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THE
Lives of the Saints

REV. S. BARING-GOULD

SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SEVENTH

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THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

After a Fresco by Masaccio in the Church of S. M. del Carmine at Florence.

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 SEVENTH

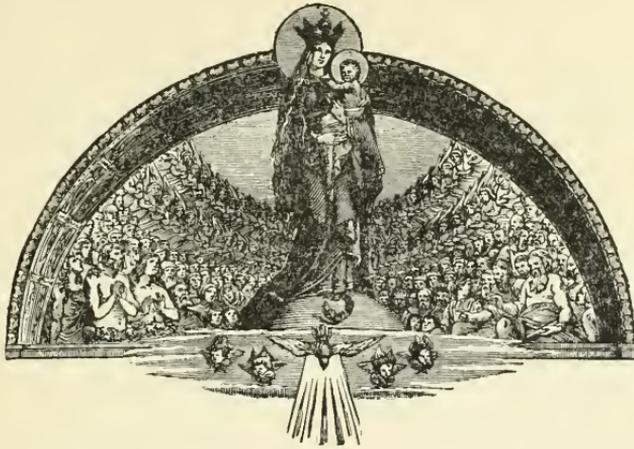
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LIVES OF THE SAINTS

July 1.

- S. AARON, *the First High Priest, and his sister MIRIAM*, B.C. 1453.
S. ESTHER, *Q. at Shushan*, B.C. circ. 470.
S. MARTIN, *B. of Vienne in Gaul*, 2nd cent.
SS. JULIUS AND AARON, *MM. at Caerleon in Britain*, A.D. 304.
SS. CASTUS AND SECUNDINUS, *BB., MM. in Campania*.
S. PAMBO, *Ab. in the Nitrian Desert*, end of 4th cent.
S. HILARY, *P. of Oise, near Le Mans*.
S. FLOREGIUS, *B. at Estaing, near Rhodéz*.
S. DOMITIAN, *Ab. at S. Rembert in the Fura*, 4th or 5th cent.
S. SERVAN, *B. of Orkney*, 5th cent.
S. THEODORIC, *P.H. at Mont d'Or, near Rheims*, A.D. 533.
S. CARILEFF, *P.H. at Aninsole, near Le Mans*, circ. A.D. 540.
S. GALL, *B. of Clermont in Auvergne*, A.D. 554.
S. EPARCHIUS OR CYBARD, *P. Mk. at Angouleme*, A.D. 581.
S. LEONORE, *B.C. in Brittany*, 6th cent.
S. GOLWEN, *B. of S. Pol-de-Leon in Brittany*, 6th cent.
S. SIMEON SALUS, *C. at Emesa in Syria*, 6th cent.
S. RUMBOLD, *B.M. at Mechlin*, 8th cent.
S. REGINA, *Countess of Ostrevandt in Hainault*, end of 8th cent.
VENERATION OF A MIRACULOUS HOST, *in the Church of S. Jean-en-Greve, at Paris*.

SS. JULIUS AND AARON, MM.

(A.D. 304.)

[Roman Martyrology. Not in Sarum or York Kalendars, nor in the martyrology of Bede. Ado is the only one who gives them a day, and that June 22nd, along with S. Alban. Baronius seems to have inserted these names on July 1st, because he found Aaron, the brother of Moses, to be commemorated on that day. Authorities:—Gildas, who is the author of the "*De Excidio Britannicæ*," for an account of whom see June 22nd, p. 295. After the Briton Gildas, a writer of the 7th cent., is Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, B. I., c. 7. Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose testimony is only valuable so far as he is a collector of popular legends and ballads, also mentions Julius and Aaron, V., c. 5, and IX., c. 12.]



ILDAS says that SS. Julius and Aaron, "citizens of Caerleon," suffered shortly after S. Alban. Bede says, "At the same time suffered Aaron and Julius, citizens of Caerleon,¹ and many

¹ "Cives urbis legionum."

more of both sexes in several places, who, when they had endured sundry torments, and their limbs had been torn after an unheard-of manner, yielded their souls up, to enjoy in the heavenly city a reward for the sufferings which they had passed through."

This is a mere paraphrase of the words of the British Gildas, "The other holy martyrs were tormented with divers sufferings, and their limbs were racked in such unheard-of ways, that they, without delay, erected trophies of their glorious martyrdom even in the gates of the city Jerusalem." Geoffrey of Monmouth (d. 1154) quotes Gildas also without acknowledgment, "The other two, *i.e.*, Julius and Aaron, after being torn limb from limb, in a manner unheard-of, received the crown of martyrdom, and were elevated up to the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem." He says elsewhere of Caerleon that "it was in Glamorganshire upon the river Usk, near the Severn Sea . . . it was also famous for two churches, whereof one was built in honour of the martyr Julius, and adorned with a choir of virgins, who had devoted themselves wholly to the service of God; but the other, which was founded in memory of S. Aaron, his companion, and maintained a convent of canons, was the third metropolitan church in Britain."

It will be seen that all derive their information from Gildas, and it is difficult to conjecture whence he drew his. That two martyrs were commemorated at Caerleon is probable enough, but no trustworthy evidence places their martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian. This is a mere conjecture, apparently, of the not very scrupulous or exact author who calls himself Gildas.

Giraldus Cambrensis bears testimony in his Itinerary to there having been the two churches in Caerleon in his day (d. 1223), dedicated to these saints.

SS. CASTUS AND SECUNDINUS, BB., MM.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius. In no Ancient Martyrology are these two names conjoined. Who the Castus is, Baronius inserted in the Martyrology, it is not easy to find out. Castus and Cassius, martyrs in Campania, are venerated on May 22nd, at Sora, but the life of these saints in the Breviary of Capua is an adaptation of the life and acts of SS. Castus and Secundinus in the Breviary of Gaeta. In the Martyrology of S. Jerome (so-called) there are twenty martyrs of the name of Castus, but not one of them in Campania. On May 22nd occur SS. Castus and Emilius, and these saints are again commemorated at Capua on Oct. 6th, on which day probably their bones were translated from Africa at the time of the Vandal invasion, Castus and Emilius having suffered in Africa. Henschenius the Bollandist suspects that the bones of this S. Castus got dispersed among several churches, as those of Sora, Gaeta, and Beneventum, and that a supposition arose that these relics belonged to distinct martyrs of the same name, and then an idea sprang up that they had suffered at Sora, and Gaeta, and Beneventum. The Acts of the Church of Capua, on which Baronius relied so confidently, are spurious. Baronius refers to the life of S. Secundinus, written by Guaipherus. But Guaipherus wrote no life of S. Secundinus, but only an account of the translation of the relics of another saint of this name, bishop of Troja. He quotes also as his authority Gregory, bishop of Terracina, a man of "tenacious memory." But Gregory lived in the 12th cent., and his tenacious memory could not be relied on for events that happened some eight hundred years before he was born. Moreover, the discourse of Gregory of Terracina is on Cassius and Castus, commemorated on May 22nd, and is a mere amplification of the acts of those saints, which in turn are those of SS. Castus and Secundinus with the name, and the locality of the martyrdom accommodated to Sora, and with the addition of various marvels and accumulation of tortures. The Acts of these saints Castus and Secundinus are mere fable, a miserable forgery of the 10th century. Salerius the Bollandist says, "Lego hæc omnia, miror et obstupesco, sed verisimilitudinem quæro . . . quæro auctoritatem, quæ saltem passionem (SS. Casti et Cassii etiam SS. Casti et Secundini) credibilem faciat."]

THE utterly fabulous and untrustworthy Acts, a forgery of a late age, relate that these saints having liberated a demoniac, converted and baptized five hundred people, were arrested by Curvus the præfect, in the city of

Agnaviva, and thrown into prison, where they were daily fed by angels, during thirty years, with heavenly nourishment. Then they were taken forth and thrown to lions, which came and licked their feet. They were cast into a fire, but issued forth unhurt. Next they were stoned and beaten with clubs, but without suffering, and the governor was blinded, whereupon he ordered his officers to carry him away and put him to bed.

In vain does the unfortunate Curvus implore Apollo to restore sight to his eyes. He remains blind, till healed by the saints. Then Curvus has a dropsical man carried into the temple of Apollo, and the God of light invoked to reduce his size, but in vain, whereas when the saints pray, the dropsy disappears. Another attempt is attended with similar results, and the governor, disappointed, orders the bishops to fresh torments with molten lead and stones. Castus and Secundinus pray, and the temple of Apollo crumbles down. Thereupon their heads are struck off with the sword.

There exists no reasonable doubt that on account of the city of Gaeta having possession of some relics of two saints of the name of Castus and Secundinus, of whom nothing was known, some unscrupulous person forged the acts. The church of Capua having also some relics of SS. Castus and Cassius, of whom also nothing was known, cast about for some suitable story, with the elements of popularity in it, which it might appropriate and adapt, and those of Castus and Secundinus were chosen for the purpose. The place where these saints are said to have suffered was Suessa in Campania (Rocca Monfina), but Baronius has altered the site in the Roman Martyrology into Sinuessa (Rocca di Mondragone)—why it is impossible to say; but probably through a mere oversight. The relics, however, are at Gaeta; an arm of S. Castus

was translated to Calvi. The original relics are said to have been brought from Suessa in 969, and the invention of the acts probably took place about the time of the invention of the bones.

S. PAMBO, AB.

(END OF 4TH CENT.)

[The Bollandists; Greven in his additions to Usuardus, Maurolycus, Felicius, and other Modern Martyrologists. On August 27th Baronius inserted in the Roman Martyrology "S. Paemo, anchorite in the Thebaid." He probably meant S. Pambo, anchorite in the Nitrian desert, as no S. Paemo is known to have existed there, nor indeed anyone of that name. Authority:—Mention in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert: Palladius, Lib. VIII., c. 10, and Socrates, Lib. IV., c. 23.]

No consecutive life of this venerable hermit exists, but various incidental notices of him occur in the lives of other great saints of the desert.

He was the master of Dioscorus the bishop, Ammon, Eusebius, and Euthymius, the three tall brothers, in the Nitrian desert, of whom mention has been made in the life of S. John Chrysostom (Jan. 27th).

The Blessed Melania told Palladius that she had paid a visit to Pambo in his wilderness, and had presented him with a silver vessel weighing three hundred pounds. The abbot never even looked up from his rush-weaving, but said, "Here! steward Origen, take it and sell it for the good of the brotherhood," and went on with his platting.

Melania stood expecting some thanks, but finding that Pambo took no more notice of her, said, "Do you know, father, what is the value of my present?"

"He to whom it was offered needs not that you should tell Him," answered the abbot drily.

One day the hermit Pior came to visit him, and when the time to eat arrived, drew forth from his wallet a piece

of bread. "Why have you brought your food with you," asked Pambo. "I did not wish to be a charge to your hospitality," answered Pior.

A little while after, Pambo visited Pior, and at dinner-time drew forth his loaf and some water, in which he sopped his bread. "Why have you brought water and bread, my brother?" asked Pior. "I did not wish to be a charge to your hospitality," answered Pambo.

Two Spanish brothers spent their fortune in different ways—one became an anchorite in the desert, the other built hospitals and convents. When both died, the monks of Pambo's monastery disputed about them, and some thought that the anchorite must have been the most perfect. They appealed to Pambo. "Both," said he, "were perfect before God; there are many roads to perfection, besides that which leads through the desert cell."

Not being learned in letters, Pambo sought a man who could read, to teach him the Psalter. His friend began with the first verse of the 39th Psalm, "I said I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue."

"That will do for to-day," said Pambo, and went his way. He did not return for six months, and was chidden.

"It is hard to learn that one verse," answered Pambo; "I have not mastered it yet." Many years after some one asked him about that verse. "It has taken me nineteen years to learn it, and I am not perfect in it yet," he replied.

Some one gave Pambo gold to be distributed in alms. "Count it," said the donor. "God does not ask *how much*, but *how*," answered the abbot. "Not the amount, but the will wherewith it is given."

At the request of S. Athanasius, Pambo came to Alexandria. He there saw an actress. He burst into tears. "Alas!" said he, "how much less do I labour to please God than does this poor girl to delight the eyes of men."

Two brothers came to visit Abbot Pambo one day, and one asked him, "Father, I fast twice a week and eat only two loaves; shall I save my soul?"

And the other asked, "I pick two pods of beans and give them in alms daily; shall I save my soul?"

Pambo did not answer; they waited four days, but got no reply. Then they were sad and prepared to go, but before departing visited the abbot once more.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"We are going," they replied.

Then looking them fixedly in the eyes, he stooped and wrote in the dust, "Pambo fasts two days a week and eats only two loaves, and does this make a monk of him? Pambo picks two bean-pods and gives them in alms every day, and does this make a monk of him? By no means."

Then he drew himself up, and said after a pause, "Keep your consciences void of offence to your neighbour, and so shall ye be saved."

A brother said once to Pambo, "How is it that the Divine Spirit never allows me to be charitable?"

"Don't say the Divine Spirit," said the abbot impatiently; "say, 'I don't want to be charitable.'"

He read the vehement, tyrannical bishop Theophilus of Alexandria a lesson when Theophilus visited him. "Speak to the patriarch," said the monks, when Pambo remained silent. "If he will not learn a lesson from my silence, he will learn none from my words," said the abbot, and turned away.

Theodore, abbot of Phermæ, visited him and asked him to give him good advice. "Be merciful to all," answered Pambo. "There, go thy way."

"If you have a heart you will be saved," was another of his pithy sayings. And again, "A monk should only wear such a dress as no one would pick up if cast abroad."

When Pambo lay a-dying, he said: "I thank God that not a day of my life has been spent in idleness, never have I eaten bread that I have not earned with the sweat of my brow!" and then, "I thank God that I do not recall any bitter speech I have made for which I ought to repent now."

Pambo had asked of Antony, at the outset of his monastic career, what he should do, "Never trust in your own merits, never trouble yourself about transitory affairs, keep a check on your stomach, and learn to hold your tongue," was the advice of Antony, and on this he acted through life.

S. FLOREGIUS, B.C.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. At Rhodéz on July 5th. Authority:—The Acts divided into nine lections in the Breviary of Estaing, in Rhodéz. These Acts are utterly untrustworthy. The first lesson recites how Pope Pontius summoned all the bishops of Gaul and Aquitain, and especially Floregius, bishop of Auvergne, to consult concerning Arianism and the false, barbaric, baptism usual in Gaul. Now there never was a pope called Pontius; nor does a bishop of the name of Floregius occur among the prelates of Auvergne. According to another account he opposed the Albigenses. This, of course, throws him much later. Altogether he is a saint most difficult to fix in history.]

ACCORDING to the Breviary Lessons of the church of Estaing, "Pontius" the pope summoned all the bishops of Gaul together in council at Rome, to determine measures against the Arians, who baptized improperly. The council met, and the pope ordered all the Gallican prelates to return to their sees and build in each of their cities a church dedicated to S. John Baptist, and set the font therein, and dedicate altars to the Baptist, and forbid all baptisms being performed in any other churches throughout

their dioceses. Having received this decree, the bishops returned with great joy to their homes.

S. Floregius on his way tarried at Vercelli, on the eve of the Ascension. With him was Clarius, abbot of Riez, who succeeded S. Amandus.¹ Floregius entered the church, when he was seized on, and required to say mass the next day. Next morning he washed his hands, and a blind man having applied the water to his eyes recovered his sight.

On reaching Riez, he was attacked with fever, and there died, and was buried in Riez.

Such is the story, destitute of all historical value.

S. SERF OR SERVAN, B.C.

(5TH CENT.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Culross Kalendar, and those of Adam King and Dempster. Authority.—The Aberdeen Breviary.]

S. SERVAN, Serf or Sernan, or in Aberdeenshire S. Sair, was a companion of S. Ternan and S. Ninian, and laboured with them in the conversion of Scotland. There would seem to have been two saints of this name, or perhaps there are two distinct legends of his life, which led to the opinion that there were two Serfs. The oldest Irish documents make him a Pict by his mother's side. The tract by Ængus the Culdee on the mothers of the saints in Ireland, says Alma, daughter of the king of the Cruithne (Picts), was mother of Serb, or Serf, son of Proc, king of Canaan or Egypt. He evangelized the west of Fife and the district on either side of the Ochils. Joscelyn's life of S. Kentigern describes S. Servan as living at Culross, and training up many boys in sacred learning. This, of

¹ No abbey existed at Riez, and what S. Amandus is meant is not clear, but perhaps it is S. Amandus, bishop of Maestricht; but he never was abbot of Riez.

course, would throw the date of S. Servan later, as S. Kentigern died about A.D. 601. He is sometimes said to have preached in the Orkneys, but there is no earlier authority for this statement than Hector Boece. Much fabulous matter is related of him, as that he was twin brother of Generac, and son of Obed, son of Eliud, king of Canaan, by Alpia, daughter of the king of Arabia, that on the death of Obed, Servan renounced his claims to the throne in favour of his brother, and having studied under the bishop of Alexandria, was by him ordained, and by the choice of clergy and people was elevated to the patriarchate of Jerusalem, which he occupied seven years. Then he went to Rome, where he was made pope, and reigned in the chair of S. Peter seven years. But all these dignities he counted as nothing, and resigned them, caring only to end his days ministering to the Scottish people. The Aberdeen Breviary, however, says plainly that he was a Scot by birth, *i.e.*, an Irishman, and that "he lived under the ritual and forms of the Primitive Church" till the coming of S. Palladius, sent by Pope Celestine, and the introduction of the Roman ritual. By Palladius he was consecrated bishop. A story is told in one of the lections of the Breviary which reminds one of a similar tale in the Edda, and is probably an adaptation to the travels of Servan of the myth of the journey of Thorr. One night Servan and his company lodged at the house of a very poor man who had nothing to give them, save his one pig, which was forthwith cut up and eaten, but the bones were carefully preserved from being broken. Next morning the pig came grunting to the door, restored to flesh and life by the virtues of the saint.

