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THE
Lives of the Saints

REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH

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CORONATION OF THE B. VIRGIN MARY.

From the Vienna Missal.

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 ELEVENTH

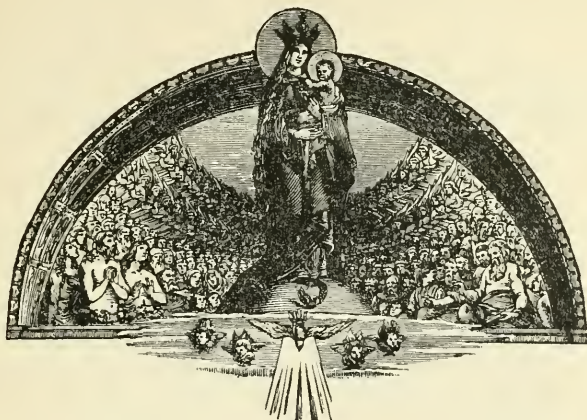
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LIVES OF THE SAINTS

October 1.

- S. PIATUS, *P.M. at Seclin, near Lille, circ. A.D. 287.*
SS. VERISSIMA, MAXIMA AND JULIA, *MM. at Lisbon; circ. A.D. 304.*
SS. PRISCUS, CRESCENTIUS, EVAGRIUS, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Tomi, in Mæsia.*
S. GERMANA, *V.M. at Bar-sur-Aube; about 5th cent.*
S. REMEDIUS, *C. at Trent; 5th cent.*
S. REMIGIUS, *B. of Rheims; circ. A.D. 532.*
S. WULGIS, *P.C. at Ferté-Milon, near Soissons; 6th cent.*
S. BAVO, *C. at Ghent; circ. A.D. 654.*
SS. MICHAEL AND HIS COMPANIONS, *Mks. MM. at Sebastopol; circ. A.D. 788.*

S. PIATUS, P.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 287.)

[Roman Martyrology. Corbei Kalendar of 8th cent. Usuardus. The 10th cent. Kalendar of S. Maximin at Treves; Gallican and Belgian Martyrologies. Hereford Kalendar, that of York as S. Plato. Authority:—the late fabulous Acts.]



SAINT PIATUS, it is pretended, was a native of Beneventum, who went to Gaul with S. Dionysius of Paris, and preached in the region near Lille and Tournay. He was attacked by the barbarians and killed.

The body was found by S. Eligius at Seclin where he was martyred, and translated in the 9th century to S. Omer, thence to Chartres, and then to Tournay. The relics were shown in 1143 at Seclin; the Chartres people, however,

showed the entire body in their cathedral, and disputed its translation from Chartres to Tournay. Each entire body has established its authenticity by miracles ; that at Chartres, however, disappeared at the Revolution.

S. REMIGIUS, B. OF RHEIMS.

(ABOUT A.D. 532.)

[Corbei Kalendar of the 8th cent. Gallican and Roman Martyrologies. Sarum, York, and Hereford Kalendars ; Anglican Reformed Kalendar. An ancient Life of S. Remigius existed before the 9th cent., but was lost then ; Hincmar of Rheims speaks of it as having existed within the memory of old men ; he sought in vain to recover it. A compendium of it, made by Egidius of Rheims, 565—590, and a metrical version by Venantius Fortunatus, still exist. Hincmar wrote another Life, based on the verses of Fortunatus, and all the legendary matter he could rake together ; it is of no value. This again was used by Flodoard in the 10th cent.]

S. REMIGIUS was born at Laon of noble parents, Emilius and Cylinia. His mother Cylinia occurs in the Gallican and the Roman Martyrologies, as a saint, on October 21, and the translation of her relics is noted in some martyrologies on April 5. The brother of S. Remigius was S. Principius, Bishop of Soissons, the father of S. Lupus. His nurse in infancy was Balsamia, venerated as a saint in the Church of Rheims. Remigius was born about the year 435, and was ordained about A.D. 457, when elected, at the age of twenty-two, to the bishopric of Rheims, rendered vacant by the death of Bennadius. A singular and picturesque incident led to his election. He was in the great church at Rheims when the clergy and people were assembled to choose a bishop, when a ray of sun, smiting through a small clerestory window, fell on and illumined his head. In the dark church,



BAPTISM OF CLOVIS BY S. REMIGIUS.

the irradiated, handsome face of the young noble shone out on the people as though marked by God for their future pastor. He was chosen by acclamation, and notwithstanding the impediment of his being under the canonical age, was ordained Archbishop of Rheims.

A letter of Sidonius Apollinaris to the saint has been preserved, in which the eloquence of Remigius is commended. Sidonius was an accomplished professional flatterer, but his description of the abilities of Remigius is less to be mistrusted, as there was nothing to be got by lauding him to the skies. "Some one from my part of the world had occasion to go from Auvergne into Belgic Gaul; what his objects were I know not, nor do I care, for the matter of that; the man I knew however. He halted on his way at Rheims, and found means, when there, of procuring, I do not know whether by purchase or present, with or without your consent, from your secretary or librarian, a voluminous manuscript of your sermons. On his return here, proud of what he had got, though he had at first bought them for the purpose of selling them, like a good citizen, instead of doing that, he made me a present of them. All those who have read them, myself included, having obtained rich fruit from the study of them, have taken pains to learn the greater part of them by heart, and to copy them out. Every one is agreed that at the present day few men are capable of composing such sermons as these. Indeed, it would be difficult to find one who united such skill in disposition of matter, and choice of expression and arrangement of words. Add to this the appositeness of the illustrations, the authority of the testimonies, the propriety of the epithets, the urbanity of the figures, the force of argument, weightiness of thought, flow of words, and flash of conclusion. The structure is strong and sure, all the members of the sentences are united elegantly, the style is flowing, polished, and well arranged;

never does one come across those unhappy stiffnesses or feeblenesses which tease the tongue of the reader, and those rough words, which can only be pronounced by rolling them along the palate, are avoided. The language glides along to the end with ease, giving the same pleasurable sensation as when the nail is drawn over a crystal or cornelian, without striking a roughness, or catching in a flaw.

“What shall I say in conclusion? I know no living orator whom you do not easily surpass, and leave far behind. I almost expect, my Lord Bishop, that you are proud of your rich, ineffable eloquence. But be the splendour of your talents as writer or virtues as prelate what it may, I pray you do not disdain us, for though I may not be a great writer, I know how to praise what is well written. Do not then, for the future, shrink from exposing your writings to the judgment of critics when you know that they run no danger of mordant criticism or severe reproach. If you will not consent voluntarily to fertilize our barrenness, we know how to set men on the watch, and suborn them to rob your portfolio; then, finding yourself plundered, you will perhaps be sensible of the robbery, if you will not now pay attention to our prayers and the pleasure of being of use to others.”

S. Remigius, as Gregory of Tours tells us, “was a man of great knowledge, imbued with love of rhetorical studies, and so illustrious for his sanctity, as to equal S. Silvester.” He is described as having been very tall, seven feet in height, with an open face, very aquiline nose, a thick, tawny beard, a slow and stately walk. Many miracles are related of him, but the authority for them is not very satisfactory, as we have not the original life of S. Remigius, and we cannot tell how far they are later legends.

A noble damsel of Toulouse, possessed with a devil, was taken by her parents to the tomb of the apostles Peter and

Paul, at Rome, to be cured. But no amount of prayers were of the slightest effect. Then the devil was adjured to tell them who alone could expel him. He answered that none but Remigius could cast him out. Then, says Fortunatus, the parents took the damsel to that blessed one,¹ and he cast the devil out. Hincmar of Rheims, writing three hundred years after Fortunatus, improved the story. The parents took the damsel from the tomb of the apostles to S. Benedict, but he also failed to cast out the devil, and sent the maiden to S. Remigius, as the only saint who was able to achieve this work. Hincmar saw in the brief life of Fortunatus, that the maiden was taken to "that Blessed One (Benedictus)," meaning Remigius, and he used the occasion to expand the story into a pilgrimage to S. Benedict, further to enhance the supremacy of the virtue and glory of S. Remigius. In order to carry out this fable, at the birth of which we are present, so to speak, a letter from S. Benedict to S. Remigius on the topic was forged, probably in the 11th century.²

On another occasion a tremendous conflagration broke out in Rheims. S. Remigius came to the rescue when more than half the city was in flames. He went before the raging fire and made the sign of the cross; the flames retreated, he advanced, and continued making the sign, and the fire backed before him step by step, till he drove it through a gate. Then he ordered the gate to be walled up, and forbade any one ever opening it again. Many years after, the owner of the adjoining house, wanting an ash-pit, knocked a hole in the wall, that he might shoot his rubbish through it. Instantly out burst the demon of the conflagration and killed the man, his wife, children, and servants.

¹ "Tunc parentes ejus ipsius benedicti . . . suffragati," &c.

² Another biographer has further improved the story. When the devil came out of the damsel's mouth, it cried: "Be not elate at thy merits, O Remigius! I am not cast out by thy virtue, but by the humility of Benedict."

In 496, the Allemanni, a Germanic confederation, who had for some time been assailing the Roman Empire on the banks of the Rhine or the frontier of Switzerland, crossed the river, and invaded the settlements of the Franks on the left bank. Clovis went to the aid of his allies, and attacked the Allemanni at Tolbiac, the modern Zülpich, near Düren, between Aix and Cologne. The battle was going ill; the Franks were wavering, and Clovis was anxious. Before setting out he had, according to Fredegar, promised his wife, S. Clothild, to turn Christian if he came off victorious. Other chroniclers say that Aurelian, Duke of Melun, seeing the battle in danger of being lost, said to Clovis, "My lord King, believe only on the Lord of Heaven, whom the Queen, my mistress, preacheth." Clovis cried out with emotion, "Christ Jesus! Thou whom my Queen Clothild calleth the Son of the living God, I have invoked my own gods, and they have withdrawn from me; I believe that they have no power, since they aid not those who call upon them. Thee, very God and Lord, I invoke; if Thou give me victory over my foes, if I find in Thee the power that the people proclaim of Thee, I will believe in Thee, and will be baptized in Thy name." The tide of battle turned: the Franks recovered confidence and courage; and the Allemanni, beaten, and seeing their king slain, surrendered themselves to Clovis, saying, "Cease, of thy grace, to cause any more people to perish, for we are thine."

On the return of Clovis, Clothild, fearing lest he should forget his victory and promise, "secretly sent," says Gregory of Tours, "to S. Remigius, Bishop of Rheims, and prayed him to penetrate the king's heart with the words of salvation."

S. Remigius hastened to fulfil the desires of the Queen. "I will listen to thee, most holy father," said Clovis, "willingly; but there is a difficulty. The people that follow me

will not give up their gods. But I am about to assemble them, and will speak to them according to thy word."

The king found the people more docile or better prepared than he had represented to the bishop. Even before he opened his mouth the greater part of those present cried out, "We abjure the mortal gods; we are ready to follow the immortal God whom Remigius preacheth." About three thousand Frankish warriors, however, persisted in their intention of remaining pagans, and deserting Clovis, betook themselves to Ragnacar, the Frankish king of Cambrai.

As soon as S. Remigius was informed of the good disposition on the part of king and people, he fixed on Easter eve of that year (496) for the ceremony of the baptism. The description of it is given us by Hincmar in his *Life of his illustrious predecessor*. "The bishop," says he, "went in search of the king at early morning to his bed-chamber, in order that, taking him at the moment of freedom from secular cares, he might more freely communicate to him the mysteries of the holy Word. The king's chamberlains receive him with great respect, and the king runs forward to meet him. Thereupon they pass together into an oratory dedicated to S. Peter, chief of the apostles, and adjoining the king's apartment. When the bishop, the king, and the queen had taken their places on the seats prepared for them, and admission had been given to some clerks and also to some friends and household servants of the king, the venerable bishop began his instructions on the subject of salvation. Meanwhile, preparations are being made along the road from the palace to the baptistery; curtains and valuable stuffs are hung up; the houses on both sides of the street are dressed out; the baptistery is sprinkled with balm and all manner of perfume. The procession moves from the palace; the clergy lead the way with the holy gospels, the cross, and the banners, singing hymns and canticles; then comes the

bishop, leading the king by the hand; after him the queen; lastly, the people. On the road it is said that the king asked the bishop if that were the kingdom of heaven promised him? 'No,' answered the prelate, 'but it is the entrance to the road that leads to it.' When they had reached the baptistery, the priest who bore the consecrated chrism, arrested by the crowd, could not reach the font, so that the chrism was wanting for the benediction of the font. Then the holy pontiff raises his eyes to heaven, and prays in silence with tears. Immediately, a dove, white as snow, descends, bearing in his beak a vial full of chrism sent from heaven. It exhaled a delicious fragrance, which intoxicated those present with pleasure. The holy bishop takes the vial, sprinkles the baptismal water with the chrism, and immediately the dove disappears. Transported with joy at such a miracle of grace, the king renounces Satan, all his pomps and works, and demands baptism. As he bared his head over the fountain of life, 'Bend thy head, Sicambrian!' said the bishop. 'Adore what thou hast burned: burn what thou hast adored.' After having confessed the symbol of the orthodox faith, the king was plunged thrice in the water of Baptism, in the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and the blessed prelate received and consecrated the king with the divine unction.

"Albofleda and Lantechild, sisters of the king, received baptism at the same time, as well as three thousand men of the Frank army, and many women and children."

The first to mention the apparition of the white dove with the vial of holy chrism, is Hincmar, who died in A.D. 882, three hundred and fifty years after S. Remigius. Fortunatus, who wrote an epitome of his life, about A.D. 570, about thirty-five years after the death of the saint, says nothing about it. He relates that S. Remigius was wont to feed sparrows out of his hand, and that at meals they hovered

round him without the least fear, and perched on his fingers to peck up the crumbs in his palm. This incident, and those of the miraculous cure of the girl possessed, and the extinction of the conflagration of Rheims, are almost the only events in the episcopal career of S. Remigius which he records, and all these because they were miraculous. Had Fortunatus known the story of the dove and the ampulla, he would certainly not have omitted it. The date of the formation of the legend was probably the 9th century.¹ Gregory of Tours, always eager to narrate marvels, knew nothing of the miraculous dove and vial of chrism (d. A.D. 594); it first appears in Hincmar's "Life of S. Remigius," based on popular legend, in Flodoard (d. A.D. 966), and in Aimoin of Fleury (d. A.D. 1008). After that the story became popular enough.²

The origin of the story is plain enough, it is a reminiscence of the Celtic legend of the Sangreal which has attached itself to a saint. "And anon there came in a dove at a window, and in her bill there seemed a little saucer of gold, and therewithal there was such a savour as though all the spicery of the world had been there; . . . and there came a damosell, passing faire and young, and she beare a vessell of gold betweene her hands, and thereto the king kneeled

¹ Not only are Gregory of Tours and Venantius Fortunatus silent on the matter, but also S. Avitus of Vienne, and Pope Anastasius II., who wrote to congratulate Clovis on his baptism, and who would certainly have noticed the incident had it occurred. S. Nicetius of Treves, in his letter to Clodoswinda, Q. of the Lombards, says no word about the miracle, nor does Fredegar, nor the anonymous author of the *Gesta Francorum*, who wrote in 725. Alcuin, in his *Life of S. Vedast*, and the anonymous author of the shorter *Life of S. Vedast*, although all these describe the baptism of Clovis, yet not one alludes to the sacred ampulla and oil. Not only so, but the Preface to the ancient Gallican mass of S. Remi, although it mentions many of his miracles, and the baptism of Clovis, says not a word about the miraculous chrism.

² It is somewhat amusing to read in Ch. Barthélemy's "*Annales Hagiologiques de la France*," Versailles, 1863, t. iv. p. 1126, concerning the miracle of the sainte ampoule: "C'est le miracle le plus patent, le plus avéré et surtout le mieux prouvé qui soit au monde." To help the evidence on a little, he makes Aimoin live in the 9th cent. mistaking Aimoin of Fleury, who died A.D. 1008, for Aimoin of S. Germain, who flourished A.D. 888.

devoutly and said his prayers, and so did all that were there."¹ The ampulla and the sacred oil have since been used at the coronation of the kings of France. It was broken at the Revolution, but a fragment of the bottle was preserved with a drop of oil, and is now in the treasury of the Cathedral of Rheims.

Three letters of S. Remigius have been preserved, one to Clovis on the death of his sister Alboflada, another on his engaging in a war, exhorting him to mercy and care of the poor, the suffering, and the orphans, and to show kindness and give release to captives; the third on ecclesiastical immunities.

Finding his diocese too large for his supervision, S. Remigius founded the see of Laon, and appointed to it S. Genebald, married to his niece. According to Hincmar, Genebald did not desert his wife, but had by her a son and daughter after he was raised to the episcopacy. Regretting this, he sent for S. Remigius, retired into a cell, did penance, and was then re-instated in his see by S. Remigius. The saint also founded the sees of Atrebatum, afterwards fixed at S. Omer, and placed over it S. Vedast, and that of Cambrai, which was also governed by S. Vedast.

A letter from S. Remigius to S. Falco of Tongern exists. Falco had ventured to exercise some acts of jurisdiction at Mouzon on the Meuse. The confines of dioceses were not accurately marked at that time, and a transgression of limits was possible through inadvertency. S. Remigius wrote a sharp, fiery letter in bad taste to S. Falco. "If your Sanctity was ignorant of the canons, it was indecorous of you to transgress the diocesan limits before learning them. But if you knew the statutes of the Church, the more serious and perilous is the kicking aside of decrees of ancient and

¹ Sir Thomas Malory's "*Morte d'Arthure*," ed. Wright, 1858, vol. iii. c. 2. See also the Life of S. Fronto, Oct. 25.

glorious pontiffs, by your folly. Beware, lest in meddling with other's rights you do not lose your own." Falco had held an ordination at Mouzon. Remigius refused to acknowledge the orders which had been conferred outside the boundaries of the diocese of Tongern. "I do not wish you to be ignorant of the fact that I have removed those Levites and priests from their orders whom you have made against all order. It did not become me to acknowledge those whom it did not become you to ordain."

Another letter of S. Remigius shows him in a more amiable light. At the request of Clovis he had ordained one named Claudius to the priesthood. There was some trifling canonical irregularity in the matter, but no complaint was made so long as Clovis lived. But after the death of the king, Claudius fell into some sin of a grave character—apparently did not pay his debts. S. Remigius was anxious to deal leniently with him, and instead of permanently excluding him from his office, put him to penance, and gave him hopes of ultimate restoration. This highly incensed three bishops, Heraclius of Paris, Leo of Sens, and Theodosius of Auxerre, and they wrote to Remigius rebuking him for having ordained Claudius, and for treating with such lenity his case when he had fallen, and required the archbishop to see to the repayment by Claudius to a certain Celsus of moneys out of which he had swindled him. Two of these bishops are in the Roman Martyrology.¹

The answer of S. Remigius to these bishops, "bursting with spite against him," exhibits him as a model of forbearance and charity. As to the ordination of Claudius, he had not been bribed, as the bishops hinted, but had ordained him on the urgent request of a wise and Catholic king. As to his fall, the Ninevites when they repented were pardoned, and the angel of the church of Ephesus was not cast out of

¹ S. Leo on April 22, S. Theodosius on July 17.

his see, but was exhorted to amendment and repentance. As to Celsus, to whom Claudius owed money, Remigius declared himself profoundly ignorant of his whereabouts, whether alive or dead. Finally: "You write that I am in my second childhood,¹ sneering at rather than rejoicing lovingly with him who is neither accused before you nor comes in for mercy at your hands."

This letter was probably written in 512.

Two testaments purporting to be by S. Remigius have been preserved; the shortest is probably genuine, but that given by Hincmar is a forgery, composed for the purpose of securing to the church of Rheims certain estates which it was pretended that S. Remigius had acquired.

Such iniquitous practices were unfortunately too common in the Middle Ages. The forged chronicle of Ingulf of Croyland was composed in order that it might contain charters to the abbey conveying lands, which were never really given to the monastery. Some forged testaments of lands exist at Durham at the present day, whereby the monks of Durham claimed the tenure of certain estates in the county.

Hincmar, who found this will, as well as the story of the miraculous chrisin, discovered also the body of S. Remigius, and after the invention, solemnly translated it. The stately Abbey of S. Remi was erected over his shrine.

The bones of the saint were buried, at the Revolution, in the adjoining garden, and on the restoration of tranquillity were recovered by the man who had buried them. They are now in the Abbey of S. Remi at Rheims.

¹ "Annorum numero me esse scribitis jubileum."

S. BAVO, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 654.)

[Roman, Gallican, and Belgian Martyrologies. York, Sarum, and Hereford Kalendars. Hrabanus and Wandelbert. Authority:—a Life written by an anonymous monk in the 7th or 8th cent. This was versified by another anonymous monk about A.D. 980; and another was written in the 11th cent. by Theodoric, Abbot of S. Trond. A compendium of the Life and Miracles of S. Bavo was written by a third anonymous writer of the 10th cent. The first life is the one on which most reliance can be placed.]

ALDOWIN, commonly called Bavo, was Count of Hesbain, married to the daughter of Count Adilio, and by her became the father of S. Adetrude. He lived a careless, merry life till the death of his wife, when he felt her loss so keenly, that the world and its pleasures became bitter to his taste; then in a fit of sorrow he went to S. Amandus and asked him his advice. Amandus advised him to distribute his goods among the poor, and build a church and monastery to S. Peter at Ghent. Wherever Amandus went preaching Bavo followed, eager to hear the Word of God. The seed sank deep into his heart and bare fruit in an altered life. He returned to Ghent and became a recluse in the monastery he had erected there, and there he died in the odour of sanctity.

October 2.

SS. GUARDIAN ANGELS.

SS. ELEUTHERIUS AND COMP. *MM.* at *Nicomedia*; A.D. 303.S. LEUDOMER, *B.* of *Châlons-sur-Marne*; *circ.* A.D. 585.S. SERENUS, *P.C.* at *Celle*, near *Chantemerle*; *circ.* A.D. 650.S. GERIN, *M.* in *Gaul*; A.D. 676.S. LEODEGAR, *B.M.* of *Autun*; A.D. 678.S. THEOPHILUS, *Mk.C.* at *Constantinople*; *middle of 8th cent.*S. BEREGIS, *Ab.* at *Audain in the Ardennes*; *8th cent.*S. THOMAS CANTILUFE, *B.* of *Hereford*; A.D. 1282.

SS. GUARDIAN ANGELS.

[The festival of the Guardian Angels was first established by Pope Paul V., in a bull dated 27th Sept., 1508, and was fixed by Pope Clement X. for the 2nd of October.]



ON this day are commemorated those blessed angels who are given charge by God of Christians. These angels, "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,"¹ watch the baptized, protect them against danger, and bear their souls after death to Paradise.

SS. ELEUTHERIUS AND COMP. MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Roman Martyrology, the "Martyrologium parvum," Ado, Notker, and Usuardus. Authority:—mention in the Martyrologies.]

THE palace of Domitian at Nicomedia having caught fire, the blame was thrown on Eleutherius, a soldier, and some others, Christians. Some were decapitated, others flung into the sea, and others burned alive.

¹ Heb. i. 14



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.



S. LEUDOMER, B.C.

(ABOUT A.D. 585.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. By some martyrologists on Sept. 30. At Châlons on Oct. 2. On that day Saussaye. Authority:—his Life, supposed to have been written by Stephen, abbot of S. Urban, fl. A.D. 925; full of fable.]

S. LEUDOMER, brother of S. Elaphius, bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, succeeded him in that see. They were both born at Limoges, sons of a certain noble named Leo.

Elaphius was summoned by King Sigebert of Austrasia, from Limoges to occupy the see of Châlons. He is mentioned by Gregory of Tours. Leudomer accompanied his brother, whom he dearly loved, and the brothers gave over their paternal inheritance at Limoges to the church at Châlons. Ruinart says that he had read the deed whereby “the blessed Elasius (Elaphius) the bishop, and his brother the deacon Leudomir, had made over estates to the church of S. Stephen, at Châlons.”¹ This donation was made in A.D. 565. On the death of Elaphius, in A.D. 580, Leudomer was raised to occupy the episcopal throne in his room.

Queen Brunehild is said by the Châlons Breviary to have sent for him one day to her palace, and finding him a tall, good-looking fellow, eyed him with kindling glances, and made an observation to him full of warmth. Leudomer drew back and stared at her with icy eyes. So frozen was the glance that when Roger II., Bishop of Châlons, dug up his predecessor, after the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, though all the rest of the body of Leudomer was turned to dust, the glassy eye stared out of the dust heap, with all the cold indignation wherewith it had repulsed Queen Brunehild. The freezing glance seems to have been reserved to

¹ Ruinart, in his notes to S. Gregory of Tours, lib. v. c. 41; it was unquestionably a mediæval forgery of a not uncommon kind.

one eye.¹ This wonderful story is not told by Stephen, the Abbot, who, however, narrates another sufficiently marvellous anecdote, which the Bollandists ticket as "fabulosa narratio." The bishop had a field which was cleared of the fresh-sown corn by birds. He was very indignant, and going to the field, he ordered all the birds to follow him. The guilty sparrows and blackbirds slunk after him to a barn. He held the door open and ordered them all to enter, and they sneaked dejectedly in. Then he shut the door on them, and left them in the barn to their meditations. Now, during the night, a labourer got in, and killed and ate one of the sparrows. Next morning Leudomer came to the granary and ordered the birds out, and to be off and not molest his fields any more. They shook their heads, and looked sadly at some feathers and a pair of clawed feet on the floor. Leudomer saw what was the matter in a moment. He collected the feathers, bones, and claws into a little heap, prayed, and the heap got up and shook itself into shape, and flew off pertly twittering with the rest of the birds.

In French, S. Leudomer is called S. Leumer or Lomer. His symbol in art is an eye.

S. SERENUS, P.C.

(ABOUT A.D. 650.)

[Usuardus, Ado, Greven, and Canisius, in their German Martyrologies; Saussaye, in his Gallican Martyrology, &c. Venerated chiefly in the diocese of Troyes. Authority:—a fabulous life by an unknown writer, late, and full of anachronisms.]

SERENUS, says the legend which passes as his biography, was the son of Adrian and Serena, nobles of Metz. War

¹ The story is told also by Thomas Cantipratensis, *De Apibus*, lib. ii. c. 30.

broke out between the Austrasians and Dagobert (A.D. 622 or 623), and Serenus was taken captive and sold to Count Boso for five sous. This Boso was, perhaps, the son of Audolen, executed by Clothair in A.D. 626, on the charge of having dishonoured Queen Sighild.¹

Serena, the mother of the boy, learned where he was, and went with money in her hand to redeem him, but Serenus refused the proffered freedom, and sent his mother weeping home to Metz. Boso constituted Serenus his cow-herd, and the boy taught the cattle to disperse about the woods, but to assemble at the blast of his horn and follow him home. As Boso's son went every day to school at Nesle, Serenus accompanied him for three years and six months, leaving the cattle to take care of themselves, and every evening on his return from school he blew his cow-horn, and the cattle came forth from the green wood, and followed him to their byres.

But some one told Count Boso that Serenus neglected his herds; he was very angry, and threatened the boy with a whipping if he did not produce all the cattle. Serenus blew his horn, and when the herds came forth from under the trees in answer to the call none were wanting.

The Count being thirsty, he dug the end of his cow-horn into the ground, and a fountain sprang up at the spot, since esteemed miraculous.

Then Count Boso allowed the cowherd to leave his service and build himself a cell in solitude. To decide where he should settle he flung his goad, and it stuck in a great oak, and where it stuck there he fixed his abode.

After some years he went to Rome and spent there seven years. Then an angel appeared to Pope John IV. in a dream, and bade him ordain Serenus priest, and give him the relics of SS. Fabian and Sebastian. The Pope obeyed, and

¹ Fredegar, Chron. c. 54.

Serenus departed from Rome a priest, carrying back with him into Gaul the precious bones of SS. Fabian and Sebastian. This must have occurred between the years 640 and 642, when John IV. was Pope. Now as Serenus came to the river Po, there met him S. Eligius, on his way to Rome. The holy man, when he ascertained what a treasure Serenus bore, could not keep his fingers off the little casket¹ in which Serenus carried the bones, but stole it and made off by boat down the Po.

Serenus, when he found that he had been robbed of his box of bones, fell on his knees and prayed. Then a storm fell on the ship, and Eligius would have been wrecked, had he not vowed to restore the relics to the rightful owner. They parted with friendship, and S. Eligius promised on his return to Noyon to call on Serenus on his way. But after a year had passed he was on his road back, and though he was not far from Celle, he neglected to visit Serenus, perhaps because he feared for himself the temptation of being so near the holy relics of Fabian and Sebastian. S. Eligius pushed on, but was punished for his neglect by losing his sight, and he was obliged to turn back to Celle, and apologize to the man of God, who very graciously forgave the disrespect and restored sight to his blinded eyes.

Serenus built a chapel at Celle, near Chantemerle, in which he placed the relics, and there he spent the rest of his days, and died, and was buried.

Now, apparently, only the head of S. Sebastian had been given to S. Serenus, for in A.D. 826, the body of this saint was brought from Rome to Soissons. But when it got within the territory of Celle, there it stuck and obstinately refused to move. Crowds assembled, and pulled at the traces, but not an inch would the car advance. Then it flashed on some intelligent mind, as an inspiration, that very likely the

¹ Capsula.

body of S. Sebastian did not like to go on without its head, which was at Celle, and when the conveyance was turned in that direction it flew along as though the bones and shrine weighed no heavier than a feather.

So the head and the body were re-joined and left there.

Now the merits of S. Serenus spread far and wide, and Queen Bertha, with her two sons, Charlemagne and Pepin, visited the church, and prayed there for the peace of the Frank nation. Unfortunately for the story, Bertha died in A.D. 783, and Pepin died at the age of three in 759. The biographer implies that their visit took place after the translation of the body of S. Stephen, in A.D. 826. He goes on to relate that shortly after, Charles the Great and Pepin gained a great victory at S. Medard, having invoked the assistance of Serenus. It is impossible to reconcile this statement with history.

S. LEODEGAR OR LEGER, B.M.

(A.D. 678.)

[Almost all Latin Martyrologies. Ado, Usuardus, Notker; Gallican, German, Sarum Kalendars. Authorities:—1. A Life by an anonymous writer of the same date, an eye-witness of part of what he describes. 2. A second Life, by Ursinus, also a contemporary. He seems to have seen the first Life, but not to have trusted it implicitly, for small discrepancies occur, showing that he had other sources of information which he preferred. He is fuller on the early Life of S. Leger, but not so reliable for exact succession of events as the author of the first Life, who seems to have been a companion of S. Leger. 3. A third Life, later, from a MS. at Amorbach, contains few additional details; it is founded on the Life of Ursinus. M. Guizot says of the two first Lives: "Nous possédons deux vies de Saint Léger . . . sans lesquelles l'histoire des Mérovingiens de l'an 660 à l'an 680 nous serait, si non tout à fait inconnue, du moins à peu près inintelligible."¹ "Le récit de l'abbé

¹ "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France." T II p. 219.

Ursin est moins étendu et moins animé que celui du moine anonyme, le plus curieux peut-être, après le grand ouvrage de Grégoire de Tours, des monuments qui nous sont parvenus sur cette époque de notre histoire."¹
 There are other and later Lives, founded on the earlier ones, which it is not necessary to notice.]

S. LEODEGAR, or as he is more commonly called, S. Leger, was born about the year 616, in the reign of Clothair II., on the banks of the Rhine, of a stock connected with the Merovingian reigning princes. His mother's name was Sigrada; his aunt, his mother's sister, Bereswintha, was married to Ethico or Adalric, Duke of Alsatia. The brother of Leger was Warin or Barin, Count of Poitiers, and his uncle Dido was Bishop of Poitiers. At a very early age, Leger was committed to the care of King Clothair, whose queen, Radegund, daughter of Berthar of Thuringia, or one of his other wives, seems to have been a relative of the saint. Clothair sent the boy to Dido of Poitiers, to be educated for the Church, and he was ordained deacon at the age of twenty, and advanced almost immediately to the office of archdeacon by his uncle. About the year 651, when he was thirty-five years old, he was made Abbot of S. Maxentius at Poitiers. His contemporary anonymous biographer thus describes him at this period:—"There shone in him such a blaze of science and firmness, that he surpassed all his predecessors; not being ignorant of the rule of the laws of the world, he was a terrible judge of seculars, and full of the science of canon law, exhibiting himself as an excellent doctor of clerics. Never having been softened by the pleasures of the flesh, he was rigorous in his treatment of sinners; he watched always carefully at the offices of the Church, was skilful in his reasonings, prudent in counsel, and shining in discourse."

After having ruled the Abbey of S. Maxentius for six

¹ "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'histoire de France." T. II., p. 320.

years, he was summoned to court by S. Bathild, the queen regent for the infant Clothair III., who was only five years old when his father, Clovis II., died (A.D. 656). Bathild had been a Saxon captive of exquisite beauty, with whom Clovis II. had fallen in love, and whom he had married.¹ She was the holiest and most devout of women. She succeeded to some part of the authority, to none of the crimes or ambition, of Brunehild or Fredegund. Her pious munificence knew no bounds; remembering her own bondage, she set apart vast sums for the redemption of captives. Not a cathedral, not a monastery, but records the splendid donations of Queen Bathild; not farms only, but forests, districts, almost provinces. This was the woman who called to aid in her councils the holy abbot of S. Maxentius. She raised him almost immediately to the great Burgundian bishopric of Autun. This see had been widowed for two years. Two rivals fought for its crosier. One killed, or obtained the assassination of, the other, and for the crime was deprived of his claim. Thus the way to the episcopal throne of Autun was cleared for S. Leger, and he was consecrated bishop about the year A.D. 660. He at once entered Autun, supported by the soldiers of Queen Bathild, and with strong hand quelled the tumults of the people. "On his arrival, all the enemies of the Church and of the city were struck with terror, even those who fought with fury and killed each other; those whom preaching would not bring back to concord, justice and terror constrained."² S. Leger founded a hospital in Autun, enriched the church with vessels of gold and silver, adorned the baptistery, translated the body of S. Symphorian, repaired the city walls, re-laid the pavement of the Cathedral, gilded the rafters, and set up a stately portico to the church.

But Leger, though he attended to the wants of his

¹ See Jan. 26.

² Anon. 1.

diocese, did not neglect political affairs. He directed the councils of Queen Bathild, till the young king took into his own hand the reins of government, and the queen-mother was forced to retire into the convent of Chelles.

The death of the young king, Clothair III. (A.D. 670), was the signal for the breaking out of a fierce contest for supremacy between two factions in the kingdom. At the head of one stood Ebroin, mayor of the palace; at the head of the other, Leger, Bishop of Autun. Clothair died childless, leaving two brothers, Childeric and Theodoric. Of these Theodoric was the elder. Leger and Ebroin had been at rivalry in the lifetime of Clothair. Leger represented the domination of the hierarchy over the affairs of the realm, Ebroin the despotism of the mayor of the palace. Leger represented the Burgundian interests, Ebroin those of Austrasia. Before the death of Clothair, Ebroin had persuaded the king to drive all the Burgundians from his court, and to pass an edict that no Burgundian might appear before the king without a special permission.

On the death of Clothair, Ebroin, instead of summoning the nobles to consult, relying on his own authority and power, proceeded to enthrone Theodoric.¹ Leger at once placed himself at the head of the opposite party, and offered the sovereignty of Burgundy and Neustria to Childeric. The policy of Ebroin, the depression of the higher nobles, the elevation of the lower, the subordination of all to the throne, had stirred him up a host of powerful foes. What the higher nobility and some of the bishops called rebellious tyranny, his partisans held to be high and rigid justice. Some saw that the policy of Ebroin was the consolidation of the kingdom, and S. Præjectus of Auvergne, S. Reolus of Rheims, S. Agilbert of Paris, and S. Ouen of Rouen, joined his party. But the great chiefs saw their independence

¹ The anonymous author of the Life of S. Leger asserts the seniority of Theodoric.

and autocracy menaced, and rallied round S. Leger. Ebroin fell before the fierce onslaught of the Burgundians, who threatened fire and sword to all who should support the mayor of the palace and the elder prince.

Ebroin fled to a church, and clung to the altar. His house and treasures fell a prey. It was held to be a splendid effort of Christian virtue, that the saint spared the life of his rival. He was banished to the monastery of Luxeuil, compelled to give up his wife, to submit to the tonsure, and to take the irrevocable vows. Leodegar ruled supreme, and in the highest episcopal splendour, in his cathedral city of Autun. If his biographer be right,¹ he assumed even the title of mayor of the palace.

Childeric ordered his elder brother to be brought before him, and some, thinking to please the young king and secure his place on the throne, hastily shaved the head of Theodoric, and invested him with the monastic habit. In this plight the unfortunate prince was brought before Childeric, who ordered him to be confined in the monastery of S. Denys, "where," says the anonymous biographer of S. Leger, "he lived in security till his hair grew again." The nobles who had carried Childeric to the throne now insisted on the king issuing edicts confirming the independence and privileges of the separate provinces, which had been menaced by the policy of Ebroin. He consented, but afterwards seeing that this was a disastrous policy, withdrew his edicts. As long as possible, Leger, acting as mayor of the palace, governed the mind of the young king and the affairs of state. But a strong, compact body of malcontents was formed against him, a body favouring the concentrating, not the disintegrating policy, as that most conducive to the welfare of the realm.

S. Leger is said to have remonstrated with Childeric for

¹ Ursinus, a contemporary.

having married his cousin, and this served to alienate Childeric from him, added to the fact that Leger advocated a course which obviously enfeebled the crown, and left it a prey to the dictation of the great nobles. Leger was obliged to surrender his office of mayor of the palace to Wulfoald. S. Leger invited the king to celebrate Easter at Autun, A.D. 673. At that time one Hector, a patrician of Marseilles, came to Autun to make a request of the king, and obtain the intercession of the bishop. The biographer of S. Leger calls him a "very prudent man," and only speaks vaguely of his "certain affair." But the contemporary life of S. Præjectus gives us a fuller account of the matter. S. Præjectus, Bishop of Auvergne, belonged to the party of Ebroin, and his biographer shared in the dislike in which Leger was held by that party. He tells us that Hector had carried off a young girl of Marseilles, and made her his concubine. Her mother left some farms in Auvergne to the Church. Hector claimed them for his concubine. S. Præjectus opposed his claim. Then Hector, "an infamous man," says the biographer of S. Præjectus, "having associated with him another, Leodegar, in his crime, came to the king." Strong suspicions were roused in the king's mind that Leger and Hector were in conspiracy with others against him. How far there was such a plot, and it was known to S. Leger, we cannot decide, but that there was one appears probable. Leger was restless under his loss of favour, and there was a large party of nobles which shared his discontent.

The king, on Easter Eve, came to the baptistry of the Cathedral shouting for Leger, but when he saw the bishop in the blaze of wax lights, with incense smoking round him as he blessed the font, he retired awestruck. When the service was accomplished, Leger went to the king's lodgings, and high words passed between them. The king raised his hand with his poignard, and would have killed the bishop,

but for the interference of the bystanders. Leger retired, and fearing for his life, fled from Autun. He was overtaken, and ordered to be imprisoned at Luxeuil. Thus, by a sudden revolution, the bishop found himself an exile in the same monastery with his fellow-rival, Ebroin. Hector and all his followers were put to death. The banishment of S. Leger was approved by all the bishops of the opposite faction, and there were canonized saints among them ; so that it is probable that there were circumstances with regard to a conspiracy against Childeric which had come to light, and tended to incriminate him.

But the banishment of S. Leger was of short duration. Childeric was stabbed while hunting. At the same time two dukes had withdrawn Leger from Luxeuil, and guarded him in their castle, waiting for the explosion of the conspiracy, when he could be put forward again. Ebroin took advantage of the death of Childeric to escape from Luxeuil. Like a second Julian, says the old biographer of Leger, he cast off his religion, that is, his enforced monastic vows ; his free locks again flowed, he rejoined his wife. Throwing himself into Austrasia, he set up a child named Clovis as the son and successor of Childeric, and assembled about him all the troops of the Austrasian nobles.

Theodoric III., the second son of Clovis II., brother of Clothair and Childeric, who had been imprisoned in the abbey of S. Denys, and tonsured to incapacitate him for the throne, was brought forth by the party which detested Ebroin, to act the part of king. Ebroin felt the necessity of at once cutting off Leger, his most subtle and dangerous rival. He therefore detached an army, under two officers, Diddo and Waimer, Duke of Champagne, to take Autun and its bishop. When S. Leger saw the walls of his city surrounded, he brought all the gold and silver plate out of his palace, on which he had fared with almost royal mag-

nificance, had it smashed into bits, and distributed among the poor, to encourage them to defend the city and his person with enthusiasm. Then he went round the walls, bearing relics, and prayed and genuflected at each gate.

The assault was made, and it became evident that the town could not hold out. The abbot Meroald was let down the rampart by a rope, to offer terms. The servants of Ebroin would accept none. Next day the gates were flaming; further resistance was impossible. S. Leger ordered the gates to be opened, and came forth with calm countenance. He was at once brought before Diddo and Waimer, who had his eyes put out with instruments of iron. "Many illustrious men, then present, affirm that he would not allow his hands to be tied, that no groan escaped his mouth while his eyes were being torn out, but that he continued singing psalms and praising God." Bobbo, Bishop of Valence, was placed over the city, the town was given up to spoil, and then the army marched on to Lyons to obtain possession of Genes, the archbishop.

Ebroin spread a report that Leger was dead, and even ordered a sepulchre to be raised to contain his ashes. But Leger languished in a castle of Duke Waimer of Champagne, who showed him great kindness, and gave him large sums of money, seeing apparently that the chances of Clovis, whether he were truly or not the son of Childeric, were declining, and uncertain lest the turn of the wheel of fortune should send Leger up again.

But Ebroin saw that the cause of Clovis was hopeless, and he adroitly flung himself into that of Theodoric, and secured for himself the place of mayor of the palace against Leudes, whom Leger had set up. Ebroin, finding himself again supreme, and learning that Leger was not dead, ordered the arrest of Werin, or Gerin, the brother of S. Leger, who had been involved in the conspiracy against Childeric, and that

both Werin and Leger should be brought before him. Leger turned his sightless eyes on the mayor, and said : " By thy oppression of the inhabitants of France, thou lovest the high rank thou hast acquired without deserving it."

Ebroin, highly incensed, ordered Werin, the brother of S. Leger, to be taken forth and put to death. As he left, Leger turned to him and said : " Be calm, my dear brother, we must suffer these things ; but the ills of this present life are not to be considered beside the glory that awaits us. Our sins are grievous, but the mercy of the Most High surpasses all, and is ever ready to cleanse the sins of those who publish its praises. We must suffer in this world, for we are debtors to death ; but if we endure suffering with patience, the life in which we shall meet again will recompense us with celestial joy."

Werin was taken forth, tied to the trunk of a tree, and stoned to death.

Ebroin ordered Leger to be made to walk over sharp flints, and that his lips and tongue should be slashed with a razor. He was then given over to a certain Waring, to be conducted to his house. Waring placed him on a poor beast, and accompanied by Abbot Winobert, he was taken to the residence of Waring, where he was laid on straw, and covered with an old tent-cloth. Winobert was amazed to hear the wounded bishop stutter words through his cut lips and with his bleeding tongue. Hermenar, who had been consecrated bishop of Autun in the room of Leger, obtained permission to visit the sufferer, and he ministered to the patient, plastering over the cut lips, and feeding him with gruel which could not hurt his wounded tongue. After a while S. Leger was able to speak, and Waring took him to Fécamp, in Normandy, and left him in the charge of a community of religious women, under the abbess Childemark. He was able there to speak and preach to the people with his former facility, and to say mass daily.

A letter written by S. Leger to his mother, after the death of Werin, exists. It bears the title: "The consolatory epistle, which S. Leodegar, bishop of the Edui, sent to his mother, after the death of his brother, Girenius, and the loss of his eyes and the slashing of his lips." It begins as follows:—

"To madam, my very holy mother Sigrada, who, already my true mother by blood, is more so still by the bond of spirit; in whom is accomplished the saying of the Truth itself, 'Whoso doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'

"Leodegar, servant of the servants of Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Grace and peace be with you, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God, who has not withdrawn His mercies from me, but Who has caused me to hear a word of joy and gladness, because of our common faith and patience in all persecutions, and those tribulations which are in Him, which you endure, following the example of God, the Just Judge, in order that we may be found worthy of His kingdom." The letter, which is long, breathes the most fervent piety and calm resignation. "How truly God has recompensed thee! In place of a crowd of serving-men, He has given thee holy brethren praying daily for thee; in place of serving-women, sisters whose society is a delight; in place of many cares in the world, the peace of a convent; in place of earthly goods, Holy Scripture, meditation, and prayer." Not one word throughout the letter about his own sufferings and cruel mutilation.

His pitiable aspect attracted the reverence of the people of the neighbourhood. Two years passed, and then Leger was brought before a council of bishops assembled at Marly, near Paris, and he was charged with having been privy to the murder of Childeric. Leger admitted that he had not been exempt from human frailty, but would not allow that he

had had any hand in the commission of the crime. The bishops were, however, satisfied that, though he had not been a party to the murder, he had been one of the moving spirits in the conspiracy, and his episcopal robe was torn from his neck to his feet, and he was forbidden to offer the holy sacrifice. Having been thus deprived and degraded by the ecclesiastical power, he was returned to Ebroun, who condemned him to death, and ordered Chrodobert, count of the palace, to execute him.

As he was being led away, Chrodobert, seeing him weak and faint, ordered his page to bring him something to drink. The day was cloudy, but as the cupbearer approached, the clouds divided, and a sudden glory of golden sunlight fell on the head of the blind and mutilated old bishop. S. Leger was retained a few days in the house of Chrodobert, before the final sentence, signed by the king, arrived. Then Chrodobert reluctantly ordered four of his servants to execute the holy old man. He himself would not, could not, endure to be present. His wife burst into a storm of tears. Leger consoled her: "Do not cry about me; you are in no way guilty of my death; dispose of my body with reverence, and heaven will bless thee."

The four servants led him into a forest. They looked about for a well into which they might fling his body, but could not find one. Three of the executioners knelt and besought his pardon. The fourth drew his sword silently from his scabbard. The saint knelt, prayed, and extended his neck; and whilst he was in prayer his head was smitten off. As the body remained for a moment still kneeling, the executioner thrust it down with his foot.

Then, by orders of the wife of Chrodobert, the body was taken with reverence, and buried at Sercin. The man who had executed him, it is said, seized with remorse, went mad, and falling into a fire, was so burnt that he died.

It is very difficult, if not impossible, to judge of the conduct of S. Leger. In the midst of the political affairs of his day he exercised a preponderating influence. Several great saints were opposed to him, and condemned him as a conspirator against the king he had set up in opposition to his elder brother, when he found that his own authority was waning. But there can be little question that when Leger was at the head of affairs during the regency of Queen Bathild, the kingdom was governed in peace, and enjoyed a prosperity it had not tasted for many previous years. Great saints at that period mixed in the revolutions which devastated France. Not long after the death of S. Leger, Martin, one of the grandsons of Pepin of Landen, with his cousin Pepin, aspired to at least the mayoralty of Austrasia. S. Reolus, Archbishop of Rheims, and S. Agilbert, of Paris, swore upon certain relics that Martin's life would be spared if he would surrender himself. But they had withdrawn the holy witnesses, and swore on the empty case. Martin was seized, and the bishops made no protest against the death of the deluded youth.¹

Ebroin perished by the blow of an assassin—perished not in this world only. A monk on the shores of the Saône, who had been blinded by Ebroin, heard a boat rowed furiously down the stream. A terrible voice thundered out: "It is Ebroin, whom we are bearing to the caldron of hell."²

St. Leger is represented in art with gimlets in his eyes, or with pincers holding his eye-balls. Relics at Poitiers; the head at Chaux-les-Chatillon; the upper jaw at Mercier, near Soissons; in the seminary church at Soissons, part of the lower jaw. Another head is exhibited as that of S. Leger, at Morbach, in Alsace; another head, and a hand, at May-

¹ Fredegar, *Contin. ap. Bouquet*, ii. p. 451.

² Adonis *Chron. ap. Bouquet*, ii. p. 670.



S. THOMAS DE CANTILUPE.

mac, in the diocese of Limoges; another head at Jumiéges, in the diocese of Rouen; another at S. Vast, in Artois; another at Preaux, in the diocese of Lisieux, with four teeth adhering to the jaw. The eyes, scooped out some years before the death of the saint, were discovered after his death. One was shown in the abbey of S. Victor, at Paris; another at S. Denys; a third at Dijon, in the church of S. Magloire. The entire body at Braine-le-Comte, in Burgundy.

S. THOMAS DE CANTILUPE, B.

(A.D. 1282.)

[Canonized in 1320 by John XXII., who fixed his festival for the sixth of the Nones of October (Oct. 2). Roman Martyrology, Lubeck-Cologne edition of Usuardus, Greven, and Molanus; Sarum, York, and Hereford Kalendars. Galesinius on April 17 and Oct. 2. The process of canonization was begun by Clement V. in 1307, but was interrupted by his death in 1314. The bull of John XXII. is dated from Avignon, April 17, 1320. King Edward II.'s letter to the Pope requesting the canonization is dated 17th Jan., 1319, and is to be seen in the second volume of Rymer's "Fœdera," p. 385 (Record Com. edition). Authorities:—A compendium of the Life of the Saint, from the Process of Canonization; his miracles from the same. Mention by Matthew Paris, John of Brompton, &c. The Process of Canonization is of peculiar interest, as it contains the testimony of numerous persons who had known S. Thomas more or less intimately.]

THOMAS CANTILUPE was the son of Baron William Cantilupe and Melisent de Gournay, widow of the Count of Evreux.¹ William Cantilupe was seneschal of Henry III. By his wife Melisent the Baron de Cantilupe had five sons: William, the eldest, seneschal of Aquitain, Hugh, Archdeacon of Gloucester, Thomas, Bishop of Hereford, John

¹ Robert of Gloucester, in his examination at the canonization, says: "After the English fashion, his mother retained the title of Countess after she had married again."

and Nicolas, barons. One of the witnesses in the canonization, Richard Kimberly, thought the rental of William, the eldest son, was £2,000 sterling. Hugh, the archdeacon, is described by another as "clericus et dives." There were three daughters: Juliana, married to John, Baron Tregoz; Agnes, the wife of Robert St. John, baron, whose son was John St. John, seneschal of Aquitaine in the reign of Edward I. Another daughter was married to Robert Gregonet, baron, in England.

S. Thomas Cantilupe was born in 1218, at Hambledene or Hambleden, not far from the Thames, near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, and was there baptized in the parish church. Baron Cantilupe had a manor at Hambledene. The child was entrusted to be nursed by a "devout, noble, and holy matron," and at the age of seven was given, along with his brother Hugh, good masters, and taught to hear mass and the canonical hours every day. The director of the boys' studies was their uncle, Walter, Bishop of Worcester. Thus the two brothers were trained from infancy for the ecclesiastical state. Thomas was not, however, quite disposed to renounce a more active career, for when Bishop Walter asked the boys one day what profession they should prefer, "I want to be a soldier," said Thomas. "Ah! a soldier thou shalt be, indeed," said the bishop; "but a soldier of Christ, and thy harness shall be the cassock of the priest."

From Worcester the youths were sent to Paris to study in the arts. They kept house in noble style, with many servants. In 1245, when Thomas was aged twenty-seven, Innocent IV. summoned a council at Lyons, and the two Cantilupes hastened thither. The relations of the Pope with England were far from satisfactory. Crowds of Italian priests had been intruded into English benefices, and this, together with heavy taxation for the Papal necessities, had

kindled such violent resentment alike among the barons and the prelates, as almost to threaten that the realm would altogether throw off the papal yoke. It was tauntingly said that England was the Pope's farm. At this time the collector of the papal revenues, Master Martin, was driven ignominiously, and in peril of his life, from the shores of the kingdom. "Master Martin," says Matthew Paris, "had been laying his hooked fingers on the revenues of the Church for the use and benefit of the Pope." . . . "For his infamous rapacity, many called him Master Mattin (pirate). He extended his hands to exact contributions, to make provision for unknown purposes, in accordance with the impulse of his own mind, without any regard to reason; and being armed with cruel authority by the Pope, from whom he showed new charters every day, adapted to any sudden case of emergency, he forcibly extorted revenues, to be conferred on the Pope's relations. Hence many said that he had a number of parchments not written, but sealed with the papal bull, so that he might write on them whatever he pleased." Martin had taken up his residence in the house of the Templars in London.¹ Fulk Fitzwarrenne suddenly appeared before him, and with a stern look said: "Arise, get thee forth! depart out of England!" "In whose name speakest thou?" "In the name of the barons of England assembled at Luton and Dunstable. If thou art not gone in three days, thou and thine shall be cut to pieces." Martin sought the king. "Is this done by your command, or by the insolence of your subjects?" "It is

¹ Matthew Paris says: "Carrying himself like a legate, he sent word in all directions, to such and such an abbot, such and such a prior, ordering them to send him costly presents of handsome palfreys, meats, drinks, and ornamental dresses, and if not good enough he ordered them to send more, under penalty of suspension and anathema. He also suspended all from bestowal of benefices worth thirty marks and upwards till his cupidity should be satisfied. Hence the wretched English suffered worse than the sons of Israel of old, and were obliged to endure the slavery of Egypt in England."

not by my command ; but my barons will no longer endure your depredations and iniquities. They will rise in insurrection, and I have no power to save you from being torn to pieces." The trembling priest implored a safe-conduct. "The devil take thee away to hell!" said the indignant king, ashamed of his own impotence.

All the ports of England were guarded against the entrance of papal legates. England was in such a state of exasperation, that Pope Innocent felt the necessity of allaying the irritation. The Bishop of Worcester, the uncle of the two young Cantilupes, was one of the malcontents. When Hugh and Thomas appeared at Lyons, the pope conferred on them the honour of papal chaplaincies, and Thomas was provided with four bulls, granting him permission to hold any number of benefices in England simultaneously. On his way back, Thomas halted at Orleans to study canon law, and after having taken a degree of licentiate at Paris, returned to England. At Paris the brothers had lived in great magnificence, many needy scholars had been fed from their table with the scraps that remained ; so had also daily from five to thirteen paupers. In their hotel the brothers received a visit from the king, S. Louis. On the return of Thomas Cantilupe to England, he went to Oxford, and was elected Chancellor of the University (A.D. 1262). As chancellor he was remarkable for his strictness. The north country and south country scholars were at that time accustomed to fight. Thomas interfered in these disturbances, and carried off the bows and swords and daggers of the most riotously inclined of the students. Hugh le Barber, one of the witnesses at his canonization, said that he had at one time in his possession as many as twenty confiscated bows and other weapons, and that he only restored them when convinced that their owners were sincere in their promises to keep the peace. One turbulent young fellow, Roger Horn, who had fallen on twenty scholars and held

them at bay, had his sword confiscated in perpetuity, and the chancellor made a present of it to John Kensey, afterwards canon of Hereford. In one of the periodical quarrels between North and South, S. Thomas dashed with his bedells into the midst of the disputants, and received a blow which cut through his mantle. He made no inquiries whose knife had lacerated his cloak and endangered his life, and his forbearance created astonishment.

S. Thomas was appointed Chancellor of England under Henry III. in 1265; but in 1268 he returned to Paris, and applied himself to the study of theology. How long he remained there does not appear; it was "several years." His studies were in the canonical Epistles and the Apocalypse. He then returned to Oxford, became again chancellor in 1274, and afterwards for a year and four months lectured in theology, till Gregory X. summoned a council at Lyons, and Thomas Cantilupe went to Lyons to attend it. He was there made chaplain of Pope Gregory, as he had been before of Innocent.

S. Thomas held many benefices simultaneously, "ex dispensatione Sedis Apostolicæ;" he was precentor and canon of York, archdeacon of Stafford, and canon of Lichfield, canon of London, canon of Hereford, and held the livings of Doderholt, Hampton, Aston, Wintringham, Deighton, Rippel, Sunterfield, and apparently also that of Prestbury. He was speedily engaged in litigation with the Bishop of Worcester about a cow. There was a widow at Rippel who died; whereupon the bishop, claiming heriot, seized one of her cows. S. Thomas, as rector of the parish, insisted that the cow was his, as lord of the manor, and went to law about it, and carried his point. The Dean of Warwick claimed the small tithes of the parish of Sunterfield, worth two marks. S. Thomas refused to admit the claim, went to law about it, and gained the two marks.

On the death of his father, he was constituted executor.

His mother demanded the horses and part of the harness (*volebat habere equos, et aliqua harnesia*), but there was no specification in the will that she was to have them, so Thomas refused to surrender them; they went by right to his brother, but he generously gave to his mother from his own stables sufficient horses and harness to satisfy her.

Robert of Gloucester, one of the witnesses at the process of canonization, was asked, not unreasonably, how the saint managed with such a multitude of benefices, to execute the duties incumbent on him in each? He answered that he conducted himself "very well, curiously, and diligently; he frequently paid a flying visit (*frequenter discurrebat*) to his benefices, and celebrated and preached devoutly in them, and kept open house to great and small, and gave away large alms to the poor." He also provided the churches with respectable curates, and kept the chancels and parsonage houses in good repair. His bailiffs at Doderholt, Hampton, Aston, Wintringham, and Deighton, had orders to look after and relieve the sick and poor, and give them peas, beans, and corn (*bladas*).

He supplied the curates of his churches with his old suits of clothes,¹ and accompanied the present with an injunction to be solicitous for the souls in their charge.

John Bruton, or le Breton, Bishop of Hereford, died in 1275, and Thomas Cantilupe was elected in his room, and consecrated on Sunday, the 8th September, at the age of fifty-six or fifty-seven.

He is described as having an angelic face, very white and pink, with long nose, and thick beard, reddish, but then patched with grey. He always wore his cloak, even at meals; his tunic was dressed with miniver, and he had a miniver coverlet to his bed.

¹ "Dabat eis de vestibus suis."

He was so very modest, that he never would allow his sisters to kiss him ; and when Juliana, Baroness Tregoz, came to pay him a visit one day, and he saw that she had made up her mind for a sisterly visitation of some considerable duration, he requested her, after she had spent one night in his house, to pack up her trunks and be off with her maids elsewhere, for he only allowed old and ugly women to lodge in his house.

His sisters persisted in coming to see him every year, but he would scarcely speak to them, saying, not very politely, that it was no use conversing with women, they twaddled, and did not talk. "When Lady Juliana, wife of Baron John Tregoz, his own sister, a very pretty lady, came to visit the Lord Thomas, after he had been made bishop, at his manor of Bosebury, she wanted to kiss him on the mouth ; but Thomas drew himself up, and extended his hand for her to kiss. Then the lady began to cry, being much troubled. And those who stood by remonstrated, and urged Thomas to let his sister kiss him, as was only honest and right, but he would not suffer it."

S. Thomas did not approve of jokes, especially such as were not very refined. He was dining one day with his brother-in-law, Robert, Baron Gregonet, when a young lady at table sighed. "Ha, ha !" laughed the baron, "Folks say, when girls sigh, that they are looking out for husbands." Thomas reproved him peremptorily.

The bishop had a nephew of whom he was very fond, and whom he maintained at Oxford and Paris. The young fellow was often with his uncle. But when S. Thomas went to the Council of Lyons, under Gregory X., he did not take his nephew with him. Some one expressed his surprise, and asked the reason. "Because he is impudent," said Thomas. "When I was a young man, if a girl looked at me I blushed scarlet, and pulled my hood over my face ; but that young

cub looks about him, and right into the eyes of the girls, without any colour rising to his cheek."

S. Thomas was a very moderate eater, astonishing his servants by his small appetite. "I never eat to satiety," he told Master William Daubeny. When dainty dishes were served up, he would smell them and say, "Shall I eat them? No, I won't!" send them away, and content himself with pottage of vegetables. Sometimes, when there were various soups and salt meats, he would mix several of them together, that the taste might not be so delicious. He doted on Severn lampreys, and he confided on more than one occasion to Nicolas, Earl of Warwick, justiciary and counsellor of Edward I., that he "liked lampreys." Nevertheless, as the Earl of Warwick testified on oath before the papal commissioners, he had several times dined with the Bishop of Hereford when there were lampreys on the table, and the bishop did not touch them.

On Wednesday he ate no meat, and on Friday only bread and soup. On Saturday he ate fish; on the Vigils of Our Lady, bread and water. Great uncertainty reigns as to his drink. The witnesses were doubtful whether he took wine or beer on Fridays. John Bute declared that he was "most vehemently sober in his food and drink;" that he had white wine set before him, and a bottle of water, and that often when people thought he was taking wine, he was drinking water. "His goblet, from which he drank wine," says the same witness, "was small, of silver, and only as big as a salt-cellar; and he did not empty it at one draught. He commonly took only two cups of wine, and a little beer. He rarely supped, and then only took one or two toasts, very diluted."¹ But the medical men interfered. "On the vigils of the B. Virgin, and on Good Friday, the doctors would not

¹ "Vipa." Du Cange, quoting Hermolaus, says: "Erat veteribus jentaculum buccca ex vino, quod genus barbari a *vino* et *pane*, *vippam* vocant."

suffer him to fast on bread and water only, but made him eat bread and pottage, in small quantity, and drink diluted wine or very small beer." Robert of Gloucester, being ordered by the apostolic commissioners to declare what he knew of the virtues and abstinence of the saint, said: "I came once with my lord to Hurley (Arlee), near Reading (Radinga), in the diocese of Salisbury (Sarr), I said to him, 'My lord, you have not eaten and drunk enough, you cannot hold out.' Then the Lord Thomas answered nothing. So I repeated what I had said, and he replied, 'Eat and drink what thou likest, but prithee hold thy tongue, and leave me in peace.' Then I urged, 'No, I will not leave off, for I am afraid of your dying of exhaustion, and so that I should lose the promotion I expect of you.' Then Thomas said, 'What a flatterer thou art!'" Hugh Barber, being questioned, said that Thomas de Cantilupe was a peacemaker. Being asked how he knew that, he replied, that Thomas had reconciled two priests at Hampton who were at variance, Master Peter and Master Robert. When asked how he knew that the reconciliation was complete, he replied that he had seen them dine together at the table of Thomas de Cantilupe. On another occasion he restored amity between John de Ludham and the relatives of John de Cantilupe, his brother; for Mathilda de Valois, daughter of the said John de Cantilupe, had privately married John Ludham, a gentleman in waiting on the family, and had set all the Cantilupes in a blaze of indignation. The parents, the relatives, would have nothing to say to Mathilda and her husband. The married couple appealed to Thomas, and he patched up a reconciliation.

S. Thomas interfered, for the sake of peace, between husband and wife; for it is recorded that on finding that Hugh, Baron de la Zouche, and his wife did not agree together, he laboured effectually to pour oil on the troubled waters of the domestic broil.

He was charitable to the poor, and gave away annually among them cloth of all colours,¹ for making into stout warm winter jackets and petticoats. These benefactions he made before he was bishop, in the parishes of Hampton and Sunterfield, after he was bishop at Bosebury.

He once gave a blue mantle, trimmed with miniver,² to a vicar not in one of his parishes. To a certain William Plantfolie, a muffin man,³ who used to play dice in public-houses, he gave a cloak and hood of Ypres blue; and William vowed, by all that was sacred, he would never play dice in taverns any more.

He visited the sick poor, and any of his servants who were confined to their beds, and gave them delicacies that had been prepared for his own table.

His charity, however, did not extend to the Jews. He obtained from the king an order that, unless they should be converted, they should be turned out of the kingdom. Forty Jews waited on Thomas Cantilupe, and endeavoured to bribe him from persecuting them,⁴ but he coldly refused their offers and petition, telling them that they were rebels and enemies against God.

One day a baron saw him talking to several poor folk, and rebuked him. "I have to give account of the souls of poor as well as rich," said Thomas. At times he suffered from lumbago and was obliged to walk with the assistance of two sticks.

When bishop he rode with his stole on under his cloak, and whenever he saw a child along the road, if he ascertained it was unconfirmed he jumped off his horse and administered the Sacrament on the spot.

He looked sharply after the morals of his diocese. A

¹ "De grosso panno et de diversis coloribus."

² "Unum mantellum de blueto, foderatum de minutis variis."

³ "Faciens colliridas."

⁴ "Pecuniam offerentes, ut desisteret a persecutione eorum."

citizen of Hereford, who had deserted his wife for another woman, he excommunicated; and when the man remained indifferent, he obtained his incarceration. Reginald Fitz-Peter, a knight and baron of his diocese, was excommunicated by him for incontinence. Baron Roger de Clifford he subjugated to humiliating, insulting penance, for having wronged the diocese in the time of the War of the Barons. De Clifford offered the bishop a hundred pounds sterling as compensation. S. Thomas refused, and obliged the haughty baron to do public penance before a crowd of the citizens of Hereford, in the Cathedral. He was made to walk in his tunic, with bare feet, round the church, Thomas following with a switch, and lashing into his back till he reached the high altar.

The offence of the proud baron was that, in the war against Henry III. he had dared to lay hands on Peter de Aquablanca, a foreigner, who had been intruded on the diocese as bishop, and had imprisoned him.

Thomas could not forgive Baron Clifford. On another occasion he excommunicated him for having detained a priest, probably for some crime, in his castle. He refused to listen to any other terms save that the baron should again do penance publicly in his shirt. The bishop seems to have delighted in thus humbling the great, for one of the witnesses at his canonization says that these unseemly exhibitions were frequent.¹

S. Thomas, though he held along with his bishopric an archdeaconry, a precentorship, four canonries, and at least seven livings, was filled, we are informed, with holy zeal against pluralists unprovided with papal dispensations. Hervey de Borham, dean of S. Paul's, and precentor of Hereford, had been the rival aspirant to the see of Hereford. Shortly after Thomas had succeeded in obtaining the

¹ "Viderat multos publice poenitentes coram dicto domino Thoma in camisia."

see, he detected that De Borham was without papal dispensation permitting him to be a pluralist, and he turned him out of the precentorship—his motive, “zeal for justice,” we are gravely informed.

Richard of Gravesend, archdeacon of Northampton, obtained the parish of Ross, in the diocese of Hereford, without dispensation. Thomas was down on him like a thunder-bolt, and deprived him.¹ James de Vitri, archdeacon of Shropshire, was collated to one of the canonries of Ledbury, that church being served by two canons. Thomas, in his righteous zeal, deprived him of archdeaconry and canonry.

Brother Nicolas de Wych, on being questioned at the process, said: “The Lord Thomas was naturally discreet and prudent in things pertaining to this world, and more so in those that pertained to God. For he had with him good and prudent counsellors, and by their counsel he acted in matters pertaining to this world, whilst he watched in those things which pertained to God; and when anything went wrong, he laid the fault on the consciences of his counsellors.”

He was mightily fond of law, apparently, for he was always involved in suits, from that about the widow’s cow to that with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The bishop had a castle at Ledbury, and the Malvern Hills he claimed as his chase. But the Earl of Gloucester, Gilbert de Clare, the most powerful baron in England, hunted there; his father had done so before him, and he assumed that the right was his.

One day Bishop Thomas de Cantilupe heard the winding of the earl’s horns on the hills. He rode to meet him, met him in a wood, and ordered him off his lands. The earl, one of the haughtiest men in England, answered scorn-

¹ He became in A.D. 1280 Bishop of London.

fully, that he was not going to be driven out of his ancestral rights by a "clergiaster," and that he would chastise him as he had chastised other "clergiasters." Thomas, incensed beyond measure, galloped back to his people, vested himself in mitre, stole, and cope, ordered his clerks to light candles and follow him, and hastened to the spot where the earl and his huntsmen, weary with the chase, were resting. The bishop ordered the candles to be solemnly extinguished, as he poured forth over his head the awful curse of the Church; and the great earl rode home, very much surprised and indignant at being excommunicated and anathematized, cut off from the grace of God, the sacraments, and Christian burial, should he die, because of the hares and wild-deer of the Malvern Hills.

