf asked if they were prepared to accept baptism. They stepped aside to talk to each other on the matter, and Afaraste said, "To give my opinion, I will not turn back, but go on into battle, and fight on one side or the other, I don't care much which." Gauka-Thorer replied, "If I go into battle it will be on the king's side, and if I must believe in a God, why not in the white Christ as well as in any other? Now it is my advice that we be baptized, since the king insists on it."

Then they were baptized by a priest and confirmed by the bishop. King Olaf was so pleased that he took them into his body-guard, and bade them fight beside his banner in the battle. The king had white crosses painted on the shields and helmets of all his men; and announced to them that the battle-cry should be, "Forward, Christian men! Cross-men!"

Bishop Grimkel was in the army of Olaf, encouraging his men; in that of the bonders and peasants was Bishop Sigurd, reciting to them the wrongs they had endured at the hands of the king.

"From his earliest youth," said Bishop Sigurd, "Olaf has been accustomed to plunder and kill. For this purpose he has wildly traversed all countries, until he turned at last to this, where he has vexed and harried the best men in the country. Ye know yourselves how he has treated the lendermen, of whom many of the worthiest have been murdered, and many obliged to fly the country; and how he has devastated his land with robber bands, burning and plundering houses, and killing people. What man among us has not suffered

some injury at his hands? Now he has come hither with a foreign troop, consisting mostly of forest-men, vagabonds, and such like marauders. Do ye think he will now be more merciful to you, when he is roaming about with such a bad crew, after committing devastations before, contrary to the advice of all his friends and followers?"

It is a severe condemnation of King Olaf, that after a reign of twenty-five years, he had alienated the heart of nearly every Norwegian from him. The historians who record his yearly proceedings show him acting not as a father, but as a tyrant to his people; with the most earnest desire to advance Christianity, he desolated his kingdom by letting loose his rapacious followers upon every land-owner whom he knew or suspected on the whisper of a foe, to harbour a lurking love of heathenish customs. Bishop Sigurd's appeal was not exaggerated, it was a plain statement of undeniable truths. Olaf admitted it to the full, "The bonders know," said he, "that I have burnt their habitations, and punished them severely in many ways; but I proceeded against them with fire and sword because they rejected the true faith, betook themselves to sacrifices, and would not obey my commands. I had God's honour to defend."

At the same time it is impossible not to admire the evident zeal of Olaf, even if not showing itself in the best way possible. To advance true religion and God's glory was the leading principle of his life. It was sovereign above every other purpose. If he acted cruelly and intemperately, it was because he was not fully instructed in the maxims of the gospel. He had to contend with men impatient of restraint, with a passion for war, and to control them severity was

necessary. His position was one of great difficulty, and required consummate prudence and dispassionate judgment, virtues he did not possess.

He belonged neither to an age nor to a race that understood mercy. The early Norse Christians listened with streaming tears to the narrative of the life of Christ, but never thought of imitating it. Olaf certainly acted up to the light he had, and his life shows him struggling against heathen licence and barbarism towards what he knew and felt was better.

The armies met at Sticklastad. The night before the battle the king lay with his army around him on the field; he was long awake in prayer to God, and slept but little. Towards morning slumber fell on him, and when he awoke, daylight was shooting up over the pineclad Norwegian mountains that rimmed the East. The king thought it too early to awaken the army. He had near him an Icelandic scald, Thormod, called from his having composed a poem on the coal-black brows of a damsel on the Isa-fjord, Kolbunar-skald.¹ Thormod was lying near the king, and was awake.

“Sing us a song,” said the king. Thormod raised himself up, and sang so loud that the whole army could hear him. He sang the grand old Norse battle-song the Biarkamal. These are the first verses:—

“The dawn is breaking,
The wood birds, shaking
Their wings, out call
From hut and hall,
Heads heavy with wine.

Wake ! wake ye ! wake up !
Wake Thralls to work and weep ;

¹ There is an intensely interesting Icelandic Saga narrating the history of this Thormod and his foster-brother, the Fosthbræthra Saga.

Chieftains cast off your sleep,
 Har¹ iron griping deals the blow !
 Hrolf² bends and spans his arrow to the bow !

Ye that never fly,
 See how the whit'ning sky
 Calls to the battle field, calls to the war,
 To conflict with sword, to the wound, to the scar."³

Then the troops awoke, and when the war-song was ended they thanked him for it. The king took off a gold ring and gave it to Thormod. The scald thanked Olaf for the gift and said, "We have a good king; but it is not easy to say how long the king will live. It is my prayer, sire! that thou shouldst never part from me either in life or death."

The king answered, "We shall go together as long as I rule, and you shall follow me."

Thormod said, "I hope, sire, that whether in safety or in danger, I may stand near you." Then he sang:—

"To thee, my king, I'll still be true,
 Until another scald I view,
 Here in the field with golden sword,
 As in thy hall, with flattering word.
 Thy scald shall never prove a craven
 Though he may feast the croaking raven,
 The warrior's fate unmoved I view—
 To thee, my king, I'll still be true."

The king then addressed his army, and bade them prepare for battle. After he had drawn up his army, he found that the hostile army was not near, as yet He sat down, and the people sat round him. He leaned back, and laid his head on the knee of Finn Arnason. Then he fell asleep, and slept a little while. But now

¹ One of Odin's names—the Lofty One.

² Another name of Odin.

³ Unfortunately only fragments of the *Blarka-mal* exist. They will be found in *Rafn's Fornalder Sogur*, I., p. 110—112. The translation is very difficult.

the army of the bonders came in sight with banners flying.

Finn woke the king, and told him of the approach of the enemy.

"Why did you waken me, Finn?" said Olaf. "You spoiled the enjoyment of my dream."

Finn said, "It is no time for dreaming. You must be awake, and preparing to meet the army of the bonders."

The king replied, "They are not yet so near us, and it would have been better to have let me sleep on."

Then said Finn, "What was the dream, sire?"

The king told him his dream. He seemed to see a high ladder, upon which he went so high in the air that heaven was open: for so high reached the ladder. "And when you woke me I was come to the highest step towards heaven."

Finn looked grave. "This dream bodes no good. You are fey,¹ I fear; unless it be mere want of sleep that has worked upon you."

Just as they were going into battle, a handsome, well-armed man offered himself to Olaf, to fight with him. He was a pagan, named Arnliot Gellina. The king asked him if he were a Christian. Arnliot answered, "My faith has hitherto been to believe in my own power and strength, and a very satisfactory faith I have found it; but I am not indisposed, sire, to believe in you."

The king replied, "If you will put faith in me, you must also put faith in what I will teach you. You must believe that Jesus Christ has made heaven and earth, and all mankind, and to him shall all those who are good and rightly believing go after death."

¹ The involuntary acts or words of a man doomed, and under the shadow of approaching death.

Arnliot answered, "I have indeed heard of the white Christ, but neither know what he proposes, nor what he rules over; but now I will believe all thou desirest, and lay my lot in thy hands."

Thereupon Arnliot was baptized. The king hastily taught him as much of the Faith as could be compressed into the few minutes at his disposal, and then dismissed him to his place in the host.

The battle raged with great fury. The king's war shout was, "Forward, forward, Christ-man! cross-man! king's-man!" The weather was beautiful, and the sun shone clear, but when the battle began, a sea-fog rose over the sky, and the sun burned like a blood-red ball in the darkened heavens; and gradually a total eclipse came on. There was something awful in the roar of battle going on under the solemn grey light of an eclipsed sun.

The king fought with his great two handed sword before all his men. One of the leaders on the opposite side, Thorgeir of Quiststad, he cut across the face, slashing off the nose-piece of his helmet, and clove his head down below the eyes, so that they fell out. Kalf Arnason, another, with one Thorer Hund, next came against S. Olaf. King Olaf hewed at Thorer Hund, and struck him across the shoulders; but the sword would not bite; Thorer wore a reindeer-skin coat over his chain mail.

Thorer then smote at the king, and they exchanged some blows; but the king's sword would not cut where it met the reindeer skin, although Thorer was wounded in the hands. The king exclaimed to Biorn the marshal, "Do thou kill the dog on whom steel will not bite." Biorn turned round the axe in his hands, and gave Thorer a blow with the hammer of it on the

shoulder so hard that he tottered. The king turned at the same moment against another man and dealt him his death-wound. Thorer Hund drove his spear right through the body of the marshal, exclaiming, "So I kill bears."¹

Then a bonder, Thorstein, struck at king Olaf with his axe, and the blow hit his left leg above the knee. Finn Arnason instantly killed Thorstein. The king, after the wound, staggered towards a stone, threw down his sword, and prayed to God to help him. Then Thorer Hund struck at him with his spear, and the stroke went under his mail-coat and into his belly. Then Kalf smote at him on the left side of the neck. These three wounds were king Olaf's death; and after his death, the greater part of the forces which had advanced with him were mown down on the field and lay about him.

Thorer Hund went to king Olaf's body, laid it straight out on the ground, and spread a cloak over it. He said afterwards that when he wiped the blood from the face it was very beautiful; and there was red in the cheeks, as if the king slept.

Thormoð, the Icelandic scald, he who had sung the coal-black brows of his mistress, was under king Olaf's banner in the battle. When the king had fallen, the battle was raging so that all the king's men were either killed or wounded. Thormod was severely wounded, and fell back, when the survivors retreated. Then the rearguard headed by one Dag rushed forward over the ground, strewn with dead, and endeavoured by their desperate courage to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Thormod stood aside, weary and faint. And as he stood thus, an arrow struck him in the left side; but he broke

¹ Biorn signifies bear in Norse.

off the shaft of the arrow, went out of the battle, and up towards the farm of Sticklastad, where the wounded were being attended to in a large barn.

Thormod had his drawn sword in his hand. As he went in he met a man coming out, who said, "The wounded in there howl and scream with pain, and bear their wounds very ill."

Thormod said, "Wast thou in the battle too?"

"I was with the bonders, which was the best side," said he.

"And art thou wounded any way?" said Thormod.

"A little," answered the man; "And hast thou been in the battle too?"

Thormod replied, "I was with them who had the best."

"Art thou wounded?"

"Not much to signify."

As the man—his name was Kimbe, saw that Thomod had a heavy gold ring on his arm,—it was that given him in the morning by S. Olaf, he said, "Thou art certainly a king's man. Give me thy gold ring, and I will hide thee. The bonders will kill thee if thou fallest in their way."

Thormod answered, "Take the ring if thou canst get it. I have lost what is more dear to me than a ring." Kimbe stretched out his hand, and wanted to take the ring; but Thormod, swinging his sword, cut off his hand: and Kimbe is said to have screamed and howled as badly as any whom he had been blaming before. Kimbe went off, and Thormod sat down in the barn, and listened to what people were saying. The conversation turned on what each had seen in the battle, and some praised King Olaf, and others spoke against him, Thormod went out, and entered into a chamber apart;

in which there were many wounded men, and with them a woman binding their wounds.

There was fire upon the floor, at which she warmed water to wash and clean their wounds.

Thormod went to a pillar and stood leaning against it. The girl said to him, "Are you one of the king's men, or are you of the side of the bonders?" In reply he sang a stave. Then the woman said, "Why do you not let your wound be dressed if you are hurt?" Thormod answered, "I have a wound which none may bind up." Then she who was heating the water said to him, "Why are you so pale, man, and so colourless? if you are wounded let your sore be attended to." But Thormod answered:—

"I am not ruddy, the ruddy youth
Readiest tend the tender maids.
Far in, deep-dyed in blood,
Stands in my wound the spear
That struck me, fair faced!
The trace of the rushing storm
Of swift weapons burns me."

And when he had said that, he died, leaning against the pillar, and fell dead to the earth. "But the verse was not completed by him, Harald Sigurd's son added the words 'burns me.'"¹

The Saga of King Olaf, in the *Heimskringla* narrates the circumstances rather differently. It is said that Thormod rejoiced at the arrow having pierced him, for now that Olaf was dead, he had no wish to live.

"Thormod stood up and went in towards the fire, and stood there awhile. The young woman said to him, 'Go out man, and bring in some of the split firewood which lies close beside the door.' He went out and

¹ *Fostbræthra Saga* ii

brought in an armful of wood, which he threw down upon the floor. Then the nurse-girl looked him in the face, and said, 'Dreadfully pale is this man—why art thou so?' . . . and she said, 'Let me see thy wound, and I will bind it.' Thereupon Thormod sat down, cast off his clothes, and the girl saw his wound, and felt that a piece of iron was in it, but could not find where the iron had penetrated. In a stone pot she had stirred together leeks and other herbs, and boiled them, and gave the wounded men of it to eat, by which she discovered if the wounds had penetrated into the belly; for if the wound had gone so deep, *it would smell through of the leek*. She brought some of this now to Thormod, and told him to eat of it. He replied, 'Take it away, I have no appetite for my broth.' Then she took a large pair of tongs, and tried to pull out the iron; but it sat too fast, and would in no way come, and as the wound was swollen, there was little to lay hold of. 'Now,' said Thorir, 'cut in deep enough to get fast hold with the tongs, and let me pull.' She did so. Then Thormod took a gold ring from his hand, and gave it to the nurse-girl. 'It is a good man's gift,' he said, 'for King Olaf gave it me this morning.' Then Thorir took the tongs, and pulled the iron out, and it was barbed. Then Thormod leaned back and died."¹

Thus died this brave gallant heart. It speaks well for King Olaf that he could have inspired such affection in the cold Iclander. But this was not the only instance. I have ventured to transgress somewhat in giving this touching incident, but nothing speaks so highly for a man's character as that it should inspire love and reverence in men of heroic minds.

¹ Helmskringla, Saga vii.

The body of S. Olaf was taken to Drontheim and there buried, but as during the winter there grew up a belief that Olaf was a saint and a martyr, Bishop Grimkel had the body taken up the following year and enshrined.

It still reposes untouched in Drontheim Cathedral.



July 30.

- SS. ABDON AND SENNEN, *MM.* at Rome, circ. A.D. 252.
 S. JULITTA, *M.* at *Cæsarea in Cappadocia*, circ. A.D. 303.
 SS. MAXIMA, DONATILLA AND SECUNDA, *MM.* in *Africa*, circ. A.D. 303.
 S. TATWIN, *Abp.* of *Canterbury*, A.D. 734.
 S. HATHDRAND, *Ab.* at *Antwerp*, A.D. 1198.

SS. ABDON AND SENNEN, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 252.)

[Roman and most ancient Latin Martyrologies. The Acts are late and undeserving of trust.]



THESE Saints were Persians, who, coming to Rome during the persecution of Decius, were cruelly tormented and put to death. Their bodies were placed in the house of a sub-deacon, Quirinus. In the reign of Constantine the Great their relics were removed to the cemetery of Pontianus, called also Ad Ursum Pileatum, probably from the sign of some tavern near it. It was situated near the Tiber, on the road to Porto. The marble sarcophagus in which the bodies of these saints were laid in the reign of Constantine exists. Christ with cruciform nimbus is represented on it in the clouds placing garlands on the heads of Abdon and Sennen, who wear fur tunics and cloaks, with fur hoods drawn over their heads. Behind S. Abdon is a figure of S. Miles; behind S. Sennen one of S. Vincent in priestly vestment. Their relics are now in the church of S. Mark at Rome, but others at Florence and elsewhere.

SS. MAXIMA, DONATILLA AND SECUNDA, VV.,
MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Carthaginian Kalendar, in which, however, Secunda is called Septima, probably correctly. Martyrology of Jerome, the "Martyrologium parvum," Notker, Usuardus, Ado, &c. Authority:—The Acts in the Martyrology of Ado. This version has undergone some slight alterations,¹ but in the main facts they are to be quite relied upon.]

IN the neighbourhood of Tuburbo, in Northern Africa, two virgin sisters, Maxima and Donatilla, were arrested as Christians and brought into the city, to be examined by the governor Anulinus. The rough and brutal soldiers drove them along the road with insult. As they were leaving their house, a young girl of twelve, named Secunda, or Septima, looked out of an upper window, and seeing the two noble maidens being carried off to trial, she called to them to suffer her to join them, then ran down stairs, and gave herself up to the soldiers to be taken with them to judgment and death.

Maxima and Donatilla were brought before the governor Anulinus, and he ordered them to be beaten till their flesh bled, and then quick lime to be rubbed into the wounds. They were extended on the rack, and laid on live coals, and when their fevered lips craved for water, stagnant water from a ditch was offered them. They were then thrown on the sand in the arena of the theatre for the rabble to kick and insult.

The judge was now told of the girl of twelve years who had joined herself to the ladies Maxima and Donatilla. Anulinus ordered her into his presence, and hastily bade her be taken into the theatre, and wild beasts to be let

¹ As for instance, in the name of the emperor, by substitution of Galienus for Diocletian.

loose on her and the two wounded, tortured maidens. A bear was sent against them, but the beast would not touch them. Thereupon Anulinus ordered a soldier to despatch the three maidens with the sword; an order which was promptly executed. S. Augustine, in one of his sermons, speaks of the Martyrs of Tuburbo, but does not name them or enter into particulars. He perhaps alluded, among others, to these virgin martyrs.

S. JULITTA, M.

(ABOUT A. D. 303.)

[Roman, Greek and Russian Martyrologies on the same day. Authority:—A homily on S. Julitta by S. Basil the Great, bishop of Cæsarea, pronounced about the year 375. There can be no question that the facts of this martyrdom are correctly given. S. Basil spoke on the scene of her passion, the memory of which was certain to have been handed down by eye-witnesses to their children in the 70 years that had intervened. S. Basil may have heard the details from eye-witnesses when he was a child.]

S. JULITTA was a wealthy lady of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, possessed of farms, cattle and slaves. A powerful man of the town, by open violence, took possession of a portion of her estate. She appealed against him to the magistrates, and when he found that the case was going against him, he charged her with being a Christian. A tripod and incense were brought in, and the magistrate ordered Julitta to throw some grains on the fire before an image, in token that she offered sacrifice to Zeus.

She refused, declaring that she would rather yield her estates and life than thus imperil her soul. The magistrate ordered her to be burned to death. A great fire was heaped up and kindled, and Julitta was led to it; she leaped into the flames or smoke, and sank down suffocated.

Her body was drawn out before the flames reached and consumed it, and was buried. A spring of sweet water bubbled up from her grave, and was thought to possess healing properties.

S. TATWIN, ABP. OF CANTERBURY.

(A.D. 734.)

[The Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists, and Ferrarius. Not in the Anglican or Roman Kalendars and Martyrologies. Authority:—Bede, lib. v., c. 24.]

TATWIN, monk of the Benedictine monastery of Brenton in Mercia, succeeded S. Britwald as archbishop of Canterbury, in 731. He was consecrated by Daniel, bishop of Winchester, Ingwald of London, Adwin of Lichfield, and Adulf of Rochester. The year after his ordination a controversy broke out between the sees of York and Canterbury relative to the right of primacy. Tatwin went to Rome about this matter, and the primacy was confirmed to the see of Canterbury. Tatwin died in 734, and was buried at Canterbury.



July 31.

- S. CALIMERUS, *B.M. at Milan, end of 2nd cent.*
 SS. FANTIUS AND DEODATA, *MM. at Turin, circ. A.D. 303.*
 S. PETER, *B. of Ravenna, A.D. 405.*
 S. GERMANUS, *B. of Auxerre, A.D. 448.*
 S. NEOT, *C. in Cornwall, circ. A.D. 877.*
 S. HELENA, *W.M. in Sweden, 12th cent.*
 S. JOHN COLOMBINO, *C. at Siena, A.D. 1367.*
 S. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, *C. at Rome A.D. 1556.*
 THE JESUIT MARTYRS, *in Canada, A.D. 1644-49.*

S. GERMANUS, B. OF AUXERRE.

(A.D. 448.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. The Martyrology of Bede on Aug. 1st. Several of the ancient Martyrologies on Oct. 1st. ; but Ado on July 31st. Other Martyrologies on Sept. 22nd. The Authorities for the Life of S. Germain are, (1) the contemporary mention of him in the Chronicle of Prosper of Aquitaine, (2) Constantius, who wrote between 483 and 492, (3) mention by Bede in his Ecclesiastical Hist., A.D. 732, (4) British Legends of the 9th century in Nennius, Hist. Brit.]



HIS great Saint was born at Auxerre, about A.D. 378, of noble parents, and was brought up as a Christian, and educated, it is said, partly at Rome. But he gave in his youth no tokens of that spiritual greatness which made him afterwards distinguished. He was devotedly attached to the chase, and inclined to tolerate, if not to partake in, the heathen customs which still lingered in Gaul. In the midst of Auxerre grew a stately pear-tree, on which it was the usage of the hunters to suspend the heads and antlers of the game killed in hunting. It was a heathen custom, these were offerings to Odin; although to themselves and to others the huntsmen might disguise the signification of their act. Germain invariably suspended his trophies on

the branches of the sacred tree, regardless of the reproof of the bishop, Amator. The bishop took the opportunity of the absence of the young chief in the forest chase to cut down the tree. Germanus on his return was furious, he seized and threatened the bishop with death. But his anger exploded in words.

When Amator was old, and looking about for a worthy successor, he resolved that the eager huntsman, Germain, should succeed him. His scheme was whispered among the people. Germain was the chief of Auxerre, rich and powerful. Who so fit to be their prelate as he who was their hereditary ruler? Suddenly, when Germain least expected it, the people rose, caught him, dragged him into the church, the bishop plucked off his secular habit; in vain did the chief struggle in the hands of his captors, he was forced to his knees before the altar, and with pious precipitancy Amator consecrated him priest.¹ On the death of S. Amator, Simplicius filled his room, but only for a brief period, and on his death, Germain was elected bishop.

From the day of his ordination, the life of Germain was altered. He abandoned the chase, and adopted a course of study; instead of riotous banquets, his meals were frugal, his gay clothing was exchanged for the sombre habit of a monk; his wife, Eustacia, thought fit, or was obliged, to retire into another house.

One winter day, S. Germain was travelling with a few attendants. At night-fall they rested in a ruined house. Whilst reciting the office with a clerk, a crash of stones showed that the wall was falling; and next moment a train of ghastly spectres stood before them. Germain asked why they appeared to scare the living. They replied that their bodies lay unburied among the ruins. Germain bade

¹ The story has been already told in the life of S. Amator, May 1st.



S. GERMANUS. After Cahier.

July, Part II. p. 682.]

[July 31.

them lead the way, and he followed to where the ghostly visitants pointed out a spot covered with stones and brambles. The bishop next morning sought at the spot, found the corpses, and gave them Christian burial.