S. Serf took up his abode in a cavern in Dysart, where he terribly exorcised the evil spirits. The devil, unable to frighten him out of the cave, tried conclusions with him in

another way, He entered into a poor man and filled him with a ravenous appetite. He ate, and ate, and still the wolf within asked for more, and though he ate cow and calf, sheep and lamb, the poor man remained as gaunt as of yore. At last the relations, fairly eaten out of house and home, brought the man to S. Servan, who caught a flea,¹ clapped it into the fellow's mouth, saying, "That will satisfy him!" and the devil fled with a howl. One night a robber broke into S. Servan's cell, and finding a sheep roasted in his larder, sat down, and did not rise till he had consumed it. This was not the same man as the one who had been satisfied with a flea. Next day S. Servan met the fellow, and charged him with having robbed his larder. The man swore that he was innocent, but was instantly convicted, for the sheep began to bleat in his stomach.

Three blind, three lame, and three deaf Highlanders (de Alpius) came to him to be cured; he bid them bathe thrice, and this novel and startling remedy proved efficacious.

S. THEODORIC, P.H.

(A.D. 533.)

[Gallican and Modern Roman Martyrologies. Usuardus, Maurolycus, &c. Authorities:—A life by Flodoard, in his history of the church of Rheims, written about A.D. 966; and an earlier life published by Mabillon and the Bollandists, from which Flodoard probably drew most of his information.]

THEODORIC, or Theudric, son of Marquard of Anancourt, or Alamann, as the place was then called, near Rheims,

¹ "Servanus vero pulicem in os ejus profuit;" perhaps it was his thumb, "pollicem," and not a flea, "policem."

was brought up by S. Remigius, and as soon as he was of age, was married by the advice of his parents to a girl of suitable rank. But Theodoric at once informed his bride that his purpose was to live as a monk, and she, in disgust, left him.

Theodoric then applied to Susanna, a venerable woman at Rheims, who was regarded as a proficient in the religious life, and asked her to give him advice. She recommended him to seek out a spot on the forest-grown Mont d'Or, near Rheims, where he might build a monastery. He went into the forest with Susanna, and saw a white eagle circling round the top of one of the hills, and took that as an indication of the site of his monastery.¹

He had the satisfaction of seeing his father Marquard embrace the religious life under him, and not less to hear that his bride, who really had been passionately attached to him, unable to bear the thoughts of an union with anyone else, after having given her young heart to Theodoric, had retired from the world into the cloister.

King Thierry, son of Clovis, is said to have been cured of ophthalmia by the saint touching his eyes with oil. His relics are preserved at S. Thierry, near Rheims.

S. CARILEFF, P.H.

(ABOUT A.D. 540.)

[Usuardus, Wandelbert, Hrabanus Maurus, Notker, Gallican Martyrology. In French he is called *S. Calais*, or *Calts*, Authorities:—A life by S. Siviard, abbot of Aninsole, d. 687.]

S. CARILEFF was monk at Menat, in the diocese of Clermont, when the restless S. Avitus, whose life has

¹ After the erection of the famous abbey of S. Thierry, the miraculous eagle used to be seen circling in the clear blue sky above the abbey every year.

already been related (June 17th), entered there. Avitus, dissatisfied with the house, the crowd of monks, the worldly concerns which the management of a large monastery with extensive lands forced upon the attention of the brethren, ran away, and persuaded the like-minded Carileff to accompany him. They boated across the Loire,¹ and attracted by the fame of S. Maximus at Miscy, near Orleans, placed themselves under his direction, and there S. Carileff was ordained priest. But Avitus and Carileff longed for a more solitary life, and flying from Miscy, plunged into the great forest which covered La Perche.

France was at that time covered with great forests which had encroached on land that had been in cultivation under the Roman rule. The devastations of barbarians had depopulated the country which had formerly sustained flourishing cities and villages, and the fertile soil was everywhere usurped by copse-wood, where the maple, the birch, the aspen, and the witch-elm, prepared the ground for a more imposing growth of trees, and, still worse, by thickets of thorn and brambles of formidable extent and depth, which arrested the steps, and tore the raiment and skin of the unfortunates who ventured there. But within this over-growth of copse were vast forests filled with magnificent trees, whose interlaced boughs and canopy of leaves flung a solemn twilight on the ground beneath, only here and there broken, where the winter storm had cast down a veteran oak, and through the gap in the leafy roof the sunlight fell warm and yellow on pink foxgloves and fluttering butterflies.

The intermediate regions between the old forests, occupied by copse and scrub, were with too much justice

¹ So in the life. Menat is on the Sioule in Auvergne. How they had to cross the Loire to reach Miscy is not obvious; probably, however, they went to Orleans before they retired to Miscy or S. Mesmin. Miscy is situated at the junction of the Loire and Loiret.

entitled *deserts*, because the population had abandoned them, till the hermits brought back fertility and life. In the east of France, occupied by the Burgundians, on the north of the Rhone alone, six great deserts existed at the end of the sixth century,—the desert of Réome, between Tonnerre and Montbard; the desert of Morvan; the desert of Jura; the desert of the Vosges; the desert of Switzerland, between Bienne and Lucerne; and the desert of Gruyère, between the Savine and the Aar.

Advancing further north, the wooded regions became more extensive. Even in the provinces least depopulated and best cultivated, through the most favourable soils and climates, long wooded lines extended from north to south, and from the rising to the setting sun, connecting the great masses of forests with each other, surrounding and enveloping Gaul as in a vast network of shade and silence.

We must imagine Gaul and all the neighbouring countries, the whole extent of France, Switzerland, Belgium, and both banks of the Rhine covered with forests. We must picture to ourselves these vast tracts of sombre and impenetrable wood, covering hills and valleys, the high tableland as well as the marshy bottoms; descending to the banks of the great rivers, and even to the sea; broken here and there by water-courses which laboriously forced a way for themselves across the roots and fallen trees, perpetually divided up by bogs and marshes, and swarming with game, and wolves, and bears.

Into such a region did the two friends retire, and there for a while they disappeared. In the deep forest of La Perche they found a glade clear of trees, where sprang up a pure fountain, and there they built their cell. But in course of time the fame of S. Avitus spread, and a monastery rose beside the fountain. The noise of the felling of trees alternated with the burst of melody from

the chanting monks, a broad road was formed from the sunlit outer world through the green vault of forest to the oasis of S. Avitus, and the world flowed in through the opening made. At least so thought S. Carileff, and one day he and a companion, Danmer, fled away to the desert near Le Mans, and finding in the rank copse the ruins of an old Roman villa, at the place since called Aninsole, he took up his abode among the relics of ancient civilization. A neglected vineyard remained, the vines had run wild, and yielded scanty fruit; Carileff pruned them and tied them up to stakes. One day whilst thus engaged, the weather being hot,—it was spring-tide,—he took off his hood and hung it on an oak, till his labour was ended. Then on returning to resume his hood, he found that a wren, the smallest of the woodland birds, had laid an egg in it. The good hermit rejoiced, and left his hood to hang, and serve as a nest for the wren.

Having satisfied himself that he had found a suitable spot in which to settle, Carileff returned with Daumer to Miscy to give to the venerable Avitus an account of what they had seen; and when the abbot heard of how little Jenny Wren had taken possession of the hermit's hood as her nest, he rejoiced and said, "That is no accident. Return thither, and there shall a monastery arise some day."

So Carileff returned to his ruins, and there abode unknown to men.

The tenderness he had shown to the little wren was extended to other animals, especially to a noble buffalo which allowed him to pat it, and rub its shaggy neck, and returned every day to the cell to receive the caresses of the hermit. It was a pleasure, says the biographer, to see the old man standing by the side of the monster, gently rubbing him between his horns or along his enormous

dewlaps and the folds of flesh round his strong neck, after which the animal, grateful, but faithful to its instinct, regained at a gallop the depths of the forest.

King Childebart, son of Clovis, arriving in Maine, with Queen Ultrogotha, to hunt, heard with joy that a buffalo, an animal already become rare in the forests of Gaul, had been seen in the neighbourhood. All was arranged next day that this extraordinary chase might prove successful. The bows and arrows were prepared, the trail of the beast followed at break of day, the dogs were led forth in leash, and then slipped, and allowed to follow, giving voice with full mouth. The biographer of S. Carileff gives us the details with the enthusiasm of an old hunter.

The terrified buffalo fled for refuge to the cell of his friend, and when the huntsmen approached, they saw the man of God standing beside the beast to protect it. The king was told of it, and, hastening forward, cried in a furious tone, when he saw Carileff in prayer, and the buffalo tranquil beside him, "How are you so bold, unknown wretches, as to invade thus an unconceded forest of my domains, and to trouble the success of my hunting?"

The monk attempted to calm him, and protested that he had come there only to serve God apart from men, and not to despise the sovereign authority, or to disturb the royal game.

"I order thee," answered the king, "thee and thine, to leave this place instantly; woe to thee if thou art found here again!" Having said this he went away scornfully. But his temper speedily cooled down, and when the hermit produced some wine he had pressed from the vines of the old Roman vineyard, the king alighted, drank of the wine, and though he found it bad enough, kissed the venerable hand that offered it, and in return for his hospitable gift, promised to give the saint as much ground as

he could ride round in a day, mounted on his ass. In this enclosure rose the abbey round which has sprung up the existing city of S. Calais.

Returning to the queen, Childebert told her his adventure. Ultrogotha, already much interested in the monks, was eager, in her turn, to see the holy recluse. She sent to ask his permission to visit him, promising, if he consented, to give him full possession of the entire domain of which he occupied only a part. But Carileff obstinately refused her request. "As long as I live," he said to the envoy of the queen, "I shall never see the face of a woman, and no woman shall ever enter my cell. And why should this queen be so desirous of seeing a man disfigured by fasts and rural toil, soiled and stained like a chameleon? Say then to the queen that I will pray for her, but that it does not become a monk to sell the sight of his face to a woman, and that, as for her lands, she must give them to whom she will. Say to her that the monks have no need of great possessions, nor she of my blessing; all that she can hope to receive from us, her servants, she shall have, without leaving her house."

In turning over the soil around the ruins, S. Carileff found a pot of silver Roman coins, and used the money in the construction of a monastery, which rapidly filled with monks, and at the head of which he died, in or about the year 540.

S. GALL, B. OF CLERMONT.

(A.D. 554.)

[Not in any ancient Martyrologies, but in many modern ones, as those of Menardus, Bucelinus, Saussaye, and in the Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—A life by his nephew Gregory of Tours (d. 594), in his *Vitæ Patrum*.]

S. GALL was the son of Gregory and Leocardia, of noble
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family in the city of Arverna, now Clermont, in Gaul. Gregory drew his descent from Vettius Epagathus, one of the martyrs of Lyons, of whom mention is made in the famous letter of the churches of Lyons and Vienne, given by Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History.¹ Gregory desired to find a suitable maiden to whom the boy might be espoused, but Gall took the opportunity of his father's absence from home on this business to fly to the monastery of Cournon, not far from Clermont, where he was kindly received by the abbot, who asked him what he wanted. The boy said that he desired to have his long fair hair shorn off, and to be made a novice. The abbot hesitated, and asked his name. When he knew who the boy was, he bade him wait till his father had been informed and consulted.

Gregory, on hearing that his son was in the monastery, said: "He is my first-born, and I had hoped to see him well married; but if he desires to live to God alone and serve Him, then God's will, not mine, be done."

So the boy was received as a novice, and was tonsured. But after a while, the bishop, S. Quintinian, coming to the abbey, was taken with his engaging manners and pleasant exterior, and withdrew him from the monastery, that Gall might be his disciple, and that he might train him for the priesthood.

Gall had the most lovely voice for singing, and when his father died, and he inherited his large possessions, King Thierra insisted on his coming to court, where he made the lad sing to him, to the great delight of the king and the queen, both of whom loved him as their own son. At that time the king brought many of the clergy from Clermont and placed them in the church of Treves, but he would not give any preferment to Gall, as he was too much

¹ Lib. V., c. 1.

attached to him to bear to part with him. One night, whilst the king was at Cologne, the young man set fire to a temple in which pagan rites were perpetrated.¹ The people chased him, armed with swords and spears, and he took refuge from them in the palace. In after years he regarded his having run away as an act of cowardice, and regretted that he had not stayed near the burning temple to be killed.

On the occasion of his re-visiting Clermont in 527, the bishop, Quintinian, died, and the inhabitants assembled in the house of Impetratus, a priest, the uncle of Gall, to consult on the election of a successor. Impetratus was resolved that his nephew, Gall, then in deacon's orders, should have the bishopric; but he did not divulge his plan, but skilfully divided the meeting, so that it broke up without having come to any decision. Then hastening to his nephew he said: "My son, there must be no delay; fly to the king, and tell him what has taken place here, and if the Lord inspires him with the will to give you the bishopric, we will thank Him." But Gall could not keep his counsel; he was lying in bed when a priest came in to speak to him, and began, as might be expected, to talk of the rumours afloat, touching who was to be the new bishop.

"What is the use of the people troubling their heads about it?" asked Gall, from his bed. "They are taking trouble for nothing. I am going to have the bishopric, and now I am off post-haste to the king; and mind, when you hear that I am on my return, bring forth the late bishop's horse to meet me, that I may ride into Clermont on its back."

The priest was so indignant at the unblushing audacity of Gall, that he rebuked him sharply, and struck him, so

¹ "Ibi, et . . . membra, secundum quod unumquemque dolor attingisset, sculpebat in ligno."

that he hurt his side in rolling over against a projecting portion of the bed.¹

Gall reached the king, by making great exertions, before the envoys of the clergy of Clermont had arrived, with the name of the person chosen by them to fill the vacant see. The envoys found the bishopric already given away to Gall. The young man was accordingly ordained priest, and, by order of the king, a great dinner was given to the citizens at the cost of the royal treasury, to put them all in good humour, and make them forget this somewhat high-handed interference with their liberties. S. Gall afterwards boasted, at a time when simony was making inroads into the Church of France, that his bishopric had only cost him a trifle,² which he had given to the cook who catered to the guests at this banquet.

The king then sent the bishop designate in company with two bishops who were to consecrate him, on his way to Clermont. The priest, Viventius, who had rebuked him, came, much crest-fallen, to meet him, leading the late prelate's horse. The bishop designate took a bath at a convenient station outside Clermont, and during the bath rebuked the poor priest for having hurt his side against the bed-post, and showed him the bruised spot. But Viventius escaped with nothing more serious than this lecture delivered from the bath.

After this Gall dressed, and mounting the horse, entered Clermont amidst bells ringing and the song of clergy. It can hardly be considered creditable that the saint should have thus secured the bishopric, and it is fortunate that

¹ "Sanctus Gallus . . . irruente in se Spiritu Sancto (!!) ait: Quid hi mussitant, quid cursitant, quid tractant? Vacuum est opus eorum; ego ero Episcopus. Tu vero cum me redire presentia Regis audieris, accipe equum decessoris mei stratum, et egrediens, te obviam exhibe mihi . . . Cumque hæc loqueretur, super lectulum decumbebat. Tunc iratus contra eum clericus, cum multa exprobraret elisum super spondam lecti latus suum læsit, turbidusque discessit."

² "Unum triantem," a third part of probably a gold solidus, *i.e.*, about 2s. 8d.

an episcopate so begun should have been good in the sequel. That there was anything scandalous in the manner in which it was acquired seems hardly to have struck the nephew of S. Gall, who wrote his life. But the times were evil; and the appointment of bishops disorderly.

About the year 546 a dreadful disease¹ ravaged the south of Gaul, especially the province of Arles, and great numbers died of it. S. Gall fearing for his people, instituted Mid-Lent rogation processions in Clermont to the church of S. Julian the martyr. The disorder did not enter the diocese of Clermont, and this was attributed by the people to their processions, and the prayers of their holy bishop.

In the twenty-seventh year of his episcopate, at the age of sixty-five, Gall was attacked by fever. Feeling himself death-struck, he convoked all the people, and having said mass in his cathedral church, communicated them. Three days after, on a Sunday, as the day began to whiten, he heard the distant chanting in the church, and asked what was being sung. He was told that it was the benediction. Then he lifted up his voice and sang the 50th Psalm (A. V. 51), "Miserere mei," and the benediction, the alleluia and the little chapter, thus closing the office of matins. Then he said, "Now farewell, my brothers!" and stretching forth his limbs expired.

S. EPARCHIUS, P.

(A. D. 581.)

[Usuardus, *Modern Roman and Gallican Martyrologies*. Authorities:—Mention by S. Gregory of Tours, his contemporary (d. 594), *Hist. Eccl. Lib. VI.*, c. 8, and a life written by a contemporary.]

S. EPARCHIUS, or Cybard, as he is usually called, was born in Périgord, of noble parents. His father's name was

¹ Gregory of Tours mentions it also in his *History*, iv., c. 5, and in his "*Gloria Martyrum*," c. 51.

Felix Oreolus. He was sent to school at Périgueux at the age of seven, but was taken from it by his grandfather Felicissimus, count of Périgueux, who made him his secretary, and he remained with him for fifteen years.

But feeling a desire for the religious life, Eparchius retired into the monastery of Sédaciac, in Périgord, where he was sent, in spite of his noble birth, to prune vines and plough the soil. He is said to have been so gentle to wild birds and beasts, that they allowed him to touch them. One day he saw a wild goat with its kids, and going to her, she suffered him to milk her, for the relief of his thirst, as he was on a journey. He is said also to have gone to a bird's nest, when the hen-bird was sitting over her little ones, and to have raised her that he might have a sight of her fledglings, without her showing any resistance. Then he blessed the little mother and her awkward young, and departed.

The bishop of Angoulême, named Athonius, invited him to settle near his city, and offered him a suitable situation for his retreat. By consent of his abbot, and the bishop of Périgueux, he removed thither, and found a pleasant spot in a loop of the river Charente, wooded and rocky, with a stream trickling down the cliff beside a cave. There he settled with some monks, who placed themselves under his rule, and thus laid the foundation of the abbey of S. Cybard, not far from the gates of Angoulême. The grotto remains to this day. At the bottom of it has been carved in stone a statue of the saint above an altar. The statue was mutilated at the Revolution, when the abbey of S. Cybard was desecrated. The abbey is now turned into a factory. The grotto was reconciled on July 1st, 1851, by Monsgr. Cousseau, bishop of Angoulême, who offered therein on that day the same holy sacrifice which S. Cybard had offered one thousand two hundred years before.