Then S. Thomas summoned all his friends, and for three days defiantly, insultingly, with bray of horn and shout of derision, hunted over the hills. The hunting party was composed of John Tregoz, his brother-in-law, Nicolas Seagrave, Geoffry and Fulk de Lucy.

The earl, disliking his excommunication, and wishing to compromise matters, offered the bishop a large sum of money, but S. Thomas could not forgive being called a "clergiaster," and being threatened with chastisement. He rejected the offer contemptuously, and brought an action against the earl, which dragged its weary length through the courts for four or five years, and though finally given in favour of the bishop, he was never able to recover damages from the proud earl.

He had another action going on at the same time with Baron Corbet, Lord de Caus, about some pastures near Ledbury. If any of the bishop's cattle strayed on to them the baron impounded them, and would not let them out without a fine. S. Thomas claimed a right to turn his cows on to these meadows, and therefore threw the matter into court.

When the verdict was given in his favour, Baron Corbet turned to him and said angrily: "You are either full of devils or in God's privy counsels." "I do not use diabolical arts," answered the triumphant bishop; "but trusting in divine assistance I maintain the rights of the Church."

S. Thomas had another contest with Llewellyn of Wales, about three estates in Montgomery which he claimed, Aston, Multon, and Churchstoke, belonging to his possessions round Bishop's Castle. As it was in vain to try conclusions at law with Llewellyn, he got the Archbishop of Canterbury to excommunicate him. He then hastened to Bishop's Castle, made his clergy light a great many candles, and whilst he hurled an anathema at Llewellyn and all Welshmen, great and small, the candles were flung into the moat, and went out fizzing in the slimy water.

He quarrelled also with Anian II., Bishop of S. Asaph, touching their respective rights of jurisdiction. The Abbey of S. Mary at Dore was the bone of contest between him and the Bishop of S. David's. The new church had to be consecrated; S. Thomas claimed to exercise jurisdiction there, but the Bishop of S. David's stole a march on him, and with the connivance of John de Tregoz, nephew of the Bishop of Hereford, dedicated the church. Thereupon S. Thomas brought an action against the bishop and his own nephew.

Robert Burnel having been elected to the see of Canterbury, on the death of Robert Kilwardby, A.D. 1279, the Pope quashed the election, and appointed to the archbishopric a Minorite friar, John de Peckham. Peckham summoned a council at Reading, and advanced claims which were resented by the bishops, by none more so than by the bishop of Hereford. It was not long before peace was broken between them.

A certain Petronilla Bebler, and one Richard Bramford,

in the diocese of Hereford, had a contention before the court of the sub-dean, who gave judgment against Richard Bramford. Instead of appealing to the bishop's court, Bramford appealed direct to that of the archbishop. This so incensed the bishop's commissary, that he excommunicated Richard Bramford, who appealed against this sentence also to Canterbury.

Thereupon Richard Bramford's father, also called Richard, was excommunicated by the commissary of the Bishop of Hereford, and when Allan de Lichfield, bearer of a mandate from the archbishop to assert the excommunication, entered the diocese, he was thrown into prison. The sub-dean, who had been served with letters from the court of the archbishop, contemptuously flung them into the mud. Thereupon Archbishop Peckham sent a mandate to the Bishop of Hereford, ordering him to pronounce the excommunication of his own commissary and sub-dean, and to remove the excommunication launched against Richard Bramford, senior and junior, and citing the sub-dean and commissary on a fixed day to appear at the church of S. Mary Arches, in London, to answer for contempt of the court of Canterbury. And should the bishop refuse thus to act, he was threatened with suspension from officiating, and interdict wheresoever he might be, except when the king, the queen, or the princes, or the archbishop might be present.

How the affair ended does not transpire ; but it is certain that S. Thomas left Hereford, and for a year and a half remained concealed in Normandy. He had privately made an appeal to the Pope, but he did not wish the Archbishop of Canterbury to be aware of the fact, and so to prepare his procurators in the Roman curia against his machinations.

The affair of the Bramfords was somehow settled ; and S. Thomas suddenly returned to England, and with smiles and affected cordiality appeared before Peckham, who was

completely in the dark as to any appeal against his authority being made in the court of Rome.

Almost directly after he came back the quarrel broke out afresh, on an equally insignificant question. A priest named Master Henry Havekly, canon of Lincoln, a pluralist holding many livings, died, and left the parson of Ross his executor. Ross was in the diocese of Hereford. As the archbishop claimed the right of proving wills, he sent to the commissary of Hereford an order that an injunction should be served on the vicar of Ross to attend the archbishop's court. The commissary of the Bishop of Hereford regarded this as an infringement of prerogative, and took no notice of the mandate. Thereupon the commissary, Robert le Wyse, was served with a sentence of major excommunication, and an order was sent to S. Thomas to summon the vicar of Ross before the archbishop's court, and to publicly excommunicate his commissary. Robert le Wyse, by the bishop's advice, appealed to Rome, but apparently without giving notice to the archbishop that he had done so. Then the archbishop excommunicated, and placed under an interdict, the Bishop of Hereford. S. Thomas, who was at the same time in the midst of his squabble with the Bishop of Asaph, determined to appeal in person at Rome against both the archbishop and the Bishop of S. Asaph, and left secretly for France.

We have several letters of Archbishop Peckham relative to the matter.

The first is to this effect:—

“Brother John, &c. (*i. e.* Peckham), to his procurators in the Roman curia, health, grace and benediction. There has suddenly burst on us a tempest from the Bishop of Hereford, whom, verily, we believed to be the most obedient and specious of all our suffragans, and one whom we have heard most highly spoken of. But we have been warned by Pon-

tisar, archdeacon of Exeter, that while secretary himself abroad, he has been endeavouring by his procurators to extort apostolic letters against us, touching certain exactions not due, and other matters. The result appeared in the sequence; but God overthrew his endeavours in this affair.

“And Robert of Gloucester, surnamed le Wyse, the commissary of the said bishop, on account of his disobedience, contempt and offence offered, both to our own commissary and to ourselves, has been sentenced to excommunication, no legal form having been omitted in the transaction. This was after the bishop, being on his way back from abroad, had returned to England, and waiting on us at Canterbury, had kissed us, putting on a sheep’s skin to deceive me, and blind me to his intrigues, so that we trusted him as a most devoted and constant brother.

“Nevertheless, his officer has persisted in his contumacy and dogged opposition, and the bishop has turned a deaf ear to our injunctions, and has neglected and despised them. He therefore, from whom we expected consolation, having flung aside his obedience, which he swore to our Church and to us, declares our sentence against his commissary to be invalid, and has incited him to appeal to Rome, asserting that we have no jurisdiction, except on appeal, over his flock; he inserts many other astute and shifty reasons in his letters, by which he seeks to justify his disobedience and refusal, point blank, to obey our orders. Understanding which, and lamenting his damnation, and desiring to restore him by salutary exhortations to a right obedience, we wrote to him again and again, warning him not to force us to punish such defiance with canonical severity.

“At last, a meeting having been convened at Lambeth, and we had, on our part, treated him in an amicable manner, we asked him *vivâ voce* to do for us what he and

his predecessors had done hitherto for us and our predecessors, and having laid aside the vice of disobedience, to return to firm charity and submission; and this he promised to do.

“But at length, when our monitions and amicable conferences availed nothing, but this bishop, putting on a dovelike appearance, armed himself with trickery and crafty imaginations against us, we again warned him by mouth and in writing. And as he persists in his rebellion and malice and contempt, we have been forced to launch the sentence of excommunication against him, by writing, as justice requires. Thereupon he appealed away to the Roman Curia, and that after we had ordered all our suffragan bishops throughout the province to publish the sentence pronounced against him.

“And now he feigns frivolous excuses, and mixing blasphemy with lies in his appeal, going forward in all subtlety and falsehood, he defames us publicly and solemnly throughout England, and dares, perjurally, to publish things tending to the subversion of our Church. It is reported that this bishop is already on his way to Rome; we can hardly believe it, for the report is not certain; but should it be true that he has crossed the Channel, he has not done it openly, but secretly, and when he is thought to be here, lo! he is hidden somewhere else, sneaking away in his fox-skin. Now should he chance to appear in the Court of Rome, be on your guard, and let no letters be given at his request without being checked and questioned by you; and be very watchful and solicitous, as our adversary is subtle, walking in all guile. Given at Clist, at the Bishop of Exeter’s, the 2nd of the Calends of April, in the 4th year of our consecration (1282).”

Thomas Cantilupe had crossed over; the archbishop learned the fact later, and wrote again to warn his agents at

the Court of Rome, bidding them spare no money in their attempts to obtain a judgment against him. The Bishop of Hereford was well received by Pope Martin IV., who communicated with him, ignoring the sentence of excommunication launched against him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which, however, could only have effect within the province of the archbishop.

The prosecution of his appeals was interrupted by mortal sickness. Finding his end approach, he drew up his will, made his confession to the grand penitentiary of the Pope. On the night of the 25th of August, as he was held up in bed, he recited the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus;" then he said: "By the sign of the holy Cross deliver us from our enemies, O God! and by this sign of the Cross drive away every evil, and by the same sign preserve all that is good." Then he murmured, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord!" and "I commend my spirit to Thee, O God of Truth!" He raised his joined hands to heaven and repeated, "I commend my spirit," and breathed his last.

His attendants separated the flesh from the bones, buried the flesh with pomp at Monte Fiascone, and brought back the bones to England. They were laid in Hereford Cathedral. Since the reign of S. Thomas, the arms of the see of Hereford have been those of the Cantilupes, adopted in honour of the saint. He died in 1282, and his bones were translated to a more magnificent tomb in 1287. Numerous miracles having been wrought at it, Clement V. began the process of his canonization in 1305, at the request of King Edward I. In the process sixty-six witnesses were examined before the apostolic commissioners, in S. Paul's Cathedral, London, in July, 1307. The canonization took place in 1330, by Pope John XXII.

It is asserted by the Jesuits of S. Omer that they are in possession of an arm of S. Thomas.

October 3.

SS. DIONYSIUS, FAUSTUS, CAIUS, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Alexandria.*

S. ROMANA, *V.M. at Beauvais; circ. A.D. 303.*

S. HESYCHIUS, *Mk. at Majuma, in Palestine; circ. A.D. 373.*

S. MENNA, *V. at Fontenoy-le-Châtel, in the Vosges; end of 4th cent.*

S. MAXIMIAN, *B.C. of Bagæ in Africa; 5th cent.*

S. CYPRIAN, *B. of Toulon; circ. A.D. 565.*

SS. TWO EWALDS, *PP. MM. in Westphalia; circ. A.D. 695.*

S. GERARD, *Ab. of Brogne, near Namur; A.D. 959.*

SS. DIONYSIUS, FAUSTUS, CAIUS AND
OTHERS, MM.

(BEGINNING OF 4TH CENTURY?)

[Modern Roman Martyrology with Faustus, Caius, and others. These latter are adopted from the Greek Menologies. The Roman Martyrology simply says, "Dionysius, Faustus, Caius, Peter, Paul, and four others, who, having first suffered many things under Decius, received the palm of martyrdom under Valerian, by order of Æmilian, the governor." But S. Dionysius, the B. of Alexandria, occurs again in the Roman Martyrology on Nov. 17, and S. Faustus again on Nov. 19, and again with Caius on Nov. 20, along with Eusebius, Chæremon, and Lucius. "Hinc in Martyrologio Romano majorem accuratorem non immerito quis forte requirat," say the Bollandists.]



ON this day the Greeks commemorate S. Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, and other Christians who suffered. By some mistake Baronius inserted these martyrs in the Roman Martyrology on this day, without knowing that Dionysius was the same as the famous Bishop of Alexandria, and thus made duplicate martyrs out of Dionysius, Faustus, and Caius. According to him they suffered at the beginning of the 4th century, whereas S. Dionysius, the bishop, certainly attained his

crown about the year 265, and if the others were his companions in martyrdom they must have suffered about the same date.

S. ROMANA, V.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—a Life, late, and wholly apocryphal.]

S. ROMANA is said to have been one of twelve virgins at Rome who, moved by the preaching of S. Peter, were converted, and set off in company with SS. Dionysius, Fuscianus, Victoricus, Piatu, Ruffinus, Crispin and Crispinian, Valerius, Lucian, Marcellus, Quintin, and Regulus. S. Romana and two others, Benedicta and Leoberta—a Teutonic name, by the way—attached themselves to S. Lucian and S. Quintin. Leoberta was martyred at Laon, and Benedicta at Origny; Romana suffered at Beauvais with S. Lucian. No reliance whatever can be placed on the story. S. Dionysius of Paris belonged to the 4th century, and not to the 1st.

S. HESYCHIUS, MK.

(AFTER A.D. 373.)

[Inserted in the Modern Roman Martyrology by Baronius. Authorities:—the Life of S. Hilarion by S. Jerome, Nicephorus Callistus, &c.]

S. HESYCHIUS was one of the devoted disciples of S. Hilarion, and was banished with him from Gaza. The implacable enmity of the pagans against S. Hilarion led them to pursue him when he fled, and the old hermit led for some

time a life of concealment in Sicily. From thence Hilarion sent Hesychius to Palestine to salute the brethren. After having accomplished his mission, Hesychius rejoined his master in Cyprus, but was absent on another expedition to Palestine when the venerable hermit died. S. Hilarion, by will, left him his heir, bequeathing to him his book of the Gospels, and his clothes. Hesychius, having learned the death of his master, returned to Cyprus, and stayed ten months in the cell of Carburin, where the old man's bones were laid, till the suspicion of the Cypriots was allayed, and then he made off with his bones at the risk of his life to Majuma, the port of Gaza, to the old monastery of S. Hilarion.

S. MENNA, V.

(END OF 4TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Authority :—the late Acts based on tradition.]

S. MENNA, or MANNA, is said to have been born at Soulosse in Lorraine, during the 4th century, and to have been the daughter of a noble named Bactius and of his wife, the Lady Leutrudis, and therefore of a Teutonic family. S. Menna is said also to have been sister of S. Eucharius and S. Elapius, martyrs, and of the virgins Gontrudis, Libaria, Suzanna, and Oda, who are honoured in the dioceses of Toul and throughout Champagne. But little reliance can be placed on this assertion of the late Acts, as they are based on popular tradition, which may have confounded dates, and united as sisters persons removed from one another by race and period.

Menna was sent by her father to be baptized by the Bishop

of Châlons. She was regenerated, and then sent back to her father, but five years after, acting on the advice of the bishop, Bactius placed her in a school conducted by nuns at Châlons, where she was carefully trained in a holy life. When of age to be married, the noble reclaimed his daughter, and several suitors offered for her hand. But Menna rejected every offer, and flying secretly from her home, returned to Châlons, carrying with her a veil, which she placed in the bishop's hands, and she entreated him to consecrate her a virgin to Christ. He hardly consented, as he feared the resentment of her father. And when, in fact, Bactius sent after his daughter, highly incensed, he had to be appeased by the story that an angel had taken the veil and had himself covered with it the head of the virgin. Bactius believed, or pretended to believe, this story, and was constrained to endure what was irrevocable. The furious persecution of Julian the Apostate then broke out against the Christians, say the Acts, in happy unconsciousness of the facts of history, and the nuns of Châlons were forced to fly to preserve their lives and honour. Menna, accompanied by a single servant, came to the river bank, where was then a deep pool and an eddy, so that boats could not cross it. She prayed, says the legend, and the pool was filled up with sand, so that she was able to cross dryshod. The spot is now called the Gué de Sainte-Manne. Having passed, she drove her staff into the ground, and a spring bubbled up for the relief of thirsty passengers who should in future traverse the ford, and would be disinclined to drink of the river.

She reached a forest in the Vosges, and constructed a hermitage at Fontenoy-le-Châtel. There she spent the rest of her days, which were not many. She died young, and was buried at Fontenoy. But in 1036 her relics were translated to Portsas, near Mirecourt.

She is represented in art with an angel veiling her.

S. MAXIMIAN, B. OF BAGÆ.

(5TH CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius. Authority:—the writings of S. Augustine against the Donatists.]

S. MAXIMIAN was Bishop of Bagæ in Northern Africa, at the time of the troubles with the Donatists, that excited S. Augustine to labour for their repression. He and his brother Castor were at first infected with Donatist views, but they came over to the Catholic side, and Maximian having destroyed a church of the Donatists, these schismatics fell on him and wounded him in the stomach. They threw him from the top of a tower, but he fell into a dungheap, which saved his life. A poor man found him lying there, naked and covered with filth. He took him home, washed him, bound up his wounds, and gave him clothes. Maximian scarcely waited for his wounds to close before he crossed the sea to show them, and describe the indignities offered him to the feeble yet orthodox Emperor Honorius, A.D. 404, and so stir him to the publication of severe repressive edicts against the sectaries. "He was moved to this," says S. Augustine, "not from desire of revenging his own ill treatment, but that the Church might be benefited." Having goaded Honorius into issuing an edict as tyrannical as his heart could wish against the luckless Donatists, he returned to Africa to witness its execution.

He had the satisfaction of seeing them driven wild with persecution, their churches closed, their sacred rites forbidden, and their goods confiscated.

The date of his death is not known.

THE TWO EWALDS, PP. MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 695.)

[Roman and German Martyrologies. Authority:—Bede, Hist. Eccl. v. c. 10.]

THE Venerable Bede relates that, "Two priests of the English nation, who had long lived as strangers in Ireland, for the sake of the eternal inheritance, following the example of Wilibrord, went into the province of the ancient Saxons, to try if they could there gain some to Christ by preaching. They both bore the same name, as they were one in devotion, Hewald being the name of both, with this distinction, that, on account of the difference of their hair, the one was called Black Hewald, and the other White Hewald. They were both very pious, but Black Hewald was the more learned in Holy Scripture. On entering the province, these men took up their lodging in a certain steward's house, and requested that he would conduct them to his lord, as they had a message, and something to tell him to his advantage. The steward received and entertained them in his house some days, promising to send them to his lord as they desired.

"But the barbarians, finding them to be of another religion, by their continual prayer and singing of psalms and hymns, and by their daily offering the sacrifice of the saving oblation—for they had with them sacred vessels and a consecrated slab for an altar—began to grow jealous of them, lest they should come into the presence of their lord, and converse with him, and turn his heart from their gods to the new religion of the Christian faith, and thus by degrees all their province should change its old worship for a new one. Hereupon they, on a sudden, laid hold of them and put them to death; the White Hewald they slew imme-

diately with the sword ; but the Black they put to tedious torture, and tore limb from limb, throwing them into the Rhine. The chief whom they desired to see, hearing it, was highly incensed, and put to death all the peasants engaged in the murder and burnt their village. The aforesaid priests and servants of Christ suffered on the 3rd of October.

“Nor did their martyrdom want the honour of miracles ; for their dead bodies having been cast into the river by the pagans, as has been said, were carried against the stream for the space of almost forty miles, to the place where their companions were. Moreover, a long ray of light, reaching up to heaven, shone every night over the place where they were, in the sight of the pagans who had slain them. Moreover, one of them appeared in a vision by night to one of his companions, whose name was Tilnean, a man of illustrious birth, acquainting him with the fact that their bodies lay where he would find a ray of light reaching to heaven. And so it was, the bodies were found, and buried with the honours due to martyrs ; and the day of their passion, or of their bodies being found, is celebrated in these parts with proper veneration. At length, Pepin, the most glorious general of the Franks, understanding these things, caused the bodies to be brought to him, and buried them with much honour in the church of the city of Cologne, on the Rhine. It is reported, that a spring gushed out in the place where they were killed, and that it affords a plentiful stream to this day.”

The place of their martyrdom seems to have been Aplerbeke, a little village on the Emscher, near Dortmund, in Westphalia. Bede was mistaken about the name of the river into which the bodies were thrown, if reliance may be placed on local tradition uninterrupted from a remote date, which has fixed on Aplerbeke as the site of the martyrdom.

Moreover, the bodies did not float against the stream, but down it towards the Rhine, the Emscher flowing nearly due west. The rest of the party had certainly not pushed east of Dortmund. According to another opinion, the site of the martyrdom was in the county of Hoya, near Bremen, but this is not probable, nor supported by so persistent a tradition.

The Anglo-Saxon form of the name of the saints was certainly Edwald, but in German it has become Ewald. The relics were translated in 1074, by Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, to the church of S. Cunibert, in his metropolitan city. The heads were given by him to Frederick, Bishop of Münster, but they were lost when the Anabaptists held Münster, in 1534, and sacked the churches.

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S. GERARD, AB.

(A.D. 959.)

[Roman and Belgian Martyrologies. Authority:—a Life by an anonymous writer, apparently a monk of Brogne, dedicated to Gunthe, abbot of Brogne in 1031.]

At the close of the 9th century, there lived at Staves, in Lumai, a man named Stant, of noble birth, being akin to Hagen, Count of Austrasia,¹ married to Plectrudis, sister of Stephen, Bishop of Tongres. They had a son named Gerard, who entered the castle of Berengar, Count of Namur, and was one of his military suite. One day, when out hunting, Gerard at dinner-time hitched up his horse beside the forest chapel of Brogne, which was on his own family estate, and went within to take his midday nap.

¹ Hagen subscribed an agreement with Charles the Simple and Henry of Germany in A.D. 924.

In dream he beheld S. Peter, who slipped his hand within that of the sleeper, and conducted him round the chapel, saying to him, "Hither shalt thou bring the body of my son Eugenius, the martyr." When Gerard woke up, he was much puzzled with his dream. It hung about him, but how to fulfil the order of S. Peter he knew not. Not long after he was sent to Paris, and there, entering the church of S. Denys, he heard among the saints invoked the name of Eugenius. Full of eagerness, he went to the monks and asked who Eugenius was, and how his body might be obtained. They informed him that Eugenius had been a disciple of S. Dionysius, who they fondly imagined was the Areopagite, and commissioned to Gaul by S. Peter himself; and as for getting the body of Eugenius, it was sheer impossibility, "for the people of Paris loved him as an angel of God."

Gerard, however, did not despair; he hasted back to Namur, communicated his design to the Count and the Bishop of Tongres, and returned to Paris, where he was shaven, and assumed the habit of religion in the abbey of S. Denys. After many years, he had so won the love of the monks, that he ventured to ask again for the bones of S. Eugenius, and this time they were not refused him. He returned with them to the county of Lūmai, and they were exposed to the veneration of the neighbourhood with extraordinary pomp.

Some persons, however, complained to the Bishop of Liège that Gerard was inciting all the district in which he was to the highest enthusiasm of devotion to the bones of an unknown man. He burned candles before them, as though they were the relics of, at least, an apostle, and as to the genuineness of the relics there was not a particle of evidence; he had no proof that they belonged to a martyr.¹

¹ "Ecce nuper advectus e Francorum finibus, Bronii colitur, nescio quis martyr Eugenius, cui in cereis aliisque oblationibus tanta veneratio exhibetur ab omnibus, ac

The advice was no doubt sensible. The bishop felt it was so, and started from Fosses, where he was then staying, for Liége, with full purpose to forbid the worship of the relics till he was satisfied as to whose they were. But on his way, at Maloignes, he was taken with violent cramp in his bowels, so that he thought he would have died. He lay down flat on the ground, and ordered candles to be lighted about him, and S. Eugenius to be invoked. The spasms ceased, the bishop got up, was quite satisfied with the authenticity of the relics, and the power and virtue of Eugenius, and forthwith made the festival of S. Eugenius a day to be observed annually, the same as a Sunday, throughout his diocese. A council was summoned at Liége, the bishop gave a graphic description of his sufferings, and relief when Eugenius was invoked. No further scrutiny into the history of the martyr and the genuineness of the relics was deemed necessary, and the decree of the bishop was confirmed by acclamation.

At the request of Ghislebert, Duke of Lorraine, S. Gerard undertook the reformation of the monastery of S. Ghislain, near Mons. For S. Ghislain had appeared in dream to the duke, and had complained to him that the monks of the monastery where he was had allowed him no rest, but carried him about the country incessantly, to excite the people to bring them large alms, all which they spent on their own amusements and riotous living. In fact, they were using the body as a mere show to get money for scandalous purposes. Gerard turned these monks out, deprived them of the sacred body, and replaced them by severe Benedictines.

Arnulf, Marquis of Flanders, was troubled with the stone. He applied to S. Gerard, who fasted for three days, and then said mass. During the mass the marquis was freed from the

si credatur ex Apostolis unus. Ubinam textus martyrii ejus? ubinam scriptura continens ejus gesta? Vestram profecto prudentiam oportet summopere perscrutari et investigare, si sit a Deo, an non, Eugenius iste."

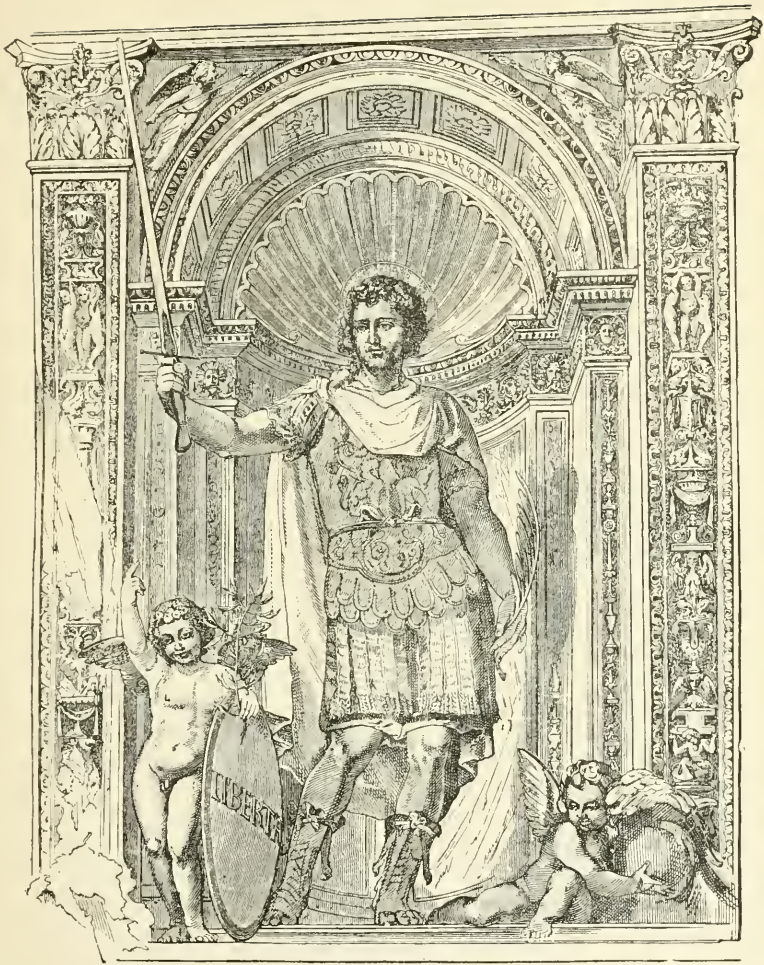
calculus. Full, graphic, and grotesque details are given by his biographer. Arnulf was so delighted with his cure, that he appointed S. Gerard to the inspection and reformation of all the monasteries in Flanders.

When he had spent nearly twenty years in this most hard and thankless labour, he retired into a cell at Brogne, where he died on October 3, A.D. 959.

He is said to have reformed the monasteries of Marchiennes, of Saint-Amand, of Hasnon, of Saint-Vaast in Arras, of S. Bertin, of Wormhoudt, of Auchy-les-Moines, of Saint-Wulmer, of Blangy, of Renaix, and of S. Amé at Douai, all of which were in a demoralised condition.

The Abbey of Brogne obtained several privileges from the Holy See, which S. Gerard procured on a visit to Rome. His relics are preserved at Brogne.





S. VICTOR OF MARSEILLES (see July 21).
After the Painting by Giov. Antonio de Bazzi at Siena.



October 4.

- SS. CRISPUS AND CAIUS, *at Corinth; 1st cent.*
 SS. LUCIUS AND CHÆREMON, *MM. at Alexandria; end of 3rd cent.*
 SS. THYRSUS AND COMPANIONS, *MM. at Trèves; circ. A.D. 303.*
 SS. BONIFACE AND COMPANIONS, *MM. at Trèves; circ. A.D. 303.*
 SS. MARCUS AND MARCIAN, *MM. in Egypt; A.D. 304.*
 SS. DOMNINA, BERENICE, AND PROSDOCE, *MM. in Syria; A.D. 305.*
 SS. ADAUCTUS, *M. in Mesopotamia,* AND CALLISTHENE, *V. at Ephesus; 4th cent.*
 S. AMMON, *H. in Egypt; circ. A.D. 350.*
 S. QUINTIN, *M. at Tours; end of 6th cent.*
 S. AUREA, *V. Abs. at Paris; circ. A.D. 666.*
 S. PETER, *B.M. in Arabia; A.D. 743.*
 S. MAGDALVEUS, *B.C. at Verdun; circ. A.D. 762.*
 S. FRANCIS, *C. at Assisi in Umbria; A.D. 1226.*

SS. CRISPUS AND CAIUS.

(1ST CENT.)

[Ado, Notker, and other Latin Martyrologies. Authority:—Mention by S. Paul in his Epistles, and in the Acts.]



CRISPUS, ruler of the Jewish Synagogue at Corinth,¹ was baptized along with his family by S. Paul.² A Caius is mentioned by S. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, and again in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, "Gaius, mine host, and of the whole Church, saluteth you,"³ from which we may conclude that S. Paul lodged at Corinth with Caius, and that the Christians there assembled in his house for worship.

Caius was baptized by S. Paul.⁴ "I thank God," says he to the Corinthians, "that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius."

Origen says that, according to tradition, Caius became

¹ Acts xviii. 8.² 1 Cor. i. 14.³ Rom. xvi. 23.⁴ 1 Cor. i. 14.

Bishop of Thessalonica. The Apostolic Constitutions (vii. 46) mention Crispus, Bishop of Ægina, but whether this was the Crispus baptized by S. Paul is not stated.

SS. THYRSUS, BONIFACE, AND OTHERS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 303.)

[Gallican and German late Martyrologies. Not known at Trèves, where they are said to have suffered before the 11th cent. No mention of them in a Trèves Calendar of the 10th cent.; two others of the 11th are also without notice of them. In one of the 12th, on Oct. 4, is this entry: "Tyrsus, Palmatius." In one of the 13th, on Oct. 5: "Palmatius and his Companions"; and on the 6th: "Innumerable Martyrs." A Trèves Breviary of the 14th cent. has, on Oct. 4, "Tyrsus, duke, and his Companions, MM."; on the 5th, "Palmatius and his Companions, MM."; and on the 6th, "Innumerable Martyrs." This arrangement was given to them by Baldwin, Archbishop of Trèves, who died A.D. 1354. No ancient martyrologist knew of these martyrs: they are not mentioned by Bede, Ado, Usuardus, or any others. The modern Roman Martyrology omits Thyrsus, but inserts Palmatius and his companions on Oct. 5. Saussaye inserts Thyrsus and his companions on Oct. 4, and Palmatius and his on Oct. 6. S. Boniface is mentioned on this day in the Lubek-Cologne Calendar of the 16th cent. and in the Martyrology of Moyen-Moutier in the Vosges. The Acts of these Saints were composed out of the imagination of the author on the invention of their relics in 1071.]

THE earliest mention of martyrs at Trèves is in the Acts of SS. Fuscianus and Victoricus, composed in the 6th century. These Acts give no particulars; and the Church of Trèves was profoundly ignorant of the fact that its soil had been watered by the blood of martyrs, till, in 1071, the monks of S. Paulinus, being desirous of increasing their collection of relics, dug about their crypt, and found quantities of bones, as might have been expected. With these bones was most happily unearthed a leaden tablet, on which was inscribed all

the information necessary. It informed them that the bones were those of Thyrsus, Palmatius, Maxentius, Constantius, Crescentius, Justinus, Alexander, Soter, Hormisdas, Papyrius, Constans, Jovinus, all martyrs. And to satisfy the most sceptical, one of the bones having tumbled down from the stretcher on which they were being carried, showed signs of fresh blood, "and it is bloody to this day."

The genuineness of the tablet has been abandoned by most antiquaries of Trèves.

A cross stands on the spot of the supposed martyrdom of S. Thyrsus and his companions, before the church of S. Paulinus. The Moselle is said to have flowed red with blood for many miles below Trèves.

Various miracles are recorded as having been wrought by the relics, well calculated to spread their renown. Portions were eagerly sought and distributed; some went to Prag; others to Paderborn and Brunswick; some are now at Einsiedeln, others have travelled to Gratz, in Styria.

SS. DOMNINA, BERENICE, AND PROSDOCE, MM.

(A.D. 305.)

[Greek Menology. Authorities:—Mention by Eusebius, lib. viii. c. 12; an oration by S. John Chrysostom; S. Ambrose, Hom. xxii.]

DOMNINA and her two daughters, virgins, Berenice or Verinna and Prosoce, in the persecution of Diocletian fled from home, but were pursued; and being taken by soldiers, to escape from their brutality flung themselves into a river and were drowned.

SS. ADAUCTUS, M. AND CALLISTHENE, V.

(4TH CENT.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menology*. Some Latin Martyrologies.]

ADAUCTUS, a citizen of Ephesus, suffered martyrdom in Mesopotamia, in the persecution of Maximin. His daughter Callisthene cut her hair short, disguised herself as a young man, and concealed herself in Nicomedia. After eight years she went to Thrace, and lodged with a woman who had a daughter with delicate eyes. Callisthene, by careful attention, healed the girl, and the mother desired to marry the two, that they might settle in her house and be the comfort of her old age. Callisthene was then obliged to tell her story. She went next to Constantia, the wife of Licinius, and told her her case, and the empress procured for her the restoration of her father's property which had been confiscated.

Callisthene recovered the body of her father, brought it to Ephesus, and built a church over it.

S. AMMON, H.

(ABOUT A.D. 350.)

[Greek *Menology* and Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Mention in the *Life of S. Antony*, by S. Athanasius, Socrates, Sozomen, and the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*.]

S. AMOUN, or Ammon, was an Egyptian of an opulent and noble family. At the age of twenty-two he lost his father and mother. He had long resolved to live to God alone, but his uncle, who had been constituted his guardian, and

others of his family insisted on his marrying. A young man of two-and-twenty, one would have thought, was beyond the age at which he could be constrained. But Ammon submitted, with the resolution formed in his heart to take a wife only to live separate from her. He accordingly married a young and modest girl, and immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony announced to her that he had taken her hand with reluctance, and that he had no intention of fulfilling the duties he had that day undertaken towards her. So far from purposing to love and cherish her in sickness and in health, he proposed to live as if he was supremely ignorant of her existence. When he informed her that he desired that they should not inhabit the same house, she was naturally indignant, and protested that, though she would submit to be his wife only in name, yet she would not endure the indignity of being turned out of his doors on the very day of their wedding. Ammon consented to let her live in the house, and even to take her meals with him; but otherwise they were to one another as strangers, or friends living on distant terms. He spent his day in the garden cultivating balm, and his night in prayer and psalmody.

Thus passed eighteen years. The gentle wife accommodated her ways to his, adored him as a paragon of excellence, and modelled her mode of life upon his. At the end of these years, at her own suggestion, they separated, and Ammon retired to the deserts of Nitria and she transformed his house into a convent of holy virgins. Ammon speedily became renowned in the desert as a master of the solitary life, and was surrounded by disciples. Twice in the year he visited his wife, that he might direct her conduct, and that of the community she had founded.

The report of his sanctity having reached S. Antony, a close friendship grew up between the two hermits; they

visited one another periodically, and took counsel together as to the manner in which they should walk. S. Ammon died at the age of sixty-two, of which twenty-two were spent in the desert.

Several anecdotes, not however of remarkable interest, are related of the abbot Ammon; but as there were several of the same name, it is not certain to which of them they properly belong. S. Antony is said to have seen his soul borne to heaven by angels.

S. QUINTIN, M.

(END OF 6TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—The Lections in the Tours Breviary.]

QUINTIN of Tours, not to be confounded with his more famous namesake, was a native of Meaux, who came to Tours when Gunthram was King of Paris. The wife of his master fell desperately in love with him, and because he indignantly rejected her overtures she compassed his murder, which took place at L'Indrois, near Montresor.

S. AUREA, V. ABSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 666.)

[Usuardus and the Gallican Martyrologies. Modern Roman Martyrology. Saussaye, on Oct. 4, and again on Oct. 5. The Acts are so wholly fabulous that the Bollandists have declined to publish them.]

IF we had only the legendary life of the saint, we should probably doubt the existence of such a person; but two writers, S. Ouen, in his life of S. Eligius, and Jonas of

Bobbio, in his life of S. Eustace, both writers living at the time, mention Aurea as abbess at Paris, in the 7th century. S. Ouen says she was the daughter of Maurinus and Quitria, and that when Dagobert I. built a nunnery at Paris at the advice of S. Eligius, Aurea was made abbess of the virgins placed in it. Jonas of Bobbio adds that the rule observed in this house under Aurea was that which S. Cæsarius of Arles gave to his sister Cæsaria for the government of the great nunnery he had erected at Arles.

This is all that is known of S. Aurea which can be relied upon. Now hear her Acts. Aurea was a Syrian maiden, who came from the East to Paris, and there was constituted superior of three hundred virgins. One day she was at a country house belonging to the abbey, when she heard that her cellaress was dead. She hastened back to Paris, found that this was true, and that the dead maiden grasped the cellar keys so tightly in her hand that they could not be got from her. Aurea therefore called her back to life again, to surrender the keys of the cellar, and after she had given them up dismissed her again to the realms of death. On another occasion the oven was red hot, but there was no bread to be put into it. Aurea got into the oven, and swept the red-hot ashes out with the sleeves of her gown. At that moment, miraculously, all the bells of the convent began to ring. The sisters rushed tumultuously to church and sang "Te Deum." When this hymn of praise was ended they returned to the oven, and found it full of well-baked loaves.

After the death of Aurea, a Syrian maiden, who was born blind, was informed in a dream that if she could touch the relics of Aurea, a Syrian damsel who had become abbess at Paris, she would obtain her sight. She announced this to the bishop of the city where she lived, and persuaded him to start off with her to Gaul in quest of the body of this Aurea.

The blind girl got tired of the society of the bishop, or the bishop had had enough of the girl's company, before they reached Gaul, so they parted, the bishop promising to rejoin his fair companion with a leg or an arm of the saintly abbess. He pushed on to Paris, and there begged so earnestly for a piece of the dead Aurea, that the clergy of Paris consented to cut off an arm. As they did so, the blood spouted forth in volumes. Delighted with his miraculously bleeding treasure, the oriental prelate returned to the spot where he had left the Syrian maiden, applied the bleeding stump to her eyes, and she saw instantly. The pair then returned to Syria, where they built and endowed a monastery in honour of the arm of Aurea.

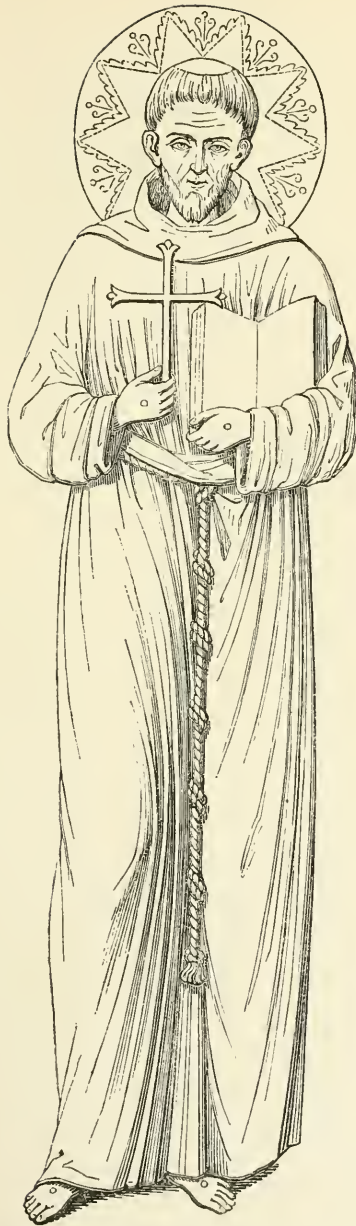
S. Aurea is said to have pulled the stole off a deacon during the divine office because he sang out of tune; but was reproached for her conduct by an angel, and in self-punishment shut herself up for seven years in a cell, and lived on only bread and water.

The relics of S. Aurea are in the church of S. Eloi, at Paris, under the custody of the Barnabite fathers.

S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, C.

(A.D. 1226.)

[Roman and Franciscan Martyrologies. Canonized by Gregory IX., in 1228. Authorities:—(1) A Life by Thomas de Celano, his disciple. (2) Another Life by S. Bonaventura (d. 1274). (3) A Life, perhaps by Thomas Ceprani, fl 1245. (4) An Appendix to the Life by Thomas de Celano, by three associates of the Saint, Brothers Leo, Rufinus, and Angelus; published by the Bollandists. (5) "Speculum vitæ S. Francisci," a singular work, composed subsequently, perhaps in the 14th cent. There are several editions, one of Metz of 1509, another of Antwerp of 1620, a third of Cologne of 1623, all somewhat differing from one another. The "Speculum" is of no historical value towards the



S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. After Cahier.

biography of the Saint. (6) Another singular book illustrative of the extraordinary cultus of S. Francis is the "Vinea S. Francisci," published at Antwerp in 1518. (7) The "Fioretti di San Francesco" is a collection of anecdotes of the Saint, collected in the 14th cent.]¹

THE quaint little town of Assisi, in the Duchy of Spoleto, perched upon rocks, was the birth-place of the seraphic Father of the Franciscan order. He was born in 1182, of good, though hardly noble, parents. His father, Peter Bernadone, was a merchant; his mother's name was Pica. The Franciscans, in their eagerness to establish a close uniformity between their founder and the Saviour of the World, fabled that he was born in a stable. The stable is now a chapel dedicated to San Francesco il Piccolo.² This fable, however, arose after the 14th century, for then Bartholomew of Pisa wrote his "Conformities of S. Francis with Christ," a most extraordinary book, in which the Messianic prophecies are interpreted as applying to S. Francis. In it he drew an exact parallel between the Saint and the Saviour, but he says nothing about the nativity in the stable, which he certainly would have adduced had the myth been then in existence.

Another wonderful legend of his infancy is, that when he was being baptized in the church a mysterious and venerable stranger appeared, who took the child in his arms and acted as his godfather at the font, and then vanished in the direction of the Cathedral of S. Rufinus. According to another version of the story, the mysterious old man was an angel, who took the child up in his arms, signed its right shoulder with the cross, and uttered a canticle which is a poor copy of the "Nunc Dimittis." This is another of the fables circulated for the purpose of making the analogies

¹ In the composition of this life much use, often verbatim, has been made of Mrs. Oliphant's "Francis of Assisi" (Macmillan and Co.), and to it the reader is referred for full details of a life abounding in beautiful incidents.

² The Infant Francis.

between the life of S. Francis and of Christ more exact. It is, of course, in the wonderful book of Bartholomew of Pisa.

To return to plain facts. At his baptism the child was called by his mother, John; at the time his father was absent in France; on his return the name was changed familiarly into Francis. The legend writers have invented a host of reasons, all too ridiculous to deserve notice.¹ The real reason is not hard to seek. At an early age his father, who, having travelled in France on business of merchandise, knew the value of a knowledge of other languages besides the mother tongue, and who destined his son to succeed him in his business, took pains to have the child instructed in French. The young folks of Assisi, unable to appreciate the reasons of Peter Bernadone, ridiculed the boy for speaking French, and called him, in jest "Franciscus," or "Frenchman." Later biographers say that his acquisition of the French tongue was miraculous, but had it been so, it would not have been imperfect, and Thomas of Celano and S. Bonaventura inform us that though he could talk French, he did not talk it correctly.

Francis, in his youth, was keen in the pursuit of money, but no miser. He spent freely but not extravagantly, dressed handsomely, and ate and drank of the best.² He was fond of fun and cheerful society, but he never seems to have stained his youth with sins of unchastity, nor to have been immodest in his conversation.

About the year 1201 the city of Perugia was at war with that of Assisi, and in one of the frays between the rival citizens, Francis was captured and detained a twelvemonth

¹ As that when he prayed in an ecstasy he always used the French tongue, which he had acquired miraculously—so Jacques de Voragine. The same wise author says another reason was, because he found experimentally that the name "Francis" had wonderful efficacy in scaring away devils.

² He was fond of poultry. After his conversion he had himself led through the streets of Assisi with a rope round his neck, and his companions who conducted him cried, "See the man who fattened on chickens!"

in prison in Perugia. On his return to Assisi, his love of the sober routine of a merchant's life gave way to a taste for arms. He had a friend who proposed to go to Apulia, to sustain the pretensions of Walter de Brienne to the kingdom of Sicily. Whilst the project was shaping in his mind, he went out one day dressed in a new suit of the handsome clothes for which he had a carnal inclination. On the way he met "a certain soldier of honour and courage, but poor and vilely clad." The charity which was habitual to him, and the feeling of brotherhood towards an old man-at-arms which his new-born military ardour naturally inspired, moved him to a sudden enthusiasm. He took off his fine clothes and gave them to the poor old warrior. "Thus he at once fulfilled two offices of pity," says Bonaventura, "by covering the shame of a noble knight and relieving a poor man's penury."

This kindly act was rewarded on the next night by a remarkable dream. He thought he beheld a goodly palace, and that he entered it and found an armoury filled with every variety of weapon, each signed with the cross, and flags and symbols of military triumph were hung along the walls. "All these," said a voice, "are for thee and for thy soldiers." Little did he then imagine what this dream portended, and that the weapons of his warfare were not to be carnal.

Francis provided himself with horse and suit of mail, and set out on his way to Apulia. He got as far as Spoleto, but there fell ill, probably with a relapse of the intermittent fever which pursued him more or less all his life, and which haunts like a ghost the fairest parts of Italy. While he thus lay, one night, in the feverish succession of heat and cold, half asleep, half stupefied, he suddenly heard a voice which questioned him: "Francis, whom does it profit most to follow, the master or the servant?" "The master,"

answered the sick man, promptly. "Why then," asked the voice, "do you leave the master for the servant, the prince for his subject?" The young Francis said, like Saul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Return to thy country," answered the voice, "and then it will be told thee what thou must do."

Such was the story which Francis, in after years, told his followers. Whether it was a dream, or whether some good counsellor had visited his sick couch, he was not in a condition to say. Next morning the tertian ague left him, after its wont, suddenly. Perhaps feeling that with this complaint on him he would make but a poor soldier, perhaps impressed by the mysterious conversation which had taken place in the night, he remounted his horse, not to go on to Apulia, but to return to Assisi.

He returned to his former course of life, but not with the same zest as formerly. He was just at an age when the deepest feelings of man's nature begin to make themselves heard. The round of drinking and frolic, music and laughter, did not satisfy the vague cravings of a soul capable of lofty things. One evening he was revelling with his companions. When supper was over, the merry party dashed out of the hot, lighted room into the open air. The dark indigo-blue vault of heaven was overhead, besprent with myriads of stars, the air was soft and balmy, and all was hushed. Francis stood still, his sensitive, poetic nature was touched by the contrast.

"What ails you, Francis?" asked one of the revellers.

"He is star-gazing for a wife," joked another.

"Ah!" said Francis solemnly, "for a wife past all that your imaginations can conceive!"

His soul with inarticulate cravings strained for some great love to fill it and satisfy it, but what that love was he knew not.

Whether this was the last of his revels we are not told, perhaps it was ; it marked the first distinct perception that his old life of careless merriment was at an end for him. From this time he was gradually drawn on towards the goal. He was drawn by his kindness of heart. He had been profuse in his charities, sympathizing with misery, always ready to do a kind act to him who needed it, but now these impulses settled into a systematic habit of charity. One class of sufferers he had always avoided, from his instinctive love of beauty, this was that of lepers. But he determined to overcome this repugnance. One day as he was riding across the valley he met a poor leper. The moment for an act of self-conquest was come. He descended from his horse, kissed the hand of the poor wretch, and filled it with money.

Whilst he was in a state of profound uncertainty, the transition from one state to another, he went to Rome, probably upon mercantile business, which he did not neglect throughout this crisis of his inner life. He was drifting on a sea of doubt, not knowing whither to steer. He had broken from his old moorings, but he had found no port. He was sick at heart, dissatisfied with himself, with life, with the world, but his vocation was not clear to him. His mind even seems to have been slightly thrown off its balance. He was ready to obey any impulse, however strange, in the vague expectation that he would hit at last on the road that would lead him to peace and happiness. As he was wandering through the basilica of S. Peter's at Rome, in this unsettled condition, he was struck with the poverty of the offerings made at the shrines. He at once thrust his hand into his purse, pulled out all the money in it, and threw it in at the grating before the tomb of the Apostles. The money fell with such a noise that it attracted the attention of all who were near. Francis, ashamed of his act, as if one of ostenta-

tion, though no such motive had prompted him, hastened out of the church. Then he saw the steps crowded with beggars. Another fit of enthusiasm came over his disturbed heart, he plucked off his clothes, changed them with a beggar for his rags, and seated himself for the rest of the day on the steps of the cathedral, begging with the squalid and hungry crew.

There could be no more striking indication of the chaos of all his ideas, than this ready yielding to a succession of unreasonable impulses.

He returned to Assisi, having finished his business ; but it was not to the joyous, careless life of former days. The current of his life gradually, imperceptibly, swept into the new channel of piety—not of active charity only, but of deep meditation on God and the mystery of Redemption. The sublime life of Christ in all its simplicity and self-abnegation, and the death on the Cross which concluded that long sacrifice, seized upon his soul, as sometimes the influence of a living leader will fire a young imagination with enthusiasm and self-devotion. “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men after me.” Those words of Our Lord were fulfilled in Francis. His heart, which had gone forth begging for a love to which to cling, found its object in the Incarnate Son of God. No anxiety about his own salvation seems to have distressed Francis. He forgot himself in the ecstasy of his love for his Saviour. He had found what he desired, and it was more than he had dreamed of. The Gospel narrative pondered over by Francis was so real, that he longed to follow every step of the Life of Lives. Having found a quiet cave in a wood or thicket, away from the roads, he was wont to retire thither, accompanied by a friend, whom he left outside. There he would spend hours of devotion and contemplation ; and when he issued forth, his companion was struck by the alteration in his countenance, it had become

so pale and haggard. Francis was walking in darkness, waiting to be pointed out his way; his old life was impossible to him now, its landmarks removed, its pleasures emptied out, its apples turned to dust. It was his hour in the wilderness; and so far as his friends and relations could see, an eclipse had fallen upon the bright promise of his youth.

But the character of Francis was not one that would allow him to rest thus—he must find something to do. His future was determined by his next step, and that by an act which certainly shows how completely disturbed his mental state was at the time. There was a little church dedicated to S. Damian at Assisi, which had fallen into disrepair. This deserted church attracted Francis, and he was often wont to seek it for private prayer. The ruinous condition of the sacred building forced itself on his notice, and then suddenly flamed up in him the resolve to restore the dilapidated sanctuary. But this very natural resolution arose, according to his biographers S. Bonaventura and the Three Companions, from a very wonderful event, of which, however, Thomas de Celano, writing only three years after the death of the Saint, knew nothing, so rapidly do legends grow. According to the story, Francis was kneeling in the crumbling old church, before an image of the Crucified, when the image said to him, “Francis, seest thou not that my house is in ruins? Go, and restore it for me.” “With good will, Lord,” answered the eager suppliant, thinking that the church referred to was the little chapel of S. Damian, and not the Catholic Church, which in the West was tottering, and would have fallen, had not S. Francis and S. Dominic been raised up, as two pillars, to support it on their shoulders.

Francis sprang from his knees, seized with the impulse to repair the church of S. Damian,—an impulse as sudden as that which made him empty his purse into the tomb of the

Apostles, and change his clothes with a beggar ; and with the same unreasoning precipitation he hastened home, carried off several bales of cloth from his father's warehouse, to which he had no right, conveyed them to Foligno, and there sold them, together with the horse which had brought them thither. Then he ran with the money to the church of S. Damian, and offered it to the priest who ministered there. This worthy man, surprised at the large sum offered, and the excitement of the young man, before receiving it asked questions about how he had come by it, and elicited the facts. When he ascertained that Francis had no right to the money, he refused to receive it, and Francis, disappointed and angry, tossed the bag containing it into the corner of a built-up window, there to lie among the dust and rubbish which were as valueless as it had proved to be.

Francis, knowing he had done wrong, was afraid to face his father, and begged the priest to take him in. This he consented to do ; but his honesty made him resolute in his refusal to receive the money. Francis remained some days in the presbytery, out of spirits and bewildered. Before long, Bernadone discovered the place of his son's retreat. He was greatly exasperated at what Francis had done, and having collected his neighbours, he made a raid upon San Damiano, to recover his son and his money. Francis took refuge in a dark cellar, where he lay concealed for several days. He stayed there long enough to reach the depths of despondency, and at last to recover sufficient moral courage to face the difficulty. He therefore issued from his voluntary dungeon, pale and worn by his seclusion, and the poor fare with which he had been supplied, and left San Damiano a very different figure from the "felix mercator" who had carried his money and heart to God's house, in the exuberance of enthusiasm, a short time before.

When he appeared in the streets, and was recognized, a

popular tumult arose. The townsfolk, among whom he had been a great favourite, crowded round him with threats and insults. He was pelted with stones, and pursued with shouts of derision. The noise of the commotion reached the ears of Pietro Bernadone in his dark shop, and he issued forth, flaming with indignation and resentment. His gallant son, whom he had proudly said was more like a prince than a merchant, who had been the favourite of Assisi and the hope of his house, had now become a squalid, wretched fanatic. He rushed into the street, mad with shame and rage, and falling upon Francis with all the fury of outraged love and pride, drove him home with blows and curses to the house where he had been born. He was shut up in a dark prison, bound as a criminal, and compelled to endure the bitter reproaches of his incensed father. A few days after, Bernadone went out on business, and then the mother crept to her boy; she unloosed his chains and unbarred the door, and bid him depart. It was in love that she sent him forth, but yet it was banishment from his home. Francis went back to San Damiano without a word of complaint, having thus had the bonds of nature snapt from him one by one. Thenceforth there was no choice left for him; no looking back, had he desired it. The little presbytery, the poor priest, the old church falling into ruins—such were the only friend and refuge left to him in the world. When Pietro returned and found his son gone, he was not softened, but pursued him with unwavering virulence. He appealed to the magistrates to recover for him his son and his money. Francis, by this time, had recovered his courage. There is something in excessive violence which weakens persistence, and even, if that be possible, neutralizes the most just ground of complaint. The young man had repented, and had been punished severely; and now his spirit was roused. He replied to the summons of the magistrates, that he was now a servant of

God, and independent of their jurisdiction. Pietro then carried his appeal to the bishop. "I will go readily to the bishop," said Francis; and accordingly, in the episcopal palace he met, probably for the last time, his unyielding father. Public opinion had now begun to turn against the harsh Pietro, who demanded not only the restoration of his money, but also a public renunciation of all claim to any share of the family property from his once favourite boy. The bishop exhorted Francis to restore the money. "Give it back to him," said he; "for whatever is acquired by unjust means, God refuses to accept. Therefore, my son, have faith in God, and act like a man."

These words soothed and encouraged the young penitent. His father's relentless persecution had stirred his indignation and contempt. This same father, who pursued him so pitilessly about a miserable sum, the result of one day's sale, had formerly grudged him no extravagance. "Not only the money," said Francis, "but everything that can be called his, even the clothes he gave me, I will restore." And throwing off his gay garments, he piled them in a heap in the midst, placing the money on the top of all. Then he turned, half naked, yet delivered by his passion from all sensitiveness or shame. "Bear witness all present," he cried, "I have restored to Pietro Bernadone all that was his. Up to this time I have called him my father, I call him so no more. God alone is now my father."

The bishop threw his mantle over the naked shoulders of the youth, and tenderly embraced him. And a scene so strange and touching moved every heart. The father, still indignant and full of bitterness, collected the money and the clothes, and went forth carrying the remains of the son who was henceforth dead to him.

A labourer's rough frock was obtained, and Francis, clothed in it, departed. It was winter, and the snow was on the

ground, but Francis departed to the woods, and wandered among the snow-laden trees, singing in French the praises of God. He found refuge in a monastery, where for some time he laboured in the kitchen. He stayed there till his one garment was worn out, and then he rambled off to Gubbio, to an old friend, to beg another. After this follows an indefinite period of wandering, during which he gave himself up to the nursing of lepers, and entire subjection of his own will and carnal inclination.

When he had thoroughly achieved the conquest of himself, he returned to San Damiano, to commence the work which lay near his heart. He brought stones from the quarries, hewed them, shaped them, and built them into the walls of San Damiano; he was indefatigable over his task. He dragged heavy stones up the hill on his shoulders, worked the mortar, laid the courses, and plastered, all with his own hands. The townsfolk looked on in wonder. By degrees their ridicule died away, and he was treated with reverence and awe. By degrees the citizens lent assistance, and so he succeeded in restoring the church.

It was whilst engaged on this pious task that the kindly priest of San Damiano provided certain delicacies for the young man, knowing how daintily he had been brought up. Francis was shocked at this indulgence of his palate. In his fervour he almost rebuked the kindness of his fatherly friend:—"You, a priest," he said, "and thus lend yourself to human weakness!"

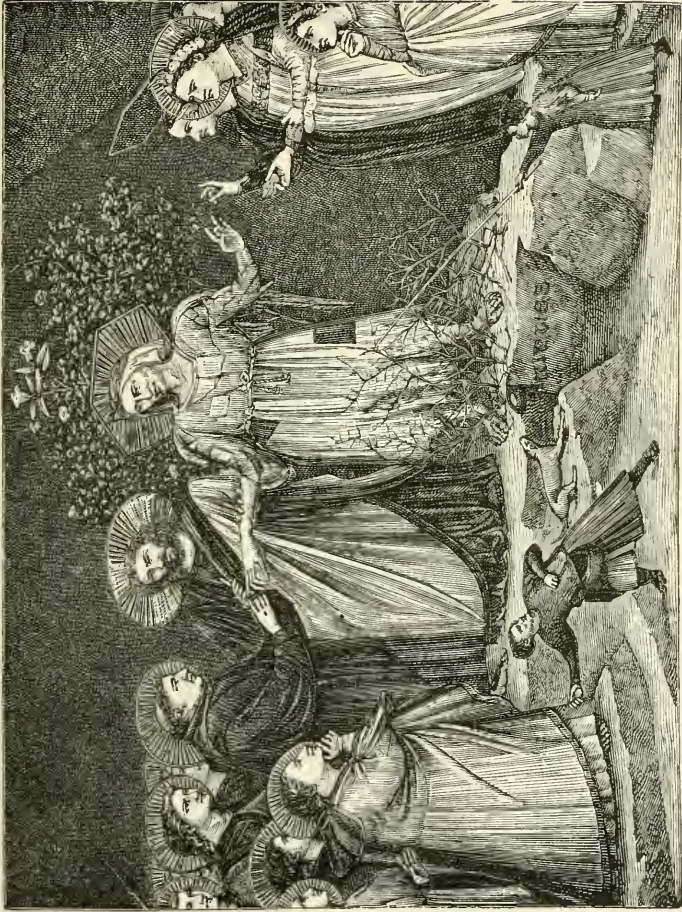
And in his excitement he seized a dish and ran into Assisi, begging from door to door scraps which would have been bestowed on paupers. The Assisan housewives who, with an amazement beyond words, gave their alms to that strange petitioner, knew all his story; they knew his daintiness of old, and they knew also the reason why he had conquered it. When he had collected scraps enough for his meal, the

once fastidious Francis returned to the presbytery with the broken crusts upon his plate, to eat them with what appetite he could. At first, disgust took possession of him, and he turned from the unpalatable meal, but afterwards, going back to it with renewed courage, he consumed it all, and rising with joyful heart, told the priest that thenceforth it would be unnecessary to make provision for him; he had found out the means of supplying his own bodily wants, without interfering with his work for God.

Thus, as it were by accident, the first principle of the Rule of S. Francis was established. But no idea of any Rule was then in his mind. When the church of S. Damiano was finished, Francis restored two others, a church of S. Peter, and that of S. Maria degli Angeli, at the Portiuncula, which became from that time his home.

This work occupied him two years. Up to this time he had lived a curious, semi-ecclesiastical life. But he was still untossured; it does not seem to have occurred to him to make himself a monk of any of the existing rules. He lived alone, free to follow his own devices. But the day which was to fix his destiny approached. He had been converted in 1206; and it was in 1208, when he was hearing mass one day in the little church he so loved, that something in the Gospel struck him as it had never done before. When the mass was over he begged the priest to expound it to him. The words which suddenly smote on his conscience as a new and special message were these: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves. And as ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

"Here is what I have wanted," said Francis, "here is what I have long sought;" and leaving the church, he divested himself of his shoes, cast away his staff, loosed



MARRIAGE OF S. FRANCIS TO POVERTY.

From a Fresco by Giotto in the Lower Church at Assisi.

Oct., Part I. p. 80.]

[Oct. 4.

the leathern girdle from his waist, and supplied its place by a piece of cord, the first thing that was ready at hand. Thus again, half by accident, another distinction of the unformed Order came into existence. But what was more, this message to his soul conveyed to it an object, gave it a purpose, for which it had groped during the years of probation. His mouth was opened to preach the Gospel to the poor. He went forth out of the little church of the Portiuncula on that S. Barnabas Day, 1208, as a preacher, and thus, unaware, began a mission which was to move whole kingdoms, and dominate the lives of multitudes of men. Nobody could be less aware of this than the humble Francis. He began his preaching everywhere with the salutation, "The peace of God be with you," and was heard by all. "His words were like fire," says Celano, "piercing the heart." His first disciple, according to Celano and the Three Companions, was a certain nameless boy of Assisi, but as no further mention of him or particulars concerning him occur in any of the lives of S. Francis, it is probable that he fell away from the young Order. The next to join Francis was a citizen named Bernardo di Quintavalle, a man of wealth and learning. He distributed all his goods among the poor, and placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of the saint. The next to offer himself as a disciple was Pietro de Catanio, a canon of the Cathedral of Assisi; both these men of position and fortune were received together, and eight days after, another citizen of Assisi, called Egidio, presented himself as a candidate. As soon as Egidio had received the brown habit of the new Order, Francis took him as his companion on an apostolic journey into the Marches of Ancona. They went along the sunny roads together singing praise to God, and "as it happened that S. Francis had not yet begun publicly to preach to the people, he went along admonishing and reproving men and women by the way, saying simply,

with tenderness, 'Love and serve God, and do penance, as is meet, for your sins;' and Brother Egidio said, 'Do what my spiritual father says to you, because what he says is the best.'

S. Francis seems then to have had some forecasting of what his society would become, for he said to his companion, "Son, our Order will be like the fisher, who puts his net into the waters and takes a great multitude of fishes, keeping the larger ones, and leaving the smaller." At this Egidio marvelled, for the whole Order then consisted of himself, Bernardo, Pietro, and their friends.

But others now began to flow into the community, and as soon as his disciples had reached the number of seven, S. Francis sent them out to preach by twos, as our Lord had sent His disciples. He made them an affectionate address before they separated; "Go," said he, according to Bonaventura, "proclaim peace to men; preach repentance for the remission of sins. Be patient in tribulation, watchful in prayer, strong in labour, moderate in speech, grave in conversation, thankful for benefits." And to each, separately, as he took leave of him, he said, "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

The preachers met with all the ordinary varieties of reception. Some hailed them as messengers from heaven, others mobbed them as maniacs, but wherever they went they roused the public mind, sometimes to interest, sometimes to opposition, always, at least to wonder. And already this bold pictorial lesson of men wedded to poverty, presented before a world which was corrupted by the greed of gain, had begun to tell. Up to this time the little company had lived together by the simple exercise of their own will, without any rule or formal bond uniting them. Francis was their natural leader, it was he who had drawn them by his example out of the world, and to whom they looked as their

guide ; but they were, as yet, under no legitimate subjection to him, nor were they bound to the life of hardship which they had voluntarily adopted.

When the little house which they inhabited at the Portiuncula was so full that there was scarcely room for them all to lie down in it, it became necessary to give to the family a constitution. Francis felt this, and was troubled. He went forth at night to pray and meditate over the matter. On one such occasion, Celano informs us, he had retired to his accustomed devotion, his heart heavy with thought and anxiety, and in his depression, able to say nothing but "God be merciful to me a sinner," when a certain prevision of what his order would become came on him and filled his soul with unspeakable ecstasy. When he returned to his brethren, he bade them rejoice with him. "Be comforted, my dearest ones," he cried ; "rejoice in the Lord, and be not downcast because we are few, for it has been shown to me by God that you shall increase to become a great multitude, and shall go on increasing to the end of the world. I see a multitude of men coming towards me from every quarter, French, Spaniards, Germans, and English, each in his different tongue encouraging the others."

So the rule was drawn up, consisting, like the other monastic rules, of the three great vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, differing only in so far that the poverty ordained by Francis was absolute. In other rules, though the individual was allowed to possess nothing, the community had often rich possessions, but among the *Fratres Minores* there was not to be so much as a provision secured for the merest daily necessities. Day by day they were to live by God's providence, eating what they were given in charity, taking no thought how they were to be fed or wherewith clothed.

Another grand distinction of the rule drawn up by S.

Francis was the occupation it prescribed to its members. They were not to shut themselves up or to care first for their own salvation. They were to preach—this was their special work; they were to be the heralds of God to the world, to proclaim the coming of His kingdom. Cloistered seclusion was not to the taste of S. Francis. So far as we can make out, he had thought little of himself—even of his own soul to be saved—all his life. The trouble on his mind had been what to do, how sufficiently to work for God, and to help men. His fellow-creatures were dear to him: he gave them his cloak from his shoulders many a day, and the morsel from his own lips; and would have given them the heart from his bosom had that been possible. He was not of the world, but yet he would not be taken out of the world.

As soon as the rule was completed, Francis presented it to the Bishop of Assisi, who stumbled at the prohibition of all possessions. "Your life," said the bishop, "without any goods in the world seems to me most hard and terrible." "My lord," answered Francis, "if we had possessions we should need arms to protect them." There was force in this response. The bishop knew the violence and rapacity of the Umbrian lords, and he withdrew his objections.

Francis, with his companions, now went to Rome to obtain the confirmation of the rule from the Pope. According to the account of Bonaventura, Francis approached Innocent III. whilst walking on the terrace of the Lateran, lost in thought. The Pope, annoyed at the invasion of his privacy, waved the poor stranger away impatiently. But that night he saw in a dream the great church of S. John Lateran tottering to its fall, when two men hastened to set their shoulders to support it. In one of these Innocent recognized the brown-dressed stranger of the day before, the other he afterwards saw in S. Dominic.

Next day he sent for S. Francis and had his rule examined; objections were again raised against the prohibition of all property, but Francis overruled them. Innocent approved the rule, and gave to the members of the new order the tonsure, so that, though not priests, they might be considered clerks.

The joy of the little band was extreme. When they had received the Pope's blessing, and that sign of consecration, they set out, shoeless, staffless, without a penny, or a purse to put one into, without a crust of bread for their journey, upon their way home. But though they were on their way back to Assisi, they were not about to resume their lodging in the shed at the Portiuncula; for what reason we are not told; perhaps the permission to do so had been temporarily withdrawn from them. They went slowly upon their way, and lingered, Celano tells us, for a fortnight near the town of Orta, preaching daily in the city, and begging their food. They then proceeded "by cities and castles;" now entering a walled and guarded mediæval town, where, in the piazza, where the markets are held, the brethren in their brown habits stood round their leader as he poured forth addresses, burning from his heart, upon the astonished crowd; now toiling up the steep paths to some great feudal castle where the men-at-arms would wonder and gibe at them as they preached of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. The words of Francis found a ready response, however, in these untamed hearts, and we hear of one whole castle full, lord and lady, officers and retainers, casting themselves at the feet of Francis, and begging to be allowed to follow him in the path of perfect renunciation. It was this which startled Francis into the foundation of his Third Order, an order intended for laymen and laywomen, living in the world, and requiring no sacrifice beyond that of the heart. S. Francis was too wise in his perfect natural-

ness and sincerity, to believe it possible that the common uses of the world could be abandoned, and the ordinary duties thrown away, by a sudden impulse such as this affecting a crowd. He calmed down his excited audience by the promise of a rule to be established for them, and an order into which they could enter without shaking off the responsibilities and ties of their position in the world.