A message having come to the bishops of Gaul from those of Britain, imploring their aid against the Pelagian heresy, which was spreading rapidly through their island, in 429, S. Germain of Auxerre, and S. Lupus of Troyes, were chosen to go on an embassy to Britain to oppose Pelagianism.¹

On their way to Britain, S. Germain passed through Paris, and then occurred that touching incident of the dedication of S. Genoveva, already narrated in the life of that saint (Jan. 3rd). Arriving in Britain after a stormy passage,² the two bishops attended a council of the British bishops held, apparently, at Verulam; and there they spoke with vehemence against those who denied original sin and affirmed their capability of serving God unassisted by Divine grace. A Romano-British tribune and his wife brought their blind daughter to them out of the crowd, and Germain at once restored her sight by touching her eyes with his reliquary.

The British suffered severely at this time from the inroads of the Picts and Scots; and as news reached the bishops that a fresh incursion of these barbarians had burst through the wall of Severus, Germanus and Lupus accompanied the British army that marched to arrest their progress. On their march they preached to the soldiers,

¹ This is the date given by Prosper of Aquitain, himself in Rome, A.D. 431, on a mission to Pope Cælestine, and writing shortly after 455, he is certainly the best evidence for the date. That of 446, given by Matthew of Westminster, following Sigebert of Gemblours, rests on Constantius and Bede, who give a vague general date, and on an inference groundlessly drawn from the mention of Saxons as well as Picts in Constantius' account of the Hallelujah battle fought in Britain under the leading of Germanus.

² In winter according to the Life of Lupus.

and most of them, who were not yet Christians, moved by the exhortations of the holy bishops, received baptism.

The army, wet with baptismal water, as Bede says, went against the heathen foe in the strength of the Lord. S. Germain picked out the most active among the Britons, examined the country, and finding a valley encompassed by hills, drew up his inexperienced troops in it. The fire of his old military ardour awoke, and he took the command of the helpless, feeble Britons, and endeavoured to infuse into them some energy, some courage. When the Picts came on, the Britons remained in ambush till their foes were well in the midst of the valley, then Germain, bearing the standard, started from his hiding place, the priests thundered the joyful Paschal cry, Hallelujah,—it was Easter-tide, the Britons rose, repeated the cry, and burst from their concealment. The Picts and Scots fled in disorder, casting away their arms, and many were drowned in the river. The Britons without loss of a man, almost without striking a blow, found themselves in the unwonted position of victors, instead of flying before the naked savages, and attributed their triumph to the merits and generalship of their holy leader. To pursue the flying foe, and turn a panic into a rout, and thus strike a serious blow at the power of the invaders, was an effort beyond their capabilities. They were content to gather up the miserable spoil, and return rejoicing to their camp.

The site of this bloodless victory is said to have been Maes Garmon, near Mold in Flintshire. But the historian may ask how it was that the Picts and Scots should have penetrated so far, and turned their forces on needy Wales instead of the more wealthy and populous parts of Britain. And the absence of all trace of this victory in the Welsh historians, may make us question whether the story be not the legend of some skirmish, picked up and exaggerated

by Constantius. Bede knew nothing of it but what he read in the account of the priest of Lyons, whose words he quotes almost verbatim.

Several churches in Wales bear the name of S. Germain, or Garmon; but as he visited this country twice, only one of them can be distinctly referred to the date of this his first mission, namely, Llanarmon in Jâl, Denbighshire. It is singular that the parish attached to it adjoins that of Mold, in which the Allelujatic victory is said to have been gained; and if Archbishop Usher has correctly determined the locality of the engagement, the church in question is possibly situated on the spot where S. Germain is described as having raised a sacred edifice, formed of the branches of trees interwoven together, in which he and his followers celebrated the Easter festival, and baptized the greater part of the army.

After having successfully combated Pelagianism, and taught the timorous Britons a lesson in resistance to their barbarous foes, Germain and Lupus returned to Gaul. He visited Arles, where he was warmly received by S. Hilary. It is remarkable that, at this very time, the bishops of Gaul, S. Hilary among them, at Rome were labouring under suspicion of dangerous sympathy with Pelagian doctrines. They—at least those of Aquitain—having felt themselves obliged to call in question the teaching of S. Augustine on Predestination and Grace, were thought and charged by the fiery Prosper with semi-Pelagianism. In reality they protested against the exaggeration of the doctrines of Augustine, which left no place for human effort and the exercise of free-will. It is remarkable that Germain, who must have been under the influence of the prevailing anti-Augustinian views of the Gallican Church, should have so triumphantly refuted Pelagianism in its British stronghold. It shows how opposed the Gallican Church was to exag-

generation on either side, in the direction of emancipation of man from dependence on grace, or the crushing out of his activity beneath a fatally constraining Divine will.

In 447, the year before his death, Germanus was again sent to Britain, together with Severus of Treves, the disciple of S. Lupus. At Paris he again visited S. Geneveva.¹

On their arrival in Britain he healed the son of Elaphius, a governor, of a contracted leg by the power of his touch. The multitude were amazed, and expelled the Pelagians from among them. Several fables are related by Nennius, in the 9th cent., concerning this second mission. Ketelus or Cadell, the swineherd of Benly, king of Powys, opened his doors to the bishops, when in cold and hunger they were turned from the king's gates with contempt. In consequence of this hospitality the saint deposed the king, and elevated the swineherd in his room. It so happens that the Welsh accounts mention the name of Benlli-Gawr, who was a chieftain in Denbigh about that time, but he was succeeded by his son Beli. By Ketelus is meant Cadell Deyrnllug, "a prince of the Vale Royal and part of Powys," who rose into power about the same period. These facts show that there is some foundation for the legend, which may contain a confused remembrance of some real event. It is remarkable that there is a church dedicated to S. Germain in the district, Dyffryn Ceiriog Llanarmon, which might have been part of the possessions of either Cadell or Benlli, and a chapel, subject to an adjoining parish, also dedicated to him.

Another story describes a meeting between S. Germain and Vortigern, at a council held in Gwrtheyrnion or Builth, in Radnorshire, when the saint publicly and boldly rebuked the king for the licentiousness. S. Germain was

¹ Jan. 3rd, p. 48.

treated with insolence, and he cursed Vortigern and departed. But Vortimer, son of Vortigern, threw himself at the feet of S. Germain, and gave him the lands on which he had been insulted, to be his for ever. It is curious that a church dedicated to S. Germain is on this spot. That the saint effected a great change in the religious condition of the Britons is not unlikely, from the respect so generally paid to his name; and it may be observed that there are no parish churches in Wales which can be traced to a higher date than his first visit. It is probable that S. Germain may have endeavoured to regulate the British Church after the model of the Gallican, by the institution of parochial divisions, such as had been ordered in Gaul by the council of Vaison, in A.D. 442.

Vortigern was at the time of the second visit of S. Germain a chief in Radnor and Brecon; but in 448, he became, by treachery or otherwise, the Pendragon, or chief ruler in Britain.

The Saint was on his road back to Auxerre, when he met a deputation of the inhabitants of Armorica, or Brittany, sent to entreat his interference to save them from the vengeance of Eocaric, king of the Alemanni, who had been sent against them by Aetius, the Roman general in Gaul, to chastise them for having revolted.

S. Germain undertook the difficult, if not dangerous, task of stepping between the barbarian and his prey. He rode to meet him, and boldly accosted Eocaric. The king, knowing or guessing his object, would have pushed by. S. Germain caught his bridle, and before all his army arrested him. The ferocious German endeavoured to shake himself free, would not listen, dug his long spiked spurs into the flanks of his steed. The horse reared, but the venerable prelate did not let go his hold. He would have been thrown from his horse and trampled under foot.

Eocarc was not prepared to see himself the murderer of so great a bishop, and he restrained his foaming steed. Then the grand old man addressed him. Germain painted to him the woes of wailing widows and orphan children; desolated farms and burning houses, and tears wetting the smoking ashes of once happy homes. He warned him of judgment on those who do wrong and rend with cruel hand asunder the ties that God has knit, who bring tears to the cheeks of the widow, and extinguish lives which God has breathed into the nostrils of men made after his image. Eocarc listened. The rough German heart has always a softness, tenderness under the rudest crust; it was moved. He drew off his troops, on condition that Germain should proceed to the emperor, and obtain pardon for the Bretons.

On his return home, S. Germain found his people suffering wrong from the local governors, to redress which, and to obtain what he had promised to Eocarc, he went to Ravenna to see the emperor, and plead before him the cause of the oppressed. On his way, at Autun, he visited the tomb of S. Cassian (Aug. 5th). He was received at Ravenna with respect by Valentinian III., and his mother, Placida. They granted him what he desired.

His entry into Ravenna took place at night. It was noised that Germanus of Auxerre was drawing nigh. His fame had reached Ravenna, and Germanus heard that the emperor and the people were preparing to receive him with honour. His humility took fright, and he hastened forward to reach the city at night, before he was expected. But when it was known that he had entered the gates, crowds with lights lined the streets, and greeted the old man with respectful and enthusiastic acclamations, whilst S. Peter Chrysologus, the bishop, came forward at the head of his clergy to meet and embrace him.

The empress Placida, when she heard that Germanus



S. GERMANUS, BISHOP OF AUXERRE.

From a Drawing by A. Welby Pugin.

had arrived, sent to his lodging a great silver dish filled with dainties, without meat, which she knew he would not touch. The saint sent her in return a barley loaf upon a wooden platter. The empress received it respectfully, ordered the dish to be enchased with gold, and kept the loaf as a precious relic. The saint was continually attended at Ravenna by six bishops, and wrought there many miracles. The son of Volusian, chancellor or secretary to the patrician Sigisvultus, being dead and cold, the saint was called, and having put all the company out of the chamber, he prostrated himself near the corpse and prayed with tears. After some time the dead man began to stir, open his eyes, and move his fingers. S. Germanus raised him, he sat up, and, by degrees, was restored to perfect health. One day after matins, as the saint was talking with the bishops of religious matters, he said to them, "My brethren, I recommend my passage to your prayers. Methought I saw this night our Saviour, who gave me provision for a journey, and told me I was to go into my native country, and to receive eternal rest." A few days after, he fell sick. All the city was alarmed. The empress went to see him, and he took the opportunity to request her to send back his corpse to his own country; she assented, though very unwillingly. He died at Ravenna on the seventh day of his illness, which was the last of July in 448, having held his see thirty years and twenty-five days. The empress Placidia took his reliquary, S. Peter Chrysologus his cowl and hair shirt, and the six other bishops divided his clothes among them. The eunuch Acholius, prefect of the emperor's chamber, one of whose servants, when sick, the saint had cured, had his corpse embalmed; the empress clothed it with a rich habit and gave a coffin of cypress wood; the emperor furnished carriages and the expense of the journey. The clergy of Auxerre went as far as the Alps to receive

the body, which was brought into that city fifty days after the death of the Saint, and after having been exposed for six days, was buried, on October 1st, in the oratory of S. Maurice he had founded.

The hymn of S. Fiech, besides later tradition, both Irish and British, connects S. Patrick personally with S. Germain. And the scholiast on that hymn brings him with S. Germain to Britain. The confession of S. Patrick himself is conclusively silent on the subject. This mistake has arisen through a confusion having been made between S. Patrick and S. Palladius, the latter of whom was certainly connected with S. Germain.

A Cornish mass of S. Germain, probably of the 9th century, claims S. Germain as having preached in Cornwall. It also contains an allusion to the legend of his interview with Vortigern.

In Art he is represented with an ass at his feet, as he is said to have raised his ass to life when it had died during the time he dined with the Empress Placida.

Numerous as are the miracles recorded of Germanus during his life, the number of those after his death is far greater, and they are of the usual kind. For instance, a greedy rustic who stole an apple that had been placed as a votive offering at his tomb, was struck dumb. And in other places that were fortunate enough to possess any of his relics many such things came to pass.

In A.D. 859, the church at Auxerre, having been rebuilt on a scale of great splendour, the body of S. Germanus was translated and enshrined. The shrine was demolished by the Huguenots in 1567, and the bones mixed with others, and thrown away or burnt. The Bollandist discusses the genuineness of some which were kept after this in *quodam sacco* at Auxerre; but is obliged to own that they are not genuine. Some, however, which had been removed from

the shrine previous to its demolition, he thinks undoubtedly are. But no account of S. Germanus for English readers would be complete without some special notice of his connection with Selby, in Yorkshire, and how it came about. The story is given in a History of Selby Abbey, printed from a MS. by Labbe, in his *Bibliotheca MSS.*, and also contained in the *Acta Sanctorum*.

The account occupies fourteen closely printed pages of the *Acta SS.*, but will here be as much condensed as possible :—

About the middle of the 11th century, there was a monk of Auxerre, who had a special devotion for S. Germanus, and an overwhelming desire to possess for himself a relic of this patron. One night he stole away to the sacred body, and bit off or cut off the middle finger of the right hand. No sooner had he done this, than he was seized with a horror and trembling, and began to smite his breast with tears and lamentations, beseeching S. Germanus to have mercy on him. Then compelled by a certain necessity, he placed the finger on the altar. The horror-stricken brethren after this secured the body by walls and iron doors, and prepared an ivory case for the finger, in which it was kept over the altar instead of the body, which appears to have been there before.

About that time there was a brother named Benedict, to whom S. Germanus appeared three times in the visions of the night, and said to him, "Go from thy land and from thy kindred, and from this thy father's house, and come into a land which I shall shew thee. There is a place in England, and it is called Selby, provided for my honour, predestined for the rendering of my praise, to be famous for the titles and glory of my name, situated on the bank of the river Ouse, not far distant from the city of York. There I have provided and chosen a founder for my name,

and thou shalt find for thyself a cell upon the royal land, which pertains to the right of the king. And fear not to undertake alone so great and such a peregrination ; for, believe me, thou shalt be comforted by my companionship, strengthened by my counsel, defended by my protection. My finger, which is over the altar, thou shalt carry with thee in memory of me, and that thou mayest be able to do this securely and without fear of losing it, thou shalt with a knife make an opening in thy arm between the elbow and the shoulder, and therein place the finger. Nor do thou tremble to do this, for thou shalt neither shed blood nor suffer pain." Benedict disregarded the vision the first and second time, but the third time the saint reproved him so severely for his negligence, that he set off at once, commending himself to God and S. Germanus, and carrying off the finger without saying a word to any one. Great was the consternation, loud the lamentation, long and diligent the search, when it was found the finger had disappeared. Then it occurred to the monks to pursue Benedict, and at last they overtook and questioned him. He altogether denied having been guilty of any sacrilege ; but nevertheless they searched his clothes. And not being able to find the relic, they returned in confusion to Auxerre, while he made a prosperous journey to England with his precious treasure. But the result of his enquiries on the road was his finding himself at Salisbury instead of Selby. Here he was most honourably entertained by a citizen named Edward, who loaded him with many precious gifts, the chief of which was a gold reliquary of wonderful workmanship, in which the finger was to be kept, and at which it was kept at Selby when the account was written. When, however, he began to ask where York was, and which was the river Ouse, he discovered that he had not yet reached the place of which he had

been told in the vision. And being sorely troubled thereat, he was comforted by another vision of S. Germanus appearing to him with a smiling countenance, and saying, "I said not unto thee Salisbury, but that thou shouldest ask for Selby." And then, says the chronicler, "whether in the body or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth," Benedict was transported to Selby, where the Saint said to him, "Here shall be my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." However, in the morning Benedict was still at Salisbury. A few days after, he was shown the way to Lymington by a priest named Theobald, and there he found a ship bound for York, in which he sailed. They had a prosperous voyage, and no sooner did they approach Selby than Benedict at once recognized it as the place he had seen in the vision. Here, said he, is the place which the Lord hath chosen; here let me land. And no sooner had he set his foot on the bank, than he set up the Cross under a great oak, called by the natives Strihac, about A.D. 1069, the fourth year of William the Conqueror. Here the chronicler expatiates on the beauties of the situation, the sweetness of the waters, the abundance of fish, the commodity of water transport. The very best of stone can easily be brought for building, and everything that goes to York from foreign parts, or from any port in England, has to go by Selby. And first Benedict built a little cell, where he offered continually praises to the most sacred finger, which had since his arrival made a dumb man speak. One day, a nobleman named Hugh, passing that way, asked him what the cross meant. This led to a firm friendship between them, and they built an oratory in honour of S. Germanus. Then Hugh took Benedict and introduced him to king William, who received him most kindly, and gave him one carucate of land at Selby, the

wood Flaxey, the vill Rawcliffe, half a carucate in Braydon, and the fishery of Whitgift.¹ Benedict now returned, set up workshops about his chapel, and many left their worldly employments to help in the construction of greater buildings. At this time there was in the neighbouring woods a gang of robbers, led by one Sevam, the son of Sigge. Sevam tried to break into Benedict's cell at night; but his hand stuck to the wall, and there he remained trembling till morning, when he was only set at liberty on making a vow that he would never offend the blessed Germanus again. A nobleman's son was cured of epilepsy by a touch of the holy finger. In the ninth year of Henry I. there was a great flood in the river Ouse, after a sudden thaw. It came on so rapidly that when the bell rang for matins there was nothing of it to be seen; but before the office was over, the cloisters were flooded. The chapel being nearer the river was in great danger of being washed away, for water continued to rise for fifteen days. But within the chapel it never prevailed further than the altar step, though it had been two cubits higher outside than in. In the time of the Abbot Helias (cir. 1150), one who sacrilegiously tried to break into the church, died of a torturing sickness in three days. A similar chastisement overtook a soldier named Foliot, who stole a horse from the churchyard. Another soldier who kidnapped a captive from the church, was afflicted with contracted limbs, and in fact no one who presumed in any way to offend S. Germanus escaped his scourge. In an attack upon the "castle" it was set fire to, and the chapel of the saint only with the greatest difficulty. All captives who had faith in S. Germanus soon escaped by his help. A furrier of Pon-

¹ Compare the foundation charter, printed in Dugdale Mon. It mentions Benedict as first abbot, and Edward of Salisbury as a witness. But it may, like the foundation charters of Durham and many other monasteries, be a forgery of early date.

tefract found his fetters drop off, so also a little boy detained as a hostage, and a cleric in bonds for his father, and others. In the time of the Abbot Germanus, circ. 1160, one Martin, who was nearly tortured to death, was made quite well in three days. A pack-horse crossing the bridge with some of the brethren who were going out on a preaching tour, slipped into the river, and when with great labour they had pulled him out, the vestments, relics, &c., in the chests on his back were found to have been miraculously preserved from wetting. Another time they were carrying the feretory on a waggon, which ran over a child of two years old and killed it on the spot. The Lord Prior exclaimed, "Holy Germanus, what hast thou done? We preach that thou dost raise the dead; but now, on the contrary, thou killest the living." They fell to prayers, the child was placed on the ground under the feretory, and was very soon as well as if nothing had happened. While on this journey they passed the night in a certain church where a recluse dwelt in a cell in the wall. To her the saint appeared in her sleep, and described his home at Selby, especially the churchyard planted with nut-trees, all which she was able to relate in the morning to one of the Selby brethren named Ralph, and by this token to prove a commission she had from S. Germanus to rebuke him for dissoluteness and levity. To a hostess who entertained them, the saint appeared and rebuked her for not treating his servants with sufficient consideration. And a certain canon who had nearly died of a quartan ague was cured by drinking water in which the relics had been washed. The last chapter of the history contains other miracles up to the time when it ends, viz., 1174, namely, the following :—A girl of fifteen, who could not walk without two sticks, came to the shrine, which was then stationed in the church of S. John at Donwick (?).

The first day she was able to throw away one stick, the next day the other. A little boy was cured of contracted legs by a touch of the relics. A girl was so nearly at the point of death that extreme unction was going to be administered; but, at the suggestion of a monk, the mother went and offered a candle at the shrine on her behalf, and spent the night in prayer. In the morning the daughter sprang out of bed quite well, and went to mass. In the year 1167 a man named Kettel, of "Caiteford" (?), who had been in a languor for five years, was brought and laid down in the choir. Here he became worse until the second nocturn, when his limbs and viscera were disturbed by a violent commotion, and it appeared to us, says the narrator, as if all his interior parts were undergoing a revolution. After labouring long and painfully under an irresistible nausea, at last he vomited and fell asleep. When he awoke he was quite recovered. On the morrow of S. Germanus's day, namely, the feast of S. Peter ad Vincula, the Gleemen (*joculatâres*) who come to "our" feast, are accustomed to offer a taper at vespers, which while they did in the year aforesaid, with wanton performances of actors and dancers, with all the vulgar sort following them, a demon suddenly seized the servant of a certain monk, and threw him down on the floor of the church, where he lay in violent convulsions. The brethren placed on his head the handkerchief of S. Germanus, and on his breast a reliquary with the flesh of S. Agatha. Then the man vomited forth the demon, who, in his flight, left a horrible stench behind him. The man went to sleep, and awoke quite well. In the following year a countryman in Elmet, who went to work in his garden on S. Germanus's day, found that his hand stuck to his shovel, and he could not be liberated till he made a vow to offer an oblation at Selby, and devoutly to observe

the day for the rest of his life. Lastly, a man from Dwhim (?), in the wood, went out to work within the octave of S. Germanus. Being very hot and thirsty he drank a great quantity of rain water which happened to be at hand, after which he swelled up and seemed likely to die. A pious matron told him if he had faith and would make an oblation to S. Germanus, he would be healed. So measuring out a candle wick, he vomited, within three days was quite well, and himself related the circumstances to the writer.

Thus ends this remarkable history. It affords a characteristic example of the sort of things that were regarded as miraculous, of the sort of miracle-stories that passed current in the 12th century. Again, it is full of interest in connection with the foundation and fame of one of the grandest of the monasteries of the North, the mitred Abbey of Selby.

S. NEOT, C.

(A.D. 877.)

[From Ordericus Vitalis, who wrote in the 12th cent., we learn that the festival of S. Neot was observed in Normandy on July 30th; but according to Mabillon, in the abbey of Bec, it was celebrated on July 31st. Authority:—A contemporary biographer existed. Asser, in his life of Alfred, speaks of King Alfred lying concealed from the Danes in a peasant's house "as is written in the Life of the holy father Neot." This original life no longer exists, but it may have formed the basis of the life by an anonymous writer of the 12th cent., which we have.]

S. NEOT was a kinsman of King Alfred, but what relation does not appear. The 12th century biographer is certainly wrong in making him the son of Ethelwulf, father of Alfred. He was perhaps a cousin. His early training was in Glastonbury Abbey. It is said that he was such a

little man, that to stand at the altar and say mass he was obliged to have a stool placed for him to stand upon, whenever it was his turn to approach the altar.

After a while, desirous of living a more retired life, he fled with one companion, named Barri, into Cornwall, and found a retreat where now stands the church of S. Neots, near Liskeard. There he spent seven years, and then made a journey to Rome. On his return he formed a monastery at the place of his retreat. There he ploughed the soil with oxen, but one night thieves stole his oxen, and next day red deer came from the forest and allowed him to plough with them.