The saint showed great sympathy with prisoners, and obtained the commutation of the barbarous sentences pronounced against them in a rude age. One robber, whose life he could not obtain of the governor, he cut down from the gallows on which he was hanging, and he restored the man to life and consciousness after suspended animation caused by the pressure of the cord.

A curious story is told by his biographer which illustrates the power a simple age supposed to reside in these hermits. S. Eparchius had written to a lady of rank. Looking one stormy day from her window, which commanded the sea, she saw a ship battling with the waves, in great peril. She at once caught up the letter of Eparchius, rushed out upon the cliffs and fluttered it in the winds, calling on the waves and gale to reverence the handwriting of the saint. The vessel did not founder, thanks, she supposed, and her biographer also, to the virtue of this epistle.

S. LEONORE, B.C.

(6TH CENT.)

[Venerated in Brittany and in the diocese of Paris. Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—A life full of fables, late and composed from tradition, great portions having been adopted from other lives. Lobineau says: "Quamquam antiqui Britones ex insula sua contulerint ingenium cudendis fabellis assuetum, quibus potissimum Legendas Sanctorum resperserunt: præsumendum tamen, id ipsis merito tribui, ut saltem credimus non esse supposita ipsa Sanctorum nomina, et præcipuas vitæ ipsorum circumstantias." The lections of the Breviary of the diocese of S. Malo contain some of these quaint legends.]

THE story of S. Leonore is so full of fable, and so violently contradicts history, that it is difficult to sift it of what is worthless, and retain only historic facts. We may perhaps say that he was a disciple of S. Iltut, in Wales,

and was ordained by S. Dubricius, and then crossed over into Brittany, where he died. According to the legend in his biography, at five years old he was sent by his father, Hoeloc, to S. Iltut, and so clever was he that the first day he learned the alphabet, the second day he was able to spell all words, and the third day he became an accomplished caligraphist. His brilliant abilities, according to the same authority, induced the bishop to consecrate him to the episcopal office, when he was only fifteen years old. Then, at the head of seventy-three disciples, the boy-bishop crossed over into Brittany, where he founded a monastery; and, settling on uncultivated moor, we learn ploughed the land with twelve stags. His altar we ascertain, on the same authority, was brought him by two white pigeons in their claws from the bottom of the sea. But there is a story of S. Leonore which is more conducive to edification than these grotesque legends. The saint and the brethren founded their rude monastery in a valley of moorland, and having thatched their wattled cells with red fern, ploughed the land.

“ In a pleasant sunward hollow
Of the barren purple fell,
They have built a rustic chapel,
Hung a little tinkling bell.

There, alone in Christ believing,
Wait the brothers God's good time,
When shall spread the Gospel tidings
Like a flood from clime to clime.

Yonder is a Druid circle.
Where the priests dance on the dew,
Singing of Ceridwen's kettle
And the ploughing of old Hu.

Now the brothers cut the heather,
Stack the turf for winter fire;
Wall about with lichened moor-stones
The enclosure of their byre.

Next they drain a weedy marsh,
 Praying in the midst of toil ;
 And with plough of rude construction
 Draw slight furrows through the soil.
 Then seek wheat. It was forgotten ;
 All their labour seems in vain :
 The barbarian Kelts about them
 Little know of golden grain.
 Said the abbot : ' God will help us
 In this hour of bitter loss.'
 Then one spied a Robin Redbreast
 Sitting on a wayside cross.
 Doubtless came the bird in answer
 To the words the monk did speak,
 For a heavy wheat-ear dangled
 From the Robin's polished beak.
 Then the brothers, as he dropped it,
 Picked it up and careful sowed ;
 And abundantly in autumn,
 Reaped the harvest where they strewed.
 Do you mark the waving glory
 O'er the Breton hill-slopes flung ?
 All that wealth from Robin Redbreast's
 Little ear of wheat has sprung.
 Do you mark the many churches
 Scattered o'er that pleasant land ?
 All results are of the preaching
 Of that venerable band.
 Therefore, Christian, small beginnings
 Pass not by with lip of scorn ;
 God may prosper them, as prospered
 Robin Redbreast's ear of corn."¹

The relics of *S. Leonore* were translated to Paris in 966, and were thence transferred to Beaumont-sur-Oise.

¹ "The Silver Store," by Rev. S. Baring-Gould. This follows the popular version of the legend. In the Breviary the story is told somewhat differently, the bird leads to a store of grain, and the bird is not said to have been a robin. "Robin Redbreast's Corn" is a by-word in Brittany for all small beginnings that prosper.

S. SIMEON SALUS, H.

(6TH CENT.)

[Greek and Russian Kalendars, on July 21st. Inserted by Baronius in the Modern Roman Martyrology, on July 1st. Baronius acted with culpable carelessness. His life was written by Leontius, bishop of Neapolis in Cyprus, from the account of John, deacon of Emesa, who was Simeon's great patron at Emesa. Evagrius, in his Ecclesiastical History, also mentions this personage, Lib. IV. c. 24.]

THE Roman Martyrology says concerning this saint that he made himself a fool for Christ, but that God discovered his exalted wisdom by giving him the power of working miracles.

When young he and a friend named John deserted the world, Simeon left his old mother who was devotedly attached to him, and John, a young wife.

They retired into a cave in the desert, but after a while Simeon went to Emesa, where he acted as one mad. His life is strange and startling.

S. GOLWEN, B.

(6TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Specially venerated at S. Pol-de-Leon.]

S. GOLWEN, called in Latin Vulvinus, bishop of S. Pol-de-Leon in Lower Brittany, flourished in the 6th century. He resigned his see to embrace an eremitical life at La Motte-Mériion near Saint-Didier, in the diocese of Rennes.

S. RUMBOLD, B.M.

(8TH CENT.)

[No Ancient Martyrology. The vernacular "Chronicon Mechlinsense," admits that even in Mechlin the remembrance of the saint was almost lost, and it was in the 12th cent., at the earliest, that the cultus of S. Rumbold revived, but did not attract much notice till the 14th cent. Baronius inserted his name in the Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—A life of S. Rumbold written by Theodoric, abbot of S. Tron. He died in 1107. As the whole of Flanders and Brabant had been devastated by the Normans, and Mechlin had been utterly destroyed by them, Theodoric had nothing to rest upon for the basis of his "Life," except a vague tradition. Accordingly his "Life" is made up of a great deal of declamation and very little fact. He seems to have related all that he could scrape together that was known of the saint. Later writers have accumulated worthless legends of later growth, which sprang up after devotion to S. Rumbold had become popular. Properly his festival is on S. John Baptist's Day, but has been translated to the octave.]

THE Roman Martyrology says: "At Mechlin the passion of S. Rumbold, martyr, son of a king of Scotland, and bishop of Dublin, A.D. 775." This was inserted by Baronius, and unfortunately he did not confine himself to the statements of Theodoric, but adopted a popular late tradition which has no foundation in genuine history. Solerius the Bollandist says: "In deciding the date and parentage of S. Rumbold, those only will wonder to see me hesitate, who have accustomed themselves to regard what is said in recent legends as indubitable facts, and consider it criminal to call these statements in question. Thus now-a-days, with very many, S. Rumbold is regarded without controversy as having been the son of David, king of Scotland and his wife Cecilia, and having been the disciple of Wallafer, archbishop of Dublin, and his successor in that metropolitan see; yet when all this is examined by strict critical rule, nothing less probable can be found, however easily patriotic zeal may lend itself to believe it."

The very earliest mention of S. Rumbold in a martyr-

ology is that in a Utrecht Kalendar of the 12th century, in which on October 27th is the entry, "Rumold, martyr," without title of bishop. In an edition of Ado's Martyrology somewhat later in date, at Liége, it is entered, "At Maslinæ, S. Rumold, martyr."

If S. Rumbold was a Scot, he was certainly from Ireland, Scots are always Irish in early historians. But Theodoric says nothing about his coming from Scotland or from Ireland, and the name is not of Gaelic or Irish origin. Some one, however, dissatisfied with his saying, "we will say nothing of his parents and ancestry," has tacked on to the original a clumsy addition in which Theodoric is made to say that S. Rumbold was a son of a Scottish king. However, a writer somewhat earlier than Theodoric, viz., Baldric, bishop of Noyon and Tournai, in his "Chronicon Camera-cense" (A.D. 1051), says: "At Maslinae is a monastery of canons, where reposes the precious martyr of God, Rumold, by race a Scot (*genere Scotus*), who living an eremitical life there was martyred." Theodoric says that he came from Scotia, "adjacent to Britain," the land of Kilian, Columbanus and Bertwin. This is by no means improbable. Three of the abbots of Waulsort on the Meuse in succession were Irishmen. Rumbold crossed the sea in a wicker coracle covered with ox-hides, according to Theodoric, and landed in the territory of the Morini, near Boulogne, and thence made his way to Rome over the Alps. On his way home he came to the river Scheldt, and settled at Mechlin, the extreme point affected by the tide, where, having saved the son of a count from drowning, he was given land overshadowed by an elm wood, in which to fix his residence. But two of his travelling companions murdered him for the sake of the money he carried about with him, and flung his body into the river, where it was found by some fishermen, who reported the

matter to the count, and Rumbold was given burial. This is positively all that Theodoric could learn of the history of the saint, three or four hundred years after his time. Popular tradition, however, has busied itself in improving the story, and has made Rumbold, the son of David, king of Scotland, and archbishop of Dublin. There is not the slightest foundation for this, and it is to be regretted that Baronius, led away by the popular story, should have given it prominence in the Roman Martyrology. It will be seen that neither Baldric nor Theodoric say that Rumbolt was even a bishop, much less archbishop of Dublin. The see of Dublin was not raised into an archbishopric till four hundred years later, and indeed Dublin was not even a bishopric till erected by Anlaf in 1008.

To escape this difficulty, Miraeus supposes that for Dublin should be read Dumblane, but by this means he falls on another horn, for it is certain that Scotia, among ancient writers, never meant Scotland, but Ireland. On the presumption of the Scottish origin of the bishopric of Mechlin, the see has the Scottish arms for its coat. The fable of his having been of Scottish origin spread to Scotland, and was accepted by the Church there, for S. Rumold or Rumald appears in the Aberdeen Breviary of the 15th cent., printed in 1509, thus: "S. Rumold, bishop of Dunelm, or of Dunblane in Scotland, son of the king of the Scots, apostle and patron of Mechlin, martyr." The lessons for the festival state that he was the son of David, king of Scotland and of Cecilia, daughter of the king of Sicily, and that he was born in the good city of Berwick, after his parents had been long childless, at the supplication of Wallafer, archbishop of Dublin or Dumblane, &c. These lessons are taken from a legendary life of S. Rumbold, written after that of Theodoric, certainly not earlier than the 13th cent., which is minute in all its

particulars, giving the very words which angels used when addressing the saint, but which is utterly worthless historically. How the story has developed may be judged by the following list of paintings in the cathedral of Mechlin, illustrating the life of the saint. The inscriptions under each are given : 1. "S. Rumold confirmed the faith and healed many sick. His father, dying, advised him to abdicate the throne and his episcopate." 2. "S. Rumold crossed the sea in a boat of woven vine-twigs. He healed a man blind from his birth in France." 3. "S. Rumold resigned his bishopric into the hands of Pope Stephen II.,¹ and devoted himself to works of penance." 4. "S. Rumold ardently desired martyrdom. An angel answered, Friend of God be of good cheer, thou art heard. And having obtained leave of the pope, he departed." 5. "S. Rumold approaching Mechlin on Good Friday, saw a great multitude dancing, whereupon he made to them a lamentable sermon on the Lord's Passion. Count Adolphus, by messengers, invited him to his house." 6. "Like the prophet he predicted that Eliza (Count Adolphus' wife) should bear a son." 7. "The countess brought forth an infant named Libertus, and Rumold baptized the heir at Mechlin." 8. "The infant having been three days under water, the saint by his prayers and genuflexions restored him to life and health." 9. "S. Rumold expels a devil. Liberatus being wounded to death is left for dead. The people intercede with the saint, that he may obtain bodily health." 10. "S. Rumold and S. Gummar frequently meet in the road to Lyra (Lier) with crosses and ecclesiastical banners. The staves which they had planted in the ground began to bear leaf." 11. "S. Rumold rebuked one of his workmen for adultery. The man thought, I can easily withstand thee, and he invited another to assist in

¹ Elected A.D. 752, murdered the same year.

murdering him." 12. "S. Rumold died for the truth, rebuking the sins of the workmen; a light from heaven shone on the body thrown into the water." 13. "Fishermen rowed to the body, and found it hid. The count grieved greatly." The rest relate to marvels after his death, as a Norman attempting to take the weather-cock off the steeple, and tumbling down dead, a woman's cock carried off by a fox, but restored on her invoking S. Rumold, &c.

The relics of S. Rumold are preserved at Mechlin in a silver shrine, and are carried in procession round the town on the first Sunday in July.

S. REGINA, COUNTESS.

(END OF 8TH CENT.)

[Later Belgian Martyrologies, as Molanus and Miræus. Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology. Authority:—The lections for her festival in the office book of Denain, near Valenciennes.]

S. REGINA, of S. Reine, as she is called in France, was born of noble parents, in the reign of Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and was given in marriage to Adalbert, one of the nobles at court, a man of great virtue, by whom she had ten daughters, amongst whom was S. Ragnfried (Oct. 8th). In the county of Ostrevandt or French Flanders, the pious couple and their daughters laboured to make the people happy by the gentleness of their rule, and their solicitude for their spiritual and material prosperity.

On the death of Adalbert, Regina founded the abbey of Denain, near Valenciennes, and constituted her daughter Ragnfried the first abbess. She lived in the exercise of every virtue till her death. She and Adalbert were laid in the church of Denain, and their daughter was afterwards laid at their side.

July 2.

THE VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY.

SS. PROCESSUS AND MARTINIAN, *MM. at Rome, 1st cent.*

SS. THREE SOLDIERS, *who suffered with S. Paul at Rome, A.D. 65.*

S. MONEGUNDA, *W.R. at Tours, circ. A.D. 570.*

S. OUDOC, *B.C. at Llandaff, A.D. 564.*

S. SWITHUN, *B. of Winchester, A.D. 862.*

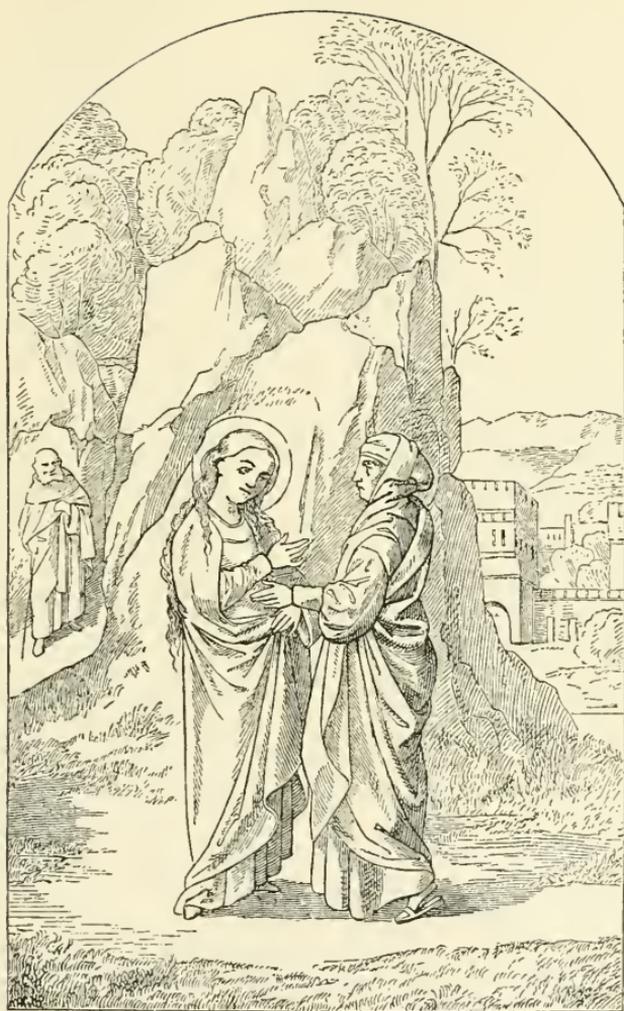
S. LIDAN, *Ab. of Sezza, in Italy, A.D. 1118.*

S. OTTO, *B. Ab. of Pomerania, A.D. 1139.*

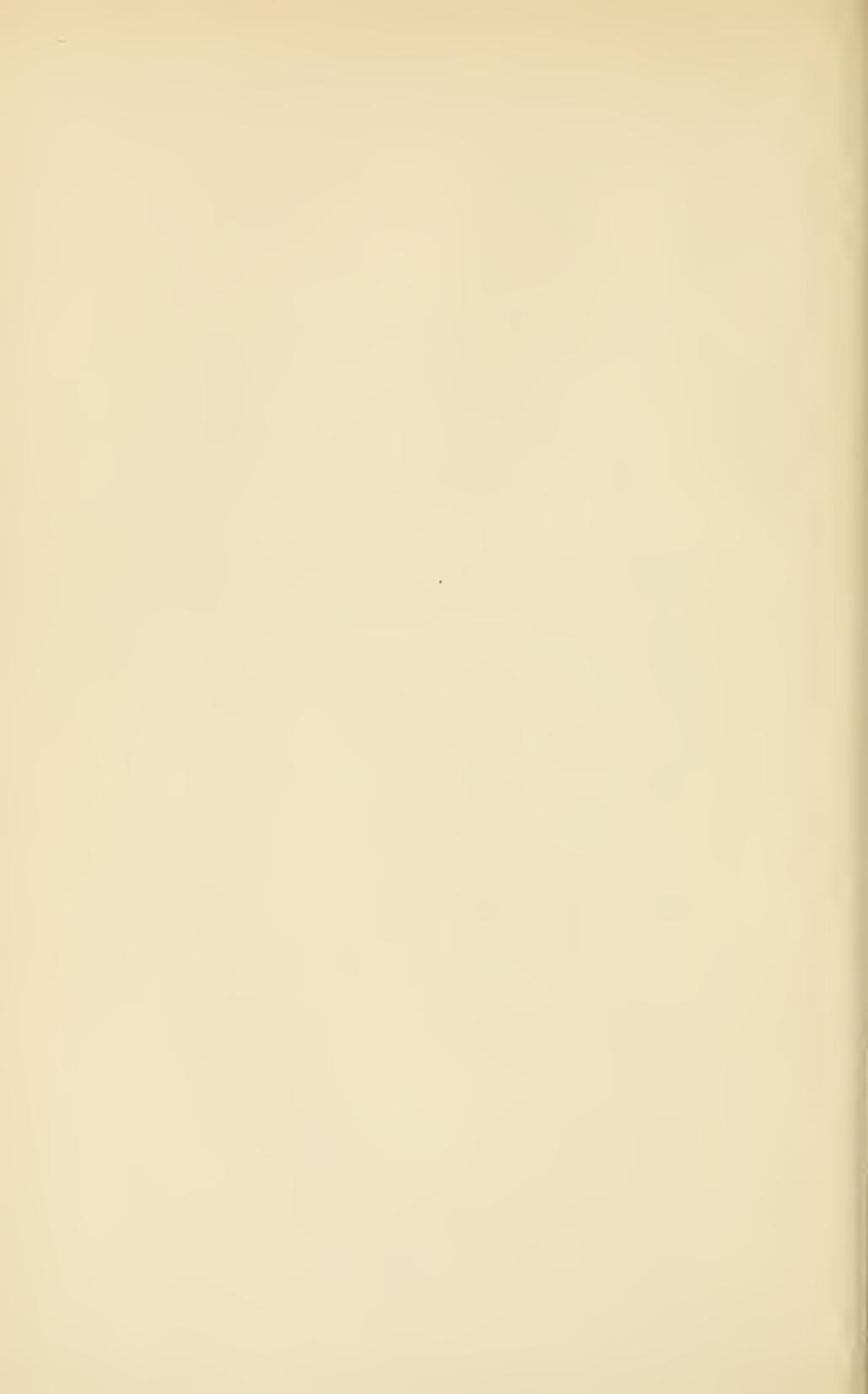
B. PETER OF LUXEMBURG, *Card. B. of Metz, A.D. 1387.*

THE VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY.