When S. Francis and his companions reached the neighbourhood of Assisi, they stopped at a deserted hut on the wayside, at a place called Rivo-Torto, and there they remained for some time. Here their food seems to have consisted for the most part of biscuits only, bread having failed in their daily quests. It was apparently while living in this place that the brethren asked from their leader a form of prayer. They had no ecclesiastical books out of which to say the canonical hours; and they were, moreover, untrained laymen, not accustomed to the elaborate offices of the clergy. The prayers S. Francis prescribed to them were the "Our Father," and the prayer, "We adore Thee, O Christ, in all Thy churches which are in all the world, and we bless Thee, because Thou hast by Thy Holy Cross redeemed the world." When they saw cross or church, however far off, they knelt down and humbly repeated these two prayers—their entire vocabulary of worship.

After a stay of some time at Rivo-Torto, the little church and plot of ground surrounding it at the Portiuncula was given to S. Francis by the Benedictines of Subiaco, to whom it belonged, and the little confraternity moved to it, as their place of permanent rest. The Portiuncula thus became the cradle and home of the Franciscan Order, henceforth as famous as Monte Subiaco itself.

In this house the brethren do not seem to have had any formal division of their time—so many hours for study, so many for work, so many for manual labour—as was

the case in the older Orders. They were to hear mass once a day if possible; they went and came freely, begging yet bestowing; giving to any whom they might encounter, who were as poor as themselves, of that bread of charity, which, to Francis, was as the bread of angels. Money they were bound not to touch under any conditions, not even for the relief of the poor.

By this time, not much more than three years from the moment when the pale penitent was hooted through Assisi amid the derisive shouts of the people, and driven with blows and curses into confinement in his own father's house, we find that it had already become his custom on Sunday to preach in the Cathedral, and that, from his little convent at the Portiuncula, Francis had risen into influence in the whole country. Already the mind of the people, so slow to admit, but so ready to accommodate itself to anything novel, had used itself to the sight of the brethren in their snuff-coloured habits, and, leaping from one extreme to the other, instead of madmen, began to consider them saints. "Because they possessed nothing earthly," says Bonaventura, "loved nothing earthly, and feared to lose nothing earthly, they were secure in all places; troubled by no fears, distracted by no cares, they lived without trouble of mind, waiting without solicitude for the coming day, or the night's lodging."

We find many little anecdotes of the life of S. Francis at this period in the "Fioretti." In every sketch the popular chronicler gives of the interior of the convent, there is some glimpse of S. Francis stealing out into the wood to pray. This wood, in the narrative, occupies the position which a secluded convent garden holds in monastic stories. Probably the Portiuncula had not even such a refuge. There is a little door which leads to the wood in the convent wall, and through it we see constantly the figure of Francis

pass, to disappear within the sacred, mysterious woodland depths.

In the community at this time there was a certain Brother Richerio, one of the humbler members of the community, who had a great longing for the affection of Francis, and at the same time entertained one of those timid fancies which so often accompany love, that for some secret reason Francis thought badly of him and did not return his regard. The poor brother went sadly about his usual occupations, turning over and over, in troubled musings, the doubt which embittered his life. One day, as he passed the cell where his leader was praying, Francis suddenly called him. "Let not this temptation disturb you, my son," he said, with his natural cordial tenderness; "for you are dear to me, and even amongst those whom I hold most dear. You know that you are worthy of my friendship, therefore come to me in confidence whensoever you will, and from friendship learn faith."

On another occasion the same insight into the feelings of others, occasioned by his warm sympathy, made S. Francis aware that one of the brethren, who had injured his health by excessive fasting, was "so pinched with hunger, that on a certain night he was unable to sleep. He got up immediately, took some bread, and, going to the cell of the starving brother, began to eat, inviting him to share his frugal supper. The sufferer, thus delivered from the shame of yielding to his own innocent and natural craving, ate, and was rescued from that supremacy of bodily sensations which, though few ascetics have confessed it, as often accompanies extreme abstinence as indulgence. This truth S. Francis seems to have perceived for others, if not for himself. He called the brethren together in the morning, and told them what had passed, recommending, it would seem, his own example to their imitation, that they might

succour each other when austerity went beyond due limits ; but also exhorting them to " follow discretion, which is the charioteer of all virtues."

We may add one more incident, and that of a different kind, to the particulars of the life of our saint in this its second phase. He had renounced all things, not only the lusts of the flesh, if they had ever existed in him, but also the tenderer charm of the affections, which were so much more likely to hold fast such a spirit. He had given up without hesitation, as would appear, all the indefinite sweetness of youthful hopes. But, nevertheless, he was still young, still a man, with human instincts and wishes, the tenderest nature, and an imagination full of all the warmth and grace of his age and his country. It does not appear that he ever put into words the musings which caught him unawares. But one night he rose suddenly from the earthen floor, which was his bed, and rushed out into the night in an access of passion and despair. A certain brother who was praying in his cell, peering, wondering, through his little window, saw him heap up seven little figures of snow in the clear moonlight. " Here is thy wife," he said to himself ; " these four are thy sons and daughters, the other two are thy servant and handmaid ; and for all these thou art bound to provide. Make haste, then, and provide clothing for them, lest they perish with cold. But if the care of so many trouble thee, be thou careful to serve the Lord alone." What piteous human yearning is manifested in this little scene ! The gentle heart, all sympathy and love, for one moment had gone forth in imagination to see himself by the fireside with a loving wife and little ones about his knee ; for one moment the agony of seeing the tenderest, holiest love that God has planted on earth, cast aside by him for the greater love of God, made itself felt. Was there some face of an Assisian maiden loved of old that

rose then to haunt him? Or was it but an ideal vision, like those of the unborn faces of children, that thus presented itself before him? We cannot tell. Francis says no word of the trial that goes on in his heart. He dissipates the dream by the chill touch of the snow, and then the curtain of prayer and silence falls over him, and the convent walls close black around.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of the history of S. Francis, that whereas every Saint in the calendar, from S. Antony downwards, is sometimes troubled with visions of voluptuous delight, only Francis, in his pure dreams, is tempted by the modest joys of wife and children, the most legitimate and tenderest love.

In the meantime the first twelve had begun to grow into a great army; and as soon as the new members were sufficiently well known to make apparent any special talents there might be in them, they were sent forth, two and two, into new places, those who could preach being licensed by S. Francis, according to the power given him by Pope Innocent. They followed the evangelical precept with strict literalness. If there was a priest who would receive them, they went to that priest; if not, they asked for the most worthy in the place, and dwelt with him till they had drawn a little band of new brethren round them, and a habitation had to be found for yet another community.

The first Chapter of the Order took place, apparently, in 1212, only six years from the conversion of S. Francis. This general assembly was a most necessary refreshment to the brethren, who had wandered over the face of the country, from shore to shore, during all winter and spring. And henceforth, every Pentecost saw the Order reassemble, at first in little groups, Assisians, Perugians, neighbours from all the towns of Umbria, but growing daily, till thousands came to camp around the Portiuncula.

The year 1212 saw a new development of the Order, in the establishment of a sisterhood in connection with the Society. The story of S. Clara has been already given (Aug. 12), and need not be repeated here. Clara was the first fruits of the Mendicant Order amongst women, the founder of the Poor Clares, the second Order of S. Francis. The application of the new Rule, which was based not only upon individual but corporate poverty, was harder as applied to women than it was to men. The brides of Christ were cloistered, and unable to go out and beg their daily bread, as were their brethren; for religious fervour, even at its highest pitch, had not yet conceived the possibility of a young and beautiful girl like Clara going forth publicly to serve the world, and receive from it her humble subsistence. To Clara and her sisters was given the passive part; theirs it was to support the brethren by their prayers, to stand by and watch and offer the sacrifice of all things, spending their time in supplications for a world which did not pray for itself, as the brethren spent their lives and strength in preaching and active succour.

This was the beginning of one of those tender and touching friendships which are to the student of history like green spots in the desert; and which give to the man and the woman thus voluntarily separated from all the joys of life a certain human consolation in the midst of their hardships. The two saints can have seen each other but seldom, for it was one of the express stipulations of the Franciscan Rule that the friars should refrain from all society with women, and have only the most sparing and reserved intercourse even with their sisters in religion. And Francis was no priest, directing the spiritual life of his daughter in the faith. But he sent to her to ask enlightenment from her prayers, when any difficulty was in his way. He went to see her when he was in trouble. That he was sure of her sympathy in all things, of her prayers

and spiritual aid, whatsoever he might be doing, wheresoever he might be, no doubt was sweet to Francis in all his labours and trials. As he walked many a weary day past the church of S. Damian, every stone of which was familiar to him, and many laid with his own hands, must not his heart have warmed at the thought of the sister within, safe from all conflict with the world, upon whose fellow-feeling he could rely as absolutely as man can rely only on woman? The world has jeered from its earliest age at the possibility of such friendships, and yet they have always existed—one of the most exquisite and delicate of earthly ties. Gazing back into that far distance over the graves, not only of those two friends, but of a hundred succeeding generations, a tear of sympathy comes into the student's eye. He is glad to believe that, all those years, Francis could see in his comings and goings the cloister of S. Clara; and that this sacred gleam of human fellowship—love purified of all self-seeking, tender, visionary, celestial affection—sweetened their solitary lives.

The year 1212 had been a most eventful one in his life. He had been able to recognize and identify his Order as rapidly rising in importance, sanctioned by the Pope, though as yet only verbally, and attracting the sympathy and attention of the Church. His bishop, the Cardinal of San Paolo, and other great ecclesiastics, had been moved by the truth and fervour of the man to recognize in him one of those born reformers who arise now and then in the world. His first great difficulties were over; and the community, even were he taken away from it, was strong enough and sufficiently well organized to stand by itself. In these circumstances it was not of rest that he thought. He resolved on undertaking a mission in the East, in the track of the Crusaders. He set out, but the attempt failed, and he returned for the Pentecostal Chapter without having accomplished anything. Next year he set out for Spain, to preach to, and, as he hoped,

convert, the Moors. But this expedition was likewise without result. About the time of his return from Spain, Francis met and made the acquaintance of Cardinal Ugolino, Bishop of Ostia, who afterwards became the first protector of the Order. He was the Pope's legate in Florence. Ugolino seems to have persuaded S. Francis to abandon, at least for the present, his fruitless expedition, and to confine his attention to the consolidation of the Order at home. A Council was to be held in Rome in the following year, and no better opportunity could be found for the final settlement of the important business of obtaining a written confirmation of the rule.

In 1215 the fourth great Lateran Council assembled, and in it the rule of the Franciscans was publicly sanctioned by Innocent III. and the assembled bishops. It was not even now confirmed by a bull, as was afterwards done by Innocent's successor, but a public recognition was accorded it, which sufficed for the complete establishment of the Order in Italy.

It is supposed to be there that S. Dominic and S. Francis met. Dominic, whilst praying in a church in Rome, saw, in vision, our Lord rise from the right hand of the Father in wrath, wearied at last with the contradiction of sinners, with a terrible aspect, and three lances in his hand, each one of which was destined for the extermination of a special class of offenders. But while the dreamer gazed at this awful spectacle, the Virgin Mother arose and pleaded for the world, declaring that she had two faithful servants whom she would send forth into the world to bring sinners to the feet of the Saviour. One of these was Dominic himself; the other was a poor man, meanly clad, whom he had never seen before. This vision deeply impressed the devout Spaniard. Next morning, while he mused on the dream which had been sent to him, his eye fell all at once upon a

stranger in a brown tunic, of aspect humble and modest, coming to the same church to pray. Dominic at once ran to him, fell on his neck, and kissed him, saying: "Thou art my companion; thy work and mine is the same. If we stand by each other, nothing can prevail against us."

The silent years between 1214 and 1219 contain no public incidents in the life of S. Francis, but the narrative abounds in beautiful stories of his private life, of his tenderness, kindness, humanity, and of the beautiful courtesy of his character. He was a man overflowing with sympathy for man and beast, for all God's creatures, wherever and howsoever he encountered them. Not only was every man his brother, but every animal, the sheep in the fields, the birds in the branches, the brother-ass on which he rode, the sister-bees which took refuge in his kind protection. He was the friend of everything that suffered or rejoiced; no emotion went beyond his sympathy; his heart rose to see the gladness of nature, and melted over the distresses of the smallest and meanest creature on the face of the earth. Some of the anecdotes related of him in his relation to the dumb animals are as follows.

"The blessed Francis, returning from beyond the sea, was travelling through the Marches of Venice, and heard a vast multitude of birds singing among the bushes. And when he saw them he said to his companions, 'Our sisters, the birds, are praising their Maker. Let us then go into their midst and sing to the Lord the Canonical Hours.' And when they had gone into their midst, the birds moved not from the place; but as, on account of their chirping and twittering, the brethren were not able to hear each other, the holy man turned to the birds and said, 'Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered our bounden praise to God.' And they at once were silent, and when the praises were finished resumed their song."



S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI PREACHING TO THE BIRDS.
From a Painting by Giotto.

On another occasion, when he was preaching in the town of Alvia, the swallows, with their perpetual screaming, incommoded the audience. Francis had gone up to a piece of high ground, that he might be seen of all, and had asked for silence from the assembled people. But the birds were flitting all about in airy circles, making their nests, chirping, and calling to each other overhead in the blue heaven of the Italian sky. When it became apparent that these sweet disturbers of the peace prevented their human companions from hearing the word of God, the preacher turned and courteously saluted the little nest-builders. "My sisters," he said, "it is now time that I should speak. Since you have had your say, listen now in your turn to the word of God, and be silent till the sermon is finished." It is needless to say that he was perfectly obeyed.

Other instances of the sense of safety which the very presence of so holy and kind a soul diffused around him abound in the early biographies. One day, at the village of Gubbio, a live leveret was brought to him, probably as part of his day's provision. When he saw the little creature, his gentle heart was moved to pity. "Little brother leveret, come to me," he said; "why didst thou suffer thyself to be taken?" The trembling animal immediately escaped out of the hands of the brother who held it, and fled to Francis, taking refuge in the folds of his gown. From this shelter he disentangled it, set it free on the ground, and gave it leave to depart. The same story is told of a wild rabbit, which took refuge with him in an island on the lake of Perugia. "It still returned into the father's bosom, as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart," says Bonaventura.

"Once he was seated in a little boat on the Lake of Rieti, near a certain part, when a fisherman, catching a large tench, brought it to Francis. And he, taking it kindly and cheer-

fully, began to call it brother, and putting it into the water again, he began devoutly to bless the name of God ; and all the while that he continued in prayer the fish played about in the water round the boat, and departed not from the spot till the saint of God gave him leave."

Lambs were the special objects of his regard. On one occasion, while walking silently along the road in one of his many journeys, he noticed a single lamb feeding amidst a herd of goats. It was like our Lord amidst the Pharisees, he thought ; and he could not bear to leave the emblem of his Master in the midst of the rude bearded flock. But Francis had nothing to offer as the price of it, except his brown habit. A merchant coming up, and hearing his difficulty, bought the lamb and presented it to Francis. It was near the city of Osimo, where he was going to preach, and he resumed his journey with joy and thanks, leading with him the white lamb that was like his Lord. The bishop wondered at this unusual addition to the party ; but Francis made his little companion the subject of his discourse, and so set forth the divine story as to move all hearts. When, however, Francis and his brethren had got as far as San Severino on their further way, the lamb became something of a burthen to the travellers, and was finally left at a convent with a community of sisters, who received the charge of it with joy. Some time after, the sisters sent to the saint a gown made of its wool, which he received with unfeigned delight. At home, at the Portiuncula, a lamb was one of his daily companions. "The holy man taught it that it should always praise God, and give no offence to the brethren," says the simple narrative.

He was overtaken by darkness one night with a companion on the borders of the Po. The road was dangerous, and the river swollen. The brother who accompanied Francis was seized with alarm as the darkness closed around

them. "Father, pray that we may be delivered from this peril," he cried. "God is powerful," answered Francis; "if it please Him to dispel the darkness and bestow on us the blessing of light, He will do so." He had scarcely spoken the words when a flash of summer lightning kindled the skies, exhibited to them the rolling stream, the road, and the distant hostel to which they were bound. Then the wayfarers lifted up their voices and sang the praises of God.

One night Francis lay in his cell, weak and worn with fever, when there came upon him a longing to hear some music. He had loved it from his earliest days, and it was a necessity to his poetic nature. He said nothing, however, of the longing in his breast. "The decorum of religion," says Bonaventura, "forbade his asking for it at the hand of man;" and it is difficult to imagine that Brothers Bernard or Elias, even had he asked it of them, could have charmed his ear with harp or lute. But as he lay awake one night in his weakness, suddenly his desire was granted to him. "He heard the sound of a harp, of wonderful harmony, and most sweet melody." The sound went and came, as if the player were moving to and fro under the convent windows.

In the year 1219 took place a famous Chapter of the whole Order, when probably every member of the society was present at Assisi. It was the first time that an actual numerical estimate of the strength of the Order was made, and then, according to numerous testimonies, it amounted to five thousand. A certain need of general legislation seems to have shown itself, and necessitated such a great assembly. The brethren came pouring in at Pentecost from all sides, without purse or penny to put therein among the entire crowd, the end of their journey being a little church and convent, poor as themselves, where, instead of a supply of provisions enough for so great a multitude, there was not

store enough of fragments laid up to sustain the founder and his little nucleus of friars beyond a single day.

The Portiuncula is situated on one of the lowest slopes of the Apennine hills, and below stretches the plain, blazing under the Italian sun, which was the only guest-chamber Francis could provide for his visitors. Here they erected a quantity of little tents made of straw thatch, or matting and rushes; such shelters from the sun as may still be seen about the Italian fields rudely propped up on posts, as no doubt were the huts of the brethren. From this peculiarity the Chapter derives its name, *Strocarum*—the assembly of the straw huts. They were arranged, we are told, in distinct lines, according to the provinces from which the brethren came. The scene is set before us in the “Fioretti” with all the reality which would naturally belong to the narrative of an eye-witness. And if we can trust the anonymous chronicler, Cardinal Ugolino was present, and also S. Dominic, watching with curious, critical eyes, how the other Order was managed. Francis had made no provision for the crowd which surrounded him; he had dared to throw his entire brotherhood upon the bounty of Providence, and met them cheerfully, without a crust to give them, with a faith which, even to his fellow saint, seems to have for the moment appeared more rash than sublime. With many illustrious visitors looking on, S. Francis addressed his brethren camped around him, swarming among the narrow passages that divided the coverts of straw: “My children,” he said, “we have promised great things to God, and greater things still have we been promised by God; let us observe those things that we have promised Him, and He for His part will surely perform what He has undertaken.”

As he spoke, there were seen trains of horses and waggons coming towards the Portiuncula. A sudden impulse of generosity and charity had moved the citizens of Perugia,

Spoletto, Foligno, and Assisi to send supplies of provisions to the assembled friars. Bread, wine, beans, and game poured into the camp, as though the Lord had made windows in heaven, and had showered abundance where before was dearth. S. Dominic seeing this, felt that he had been wrong in doubting the faith of Francis and the bounty of Providence, and, falling on his knees before the saint, exclaimed, "Truly, God has a special care for this poor family, and I knew it not."

In this great conclave the organization of the Order was, for the first time, formally established. "Ministers were elected and sent out with the brethren into all the provinces of the world in which the Catholic faith is observed," say the Three Companions.

Francis had theoretically established the office of Minister when he framed his rule, and had chosen the title in accordance with the humility which it was his desire should always guide his followers. He would not permit them to assume the title of abbot or prior, but desired that the Superior of each community should be simply the Guardian, and the Provincial the Minister or servant of all. But though these offices had been theoretically established, this is the first occasion of the institution of members of the community to them. The community had grown too extensive to be kept any longer under one single head. Each Provincial was to rule the guardians of the several convents in his province, and the Provincials were responsible to the General or head of the whole Order at Assisi.

As soon as the Chapter was over, S. Francis set out on his long-cherished mission to the East. The crusading army under the saintly king Louis was then in Egypt, occupied at the time in the siege of Damietta. S. Francis sailed for Egypt, entered the Christian host, and passed daringly

through the open country swept by Arabs, with the deliberate purpose of being taken prisoner and confronted with the Sultan, Melek-el-Khamed. He was captured and brought to the Sultan, when he at once opened his mouth and preached to him Christ crucified. The Arab sat and listened, with admiration of the courage and enthusiasm of the Christian fakeer, but no results followed, and when, after a stay of a few days in the Moslem army, Francis sadly became aware that his preaching was ineffectual, he withdrew to the Christian army, the Sultan giving him free leave to depart, and S. Francis, "seeing that he could not gain much fruit in these parts, resolved to return home." He accordingly abandoned the unfruitful mission, and returned by ship to Venice. He would seem to have been met at Venice by some of the brethren, who conducted him home. Among them, we are told, was a certain Leonard, a man of noble family of Assisi. One day as they took their journey homewards, Francis, worn out with his fatigues, mounted an ass to relieve the tedium of the way, and Fra Leonardo walked behind him in silence. He too was weary, and he mused in sullen anger at the fact that he, a noble, was obliged to trudge behind the ass on which the merchant's son was seated.

"It is true," said Francis, suddenly getting down; "I ride and you walk, and this is against all congruity." He had read his thoughts in the cloudy brow, and eye that shunned his kind glance.

As S. Francis was on his way back to Assisi, he reached Bologna. His friend, Cardinal Ugolino, was there, in the discharge of a mission from the Pope to Lombardy; and there, moreover, was a community of the Minorites, for which, since Francis had last been there, a new house had been built. The community had been established nine years before, by Brother Bernard; and it had grown till the little

house in which it had first settled had become too small to contain it.

Francis arrived in Bologna on the Feast of the Assumption, 1220. The first act of the traveller was, not to seek out his friends and brethren and rest from his fatigues, but to make his way to the Piazza, to preach to the people the precious Word of God. A certain Thomas of Spoleto, at that time student at Bologna, afterwards archdeacon of the cathedral in his native town, has left us an account of the scene. He went after the brown friar to the square before the little palace, and watched him closely with curious eyes. His bodily presence was mean, the student thought, his person contemptible, his looks unimposing. He stood up amid the intent and eager crowd, where, among peaceable citizens, and women and children, were the ruffling retainers of the nobles, and took for his text the words, "Angels, Men, Devils." The Word of God poured like a stream of fire from the mouth of the preacher, and was so effectual that many nobles whose dissensions kept the whole local world in misery, and filled the streets with blood, gave each other their hands for the moment and made temporary peace in the softening of their hearts.

When he had ended, the crowd rolled after Francis, with tears and cries of joy, as he humbly took his way to the palace of the cardinal legate, his firm and ancient ally. On turning round at the palace gates, the eyes of the lover of poverty encountered a sumptuous building, newly erected, and bearing all the evidence of wealth. It was the convent of the Minorites, the spectators told him. S. Francis, thunderstruck by this discovery, averted his face with indignant and vehement emotion. "What?" he cried; "is this the house of Christ's poor? Have the Brothers Minor such great and splendid palaces? I do not recognize this as a house of ours, and I cannot acknowledge as my

brethren those who live in it." When he had uttered these words, he commanded all who would retain the name of Minor to quit the house, and leave to the rich the things which belonged to them. So indignant was he, and fierce with the sudden anger of the naturally gentle, that the brethren in terror precipitated themselves out of their fine house, even the sick getting themselves carried out on the shoulders of the strong, and laid down anywhere in the open air, rather than encounter the gentle father's sudden fury.

The cardinal, however, came in at this moment of confusion and distress. He interfered on behalf of the unfortunates, who lay gasping and pallid on the stones, jolted out of breath by their rapid descent. He took his friend aside, and represented to him, with all the kindly special pleading of a peacemaker, that size and space could hurt no man, that the sick had better air, the studious more perfect quiet, in the large house; that, after all, it did not belong to the brethren at all, but to the benefactor who had built it for them, and permitted them the use of it; and finally, when all other arguments failed to satisfy the disturbed founder, that he himself would remove all difficulties by taking possession of the building in the name of Rome. Subdued, but not overcome, Francis permitted the sick folk to be carried back to their quarters. But he would not himself enter the too splendid house. He went away, sad and wroth, and took shelter with the Dominicans. With them he dwelt apart for some days, sore and heavy at heart. One of the Preaching Friars, compassionating not only the solitary lodger in his convent, but also the abashed and penitent Minors, took upon him to persuade the master to return to his disciples. After much discussion, Francis forgave the brethren, but not the erring minister, Giovanni de Stiacchia, who had not only permitted this sumptuous building to be erected, but had set up a school of study more adapted to

the atmosphere of an university than to the rule of the Order. Francis dissolved the school, enjoined the monks to turn their thoughts to prayer and preaching, and not towards the accumulation of vain knowledge; and went his way, leaving pardon behind him, but carrying with him the first sharp sting of division—the sense that, already, degeneration and innovation had stolen into his Order. It would seem that, as soon as his back was turned, Brother Giovanni re-established his school.

After this stormy episode came a time of peace. Cardinal Ugolino and Francis retired together to a little hermitage among the hills, belonging to the Camaldolites, and there dwelt together for some little time in meditation and devotion.

Fortified by this retreat, S. Francis descended from the hills to his convent just before the assembling of the Chapter on the Feast of S. Michael. When the pilgrim appeared at his favourite convent, he perceived Elias, who had been constituted head of the Order, come forth to welcome him, “in a careful and elaborate dress,” long hood, wide sleeves, and a rich fringe to his garments. Francis called at once for a tunic like that of Elias, and putting it on, with exaggerated attention to its picturesque effect, took upon himself, at the same time, all the airs of a lofty dignity, and saluted the brethren with a “Good morrow, sirs,” instead of with the customary “Peace be with you.” Then he threw off the dainty robe, saying: “This becomes a false brother;” and resuming his own worn and ragged gown, seated himself in the midst of the brethren. After this, S. Francis repealed the innovations which Elias had introduced into the Order, with one exception—Elias had forbidden the eating of meat by the Minorites; this piece of asceticism Francis allowed, but with hesitation.

In the Chapter which followed, the historians of the Order

assert that Elias was set aside from his place, and Pietro de Catania, one of the earliest of Francis's followers, elected in his stead. At the same time, the character of Elias must have commanded a certain respect from Francis, who saw that Elias was a man of restless and masterful spirit, yet could not fail to admire his prudence, knowledge of the world, and enthusiastic asceticism. It was in the year 1221 that the Third Order of the Franciscans came into being. When S. Francis preached to those living in the world, he made their ungodliness, their sinfulness, and absorption in worldly cares, intolerable to them by his burning words, and the universal compunction burst all bounds of prudence. But he was himself too reasonable to permit all his converts to precipitate themselves into the ascetic life of nun and friar. He knew that the world must still go on and fulfil its everyday labours, whatever might be suggested by the enthusiasm of a moment; and he was not himself led away by any fanatical impulse of proselytism. When the excited people wept, and besought him to permit them to follow him, he silenced them with tranquillizing words. "Remain in your homes," he said, "and I will find for you a way of serving God." That way was the Third Order. "He persuaded the people to remain at home, and to live there in the fear of God and the practice of Christian virtues, promising to make out for them a form which they could keep without leaving the condition of life to which God had called them." Thus it was the object of the Third Order to meet the needs of devout persons still living, and compelled by duty to live, in the world; people who could not aspire to the cloister—but with hearts careful and troubled about many things, with husbands and wives to think of, and houses and lands, with the care and maintenance of children and dependents upon their shoulders—who yet were inspired with a desire to serve God above all.

The vow exacted was a simple and solemn promise to keep God's commandments, and, over and above, to avoid balls and theatres. The brethren were forbidden to bear arms, except in case of danger to their country or the Church. They were to avoid all oaths, except in matters of necessity. Lawsuits were also forbidden them, and all the arts of conciliation and peacemaking encouraged. On four days of the week, moreover, they were to eat no meat. For their prayers, they were to repeat seven times at each canonical hour, the Lord's Prayer, followed by a *Gloria Patri*. In every place where a congregation of the Third Order was established, a priest, who was a member of the Society, was appointed to be its overseer and guide. Each member, at his death, was entitled to a funeral attended by all his brethren. There were three grand masses said solemnly for the Brothers and Sisters, alive and dead, every year. It may easily be perceived what a wonderful bond was thus created—a tie which connected people of every class and condition, binding them to mutual succour and support; and how incalculable was the tacit aid given by this mass of lay supporters to the action of the consecrated brethren, the Friars Minor themselves. It rose into instant distinction and importance, and was joined by a crowd of noble and powerful personages. S. Louis of France, his mother and wife, were all members of it. And so was S. Elizabeth of Hungary, and many other princesses, who, after lives of much Christian charity and fervent devotion in their natural sphere, transplanted their zeal and sanctity into the stricter enclosure of the professed sisterhood. Wherever the Preaching Friars penetrated in their absolute poverty, breaking upon the slumbering imagination and torpid faith of the world as with a sign from heaven, the laity crowded into this religion, which was possible, which did not require the renunciation of other duties, and yet linked them to the holiest men on earth, and

gave them the support of a definite rule. This great institution, however, was not the astute and elaborate scheme of a great intelligence, but the sudden device of a tender, Christian spirit. It seems doubtful whether S. Francis was ever aware what a fruitful idea he had initiated. His fertile and inventive mind threw out great suggestions unconsciously. The female branch of his Order was instituted, it is evident, solely because of the one young enthusiast in whose piety he interested himself with all the warmth that belonged to his nature; and the Third Order sprang into being in the same curiously accidental way, that the brimmings-over of a sudden and general spiritual impression might not be lost. In 1220 occurred a scene, curious and touching, on which legend fondly dwells, a scene which bears some resemblance to one in the life of S. Benedict. The great father of Western Monachism, it will be remembered, had a dearly loved twin-sister, Scholastica, whom he met only once a year. In the last year of their lives Benedict supped with her one evening, and when supper was ended rose to leave, but Scholastica implored him to stay; and when he refused, she prayed to God, and a storm burst over her convent which made it impossible for him to leave that night. They spent it in talking, with radiant faces, of the heavenly joy which was to receive both within a space of a few days.

S. Francis had a sister in religion, a woman who stood to him in the tender bonds of spiritual communion, and this was S. Clara. This holy woman felt a great longing to be with S. Francis and eat with him. But he constantly refused. At length his companions, seeing how distressed she was at his persistent refusal, said to him: "Father, it seemeth that this sternness is not in accordance with Divine charity; hearken now unto Clara, a virgin, holy and beloved of God. It is but a little thing that she asks of thee, to eat with her; and she, at thy preaching, forsook all that the world offers of joy, and society, and wealth."

Then S. Francis answered: "As it seemeth right to you, so let it be. But in order that Clara may be very greatly comforted, let the feast be held in the church of S. Mary of the Angels, for it was therein that she took the vows and became the bride of Christ."

When the appointed day arrived, S. Clara went forth from her convent with one companion, and came to S. Mary of the Angels, and took her place until the time of dinner. S. Francis caused the table to be spread on the earth, and he sat down beside S. Clara, and one of the companions of S. Francis sat beside the nun who accompanied S. Clara; and then all the rest of the company gathered themselves round the table. During the first course, S. Francis began to speak of God so sweetly, so tenderly, that all were rapt in ecstasy, with eyes and hands raised to heaven, forgetful of their meal, thinking only of God. Legend has vulgarised this beautiful story, and adds that to the men of Assisi it seemed as though the church was on fire, and they ran with water to extinguish the flames, but found that the fire was only the ardour of the devotion of those within.

When the repast was ended, S. Clara returned to S. Damian's, greatly comforted. This was her only meeting, for other purposes than those of ghostly counsel, with her friend and father; and one can readily imagine the gentle excitement which filled her bosom as she went down the hill to the Portiuncula. Clara had been only seventeen when she made her last eventful journey to the shrine of S. Mary of the Angels. Her last recollections of the humble little church must have shown like a dream in the distance—the brethren with their candles, the darkness outside, the shaving off of her curls, and the putting on of the coarse garment that severed her connection with the world and its pomps. No doubt it was a strange pleasure to the experienced nun to see once more the place where, ten years before, she had made her profession.

In the same year, S. Francis retired to Monte Gargano to revise his rule, previous to submitting it to the Pope for final confirmation. When he had completed it, in the winter of 1223, he went to Rome, and there by the friendly patronage of Cardinal Ugolino, he was introduced to the Pope, Honorius III., and obtained the formal ratification of the Rule, in a bull dated November 29. Having thus fulfilled the object of his mission, Francis made another request to the Pope, of a different character. He asked to be allowed to introduce into the Franciscan churches representations of the manger of Bethlehem at Christmas, so as to seize on the popular imagination, and impress the unlearned. He obtained the requisite permission, and then, going to Grecia, a little place not far from Assisi, he had a stable with manger and straw erected in the church; ox and ass were introduced, and every arrangement was made, when the solemn Christmas night arrived, for giving to the people a visible representation of the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem. The people crowded to the village church with tapers and torches, and the friars, standing before the crib, chanted carols. In the midst of this glowing and agitated scene, Francis himself stood rapt by the side of the manger, in which his faith could picture to itself the first cradle of his Lord, throughout the whole night, sighing for joy, and filled with an inexpressible sweetness. His friend Giovanni, looking on, had a vision while he stood apart gazing and wondering at the saint. Giovanni said, or dreamed, that a beautiful child, dead or in a trance, lay in the manger, and that as Francis bent over the humble bed the babe slowly awoke, and stretched out its arms towards him. It was the child Christ, dead in the hearts of a careless people, dead in the slumber of a wicked world, but waking up to a new life, and kindling the whole drowsy universe around Him, at the touch and breath of that supreme love which was in His servant's heart.

The crib of Bethlehem, since so popular in churches on Christmas Eve, was another of those happy ideas of Francis which exactly met a want of the times. Northern Italy was infested with Manicheism, a heresy which denied the Incarnation, and which, by the austere lives of some of its professors, excited the admiration of the ignorant. Francis, by means of his representations of the scene at Bethlehem, brought the Incarnation prominently before the minds of the people; the Holy Crib became an object of passionate admiration, excited the devotion of the people, and proved of incalculable service in the cause of the truth, doing infinitely more harm to heresy than all the burnings which were cruelly dealt out to the Manichees by prelates and emperors.

Another of Francis's happy inspirations was the composition of vernacular hymns; he was the first to adopt his native tongue as the language of sacred poetry, he sounded the first notes of that music which was to reach its richest expression in the mouth of Dante.

S. Francis had reached the age of forty-two when a mysterious event occurred in his life, which marked him out among the other saints of the calendar in a special and extraordinary manner. A certain noble, Orlando of Chiusi, gave to S. Francis a rocky height, Monte Alverno, on his lands, as a kind of hermitage and place of retreat. Francis accepted the gift, and pleased with the description given him of its solitary beauty, determined to spend there his autumnal season of fasting before the Feast of S. Michael. He accordingly started with three of the brethren, Fra Matteo, Fra Leo, and Fra Angelo; the two latter are our informants concerning much that occurred in his life, being two of the three companions who wrote his biography. The rough road exhausted Francis, and before mounting the heights of Alverno he threw himself to rest under an oak. Then,

suddenly, a multitude of birds came fluttering round him, and threw themselves on their new lord with every demonstration of welcome; upon his head and shoulders and arms, in his cowl, and everywhere about him, while his companions stood by wondering. "Dearest brethren," said the gentle apostle, with great delight and gladness, "I think it must be pleasant to our Lord Jesus Christ that we should dwell in this solitary place, since our brothers and sisters, the birds, are so glad of our coming." Thus harmoniously, with tender delight and joy, was the sacred seclusion begun. A glorious Italian sky was above, the beech and chestnut and here and there a mighty oak breaking the monotony of the great rocks and wild ravines, and four poor men, as dependent upon God as were the birds, held up aloft on the tops of the hills to pray for the far-off world, of which not even a sound could reach them in their solitude—how impressive is the scene! Francis withdrew himself to a little cell under a beech tree that had been erected for him. They were all used to endure the weather, exposure to heat and cold; and food they were promised by Orlando, who had given them the mountain. Thus they were left utterly free for their devout occupations. Before this time Francis had received a warning from heaven that he should live only two years longer; and it is evident that his strength was much impaired, and the body of which all his life he had been so careless was beginning to avenge itself. The clouds that gather round the setting sun were collecting about him, though he was still little over forty. We are informed by Celano and the other early biographers that he had sought the direction of God in his devotions by the method which he had already so often adopted, of solemn reference to the Holy Scriptures, the book being first solemnly laid upon the altar, and the cross made over it. Each time the volume opened at the narrative of the Lord's Passion.

The deduction which Francis drew from this was, that he was to pass into the kingdom of heaven, like his Master, through much tribulation.

Francis had retired to his hut under the beech tree, as already related, and there he remained rapt in prayer. His disciples, who have left us an account of what followed, tell us that they heard his voice in the wood by turns murmuring, not any eloquence of prayer, but those habitual words which he said day by day: "What art thou, dearest Lord, my God? and what am I, a vile worm and unworthy servant?" It was on Holy Cross Day, Sept. 14, that this ecstasy reached its highest point, when, whilst Francis prayed, there appeared over him a great figure as of a seraph.

This solemn and wonderful apparition had the arms extended, and feet conjoined, as if fixed to a cross. It had six wings, two of which were elevated over the head, two extended as if for flight, and the other two veiling the entire body. "When the blessed servant of the Most High saw the vision," says Thomas of Celano, "he was filled with great wonder, but could not understand what its meaning was. Much and greatly did he rejoice to see the benign aspect with which the seraph gazed on him, for its beauty was indescribable; but the bitterness of the cross and passion thus shown to him filled him with grief and fear. Thus he arose both sad and glad, and considered anxiously what the vision might mean. And when he could find nothing by which it might be understood, and the novelty of the vision overwhelmed his heart, there began to appear in his hands and feet signs of nails such as he had just seen in the holy Crucified One who stood over him."

Celano wrote three years after the death of S. Francis. The Three Companions give the story in almost the same words, the only difference being that the seraph does not

itself display the form of the cross, but "carried within its wings the form as of a beautiful man crucified, the hands and feet extended as on a cross, showing forth most clearly the image of our Lord Jesus. . . . And when this vision disappeared a wonderful ardour remained in his soul; and in his flesh still more marvellously appeared the stigmata of the Lord Jesus Christ, which the man of God carried concealed to his death, not willing to publish the secret of God."

S. Francis does not seem to have mentioned what had happened to him to any one on the mountain, not even when the time had come to go home, and the four went slowly back, much hindered by his weakness. When they had returned to the Portiuncula, he was still silent, though with signs about him which attracted the wondering curiosity of the brethren. Fra Illuminato, whose counsel had been resorted to by Francis on several occasions, saw (Bonaventura tells us) that something marvellous had happened to his master. "Brother," he said, "not only for thine own sake, but for the sake of others, the Divine mysteries are made known to thee. And therefore it seems right that thou shouldst not conceal what thou hast heard and seen." At these words, adds Bonaventura, the holy man was moved, and related with great fear all the course of the vision, and added that things had been said to him which he must never repeat to mortal man.

The story of the stigmata is involved in some difficulties, but there seems to be no reason for disbelieving in it.¹ It is but an instance of the marvellous power exercised by the soul, in a state of exaltation, over the body, when the latter has been exhausted by asceticism, and is naturally, perhaps, disposed towards hysteria.

¹ The evidence has been very carefully and impartially sifted by Mrs. Oliphant in her "Life of S. Francis," from which this biography is to a great extent condensed.

After the return of S. Francis to his convent, he concentrated his failing powers on the continuance of his work. The pitcher was broken, and the light streamed through at every crevice. "Of all his body he made a tongue," says Celano. He spoke not only by the voice, which sometimes failed through feebleness, but through the very sufferings of the worn-out frame. A certain haste would seem to have been upon him in this last remnant of his life. Death was coming, but so long as God had work for him to do, he would not suffer himself to rest. Francis suffered from loss of sight, and in the hopes of having this removed, endured cautery. The operation took place at Rieti, and there he remained some time. He was on his way home, and had reached the town of Nursia, at the foot of the Apennines, when his companions saw that his remaining strength was leaving him, and that the shadow of death was falling upon him. There they therefore halted; but the people of Assisi, in terror lest their saint should die elsewhere than within their walls, sent to insist on his being brought home; and the dying man was conducted to the bishop's palace in Assisi, in the midst of a cavalcade sent by the Senate to meet and guard him. A few days before his death he had himself carried to the Portiuncula. As the litter-bearers, with their burden, progressing slowly down the hill, came in sight of that humble but blessed spot, Francis, turning to the group of brethren that surrounded him, warned them to hold this cradle of the Order in all reverence and honour. "See, my sons," said the dying father, "that ye never give up this place." Probably it was at the same time, and before entering the humble house he loved so well, that he caused his bearers to set down the litter on the ground, and turning to where Assisi, the home of his youth, rose white upon the hill, gave his blessing to the town which had nurtured and cherished him.

When he had entered the convent, he betook himself to

the other duties of a dying man. He called for pen and ink, and with Angelo sitting by his bedside to write, dictated his last will. It is not so much a will as a record. Its chief purpose seems to have been to impress on the minds of his spiritual heirs, with a prevision of the strifes which were coming, the schisms that would tear the young society, the duty of absolute obedience to the principles of the Rule.

When S. Francis had thus finished all his external business, he turned to the lesser circle of the convent, and of his own private friends. There was a lady who was dear to him, a certain Signora Giacobba di Settisoli, and he bade Angelo write a letter to her at his dictation, begging her to come to him. Angelo resumed his pen and wrote :

“I would thou shouldst know, dearest friend, that the Blessed Christ hath, by His grace, revealed to me that the end of my life is near at hand. Wherefore, if thou wouldst find me alive, when thou hast received this letter, hasten to come to S. Mary of the Angels. For, shouldst thou come after Saturday, thou wilt not find me living. And bring with thee cloth, or haircloth, in which to wrap my body, and wax for my burying. I pray thee, also, to bring me the cakes which thou wast wont to give me when I was sick at Rome.”

When he had gone thus far, he stopped short, raised his eyes to heaven, and bade the writer cease, adding that Giacobba was already on the way, bringing all that he desired. Almost immediately the porter came to announce her arrival, with her sons and servants, and to ask whether she should be admitted. The cakes he had asked for were made of almonds and honey—almond rock. There is something infinitely touching in this movement of human weakness—the one last simple, child-like liking, half appetite, half reminiscence, stimulated by the affectionate wish to give his friend something to do for him.

This story is only told by Wadding, the late annalist, who adds that Giacobba ministered to her friend during the few days that he lived ; but the Bollandists doubt the truth of the story. They question whether S. Francis, after so urgently commending to the brethren the observance of his Rule, would allow of the transgression of one of its laws towards himself, for it is strictly forbidden that a woman should enter the doors of a convent of friars. There can be no doubt, however, about the authenticity of the interrupted letter, whether it was thrown aside by reason of weakness, or whether it was indeed anticipated by the arrival of the person to whom it was addressed.

It is related by Pisanus that S. Francis called all the brethren to sup with him the night before he died ; broke bread, after blessing it, and distributed it among them, but that Elias, the traitor, refused to eat, and went out. This story deserves no credence ; it was invented at the time when a superstitious effort was made to represent the life of S. Francis as a reproduction, even in minute details, of the life of Christ. The truth was, no doubt, that he summoned to him all the brethren, and gave them his dying advice and blessing. When he had said all he had to say, he commanded the Gospels to be brought to him, and the passage to be read beginning, "Before the Feast of the Passover," the commencement of the 13th chapter of S. John. When the reading was ended, he began, with broken voice, to sing, "Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi," the 141st Psalm (A. V. 142) : "I cried unto the Lord with my voice ; yea, even unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaint before him : and showed him of my trouble. When my spirit was in heaviness thou knewest my path : in the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me. I looked also upon my right hand : and saw there was no man that would know me. I had no place to flee unto : and no man cared

for my soul. I cried unto thee, O Lord, and said: thou art my hope and my portion in the land of the living."

Such, so far as any record informs us, were the last words of S. Francis.

Such was the end of the life of S. Francis of Assisi, a life filled with one great master-thought, which dominated all other motives of humanity and impulses of nature—the desire to be like Christ. He died on Saturday, October 4th, and he was buried in the Cathedral of Assisi on the following day.

According to tradition, the body of S. Francis lies under the high altar, but no one knows the precise spot of his grave; and a mysterious legend has crept about, whispered in the twilight for ages, that far underneath, lower even than the subterranean church, the great saint, erect and pale, with sacred drops of blood on his five wounds, and an awful silence round him, waits, rapt in some heavenly meditation, for the moment when he, like his Lord, shall rise again. Of relics of the Saint there are not many. The convent at Castro-vecchio pretends to possess a bottle of blood drawn from the wound in the side of S. Francis, which effervesces annually on his festival. More blood, and some skin, at Assisi; blood, and a bit of skin, at Monte Alverno, carried about in procession annually, on the Feast of the Stigmata. The linen shirt and shoes of the Saint receive religious veneration at Assisi, as does also the napkin which was laid on his dead face, and the bath in which his corpse was washed. Florence boasts of possessing his habit.

He is represented in art in the habit of his Order, bearded, with the stigmata, or receiving them from a flying six-winged crucified cherub.

October 5.

- S. THRASEAS, *B.M. at Smyrna; circ. A.D. 171.*
 SS. PALMATIUS AND OTHERS, *MM. at Trèves; A.D. 302.*
 S. PEREGRINA, *V.M. at Rome; circ. A.D. 303.*¹
 S. CHARITINA, *V.M. in Pontus; circ. A.D. 304.*
 S. MARCELLINUS, *B. of Ravenna; A.D. 346.*
 S. APOLLINARIS, *B. of Valence in Dauphiné; A.D. 520.*
 SS. PLACIDUS, EUTYCHIUS, FLAVIA, DONATUS, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Messina, in Sicily; A.D. 541.*
 S. GALLA, *W. at Rome; circ. A.D. 546.*
 S. ENIMIA, *V. Abs. at Mende; 7th cent.*
 S. MEINULF, *Archdeacon at Bödichen, in Westphalia; circ. A.D. 857.*
 S. MURDACH, *H. in Argyleshire.*
 S. FROILAN, *B. of Leon in Spain; A.D. 1006.*
 S. ATTLAN, *B. of Zamora in Spain; A.D. 1009.*
 S. SIMON, *Count of Crépy-en-Valois, Mk. at Beauvais; A.D. 1082.*
 B. PETER OF IMOLA, *Knt. of S. John of Jerusalem, at Florence; A.D. 1320.*

S. CHARITINA, V.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Greek Menologies and Modern Roman Martyrology. Another Charitina, or perhaps another commemoration of the same by the Greeks on Jan. 15, and Sept. 4. Authority:—Mention in the Menologies, and the Acts by Metaphrastes.]



CHARITINA was the servant of a certain Claudius, living in Pontus, perhaps at Amisus. The procurator, Donitius, having heard that she was a Christian, sent orders to Claudius for her to be handed over to the officers for trial. Claudius was deeply grieved; he covered himself with sackcloth, and bewailed her approaching fate. But Charitina bade him be of good cheer; though as yet unbaptized, she was a Christian at heart, and would suffer for Christ, and beseech Him to

¹ Relics at Laibach in Carinthia. ?

accept her sufferings, and for their sake shed graces and pardon on the head of her master and his household. This is not the only instance which the Acts of the Martyrs reveals to us, of the tenderest love existing between the masters and mistresses and their slaves in the old Roman world.

Claudius, when he gave up the girl to the soldiers, said to her: "Remember me before the Heavenly King."

She was brought before the magistrate, her hair cut off, and burning coals poured over her head; she was then flung into the water, but clambered out. "This," said she, "is my baptism." The governor then had her teeth knocked out, and her hands and feet cut off.

S. APOLLINARIS, B. OF VALENCE.

(A. D. 520.)

[Gallican and Roman Martyrologies, Ado, Usuardus, Hrabanus, &c. confound him with S. Apollinaris of Ravenna. Authorities:—Mention in the Chronicle of Ado of Vienne, and Agobard of Lyons in his book, "De Judaicis Superstitionibus." Also a life of the saint by a deacon of S. Apollinaris, who died not many years later. His name was probably Eladius.]

APOLLINARIS, Bishop of Valence, in Gaul, was born of noble parents at Vienne. His brother was the more famous S. Avitus, Archbishop of Vienne after the death of S. Isichius, his father, who occupied the see till A. D. 494. The mother of S. Avitus and S. Apollinaris, and wife of S. Isichius, was named Audentia. A sister named Fuscina is praised for her virtues by S. Avitus, in one of his poems. The family was noble and splendid, and was apparently that of Avitus the emperor, and S. Sidonius Apollinaris.¹ Apollinaris was con-

¹ See August, p. 244, vol. viii.

secrated Bishop of Valence in 499 by his brother Avitus, the Metropolitan.

The two brothers had hard work in their Burgundian dioceses to contend against and root out the popular Arianism. Sigismund, king of Burgundy, had renounced this heresy, but it prevailed amidst his subjects.

In 517 assembled the Council of Epaon,¹ convened by Sigismund to ameliorate the morals of the clergy in his realm, and to put in force the ancient disciplinary canons. In this council, which was attended by S. Avitus and S. Apollinaris, Stephen, fiscal prefect of Burgundy, was excommunicated for having married Palladia, his sister-in-law, on his wife's death. This so exasperated Sigismund that he banished the bishops from his realm. Eleven of the exiled bishops thereupon assembled again in synod at Lyons, under the presidency of Virentiolus the archbishop, and renewed their sentence of excommunication. Apollinaris spent a year in exile, in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and was then recalled by the Burgundian king, who having been attacked by fever, thought it was sent him in punishment for his treatment of the bishops.

Not long after his return to Valence, S. Apollinaris started on a journey to Arles and Marseilles, to visit some of his relations. After his return to his see, he sickened and died. The relics of S. Apollinaris were thrown into the Rhone by the Huguenots, in the 16th century.

¹ The position of Epaon is not known for certain, any more than our English Cloveshoe; but Epaon is thought to be represented by the modern Yenne, at the mouth of the Flon.

SS. PLACIDUS, EUTYCHIUS, AND OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 541.)

[Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, Hrabanus, &c. Often confounded by martyrologists with S. Placidus, the disciple of S. Benedict. Authority:—The Acts, a forgery of the 12th cent.]

MANY ancient martyrologies commemorate on this day the martyrdoms of SS. Placidus, Euty chius, and others, in Sicily.¹ No early martyrologist, however, speaks of these saints as having been Benedictine monks, nor states the date of their martyrdoms. Ado, Usuardus, Notker, &c. mention them as Sicilian martyrs, but say nothing more about them.

In 1115, when Peter the Deacon was Abbot of Monte Cassino, there appeared in Italy a certain Greek priest from Constantinople, named Simeon. He had visited Sicily, and from thence he made his way to Salerno. He produced a parchment written in Greek, containing a life and martyrdom of S. Placidus, purporting to have been written by one Gordian, monk of Monte Cassino, and companion of S. Placidus. Simeon pretended that after the martyrdom of Placidus, Gordian took refuge at Constantinople with the ancestors of Simeon; and that Justinian, the emperor, hearing of his adventures, bade him write a record of the passion of the Benedictine martyrs in Sicily. This Gordian did, and he gave his original manuscript to his hosts, and it became a family heirloom, which descended to Simeon, and Simeon showed it to the Benedictines of Salerno. The monks, eager as they

¹ The Epternacht Mart. of the 8th cent.: "In Sicily the nativity of Euty chius and of other eight." A Lucca Mart.: "In Sicily, Placitus, Euticius, and other thirty." Some copies of the Mart. of Jerome: "In Sicily, Euticius and other eight, and *elsewhere* Placitus and Baricius." "In Sicily, Placentius and Placitus, Euticius and other thirty." Morbach Mart. of 9th cent.: "Placitus, at Valentia Apollinaris, Euticius, Victorinus."

naturally were to hear glorious news of the heroism of some of the founders of their Order, admitted that there were no traditions in their society confirming this wonderful narrative, and they refused to give credence to it. Then the wily old Greek, laying his hand on a crucifix, swore most solemnly by that sacred form that the manuscript was genuine, and really written by Gordian, and contained a true narrative. Some of the monks yielded credence to the story; but, as Peter, Abbot of Monte Cassino, informs us in his account of the affair, John, Provost of S. Lorenzo, never trusted the old rascal, but called him a Greek impostor.¹

There was present at Salerno, at the same time, a monk named John of Capua, who also regarded Simeon as a rogue, and the manuscript as a forgery; but after a time he consented to translate it into Latin, whether because he abandoned his suspicions, or because the Abbot of Monte Cassino wanted a translation, does not transpire. When the Acts, in Greek and Latin, reached the headquarters of the Order, they were generally regarded as apocryphal, and Peter Diaconus, as he tells us, at first treated them as a forgery. However, after a time perhaps he changed his mind, for in his twenty-third year he re-translated, or rather re-wrote, the life and martyrdom of S. Placidus and his companions. But he returned to his former disbelief in the genuineness of the document, for he composed, later in life, a book on the worthies of Monte Cassino, and he was careful not to say a word in that of the marvellous story of Gordian.

However, that story seems to have found favour with others, and Stephen Aniciensis wrote the life.² But his life

¹ "Dicens, illum delusorem Constantinopolitanum esse." The letter of Peter of Monte Cassino, containing the account of Simeon, is to be found in Oct. Cajetan, *De Sanctis Siculis*, t. i. p. 183.

² The Bollandists say of him, "Stephanus quidam Aniciensis, auctor cætera ignotus." There was Stephen, B. of Le Puy (Anicium) in 1220, but it is hardly likely that he can have been the author.

is identical with that of Peter Diaconus, and it is thought that the abbot, not liking to stand godfather to the story of Gordian, republished it under an assumed name.

In after times, when the fabulous story became accepted, various letters were forged to substantiate it; these—letters from Tertullus, the father of S. Placidus, from the Sicilians after his martyrdom, and of Justinian and Pope Vigilius—were published along with the *Chronicon Casinense*, in 1603.¹ Unfortunately the fraud was used to support the claims of the Benedictine monastery to certain lands, which they held by virtue of forged bequests by Tertullus to S. Benedict. In the year 1266, two monks at Messina, Raymund and Florellus, saw in vision S. Placidus, in Benedictine habit, who ordered them to revive the festival in his honour, observed anciently on October 5th, but which had fallen into neglect. According to their story, they had demurred to announcing to the people the celebration of the memorial of a man of whom nobody had heard anything. Thereupon the vision extended to them a book, containing an account of his life and martyrdom. The book was that of Gordian.² From this time, veneration for S. Placidus and his companions, monks and martyrs, became popular in Messina, and gradually infiltrated the whole Benedictine Order.

In 1588, Raynald de Nare, knight of S. John of Jerusalem, began the rebuilding of the church of S. John at Messina. On digging the foundations, it was found that the old foundations of the church had been laid in the midst of a number of skeletons, cutting across ancient walls which had formerly enclosed them. Twenty-eight skeletons were discovered, together with urns containing ashes, lacrymatories, and

¹ These letters bristle with anachronisms. That they are forgeries does not admit of the smallest doubt.

² Cajetan, who relates this, says he heard it from Florellus himself, his kinsman.

other objects usually accompanying ancient interments. Of these bodies four were enclosed in one cist—three with their feet to the north, one with feet to the south. Of the other skeletons, one lay with its feet to the west, four with feet to the east, seventeen with feet to the north, and two with feet to the south.

There had originally been a quadrangular wall enclosing the cist above mentioned, and nine of the other bodies, and probably more; but the apse of the old church had been built over the spot, irrespective of the sepulchre, and had broken through the surrounding wall, leaving it intact only on the south and west; the cist touched the foundations of the apse at its north-east angle. It was at once most rashly concluded that these bodies belonged to the martyred monks, and those in the cist were supposed to be S. Placidus, his two brothers, and sister.

The discovery of these skeletons created a sensation in Messina; visions and miracles convinced the sceptical, and the Archbishop of Messina having appealed to Pope Sixtus V., the Pope gave judgment that the relics found at Messina were to receive sacred honours as those of martyrs, and that their invention should be celebrated on August 3. Pope Sixtus V. elevated the festival of SS. Placidus and his companions, monks and martyrs, on October 5, into a double, with lessons taken from the *Life by Gordian*, and the festival was, by his order, inserted in the Roman Martyrology and Kalendar.¹

In 1608, when excavations were made outside the apse, more skeletons were discovered, as indeed might have been predicted by anyone who had examined the place of the former discoveries. An account was at once sent to Pope

¹ The Jesuit fathers say: "Hæc quidem Sixtus V. ad promovendum S. Placidi et Sociorum in fidelibus cultum: verum satisne prudenter se gessit in hoc negotio Sixtus? Bailletus enim in *Vitis Sanctorum* . . . Pontificem illum, velut hæc in re minus caute versatum, sugillare non veritus est."—*Acta SS.*, Oct. iii. p. 108.

Paul V., and he granted sacred honours to the newly un-earthed relics.

The story of S. Placidus is as follows :—

Placidus was born in 515, and at the age of seven was given by his father Tertullus to S. Benedict. This is related by S. Gregory the Great in his Dialogues. One day the little Placidus went to the water-side with a crock to fetch water, but letting go the pitcher, it slipped in, and Placidus, in attempting to recover it, fell in also. S. Benedict at that moment was in his cell. He suddenly called to him his disciple Maurus, and said to him: "Brother Maurus, run, for that boy who has gone to fetch water has fallen into the pond." Maurus asked a blessing and departed, and reaching the water-side he ran out upon the surface and caught the hair of the drowning child, and drew him safe to land; and then only did he perceive that he had walked on the face of the lake to reach him. This incident is related also by S. Gregory, and this is all that is really known of Placidus, whose name does not again occur in any authentic document.

The forged Acts by the pseudo-Gordian, however, make him depart for Sicily, where he is martyred by the Saracens along with his brothers Eutychius and Victorinus, and his sister Flavia, and thirty companions, because they would not worship Moloch and Remphan, the gods of the Saracen king, Abdallah. It is needless to point out that the Saracen invasion of Sicily did not occur till A.D. 832, when they were Mahomedans.

If the bodies found at Messina had been those of martyrs who had suffered in a Saracen invasion, they would not have had urns and lacrymatories at their sides.

The pseudo-Gordian makes the Saracen invaders come from Spain, then, he says, in the hands of these pagans; but the Moorish occupation of Spain took place in 711-713, and

Abdallah, whom he makes their king in Spain, was either Abdallah of Toledo, A.D. 870, or the seventh Caliph, A.D. 880-905, or the eighth Caliph, A.D. 907-912, none of whom sent expeditions to Sicily. But the story does not deserve controverting, it carries its falsehood in its face. It is quite unnecessary to enter into the particulars of the invention of the crafty Greek Simeon. That there were martyrs in Sicily of the names of Placidus and Eutychius, Simeon had learned when at Messina, from the Martyrologies. That he had read S. Gregory's Dialogues is also evident, for he incorporated the narrative of the rescue of Placidus from drowning and the name of his father, in his forged Acts. But all the rest is pure invention, and he was without the smallest justification for identifying the Placidus of Messina with the Placidus of Subiaco.

The Roman Martyrology needs revision in this matter, for it says on this day: "At Messina, in Sicily, the nativity of S. Placidus, monk, disciple of S. Benedict, Abbot, and of SS. Eutychius and Victorinus, his brothers, of S. Flavia, virgin, their sister, and of SS. Donatus, Firmatus, Deacon, Faustus, and thirty other monks, all martyrs, who were massacred for Christ by the pirate Massucha, A.D. 541."

S. GALLA, W.

(ABOUT A.D. 546.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority :—Mention by S. Gregory the Great in his Dialogues, iv. 13; and the letters of S. Fulgentius to her.]

AT the time when the Goths were masters of Italy, there lived in Rome a young lady of high birth, daughter of the consul and patrician Symmachus. She was married when very young, and after a year was left a widow. On the

death of her husband she renounced every prospect of re-marriage by shutting herself up in a monastery near the basilica of S. Peter. After some years she was afflicted with cancer in her breast, and suffered those agonies which none know but such as have felt them.

Galla was unable to bear being left in the dark in her cell, and two candles were kept burning beside her bed all night. Her sleep was broken by her anguish, and when in the night she woke, her mind was discomposed by want of sufficient sleep and gnawing pain that never ceased. One night when she opened her eyes she thought she saw S. Peter standing between the two tapers. She stretched out her hands to him and asked: "My Lord! are my sins forgiven me?" "My daughter, be of good cheer, they are," was his answer. Now there was in the monastery a sister whom Galla loved dearly, and she pleaded: "I pray thee, suffer sister Benedicta to come with me." "She shall follow thee within thirty days," said the Apostle.

Then he vanished, and Galla called the mother and sisters to her and told them her vision. Three days after she died, and within thirty days Benedicta followed her.

Q. Aurelius Symmachus, the father of Galla, was a noted man. Priscian dedicated to him his book on weights and measures. His other daughter, Rusticana, was married to the great Boethius. Boethius thus describes her: "My wife lives modest in mind, remarkable for her purity, and, that I may sum up in one all her good qualities, in every way like her father." Procopius also speaks in high terms of the virtue and charity of Rusticana. Another daughter, Proba, is mentioned in a letter written to Galla by S. Fulgentius, Bishop of Ruspe, on the death of her husband. Proba was then a handmaid of Christ.

An image of S. Mary, "in Porticu," it is pretended appeared in dazzling light to S. Galla in her own house when she

was giving alms to the poor. On the strength of certain MSS., which Benedict XIV. thought were coeval with the Saint, and which narrated this incident, he confirmed the veneration given to this image.

MEINULF, ARCHDEA.

(ABOUT A. D. 857.) .

[Lubek and Cologne Martyrology of 1490, Florarius, Greven, Molanus, and the Bollandists. Authority :—A life by Sigeward, probably the Bishop of Minden in 1122, from an earlier life, which he merely re-wrote ; he dedicated his book to his friend Albin, apparently the contemporary B. of Merseburg. There is a second life in Latin by Gobelinus Persona (15th cent.), and a German translation of it of this same date (Kathol. Zeitschrift, viii. 1851), but this is a recension of the work of Sigeward.]

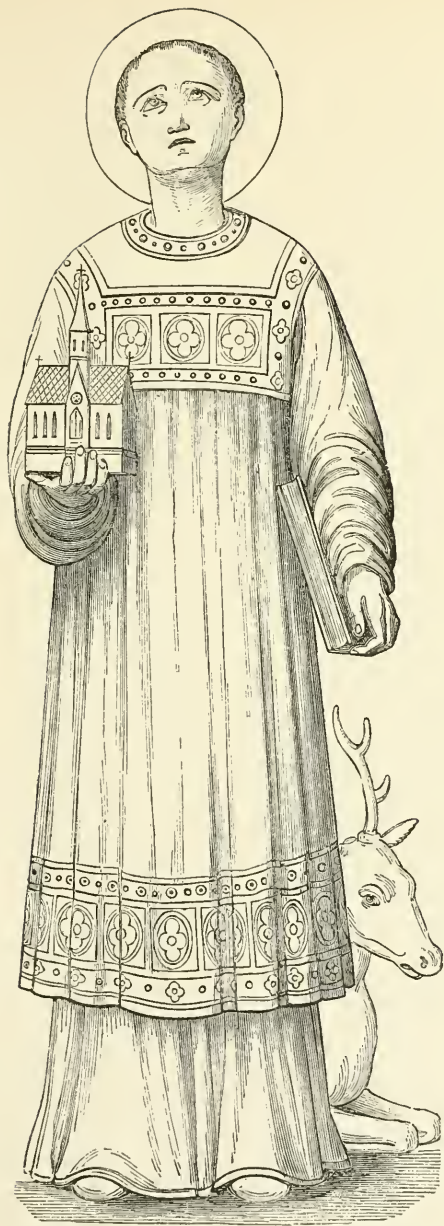
MEINULF was the son of noble Saxon parents, in the time of Charlemagne. He lost his father when quite a child, and his mother, Wigtrude, pursued by the offensive attentions of her brother-in-law, took refuge with Charlemagne. The emperor stood godfather to Meinulf, who was baptized at his court. The noble family of Buren claim, with what right it is not for us to decide, that S. Meinulf belonged to it. Popular tradition has added some circumstances to the narrative. Meinulf was not born when his mother resolved on flight to escape the persecution of her brother-in-law. She heard that Charlemagne was at Stadberg, and she was making her way to him from her castle of Fürstenberg, when she was seized with the pains of labour, and Meinulf was born beneath a lime-tree near Alt-Bödeken, which is still shown and called "S. Meinulf's linden."

Charles the Great took charge of the child, and had him brought up in one of the schools he had founded, under Badurad, Bishop of Paderborn. One day the bishop was

explaining to the scholars the text, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." "The Son of Man," said Badurad, "goes over the world seeking gentle hearts which will open to Him, and in which He may rest. He stands without and knocks and seeks admittance, but the foxes of cunning have made their lair within, or volatile thoughts have nested there, and He turns away and goes further, seeking an empty heart in which He may lay his head." The words touched young Meinulf. He thought the Saviour stood at his heart and knocked with His pierced hands. And he bade Him enter and take up His abode within. So full was he of this idea, that he resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical estate, and devote all his thoughts to the Lord who rested and reigned within, and banish the foxes and the birds which sought an entrance. He was ordained deacon and given a canonry in the Cathedral of Paderborn, and was afterwards advanced to the archdeaconry.

He was wealthy. Large estates in Westphalia belonged to him, but he was noted for his humility, gentleness, and abhorrence of display. One day he was talking with his cowherd, when the man told him that there was a spot in the forest of Bödeken, which belonged to him, where, from under an ancient oak, bubbled up a limpid spring, and "there," said the cowherd, "I have seen of a night a number of deer congregate."

Meinulf had long meditated the building of a monastery. What if this spot where the gentle, timid wild fawns gathered were the most suitable one for a convent of holy women, flying the world, to gather about the water-brooks of salvation? He resolved to spend a night on the spot. And when all was hushed, and darkness fell on the forest, over the glade fell a thin white mist, which lay along on the grass beside the fountain like snow, and above in the dark sky wheeled



S. MEINULF. After Cahier.

the Churl's wain. From under the black arches of the forest trees came fawns and deer, and drank at the fountain. And presently the moon rose full and shone down on the open space, and all was as clear as day. Around, the forest was black, in the glade all was brightness.

Meinulf resolved to plant on that spot a monastery for women. He made a solemn vow to do so, and he afterwards fulfilled it. If we may trust the story, once more he sought the glade before the foundations were laid, and then he disturbed a magnificent stag which, starting up, stood and looked at him, and then bounded out of sight. And Meinulf thought he saw a cross of light rising between the horns of the stag. Much the same story is told of S. Eustachius and of S. Hubert.

When the monastery was built, he richly endowed it, and placed in it canonesses of Aix-la-Chapelle.

One anecdote only is told of his relations with these ladies. On a cold winter's day, a young canoness, feeling thoroughly chilled, went into an adjoining cottage to warm herself at the fire; she took the opportunity of removing her veil to comb out her hair. As she crouched over the flames the veil caught fire, blazed up, and nothing was left of it but the fringe. The poor girl was in dismay and began to cry. At that moment the cottage door opened and in came S. Meinulf. She covered her face with her hands and bowed it in her lap. Meinulf without much difficulty obtained the facts of the case. Then, so runs the tale, he collected the ashes of the veil, breathed on them, and it was restored whole as before.

He died at Bödeken in the monastery he had erected, nursed through his last sickness by the loving hands of the sisters whom he had congregated there, and given a refuge around the fountain of life.

The Paderborn Annals give a curious story, not told by
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Siward. As his body was being carried on the bier to be buried, suddenly he sat up, opened his eyes, and said, "Go to the Bishop of Paderborn and bid him in no way hamper the free election of a new Superior." Then he closed his eyes, lay down again on his bier, and was rigid and cold.