King Alfred visited his kinsman, who rebuked him for some acts of severity he had committed, and warned him of the woes coming upon England.¹

S. Neot died in his monastery in Cornwall. His body was translated by Alfred to the place now called S. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, but then called Ainulfsbury.

S. HELENA, W.M.

(12th CENT.)

[Swedish Martyrology. Authority :—A life probably by S. Brynjolf, bishop of Scara, d. 1317.]

SKÖFDE under the Billingen ridge in West Gothland, a district of Sweden, is mentioned as early as 1164 as under the special patronage of S. Elin or Helena. It is a little town with a square and a fountain; a church, dedicated to S. Elin, with one fine round-arched doorway of the 12th cent., supported by monsters,—apocalyptic lions, with heads between their paws; the church surrounded by a

¹ Asser speaks of this visit, and says "the blessed man Neot, *still in the flesh*, the king's kinsman, &c."

sweet-smelling grave-yard, shady and pleasant, where women sit in the summer days working, and men lounge and gossip.

S. Elin, as she is called in Sweden, was a Christian lady, rich and respected. "If," says this chronicler, "all saints were like her, they would indeed deserve honour."

She was converted by S. Sigfrid, apostle of that province. Her daughter espoused a pagan, who, ill-treating his wife, was slain by the people. Elin, suspected of having encouraged the people to the crime, or of having connived at it, in her grief took staff, and wandered to the Holy Sepulchre.

On her return she built the church of Sköfde, and there prepared herself a grave. Whilst on her road to church she was attacked by assassins sent by the kinsmen of her murdered son-in-law, to avenge his death on her, and they killed her, and laid her body in a wood hard by, where it was found minus one finger. For this her friends searched in vain, until a light led them to a juniper-bush, on which a blind man found it hanging. His sight was immediately restored.

A deep well sprang from where her body lay ; a rippling streamlet from the bush on which reposed her finger. Most famous they became, curing all sorts of evils. And soon there arose a chapel, at which the devout made offerings. This well excited the ire of the protestant Archbishop Abraham, who went on a crusade throughout the land, filling up all the best springs, mineral or pure water, as Popish, anti-Christian, and what not besides ; he stopped S. Elin's well with stones, clay, mud, all sorts of rubbish,—apostrophising it as he went his way, "There, see if S. Elin will now clear you out again !"

The indignant waters bided their time ; scarce had the archbishop departed, when, with a laughing joyous bubble,

they burst through the corner-stone of the desecrated chapel. The saintly finger of S. Elin, surrounded by a misty halo, was seen to point the way; then, running clear, bright, and sparkling, they followed their old course, where you may see them this very day.

West Gothland loves her memory, and in her night-watch mass sang:—

“ Hail, spotless and pure! Pride of West Götaland;
Crowned S. Elin, who, blessed from God’s bright abode,
In mercy protects our land of Svea.”¹

S. JOHN COLOMBINO, C.

(A.D. 1367.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—A Life by Peo Belcaro, d. 1484, and another by Johannes Bapt. Rossi, S.J.]

JOHN COLOMBINO was a native of Siena, of the noble house of Colombino, one of the most illustrious in that ancient city. His mother was of the noble family of Tornusasi.

When at an age to marry he took to wife a young lady of quality, named Blaisia Bandinelli, by whom he had a son and a daughter. As he was a man of rank, of talents and influence, he obtained several offices of distinction. He became gonfalonier of the republic. His mind was engrossed in the acquisition of wealth, and he was utterly unscrupulous as to the way in which he acquired it; and he paid little or no attention to his religious duties.

One day, having returned home hungry, he found dinner not ready. He broke into angry exclamations against the cook and her unpunctuality. His wife came in for a share of abuse. She did not attend to his comforts, look after the servants sufficiently. Blaisia put into his hand a book

¹ H. Marryat: *One year in Sweden*, l. p. 277.

of Lives of the Saints, and bade him amuse himself with the legends whilst dinner was getting ready. John flung the book across the room, and swore at his wife. She gave him a look of indignation, and coldly retired. John looked out of the window. There was nothing to be seen but the glare of the sun on a blank wall, and blue sky overhead. He flung himself in disgust on a sofa. The book was open on the floor, and a blazing page of illumination was open. He saw a wondrous picture—a woman with long hair reaching to her feet, standing on yellow sands against a blue ground. What, in the name of wonder, could induce a woman to prowl about a desert with no clothes on, but her own hair? What had become of her clothes? How came she there? How was she to get home again, if her clothes had been stolen? He took up the book, moved by curiosity, and read that marvellous story, the legend of S. Mary of Egypt (April 2nd). He read how the hermit Zosimus lived in Palestine, and how in Lent he went forth into the wide desert to be alone with God; how after days of walking he saw one day, as he was praying, a weird figure, bobbing about at his side, covered with white hair—a satyr, or a lemure? How he ran after the strange creature, and found it was a woman, a penitent who had spent long years in the desert. And then John Colombino came to her story which she related to Zosimus, the hermit.

He had forgotten about his dinner. His wife looked in. He was engrossed in the story. The servants brought the dishes, he heeded them not. The steward informed him that the meal was ready. He waved him impatiently away, he must finish the story first. At last he read it all. He shut the book. He could not eat. His conscience was working, he went to his room, and shut himself up to think. The result was a complete change in the life of

John Colombino. He fasted and wept, he divested himself of his velvets and silks, and walked in plain habit. His conversation was grave, and of the condition of his soul.

This sudden change brought on a sickness. Still the story of Mary of Egypt haunted him, and beside her penitence he saw the blackness of his own sins. He thought he was too kindly treated by his wife and nurse. One night, in delirium, he got out of bed, and leaving his house, went to the hospital for the poor, and flung himself on one of the beds.

He had a friend, a good man, named Francis de Mino Vincenti. The wife of Colombino came to him in alarm to say that her husband was lost. Both sought everywhere, and it was long before they could find him huddled on a mean pallet in the hospital for paupers. They persuaded him to return home, and kept close guard on him, lest he should again run away.

On his recovering his health, his friend Francis joined him in his daily devotions and acts of charity. One day they went together to church. In the porch they found a leper covered with sores. John lifted him on his shoulders, and carried him home, regardless of the derision of the people, who said that the fever had touched his brain. His wife did not receive the dirty leper with the warmth and enthusiasm he wished. She pointed out that the disease, if not infectious, was at least disgusting. John at once quaffed off a bowl of water in which he had been washing the sores of the beggar. The lady precipitately left the room. John Colombino went after her, and entreated her to visit and attend to the poor wretch, whilst he was out. She declined, saying that her nerves were too finely strung to endure ugly sights and support offensive odours. Her husband then went forth with his friend on

some new errand of mercy. The Lady Blaisia was noble and kind hearted. Regretting her oppugnance to her husband's whim, she resolved to bend herself to humour him, and she visited the leper in the room where Colombino had deposited him. She mustered up courage to look in at the door. But she did not go further. On her husband's return, he asked her to accompany her to the sick man's room. He led her to the door, and threw it open. An expression of disgust escaped her, Colombino looked reproachfully at her, took her hand, and pointing to the leper, said, "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my brethren, ye do it Me. It is Jesus Christ who solicits our care."

John now disposed of his only daughter that remained unmarried in the convent of S. Abundius ; and divided his fortune into three parts. One portion he gave to the great hospital at Siena, another to the convent of S. Abundius, a third to the hospital of Our Lady of the Cross, charged with an annuity to his wife. His friend Francis followed his example. He took his little child and laid her on the altar, to offer her to God, and at the same time made over all his possessions to the convent of S. Abundius.

These two zealous enthusiasts began thenceforth to beg their daily bread from door to door. It does not seem to have struck them that if God had given them fortunes, to throw them away and then prey on the means of other persons, some of whom were ill able to support themselves, was neither reasonable nor just.

In winter they walked barefoot even in the snow, and accepted chilblains as privileges. They mortified their bodies in every possible manner, and sought to be despised by men, thinking the more men scoffed at them, the higher their honour in heaven.

Both John and Francis had exercised offices in the state

of the little republic, they had been in the number of the nine priors of the city, and had often met in conference in the municipal palace, where they had been received with deference by the menials. They now constituted themselves water carriers to the palace. There was no well in the building, all the water had to be brought from the fountain in the market-place. The scene of their pride they sought to make to witness their humiliation.

The servants who had doffed the cap and bowed the back, as the priors in their gold chains and velvet robes had swept by, now found a mean gratification in flouting the same men converted into ragged beggars, who swept the streets and carried water cans.

In 1365 other enthusiasts joined John Colombino and Francis de Mino Vincenti. The Fraticelli were at this time surprising and scandalizing Italy and Provence. These men were Franciscans, or an offshoot from the Minorite Order, holding peculiar views. They denounced the evil that was in the world, and lashed and starved their bodies till they were, or were supposed to be, cold to passion, when, to exhibit their superiority to temptation, they placed themselves in positions of the greatest peril, sometimes to conquer the temptation, not infrequently to succumb to it. They taught that the dispensation of the Holy Ghost was come, an inward religion, not one of forms and ceremonies, of a stately Papacy and a constituted priesthood, but one of direct inspiration by the divine Spirit; a religion of mystic union with the Deity, not of sacramental communion. The ascetic Paterines of the North of Italy, and the Albigenses of the South of France, when forced by the stress of persecution into outward conformity to the Church, carried with them the seeds of heresy. They concealed themselves and their tenets under the cowl of S. Francis. The heaven worked, and the Fraticelli

became a dangerous body, everywhere spreading, inflaming the minds of the people against the Papacy and the Sacerdotal Order, and more dangerous still, dissociating in their minds spirituality from morality.

The asceticism, the enthusiasm of the Fraticelli, drew towards them the zealous, mystically inclined, puritanically disposed among the Italians and French. John Colombino rose opportunely to set an example of orthodoxy united to fanaticism, to create a diversion, and draw towards himself those impressed with penitence, awakened souls which might otherwise have fallen into the heresy of the Fraticelli.

The number of his adherents grew. Clothed in rags, with dishevelled hair, and dirty faces, they swept the country in flying trains, their heads garlanded with olives, howling pious ejaculations, like the Glory-band among English dissenters.

The admission of a novice was a fantastic ceremony. The postulant was mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail, his head wreathed with olives. The members of the fraternity, bearing branches in their hands, and crowned with olives, escorted him, shouting at the top of their voices, "Long live Jesus Christ! Praised for ever be Jesus Christ." Sometimes the candidate was naked to the waist, at other times in his secular garments. On reaching the market-place, where stood an image of the Virgin, the novice was led before it, his hands tied behind his back; the people were expected to pray incessantly for the conversion of the poor sinner. Then he was stripped to the skin before the image, and the filthiest and most tattered rags of a beggar were thrown over his nakedness, which they barely concealed. Then the whole company, waving their olive boughs, burst into spiritual hymns, and congratulated the novice on his conversion, on the death

in him of the old man, and the putting on of the New Man.

In two years the wild troop numbered seventy; some of them men of rank and fortune. Colombino and his followers travelled throughout the country, preaching repentance, and astonishing people into conversion. As he passed through Monticellio, one of the estates that had been his, but which he had given away, his clothes were, at his desire, stripped off, his hands bound behind his back, and he was dragged along as a culprit at the end of a rope, whilst he exhorted his retainers to repentance, and confessed his sins aloud. "I am he," said he, "who half-starved you, consuming your substance by my extortions. I gave you bad grain for your fields, and made you pay for it as good."

On April 20th, 1367, Pope Urban V. set sail from Marseilles, with the intention of returning to Rome, from which so many popes had lived in half-voluntary, half-compulsory exile, at Avignon. The galleys of Joanna of Naples, of Venice, of Genoa, and of Pisa, crowded to escort the successor of S. Peter back to Italy. He landed at Genoa, was received in great state by the doge and the seignory, and celebrated Ascension Day in the cathedral church. He embarked and reached the shore near Corneto. He was received by Albornoz, the Legate; silken tents were pitched upon the sands, amid arches of green foliage. He said mass, mounted a horse, and rode to Corneto. The ambassadors of the Roman people presented themselves to acknowledge his sovereignty, and to offer the keys of S. Angelo.

But a deputation of another sort caught his eye—a line of ragged men, bearing palm branches, crowned with olive leaves, who burst into loud cries of "Lodato sia Giesu Christo e viva il sanctissimo Padre!"¹

¹ "Praised be Jesus Christ, and long live the most holy Father!"

“Who are these strange men?” asked the Holy Father. John Colombino stepped forward, and explained the nature of his confraternity; then falling at the feet of the Pope, besought his blessing on it. Urban V. hesitated. “Get them decent clothes to cover their nudity and squalor.” he said. And long tunics were thrown over their shoulders.

The pope went on to Viterbo. The beggar brotherhood ran along the way beside his horse, shouting their monotonous cry, and waving their branches. It was whispered into the ear of Urban that these men were Fraticelli, or cousin germain to them. The pope looked coldly on his eccentric guard, and ordered Cardinal William Sudre, bishop of Marseilles, to examine their doctrine. He pronounced their innocence of every attempt to circulate error, and in the same year, 1367, Urban V. ratified the constitution of the Order, but required that the brethren should abandon, or conceal, their tatters under white tunics girt with leather, that they should bear a white woollen cap to be worn on the shoulder when not on the head, and that their feet should be shod with wooden sandals. Cardinal Angelo Grimoard, brother of the pope, also gave them tan coloured cloaks. The congregation assumed the name of Jesuates of S. Jerome, because the name of Jesus was ever on their lips, and they adopted S. Jerome as their patron.

S. John Colombino did not long survive the confirmation of his order. As he was returning to Siena with his comrades, he was attacked by fever at Bolsenna. He was carried to Aquapendente, and there he received the last Sacraments. His disciples hoped to convey him to S. Abundius; he was desirous of dying there; and they attempted to carry him further. But his sickness increased, and they were obliged to halt in the abbey of S.

Salvator, where he died, on the last day of July, 1367. His religious did not execute his dying request, which was that he should be taken, with his hands tied behind his back, to S. Abundius, and buried outside the monastery wall, without pomp. He was conveyed in a coffin of wood, all who accompanied him bearing tapers and torches, to Siena, and he was buried at S. Abundius with great pomp. His name was inserted in the Roman Martyrology by Pope Gregory XIII.

S. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, C.

(A.D. 1556.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Pope Gregory XV., in 1622. Authorities:—"Vita antiquissima, a Ludovico Consalvo, ex ore Sancti excepta." Another Life by Peter Ribadineira, friend and companion of the saint. The original in Spanish, Madrid, 1570. In Latin, Naples, 1572. Maffeus:—"De vita et moribus S. Ignatii Loyolæ libri tres," Romæ, 1585. Chr Stein, (under the pseudonym of Simon Lithus), Vita Ignatii, s. l. 1598. There are other and later lives, which need not be specified.]

SCARCELY a sadder period can be traced in the history of the Church of Rome than that which saw the rise of Ignatius Loyola. Never, probably, was the Church brought to such straits, did her last end seem more near. Her sovereign pontiff, Alexander VI., had sent a shudder through Christendom by his infamous crimes. Bishops were everywhere careless, worldly, greedy of advancement and gain, heedless of the souls committed to their charge; the religious Orders had lost their ancient enthusiasm, had grown rich and luxurious, and sometimes caused great scandals. Faith seemed dead. And at the same time, throughout the West, men were rising, zealous, despairing of reformation in the Church, who separated themselves, and called on all who were in earnest about their souls to

come out, to desert the city—the Jerusalem of the living God, which seemed given over to evil, beyond hope of recovery—as the Nazarenes of old escaped from Jerusalem before its fall and complete destruction. But it is always darkest before dawn. The promise of God standeth sure. He will not desert His Church, but when all seems lost, when the head of Christ is laid in sleep on a pillow, and the ship is covered with the violence of the waves, He is still in the vessel, and He will save it.

The chivalry of Spain was the only one that had preserved a certain remnant of its religious character, down to the period of which we write. The war with the Moors, but just concluded in the Peninsula, and still proceeding in Africa; the presence of the subjugated Moriscoes still remaining, ever threatening insurrection, and the adventurous expeditions undertaken against the infidels beyond the seas;—all combined to perpetuate this spirit. In such books as the “*Amadis of Gaul*,” full of a simple, enthusiastic loyalty and bravery, that spirit was idealized.

Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde, the youngest son of the house of Loyola, was born in a castle of that name, between Azpeitia and Azcoitia, in Guipuscoa. He was of a race that belonged to the noblest in the land, and its head claimed the right of being summoned to do homage by special writ. Educated at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic, and in the train of the duke of Najara, Inigo was deeply imbued with the spirit of his nation and class. He aspired to knightly renown, and for none of his countrymen had the glitter of arms, the fame of heroism, the adventures of single combat and of love, more attractive charms than for him; but he also displayed an extraordinary fervour of religious enthusiasm, and had already celebrated the first of the apostles, in a romance of chivalry, at this early period of his life.

The profession of arms seemed to open to him a field in which every desire of his heart, the noblest impulses of his nature, would find their legitimate scope. Generous, just and honourable, he was beloved by the soldiers he commanded ; nevertheless, probably, his name would have become known to us, only as one of those many brave and noble Spanish leaders, to whom the wars of Charles V. gave opportunities so numerous for distinguishing themselves, had he not been wounded in both legs, at the defence of Pampeluna, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1521. Of these wounds he was never completely cured ; twice were they re-opened, and such was his fortitude that, in these severe operations, the only sign of pain he permitted to escape him was the firm clenching of his hands. His sufferings were, unhappily, unavailing ; the cure remained deplorably incomplete. He was much versed in, and equally attached to, the romances of chivalry, more especially to the *Amadis*. During his long confinement he read these glowing stories of love and heroism, interspersed with the graver study of the life of Christ, and of some of the Saints, in Spanish, the only language with which he was then acquainted. Visionary by nature, and excluded from a career which seemed to promise him the most brilliant fortunes, condemned to inaction, and at the same time rendered sensitive and excitable by his sufferings, he fell into the most extraordinary state of mind that can be conceived. The deeds of S. Francis and S. Dominic, set forth in his favourite books in all the lustre of their saintly renown, not only seemed to him worthy of imitation, but, as he read, he believed himself possessed of courage and strength sufficient to follow their footsteps. "Why!" exclaimed he, "should not I do that which Francis and Dominic wrought?" But these exalted dreams alternated with others of a less spiritual sort, as his slow convales-

cence afforded him alternative hopes of worldly or spiritual aggrandisement. Of all the vain things that offered themselves to his mind, one remained—the devotion he purposed to show to the lady of his choice. “She was no countess,” he afterwards said, “no duchess, but a lady of yet higher degree.” He pictured himself repairing to the city where she dwelt, he imagined the gay and graceful discourses with which he would address her, how he would prove his devotion, the knightly exploits he would perform in her honour.

But as his recovery was protracted, and his hope of ultimate cure was deferred, and the obstinate protuberance on his leg caused by fracture and bad setting of the bone, would not subside—a protuberance sadly marring manly grace in days of long silk stockings—his mind was forced slowly, sadly, to forego his aspirations after fame in love and war, and to turn to more sacred fields. Steadily the spiritual reverie gained ascendancy over the worldly vision. An earthquake, which shook the castle of Loyola and rent the chamber wall where he lay, confirmed his ardour for a religious career.

When fully healed, he mounted his horse, in full harness of war, pretending that he was about to visit the duke of Najare, under whom he had fought, to resume his warlike career in the field; but instead of turning his horse’s head towards Navaretta, where the duke then was, he rode to Montserrat.

Let us follow Inigo on his ride, and we shall be able to judge of the effect produced on his mind by that mysterious mountain.

From far away, on the horizon may be seen the lofty serrated mountain, the *mons serrata*, Montserrat. The earth is dark red, showing through the thin foliage of the olives, as the hills draw nearer, and finally gives colour to

the landscape. The vines covering the levels and lower slopes are wonderfully luxuriant, hedges of aloe and cactus divide them; here and there some underground cavern has tumbled in, letting down irregular tracts of soil, and the vines still flourish at the bottom of the pits thus made. And overhead, as Inigo approaches, the great mountain rises higher, breaking into a wilder confusion of pinnacles. It stands alone, planted across the base of a triangular tract of open country,—a strange, solitary, exiled peak, drifted away in the beginning of things from its brethren of the Pyrenees, and stranded in a different geological period. It is a mountain to impress the mind. The effect it has produced in Christian ages may be traced in the traditions that surround it. The story goes that the mountain was rent and shattered at the moment when Christ breathed his last on the cross of Calvary. This is still the popular belief; but the singular formation of Montserrat, independent of it, was sufficient to fix the anchorite tastes of earnest men in the Middle Ages. It is an irregular cone, about 3,500 feet in height, and cleft down the middle by a torrent which breaks through its walls on the north-eastern side. It presents a perpendicular face, which seems inaccessible, for the shelves between the successive elevations when seen from below, appear as narrow fringes of vegetation growing out of one unbroken wall. They furnish, indeed, but scanty room for the bridle-path, which at various points is both excavated and supported by arches of masonry.

When this crest is attained, the traveller stands between the torn and scarred wilderness of Montserrat on the one hand, and the broad, airy sweep of landscape, bounded by the blue sea, on the other, to the East; and to the North by the glorious snowy wall of the Pyrenees.

But the summit of Montserrat is not yet attained, the

holy, awful spot, consecrated by legend and religion. Emerging from a tangled growth of thickets, the road or track bursts suddenly upon one of the wildest and most wonderful pictures conceivable. A tremendous wall of rock rises in front, crowned by colossal turrets, pyramids, pillars, and ninepin shaped masses, drawn singly, or in groups of incredible distortion, against the deep gentian-blue of the sky. At the foot of the rock, the buildings of the monastery, huge and massive, the church, the houses for pilgrims, and the narrow gardens completely fill and almost overhang a horizontal shelf of the mountain, under which it again falls sheer away, down, down into misty depths, the bottom of which is hidden from sight.¹

The description of Montserrat must have made a powerful impression on Goethe's mind, since he deliberately appropriated the scenery for the fifth act of the Second Part of *Faust*.

The monastery owes its foundation to a miraculous statue of the Virgin, sculptured by S. Luke, and brought to Spain by S. Peter. In the year 880, some shepherds, who had climbed the mountains in search of stray goats, heard celestial harmonies among the rocks. This phenomenon coming to the ears of Bishop Gondemar, he climbed to the spot, and was led by the music to the mouth of a cave, where, enshrined in light, lay the sacred statue. Gondemar and his priests, chanting as they went, set out for Manresa, carrying it with them; but on reaching a certain spot, they found it impossible to move farther. This was taken as a sign that there, and nowhere else, the shrine should be built. Just below the monastery there still stands a cross, with the inscription, "Here the holy image declared itself immovable, 880."

¹ Not having visited Montserrat myself, I have used for this sketch the description by Mr. Bayard Taylor in his "Byeways of Europe."