[Roman Martyrology, Sarum and York Kalendars, and Anglican Reformed Kalendar. No such festival in the Eastern Church apart from the Nativity of S. John. The festival originated in France in the middle of the 13th cent. The council of Le Mans, in 1247, speaks of it, and orders its observance in that diocese. S. Bonaventura, general of the Franciscan Order, was most urgent to introduce it. In the assembly of the Order, in 1263, he ordered this festival to be observed throughout the Franciscan Order. As, at that time, the Franciscan Breviary was used in many churches, the celebration of the festival spread, and several churches adopted it from the Franciscans. Pope Urban VI., seeing the Church rent with schisms (A.D. 1378), resolved to institute this festival throughout the Church, in the hopes that God, at the supplication of S. Mary, would visit and relieve, and unite, His Church. He had already prepared a decree on the subject, and enjoined on Cardinal Ady, an Englishman, to prepare an office for the festival, when he died. His successor, Boniface IX., published the decree of his predecessor in the first year of his pontificate. Urban VI. had made it a festival with vigil and octave, Boniface IX. did the same, and indulgenced it. Those churches and countries which adhered to Boniface IX. adopted the festival, and it was celebrated at Cologne and in Liège in 1396, and in the calendar was inserted as a red-letter day. In Liège, however, according to a note in an old Breviary, it had been celebrated before, and for the first time in 1316. The office used was probably that drawn up by Cardinal Ady, and is published in the Cologne Missal of 1512. But the party holding to the antipope at Avignon, with France and Spain, refused to receive the festival, and thus matters stood, till the Council of Basle, in 1441, which decided that the feast should be celebrated throughout the Western Church, and published



THE VISITATION OF THE B.V. MARY.
From the Vienna Missal.



a decree to that effect in its 43rd session.¹ Thomas de Corellis was required to draw up a new office, and no allusion in the decree was made to that of Urban VI. and Boniface IX., as the council was unwilling to rake up past differences. But the festival was not received in all churches, and acted upon in the same way. At Spire, in 1478, it was observed similarly to Corpus Christi, in other churches without Octave. Most churches observed it on July 2nd, according to the decree of Urban VI., but that of Paris held it on June 27th, and that of Rheims on July 8th.]



HREE months before the Nativity of S. John the Baptist, S. Mary the Virgin arose and went into the hill country to the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth his wife, and her cousin. "And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of these things which were told her from the Lord. And Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me Blessed. For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is his Name. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted them

¹ As the decree of Boniface IX. was issued in hopes of restoring peace to the schism-rent Church, so was this of the Council of Basle in hopes of averting the miseries caused to Germany by the inroads of the Turks.

of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things ; and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy ; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever."¹

By decision of the three orders of the duchy of Luxemburg, in 1678, this day is celebrated throughout the duchy and the principality of Chiney, in honour of S. Mary, "Consoler of the afflicted, protectress and chief patroness of the duchies of Luxemburg and Chiney." This was ratified, and its celebration indulgenced, by Pope Innocent XI., in 1679.

SS. PROCESSUS AND MARTINIAN, MM.

(1ST CENT.)

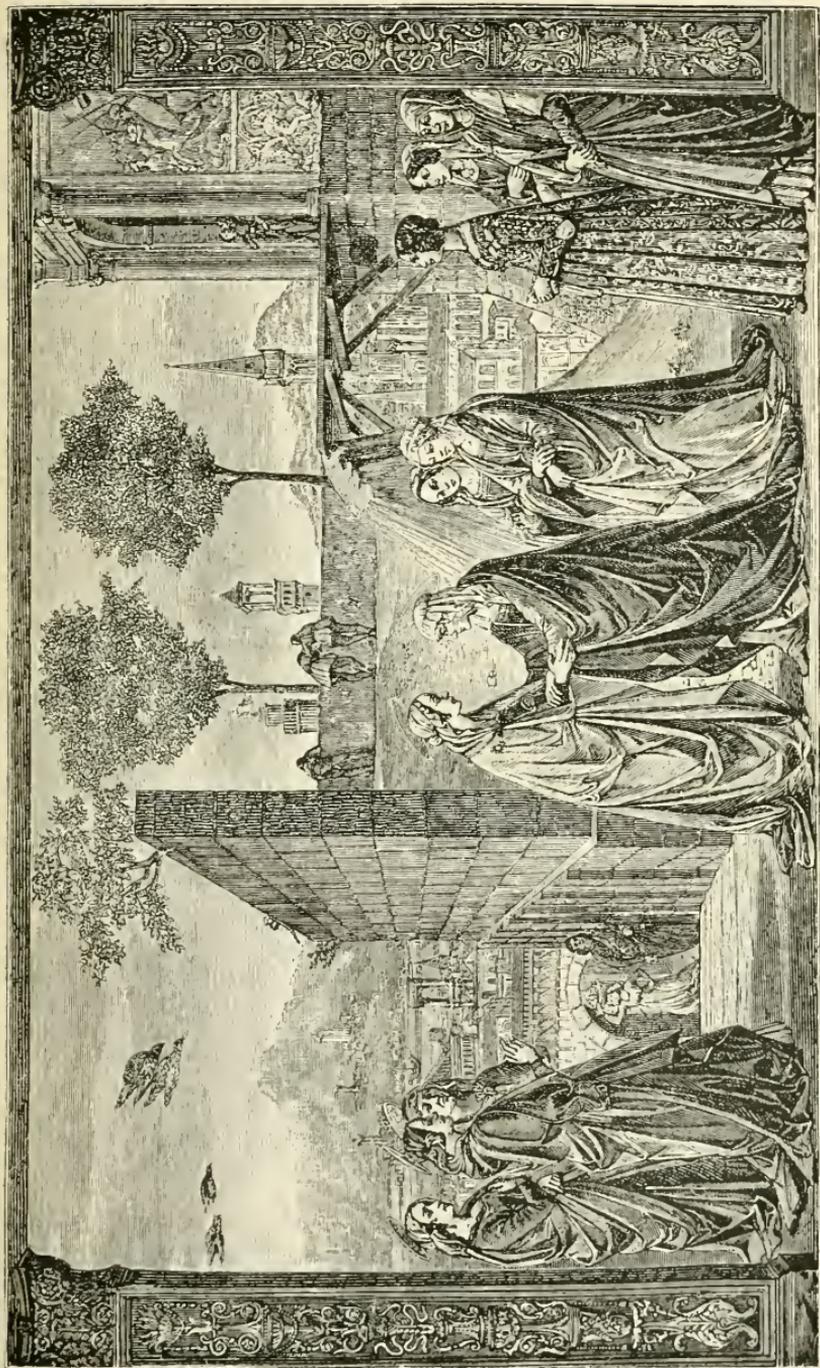
[Roman Martyrology. The Sacramentary of S. Gregory, Ado, Usuardus, &c. York Kalendar, "Commemoration of S. Martin," *i.e.*, of S. Martinian. Authority :—The ancient Acts, which are not, however, trustworthy. S. Gregory the Great (d. 604), has a homily on these saints (xxxii.), but does not relate their story. Probably the Acts are not altogether destitute of some foundation of truth.]

THE legend—we cannot call it history—of these saints is as follows :—

In the days of cruel Nero, when Simon Magus deceived the people, and stirred them up against the truth, SS. Peter and Paul were thrown into the Mamertine prison, by order of Paulinus, a magistrate. And there came to the apostles many infirm Christians, and they were cured of their disorders.

Now amongst the soldiers deputed to guard them were

¹ S. Luke i. 39—55.



THE VISITATION.

After Domenico Ghirlandajo's Fresco in the Church of Santa Maria Novello, Florence.

July, Part I. p. 34.]

[July 2.



two officers,¹ Processus and Martinian, who seeing the wonders that were wrought by the hands of the apostles, said, "Venerable sirs! there can be no doubt that Nero has forgotten all about you, for now is the ninth month that ye are in prison. We pray you, therefore, to depart where ye will, only baptize us in the name of Him by whom ye work such wonders."

Then said the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, "If ye will believe in your hearts and souls in the name of the Trinity."²

When they heard this they cried out with one voice, "Give us water that we may be baptized."

Then S. Peter said, "Believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, His only begotten Son, and in the Holy Spirit,³ and ye shall have what ye desire."

Then they cast themselves at the apostle's feet, and besought baptism. Then the blessed Peter made the sign of the cross on the rock Tarpeia, and there gushed forth water. And all who saw it wondered and were baptized, to the number of forty-seven. "Then Peter offered for them the sacrifice of praise, and they were made partakers of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then Processus and Martinian bade the apostles

¹ "Magistriani Melloprincipis," the titles evidently belong to the later empire. In the constitutions of Justinian we have Melloproximi. I do not know of the title of Melloprinceps occurring earlier.

² This stamps the Acts as late. The Greek word *trias*, for the Trinity, is first met with in S. Theophilus of Antioch (Autolyc. ii. 15), who died about A.D. 182, but the Latin word *trinitas* was introduced into the West by Tertullian, (Prax. iii. xii. Pudic. xxi.), before which the words *oikonomia*, *dispensatio*, *dispositio* were in use. The date of Tertullian is 215, and it was not till much later that the word became common.

³ This is the form of the first articles of the Apostles' Creed before S. Gregory; in his Sacramentary we find the addition "Maker of heaven and earth."

depart. And going forth out of prison, along the Appian way, they came to the Appian gate. And as they went Peter limped, for his foot was wounded by the iron chains. Then there fell a bandage out of heaven upon the hedge by his side. And presently he met the Lord Jesus, and recognizing Him, he said, "Lord ! whither goest Thou ?" And the Lord answered, "To Rome, that I may be crucified there again."

Then Peter returned to Rome, and was seized by the soldiers. Now it was told Paulinus that his officers, Processus and Martinian, were Christians. So he sent and had them taken into custody, and on the following day they were brought before him. Then he said, "Are ye become fools, that ye will desert the gods and the goddesses, whom the unconquered princes worship, and thereby merit to be stripped of your military insignia ?"

Processus and Martinian answered, "We have taken the oaths of a heavenly warfare (*sacramenta militiæ cœlestis*)."

Paulinus said, "Lay aside this madness, and adore the immortal gods whom you have venerated from your cradles."

But the martyrs replied, "We are Christians."

Then Paulinus ordered their mouths to be beaten with a paving-stone. And with one voice they cried out, "Glory to God in the highest !" Thereupon Paulinus bade that a golden image of Jupiter should be brought in, and a tripod ; but the martyrs spat on the image and the tripod.

Paulinus, in a rage, bade them to be hung on the little horse, and beaten, and strained. And they cried out with joy, "We give thee thanks, Lord Jesus Christ !"

Now there was present a noble lady named Lucina, and she encouraged the martyrs with these words, "Be steadfast, ye soldiers of Christ ! and fear not the pains which are but for a moment !" Paulinus ordered the martyrs to

be beaten with scorpions; and at the same moment he lost his left eye. Then he cried out that they used magic, and ordered them to be taken back to the Mamertine prison. And in the dungeon they were ministered to by Lucina. But after three days Paulinus was possessed with a devil, and died.

Thereupon his son, Pompinius, ran shouting to the palace, and cried, "Ho, moderators and governors of the Republic, help! that they who work magical arts may be put to death."

On hearing this, Cæsarius, prefect of the city,¹ informed Nero, who ordered the execution of the two soldiers. They were accordingly led forth outside the gate on the Via Aurelia, and were decapitated. Then Lucina took their bodies, and buried them in the catacomb adjoining that road, "where their good offices are manifest to this day," say the Acts.²

The relics of SS. Processus and Martinian are preserved in the Vatican. The miraculous fountain is shown in the Mamertine prison. A chapel "*Domine quo vadis*," is built on the spot where S. Peter is said to have met Our Lord, and the impression of the Saviour's feet on the stones is shown in it. Although the Acts are untrustworthy, it will not do to conclude rashly against the existence of those to whom they relate. The martyrs, their bodies, their memorial, were guarded with scrupulous care, but their Acts were consigned to tradition which altered and distorted the facts, till they have lost all historical value.

The two saints are represented in Roman armour, with swords and palms.

¹ No prefect with that name occurs in the list of prefects of the city.

² Another evident token of the Acts having been written long after the martyrdom

SS. THREE SOLDIERS, MM.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, Ado, Usuardus, &c. Authority :—An Oration attributed, but perhaps wrongly, to S. John Chrysostom, on SS. Peter and Paul; and the fabulous Passion of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, by the Pseudo-Linus.]

THE Apostle Paul is said to have converted on his way to execution three soldiers, who are traditionally called Longinus, Megistus, and Acestus. The legend relates that the day after the death of S. Paul, they came to the tomb of the apostle, and saw there S. Luke and S. Titus praying, and S. Paul standing between them. The appearance of the apostle frightened SS. Luke and Titus, and starting up, they ran away, but were pursued by the three soldiers, who called after them for baptism. This was accorded them, and two days after, the three soldiers were executed.

S. MONEGUNDA, W. R.

(ABOUT A.D. 570.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority :—A life by Gregory of Tours, "Vitæ Patrum," c. 19.]

MONEGUNDA, or S. Mone, as she is called at Tours, was born at Chartres, where also she was married. The early loss of her two daughters so affected her, that she resolved to seclude herself from the world, and having wrung his consent from her husband, she retired into a cell near the church, where she received light only through a small window. A young girl ministered to her, bringing her food every morning, but somewhat wearied with the monotony of her task, the girl ran off, and left the recluse for five days without food. Gregory of Tours relates that

the snow fell round the cell, and Monegunda put forth her hand from her window, and allowed the snow-flakes to gather and heap up on her palm, then she drew in her hand, and made a pancake of the snow. Adjoining her cell was a little garden in which she walked, and where she tended flowers. After a while she retired to Tours that she might be near the tomb of S. Martin, but finding that people crowded to visit her, her husband brought her back to Chartres. On his death, however, she returned to Tours, and remained there, as a recluse, at the head of a small community, till her death.

The relics of S. Monegunda were dispersed when the city was pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562, and none are now known to exist.

S. OUDOC, B. OF LLANDAFF.

(A.D. 564.)

[Anglican Martyrology of Wilson. English Martyrology of Wytford, printed 1525. Authorities:—A short life in Capgrave's "Legenda Sanctorum Angliæ," of no historical value; also in the *Liber Llandavensis*, 123—132. None of the lives of the British or Welsh saints were written before the 11th cent. They are simply unhistorical legends, but of persons who, for the most part, really existed.]

THIS saint was the nephew of S. Teilo, second bishop of Llandaff (Feb. 9th), and was chosen on the death of his uncle in his room. He was contemporary with Tewdryg, who died not far from A.D. 600, and Athrwys, who died A.D. 630.

According to the legendary life, he was the son of Budic, son of Cybidan, of royal birth in Armorica (Cornugallia), Budic was driven out of his native land by Aircol Llauhir, the king, and took refuge in Glamorgan, where he married Anaumed, daughter of Ensic. By her Budic became the

father of Ismael and Tyffei the martyr "who lies in Penalun." On the death of Aircol, Budic was invited back into Armorica, that he might take the crown. He therefore returned to Lesser Britain, and became king of that realm "which in his time extended to the Alps." There his wife bore him Oudoc, whom he sent to be educated in Glamorgan by S. Teilo. The story is told of him that he was one day thirsty, and passing some women who were washing butter, asked for a draught of water. They answered laughing that they had no vessel from which he could drink. Then he took a pat of butter, and moulded it into the shape of a cup or bell, and filled it with water and drank out of it. And this golden bell remained afterwards in the church of Llandaff, till it was melted up by the commissioners of Henry VIII.

A king was hunting one day, and the stag he was pursuing took refuge under the cloak of S. Oudoc. In his old age the saint retired into a hermitage by the side of the Wye, and died there.