Some miracles convinced all around of his sanctity. After his burial, a pall was thrown over the sepulchral stone, and candles were lighted round it, and night and day the sisters watched and prayed. One night the canoness deputed to keep vigil fell asleep, and when she woke, found that a candle had fallen on the pall without setting fire to it. As the pall was of linen, this was accounted miraculous. In or about 887, Bison, Bishop of Paderborn, was saying mass in the chapel of Bödeken, when a loud report was heard issuing from the stone that covered the tomb, and before mass was concluded it had cracked into numerous pieces.

Bishop Bison thought the tombstone had split with the frost, or from a settlement, and ordered that another should be put in its place, but the saint appeared to a priest, named Mainard, and bade him rebuke the bishop for having attributed the marvel to a natural cause; and as the second tombstone also cracked, and, according to the testimony of the sisters, a not unfragrant odour issued from the chinks, the body was taken up and solemnly enshrined as that of a saint.

S. MURDACH, H.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Dempster ; Scottish Menology. Authority :—Dempster.]

DEMPSTER says that on this day is commemorated S. Murdach, a hermit, "who had a poor habitation near a lake in Argyleshire, which is called Kilmurdach."

A life of him, in nine lections, is preserved, and the events of it are painted on the walls of his cell. He was the last of the bards, and was said to be very devout to the Virgin, who distinguished him by many favours."¹

In his Scottish Menology, he tells an odd story of this Saint. "Murdach, the Culdee, surnamed the Bard, so fervently worshipped the Blessed Mother of God, that her image, which was decently dressed, according to custom and popular devotion, kicked off one of her shoes to Murdach as a token to him of her benevolence. He was thereupon charged with theft and sacrilege, when, as all the people were looking on, and he was praying, he merited to have the image kick off the other shoe to him. And this, though it occurred some thousand years ago, survives freshly in the memory of the people."

We are reminded of the image of S. Wilgefortis and the minstrel, who sang the praises of the Saint so sweetly that the image kicked off to him her silver shoe. The story in both cases traces back to heathen mythology, and images of Perchta, or Bertha, a Teutonic goddess, represented with one foot shod, the other bare.

¹ Dempster, Hist. Eccl. P. ii. p. 474.



October 6.

- S. SAGARIUS, *B.M. at Laodicea; circ. A.D. 175.*
 SS. FAITH, *V.M. AND COMP. M.M. at Agen in Aquitaine; circ. A.D. 287.*
 S. PRUDENTIUS, *M. at Fontaine de Bèze, near Langres.*
 S. RENATUS, *B. at Sorrento; middle of 5th cent.*
 S. CUMINE, *Ab. of Iona; A.D. 669.*
 S. FAILBHE, *Ab. in Scotland.*
 S. YWI, *Deac. at Wilton, near Salisbury; end of 7th cent.*
 S. NICETAS, *C. in Greece; circ. A.D. 838.*
 S. MAGNUS, *B. of Oderzo; circ. A.D. 960.*
 S. MACCALLIN, *Ab. of Waulsor on the Meuse; A.D. 978.*
 S. ADALBERO, *B. of Würzburg; A.D. 1090.*
 S. BRUNO, *C. Founder of the Carthusian Order, in Calabria; A.D. 1101.*
 S. MALCHUS, *B. of Lismore; A.D. 1125.*

S. FAITH, V.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 287.)

[Roman Martyrology. Sarum, York, Hereford, and Anglican Reformed Kalendars; some copies of the Martyrology of Jerome, Usuardus, Wandelbert, Notker, Ado, &c. Authority:—The Acts, not trustworthy. The Acts of SS. Caprais and Faith vary in several particulars from those of S. Faith alone. All versions of the Acts are too late to be relied upon.]



DACIANUS, governor of Spain under Diocletian and Maximian, was at one time at Agen, in Aquitania, and hearing that a certain noble damsel, named Faith, living in Agen, was a Christian, he summoned her before his tribunal and ordered her to renounce the faith of the Crucified. "From a child," answered the maiden, "I have served the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, and have confessed his name."

Dacian produced the ordinary arguments, tried persuasion and threats in vain, and then sentenced her to be stretched

over a fire on a brazen grate with her hands and feet tied to four posts. She endured the agony with great fortitude. The executioners raked up the coals under her and poured on fat, and the blaze rushing up enveloped her. According to one version of the Acts, a heavy fall of snow veiled her body as it lay on the burning bed, and the shower only ceased when she was dead. Many other Christians, moved by her heroism, surrendered themselves and were executed with the sword.

The arm of S. Faith was anciently shown at Glastonbury. The crypt of S. Paul's Cathedral, London, is dedicated to S. Faith, and was at one time enriched with some of her relics. Her head is shown at Agen.

In art S. Faith is represented as a maiden with a palm-branch and a grate.

S. CUMINE, AB.

(A.D. 669.)

[Scottish Kalendar of David Camerarius, by Dempster on Oct. 16. Ferrarius in his General Catalogue of the Saints. Fitz-Simon in his Catalogue of Irish Saints, on this day. Irish Kalendars on Feb. 24.]

CUMINE, surnamed Fionn or the White, son of Ernan, son of Fiachna, was therefore a descendant of Fergus, the grandfather of S. Columba. He went to Hy, or Iona, and on the death of Suibne, the Abbot, in 657, he was elected in his room. He wrote a life of S. Columba in 134 chapters, and died, after having administered the Abbey for twelve years, on February 24, A.D. 669.

He is not to be confounded with Cummian, the author of the Paschal Epistle, as is commonly done. The latter Cummian was surnamed Fada or the Long; he died in A.D. 662, and is commemorated on November 12.

S. FAILBHE, AB.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Dempster in his *Scottish Menology*. Ferrarius.]THERE are five saints of this name.

1. Failbhe, son of Pípan, son of Amalgad, of the noble race of Conall Gulban in Tyrconnel. Finan, Abbot of Rath, was his brother, and Iona was recruited from this stock, almost all the early abbots being related by blood. To that abbey Failbhe betook himself on the death of S. Cumine the White, in 669, and became abbot. He is quoted by his immediate successor, S. Adamnan. He seems twice to have revisited Ireland, probably in connection with the Paschal controversy. This Failbhe is generally commemorated on March 22.

2. Failbhe the Little was born in 668, and succeeded S. Killen as Abbot of Iona in 748. Of him nothing is known, save that he died in the eighty-seventh year of his age on March 10, A.D. 755, and that he was succeeded by Sleben, son of Congal, of the race of Conall Gulban.

3. Another Failbhe the Little was abbot of Clon-Macnois, and died in 711.

4. Failbhe, son of Guari, was the successor of S. Maelrubh¹ of Apurcrossan, (d. 722), he perished by shipwreck with twenty-two companions in 732.

5. Failbhe, Abbot of Erdairs, died in 766.

It is uncertain whether Dempster meant to commemorate the 1st, 2nd, 4th, or 5th. He says, "Abbot in Scotland," all four fall under this designation.

¹ See Aug. 27, p. 346.

S. YWI, DEAC.

(END OF 7TH CENT.)

[Wilson's Anglican Martyrology of 1608, Castellanus, Saussaye, Ferrarius, Bucelinus, Menardus, and Mayhew. In Northumberland on Oct. 23. Authority :—The Acts in Capgrave.]

S. Ywi was the son of a British chief named Bran, and an English mother named Egitha. He was brought up in the neighbourhood of Lindisfarne, and his father in vain endeavoured to persuade him to embrace the career of arms. Ywi sought a better warfare, and enrolled himself in the army of the Lord. He was ordained by S. Cuthbert, and became his devoted disciple.

One day when S. Cuthbert was at the altar saying mass, and Ywi was acting as his deacon, Ywi noticed a poor man struck with ague who could scarcely support himself on his staff. Ywi stepped down to him, caught him by the hand, and drew him to S. Cuthbert at the altar, and the man was instantly made whole. He went aboard ship to visit the monasteries of the saints in Brittany, and was nearly wrecked. The boat was more than a week at sea, and when Ywi reached land he was so ill that he died. His body was carried back to England and buried at Wilton near Salisbury. The date of his death cannot be fixed with certainty.

S. NICETAS, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 838.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology. Authority :—The perfectly trustworthy account in the Menæa.]

S. NICETAS was born of parents in an elevated rank of life, in Paphlagonia, which boasted of imperial connexions.

Nicetas is called "patrician" in all the menæas, and he seems to have been about the court of the Empress Irene while quite a young man. The menology of Basil affirms that he was sent by Irene as her representative to the second council of Nicæa, but his name does not occur in the acts of the council as having held there any position of importance. He was at that time only twenty-four years old, and at that age is not likely to have been trusted with an office requiring matured discretion. He probably occupied some inferior position. Later he was nominated prefect of Sicily, and assisted, as we learn from the Acts of S. Euphemia, at the translation of her relics.

In 802, the power of the Empress Irene was broken by the revolt of Nicephorus, the grand treasurer, who had been raised, enriched, and entrusted with the first dignity of the empire by her. Irene was ill in bed when suddenly the streets rang with the shout, "Nicephorus is Emperor!" and her room was invaded by the conspirators.

Nicephorus falsely assured the sick empress that he had only assumed the purple because he had been forced to it. Irene indignantly rose: "I have not forgotten my former fortune," she said, with dignity. "An orphan in my youth, God took me in His arms and placed me on the throne which I was unworthy to fill. I know that my fall is due to my own sins. The name of the Lord be praised! To His mighty hand I bow; He has taken the crown from me which He set upon my head, and"—she turned towards Nicephorus, Nicetas, and the other conspirators—"you know how often I have been warned against the treachery you meditated against me whilst I heaped benefits upon you. The event has proved that these warnings were not as false as I thought them. Had I listened to them and believed you could have been traitors, your ruin would have been speedy. I trusted your oaths, I hoped and believed that you were blameless,

to avoid the bitter necessity of chastising you. I have given myself over to the arms of the King of kings and He has protected the empire. Now He will decide what is to become of my life. If that be spared me, then I ask but one favour, permission to live in my private palace at Eleutheris, which I have built, in undisturbed possession of my goods, and to spend the rest of my days in penitence and tears."

Nicephorus swore solemnly to grant her what she desired, and to honour her ever as Augusta. But the fallen princess found that this oath was as little regarded as the former oaths taken by the rebel. She was banished to the island of Lesbos, where she was forced to work with her hands to earn a poor livelihood, and after a few months of destitution she died at the age of eighty, from want and grief.

Nicetas has been thought to have joined in the conspiracy, and indeed is charged with it by Baronius. But the words of Theophanes, on which he relied, do not necessarily implicate S. Nicetas in such an odious crime. He says, that among the conspirators were "Nicetas, the patrician and domestic of the schools, and Sisinius, the patrician and his brother, of the crafty and perjured family of the Triphyllii."¹ Nicetas Triphyllios was killed next year, A.D. 803, in battle against the Bulgarians. The passage is capable of two meanings—the conspirators were Nicetas, the patrician, and Sisinius and his brother Nicetas, these two latter being of the family of the Triphyllii, or the conspirators were Nicetas, the patrician, and Sisinius, also patrician, and brother of this Nicetas, both being of the family of the Triphyllii. We will give S. Nicetas the benefit of the doubt.

Many tyrants have reigned undoubtedly more criminal than Nicephorus, but none perhaps have more deeply incurred the universal abhorrence of their people. His cha-

¹ "συνεργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν Νικήτου πατρικίου καὶ δομestίκου τῶν σχολῶν, καὶ Σισινίου πατρικίου καὶ ἀδελφοῦ αὐτοῦ, τῶν δολερῶν καὶ ἐπίορκων τριφυλλίων."

racter was stained with the three odious vices of hypocrisy, ingratitude, and avarice. Unskilful and unfortunate in war, Nicephorus was vanquished by the Saracens, and slain by the Bulgarians in 811; and the advantage of his death over-balanced, in the public estimation, the destruction of a Roman army. On Michael Rhangabe assuming the purple, Nicetas, sick at heart at the miserable condition of the empire, its obvious decline, and threatening ruin, left the world and assumed the monastic habit.

He had asked permission to do so of Nicephorus and his son Stauracius, but had been refused, and the Emperor Michael, when he accorded him permission to assume the habit, bade him enter the monastery of Chrysonike, at the Golden Gate, and not leave the imperial city. There Nicetas remained till the reign of Leo the Armenian (813-820), but when that emperor began the destruction of the sacred images, Nicetas retired from the city, together with several of the brethren, to a country villa which he had given to the monastery. The emperor having been informed that they had carried off an image of the Saviour from the city, and had concealed it from desecration, sent to the place where they resided and ordered the immediate surrender of the image. The monks implored the soldiers not to ill-treat the sacred icon, but they broke into the treasury of the church, seized the figure, and flung it contemptuously across the back of a horse. Orders were given that Nicetas should not leave the place where he was till he knew the emperor's pleasure. He was left unmolested till Theophilus assumed the purple in 829, when the emperor sent to Nicetas to order him to communicate with Antony, patriarch of Constantinople, who abetted the emperors in their iconoclasm. "This I will not do," answered Nicetas; "I will not cease from reverencing the image of Christ, do with me what you will, banish me, kill me, if it please you."

He was thereupon expelled the house. He and three brethren took refuge in a house in the suburbs of Constantinople, and spent there Lent and Easter. But an edict having been issued forbidding the harbouring of such as revered images, Nicetas was turned out, and as none dare give him shelter, he betook himself to a place called Eribolon, and remained in hiding there with his companions till driven from it by the incursions of the Saracens. Then they sought refuge in another place called Zulpa. Their hiding place was again discovered and they were ordered to communicate with the iconoclasts or depart. They were, therefore, again obliged to remove. Nicetas found refuge at Catisia, where he bought a little farm and, as tranquillity came at last, he built a church there to the Angels, and spent there the rest of his days in peace.

S. MACCALLIN, AB.

(A.D. 978.)

[Colgan on Jan. 21. In a Missal of Propers for Irish and French Patrons, pub. at Paris in 1734, by authority of Clement XII. on Oct. 6. Authorities :—Mention in the Life of S. Cadroe, and in the Appendix to Frodoard.]

S. MACCALLIN, or Malcallin, an Irishman, visited France, together with S. Cadroe and some others, in 945 or 946. Cadroe was of the royal house of the Scots of North Britain. He, and probably Malcallin with him, came to Boulogne, and thence went to S. Fursey's monastery at Peronne, where Cadroe prayed to God that he would, through the merits of S. Fursey, point him out a place where he should plant his staff and rest. On the following night the Saint appeared to him in a vision, and told him that he must go elsewhere. Not far from Peronne there lived a pious and wealthy lady

named Hersendis, who was very kind to pilgrims. On hearing that some such persons had arrived in her neighbourhood, she sent to them, requesting that they would visit her. They complied with her wish, and on conversing with her, said that all they wanted was a retired spot where they might serve God in peace and work for their bread. She then gladly offered them a spot in the forest called "Theorascencis," near the river Oise, in the diocese of Laon and adjoining the frontiers of Hainault, and where there was a church under the invocation of S. Michael. They liked the place, and Hersendis got the church enlarged and habitations erected for their use. Among these pilgrims, who in all were thirteen, was Maccallin, whose name now occurs for the first time. Where he met with Cadroe we are not informed, nor whether he had travelled with him all the way from Scotland, but it is not improbable that he had. Wheresoever it was that these holy men first met, they and their companions having settled at S. Michael's, proceeded to elect a superior, and S. Cadroe was fixed upon for the purpose. But as he could not be persuaded to accept the office, Maccallin was compelled to be their abbot. After a while, the abbot and Cadroe resolved to join the Order of S. Benedict; and to attain their purpose, Maccallin went to Gorz, a monastery in the diocese of Metz, and Cadroe to Fleury, on the Loire. When Maccallin had received the monastic habit, Hersendis sent to the Abbot Agenald, of Gorz, requesting him to suffer Maccallin to proceed to a place she had destined as the seat of a new monastery. This was Waulsort, on the Meuse, between Dinant and Givet, a spot of enchanting beauty, shut in by limestone crags and rich forests. Maccallin accordingly became Abbot of Waulsort, without surrendering his direction of S. Michael's. Cadroe became his prior. But after some time, Maccallin, finding the direction of two establishments more than he could manage, begged S. Cadroe to become Abbot of Waulsort. To this

S. Cadroe consented with difficulty, A.D. 950. Cadroe was afterwards Abbot of S. Clement's, at Metz, and died in A.D. 975, at the age of seventy. His commemoration is on the 6th of March. S. Maccallin, having returned to S. Michael's, spent there the remainder of his days, and died on Jan. 21st, A.D. 978.

Another Maccallin, or Macallan, bishop and confessor, is honoured in Scotland on September 6, and is mentioned on that day by the Martyrology of Donegal. He was bishop at Lusk; his Acts are preserved in MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. He died about A.D. 497. He is said in them "to have twice visited Scotland, and to be in repute there."

S. BRUNO, C.

(A.D. 1101.)

[His office permitted in the Carthusian Order by Leo X. in 1514. Canonized by Gregory XV. in 1623. Roman and Carthusian Martyrologies. Authorities:—A Life by the chronologer of the five first priors of the Order, written about 1260. The encyclical letter in which the death of S. Bruno was announced to his disciples. Mention by Guibert of Nogent (d. 1124). There are other, later, lives of less value: one by Francis à Puteo, in 1515, another in hexameters by Zacharia Benedetto, A.D. 1508, &c.]

S. BRUNO was a native of Cologne, born of noble parents. From childhood he is said to have exhibited extraordinary gravity and religious earnestness. He studied grammar at Laon or Bec, and was afterwards sent to Paris to finish his education in that renowned university. He rose to distinction, taught philosophy, and applied himself to theology.

On his return to Cologne, Anno, the archbishop, gave him a canonry in the church of S. Cunibert, and he received minor orders from his hands. At the death of Anno he was

made canon of Rheims, without apparently surrendering his canonry at Cologne. At Rheims he taught philosophy, and was advanced to be chancellor of the archdiocese. On the death of Gervaise, Archbishop of Rheims, in 1069, Manasses de Gournai obtained the see, as it was afterwards alleged, by simoniacal means. However that may have been, Bruno remained on good terms with him, and accepted many benefices at his hands; but the archbishop had no taste for ecclesiastical studies, or love of religious duties. His birth was noble, he had been brought up among knights, and he preferred association with them to the tamer, if more profitable, society of his clergy. He affected a splendid retinue, rode about accompanied by armed men, and to keep up this state laid taxes on his clergy, and kept back the revenues of monasteries. "A capital benefice this of Rheims," said he, "were it not for the masses that have to be sung."¹

Bruno, perhaps unable to endure the conduct of his bishop, in 1076 left Rheims, and probably went to Paris,² where he was hospitably received, together with some other Rheimois, by one Adam. One day, whilst there, he was walking in the garden with Ralph le Vert and Fulques the One-eyed, and they talked together of the uncertainty of human prosperity and the joys of the religious life. The three friends agreed together to forsake the world, but not before they had tried to chastise the archbishop for his misdeeds, and especially for his treatment of themselves. Fulques was sent to Rome to complain of Manasses, and Bruno took refuge with the Count of Roucy, who had also causes of complaint against the archbishop. In 1076, the appeals of those who had been excommunicated by Manasses having become numerous, the Pope gave commission to the Bishop of Paris to examine their cases on the spot, and if he found that they had been

¹ Guibert of Nogent.

² Probably; this is not, however, certain. Adam was canon of Paris.



S. BRUNO. After Cahier.

unjustly treated, to absolve them by the authority of the Holy See. In execution of these orders, Hugh of Die, papal legate, summoned a council to assemble at Autun, in 1077. At that council Bruno and another Manasses, Provost of Rheims, lodged their complaints against the archbishop, and he was suspended from his functions. Manasses, in revenge, broke into the houses of his accusers, pillaged them, confiscated their benefices, and gave or sold them to others. But, having received peremptory orders from the Pope, he was forced to go to Rome and clear himself of the charges made against him as best he was able.

A very striking incident in the life of S. Bruno, and which, according to Carthusian tradition, led to his conversion, took place, if there be any truth in it, whilst he was at Paris with Adam. There was a certain canon of the cathedral of Paris, a doctor and lecturer in the university of great renown for his learning, and generally regarded as a man of blameless life. He died, and all the members of the university attended his funeral. Whilst the body lay on the bier, between flaming unbleached tapers, the clergy chanted around it, and the officiating priest recited the proper lesson from Job: "Hear diligently my speech, and my declaration with your ears. Behold now, I have ordered my cause; I know that I shall be justified. Who is he that will plead with me? for now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost. Only do not two things unto me: then will I not hide myself from Thee. Withdraw Thine hand far from me: and let not Thy dread make me afraid. Then call Thou, and I will answer: or let me speak, and answer Thou me." At that moment the corpse opened its eyes, rose slowly on the bier, and said in a low voice, "I am accused at the just judgment-seat of God."

A horror fell upon all present; they fled from the church,¹

¹ According to one version the scene was in the house, according to another in the church.

and the corpse, which had sunk back on the bier, was left alone.

Next day again the funeral ceremony was recommenced. With trembling voice the priest began the lesson, "Hear diligently my speech, and my declaration with your ears. . . . Then call Thou, and I will answer." He paused; his nervous fingers could hardly hold the book. With an effort he proceeded, "Let me speak, and ANSWER THOU ME."

Again the corpse rose, opened its dead blank eyes, no colour shot into the sallow cheeks, the livid lips opened, and the words issued, "I am judged at the just tribunal of God." And again it fell back motionless as before.

The same panic fell on priest and assistants. The service was not concluded that day.

On the third day a crowd of wondering people attended with faces blank with alarm. Amidst the funeral trappings of black and silver, the yellow unbleached tapers seemed to burn faintly. A silence most profound fell on all as the choir began to intone the mournful psalms for the dead. And then the lesson from Job was sung. "Your remembrances are like unto ashes, your bodies to bodies of clay. Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, and let come on me what will. . . . Hear diligently my speech, and my declaration with your ears. . . . Who is he that will plead with me? for now, if I hold my tongue, I shall give up the ghost. . . . Then call thou, and I will answer, or let me speak, and ANSWER THOU ME." Instantly the corpse sat up, a look of horror came into the dead eyes, and a shriek, "I am condemned by the just judgment of God," rang through the church. Then the bishop said: "He whom God has condemned, let him not be laid in holy ground, but be cast forth and buried in a dung-heap."

Bruno, so runs the tale, was present during those awful scenes. The shock, the horror, overcame him, and he

resolved for ever to quit the world, its pomps and vanities, and live with the just judgment of God ever before his eyes.

Cæsarius of Heisterbach, who flourished in 1180, relates the story, but without mentioning its effect on S. Bruno. It is told in the earliest life of S. Bruno, written about 1260, by a Carthusian. It was inserted in the Roman Breviary in one of the lessons for the festival of S. Bruno, by order of Pope Gregory XVI., but Pope Urban VIII. had it expunged as supported on insufficient evidence.

In the meantime Manasses had succeeded in persuading Pope Gregory VII. that the charges raised against him had been exaggerated or untrue. The pope listened patiently to the accusations made against the archbishop by some of the canons of Rheims and the Count of Roucy, and then restored him to the full exercise of his rights, from which the papal legate, Hugh of Die, and the council of Autun had deprived him. Manasses returned with a papal brief to the legate, bidding him reinstate him in his archbishopric and in no way molest him. All the malcontents now reconciled themselves to the archbishop, except Bruno and one named Pontius. Bruno betook himself to Cologne; the archbishop either refused or delayed to restore to Bruno the benefices of which he had despoiled him, and it was not till the expulsion of Manasses, in 1080, that he was able to return to Rheims. Elinand of Laon at once obtained the see from King Henry, and held it for two years, till deprived by Gregory VII. Bruno, sickened with the miserable contests which desolated Europe, the utterly irreligious character of several of the prelates, the coldness which had invaded the Church, resolved to quit the world without more ado. He resigned his benefices, and in company with six friends, Lantwin, Stephen du Bourg, Stephen de S. Die, an aged priest, Hugh the Chaplain, and two laymen, Andrew and

Guerin, went forth in search of a place where they might be far from the strife of the world, and might live in peace to God.

On midsummer day, 1086, Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, saw seven men cast themselves at his feet, imploring him to guide them to a place where they might spend the rest of their lives in solitude. There was a wild spot in his diocese, shut in by snowy mountains, approachable only by a narrow road on the edge of the ravine. He had visited this spot, the resort of the peasants with their cattle in the summer, on one of his peregrinations of his diocese. It had struck his fancy, and he had dreamt of it, that he saw a convent rise from its grassy sward, sprinkled with gentian and yellow anemone, and that seven stars had wheeled above, illumining it with a supernatural glory. When Bruno and his companions asked his direction, his thoughts rushed at once to this alpine solitude and his dream concerning it.

He told them that he knew a suitable valley, and invited them to stay with him for a few days till he had obtained for them a concession of the mountain wilderness with its forests and meadows from Segwin, Abbot of Chaise-Dieu.

Then he conducted the seven postulants up the rocky path to the valley of Chartreuse, which was thenceforth to give its name to one of the most famous Orders of the Church.

“Never, perhaps, was chosen a more glorious shrine of Nature’s making wherein to found a retreat for the practice of the ascetic type of Christian perfection, and which in the result proved the cradle of the great Carthusian Order. The nine houses of this austere Order that were suppressed in England, traced their origin, directly or indirectly, as well as their popular name of Charterhouse, to the Chartreuse of Dauphiny. Of these nine sister priories, built of solid

masonry, scarce a vestige remains to tell the story of its former splendour;¹ and the very sites of most of them have sunk into oblivion. Yet the great Chartreuse, though anterior in date to the oldest of Charterhouses, subsists to this day, a lasting monument to the character and genius of its founder, S. Bruno.

“The lovely valley that lends to the Chartreuse such extrinsic charms, and which, in its turn, has been elevated out of obscurity by the moral attractions of the cloister, will bear comparison with the choicest bits of Swiss scenery. The vale of Chamouni, the rugged pass of the Via Mala on the heights of the Splügen, or the group of valleys from whose lap the Jungfrau raises aloft her snowy head, with a grace befitting her graceful name, are hardly more beautiful than the *Désert*, as it is called, of the Chartreuse. This desert, or wilderness, we approached from S. Laurent du Pont, through a precipitous winding defile, the narrow road being hewn out of the rock, with stupendous crags towering over head, and a gaping chasm below, from the shingly bed of which ascends the muffled roar of an alpine torrent; the grandeur of the whole scene enhanced by perpendicular pine forests clothing the steep banks of rock that hem in this mountain pass. As you ascend the steep *corniche* roadway, which is carried from time to time over the torrent by a stone bridge, delightful glimpses break upon the view at each successive turn—glimpses of distant peaks or vast banks of sombre firs, or patches of blue sky peeping out betwixt overhanging cliffs.

“Gradually the narrow gorge, darkened even at noonday by the lofty fir-bound rocks that almost meet on either side, opens out into a valley less confined, indeed, but equally beautiful. The whitened summit of the Grand Som—the

¹ Mount Grace Priory, in Yorkshire, near Northallerton, is in a singularly perfect state of preservation.

Mont Blanc of the Dauphiny Alps—now becomes more easily discernible; the rocks frown down upon you more grandly than ever, and the masses of tall pines are no less dense. In this wild spot stands the world-famed Chartreuse.

“Close behind the monastery rises the Grand Som itself, a mountain of rock whose icy needle-points either lose themselves in clouds, or according to the season, seem, spire-like, to penetrate the sky. It is as if a gigantic wall had been expressly shaped by Nature’s own hand to serve for a majestic background to the convent. The priory occupies the valley between the Grand Som, on one side, and a huge bank of firs on the other; a fine contrast being presented by the bare, bleached crags and sharp peaks of the mountains at the back of the monastery, in juxtaposition with the dark tints of the gigantic fir-bank facing it.

“Among the many convents I have visited at different times and places, none is comparable, in point of situation, with the Great Chartreuse. It realizes, if any material thing can realize, the idea of the sublime. Endless varieties of the grandest mountain forms and cloud-enveloped peaks; fantastic outlines of rugged rocks; impenetrable woods made up of dusky pines, beeches, planes, and other forest trees, throwing a rich garb of verdure over yawning precipices; with the comparatively smiling vale lying quietly ensconced in the midst of the whole—constitute a picture seldom equalled, and more rarely surpassed.”¹

Such was the place where Bruno laid the foundation of his Order. He immediately set to work to build an oratory and small cells at a distance from one another, like the ancient Lauras of Palestine, in which the members of his community might live. For his society was to be one distinctively of hermits, of solitaries, but of solitaries united under a common rule and protected by their bond from

¹ Algernon Taylor, “Scenes in French Monasteries,” p. 216, *seq.*

some of the disadvantages under which hermits laboured, and the dangers to which they were exposed.

The life of these anchorites was singularly austere. Each in his own cell was obliged to work at some handicraft. They had no refectory, but ate in solitude what was passed to them through a wicket in their doors.

Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluni fifty years after S. Bruno, writes of them : "Their dress is meaner and poorer than that of other monks ; so short and scanty, and so rough, that the very sight affrights one. They wear coarse hair shirts next their skin, fast almost perpetually ; eat only bran-bread ; never touch flesh, even when ill ; never buy fish, but eat it if given them as an alms ; eat eggs and cheese on Sundays and Thursdays ; on Tuesdays and Saturdays their fare is pulse or herbs boiled ; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays they take nothing but bread and water ; and they have only one meal a day, except within the octaves of Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Epiphany, and some other festivals. Their constant occupation is praying, reading, and manual labour, which consists chiefly in transcribing books. They say the lesser hours of the divine office in their cells at the times when the bell rings ; but meet together at vespers and matins with wonderful recollection. They say mass only on Sundays and festivals."

One custom is peculiar to the Order. Once a week the convent gates are opened, and all the solitaries go forth in twos for a walk among the mountains, through the forests, or over the flowery meadows.

S. Bruno, who had inspired his companions with the desire of flying the world, was regarded by them as their Superior, and S. Hugh of Grenoble, who had guided them to this retreat, chose Bruno as his spiritual adviser. Whilst Bruno was enjoying the peace of this beautiful solitude, in the hopes of ending his days there, Urban II. sent him

orders to come to Rome. Urban had been his pupil, and he was resolved to confer on his former master some marks of distinction. Bruno was therefore called away from his beloved retreat after having tasted its delights for only six years. His grief at leaving, the sorrow of his companions at the prospect of losing him, forbid description. The six friends consulted together and resolved unanimously not to be separated from their guide. If he must go, they would accompany him. They declared their purpose to S. Bruno. He could not refuse his consent. They received the benediction of S. Hugh of Grenoble and departed for Rome.

S. Bruno was received by the Pope with every mark of esteem and affection. He was retained about his person, and admitted into the ecclesiastical council, that he might be consulted on matters of religion. His companions were given a lodging in the city, where they endeavoured to maintain their rule of life observed in the Alpine desert. But the noise and distraction of a great town troubled them: they grew sad, their prayers seemed listless, their meditations pointless; they pined for the cool, clear atmosphere of the mountains, where, in hush and isolation, they could pray and muse on God without disturbance. They could endure it no longer, and, headed by Lantwin, they entreated permission to be restored to the beloved valley of the Chartreuse. Bruno obtained permission for them to depart; he named Lantwin their prior, and the little swarm winged its way, light of heart, to the thyme-scented banks of the stream that flowed through the Chartreuse.

Bruno, though deprived of his friends, maintained a constant correspondence with them. He was himself weary of life in Rome, and pining for solitude. In vain did he implore the pope to permit his departure; his presence was too valuable for Urban to grant his request. In 1090 the archbishopric of Reggio fell vacant, and was offered to

Bruno. But he refused it, though taken into Calabria with the hopes of persuading him to accept it. When there, he escaped with some of his companions to the solitude of Torre, in the diocese of Squillace, whilst Pope Urban was in France, and having obtained a grant of the land from Roger, Count of Sicily and Calabria, formed there a new settlement. There he was allowed to remain in tranquillity till his death, which took place in 1101. Feeling his end approach, he called together his religious, and made a general confession in their presence; then protested his faith in all the verities of the Catholic creed, especially in that of the Real Presence, which Berengarius had then begun to dispute, and so surrendered his soul to God before he had reached his fiftieth year.

His body is in the church of S. Stephen, at Torre, but portions of his bones have been distributed among different churches of the Order.

In art S. Bruno is represented contemplating the Crucifix, with the words on a scroll issuing from his mouth, "O bonitas!" or, "Ecce elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine" (Ps. liv. 8). Sometimes bearing an olive-branch, or a crucifix the ends of which are foliated with olive leaves, on account of an antiphon in the Carthusian Breviary, which likens him to the olive taking root and bearing fruit in the most barren soil.

The subject of the conversion of S. Bruno is a favourite one with painters.

October 7.

- S. JUSTINA, *V.M. at Padua.*
 SS. MARCELLUS AND APULEIUS, *MM. at Rome; 1st cent.*
 S. EUMENIUS, *B.C. at Alexandria, A.D. 143.*
 SS. SERGIUS AND BACCHUS, *MM. in Syria; 3rd cent.*
 S. JULIA, *V.M. in Syria; 4th cent.*
 S. MARK, *Pope of Rome, A.D. 336.*
 S. LEOPARDIN, *Mk. M. at Aubigny in France; 6th or 7th cent.*
 S. AUGUSTUS, *P. Ab. at Bourges; 6th cent.*
 S. DUBTACH, *Abp. of Armagh, A.D. 513.*
 S. PALLADIUS, *B. at Saintes in France, circ. A.D. 600.*
 S. OSVTH, *V.M. at Chick in Essex; end of 7th cent.*

S. JUSTINA, V.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology. Not found in any ancient Martyrology. The Acts are a late mediæval forgery; also the forged Acts of S. Prosdochimus, both compositions of the 12th cent.]



HE only ancient writer who mentions S. Justina of Padua is Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian by birth, but Bishop of Poitiers, in the sixth century. Twice does he mention the name in connection with Padua, but gives no particulars concerning her. Two sermons on S. Justina are attributed to S. Maximus, but they are generally admitted to be much later, the composition of a monk. The Acts of S. Justina are one of those audacious forgeries, more common in the East than in the West, pretending to have been written by an eye-witness of what he describes. The writer of the Acts of S. Justina would have himself regarded as Prosdochimus, disciple of S. Peter, and first bishop of Padua. Some time in the Middle Ages Padua was ambitious to know something about her early bishops and martyrs, and a writer, more zealous than honest, composed



S. JUSTINA.

a set of Acts to supply the deficiency. First he wrote the Acts of S. Prosdochimus, as if by S. Maximus, his successor in the see, and inserted therein the words, "This same man, S. Prosdochimus, wrote the passion of Justina, and committed it to us (*i.e.* Maximus), to be retained in our memory." The Acts conclude: "After his death, I, Maximus, his successor, being chosen by all the clergy and people, and consecrated by the Roman bishop, wrote down all that I saw and that I heard of him." The same hand wrote next the Acts of S. Justina, introducing them with this audacious falsehood: "I beg of you, whosoever shall piously and religiously hear or read this, to remember in your prayers me, a sinner, who was present, in the Lord's name, at this martyrdom." These forgeries are as clumsy as they are wicked. The writer was profoundly ignorant of history. He made Nero succeed Maximian. For Justina is martyred by Maximian (A.D. 286-305), and Prosdochimus, who writes her passion, is a martyr under Nero (A.D. 54-68), and disciple of S. Peter. Vitalianus, father of Justina, is, moreover, king of Padua!

After having stated this, it would seem useless to narrate the incidents of the passion of S. Justina; but inasmuch as it is possible that the pseudo-Prosdochimus may have worked ancient material into his otherwise valueless composition, the account of her martyrdom shall be briefly summarized.

Justina, daughter of Vitalianus and Præpedigna, noble parents at Padua, believing in Christ, was left an orphan at the age of sixteen. As she was returning from her villa in the country to Padua one day, she was stopped by the soldiers of Maximian on the bridge over the Po, and obliged to descend from her chariot and follow them to the court of justice. She knelt on the stones, and prayed God to preserve her innocence, though in the hands of brutal soldiers. The impression of her knees on the stones is shown at this

day on the bridge. When brought before Maximian, she showed the utmost courage, and he ordered her to be stabbed in the throat with a sword. In 1177, Gerard, Bishop of Padua, determined to find the body of S. Justina, and having found a skeleton under the altar in the church of her dedication, placed it in a shrine, and exhibited it to the veneration of the people. This is probably the date of the composition of the Acts.

S. Justina is represented with a palm-branch, and her side transfixed by a sword.

SS. MARCELLUS AND APULEIUS, MM.

(1ST CENTURY.)

[Roman Martyrology. Many copies of the Mart. of Jerome, Ado, Ussuardus, Notker, &c. Sarum, York, Hereford, and Durham Calendars. The Sacramentary of Gelasius. Authority:—The Apocryphal Acts of SS. Nereus and Achilles.]

MARCELLUS and Apuleius seem to be the same as Nicetas and Aquila, mentioned in the Clementines as disciples of Simon Magus; the Martyrologies speak of them as following Simon till converted by S. Peter. On reference to the Clementine Recognitions, that most extraordinary philosophical religious romance of the 2nd century, we find that their names in Greek were Nicetas and Aquila. The inventor of the Acts of SS. Nereus and Achilles adopted their story into his composition, and crowned them with martyrdom. They are purely apocryphal personages.

SS. SERGIUS AND BACCHUS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 301.)

[Martyrology of Jerome. Roman and most Latin Martyrologies. Hereford Kalendar. By the Greeks, and Russians, and Copts on the same day. The Syriac Church on Dec. 9 and Aug. 21. Authorities :— The Acts in Greek and Latin, not contemporary, and not wholly trustworthy.]

IN 431, the church built over these martyrs' bodies at Rasaphe, in Syria, was falling with age, and it was restored by Alexander, the bishop. Evagrius describes the tomb in the church as plated with silver, in the middle of the 6th century. The Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora gave a gold cross to the church in honour of the martyrs.

Sergius and Bacchus were two officers in the household of the Emperor Maximian. One day, when the Emperor went into the temple of Jupiter to offer sacrifice, he noticed that his two officers had remained outside. Suspecting the reason, he sent for them and ordered them to unite with him in adoring the great god Jupiter. They refused, and Maximian ordered them to have their military insignia plucked off, and that they should be dressed in women's clothes, and so conducted through the streets of the city. They bore this indignity with great firmness. Then Maximian sent them to Antiochus, governor of the province of Augusta Euphratorum, to Rasaphe, and there Bacchus was scourged till he died; and Sergius, after having been made to walk in boots with nails in the soles so as to tear his feet, was executed by the sword. There is a church at Rome dedicated to these saints.

S. PALLADIUS, B. OF SAINTES.

(ABOUT A. D. 600.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Veneration for this saint dates from the 10th cent. Authority:—Gregory of Tours.]

S. PALLADIUS, called S. Pallais in French, was of noble birth. When he was consecrated Bishop of Saintes is not known, but he was present in the synod of Paris held in 573, as his signature is found attached to its decrees. A synod was held in 579 at Saintes, at which he also probably assisted, but its canons have not been preserved.

In 584 a youth named Gundobald, brought up with long flowing hair, after the manner of the Frank princes, was presented by his mother to Childebert I. as the natural son of his brother Clothair I. "Behold," said she, "thy nephew. I present him to thee, because he is abhorred of his father, Clothair. He is thy flesh, therefore receive him." Childebert, who was sonless, accepted the charge, and Gundobald remained with him. But when news of this reached Clothair, he sent messengers to his brother's court demanding the youth, and when Gundobald was brought to him he repudiated him as his son, and ordered his long locks to be shorn off. But after the death of Clothair, Gundobald was again received by Childebert. But he was captured by Sigebert of Austrasia, and his hair again cut short. He was sent to Cologne, but having escaped, he made his way to Narses, who was then in Italy, and there he married and had a family. From Italy he went to Constantinople, and after some delay in the capital of the East, he returned to Gaul, and was well received by Theodore, Bishop of Marseilles, and accepted as king by Mummolus the patrician, and Desiderius, Duke of Provence. Thence he went to Limoges

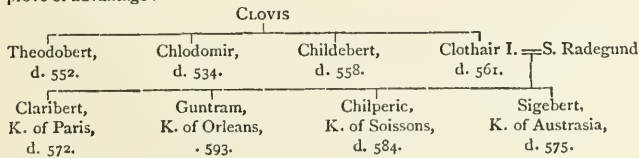
and was proclaimed king at Brive-la-Gaillarde. He received the allegiance of the nobles and citizens at Angoulême, Toulouse, and Bordeaux. The Bishop of Bordeaux was Bertram, related to Guntram,¹ King of Orleans, on his mother's side.

Whilst Gundobald was at Bordeaux, the Bishop of Dax on the Adour died. Thereupon the pretender nominated Faustian, priest of Dax, to the vacant bishopric. Nizier, Count of Dax, complained to Chilperic, King of Soissons, as the bishopric had been promised to him. But Gundobald ordered the consecration of Faustian by the Bishop of Bordeaux, assisted by Palladius of Saintes, and Orestes of Bazas. Dax was under the metropolitan throne of Eause and not of Bordeaux, so that the three bishops had transgressed canonical order by the consecration of Faustian. Saintes was in the metropolitan diocese of Bordeaux, and therefore S. Palladius may have thought himself bound to obey his archbishop. But the act involved him in trouble.

In the same year, 585, Guntram of Orleans sent an army against Gundobald. A battle was fought at Cominges, which ended in the total rout and slaughter of the troops of the pretender, and the death of Gundobald himself. The bishops who had sided with him, and had consecrated Faustian, were brought to Orleans, where Guntram was, to answer for their conduct.

Palladius perhaps told the truth. "Bertram, the metropolitan, was afflicted with sore eyes and could not well read.

¹ To facilitate understanding a perplexing period of history, the following table will prove of advantage:—



I had been brought, against my desire, to Dax, as a captive. I could not do otherwise than obey him whom apparently the majority of the Gallic nobles acknowledged as king." Orestes shuffled and denied his participation in the ceremony. The king was highly incensed at the answer of Palladius, and could hardly be persuaded to allow Bertram and Palladius to sup with him. When the two bishops entered the banqueting hall, the king turned to Bertram and said with a sneer, "We thank you for having kept faith with us. Beloved father, it befits you to know that you are our kinsman on our mother's side, and therefore you were the last person who should have introduced that foreign pest Gundobald into our kingdom." Then looking at Palladius he roared forth: "And to you, Bishop Palladius, we owe great thanks. Shame on you! This is the third time that you have forsworn yourself to me, and you a bishop! And you excuse yourself and my kinsman by letters to me whilst inciting others against me. God judge between us! I have ever sought to protect you bishops, and you have ever wrought subtly against me." Then turning to Nicasius of Angoulême and Antidius of Agen, he said: "Let me know what good you have done to your country, or to my crown, by your intrigues, most holy fathers." Then he washed his hands and sat down to table, grace having been said, and the clouds passed from his brow.

During the supper, the king's son Childebert was introduced, and Guntram besought the bishops to pray for his prosperity. Palladius seized the opportunity. He rose from his seat and poured forth an eloquent prayer over the child's head, invoking for him a long life, the rout of his enemies, and extension of the boundaries of his kingdom. Guntram was delighted, and Palladius and his metropolitan were temporarily restored to his favour.

The matter of Faustian could not, however, be disposed

of without a council. There was another trouble exercising men's minds at the time. A Gallican bishop had dared to assert that a woman had not a legitimate claim to be called *homo*.

A council or synod assembled at Mâcon in 585, and Bertram, Palladius, and Orestes were condemned to pay annually a hundred pieces of gold for the maintenance of their bishop Faustian in episcopal splendour, but he was not suffered to fill the see, which was given, as had been promised, to Nizier, Count of Dax. The bishop who had disputed the humanity of woman was denounced.

But though Palladius had for a time regained the king's favour, Guntram soon returned to his former mistrust of him and vexation at his conduct. One Sunday, not long after the feast at which the Bishop of Saintes had prayed for his son, the king entered the cathedral, when finding that Palladius was at the altar, he exclaimed, angrily, "What! this perfidious and unfaithful fellow trusted to utter holy words, and minister in holy things? I will leave the church at once." And he turned to depart. There was a commotion. Some of the clergy interfered: "Sire! you suffered him to give a blessing at the banquet, permit him now to continue the service, as he has already begun it; and should he hereafter offend, let him be dealt with according to the sacred canons." Then Guntram consented to remain, but reluctantly, and with a sullen countenance.

Palladius was again, however, invited along with the Bishop of Bordeaux, his metropolitan, to the king's table, when a most unseemly quarrel broke out between the Bishop of Saintes and his metropolitan over their cups. Each accused the other of adultery, fornication, and perjury, amidst the laughter of many of those present, but the lamentations of a few.¹ It is almost to be hoped that the metropolitan and

¹ "Cum iterato ad convivium regis Palladius atque Bertchramnus adsciti fuissent commoti invicem multa sibi de adulteriis ac fornicatione exprobrarunt, nonnulla etiam

his suffragan were drunk at the time, for if they had been sober they would hardly have made such open charges without some grounds.

On the return of Palladius to his diocese after the synod of Mâcon, he fell upon some of his clergy who had found fault with his proceedings, had them beaten severely, and plundered their houses.

Not long after, Antesius, an officer of Guntram, extorted from him a farm he had coveted, under the threat of denouncing him to the king for having harboured messengers from Fredegund to Leovigild. The accusation was unfounded; Palladius proved his innocence before the king, and recovered his farm.

S. Palladius erected a church at Saintes dedicated to S. Martin, and enriched it with some relics of that saint. He also translated the body of S. Eutropius, and built a church to SS. Peter and Paul, with thirteen altars in it, also a church and monastery to S. Vasius.

When S. Augustine was being sent to Britain on his mission to convert the Saxons and Angles, the great S. Gregory wrote to Palladius of Saintes, Pelagius of Tours, and Serenius of Marseilles to commend to their hospitality the band of missionaries who were on their way through Gaul.

The date of the death of S. Palladius cannot be fixed. It is somewhat surprising that a man of whom no good is known, save that he built some churches, should have received veneration as a saint. It was not for three hundred years that the idea that he was one entered the heads of the people of Saintes, and Baronius acted discreetly in not inserting his name in the Roman Martyrology.

de perjuriis. Quibus de rebus multi ridebant, nonnulli vero, qui alacrioris erant scientiæ, lamentabantur, cur inter sacerdotes Domini taliter zizania diaboli pullularent."
—*S. Gregor. Turon. Hist. Franc.* lib. viii. c. 20.

S. OSYTH, V.M.

(END OF 7TH CENTURY.)

[Brussels Martyrology. Greven on June 4 and Oct. 5. Lubek and Cologne Martyrologies on Oct. 7. Wilson's and Wyon's Anglican Martyrologies. The Monastic Martyrologies of Menardus, Bucelinus, and Mayhew. Ferrarius and Castellani. Authorities :—A life, probably by Alberic Vere, canon of S. Osyth, in the 13th cent. The life is in Capgrave and Surius. Vere is known to have written a life of the saint, and probably this is his composition, or a condensation of it.¹]

S. OSYTH was the daughter of Frithewald, a Mercian prince, who is mentioned by Florence of Worcester as assisting S. Erconwald in laying the foundations of a monastery at Chertsey in 675. The mother of S. Osyth was Wilteburga, a daughter of Penda, King of Mercia. Her name occurs nowhere else, and she may have been a natural child of that famous chief. Osyth was committed to the care of S. Modwenna, the Irish abbess, perhaps at Burton-on-Trent. The life of the saint, by Alberic Vere, is unfortunately not to be trusted as to particulars; it makes S. Edith of Polesworth a disciple of S. Modwenna. Alberic was misled by the life of S. Modwenna by Concubran, and the origin of the mistake has been pointed out elsewhere. The disciple of S. Modwenna was not Edith, sister of Alfred the Great, but Elfleda, sister of Alfred of Northumbria, who lived three centuries earlier than S. Edith of Polesworth. Modwenna bade Elfleda instruct the young girl in reading. One day in winter Elfleda sent Osyth to the abbess with a book. The child had to cross the river by a foot-bridge of wood; the wind was high, the bridge slippery with rain; Osyth slipped, and fell with the book into the water. Elfleda perhaps heard her cry,

¹ Except in one matter it is free from anachronisms. The only mistake is that of taking S. Elfleda for S. Edith.

and ran down to the bank of the river. The current was sweeping the child away, and she would have been drowned, had not Modwenna providentially arrived at the spot at the moment. She asked the reason of the cries of Elfleda, and when she found that Osyth was in the water, she ran to the edge, shrieking "Osyth, Osyth, Osyth! for God's sake strike out for me." The little girl called "Here I am, here I am, mistress mine!" And finding that she could touch the ground, or catch a branch, she bravely struggled ashore, without having let go her hold of the volume intrusted to her.

The place where this happened is called Menpole to this day, says Alberic Vere.

When the education of Osyth was complete, she was restored to her parents, and her hand was sought by Sighere, King of the East Saxons. Osyth's heart was set on the religious life, and it grieved her sore that she must be married to an earthly bridegroom. However, there was no help for it. Her parents were resolute, and a sumptuous wedding-feast was held. Now, whilst the banquet was in course, suddenly a magnificent stag bounded past the hall windows. Sighere was an ardent lover, but he was a more ardent sportsman. He blew his horn, mounted his horse, and, followed by his men, went in pursuit of the stag. Osyth seized the opportunity, and fled the place with some of her maids. When Sighere returned from hunting the stag, he had lost his bride. Osyth escaped to Bishops Acca¹ and Bedwin,² of the East Saxons, and they gave her the veil. Sighere,³ seeing that his young bride was bent on the religious life, gave her up lands at Chich, a spit of land at the mouth of the Colne, and there she founded a monastery,

¹ Acca, B. of Dunwich, 673.

² Bedwin, B. of Elmham, 673-679.

³ Sighere is mentioned by Bede as having renounced his Christianity in time of pestilence, A.D. 664, and restored the idol temples. This may have been one reason why Osyth disliked the marriage.

into which she retired. The date can be fixed with precision as 673.

The place then called Chich, and now S. Osyth's, was an inviting landing-place for the Northmen. Long creeks filled at high tide, convenient for their vessels to lie in, intersect the land. A Danish pirate fleet suddenly entered the mouth of the Colne, and running up the creek to S. Osyth's, disgorged its murderous crew, and the ferocious Northmen burst into the monastery of nuns. The chief of the expedition would have carried off Osyth to the ships, but when she resisted, he struck off her head. She is said to have risen to her feet after the blow, and to have applied her hands, steeped in blood, to the door of the church dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. According to popular legend, her head was struck off at a spot where there was till lately a spring called S. Osyth's Well, and she walked bearing her head as far as the church. The well has been turfed over, and the water carried off in pipes to supply the house which occupies the site of the priory.



October 8.

- S. SIMEON, *Proph. at Jerusalem; 1st cent.*
 S. REPARATA, *V.M. at Casarea in Palestine; 2nd cent.*
 S. ARTEMON, *P.M. at Laodicea; 3rd cent.*
 S. DEMETRIUS, *M. at Thessalonica; circ. A.D. 306.*
 S. BENEDICTA, *V.M. at Laon in France; circ. A.D. 306.*
 S. THAIS, *Pen. in Egypt; 4th cent.*
 S. FELIX, *B.C. at Como; end of 4th cent.*
 S. PELAGIA, *Pen. at Jerusalem; circ. A.D. 457.*
 S. KEYNE, *V. in Abergavenny; circ. A.D. 490.*
 S. TRIDUANA, *V. at Restalrig in Lothian.*
 S. GRATUS, *B. of Chalons-sur-Saone; 7th cent.*
 SS. VALERIA AND POLLENA, *VV. at Honnecourt, near Cambrai.*
 SS. EUSEBIA, *Abss. AND XXXIX. NUNS, VV. MM. at Marseilles; 8th cent.*
 S. RAGNFRIED, *Abp. at Denairs, near Valenciennes; circ. A.D. 805.*
 S. AMOR, *C. at Munsterbilsen, near Maestricht; 9th cent.*
 S. HUGH, *Knt. C. at Genoa; A.D. 1220.*
 S. BRIGET of Sweden; A.D. 1373.

S. SIMEON, PROPHET.

(1ST CENTURY.)

[Roman Martyrology, Usuardus, Ado. But Florus, Hrabanus, Notker on Jan. 5. By the Greeks on Feb. 3; same day by the Russians; by the Copts on Feb. 2.]



SIMEON, a devout Jew, inspired by the Holy Ghost, met the B. Virgin when she brought Our Lord into the Temple, at her purification, and, taking Him up in his arms, he gave thanks for what he saw and knew of Jesus (Luke ii. 25-35). In the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, Simeon is called a high priest. The statement deserves no respect. He was probably the Rabban Simeon, son of Hillel, who succeeded his father as president of the Sanhedrim, about A.D. 13, though Bartolucci¹ doubts it. The grandmother of Rabban Simeon

¹ "Bibliotheca Max. Rabin," iii. 327.

was of the family of David, and his son was Gamaliel the Pharisee, at whose feet S. Paul was brought up.¹

S. Adamnan, and S. Gregory of Tours, say that he was buried on Mount Olivet. In the 6th century his relics were translated to Constantinople, by Justin the Younger. Portions were given to Charlemagne, and were by him placed at Aix, where the arm on which the infant Saviour rested when the "Nunc Dimittis" was first is said, is shown. Other relics at Hartzburg, but the entire body at Zara, in Dalmatia; and another entire body at Andechs, in Bavaria. Part of an arm at Perigueux, another part at Palermo. The head in the Jesuit college at Brussels. Numerous other relics, mostly of arms, elsewhere.

S. DEMETRIUS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 306.)

[Roman Martyrology, Hrabanus, Bede, the Mart. Parvum, and that of S. Jerome, Ado, Notker, &c. By the Greeks, Russians, Copts, Syrians, Ethiopians on Oct. 26. By the Greeks he is entitled one of the "Great Martyrs." Authorities:—A Passion by a Greek anonymous writer, translated into Latin in the 9th cent. by Anastasius Bibliothecarius. It was probably composed in the 6th cent. Another Greek Passion exists much later, and a third by Metaphrastes; also an encomium by John of Thessalonica in the 7th cent. The first Passion is apparently thoroughly trustworthy.]

MAXIMIANUS GALERIUS was at Thessalonica about the year 306, where he amused his leisure with gladiatorial fights in the amphitheatre. He had a favourite gladiator, named Lyæus, a man large of body, powerful and agile; he had been the death of so many men, that scarce any could be found who would meet him in the arena. One day, Max-

¹ Acts xxii. 3.

imian went to the amphitheatre accompanied by Lyæus, when he was met on the road by his officers, conveying Demetrius, a Christian, whom they had apprehended, to prison. Maximian halted, and ordered him to be thrust into a room in the public baths till he returned from the sports, when he would examine him himself. Then he strode on and took his accustomed place in the circus. Lyæus stood forth in the arena, and defied all men to contend with him. No one accepted the challenge. Then Maximian offered large rewards to the man who would fight with Lyæus. Instantly a young man named Nestor jumped into the middle of the lists, and offered to fight the practised gladiator. Maximian hesitated, then called the youth up to him and said, "Hark ye, I know that you have challenged Lyæus because you are needy; and you think, if you kill him, you will gain great rewards; and if you die—well, there is an end to poverty and misery. But, young man, I have pity on your youth, and I will give you a present because of your pluck in defying this champion of mine." "Sire," answered Nestor, "I have not challenged him for reward, but for the honour of fighting so redoubted a gladiator."

So they met, and Lyæus was prostrated at one blow and killed. Maximian was angry at having lost his favourite fighting-man. He rose from his seat, and left the amphitheatre without rewarding Nestor. He was in this mood, when the officers stood before him on his way home and asked what was to be done with Demetrius.

"Run him through with your spears," said the angry tyrant. And Demetrius, unheard, was thus privately despatched in a room of the baths. When persecution ceased, Leontius, Christian prefect of Illyria, purged the baths, and erected over the scene of the martyrdom and the body of the martyr, a Christian church, which he also richly endowed, in honour of the martyr Demetrius. The later historians of

the passion, to connect the incidents and exalt the saint, make Nestor ask his blessing before he engages with Lyæus, but there is no hint of this in the earliest Acts.

S. THAIS, PEN.

(4TH CENT.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menologies*. Of Latin Martyrologists, Maurolychus, Greven, and the Bollandists. Authority :—A life originally in Greek ; also a metrical life by Marbod of Rennes, d. 1123; the Greek life was probably written in the 5th cent.]

THERE lived a beautiful, sinful woman, in Egypt, probably at Alexandria. Her splendid beauty was the cause of many a furious contest between her rivals, and the guilt of their blood lay at her door.

Now there lived in the wild, lone, sand-wastes a very old hermit named Paphnutius. And it was told him how this woman bewitched the youth with her beauty, and gave herself up to pride of life, lust of eye, and of flesh. And as the sun rose and set over the still desert, his mind travelled away to the busy town and the hot, restless life men and women lived there, and his heart filled with inexpressible sadness at the thoughts of the woman who was a sinner.

At length the wilderness became unendurable to him. He must go and see her, and speak to her. So he disguised himself and went to the town, and called at her house, and asked to say a few words to her. Then he was admitted and was shown into a magnificent apartment, and there, lounging on a costly couch, was the beautiful courtesan. The old hermit stood still and looked hard at her, and his heart beat, and his eyes began to fill, and he could scarcely utter a word.

“Let all go out,” said he.

“There is no one here but God,” she answered.

“What! you know that there is a God?” said he, with vehemence.

“Yes,” she replied, “I was brought up a Christian, and taught this truth.”

“And do you know that there is a heaven for the righteous, and a hell for the ungodly?”

“I know it,” she faltered.

Then he broke out into a long bitter cry and said: “O God Almighty! she knows Thee, and what Thou hast in store for them that serve Thee, and for them that offend Thee, and yet she has slain many poor souls which might have seen Thee and rested in Thy glory through all eternity, but which must now wail in endless woe.”

Then Thais, for that was her name, trembled exceedingly, and she sprang from her seat and threw herself at the feet of the old man and held them, and said: “My father, my father! show me a way to escape! Teach me how to repent.”

And he said: “I will. But first I must go away and prepare a place for thee.”

Then, when he was gone, Thais made a great heap in the open street of all her dresses, and set them on fire, and went forth, clad in poor raiment, to the place Paphnutius had appointed her. It was a monastery of holy women. And there he gave her a little cell, and she entered, and he sealed up the door with lead, and bade the sisters give her water and dry bread through the narrow window.

Moreover, he bade her not so much as raise her hands to heaven, nor name God with her lips, but look to the east in prayer, and say: “Thou who hast fashioned me, have mercy upon me.”

After three years had passed, Paphnutius was grieved for

Thais, and he went to the Abbot Antony and asked him whether he thought that the severity of her penance might be moderated, and that God had pardoned her sins.

Then Antony bade his monks fast and pray one night, and inquire what the will of God was. Now while all were in silent supplication, suddenly Paul, the oldest disciple of Antony, looked up, and saw in vision a glorious place in heaven. And he said: "It is the place prepared for my father Antony." Then a voice answered, "Not so, it is for Thais, the penitent."

And when this was told, with great joy did Paphnutius hurry to the monastery, and he broke open the door and said to Thais: "Come forth! the Lord hath pardoned thy sins."

And she said: "Since the day that I entered, they have weighed on me as a heavy burden; I have felt them day and night."

"Therefore," answered Paphnutius, "the Lord hath pardoned thee."

And after she had come forth, Thais lived but fifteen days, and then she emigrated to the Lord.

S. PELAGIA, PEN.

(ABOUT A.D. 457.)

[*Mart. of Jerome. Ado, Usuardus, Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks, Russians, Syriac Kalendar, that of the Maronites, &c. Authority:—Two Greek lives, paraphrases of a more ancient Greek one, by James the deacon of Nonnus, Bishop of Hierapolis, who converted Pelagia.*]

MAXIMUS, Bishop of Antioch, had convoked the bishops under his metropolitan jurisdiction to assemble for a synod in Antioch. Eight prelates attended, and amongst them

was Nonnus, Bishop of Edessa,¹ a holy man, who had been monk in the monastery of Tabenna in Egypt, but had been forcibly drawn from it to be ordained bishop. The synod met in the basilica of the Martyr Julian. When the session was not being held, some of the bishops and clergy sat at the church door in the shade, and amongst them Nonnus. Then certain of those present asked him to give them words of counsel. He rose at once and spoke, and what he said was so seasoned with salt, that none who heard him remained unmoved.

Now whilst he was speaking, there came out of a street upon the square into the broad sunlight, Pelagia, the chief actress and dancer of the theatre of Antioch, riding on an ass, adorned with jewels and in array of fine linen and silk. Her shoes were of gilded leather, studded with pearls. On either side was a train of boys and girls, beautifully dressed, wearing golden torques round their necks, young actors and actresses trained by Pelagia. She wore no veil, and her dazzling beauty attracted the eyes of all the passers by. So highly scented was she with musk, that the air of the street through which she passed was made fragrant.

Now when the bishops saw her with bare face and shoulders, they turned their heads aside. But Nonnus, arrested in his discourse, looked attentively at her, following her with his eyes very earnestly till she disappeared. Then turning to the other bishops, he asked, "Did not the sight of that woman please you?"

They answered him not a word.

Then he laid his face on his knee and wept, and his book of prayers was stained with his tears. After a while he looked up and said again to the bishops, "Did you not delight in her beauty?"

They remained silent as before, perplexed at his question.

¹ Venerated on December 2.

But he said, "I was right well pleased to see her. For it seems to me, that God has placed her before us to judge our lives and bishoprics. For, see you, my dearest, how that woman spends many hours in bathing and anointing herself, in decking out her hair, and her arms and neck and ankles, with rings of gold and chains of pearls, and how she devotes long time and much effort to practise her dances, whereas we have not such zeal and diligence in our office, or in preparing our souls for our just and holy Lord who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

So saying, he laid his hand on his deacon, James, the writer of this most touching narrative, and bade him lead him away to the hostel where he lodged. And when he came there he entered into his chamber and cast himself on the pavement and wept sore, and smote his breast; and the night settled down on the city and the stars shone out, and the old man prayed on, till he fell asleep with his face in his hands.

When morning came the old bishop called to him his deacon, and said, "I have had a dream, and I cannot understand it, and it has disturbed me greatly." And later in the day he said: "I thought I was standing at the altar, and at the corner I saw a dove, stained with filth and nearly black, and it flew about me as I said mass, and I could not endure its foulness. But when the deacon had proclaimed to the catechumens that they must depart, then I saw it no more till I had completed mass, and had finished the oblation, and had dismissed the congregation; and then, as I went out of the porch, I saw again that dove fluttering round me; and I put forth my hands and caught it and cast it into the shell that stood in the atrium of the church, and forthwith the dove flew up white as snow, and soared, and I stood looking, and it went higher and higher and was lost to sight in the deep blue sky."

Then Nonnus the bishop laid his hand on his deacon's shoulder, and bade him lead him to the church, for it was the Lord's day. Now when Nonnus entered with the other bishops they saluted their metropolitan, and the people crowded in after them, and the bishops sat on their thrones. "Now after the canonical celebration," says the deacon James, "or reading of the holy gospel, the same bishop of the city held out the holy gospel to the blessed Nonnus, and exhorted him to speak a word to the people. And he opening his mouth spake the wisdom of God which dwelt in him, for there was in him no studied elocution, or philosophy, or anything superfluous, but filled with the Holy Ghost he reasoned with and admonished the people, speaking simply of the future judgment, and of the good things laid up by God. And all the people were moved by the words he spake through the Holy Ghost, so that their tears dropped on the pavement of the church. And by the counsel and mercy of God, it fell out that the woman of whom I have told happened then to be in the church, and it was a great wonder, for she was not a catechumen, and had never felt any solicitude about her sins, nor had frequented churches at any time. But now she heard and was pricked to the heart with the fear of the Lord, whilst Nonnus spake, so that she despaired and could not contain her tears, but sobbed out aloud. And she said to two of her slaves, 'Tarry here, and when the blessed Nonnus goes forth, follow him, and learn where he dwells, and come and bring me word.'

"The slaves therefore did as their mistress had commanded, and, following us, they came to the basilica of the blessed martyr Julian, where was given us a lodging or cell. And going back, they went and told their mistress, saying, 'They lodge in the basilica of the blessed martyr Julian.' Then straightway she sent a diptych of tablets by the same servants, on which she had written these words: 'To the

holy disciple of Christ, a sinner and disciple of the devil sends greeting. I have heard of thy God, who bowed the heavens, and came down on earth, not to save the just, but sinners; and that He so humbled Himself as to draw nigh to publicans, He, whom cherubim dare not gaze on, conversed with sinners. And thou, my lord, who art very holy, although with eyes of flesh thou hast not seen that Lord Jesus Christ who manifested Himself by the well to the Samaritan woman, yet thou art His worshipper, as I have heard from Christians. If, therefore, thou art a true disciple of that Christ, reject me not, desiring to behold the Saviour by thee, and let me be permitted to see thy holy face.'

“Then the holy Nonnus, the bishop, wrote back to her: ‘Whoever thou art, it is manifest to God, and so is the counsel of thy heart. But I say unto thee, Tempt not my humility, for I, though a servant of God, am a sinner. If thou then truly hast a desire of divinity, of acquiring virtues and faith, and seekest to see me, there are other bishops with me, and thou mayest see me in their presence, but alone thou mayest not see me.’ Now when she had read this she was filled with joy, and came swiftly to the temple of the blessed Julian the martyr, and announced to us her presence. On hearing this, Nonnus the bishop called about him all the bishops who were there, and bade her come in. And she, entering, where the bishops were assembled, cast herself on the pavement, and held the feet of the blessed Bishop Nonnus, and said, ‘I pray thee, my lord, imitate thy Master, Jesus Christ, and pour out upon me thy great charity, and make me a Christian. For I, my lord, am an ocean of sins, and an abyss of iniquity. I pray that I may be baptized.’

“Now, when the holy bishop Nonnus had hardly persuaded her to rise from his feet, he lifted her up, and said to her, ‘The ecclesiastical canons forbid to baptize a courtesan unless she be attended by sponsors, who may see that

she falls not back again to her former sins.' She, hearing this, cast herself again on the floor, and clasped the feet of the holy Nonnus, and washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, saying, 'Thou, then, must answer for my soul to God. To thee will I attribute my evil deeds, if thou deniest me the washing of baptism to cleanse me, guilty and most foul. Thou shalt not have thy portion among the saints, unless thou now estrangest me from my former evil career. Thou deniest thy God, if thou refusest to give me this day new birth as a bride of Christ, and presentest me cleansed before God.' And when they heard this, all who were present glorified God, for the so great desire of salvation kindled in the heart of this woman who was a sinner.

"Forthwith they sent me, the sinful deacon, to the bishop of that city, that I might inform him of all, and ask his beatitude to bid one of the deaconesses attend with me. And he, hearing this, was filled with great joy, saying, 'It is well, honourable father, these works will await thee in heaven; I know that thou wilt act as my mouth.'¹ And straightway he sent with me the Lady Romana, the first deaconess. And we coming, found the woman still at the feet of the holy Nonnus the bishop, who could scarce persuade her to rise, saying, 'Stand up, daughter, to be exorcised.' And he said to her, 'Confess all thy sins.' And she answered, 'If I search out the depth of my heart, I find in myself no good acts whatever. But I know my sins, which are weightier than the sand by the sea-shore; and the water is as a drop to their abundance. But I trust in thy God, that he will remove the burden of my iniquities, and look in compassion upon me.'

"Then said Nonnus to her, 'Say, what is thy name.' And she answered, 'My natural name is Pelagia, which was given me by my parents; but the citizens of Antioch

¹ Jer. xv. 19

call me Margaret, on account of the pearls wherewith I have adorned me, the price of my iniquities.' Again Nonnus the bishop said to her, 'Are you properly called Pelagia?' And she said, 'It is so, my lord.' Then the holy Nonnus exorcised her, and baptized her, and gave her the seal of the Lord, and communicated her with the Body of Christ. And her spiritual mother was the holy lady Romana, the first deaconess, who, receiving her, went up into the house of the catechumens, in the which we were also lodged. Then said the holy Nonnus, the bishop, to me, 'I say unto thee, brother deacon, to-day we will rejoice with the angels of God, and eat our food with oil, and drink wine with great gladness of spirit, because of the salvation of this poor girl.'"