The chapel when built was intrusted to the pious care of Fray Juan Garin, whose hermitage is pointed out on a peak which seems accessible only to the eagle. The devil, however, interfered, as he always does in such cases. He first entered into Riquilda, the daughter of the count of Barcelona, and then declared through her mouth, that he would not quit her body except by the order of Juan Garin, the hermit of Montserrat. Riquilda was therefore sent to the mountain and given into the hermit's charge. A temptation similar to that of S. Antony followed, but with exactly the opposite result. In order to conceal his sin, Juan Garin cut off Riquilda's head, buried her, and fled. Overtaken by remorse he made his way to Rome, confessed himself to the pope, and prayed for a punishment proportioned to his crime. He was ordered to become a beast, never lifting his face towards heaven, until the hour when God himself should signify his pardon.

Juan Garin went forth from the Papal presence on his hands and knees, crawled back to Montserrat, and there lived seven years as a wild animal, eating grass and bark, and never lifting his face towards heaven. At the end of this time his body was covered with hair, and it so happened that the hunters of the count ensnared him, put a chain round his neck, and brought the strange beast to Barcelona. In the mansion of the count there was an infant only five months old, in its nurse's arms. No sooner had the child beheld the supposed animal, than it gave a loud cry and exclaimed, "Rise up, Juan Garin, God has pardoned thee!" Then, to the astonishment of all, the beast arose and spoke in a human tongue. He told his story, and the count set out at once with him to the spot where Riquilda was buried. They opened the grave, and the maiden rose up alive, with only a rosy mark, like

a thread, round her neck. In commemoration of so many miracles, the count founded the monastery.

Such was the scene, such the legends, acting on the mind of Inigo, when he entered the guest house of Montserrat. No other place could have so influenced his mind working with chivalrous ideas, labouring to bring religious conceptions to their birth. He at once sought a director, and was engaged for three days in making a general confession. That ended, he was a changed man.

It was the eve of the Annunciation (1522). He was about to enter on a new knighthood, he would pass vigil in the church like a knight of chivalry before donning the sword and buckler as described in his favourite romance of *Amadis*.¹ The virgin blade and harness of the aspirant after knighthood was wont to repose all night on the altar. Inigo had bought a pilgrim's staff and wallet and coarse brown habit. These were the insignia of his new knighthood, the weapons of his spiritual warfare. He laid them on the altar, hung his sword before the image of the Blessed Virgin, gave his horse to the monks, and kneeling alone in the church whilst the ghostly moonlight wandered over the floor, the tombs, the speaking images, prayed and prepared himself for a life new in aim, and whither tending God only knew. Did spectral forms haunt that night watch? Riquilda, with the red line round her throat, the beast-like Friar, covered with hair; the knight who vowed himself to the devil, and was only saved by the holy image stepping, blazing white, between him, shrieking and flying, and the black pursuing Satan—for that is another of the legends of the holy mount? It is possible. Considering the visionary state of mind into which his sickness had plunged him—it is probable.

On the morrow he communicated, thanked God for the

¹ *Acta antiquissima.*

change wrought in him, and departed. He was now enrolled—he had solemnly enrolled himself in a great army or the champions of Christendom. In his spiritual exercises, the origin of which was coincident with the first extatic meditation of his awakened spirit, he imagines two camps, one at Jerusalem, the other at Babylon; the one belonging to Christ, the other to Satan; in the one is everything good—in the other, whatever is depraved and vicious. These are prepared for combat. Christ is a king who has signified his resolve to subjugate all unbelievers; whoever would fight beneath his banners must be fed with the same food, and clad in like garments with him; he must endure the same hardships and vigils; and according to the measure of his deeds, shall he be admitted to share in the victory and rewards. Before Christ, the Virgin, and the whole court of heaven, shall each man then declare that he will truly follow his Lord, will share with him in all adversities, and abide by him in true poverty of body and spirit.

Inigo set off, intending to go to Jerusalem; but he did not purpose going through Barcelona, lest he should be recognized on the highways. He made a round by Manresa, whence, after new penances, he meant to gain his post of embarkation for the Holy Land.

He found a hospital dedicated to S. Luke, outside the gates of Manresa, and into that he retired. He ministered to the sick there, beat himself, fasted, watched, and tortured his body, in a long ecstasy of ascetic fervour. Finding a convenient cave in one of his rambles, he crawled into it, lashed his bare back with an old iron chain he had dragged after him, and fed on the leaves and roots he could find. A few days after he was discovered at the mouth of his cave, in a fainting fit, and was carried back to the hospital. The work in the hospital was repugnant to him. Poor

wretches swarming with vermin occupied the beds, and those who attended them could not escape with impunity. The odours turned his stomach. The coarse language shocked a sensitive, refined taste. He began to doubt his own ability to persevere in his life of self-abnegation and sacrifice to the good of others. But what was more serious, he found that his self torture brought him no peace of mind. Not satisfied with the general confession made at Montserrat, he made another at Manresa, his scrupulous conscience having recalled sins and trifling errors which had escaped his former self examination. He began to despair. He doubted that he could be accepted by or justified before God. Exhaustion from excessive abstinence, nervous irritation from harrassing duties, had brought him to this distressing condition. Having read that a total absence from food had once moved the compassion, and obtained the favour of the Almighty, he kept rigid fast from one Sunday to another ; but his melancholy only deepened, his despair grew darker. His whole life seemed to him to be but one continuous series of sin after sin, and he not unfrequently felt tempted to throw himself out of the window.

This relation cannot fail to remind us of the nearly similar sufferings endured by Luther some twenty years before, when he also was assailed by similar doubts. But out of this darkness, this labyrinth of difficulty, Ignatius and Luther emerged by very different paths. The latter, flinging away all hope of finding peace in obedience, cast the conscience into paralysis before God, who freely justifies through faith. To him who believes effort is over, struggle against sin there is none, good works are worthless, observance of the commandments may adorn a Christian life, but do not constitute it. With Ignatius it was otherwise. In obedience he sought rest, in the execution of

duty he found what he needed. God had set to each man a work in the world, not for himself alone, but for his brother men, meshes in the same net, members of the same household, brothers in the same family. No man must live and die to himself only—he is his brother's keeper, to some extent. In the sense of his obligation to fulfil the work God had set him among other men, for the revival of true religion, for the conversion of lost souls, for the guidance of the erring into clear light—in this Ignatius Loyola found repose, a repose which was perfect and wholesome ; whereas that of Martin Luther was false and unreal. The Saint found his rest in fulfilling the obligation laid upon him, the Heresiarch in denying that there is any obligation, and proclaiming that the sole function of the conscience is slumber. In their agonies of doubt, the souls of Loyola and of Luther groped for a sure foundation on which to support themselves. Luther anchored all on the pages of Scripture. Loyola went deeper. He dived to the lowest depths of his nature, and found in the very constitution of his soul, his conscience, his affections, a living witness to Christianity. Thenceforth neither the testimony of antiquity nor Scripture were essential to his faith ; had none such existed he would have gone without hesitation to die for the faith now become a living reality to him.¹ How could it be thus with a faith resting solely on Scripture, subject to the constant erosion of criticism.

But “*Ad majorem Dei gloriam,*” the motto chosen by Ignatius, might equally have been elected by Luther. Each was inspired with enthusiasm for the honour of God, but each sought it differently. Luther denied that forgiveness was conditional, for how, said he, condition the free-

¹ “*Sæpe etiam id cogitarit, quod etsi nulla Scriptura mysteria illa fidei doceret, tamen ob ea ipsa quæ viderat, statueret sibi pro ea esse moriendum.*” *Acta antiquissima.*

dom of God's purposes by the measure of man's scanty penitence ; it is against the dignity, the glory of God so to esteem His mercy. There are no *ifs* with Him. He wills to save, absolve, sanctify, not if man be willing to co-operate with grace, struggle against sin, weep over his transgressions, but royally, magnificently, unconditionally. It was the contrary with Ignatius. The glory of God was manifest in the free submission of the will of man. The love of God falls like dew and melts the hard heart ; it had drenched his through and through, and like Gideon's fleece he would wring it out over a thirsty world. The work of the Incarnate Son was a gentle one ; his voice no longer spake in thunder, shattering the rocks, it whispered, it touched, and the free will rose and unbarred the door, under no constraint, but acting in the plenitude of its freedom. The glory of God is manifest on earth, therefore, in the conversion of the sinner from the error of his ways to the humble path of God's commandments, in the strong man in his strength counting all the vain things of earth as dung if he may but win Christ through obedience, in the wandered Israelite ready to go back "by the way of the Red Sea," retrace his steps to the cool, calm walks of childish simplicity, thence to start again on the pilgrimage to the Promised Land.

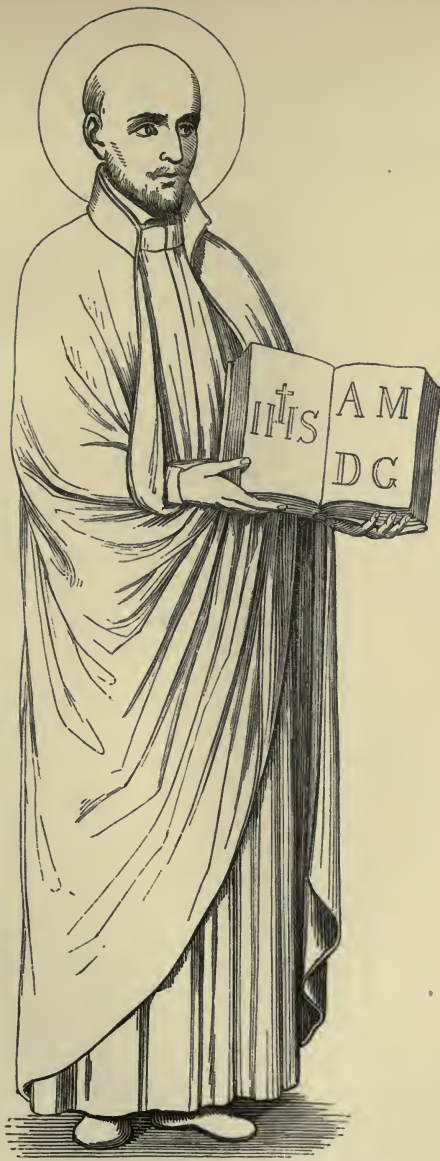
If we have clearly comprehended the origin and development of the state of mind of Ignatius, of this chivalry of abstinence, this pertinacity of enthusiasm, this wrestle with doubt and despair, we shall not need to follow him through every step of his progress. He did, indeed, proceed to Jerusalem, in the hope of confirming the faith of the believers as well as that of converting the infidel. But how was the last purpose to be accomplished, uninstructed as he was, without associates, without authority? Even his intention of remaining in the Holy

Land was frustrated by an express prohibition from the heads of the Church at Jerusalem, who had received from the Pope the privilege of granting or refusing permissions of residence there.

Returning to Spain, he had further trials to encounter. He was accused of heresy on attempting to teach, and inviting others to participate in those spiritual exercises on which he had now entered.

He was then aged thirty-three. He settled for awhile at Barcelona, to take lessons in grammar. There was in that city a convent dedicated to the Angels, the nuns of which scarcely emulated the innocence of those pure spirits. The young gallants of Barcelona found their way too frequently past the grilles or over the walls. It was a joke among the godless, a scandal to the pious. Ignatius interfered, remonstrated, threatened, entreated. The guilty nuns promised amendment. The young cavaliers assaulted Inigo, and left him for dead in the street. At Alcala he was imprisoned on account of the imprudent devotion of some noble ladies whom he had converted, and who had set off alone, and without money, upon a long pilgrimage; at Salamanca he was again imprisoned, on suspicion of being one of the sect of the Illuminati or *alumbrados*. These mystics—sect they can hardly be called—held that by prayer and meditation they were exalted into such union with the Deity that sacraments were no more needful to them. Why the symbols when they enjoyed the substance? The first of these mystics were Juan de Willalpando, a native of Teneriffe, and a Carmelite nun, named Catharine of Jesus.¹ That there was some analogy between the proceedings of Inigo and those of the Alumbrados cannot be doubted, but it was

¹ The Alumbrados were seized and executed in great numbers by the Inquisition.



S. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. After Cahier.

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superficial. They gave themselves up, like him, to ecstasies, spent their nights in long prayer, beheld visions, and lay in trances ; they made general confession a condition to absolution, and insisted as earnestly as did Loyola on the necessity for inward, mental prayer. But on the other hand they believed themselves to be exalted by the claims of the spirit, above all the common duties of life ; he, on the contrary, still impressed by his early habits, placed the soldier's virtue, obedience, before all others ; his every conviction and whole enthusiasm of feeling he compelled himself to place in subjection to the Church, and to all who were invested with her authority.

He had made as yet no progress towards the formation of that society which was to be inseparably connected with his name. His first companions, men who had known him at Barcelona, had gone with him to Alcala, and who had shared his persecutions there, had fallen away from him. These troubles and obstacles had meanwhile a decisive influence on his future life. In his then circumstances, without learning or profound theological knowledge, and without political support, his existence must have passed and left no trace. The utmost effect he would have produced would have been the conversion of some two or three Spaniards ; but being enjoined, by the Universities of Alcala and Salamanca, to study theology for four years before attempting to expound doctrine, he was compelled to enter on a path which gradually led him forward to an unexpected field for the exercise of his religious activity.

He proceeded to Paris, at that time the most celebrated university of the world, and arrived there in the February of 1528. He studied at first in the College Montaigu ; but after a year moved to the College of S. Barbara, and there found his two first—and in some sense the two

greatest—of his spiritual disciples, who had studied there together for some years before the arrival of Inigo, or Ignatius as he was thenceforth called, as close and tender friends, sharing even the same room.

These two men were Pierre Lefèvre, a native of Valeret, in the diocese of Geneva, and Francis Xavier, a native of Navarre, born fifteen years after Ignatius.

Ignatius shared the rooms of these two men. Pierre Lefèvre proved an easy conquest; growing up among his father's flocks, he had one night solemnly devoted himself, beneath the canopy of heaven, to study and to God. Piety and simplicity were combined in this young Savoyard with a singular love of learning, and veneration for intellectual or moral power in others. At the age of eighteen he had gone to the University of Paris, and begun his philosophical studies under Juan Peria, at the college of S. Barbara. He became at once the most distinguished and favourite pupil of his master, and when Ignatius presented himself for the same purpose, and took up his abode in the same room with Pierre Lefèvre and Francis Xavier, Pierre was selected by Peria to repeat his lectures on philosophy to the new student. Ignatius in return for the pains taken with him by Lefèvre, communicated to him his own enthusiasm. He taught him to combat his temptations, prudently taking them not altogether, but one by one. He kept him strictly to confession and frequent participation in the holy Eucharist. They lived in the closest intimacy. His character, commanding by nature, assumed ascendancy over that of Lefèvre, and Ignatius was revered—almost worshipped—by his pupil in the spiritual life.

Francis Xavier was by no means so easily won. His most earnest ambition was to ennoble still further the long series of his ancestors, renowned in war during five hun-

dred years, by adding to their names his own, rendered illustrious by learning.

Xavier was a man of singular delicacy and purity of mind, and of great nobility of aim. He was handsome and rich, possessed high talent, and had already gained a footing at court. It was not without difficulty that Ignatius prevailed on Xavier to join him in his spiritual exercises. He was by no means indulgent with his disciples; three days and three nights did he compel them to fast. During the severest winters, when carriages might be seen traversing the frozen Seine, he kept Lefèvre long hours, by night as well as by day, praying and meditating in a court-yard open to the sky. He allowed him no fire in his room, and bade him make his bed on the heap of sticks prepared for fuel. But Ignatius was wise beside his sternness. He prevented his disciples from indiscreet and excessive asceticism. At the right moment he relaxed the harsh order, lightened the intolerable strain. Finally Ignatius succeeded in making these two young men entirely his own, and shared with them his most intimate thoughts and dearest projects.

Pierre Lefèvre and Francis Xavier stand by themselves at the head of the famous six men who formed with Ignatius the first members of the Society of Jesus. The other four had high qualities enough to interest us intensely, if they were not somewhat cast into the shade by these two. Simon Rodriguez was the first in order of time to form acquaintance with Ignatius. To him we owe a special debt of gratitude, as he alone of the first disciples of Ignatius has left us in writing an account of the early years of the society. After Simon, we find James Laynez, Alfonso Salmeron, and Nicolas Bobadilla, joining the silently formed company, the great destiny of which none of them could then imagine possible.

It takes but a short time to run through the few particular details which require notice during seven years (1528-1535) which were passed by Ignatius at Paris, and which witnessed the quiet and deliberate formation of the first Fathers of the Society. We catch glimpses of his visit to Flanders and England, for the purpose of obtaining alms, of the wide-spread influence he exercised in Paris over many besides those who became his intimate companions, of the opposition which a character and a work like his was certain to encounter, of heroic deeds of charity, of persecution and public suspicion, and of one or two attempts at violence against him.

The anecdotes which remain to us of this period show us how he was perpetually on the watch to do good in any form that presented itself. His charity was remarkable for its refined ingenuity. He brought the victim of a criminal passion to abandon the occasion of sin, by placing himself up to the neck in water under a bridge, over which the man had to pass in his evening visits, and calling out to him that he was doing penance for him. He won back to strictness a lax religious, by making to his ear a general confession of his own life. He converted a prelate of worldly life, by accepting his challenge at a game of chance, that the loser should become the servant of the winner for a month.

By the side of records of opposition and deafness to his influence, we find evidence of the deep general respect in which Ignatius was held, and we are told of large numbers whom he induced to lead a more perfect life, or to enter the religious state in various institutions.

On the feast of the Assumption, 1534, the little band of zealous men proceeded to the church of Montmartre. Lefèvre, who was a priest, said mass. They took the vows of chastity and obedience, and swore to proceed to Jeru-

salem, after the completion of their studies, there to live in poverty, and dedicate their days to the conversion of the Saracens. Or, should they find it impossible to reach that place, or to remain there, they were next to offer their services to the Pope, agreeing to go withersoever he might assign them their labours, without condition, and without reward. Having taken this oath, each received the blessed Sacrament.

Here we see a league formed between enthusiastic young men, of which the purposes were absolutely unobtainable; still in accordance with the original ideas of Ignatius, or departing from them only so far as, on a calculation of probabilities, they might find themselves unable to carry them into effect.

In the beginning of the year 1537, Ignatius and his little band started for Venice, with the intention of taking ship there for Palestine. They wore the long dress and hat of the Parisian students. Each had his pilgrim's staff, his leather satchel on his shoulders containing his Bible and Breviary, and a rosary round his neck. They gave their money to the poor on leaving Paris; but it was afterwards agreed that they should accept as alms, and carry with them, a sufficient sum of money for their journey.

The first stage of the travellers was Meaux. Two or three days' journey beyond the town they were pursued and overtaken by friends from Paris, urging them, in vain, to return. The hostels along the route were full of heretics, from whom the devotions practised by the pilgrims called forth frequent remarks, either of amusement or astonishment.

Owing to the war between Spain and France, the pilgrims were constrained to make a circuit through Lorraine and Switzerland. They reached Venice in the Epiphany

season of 1537. Several months were to pass before they could sail to Jerusalem, and it was determined to spend part of the time among the poor in the hospitals at Venice, and the rest in a journey to Rome, to obtain the blessing of the Pope on their undertaking. At Venice Ignatius became acquainted for the first time with the recently founded Order of Theatines. He served in the hospitals which Cardinal Caraffa superintended; but not entirely content with the institution of the Theatines, he proposed to Caraffa certain changes in its mode of action, and this led to the dissolution of their intimacy. When, after nine weeks, the little company of the disciples of Ignatius set out on foot for Rome, it was deemed most prudent that Ignatius should not himself accompany them. The hostility of Cardinal Caraffa was roused by the amendments proposed by Ignatius, his jealousy of an Order which was so much like his own was awakened, and it was thought that Caraffa would actively oppose the sanction of the society by the Holy Father.

The suppliants were kindly received by the Pope, Paul III., who bade them dispute on theology before him whilst he ate his dinner, and pleased with their skill in controversy, he gave them ready leave to go to Jerusalem if they were able to do so. The party of pilgrims returned to Venice, where they were admitted to holy Orders. But the war then threatening between the Venetians and the Turks prevented their sailing for Palestine.

Finding their prospect of preaching to the Saracens become remote, the young society resolved to exert itself in doing what it could in Italy. After forty days of prayer, Ignatius began to preach in Vicenza, together with three others of his society. On the same day, and at the same hour, they appeared in different streets, mounted on

stones, waved their hats, and with loud cries exhorted the people to repentance.

Preachers of a very unwonted aspect were these; their clothing in rags, their looks emaciated, and their language a mixture of Spanish and Italian well nigh unintelligible; but their zeal, the enthusiasm that spoke from their countenances, and burned in their eyes, appealed to men's hearts better than the words themselves. They remained in this neighbourhood until the year had expired, and then, seeing the door closed to their passage into the East, they resolved to go to Rome, and there receive the formal recognition of the new society by the pope.

Having determined to make this journey by different roads, they were now about to separate; but first they established certain rules by means of which they might observe a fixed uniformity of life, even when apart; next came the question, What reply should be made to those who might inquire their profession? They pleased themselves with the thought of making war as soldiers against Satan, and in accordance with the old military propensities of Loyola, they assumed the name of the Company of Jesus, exactly as a company of soldiers takes the name of its captain.

Ignatius, with his two companions, Laynez and Lefèvre, arrived in Rome in the course of November, 1537. The Pope received him graciously, and appointed Lefèvre to lecture on positive theology, Laynez on scholastic theology in the University of Sapienza. Ignatius occupied himself chiefly in giving the spiritual exercises—the drill of recruits for the Company of Jesus, and many men of distinction placed themselves in his hands for this purpose.

The ordinary abode of the little party was in a vineyard, near the Trinita di Monti, but when, about Easter, they were rejoined by the rest of the company, they removed

into the heart of the city. When they were all assembled Ignatius addressed them. They had found that it was not possible for them to pass to Palestine according to their vow, but they had seen that in Italy was a vast field God had laid open to their apostolic labours, and that thence an abundant harvest might be gathered in. This, then, was the enterprise to which God's finger now manifestly pointed. They must go forth from Rome, the heart of Christendom, everywhere labouring to root up and to plant, to combat heresy and vice, and to extend the faith of Jesus Christ. The means of doing this most surely was to bind themselves by a permanent bond, by adding the vow of obedience to vows of chastity and poverty they had already taken. They would thus perpetuate, beyond the span of their own lives, the bond of charity which united them, erecting the company into an Order which might multiply itself in all countries, and until the end of time.