S. SWITHUN, B. OF WINCHESTER.

(A.D. 862.)

[Roman Martyrology, and York Kalendar of 1418. Sarum Kalendar of 1521, the Translation on July 15th, so also Reformed Anglican Kalendar. Authorities:—A metrical life by Wolstan, monk of Winchester (cca. 990), and a life by Gotselin the monk (cca. 1110). A much altered edition of this life was published by Surius, and again by the Bollandists, but a MS. of the original text of Gotselin, written in the 12th cent., far superior to the printed text, is preserved in the Arundel Library in the British Museum. Also William of Malmesbury "*Gesta Pontif.*"]

DURING the melancholy period of the Danish invasions, from the reign of Egbert to the time when King Alfred restored peace to the island, science and literature seem to

have been banished from our land. The name of S. Swithun stands alone conspicuous amidst the general gloom.

He appears to have been a native of Wessex; he was born in the reign of Egbert, probably at, or very soon after, the commencement of the 9th century. He was placed at an early age in the monastery of Winchester, where he was distinguished by his humility, and his application to study. He was ordained priest by Bishop Helmestan, in, or soon after, the year 830.

S. Swithun's virtue attracted the attention of King Egbert, who held him in such great regard, that he chose him as his spiritual director; and his name, as "priest of King Egbert," is found in a charter, which Witlaf, king of the Mercians, granted to the abbey of Croyland, in Lincolnshire. His reputation for learning was the cause of his being chosen instructor to Ethelwolf (or, as he was then more popularly called, Æthulf), son of Egbert. After a course of instruction, the young prince was ordained sub-deacon, and made his profession as a monk in Winchester. But on the death of his father, as he was the only son, and the royal line of the West Saxons would otherwise have failed, he obtained a dispensation from the pope, and married Osburga, the daughter of the noble cup-bearer, Oslac.

Egbert died in 836, and his son Ethelwolf was chosen king of the West Saxons. Bishop Helmestan died about the same time, and one of the first acts of Ethelwolf's reign was to accede to the petition of the monks of Winchester, and confer the vacant see on his friend and preceptor, Swithun.

S. Swithun was consecrated by Cealnoth, archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he made a profession of his faith, and vowed canonical obedience. He devoted himself

wholly to feed the flock of God committed to him; and spent much of his time in spiritual exercises, and in the care of the poor.

In 855, a synod of the clergy and nobles met at Winchester, at which the tributary princes of Mercia and East Anglia were also present. King Ethelwolf bestowed on the Church a tenth part of the produce of all the lands of his kingdom, "for the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and all Saints." He confirmed this gift by a formal charter, which he afterwards solemnly laid on the altar of the blessed Apostles at Rome. The church lands were exempted at the same time from all secular services, exactions, and tribute. The king also confirmed the pension of Romescot, or Peter's pence, which had been first offered to the see of Rome by Ina, king of the West Saxons, in 726, and in 794 by Offa, king of the Mercians, as a tribute of gratitude for the many signal favours which England had received from the successors of S. Peter.

Ethelwolf was a remarkable example of a weak monarch, who loved peace and retirement, placed suddenly upon a throne in unusually difficult times. But his kingdom was governed with skill, by the counsels of S. Swithun of Winchester, and Bishop Alstane of Sherborne. The latter was a statesman and a soldier, and led the king's armies in person in many battles against the Danish invaders.

S. Swithun appears to have been chosen companion to the king in his more private hours, and he exerted his interest on all occasions in favour of the Church. After the great battle of Akley,¹ 851, had checked the incursions of the Danes for a season, S. Swithun persuaded the king to renew the intercourse with the see of Rome, which had been interrupted by so many years of trouble. Accordingly, in 853, Ethelwolf sent his youngest and favourite son

¹ Oak-lea in Surrey.

Alfred, then five years old, to Rome, with a large retinue of people of all ranks ; and there are grounds for supposing that the royal child was conducted to the apostolic city by S. Swithun himself.

Two years afterwards (in 855), Ethelwolf visited Rome in person, taking with him his son Alfred. He carried with him the tribute of the English people to the pope, as already mentioned, and presented him with a massive crown of gold. He also rebuilt the English school and hospital at Rome which had been founded by Ina, but which had been burned down.

On his way through France he married Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald. This foreign match seems to have been distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon nobles ; and when Ethelwolf arrived in England, he found a considerable portion of his subjects in arms against him, led by Bishop Alstane, and his own son Ethelbald.¹

Ethelwolf avoided a civil war, by quietly yielding a large part of his kingdom to his son ; and he only survived the partition two years and a half, dying in January, 858.

The influence of S. Swithun appears not to have ended with the death of Ethelwolf. Ethelbald married his step-mother, Judith, as had been done before by Eadbald, king of Kent. Such a marriage seems to have been allowed by old Saxon and German heathen custom ; but as it was held to be unlawful among Christians, S. Swithun expostulated with the king, and it is said, that he succeeded in prevailing on him to submit to a separation. Judith after his death returned to her father's court, and afterwards married Baldwin, count of Flanders.

S. Swithun was a great benefactor to his own diocese, and to the city of Winchester. Besides building and repairing many churches, he erected the eastern bridge of

¹ So in Asser, but not in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Winchester with strong arches of stone. But he lived to see the city plundered, and in great part ruined, by the Danes, in 860.

S. Swithun was taken to his rest on the 2nd of July, 862, and by his own directions was buried in the churchyard. The situation of his grave was afterwards forgotten, till it was discovered in the 10th cent., in the time of Bishop Ethelwold, and in 971 the bones were translated into the cathedral church. In 1079, Walkelyn, bishop of Winchester, laid the foundation of the present church, and in 1093 the relics of S. Swithun were removed into it.

There is a popular notion, that if it rain on S. Swithun's day (the feast of the translation, July 15th), it will continue to do so for six weeks. None of the stories which are told in explanation are satisfactory; and they seem only to prove the total ignorance which prevails regarding it.

The bones of S. Swithun lie under a broad stone east of the choir in the presbytery.

S. OTTO, B. OF BAMBERG.

(A.D. 1139.)

[Canonized by Clement III. in 1189. Roman and German Martyrologies. Authorities:—A life by an anonymous contemporary writer. Another life, by an anonymous writer of Priefingen, before 1158. This life is made up of the two to which we are about to allude, by Ebbo and Herbord, with additions by the author, who was a younger contemporary of the bishop. A third life by Ebbo from personal acquaintance with S. Otto, written between 1147 and 1157. A fourth life by Herbord, written between 1147 and 1157, which has been lately discovered by Giesbrecht at Munich, and published in the 20th vol. of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Hist.*," by Köpfe. It was previously believed to exist only in extracts. A fifth life by Andrew, abbot of S. Michael, near Bamberg (1483—1502), compiled from the biographies of Ebbo, Herbord, and two others, Sifried and Tiemo, who were contemporaries and friends of S. Otto, in a Dialogue. The first life is probably a contraction from that of Sifried.]

OTTO, or Otho, the subject of this memoir, was the second son of noble but somewhat obscure parents, in Swabia. Later writers have confidently affirmed that he was the son of Berthold, count of Andechs, and of Sophia, duchess of Ambrethal, his wife, and therefore of royal connexion. There is, however, no foundation whatever for this assertion, which is in clear contradiction to the words of the contemporary who condensed the dialogue of Sifried.¹

On account of their poverty, the parents of Otto were unable to do more for him than put him to school, and on their death, his brother Frederick was incapable of supporting him. Consequently Otto was left early to provide for himself,² and hearing that there was a demand for school-masters in Poland, he went thither, and opened a school for boys, which was well filled, and Otto himself became renowned in the duchy for his learning; acquired a competence, and a knowledge of the Polish language.

After some years spent in Poland, Judith, the wife of Wladislas, duke of Poland, died (A.D. 1086), and in the following year (1087), Wladislas sent Otto with a deputation to the Emperor Henry IV. to solicit the hand of his sister Sophia, widow of Solomon, king of Hungary, and daughter of the Emperor Henry III. His mission was successful, and in 1088, Wladislas married Sophia, and Otto was constituted their chaplain. When, and under what circumstances, Otto returned to Germany is obscure,

¹ Sifrid says, "Parentes ejus, patrem dico et matrem, ingenuæ conditionis, nobilitate clari et honorabiles, in divitiis autem et opibus mediocres." Words quite inapplicable to the illustrious house of the counts of Andechs. Again, when the emperor announced to the deputation of Bamberg, that Otto was to be their bishop, they exclaimed, "Sperabimus aliquem ex domini et principibus curiæ nostræ parentatum, ac nobis notum, dominatorum nos accepturos: nam hunc, quis sit, aut unde sit, ignoramus"

² "Fratri suo sive aliis cognatis importunus esse noluit vel odiosus."

whether he was sent to Henry IV. by Sophia, or whether he left the Polish court on the death of the princess, is uncertain. At any rate, after a few years, he appears at the side of Henry IV. as his chaplain and confidant, probably in 1092.

Henry IV. was still under the excommunication fulminated by Gregory the Seventh, and repeated by Urban II. Urban was at this time busy in endeavours to break up the power of his great antagonist in Germany and Italy. At his persuasion, and to further his political schemes, the pliant Countess Mathilda had, at the age of forty-three, married a boy of eighteen, the son of the duke of Bavaria, and thus had secured an alliance in Germany itself, formidable to the redoubted and abhorred emperor. Urban found a more useful ally in the bosom of the king's own family. Conrad, the eldest son of the old emperor, rose in revolt against him. Henry, desiring to obtain for his son the rich inheritance of his grandmother, Adelhaid of Susa, had conducted him into Italy. There the great enemies of the emperor held out to the unnatural son a more tempting prize—the immediate possession of the kingdom of Italy.

But an excuse for the revolt must be found. Conrad's tempters sought reasons so monstrous that none could credit them whose minds were not prepared to receive it by blind and deadly hatred; one at least, was utterly inconsistent with the conduct of the emperor. One is too horrible to be mentioned here, another was that Henry had threatened to declare Conrad a bastard, and thus insult the memory of his mother Bertha, that memory which Henry cherished with tender reverence to the close of his life.

When the news of his son's revolt, and the nature of the charges assigned to excuse it, reached Henry's

ears, he was confounded, horror-struck, and broken in heart.

Conrad stifled the reproaches of his conscience by marrying Iolante, daughter of Roger of Sicily, who had been promised to him, together with the crown of Italy, as the reward of his revolt. His coronation took place at Milan. But he perhaps felt that the general voice of humanity would protest against this rebellion, unless the charges against the emperor were in some sort substantiated. For this purpose—not satisfied with having excited his son to revolt, the enemies of Henry prevailed on his wife, publicly, shamelessly, to denounce him.

After the death of his faithful and beloved wife Bertha, Henry had married Praxedes, or Adehaid, a Russian princess, the widow of the marquis of Brandenburg (1089). From some unexplained reason, the emperor threw her into prison. Was it because she was mad or dissolute, or was it out of wanton dislike to the woman? This is one of those insoluble mysteries history is unable to unravel.

From prison she escaped to the duke of Bavaria, Henry's bitterest foe. In his court deep, unscrupulous schemes were formed for the ruin of Henry.

And now a council was summoned at Constance by Gebhardt, the bishop, Urban's legate in Germany (1094), at which the unfortunate empress appeared, and poured forth a string of charges against her husband. But sufficient publicity had not been secured thereby, and she was brought, or hurried of her own accord, into Italy to denounce the emperor before a crowded council at Piacenza, in 1095. Enormous multitudes, bishops and abbots from Italy, France, Bavaria, Burgundy, and most parts of Germany, were present to consult with Urban on his great design of a crusade.

It is said that there were present three thousand clergy,

and thirty thousand laymen. This was deemed a suitable occasion for marshalling the wife in witness against her husband. The question forces itself upon the mind—was there any truth in that horrible story that flowed so glibly from the lips of the passionate empress before the council? Or was it only the malignant slander of a furious, disappointed woman, whose Russian, half-savage vices had forced Henry to restrain her in confinement?

Henry sent no reply to the charges made against him by his wife. If he were guilty he could not, if he were innocent, he disdained to do so. Perhaps he was taken by surprise.

As there was neither reply nor defence from the emperor, the pope and the assembly united in the condemnation of an emperor whom the Church had reason to regard with abhorrence.

It has been necessary to sketch the condition of the emperor's affairs, the profound discouragement, despair, humiliation, to which he was subjected, that we may understand the position of S. Otto, his chaplain who clung to him, in spite of his excommunication, and ministered to him though denounced as a heretic and an outcast from God, by the occupant of the chair of S. Peter. By so doing he was involved in the excommunication which was comprehensive enough to embrace and blight all who adhered to, and ministered in sacred things to, the excommunicated emperor.

Otto consoled the unfortunate Henry under his severe afflictions. When his wife was exposing him, or certainly herself, to public shame, and his son was in armed and insolent rebellion against him, the emperor found consolation in private prayer, and in the singing of David's psalms. The latter especially proved his comfort. Had not David fled before the face of his revolted son? Otto

drew up for the king's use a collection of "psalms and hymns, chapters and prayers for the whole course of the year, that the king might commit them to memory," and whenever he was with Henry, he had his psalter under his arm, ready to say the sacred offices with him, "Otto discreetly thinking that nothing should be omitted, whereby he might conciliate the favour of his lord."

The contemporary biographer goes on to say, "In those days the emperors were wont to give investiture of churches, and as often as a bishop died, it was customary for the church vacated by his death to send the staff and ring of the deceased prelate to the emperor, and to ask of the court a new bishop. Many nobles and great men, therefore, acquaintances, and sons of princes, came to court, in hope of promotion, performing in course the office of chaplain to the emperor. Amongst all these place-hunters, Otto conducted himself so composedly and evenly that he neither drew on himself envy through elation, nor contempt through meanness. At last one of these men, who had been chancellor, being elevated to the episcopate, Otto received the seal of the emperor, and undertook the office of chancellor, which he filled with such industry and goodness, that he was loved by all the court, and by all was deferred to."

In 1102, Rupert, bishop of Bamberg, died, and the episcopal insignia were transmitted to the chancelry, together with the petition of the church of Bamberg, for a new pastor. But the emperor deferred to appoint for six months. At the end of that time he summoned to him the delegates of the church of Bamberg, and promised them a suitable bishop, promising to give him to them at the approaching feast of Christmas.

On the Sunday before the appointed day the clergy and people of Bamberg, with cross and banners, ascended

processionally the hill of S. Michael, which rises on the north-west of the cathedral, and is crowned by an abbey founded by Henry II., to obtain the intercession of the archangel and the heavenly host in behalf of the see, that it might be given a suitable prelate.

On Christmas Day, the deputies, consisting of the chief nobles and clergy of Bamberg, appeared before the emperor at Mainz. Henry received them courteously, and said, "How great is our solicitude in behalf of your church ye may conclude from the fact that we have not hastily and inconsiderately imposed on you a pastor; but after much counsel and deliberation, delay, and careful inquisition. Nor is this marvellous, for your church was founded and endowed with farms and feudal lordships, and enriched and exalted by our kinsmen and ancestors, a thing we cannot assert of other churches, and all these things remain to it untouched and undiverted. Therefore, to such a church, a wise and provident, and not a haughty ruler is befitting. And such a bishop have we sought out for you."

After further introduction, still without coming to the point, one of the delegates impatiently asked, "Where, and who is our bishop?"

"He is here!" said Henry, catching the hand of Otto.

Then all the delegates were aghast, and looked at each other, and cast down their eyes; and the nobles around who had coveted the see for themselves, or for their kinsmen, muttered and nodded, and excited the delegates to speak.

"We had hoped," said they, "that your majesty would have given us one of the nobles or princes, known to us, and related to us, as a ruler. But as for this man, we do not know who he is, or whence he comes."

Henry answered haughtily, "Do you want to know who

he is? In faith, we are his father, and the church of Bamberg must be his mother. My word is passed, nor think to make me change it. We have known this man for long, and have proved his probity, sagacity, patience, and diligence."

Otto flung himself at the emperor's feet, and burst into tears. In vain did he protest his poverty, his unworthiness to receive so high a dignity. "Have you not, sire! chaplains who are wise, noble and illustrious by birth, powerful and rich, whom such honours would become?"

"See," said the emperor, "how full of ambition this man is. This is the third see that he refuses. Two have been already offered him, and he has passed them on to his comrades? What think you of him? We designed him for the bishopric of Augsburg,¹ but he thinking it fair that those who had preceded him in the care and anxieties of our court should first have their rest, refused to accept it. It was the same with the bishopric of Halberstadt.² Surely now, the church of Bamberg is divinely reserved to him." Then he thrust the staff into the hand of Otto, and placed the ring on his finger, and the court with a shout saluted him bishop. The delegates of the church of Bamberg accepted him as their father and lord, and embraced him. Then Henry said, "Receive him with all reverence and honour; for I testify before Almighty God, who knows all things, that I know no mortal man whom I could trust to execute his duties more honestly and conscientiously. As long as I live, he who touches that man, touches the apple of my eye."

It is deserving of note that Henry should have thus

¹ This must have been on the death of Sigfrid II., in 1096.

² This must have been in 1102, the same year, but earlier, in October, in which the anti-bishop Herrard died. Frederick I. had been appointed in 1090, and was deposed in 1105.

advanced a man of such integrity, nor is it a solitary instance; and it is calculated to make us mistrust the indiscriminate charge of veniality and recklessness laid against Henry IV. in his appointments to the German bishoprics. It is also curious to remark how Otto, by receiving the ring and staff from the emperor, again involved himself in the sentence of excommunication proclaimed by several popes against all who should by so doing acknowledge the imperial jurisdiction.