When the conversion of Pelagia was rumoured in Antioch, there gathered a crowd of the dissipated men of the place, and shouted and railed against the bishops, and cried to Pelagia to return to the stage, and to the pomps and vanities of life. But Nonnus said to Pelagia, "Sign thyself with the Cross, and renounce them." And she made the holy sign, and was unmoved by their cries.

And on the third day after her baptism she said to her steward, "Go into my room where I keep my apparel, and gold and silver, and jewels, and make a list of all, and bring it me." He did so, and she handed over to Bishop Nonnus all that she possessed, to be by him disposed of as he saw fit. And he called for the treasurer of the church, and gave it all to him, and said, "See that none of it be carried into the church, but distribute it among the widows and orphans, for these are the hire of sin."

And Pelagia summoned her slaves, and gave them all their liberty, and made them a present of the gold torques they wore, and said, "Make haste, and escape out of the bondage of this sinful world."

And on the eighth day, on which the baptismal white

robe is laid aside, Pelagia rose in the night, took off her the white garment of baptism, and clothed herself in the horse-hair tunic and mantle of Nonnus, and from that day was seen no more in Antioch.

Romana the deaconess wept bitterly, fearing that Pelagia had returned to her evil ways ; but the bishop Nonnus, who knew what was the purpose of Pelagia, consoled her, saying, "Rejoice, my daughter, for Pelagia has chosen that good part which the Lord extolled in the Gospel."

Pelagia took her course to Jerusalem, and she built herself a little cell on the Mount of Olives, near the garden of Gethsemane.

"And after three or four years, I, James the deacon, designed to go to Jerusalem, to adore the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I asked permission of my bishop. And when he consented that I should go, he said to me, 'I bid thee, brother deacon, when thou comest to Jerusalem, seek out a certain brother Pelagius, a beardless monk, who has for some years dwelt shut up in a cell ; ask him how he fares, perhaps thou mayest be able to succour him.' And I went to Jerusalem, and adored the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and next day I went in quest of the servant of God. And I went and found him on Mount Olivet, where the Lord prayed, in a little cell, enclosed on all sides, and with a little window in the wall.

"And I knocked at the window, and straightway it was opened, and she knew me, but I, indeed, did not recognize her. For how could I ? Seeing that before I had beheld her in radiant beauty, and now I saw a pallid face, with deep sunken eyes.

"And she said to me, 'Whence comest thou, brother ?' I answered and said, 'I am sent unto thee by Nonnus the bishop.' And she said, 'Let him pray for me, for he is a true saint of God.' Then she closed the window, and

began to sing the Psalms of the third hour. And I prayed, leaning against the wall of the cell, and then went away, much gratified by this angelic vision. And I returned to Jerusalem, and went about the monastery, and visited the brethren. And everywhere I heard praise of the virtues of Pelagius. Therefore I deliberated in my mind to return and salute the anchorite and obtain some salutary instruction. But when I came to the cell and knocked, and called Pelagius by name, there was no answer. So I waited the second and the third day, persevering, and calling Pelagius by name, but I heard no one. Therefore I said within myself, 'Either no one is within, or he who was here has left the place.'

"But, by God's inspiration, another thought struck me, and I said, 'Perhaps he may be dead.' So I pushed open the little window, and looked in, and saw that he was dead. So then I closed the window, and choked it up with clay, and ran to Jerusalem and told what I had discovered, that the holy monk Pelagius had fallen asleep. Then the holy fathers from divers monasteries came and opened the door of the cell, and carried out the little body, and laid it, as was worthy, on gold and precious stones. But when they found that she was a woman, all the people burst forth into praise, saying, 'Glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, who hast many hidden treasures on earth, not male only, but female also.' And when the fame spread, then came all the monasteries of virgins from Jericho and from Jordan, with wax candles and lamps, and hymns, and so her holy relics were laid at rest, borne by the holy fathers."

Relics at Jouarre, in France.

S. KEYNE, V.

(ABOUT A.D. 490.)

[Wilson's Anglican Martyrology of 1640. Wytford in his Anglican Martyrology of 1526. Authority: A Legend in Capgrave.]

ACCORDING to the legend in Capgrave, S. Keyne (in Welsh, Ceneu,) was the daughter of Brychan, King of Brecknock. He says, Brychan was the father of twelve sons and twelve daughters, all saints. The eldest son was S. Cynog,¹ and the eldest daughter was S. Gladws.² She was the mother of S. Cadoc.³ The second daughter was Melari, mother of S. David.⁴

Although Ceneu is by others said to have been a daughter of Brychan, and the number of his sons has swelled to twenty-four, and that of his daughters to twenty-six, there can be no question that the grandchildren of this prince have been inserted in the list as his own children. Keyne or Ceneu was, perhaps, a grand-daughter of Brychan, and not a daughter; but it is probable that three Brychans have been fused into one.

The legend says that when the mother of Keyne was expecting her birth, rays of light shot from her breasts, and she dreamed that she nursed a dove in her lap. The little Ceneu as a girl at times shone like the sun, and at others appeared as white as drifted snow. When she came to a marriageable age she refused every offer for her hand, and vowed herself to God; therefore she is called in Welsh

¹ According to all the Welsh lists Cynawg or Cynog was the eldest son of Brychan by Branhadlwedd.

² Properly Gwladys, the wife of Gwynllyw Filwr. From the dates of her husband and children, which are easily computed, it would appear that she was a grand-daughter, rather than a daughter, of Brychan.

³ Cattwg, son of Gwladys and Gwynllyw Filwr.

⁴ Eleri, married to Ceredig ab Cunedda: was the paternal grandmother of S. David

Cein-wryf, or Keyne the Virgin. At length she determined to forsake her country and find some desert place where she might spend her time in prayer and contemplation. Therefore, having crossed the Severn, she arrived in a woody country, and obtained permission from the prince of that country to settle there. But the place did so swarm with serpents that he assured her neither man nor beast could inhabit it. However, she assured him that if he would suffer her to dwell there she would rid it of the noxious reptiles, and when she had prayed they were turned into stone. "And to this day the stones in that region do resemble the form of a serpent, as though sculptured by a stone-cutter, through the fields and villages." This description refers to the ammonites in the lias at Keynsham. Thence she went on into Cornwall.¹ After a while, S. Cadog went in search of her, and found her on his return from a visit to S. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. With him she returned to her own country, and took up her abode at Llangenen in Abergavenny, at the foot of a mountain, and there by a prayer she elicited a miraculous spring.² And when the day of her departure came, a column of fire was seen standing over the cell, and two angels descended to where she lay on branches on the floor, and one, bowing reverently, removed her sackcloth habit, and the other vested her in a sheet of linen and a crimson tunic, and cast over her a mantle embroidered with gold, and said: "Come with us, and we will introduce you to the kingdom of thy Father." Then she died and was buried by S. Cadog.

A well dedicated to S. Keyne exists in the parish of

¹ This is not, indeed, stated in the *Life*, but the fact of her well and church being shown in Cornwall indicate her having been there.

² The spring is still called by her name, and the foundations of her oratory may also be traced.

S. Keyne in Cornwall, near Liskeard. It is covered with old masonry, upon the top of which grow five large trees, a Cornish elm, an oak, and three antique ash trees, on so narrow a space, that it is difficult to imagine how the roots can be accommodated. According to popular story, S. Keyne presented this well to the inhabitants in return for the church which they dedicated to her, and it has the marvellous property, by which the husband or wife who can first obtain a draught of water from the spring will acquire the ascendancy in domestic affairs. The mystical well is the subject of a ballad, by Southey, which concludes with the following lines :—

“I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was o'er
And left my good wife in the porch,
But i' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church !”

S. TRIDUANA, V.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Aberdeen and Arbuthnot Kalendars. The Martyrologies of Dempster and Camerarius. Authority :—The Aberdeen Breviary.]

BEFORE the Reformation there were several localities in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh which were celebrated as places of pilgrimage. Near Musselburgh was the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto; there was also the ancient church of S. Mary of Hamer—the White Kirk of our Lady of Lothian; but the most important of all was the chapel of S. Tridwana at Restalrig, where the bones of that saint lay.

She is called variously Treddles, Tredwall, Trallew, Trallen,

Tradlius, and in composition Tradwall. In the Orkneyinga Saga, a miracle is related wrought by her intercession, and she is there called *S. Trollhæna*.¹

Her legend in the Breviary of Aberdeen is as follows:—

The glorious virgin Triduana of Colosse came with *S. Regulus*, in or about A.D. 337, from Constantinople, bearing the relics of *S. Andrew* to Scotland. She was accompanied also by the virgins *Crescentia*, *Potentia*, and *Emeria*. Triduana led an eremitical life, along with *Potentia* and *Emeria*, at *Rescoby*, in *Forfarshire*. But the tyrant *Nectanevus*, prince of the country, having conceived a violent passion for her, she fled to *Dunfallandy* in *Athol*. There his ministers coming to her, she said, “What does so great a prince desire of me, a poor virgin dedicated to God?” To which they answered, “He desireth the most excellent beauty of thine eyes, which if he obtain not he will surely die.” Then the virgin said, “What he seeketh that he shall have,” and she plucked out her eyes and skewered them on a thorn, and gave them to the ministers, saying, “Take that which your prince desireth.” The king, on being informed of this, admired her constancy.

Triduana, no longer an object of amorous pursuit, was allowed to devote herself to prayer unmolested at *Restalrig*, in *Lothian*, till her death. *S. Triduana* was invoked by those who had sore eyes. *Sir David Lindsay* speaks of people going to *S. Tredwell* “to mend their ene,” and of her image there with the thorn transfixing her two eyeballs.

That the legend has some substance is clear from the records of the saint at the different localities mentioned in it. At *Rescobic* is still *S. Triduana's* fair. She is also found at *Tradlines*. The first act of official iconoclasm at the Reformation was the destruction of the church erected over her remains at *Restalrig*. On the 21st December, 1560,

¹ *Orkneyinga Saga*, p. 414. †

it was ordained "that the kirk of Restalrig, as a monument of idolatry, be raysit and utterlie cast down and destroyed."

S. BRIGET OF SWEDEN, W.

(A.D. 1373.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Boniface IX. in 1391. Authorities :—The Bull of her Canonization ; a life by Birger Gunnarsen, archbishop of Upsala, 1496-1519 ; and another life by Berthold, monk of S. Salvador. Another life, the Chronicon de S. Brigitta, by Margareta, abbess of Wadstena, circa 1430 ; also the Diarium Vazstenense, 1344-1545. The Revelations of S. Briget have gone through numerous editions, and have been translated into Italian, French, German, English, Swedish, Dutch, &c.]

S. BRIGET, or more properly Birgitta, was born at Finnstad near Upsala, in Sweden, in 1302. Her father was Birgir, *lagman* of Upland, a pious man, the founder of many churches and of the monastery of Skoo on the Maeler lake. His wife, Ingibjorg, was daughter of Sigrid the Fair and Bengt, brother of Earl Birgir. Sigrid was of low extraction. On account of this the haughty Birgir sent his newly-married brother a coat, half of which was made of the costliest velvet wrought with gold, and the other of the coarsest homespun. Having caused the homespun to be embroidered with pearls and gems, so that it became of more worth than the velvet, Bengt returned it to Birgir, to remind him that beauty and virtue are of greater value than noble birth.

The earl grew angry, and threatened his brother with a visit. Bengt left his home the day Birgir was expected ; but his wife received their guest so well, and behaved so sweetly and prudently, that he was not able to resist the grace of this "gem among fair women." Next day when Bengt returned home, Birgir hastened to meet him, and assure him

that he fully approved his marriage. "Hadst thou not taken her to wife thyself, brother, in good faith, I might have done it myself."¹

One night, say the chroniclers, a glorious maiden in rich attire was seen in the heavens, bearing in her hand a scroll, inscribed with these words: "Of Birgir is born a daughter whose fame shall be sung throughout the world!" That selfsame night was born the lady Birgitta,—Britta as she is called in Sweden.

But her mother was nigh perishing in a storm at sea, by shipwreck, but was saved by Dukes Eric and Waldemar, and she came ashore near Bredsåtra, where a chapel was erected in later times in honour of S. Britta. On the promontory stands at this day the ruined chapel of grey stone. Beside it is a solitary thorn tree, and a spring covered over with a cracked slab of sandstone—S. Britta's well. On the greensward by the strand a marble floriated cross, twelve feet in height, marks the spot where Ingibjorg first set foot on land. In the night the lady was informed in a vision that she had been saved from drowning only for the sake of the unborn child she bore in her womb.

The Lady Ingibjorg was a holy woman; she died not long after the birth of Birgitta, leaving several children, of whom Israel became lagman of the Uplands after his father; her daughter Margaret married Nicolas Ingiraldsen, chief of Hammerstad; another daughter, Catherine, married Gudmar, lagman of West-Gothland. Birger, Archbishop of Upsala, who wrote more than a century after the death of Birgitta, tells wonderful stories of her childhood,—how that when Birgitta was hard at work one day, at the age of twelve, making feather trimmings for her dress, an angel came and helped her. The

¹ The Brahe family—of whom Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, was a member—are descended from Birgir and Ingibjorg, the parents of S. Birgitta. Birgir bore the eagle's wings on his escutcheon, which are still the arms of the Brahes.

bit of feather-work was put aside and venerated after her death as an august relic. At the age of fourteen she was married to Ulf of Ulfsa, son of Gudmar, lagman of Nerik, and by him had four sons and as many daughters. Her sons were Carl, Birger, Benedict, and Gudmar; of these Benedict died before he came of age, and Gudmar in infancy. Her daughters were Mæretta, Cæcilia, Catherine, and Ingibjorg. Mæretta was married twice: first to Siord Ribbing and afterwards to Knut Algoth, and became lady-in-waiting to Margaret, wife of Hako, King of Norway. Cæcilia was forced against her will to enter the convent of Skening. Her brother Carl thereupon went to the convent and carried her off, and she married a knight, who was poisoned at the marriage of Queen Margaret, daughter of Waldemar of Denmark, to Hako of Norway, at the same time as Blanche of Namur, Queen of Sweden. At that ill-fated wedding King Magnus of Sweden tasted poison, but his life was saved by his physician, Laurence Jonsen, and he gave the bereaved Cæcilia to the physician as his reward.

Catherine, the third daughter, became a saint (March 22), and Ingibjorg died young in a convent.

In her married life Birgitta was exemplary. She communicated every Sunday and solemn festival.

She was appointed lady-in-waiting on Blanche of Namur, the bad Queen of Magnus Smek. Birgitta was all this while in the habit of seeing visions, having revelations, and relating them as messages from heaven to all whom they concerned. Magnus and Blanche were apt to make a joke of S. Birgitta, and Magnus often asked her son, "Well, Birger, what did your mother dream about us last night?" Her visions were sometimes of a political nature; among other things was revealed to her the manner of bringing about an eternal peace between the kings of England and France, "which, if the former does not accept, he will prosper in none of

his transactions, but will end his life in pain, and leave his kingdom and his children in tribulation and anguish. His family will set themselves against each other, and cause a confusion that all will be astonished at." A prophecy fulfilled by the calamitous death of Richard II., and the Wars of the Roses.

But some of her revelations were of a more homely and practical description. People were dirty in her day; for twice it was revealed to her that, though it was not pleasing to heaven that folks should take baths for the sake of enjoying them, yet that Christians might, as a matter of health, be allowed a tub every fortnight, or at any rate once a month.

One day, during the lifetime of her husband, on her causing a state bed to be mounted with uncommon care, she suddenly got a blow over the head from an unseen hand, so that she could not move from sheer pain for some minutes afterwards. Then a voice asked her why she took such pains to lie softly. S. Birgitta, bursting into tears, had the bed taken down; and from that day, lady-in-waiting to the queen though she was, she not only slept upon straw and a bearskin, but made her husband do so also.

In one of her confinements she was attended by the Blessed Virgin herself, if we may believe her biographers. One day she learned that her son Carl had not fasted on the vigil of S. John the Baptist. In an agony of grief and horror she wept and fasted and prayed, till the holy Precursor appeared to her and said: "Because thou hast wept at thy son's offending me, in not fasting on my vigil, and would rather see him my servant than an earthly monarch, I will support him, and be his patron and protector."

At last she persuaded her husband to accompany her on a pilgrimage to Compostella. On his way, Ulf fell ill, and she urged him incessantly to make a vow to enter a monastery.

He consented, under the fear of death, and entered the Alvastra monastery, where he died. She was now free to follow her own desires. She rambled in pilgrimage through Norway to the tomb of S. Olaf, into France, to Tarascon, to the shrine of S. Martha, to Marseilles to visit the relics of S. Mary Magdalen, to Cologne to venerate the heads of the three kings; and finally she went to Rome, accompanied by her sons Birger and Carl. With them she was presented before the Pope. Birger was dressed in a long habit reaching to his feet, girded about his waist; Carl stood erect in knightly guise, with a short kirtle, girded round his waist by a silver belt bearing a dagger. "He wore over all a mantle on which were sewn entire ermine skins, from top to bottom, so that when he walked it looked as if ermines were running over him; and each ermine's head had a little gilded bell hung about the neck and a gold ring in its mouth." When the Pope saw them, he said to Birger, "You are your mother's son;" then turning to Carl, he said, "You are a son of this world." Birgitta flung herself at the feet of the Pope and implored him to absolve her sons their sins. Then the Holy Father felt the belt and mantle of Carl, and said, "The weight of these articles will expiate the sin of wearing them." "Let your sanctity absolve him," said Birgitta, "and I will disbel him."

S. Britta went on with her sons to Naples, in 1362, where Joanna was Queen. Joanna had been married in early youth to her kinsman Andrew, of the royal house of Hungary. She stood arraigned before the world as an adulteress, —if not an accomplice, as having connived at the murder of her husband. Louis, King of Hungary, invaded the kingdom to avenge his brother's death, and to assert his right to the throne as heir of Charles Martel. Joanna fled to Avignon, and obtained from the Pope a dispensation for her marriage with her kinsman, Louis of Tarento. She returned

to Naples, having sold to the Pope the city of Avignon, and part of her kingdom of Provence. War continued to rage in Naples between the Hungarian faction and that of Joanna and Louis of Tarento. At length the determination of the contest was referred to the Pope. Joanna pleaded that she had been placed under a magic spell, which had compelled her to hate her husband and stain his honour. The Pope admitted this plea, and Joanna was absolved by Clement VI. Louis of Tarento died in 1362, and Joanna married James of Aragon, King of Majorca, on his escape from prison, in which he had languished twelve years. Joanna took a dislike to him, as she had to her first husband, and he retired to Catalonia in 1375. Joanna was forty-six when S. Britta arrived with her two handsome sons. Before they were presented to the queen, S. Britta gave her sons instructions how to conduct themselves in her presence; they were to prostrate themselves and kiss her foot. Birger, who had gone in a long dress before the Pope, was most obsequious and demure. But the gay, handsome Carl, instead of bending to the foot of Joanna, went boldly up to her and imprinted a very hearty kiss on her red lips. This so delighted Joanna that she vowed she would marry none but Carl. In vain his mother protested that he had a wife in Sweden—his third wife. That was no impediment, said Joanna: Sweden was a long way off, and some excuse for a divorce might easily be raked up. Whether Carl was dazzled by the prospect of a crown, and inclined to forget his fair-haired Catharine in the Swedish Uplands, is not certain, but seems probable, for S. Britta could not get him away from Naples. The queen was madly in love with him and quite ready to shake off the odious James of Aragon. Britta had no resource but her prayers. They were answered, and Carl died of fever at Naples on Ascension Day, 1372.

On the death of her husband, S. Britta had entered the

monastery of Alvastra, and gave herself up to extravagant self-mortification. She abandoned the use of linen, and for her bed had but one bolster and pillow, and, instead of covering herself with eider-down quilts, flung her clothes over the coverlet to keep her warm. Every Friday she dropped melted wax on her flesh till she had established a blister, and then kept it raw with her nails till the ensuing Friday. On the same day she took bitters made from the root of the gentian. She wore a knotted cord round her waist, next her skin, to gall it incessantly, and sought out various other ways of tormenting herself. Her alms were most profuse. At Rome three years elapsed without her receiving a remittance from Sweden. Yet Britta continued giving alms. "Much better pay your debts," said her steward; "there is no charity in giving what is not your own." The saint silenced him, but her creditors became clamorous, and would have carried her to prison, had not she received a revelation from the B. Virgin that the money would soon arrive—and so it did. In 1344 she built the monastery of Wadstena, in the diocese of Linköping, and placed in it sixty nuns and twenty-five austere canons, thirteen of whom were priests, four deacons, and eight lay-brothers. The convents of the men and women are separate, but they made use of the same church, the women sitting in a gallery, the men below on the floor.

After S. Britta had spent two years in Wadstena, she undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, and remained there till her death, except only when she paid a visit to Jerusalem, in company with her daughter Catherine. She composed a book of prayers on the sufferings and love of Christ, which are very beautiful, and show that she was a woman of fervent spirit; also a Rule, in thirty-one chapters, for the nuns and friars of her Order; it was approved, in 1363, by Urban V., under the title of "The Rule of the Order of Our Saviour." Also a

“Book of Revelations,” a very popular work, and interesting to some persons. And lastly, an “Angelical Discourse on the Excellence of Our Lady.”

She died on July 23, 1373, aged seventy-one. Her body was laid in the church of S. Laurence, in Panis Perna, belonging to a convent of Poor Clares, at Rome; but a year after her death, in July, 1374, she was dug up, and her body removed to Wadstena, the Pope begging to retain, as a special favour, one arm; a second is still preserved at Lund; a third at Wadstena; and a fourth, enshrined in a gilded silver case, may be seen in the museum of Stockholm.



October 9.

- S. ABRAHAM, *Patriarch in Palestine.*
 S. DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE, *B.M. at Athens; circ. 2nd cent.*
 S. DEMETRIUS, *B. of Alexandria; A.D. 231.*
 SS. DIONYSIUS, *B.M.*, RUSTICUS, AND ELEUTHERIUS, *MM. at Paris; circ. 286.*
 SS. ANDRONICUS AND ATHANASIA, *C.C. in Egypt; 5th cent.*
 S. SAVIN, *H. in Lavidan, in the Pyrenees; 8th cent.*
 S. ARNOALD, *B. of Metz; 7th cent.*
 S. GHISLAIN, *C. at S. Ghislain in Hainault; circ. A.D. 681.*
 S. DEUDEDIT, *Ab. of Monte Casino; A.D. 834.*
 S. ROBERT GROSTÉTE, *B. of Lincoln; A.D. 1253.¹*
 S. LOUIS BERTRAND, *O.P. at Valentia in Spain; A.D. 1591.*

S. DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE, B.M.

(2ND CENT.)

[The "Martyrologium Parvum," drawn up in the 8th cent. "At Athens, under Adrian, the passion of S. Dionysius the Areopagite, as Aristides witnesses in his work, which he composed on the Christian Religion;" this is on Oct. 3; and on Oct. 9, "At Paris, Dionysius the bishop and his companions slain by the sword by Fescennius." The Martyrologies of Bede, Ado, Notker, Usuardus, and those of Viridun, Lyons, and Rheims, all belonging to the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries, distinguish the two Dionysii. All these commemorate the Areopagite on Oct. 3. So also the Greek Menology of the Emperor Basil, which makes him suffer at Athens.]



IT would appear that at least three different persons have been confounded under the name of Dionysius: 1. Dionysius, the convert, friend, and companion of S. Paul, who "clave unto him" at Athens;² 2. Dionysius, the apostle and patron saint of France; and 3. The author of the so-called works of Dionysius. The identification of the first with the second was,

¹ Never canonized, but inserted in the Anglican Martyrology of Wilson.

² Acts, xvii. 34.



FESTIVAL OF THE MATERNITY OF THE B.V. MARY.

(Second Sunday in October.)

From the Vienna Missal.

at least in the Western Church, the work of the 9th century. S. Gregory of Tours, A.D. 570, states expressly that the Dionysius who was the Apostle of France was sent in the time of Decius (circ. A.D. 253); and Sulpitius Severus (A.D. 410) places the first Gallic martyrdom as late as the reign of Antoninus (A.D. 167-181), which could not have been correct had Dionysius, the friend of S. Paul, suffered under Domitian in apostolic times.

Michael the Stammerer, Emperor of the East, sent a copy of the Dionysian writings as a fitting present to Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West. These writings were attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite, the disciple of S. Paul. Their real date is the end of the 5th or the beginning of the 6th century. These writings arrived at Paris on the eve of the Feast of S. Denis of France, and were carried in state to the abbey erected over the remains of the patron of France. And, "as though it had come down from heaven, such was the divine grace which followed, on that same night Christ our Lord deigned to work, to the glory of His name, through the prayers and merits of His most renowned martyr, nineteen most marvellous miracles, in the healing of persons well known and living in our neighbourhood, sick of various infirmities."¹ Hilduin at once produced a forged life of S. Denis, which he pretended was written by the son of a Parisian chief, the first convert of Dionysius. He may have sought thereby to exalt the dignity of his abbey and enhance the popular estimation of S. Denis of France, but the act was a disgraceful and unpardonable one.

This life is, of course, utterly fabulous; it shall be spoken of under the head of S. Dionysius of Paris. But, before that, the identification of Dionysius of Paris with the disciple of S. Paul was an accomplished fact. In the reign of Dagobert

¹ Letter of Hilduin, Abbot of S. Denis, to Charles the Simple.

(A.D. 632-646), the abbey of S. Denis was founded, and this is probably the date of the simpler Acts which have been published by the Bollandists and by Felibanus.

The identification of S. Denis of Paris with S. Dionysius of Athens does *not* occur in the early Martyrologies, and does not seem to have been general before the time of Hilduin's imposture. The Roman Martyrology identifies the two; and in the mass for October 9 the Collect and Gospel refer to the Gallican saint, and the Epistle to the Athenian. In the *Legenda Aurea*, the *Bibliotheca Mundi* of Vincent of Beauvais, and all the great mediæval encyclopædias, the two are identified without scruple with the author of the so-called works of S. Dionysius. Such was the triune saint to whom our great English martyr, S. Thomas of Canterbury, specially commended his soul when the sorrows of death encompassed him.

Eusebius, on the authority of Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, says that the Areopagite became bishop of Athens. The writings attributed to him are certainly posterior. The earliest known quotation from them is as late as the 6th century. They are not quoted by any of the earlier fathers. S. Jerome makes no mention of them in his catalogue of ecclesiastical writers. Many of the traditions and practices described belong to a period long posterior to the time of the apostles. And mention is made in them of an epistle of Ignatius, written shortly before his death, in the reign of Trajan, and therefore two reigns after the death of the Dionysius who is said to have quoted it. These and other objections are ably considered by Mr. Westcott in a carefully-written article in the *Contemporary Review*,¹ and he fixes the date of the Dionysian writings at about A.D. 480-520. We see no reason why they should not have been written by a Dionysius of that time. The addresses and references to "Our great Pre-

¹ Vol. v. 1867.

ceptor" (Paul), to "Our most holy of holy sons" (Timothy), "To my fellow-priest, Timothy," to "Good Timothy," to "Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna," to "Titus, Bishop of Crete," to "John the Divine, apostle and evangelist, exiled in the Isle of Patmos," &c., sit very loosely indeed upon the great body of the works which they adorn, and might easily enough have been inserted into one of the earlier copies of the text by some more devoted than scrupulous admirer, in order to gain greater authority for them. It may have been he, likewise, who selected from the New Testament "the one name which combined Greek culture with Christian faith," *the* Dionysius, to apply to these writers, much in the same way as the Apocryphal Gospels were, doubtless with the best and purest intentions, attributed not to those who actually, but to those who it was presumed potentially might, could, would, should, or ought to have written them.¹

But though the authenticity of the writings must be rejected, they received an assent almost at once, which was, practically, overwhelming. They were considered to be the works of the Areopagite by Leontius of Byzantium and S. Anastasius the Sinaite, both men of learning and authority in the 6th century; by S. Maximus, one of the greatest and most philosophic minds of the 7th century; by Sophronius of Jerusalem (circ. 638); by S. Andrew of Crete (c. 635); by Michael Syncellus (c. 830); by S. John Damascene (d. 760); by Simeon Metaphrastes (c. 901); by Suidas (c. 1081); by Euthymius Zigabenus (c. 1116); and, in fact, by all the great writers of the Greek Church of those ages. They were likewise quoted as authoritative in several Greek Councils.²

And finally, in the Latin Church they were likewise re-

¹ They were almost certainly composed at Alexandria. The influence of the writings of Philo on them is very observable, as Philo *De Fugativ.* cc. 18, 19; *De Nom. Heb.* cc. 2, 3, &c.; *De Somniis*, cc. 22, 26, 39.

² See Corderius, *Opera S. Dionysii*, edit. 1734.

ceived as genuine as early as the time of S. Gregory, who himself quotes the Areopagite in one of his sermons.¹ In the Acts of the Lateran Synod (A.D. 660) S. Martin quotes, as a conclusive authority, "Dionysius egregius."

The titles of the extant Dionysian writings are: 1. On the Celestial Hierarchy; 2. On the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy; 3. On the Divine Names; 4. On Mystical Theology; 5. Ten Epistles. The four first of these, taken together, form a complete philosophical or theological system, beginning (1) with God (or pure Being), descending step by step through His manifestations, from the highest spirits of heaven to (2) the lowest things on earth, to the end (3) that the soul may know God so far as He may be known, and (4) be united with him as the only source of all Good and Blessedness. The author alludes to six other works, now lost: 1. On Theological Outlines; 2. On Symbolical Theology; 3. On the Soul; 4. On the Just Judgment of God; 5. On the Objects of Intellect and Sense; 6. On Divine Hymns. But as none of these have ever been heard of apart from such mention of them, and as they are seldom referred to except in those places where the writer is least inclined to add more, it has been thought that these works were in contemplation by the author, but were never written.

Of the value and importance of the writings of the pseudo-Dionysius it is scarcely possible to speak too highly.

¹ Homil. 34.



S. DENYS

supported by two angels, and carrying his head—a Christian lady, S. Catulla, is holding his winding sheet or shroud—Above: the shroud is being wrapped around the head.

After a Miniature in a MS. of the XIV. Century.

SS. DIONYSIUS, B.M., RUSTICUS, AND
ELEUTHERIUS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 286.)

[The Roman Martyrology confounds Dionysius of Paris with Dionysius the Areopagite. So also the Gallican Martyrologies, and all Martyrologies since the time of Hilduin, abbot of S. Denys, d. 814. The Acts of the Martyrdom of S. Dionysius and his companions in Bosquet, and those published by Felibian, are founded on popular legend or the forgery of Hilduin, and are historically worthless.]

S. DIONYSIUS, according to the story which passes for history, was sent by S. Clement, on whom S. Peter had conferred the bishopric of Rome, to found the Church in Gaul. He came to Lutetia Parisiorum, a city destined to become the capital of France, and there preached the Word. The narrative of Hilduin is somewhat fuller. Dionysius was an Athenian, the disciple of Hierotheus, and was consecrated bishop of Athens by S. Paul. Having visited Jerusalem for the purpose of seeing the B. Virgin, he found her so beautiful that he felt disposed to worship her. He then went to Ephesus, where he conferred with S. John the Evangelist, and after that journeyed to Rome, where he received commission from S. Clement to evangelize the Parisians. At Paris he was exposed to wild beasts, but they came and licked his feet. This miracle, far from converting the Parisians, exasperated them to redoubled fury, and they cast him into a burning fiery furnace, whence he, however, issued unharmed, like Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. The exasperated Parisians then crucified him, but he preached to them from his cross. He was taken down and led back to prison, along with his companions Rusticus and Eleutherius, his deacon and subdeacon. The three prisoners were executed with the sword, on the hill afterwards called, from the

event, "The Martyr's Mount," Montmartre. The hill really derives its name from the god Mars—it was Mons Martis. Hilduin adds that the body of S. Denys got up, took its ex-head in its hands, and, accompanied by a choir of angels singing "Alleluia," carried it to the place where now stands the abbey of S. Denys.

The first to mention S. Denys, or Dionysius of Paris, is S. Gregory of Tours, d. 594, three hundred years after his death. But this is not the most serious objection to the reception of the story. It has been argued that the worship of Dionysus (Bacchus), the god of the grape, was established at Paris, and that the great festival of Dionysus, singularly enough coincides with that of the saint of the same name, in October, the season of the vintage.

Dionysus was surnamed Eleutheros, as the founder of the first mysteries, and two festivals were celebrated in his honour, one in the city, *urbana*, the other in the fields, *rustica*. During these feasts a day was dedicated to Demetrius, King of Macedon, who gave to Dionysus his daughter Aura-Placida ("the light breeze") as wife. Now curiously enough, on October 4th was venerated S. Aura, V., Abbess, at Paris; on October 5th S. Placidus, Mk. M.,¹ on October 7th S. Bacchus, M., on October 8th S. Demetrius, M., on October 9th SS. Dionysius, Eleutherius, and Rusticus, and again a S. Demetrius. Till last century, the festival of the vintage, the legacy of the old pagan feast, was celebrated at Paris on the 8th and 9th of October, and it has been thought that as on this occasion wine made the merry-makers lose their heads, the fable of the martyrdom of S. Dionysius had reference to this phenomenon. But this argument is too plausible to satisfy. S. Placidus, though much fable has attached to his name, was a real personage, so was S. Aura, abbess at Paris in A.D. 631. Her existence

¹ S. Placidia on Oct. 11.

as a real person and not as an embodiment of pleasant breezes, can be very satisfactorily established. The S. Demetrius of October 9th was Bishop of Alexandria, and pronounced sentence of exile on Origen. It is quite possible that there may have been a Dionysius, bishop and apostle of the Parisians.

The Acts, it must be admitted, suspiciously recall the martyrdom of Zagreus-Dionysus.

One of the first converts of Dionysius is said to have been a Parisian noble named Lisbius; the Montmorencys derive their pedigree from this personage, whence their battle cry and motto: "Dieu aide au premier Chrétien." The mansion of Lisbius became the home of S. Denys; it was afterwards converted into a church and is now S. Barthélemy, before the Palais de Justice. Hilduin, Abbot of S. Denys, when he forged the acts of S. Dionysius, pretended that they were written by Visbius, son of Lisbius. The battle cry of the French kings, "Montjoie Saint-Denys!" is said to have originated with Clovis, who shouted, "Mon Jove Saint Denys!"—My Jove shall be S. Denys.

Before the Revolution the bodies of SS. Denys, Rusticus, and Eleutherius were preserved in three silver shrines in the Abbey of S. Denis. The bones were saved by a monk named Warenflot, and restored to the abbey church in 1819. The entire skull of S. Denys also at Longpont in the diocese of Soissons. Other relics at Ratisbon.

S. Denys is represented in art as a bishop, holding his head in his hands, sometimes also with a sword.

SS. ANDRONICUS AND ATHANASIA, CC.

(5TH CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on Feb. 27, and Athanasia separately on July 22. Authority :—the Greek Acts.]

THERE lived at Antioch, in Syria, a silversmith, named Andronicus, and his wife Athanasia, fearing God and showing love to their neighbours. All the gains of his trade Andronicus divided into three portions, whereof he spent one on the poor, and one they lent to those driven by necessity to borrow, yet without exacting interest, and the third portion he spent on himself and family. These good people had two children, a boy and a girl, whom they loved as the apples of their eyes. Now when Andronicus and Athanasia had been married for twelve years, by the will of God their two children died in one day. The father stilled his grief and worked more patiently and silently at his craft than before. But Athanasia was heart-broken and spent her time by the tomb that contained her little ones, in the church of S. Julian. And she stayed there clinging to the tomb and sobbing, "Let me die with my children and be laid at their side." But in the night, when all was still, and the lamps burned dimly in the church, there stood an abbot before the weeping woman, and said to her: "Woman, what aileth thee? why sufferest thou not the dead to sleep in peace?" Then she answered: "My Lord, be not angry with thy handmaiden, because I am overwhelmed with grief. I had two little children, and I lost them both in one day, and they lie here."

Then said he, "Weep not for them; for I say unto you, that as human nature craves and cries out for food, and languishes if it find it not, so do thy children crave and cry

out where they are to Christ, for the blessedness of future things, saying, Just Judge, give us celestial comforts in the room of those earthly joys of which we were deprived."

Now when Athanasia heard this, all her sorrow was turned into joy, and she looked to speak to the abbot, but could not find him. Then she went to the keeper of the gate and said: "Which way went the abbot who was in the church?" But he answered, "There has been no abbot here." Then she knew that the Blessed Julian, the martyr, had appeared to her under the garb of a monk. And she went forth, and came to her husband and told him all, and besought him that he and she might together renounce the world and retire into a monastery, where they might prepare to meet their little ones.

He consented, for his heart was very heavy, and all his hopes and ambition in this world were at an end when the earth closed over the white faces of his children.

Then they made presents to their servants, and gave over the rest of their substance to the heir-at-law, and taking with them only a little sum they left the house. But when they had got into the street, Athanasia turned round and looked up at the old house in which she had spent so many happy years, at the window where she had sat nursing her pretty children, and sobbed and said: "O Lord God, who saidst to Abraham and Sarah, Go forth from your land and from your kindred, to a land that I will show you, guide us, I pray Thee, in the way of Thy fear. So we leave our house door open out of love for Thee; do thou uncloset us the door of Thy kingdom."

Then both wept and went on their way.

And when they had come to Jerusalem they venerated the sacred places, and they sought the Abbot Daniel in the solitudes of Scete in Egypt,¹ and asked his advice. He bade

¹ Daniel, abbot in Scete, is mentioned in the "Acts of S. Arsenius" as living after

Andronicus go to the monastery of Tabenna, and then he placed Athanasia in a laura of Scete that she might live in a cell by herself, and only assemble with the monks for the Eucharist on the Lord's Day. And as she was now past the middle life, he bade her cut her hair and assume the habit of a hermit. Thus passed twelve years. And then a great longing arose in the heart of Andronicus to visit the Holy Places once more. So he asked permission of his abbot, and it was accorded him. He was now a very aged man, bent, and he walked leaning on a staff, and had a long white beard.

Now, after several days, he arrived towards noon at a tree in the desert, and he would have rested there, when he saw another old man with grey hair and face scorched with the sun, leaning against the trunk, exhausted with the heat and with much walking. Then he saluted him and sat down, and the two old men fell a talking together.

But it must be told that this second old hermit was Athanasia, who was also on a journey to the Holy Land. And when she saw her husband, her heart trembled, but she would not disclose who she was. Andronicus, however, knew her not, for her beauty had been burnt out by the sun and worn away with fasting.

So Andronicus said: "What is thy name, brother?"

And she answered: "I am called Athanasius."

Andronicus said: "Whither art thou journeying, my brother?"

She replied, "I go to visit the Holy Places."

Then he said: "My heart yearns for thy society; let us journey together."

So it fell out, by the Lord's Providence, that the old man and his wife made their last journey together. And they

A. D. 444. He also conveyed to Scete the body of S. Thomais. He is mentioned by Cassian in his 4th Colloquy. Cassian had met and spoken with him.

came together to Jerusalem, and they prayed together, and fasted together, and visited together the sepulchre of the Lord, and together received the Holy Eucharist.

Then said Andronicus, "We will return to Egypt, and if it please thee, we will return together."

And Athanasia said: "I am well pleased that it should be so."

And when they came to the tree where they had met, then Andronicus pointed with his staff, and said, "Thither lies my way." And she pointed in another direction, and said, "But my way lies yonder." And both were exceeding sorrowful.

Then said Andronicus, "Brother Athanasius, we are both old, and ought not to dwell alone. Thy company has been to me passing pleasant, and now I cannot bear to part with thee. Come and share with me my cell, and should I die first, thou shalt close my eyes; but if thou diest first, then I will lay mine hand on thine."

And Athanasia turned her face away and wept a little, and then said: "I will come with thee, my brother." So the old people were reunited; but Andronicus wist not that his companion was his wife, only a great tenderness and love for his associate was manifest in him. And thus passed several years.

Now there was an old hermit whom Andronicus knew, who visited his cell at intervals, and conversed on heavenly things with him and Athanasius his companion.

One day, after this old hermit had left, Andronicus came running after him, with tears on his cheeks, and crying, "The Abbot Athanasius is migrating to the Lord!"

So the hermit returned, and found Athanasius lying ill with fever; and the sick monk wept. Then said the hermit, "What! dost thou weep, when thou shouldst rejoice that thou art on thy way to meet the Lord?"

But she said, "I am weeping for my friend Andronicus, for I know that he will miss my society. And now, I pray thee, when I am dead, thrust thy hand under my head, and thou wilt find a scrap of writing, and do thou give it to Andronicus." Then they wept around the dying monk, and the Holy Eucharist was brought, and Athanasia received the Lord's Body and Blood, and sighed, and fell asleep in the Lord.

Now when the monks came to place the dead on a bier for the funeral, a slip of parchment was found under the head, and it was given to Andronicus. And when he had read it, he lifted up his voice and wept aloud, and threw himself on the corpse, and said, "This is my wife Athanasia!"

So it was known through all the desert cells that the old Abbot Athanasius was in truth a woman. Then from every monastery and cell came forth monks and anchorites, even from the remotest rocks far away in the wildest wastes, and they came in their white vestments, after the manner of Scete,¹ waving branches of palms and green boughs; and they bore the body of Athanasia to its last resting-place, praising God with joy that He had magnified His name in a feeble woman.

And the old hermit remained in the cell of Andronicus, "that he might celebrate the seventh day of the Blessed Athanasia," and after that he sought to bring the Abbot Andronicus away, to be with him. But Andronicus would not leave that spot, for he said he would tarry there till the Lord bade him rejoice his wife. Then the hermit sadly said farewell, and took his departure. But he had not gone a day's journey, when there came one running after him, who said, "Return, for the Abbot Andronicus is ill with fever." So he went back, and sent a message to Scete, saying, "Come quickly, for the

¹ So in the original Acts.

Abbot Andronicus is following Athanasia." And they hastened and came, and found him breathing; and when they had prayed he fell asleep in the Lord, and he was laid beside his wife and companion in religion, Athanasia.

S. SAVIN, H.

(8TH CENT.)

[Gallican and Benedictine Martyrologies. At Tarbes on Oct. 11. The day of his translation on Aug. 5. Authority:—a life by an anonymous writer of uncertain date, incorporated in the office for S. Savin in the proper of Tarbes.]

IT was the good fortune of the writer in boyhood to occupy one summer a château in the vale of Lavedan, on the mountain side, opposite the height on which stands the interesting church of S. Savin. The vale of Lavedan, one of the most beautiful in the Pyrenees, is now rendered famous by having Lourdes, the noted place of pilgrimage, at its mouth. It is traversed by those who seek the baths of Cauterets, or the beauties of Luz and the cirque of Gavarnie.

Argélez lies at the mouth of the lateral Val d'Azun, which opens into the Lavedan. Thence a road ascends, shaded by chestnuts and oaks, to the rich Romanesque west entrance of the once famous and still interesting church of S. Savin.

The first appearance of S. Savin is eminently striking; the massive walls, the large rude stones with which it is built, its beautiful portal, its exquisite side-door, its strange extinguisher-shaped spire, the large space which it covers, as if it was the sole occupant of that noiseless, deserted village that surrounds it, impress one with mingled sentiments of admiration and regret. The present church dates from

the 12th century, and has been frequently described by archaeologists.

In the choir of the church, formerly abbatial, there is a series of paintings on wood, in compartments, which set forth the most remarkable events of the life and death of S. Savin. These paintings are ascribed to the 15th century, and exhibit no small artistic merit. It would be desirable that some competent hand were employed to restore them, as the colouring begins to fade and the inscriptions have become indistinct.

S. Savin was born at Barcelona some time in the 8th century. Shortly after his birth, his mother was left a widow, and devoted herself with assiduity to his education. She directed her labour to form his young mind for God rather than for the world, by imparting early principles of piety and religious knowledge; his precocious intelligence admirably responded to her care.

As he was born in a high position, it was considered desirable to finish his education by residence in foreign countries; and his mother with difficulty was induced to consent that he should pay a visit to the court of his uncle, Hentilius, Count of Poitiers,¹ which was one of the most brilliant then in France. Savin left his beloved mother with a heavy heart. His secret intention was to seek that knowledge alone which could profit his soul; and accordingly, on his journey he avoided the highways of great cities, and sought his lodging generally in the Benedictine monasteries. In due time he arrived in Poitiers, where he was cordially received by his uncle, who caressed him as his relative, and treated him with all the dignity due to a young prince. As a mark of his confidence, Hentilius placed him in charge of the education of his son and heir. This employment, which was one of dis-

¹ There was no such Count of Poitiers. The legend has probably magnified some petty noble into a count.

tion, had no influence upon the heart of Savin, and he continued to divide his time between prayer, the duties of his situation, and the care of the poor. He lived with the greatest simplicity, fasted rigidly, dressed modestly, and kept a most frugal table. He resisted all the temptations to pleasure which surrounded him in that luxurious court, and laboured to inspire the mind of his pupil with the sentiments of piety and charity by which he himself was animated. There is a pleasing sketch of this event of his life in one of the compartments of the pictures which have been mentioned, with the legend, "Com S. Sevi instrux lo Filh deu Comte en Santitat."

The result of this teaching in the heart of the young count was an earnest desire to unite himself to his cousin, and with him devote his life to the service of God in a monastery. With this intention he left his father's house secretly, and retired to the Monastery of Ligugé, dedicated to S. Martin, under the rule of S. Benedict, near Poitiers. Nothing could exceed the anguish of the countess, his mother, upon learning this intelligence. She sought Savin at once, threw herself at his feet, and in her desolation implored him to bring back to her that idolized son whom she had confided to his care. She cried out: "Restore to me my child; it is you who have taken him away. You have a mother yourself, think what would be her grief if you were to abandon her for ever." She called upon Savin instantly to depart, and compel his cousin to leave the monastery and to return to the parental roof. But he replied that he too had left a mother by whom he was adored, that he too had renounced the most brilliant prospects, that he too had resolved to abandon the world, and that he never could advise another to hesitate at a sacrifice which he himself was about to make; that his Divine Master had said, "He who loveth father or mother more than Me, is unworthy of Me." He

hastened to the monastery, but far from advocating the wishes of the countess, he urged his cousin to remain faithful to his call, and on that same day was clothed himself with the habit of S. Benedict. He, with his cousin, entered the noviciate, and during three years these two young friends, to whom the world offered so much of its pleasures and honours, voluntarily subjected themselves, for the love of Jesus Christ, to all the austerities of the cloister, its obedience, its silence, and its poverty. The ceremony of their "clothing" is represented in one of the pictures: "Com S. Sevi et lo Filh deu Comte Receben lors habits a Poeytiés."

The ascetic spirit of Savin was not formed to be content with the simple monastic rule; it aspired to higher things and sighed for greater perfection, in the eremitical life. He consulted the abbot, but he prudently refrained from advising him. Savin, however, persevered, and soon overcame all doubting. He bade adieu to his cousin and the monastery, traversed France with the staff and in the garb of a pilgrim, living by the alms which he begged on the way, until divine inspiration directed him to the valley of which he was ordained to be the patron and benefactor.

Having reached Tarbes, he presented himself to the bishop, who then occupied the see of S. Justin and S. Faustus, and having informed him of his project, obtained his approbation and benediction. Having penetrated the mountains by the glorious valley of the Lavedan, he found a spot of unspeakable beauty, near where the Pic de Vixon apparently closed the valley. Here there existed a Benedictine monastery, which had been built upon the ruins of an ancient castle, believed to have belonged to the Gallo-Roman epoch, as its name, *Palatium Æmilianum*, would indicate. This name it retained until the death of S. Savin. Savin addressed himself to the abbot of this monastery, whose name was Forminius. His reception by him forms the

subject of one of the pictures: "Com S. Sevi Fo Recebut per lo Abbat Formings et los Religios." The abbot received him hospitably, and learning from him his design, was not slow to recognize in it the marks of a true vocation. He desired much to retain the hermit in the vicinity of his monastery, and with this object conducted him to a solitary spot in the mountains, called Pouey-Aspé, about two miles and a half distant, wild, uncultivated, abrupt, with the mountains of Cabaléros at its back. However beautiful was the view that met the eye from this spot, it was an interest of a different order that determined Savin to adopt it for his abode. From this place he could see between the rocks, in a solitary valley near Villelongue, the hermitage where a countryman of his, S. Orens, had lived in solitude for many years until called to the see of Auch, and this association had a charm for the soul of Savin, giving him as it were a companion from his native land to encourage and support him in the desert.

Under the shadows of these lofty mountains, generally covered with snow and enveloped in frequent fogs, with a climate as cold as if it belonged to the frozen north, Savin found a retreat suited to his mortified spirit. He built with his own hands a small hut, which was scarcely adequate to shelter him from the weather or to protect him from the wolves and bears. It took but little time to construct this cabin, which was eight feet long and five feet broad, the walls of dry stone and thatched with rushes. The Abbot Forminius frequently visited Savin in his solitude, seeking instruction from his conversation and edification from his example. During one of these visits, a short time after he had completed his hermitage, he was surprised to learn from Savin that he considered his habitation too comfortable, and had determined to arrange for himself a new style of abode. He dug a pit in the earth seven feet long and five feet deep,

and here he, as it were, buried himself alive—making a grave his bed.

The abbot remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to dissuade him from persevering in what he considered to be an exaggerated penance. "I alone know myself," replied the hermit; "I alone can measure the expiation due for my sins. Every person should do what he can; I have done that which I ought."

In this place, like Elias on Mount Carmel, our saint attained the most perfect spirit of prayer and mortification. Clad in a single garment, which lasted him for thirteen years, he used to walk bare-foot over the rocks, even during the frozen winter. When the snow fell thick upon his hut, and the night-wind shook its slender foundations, when through the darkness no sound disturbed the silence save the roaring of the wild animals, his fearless soul remained unshaken; absorbed in contemplation, he heeded not the tempest that raged nor the beasts that howled about him.

Savin suffered much during the summer from thirst, the little spring which supplied him being dried up by the excessive heats. On one of these occasions, in seeking to allay his thirst at a neighbouring well, he had to cross the meadow of a person named Chromasse, belonging to the village of Uz. This man, irritated at seeing a beggar, as he thought, trespassing upon his land, sent his servants to drive him away. They executed his order with much brutality, and one of them struck the hermit and injured him severely. Savin bore this with patience; but, if we may trust the legend, his Divine Master, taking vengeance into His own hands, showed that His servant could not be outraged with impunity. The man who had assaulted him became possessed by the devil, and his master was struck blind. But Savin, in his charity, fell upon his knees and implored the Lord to relieve the afflicted transgressors, and thus enable him to

repay evil with good. Thereupon the servant was delivered from the demon, but his master, Chromasse, was condemned to remain blind for many years, until, touching the saint's body after his death, he miraculously recovered his sight. This incident is represented by one of the pictures: "Com S. Sevi Feyta Sa Cella, Cromassio lo Menassa." Having thus failed in his effort to slake his thirst, he sought relief from God, and, like Moses of old, striking the rock with his staff, there issued forth an abundant stream which continued to flow to this day.

As Savin progressed in holiness the fame of his sanctity extended throughout the country. Whenever any misfortune befell the shepherds on the mountains they resorted to him, certain that his prayers would protect or relieve them. His heart and his hut were always open. If he had not wealth to share with them, he had words that consoled, prayers that healed, counsels that supported.

A priest of the valley was one day crossing the bridge of the Gave, near Pierrefitte, when suddenly he and his horse fell into the torrent. At the time the waters were swollen by the melting snow, and the priest felt himself carried along in the flood to destruction. In this position he lifted his soul to God, and his thoughts to the solitary of Pouey-Aspé. Savin happened to see the accident from a distance, and, witnessing the struggle with death, he prayed in faith and tears for the deliverance of the drowning man, whose horse by a desperate effort reached the bank. The priest, recognizing in his rescue the interposition of Savin, hastened to Pouey-Aspé to thank him for his preservation. This incident is portrayed in the series of pictures: "Com lo Capera Tomba en la Ribera Se Reclama S. Sevi."

There is a tradition in the valley, that one evening, being in his cell and wanting a light, he put the candle to his heart, which emitted a flame that communicated itself to

the taper and continued to burn vividly throughout the night.

At last Savin drew near to the close of his earthly pilgrimage. Like so many holy men of all times, he had a presentiment of his approaching death, and accordingly sent for the Abbot Forminius to bid him a last farewell. The abbot answered that he could not come until the next day, as he was detained by business of the monastery; thereupon Savin sent a second messenger to him to say that "to-morrow it would be too late, for a greater occupation would engross him." When this intelligence became known, a number of the monks and priests of the neighbouring parishes hurried to attend his death-bed. Even when in this condition, he still occupied himself with the interests of others, and nominated as his successor in the hermitage one whose prayers and macerations should have for their object, like his own, the edification and salvation of the people of the valley of Lavedan.

When the supreme moment had arrived—that moment full of ineffable joy for the elect, full of terrible mystery for those who have loved the world more than God—blessed Savin, fortified by the last sacraments, his hands extended towards heaven, his brow beaming, his lips murmuring, closed his career on earth and began that which knows no ending. His friend, Abbot Forminius, was absent, but the tolling of the death-knell announced to him and the valley that their benefactor, their counsellor, was no longer among them. Orders were issued for the removal of his body from the hermitage to the monastery, whither it was translated with great pomp and much mourning, and deposited in a tomb in the abbatial church, built on the site of the Emilian Palace. Subsequently it was removed to the apse of the church, and there it remains at the present day.

S. GHISLAIN, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 681.)

[Roman, Gallican, and Belgian Martyrologies. Authorities :—a life written at the end of the 9th or 10th cent. from documents, “*Cartulis antiquissimis.*”]

THE name of this Saint, Gisel, Ghysel, or Ghyselen, in Flemish means “a hostage,” and according to his biographer, he was born in Athens, not, however, of Greek parents, perhaps, but possibly of Frank ones. He entered a monastery of the Order of S. Basil and was ordained priest. He afterwards came to Rome, and thence rambled north till he reached Hainault, and there settled in an old ruined Roman fort, along with two disciples, Lantebert and Bellirius.

One day, King Dagobert was out hunting, when the dogs roused a bear, which took to flight and sought refuge under the mantle of Ghislain, which was hanging from the branch of a tree whilst the saint was engaged in gardening. There the bear stood at bay and the dogs would not touch her. The huntsmen, thinking that Ghislain and his disciples had bewitched the hounds, fell on them and beat them, till the king, galloping up, bade them desist. “Why have you arrested my dogs and deprived them of their prey?” asked the king.

“Sire,” answered Ghislain, “the bear came here, I did not call her, and she took refuge under the shadow of my mantle. Take her, I need her not.”

But Dagobert would not hurt the bear; he called off his dogs and retired.

Now when Ghislain had done his work, he arose and put on his mantle; then the bear got up, and took the hermit's

“basket, in which was his mystery, which he used at the sacred solemnity of the mass,”¹ and walked forward, carrying it in her mouth. Then Ghislain cried out, “O God of infinite mercy! assist me to recover what I have lost.”

Then he and his companions ran after the bear. And an eagle came and flew before them to show the way. Presently they came on some shepherds watching their flocks, and Ghislain asked, “Have ye seen a bear pass this way, my masters, carrying something?” They answered him, “We did see a she-bear go by, with something like a garment in her mouth, and she went yonder to her lair.”

Then Ghislain pushed through the branches and found where the bear had her lair, and there were cubs in it, and they were playing with their paws and mouths with the vestment. And Ghislain adjured the bears to surrender what they had got, and not to trouble him any more. Then he snatched his chasuble from the cubs and ran away with it.

Afterwards he built a monastery on the spot where the bear's lair had been, and called it Ursidogus, but after his death it took his name. At the old fort where he had first lived he was the means of founding a nunnery which he dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, for S. Waldetrude, the wife of S. Vincent Madelgar. Waldetrude was a kinswoman of Dagobert. Vincent Madelgar had deserted her in order to become a monk, and had been shorn by S. Authbert at Hautmont. Waldetrude lived at home with her children and trained them carefully. But Ghislain sought her out and urged her to leave the world, its obligations and responsibilities, and take refuge in a nunnery. At his instigation also, she placed her daughter, Aldegund, then a little child, in the nunnery of Maubeuge. The old Roman fort where Ghislain had settled belonged to that Hildulf, Duke of Lobbes, whose wife Aia was a relation of Waldetrude. By

¹ His sacred vestment, as appears from what follows.

the advice of Ghislain, Waldetrude bought the land and founded on it according to his instructions the house of canonesses, which became the nucleus afterwards of the town of Mons. She is commemorated on April 9th.

In remembrance of the origin of their monastery, the monks of S. Ghislain always keep a bear and an eagle.

S. LOUIS BERTRAND, O.P.

(A.D. 1581.)

[Roman Martyrology, at Valencia on Oct. 20. Beatified by Paul V. in 1608, and canonized by Clement X. in 1671. Authorities:—the Bull of his Canonization, and his life by S. Vincent Justinian Antesti, a comrade of the saint. Also another life by Bartholomew Avignone, O. P., in 1623.]

S. LOUIS BERTRAND was born in the year 1526, of pious Catholic parents, John Louis Bertrand and Joanna Angela de los Exarches, his second wife, at Valencia, in Spain. He was baptized in the parish church of S. Stephen, and in the very font in which S. Vincent Ferrer had been regenerated. His biographers think it was a sure presage of his future sanctity, that when he was a little child he would cease from crying if given an image to play with. It was the custom of the boys in Valencia to make little cones of wet gunpowder, and fire them on the eve of S. Dionysius—those small fireworks English schoolboys call “blue devils.” The father of Louis Bertrand, when a lad, was busily engaged piling up a blue devil one vigil of S. Dionysius, when a spark fell into the bowl of gunpowder he had beside him, and ignited it. The explosion scorched his face and burnt the eyelashes and brows off. Though he was scarred, he providentially lost neither his sight nor his life. His safety he attributed to the intercession of S. Vincent Ferrer, and

therefore maintained through life an ardent devotion towards that saint, and had his son Louis baptized in the same font, and instructed him from early infancy in habits of devotion to that apostolic preacher. The commanding figure of Vincent Ferrer, thus impressed on the child's mind by his father, influenced his whole after life.

At the age of fifteen the boy was fired with ambition to make a pilgrimage to Compostella. He had got some way, when his father sent after him, and, under the pretence that his mother was dangerously ill, induced him to return home. As the bent of the boy's mind was very decided, John Louis Bertrand dressed him in a cassock. His mother, when she came to change the sheets of his bed on Saturday, found that he had often not slept in them throughout the week. He had spent his night in prayer, or lying on the floor. She gave him a scolding, and made a gimlet-hole in his door, through which she might observe him. She saw him one morning tumbling his bedclothes, to make believe that he had slept in them, but in reality he had not lain on his bed all night.

He was obedient and gentle. His mother was wont, rather more frequently than was necessary, to scold the servants. Whenever Louis heard her, he caught up a book of pious meditations, ran to the scene, and began to read at the top of his voice, till he had stilled his mother's voluble tongue.

Louis took a strong fancy to join the Dominican Order, and went to the convent of that society at Valencia, and besought the prior to admit him and invest him with the habit; but when his father heard of his purpose he hurried to the convent, and told the prior that Louis had been a delicate, unhealthy child, and was quite unfit for an austere life. On his representation, therefore, the youth was refused admission. Louis bore his disappointment with resignation, but walked often by the sea, looking at the white walls of the convent,

and crying when he heard the Dominican bell ringing for the offices.

He waited his time, till the then prior, Fernandez, was removed, and another prior, F. Johannes Mico, was in his room; and then, without saying a word to any one, being at the time eighteen years old, he secretly made his profession to the new prior, and assumed the habit of a novice. His parents were only aware of what he had done when he did not return to their house at night. However, on account of his bodily infirmities, the prior dismissed him shortly after, but was induced once more to receive him by his persistence in his intention to become a friar of the Order of Preachers. For some time he abandoned study, that he might devote himself to contemplation; but as he began to form strange and erroneous religious notions, either his own good sense or the advice of his superior obliged him to read theology, and he studied the works of Aquinas with great profit.

He had been invested with the Dominican habit on Aug. 26, 1544; he took his final vows on Aug. 27, in the following year, and was ordained priest in 1547, when aged twenty-two. He was sent shortly afterwards to the convent of Santa Cruz, at Lombai. One November night, in the year following, Louis thought he saw his father standing by his bedside, looking ghastly pale, and wrapped in a winding-sheet. When he woke next morning he talked the matter over with his confessor. An hour or two later came a ring at the convent bell. A messenger from Valencia entreated Father Louis Bertrand to hasten forthwith to his father's death-bed. The saint at once flew to his home, and found his father dying. "My son," said the old man, "I thought at one time it was a most grievous matter that you, my eldest son, should have entered a religious Order, but now it consoles me to see you in that habit." After his father's death, Louis Bertrand beat himself, and fasted and

prayed for eight years, to liberate the soul of John Louis from purgatory. When asked why it was that John Louis Bertrand was afflicted with penal fire for so long a time, his son replied that the reason was—so it had been revealed to him—because his father had attended a certain nobleman's funeral. One morning Louis dreamed that he saw a friend, Friar Raphael Castello, up to his neck in water; he told him of his vision. Not long after, Father Castello went to Majorca, and returned in the ship which was conveying the queen-dowager to Spain. A violent storm arose whilst the vessel was near Ivica. Then "an internal voice urged F. Raphael Castello to get into the boat;" accordingly the friar scrambled into the boat, and made off in it, leaving the queen-dowager, the captain, and all on board the ship to be drowned. They perished accordingly, but the friar got safe to land, though wet by the sea-water up to his neck. And so the vision of the saint was verified by the event.

In 1549 S. Louis Bertrand was made master of the novices, and ruled them harshly,¹ being anxious that they should taste the discipline of the Order in its full severity before they took the irrevocable vows. He was accustomed to scourge himself severely, and had certain chosen spots for the performance of this discipline, which he particularly affected. Such was the sacristy of the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, to which he was most partial, as it was a gloomy spot, and very frightening to a nervous person. Another favourite locality was the schoolroom of the novices; and there the walls and floor were sometimes splashed with his blood. One of the novices threatened to tell the prior. "Silence, I implore you, for the love of God," said Louis; "I will act more discreetly in future." His discretion consisted in tying a towel round his loins to prevent the blood from dribbling on to the floor. He did not, however, confine his blows to him-

¹ "Novellos illos rigide asperque educans."



S. LOUIS BERTRAND. After Cahier.

self, in his charity he distributed them freely among his pupils, whom he whipped on the smallest excuse—for breaking silence, for sleeping a wink too long, for a wrong note in choir, and for the most trifling faults.¹ The reason why he so severely lashed their backs was, as he was careful to explain to them, to reduce the amount of suffering they would have to endure in purgatory.

He urged on the novices the necessity for reading, for he found that the more learned a friar became the more he loved his cell; but he was very decided in forbidding the lay-brethren the use of any book. The Rosary and the Lord's Prayer were the only books for them, he said.

He possessed some common sense. When he noticed how scrupulous two novices were about the saying of their offices, how particular they were about mere trifles, "They will never do any good," said Louis Bertrand. And so the event proved, for they had to be turned out for disorderly and disreputable conduct. A novice of a few months came to him to inform him he was favoured with visions. "Oh, so soon?" said Louis. "Then you are no good."

Father Clemens Benet having died, Louis informed the brethren that he had seen him tortured in purgatory because he had once allowed himself in hot weather to wear linen next his skin. Father Clemens was at length liberated by the prayers of the saint; but his example served to awe the brethren and novices, and make them renounce shirts with holy horror.

An Indian was sent to the convent from America, who had been converted and transformed into a Dominican. He proved a very indifferent friar, but he was interesting as a man. He fired the imagination of some of the brethren, especially that of Louis Bertrand; and when he assured them that preachers were often killed, and sometimes eaten,

¹ Just. Antest. c. ii. 22.

by the savages, the enthusiasm of Louis was beyond restraint. He implored his superior to send him to America. The prior would not hear of his going, his relations refused money; but Louis was intent on seeking martyrdom in the New World. Finding him so resolved, leave was tardily accorded, and he departed on foot for Setabi. When he was gone, the friars overhauled his box, and found that it contained a choice and varied collection of instruments of self-torture—horsehair shirts, iron chains, wire whips, and flat strips of tin perforated with holes, for slapping the flesh and raising blisters.

At Setabi, a messenger from the prior overtook him and gave him money for the purchase of an ass on which to ride the rest of his way. So he reached Seville and embarked on board a ship bound for the mouth of the Magdalena.

Unfortunately, little of the history of the mission of the holy man in Bolivia is known. He traversed great distances and preached to the Indians. He suffered severely from the intense heat and from the remoteness of the stations from each other. In Spain he had been able to confess twice a day, whereas now he was deprived of this solace, save occasionally. He arrived with his two servants, Moors armed with guns, at an Indian village, where he preached for several days without success. He ascertained that the natives superstitiously venerated the bones of an idol priest, and kept them enshrined in their temple. Louis, one morning early, stole the bones, bundled them into a bag he carried, and made off with them, along with his two guards. It was not long before the Indians were aware of the robbery, and Louis was pursued. The natives threatened him with instant death unless he gave up to them what he had taken, and Louis, alarmed at their gestures and threats, surrendered the bones. The Indians would have given him poultry and some peacocks in gratitude for having restored to them their inestimable treasure, but Louis refused the

present sternly, perhaps insolently, for he so irritated them that they nearly fell on him again, but was rescued by the cacique, who feared to embroil himself and the villagers with the Spaniards, if the father was murdered.

As Louis addressed the natives in Spanish, not having acquired their tongue, it is, perhaps, not wonderful that his sermons did not produce instant conviction in their minds. His biographer indeed asserts that though he spoke in Spanish the Indians understood him, but this was probably near the Spanish settlements. He took with him at first an interpreter, but the man, either by malice or through ignorance, did not faithfully explain the words of the preacher, and Louis was obliged to dismiss him.

He converted and baptized a small Indian boy and took him about with him as server at mass. On one occasion, whilst Louis was absent, the natives, who were keeping a feast to their gods, took the boy and sacrificed him, and on the return of the father told him the lad had been eaten by an alligator.

The barbarity with which the unfortunate Indians were treated by the Spanish governors moved his soul to indignation. On one occasion, when he was preaching in the cathedral to a crowd of naked savages, the governor entered with his men, cudgelled them, and saying, "Get to your work, you idle rascals," drove them from the church before S. Louis had finished his sermon.

At this time that most noble and heroic of men, Bartholomew de las Casas, wrote his famous appeal to the Emperor Charles V. against the treatment the poor natives met with from Christian hands. He abdicated his bishopric of Chiapa, and visited Spain, to wring from the sovereign protection for the unfortunate, suffering people, and devoted the rest of his life to the advocacy of their cause. When Louis Bertrand heard that Las Casas was returning to Spain, a vehement

desire came over him also to revisit his native land. He had spent seven years in Bolivia, and he had had enough of it.

He sailed for his native land on S. Luke's day, 1569, and on reaching Seville pushed on at once for Valencia. He reached that city late in the evening, and was obliged to sleep outside the walls; he laid himself to rest in his brother's garden. On the morrow, when he came to his convent, the friars were excited and delighted to see him again, sunburnt and thin, but looking pale.