But cold looks and obstacles at once began to meet and distress them. The soil of Rome, said Ignatius sadly, "is sterile of good fruits, and fertile of bad ones." He thought he saw every door closed against him, and he had much ado to defend himself once more against accusations of heresy. But finally the mode of life of the little company, their zeal, their self-sacrifice, attracted respect and admiration. It is said that on his way to Rome, at the little village of La Storta, Ignatius had seen in vision our Lord, his great captain, going before him, and cheering him with this promise, "*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*" (I will favour you at Rome).

Paul III. went to Nice in May, 1538, to meet Charles V. and Francis I., to persuade these contending princes to sign a truce for ten years, and to negotiate a marriage between his own grandson, Octavio Farnese, and Margaret of Austria, the daughter of the emperor. During his absence

Cardinal Caraffa was left as Legate at Rome. He gave Ignatius and his companions leave to preach and hear confessions, but he would not hear of their founding an Order which would tread so closely on the heels of his favourite Theatines. Accusations of heresy against Ignatius were eagerly listened to. The legate would not give distinct sentence in favour of the orthodoxy of the Company of Jesus. Ignatius persisted in demanding a full trial and public decision, and produced many persons of consequence, Spaniards and Venetians, then present in Rome, to testify to the innocence of their lives, and the orthodoxy of their teachings. The Pope's return to his States in the autumn saved Ignatius and his companions from the blight on their reputations which Caraffa, with unworthy jealousy, was labouring to cast. Ignatius had a long interview with Paul III., at Frascati. He offered to bind the Society "to perform whatsoever the reigning Pontiff should command, to go forth into all lands, among Turks, heathens, or heretics, wherever he might please to send them, without hesitation or delay, as without question, condition, or reward." Paul III. was a keen politician, a sharp-sighted man. He perceived at once the advantage to the Holy See of having such a body of men absolutely at its disposal. Whilst from every other side the Pope met only opposition or defection, and had only continued desertions to expect; here was a company of men, earnest, enthusiastic, and zealous, uniting to devote themselves exclusively to his service; there could be no hesitation in such a case for the Pontiff. In the year 1540, he gave his sanction to their institute, at first with certain restrictions, but afterwards, in 1543, the Society of Jesus was absolutely and unconditionally established. The Cardinal Caraffa, seeing the resolution of the Pope, the impossibility of carrying on successful opposition, withdrew his objec-

tions, saying, "Digitus Dei hic est," (the finger of God is here).

And now the members of the Society made their final arrangements; six of the oldest associates met to choose their president, who, according to the first sketch of their plan presented to the Pope, "should dispense offices and grades at his own pleasure, should form the rules of their constitution, with the advice and aid of the members, but should alone have the power of commanding in every instance, and should be honoured by all, as though Christ himself were present in his person." It was the idea of military organization still dominating the constitution of the Society. The general of the Order was the commander of the company under the sovereign Christ, acting in his name, issuing his orders, executing his designs.

The choice fell unanimously on Ignatius, "to whom," as Salmeron expressed it in the letter declaring his assent, "they were all indebted for their birth in Christ, and for the milk of the Word."

At length then, the Society of Jesus had acquired its form. This association was a company of clerks regular, its duties were a combination of the clerical and monastic, but the members were nevertheless broadly distinguished from those of other congregations. The Theatines had freed themselves from many of the less important obligations of conventual life, but the Jesuits went much further, they dispensed entirely with the monastic habit, exempted themselves from all those devotional exercises in common, by which so much time was consumed in convents, and abstained from singing their offices together in choir.

Exempted from these restraints, they devoted all their energies, and every hour of their lives, to the essential duties of their office; not to one only, as did the Barna-

bites, although they also sedulously attended to the sick, nor with the restrictions that fettered the Theatines; but to all the greater duties equally, and with whatever force they could command. First to preaching: before separating in Vicenza, they had mutually agreed to preach chiefly to the common people, to think more of making an impression on their hearers than of shining themselves by display of eloquence, and to this system they adhered. Secondly to confession: for by this they were to hold the immediate guidance and government of consciences. The spiritual exercises by which they had themselves become united with Ignatius afforded them important aid. Finally they devoted themselves to the education of youth. They had intended to bind themselves to this last by a special clause in their vows; and although they had not done so, yet the practice of this duty was made imperative by the most stringent rules; to gain the rising generation was among the purposes most earnestly pursued. They laid aside, in short, all secondary matters, devoting themselves wholly to such labours as were essential, bringing about an immediate result, and calculated to extend the influence of the Church.

Thus was a system pre-eminently practical evolved by the genius of Ignatius; and from those first visionary raptures on Montserrat, and the extasies of self-torture at Manresa, had resulted an institution, framed with all that skilful adaptation of means to their end which the most consummate worldly prudence could suggest.

His most sanguine hopes were now more than fulfilled,—he held the uncontrolled direction of a society, soon to become numerous, mighty with the power of numbers, influential beyond any other, by the intelligence and education of its members, and wielded with the prompt energy of one man, having an autocratic head, its General. The

Jesuit Order, infinitely above every other, served to stem the tide of the Reformation, to roll back its waves, and to recover, throughout Germany at least, many tracts of land apparently lost for ever to Catholic Christianity.

The darling plan of Ignatius relating to Jerusalem was not, indeed, to be carried out, for nothing useful could now be obtained by it; but in other directions the company he ruled went forth on the most remote, and above all, most successful missions. The care of souls which he had so earnestly enforced, was entered on with a zeal that he could not have hoped for, and to an extent surpassing his most sanguine expectations.

Thenceforth Ignatius left Rome only twice; once to reconcile the inhabitants of San Anplo with the citizens of Tivoli; the other to re-establish concord between Ascanio Colonna and his wife Joanna of Aragon. He also effected other reconciliations; especially that of Don John III. of Portugal with Pope Paul III. and the Cardinal de Silva, bishop of Visieiu. In Rome he built a house in which to receive converted Jews, another as penitentiary for women. When some one complained that he took too much pains over these unhappy persons, and that their repentance was rarely wholly satisfactory; "Even if I could prevent them but once from offending God, I should think myself well employed," was his answer.

He built another establishment for the reception of young girls neglected by their parents, in which they might be educated to work at some honest business. He erected as well two orphanages; but perhaps his most important establishment was the German college, for the instruction of youths destined to become parish priests in a country devastated by heresy, where keen controversial knowledge, great earnestness of purpose and integrity of life, could alone command respect and recover lost ground.

In July, 1556, he sickened, and felt that his end drew near. On the 30th, he sent his secretary to the pope. "Tell him that my hour has come, and that I ask his benediction. Tell him that if I go to a place where my prayers are of any avail, as I trust, I shall not fail to pray for him, as I have indeed unfailingly, even when I had most occasion to pray for myself."

The pope sent him his benediction and a plenary indulgence. On the following day, July 31st, at the age of sixty-five, the glorious confessor surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator. He lived to see his Order divided into twelve provinces, and number a hundred colleges.

The body of S. Ignatius reposes in the Giesu church at Rome.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS IN CANADA.

(A.D. 1644-1649.)

[Although as yet no steps have been formally taken towards the canonization of these glorious Martyrs, it is not probable that many years will elapse before they are enrolled in the Roman Martyrology. A certain amount of veneration to Brébeuf is already permitted, and his relics are preserved at Quebec. The following account, derived from contemporary letters and narratives, is condensed, for the most part, from the very graphic account of the Jesuit Mission in Canada, by Mr. F. Parkman. Boston, 1867,¹ and Shea's "Catholic Missions to the Indian Tribes." New York, 1857. It is somewhat arbitrary placing these martyrs together on July 31st, when they suffered on such various days. But it has been thought advisable to give the narrative of the Canadian Mission and its ruin in one article, instead of dispersing it over several volumes, in separate notices of the Martyrs, on the special days of death. And the festival of S. Ignatius may well be chosen for an account of the heroic deeds of some of his most illustrious children.]

In the first years of the 17th century, five scattered

¹ This book well deserves to be read, both for the interest of the history, for the graphic pictures it presents, and for the exceeding beauty of the writing.

missions in Canada, between Acadia and Lake Huron, had been founded by the Recollet fathers. There were but six friars labouring in this vast field. It was too wide for them, and they applied for the assistance of the Jesuits. Three of this great and growing brotherhood, Jean de Brébeuf, Charles Lalemant, and Enemono Massé, embarked, and in A.D. 1626, Canada received for the first time those whose names must ever stand prominently and luminously in her annals,—these illustrious followers of Loyola.*

Their reception was most inauspicious. The churlish Calvinists, William and Emery de Caen, who monopolised the trade of the colony of New France, refused to receive them, and they would have returned whence they came, had not the Recollets received them into their hospital of S. Charles at Quebec. They were followed by Fathers Noirot and De la Nouë, with twenty labourers, and the Jesuits were no longer houseless. Brébeuf set forth on the arduous mission of the Hurons; but, on reaching Trois Rivières, he learned that one of his Franciscan predecessors, Nicolas Viel, had recently been drowned by Indians of that tribe, in the rapid behind Montreal, known to this day as the Saut au Récollet. Prudence urged him to return, and postpone his voyage to a more auspicious season. In the following spring he renewed the attempt, in company with De la Nouë and one of the friars. The Indians, however, refused to receive him into their canoes; and it was only by dint of presents that their opposition could be overcome. Brébeuf embarked with his companions, and after months of toil, made his first visit to the barbarous scene of his labours, his sufferings, and his death.

On the breaking out of war with France in 1628, David Kirk, a French Calvinist, seized Quebec for the English.

By the terms of capitulation, the governor, Champlain, and all the French were to be conveyed to their own country. On the voyage the prisoners were treated with courtesy, excepting the Jesuits, against whom the Huguenots, of whom there were many in the ship, showed exceeding bitterness.

In 1632, Quebec and New France were restored to the French crown, and the Jesuits returned to Canada.

Fathers Le Jeune and De Nouë were the first to sail from France in April, 1637. The sea treated them roughly; Le Jeune was wretchedly sea-sick; and the ship nearly foundered in a gale. At length they came in sight of "that miserable country," as the missionary calls the scene of his future labours. It was in the harbour of Tadoussac that he first encountered the objects of his apostolic cares; for as he sat in the ship's cabin, it was suddenly invaded by a dozen Indians in paint and skins,—“like maskers at a carnival,” said Le Jeune. The two Jesuits landed at Quebec on the 5th of July, and made their way to the two hovels built by their predecessors, which had suffered woful dilapidation at the hands of the English. The Recollects had abandoned the field, thenceforth it was to be exclusively occupied by the Jesuits.

All summer the two fathers laboured to learn the Algonquin language. Winter closed in with unusual severity. The S. Lawrence and the S. Charles were hard frozen; rivers, forests, and rocks were mantled alike in dazzling sheets of snow. The humble mission house was half buried in the drifts. The priests, sitting at night before the blazing logs, heard the trees in the neighbouring forest cracking with frost, with a report like the discharge of a pistol. Le Jeune's ink froze, and his fingers were benumbed, as he toiled at his declensions and conjuga-

tions, or translated the Pater Noster into blundering Algonquin. The water in the cask beside the fire froze nightly, and the ice was broken every morning with hatchets. The blankets of the two priests were fringed with the icicles of their congealed breath, and the frost lay in a thick coating on the frozen glass of their windows. By day, Le Jeune and his companions practised with snow shoes, with all the mishaps which attend beginners—the trippings, the falls, and headlong dives into the snow-drifts, amid the laughter of the Indians. Their seclusion was by no means a solitude. Bands of Indians, with their sledges and dogs, often passed the mission house. They once invited De Nouë to go with them.

In two or three weeks he re-appeared, sick, famished, and half-dead with exhaustion. “Not ten priests in a hundred,” writes Le Jeune to his superior, “could bear this winter life with the savages.” Yet what of that? Not for a moment did his brave heart falter. An Indian made them a present of two small children, and they at once set themselves to teaching them the faith, and how to pray. As the season grew milder, the number of scholars increased; for, when parties of Indians encamped in the neighbourhood, Le Jeune would take his stand at the door, and ring a bell. At this a score of children would gather round him, and listen to his instructions with gravity and concealed impatience, till, the lesson concluded, the children were regaled with stewed peas.

It was the end of May, when the priests one morning heard the sound of cannon from the fort, and were gladdened with the tidings that Samuel de Champlain had arrived to resume command of Quebec, bringing with him four more Jesuits—Brébeuf, Masse, Daniel, and Davost. Brébeuf, from the first, turned his eyes towards the distant land of the Hurons,—a field of labour full of peril, but

rich in hope and promise. Le Jeune's duties as superior restrained him from wanderings so remote ; he must confine his labours to the Algonquin tribes nearer home.

Despite of the experience of De Nouë, Le Jeune had long had a mind to accompany one of the roving bands of Algonquins, to master more thoroughly their language, and feel for opportunities of instilling the truth into their dark hearts. Such an opportunity at length presented itself.

On a morning in October, Le Jeune embarked with a party of Indians, twenty in all, men, women, and children. No other Frenchman was of the party. The canoes glided along the wooded shore of the Island of Orleans, and the party landed, towards evening, on the small island immediately below. Le Jeune was delighted with the spot, and the solemn beauty of the autumnal sunset. His reflections were, however, soon interrupted. One of the Indians tapped a keg of wine in the canoe, and drank till he was tipsy. Then he rolled into the camp, and upset the boiling kettle over his face and shoulders. "He was never so well washed before in his life," says Le Jeune ; "he lost all the skin of his face and breast." He roared in his agony and madness for a hatchet to kill the missionary, who therefore thought it prudent to spend the night in the neighbouring woods. Here he stretched himself on the earth, while a charitable squaw covered him with a sheet of birch bark. "Though my bed," he writes, "had not been made since the creation of the world, it was not hard enough to prevent me from sleeping."

Such was his initiation into Indian winter life. Passing over numerous adventures by water and land, we must next look at the missionary in the savage highlands whence issue the springs of the S. John, in November. Winter had set in, and already dead nature was sheeted in

funereal white. Lakes were frozen, rivulets sealed up, torrents encased in stalactites of ice ; the black rocks and the black trunks of the pine trees were beplastered with snow, and its heavy masses crushed the dull green boughs into the drifts beneath. The forest was silent as the grave.

Early in winter, the Indians hunted the beaver and the Canadian porcupine ; and later, in the season of deep snows, chased the moose and the caribou.

Put aside the bearskin, and enter this hut. Here, in a space some thirteen feet square, were packed nineteen savages—men, women and children, with their dogs. Le Jeune, always methodical, arranges the grievances inseparable from these rough quarters under four heads—cold, heat, smoke, and dogs. The back covering was full of crevices, through which icy blasts streamed in upon him from all sides ; and the hole above, at once window and chimney, was so large, that, as he lay, he could watch the stars as well as in the open air. While the fire in the midst, fed with fat pine-knots, scorched him on one side, on the other he had much ado to keep himself from freezing. At times, however, the crowded hut seemed heated to the temperature of an oven. But these evils were light, when compared to the intolerable plague of smoke. During a snowstorm, and often at other times, the wigwam was filled with fumes so dense, stifling and acrid, that all its inmates were forced to lie flat on their faces. Their throats and nostrils felt as if on fire ; their eyes streamed with tears ; and when Le Jeune tried to read, the letters of his breviary seemed printed in blood. The dogs walked, ran, jumped over the Jesuit, as he lay on the ground, snatched the food from his birchen dish, or, in a mad rush at some bone or discarded morsel, now and then upset both dish and missionary.

Sometimes of an evening he would leave the filthy den, to read his breviary in peace by the light of the moon. In the forest around sounded the sharp crack of frost-riven trees; and from the horizon to the zenith shot up the silent meteors of the Northern lights, in whose fitful flashings the awe-struck Indians beheld the dancings of the spirits of the dead. The cold gnawed him to the bone; and, his devotions over, he turned back shivering. The illumined hut, from many a chink shot forth into the gloom long streams of light. He stooped and entered. All within glowed red and fiery around the blazing pine-knots, where like brutes in their kennel, were gathered the savage crew. And now, as Le Jeune took his place in the circle, the rude Indians began their coarse bantering, which filled to overflowing the cup of the Jesuit's woes. "Look at him! His face is like a dog's!" "His head is a pumpkin!" "He has a beard like a rabbit!"

If he sought to explain to the assembled wigwam some of those dear truths which lay deep in his heart, that prompted his every action, and made him ready to do and suffer, he was interrupted by peals of laughter from men, children, and squaws. When the fire burned well and food was abundant, the conversation of the savages, such as it was, was incessant. They used no oaths, for their language supplied none; but their favourite expletives were foul words, of which they had a superabundance, and which men, women, and children used alike with a frequency and hardihood that amazed and scandalized the priest.

At the beginning of April the party made their last march, regained the bank of the S. Lawrence, and reached Quebec. It was three o'clock in the morning when Le Jeune knocked at the door of the rude little convent; and the Fathers, springing in joyful haste from their slumbers,

embraced their long-absent superior with ejaculations of praise and benediction.

This expedition had convinced Le Jeune that little progress could be made in converting the wandering hordes of Algonquins till they could be settled in fixed abodes, and that their scanty numbers, their geographical position, and their slight influence in the politics of the wilderness, offered no flattering promise that their conversion would lead to wide results. It was to another quarter, therefore, that the Jesuits must turn.

By the vast lakes of the West dwelt numerous stationary populations, particularly the Hurons, on the lake that bears their name. Here was a hopeful basis for operation; for, the Hurons once won, the Faith would extend in ever widening circles to embrace the kindred tribes.

The way was pathless and long, by rock and torrent and the gloom of savage forests. The goal was more dreary yet. Toil, hardship, famine, filth, sickness, solitude, insult,—perhaps death. But far from shrinking, the priest's zeal rose to tenfold ardour. He signed the cross, invoked divine aid, and was ready.

In the July that preceded Le Jeune's wintering with the Algonquins, a hundred and forty canoes, with six or seven hundred Hurons, descended the S. Lawrence, and landed at the warehouses beneath the fortified rock of Quebec, and set up their huts on the strand now covered by the lower town. On the first day, the Indians erected their wigwams; on the second, they held their council with the French officers at the fort; on the third and fourth, they bartered their furs for various commodities supplied by the traders; on the fifth they were feasted by the French, and at daybreak on the next morning, they embarked and vanished like a flight of birds.

On the second day, then, a long file of chiefs mounted

the pathway to the fort,—tall, well-moulded figures, robed in the skins of the beaver and the bear, each wild visage glowing with paint and glistening with the oil which the Hurons extracted from the seeds of the sunflower. Sixty, chiefs, with a crowd of younger warriors, formed their council-circle in the fort. Here, too, were the Jesuits, robed in black, anxious and intent; and here was Champlain, the governor. Their harangues of compliment being made and answered, and the inevitable presents given and received, Champlain introduced to the silent conclave the three missionaries, Brébeuf, Daniel, and Davost, to whose lot had fallen the honour, dangers, and woes of the Huron mission. "These are our fathers," he said. "We love them more than ourselves. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French, as you say, then love and honour these our fathers."

Two chiefs rose to reply, and each launched his rhetoric in praises of Champlain and of the French. Brébeuf rose next, and spoke in broken Huron,—the assembly jerking in unison, from their throats, repeated ejaculations of applause. Then they surrounded him, and vied with each other for the honour of carrying him in their canoes. In short, the mission was accepted; and the chiefs of the villages disputed among themselves the privilege of receiving and entertaining these three priests.

On the last day of July, the day of the feast of S. Ignatius, the fathers said mass in their little chapel, and prepared to depart. It was the day that sealed their resolution, and saw them ready to go forth on that mission which was to lead them to cruel martyrdom, and beyond the Red Sea of blood, to glorious crowns. But God interposed a further delay. At the last moment a difficulty

arose, and the Hurons left without the missionaries. But next year the Hurons were more tractable; they had suffered deplorable reverses at the hands of the Iroquois, and had been scourged by pestilence.

The father embarked (A.D. 1634), and amid salvos of cannon from the ships, set forth for the wild scene of their apostleship. They reckoned the distance at nine hundred miles; but distance was the least repellent feature of this most arduous journey. Barefoot, lest they should injure the frail vessel, each crouched in his canoe, toiling with unpractised hands to propel it. Before him, week after week, he saw the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms carelessly plying the paddle. The canoes were soon separated; and for more than a month, the Frenchmen rarely or never met. Brébeuf spoke a little Huron; but Daniel and Davost were doomed to a silence unbroken, save by the unintelligible complaints and menaces of the Indians, of whom many were sick with the epidemic, and all were terrified, desponding, and sullen. The toil was extreme. Brébeuf counted thirty-five portages, when the canoes were lifted from the water, and carried on the shoulders round rapids. More than fifty times, besides, they were forced to wade in the raging current, pushing up their empty barks. Brébeuf tried to do his part; but the boulders wounded his naked feet and compelled him to desist. He and his companions bore their share of the baggage across the portages, sometimes a distance of several miles. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue. Brébeuf, a man of iron frame and a nature of unconquerably resolute, doubted if his strength would sustain him to the journey's end. All the Jesuits, as well as several of their countrymen who accompanied them, suffered more or less at the hands of their ill-humoured conductors. Descending French River,

and following the lonely shores of the great Georgian Bay, the canoe which carried Brébeuf at length neared its destination, thirty days after leaving Three Rivers. Before him stretched in savage slumber, lay the forest shore of the Hurons. Did his spirit sink as he approached his weary home, oppressed with a dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth? There is some reason to think so. Yet it was but the shadow of a moment; for his masculine heart had lost the sense of fear, and his intrepid nature was fired with a zeal before which doubts and uncertainties fled like the mists of the morning. Brébeuf landed here, and made the best of his way to the Indian village of Ihomatiria, where he was hospitably received. Brébeuf was lodged with the richest of the Hurons of the village, and there he tarried anxiously waiting, week after week, the arrival of his companions. One by one, they appeared; Daniel, weary and worn; Davost, half dead with famine and fatigue; and their French attendants, each with his tale of hardship and indignity. At length, all were assembled under the roof of the hospitable Indian, and the Huron mission was begun.

By the ancient Huron custom, when a man or a family wanted a house, the whole village joined in building one. In the present instance, not Ihonatria only, but the neighbouring town of Wenrio also took part in the work, and before October, the task was finished. It was constructed after the Huron model, framed with strong sapling poles planted in the earth to form the sides, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof,—the whole lashed together, braced with cross-poles, and closely covered with sheets of bark. Without, the building was strickly Indian; but within, the priests, with the aid of their tools, made innovations which were the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling by transverse partitions into three apartments.

The first served as hall and storehouse ; the second was at once kitchen, workshop, dining-room, school-room, and bed-chamber. The third was their chapel.

There were no lack of visitors, for the house of the black-ropes contained marvels, the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief among them was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last strike sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry, "Stop!"—and to the admiration of the company, the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass, wherein a flea was transformed to a frightful monster.