But Otto was determined not to be wilfully and defiantly opposed to the pope; and he resolved on the first opportunity to hasten into Italy and make his submission to the pope. After forty days spent with the emperor, by order of Henry, the bishops of Augsburg and Würzburg conducted Otto to Bamberg on the vigil of the Purification. On coming within sight of the towers and spires of the city, Otto leaped from his horse, took off his shoes, and walked barefoot through the snow to the church of S. George, where he was met by the clergy and people, and conducted with great pomp of banner, blare of trumpet, and chant of choir to the cathedral. The ceremony was necessarily long, the pace of the procession slow, and long the function in the minster, with cold stones under foot. Consequently the bishop's feet were frost-bitten. Some servants, more willing than discreet, hastened to immerse them in hot water, but Otto, whose experiences of frost-bites in Poland served him in good stead, ordered cold water to be brought, and plunged his frozen feet into it.

A few days after, he sent messengers to Rome, with a letter soliciting the sanction of the pope to his appointment. "Bowing my neck devoutly to you, most holy father, and to the holy Roman Church, our mother, I desire help and counsel in my affairs. In the service to

my lord, the emperor, I have passed certain years, and have found favour in his eyes, but holding suspect the investiture from the hand of the emperor, once and again, when offered a bishopric, have I declined it. Now, for the third time, he has appointed me to a bishopric, that of Bamberg, but I will by no means retain it, unless it please your holiness to invest and consecrate me."

When Pope Paschal received this letter, he was highly gratified, because at that time we are told by Sifried, "few of the German bishops deferred, as was proper, to their mother;" he therefore gladly overlooked the past, and invited Otto to Rome. Three years after, the bishop travelled into Italy, and on the feast of the Ascension (1106), met Pope Paschal at Anagni, and surrendered into his hands the staff and ring, to be re-invested by papal authority with what he had already received by imperial authority; and this was done on the ensuing feast of Pentecost. The pope in reward for his obedience conferred on him the right of bearing the archiepiscopal pall and crosier four times in the year in addition to the four times in which every bishop of Bamberg claimed that right.¹

Otto set to work in his diocese, building monasteries and in restoring his cathedral which had been burnt down in the days of his predecessor, so that only the walls were standing. He relaid the floor, adorned the pillars with carved work, set up paintings, roofed the church throughout with copper tiles, and gilded the caps of the towers, and the crosses. The church of S. Michael, on the Michaelisberg, had been thrown down by an earthquake. He rebuilt it from the foundations.

¹ What was the origin of this curious custom is not known. The bishops of Bamberg are thus represented with pall and crosier on their tombs in Bamberg Cathedral.

A curious story is told by his contemporary biographer. The bishop went to the little church of Buchelbach to remove from the altar numerous relics which were inclosed in it, intending to translate them to a better place. He took with him his clergy, and after fasting and prayer, ordered some of them to break the leaded seal which fastened the locker in which were the relics. They hesitated, therefore Otto himself took the crow-bar and struck at the seal, whereupon the red wax under it oozed out on the altar like goutts of blood, and so frightened the bishop that he fainted away. On his recovery of his senses, scared at the thought of having possibly, but unintentionally, committed sacrilege, he fled to the Michaelsberg abbey, and implored his friend Wolfram, the abbot, to receive him as a monk, that he might escape the responsibilities and dangers of his episcopal office.

The abbot, seeing him frightened, made him at once take the vow of obedience to him, and then said calmly, "On your obedience I enjoin on you to return to the discharge of your episcopal duties !" and he sent him back to the government of his see.

In 1125, Germany was visited with a pestilence and famine, the result of the wars which had so long devastated it, and destroyed the labours of the husbandman. Otto did all that lay in his power to relieve the starving, and comfort the sick, in his diocese. He was indefatigable in visiting all the streets, villages, cottages, hospitals, everywhere where there was suffering. One hot day, when his chaplain and servants were taking their afternoon slumber, Otto went out with his serving boy to one of the hospitals. On the way he stood still, and said, "I smell something very offensive ; go, boy, and look what is there ?" And he pointed in the direction whence the odour arose. The lad returned with white face, to say that a corpse half

devoured by birds lay festering in a bed of nettles. The bishop went to the spot, and saw that the body was that of a dead woman, and was far advanced in putrefaction.

"Take up the feet, and I will hold the head," said Otto, placing his hands under the shoulders.

The boy exclaimed, "Let me run for help. Do not defile your sacred hands."

"God forbid!" answered the bishop. "God forbid that touching a child of Adam, and a daughter of the Church, should be defilement!"

The horrible state of the corpse was too much for the boy, and he turned away sick and faint. Then Otto, with an effort, threw the corpse over his back, "with stopped nostrils, and face averted," and carried it to the cemetery, where he buried it; his attendant following with groans and exclamations at a distance behind.

The biographers of Otto have nothing to say of his conduct during the miserable years of strife which closed the career of Henry IV. Conrad had died. The consciousness of his weakness, and his remorse for his guilty conduct, brought him early to the grave, A.D. 1101. But in 1104, Henry, the youngest and most beloved son of the old emperor, was stimulated by those who had fomented the unnatural rebellion of Conrad, into following his example.

Henry IV. died an exile at Liége, in 1106, but the papal interdict clave to him in his grave, and he was exhumed, and lay unburied for five years, till the ban was removed, and his bones were laid to rest beside his faithful wife Bertha, at Spire.

Henry V., the rebel son, was not dutiful to the pontiff who had incited his revolt against his father. He marched to Rome to be crowned, but he stipulated that the right of investiture should be conceded to the

emperor. Pope Paschal hesitated, but yielded at length. A treaty was solemnly agreed to on both sides with mutual and solemn protestations of sincerity. But neither was in earnest. The pope could not reverse the proceedings of the former popes, and concede so important a point without a struggle, and Henry meditated the complete subjection of the Holy See to his despotic sway. Before a year had elapsed Paschal, complaining that it had been negotiated under constraint, annulled the treaty, and excommunicated the emperor.

This excommunication was at once a ready justification for the revolt of the great ecclesiastical vassals of the empire. Adalbert, archbishop of Mainz, Frederick, archbishop of Cologne, and nearly all the powerful princes of the German Church rose in arms against the emperor.

Throughout this eventful period, Otto, noble-spirited, sharing none of the base passions which actuated either party, kept in dignified independence of both. To the king he rendered that allegiance and honour which he esteemed to be his due, whether excommunicated or not; and to the pope he also behaved with becoming respect. Join the malcontents in their revolt, even against a monarch under anathema, he would not, and his abstention called forth an angry letter from Frederick, archbishop of Cologne,¹ and another from the revolted Adalbert of Mainz, who had turned on his benefactor and friend.²

In 1114 the excommunicated emperor came to Bamberg to celebrate the festival of the Nativity of our Lord. He was dissatisfied with Otto for not openly taking his side in the struggle, but the bishop satisfied him, and the emperor departed admiring the suavity, the wise zeal, and the broad charity of the saintly prelate.

Ten years after, in 1124, Otto's attention was turned to

¹ Ap. Gretzer, "*Divi Bambergenses*," 1011; p. 502.

² *Ibid*, p. 468.

Pomerania, which had been conquered and annexed to Poland, over which now reigned Boleslas III., whom he had known as a little child in the court of his father Wladislas. Pomerania had remained heathen till that day. Boleslas conquered it with difficulty, in 1121, and with great effusion of blood. If we may believe the chronicler, he killed 18,000 men, and dispersed 8,000 men, women, and children, among the towns of his kingdom, where they remained as captives. Upon the miserable remainder he imposed submission and Christianity. The king had recourse at once to the friend and guide of his youth, and wrote a letter to S. Otto urging him to visit Pomerania, and establish there the foundations of the Church.

An attempt had already been made, but it had proved unsuccessful. In 1122, a Spanish priest named Bernard, who had been consecrated bishop at Rome, appeared at the court of Boleslas, and requested permission to essay the conversion of Pomerania. The duke did not conceal from his visitor the difficulties of the undertaking; but Bernard, though unacquainted with the Pomeranian tongue, resolved on making the attempt. Accompanied by his chaplain, and an interpreter provided by the duke, he repaired to the town of Julin (Wollin), barefooted, and in the garb of a mendicant.

The Pomeranians—an easy, merry, well-conditioned race, honest as the day, and warmly hospitable¹—were accustomed to see their priests present a magnificent appearance, and they regarded the missionary with profound disdain. When he asserted that he had come as the messenger of God, they asked how “it was possible to believe that the great Lord of the world, glorious in power, and rich in all resources, would send his messenger in such

¹ Herboldi “Vita Othonis,” ii. p. 40, ap. Pertz. vol. xii.

despicable garb, without even shoes on his feet. If He had really desired their conversion, He would surely have sent a more suitable and dignified envoy. As for Bernard, he was an impostor, who pretended to have a mission, that he might live on alms." Bernard replied by proposing, if they would not believe his words, that a ruinous house should be set on fire, and he himself flung into the midst. "If, while the house is consumed, I come forth unscathed," said he, "then believe that I am sent to you by Him whom fire and all other created matter obeys." The Pomeranians, convinced that he was mad, urged him to leave the place; but, instead of heeding the advice, Bernard struck down one of the sacred images, on which a riot ensued, and he was hurried from the place, with the advice, since he was so eager to preach, to exercise his talents on the fishes and fowls. Bernard retired to Bamberg, and there met with S. Otto. About the same time came the letter from Boleslas.

S. Otto could not refuse to respond to this call, though he was now a white-haired man. He called a synod of his clergy, obtained the sanction of Pope Honorius, and started, travelling through Bohemia into Poland. At Gnesen he was cordially received by the duke, or king, Boleslas, and by the clergy.

Boleslas provided the bishop with provisions for his journey, and servants who spoke Slavonic and German, baggage wagons, horses, and money of the country, three of his chaplains, and last, but not least, a certain officer (centurio), named Paulitius, "a man sturdy, and right Catholic, and with a natural flow of words, so as to be apt to preach to the people."

Thus furnished, the bishop and his party set forth on their way to Pomerania. Sifried, the biographer of the saint, was of the party; and the narrative assumes a more

lively and minute character. Pomerania was separated from Poland by a vast belt of forest, rarely traversed, but Sifried says, never, till a few years before, when Boleslas entered it with his troops to chastise some robbers who had taken refuge under its green arches. The duke had cut down trees, or marked them with the hatchet on the line of his march. Following the track and the scorings on the trees, the bishop and his party crept on in perpetual twilight, scared by the serpents which rustled in the grass, and the innumerable storks which nested in the trees, and disturbed the travellers with their chatter. Ever and anon the baggage horses floundered in swamps, and the waggons sank, and had to be extracted with combined exertions. After six days the party reached the banks of the river Netz, which formed the confines of Pomerania. In the meantime the duke of Pomerania, warned of their arrival, came to the opposite bank with five hundred men, and crossing the river, saluted the bishop, and was saluted in turn by him. He was a Christian at heart, but not openly, because he feared his people, who were all heathen. The duke and the bishop walked off, accompanied by Paulitius, as interpreter, to converse in private, leaving the clerks with the barbarian followers of the duke, who amused themselves with scaring the unfortunate missionaries nearly out of their lives. Sifried gives an amusing and graphic account of the agonies of terror which they—he being one of them—endured.

“The barbarians who had come with the duke, seeing the clergy somewhat frightened, began to harass them with feigned acts to heighten their terror, so that they, thinking their martyrdom was at hand, commended their last hour to the Lord with mutual confession, and with prayers and psalms. For now, for the first time, they saw these pagans, and they knew not in what mood the duke had

come. But the horror of the vast wilderness, the unwonted situation, the black density of the forest just left, the approaching darkness, and the frightful appearance of these barbarous men, occasioned them no small amount of terror."

Besides, these pagans, drawing forth very sharp knives, began sportively to threaten the clerks with skinning, or with stabbing, or they pretended to be about to bury them up to their heads, and to prick and slash their shaven crowns, and to inflict other and varied tortures; then they rushed on them with howls and screeches, so that they were scared beyond measure. But after a while the missionaries breathed freely, when the duke, seeing they were frightened to deathly paleness, revived them with benignant consolation, and bade them take what had occurred as a joke; and the poor clerks recovering their spirits began to preach boldly to those men whom, a few moments before "from terror they had not dared look at."¹

The bishop then opened his baggage, and produced some presents, chief among which was an ivory walking stick, which he offered to the duke, who immediately, highly delighted, began to march up and down with it,² and whisking it before the eyes of his followers, said, "See what a father God has given to us, and what presents he makes!"

Then the duke retired, leaving a few of his men to serve as guard to the visitors.

On the following day the bishop and his party crossed the river, and began their journey to Pyritz, through a country devastated by war, with scarce an inhabitant, and only the ashes of homesteads where inhabitants had been.

¹ It is amusing to observe how in the narrative Sifried, who has been speaking of the journey in the first person plural, suddenly changes here to the third; it is "they" were frightened, it is "we" who preached and baptized.

² "Ipsa incumbens, gratulabundus huc illucque ambulat."

The few wretched creatures who clung to their ruined habitations, on being asked if they would become Christians, cast themselves tearfully at the feet of the bishop, and besought baptism, and this was readily accorded to about thirty of them, after brief instruction in the Creed and the Decalogue.

The party drew near to Pyritz in the evening of the seventh day, and saw that the sandy plains and shores of the lake were thronged with barbarians, who had assembled to celebrate a great heathen festival with song and game. Their howled-out chants startled the advancing missionaries, and the bishop deemed it prudent not to adventure himself and his companions among the pagans in the hour of jubilation and heathen revel. Accordingly the party drew up at a safe distance, under the shadow of trees, and spent a sleepless night, without daring to kindle a fire, or speak above a whisper.¹

Next morning the interpreter, Paulitius, was sent to the duke, together with an embassy from the duke of Poland. Paulitius seized the opportunity to give rein to his natural flow of speech, and preach to the duke and his court, exhorting them at once to believe and be baptized. They replied that the matter was too serious to be despatched off-hand.² The interpreter thereupon warned them that to reject his preaching might lead to disastrous consequences, and significantly pointed to the traces of havoc left by the recent war.³ "Indeed," said he, "the bishop arrived last night, but when he heard you were occupied with games and merriment, he declined to enter, and fixed

¹ "Noctem illam insomnem duxerunt; nec ignem in castris habere ausi, nec verbis apertioribus ad invicem loqui praeumpserunt."

² "Non oportere, dicentes, rem tam grandem subito aut inconsulte aggredi."

³ He added with an exaggeration, to which his fluent eloquence lent itself, that the whole of the universe was Christian with the sole exception of the Pomeranian people.

his tents in the plain outside. And now it becomes your prudence not to keep him too long waiting, lest haply the duke should find cause of complaint therein."

"Very well," said Wratisslas, who perfectly comprehended the hint, "what we must do, let us do it with alacrity and of our own accord.¹ Our Gods seem to be worth very little, as they did not help us lately; and as they deserted us in our hour of need, let us desert them now, and adopt a God who does not desert those who trust in Him."

This was all that could be desired, and the duke promised to agitate the matter amongst the people, whilst the interpreter and the deputies returned to the bishop and invited him into the town. At once the waggon and the whole convoy was set in motion, and approached Pyritz. The people remaining after the festival of the previous day swarmed to meet them, but when they saw "the four-wheeled chariots, the waggons, and the carts bearing their goods, the cattle also, and the numbers who accompanied them," they began to fear, thinking it was an army on the march to chastise them again. But the duke bade them not fear; and the poor people, relieved of their terror, surrounded the advancing convoy, running alongside of the carts, wondering, examining everything, and chattering in their unintelligible jargon.

On reaching the centre of the town, the bishop found a square before the ducal castle, apt for an encampment. He therefore unfurled his tents, the kindly heathen lending a helping hand with the tent pegs and guys. Then the bishop robed in his tent, and stepped forth in all the magnificence of jewelled mitre and cope, before the people, and ascending some rising ground, thus addressed them. "The blessing of the Lord be upon you, blessed are ye of the Lord. Let us bless and thank you all in the

¹ "Faciamus sponte et alacres, quod facturi sumus."

name of the Lord, for you have received us very warmly, jocundly, and well. Now the reason of our coming here is this—you may have already heard it, but I will repeat it—we have come a long journey, and all we seek is your happiness, your beatitude, your joy. Know assuredly that if you acknowledge our Lord, and serve Him, you will be happy, blessed, and right joyous." And thus he spoke to the people. The rest of his sermon Sifried does not report to avoid tediousness. Suffice it to say that this discourse, and the admonitions of the duke, produced the desired effect, and the bishop and clergy were occupied seven days in catechizing the neophytes. After that, a three-days fast was appointed, and preparations were made for baptism on an extensive scale. The bishop reserved to himself the baptizing of all the men and boys, the women and girls he committed to his assistant priests, and S. Otto was particular that the ceremony should be performed with the utmost propriety.¹ This was the more necessary as the barbarous people of the better class were endowed with so much self-respect and modesty, that unless such provision were made, they would have absolutely held aloof from the fonts.² All the particulars are given with interesting minuteness by the eye-witness, Sifried. The bishop caused several large tubs to be sunk in the ground, which, when filled with water, would cover a man to his knees. Curtains were hung on poles round these extemporised fonts, and strained on ropes. On one side behind a curtain stood the sponsors, on the other, behind a white sheet, stood the priest and his ministers. The catechumen undressed beside the tub, and stepped into the water. When the priest heard the splash, he

¹ "Edocuit, ut nihil indecorum, nihil unquam, quod alicui gentium minus placere posset, ibi ageretur."

² "Ne honestiores personæ, pudoris occasione, se a baptismo subtraherent."

drew the sheet slightly aside, and without looking, thrust his arm out, and dipped the catechumen's head thrice, and then anointed it with oil. The arm was withdrawn, the sheet fell back, and the newly-baptized were clothed by the sponsors in the white robe, and given a candle to hold.

In this manner, says the biographer, did Otto conduct baptism everywhere, whenever he had to do with adults whom the priests could not bear in their arms. "But in winter it was done in warmed rooms (*stubbis calefactis*), and in warm water, with the same observance of pomp and modesty, with buried tubs and strained curtains, but also with swinging of incense and other odoriferous matters."