He remained there till the following year, when he was made prior of S. Onuphrius near Valencia; the convent was poor and in bad repair. Louis rebuilt the tottering walls and retiled the roof. In 1575 he was elected prior of the convent at Valencia. One day he was rebuking a friar for his ignorance; "Well," said the friar, "the devil was learned and yet was damned." Some years after the friar died and his soul appeared to Louis, according to the account of the latter, and informed him that he burned in flames till pardoned by him for having answered so perty. Louis is said to have performed many miracles. In Bolivia he suspected he was poisoned because he felt a pain in his stomach, and a worm came out of his mouth. On another occasion, to convince a native cacique of the truth of Christianity, he drank a cup of poison before him without injury. The miracles he performed were numerous. One rainy evening a Jesuit put up for the night in his convent, his clothes were drenched, and he had evidently caught a feverish chill. All night he tossed on his bed with a racking headache; but in the morning, when he visited Louis Bertrand and began to talk to him, his headache went off. He was of the greatest assistance to women in childbirth, and seems to have been sent for on such occasions by the matrons of Valencia. His prayers were believed to expedite matters. On one occasion, when he could not attend personally, he wrote on a strip of

paper, "Nesciens Mater Virgo virum, peperit sine dolore Salvatorem, ipsum Regem angelorum sola Virgo lactabat ubere de cœlo pleno," and bade the suffering woman hold it in her hand. She did so with the happiest results.

That great saint and reformer, S. Theresa, had recourse to Louis Bertrand, and received comfort from his advice under her greatest difficulties. When she wrote to him about her design of establishing a reformation of the Carmelite Order, he sent her the following answer: "Because the honour of God is highly concerned in your intended undertaking, I took some time to recommend it to Him by my poor prayers. For this reason I deferred so long my answer. I now bid you take courage in the name of the Lord, who will favour you. It is in His name that I assure you your reformation will be, within the space of fifty years, one of the most illustrious Orders in the Church."

S. Louis preached the divine word during twelve years, without intermission, in several dioceses in Spain. He trained up excellent preachers, who succeeded him in the ministry of the word. The first lesson he gave them was, that humble and fervent prayer must always be the principal preparation of the preacher; for words without works will never have the power to touch and change hearts. Words must be animated by the spirit of prayer, and must derive their force and efficacy from this source, or they will be but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, pleasing indeed to the ear, but not touching and firing the heart.

During the last two years of his life he was afflicted with several disorders, under which he constantly prayed to God, in the words of S. Augustine: "Here cut, here burn, here spare not, that I may find mercy for eternity." Under his infirmities he showed no failing of zeal. In 1580 he preached the Lenten course of sermons at Xatwa, and went thence to preach in the cathedral of Valencia, but was so ill,

that he had to be carried from the pulpit to his bed, from which he never rose. Amidst the tears of all who surrounded him he remained cheerful. The archbishop of Valencia ministered to him with his own hands, giving him medicine and food, till he gave up his soul to God, on the 9th of October, 1581, at the age of fifty-five.

A portrait of the saint, painted after his death, was placed by the Archbishop of Valencia in a chapel of his cathedral. An engraving from it is given by the Bollandists.

The body of the saint reposes in a silver shrine in the church of the Dominicans at Valencia; it is visible through glass. A silver statue of him has the breast open, and exhibits one of his arm bones behind glass.



October 10.

- S. PINITUS, *B. of Gnossus, in Crete; circ. A.D. 180.*
 SS. GEREON AND COMP., *MM. at Cologne; circ. A.D. 286.*
 S. CLARUS, *B. of Nantes; beginning of 4th cent.*
 SS. EULAMPIUS AND EULAMPYA, *MM. at Nicomedia; 4th cent.*
 S. BASSIAN, *C. at Constantinople; circ. A.D. 456.*
 S. CERBONIUS, *B. of Piombino, in Tuscany; circ. A.D. 575.*
 S. PAULINUS, *B. of York; A.D. 644.*
 S. TELECHILD, *V. Abs. of Fouarre; 7th cent.*
 S. TANCHA, *VM. at Troyes, in France.*
 S. JOHN OF BRIDLINGTON, *C. in York; A.D. 1379.*
 S. FRANCIS BORGIA, *C.S.γ. at Rome; A.D. 1572.*

S. PINITUS B.

(ABOUT A.D. 180.)

[Roman Martyrology. Ado and Usuardus. Authority:—Eusebius, Hist. Eccl. iv. 21-23.]

EUSEBIUS speaks of Pinitus, Bishop of Gnossus, in Crete, who lived at the time of Dionysius of Corinth. Dionysius wrote to Pinitus, "not to impose on the brethren, without necessity, too severe a burden in regard to purity, but to pay regard to the infirmity of the great bulk of the people." To which Pinitus, writing in reply, said that he admired and applauded Dionysius, but exhorted him, at the same time, to impart some time or other food which was stronger to his flock, and to feed them with writings abounding in more perfect doctrine, so that they might not remain constantly imbibing the mere milk of doctrine, and grow old under a discipline calculated for children. "In this epistle also, the correct views which Pinitus cherished, and his solicitude for those committed to his care, also his learning and intelligence in divine matters, appear evidently."

SS. GEREON AND COMP. MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 286.)

[Ado, Usuardus, Florus, Sarum, York, and Hereford, German and Modern Roman Martyrologies. Authority:—a Passion by Helinand of Froimont in the 13th cent.]

THE greatest confusion concerning these martyrs reigns in the ancient Martyrologies. The names of the martyrs vary; there are Gereon, Cassius, Florentius, Victor, Agrippinus, Marusus, and on these names changes are rung. A vague tradition, floating down the stream of time, recorded that a portion of the Theban legion, quartered at Cologne and at Xanten, on the Rhine, had suffered about the same time as Maurice and his company at Agaunum, and the Martyrologies gave such names as were remembered. But of the facts nothing was known, till gradually legend grew round them, relics were discovered and attributed to them, imaginations worked, and in the 13th century the passion of the martyrs had been elaborated sufficiently for a monk of Froimont to commit it to writing. The number of martyrs was made 318 or 319, or even 330. It is almost a pity that imagination did not stretch a little further, and then there would have been one for each day in the year. When the church of Xanten was being enlarged, in 1284, the new foundations in the old burial-ground intersected graves, and many bones were found. These were eagerly assumed to have belonged to the Theban martyrs, and, as such, receive veneration there to this day.

In some ancient copies of the Martyrology of Jerome, the passion of 316 martyrs at Cologne is stated, "whose names God only knows."

S. Helena is supposed also to have found the bodies of

the martyrs at Bonn, and to have erected churches there, and in Cologne, over their relics. This is the story of Helinand; it does not demand serious consideration. According to the same writer, Gereon suffered at Cologne with 318 companions, and Victor with 330 more, at Xanten; Cassius and Florentius, and others, numbers not recorded, at Bonn. To fill up the gaps made by this butchery, Maximian was obliged to send into Mauritania for some more soldiers; but these, on their arrival, were also found to be infected with Christian belief. Another decimation took place, and some 360 more were martyred, and their bones laid alongside of those of Gereon and his companions. (See Oct. 15.)

SS. EULAMPIUS AND EULAMPRIA, MM.

(4TH CENT.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menology*. Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Greek Acts, late and not trustworthy.]

THE Acts say that Maximian, in his seventh year, issued an edict against the Christians, and that Eulampius and Eulampia suffered at Nicomedia, in Bithynia. The seventh year of Maximian is 293, when there was no persecution. Moreover, Maximian did not bear rule in the East. His palace was at Milan, that of Diocletian at Nicomedia. But Maximinus did persecute in the East in 306, when Cæsar. Maximinus assumed the title of Emperor in 307, and when persecution relaxed he renewed it. The persecution was stopped by edict of Galerius in 311. Maximinus died in 313. Probably, though Acts, *Menæa*, and *Menology* assert that Maximian was the persecutor, we must read Maximin for Maximian. Maximin was made Cæsar in 305, and the seventh year may be 312. But not much

reliance can be placed on the figures or names in the late Acts.

The edict given in them begins, "Maximianus, Emperor, to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Nicomedia," &c. And considering that Maximian had nothing to do with Nicomedia, and that the seventh year of Maximin as Emperor would be 314, a year after his death, we may judge of the worthlessness of such statements in the Acts.

When the persecution broke out in Nicomedia, Eulampius, a young Christian, together with many other Christians, fled the city and hid themselves in caves. After a while they had consumed all their provisions, and therefore were obliged to send one of their number into the town to buy bread. They selected Eulampius, who, being a boy, might escape observation. Eulampius had unfortunately chosen the day for entering the city when all the inhabitants were attending in the temple to offer sacrifice according to the commands of the Emperor. The boy saw the edict nailed up at the gates, and stood still to read it. The soldiers guarding the gates spoke to him, and he turned and ran away. The watch pursued him, outstripped and arrested him, and asked him his name and why he had attempted flight. As he did not answer, they suspected that he was a Christian, bound him, and put him in ward.

Next day he was brought before the prefect, and the guards told their tale. But the governor, pitying his simplicity and youth, said, "Ye have acted wrongly and rashly. This is an ignorant country boy, and ye have bound him without cause. Knock off his chains, and place him by me."

The boy was at once freed and brought to the governor, who addressed him kindly, saying, "Boy, what is your name? Are you a slave or free?"

"I am the Lord's servant," answered he, "and my name is Eulampius. I am of honourable birth."

“Well, boy,” said the prefect, “if you belong to an honourable family, behave honourably, and go and sacrifice and return to me.”

“To whom shall I sacrifice?”

“To Dios, or to Apollo, or to the great goddess Demeter.”

“He who trusts in them falls into perdition,” answered Eulampius. “They are but idols, the work of men’s hands.”

Then the governor was angry, and ordered Eulampius to be stripped and beaten. After he had received many strokes, the kind-hearted governor said, “That will do; spare him, and let him get up.”

Eulampius rose, and defied him and his gods, in language excited and violent, and which seems to have been quite as much an exhibition of temper in a boy smarting after a whipping as of Christian zeal in a martyr for the faith.

He succeeded in sufficiently incensing the governor to order his suspension on the little horse.

Suddenly, from among the bystanders broke a young girl, who, rushing up to Eulampius, threw her arms round his neck, sobbing. This was Eulampia, his sister. She was at once arrested, and conducted to prison along with her brother, and on the morrow both were executed with the sword.

The untrustworthy Acts have intruded a whole series of tortures which do not hurt the martyrs. They are plunged in boiling lead, and come forth refreshed, but cold steel in these cases is infallible; and we may be quite sure when we read of a martyr suffering by the sword after a string of unsuccessful attempts at execution by fire, water, poison, wild beasts, &c., that these tortures were not tried, but are the invention of the author of the Acts in their present form.

S. CERBONIUS, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 575.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Mention by S. Gregory the Great in his Dialogues, and a life written not before the 10th cent.]

S. CERBONIUS, a native of northern Africa, on the Vandal invasion fled to Italy and came to Piombino, of which city he became bishop. The people of the neighbourhood were, however, speedily tired of their bishop, for every Sunday he rose at break of day and said mass. When they arrived at the church the bishop and his clergy were breakfasting, and they had to return to their homes without having performed their religious duties. At length they could endure it no longer, and complained to Pope Vigilius, who, on hearing of what Cerbonius did, blazed up into wrath, and sent legates to Piombino to bring the bishop to Rome. They arrived on Saturday. Next morning very early, Cerbonius awoke and said to his deacon, "Go out and see if the time has arrived for mass." The deacon returned to say that a white streak was showing above the eastern hills. Cerbonius and his priests accordingly got up and said mass. When the legates crawled out of bed, they found the bishop and his clergy enjoying their breakfasts.

"Come and eat with us," said Cerbonius.

"We are not heretics to eat before mass."

"That is over an hour ago," answered the bishop.

The legates started for Rome with the bishop. On the way they got thirsty, and he discovered for them a spring of water. He cured three men suffering from fever, and astonished the legates into thinking that, after all, he was a saint, and not a heretic. When they came near to Rome,

they left Cerbonius and went on to Vigilius and told him of the marvels wrought by the bishop on the way.

Whilst Cerbonius was waiting, he saw a flight of geese coming his way. He at once made the sign of the cross over them and said, "You have not licence from the Lord to fly anywhere till you have followed me to the presence of the Lord Pope." Then he marched forward with his staff, the geese following demurely,—and lo! he met the Pope, attended by his clergy in chasubles and dalmatics, with incense burning, coming to do honour to the saint who had found a spring of water and at whose word tertian ague had disappeared. The two processions met and united, and the Pope, followed by his clergy, walked with Cerbonius and the geese in his train to the altar of S. Peter's, where Cerbonius blessed the geese and gave them leave to depart.

Next morning, at daybreak, Cerbonius went into the Pope's chamber, pulled him out of bed, and made him put his foot on his own foot, and his hand in his own hand, and look up into heaven. He then asked the Pope, stupefied with sleep, if he did not hear angels singing, and Vigilius having said he did hear something of the kind, was allowed to go back to bed again, whilst Cerbonius went off to say mass. After this the Pope gave him leave to say his mass at any hour of the morning that pleased him, and sent him back at once to Piombino.

Totila, the Gothic King, is said by S. Gregory to have exposed the old bishop to be hugged by a bear in the amphitheatre, but the bear, instead of hurting him, crouched at his feet and licked them. He was allowed to depart, and he fled to the isle of Elba, and there died. His body was brought back to Piombino, and there reposes.

S. PAULINUS, B. OF YORK.

(A.D. 644.)

[Martyrology of Bede, Ado, Notker, Roman Martyrology, York and Hereford Calendars. Authority :—Mention by Bede. The following is a condensation from Montalembert's "Monks of the West."]

BEDE informs us that about a century after the first landing of the Saxons, under Hengist, in the county of Kent, their neighbours the Angles, crossing the North Sea, founded on the opposite coast of Britain two colonies, long distinct, sometimes united, but finally combined together under the name of Northumbria. The wall anciently raised by the Emperor Severus, from the mouth of the Solway to that of the Tyne, to check the Caledonian incursions, was their boundary. The oldest of the two kingdoms was that of the Bernicians to the north. Their chief, Ida—who, like Hengist, claimed to be a descendant of Odin—established his residence in a fortress which he called Bamborough, after his wife Bebba, with that conjugal reverence so often illustrated even among the most savage Germans. The British bards in return have named this queen the Fair Traitress, because she was of British origin and fought in the foremost ranks on the field of battle against her countrymen. The imposing remains of this fortress, situated on a detached rock on the coast, still surprise and arrest the traveller. From this point the invasion of the Angles spread over the fertile valleys of the Tweed and Tyne.

The second colony, that of the Deirians, to the south, was concentrated principally in the valley of the Tees and in the extensive region which is now known as Yorkshire. The first chief of the Deirians of whom anything is known was that Alla or Ella, whose name—pronounced by the young slaves

exposed for sale in the Forum—suggested to S. Gregory the hope of soon hearing the Alleluia echo through his kingdom. This region to the north of the Humber was precisely that which had suffered most from the Caledonian incursions; and according to some authors, the Saxons of Hengist, called in the character of allies by the Britons to their aid, were already established before the arrival of the Deirian colony. But Ida and his Angles would not in any character hold tenure under their Germanic compatriots from the south of the island, and instead of fighting against the Picts and Scots they leagued themselves with them to crush the ill-starred Britons.

Ida, who had twelve sons, and who reigned twelve years, used fire and sword against the natives with such animosity that the British bards surnamed him the *Man of Fire*, or the *Great Burner*. They withstood him to the last extremity, and he fell in battle against them. But his grandson, Ethelfrid, took a terrible revenge. He was Ella's son-in-law, and at the death of the latter, and to the prejudice of the rights of the chief's son, Ethelfrid reunited the two kingdoms of Deiria and Bernicia, and mustering to his own standard all the Anglo-Saxons of Northumbria, he subdued or massacred a greater multitude of the Britons than any other of the invading chiefs. He was, says Bede, the ravaging wolf of Holy Writ: in the morning he devoured his prey, and in the evening he divided his spoil. The vanquished, who had called his grandfather the Burner, had only too good cause to call Ethelfrid the Ravager.

He had not, however, like his predecessors, the Caledonians for auxiliaries. They had become Christians, and far from seconding the pagan invaders, the Dalriadian Scots recently established in Great Britain came to the succour of the Britons who were their fellow-Christians. Their king Aidan marched against Ethelfrid at the head of a numerous

army. The Scots and the Saxons met at Degotane, near the existing frontier of England and Scotland. After a desperate struggle the Scots' army was cut to pieces, and this defeat put an end for ever to any desire on the part of the northern Celts to undertake the defence of their brethren of the south against the Teutonic conquerors.

Having conquered the Scots, the formidable heathen threw himself on the Britons of Wales. After this he completed the conquest of Northumbria, and fell, ten years later, in an encounter with his countrymen, the East Angles, under the command of King Redwald.

East Anglia, as the name itself indicates, was occupied by a colony of the same race as the Angles of Northumbria. On the death of the first Christian king of Kent, Redwald inherited the title of Bretwalda, which gave him a certain military supremacy over the whole Anglo-Saxon federation. He had given shelter to the son of Ella, who, while still a child, had been dethroned by his brother-in-law, the terrible Ethelfrid. This young prince, named Edwin, grew up at Redwald's Court and had even been married to the daughter of his protector. Ethelfrid, seeing in him a rival and a successor, employed by turns threats and bribes to induce Redwald to surrender the royal exile. The East Anglian prince was on the point of yielding, when one of the friends of Edwin came by night to apprise him of his danger, and offered to conduct him to a place of refuge, where neither Redwald nor Ethelfrid should be able to discover him. "No," replied the young and generous exile; "I thank you for your goodwill, but I shall do nothing. Why should I begin again to wander a vagabond through every part of the island, as I have too much done? If I must die, let it be rather by the hand of this great king than by that of a meaner man." Notwithstanding, moved and agitated by the news, he went out and seated himself on a rock before the

palace, where he remained for a long time alone and unnoticed, a prey to agonizing uncertainty.

All at once he beheld before him, in the midst of the darkness, a man, whose countenance and dress were unknown to him, who asked him what he did there alone in the night, and added, "What wilt thou promise to him who shall rid thee of thy grief by dissuading Redwald from delivering thee up to thy enemies, or doing thee any harm?" "All that may ever be in my power," answered Edwin. "And if," continued the unknown, "he undertook to make thee king, and a king more powerful than all thine ancestors, and all the other kings in England?" Edwin promised anew that his gratitude would be commensurate with such a service. "Then," said the stranger, "if he who shall have exactly foretold to thee such great fortunes, offers thee counsels more useful for thy welfare and thy life than any of thy fathers or kinsmen have ever received, dost thou consent to follow them?" The exile swore that he would implicitly obey him by whom he should be rescued from such great peril and made king.

Thereupon the unknown placed his right hand upon his head, saying, "When a like sign shall be shown thee, then recall this hour, thy words, and thy promise." With this he disappeared so suddenly that Edwin believed he had spoken not with a man, but with a spirit. A moment after, his friend came running to announce that he had no longer anything to fear, and that King Redwald, having confided his project to the queen, had been dissuaded by her from his breach of faith.

Under the generous influence of the queen, Redwald not only refused to give up the exiled prince, but having sent back the ambassadors intrusted with the costly presents of Ethelfrid, he declared war against him. The result was that Ethelfrid having been defeated and slain, Edwin was estab-

lished as king in Northumbria by his protector Redwald, who was now the chief of the Anglo-Saxon federation. The sons of Ethelfrid, although on the mother's side nephews of the new king, were obliged to fly like Edwin himself in his youth. They went for refuge to the Dalriadian Scots. We shall presently see what resulted from this exile to Northumbria and the whole of England.

Like his brother-in-law Ethelfrid, Edwin reigned over the two united kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia; and, like him, he waged a vigorous war against the Britons of Wales. Having thus become the dreaded chief of the Angles of the North, he found himself esteemed and sought after by the East Angles, who, on the death of their king, Redwald, offered him the sovereignty. But Edwin preferred to repay the protection which he had received from Redwald and his wife by leaving the kingdom of East Anglia to their son. He reserved, however, the military supremacy which Redwald had exercised, as well as the title of Bretwalda, which had passed from the King of Kent to the King of East Anglia, but which, after being held by Edwin, was to remain always attached to the Northumbrian monarchy.

Thus then was accomplished the mysterious prediction of Edwin's nocturnal visitor. He was now a king, and more powerful than any of the English kings before him. For the supremacy of the Bretwalda, added to the vast extent of country occupied by the Angles of the north and east, secured to the King of Northumbria a preponderance altogether different from that of the petty kings of the south who had borne the title before him. Having reached this un-hoped-for elevation, and having lost his first wife, a daughter of the King of East Anglia, he sought a second bride, and asked in marriage the sister of the King of Kent, the daughter of Ethelbert and Bertha, a descendant of Hengist and Odin through her father, and of S. Clotild through her mother.

She was called Ethelburga, that is, "noble protectress." Her brother Eadbald at first refused the demand of the King of Northumbria. He answered that it was impossible for him to betroth a Christian virgin to a pagan, lest the faith and the sacraments of the true God should be profaned by making her live with a king who was a stranger to His worship. Far from being offended at this refusal, Edwin promised that, if the princess were granted to him, he would do nothing against the faith which she professed, but, on the contrary, she might freely observe all the rites of her religion, along with all who might accompany her to his kingdom—men or women, priests or laymen. He added, that he would not himself refuse to embrace his wife's religion, if, after having had it examined by the sages of his council, he found it to be more holy and more worthy of God than his own.

It was on these conditions that her mother Bertha had left her country and her Merovingian family, to cross the sea and wed the King of Kent. The conversion of that kingdom had been the reward of her sacrifice. Ethelburga, destined like her mother, and, still more than she, to be the means of introducing a whole people to the knowledge of Christianity, followed the maternal example.

But the royal virgin was intrusted to the Northumbrians only under the guardianship of a bishop, charged to preserve her from all pagan pollution by his exhortations, and also by the daily celebration of the heavenly mysteries.

This bishop, by name Paulinus, was one of those still surviving Roman monks who had been sent by S. Gregory to the aid of S. Augustine. He had been twenty-five years a missionary in the south of Great Britain before he was consecrated Bishop of Northumbria by the third successor of Augustine at Canterbury. Having arrived with Ethelburga in Edwin's kingdom, and having married them, he longed to see the whole of the unknown nation amongst whom he had

come to pitch his tent, espoused to Christ. Unlike Augustine, after his landing on the shores of Kent, it is expressly stated that Paulinus was disposed to act upon the Northumbrian people before attempting the conversion of the king. He laboured with all his might to add some Northumbrian converts to the small company of the faithful that had accompanied the queen. But his efforts were for a long time fruitless ; he was permitted to preach, but no one was converted.

Pope Boniface V., at the suggestion, no doubt, of Paulinus, addressed two letters to the King and Queen of Northumbria. He exhorted the glorious king of the English, as he calls him, to follow the example of so many other emperors and kings, and especially of his brother-in-law Eadbald, in submitting himself to the true God, and not to let himself be separated, in the future, from that dear half of himself who had already received in baptism the pledge of eternal bliss. He conjured the queen to neglect no effort to soften and inflame the hard and cold heart of her husband, to make him understand the beauty of the mysteries in which she believed, and the rich reward which she had found in her own regeneration, to the end that they twain, whom human love had made one flesh here below, might dwell together in another life, united in an indissoluble union. But neither the letters of the Pope nor the sermons of the bishop, nor the importunities of the queen, prevailed to triumph over the doubts of Edwin. A providential event, however, occurred to shake, without absolutely convincing him. On the Easter-day after his marriage, an assassin, sent by the King of the West Saxons, made his way to the king, and, under the pretext of communicating a message from his master, tried to stab him with a double-edged poisoned dagger, which he held hidden under his dress. Prompted by that heroic devotion for their princes which among all the Germanic barbarians co-existed with continual revolts against them, a

lord named Lilla, having no shield at hand, threw himself between his king and the assassin, who struck with such force that his weapon reached Edwin even through the body of his faithful friend. The same night, the night of the greatest of Christian festivals, the queen was delivered of a daughter. While Edwin was rendering thanks to his gods for the birth of his first-born, the Bishop Paulinus began, on his part, to thank the Lord Christ, assuring the king that it was he who by his prayers to the true God had obtained that the queen should bear her first child without mishap, and almost without pain. The king, less moved by the mortal danger that he had just escaped than by the joy of being a father without peril or hurt to his beloved Ethelburga, was charmed by the words of Paulinus, and promised to renounce his idols for the service of Christ, if Christ granted him life and victory in the war which he was about to wage against the king who had tried to procure his assassination. As a pledge of his good faith he gave the new-born child to the bishop, that he might consecrate her to Christ. This first child of the king, the first native Christian of the Northumbrian nation, was baptized on Whitsunday along with seven persons of the royal household. She was named Eanfleda, and was destined, like most of the Anglo-Saxon princesses, to exercise an influence over the destiny of her country.

Edwin came back victorious from his struggle with the guilty king. On his return to Northumbria, though since giving his promise he had ceased to worship idols, he would not at once, and without further reflection, receive the sacraments of the Christian faith. But he made Paulinus give him more fully the reasons of his belief. He frequently conferred with the wisest and best-instructed of his nobles upon the part which they would counsel him to take. Finally, being by nature a man sagacious and reflective, he passed long hours in solitude, his lips indeed closed, but discussing

many things in the depth of his heart, and examining, without intermission, which religion he ought to prefer.

Meanwhile, Paulinus saw time passing away without the Word of God which he preached being listened to, and without Edwin being able to bow the pride of his intelligence before the divine humility of the Cross. Being informed of the prophecy, and the promise which had put an end to the exile of the king, he believed that the moment for recalling them to him had come. One day, when Edwin was seated by himself, meditating in the secret of his own heart upon the religion which he ought to follow, the bishop entered suddenly, and placed his right hand on his head, as the unknown had done in the vision, asking him if he recognized that sign. The king, trembling, would have thrown himself at the feet of Paulinus; but he raised him up, and said gently, "Thou art now delivered, by God's goodness, from the enemies that thou fearest. He has given thee the kingdom which thou desiredst. Remember to accomplish thy third promise, which binds thee to receive the faith and to keep its commandments. It is thus only that, after being enriched with the divine favour here, thou wilt be able to enter with God into the fellowship of the eternal kingdom."

"Yes," answered Edwin, at length, "I feel it; I ought to be, and I will be, a Christian." But, always true to his characteristic moderation, he stipulated only for himself. He said that he would confer with his great nobles, his friends, and his councillors, in order that, if they decided to believe as he did, they should all together be consecrated to Christ in the fountain of life.

Paulinus having expressed his approval of this proposal, the Northumbrian parliament was assembled near to a sanctuary of the national worship, already celebrated in the time of the Romans and Britons, at Godmundham, hard by the gates of York. Each member of this great national council

was, in his turn, asked his opinion of the doctrine and worship. The first who answered was the high priest of the idols, by name Coïfi, a singular and somewhat cynical personage. "My opinion," said he, "is most certainly that the religion which we have hitherto followed is worth nothing; and this is my reason: Not one of thy subjects has served our gods with more zeal than I have, and notwithstanding, there are many of thy people who have received from thee far greater gifts and dignities. But if our gods were not good for nothing, they would have done something for me who have served them so well. If then, after ripe examination, thou hast found this new religion which is preached to us more efficacious, let us hasten to adopt it."

One of the great chiefs held different language, in which is revealed to us that religious elevation and poetic melancholy wherewith the minds of these Germanic heathens were often imbued. "Thou rememberest, perhaps," said he to the king, "what sometimes happens in the winter evenings, whilst thou art at supper with thine ealdormen and thanes: while the good fire burns within, and it rains and snows, and the wind howls without, a sparrow enters at the one door and flies out quickly at the other. During that rapid passage it is sheltered from the rain and cold; but after that brief and pleasant moment it disappears, and from winter returns to winter again. Such seems to me to be the life of man, and his career but a brief moment between that which goes before and that which follows after, and of which we know nothing. If then the new doctrine can teach us something certain, it deserves to be followed."

After much discourse of the same tendency, for the assembly seems to have been unanimous, the high priest Coïfi spoke again with a loftier inspiration than that of his first words. He expressed the desire to hear Paulinus speak of the God whose envoy he professed to be. The bishop, with

permission of the king, addressed the assembly. When he had finished, the high priest cried, "For a long time I have understood the nothingness of all that we worshipped, for the more I endeavoured to search for truth in it the less I found it; but now I declare, without reserve, that in this preaching I see the shining of the truth which gives light and salvation and eternal blessedness. I vote then that we give up at once to fire and to the curse the altars which we have so uselessly consecrated." The king immediately made a public declaration that he adhered to the gospel preached by Paulinus—that he renounced idolatry and adopted the faith of Christ. "But who," asked the king, "will be the first to overthrow the altars of the ancient gods, and to profane their sacred precincts?" "I," replied the high priest; whereupon he prayed the king to give him arms and a stallion, that he might the more thoroughly violate the rule of his order, which forbade him to carry arms and to mount aught but a mare. Mounted on the king's steed, girt with a sword, and lance in hand, he galloped towards the idols, and in the sight of all the people, who believed him to be beside himself, he dashed his lance into the interior of their temple. The profaning steel buried itself in the wall; to the surprise of the spectators, the gods were silent and the sacrilege remained unpunished. Then the people, at the command of the high priest, proceeded to overthrow and burn the temple.

These things occurred in the eleventh year of Edwin's reign. The whole Northumbrian nobility and a large part of the people followed the example of the king, who was baptized with much solemnity on Easter-day (627) by Paulinus at York, in a wooden church, built in haste while the catechumens were prepared for baptism. Immediately afterwards he built around this improvised sanctuary a large church in stone, which he had not time to finish, but which has since become the splendid minster of York, and the

metropolitan church of the north of England. The town of York had been already celebrated in the time of the Romans. The Emperors Severus and Constantius Chlorus had died there. The Northumbrians had made it their capital, and Edwin there placed the seat of the episcopate, filled by his teacher Paulinus.

The king and the bishop laboured together for six years for the conversion of the Northumbrian people, and even of the English population of the neighbouring regions. The chiefs of the nobility and the principal servants of the king were the first to receive baptism, together with the sons of Edwin's first marriage. The example of a king was, however, far from being enough, among the Anglo-Saxons, to determine the conversion of a whole people; and the first Christian king and the first bishop of Northumbria did not think of employing undue constraint. Doubtless it required more than one effort on their part to overcome the roughness, the ignorance, the indifference of the heathen Saxons. But they had, at the same time, much encouragement, for the fervour of the people and their anxiety for baptism were often wonderful. Paulinus having gone with the king and queen, who several times accompanied him on his missions, to a royal villa far to the north, they remained there, all three, for thirty-six days together, and during the whole of that time the bishop did nothing else from morning till night than catechize the crowds that gathered from all the villages around, and afterwards baptize them in the river which flowed close by. At the opposite extremity of the country, to the south, the name of Jordan is still given to a portion of the course of the river Derwent, near the old Roman ford of Malton, in memory of the numerous subjects of Edwin that were there baptized by the Roman missionary. Everywhere he baptized in the rivers or streams, for there was no time to build churches. How-

ever, he built near Edwin's principal palace a stone church, whose calcined ruins were still visible after the Reformation, as well as a large cross with this inscription: *Paulinus hic prædicavit et celebravit.*

Passing the frontiers of the Northumbrian kingdom, Paulinus continued his evangelistic course among the Angles settled to the south of the Humber, in the maritime province of Lindsey. There also he baptized many people in the Trent; and long afterwards old men, who had in their childhood received baptism at his hands, recalled with reverent tenderness the venerable and awe-inspiring stranger, whose lofty and stooping form, black hair, aquiline nose, and emaciated, but imposing features, impressed themselves on every beholder, and proclaimed his southern origin. The beautiful monastic church of Southwell consecrates the memory of the scene of one of those multitudinous baptisms, and it is to the mission of Bishop Paulinus on this side the Humber that we trace the foundation of the magnificent cathedral of Lincoln.

It was in the stone church built by Paulinus at Lincoln, after the conversion of the chief Saxon of that town, with all his house, that the metropolitan bishop of York had to proceed to the consecration of the fourth successor of Augustine in the metropolitan see of Canterbury. Honorius was, like Paulinus, a monk of Mount Cœlius at Rome, and one of the first companions of S. Augustine in his mission to England. He was a disciple of S. Gregory, and had learned from the great pontiff the art of music, and it was he who led the choir of monks on the occasion of the first entrance of the missionaries, thirty years before, at Canterbury. The Pope then reigning was also named Honorius, first of that name. He sent the *pallium* to each of the two metropolitans, and ordained that when God should take to Himself one of the two the other should appoint a successor, in order to avoid

the delay of a reference to Rome, so difficult by reason of the great distance to be travelled by sea and land.

The Pope also wrote to King Edwin to congratulate him on his conversion and on the ardour and sincerity of his faith, and to exhort him to read much in the works of S. Gregory, whom he calls the Preacher of the English, and whom he recommends the king to take for his perpetual intercessor with God. But when this letter reached England Edwin was no more.

The six years which passed between his conversion and his death may certainly be reckoned among the most glorious and happy that it was ever given to any Anglo-Saxon prince to know. He speedily raised Northumbria to the head of the Heptarchy. On the south his ardent zeal for the faith which he had embraced after such ripe reflection extended its influence even to the populations which, without being subjected to his direct authority, yet belonged to the same race as his subjects. The East Angles, as we have seen, had offered him their crown, and he had refused it. But he used his influence over their young king, who owed to him his elevation to the throne, to induce him to embrace the Christian religion, with all his subjects. Edwin thus paid the ransom of the generous pity that the royalty of East Anglia had lavished on his youth and his exile.

On the north he extended and consolidated the Anglo-Saxon dominion as far as the isthmus which separated Caledonia from Britain; and he has left an ineffaceable record of his reign in the name of the fortress built upon the rock which commanded the entrance of the Forth, and which still lifts its sombre and Alpine front—true Acropolis of the barbarous north—from the midst of the great and picturesque city of Edinburgh (*Edwin's burgh*).

On the west he continued, with less ferocity than Ethelfrid, but with no less valour and success, the contest with the

Britons of Wales. He pursued them even into the islands of the channel which separates Great Britain from Ireland; and took possession of the Isle of Man, and another isle, which had been the last refuge of the Druids from the Roman dominion, and which, after its conquest by Edwin, took the name of the victorious race, *Anglesey*.

Within his own kingdom he secured a peace and security so unknown both before and after his reign that it passed into a proverb. It was said that in the time of Edwin a woman with her new-born child might traverse England from the Irish Channel to the North Sea without meeting any one who would do her the least wrong. It is pleasant to trace his kindly and minute care of the well-being of his subjects in such a particular as that of the copper cups which he had suspended beside the fountains on the highways, that the passers-by might drink at their ease, and which no one attempted to steal, whether from fear or from love of the king. Neither did any one ever reproach him for the unwanted pomp which distinguished his train, not only when he went out to war, but when he rode peacefully through his towns and provinces, on which occasions the lance, surmounted with a large tuft of feathers, which the Saxons had borrowed from the Roman legions, and which they had made the sacred standard of the Bretwalda, and the ensign of the supreme sovereignty in their confederation, was always carried before him in the midst of his military banners.

But all this grandeur and prosperity were about to be engulfed in a sudden and great calamity.

There were other Angles than those who, in Northumbria and East Anglia, were already subdued and humanized by the influence of Christianity: there remained the Angles of Mercia, the great central region stretching from the Humber to the Thames. The kingdom of Mercia was the last state organized out of the Anglo-Saxon conquest. It had been

founded by that portion of the invaders who, finding all the eastern and southern shores of the island already occupied, were compelled to advance into the interior. It became the centre of the Pagan resistance to, and occasional assaults upon, the Christian *Propaganda*, which was henceforth to have its head-quarters in Northumbria. The Pagans of Mercia found a formidable leader in the person of Penda, who was himself of royal extraction, or, as was then believed, of the blood of Odin, and had reigned for twenty-two years, but who was inflamed by all the passions of a barbarian, and, above all, devoured with jealousy of the fortunes of Edwin and of the power of the Northumbrians. Since Edwin's conversion these wild instincts were intensified by fanaticism. Penda and the Mercians remained faithful to the worship of Odin, whose descendants all the Saxon kings believed themselves to be.

Edwin and the Northumbrians were, therefore, in their eyes, no better than traitors and apostates. But, more surprising still, the original inhabitants of the island—the Christian Britons, who were more numerous in Mercia than in any other Anglo-Saxon kingdom—shared and excited the hatred of the Pagan Saxons against the converts of the same race. The Welsh Britons, who maintained their independence, but who for more than a century had been constantly menaced, defeated, and humiliated by Ida, Ethelfrid, and Edwin, professed and nourished their antipathy with even greater bitterness. Their chief, Ceadwalla or Cadwallon, the last hero of the Celtic race in Britain, at first overcome by Edwin, and forced to seek refuge in Ireland and in Armorica, had returned thence with rage redoubled, and with auxiliaries from the other Celtic races, to recommence the struggle against the Northumbrians. He succeeded in forming an alliance with Penda against the common enemy. Under these two chiefs an immense army, in which the British

Christians of Wales jostled the Pagans of Mercia, invaded Northumbria. Edwin awaited them at Hatfield, on the southern frontier of his kingdom. He was there disastrously defeated, and perished gloriously, sword in hand, scarce forty-eight years of age, dying a death which entitled him to be ranked amongst the martyrs. His eldest son fell with him; the younger, taken prisoner by Penda, who swore to preserve his life, was infamously murdered. Northumbria was ravaged with fire and sword, and its recent Christianity completely obliterated.

It is not known why Northumbria, after the death of Edwin and his son, was not subjugated, and shared among the conquerors; but it remained divided, enslaved, and was plunged once more into Paganism. Deira fell to Osric, cousin-german of Edwin; Bernicia to Eanfrid, one of the sons of Ethelfrid, who had returned from his exile in Scotland. Both had received baptism—the one with his cousin at York, the other at the hands of the Celtic monks of Iona. But a Pagan reaction was the inevitable consequence of the overthrow of the first Christian king of Northumbria. The two princes yielded to that reaction, and renounced their baptism, but without gaining anything thereby. The King of Deira was killed in battle with the Britons; and the King of Bernicia was murdered at an interview which he had sought with the savage Cadwallon.

Bishop Paulinus did not consider himself called upon to remain a witness of such horrors. His one thought was to place in safety the widow of King Edwin, that gentle Ethelburga who had been confided to him by her brother for a different destiny. He brought her back by sea to her brother's kingdom, with the daughter and the two youngest sons whom she had borne to Edwin. Even beside her brother, the King of Kent, she was afraid to keep them in England; and, wishing to devote her own widowhood to

God, she entrusted them to the King of the Franks, Dagobert, her cousin, at whose court they died at an early age. As to Paulinus, who had left in charge of his church at York only a brave Italian deacon, he found the episcopal see of Rochester vacant, in consequence of the death of the Roman monk, who was the titular bishop, and who, sent by the primate to the Pope, had just been drowned in the Mediterranean. Paulinus was invested with this bishopric by the king and by the Archbishop Honorius, whom he had himself consecrated at Lincoln. And there he died, far from his native land, after having laboured during forty-three years for the conversion of the English.

S. TANCHA, V.M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Gallican Martyrology. Authority :—The Lectons of the Troyes Breviary.]

TANCHA was the daughter of a farmer at S. Ouen, near Arcis, in the diocese of Troyes. Her godfather was a kinsman living at Arcis. When Tancha was aged sixteen, her father and mother were invited to attend the dedication feast at Arcis by their kinsman. They went thither, leaving Tancha in charge of the house ; but her godfather was disappointed at the girl not being present at the merrymaking and dancing, and sent a servant to fetch her, with her parents' consent. Neither the servant nor the girl were ever seen alive again. The man disappeared, and nothing was ever known of what had become of him ; but the body of the girl, murdered, with face bruised, and throat cut, was found some days after, hidden in a thicket of thorns. Popular imagination concluded that she had died rather than lose her honour, when

assaulted by the serving-man. The lections of the Troyes Breviary give an animated and interesting conversation which passed between the murderer and his victim ; but as no one was present to overhear it, and the murderer was never caught, it is purely the creation of the author of the life inserted in the Breviary. She is said also to have got up after she was killed, and walked some way with her head in her hands. Various other traditional embellishments adorn the story. That Tancha was murdered by the man, either because she resisted him or to prevent her from accusing him for having wronged her, is probable enough.

The head of the saint would have been lost in 1793, had it not been saved by Tanche Labreuveux, of Lhuitre, sister of the sacristan, from the violence of the revolutionary mob. In 1840, she restored it to the ecclesiastical authorities. On Oct. 10, 1846, a commemorative cross was erected on the scene of the murder. The skull is in the church at Lhuitre.

S. JOHN OF BRIDLINGTON, C.

(A.D. 1379.)

[Wilson, in his *Anglican Martyrology of 1608*. Butler, and the *Acta Sanctorum*. Authority :—A life by Hugh the Canon.]

THIS saint was born at Thwang, near Bridlington, and from earliest childhood lived to God. At the age of twelve he took a vow of chastity, and on reaching an age of discretion entered the house of Augustinian canons at Bridlington. His life is absolutely devoid of a single incident of interest. The only legend of any beauty in it is an importation. It is the old story of carrying loaves to the poor, and on being detected the loaves are found to be transformed. In most cases they become roses ; in the story of S. Nothburga they

are turned into chips of wood, in the lap of John of Bridlington they became stones. S. John studied at Oxford, and passed through the successive offices of cellarer, precentor, and prior of his monastery, and closed a life without interest in 1379.

S. FRANCIS BORGIA, C.

(A.D. 1572.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Urban VIII. in 1624, and canonized in 1716 by Clement IX., and his festival fixed for Oct. 10 by Innocent XI. in 1683. Authority :—His life, written by Ribadeneira, who was his confessor during nine years. Another life by Vasquez, also at one time the saint's confessor, used by Verjus in his "Vie de S. François Borgia."]

ALEXANDER VI., the pope of infamous memory, was married before he became pope. He was a Borgia, and his wife was Julia Farnese. Among other children he had John Borgia, duke of Gandia. John Borgia married Joanna of Aragon, daughter of Alphonso, natural son of Ferdinand V. of Aragon. John Borgia, third duke of Gandia, was the father of S. Francis, the subject of this notice. The saint was born in 1510, at Gandia, the seat of the family, in Valencia. He was brought up in all the gravity and state of a Spanish noble's house.

In 1520 the young Francis ran a risk of losing his life. A seditious monk, having by his sermons excited the citizens of Valencia to take up arms and punish certain criminals in a tumultuary manner, the people, pleased with this exercise of power, and with the discovery of their own importance, not only refused to lay down their arms, but formed themselves into troops and companies, that they might be regularly trained to martial exercises. To obtain security against the oppression of the grandes was the motive of

this association, and proved a powerful bond of union ; for as the aristocratic privileges and independence were more complete in Valencia than in any other of the Spanish kingdoms, the nobles, being scarcely accountable for their conduct to any superior, treated the people, not merely as vassals, but as slaves. They were alarmed, however, at the progress of this unexpected insurrection, but as they could not repress it without having recourse to arms, it became necessary to appeal to the emperor, and ask his permission to attack the insurgents. At the same time the people made choice of deputies to represent their grievances, and to implore the protection of their sovereign. Happily for the latter, they arrived at court when Charles V. was exasperated to a high degree against the nobility. Piqued at their resistance to his will in a matter on which he had set his heart, and moved by the justice of the complaints of the delegates of the people, he decided in favour of the latter, and rashly authorized them to continue in arms. The deputies returned in triumph, and were received by their fellow-citizens as the deliverers of their country. The insolence of the multitude increased with their success : they rose against the nobles, drove them from the city, and entrusted the government of it to magistrates of their own election. This was speedily followed by the sacking of the castles and palaces of the grandees throughout Valencia, and in their rage against those who had oppressed them, they perpetrated great cruelties. The armed mob surrounded the mansion of the Duke of Gandia, and tore it down ; with the greatest difficulty, and in disguise, the duke escaped with his mother and daughters. The young Francis was mounted on a horse, and galloped without drawing rein to Diani, where his father carried him by boat, for greater security, to a strong tower built on a rock ; afterwards, the country being still disturbed, the duke sent him to Saragossa, to his uncle, the Archbishop

Don John of Aragon. The archbishop gave him a house and retinue suitable to his rank, and provided him with masters in grammar, music, and fencing.

From Saragossa, Francis was sent to Baëza in Granada, to his great grandmother, Donna Maria de Luna, wife of Don Henriquez, uncle and master of the household to Ferdinand, Regent of Castile, and Grand Commander of Leon. Thence he was sent to Tordesillas, to be taken into the service of the Infanta Catharine, sister of Charles V., who was shortly to be married to John III., King of Portugal. The marriage took place in 1525, but Francis did not accompany her to Portugal, as his father had greater views for his son in Spain. He therefore recalled him, and sent him back to the Archbishop of Saragossa, to have his education completed. Francis was then aged fifteen, and after he had finished rhetoric he studied philosophy for two years.

In 1528 he was removed to the court of Charles V., where he made himself a general favourite by his courtesy of manner and cordiality of disposition. At the age of nineteen he was married to Eleanor de Castro, a Portuguese lady of high rank and considerable personal attractions. On the occasion of his marriage, the emperor created him Marquis of Lombay. By her Francis became the father of eight children; the eldest, Charles Borgia, inherited his father's title. In 1536 Francis Borgia followed Charles V. in his ill-advised and vainglorious expedition into Provence.

S. Francis saw the emperor, his master, harassed by Montmorency, his troops weakened by disease, and dispirited by disaster, the more intolerable because wholly unexpected. The emperor, after spending two inglorious months in Provence, without having performed anything suitable to his vast preparations, after having lost half his troops by disease or famine, was forced to retire. The retreat became a rout.

He was pursued by the French troops, assisted by crowds of peasants eager to be avenged on those who had brought desolation on their country, and Charles could only bring a shattered remnant of his magnificent army back within the frontiers of Milan. Unable to bear exposure to the scorn of the Italians after such a sad reverse of fortune, he embarked with Francis and other of his immediate attendants for Spain.

The saint accompanied Charles V. on another equally disastrous expedition, that against Algiers, and saw the destruction of another great army under circumstances scarcely less ignominious. These two expeditions, with their fatal terminations, may have led, and probably did powerfully lead, to the final change in the life of Francis Borgia.

In 1539 a somewhat dramatic event occurred, which marked the conversion of the saint. He had been much in the company of the Empress Isabella, and had contracted for her a warm devotion. Charles V. was at Toledo, striving to wring a grant of money out of the reluctant Cortes of Castile, when Isabella died. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lombay were commissioned by the emperor to attend her corpse to Elvira, where she was to be buried. When the funeral convoy arrived at Elvira, and the marquis delivered the corpse into the hands of the magistrates, it was required that he should take oath that the body he delivered over was that of Isabella of Portugal. The leaden coffin lid was removed, that he might look on the face of the dead, and so take the required oath. But decomposition had made such fearful ravages, that every trace of the wonderful beauty of the late queen was gone, and all that remained of her was a festering mass of corruption. Francis took the required oath, not because he could recognise the body, but because of the care he had taken with it, which made it certain that nobody could have changed it on the road.

The impression made on his soul by this spectacle he was never able to shake off. It finally determined him to quit the world so soon as God should remove the hindrances which now prevented him from taking such a step.

On the return of Francis to Toledo the emperor made him viceroy of Catalonia, and created him knight and commander of the order of S. Iago. Francis entered on the discharge of his new duties with singular zeal. He made a clean sweep of the brigands who infested the province, made travelling dangerous, and obstructed commerce. The judges were venal. He kept a sharp watch upon them, and insisted on their discharging their duties with expedition and impartiality. He set up schools and hospitals, and was a model of piety to the whole province. He had formerly been accustomed to communicate monthly, he now communicated weekly.

Whilst Francis Borgia was governor of Catalonia, F. Aretino Aroz, a member of the Jesuit Order, only recently founded, came to preach in Barcelona. By this means Francis became acquainted with the new institute, and was much struck with its character, and with what he heard of the life of its founder. He even wrote to S. Ignatius and received from him letters in reply.

Whilst Francis was viceroy of Catalonia, his father died, and he inherited the family estates and titles. Shortly after, he obtained leave to resign his charge, and he then repaired to court, and was appointed master of the household of the Infanta Maria of Portugal, then on the point of being married to Philip, the son of the emperor. The death of the princess before the projected marriage took place, set the saint at liberty to follow his own inclination, and he retired to Gandia, in 1543, and built in it a Jesuit college and a Dominican convent.

His wife shortly after fell ill; Francis began to pray for

her recovery, but his internal consciousness assuring him that he could not carry out his plan of renouncing the world, if she were to recover, he discontinued his supplications for her restoration, and she died March 27th, 1546.

A few days later, F. Pierre Lefevre arrived at Gandia, to lay the first stone of a college of Jesuits which the duke designed to erect in princely style. Francis went through the spiritual exercises of S. Ignatius with him with such benefit that he wrote to the Pope to request him to pronounce his apostolic approval of them. Another fruit of the course was that Francis Borgia definitely resolved to join the Society of Jesus. He wrote to S. Ignatius on this subject, but the great founder in his reply advised the duke to defer the execution of his design till his children were placed in such a position in life as no longer to need his parental care. This advice was so reasonable that Francis was obliged to submit. Ignatius gave him four years for attending to his children, but Francis was only required to wait during three, as his family was settled by marriage or otherwise within that time.

In the year of the jubilee of 1550, Francis Borgia started for Rome, accompanied by his second son, John, and thirty servants. He was received with great honour; several ambassadors and cardinals came to meet him as he entered the Eternal City, with their gorgeous carriages and liveries. The Pope offered him rooms in his palace, but Francis Borgia declined them that he might visit the Jesuit College, and cast himself at the feet of S. Ignatius. It was supposed that Francis Borgia would be created cardinal, on this occasion, as he had two brothers cardinals; but he left Rome almost immediately, and returned to Spain. He did not, however, go back to Gandia, but retired to Ognate in Guipuscoa, whence he wrote to the emperor, requesting leave to resign his duchy in favour of his eldest son; he

received the consent of Charles V., and the act of resignation was made by him at Ognate before a notary. He then had his hair cut, put off his ducal robes, and put on the Jesuit's habit. This took place in 1551. After a devout preparation he was ordained priest, in the same year, and said his first mass privately in the castle of Loyola. On the morrow, to satisfy the devotion of the people, he said another solemnly in the town of Vergara. The crowd was so great that there was not room to contain it in the church, and an altar had to be erected in a field; such numbers came to communicate at his hand that he was not able to put off his vestments till three o'clock in the afternoon.

The inhabitants of Ognate gave him a hermitage in the neighbourhood, and there he constructed wooden cells for himself and his companions.

Multitudes came to see the Duke of Gandia transformed into a hermit, and his solitude was broken in upon by the unfailing streams of visitors. S. Ignatius hearing of this, ordered him to preach in Portugal. He therefore departed on this mission, which was attended with considerable results.

From Portugal he returned to Spain, and his exertions at Valladolid and elsewhere gained many disciples to the new Order. S. Ignatius accordingly made him Vicar General for Spain.

S. Ignatius died in 1556, and F. Laynez was elected second General of the society, and nine years after, on the death of Laynez, S. Francis was chosen his successor, and removed to Rome as the head-quarters of the society. In 1570, the year before the battle of Lepanto, he was sent by Pope Pius V., with his nephew Cardinal Alexandrini, on an embassy into France, Spain, and Portugal, to engage the Christian princes to send succours for the defence of Christendom against the Mahomedans. S. Francis was at

that time very infirm, the journey and anxieties were too much for him, and he fell so ill at Ferrara, after having accomplished the legation, that his cousin, the Duke of Ferrara, sent him back to Rome in a litter. He died on October 1st, 1572, at the age of sixty-two.



October 11.

- SS. ZENAI8 AND PHILONILLA, at Tarsus in Cilicia; 1st cent.
 SS. NICASIU8, QUIRINU8, AND SCUBICULU8, MM. at Ecos; A.D. 286.
 SS. TARACHU8, PROBU8, AND ANDRONICU8, MM. at Anazarbus in
 Cilicia; A.D. 304.
 S. NECTARIU8, Patr. of Constantinople; A.D. 391.
 S. GERMANU8, B. of Besançon; circ. A.D. 407.
 S. SISINIU8, Patr. of Constantinople; A.D. 427.
 S. FIRMINU8, B. of Uzès in France; A.D. 453.
 S. KENNY, Ab. of Kilkenny; A.D. 599.
 S. ETHELBURGA, V. Abs. of Barking in Essex; 7th cent.
 S. PALDO, Ab. of S. Vincent at Benevento; A.D. 720.
 S. JULIA, V. Abs. of Pavilly in Normandy; 8th cent.
 S. WINARD, C. at Langres; 8th cent.
 S. GUMMAR, C. at Lyre in Brabant; 8th cent.
 S. BRUNO, Abp. of Cologne; A.D. 965.

SS. ZENAI8 AND PHILONILLA.

(1ST CENTURY.)

[Greek Menology and Menæa, Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius. Authority:—The late Greek Acts and the notices in the Menology, &c.]



ZENAI8 and Philonilla are said to have been natives of Tarsus in Cilicia, and kinswomen of S. Paul the Apostle. They abandoned their native town and devoted themselves to medical science, making their skill in curing the maladies of the body a vehicle for instructing the souls of their patients. They inhabited a cave in a forest dedicated to Demeter, near Tarsus, along with three pious men named Pappas, Pateras, and Philocyris. When, however, persecution was feared, the two women sent their three male companions back to Tarsus, as they were less likely to attract attention in the midst of a throng than in solitude. They parted with pro-

fusion of tears, and Zenais was so heart-broken that she prayed God to remove her from this wicked world. No sooner had she risen from her devotion than she trod on a thorn, and as she was sitting down to pull it out of her foot, she died. Philonilla, her sister, remained in the cave till her death. What became of the three men is not stated. The Greek Menologies do not designate the damsels as Virgins, and therefore Baronius did not give them this title in the Roman Martyrology.

SS. NICASIVS, QUIRINVS, AND SCUBICVLVS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 286.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority :—The purely fabulous Acts.]

THE legend of S. Nicasius—it is nothing more—relates that he was an Athenian, converted by S. Paul, and that he came to Gaul with S. Dionysius the Areopagite. This is all nonsense: the invention of those who wished to establish an apostolic origin for the Church of Gaul. According to the same authority he received his mission from Pope Clement I. He accompanied S. Denys to Paris, and there left him, that he might push further north along the banks of the Seine. At Vaux, the saint, who was accompanied by Quirinus and Scubiculus, found the country ravaged by a dragon. Quirinus put the stole of S. Nicasius round him, and rendered him harmless. At Roche-Guyon the apostles converted the lady Pientia, who inhabited the castle; and having opened the eyes of a blind priest of idols, called Clairus, baptized him also.

Nicasius pushed on to Rouen, and made that the head-

quarters of his mission. He built a church there, and S. Denys came from Paris to consecrate it.

The procurator Fescennius Sisinnius had Nicasius and his companions arrested and executed at Ecos, between La Roche-Guyon and Les Andelys, near the river Epte. The bodies lay very still till the executioners had departed, and night had fallen, when they cautiously got up, looked about with the stumps of their necks, and seeing the coast clear, picked up their heads, and stole off with them under their arms to the river side. They waded across to an islet, now called Gasny, where they thought they could be comfortable, and then put down their heads, and lay their bodies at length upon the grass. Lady Pientia, who had been looking on with not unreasonable surprise, followed, buried the saints, and built a chapel over them. The father of Pientia by this means became aware that his daughter was a Christian. He therefore cut off her head, and with it also that of the old priest Clairus. They were buried beside S. Nicasius.

There probably never was a S. Nicasius, bishop of Rouen ; but the reminiscence of early veneration for Nicasius, bishop of Rheims, and martyr under the Vandals in the 5th century, became transformed in course of time into the belief that Nicasius had suffered in the diocese of Rouen, and was the first bishop of that see. Some of the lists of the bishops of Rouen even include this Nicasius, and reckon him as eleventh bishop.

Relics at Meulan, in the church of S. Nicolas, portions at Evreux, others at Ecos.

SS. TARACHUS, PROBUS, AND ANDRONICUS, MM.

(A.D. 304.)

[Roman and all the classical Latin Martyrologies. By the Greeks on Oct. 12. Authority :—The very precious Acts : these are composed of the proconsular acts, written by the public notary, a copy of which was obtained from the Spiculator Sebastus by those who completed the account for the sum of 200 denarii. The rest is written by Marcius, Felix, and Vero, three eye-witnesses of the passion of the Saints. The whole account was sent as a letter to the Church of Iconium by that in Anazarbus.]

TARACHUS was a Roman by extraction, though born in Isauria ; he had served in the army, but had procured his discharge, for fear of being compelled to do something that was contrary to the duty of a Christian ; he was at that time sixty-five years old. Probus, a native of Pamphilia, had resigned a considerable fortune, that he might be more at liberty to serve Christ. Andronicus was a young nobleman, of one of the principal families of the city of Ephesus. They were apprehended at Pompeiopolis in Cilicia, and presented to Numerianus Maximus, governor of the province, upon his arrival in that city, and by his order were conducted to Tarsus, the metropolis, to wait his return. Maximus having arrived there, and seated himself on his tribunal, Demetrius, the centurion, brought them before him, saying, they were the persons who had been presented to him at Pompeiopolis, for professing the impious religion of the Christians, and disobeying the command of the emperors. Maximus addressed himself first to Tarachus, observing that he began with him because he was in years, and then asked his name.

Tarachus replied : “ I am a Christian.”

Maximus. “ Speak not of thy impiety, but tell me thy name.”

Tarachus. "I am a Christian."

Maximus. "Strike him upon the mouth, and bid him not answer one thing for another."

Tarachus, after receiving a buffet on his jaws, said: "I tell you my true name. If you would know that which my parents gave me, it is Tarachus; when I bore arms I went by the name of Victor."

Maximus. "What is thy profession, and of what country art thou?"

Tarachus. "I am of a Roman family, and was born at Claudiopolis, in Isauria. I am by profession a soldier, but quitted the service upon the account of my religion."

Maximus. "Thy impiety rendered thee unworthy to bear arms; but how didst thou procure thy discharge?"

Tarachus. "I asked it of my captain, Publio, and he gave it me."

Maximus. "In consideration of thy grey hairs I will procure thee the favour and friendship of the emperors, if thou wilt obey their orders. Draw near, therefore, and sacrifice to the gods, as the emperors themselves do all the world over."

Tarachus. "They are deceived by the devil in so doing."

Maximus. "Break his jaws for saying the emperors are deceived."

Tarachus. "I repeat it, as men, they are deluded."

Maximus. "Sacrifice to our gods, and renounce thy folly."

Tarachus. "I cannot renounce the law of God."

Maximus. "Is there any law, wretch, but that which we obey?"

Tarachus. "There is, and you transgress it by adoring stocks and stones, the works of men's hands."

Maximus. "Strike him on the face, saying, 'Abandon thy folly.'"

Tarachus. "What you call folly is the salvation of my soul, and I will never leave it."

Maximus. "But I will make thee leave it, and force thee to be wise."

Tarachus. "Do with my body what you please, it is entirely in your power."

Then Maximus said : "Strip him and beat him with rods."

Tarachus, when beaten, said : "You have now made me truly wise. I am strengthened by your blows, and my confidence in God and in Jesus Christ is increased."

Maximus. "Wretch, how canst thou deny a plurality of gods, when, according to thy own confession, thou servest two gods? Didst thou not give the name of God to a certain person named Christ?"

Tarachus. "Right; for this is the Son of the living God; He is the hope of the Christians, and the author of salvation to such as suffer for His sake."

Maximus. "Forbear this idle talk; draw near, and sacrifice."

Tarachus. "I am no idle talker; I am sixty-five years old; thus have I been brought up, and I cannot forsake the truth."

Demetrius the centurion said : "Poor man, I pity thee; be advised by me, sacrifice, and save thyself."

Tarachus. "Away, thou minister of Satan, and keep thy advice for thy own use."

Maximus. "Let him be loaded with large chains, and carried back to prison. Bring forth the next in years."

Demetrius the centurion said : "He is here, my lord."

Maximus. "What is thy name?"

Probus. "My chief and most honourable name is Christian; but the name I go by in the world is Probus."

Maximus. "Of what country art thou, and of what family?"

Probus. "My father was of Thrace. I am a plebeian, born at Sida in Pamphilia, and profess Christianity."

Maximus. "That will do thee no service. Be advised by me, sacrifice to the gods, that thou mayest be honoured by the emperors, and enjoy my friendship."

Probus. "I want nothing of that kind. Formerly I was possessed of a considerable estate; but I relinquished it to serve the living God through Jesus Christ."

Maximus. "Take off his garments, gird him, lay him at his full length, and lash him with ox-hide thongs."

Demetrius the centurion said to him, whilst they were beating him: "Spare thyself, my friend; see how thy blood runs in streams on the ground."

Probus. "Do what you will with my body; your torments are sweet to me."

Maximus. "Is this obstinate folly incurable? What canst thou hope for?"

Probus. "I am wiser than you are, because I do not worship devils."

Maximus. "Turn him, and strike him on the belly."

Probus. "Lord, assist thy servant."

Maximus. "Ask him, at every stripe, where is his succour?"

Probus. "He succours me, and will succour me; for I pay so little regard to your torments that I do not obey you."

Maximus. "Look, wretch, upon thy mangled body: the ground is covered with thy blood."

Probus. "The more my body suffers for Jesus Christ, the more is my soul refreshed."

Maximus. "Put fetters on his hands and feet, with his legs distended in the stocks to the fourth hole, and let nobody approach to dress his wounds. Bring the third to the bar."

Demetrius the centurion said : " Here he stands, my lord."

Maximus. " What is thy name ?"

Andronicus. " My true name is Christian, and the name by which I am commonly known among men is Andronicus."

Maximus. " What is your family ?"

Andronicus. " My father is one of the first rank in Ephesus."

Maximus. " Adore the gods, and obey the emperors, who are our fathers and masters."

Andronicus. " The devil is your father, whilst you do his works."

Maximus. " Youth makes you insolent ; I have torments ready."

Andronicus. " I am prepared for whatever may happen."

Maximus. " Strip him naked, gird him, and stretch him on the rack."

Demetrius the centurion said to the martyr : " Obey, my friend, before thy body is torn and mangled."

Andronicus. " It is better for me to have my body tormented than to lose my soul."

Maximus. " Sacrifice, before I put thee to the most cruel death."

Andronicus. " I have never sacrificed to demons from my infancy, and I will not now begin."

Athanasius, the cornicularius, or clerk to the army, said to him : " I am old enough to be thy father, and therefore take the liberty to advise thee to obey the governor."

Andronicus. " You give me admirable advice, indeed,—to sacrifice to devils !"

Maximus. " Wretch, art thou insensible to torments ? Thou dost not yet know what it is to suffer fire and razors. When thou hast felt them, thou wilt, perhaps, give over thy folly."

Andronicus. "This folly is expedient for us who hope in Jesus Christ. Earthly wisdom leads to eternal death."

Maximus. "Wrench his limbs with the utmost violence."

Andronicus. "I have done no evil; yet you torment me like a murderer. I contend for that worship which is due to the true God."

Maximus. "If thou hadst but the least sense of piety, thou wouldst adore the gods whom the emperors so religiously worship."

Andronicus. "It is not piety, but impiety, to abandon the true God, and to adore brass and marble."

Maximus. "Execrable villain! are then the emperors guilty of impieties? Hoist him again, and gore his sides."

Andronicus. "I am in your hands; do with my body what you please."

Maximus. "Lay salt upon his wounds, and rub his sides with broken tiles."

Andronicus. "Your torments have refreshed my body."

Maximus. "I will cause thee to die gradually."

Andronicus. "Your menaces do not terrify me; my courage is above all that your malice can invent."

Maximus. "Put a heavy chain about his neck, and another upon his legs, and keep him in close prison."

Thus ended the first examination; the second was held at Mopsuestia.

Flavius Clemens Numerianus Maximus, governor of Cilicia, sitting on his tribunal, said to Demetrius the centurion: "Bring forth the impious wretches who follow the religion of the Christians."

Demetrius said: "Here they are, my lord."

Maximus said to Tarachus: "Old age is respected in many, on account of the good sense and prudence that generally attend it: wherefore, if you have made a proper use of the time allowed you for reflection, I presume your own

discretion has wrought in you a change of sentiments: as a proof of which, it is required that you sacrifice to the gods, which cannot fail to recommend you to the esteem of your superiors."

Tarachus. "I am a Christian, and I wish you and the emperors would leave your blindness, and embrace the truth which leads to life."

Maximus. "Break his jaws with a stone, and bid him leave off his folly."

Tarachus. "This folly is true wisdom."

Maximus. "Now they have loosened all thy teeth, wretch, take pity on thyself, come to the altar, and sacrifice to the gods, to prevent severer treatment."

Tarachus. "Though you cut my body into a thousand pieces, you will not be able to shake my resolution, because it is Christ who gives me strength to stand my ground."

Maximus. "Wretch, accursed by the gods! I will find means to drive out thy folly. Bring in a pan of burning coals, and hold his hands in the fire till they are consumed."

Tarachus. "I fear not your temporal fire, which soon passes; but I dread eternal flames."

Maximus. "See, thy hands are well baked; they are consumed by the fire. Is it not time for thee to grow wise? Sacrifice."

Tarachus. "If you have any other torments in store for me, employ them; I hope I shall be able to withstand all your attacks."

Maximus. "Hang him by the feet, with his head over a great smoke."

Tarachus. "After having proved an overmatch for your fire, I am not afraid of your smoke."

Maximus. "Bring vinegar and salt, and force them up his nostrils."

Tarachus. "Your vinegar is sweet to me, and your salt insipid."

Maximus. "Put mustard into the vinegar, and thrust it up his nose."

Tarachus. "Your ministers impose upon you; they have given me honey instead of mustard."

Maximus. "Enough for the present. I will make it my business to invent fresh tortures to bring thee to thy senses; I will not be baffled."

Tarachus. "You will find me prepared for the attack."

Maximus. "Away with him to the dungeon. Bring in another."

Demetrius the centurion said: "My lord, here is Probus."

Maximus. "Well, Probus, hast thou considered the matter, and art thou disposed to sacrifice to the gods, after the example of the emperors?"

Probus. "I appear here again with fresh vigour. The torments I have endured have hardened my body, and my soul is proof against all you can inflict. I have a living God in heaven: Him I serve and adore, and no other."

Maximus. "What, villain? are not ours living gods?"

Probus. "Can stones and wood, the workmanship of a statuary, be living gods? You know not what you do when you sacrifice to them."

Maximus. "What insolence! At least sacrifice to the great god Jupiter. I will excuse you as to the rest."

Probus. "Do not you blush to call him god who was guilty of adulteries, incests, and other abominable crimes?"

Maximus. "Beat his mouth with a stone, and bid him not blaspheme."

Probus. "Why this evil treatment? I have spoken no worse of Jupiter than they do who serve him. I utter no lie: I speak the truth, as you yourself well know."

Maximus. "Heat bars of iron, and apply them to his feet."

Probus. "This fire is without heat; at least I feel none."

Maximus. "Hoist him on the rack, and let him be scourged with thongs of raw leather till his shoulders are flayed."

Probus. "All this does me no harm; invent something new, and you will see the power of God who is in me and strengthens me."

Maximus. "Shave his head, and lay burning coals upon it."

Probus. "You have burnt my head and my feet. You see, notwithstanding, that I still continue God's servant, and disregard your torments. He will save me: your gods can only destroy."

Maximus. "Dost thou not see all those that worship them standing about my tribunal honoured by the gods and the emperors? They look upon thee and thy companions with contempt."

Probus. "Believe me, unless they repent and serve the living God, they will all perish, because, against the voice of their own conscience, they adore idols."

Maximus. "Beat his face, that he may learn to say 'the Gods,' and not 'God.'"

Probus. "You unjustly destroy my mouth and disfigure my face, because I speak the truth."

Maximus. "I will also cause thy blasphemous tongue to be plucked out to make thee comply."

Probus. "Besides the tongue which serves me for utterance, I have an immortal tongue, which is out of reach."

Maximus. "Take him to prison. Let the third come in."

Demetrius the centurion said: "He is here."

Maximus. "Your companions, Andronicus, were at first obstinate: but gained nothing thereby but torments and disgrace, and have been at last compelled to obey. They shall

receive considerable recompenses. Therefore, to escape the like torments, sacrifice to the gods, and thou shalt be honoured accordingly. But if thou refusest, I swear by the immortal gods and by the invincible emperors, that thou shalt not escape out of my hands with thy life."