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question; for by this title of honour they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times, he says 'Hang on the kettle;' and when he strikes four times, he says 'Get up, and go home.'"

Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon, visitors were never wanting to share the Father's sagamite; but at the strike of four, all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace. Now the door was barred, and, gathering round the fire, they discussed the prospects of the mission, compared their several experiences, and took counsel for the future. But the standing topic of their evening talk was the Huron language. Concerning this each had some new discovery to relate, some new suggestion to offer; and in the task of analyzing its construction and deducing its hidden laws, these intelligent and highly cultivated minds found a congenial employment.

But while zealously labouring to perfect their knowledge of the language, they spared no pains to turn their present acquirements to account. Was man, woman, or child sick or suffering, they were at hand with assistance and relief—adding, as they saw opportunity, explanations of Christian doctrine, pictures of Heaven and Hell, and exhortations to embrace the Faith. Their friendly offices did not cease here, but included matters widely different. The Hurons lived in constant fear of the Iroquois. At times the whole village population would fly to the woods for concealment, on the rumour of an approaching war party.

The Jesuits promised them the aid of the four Frenchmen armed with arquebuses, who had come with them. They advised the Hurons to make their palisade forts, not as hitherto, circular, but rectangular, with small flanking towers at the corners for the arquebus-men. The Indians at once saw the value of the advice, and began to act on it.

At every opportunity, the missionaries gathered together the children of the village at their house. On these occasions, Brébeuf, for greater solemnity, put on a surplice. First he chanted the Pater Noster, translated by Father Daniel into Huron rhymes—the children chanting in their turn. Next he taught them the sign of the cross; made them repeat the Ave, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments; questioned them as to past instructions, gave them briefly a few new ones; and dismissed them with a present of two or three beads, raisins, or prunes.

At times, the elders of the people were induced to assemble at the house of the Jesuits, who explained to them the principal points of Christian doctrine. The auditors grunted their consent to every proposition; but when urged to adopt the faith which so readily met their

approval, they had always the same reply ; "It is good for the French ; but we are another people, with different customs."

Notwithstanding all their exhortations, the Jesuits, for the present, baptized but few. Indeed, during the first year or two, they baptized no adults except those at the point of death ; for with excellent reason, they feared back-sliding and recantation.

Meanwhile more Jesuits were on their way to urge on the work of the Cross. Two, Pijart and Le Mercier, had been sent to Canada in 1635 ; and in the midsummer of the next year three more arrived—Jogues, Chatelain, and Garnier. When, after their long and lonely journey, they reached Ihonatiria one by one, they were received by their brethren with scanty fare indeed, but with a fervour of affection which more than made amends. On their way they had passed Daniel and Davost descending to Quebec, to establish there a seminary of Huron children.

Scarcely had the new-comers arrived, when they were attacked by a contagious fever, which turned the mission-house into a hospital. Jogues, Garnier, and Chatelain fell ill in turn ; and two of their domestics also were soon prostrated. Those who remained in health attended the sick. The disease in no case proved fatal ; but scarcely had health returned to their household, when the pestilence, which for two years past had from time to time visited the Huron towns, broke forth with tenfold violence, and with it appeared a new and fearful scourge—the small-pox. Terror was universal. The Jesuits, singly, or in pairs, journeyed in the depth of winter from village to village, ministering to the sick, and seeking to commend their religious teachings by their efforts to relieve bodily distress. No house was left unvisited. Everywhere was heard the wail of sick and dying children ; and on or under the plat-

forms at the sides of the house crouched squalid men and women, in all the stages of the distemper.

The Father approached, made inquiries, spoke words of kindness, and administered remedies. The body cared for, he next addressed himself to the soul. "This life is short, and very miserable." The patient remained silent, or grumbled his dissent. The Jesuit, after enlarging for a time, in broken Huron, on the brevity of mortal weal or woe, passed next to the joys of Heaven, and the pains of Hell. His pictures of infernal fires and torturing devils were readily comprehended, but with respect to the advantages of Paradise, he was slow of conviction. "I wish to go where my ancestors have gone," was the common reply. "Do they hunt the caribou in Heaven?" asked an anxious inquirer. "Oh, no!" replied the Father. "Then," returned the querist, "I will not go there. Idleness is bad everywhere." But above all other obstacles was the dread of starvation in the regions of the blessed; and the father had to assure his neophyte that the stock of game was there unlimited, or he could not have persuaded him to express a languid desire to reach Heaven.

It was clear to the Fathers that their ministrations were valued solely because their religion, their Sacraments, were supposed to act as charms against famine, disease, and death. At the town of Wenrio, the people, after trying in vain all feasts, dances, and preposterous ceremonies, with which their sorcerers sought to stop the pest, resolved to essay the "medicine" of the French, and to that end called the priests to a council. "What must we do, that your God may take pity on us?" Brébeuf's answer was uncompromising:—"Believe in Him; keep his commandments; abjure your faith in dreams; take but one wife, and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts and assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to

demons ; and make a vow, if God will deliver you from this plague, to build Him a chapel."

The terms were too hard. They would vain be let off with building the chapel alone ; but Brébeuf would bate them nothing, and the council broke up in despair.

Before pursuing farther the history of the Canadian Mission, it will be well to indicate, so far as there are means of doing so, the distinctive traits of some of the chief actors. Mention has been made of Brébeuf—that masculine apostle of the Faith. He was a native of Bayeux, in Normandy, born on the 25th of March, 1593, of a noble family, the source of the ancient house of Arundel. He entered the Society of Jesus at Rouen on the 5th of October, 1617, and was ordained five years after. Nature had given him all the passions of a vigorous manhood, and religion had crushed them, curbed them, or tamed them to do her work—like a dammed-up torrent sluiced and guided to grind and saw and weave for the good of man. Beside him in strange contrast, stands his fellow labourer, Charles Garnier, born in Paris, in 1605, of a noble and pious family. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 5th of September, 1624, being the third brother who embraced the religious state. Both he and Brébeuf were of noble birth and gentle nurture ; but here the parallel ends. Garnier's face was beardless, though he was above thirty years old. For this he was laughed at by his friends at Paris, but admired by the Indians, who thought him handsome. His constitution, bodily and mental, was by no means robust. From boyhood, he had shown a delicate and sensitive nature, a tender conscience, and a proneness to religious emotion. He had never gone with his school-mates to taverns and other places of amusement, but kept his pocket money to give to beggars. One of his brothers relates of him, that, seeing an indecent book, he bought

and destroyed it, lest other boys should be injured by it. Of Charles Garnier there remain twenty-four letters, written at various times to his father and brothers, chiefly during his missionary life among the Hurons. They breathe the deepest, tenderest piety, and a spirit enthusiastic, yet sad, as of one renouncing all the hopes and prizes of the world, and living for Heaven alone. With none of the bone and sinew of rugged manhood, he entered, not only without hesitation, but with eagerness, on a life which would have tried the boldest; and, sustained by the spirit within him, he was more than equal to it.

Next appears a young man of about twenty seven years, Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumont, born in 1611, near Chatellon sur Seine, where his father was a vine-dresser. While studying with his uncle, a priest, he was induced by a wicked associate to rob his guardian and go to Baume to finish his studies. Soon disabused, he feared to return, and proceeded on a pilgrimage to Rome. After a variety of adventures, which he has inimitably described in his memoirs, sometimes with vagabonds whom he met on the road, sometimes alone, he made his way to Ancona, in a pitiable condition of filth, destitution and disease. There the thought occurred to him of visiting the Holy House of Loretto. He had reached that renowned shrine, knelt, paid his devotions, and offered his prayer, when he was accosted by a pilgrim, who moved with compassion, attended to the lad, restored him of a grievous malady he had contracted, the result of neglect, clothed him, and sent him on his way. As he journeyed towards Rome, an old burgher at whose door he had begged, employed him as a servant. He soon became known to a Jesuit, to whom he had confessed himself in Latin; and he was employed as teacher of a low class in one of the Jesuit schools. At the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the Jesuit noviciate.

Soon after its close, he read the letters of the missionaries in Canada, printed in a small volume. Their effect was immediate, he desired to join in their labours and trials. After having been ordained he was sent to America. He landed at Quebec on the 1st August, 1639, with Father Poncet, and with him proceeded at once to the Huron territory.

Noël Chabanel came later to the mission; for he did not reach the Huron country until 1643. He was a native of the South of France, and was born in 1613. He acted as professor of rhetoric in several colleges of the Jesuit Order in the province of Toulouse, till, burning with zeal, he solicited permission to go on the Canadian mission, and his desire was granted. Chabanel never settled to the new mode of life in a wild uncivilized country. He detested it,—the smoke, the filthy food, the impossibility of privacy, above all, the vermin. He could not study by the smoky lodge fire, among the noisy crowd of men and squaws, with their dogs, and their restless, screeching children. He had a natural inaptitude to learning the language, and laboured at it for five years, with scarcely a sign of progress. The Devil, as he thought, whispered a suggestion into his ear:—This life was not his true vocation. Chabanel refused to listen; and when the temptation still beset him, he bound himself by a solemn vow to remain in Canada to the day of his death.

Isaac Jogues was of a character not unlike Garnier. Nature had given him no especial force of intellect or constitutional energy, yet the man was indomitable and irrepressible, as his history will show.

The town of Ossossanè, or Rochelle, stood on the borders of Lake Huron, at the skirts of a gloomy wilderness of pine. Thither in May, 1637, repaired Father Pijart, to found, in this, one of the largest of the

Huron towns, the new mission of the Immaculate Conception. The Indians had promised Brébeuf to build a house for the black-robés, and Pijart found the work in progress. The new mission-house was seventy feet long. No sooner had the savage workmen secured the bark covering on its top and sides, than the priests took possession, and began their preparation for a notable ceremony.

At the farther end they made an altar, and hung such decorations as they had on the rough walls of bark throughout half the length of the structure. This formed their chapel. On the altar was a crucifix, with ornaments of shining metal; while above hung several pictures,—among them a painting of Christ, and another of the Virgin, both of life-size. There was also a representation of the last judgment, wherein dragons and serpents might be seen feasting on the wicked, while demons scourged them into hell. The entrance was adorned with a quantity of tinsel, together with green boughs skilfully disposed.

Never before were such splendours seen in the land of the Hurons. Crowds gathered from afar, and gazed with awe at the marvels of the sanctuary. A woman came from a distant town to behold it, and, tremulous between curiosity and fear, thrust her head into the mysterious recess, declaring that she would see it, though the look cost her life.

A great event had called forth all this preparation. Of the many baptisms achieved by the Fathers in the course of their indefatigable ministry, the subjects had all been infants, or adults at the point of death; but at length a Huron, in full health and manhood, respected and influential in his tribe, had been won over to the Faith, and was now to be baptized with solemn ceremonial, in the chapel thus gorgeously adorned. It was a strange scene. Indians were there in throngs, and the house was closely

packed ; warriors, old and young, glistening in grease and sun-flower oil, with uncouth locks, a trifle less coarse than a horse's mane, and faces smeared with paint in honour of the occasion : wenches in gay attire ; hags muffled in filthy discarded deerskins ; their leathery visages corrugated with age and malice, and their hard, glittering eyes riveted on the spectacle before them. The priests, no longer in their daily garb of black, but radiant in their vestments, the genuflexions, the tinkling of the bell, the swinging of the censer, the sweet odours so unlike the fumes of the smoky lodge-fires, the mysterious elevation of the Host (for a mass followed the baptism,) and the agitation of the neophyte, whose Indian imperturbability fairly deserted him,—all these combined to produce on the minds of the savage beholders an impression that seemed to promise a rich harvest for the Faith. To the Jesuits it was a day of triumph and of hope. The ice had been broken ; the wedge had entered ; light had dawned at last on the long night of heathendom.

At Ossossané, by 1638, the Jesuits had as many as sixty converts. They had also twelve French artisans in their pay, sent up from Quebec. Of a Sunday morning in winter, one could have seen them coming to mass, often from a considerable distance, the Indian converts, "as naked," says Lalemant, "as your hand, except for a skin over their backs like a mantle." They knelt, mingled with the French mechanics, before the altar,—very awkwardly at first, for the posture was new to them,—and all received the holy Sacrament together.

Some of the principal methods of conversion are curiously illustrated in a letter written by Garnier to a friend in France. "Send me," he says, "a picture of Christ without a beard." A large number of paintings of lost souls in torment are also requested, mounted in a

portable form. Particular directions are given with respect to the demons, dragons, flames, and other essentials of these works of art. Of souls in bliss, he thinks that one will be ample. All the pictures must be full-face, not profile, and in bright colours.

There must be no flowers or animals, as these distract the attention of the Indians.

The Jesuits found that the mind of the savage was by no means that beautiful blank which some have represented it, there was much to be erased as well as to be written on it. Certain points of Christian morality were most strongly urged by the missionaries, who insisted that the convert should take one wife, and renounce the gross licence almost universal among the Hurons. Murder, cannibalism, and several other offences were also forbidden. Yet, while labouring at the work of conversion with an energy never surpassed, and battling against the powers of darkness with the most unflagging zeal, the Jesuits never had the folly to assume towards the Indians a dictatorial or overbearing tone. Gentleness, kindness, and patience were the rule of their intercourse. They studied the nature of the savage, and conformed themselves to it with admirable tact.

But it soon became evident that it was easier to make a convert than to keep him. Many of the Indians clung to the idea that baptism was a safeguard against small-pox and misfortune; and when the fallacy of this notion was made apparent, their zeal cooled. Their only amusements consisted in feasts, dances, and games, many of which were of a superstitious character, and were proscribed by the Fathers. Doubts of all sorts assailed them with regard to the substantial advantages of their new profession; and several converts were filled

with anxiety in view of the probable want of tobacco in Heaven, and their incapacity for enjoying life without it.

Yet, while most of the neophytes demanded an anxious and diligent cultivation, there were some of excellent promise, "savages only in name," as the Fathers said.

The waters of the S. Laurence rolled through a virgin wilderness, where, in the vastness of the lonely woodlands, civilized man found a precarious harborage at three points only — at Quebec, at Montreal, and at Three Rivers. Here, and in the scattered missions, was the whole of New France—a population of some three hundred souls in all. And now, over these miserable settlements, rose a war-cloud of frightful portent. The Iroquois, the deadly foes of the Hurons and the Algonquins, and their allies, the French, had been supplied with fire-arms by the Calvinist Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, in detestation of Catholic missionaries and jealousy of French settlers. In parties of from ten to a hundred or more, the Iroquois would leave their towns on the River Mohawk, descend Lake Champlain and the river Richelieu, lie in ambush on the banks of the S. Laurence, and attack the passing boats or canoes. Sometimes they hovered about the fortifications of Quebec and Three Rivers, killing stragglers, or luring armed parties into ambushes. They followed like hounds on the trail of travellers and hunters; broke in on unguarded camps at midnight; and lay in wait, for days and weeks, to intercept the Huron traders on their yearly descent to Quebec. Had they joined to their ferocious courage the discipline that belongs to civilization, they could easily have blotted New France from the map, and made the banks of the

S. Laurence once more a solitude ; but though the most formidable of savages, they were savages only.

In the early morning of the 2nd of August, 1642, twelve Huron canoes were moving slowly along the northern shore of the expansion of the S. Laurence, known as the Lake of S. Peter. There were on board about forty persons, including four Frenchmen, one of them being the Jesuit, Isaac Jogues. The Huron mission was in a state of destitution. There was need of clothing for the priests, of vessels for the altars, of bread and wine for the eucharist—in short, of everything ; and, early in the summer of the present year, Jogues had descended to Quebec with the Huron traders, to procure the necessary supplies. He had accomplished his task, and was on his way back to the mission.

With him were a few Huron converts, among them the Christian chief, Eustache Ahatsistari. Others of the party were in course of instruction for baptism ; but the greater part were heathen, whose canoes were deeply laden with the proceeds of their bargains with the French fur-traders.

Jogues sat in one of the leading canoes. He was born at Orleans in 1607, and was thirty-five years of age. His oval face and the delicate mould of his features indicated a modest, thoughtful, and refined nature. He was a finished scholar, and might have gained a literary reputation ; but he had chosen another career, and one for which he seemed but ill fitted. Physically, however, he was well matched with his work ; for, though his frame was slight, he was so active that none of the Indians could surpass him in running. With him were two young men, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, *donnés* of the mission—that is to say, laymen

who, from a religious motive, and without pay, had attached themselves to the service of the Jesuits. Both were, like Jogues, in the foremost canoes; while the fourth Frenchman was with the unconverted Hurons, in the rear.

The twelve canoes had reached the western end of the Lake of S. Peter, where it is filled with innumerable islands. The forest was close on their right, they kept near the shore to avoid the current, and the shallow water before them was covered with bulrushes. Suddenly the silence was frightfully broken. The war-whoop rose from among the rushes, mingled with the reports of guns and the whistling of bullets; and several Iroquois canoes, filled with warriors, pushed out from their concealment, and bore down upon Jogues and his companions. The Hurons in the rear were seized with a shameful panic. They leaped ashore; left canoes, baggage, and weapons; and fled into the woods. The French and the Christian Hurons made fight for a time; but could not stand against overwhelming numbers. Goupil was seized amid triumphant yells, as were several of the Huron converts. Jogues sprang into the bulrushes, and might have escaped; but when he saw Goupil and the neophytes in the clutches of the Iroquois, he had no heart to abandon them, but came out from his hiding-place, and gave himself up to the astounded victors. Jogues mastered his trepidation, and began to baptize those of the captive converts who needed baptism.

Couture had eluded pursuit; but when he thought of Jogues and of what perhaps awaited him, he resolved to share his fate, and turning, retraced his steps. As he approached, five Iroquois dashed at him; and one of them snapped his gun at his breast, but missed fire. In

his confusion and excitement, Couture fired his own gun and laid the savage dead. The remaining four sprang upon him, stripped off all his clothing, tore away his finger-nails with their teeth, gnawed his fingers with the fury of famished dogs, and thrust a sword through one of his hands. Jogues broke from his guards, and rushing to his friend, threw his arms round his neck. The Iroquois dragged him away, and lacerated his fingers with their teeth, as they had done those of Couture. Then they turned upon Goupil, and treated him with the same ferocity. The Huron prisoners, to the number of twenty-two, were for the present left unharmed.

The Iroquois, about seventy in number, now embarked with their prey; but not till they had knocked on the head an old Huron, whom Jogues with his mangled hands had just baptized, and who refused to leave the place.

Their course was southward, up the Richelieu and Lake Champlain; thence, by way of Lake George, to the Mohawk towns. The pain and fever of their wounds, and the cloud of mosquitoes, which they could not drive off, left the prisoners no peace by day nor sleep by night. On the eighth day, they met a large Iroquois war party, on their way to Canada. The warriors, two hundred in number, saluted their victorious countrymen with volleys from their guns; then, armed with clubs, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass. On the way, they were beaten with such fury, that Jogues, who was last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half dead. His hands were again mangled and fire applied to his body; while the Huron chief, Eustache, was subjected to tortures even more atrocious.

When, at night, the exhausted sufferers tried to rest, the young warriors came to lacerate their wounds and pull out their hair and beards.

At length the Iroquois reached the extremity of Lake George, and began their march for the nearest Mohawk town. Each bore his share of the plunder. Even Jogues, though his lacerated hands were in a frightful condition, and his body covered with bruises, was forced to stagger on with the rest under a heavy load. On the thirteenth day they reached the wretched goal of their pilgrimage, a palisaded town on the river Mohawk. The whoops of the victors announced their approach, and the savage hive sent forth its swarms. They thronged the side of the hill, the old and the young, each with a stick, or iron rod, ranged themselves in double line, and once more the wretched captives had to run the gauntlet.

When they reached the town, the blows ceased, and they were all placed on a scaffold in the middle of the place; the three Frenchmen had fared the worst, and were frightfully disfigured. Goupil, especially, was streaming with blood, and livid with bruises from head to foot. They were allowed a few minutes to recover their breath, undisturbed, except by the hootings of the mob. Then a chief called out, "Come, let us caress these Frenchmen!"—and the crowd, knife in hand, began to mount the scaffold. They ordered a Christian Algonquin woman, a prisoner among them, to cut off Jogues' left thumb, which she did; and a thumb of Goupil was also severed, a clam-shell being used as the instrument, in order to increase the pain. It is needless to specify further the tortures to which they were subjected. At night, they were removed from the platform, and placed in one of the houses, each stretched

on his back, with his limbs extended, and his ankles and wrists bound fast to stakes driven into the earthen floor. The children now profited by the examples of their parents, and amused themselves by placing red-hot ashes on the naked bodies of the prisoners, who, bound fast, and covered with wounds and bruises which made every movement a torture, were sometimes unable to shake them off.

In the morning, they were again placed on the scaffold, where, during this and the two following days, they remained exposed to the taunts of the crowd. Then they were led in triumph to the second Mohawk town, and afterwards to a third, suffering at each a repetition of cruelties, the detail of which would be as monotonous as revolting.

In the town of Tenontoyen four fresh Huron prisoners, just taken, were placed on the scaffold with the rest. Jogues, in the midst of his pain and exhaustion, took the opportunity to convert them. An ear of green corn was thrown to him for food, and he discovered some raindrops clinging to the husk. With these he baptized two of the Hurons. The remaining two received baptism soon after from the brook which the prisoners crossed on their way to another town. Couture was adopted into one of the Iroquois families in place of a dead relative. Thenceforth he was comparatively safe. Jogues and Goupil were less fortunate. Three Hurons had been burned to death, and they expected to share their fate. Jogues lost no opportunity to baptize dying infants, while Goupil taught children to make the sign of the cross. The superstition of the savages was aroused. Some Dutchmen had told them that the sign of the cross came from the Devil, and would cause mischief. Jogues and Goupil, clad in their squalid garb of

tattered skins, were one day walking in the forest that adjoined the village, when, as they were reciting their rosaries, they met two young Indians, and read in their sullen visages an augury of ill. The Indians joined them, and accompanied them to the entrance of the town, where one of the two, suddenly drawing a hatchet from beneath his blanket, struck it into the head of Goupil, who fell, murmuring the name of Jesus. Jogues dropped on his knees, and, bowing his head in prayer, awaited the blow, when the murderer ordered him to get up and go home. He obeyed, but not till he had given absolution to his still breathing friend.

Jogues passed a night of anguish and desolation, and in the morning set forth in search of Goupil's remains. The corpse had been flung into a neighbouring ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent, and there Jogues found it, stripped naked, and gnawed by dogs. He dragged it into the water, and covered it with stones to save it from further mutilation, resolving to return alone on the following day and secretly bury it. But with the night there came a storm; and when in the gray of the morning, Jogues descended to the brink of the stream, he found it a rolling, turbid flood, and the body was nowhere to be seen. Then, crouched by the pitiless stream, he mingled his tears with its waters, and, in a voice broken with sobs, chanted the service of the dead.