Sifried gives at full length a sermon addressed by the bishop to those who had been baptized, containing an explanation of the seven sacraments. Otto also bade them observe the fasts and festivals in the year, which he enumerated, and after a sojourn of twenty days in Pyritz, went with all his retinue to Kammin,¹ where resided the duchess, who had been brought up a Christian, and was mindful of her early teaching. There the bishop remained forty days, and there so many sought baptism that he was nearly exhausted. Sifried says that the bishop was worked so hard, though he only baptized the men and boys, that his clothes were often soaked with perspiration, and his alb was dripping.² He would then sit down panting, till he had recovered his breath, and then rise up to continue his labours, glorifying God that He had given him such a harvest to gather in.

Near Kammin lived a widow of high rank, who occupied a tower that commanded her pleasant harvest fields. She was a zealous heathen, and scoffed at the teaching of

¹ Near the mouth of the Dievenow, opposite Usedom Isle.

² "*Sæpenumero sudantem aspexerunt; adeo profecto, ut alba ejus ab humeris usque ad umbilicum ante et retro sudore manaret.*"

S. Otto. "Look what the old gods have given us!" said she, pointing to the yellow fields. Otto had expressly forbidden Sunday labour, and on Sunday a stream of people poured by the field-paths between the ripe corn to the church at Kammin, where he performed divine service. "Come," said the lady, "let us reap our corn, that is better than idling a day in honour of this new God. I will lead you, prepare my chariot, and give me a sickle."

So the horses and chariot were made ready, a party of reapers set forth, and the widow with her sickle followed, to cut the first armful. It was a hot bright autumn day. She turned her sleeves back, girded up her dress,¹ and thrust in the sickle. But the excitement and the heat produced a spasm of the heart. She fell down speechless and stiff "like an image, mute, but looking at those who looked at her." Her attendants raised her up, her face was livid, her lips moved, but no voice came, and she died in their arms.

This sudden death was regarded as a judgment on the lady for her opposition to the new religion, and tended greatly to advance the influence of S. Otto, and make the people of Kammin very cautious of desecrating the Lord's Day by manual labour.

From Kammin the bishop went over the salt swamps and lakes to the city of Julin (Wollin.) As they drew nigh the guides hesitated, "We are afraid for you, father, and for yours; for these people are fierce and cruel. If it be your good pleasure we will wait till dusk, lest our entering before all the people should cause a tumult. But when once we are in the place we can take advantage of the right of asylum which the laws of the country afford to any one who takes refuge within the castle of the duke."

As soon as night fell the boats pushed off, and coming

¹ "Rebrachiatis manicis, succintaque veste."

under the walls of the ducal palace, the bishop and his followers climbed over them, and found themselves in his court, before the people of the town were aware.

Next morning there was great excitement in Wollin, the people crowded to stare at the strangers who occupied the castle,¹ and then furiously attacked it with axes, swords and spears.

The bishop and his clergy took refuge in a strong building called the Stube, where was the fire-place, and which was made of strong beams. In this he had collected all his ecclesiastical vessels and vestments, and everything that was most precious. The people broke into the yard, and assailed this building, tearing off the roof, and chopping the planks out of the sides. The clergy, thinking that death was sure to ensue, burst into tears, but Otto remained composed, and even cheerful.

Paulitius and the ambassadors of the dukes now deemed that affairs were sufficiently threatening for them to remonstrate. Accordingly they opened the door, and rushed forth upon the assailants, with outspread arms. As soon as silence was made, Paulitius found opportunity to exhibit his natural fecundity of speech, and harangue the mob. "What have we done, whom have we hurt? We came peaceably into the ducal house, and must be allowed peaceably to depart."

"Your bishop is an impostor!" shouted the people of Wollin; "he speaks evil of our gods, so we want to kill him. But we are ready to allow him and you to depart unmolested, if you will only rid us of your presence. Quick then! out of the city with you!"

So Paulitius caught the bishop by the hand, and hurried him out of the court, followed by the frightened clerks and

¹"Curtis" is the word used repeatedly. It is defined by Velius Longus as a court surrounded with buildings, stables, &c.

ambassadors. Now the streets were unpaved, full of deep mud holes, with boards put across the most treacherous places. As they hasted on, a Pomeranian aimed a blow at the bishop with a ship-roller, which fell on his shoulder, and Otto tumbled over into the deep black mud, which at that spot was up to his waist. The other clerks were similarly treated. But they were allowed to crawl out of the slough and escape from the town without further molestation. And when they were safe among the corn-fields, they lay down gasping for breath, and found to their no small satisfaction, that none of the party was missing.

There they remained five days, hoping that the Wollin folk would come to a better mind. During those days the Christians went into the city, and the nobles of Wollin came out to, and conversed with them, and apologised for the riot, laying the blame on the common people. Bishop Otto told them that the Duke of Poland would not be pleased to hear of the treatment his envoys had received, and that it might prove in the end disagreeable to themselves, unless they accepted his mission. After long discussion, the magnates of Wollin agreed to be guided by the example of the city of Stettin, the most ancient in Pomerania, and regarded as the mother of all the other towns in the duchy.

The reception of the bishop in Stettin was coldly courteous. He was listened to, but no one offered for baptism. "Amongst the Christians," said the magnates of Stettin, "there are thieves and robbers, who are deprived of their hands and eyes. Indeed, there is scarcely an act of rascality which is not perpetrated in Christendom, therefore no Christianity for us."¹ The missionaries spent two

¹ Among the heathen Pomeranians theft and robbery were unknown. Sifried says that they had no locks on their doors or on any box, and that they were amazed at the boxes of the bishop being locked, and asked why it was necessary. He gives a pleasant sketch of the hospitality and honesty of the people. "There is always a clean cloth and platter on the table awaiting a visitor."

months in Stettin, and finding they were making no way with their spiritual weapons, thought it best to try the effect of a resort to temporal ones. They accordingly drew up a memorial to the Duke of Poland, asking him his wishes, narrating the obstinancy of the people of Stettin, and suggesting his interference. The intentions of the missionaries got wind, and the people of Stettin were alarmed. The town council assembled, and resolved to send a deputation also to the Duke of Poland, and to assure him that though it was true they had conscientious scruples against the adoption of a faith new to them, yet that they were disposed to let their interests prevail over their scruples, and should Boleslas consent to mitigate the taxation, would on their part renounce their gods, and accept Christ.

The two deputations departed together, and the bishop continued his exhortations to the people. Every market day, and that was twice in the week, with cross and mitre and cope, he stood up in the market-place and preached to the country people.

The first converts were two boys. There was a lady in Stettin who had been carried away as a little girl out of a Christian land, and had been married, because she was very fair, to a man of rank in the city. By him she had two sons, fine lads, "with faces like angels," who had heard at their mother's knee stories of how Christ was worshipped in the home of her childhood; and when the bishop and his clergy came to Stettin, the boys listened to him, visited him, and asked to be instructed and baptised. Their father was opportunely absent. The bishop prepared them for the sacred rite; then secretly baptised them and clothed them in white, and kept them with him for eight days.

The mother, at last, heard of what had taken place, and

sent word that she would visit the bishop and her children. S. Otto accordingly came forth to meet her, and seating himself on the turf with his clergy around him, placed the two boys, still in white, at his feet. Presently the mother appeared. She stood riveted at the sight, and stretched out her arms. The boys rose, bowed to the bishop, and asked leave to join their mother. Consent was given, and in another moment they were strained to her full breast, and the woman, overcome by her feelings, fainted on the grass. The bishop and the clergy ran to raise her, and when she had recovered breath she blessed God for having allowed her to see her dear sons admitted into the fold of Christ's Church. Then she told her story, how as a little maiden she had been carried off from a Christian land, and a flood of tears choked her utterance. She invited the bishop to convert and baptize all her household, and she made him a handsome present of an ermine cloak. Otto gave the boys two white shirts (*camisiæ*) or tunics, adorned on the shoulders and sleeves with gold embroidery, and with gold belts and painted shoes. The boys went immediately to their fellows and told them how good and liberal the Christian bishop was. An admiring crowd of urchins surrounded and coveted the white shirts, gilt belts, and painted shoes, and then rushed off to the bishop's lodgings clamouring for holy baptism.

The household of the lady was instructed and received regeneration, but when the husband heard the news he fell sick with dismay, and all feared he would die. However, when he saw his wife and sons and servants again, and heard what they had to say, his alarm abated, and he resolved also to become a Christian.

Almost directly after, Paulitius and the delegates of the city returned to Stettin with a letter from Boleslas, peremptory enough to overcome their lingering scruples,

“Boleslas, by the grace of God, Duke of Poland, the enemy of all pagans,” thus it began, “to the people of Pomerania and of Stettin observing their oath of fidelity, firm and long friendship ; but to them disregarding the same, bloodshed and burning, and eternal enmity. If I were looking out for occasion against you, my indignation would be just, because you are not observing your promise, but are going backwards, and because you have not received my lord and father bishop Otto as was fitting, nor have as yet become obedient to his doctrine. All these are enough to serve as accusation against you, but my emissaries and yours have interceded, especially that pontiff now among you, your evangelist and apostle. At his advice I have decreed the lightening of the burden of the tribute, that you may the more readily place your necks under the yoke of Christ. And after this manner shall your tribute be :— The land of Pomerania shall pay me annually three hundred marks of silver, and when I am engaged in war, out of every ten householders one shall be equipped and sent to my assistance at the expense of the nine.”

The letter was read to all the people, who at once consented to accept the favour of the duke, alleviation of tax, and the Christian faith. S. Otto seized the occasion, and mounting a pulpit addressed them. “Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice. Let your moderation, your faith, and your conversion, be known unto all men, for the whole world mourns over your unbelief. The whole world, dearly beloved, except this corner of earth, acknowledges the light of truth ; but ye remain in darkness. Let it put you to grief and shame thus long to have remained ignorant of your Creator. And now I know that ye fear the demons who dwell in your temples and idols, and that you dare not pull these down. Therefore we will go forward armed with the holy cross, and do

you follow us, and having broken down the doors and walls, let these temples be burned with fire."

Thereupon S. Otto celebrated mass and communicated all his priests, and forthwith advanced, armed with axes and crow-bars against the temples.¹ They got on the roofs, tore them up, broke down the walls. There were four temples in Stettin. Three of these were plain, with benches round the interior and tables in the midst, and here the nobles of the city used to assemble for consultation, and for their solemn religious banquets. But the largest temple was sculptured throughout with marvellous skill, with representations of birds and beasts and men, "so exactly like nature that one might have supposed they breathed and lived," these were painted within the temple and outside, and remained untarnished by the weather. In this temple were heaped up the spoils of war from centuries past, gold and silver goblets, wild bulls'-horns gilded and incrusting with gems—some for drinking, others for blowing, costly raiment, and goodly arms. The bishop discreetly refused to take this vast treasure, but bestowed it on the people of Stettin, thus compensating them in a fashion for their distress at the destruction of the beautiful temple. This destruction went on apace. The carved wood was stripped off, split, sawn up, and stacked for firing. In the temple stood an image of Triglaw, the three-eyed, the god of time, past, present, and future, who was especially venerated as the patron of the three-hilled Stettin. The image had a golden cap, and was clothed to the chin. Otto conveyed it away and sent it to Rome as a trophy.

There was also at Stettin a vast oak tree, at whose roots rose a spring of water. This tree received veneration, and S. Otto would have hewn it down had not the people of

¹ "Continæ," a Slavonic word.

Stettin implored him to spare them the noble monarch of the forest, promising on no account to observe towards it any superstitious rites. On this condition he spared the tree. The method of divination chiefly in vogue before a war was performed with a black horse never mounted by man; it was very large and very fat. When it was desired to know the fate of a projected war, nine arrows were disposed on the ground, and the black horse was led among them, up and down. If he did not stir the arrows with his hoofs, the war promised to be successful. Otto took the horse and sent it into Poland or Germany to be sold. All the city now submitted to change its belief and accept baptism, except the priest who used to have charge of the black horse, and who worried Otto with questions and objections, till a timely boil on his stomach reduced him to silence.

Otto now set to work building a church in the market-place of the town as a tangible memorial of his victory over the national heathenism; and he erected therein an altar, and supplied it with all that was necessary for the conduct of divine worship.

Meanwhile what had taken place was not unknown at Wollin. The townspeople had sent messengers and spies to the Slavonic capital, who narrowly watched and reported the bishop's proceedings, and the course of events and the conduct and final submission of the people of Stettin. Consequently, when Otto again presented himself at Wollin, he found the populace ready and eager to receive baptism. At Wollin a number of gods were worshipped, some being of gold. Amongst others an "unknown god," the mysterious force of Nature, whose image stood on lofty wooden columns, and which was venerated with a banquet at the beginning of summer. The golden image of Triglaw was saved by the priests before the arrival of Otto

who only found in the temple the deserted chair of the god.

With the consent of the chiefs, it was agreed that a bishopric should be erected at Wollin, to which Boleslas subsequently nominated one of his chaplains, Adalbert, who had accompanied Otto on his tour. Having consecrated the chancels of two churches, he left Wollin and visited Klötikow, Colberg, and Belgard. On the river Reg he came on a large town which had been sacked and ruined by Boleslas; it was now a heap of crumbling walls, and ashes strewn with the white bones of its gallant defenders. The scanty relics of population lived in miserable hovels of tree-boughs and willows, till they could set up again the walls of their fallen homes. Otto baptized them and went further.

The autumn was now closing in, and the approach of winter warned the bishop to bring his labours to an end; therefore, after re-visiting the places where he had achieved such rapid success, and exhorting the infant churches to constancy in the faith and in a holy life, he left the country for his own diocese, where he arrived on the 25th March, A.D. 1125.

Although anxious to resume his labours in the Pomeranian mission-field, Otto found the cares of his own diocese sufficient to claim all his attention. But in the spring of 1127, he determined to set out again, and once more collected, as preliminary to his journey, a number of costly presents.

On this occasion, unwilling to trespass on the kindness of the Duke of Poland, he chose a different course, and passing through Saxony, he laded his vessels at Halle, and dropping down the Elbe, reached the mouth of the Havel, and ascended it as far as Havelberg, where he found the heathen inhabitants holding a festival in honour of their

idol Wervit. Havelberg had been a bishopric since the see had been founded by Otto the Great, in 946, but its bishops either did not live there, or were without sufficient influence to repress the prevalent idolatry. From Havelberg Otto transported his boats and baggage in fifty waggons through the vast forest that stretched north-east through north Brandenburg and Schwerin. After five days journey they reached a large lake—probably the Planer See—where they met a man in a boat, who had fled into this wilderness from Boleslas, and had spent seven years there, without having tasted bread, living with his wife on the fish he caught, and the water of the lake. He supplied the travellers with abundance of fish, but would take no money from them. All he required was salt, from want of which he suffered much. The bishop gave him as much as he could spare, and pursued his journey through the labyrinth of lakes that intersected the country. Crossing part of Schwerin he reached at length Demmin on the Peene. He did not venture to enter the city, which was heathen, but lodged in an old camp outside the town.

Demmin had lately suffered from the incursions of the people of Schwerin, who had burnt the city and carried off many of the inhabitants captive. The citizens had appealed to Wratislas, duke of Pomerania, and he had hastened to their succour. But when the evening was come, the red sky in the west proclaimed that the duke had set fire to some farms in Schwerin, and was on his way back to Demmin. The bishop was warmly received by Wratislas, who conducted him with him to Usedom, where he assembled the principal citizens of Demmin and of other cities. The duke then addressed them as follows:—
“Aforetime others have preached the word of God here, but on account of your malice, ye have slain them. Only

lately ye crucified a missionary, whose bones my chaplains have reverently collected and buried. But I will have no such treatment of my good father and bishop here, who comes to us an envoy of the pope, and of King Lothar. Therefore know, that if any do him or his an injury, you shall be put to death and your lands laid waste. It is no purpose of mine to force you to this religion, for I have heard from the mouth of the bishop that God loves voluntary, not compulsory, service. So now consult among yourselves if ye will receive the word of God and His messenger."

The result was that all consented to receive baptism. The diet ended, Wratislas suggested to the bishop, now that the reception of Christianity had been formally agreed to by a solemn assembly, that he should send forth his clergy two and two, to the different towns and villages, and prepare the people for his coming.

Accordingly two of his clergy, Ulric and Albin, set out for the town of Wolgast, and were hospitably welcomed by the wife of the burgomaster. No sooner, however, had they explained to her the object of their coming, than in great alarm she informed them that the people were in no friendly mood, that their priests had denounced death as the penalty if any emissaries of the hateful bishop entered the place.

The reason of this unusual hostility soon transpired. One of the chief priests in the town, enraged at the decree passed at Usedom, determined to defeat it by stratagem. Clad in his white sacerdotal robes, he concealed himself in the night-time in a neighbouring wood, and remained there till dawn. As the day broke, a peasant journeying towards the town heard a voice calling to him from the sombre forest. Looking up, he could just discern, in the dim light, a white figure partially concealed by the brushwood. "Stand," said the voice, "and hearken to what I say. I

am thy god ; I am he that clothes the fields with grass, and arrays the forest with leaves ; without me the fruit-tree cannot yield its fruit, or the field its corn, or the cattle their increase. These blessings I bestow on them that worship me, and from them that despise me I take them away. Tell the people of Wolgast, therefore, that they think not of serving any other god but me, for no other can profit them, and warn them that they suffer not those preachers who are coming to their town to live." With these words the figure vanished into the depths of the woods.

Trembling with alarm, the peasant staggered into the town, and announced to the people what had occurred. The excitement was intense. Again and again he was constrained to tell the tale to eager listeners, amongst whom at length stole in the priest himself. Pretending to disbelieve the account, he bade the man repeat afresh every detail ; and when he saw the people were sufficiently moved, "Is not this," he burst forth, "what I have been telling you all the year long? What have we to do with any other god? Is not our own god justly angry with us? How can we, after all his benefits, ungratefully desert him for another? If we would not have him in righteous anger strike us dead, let us put to death these men who would seduce us from our faith."