Andronicus. "Why do you endeavour to deceive me with lies? They have not renounced the true God. And even had they done so, you should never find me guilty of such impiety. God, whom I adore, has clothed me with the arms of faith; and Jesus Christ, my Saviour, is my strength: so that I neither fear your power nor that of your masters and of your gods. Come, now, cause all your instruments to be displayed before my eyes, and employed on my body."

Maximus. "Bind him to the stakes, and scourge him with raw thongs."

Andronicus. "There is nothing new or extraordinary in this torment."

The clerk, Athanasius, said: "Thy whole body is but one wound from head to foot, and dost thou count this nothing?"

Andronicus. "They who love the living God make small account of this."

Maximus. "Rub his back with salt."

Andronicus. "Give orders, I pray you, that they do not spare me, that being well seasoned I may be in no danger of putrefaction, and may be the better able to withstand your torments."

Maximus. "Turn him, and beat him upon the belly to open afresh his wounds."

Andronicus. "You saw when I was brought last before your tribunal, how I was perfectly cured of the wounds I received by the first day's tortures. He that cured me then can cure me a second time."

Maximus, addressing himself to the guards of the prison: "Villains and traitors!" said he, "did I not strictly forbid you

to suffer any one to see them or dress their wounds? Yet see here !”

Pegasus, the jailer, said : “ I swear by your greatness that no one has applied anything whatever to his wounds, or had admittance to him ; and he has been kept in chains in the most retired part of the prison on purpose. If you catch me in a lie I’ll forfeit my head.”

Maximus. “ How comes it then that there is nothing to be seen of his wounds ? ”

The Jailer. “ I swear by your high birth that I know not how they have been healed.”

Andronicus. “ Senseless man, the physician that has healed me is no less powerful than He is tender and charitable. You know Him not. He cures not by the application of medicines, but by His word alone. Though He dwells in heaven, He is present everywhere, but you know Him not.”

Maximus. “ Thy idle prating will do thee no service ; sacrifice, or thou art a lost man.”

Andronicus. “ I do not change. I am not a child to be wheedled or frightened.”

Maximus. “ Do not flatter thyself that thou shalt get the better of me.”

Andronicus. “ Nor shall you ever make us yield to your threats.”

Maximus. “ My authority shall not be baffled by thee.”

Andronicus. “ Nor shall it ever be said that the cause of Jesus Christ is vanquished by your authority.”

Maximus. “ Let me have several kinds of tortures in readiness against my next sitting. Put this man in prison loaded with chains, and let no one be admitted to visit them in the dungeon.”

The third examination was held at Anazarbus. In it Tarachus answered first with his usual constancy, saying to all threats that a speedy death would finish his victory and

complete his happiness ; and that long torments would procure him the greater recompense.

When Maximus had caused him to be bound and stretched on the rack, he said : “ I could allege the rescript of Diocletian, which forbids judges to put military men on the rack. But I waive my privilege, lest you should suspect me of cowardice.”

Maximus said : “ Thou flatterest thyself with the hopes of having thy body embalmed by Christian women, and wrapped up in perfumes after thou art dead ; but I will take care to dispose of thy remains.”

Tarachus replied : “ Do what you please with my body, not only whilst it is living, but also after my death.”

Maximus ordered his lips, cheeks, and whole face to be slashed and cut.

Tarachus said : “ You have disfigured my face ; but have added new beauty to my soul. I fear not any of your inventions, for I am clothed with the divine armour.”

The tyrant ordered spits to be heated, and applied red hot to his arm-pits ; then his ears to be cut off.

At which the martyr said : “ My heart will not be less attentive to the word of God.”

Maximus said : “ Tear the skin off his head ; then cover it with burning coals.”

Tarachus replied : “ Though you order my whole body to be flayed you will not be able to separate me from my God.”

Maximus. “ Apply the red-hot spits once more to his arm-pits and sides.”

Tarachus. “ O God of heaven, look down upon me and be my judge !”

The governor then sent him back to prison, to be reserved for the public shows the day following, and called for the next.

Probus having been brought forth, Maximus again exhorted him to sacrifice ; but, after many words, ordered him to be bound and hung up by the feet, then red-hot spits to be applied to his sides and back.

Probus said : " My body is in your power. May the Lord of heaven and earth vouchsafe to consider my patience, and the humility of my heart."

Maximus. " The God whom thou implorest has delivered thee into my hands."

Probus. " He loves men."

Maximus. " Open his mouth and pour in some of the wine which has been offered upon the altars, and thrust some of the sanctified meat into his mouth."

Probus. " See, O Lord, the violence they offer me, and judge my cause !"

Maximus. " Now thou seest that after suffering a thousand torments rather than sacrifice, thou hast nevertheless partaken of a sacrifice."

Probus. " You have done no great feat in making me taste these abominable offerings against my will."

Maximus. " No matter, it is now done. Promise now to do it voluntarily, and thou shalt be released."

Probus. " God forbid that I should yield ; but know that if you should force into me all the abominable offerings of your whole altars, I should not be defiled ; for God sees the violence which I suffer."

Maximus. " Heat the spits again, and burn the calves of his legs with them." Then he said to Probus, " There is not a sound part in thy whole body, and still thou persistest in thy folly. Wretch, what canst thou hope for ?"

Probus. " I have abandoned my body to you that my soul may remain sound."

Maximus. " Make some sharp nails red-hot, and pierce his hands with them."

Probus. "O my Saviour, I return Thee hearty thanks that Thou hast been pleased to make me share in Thy sufferings!"

Maximus. "The torments make thee foolish."

Probus. "Would to God your soul were not blind, and in darkness."

Maximus. "Now that thou hast lost the use of all thy members, thou complainest of my not having deprived thee of sight. Prick him in the eyes, but by little and little, till you have bored out the organs of sight."

Probus. "Behold I am now blind. Thou hast destroyed the eyes of my body; but canst not take away those of my soul."

Maximus. "Thou continuest still to argue, but thou art condemned to eternal darkness."

Probus. "Did you know the darkness in which your soul is plunged, you would see yourself much more miserable than I am."

Maximus. "Thou hast no more use of thy body than a dead man, yet thou talkest still."

Probus. "So long as any vital heat continues to animate the remains which you have left me of this body, I will never cease to speak of God, to praise and thank Him."

Maximus. "What! dost thou hope to survive these torments? Canst thou flatter thyself that I shall allow thee one moment's respite?"

Probus. "I expect nothing from you but a cruel death and I ask of God only the grace to persevere to the end in the confession of His holy name."

Maximus. "I will leave thee to languish, as such an impious wretch deserves. Take him hence. Let the prisoners be closely guarded that none of their friends find access to them. I design them for the shows. Let Andronicus be brought in. He is the most resolute of the three."

The answers and behaviour of the martyrs were often very disrespectful towards their judges. They were, no doubt, exasperated by the pain they endured, and the Acts of the Martyrs contain too often a wearisome string of mutual vituperation ; but it is quite possible that the abusive expressions put into the mouths of the martyrs were sometimes added by the writers of the Acts.

S. Paul, however, it will be remembered, called his judge a *whited wall*, and threatened him with the anger of God ; and S. Augustine says of the martyrs, "They were patient in torments, faithful in their confession, constant lovers of truth in all their words. But they cast certain arrows of God against the impious, and provoked them to anger ; but they wounded many to salvation." In the answers of S. Andronicus we find many harsh expressions, insulting to the ministers of justice, which we must regard as bursting from his lips in the agony of pain, when incapable of weighing well his words. The governor pressed Andronicus again to comply with the edict, adding, that his two companions had at length sacrificed to the gods, and to the emperors themselves. The martyr replied : "This is truly the part of an adorer of the god of lies : and by this imposture I know that such men as you are like the gods whom you serve. May God judge you, O worker of iniquity !"

Maximus ordered rolls of paper to be made, and set on fire upon the belly of the martyr ; then bodkins to be heated, and laid red hot betwixt his fingers. Finding him still unshaken, he said to him, "Do not expect to die at once. I will keep thee alive till the time of the shows, that thou mayest behold thy limbs devoured one after another by cruel beasts."

Andronicus answered : "You are more inhuman than the tigers, and more insatiable for blood than the most barbarous murderers."

Maximus. "Open his mouth, and put some of the sanctified meat into it, and pour some of the wine into it which hath been offered to the gods."

Andronicus. "Behold, O Lord, the violence which is offered to me."

Maximus. "What wilt thou do now? Thou hast tasted of the offerings taken from the altar. Thou art now initiated into the mysteries of the gods."

Andronicus. "Know, tyrant, that the soul is not defiled when it suffers involuntarily what it condemns. God, who sees the secrets of hearts, knows that mine has not consented to this abomination."

Maximus. "How long will this frenzy delude thy imagination? It will not deliver thee out of my hands."

Andronicus. "God will deliver me when He pleases."

Maximus. "This is a fresh extravagance: I will cause that tongue of thine to be cut out, to put an end to thy prating."

Andronicus. "I ask it as a favour that those lips and tongue with which I have partaken of meats and wine offered to idols, may be cut off."

Maximus. "Pluck out his teeth, and cut out his blasphemous tongue to the very root; burn them, and then scatter the ashes in the air, that none of his impious companions, or of the wenches, may be able to gather them up, to keep as something precious or holy.¹ Let him be carried to his dungeon, to serve for food to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre."

The trial of the three martyrs having been concluded, Maximus sent for Terentianus, the chiliarch, and first magistrate of the community in Cilicia, who had the care of the

¹ "Dentes ejus et linguam blasphemam tollite, et comburite, et ubique spargite ut nemo de consortibus ejus impiis aut de mulierculis, aliqua colligat ut servet quas pretiosum aliquid aut sanctum æstimet."

public games and spectacles, and gave him orders to exhibit a public show next day. In the morning, a prodigious multitude of people flocked to the amphitheatre, which was a mile distant from the town of Anazarbus. The governor came thither about noon. Many gladiators and others were slain in the combats of gladiators and by the beasts, and their bodies were devoured or lay on the ground.

“We,” say the authors of his Acts, “came, but stood on an adjoining mountain behind, looking over the walls of the amphitheatre, waiting the issue in great fear and alarm. The governor at length sent some of the guards to bring the Christians whom he had sentenced to the beasts. The martyrs were in so piteous a condition by their torments that, far from being able to walk, they could not so much as stir their mangled bodies. But they were carried on the backs of porters, and thrown down in the pit of the amphitheatre, below the seat of the governor. We advanced as near as we could on an eminence behind, and concealed ourselves by piling stones before us as high as our breasts, that we might not be known or observed. The sight of our brethren in so dismal a condition made us shed abundance of tears: even many of the infidel spectators could not contain theirs. For no sooner were the martyrs laid down, than an almost universal deep silence followed at the sight of such dismal objects, and the people began openly to murmur against the governor for his barbarous cruelty. Many even left the shows, and returned to the city, which provoked the governor, and he ordered more soldiers to guard all the avenues to stop any from departing, and to take notice of all who attempted it, that they might be afterwards called to their trial by him. At the same time he commanded a great number of beasts to be let loose out of their dens into the arena. These fierce creatures rushed out, but all stopped near the doors of their lodges, and would not advance to hurt the martyrs. Maximus,

in a fury, called for the keepers, and caused one hundred strokes with cudgels to be given them, making them responsible for the tameness of their lions and tigers, because they were less cruel than himself. He threatened even to crucify them unless they let out the most ravenous of their beasts. They turned out a great bear which that very day had killed three men. He walked up slowly towards the martyrs, and began to lick the wounds of Andronicus. That martyr leaned his head on the bear, and endeavoured to provoke him, but in vain. Maximus possessed himself no longer, but ordered the beast to be immediately killed. The bear received the strokes, and fell quietly before the feet of Andronicus. Terentianus, seeing the rage of the governor, and trembling for himself, immediately ordered a most furious lioness to be let out. At the sight of her all the spectators turned pale, and her terrible roarings made the bravest men tremble on their safe seats. Yet, when she came up to the saints, who lay stretched on the sand, she laid herself down at the feet of S. Tarachus, and licked them, quite forgetting her natural ferocity. Maximus, foaming with rage, commanded her to be pricked with goads. She then arose and raged about in a furious manner, roaring terribly, and affrighting all the spectators; who, seeing that she had broken down part of the door of her lodge, which the governor had ordered to be shut, cried out earnestly that she might be again driven into her lodge. The governor therefore called for the confectors or gladiators to dispatch the martyrs with their swords, which they did. Maximus commanded the bodies to be mingled with those of the gladiators who had been slain, and also to be guarded that night by six soldiers, lest the Christians should carry them off. The night was very dark, and a violent storm of thunder and rain dispersed the guards.

“And when we were seeking the bodies,” continue the

three eye-witnesses, "we raised our hands to heaven, praying God to show us the relics of the saints. Then, suddenly, the merciful God sent a brilliant star from heaven, which rested on each of the bodies of the saints; and the bright star went before us, showing the way. And when we had gone some distance, we were tired, and we put down the bodies and rested. But the star did not leave us. And when we meditated where to lay the bodies, we prayed God to perfect by us the good work that was begun. Then, filled with strength, we went on, carrying the bodies to a certain part of the mountain, when the star vanished. We found an open rock, and there we laid the corpses, and concealed them carefully, fearing inquisition by Maximus."

These three Christians, in conclusion, express their desire to retire to the cave, with resolve to spend there the remainder of their days.

S. KENNY, AB.

(A.D. 599.)

[Irish and Roman Martyrologies. Aberdeen Breviary. The life of this saint is published in the *Acta SS. Hiberniæ*, Edinb., 1888.]

S. CAINEC, or Kenny as he is commonly called, was a native of Kiennacta, in the north of Ireland. His father was a celebrated bard, named Laidec, of the sept of Mocudalan. Kenny was born in the year 516, and, when arrived at the age of discretion, wishing to acquire learning and lead a religious life, went to Britain, and there placed himself under the venerable abbot Docus, with whom he remained for some years in close application to his studies, and in the

practice of monastic obedience. Passing by a pretended tour of his to Rome, for which there is not sufficient authority, we find him afterwards at the school of S. Finnian of Clonard. Having left his school, he is said to have preached for some years in the northern parts of Ireland. After some time Kenny proceeded towards the south of Ireland, and having stayed for a while in some religious house, wrote a copy of the four Gospels, which was long preserved, and was called Glass-Kinníich, or the Chain of Cainech. It is probable from the name that this was a sort of running commentary on the Gospels. Thence he went to Upper Ossory, and being kindly received by the inhabitants, founded the great monastery of Aghaboe. The time of its foundation is not known, but it was prior to the year 577. Aghaboe became, in course of time, the residence of the Bishop of Ossory, the see of Saigir having been transferred to it.

It is said that Cainech, under the patronage of Colman MacFeraidhe, prince of Ossory, founded other monastic establishments in that country. In the life of S. Columba we read that that saint was in a boat at sea, when there burst over him a furious storm. When his disciples in the vessel besought his prayers, "It is not for me to pray for you to-day," he answered, "but for the holy abbot Cainech in his house of Aghaboe." Now at that very time Kenny was in his refectory—it was the ninth hour—breaking the bread of the Eulogia, when suddenly he heard the voice of his friend Columba crying to him to assist him, as he was in great straits.

Kenny at once jumped up from table with one shoe on, and crying to his monks, "This is no time for eating whilst Columba is tossing on the sea," ran to the church, and falling on his knees before the altar, prayed God to deliver the abbot of Iona.

At that moment Columba turned to those who toiled in rowing on the tumultuous sea, and said, "Be of good cheer; God has looked on the zeal of Kenny running to church with only one shoe on his foot, to pray for us."

S. Pulcherius bade his disciple Mochumbe build himself a cell and church, and Mochumbe built first a church and then a cell, and before he had roofed in the latter S. Pulcherius, S. Kenny, S. Fechan, and S. Molua came to see him, and they stayed with him till late.

And Mochumbe said, "We must eat and sleep in the church, for there is no roof on the refectory." But S. Fechan answered, "Not so, we will abide in the refectory, and God will keep the rain off us through the night." So the saints slept in the roofless building, and though the clouds hung low, there was no rain. And in the morning S. Molua said, "On this place where so great charity has been shown, a great abundance of divine blessings shall fall."

And S. Pulcherius said, "This roofless hut shall be blessed, and a noble building shall not fail to stand on the spot as long as the world rolls."

And S. Kenny said, "The son of death shall not die in this place."

So the saints blessed the humble cell and retired. Then Mochumbe cried out, "My fathers! you have blessed my poor walls, have you no benediction for me?" "Son," answered the saints, "in spirit we shall ever abide with thee, and thou shalt become a saint in this place, and stand with us in the Judgment." And in token they planted there five stones, "which," says the biographer of S. Pulcherius, "remain unto this day."

S. Kenny is said to have inherited his father's poetical skill, and Ware attributes to him a life of S. Columba, and some hymns in praise of that saint.

Having governed in person, as abbot and priest, the

monastery of Aghaboe, he died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, on the 11th of October, A.D. 599. Aghaboe is now called Kilkenny, or the Church of S. Kenny.

S. ETHELBURGA, V. ABSS.

(7TH CENT.)

[Anciently venerated in Essex, an office for her with nine lections in MS. in the Cotton Library. Authority :—Bede, in his *Eccl. Hist.*, and a life in *Capgrave*.]

S. ETHELBURGA was born in Lindsey in the village of Stalington; she was the daughter of Offa, and sister of S. Earconwald, Bishop of London. Her father was not baptized, and he resented the infantine piety of his daughter, and combated angrily her resolution to devote herself to a life of virginity. Bathed in tears after a violent outbreak of her father's wrath, Ethelburga would steal away to the little church where she had been baptized; and Ethelburga's path in the hottest summer is ever green, and green also in winter to this day, says her biographer.

Finding that her father was determined to marry her to a man of wealth and position, she fled to Barking in Essex, accompanied by one maid. She arrived there in harvest and was given shelter by a farmer, on condition that she should assist in reaping. She knelt, and lo! angels with sickles swept down the golden corn whilst she prayed.

S. Earconwald, consecrated Bishop of London in 675 by S. Theodore of Canterbury, having come into his paternal inheritance, founded a religious house at Chertsey, in Surrey, for men, and one for women at Barking, over which he placed his sister Ethelburga as first abbess.

Whilst Barking Abbey was being built, a beam was

brought for the roof which, when fitted, was found too short. Then Earconwald took one end and Ethelburga the other, and pulled it out to the proper length.

As Barking was the first religious house for women founded in England, Earconwald sent for the holy woman, Hildelitha, who had been brought up in a French convent, to assume the direction.

A pestilence swept away the priests who ministered at the altars of the convent and carried off many of the nuns. This was in 664. Consternation fell on the survivors. But one night as the sisters went from their church, at the end of matins, to pray at the graves of the clergy who had preceded them into the other world, they saw all at once the whole sky lighted up and cover them all as with a radiant shroud. It was a flash of summer lightning which their imaginations transformed into a luminous gravecloth flung across the sky above their heads. They were so terrified that the hymn they were singing died on their lips. By this mysterious light they saw the graveyard illumined, and noticed that there was abundance of space for many graves. They understood that this flash of light showed them the place where their bodies must lie, and revealed at the same time to them the glory into which their souls would gaze.

There was a nun at Barking, named Theoritytha, who, after having been long the humble and zealous assistant of Ethelburga, was warned of the death of the abbess, her friend, by a vision, in which she saw her dear Ethelburga wrapped in a shroud which shone like the sun, and raised to heaven by golden chains, which represented her good works. Ethelburga died shortly after. Deprived of her spiritual mother, Theoritytha lived for nine years in the most cruel sufferings, in order, says Bede, that the furnace of this daily tribulation might consume all the imperfection that remained among her many virtues. At last paralysis assailed all her

members, and even her tongue. Three days before her death she recovered sight and speech ; she was heard to exchange some words with an invisible visitor. It was Ethelburga, who had come to announce her deliverance to her.

“I can scarcely bear this joy !” said the sick woman ; and the following night, freed at once from sickness and from the bondage of the flesh, she entered into everlasting blessedness.

S. Ethelburga of Barking is not to be confounded with S. Ethelburga of Lyming, widow of King Edwin.

S. JULIA, V. ABSS.

(8TH CENT.)

[Gallican and Benedictine Martyrologies. Authority :—The notice by Saussaye in his Martyrology.]

S. JULIA or Juliana was a young servant girl at Pavilly in Normandy, who desired with all her heart to enter the convent at Pavilly, ruled at that time by Benedicta, next after the foundress, S. Austreberta. Julia besought the abbess to give her the veil, but Benedicta scorned and repulsed her because she was poor and of ignoble birth. Then Julia betook herself to prayer to the foundress, and on the anniversary of the death of Austreberta, entered the church and threw her arms about the tomb of the holy abbess, and bursting into floods of tears, vowed she would not let go till her request was granted. Benedicta, incensed at the pertinacity of the girl, ordered her to be removed by force. But instantly she was stricken with fever, her head became giddy, her heart faint, her face flushed. Alarmed at her condition, and attributing it to her harshness, she promised to accept Julia, and the fever left her instantaneously.

As a nun, Julia proved herself a burning and shining light ; she walked in such an atmosphere of supernatural

sanctity that the sisters regarded her with awe and called her the "Little Sister of Jesus." When Benedicta died, there was but one opinion among them all, that Julia must succeed her, and so the servant girl became abbess over nuns of noble birth.

Her body was translated to Montreuil along with that of S. Austreberta.

S. GUMMAR, C.

(8TH CENT.)

[Roman, Belgian, and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority :—A life by Theobald in the 12th century.]

THIS saint was born about the year 717, at Emblehem, a village near Lyre, or Lierre, in Brabant, where was the castle belonging to his father. He served under King Pepin, and was married to a lady named Grimnaira; but the union was not a happy one. The lady oppressed the poor whilst her husband was from home, and on his return resented his attempts to right the wrongs she had inflicted on them. One day she refused drink to the reapers; Gummar at once drove his staff into the ground and produced a spring.

He started on a pilgrimage to Rome, and at nightfall cut down a tree to serve as his pillow. The owner of the tree was incensed at what Gummar had done. Whereupon the saint—so runs the tale—stuck up the tree again and tied the branches on with his girdle, and it grew together as of old. Instead of going on to Rome he betook himself to the forest of Nives-donck and built a hermitage. He died there about the year 774. His body was afterwards translated to the collegiate church of Lierre.

The feast of S. Gummar attracts every year crowds to his shrine at Lierre, to invoke his aid against hernia.

October 12.

- S. MONAS, *B. of Milan*; A.D. 249.
 S. DOMNINA, *M. at Anazarbus in Cilicia*; circ. A.D. 304.
 S. MAXIMILIAN, *B.M. at Cilli in Styria*; circ. A.D. 308.
 S. JULIAN, *B.C. at Lodi*; circ. A.D. 324.
 S. PANTALUS, *B.M. of Basle*; A.D. 451.
 SS. CYPRIAN, FELIX, BB., AND OTHERS, *MM. in Africa*; circ.
 A.D. 482.
 S. FIECH, *B. of Sletty in Ireland*; beginning of 6th cent.
 S. EDWIN, *K. of Northumbria*; A.D. 633.
 S. WILFRID, *B. of York*; A.D. 709.
 S. SERAPHIN, *C., O.M. at Ascoli in Italy*; A.D. 1154.

S. DOMNINA, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Roman Martyrology, introduced by Galesinius from the Greek Menology. Authority:—Mention in the Menology.]



DOMNINA suffered in the persecution of Diocletian. She was a native of Anazarbus in Cilicia. The soles of her feet were burnt, and her back was scourged. She died of exhaustion in prison.

S. PANTALUS, B.M.

(A.D. 451.)

[Lubeck-Cologne Martyrology of 1584, Peter de Natalibus, Ferrarius, and the Acta Sanctorum. Authority:—Mention in the Legends of S. Ursula.]

THIS purely apocryphal saint is fabled to have been bishop of Basle, and to have been so struck with enthusiasm or moved by courtesy, on the passage of S. Ursula and her

eleven thousand virgins, that he accompanied them down the Rhine as far as Cologne. The fascinations or the virtues of the eleven thousand must have been great indeed, for a swarm of ecclesiastics followed them, amongst them a Pope—only an apocryphal one, however—and cardinals. The eleven thousand, with their devoted followers, bishops, cardinals, and pope, together with some babes, were massacred at Cologne by the Huns. Schœpflin, in his "*Alsatia illustrata*," in 1751, wrote: "No historian or martyrologist, nor even those who describe the martyrdom of S. Ursula and her company, mention Pantalus before the 15th century. It is true that a certain Pantalus is mentioned in the Revelations of Elizabeth of Schönau, who flourished in the reign of Frederick I., about 1156, but such writings do not deserve to be classed as historical. If there be any historical foundation, it is buried under abundance of fable. In the 15th and following century, martyrologists are found who inserted Pantalus among the companions of Ursula, and reckoned him as their fellow martyr, on no other grounds than the revelations of Elizabeth of Schönau."

The ecstatic Elizabeth having revealed that there was a Pantalus, Bishop of Basle, who was martyred at Cologne, his body was sought there and found in 1155, immediately after the revelation had been made. It was found in a stone coffin with his name inscribed upon it as follows: "*Pantalus, Basileensis episcopus, Virgines sacras cum gaudio susceptas Roman perduxit, unde reversus Coloniam pervenit, ibique cum eis martyrium suscepit, et S. Grata Junior.*" That this was a forged inscription, and that the body was one obtained from a graveyard to assist the imposture, is not a matter admitting of question.

The body is in the church of the SS. Maccabees at Cologne, the head at Basle, in which diocese the translation of this precious relic is commemorated on October 12. Some

relics at S. Tron, others in the church of the Apostles at Cologne, in a silver shrine. An arm at Arlesheim, two thigh bones at Aldbergen, some more bones in the church of S. Ursula at Cologne.

SS. CYPRIAN AND FELIX, BB., MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 482.)

[Roman and many ancient Latin Martyrologies. Authority :—Their Acts in the History of the Vandal Persecution by Victor of Utica, a contemporary and sufferer in it.]

ABOUT two years before the general persecution of the Catholics broke out under Huneric, the Vandal king in North Africa, many had previsions of what would take place. One saw the church of S. Faustus at Carthage adorned with tapestry, and illumined with countless lamps and tapers, as for a great festival, when suddenly the lights were extinguished, and instead of the fragrance of incense rose the stench of a charnel-house. He who saw this vision came to Eugenius the bishop and related to him what he had seen, in the presence of Victor, Bishop of Utica, who records it. Another saw a great heap of wheat mingled with chaff, and a mighty wind arose and sifted the grain from the husk; then appeared a man with shining face and robes, and he went over the grain with his hand and sorted the good from the bad and mouldy and black, and reduced the heap considerably in size thereby. Bishop Quintian dreamed that he saw a beautiful flock being slain by butchers and cast into caldrons till all were consumed.

The first sign of the breaking of the storm was the command issued by Huneric that none should serve in his palace, or execute public functions who were not Arians.

Many renounced their charges, and were thereupon driven from their houses, despoiled of their property, and banished to Sicily and Sardinia. He next ordered that no Catholic bishop was to be consecrated till he had paid to the treasury five hundred pieces of gold. But when he was told that if this was insisted on, the orthodox emperor would impose the same tax on the Arians in Thrace and elsewhere, he revoked the edict. He next assembled the consecrated virgins, and used every means in his power to bribe or terrify them into bringing false accusations against the bishops, which might serve as an excuse for him to depose and banish them. To force them to give false evidence he had recourse to torture. They were hung up by the hands, and weights attached to their feet; red-hot plates of iron were applied to their backs, breasts, and sides. Many died under these tortures, others were so mutilated that they were left permanently crippled; but not one was found who would give the evidence sought.

Huneric, after this, exiled the bishops, priests, and deacons, and other influential Catholics, to the number of four thousand nine hundred and seventy-six; they were banished to the Libyan desert. Among them were the old, the gouty, and the sick. Felix, Bishop of Abbirita, who had occupied the see forty years, was paralysed, and had lost both the power to walk and to speak. The Catholic bishops, not knowing how to lead him along with them, begged the king to allow the poor old man to remain and die in peace in Carthage. But Huneric ordered, "If he cannot sit on horseback, let him be attached by cords to a couple of oxen, and be drawn thus to his place of banishment." He was conveyed on a mule, tied across it, like a sack of flour. All the confessors were assembled in the towns of Sicca and Laræa, whence the Moors were to conduct them to the desert. They were provisionally enclosed in a prison, to which their fellow-Catholics were permitted access, to encourage them, and

give them the Divine Mysteries. Among them were several young children; and their mothers, yielding to their parental love, begged them to allow themselves to be re-baptized by the Arians, so as to obtain their freedom. But the children remained as firm as their fellow-captives.

The prisoners were then thrust into a smaller place, where there was not room for them; they were crowded so densely that they were nearly suffocated, nor was any provision made for their cleanliness. The filth and stench became so horrible, that it was the worst of all their sufferings. Victor of Utica, who describes all this, succeeded in penetrating into this horrible den; he had to wade up to his knees in ordure. When the Moors received instructions to drive the captives forward, the Catholics issued from their prison in a condition of indescribable filth. It was on a Sunday when they emerged from this pestilential den into the glaring sunlight. They burst forth into a chant of triumph, the 149th Psalm, "Such honour have all His saints."

Cyprian, bishop of Uniziba, consoled them, and gave them everything he had. Shortly afterwards he was also arrested, imprisoned, and exiled.

As the long, foul, but joyous procession wound over the sand-hills it was followed by crowds. The roads were too narrow to contain the throng; they covered the hill sides, holding tapers in their hands, in token of their burning faith. Women cast their children at the feet of the confessors, imploring from them a blessing. "Who," sobbed they, "will baptize our little ones? Who will give us absolution? Who will bury us? Who will offer the divine sacrifice? May we follow you!" Among the crowd was noticed an old woman carrying a sack over her shoulder, and leading a child. She persistently followed the confessors, and would not leave them. When the child lagged, she urged him forwards with, "Run, my boy! do you not see these saints, how eager they

are to win their crown?" Those who attended the prisoners advised her to return home. "Pray for me, and for this child," she answered; "I am the daughter of the late bishop of Zurita, and this is my grandson. I lead him along with me lest the enemy should find him alone, and take him to death." The bishops, bathed in tears, said, "The will of God be done."

They travelled by night rather than by day, because of the heat of the sun, and lodged in caves, or under such rough shelter as had been extemporized for their reception. During the march, when the old men and children could walk no more, they were goaded on with the points of the spears, or stones were cast at them to stimulate them. When they fell, unable to proceed, the Moors tied their feet, and they were drawn along like dead beasts. The stones tore their garments and skin. One had his head broken, the side of another was ripped open, and many died, and were given hasty burial all along the way. The food provided for those who walked was uncrushed barley. When they reached their destination they found a desolate, sandy waste, full of venomous beasts, and there they lingered out a miserable existence, till death ended their sorrows, and translated them to a glorious immortality.

S. FIECH, B.C.

(BEGINNING OF 6TH CENTURY.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority:—Mention in the tripartite life of S. Patrick, and in the other lives of the Apostle of Ireland.]

IN Carlow lived, at the time that S. Patrick was preaching the faith in Ireland, a chief bard, named Dubtach, with whom he had contracted a warm friendship. There is

nothing in legend more poetic than the meeting between the Gallo-Roman apostle and the Irish bards, who formed an hereditary and sacerdotal class. Among them he found his most faithful disciples. Ossian himself, the blind Homer of Ireland, is said to have allowed himself to be converted by him, and Patrick is reported to have listened in his turn as he sang the long epic of Keltic kings and heroes. Harmony was not established between these two without being preceded by storms. Patrick threatened with hell the profane warriors whose glory Ossian vaunted, and the bard replied to the apostle, "If thy God were in hell, my heroes would draw him thence." But triumphant truth made peace between poetry and faith. The monasteries Patrick founded became the asylum and centre of Keltic poetry. "When once blessed and transformed," says an old author, "the songs of the bards became so sweet, that the angels of God leant down from heaven to listen to them."¹

S. Patrick visited Dubtach the arch-bard, father, more over, of the blessed Bridget, and in one of their conversations the saint asked his friend if he knew any one in that country whom he could promote to holy orders. Dubtach answered that he had a disciple named Fiech, a sweet singer and harpist, then absent, who was a modest, God-fearing man. Before the conversation was ended Fiech returned from Connaught, whither Dubtach had sent him to present some poems of his composition to the princes of that province. Fiech was of an illustrious family, being son of Erc, of the house of Hy-Bairrch in Leinster. He was a widower, left with an only son, named Fiacher. He was not yet baptized, but he was a catechumen. S. Patrick examined him, gave him the washing of regeneration, and the tonsure, and after some time ordained him bishop. His see was at Sletty, and he is said also to have governed a monastery,

¹ Quoted by La Villemarqué, "La Légende Celtique," p. 109.

which was called Domnach-Fiech, at the east of the Barrow, in Carlow. He had a monastery as well at Sletty, which was his own patrimony. He lived to an extremely advanced age, and it is said that sixty of his disciples departed this life before him. It is therefore probable that he died at the very beginning of the 6th century.

S. EDWIN, K.M.

(A.D. 633.)

[By error in Wilson's Anglican Martyrology on Oct. 4 (iv. Octobris, instead of iv. Id. Octobris). Not in other martyrologies. But several churches in England dedicated to him.]

THE life of Edwin, King of Northumbria, is so intimately mixed up with that of S. Paulinus of York, that the reader is referred for it to the life of this latter saint, on Oct. 10th.

S. WILFRID, BP. OF YORK

(A.D. 709.)

[Roman Martyrology. The Translation of S. Wilfrid on April 24, the Deposition on Oct. 12. York and Hereford Kalendars, not Sarum. Lives by Eddius and Eadmer; Bede, "Eccl. Hist." ii. iii. iv. v.; MS. Offices of S. Wilfrid for parish of Ripon, A.D. 1418; "Fasti Eboracenses," i. 55-83, and authorities there cited.]

THE life of S. Wilfrid possesses special interest and importance as that of one of the greatest men of his day, who lived through one of the greatest crises that the Church in England has experienced, and who, by his character and conduct, influenced public affairs as few men could have done. His thoughts, his energies, his singular abilities, his

earnest prayers, were, from the time of his arriving at early manhood, all directed to that great revival of religion which was ushered in by the mission of S. Augustine. The strong Roman sympathies which he formed in early life increased as years rolled on, and he visited the holy city no less than three times. He was the first English prelate to appeal to the Roman pontiff against the powers that thwarted him at home. Of his eventful life we have very full particulars preserved by his friend and chaplain, Stephen Eddi, whose account, though to be received with caution as that of an ardent partisan, is nevertheless of great value as that of a contemporary writer.

S. Wilfrid was born A.D. 634, of noble parents, somewhere in Northumbria. None of the early biographers mention their name or residence, and the local tradition that Ripon was his birthplace, and Allhallowgate the precise locality, is probably a pleasing fiction of comparatively recent origin. His birth, like that of S. Cuthbert and others, is said to have been signalized by a miraculous light from heaven, filling the whole house, so that the neighbours, thinking it was on fire, ran for water to put out the flames. The midwives, however, told them that a man-child was born, and that it was no common fire which they saw, but a sign from heaven betokening the favour of God. The old writers are very eloquent on this light, as being like that in the burning bush, indicating that the new-born child was truly a child of light, destined by God to lighten the whole land of Britain. Wilfrid is described as having been a grave and holy child, of remarkable beauty, fond of the society of older people, and, when in the presence of those who visited his father, "swift to hear, and slow to speak." His first great trial was the loss of his mother, his next the harshness of a stepmother. This led to his early departure from his father's house, which took place when he was in his thirteenth year, at his own

desire. He set his mind on going to court, like other noble youths, and was accordingly provided by his father with arms, and horses, and servants, all equipped as befitted one who was to stand before kings. Being moved by the example of the patriarchs, he asked for his father's blessing, and, having obtained it, he left the home of his childhood for the court of Oswi, King of Northumbria. We have already seen that Wilfrid was "a proper child," and are not surprised therefore to find that when he appeared at court as a handsome boy of noble bearing, introduced by courtiers on whom he had attended in the home he was leaving, he met with a kindly reception from Eanfled, the queen. He speedily won all hearts by his bright and happy face and disposition, tempered by a serenity which is described as angelic. He appears soon to have found a second mother in the queen, to whom he confided his desire to serve God more perfectly. She accordingly prevailed on the king to excuse him from military training, and appointed him to attend on a noble named Cudda, an old friend and counsellor of the royal house, who, being now palsied and weary of the world, was longing to end his days as a monk at Lindisfarne. And when Cudda decided to go, Wilfrid must needs go too; he also yearned for a holier life; the boy's heart was drawn to the heart of the man, and they two together, the one in the morning of life the other at the eventide, turned their backs upon the world to devote themselves entirely to the service of God. As we are so beautifully taught by our own poet:

"He loves when age and youth are met,
Fervent old age and youth serene,
Their high and low in concord set
For sacred song, joy's golden mean."¹

At Lindisfarne he soon became as great a favourite as he

¹ "The Christian Year"—S. Simon and S. Jude.

had been at Court, and he applied himself earnestly to study and devotion. He soon learned the whole of the psalter by heart, as monks were accustomed to do, and his constant companions were the Holy Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and such other books as the monastic library contained. Here he remained for about four years, during which, as his mind became more formed and his judgment matured, he grew less and less satisfied with the Scottish usages, and was convinced that there was a more excellent way, and that this was to be learned at Rome, and Rome alone. It is not hard to divine how he was led to this conviction. Queen Eanfled had been brought up under her mother's care and under Paulinus's direction in a monastery in Kent,¹ and was thoroughly Roman. With her was her chaplain Romanus. Oswi and his clergy were of the Scottish school. There was a constant controversy at court between Rome and Iona, and thus the seed of strife was sown in Wilfrid's heart. His connection with the court and with Lindisfarne would naturally lead to his forming the acquaintance of some of the Roman missionaries, whose teaching and conversation would be to him as the opening out of a new world. We are not to think of him at Lindisfarne as a mediæval recluse. The Saxon monasteries were schools of learning for young nobles and clerics as well as retreats for ascetic devotion, and Wilfrid appears to have resided as a scholar, being allowed at times to leave the place. Accordingly we find him consulting not only his brethren in the monastery, but his father at home, and his friends in the royal palace, respecting his future course. The road to Rome is spoken of as having been up to that time untrodden by our people, but this made no difference to Wilfrid when once he had set his heart on journeying thither. He had resolved to learn the way of God more perfectly,

¹ See Bede, "Hist. Eccl." ii. ix. xx.; iii. xv.

under the very shadow of S. Peter, and to behold for himself the glories of the Eternal City. And as he had quitted the court for Lindisfarne, so now he was restless till he could quit Lindisfarne for Rome. The brethren bade him God speed, and the queen, with his father's concurrence, did all in her power to favour his project. She gave him letters of introduction to her cousin Erconbert, King of Kent, asking him to provide her young friend with safe and honourable conduct to Rome. The king received him kindly, and both he and Honorius, the archbishop, a disciple of S. Gregory, may well have been charmed by Wilfrid's devotion to religion and his thirst for knowledge. He would be no less pleased to become acquainted with such men as he would meet at Canterbury. But his patience was sorely tried by his having to stay there a whole year, and he employed himself partly in committing to memory the Roman psalter (the earliest version of S. Jerome) and unlearning the Gallican (a later Hieronymian version), which he had learned at Lindisfarne. This was much as if one who had acquired our Bible version should set to work and master the Prayer-Book version in the same way. At last it happened that another young English noble, who, like Wilfrid, had been attached to Oswi's court, one Baducing, better known as Benedict Biscop, the founder of Jarrow and Monk Wearmouth, was also desirous to visit Rome. Wilfrid was allowed to go under his protection, he being probably the older of the two. On their arrival at Lyons they were honourably received by Delphinus, the archbishop. Benedict continued his journey almost immediately, but Wilfrid, notwithstanding his impatience to see Rome, was induced to remain at Lyons for a whole year. It seems not unlikely that the youth was in love, however much he might strive against such tender emotions. Delphinus, who appears to have been a sort of "prince-bishop," offered to make him his



S. WILFRID, BISHOP OF YORK.
From a Drawing by A. Welby Pugin.



heir, to give him his niece in marriage, and to appoint him governor over a great part of the country. But none of these inducements availed to turn him from his great purpose, whatever they may have had to do with his tarrying so long on the way. He courteously and gratefully declined the honours that were offered to him, stranger as he was, answering that the vows of the Lord were upon him, that like Abraham he had left home and kindred in obedience to a call from God, and that to this call alone he could now give ear. Delphinus could not but admire him all the more for such pious determination, and having furnished him with a guide and all things needful, sent him on his journey, earnestly desiring him again to stay at Lyons as he returned to the north.

As soon as he arrived in Rome he went to the oratory of S. Andrew, probably at the monastery of S. Andrew on the Cœlian Hill, which S. Gregory had founded.¹ Prostrating himself before the altar, over which was placed a large Book of the Gospels, he besought with tears that he might have understanding given him, and power to teach those gospels to others. While engaged in his daily work of seeking out and praying at the tombs of the martyrs, and other holy places, he became acquainted with Boniface the archdeacon, secretary to Pope Martin I. The archdeacon's house was the school of the clergy; candidates for holy orders came to be instructed by him, and were ordained, as at present, on his certifying to their fitness. And so Wilfrid, aspiring to the priesthood, would be likely to come in his way.

From this new friend he received instruction in the

¹ See *Life of S. Gregory*, vol. iii. p. 227; Stanley's *Canterbury*, 1857, p. 5. The memory of Wilfrid's prayers here was preserved in the Ripon Offices:—"Resp. iii. Andrea piissime Apostolorum Dei, experiar vincula meæ impietatis per tua merita solvi. *Vers.* O fides famuli Dei, non citius oravit quam modum elocutionis percepit."

Gospels, in the Roman rule for Easter, and in the many other matters of ecclesiastical discipline respecting which he had been desirous of information.¹ Having received the Pope's blessing, and taken leave of his kind instructor, he returned to Lyons, where he was again most hospitably entertained. Doubtless he had much to tell of what he had seen and heard during his first visit to Rome. At Lyons he sojourned for three years, and received the Roman tonsure from Delphinus, thus casting off the last outward mark of his early religious life.

It is impossible to say how much longer he might have stayed in Lyons had not Bathild, Queen of France, begun to persecute the Church. Delphinus suffered martyrdom, and Wilfrid wished to suffer with him. The persecutors, however, would not touch him when they found that he was an Englishman, but allowed him to bury Delphinus in peace and return to his own land.

On his arrival he found, to his great joy, Alcfrid, the son of King Oswi, associated with his father in the government of Northumbria, and both of them ardent supporters of the Church. Alcfrid had been on the point of going to Rome with Biscop in 653, but was detained by his father. Like many of the rising youth of the country, he avowed his preference for Roman usages; his father, on the other hand, remained strongly attached to the national customs. Wilfrid had landed somewhere in the kingdom of the West Saxons, and begun to preach. King Cœnwalch sent a report of him to Alcfrid, how he had come home full of what he had learned at Canterbury, and Lyons, and Rome. This occasioned a summons for him to return speedily to his native Northumbria. They must have known each other,

¹ An interesting relic of Boniface has recently been found in a rubbish-heap at Whitby, namely, a leaden bulla, with the words BONIFATII ARCHIDIAC., which was possibly once attached to a document brought to England by Wilfrid himself.

one would suppose, as boys together in the palace of Oswi. However this may have been, Wilfrid was received as an angel of God, he was regarded as a hero, having been at Rome and witnessed martyrdom. Alcfrid prostrated himself before him and besought his blessing. Then they had much religious converse on the Roman discipline, and doubtless on the wonderful Rule of S. Benedict, which in all probability excited in the prince that great munificence which he so soon displayed. As their mutual love increased day by day, they soon became, as Eddi says, like David and Jonathan. The prince bestowed on the ecclesiastic an estate at Stamford, and another at Ripon, which included a monastery he had previously founded there for Scottish monks, where Eata and S. Cuthbert were now resident. These, however, had to choose between accepting the Roman traditions, which Wilfrid was determined to introduce, and leaving the place. They could not give up their national usages, and so had to make way for others who were willing to be ruled by Wilfrid. He had not, however, as yet obtained priest's orders, but as this seemed now desirable, he was at Alcfrid's request ordained by Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons.

The Roman movement had by this time made such progress in the north that the Church was fairly split up into two parties. The controversy which had begun in the monastery at Ripon spread through the whole of Northumbria, and nowhere were men less of one mind in a house than in the King's court. Oswi, as we have seen, adhered to the traditions of his father; Eanfled his wife, and Alcfrid his son, to the Roman innovations, so that the Easter of the one party in some years coincided with the Passion-tide of the other.

Under these circumstances, Oswi summoned a council at Streanshalch, now Whitby. On the Scottish side were Colman, the Northumbrian bishop, with his clergy; Hilda, Abbess of

Whitby; Cedd, Bishop of the East Saxons, a Yorkshireman by birth, and King Oswi. On the Roman, Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons; the priests Agatho and Wilfrid; James, the deacon of S. Paulinus; Romanus, the queen's chaplain, and Alcfrid. The chief points in dispute were, the time of keeping Easter and the mode of making the tonsure. It may be well here to say a little about the famous "Paschal Controversy," and the tonsure. The Churches of Asia, professedly on the authority of S. John the Evangelist and S. Philip, kept Easter Day not of necessity on a Sunday, but always on the same day as the Jewish Passover, viz., the 14th day of Nisan or Abib, which month began with the new moon next to the vernal equinox, so that the "Paschal full moon" appeared on the 14th day. Hence those who kept Easter on this day were called "Quartodecimans." The other Churches, especially those of the West, kept Easter Day on the Sunday after the Jewish Passover, as we do now, claiming the authority of S. Peter and S. Paul, and this rule was confirmed by the Nicene Council. But the time of the vernal equinox was a matter of astronomical calculation, and the British and Scottish churches, although always keeping Easter Day on a Sunday, and so not being Quartodecimans, as has sometimes been supposed, differed from the Romans as to the calculation adopted, and so as to the particular Sunday kept as Easter Day, much as we now differ from the Greek Church.

Then as to the tonsure, the Romans shaved the top of the head, leaving a circle of hair like the crown of thorns; the Britons and Scots shaved the front part of the head from ear to ear. On these and on other ceremonial differences, not so particularly handed down to us, the controversy was carried on with a vehemence that we can now scarcely understand. Colman grounded the Scottish traditions on the authority of S. John the beloved disciple, and of S. Columba. Wilfrid, who was the chief speaker on the other

side, and much the more able man of the two, defended the Roman usages by an appeal to the Chair of St. Peter, the rock on which Christ had built His Church, and to whom He had given the keys of the kingdom of heaven. A long discussion took place, which is reported at length by Bede (H. E., iii. 25). King Oswi seems to have been convinced by Wilfrid's learning and eloquence, and said, perhaps in a half jesting way, that he dare not now gainsay the authority of S. Peter, lest when he came to heaven's gate the keeper of the keys should refuse to let him in. It has, indeed, been suggested that he may have been actuated by the more sub-lunary motive of desiring to stand well with the supposed representative of S. Peter on earth. Wilfrid certainly gained the day, and Colman, unconvinced, retired with his adherents to Iona, leaving Wilfrid and Alcfrid masters of the situation. Cedd and Hilda were induced to adopt the Roman view, by which, with respect to Easter, we have been regulated ever since.¹

One Tuda was appointed to succeed Colman, but he soon afterwards died in a pestilence, and now all eyes were turned on Wilfrid as the fittest person to take his place. On his nomination by the two kings, Oswi and Alcfrid, he at first excused himself as unworthy, but soon consented. He would, however, on no account receive consecration from any Scottish bishops, or from any who had been consecrated by them. He begged to be sent to France, where he might be consecrated by prelates who were in full communion with the Apostolic See. Alcfrid sent him to his old friend Agilbert, who had ordained him priest, who had supported him at the

¹ "Many a disputation is turn'd off the hinges by that which is very little to the purpose, for when the judgment is tired, then anything that strikes the fancy prevails. Thus, King Oswy was carried away with a notion that S. Peter was literally a porter, and that he lay at his mercy whether he should ever be able to enter into heaven . . . this gave so great a turn to the English nation that it was thereby brought to a subjection to Rome."—*John Wyat, 1706, in Peck's Stamford, 1727, page 20.*

Council of Whitby, and who at that time was Bishop of Paris. Eleven other bishops assisted at the consecration, which took place at Compiègne, with all the pomp that Wilfrid so dearly loved. The bishops themselves carried him in a golden chair, which no one of lower rank was allowed to touch, in fair procession, with music and singing. And he was consecrated to the see of York, which the great Paulinus had held as Archbishop of Northumbria—a position, doubtless, for which his royal friends thought no one could be better fitted, than which none could have been more congenial to his own ambition. Little did he think what troubles awaited him, now that he seemed at the very height of prosperity. On the voyage home he and his companions were cast ashore by a storm on the coast of Sussex, which left their ship high on the sands at the ebb of the tide. The natives attacked it, and a conflict ensued, in which five of Wilfrid's men were lost, but the attacking party were driven back. With the flood they got away to sea, and landed at Sandwich in Kent. Meanwhile, even Wilfrid's own friends became impatient at his long absence, and the Scottish party were not idle. They now saw their opportunity, and Oswi, perhaps but half convinced at the Council of Whitby, was so influenced by them as now to forward their views. Alcfrid had perhaps died of the plague that carried off Tuda. Neither Eanfled nor Wilfrid's other friends had power enough to keep the see vacant for him. The humble-minded presbyter Chad was induced to leave his quiet retreat at Lastingham to be consecrated by Wina, Bishop of Winchester, and two British bishops, as Bishop of York, with jurisdiction over the whole of Northumbria, so as entirely to exclude Wilfrid.¹ It must have been a severe disappointment to him when he did return to find the see occupied. But he acquiesced in what had been done so far as to retire peaceably to his monas-

¹ See Life of S. Chad, vol. iii. p. 25.



S. WILFRID.



teries at Stamford and Ripon, invited occasionally by Egbert, King of Kent, and Wulfhere, King of Mercia, to exercise episcopal functions in their dominions, for they were without bishops. This state of things continued for about three years, but was put an end to at last by the arrival of Theodore of Tarsus in England as metropolitan, A.D. 669.

Wilfrid's acquaintance with Eddi, and his attachment to the Benedictine rule, began in the interval. Theodore succeeded in bringing about an amicable arrangement, whereby Chad willingly retired to Lastingham, and Wilfrid was established at York as bishop of all Northumbria. At the request of Wulfhere, Chad was soon appointed by Theodore to be Bishop of Mercia. But he had to undergo re-consecration, because his former consecration was deemed uncanonical. Of the three consecrating bishops on that occasion, Wina was the only one in Roman orders, and the only one, according to Bede, then to be found in the whole of Britain. Wilfrid probably had something to do with Chad's going to Lichfield: he would possibly be glad to show him a kindness, and would certainly not be sorry to get rid of one whom some might consider as the rightful bishop of York. And when Chad submitted to re-consecration, his satisfaction would be complete.

King Oswi appears to have been a person of easy-going disposition, and to have fallen in with all this as readily as he had done with the former appointment of Chad. Wilfrid now set his whole mind on advancing the interests of Rome in his vast diocese, which included the district of Galloway, and other parts of Scotland, as well as our present northern province, together with the parts of Lindsey. He employed Eddi to teach the Gregorian tones, he had skilful masons to build in England as they built in Rome, and he strove to recover the holy places of the British Church. Oswi soon after died, and was succeeded by his son Egfrid, who at first

helped Wilfrid by liberal contributions to his great works at Ripon and elsewhere,—thank-offerings for his successes against the Picts and the Mercians, attributed to the merits and prayers of the man of God. It is the delight of the chroniclers to relate how, where Wilfrid found mean structures of wood and thatch, he left noble buildings of stone, with lead roofs and wondrous vaults. The church at York being in a deplorable condition, he thoroughly repaired, cleansed, and whitewashed it, as Eddi says, *supra nivem delabavit*; and the windows were now apparently for the first time filled with glass, instead of perforated wood or stone, or oiled linen. At Ripon he built an entirely new basilica of wrought stone, with goodly columns and marvellous porches, on which Eddi descants in a most interesting way, and gives an account of a magnificent Book of the Gospels, probably such a one as Wilfrid had seen in S. Andrew's oratory at Rome, most likely brought by him from Rome or Lyons, and preserved in the minster till the Reformation as the *Textus Sancti Wilfridi*. The crypt, commonly called S. Wilfrid's needle, which still exists, probably belonged to this church, and its curious little niches may possibly be reminiscences of the *columbaria* in the catacombs. The dedication, characteristically in honour of S. Peter, was celebrated on a sumptuous scale of magnificent ritual and hospitality, with a fitting oration, amid a great concourse of kings, abbots, nobles, and persons of all ranks, the walls resounding with the Gregorian chants, then the last new music from Italy. At Hexham he built, on land given by S. Etheldreda, a church dedicated to S. Andrew, on a corresponding scale of grandeur, doubtless in memory of S. Andrew's in Rome (see p. 297), and where a crypt still remains, similar to that at Ripon, these two being the only known examples of the same kind in England, and both, perhaps, imitations of sepulchral chambers in Rome.



S. WILFRID LANDING.



He is said to have wrought miracles at this period of his life. On one occasion, as he was riding about in the exercise of his episcopal office, a woman brought her dead child to him to be raised to life and baptized, which, through her faith and the prayers and touch of the saint, at once came to pass. The child afterwards lived and died in God's service at Ripon, and was called the bishop's son. Then at Hexham a youth engaged in building fell from a great height, and was taken up with broken arms and legs, and at the point of death. At the prayers of the saint and the brethren—the "medici" having bound up the broken bones—he recovered from day to day, and long lived to praise God. But Wilfrid was never tested by too long a course of worldly prosperity and success. Fresh trials now awaited him. S. Etheldreda, Egfrid's queen, refused on religious grounds to live as a wife with her husband, and the bishop, on being appealed to, supported her views, and so incurred the displeasure of the king. Some think he acted a double part at this time, telling Egfrid he would do the best he could to persuade her, knowing all the time he could not, having himself consecrated her as a nun. But we do not know all the circumstances, and perhaps Etheldreda ought not to have married at all. Anyhow a divorce took place, and Egfrid married Ermenburg, who proved to be a bitter enemy to Wilfrid. He was reproached and envied on account of his wealth and splendour as the second man in the kingdom, and accused of neglecting the spiritual concerns of the see. Something of the kind may have come to the ear of Theodore, and may partly account for his extraordinary treatment of Wilfrid at this time, during, as is believed, one of his long absences from his see. Wilfrid had never received the pall as archbishop, and so Theodore took upon himself to subdivide the kingdom of Northumbria into four sees—York, Lindisfarne, Hexham, and Whitherne in Galloway. Wilfrid was simply ignored in all this, though

some say Lindisfarne was offered to him. It was not likely that he would submit to such treatment. He remonstrated with Theodore and Egfrid face to face, but without success, and now he saw but one course open to him. He made the appeal to Rome, then, for the first time, against an English sovereign, and was met by reproaches, contumely, and derision on the part of the king and his courtiers, probably in Witenagemote assembled. "Ah!" said Wilfrid, "ye who now laugh at me shall a year hence bitterly weep."

His enemies, not venturing to prevent his going to Rome, endeavoured to intercept his appeal by subtilty. They sent a message to Theodoric, King of Neustria, to detain him on his journey, and he, with the help of Ebroin, mayor of the palace, sought to arrest the traveller. But they managed to secure Winfrid, Bishop of Mercia, by mistake, he too being on his way to Rome. Wilfrid landed in Friesland, and so escaped their hands. During the winter he instructed the rude Frisians, and Adalgis, their king, in the Christian faith. The Frisians and Saxons being the same race, and speaking the same tongue, he had no difficulty in making himself understood. In the spring he proceeded towards Rome, having gained for himself the title of "Apostle of Friesland."

On his way he met with a most hearty welcome from Dagobert, a French prince, who having vainly tried to detain him by the offer of the see of Strasburg, sent him on with one Bishop Deodatus for a companion, and with rich presents and an introduction to the King of the Lombards, from whose Court he passed on to Rome. Five-and-twenty years before he had come as the humble scholar from Lindisfarne, now he came as one of the greatest of English prelates. Pope Agatho, who appears to have been the very Agatho who as a priest had assisted at the Council of Whitby, rejoicing in this first appeal from England to Rome, called a

synod. Theodore had sent messengers with his version of the story, and they had arrived before Wilfrid. Both sides were heard, and Wilfrid triumphed at the Court of Rome as he had done before at the little provincial convention at Whitby. He was supplied with letters containing the synodical decision, with penalties of suspension and excommunication for all who should oppose it. He was to be restored to his see, but with coadjutor bishops. Having gained this point, he waited to sit in a council against the Monothelites, where he represented the English Church, though he does not appear to have been sent for that purpose. Then he returned to the Northumbrian Court, armed with the papal missive. But Egfrid and Ermenburg cared little for foreign decrees, which moreover they accused him of having obtained by bribery. The queen, we are told, tore his reliquary from his neck, to wear as a toy or a charm, and Wilfrid was cast into prison. Here it is pretended that he was able to heal the governor's wife of a terrible disease, by the application of holy water. Her husband would now no longer act as jailer to the holy man, whereupon the king sent him to another prison at Dunbar. There his fetters and manacles dropped off as fast as they were put on. Meanwhile, the queen was afflicted with madness, wherefore the king, advised by the abbess Ebba, restored the relics, and set Wilfrid at liberty. Thereupon the queen recovered. Wilfrid, however, was not permitted to return to his see; he had made himself many enemies, and was obliged to flee, first to Mercia and then to Sussex. There he met with a royal patron in Ethelwalch, King of the South Saxons, who was a Christian, though most of his people were heathens. There was, however, a little monastery at Bosham, with five or six inmates, which one Dicul, a Scot, had founded. When Wilfrid came there, in time of terrible drought and famine, the people were throwing themselves off the cliffs into the sea

to escape death by starvation. By his prayers he obtained rain, and by teaching the rude men of Sussex how to use their eel-nets in the sea, he obtained draughts of fishes which were regarded as miraculous. The king converted his own palace into a residence for Wilfrid, and gave him an estate at Selsea. There he freed two hundred and fifty serfs, and founded a monastery, over which he presided for five years. He also converted Cadwalla, King of Wessex, who gave him the fourth part of the Isle of Wight, and the bishopric of Wessex. Wilfrid was thus driven from the North only to do a great work in the South. This success could not remain long unknown to Theodore, who now, being nearly ninety years old, sought and obtained a happy reconciliation with him who was supported by Rome. He had, moreover, received a rescript from Pope Sergius which induced him to effect this without delay. He wrote letters, expressing the pope's and his own decision in favour of Wilfrid, to the kings of Mercia and Northumbria. The former, Ethelred, gave him lands, monasteries, and episcopal jurisdiction in his kingdom. Egfrid was killed in battle about this time, and Ermenburg, if still alive, was in no position to oppose Wilfrid. Indeed, she is said to have been converted by the Roman faction, and to have ended her days in a monastery. Aldfrid, an illegitimate son of Oswi, succeeded Egfrid, and one of his first acts was to send for Wilfrid, and re-instate him at York and Ripon. There, however, his unsubdued pride, greed of power, and wealth, brought him into collision with the great men of his diocese and all who had peace at heart. Aldfrid, for the sake of peace, asked him to resign Ripon, which he refused to do, whereupon a serious disruption occurred, and about five years after his restoration he had to flee to Mercia from the resentment of those whose hostility he had provoked. There he induced Ethelred, the king, to become a monk, and effected the founda-

tion of many churches and monasteries. Theodore meanwhile had died, and was succeeded by Berthwald in the southern primacy. This prelate, in conjunction with Aldfrid, called a great synod of English bishops at Austerfield Plain, near Bawtry,¹ about nine years after the above quarrel, and Wilfrid was present, either by invitation or summons. Being asked whether he would abide by the decision of the metropolitan, he warily avoided binding himself too far, by saying he would, provided it were conformable to the decrees of the Apostolic See.

Aldfrid was exasperated, and great clamour and confusion ensued. Wilfrid broke out into indignant expostulations. Some would have thrown him into prison, others were prepared to offer him the monastery of Ripon provided he would confine himself within its precincts, and resign all episcopal authority. This was too much. Would they degrade him from his bishopric, after all that he had done for the North of England from his youth up until that hour, and on false accusations too? Let them come with him to Rome, and prove before the sovereign pontiff the charges they brought against him. Whereupon the king and archbishop pronounced him self-condemned, in preferring the judgment of Rome to that of themselves. Being now above sixty years old, he set off on his third and last journey to Rome, attended by his faithful Eddi and other friends. On his arrival he again found his accusers there before him, but their stories were not listened to until he appeared. The points in dispute were then debated in a series of meetings held under Pope John VI., during a space of about four months. The previous appeal to Pope Agatho and its results were recalled,

¹ Nosterfield, near Ripon, has generally been supposed to have been the place. But the words used by Eddi are *Estrefelda* and *Swinawath* (or *path*). Two miles south-west of Austerfield is "Swinnow Wood." South-east is Swinecar Road. Moreover, a general synod of the English Church would probably be held on the marches of Northumbria and Mercia, and not near the centre of Northumbria.

when the minutes of the former synod were read. Wilfrid was again acquitted of all blame, and was to be restored to his see. Papal letters to this effect were written to Ethelred, King of Mercia, as well as to Aldfrid, and Archbishop Berthwald was directed to call a council for the adjustment of difficulties. Wilfrid, however, seems to have lost heart about England; he stayed in Rome many months, and wished to end his days there. But Pope John and others counselled him to return to his native land, and die, if so he might, at his post, combating the liberties of the national Church. Accordingly, with the letters just mentioned, and with another supply of relics, he turned homeward. On his way he fell sick, and was borne on a litter as far as Meaux, where for four days he lay as in a trance, and apparently at the point of death. At the dawning of the fifth day his biographer pretends that S. Michael appeared to him, and told him he was sent by the Blessed Virgin to say that his life should be prolonged four years, and that as he had built churches in honour of S. Peter and S. Andrew, so he ought to have dedicated one to the Blessed Mother of God, promising moreover to visit him again at the end of four years. He told the heavenly vision to Acca the priest, then rose like a second Hezekiah, washed and took food, and made haste on his way. The wind was favourable, they soon crossed the sea, and landed in Kent, where they found Berthwald, and had a friendly interview. Thence they proceeded to the Mercian Court, where they were kindly received by Cœnred, the nephew of Ethelred, the former king. Thence they sent messengers to Aldfrid, who appointed a day for meeting them, but showed himself as ill disposed as before to receive Wilfrid and bear with his imperiousness. Soon after Aldfrid lay on his death-bed, probably at Driffild, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Eadulf, his successor, was still more hostile, threatening to slay Wilfrid and his friends if they did

not leave the kingdom within six days. He, however, was deposed as a usurper, and Osred, the son of Aldfrid, and adopted son of Wilfrid, became king when but eight years old, with Berchtfrid, the confidential minister of Aldfrid, as protector. Wilfrid was thus again in the ascendant, and the synod for which Pope John had provided was held on the banks of the Nidd, under Archbishop Berthwald, with the three northern bishops of York, Lindisfarne, and Whitherne. Elfleda, the sainted abbess of Whitby, and Berchtfrid, were also there. Berthwald gave a summary of the letters of the Pope for the benefit of the British bishops and others who could not well follow the Latin, not improbably, also, softening down some expressions in his desire for peace. But the bishops were not at first willing to make way for Wilfrid against the interests of the Northumbrian Church, even at the risk of papal excommunication. They appealed to Berthwald's own previous policy, to the example of Theodore, to the decisions of Egfrid and Aldfrid. Elfleda then asserted that Aldfrid on his death-bed had promised that, if his life were spared, he would restore Wilfrid. Berchtfrid told of a similar vow, urging moreover his present master's wish to the same effect, and at last a compromise was arrived at. Wilfrid had the monasteries of Ripon and Hexham restored to him, and was apparently satisfied: for now the old spirit was broken by trouble and infirmity, and he was no longer the man he had been. He was only too thankful that they could all part, as they did, with the kiss of peace, and walk in the house of God as friends. As Eddi beautifully writes: "*Illa die omnes episcopi se invicem osculantes et amplexantes, panemque frangentes, communicaverunt, et gratias agentes Deo omnis hujus beatitudinis, in pace Christi ad sua loca remearunt.*"¹

But Wilfrid was not to know much more happiness here on earth. He brooded over the troubled and divided state

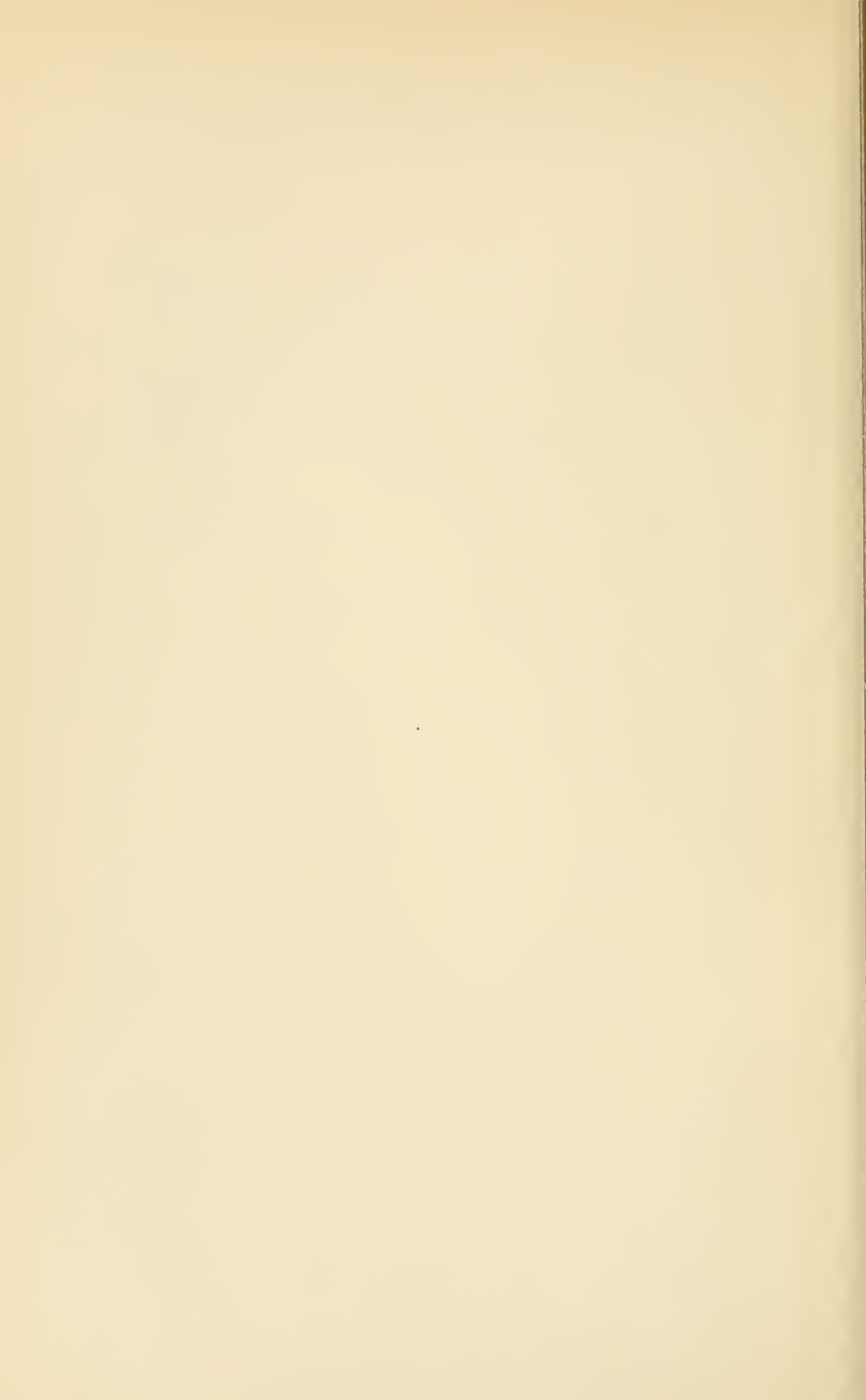
¹ See Life of S. Elfleda, Feb. 8

of the Church, and the desolate condition of the monasteries he had founded. He felt almost certified how long he had to live, that his work was well-nigh done, and it was with feelings of resignation rather than of triumph that he received his own again at Hexham and Ripon. He was once more attacked by the sickness which had overtaken him at Meaux—probably low fever, brought on by over-exertion and want of rest telling on an enfeebled frame. But at the earnest prayers of the brethren, this was again removed. At Ripon he disposed of his worldly goods, which he divided into four portions—one for Rome, one for the poor, one for Ripon and Hexham, and one for his friends: Tatbercht, his kinsman, he made president of the monastery at Ripon. Then he thought he felt well enough to go and die at Rome, taking Mercia on his way, whither he had been invited by Cœnred, the king, to inspect the monasteries. Looking forward to ending his days at Rome, he could thank God and take courage. Instinct told him, perhaps, that it was hardly well for him to end his career in the midst of a Church which he had filled with bitterness and discord by his pride and partizanship. He must die with his face set towards Rome, to which he had turned through life.