After the murder of Goupil, Joques' life hung by a hair. He lived in hourly expectation of the tomahawk, and would have welcomed it as a boon. By signs and words, he was warned that his hour was near; but, as he never shunned his fate, it fled from him. His demeanor at once astonished and incensed his masters. He

brought them firewood; he did their bidding without a murmur, and patiently bore their abuse; but when they mocked his God, and laughed at his devotions, their slave assumed an air and tone of authority, and sternly rebuked them.

He would sometimes escape from "this Babylon," as he calls the hut, and wander in the forest, telling his beads, and repeating passages of Scripture. In a remote spot he cut a cross in the bark of a tree, and there he said his prayers. This living martyr, half clad in shaggy furs, kneeling on the snow among icicled rocks and beneath the gloomy pines, bowing in adoration before the emblem of the faith in which was his consolation and hope, is alike a theme for the pencil and for the pen.

At the end of July, Jogues found an opportunity to escape. He made his way to fort Orange, embarked on a small Dutch vessel just about to sail.¹ The voyage was rough and tedious; and the passengers slept on deck or on a coil of ropes, suffering greatly from cold. At length she reached Falmouth, where he obtained a passage in a French coal vessel to his native land. Next day he was set on shore a little to the North of Brest, and seeing a peasant's cottage not far off, he approached it, and asked the way to the nearest church. It was Christmas eve. The peasant and his wife, thinking him some poor, pious Irishman, asked him to share their supper, an invitation which Jogues, half-famished as he was, gladly accepted. With his kind and humble hosts, he started for the solemn Christmas eve mass. He reached the church, and with unutterable

¹ I regret that want of space has obliged me to curtail the history of Isaac Jogues, and omit the particulars of his escape. I refer my readers to Mr. Parkman's "Jesuits in Canada."

joy knelt before the brightly illumined altar, and received the communion of which he had been deprived so long. When he returned to the cottage, the attention of his hosts was at once attracted to his mutilated and distorted hands. They asked with amazement how he could have received such injuries; and when they heard the story of his tortures, their surprise and veneration knew no bounds. Two young girls, their daughters, gave him all they had to offer, a handful of sous; while the peasant made known the character of his guest to his neighbourhood. A horse was procured for him, to carry him to Rennes, where was the nearest Jesuit college. And in the morning of the 5th of January, 1644, he reached his destination.

He dismounted, and knocked at the door of the college. The porter opened it, and saw a man wearing on his head an old woollen night-cap, and in an attire no better than that of a begger. Jogues asked to see the Rector; but the porter coldly answered that the Rector was busy. Jogues begged him to say that a man was at the door with news from Canada. The missions of Canada were at this time an object of primal interest to the Jesuits, and above all to the Jesuits of France. A letter from Jogues, written during his captivity, had already reached France, as had also the Jesuit "Relation" of 1643, which contained a long account of his capture. The Rector was putting on his vestments to say mass; but when he heard that a poor man from Canada had asked to see him, he postponed the service, and went to meet him.

The Rector began to question him at length as to the affairs of Canada, and at length asked him if he knew Father Jogues.

"I knew him well," was the reply.

"The Iroquois have taken him," pursued the Rector. "Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues; "he is alive and at liberty, and I am he." And he fell on his knees to ask his Superior's blessing.

That night was a night of jubilation and thanksgiving in the college of Rennes.

Jogues became an object of curiosity and reverence. He was summoned to Paris. The Queen, Anne of Austria, wished to see him; and when the persecuted slave of the Mohawks was conducted into her presence, she kissed his mutilated hands. But honours were unwelcome to the single-hearted missionary, who thought only of returning to his work of converting the Indians. A priest with any deformity of the body is debarred from saying mass. The teeth and knives of the Iroquois had inflicted an injury worse than the torturers imagined, for they had robbed Joques of the privilege which was the chief consolation of his life; but the pope, by a special dispensation, restored it to him, and with the opening spring, he sailed again for Canada.

In the meantime ruin was falling on the infant colonies and on the Indian allies of the French. At Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, that is to say, in all Canada, no man could hunt, fish, till the fields, or cut a tree in the forest, without peril to his scalp. The Iroquois were everywhere, and nowhere. A yell, a volley of bullets, a rush of screeching savages, and all was over. "I had as lief," writes Father Vimont, "be beset by goblins as by the Iroquois. The one are about as invisible as the other. Our people on the Richelieu and at Montreal are kept in a closer confinement than ever were monks or nuns in our smallest convents in France."

The Iroquois at this time were in a flush of unparalleled audacity. The fire-arms with which the Dutch had rashly supplied them, joined to their natural courage and ferocity, gave them an advantage over the surrounding tribes which they fully understood. They boasted that they would wipe the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the French from the face of the earth. The S. Laurence and the Ottawa were so infested, that communication with the Huron country was cut off. Famine and pestilence had aided the ravages of war, till the wretched bands of Algonquins seemed in the course of rapid extermination. The beginning of spring, particularly, was a season of terror and suspense; for with the breaking up of the ice, sure as destiny, came the Iroquois. As soon as a canoe could float, they were on the war-path; and with the cry of the returning wild-fowl mingled the yell of these human tigers. Well might Father Vimont call the Iroquois "the scourge of this infant church." They burned, hacked, and devoured the neophytes; exterminated whole villages at once; destroyed the nations whom the Fathers hope to convert; and ruined that sure ally of the missions, the fur-trade.

But the perils which beset the missionaries did not spring from the fury of the Iroquois alone, for Nature herself was armed with terror in this stern wilderness. On the last day of January, 1646, Father Anne de Nouë set out from Three Rivers to go to the fort recently built by the French at the mouth of the Richelieu, where he was to say mass and hear confessions. De Nouë was sixty-three years old, and had come to Canada in 1625. The old missionary had for companions two French soldiers and a Huron Indian.

They were all on snow-shoes, and the soldiers dragged

their baggage on small sledges. Their highway was the S. Lawrence, transformed to solid ice, and buried, like all the country, beneath two or three feet of snow, which far and near, glared dazzling white under the clear winter sun. Before night they had walked eighteen miles, and the soldiers, unused to snow-shoes, were greatly fatigued.

They made their camp in the forest; dug away the snow, heaped it around the spot as a barrier against the wind, made their fire on the frozen ground in the midst, and lay down to sleep. At two o'clock in the morning De Nouë awoke. The moon shone like daylight over the vast white desert of the frozen lake of S. Peter, with its bordering fir-trees bowed to the ground with snow; and the kindly thought struck the Father, that he might ease his companions by going in advance to Fort Rochelieu, and sending back men to aid them in dragging the sledges. He knew the way well; and, not doubting to reach the fort before night, left behind his blanket and flint and steel.

Before dawn the weather changed. The air thickened, clouds hid the moon, and a snow-storm set in. The old Jesuit lost the points of the compass, wandered far out on the lake, and when day appeared could see nothing but snow beneath his feet, and the myriads of falling flakes that encompassed him like a curtain, impervious to the sight. Still he toiled wearily on. At night he dug a hole in the snow under the lea of an island, and lay down, without fire, food, or blanket.

Meanwhile the two soldiers and the Indian pursued their way towards the fort, and also lost their way, but towards evening discovered the fort, and took refuge within it. Seated by the blazing logs, they asked for De Nouë, and to their astonishment heard that he had

not arrived. All was anxiety; but nothing could be done that night. At daybreak parties went out to search. All day they were ranging the ice, firing guns and shouting; but to no avail, and they returned disconsolate. There was a converted Indian at the fort. On the next morning, the second of February (1646) he and one of his companions, resumed the search; and, guided by the slight depression in the snow which had fallen on the wanderer's foot-prints, traced him through all his windings. He had passed the fort without discovering it,—blinded as he must have been by the snow,—and made his way some three leagues beyond it. Here they found him. He had dug a circular excavation in the snow, and was kneeling in it on the earth. His head was bare, his eyes open and turned to the wintry heavens, and his hands clasped on his breast. His hat and snow-shoes lay at his side. The body was leaning slightly forward, resting against the bank of snow before it, and frozen to the hardness of marble. Thus, in an act of kindness and charity, died the first priest-martyr of the Canadian mission.

Three years after one of the Christian Indians who found his body was killed by the Iroquois at Ossossané. He received his death-blow in a posture like that in which he had seen the dead missionary. His body was found with the hands still clasped on the breast.

In 1645, peace was concluded between the French and the Iroquois, but it was a peace hardly likely to be long preserved when all was to be gained on one side by its rupture. Imperfect as the treaty was, it was invaluable, could it be kept inviolate; and to this end the governor of the colony and the Jesuits turned their thoughts.

It was to hold the Mohawks—one of the Iroquois

tribes—to their faith, that it was determined to send Father Isaac Jogues among them once more. No white man, Couture excepted, who had been adopted by these savages—knew their language and their character so well. His errand was half political, half religious; for not only was he to be the bearer of gift and messages from the governor, but he was also to found a new mission, among these unknown savages, christened in advance with a prophetic name—*the Mission of the Martyrs*.

For two years past, Jogues had been at Montreal; and it was there that he received the order of his superior to proceed to the Mohawk towns. At first, nature asserted itself, and he recoiled involuntarily at the horrors of which his scarred body and his mutilated hands were a living memento. It was a transient weakness; and he prepared to depart with more than willingness, giving thanks to Heaven that he had been found worthy to suffer and to die for the saving of souls and the greater glory of God. He felt a presentiment that his death was near, and wrote to a friend, "I shall go, and shall not return."

Jogues left Three Rivers about the middle of May. He passed the Richelieu and Lake Champlain, well remembered scenes of former miseries, and reached the foot of Lake George on the eve of Corpus Christi. Hence he called it the Lac S. Sacrement; and this name it preserved, until, a century after, an ambitious Irishman, in compliment to the dull sovereign from whom he sought advancement, gave it the name it now bears. After a few days he reached the first Mohawk town. Crowds gathered to gaze on the man whom they had known as a ruined and abused slave, and who now appeared among them as the ambassador of a power they were at present willing to propitiate.

The business of the embassy was scarcely finished, when the Mohawks counselled Jogues and his companions to go home with all despatch, being unable to promise him safety. Jogues, therefore, set out on his return, and reached Fort Richelieu on the 27th of June. His political errand was accomplished. Now, should he return to the Iroquois, or should the Mission of the Martyrs be abandoned. A council of Jesuits was held, and Jogues received orders to repair to his dangerous post. He set out on the 24th of August, accompanied by a young Frenchman named Lalande, and three or four Hurons. On the way they met Indians who warned them of a change of feeling in the Mohawk town, and the Hurons, alarmed, refused to go farther. Jogues, naturally perhaps the most timid man of the party, had no thought of drawing back, and pursued his journey with his companion, who, like other *donnés* of the missions, was scarcely behind the Jesuits themselves in devoted enthusiasm.

The reported change of feeling had indeed taken place. All desire for peace was at an end, and two bands of Iroquois were already on the war-path. The warriors of one of these bands met Jogues and Lalande at Lake George. They seized them, stripped them, and led them in triumph to their town. Here a savage crowd surrounded them, beating them with sticks and with their fists. One of them cut strips of flesh from the back and arms of Jogues.

In the evening—it was the 18th of October—Jogues, smarting with his wounds and bruises, was sitting in one of the lodges; when an Indian entered, and asked him to a feast. He arose and followed him meekly to the lodge of one of the chiefs. Jogues bent his head to enter, when another Indian, standing concealed within,

at one side of the doorway, struck at him with a hatchet. An Iroquois who had been made prisoner by the French, and kindly treated and released, had followed him, fearing mischief. He bravely held out his arm to ward off the blow ; but the hatchet cut through it and sank into the missionary's brain.¹ He fell at the feet of his murderer, who at once finished his work by hacking off his head. Lalande was left in suspense all night, and in the morning was killed in a similar manner.

The peace was broken, and the hounds of war turned loose. The contagion spread through all the Mohawk tribe of the Iroquois nation, the war-songs were sung, and the warriors took the path for Canada ; and again all was rapine and bloodshed.

How did it fare with the missions in these days of woe and terror? They had thriven beyond hope. The Hurons, in their time of trouble, had become tractable. They humbled themselves, and, in their desolation and despair, came for succour to the priests. There was a harvest of converts, not only exceeding in numbers that of all former years, but giving in many cases undeniable proof of sincerity and fervour. In some towns the Christians outnumbered the heathen, and in nearly all they formed a strong party. The mission of La Conception, or Ossossané, was the most successful. Here there was now a church and resident Jesuits, as also at S. Joseph, S. Ignatus, S. Michel, S. Jean Baptist and S. Madeleine, for the Huron towns were christened with names of Saints. Each church had its bell, which was sometimes hung in a neighbouring tree. Every morning it rang its summons to mass ; and, issuing from their dwellings of bark, the

¹ This Iroquois in 1648 voluntarily came to Three Rivers and asked for baptism. He was carried to France, where he died.

converts gathered within the sacred precinct, where the bare, rude walls, fresh from axe and saw, contrasted with the sheen and tinsel and gilding, and the hues of gay draperies and gaudy pictures. At evening they met again at Benediction, or the Rosary, and on Sunday masses, catechism, sermons, and the rosary consumed the whole day.

The converts rarely took part in the burning of prisoners. On the contrary, they set their faces against the practice; and on one occasion, a certain Etienne Totiri, while his heathen countrymen were tormenting a captive Iroquois at S. Ignace, boldly denounced them. Not content with this, he addressed an exhortation to the sufferer in one of the intervals of his torture. The dying wretch demanded baptism, which Etienne took on himself to administer, amid the hootings of the crowd, who, as he ran with a cup of water from a neighbouring house, pushed him to and fro, to make him spill it, crying out, "Let him alone! let the devils burn him after we have done!"

As famine, disaster, and destruction closed round them, the Hurons gathered beneath the cross, their only hope. Every alarm produced sincere conversion, stimulated the luke-warm, and sent conviction to the hearts of the unbelievers.

The River Wye enters the Bay of Gloucester, an inlet of the Bay of Matchedash, itself an inlet of the vast Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. At this point stood Sainte Marie, the centre and base of the Huron mission. In the forest, which long since has resumed its reign over this memorable spot, the walls and ditches of the fortifications may still be plainly traced. The fortified work which inclosed the buildings was in the form of a parallelogram, and lay parallel with the river, some-

what more than a hundred feet distant from it. No doubt the buildings of Sainte Marie were of the roughest—rude walls of boards, windows without glass, vast chimneys of unhewn stone. All its riches were centred in the church, which, as Lalemant tells us, was regarded by the Indians as one of the wonders of the world.

In March, 1649, there were in the Huron country and its neighbourhood eighteen Jesuit priests, four lay brothers, twenty-three men serving without pay, seven hired men, four boys, and eight soldiers. Of this number, fifteen priests were engaged in the various missions, while all the rest were retained permanently at S. Marie. All was method, discipline, and subordination. Some of the men were assigned to household work, and some to the hospital; while the rest laboured at the fortifications, tilled the fields, and stood ready, in case of need, to fight the Iroquois. The Father Superior, with two other priests as assistants, controlled and guided all. The remaining Jesuits, undisturbed by temporal cares, were devoted exclusively to the charge of their respective missions. Two or three times a year they all, or nearly all, assembled at Sainte Marie, to take council together and determine their future action. Hither, also, they came at intervals for a period of meditation and prayer, to nerve themselves and gain new inspiration for their stern task.

Besides being the citadel and magazine of the mission, Sainte Marie was the scene of bountiful hospitality. On every alternate Saturday, as well as on feast-days, the converts came in crowds from the farthest villages. They were entertained during Saturday and Sunday; and the rites of the Church were celebrated before them with all possible solemnity and pomp. They were

welcomed also at other times, and entertained, usually with three meals to each. Heathen were also received and supplied with food, but were not permitted to remain at night. There was provision for the soul as well as the body; and Christian or heathen, few left Sainte Marie without a word of instruction or exhortation.

The missions of which Sainte Marie was the basis were eleven in number. To those among the Hurons already mentioned were two others, S. Jean and S. Matthias, which had been established in the neighbouring Tobacco nation. The three remaining missions were all among tribes speaking the Algonquin languages, they were called S. Elisabeth, S. Esprit, and S. Pierre. These missions were more laborious, though not more perilous, than those among the Hurons. The Algonquin hordes were never long at rest; and, summer and winter, the priest must follow them by lake, forest, and stream; in summer plying the paddle all day, or toiling through pathless thickets, at night, his bed the rugged earth, or some bare rock, lashed by the restless waves of Lake Huron; while famine, the snow-storms, the cold, the treacherous ice of the Great Lakes, smoke, filth, and, not rarely, threats and persecution, were the lot of his winter wanderings. It seemed an earthly paradise, when, at long intervals, he found a respite from his toils among his brother Jesuits under the roof of Sainte Marie.

Hither, while the Fathers are gathered from their scattered stations at one of their periodical meetings,—a little before Lent, 1649,—let us, too, repair, and join them. We enter at the eastern gate of the fortification, midway in the wall between its northern and southern bastions, and pass to the hall, where, at a rude table,

spread with ruder fare, all the household are assembled, labourers, domestics, soldiers, and priests. It was a scene that might recall a remote half feudal, half patriarchal age. Here was Raguenuau, the Father Superior, since the indefatigable Brébeuf had resigned the office of superior to labour in concert with Chaumont among the Neutrals. Here was Bressani, scarred with the firebrand and knife of the Iroquois;¹ Chabanel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a missionary, bound by self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the devoted Chaumont, whose rough nature savoured of his peasant birth; Garnier, beardless as a girl, of sensitive nature and delicate mind. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled with time,—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive, it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful and spasmodic, was with him the current of his life,—solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. Gabriel Lalemant, nephew of Jerome Lalemant, Superior at Quebec, sat next. His slender frame and delicate features gave him an appearance of youth, though he had reached middle age; and, as in the case of Garnier, the fervour of his mind sustained him through exertions of which he seemed physically incapable. Of the rest of that company little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils.

There was a gap in their number. The place of Antoine Daniel was empty, and never more to be filled by him,—never at least in the flesh: for Chaumont

¹ The adventures and almost martyrdom of this heroic Italian priest among the Iroquois I have been obliged to omit, lest this article should be extended to undue proportions.

averred, that not long since, when the Fathers were met in council, he had seen their dead companion seated in the midst, as of old, with a countenance radiant and majestic. Daniel's station had been at S. Joseph; but the mission and the missionary had alike ceased to exist.

Teanaustayé, or S. Joseph, lay on the south-eastern frontier of the Huron country, near the foot of a range of forest-covered hills, and about fifteen miles from Sainte Marie. It had been the chief town of the nation, and its population numbered at least two thousand. It was well fortified with palisades, after the Huron manner, and was esteemed the chief bulwark of the country. Its inhabitants had been truculent and intractable heathen, but many of them had surrendered to the Faith, and for four years past Father Daniel had preached among them with excellent results.

On the morning of the 4th of July, 1648, when the forest around basked lazily in the early sun, you might have mounted the rising ground on which the town stood, and passed unchallenged the opening in the palisade. Within you would have seen some squalid wolfish dog lying asleep in the sun, a group of Huron girls chatting together in the shade, old squaws pounding corn in large wooden mortars, idle youths gambling with cherry-stones, and naked infants sprawling in the dust. Scarce a warrior was to be seen. Some were absent in quest of game or of Iroquois scalps, and some had gone on a trading party to the French settlements. You followed the foul passages among the houses, and at length came to the church. It was full to the door. Daniel had just finished saying mass, and his flock still knelt at their devotions. It was but the day before that he had re-

turned to them, warmed with new fervour, from his meditations in retreat at Sainte Marie. Suddenly an uproar of voices, shrill with terror, burst upon the languid silence of the town. "The Iroquois! the Iroquois!" A crowd of hostile warriors had issued from the forest, and were rushing across the clearing, towards the opening in the palisade. Daniel ran out of the church, and hurried to the point of danger. Some snatched weapons; some rushed to and fro in the madness of a blind panic. The priest rallied the defenders; and hastened from house to house, calling on unbelievers to repent and receive baptism, ere death closed on them, and the chance was gone for ever. They crowded around him; and, immersing his handkerchief in a bowl of water, he shook it over them, and baptized them by aspersion. Then he ran back to the church, where he found a throng of women, children, and old men, gathered as in a sanctuary. Some cried for baptism, some held out their children to receive it, some begged for absolution, and some wailed in terror and despair. "Brothers," he exclaimed again and again, as he shook the baptism drops over them, "to-day we shall meet together in Paradise." The fierce yell of the war-whoop now rose close at hand. The palisade was forced, and the enemy was in the town. The air quivered with the infernal din. "Fly!" screamed the priest, driving his flock before him. "I will stay here. We shall meet above!" Many of them escaped through an opening in the palisade opposite to that by which the Iroquois had entered; but Daniel would not follow, for there still might be souls seeking salvation. The hour had come for which he had long prepared himself. In a moment he saw the Iroquois, and came forth from the church to meet them. When they saw

him in turn, radiant in the vestments of his office, confronting them with a look kindled with the inspiration of martyrdom, they stopped and stared in amazement; then, recovering themselves, bent their bows, and showered him with a volley of arrows, that tore through his robes and his flesh. A gun-shot followed; the ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead, sighing the name of Jesus. They rushed upon him with yells of triumph, stripped him naked, gashed and hacked his lifeless body, and scooping his blood in their hands, bathed their faces in it to make them brave. The town was in a blaze; when the flames reached the church, they flung the priest into it, and both were consumed together.

The news of this disaster spread terror through the land. Town after town was abandoned. The Hurons fled to the islands of the lake, or the cabins of the Tionontates; and the missionaries in vain endeavoured to excite them to a systematic plan of defence. During the winter, the Iroquois roamed through the country undisturbed. The Huron nation was destined to melt away before them, wasted first with pestilence and small-pox, then to fall under the tomahawks of their deadly foes, the ferocious Iroquois. "The faith," says Bressani, "had now made the conquest of almost the whole country. It was everywhere publicly professed; and not merely the common people, but even the chiefs were alike its children and its protectors. The superstitious rites that at first were frequent, lost credit to such a degree, that a heathen of Ossossané, chieftain though he was, could find none to perform them in his sickness. The persecutions raised against us have all ceased; the curses heaped on the faith are changed into blessings. Now that they are ripe for

heaven, the reaping hook is among them." On the morning of the 16th of March, 1649, the priests at S. Marie saw a heavy smoke rising over the naked forest towards the south-east, about three miles distant. They looked at each other in dismay. "The Iroquois! They are burning S. Louis!" Flames mingled with the smoke; and as they stood gazing, two Christian Hurons came, breathless and aghast, from the burning town. Their worst fear was realized. The Iroquois were there; but where were the priests of the mission, Brébeuf and Lalemant? They were prisoners, bound fast, after having been savagely beaten with sticks and clubs.