Having passed through Yorkshire, he reached the Humber, and crossed that "broad sea stream;" then, landing at Winteringham, he passed along the Roman road by Lincoln and Stamford to the monastery he had dedicated to S. Andrew at Oundle. There the old sickness again overtook him, and he felt that the time spoken of by S. Michael was now at hand. Having given his blessing to the weeping brethren, he calmly turned his head to the pillow, and, as he lay, listened to the voices in the adjacent choir. Just as they were singing "*Emittes Spiritum Tuum, et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terræ,*" the man of strife quietly fell asleep, in the seventy-fifth year of his age and the forty-sixth of his



S. WILFRID BAPTISING.



pontificate, October 12, A.D. 709.¹ His office says "that death by which he entered into the joy of his Lord was not death, but sleep, the gate of death was to him but the gate of life immortal. Nor did death conquer him; rather was it swallowed up in victory—'Abiit ergo, non obiit.' Nor was his light quenched: it still lightens all that are of the household of God. Therefore was death to him but a short sleep, that he might pass into the inheritance of the sons of God, as it is written, 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'"²

Wonderful singing of unseen birds was heard as his spirit passed away, and there were some who thought it was the welcome of the angels. When they had washed the body over the *sinclon* of an abbot, they clothed it in pontifical garments, laid it on a bier, and carried it to Ripon with psalms and canticles. Here, amid a great concourse of people, they buried it in the church which he had built, on the south side of the altar, with a long epitaph over him, which is preserved by Bede. The *sinclon*, somewhat soiled by the feet of those who had washed the body, was sent to a certain abbess, who reverently cleansed it, and a nun who was paralytic begged that she might wash in the water, trusting in the Lord that she should receive health. No sooner had she dipped her hand into the water, and touched the sheet, than her fingers, which had been like dry sticks, recovered their suppleness and life. Robbers tried to fire the holy house at Oundle where he had died, but the fire forgot its own nature, say the chroniclers, and leaped back from the thatched roof. Nor would it burn any nearer to the house than a wooden cross which had been erected where they poured out the water at the washing of the body. The robbers were terrified by a vision of an angel in white holding

¹ The day would fall on a Saturday in that year, and the psalm in which the text occurs is one of those sung on Saturday at Matins.

² In octava S. Wilfridi, Lectio 1^{ma}.

a cross, and some were struck with blindness. At the anniversary of his death, a light was seen over Ripon minster, about the time of compline, in form like a rainbow, but all of pearly white, and like the rainbow accepted as a sign that God would not forsake His people. Miracles were supposed to have been wrought at his reputed tombs, but not nearly so many as were attributed to some later saints. There is the same uncertainty as to where his bones actually rest as there has been with respect to those of S. Cuthbert and S. Bede at Durham, and bodies of distinguished persons in other places. One set of chroniclers, at the head of whom stands Eadmer the monk of Canterbury, say that S. Wilfrid's bones were translated thither. According to his account, this was done by Archbishop Odo, who visiting Ripon in the 10th century and finding the church desolated by the Danes, forsaken by men and defiled by beasts, opened the grave of S. Wilfrid, and taking away his bones, placed them within the high altar at Canterbury, considerably leaving the dust for Ripon. An anonymous chronicler of Jervaux, quoted by Leland (*Coll. i. 216*), gives Dunstan the credit of this translation. It is stated by Eadmer that Lanfranc afterwards enshrined the relics on the north side of the altar;¹ and some think they rest at Canterbury still. The North-country tradition is that the remains of Wilfrid the Second were removed by mistake, and that those of the saint remained in the grave on the south side of the altar until translated by Archbishop Oswald to the north side, and there enshrined. That they were placed in a richer shrine by Archbishop Gray in 1224, the head being kept separately in a case of gold. Be this as it may, the Ripon people firmly believed all through the Middle Ages that their saint's bones were still in their midst, while the Canterbury folk

¹ In a sermon of Eadmer there is reference to visions and wonderful sounds heard in connection with Wilfrid's tomb at Canterbury.

maintained that Wilfrid's bones were as surely there as were those of their own S. Thomas. The acts of archbishops Oswald and Walter Gray just mentioned formed subjects of lectures for the feast of the Translation.

The known connection of the saint with the church of Ripon during life, and the belief that most of his bones¹ were there, proved a source of fame and wealth in the Middle Ages. It was one of the four mother churches of the Northern Province, the others being York, Beverley, and Southwell. Special privileges of sanctuary, and the right of using the ordeal, were supposed to have been granted by Athelstane. "S. Wilfrid's burning iron" and the "Pokstane" are constantly mentioned in the fabric-rolls as sources of income, being used against murrain and other diseases of cattle on payment of a fee. The proceeds diminished greatly during the few years preceding the Reformation, as was the case with S. Cuthbert's shrine at Durham, and doubtless with others. The Ripon roll of 1540 records the abolition of the burning iron, which was perhaps the identical instrument which had been previously used in the ordeal by fire, and which may have been supposed to retain supernatural efficacy of a different kind. S. Wilfrid's banner, like that of S. Cuthbert and others, was carried to the wars. The chroniclers Richard and John of Hexham mention its being hung on the "standard" at the battle of Northallerton, A.D. 1158, with those of S. Peter and S. John of Beverley. Twysden ("Decem Scriptorum," p. 339) gives representations of the standard copied from a MS. in Corpus Christi College Library at Cambridge, but they do not show any characteristic devices. The "arms" attributed to S. Wilfrid, in the Middle Ages were, *Az.* three estoils *or.*

¹ York claimed to possess not only two of his *Evangelisteria*, richly adorned with gold and silver (Ripon, as we have seen, had a *Textus S Wilfridi*), but one of his arms, in a silver case. Archbishop Gray found not even one of the smallest bones missing; perhaps he acquired the arm for York.

Many churches were dedicated to him, but, strange to say, none in Sussex, where his labours have not been thus recognized until our own day. His name is written in letters of gold in the Durham *Liber Vitæ*. Some writings have been ascribed to him, but on very doubtful authority. He was of too restless a disposition to sit down and write books, or to give himself to study after he had once become involved in the hurry and excitement of such a life as his was.

If we now briefly review the history of his career in reference to his character, tastes, and disposition, we may observe that from his very boyhood he showed a strange power of fascination over the hearts of men, making friends wherever he went. But when he had attained to manhood, his independence and force of character, his haughtiness and violence of temper, generally brought him into collision sooner or later with those whose friendship he had gained. He seems to have been easily turned for a time from any project he had in hand, if he saw an immediate opportunity of work for Rome, and though impetuous and undaunted by nature, he knew when to bide his time, and when he had gained a point was not always impatient to establish it. He lived in stormy times, and had to adapt himself to circumstances of which we can form no true conception. He was, no doubt, a courtier, ever managing to keep right, if possible, with kings and popes and other great people. The Church was often reminded of this on his festivals by the antiphon "*Magificavit eum in conspectu regum, et dedit illi coronam gloriæ.*" Some have accused him of duplicity and of unworthy ambition, possibly unfairly. There are such things as moral statecraft and sectarian ambition. These as a rule seem to have characterized Wilfrid's proceedings. He certainly had an active and at the same time orderly frame of mind, which could find satisfaction in nothing short of the discipline of Rome, which to the best informed minds of that day seemed,

as it probably was, the nearest approach to earthly perfection. He was energetic and persevering in all that he undertook, and "everything he took in hand was attuned to the lofty tone of a dignified and philosophical mind, far in advance of the age in which he lived."¹ Blame certainly attaches to him for having stood out so long against the division of his enormous see, caring only for his own interests, and utterly disregarding in the matter the welfare of religion in the vast diocese which he could not possibly govern single handed. His remarkable love of official pomp and splendour was combined, as has so often been the case, with the practice of the strictest personal austerities. While affecting an exaggerated austerity, he delighted in lavish and even royal pomp, dazzling the nobles whom he delighted in browbeating. His tastes were unquestionably refined and enlarged by his visits to Rome and Lyons and elsewhere, and we have seen how he delighted to introduce into the rude North-country of his birth such glorious buildings, such sumptuous ornaments and books, such august and solemn ritual and music, and may we not add, such sweetly sounding bells, as he had become acquainted with in Southern Europe. As a young man, he is described by his friend Eddi as "courteous to everybody, physically active, a quick walker, ready for every good work, never of a sad countenance," and of his earliest years we have already spoken on the same authority. Beautiful in childhood, comely in youth, doubtless he was noble-looking in manhood, and venerable in old age. In art, he is represented as a bishop or archbishop, sometimes holding a book, sometimes with a ruined tower in the distance, or with a ship, or with no distinguishing emblem at all. The tower may refer to his restorations of ruined minsters, the ship to his adventure on the Sussex coast (p. 308). In the Galilee at Durham was "the picture

¹ Walbran, "S. Wilfrid and the Saxon Church of Ripon." A paper read in 1858.

of Wilfridus, Bishop, in fyne couloured glasse, as he was accustomed to say masse, with his myter on his head and his crosier staffe in his lefte hand, under whose feet is [was] written ‘*Sanctus Wilfridus, primo Lindisfarnensis Monachus, post Abbas Ripensis, ultimo Archiepiscopus Eboracensis, uno anno rexit episcopatum Lindisfarnensem*’ (“Rites of Durham”). In York Minster, Methley Church, and doubtless in many other places, he appeared associated with SS. Gregory, Augustine, and Paulinus. The feast of his translation was observed in the northern province on the 24th of April, and that of his “deposition,” or burial, on the 12th of October, both of which days occur in the York Calendar. Within the parish of Ripon, the feast of his nativity was kept in addition to these, as a Double of the first-class, on the Sunday next after S. Peter ad Vincula, or Lammas Day, still known as Wilfrid Sunday. The eve of this day, once ushered in by the antiphon, “*Laudes vespertinas, bone Jesu, suscipe, et boni festum celebrantes Wilfridi, ab omni noxa custodi,*” is at present marked by a rude pageant, in which low buffoonery is the most harmless feature. The name of S. Wilfrid occurs in the Hereford Calendar on the 12th of October, but not at all in Sarum or Aberdeen. In the modern *Officia Propria* for Roman Catholics in England and Ireland, the 12th of October, on which day he is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology, is provided for as a Double, with the old York Collect and three proper lections.¹

¹ This biography is from the pen of the Rev. J. T. Fowler, Vice-Principal of Bishop Hatfield’s Hall, Durham. I have not, however, scrupled to make some alterations, as I could not assent to the favourable view he maintains of the character of the Saint.

October 13.

- S. CARPUS, *Disc. of S. Paul at Troas*; 1st cent.
 S. THEOPHILUS, *B. of Antioch in Syria*; circ. A.D. 181.
 SS. FAUSTUS, JANUARIUS, AND MARTIALIS, *MM. at Cordova*;
 circ. 310.
 S. FLORENTIUS, *M. at Thessalonica*; 4th cent.
 S. LUBENTIUS, *P.C. at Cobern on the Moselle*; 4th cent.
 S. VENANTIUS, *Ab. of Tours*; end of 5th cent.
 SS. FYNCAVA AND FINDOCHA, *VV. in Scotland*; 8th cent.
 S. CONGAN, *Ab. in Scotland*; 8th cent.
 S. SIMPERT, *B. of Augsburg*; A.D. 809.
 S. GERALD, *Count, C. at Aurillac in Auvergne*; circ. A.D. 909.
 S. COLMAN, *M. in Austria*; A.D. 1012.
 S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, *K. at Westminster*; A.D. 1066.
 S. LUKE, *Ab. at Armento in Calabria*; A.D. 1193.
 SS. SEVEN FRANCISCANS, *MM. in Morocco*; A.D. 1221.

S. CARPUS.

(1ST CENT.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology. Ado, Usuardus, Notker, and Modern Roman Martyrology.]



ARPUS was a Christian at Troas, with whom S. Paul states that he left a cloak,¹ which he requests him to bring with him when he visits him. According to Hippolytus and the Paschal Chronicle, Carpus was bishop of Beræa in Thrace, and he is commemorated as such in the Greek Church on May 26. The Greek Menæa and Menology on this day commemorate another Carpus, Bishop of Thyatira, who is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology on April 13.

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 13.

S. THEOPHILUS, B. OF ANTIOCH.

(ABOUT A.D. 181.)

[The "Mart. Parvum," Ado, Usuardus, Notker, and other Latin martyrologies, the Modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Euseb., "Hist. Eccl.," iv. c. 24; S. Jerome, "Catal. Script. Eccl.," c. 25.]

THEOPHILUS was brought up in the darkness of paganism, and he only learned the doctrines of Christianity by reading the sacred Scriptures for the purpose of combating them. But the study of these books, and especially of the Prophets, convinced him of the truth of Christianity.¹ We know no details of his career till the year 168, when Eros, fifth bishop of Antioch, died, when Theophilus was elected in his room. Eusebius says: "There are three books containing the elements of the faith, addressed to Autolycus, which are ascribed to Theophilus, whom we have mentioned as Bishop of Antioch. Another also, which has the title, 'Against the heresy of Hermogenes,' in which he uses testimony from the Revelation of John, and also some catechetical works. And as the heretics, no less than than at any other time, were like tares destroying the pure seed of apostolic doctrines, the pastors of the churches everywhere hastened to restrain them as wild beasts from ravaging the fold of Christ. Sometimes they did it by their exhortations and admonitions to the brethren, sometimes more openly contending with the heretics themselves, in oral discussions and refutations, and then again confuting them in written works. Theophilus, therefore, with others, also contended against these, as is manifest from a work of no mean character, written by him against Marcion, which together with the others we have mentioned, is still preserved. He was succeeded by Maxi-

¹ Ad Autol., i. 14.

minus, the seventh from the apostles in the church of Antioch."

It is uncertain how long he reigned: according to Eusebius, eight years, but according to others twelve or thirteen. The latter supposition is the most probable; for his work addressed to Autolycus was certainly written after the death of Marcus Aurelius, consequently after A.D. 180. The three books to Autolycus have alone survived.

SS. FAUSTUS, JANUARIUS, AND MARTIALIS, M.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 310.)

[Ado on Nov. 9 and Sept. 28. Usuardus on Oct. 13, so also the Modern Roman Martyrology. Maurolycus, Greven, Molanus, and others on Sept. 28. The Spanish Martyrologies on Oct. 13. Authority:—The Acts which are trustworthy.]

FAUSTUS, Januarius, and Martial, three Christians of Cordova, were brought before the governor Eulogius, and when they refused to sacrifice were slung on the "little horse," but without the pain shaking their confidence and faith. Eulogius then ordered the ears and noses of Faustus and Januarius to be cut off, and as they remained steadfast, the three martyrs were consumed by fire. The "invention" of their relics took place in the year 1575. The church of S. Peter in Cordova was being repaired, when a stone sarcophagus was dug up containing bones and skulls of eighteen bodies. Popular opinion at once concluded that these were the bodies of the three martyrs, with some extra sufferers. This pious conjecture was affirmed to be true by a papal bull of Gregory XIII.

S. FLORENTIUS, M.

(4TH CENT.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menologies*. Introduced by Baronius into the Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Mention in the *Menæa*.]

FLORENTIUS of Thessalonica, a very zealous Christian, was hung on the "little horse," and his sides torn with iron rakes; then, more dead than alive, he was cast into a burning pile of wood and consumed.

S. LUBENTIUS, P.C.

(LATTER PART OF 4TH CENT.)

[Venerated in the diocese of Trèves, and specially at Cobern on the Moselle. Authority:—A Life by an anonymous writer, and of uncertain date, in the *passionale* of the monastery of Arnstein.]

S. LUBENTIUS was given by his parents when a little child, to S. Martin at Tours, and was by him baptized and adopted as his son. He was afterwards committed to S. Maximinus, Bishop of Trèves, to be by him educated for holy orders, and when Lubentius had reached a suitable age, Maximinus ordained him priest.

Maximinus died in 349 when visiting his relatives in Aquitain, and his successor, S. Paulinus, ordered Lubentius to proceed to Aquitain and recover the body of the bishop. He seems to have been ignorant of the whereabouts of the place where Maximinus was buried, and as Aquitain was a large district, he rambled about it in great uncertainty. One day, however, he heard a shepherd boy swear at a straying sheep that he would rattle his stick about its sides, "By

Maximin I will, if you leave the flock again!" Lubentius rushed upon the young shepherd and insisted on being told where lay the body of the Maximin by whom he swore. The lad indicated the nearest church.

- Lubentius said nothing more on the matter, lest he should excite suspicion, but he and his companions in the night got into the room of the sleeping custodian, stole the church keys, unlocked the doors, made off with the dead body, and conveyed it safely to Trèves. Having accomplished this task, he returned to his pastoral charge at Cobern on the Moselle, where he died in the odour of sanctity.

When he was dead, the people of Cobern, delighted at the prospect of having the body of a saint in their church, proceeded to the house and endeavoured to remove the body. But no. The dead man lay immovable. Nothing could persuade him to stir an inch. The people prayed, but he remained inflexible. Then they got angry, and would have fallen on the corpse and battered it, had not a certain reverend man interposed and advised that the body should be placed in a boat and allowed to float up or down the Moselle as it liked, and pick its own place of burial.

This was done. Below the town the banks were lined with people, excited, eager, hoping the boat would ground at their respective villages. But no; it drifted on with the dead man in it, past Winningen, Moselweis, and did not even rest at Coblenz. But now, marvellous to relate, the skiff, instead of descending the Rhine, when it had entered that river, headed up it, and attracted by the beauties of the Lahn, the dead Lubentius steered up that rapid river. Ems was unsuitable. Nassau, a lovely green meadow between rocks covered with birch and beech, did not arrest it. Diez, one day to be crowned by a picturesque castle; Limburg rock, which a cathedral would surmount with seven spires, was refused; and when the scenery was dull, and the hills

fell away, the skiff grounded before the solitary rock of Dietkirchen ; and there Lubentius lies at this present day. Such is the romantic legend which takes the place of probably a very prosaic translation.

SS. FYNCANA AND FINDOCHA, VV.

(8TH CENT.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. In the Scottish Menology of David Camerarius S. Fyncana on Aug. 21, and S. Findocha on May 31.]

THE Aberdeen Breviary says that Fyncana and Findoch died respectively in 526 and 716. But Hector Boece says that they were daughters of S. Donevald, or Donald (July 12), who, with his nine daughters, is said by local tradition to have led a religious life in the glen of Ogilvy, in Forfarshire, where they are still remembered as the Nine Maidens. After his death they are said to have gone to Abernethy. Boece, however, makes only seven maidens. The church of Finaven was dedicated to the Nine Maidens, so also was Strathmartin. There is a Nine Maiden Well there, and in the park at Glamis. But there were other nine maidens brought over by S. Bridget—chief of whom was S. Mazota (Dec. 23)—who are often confounded with the daughters of S. Donald.

In the Breviary of Aberdeen is a note or rubric that Fyncana was venerated at Echt in the diocese of Aberdeen, and Findocha at the archidiaconate of the diocese of Dunblane, this is probably Findo-Gask. At Bendochy, near Cupar Angus, there was anciently a chapel at S. Phink, dedicated to that saint ; a small part of the ruins remain.

S. CONGAN, AB.

(8TH CENT.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Tamlacht and Donegal Martyrologies on Aug. 2, as S. Congan or Coemgen. But this cannot be the same as the Scottish S. Congan.]

S. CONGAN, more correctly Comgan, brother of S. Kentigerna and uncle of S. Fillan, was the son of a prince of Leinster, and was in youth trained as a soldier. On succeeding his father, he governed his dominions with prudence and rectitude; but, on being attacked by his neighbours, he was conquered, and obliged to fly, wounded in the foot by an arrow. His sister Kentigerna was married to Feradach, Prince of Monchestree. According to Irish accounts Congan was the son of Ceallach Cualann (d. 715), Prince of Leinster, and forefather of the O'Kellys, who possessed Rathdown in the county of Dublin till the 14th century. The expulsion of Congan from his kingdom led also to that of his sister and her sons. Accordingly Congan, with Kentigerna and her son Fillan,¹ and seven clerks, betook themselves to Lochelch in Northern Argyle, where they led a severe life. After the death of his uncle, S. Fillan built a church in his honour, and buried him in Iona. There are in the neighbourhood of Lochelch two churches, Kilchoan (Congan) and Killellan (Fillan), which bear record to the truth of this story.

¹ The Aberdeen Breviary makes her the mother of Fillan, Furzey, and Ultan, but SS. Furzey and Ultan were sons of Finnloga, Prince of South Munster, by Gelges, daughter of Adhfinn, Prince of Hy-Brinn in Connaught. Fillan, or Foilan, was brother of S. Furzey, but this was not the same Fillan as the son of S. Kentigerna.

S. SIMPERT, B. OF AUGSBURG.

(A.D. 809.)

[Roman and German Martyrologies. Canonized by Pope Nicolas V. in 1450. Authorities :—A life by Adalbert, Prior of S. Ulrich's, Augsburg, A.D. 1240.]

S. SIMPERT, or Sindebert, was a nephew of Charles the Great, according to some modern authors, but no good grounds for such a statement can be produced. He spent his early life in the abbey of Murbach, near Colmar, and on the death of Tasso, Bishop of Augsburg, in 778, Charlemagne selected him to be his successor. After the death of Abbot Amicho of Murbach he was elected abbot in his room, so that he ruled at the same time an extensive diocese and an important monastery. He rebuilt the church of S. Afra at Augsburg, and greatly benefited by endowments the abbey of Füssen.

S. COLMAN, M.

(A.D. 1012.)

[German Martyrologies. Authority :—A Passion by Ercenfried, Abbot of Mülk, d. 1163.]

IN 1012, when Henry I. was Emperor of Germany, a Scottish or Irish pilgrim travelled through Austria on his way to the Holy Land. His name, he said, was Colman. Ignorant of the language, he created suspicion among the peasants, and was dragged before a magistrate on the charge of being a spy. The poor fellow was unable to explain in German what he was and whence he came, and his silence was regarded as all the more suspicious. The judge

ordered him to be racked till he confessed, but the rack would not teach him German, and a smith was allowed to wrench off pieces of his flesh with hot pincers. He was then hung with a couple of malefactors. Some miracles being supposed to be wrought by his dead body, he was as hastily concluded to be a saint as he had before been regarded as a spy, and lively imaginations setting to work on the theme, transformed him into a Scottish prince, son of Malcolm III. and Margaret. Scottish historians are of course profoundly ignorant of this.

The place of the martyrdom of Colman was Stockerau. The body was afterwards translated to and enshrined at Mölk. Various indulgences have been granted by Paschal II., Clement VI., Innocent IV., and Leo X. to those venerating the relics.

S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, K.

(A.D. 1066.)

[Canonized by Alexander III. in 1161, and the festival appointed for Jan. 5. In 1163 the body was translated, on Oct. 13; on which day his principal festival is now kept. A national council at Oxford in 1222 commanded his festival to be kept throughout England as a holiday. Authorities:—(1) A life by Aelred of Rievaulx, d. 1166. (2) A second life written before 1074, pub. by H. R. Ward, in "Rer. Britann. Med. Aevi Script." iii. (3) "La Estoire de Seint Ædward le Rey," an old French epic poem, written by a monk of Westminster in 1245. (4) The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. (5) Florence of Worcester, d. 1118. (6) William of Malmesbury, d. 1143. (7) Ordericus Vitalis, d. 1144. (8) An Icelandic *Játvarthar Saga*, pub. Copenhagen, 1852. (9) "Encomium Emmæ," by a contemp. writer; &c.]

ON the death of Ethelred II. in 1016, many of the English, wearied with the incessant conflict with the Danes, resolved to elect Cnut, or Canute as he is commonly called, king of the English. But those who remained faithful to the old

house of the Saxon princes held an election in London, and chose Edmund, son of Ethelred, in his room, and he was crowned in the cathedral of S. Paul's by Archbishop Lyving. Canute held Wessex, which now included the whole of England south of the Thames, but on an uncertain tenure, as the gallant Edmund entered Wessex, and defeated the Danes at Pen Selwood. Canute besieged London, but Edmund again defeated him, at Brentford.

Edmund died, after a glorious reign of seven months, on S. Andrew's day, leaving behind him two sons, Edmund and Edward. Of his brothers three at least were living, Edwy, son of Ethelred the Unready, by his first wife, and Alfred and Edward, the sons of Emma of Normandy.

On the death of Edmund Ironside, Canute established himself without resistance over the whole realm. Alfred and Edward, sons of Ethelred and Emma, escaped with their mother to Normandy, and the two sons of Edmund, Edward and Edmund, were sent by Canute to King Olaf of Sweden, who sent them into Hungary to S. Stephen, that they might be beyond the reach of Canute, who desired their deaths, and had requested Olaf to destroy them. Edmund died young, but Edward lived, and eventually married Agnes, niece of Gisela, wife of S. Stephen.

In 1017 Canute sent over to Normandy for Queen Emma, widow of Ethelred, and married her. She must have been somewhat advanced in life, for it was fifteen years since her marriage with Ethelred, and Canute was a young man, only twenty-two. Queen Emma is said to have made Canute promise that he would leave the crown to one of her children by him, should she have any through her second marriage. Edmund and Edward, her sons by Ethelred, remained in Normandy under the care of Duke Richard. In 1026 Richard of Normandy died, and his successor, Richard III., died very soon after. Then, in 1028, Robert, the

younger son of Richard II., succeeded his brother. He was the father of William the Conqueror. The Norman writers inform us that he meditated doing something to advance the claims of his cousins to the throne of England, and that he sent a fleet against Canute, but that it was driven back by contrary winds, and some of the ships were wrecked.

Emma, now queen of the English for the second time, had become the mother of two children by Canute, Hardacanute and Gunhilda. Canute died in 1035, at the age of forty, and was succeeded by his son Harold, by Elgiva, daughter of Earl Alfhelm. Harold took the kingdom north of the Thames, whilst the south was relinquished to Hardacanute. The latter, however, was in Denmark, of which he was king, and during his absence his dominions in the south of England were governed by his mother Emma and Earl Godwin. Godwin was a very remarkable man: risen apparently from obscurity, he forced his way by his abilities to a position of the highest trust and power. Very early in the reign of Canute he was made an earl, and shortly after Earl of all Wessex, and viceroy when Canute was out of England. When Canute died, Godwin remained Earl of the West Saxons under Hardacanute, Harold, and Edward.

In the year 1036 Alfred, the eldest of the surviving children of Ethelred, was murdered, and the name of Godwin was implicated in the foul deed. The story is told variously. Though Hardacanute had been made king over part of England, he stayed in Denmark, and great discontent was felt in Wessex at his not visiting his dominions. It was most likely this which induced Alfred, son of Ethelred and Emma, to leave Normandy and venture into England. He hoped to profit by this discontent, and secure for himself the crown of Wessex. It does not appear that either Emma or Earl Godwin, or any one else, invited him, but it is quite certain that he came over, bringing with him a good many

Norman followers. It is uncertain whether he met his mother or not. According to some accounts she was exasperated at his intrusion ; and, in alarm lest he should wrest the crown from her favourite son, Hardacanute, she herself had a hand in the bloody deed. Earl Godwin met Alfred at Guildford, but did not arrest him, nor interfere with his progress, and it is not improbable that he secretly sympathized with his attempt. But Alfred was shortly after taken by the servants of Harold, his companions were killed, tortured, or mutilated, and he himself was conveyed to Ely, where his eyes were put out, and he soon afterwards died. Godwin has been charged with this crime by later historians, but the evidence is against his having had any share in it. Godwin was not the minister of Harold, but of Hardacanute, and he had opposed the election of Harold. Godwin probably saw that before long the popular impatience of Hardacanute would lead to the union of Wessex with the north of England under the sceptre of Harold, and he may have feared that in this event his prospects would not improve. Far safer for him to have a Saxon prince his master in Wessex. His interest lay in protecting and favouring Alfred, not in putting him out of the way.

Next year, 1037, the people of Wessex got tired of waiting for Hardacanute, and Harold was chosen king over all England. Queen Emma was driven out of the land, and took refuge with Baldwin of Flanders at Bruges. Harold died in 1040, and was succeeded by Hardacanute. He crossed at once to England with sixty Danish vessels, and the first thing he did was to levy a heavy tax on the whole land to pay his Danes. He then caused the body of his half-brother Harold to be dug up, and thrown into a fen. An accusation was then trumped up against Bishop Lyving of Worcester and Earl Godwin of having caused the murder of Alfred. Hardacanute deprived the bishop ; but Earl

Godwin took oath of his innocence, and bought his exculpation at the price of a magnificent ship, manned by eighty picked men, well armed.

Shortly after Hardacanute deprived Archbishop Elfric, to whom he had given the bishopric of Worcester, and reinstated Lyving; so that there seems no doubt that the king did not believe in Lyving's guilt. Queen Emma returned to England in 1040, and then her son Edward came over from Normandy and lived at the Court of Hardacanute.

In the year 1042 Hardacanute died, and Edward was almost unanimously elected king of the English in his room, through the united influence and persuasion of Bishop Lyving and Earl Godwin. Edward was anointed and crowned king on Easter Day, 1042, at the age of forty. He was a mild, pious, but feeble prince: his heart, weaned from the world, sought comfort in religion, and the cares of government were a painful distraction to a mind musing on heavenly things. From his infancy he had been addicted to prayer. He assisted daily at the holy Sacrifice, visited churches and monasteries with assiduity, and loved the converse of churchmen. He was modest in his comportment and sparing in his words.

Earl Godwin became the king's chief adviser, and nearly two years after his coronation, in January, 1045, Edward married Godwin's daughter, Edith.

Ingulf of Croyland says: "He married Editha, the daughter of Earl Godwin, a lady of exquisite beauty, of exceeding erudition, of exemplary conduct, of humble piety, and throughout the whole of her life an unsullied virgin; mild and retiring in character, she was not imbued with any of the rude and barbarous manners of her father and brothers; true and honourable in mind, she excited the enmity of no one; so that she deserved the eulogium of the well-known verse, 'As the thorn the rose, so Godwin begat Editha.'

Many a time have I, when a boy on a visit to my father at the king's court, beheld her, and often has she met me on my return from school, and questioned me about literature and my composition, and then, diverting the conversation, as she much liked to do, from grammatical accuracy to the trifling subtleties of logic, of which she was a perfect mistress, when she had reduced me to silence by a cunning train of argument, she has directed her attendant to present me with three or four pieces of money, and then sent me to the royal buttery, feasted me, and sent me off." Unfortunately Ingulf is not to be trusted. His work is, if not a late forgery, at all events so amplified by a later hand with fraudulent purpose, as to be undeserving of confidence. His account of himself is full of anachronisms, consequently we can put no trust in his statement that Edith was an unsullied maiden to the day of her death. William of Malmesbury, writing in 1142, just a century later than the reign of Edward, says: "She was a woman whose bosom was the school of every liberal art, though little skilled in earthly matters; on seeing her, if you were amazed at her erudition, you must absolutely languish for the purity of her mind, and the beauty of her person. Both in her husband's lifetime and afterwards, she was not entirely free from suspicions of dishonour; but when dying, in the time of King William, she voluntarily satisfied the bystanders of her unimpaired chastity by an oath. When she became his wife, the king acted towards her most delicately, and knew her not. I have not been able to discover whether he acted thus from dislike to her family, or out of pure regard to chastity;¹ yet it is most notoriously affirmed that he never violated her purity."

As soon as Edward was crowned, accompanied by the

¹ Roger of Wendover says: "Whether he acted thus from hatred of her father, or from love of chastity, is uncertain; but the presumption is strong that the pious king was unwilling to beget successors of a traitor stock."

three great earls, Godwin, Leofric, and Siward, he rode to Gloucester, where his mother Emma was living. She had not shown any love to him or his brother Alfred, but had transferred her maternal affections to her children by Danish Canute. Edward resented this, and his first act after his coronation was to swoop down on her, "and the king caused all the lands which his mother possessed to be seized into his own hands," says the Saxon chronicle, "and he took from her all that she possessed in gold, and in silver, and in things unspeakable, because she had before held it too closely from him. And soon after, Stigand was deposed from his bishopric, and all that he possessed was seized into the king's hands, because he was nearest to his mother's counsel, and she went just as he advised her, as people thought." Florence of Worcester adds that he kindly allowed her the necessaries of life, and "ordered her to remain quiet."

Not long after, Edward banished Gunhilda, niece of King Canute, with her two sons, probably because they had opposed his election.

But if Edward was implacable against those who had not been liberal towards him when he needed money, or who had opposed his coming to the crown, he was ready enough to favour those who had befriended him. In Normandy he had contracted many friendships, and when he became King of England these Normans swarmed about him, asking for preferment. Edward good-naturedly gave them what they wanted. He put a Norman monk into the bishopric of London, and he gave that of Dorchester to another Norman, named Ulf, a bad man, who, as the chronicles say, "did nothing bishop-like."

This nominee of the king went to Rome for confirmation, but Pope Leo "almost broke his staff," as the Saxon chronicle says, because Ulf was so ignorant that he could scarcely read

the missal or breviary. But Ulf bribed those around the Pope and secured the bishopric. In 1050, Eadsig, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and the monks of Christ Church elected to the vacant throne one Elfric, an Englishman. Earl Godwin urged the king to confirm the election, but he would not hearken to his advice, or regard the rights of the electors, but appointed to the archiepiscopal see his Norman favourite, Robert, to whom he had given the bishopric of London. There had not been a foreigner archbishop of Canterbury, perhaps not bishop of any see at all, since Theodore of Tarsus. And now, as if there were nobody in England good enough for any high place, these Normans were given bishoprics and other high offices, and were generally set to suck up the fat of the land. Even those who did not stay in England to hold estates and offices, came over to see the king, and to get presents from him. Archbishop Robert especially was always foremost in mischief; he tried to set the king against Earl Godwin and those of the English who were about his person. The king's sister Godiva had married Drogo, Count of Mantes, and her son Ralph had an earldom, and other Normans large estates in the island, and they erected strong castles on them after the Norman fashion, oppressed the people and reduced them to vassalage. This was very galling to the English, who could not endure the feudal despotism which had been growing up in France, and which was alien to their free institutions. Presently there came a crash.

Godiva had lost her husband, the Count of Mantes, and she married Eustace, Count of Boulogne, who shortly after his marriage came over, like other people, to see his brother-in-law, and get from him estates or money. Then he set off on his way home, laden with presents. On reaching Dover he and his retainers went to the house of one of the principal citizens, and wanted to force their way in and lodge there uninvited,

as conquerors might treat a subjugated people. The master of the house refused to admit the haughty strangers, and a skirmish took place between the Normans and the people of Dover, who rushed to revenge their fellow-citizen, whom the Normans had killed for refusing them hospitality.

If we may trust Roger of Wendover, "The earl and his comrades in great wrath slew a number of men and women, and trod their children under their horses' feet." In the fight, about twenty people on each side were killed,¹ but at length Eustace and his men were driven out of the town. They returned to the king, who was at Gloucester, and told him their story. Edward was so incensed, that he ordered Earl Godwin to march with troops at once to Dover, and severely chastise the town for having insulted his Norman brother-in-law. Godwin peremptorily refused to stain his hands in blood for such a matter. He told the king that no man in his earldom should be put arbitrarily to death without a fair trial by jury, as instituted by King Alfred. French vassals might submit to be chastised like curs at the caprice of their lords, but this free Englishmen would not endure. If the men of Dover had committed a crime, let their magistrates be brought to trial before the Witenagemot, and tried fairly. This language ill pleased the king's French favourites; they represented to him that in their land a sovereign prince, or noble, might chastise his vassals at will, and was supreme judge of their conduct. And they incensed him more and more against Godwin, whose freedom of speech in defence of right had somewhat galled his spirit.

Godwin, finding that the king was set against him, assembled with Earls Sweyn and Harold at Beverstone in Gloucestershire, on the top of the Cotswolds near Tetbury. Meanwhile the king sent to Siward, the Danish Earl of

¹ Roger of Wendover says that eighty Normans were killed, but this is an exaggeration.

the Northumbrians, and to Leofric, Earl of the Mercians, and to his nephew, the French Earl Ralph, and got together an army. But the great bulk of the people flocked to Earl Godwin, as the protector of their rights and liberties. Then, as the king had done no justice, Earl Godwin demanded that Edward should banish his Norman friends from their earldoms, where they oppressed their subjects, and that the earldoms should be given up to them. The king refused, as his army was eager to attack Earl Godwin and his Anglo-Saxons. But the great earl did not dare to bring matters to a bloody conclusion, and it was agreed that the matter should be referred to the Witenagemot. When the wise men assembled, Godwin and his sons were summoned before them. They declined to attend unless the king would pledge his word that they should be allowed to come and go safely, and would deliver hostages in pledge of his sincerity. This the king refused to do, so Godwin and his sons would not appear before the Witenagemot. The assembly therefore pronounced them contumacious and outlawed them. So Earl Godwin and his wife Gytha, and their sons Sweyn, Tostig, and Gurth, took refuge with Baldwin, Count of Flanders, at Bruges.

It is probable that the pride and power of Godwin had created jealousy and alarm. He was right in his demands, and he took up arms in the defence of the right, but underneath all lay, or was thought to lie, ambition to advance his own family. This may explain the conduct of the wise men in outlawing him and his sons. Godwin's sons Sweyn and Tostig and Gurth accompanied him to Bruges, but Harold and Leofwin, his two other sons, went to Ireland, where they were well received by Dermot, King of Leinster.

As soon as Godwin and his sons were disgraced and outlawed, King Edward turned on his wife Edith, the daughter of Godwin, and treated her much as he had treated his

mother. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says: "Then put away the king the lady who had been consecrated his queen, and caused to be taken from her all which she possessed, in land, and in gold, and in silver, and in all things, and delivered her to his sister at Wherwall."¹ At the same time he expelled Sparhavoc, Bishop of London, and thrust upon the diocese his Norman chaplain, William. The abbey of Abingdon he gave to a Norman bishop, Rudolf. The earldom of Somerset, Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall was given by the king to a kinsman—probably another Norman—named Odda.

As soon as Godwin was gone, Edward felt relieved of the dictation which interfered with his surrounding himself with Normans. He was visited then by William, Duke of Normandy, his cousin, and it was then that Edward made to him the unfortunate promise which cost England her best blood, and led to her conquest. William always based his claim to the throne on a promise made him by King Edward at this time. The crown of England was elective, so that Edward could not leave it to whom he would, but he was so imbued with French despotic notions which he had imbibed in his youth in Normandy, that he may have thought he could do so. And at this time he was full of bitterness against Godwin and his sons, so that he probably made the promise to William in the hopes of excluding Godwin's family from the throne, and in his bigoted preference for Norman despotism over the freedom of English institutions.

William and his companions received many gifts from King Edward, with which they returned to Normandy.

In 1052 died the queen's mother, Emma, at Winchester, and was buried beside her second husband, Canute. She

¹ Florence of Worcester and Roger of Wendover say, "He sent her away ignominiously, with one servant."

seems to have been a hard, selfish, and unscrupulous woman. Scandalous stories were circulated about her intercourse with Bishop Alwyn of Winchester, and she was put to the ordeal by fire, but walked unharmed over red-hot ploughshares. Such is the story told by historians like Brompton (A.D. 1198) and Knyghton (A.D. 1395), but the story is imported from the legend of S. Kunegund (A.D. 1040), the wife of Henry II. of Germany. No historian to whom much credit is due records it.

Things did not prosper in England under Norman rule. Griffith, King of North Wales, burst into Herefordshire and harried the country as far as Leominster. Frequent skirmishes took place and much blood was shed, the Welsh generally proving victorious; the whole frontier was in a condition of alarm and distress.

Meanwhile, Earl Godwin and his sons thought of coming home again. They got the Marquis Baldwin, and Henry, King of the French, to plead for them, but in vain; the Norman favourites of the king had his ear, and would not suffer him to hearken. Accordingly Godwin and his three sons who were with him in Flanders, sailed for England, and simultaneously Harold and Leofwin came over from Ireland with nine ships. King Edward sent a fleet to Sandwich to watch for Godwin, under the Earls Ralph and Odda, but a storm drove back the ships of Godwin. When he sailed again, King Edward found that his English sailors and soldiers would not fight under their Norman chiefs against the English earl, and Godwin landed on the 14th September, A.D. 1052, in London. The king made every effort to collect an army. "But," says Florence of Worcester, "as there were few men of any courage, either on the king's or on Godwin's side, who were not Englishmen, nearly all shrunk from fighting against their kinsfolk and countrymen ;

so that the wiser sort on both sides interfered to restore peace between the king and the earl, and both armies received orders to lay down their arms. The next morning the king held a council, and fully restored to their former honours Godwin, and his wife, and all his sons. . . . The king also took back with due honours Queen Edith, the earl's daughter, and restored her to her former dignity. The alliance being renewed and peace established, they promised just law to all the people, and banished all the Normans who had introduced unjust laws and given unrighteous judgments, and in many things had influenced the king to the disadvantage of his English subjects."

When the two French bishops, Robert of Canterbury and Ulf of Dorchester, heard the decision of the Witenagemot, they mounted their horses and galloped out of the east gate of London, cutting down with their long Norman broadswords all who opposed them, till they got to the coast, when they sailed away in a crazy ship, and never came back. Bishop William of London went away also, but he was recalled, for he was a good and holy man, and the English people bare no ill-will against him. Next morning the Witenagemot met again, and Earl Godwin rose and made a speech, and said that he and his sons were guiltless of the charges raised against them; and he was reinstated in his earldom, and all his sons were taken back into favour with the king.

Next year, 1053, at Easter, died Earl Godwin, whilst feasting with the king. An idle story was invented concerning his death, which has been reported by the Norman chroniclers, who held him in peculiar detestation. According to this tale, whilst Godwin was feasting with the king, the cupbearer's foot slipped, and he would have fallen had he not stayed himself up with the other foot. Then said Godwin,

“So brother helpeth brother.” “I had a brother once,” said Edward; “he would have helped me hadst thou not slain him.”

Then said Godwin, “Many a time have I been charged by thee with this murder of thy brother Alfred. Now I call God to witness that I am innocent. If not, may this piece of bread choke me.” And he took a morsel of bread from the table and put it in his mouth. It stuck in his throat and he died.¹

This malicious story rests on no foundation. The English wept for Earl Godwin as for their friend and father, the defender of their liberties, a true Englishman at heart; but they rejoiced that he had left a worthy son to walk in his ways. For when Godwin died, Harold, his son, was made Earl of the West Saxons, and from this time Harold became the greatest man in the kingdom. He and King Edward were very good friends, and Harold in fact governed the kingdom, leaving the king ample leisure for his theological musings and devotions. Edward was very fond of hunting.

“There was one enjoyment in which he chiefly delighted,” says William of Malmesbury, “which was, hunting with fleet hounds, whose opening in the woods he used with pleasure to encourage; and again, with the pouncing of birds whose nature it is to prey on their kindred species. In these exercises, after hearing divine service in the morning, he employed himself whole days. In other respects he was a man by choice devoted to God, and lived the life of an angel in the administration of his kingdom. To the poor and to the stranger, *more especially foreigners*, and men of religious orders, he was kind in invitation, munificent in presents, and

¹ The story is contradicted by the account of Florence of Worcester, who says that the earl was taken ill at the banquet, and carried to the king's room, where he lingered on for five days, and then died. He evidently was struck with apoplexy.

constantly inciting the monks of his own country to imitate their holiness. He was of a becoming stature, his beard and hair milk-white, his countenance florid, fair throughout his whole person, and his form of admirable proportion." Elsewhere William of Malmesbury says of him : " He was a man from the simplicity of his manners little calculated to govern, but devoted to God, and in consequence directed by Him. For while he continued to reign there arose no popular commotions which were not immediately quelled ; no foreign war, all was calm and peaceable both at home and abroad, which is the more to be wondered at, because he conducted himself so mildly that he would not even utter a word of reproach to the meanest person. For when he had gone out once hunting, and a countryman had upset the standings by which the deer are driven into the toils, struck with noble indignation he exclaimed, ' By God and His Mother ! I will serve you just such a turn, if ever I have the chance.' Here was a noble mind, which forgot that he was a king, under such circumstances, and could not think himself allowed to injure a man even of the lowest condition." William of Malmesbury rightly attributes the tranquillity and prosperity of his reign to his having been under the control of master minds : Siward, Earl of Northumbria ; Leofric, Earl of Hereford ; and Harold, son of Godwin, Earl of the West Saxons. " However indolent and unassuming he himself might be esteemed, he had nobles capable of elevating him to the highest pitch."

It will be hardly necessary to relate the political events of the remaining years of King Edward's life, as whatsoever was done in repelling and crushing the Welsh, and in fighting the Scots, was done by his great Earls Harold and Siward. He had no part in the wars and victories, and no credit attaches to him for the breaking of the Welsh power, or for the defeat of Macbeth.

In 1055, as King Edward had no children, he sent an embassy into Germany to the Emperor Henry III., and one object of the embassy was to get the emperor to send into Hungary for Edward the Etheling, son of Edmund Ironside, who was now the only representative of the old royal race. King Edward was then aged fifty-two. In 1057 Edward the Etheling came to England with his children, but did not meet his uncle the king, for he died on his arrival in England, and was buried in S. Paul's, leaving a son, Edgar, a child.

King Edward remitted the tax called the Danegeld, which had been imposed on the nation in 1000, and which was money for bribing the Danes not to molest the English. When Canute was king he continued the tax, and paid with it his Danish fleet. It continued to be collected under Hardacanute, and also under King Edward, though the excuse for the tax was gone. But Edward saw this and remitted it, to the great joy of the English. According to the legend the king was taken into his treasury to see the pile of gold at his disposal, collected under the name of Danegeld, and he exclaimed that he saw a devil dancing on top of the heap. He therefore ordered it to be dispersed among the poor, and refused to have the tax again imposed on the English.

During his exile in Normandy, S. Edward made a vow to perform a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostles at Rome, should God give him the throne of his father. When made king he thought about fulfilling his vow, but when he pro-pounded before the Witenagemot his intention of making his pilgrimage, the council protested that it was impracticable, and at last made the king understand that it was folly for him to think of leaving the kingdom to shift for itself whilst he was absent. Edward consented to refer the matter to Leo IX., who then sat in the chair of S. Peter. Aelred,

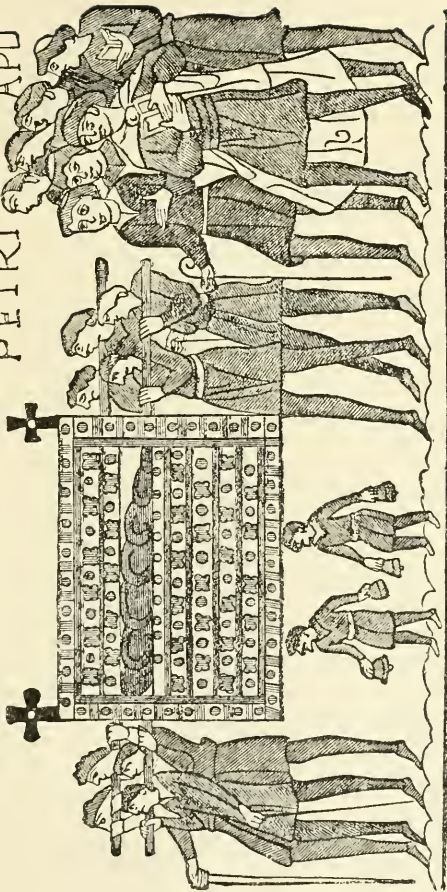
Archbishop of York, Heriman, Bishop of Winchester, and two abbots were despatched to Rome on this errand. The Pope dispensed with the vow on condition that Edward should give to the poor the money which his journey would have cost him, and also should build and endow a magnificent abbey dedicated to S. Peter. King Edward having received this brief, pitched on Westminster as the site of his foundation. The year 1065 was a troubled one. The Northumbrians were not content under the rule of Tostig, their earl, son of Godwin, and brother of Harold. He was a rough, stern governor, and he compassed his ends by unjustifiable means. In 1064 a Northumbrian thane named Cospatric had come to the Court of King Edward. Tostig bore him some grudge, and he sent private intimation of his wish to see him made away with to his sister, the learned and pious Edith, the queen. Edith at once had him murdered at Court, whilst the Christmas festivities were being carried on. Tostig also murdered two thanes, Gamel, Orm's son, and Ulf, Dolfin's son, in his own chamber at York.

"Soon after the feast of S. Michael," says Florence of Worcester, "the Northumbrian thanes Gamelbjorn, Dunstan Athelneth's son, Glonicorn Hjardulf's son, entered York with two hundred soldiers, to avenge the execrable murder of the noble Northumbrian thane, Cospatric, who was treacherously killed by order of Queen Editha at the king's Court on the fourth night of Christmas, for the sake of her brother Tostig," as also for the murder of Gamel and Ulf. Another cause of discontent was the "enormous taxes which Tostig unjustly levied throughout the whole of Northumbria." The rising became general throughout the north; the men of Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire joined them, and marched to Northampton. There Harold went to meet them, and held a great meeting. King Edward

sent, charging the Northumbrians to leave off their rebellion. They in return demanded that Earl Harold should lay their complaints personally before him, and should demand the banishment of Tostig from the king's presence and from the kingdom, otherwise they said they would fight. Harold went to the king with their message, on which Tostig charged his brother most unjustly with having set on the Northumbrians to make these accusations against him. Nothing could be more unlikely, as Harold had no kind of motive for doing so; and Harold indignantly repudiated the charge. But though Harold had no motive to stir up the Northumbrians to rebellion, he had an obvious motive not to push them to extremities. A civil war between the north and south of England would be most disastrous to the whole nation, and rather than have that, he would consent to their just demands, and sacrifice his brother. Whilst he was with the king, the Northumbrians gave earnest of their intentions by plundering Northamptonshire, burning houses and corn, and carrying off hundreds of captives. Harold met them again at Oxford, which the Northumbrian army had now reached. He tried to persuade them to take Tostig back, but they would not hearken. So Morkere, son of Earl Alfgar, was made their earl, and Tostig was outlawed and banished. King Edward was very angry at having to part with his favourite, and at not being allowed to chastise his enemies. But Earl Harold knew that it must be so, and the king had nothing left but to pray that God might punish them, and whether through his prayers or not, certainly the Northumbrians suffered evil enough during the ensuing years.

In 1066, at Christmas, King Edward held his Court at Westminster, and on Holy Innocents' Day caused the abbey he had erected to be dedicated with great pomp to the Prince of the Apostles. But both before and during the solemn festival of the dedication he was ill. As his illness

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FUNERAL OF S. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

The Coffin, covered with an embroidered pall surmounted with two small crosses, was borne on the shoulders of eight men to the Abbey of Westminster, which he had founded. The priests followed, chanting the psalms for the dead, with two clerks sounding the bells.

From the Bayeux Tapestry, 12th Cent.

increased he took to his bed, when, after lying two days speechless, and apparently lifeless, he revived on the third day, and fetching a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Almighty God, if it be not an illusion, but a true vision which I have beheld, grant me strength to tell it to those who are by ; but if on the other hand it be false, I pray Thee withhold from me the power of telling it." After this prayer he said : " I saw just now standing by me two monks whom I had seen in Normandy in my youth, and knew to have lived most religiously, and died most Christianly. These men assured me that they were sent to me with a message from God, and proceeded as follows : ' Forasmuch as the princes, dukes, bishops, and abbots of England are not the servants of God but of the devil, therefore God will within a year and a day deliver this kingdom into the hand of the enemy ; and this land shall be wholly overrun with demons.' On my saying that I would declare this to the people that they might repent, ' It will be to no purpose,' they replied, ' for they will not repent, nor will God have mercy upon them.' ' But when may we hope for a remission of such dire calamities?' I asked. ' When,' they replied, ' a green tree shall be cut down and the head carried far away from the roots, and after this they of their own accord unite and blossom and bear fruit, then may a remission of these evils be hoped for.' " Roger of Wendover appends this remark : " The English afterwards proved the truth of this prophecy ; for England truly became the dwelling of foreigners and felt the yoke of strangers, none of her dukes, or prelates, or abbots being English, nor was there any hope of ending this misery." Roger of Wendover wrote in 1235 ; he took his story from William of Malmesbury, who wrote in 1142.

The story was, no doubt, invented after the Norman Conquest, when popular delusion had exalted Edward into the representative Saint and Patron of the English people.

There was not the slightest probability of his regarding a Norman invasion as the overrunning of the country by demons. He always favoured these insolent foreigners at the expense of his own subjects.

King Edward died on the eve of the Epiphany, Thursday, January 5, 1066, and was buried next day in the minster he had built, and where his body still reposes.

He was the first English king to touch scrofulous swellings and sores for the purpose of healing them. Many came to him to be touched, and every one who asserted that he was healed was rewarded with a gold medal. It was marvellous how many succeeded in persuading the king that they were healed, and thus securing the piece of gold.

The body of S. Edward reposes in a noble tomb in Westminster Abbey.¹

¹ In compiling this Memoir, Mr. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," vols. i. and ii., has been consulted.



October 14.

- S. CALLIXTUS, *Pope, M. at Rome*; A.D. 222.
 SS. FORTUNATA, *V.*, AND HER BROTHERS, *MM. at Cæsarea in Palestine*; A.D. 303.
 S. GAUDENTIUS, *B.M. at Rimini in Italy*; A.D. 355.
 S. CÆLESTIUS, *B. of Metz*; beginning of 4th cent.
 S. DONATIAN, *B. of Rheims*; end of 4th cent.
 S. FORTUNATUS, *B. of Todi in Umbria*; A.D. 537.
 S. MANECHILD, *V. at Châlons*; 6th cent.
 S. RUSTICUS, *B. of Trèves*; circ. A.D. 574.
 S. ANGADRISMA, *V. Abs. at Beauvais*; circ. A.D. 695.
 S. BURCHARD, *B. of Würzburg*; A.D. 754.
 S. COSMAS, *B. of Majuma in Palestine*; A.D. 780,
 S. DOMINIC LORICATUS, *C. at San Severino*; A.D. 1060.

S. CALLIXTUS, POPE M.

(A.D. 222.)

[The ancient Kalendars of Fronto and Leo Allatius, the Martyrology of Jerome, in some copies on Oct. 12, in others on Oct. 14. Bede, Usuardus, Ado, Wandelbert, Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Mention by Eusebius, but especially the "Refutation of Heresies," attributed to S. Hippolytus, B. of Portus. The Acts of the Martyrdom of S. Callixtus are not trustworthy.]



UNFORTUNATELY we have an account of the life of S. Callixtus from one side only, from the pen of a zealous antagonist, probably S. Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus.

Pope S. Zephyrinus, who sat in the throne of S. Peter from A.D. 202 to A.D. 219, was a pious but unlearned and feeble-minded pontiff, desirous of doing what was right, and of upholding orthodox doctrine, but profoundly ignorant of theology, and therefore embracing adverse tenets with all the zeal of which an irresolute mind was capable. He was at one time inclined to favour Noetianism, at another Sabel-

lianism. He fell after a while under the control of a master mind, the able Callixtus. S. Hippolytus vigorously and indignantly opposed Zephyrinus when he proclaimed, "I acknowledge one God, Jesus Christ, and none beside Him, that was born and suffered."

When Zephyrinus died, Callixtus aspired to succeed him, and his canvassing proved successful. Callixtus had been the slave of the wealthy Carpophorus, a Christian in the household of the emperor; he had been set up by his master as manager of a bank in the quarter of Rome called the *Piscina Publica*. The Christian brethren and widows, on the credit of the name of Carpophorus, deposited their savings in this bank of Callixtus. He squandered the money on his own pleasures, and was called to account, fled, embarked on board a ship at Ostia, was pursued by his master, threw himself into the sea, was rescued, brought back to Rome, tried, and sentenced to hard labour on the treadmill. The merciful Carpophorus, says S. Hippolytus, cared not so much for his own losses as for those of the poor widows; and he released Callixtus on the pretext of collecting moneys, which the prisoner assured him were due still, and which, if paid in, would reduce the sum for which the bank had failed.

Callixtus had had dealings with the Jews, and they owed him money, or he pretended that they did. He went into the synagogue one Saturday, and disturbed the service by his clamours for the money. The Jews beat him, and drew him before Fuscianus, prefect of the city, and brought against him the charge of having troubled their religious rites. Carpophorus, hearing that his slave was again in trouble, appeared before the magistrate, and deposed, "Put no confidence in the words of this fellow; he has squandered large sums of money I had entrusted to him; he is no Christian, but he is seeking occasion of death." The Jews insisted on the law being put in effect, and Callixtus was

scourged ignominiously, and transported to the mines of Sardinia.

Marcia, the concubine of the Emperor Commodus, was favourable to the Christians ; Pope Victor used her influence with the emperor to obtain the release of his exiled brethren, and the confessors in the mines were restored to liberty, and returned to Rome. A list of the confessors had been supplied by the Pope. The name of Callixtus was naturally enough not on the list, but when Hyacinthus, the eunuch charged with releasing the captives from the Sardinian mines, executed his office, Callixtus persuaded him to liberate him also, assuring him that his name was omitted by oversight. He accordingly returned to Rome ; Victor, though distressed at the affair, was too merciful to expose the fraud, and Callixtus was sent to Antium with a monthly allowance for his maintenance. There he remained nine or ten years, till recalled by Zephyrinus, the new pope, who placed him over the cemetery which has since borne his name. Callixtus by degrees acquired complete power over the feeble mind of Zephyrinus.

“Zephyrinus did not at first perceive the knavery (*παρουργία*) of the fellow, but he found it out at last, as I shall relate presently,” continues S. Hippolytus. “Callixtus persuaded him to assert publicly that he recognized but one God, Jesus Christ, and that none but He had been begotten and had suffered ; but, as he sometimes added, It was not the Father who died, but the Son, there rose interminable divisions among the people. When I heard these opinions, far from adhering to them, I refuted them vehemently, and fought for the truth. But as all, except myself, flattered his hypocrisy, Callixtus, carried away by rage, called me a ditheist (an adorer of two Gods), and vomited upon me all the venom that was in his breast.”

Having attained the papacy, the first act of Callixtus was to drive Sabellius from the communion of the Church.

“This Callixtus,” continues the author of the “Refutation of Heresies,” “was an impostor, a man capable of doing anything, and in a short while he succeeded in deceiving a great many people. With a heart full of venom, and with no uprightness of spirit, he maintained a certain external respect for the truth. Pressed by the calumny he had brought against me of having professed ditheism, and in order to reply to Sabellius, who reproached him incessantly with having altered the primitive faith, he invented a new heresy: he said that the Word was Son only in name, as was also the Father, but that in reality the Father and the Son were only one indivisible Spirit, and that the Father was one and the same as the Son, and that there was no distinction between them; that all was pervaded by the divine Spirit, whether in heaven or in earth, and that the Spirit incarnate in the womb of the Virgin was not different from the Father, but was but one and the same with Him; and that this is what was meant by the words, ‘Believe you not that I am in my Father, and my Father in Me?’ He added, that the visible part of Christ, the manhood, was the Son, and that the Spirit in the bosom of the Son was the Father. ‘In verity,’ said he, ‘I will never recognize two Gods, a Father and a Son, but only one God. The Father having descended into the Son, deified the flesh which He assumed, and uniting with Him formed but one being, who is called both Father and Son, but who is nevertheless but one God; this God forming but one person cannot be two. Thence it follows that the Father suffered with the Son.’ He has established a school against the Church, for teaching his doctrine, and he, first of all has thought to enlist human passions on his side by promising remission of sins to all. Any one forming a connection with another and calling himself a Christian, if he commit a fault, has only to pass into the school of Callixtus, where nothing is thought of it. Thus, charmed by his

doctrine, a crowd of people, overwhelmed with remorse, and guilty of all kinds of heresies, some excommunicated by ourselves after solemn judgment, have joined his partisans and filled his school. He was the first to lay down the principle that a bishop must not be deposed for his guilty conduct, even though he may have merited death. Under him there have introduced themselves among the clergy, bishops, priests, and deacons who have contracted two or three marriages. And even if some member of the clergy marries he maintains him in his dignity, as if he had committed no fault. If there are women not married who are oppressed by carnal lusts, and who refuse to take husbands among men of rank, he authorizes them to take some one of an inferior rank whom they may choose, be he free or slave, and to regard as legitimate this union which is forbidden by the law. Consequently women who call themselves the Faithful have begun to lace tight and use drugs to procure abortion, not wishing to bear children to a slave or man of low estate, when they are highborn and rich. See to what an excess of impiety this perverse man has fallen, who teaches at once adultery and murder."

In all this, we cannot trust the angry adversary of Callixtus. He reveals to us the existence of two parties in Rome, one indulgent, the other austere. Some declarations of Pope Callixtus, or more probably of Zephyrinus acting under the influence of Callixtus, on the connection of the sexes, had already excited the indignation of Tertullian in Africa, hardened into Montanism. "The Bishop of Bishops," he wrote, "has promulgated an edict that he would remit to penitents even the sins of adultery and fornication. This licence to lust is issued in the stronghold of all wicked and shameless lusts."¹

Callixtus is said to have instituted the Ember seasons.

¹ De Pudicitia.

There is no evidence that he received martyrdom. Hippolytus, although a contemporary, probably wrote his book after the death of Callixtus, for he speaks of his school as "still subsisting;" and he derides the title of martyr given to him, saying that his martyrdom was obtained by his having to appear before the magistrates for his crimes before he became pope. "He confessed the faith indeed when Fuscianus was prefect of Rome, and this is the sort of martyrdom he got." Then he relates how he made a disturbance in the synagogue and was banished to the mines.

It must be remembered that we have only the invective of S. Hippolytus on which to construct the history of the life of S. Callixtus. This is so violent that we may conclude it is much exaggerated. Theological animosity embittered his views of the character of the Pope whose suffragan he was. It seems hardly possible that the electors of Rome should have chosen as their bishop a man who was a convicted swindler. The violence of the author of the "Refutation of all Heresies" was elicited by the ease with which sinners were pardoned by Callixtus. The Pope may have seen that the borders of the Church were extending. If she were to be, as she said she was, the Ark of Noah, containing clean and unclean beasts, or the field full of tares as well as wheat, then it was impossible any longer to maintain the severity of discipline which had been observed in the primitive Church. If the Catholic Church must remain a collection of saints on earth, then she could only be a small community. If, on the other hand, she was to embrace all the sons of Adam, then she must relax her austere discipline to meet the needs of the feeble and the fallen. Callixtus adopted the true view of the vocation of the Church, but his doing so aroused the opposition of a Puritan party, the most advanced members of which took refuge in Montanism.

The relics of S. Callixtus are in S. Maria beyond the



S. DONATIAN, BISHOP OF RHEIMS. After Cahier.

Tiber, at Rome, some bones at Fulda, others at Cysoing, near Lisle; others at S. Michel on the Meuse, near Verdun; a head in the church of S. Sebastian at Rome; an arm in S. Chrysogonus; another arm at S. Maria in Cosmedin; part of an arm in SS. Sergius and Bacchus; and many other bones in other churches of Rome. A head at Valentia, a jawbone at Cologne, part of a head at Prague, &c.

S. FORTUNATUS, B. OF TODI.

(A.D. 537.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Gregory the Great, in his “Dialogues of Miracles,” lib. i. c. 10.]

FORTUNATUS, Bishop of Todi, in Italy, was popularly reported to have performed many miracles. A gentleman had a horse which was so wild that he could not mount it. He led it to the bishop, who made the sign of the cross over it, and tamed it.

The Goths carried off two little boys of the town. Fortunatus sent for their chief and begged him to restore the children to their parents. He refused. Next day the chief was riding through Todi, when his horse slipped on the pavement and fell, and threw him down. He thought his leg was broken, and this in punishment for having refused the request of the bishop. He sent to him at once, promising to restore the two boys. Fortunatus blessed water, and sent it by his deacon, who sprinkled the leg of the Goth with it, and the man got up, and though he found his leg a little stiff, to his great delight satisfied himself that no bones were broken.

S. BURCHARD, B. OF WÜRZBURG.

(A.D. 754.)

[Roman and German Martyrologies. Authorities:—Two Lives, one by an anonymous writer, the other by Egilward, who wrote at the end of the 10th cent. As the anonymous writer does not mention the translation of the relics of S. Burchard in 986, he must have written in the earlier part of the 10th cent.]

S. BURCHARD was a native of Wessex, and probably a kinsman of S. Boniface. He led a monastic life from early youth, and was summoned by S. Boniface to assist him in Germany in 725. He was then in priest's orders. He made two expeditions to Rome, once in company with S. Boniface. He was ordained Bishop of Würzburg by Pope Zacharias in 741, and subscribed the decrees of the Council of Leptines in 742. He built many churches in his diocese, and translated the relics of his predecessor, the martyr Killian. When advanced in age he resigned the see into the hands his disciple Megingaud, and retired to Homburg, a castle, whose ruins may still be seen, on a height above the Maine, near where the Saale flows into it, and there he died. His body was translated to Würzburg, where it now reposes.

S. COSMAS, B.

(A.D. 780.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology.]

S. COSMAS of Jerusalem holds the second place among Greek ecclesiastical poets. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by the father of S. John Damascene; and the two foster-brothers were bound together by a friendship

which lasted through life. They excited each other to hymnology, and assisted, corrected, and polished each other's compositions.

Cosmas, like his friend, became a monk of S. Sabbas, and against his will was consecrated Bishop of Majuma, the port of Gaza, in 734, by John, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the same who ordained Damascene priest.

In the office for the saint in the Greek Church for this day is the following testimony to his powers as a hymnographer :—"Put on a glad countenance, O Church, and call thy children together, that thou mayest with them rejoice for thy sublime preacher. For Cosmas, divine and glorious, the spiritual harp, the divine lyre, calls all to the mystic table, laying before us mellifluous and divinely resounding melodies. . . . O Blessed one! like a trumpet thou proclaimest the passion and miracles of Christ, and singest the sleep of the Immaculate Mother; thou hast rejoiced all, O Cosmas, by the sweet and soft music of thy words."

"Where perfect sweetness dwells, is Cosmas gone;
But his sweet lays to cheer the Church live on,"

says the stichos prefixed to his life.

His compositions are tolerably numerous, and he seems to have taken a pleasure in competing with S. John Damascene, as on the Nativity, the Epiphany, and the Transfiguration, where the canons of both are given. He is the most learned of the Greek Church-poets; and his fondness for types, boldness in their application, and love of aggregating them, made him the Oriental Adam of S. Victor. It is partly owing to a compressed fulness of meaning, very uncommon in the Greek ecclesiastical poets, partly to the unusual harshness and contraction of

his phrases, that he is the hardest of ecclesiastical bards to comprehend.¹

He probably died in A.D. 780, but the date cannot be fixed with certainty.

¹ Dr. Neale, "Hymns of the Eastern Church."

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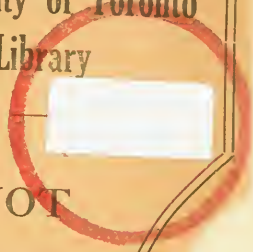
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