Before daylight of the 10th, the invaders approached S. Ignace, which, with S. Louis and three other towns, formed the mission of the same name. A yell, as of a legion of devils, startled the wretched inhabitants from their sleep; and the Iroquois, bursting in upon them, cut them down with knives and hatchets, killing many, and reserving the rest for a worse fate. Only three Hurons escaped. The whole was the work of a few minutes. The Iroquois left a guard to hold the town; then, smearing their faces with blood, after their ghastly custom, they rushed, in the dim light of the early dawn, towards S. Louis. The three fugitives had fled thither and given the alarm. The number of the inhabitants here was less than seven hundred, and, of these, all who had strength to escape, excepting about eighty warriors, made in wild terror for a place of safety. Brébeuf's converts entreated him to escape with them; but the Norman hero, bold scion of a warlike stock, had no thought of flight. His post was in the teeth of danger, to cheer those who fought, and open Heaven to those who fell. Lalemant, his colleague, slight of frame and frail of constitution, trembled despite himself; but deep

enthusiasm and divine Grace mastered the weakness of nature, and he, too, refused to fly.

Scarcely had the sun risen, and scarcely were the fugitives gone, when, like a troop of tigers, the Iroquois rushed to the assault. The Hurons, brought to bay, fought with the utmost desperation. Twice the Iroquois recoiled, and twice renewed the attack with unabated ferocity. They swarmed at the foot of the palisades, and hacked at them with their hatchets, till they had cut them through at several different points. Then they broke in, and captured all the surviving defenders, the Jesuits among the rest. In the flush of victory, the victors meditated an attack on Sainte Marie, and sent forth small parties to reconoitre it. Meanwhile Raguenu, Bressani, and their companions waited in suspense. On the one hand, they trembled for Brébeuf and Lalemant; on the other, they looked hourly for an attack. They stood guard all night, some at the palisades, the priests in the church.

In the morning they were somewhat relieved by the arrival of three hundred Huron warriors, converts from La Conception and S. Madeleine, tolerably well armed, and full of fight. They divided into several bands and swept the forest in search of the Iroquois. They fell in with a party of two hundred, and drove them for shelter to S. Louis, followed closely by the victors, who cut them down without mercy. The main body of the Iroquois heard of the disaster, and turned towards S. Louis to take their revenge. The Hurons within the palisade did not much exceed a hundred and fifty. They fought with desperate courage, and when the Iroquois at length prevailed, they found only twenty Huron warriors alive, spent with fatigue and faint with loss of blood.

On the following day, March 19th, the feast of S.

Joseph, the Iroquois planted stakes in the bark houses of S. Ignace, and bound to them a crowd of prisoners, male and female, from old age to infancy, husbands, mothers, and children, side by side. Then as they retreated, they set fire to the town, and laughed with savage glee at the shrieks of anguish that rose from the blazing dwellings. The scout from S. Marie, as he bent listening under the gloom of the pines, had heard, far into the night, the howl of battle, rising from the darkened forest. And now, in the early dawn, a red glare smote through the trees, like the flaming streaks of a setting sun, and from the great fire rose one united wail of many voices, of every age and sex, as the Indian martyrs writhed in the burning village.¹

On the morning of the 20th, the Jesuits of S. Marie heard of the retreat of the invaders; and one of them, with seven armed Frenchmen, set out for the scene of havoc. They passed S. Louis, where the bloody ground was strewn thick with corpses, and, two or three miles further on, reached S. Ignace. Here they saw a spectacle of horror; for among the ashes of the burnt town were scattered in profusion the half-consumed bodies of those who had perished in the flames. Apart from the rest, they saw a sight that banished all else from their thoughts; for they found the scorched and mangled relics of Brébeuf and Lalemant. They had learned their fate already from Huron prisoners, many of whom had made their escape in the confusion of the Iroquois retreat, for a panic had fallen on them, occasioned by an impression that they were about to be attacked by a

¹ The site of S. Ignace still bears evidence of the catastrophe, in the ashes that indicate the position of the houses, and the fragments of burned bone, trinkets of glass and metal, that are there exhumed. Should not a chapel be built on the site and mass be said there annually on the feast of S. Joseph, the anniversary of this, great martyrdom?

combined body of French from Quebec, and Hurons. These escaped captives described what they had seen, and the condition in which the bodies were found confirmed their story.

On the afternoon of the 16th, the day on which the two priests were captured, Brébeuf was led apart, and bound to a stake. He seemed more concerned for his captive converts than for himself, and addressed them in a loud voice, exhorting them to suffer patiently, and promising Heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot, to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames, for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak, with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain; and they tried other means to overcome him. They led out Lalemant, that Brébeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about his naked body. When he saw the condition of his Superior, he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of S. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." Then he threw himself at Brébeuf's feet; upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flame rose, he threw his arms upward, with a shriek of supplication to Heaven. Next they hung around Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot; but the indomitable priest stood like a rock. A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice of a renegade, to

pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in Heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." Brébeuf would not flinch; and, in a rage, they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes. Other renegade Hurons called out to him, "You told us, that the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in Heaven. We wish to make you happy; we torment you because we love you; and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him; when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart, and devoured it.

Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race, the same from which sprang the English earls of Arundel; but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling, with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and as we are told, "his death was the astonishment of his murderers."

Lalemant, physically weak from childhood, and slender almost to emaciation, was constitutionally unequal to a display of fortitude like that of his colleague.¹ When Brébeuf died, he was led back to the house whence he had been taken, and tortured there all night; until, in morning, one of the Iroquois, growing tired of the

¹ Marie de l'Incarnation says of him, "C'était l'homme le plus faible et le plus délicat qu'on eut pu voir."

protracted entertainment, killed him with a hatchet. It was said that, at times he seemed beside himself with anguish; then, rallying, with hands uplifted, he piteously offered his sufferings to God as a sacrifice. His robust companion had lived less than four hours under the torture, while he survived it for nearly seventeen. Perhaps the titanic effort of will with which Brébeuf repressed all show of suffering conspired with the Iroquois knives and firebrands to exhaust his vitality.

The bodies of the two missionaries were carried to S. Marie, and buried in the cemetery there; but the skull of Brébeuf was preserved as a relic. His family sent from France a silver bust of their martyred kinsman, to enclose the skull; and to this day the bust and the relic are preserved with pious care by the nuns of the Hotel-Dieu at Quebec; whilst various other relics of the two missionaries are to be seen in several of the Canadian monastic establishments.

All was over with the Hurons. The death-knell of their nation was struck. Within two weeks after the disasters of S. Ignace and S. Louis, fifteen Huron towns were abandoned. In bands, large or small, the fugitives roamed northward and eastward, through the half-thawed wilderness; some hid themselves on the rocks or islands of lake Huron; some sought an asylum among the Tobacco nation; a few joined the Neutrals on the north of lake Eri. The Hurons, as a nation, ceased to exist.

S. Marie had been built as a basis for the missions; but its occupation was gone. If the priests stayed to be butchered, they would perish not as martyrs, but as fools. The necessity was as clear as it was bitter. All their toil must come to naught. S. Marie must be abandoned. Several of the priests set out to follow

and console the scattered bands of the fugitive Hurons. Those who remained chose the Great Manitoulin Island on the north of the lake as a place of refuge. Thither, therefore, they were resolved to transport the mission, when twelve Huron chiefs arrived, and informed the Fathers that many of the scattered Hurons had determined to re-unite, and form a settlement on a neighbouring island of the lake, called by the Jesuits, Isle S. Joseph. The Fathers at once abandoned their former plan, and proposed to join the Hurons on this island. Thither, therefore, they transported on rafts all that they possessed. S. Marie was stripped of everything that could be moved. Then, lest it should harbour the Iroquois, they set it on fire, and saw consumed in an hour the results of nine or ten years of toil.

The island, thanks to the vigilance of the French, escaped attack throughout the summer; but Iroquois scalping parties ranged the neighbouring shores, killing stragglers and keeping the Hurons in perpetual alarm. By autumn six or eight thousand expatriated wretches were gathered on the isle, without sustenance, or means of gaining any. The priests spared no effort to meet the emergency. But what could they do? The summer had bent spent in flight and concealment, no corn had been sown, no harvests reaped. Destitution set in. As winter advanced, it became worse. Scores died daily. An epidemic accompanied the famine, and before spring about one half the number were dead. Thus the miserable winter wore away, till the opening spring of 1650 brought new fears and new necessities.

Late in the preceding autumn the Iroquois had taken the war-path in force, flushed with their successes in the spring. At the end of November, two escaped Hurons

came to Isle S. Joseph with the news that a band of three hundred warriors was hovering in the Huron forests, doubting whether to invade the island, or to attack the towns of the Tobacco nation in the valleys of the Blue Mountains. The father superior, Ragueneau, sent a runner thither in all haste, to warn the inhabitants of their danger.

There were at this time two missions in the Tobacco nation, S. Jean and S. Matthias,—the latter under the charge of the Jesuits Garreau and Grelon, and the former under that of Garnier and Chabanel. When the warriors of S. Jean were warned by Ragueneau's messenger of a probable attack from the Iroquois, they were far from daunted, and resolved to sally forth, and take the offensive. With yelps and whoops they de-filed into the forest, where the branches were gray and bare, and the ground thickly strewn with snow. They pushed on rapidly till the following day, but could not discover their wary enemy, who had made a wide circuit, and was approaching the town from another quarter.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of December, 1649. Chabanel had left the place a day or two before, in obedience to a message from Ragueneau, and Garnier was here alone. He was making his rounds among the houses, visiting the sick and instructing his converts, when the horrible din of the war-whoop rose from the borders of the clearing, and, on the instant, the town was mad with terror. Children and girls rushed to and fro, blind with fright; women snatched their infants, and fled they knew not whither. Garnier ran to his chapel, where a few of his converts had sought asylum. He gave them his benediction, exhorted them to hold fast the Faith, and bade them fly

while there was yet time. For himself, he hastened back to the houses, running from one to another and giving absolution or baptism to all whom he found. An Iroquois met him, shot him with three balls through the body and thigh, tore off his cassock, and rushed on in pursuit of the fugitives. Garnier lay for a moment on the ground, as if stunned; then, recovering his senses, he was seen to rise into a kneeling posture. At a little distance from him lay a Huron, mortally wounded, but still showing signs of life. With the Heaven that awaited him glowing before his fading vision, the priest dragged himself towards the dying Indian, to give him absolution; but his strength failed, and he fell again to earth. He rose once more, and crept again forward, when a party of Iroquois rushed upon him, split his head with two blows of a hatchet, stripped him, and left his body on the ground. At this time the whole town was on fire, and shortly S. Jean lay a waste of smoking ruins thickly strewn with blackened corpses of the slain. Thus, at the age of forty-four, died Charles Garnier, the favourite child of wealthy and noble parents, nursed in Parisian luxury and ease, then living and dying, a more than willing exile, amid the hardships and horror of the Huron wilderness. His life and his death are his best eulogy. Brébeuf was the lion of the Huron mission, and Garnier was the lamb; but the lamb was as fearless as the lion.

When, on the following morning, the warriors of S. Jean returned from their rash and bootless sally, and saw the ashes of their desolated homes, and the ghastly relics of their murdered families, they seated themselves amid the ruin, silent and motionless as statues of bronze, with heads bowed down, and eyes fixed on the ground. Thus they remained during half the day. Tears and

wailing were for women ; this was the mourning of warriors.

Garnier's colleague, Chabanel, had been recalled from S. Jean by an order from the Father Superior, who thought it needless to expose the life of more than one priest in a position of so much danger. He stopped on his way at S. Matthias, and on the morning of the seventh of December, the day of the attack, left that town with seven or eight Christian Hurons. The journey was rough and difficult. They proceeded through the forest about eighteen miles, and then encamped in the snow. The Indians fell asleep ; but Chabanel, from an apprehension of danger, or some other cause, remained awake. About midnight he heard a strange sound in the distance—a confusion of fierce voices, mingled with songs and outcries. It was the Iroquois on their retreat with their prisoners, defiantly singing their war-songs. Chabanel waked his companions, who instantly took to flight. He tried to follow, but could not keep pace with the light-footed savages, who returned to S. Matthias, and told what had occurred. They said that they believed Chabanel had gone on in an opposite direction, in order to reach Isle S. Joseph. His brother priests were for some time ignorant of what had befallen him. At last a Huron Indian, who had been converted, but afterwards apostatized, gave out that he had met him in the forest, and had aided him with his canoe to cross a river which lay in his path. Some supposed that he had lost his way, and died of cold and hunger ; but others were of a different opinion. Their suspicions were confirmed some time afterwards by the renegade Huron, who confessed that he had murdered Chabanel, and thrown his body into the river, after robbing him of his clothes. He declared that his

motive was hatred of the Faith which, he thought, had brought ruin on the Huron nation that had adopted it.

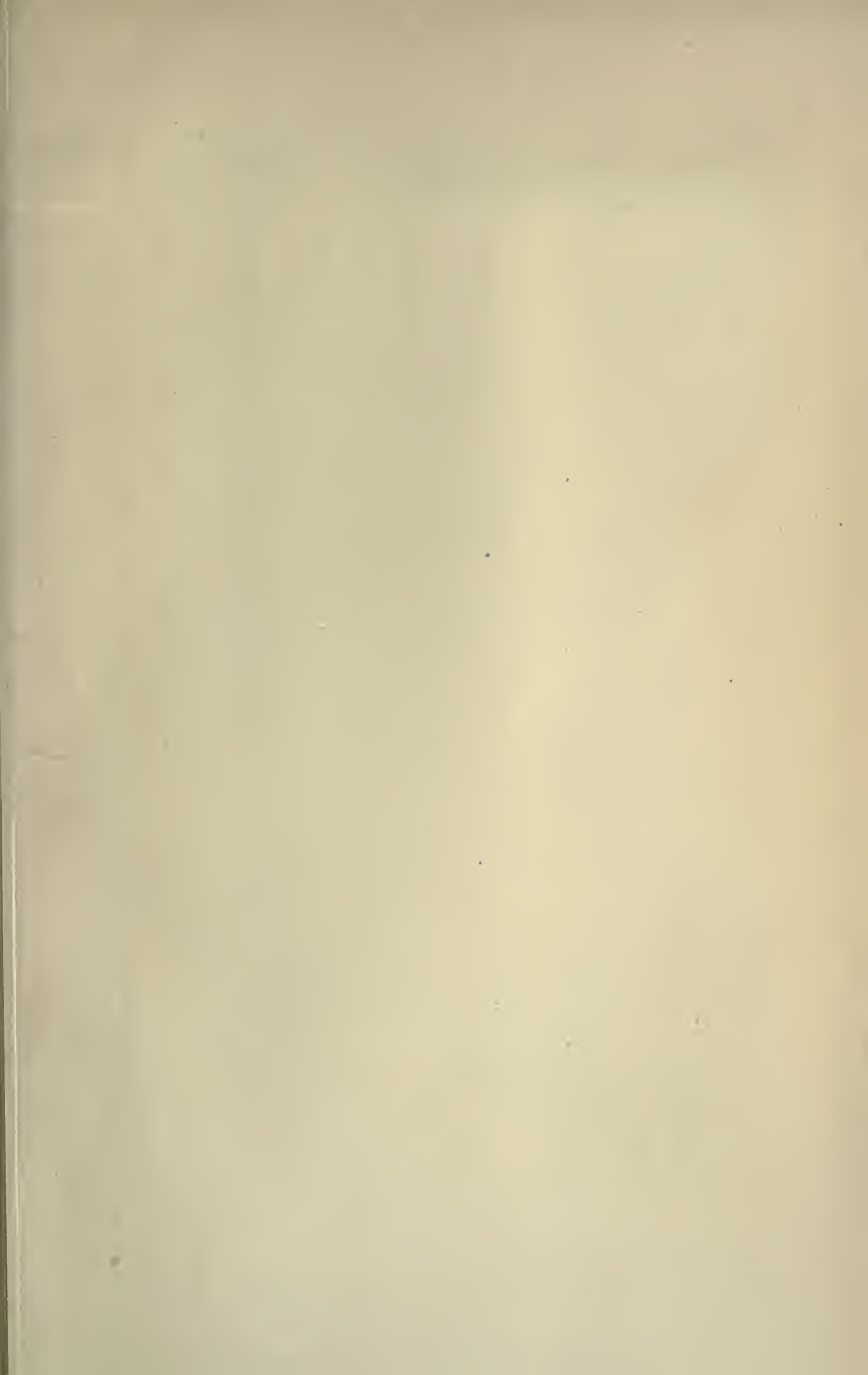
As spring approached, 1650, the starving multitude on Isle S. Joseph scattered through the woods and along the shores, seeking food, reckless in their misery, and falling incessantly beneath the tomahawks of the skulking Iroquois. These relentless savages were in wait for them when they left the island. They surprised the Hurons as they fished in the Lake, surrounded them, and cut them in pieces without resistance—tracking out the various parties of their victims, and hunting down fugitives with such persistency and skill, that of all who had gone over to the main, the Jesuits knew of but one who escaped. Still the goadings of famine were relentless and irresistible. "It is said," writes the Father Superior, "that hunger will drive wolves from the forest. So, too, our starving Hurons were driven out of a town which had become an abode of horror. It was the end of Lent. Alas, if these poor Christians could but have had acorns and water to keep their fast upon! On Easter Day we caused them to make a general confession. On the following day they went away, in a few days we heard of the disaster we had foreseen. These poor people fell into ambuscades of our Iroquois enemy. Some were killed on the spot; some were dragged into captivity; women and children were burned. A week after, another band was overtaken by the same fate. Go where they would, they met with slaughter on all sides. Famine pursued them, or they encountered an enemy more cruel than cruelty itself."

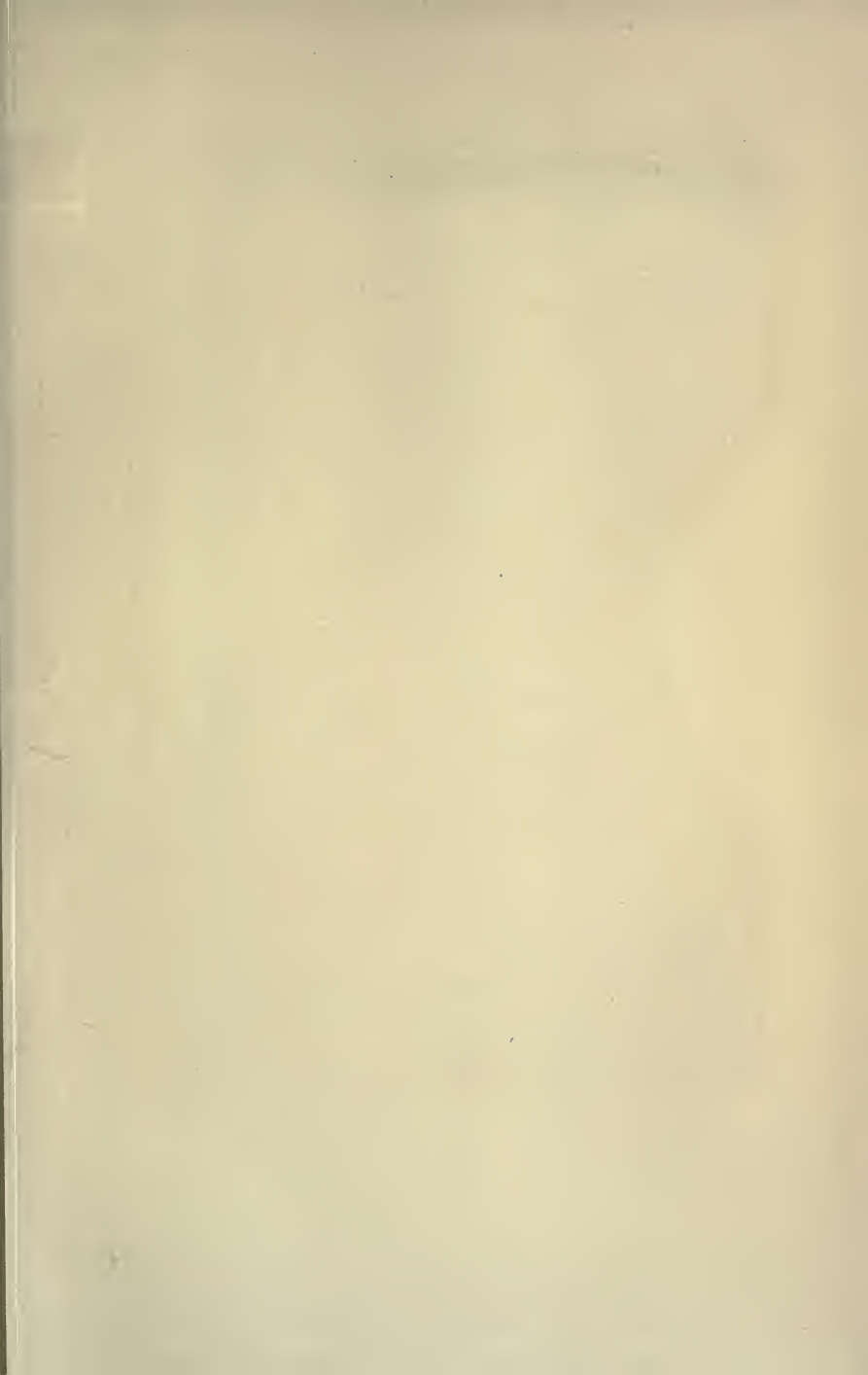
There was nothing to be done but to desert the island and abandon the mission. The Jesuits saw that this was the only course possible. The Jesuits consulted

together again and again, and prayed in turn during forty hours without ceasing, that their minds might be enlightened. At length they decided to save the poor remnant of the Hurons by leading them to an asylum where there was at least a hope of safety. Their resolution once taken, they pushed their preparations with all speed, lest the Iroquois might learn their purpose, and lie in wait to cut them off. Canoes were made ready, and on the tenth of June they began the voyage down the S. Lawrence to Quebec, with all their French followers, and about three hundred Hurons. "It was not without tears," writes the Father Superior, "that we left the country of our hopes and our hearts, where our brethren had gloriously shed their blood." The fleet of canoes held its melancholy way, subject to many perils and losses, till at length, on the 28th of July, 1650, it reached Quebec.

The land of promise was turned to a solitude and a desolation. In a measure, the occupation of the Jesuit missionaries was gone. Some of them went home, "well resolved," writes the Father Superior, "to return to the combat at the first sound of the trumpet;" while of those who remained, about twenty in number, several soon fell victims to famine, hardship, and the Iroquois. A few years more, and Canada ceased to be a mission; political and commercial interests gradually became ascendant, and the story of Jesuit propagandism was interwoven with her civil and military annals.

END OF VOL. VIII.







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