Such was the tale which had roused all Wolgast against the missionaries. The woman, however, though at great risk, concealed her visitors for two days, till Otto made his appearance with a large body of troops, and some of the chiefs from Usedom. Overawed by their appearance, the people did not venture to oppose his entrance, and he was enabled to open his mission as in other towns. But some of his clergy, ridiculing the alarming news of the hostility of the inhabitants which had been spread by Ulric, strayed carelessly into the town to view the idol

temples, and were followed by a mob threatening vengeance if they proceeded further. Some, therefore, made their way back to the bishop's quarters, but one, named Dietrich, undeterred by danger, rushed into a temple dedicated to Gerovit, the god of war, and, arming himself with the golden shield which hung there, and which no one might touch on pain of death, came forth amongst the people, who gave way on every side at this daring instance of impiety. A commotion ensued, but the heathen party found it useless to struggle against the well-known determination of the dukes, and, before he left, Otto laid the foundation of another church, and administered baptism to considerable numbers.

From Wolgast the bishop and his party made their way to Guzkow, where was the most magnificent temple in the country, of marvellous rarity and beauty. The inhabitants implored the bishop to spare it, and offered him money if he would do so. But he indignantly rejected the bribe, and the great work of art was committed to axes and fire-brands, amidst the wailing of the people. At the same time a swarm of gnats, bred in the marshes around the town, circled about the blazing pile, and then fled away in a black cloud towards Russia, and the bishop and all his zealous adherents believed it was the devils departing from their ancient fane.

To make some recompense for the destruction of their temple, S. Otto began the erection of a great church, and did not leave the place till it was sufficiently advanced to be dedicated. At the dedication, Mitzlav, the chief of Guzkow, was present. He had been baptised after the diet of Usedom. Otto addressed him through an interpreter, and urged him to release the captives he held in chains, both Christian and pagan. The prince complied with his request. And now, on the eve of the dedication

of the new Church, it fell out that there were not ashes enough for strewing the floor.¹ Ulric went in search of more, and rambling in the vaults of the castle of Mitzlav, heard a low moaning, and saw an emaciated hand extended towards him. On looking closer, he found a wretched young man laden with irons about his neck, hands, and feet. He hurriedly brought the interpreter to the spot, and learned that this was the son of a Danish chief who owed Mitzlav five hundred marks, and because he had not been paid, Mitzlav had carried off the lad. Otto refused to proceed with the dedication till the captive was set free.

In the time since their subjection, the Pomeranians had been busily engaged in repairing the fortifications of their towns; their tribute had not been regularly paid, and their zeal for Christianity—at least in Stettin and Julin—had singularly relaxed. Indeed the major part of the population had relapsed into paganism. Boleslas promptly collected troops and marched upon Pomerania. The people were panic-struck, and appealed to S. Otto, who interposed his mediation, and persuaded Boleslas to return to Poland, to the disappointment of his army who were greedy of spoil.

The island of Rugen had become the refuge of the priests and all who adhered most zealously to the old religion. The inhabitants were singularly attached to the worship of their gods; the island with its sacred lake had been revered by the old Teutons with special veneration as the home of their goddess Hertha, and when the wave of Slavonic immigration swept them westwards, the sanctity of the island had remained undisputed, though it had changed its presiding deity from one of Teutonic to one of Slavonic origin.

¹ At the dedication of a church, the floor is strewn with ashes, and the bishop writes in the ashes the Greek alphabet up the nave with his pastoral staff.

S. Otto was anxious to bear the cross to this last stronghold of heathenism ; but when he broached the subject, his clergy deserted him, and only Ulric was constrained to accompany him. It was a day's voyage from Usedom. For three hours the wind was favourable, when suddenly it veered round, blew a gale, and the vessel was driven back upon Usedom. The bishop was drenched to the skin, and so exhausted, that he seemed hardly to breathe ; but he did not abandon his enterprise. He refused to leave the boat, and waited for a favourable change. When the winds abated he again set sail, but was again repulsed ; and when this had happened thrice, he thought he recognised in it the hand of God forbidding him to pursue that path. He accordingly turned towards Stettin. But this city had relapsed into idolatry, and when he declared his intention of revisiting it, his clergy refused to accompany him.

The brave old man therefore thrust them all forth, and having locked his door, prepared in private to depart. He girded up his habit, folded his chalice, book, and sacred vestments in his cloak, and two hours before midnight, when all slept, stole unperceived from the house, and took the road to Stettin. He was not missed till the clergy rose to sing mattins, and then, full of shame, they mounted horse and pursued him, and caught him unmooring a boat in which he was about to commit himself to the Great Haff, on his way to Stettin. They had not the face now to desert him.

Their presence was greatly needed to revive the drooping church their hands had planted in Stettin.

Irritated at the success which had attended the bishop's efforts, the pagan party, whose influence was unbounded with the lower orders, had succeeded in raising a great commotion. A pestilence had broken out, and was readily interpreted by the priests as a sign of the anger of

the national gods. An assault was commenced against the churches which Otho had erected, when one of the ringleaders in the movement was struck by a sudden fit, his hand stiffened, and his club fell. On his recovery he persuaded his fellow-townsmen, after this proof of the power of the Christians' God, to spare the church, and to erect an altar to one of the national deities by the side of the Christian altar, that so the joint protection of both might be secured.

Such was the state of affairs when the bishop and his party entered the town. The incident just related had somewhat calmed the popular excitement, and now aid came in another shape. During his previous visit, Otto had baptized an influential chief, who had subsequently been captured by the Danes, and thrown into prison. One night, so his story ran, having fallen asleep after earnest prayer for release, he dreamt that Bishop Otto appeared to him, and promised him speedy liberation. On awaking, he found the door of his cell unclosed, and taking advantage of this unlooked-for opportunity, he darted forth, escaped to the shore, and, finding a boat, succeeded in reaching Stettin. He could only ascribe his deliverance miraculous interposition, and therefore hung up the boat at the gates of the town, recounting to the people his dream and his escape. His tale, coming so soon after the late mysterious failure in the attack upon the church, made a deep impression on the people of Stettin in favour of the bishop, who had now entered the town.

But the heathen party determined to make one last effort to rouse the popular feeling, and surrounding the church whither the bishop and his clergy had repaired, threatened them with instant death. Had the bishop's courage now failed him, he would in all probability have fallen a victim to their fury. But he ordered the cross to

be uplifted, and went forth at the head of his clergy, chanting psalms, to meet his enemies. Half in awe, and half in admiration, the mob desisted from their attack. At the suggestion of Witsac—the chief who had just escaped from captivity—the bishop on the next Sunday repaired to the market-place, and there preached to the people.

He had just concluded his sermon, when a heathen priest, blowing a trumpet, called on the people to make an end of the enemy of their gods. This was the most critical moment in Otto's life. The lances were already poised to pierce him through, when again the undaunted composure with which he confronted his adversaries struck them with awe, and stayed their hands. Otto seized the favourable moment, and advancing with his clergy to the church, threw down the altar which the heathen party had erected; and commenced the repairs and re-dedication of the sacred edifice. A timely event diverted the attention of the people, and prepared them for good-humoured acquiescence. A huge whale was thrown up on the beach, and the whole town feasted cheaply upon the carcase till it was left a skeleton. As whales were not commonly cast up at that time of the year, the good people of Stettin supposed it was brought them by the virtues of S. Otto, and in hopes of more whale-meat and blubber, expelled the heathen priest from their gates, and expressed the loudest enthusiasm for the doctrines of the bishop.

An attempt to cut down a nut-tree which was dedicated to an idol, so exasperated the owner of the field in which the tree grew, that he made aim at S. Otto with a pick-axe, and would have killed him, had not the bishop started aside.

One day Otto, passing through the street, saw a number of little boys playing in it. He saluted them, and signed

them with the cross, and went on his way, but was soon aware of the patter of their little feet behind him, "ut est mos illi ætate," curious to study the wonderful stranger and his outlandish costume. The bishop stood still, and collecting the boys about him, inquired if any of them had been baptized, and when he ascertained that several were so, he rebuked them sharply for playing with little unbaptized boys. "After which," says Sifried "the baptized boys began to reject and abominate the unbaptized, and to refuse to associate with them in their games."

Several miracles are recorded as having happened about this time. An old blind woman cried out to S. Otto to recover her of her blindness.

"Go, mother, and pull the bell of the church, and invoke S. Adalbert, to whom it is dedicated." She did so, and at the first clang of the bell, scales fell from her eyes. On S. Lawrence's Day, a priest belonging to the party of S. Otto saw workmen reaping corn. He went to them and rebuked them for thus desecrating the martyr's feast, and prayed to S. Lawrence to avenge his honour. Before the priest was well out of the harvest field, the standing corn was observed to be on fire. It is not difficult to discover what hand the priest had in this miracle. But another case cannot be so readily explained.

The feast of the Assumption fell on a Monday. A priest found a peasant reaping his field, and rebuked him. "What ! not work to-day, nor work yesterday? Verily, your religion encourages idleness. When are we to gather in our harvest? You seem to have a horror of active work !" For which blasphemies Sifried tells us he was struck dead.

The Russians, having ascertained the conversion of the Pomeranians, refused to have commerce with Stettin. At this time Sifried tells us Russia was subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the archbishop of Denmark, but when

the people are not Christians, he observes "it is superfluous for clergy to litigate about boundaries of parishes." The indefatigable Otto felt a desire to go into Russia, and preach the gospel there also, ready, should it be God's will, there to lay down his life in testimony to his faith. But he could not attempt this work without the sanction of the archbishop of Lund; he therefore sent one of his priests to him. The archbishop was willing to see his vast diocese Christianized, but would do nothing, and sanction nothing, without the consent of the Danish king and council. This would take time, and the project was abandoned.

Otto saw that now the foundations of his work were well laid, and he felt that his diocese reclaimed his attention. He therefore returned to it (1127) through Poland, receiving on his way from Boleslas a magnificent coverlet for his bed on cold nights, made of silk embroidered with gold, and lined with the skins of shrewniece. He gave it as a present to a poor paralytic covered with bedsores, at Bamberg, on his return, to the no small indignation of some other bed-ridden men of noble birth, who grumbled, "surely rabbit-skin or wool is good enough for that pauper, and mouse-skin better becomes us."

He was received at Bamberg by the citizens and clergy with no little pride and reverence; he settled quietly down to the routine of his former life, but his missionary labours had deepened his character, given greater earnestness to his zeal, and wider charity to his original goodness of heart.

A smith brought him a collection of arrows and spear-heads he had fabricated for inspection, hoping that the bishop would supply his castles with them. Otto looked them over, and admired the execution. Taking up a triple-edged blade, tapering like an adder's tongue, he contemplated it gravely. "Why so keen and needle-like?"

"It is so made to work its way between the joints of the armour, and the triple edge will inflict a deadly gash."

"Take them away," said the bishop; "here is money for your collection; and now let all those blades and arrow-heads be hammered out into nails for fastening tiles on church roofs. I must have their edges turned that they may do no harm."

One day he went into his stable, and saw two handsome horses. "Whose are these?" They belonged to his steward. "They will go some way towards redeeming captives," said the bishop, for his mind ran on his Pomeranian converts, and he was sore at heart with the news that had just reached him that the Russians had made a descent on the coast, and had carried off some of those he had baptized at Stettin and Julin. The steward was angry. "How am I to go about your business, without stout horses under me?" "Be not angry," said Otto, "I will send you on my business with them. You shall go to Pomerania, and take with you as much cloth as you can collect, of every sort,¹ for cloth good, handsome, and stout, is highly valued in Pomerania, and some you must give as a present to the chiefs, and the rest you must sell, and spend the money in the redemption of captives." So the steward went as his master bade him, and obtained the liberation and return to their country of many Christian slaves.

The old bishop's health gradually broke up, and he descended honoured and beloved by all to his grave, full of years, as a ripe shock of corn borne to the garner. He died on June 30th, 1139, gently and painlessly, and was buried in the church of S. Michael, where his tomb is still shown. His funeral sermon was preached by Imbrecht, bishop of Wurzburg, on July 2nd, the day of his interment.

¹ "Fustani, et purpuræ, frissati, fritsali quoque."

The magnificent shrine which formerly contained the bones of the saint is now in the treasury of the king of Hanover. The relics of S. Otto are preserved in various churches. In the cathedral of Bamberg, in addition to an arm-bone, are the bishop's chasuble, stole, and mitre-lappets, chalice and the veil of his pastoral staff (*pedum curvatura*); also a book in his handwriting, used during the Pomeranian mission, and his walking-stick. Also a silver gilt vessel, enclosing a portion of the skull of the Saint, from which fever-struck patients are given wine to drink, with remarkable results. It is also believed to afford relief to the dropsical. Other portions of his bones are at Rauz, Michelfeld, Prufelingen, and Scharzach on the Rhine. One of his thigh-bones at Reundorff; an arm-bone at Lisbon. The scanty remaining fragments of the bishop are allowed to repose in his tomb on the Michaelisberg at Bamberg.

B. PETER OF LUXEMBURG, B.

(A.D. 1387.)

[Beatified by bull of Clement VII. in 1527. July 2nd was the day of his death, July 5th of his burial. Ferrarius, Molanus, Castellanus, and the Bollandists on July 2nd; Saussaye and Miræus on July 5th, Greven and Canisius on July 13th. The bull of Clement VII. gives no order as to the day on which Peter of Luxemburg is to be venerated. At Avignon it is on the 2nd, at Ligny in the Barrois, on the 5th. Authorities:—A Life by an anonymous writer, a contemporary; it was written a year and three months after the death of Peter. And the minute Process for his Canonization drawn up at Avignon in 1390, from the evidence of those who had seen and known the Saint.]

PETER of Luxemburg was born on July 20th, 1369 at Ligny-en-Barrois, in the diocese of Verdun. His father was Guy of Luxemburg, count of Ligny, lord of Roussy; and his mother was Mahault or Matilda of Châtillon, countess of Saint-Pol, of the noble race of the counts of

Champagne.¹ The house of Luxemburg was one of the most illustrious in Europe. It had given kings to Bohemia and Hungary, a queen to France, and five emperors to Germany. It became the parent of the Bourbon kings, by the marriage of Francis of Bourbon, duke of Vendôme, great grandfather of Henry IV. of France with Mary of Luxemburg, daughter of Peter, count of Saint-Pol.

At the age of three, Peter of Luxemburg, the subject of this memoir, lost his mother, and was committed, along with his sister Jeanne, to the care of Jeanne, countess of Orgières, his aunt. She was a pious, good woman, and she conscientiously executed the duty of guardian to the young child, which had been entrusted to her.²

At the age of eight, Peter was sent to Paris to finish his studies, and was given a canonry in the cathedral church. The eye-witness who testified to his sanctity at the process for his canonization held at Avignon three years after his death, stated that, unlike the other canons, during the recitation of the divine office, he sat in his stall and joined in the service; the rest strolled about the cathedral diverting themselves.

In 1371, when Peter was only two years old he had lost his father in the battle of Besweiler. Modern hagiographers tell a pretty story³—common enough, however—of how Peter when a boy was wont to take the food from his father's table and distribute it among the poor, and

¹ He was the third son. The eldest, Valeran III., succeeded his father, and became constable of France. The second was John de Beaurevoir and Richebourg.

² Baillet, and Guerin and Giry following him, assert that Peter, at the age of six, took the oath of perpetual virginity, and imposed it on his sister, Jeanne, aged twelve. The witnesses called at the "Processus" were asked if this were true, and they said they "did not know." Why should modern historians assert as facts what contemporaries doubted?

³ Guerin and Giry for instance. Why they should do so, when the date of his father's death is perfectly well known, and the impossibility of the circumstance having occurred is obvious accordingly, and when there is no authority for it in either the contemporary life or in the "Processus," passes my comprehension.

how when forbidden to do so, he continued his course of "pious" disobedience. How his father met him one winter day with his lap full of bread, and asked him what he carried. The boy answered that he bore roses, and on opening his lap, roses fell on the snow. This story cannot be reconciled with the well ascertained dates of the birth of Peter and the death of his father.

On account of his high birth, benefices of great value accumulated to him. He held, in addition to the canony of Notre Dame at Paris, a canony at Cambrai, the archdeaconry of Dreux,¹ and also that of Brussels, though still only a child.

Yet, though a child, he was not elated by his honour, but bore them with humility. One day a high-born young clerk was given the cross to carry, on the occasion of a procession. He indignantly refused it, but the little canon stepped forth, and offered himself to bear it.

In 1383, the bishopric of Metz fell vacant, and was conferred by the pope on Peter, then aged fourteen,² by heavenly inspiration! as his biographer assures us. Peter resigned the archdeaconry of Dreux to one of his brothers, became bishop of Metz, and was advanced at once to the cardinalate.³ His entry into his diocese took place in 1385, when he was supported by his brother the Count of Saint-Pol. To the surprise and edification of the diocese, his entry was made sitting on an ass, and with bare feet.

¹ "Dominus Papa famam hujus pueri audiens archidiaconatum Drocensem in venerabili ecclesia Carnotensi, motu proprio contulit . . . et licet infantia in eo computaretur in annis, senectus tam mentis erat immensa, &c." Anon. coev. l. i.

² "Domino Papae uno cum sacro collegio Cardinalium cœlitus fuit inspiratum, ut ad venerabilem ecclesiam Metensem . . . digne felix adolescens promoveretur . . . qui licet nimis juvenis aetate pro episcopatu esset, utpote in quinto decimo constitutus aetatis suæ anno, &c." *Ibid.*

³ When the pope embraced him, he smelt a pleasant odour, and asked what scents the little cardinal employed, and was told that neither scent nor potatum was permitted by him for his own use, or for that of his household.

Fortunately the appointment of a boy of fourteen to an important bishopric did not prove as scandalous in its consequence as might have been expected. Peter spent his time and his annual revenues in advancing religion throughout the see. He died at the age of eighteen. On his death-bed he asked the assistants to beat him with his girdle; a request they discreetly forbore to comply with.

The fact of Peter of Luxemburg having belonged to the party of the anti-pope Clement VI. during the schism at Avignon, probably delayed his canonisation, which did not take place till 1527, when his body was exhumed at Avignon and translated to a more honourable place. It is still preserved at Avignon. Ligny, the place of his birth, possesses and venerates one of the tassels of his red hat.



July 3.

- S. HYACINTH, *M.* at *Cæsarea in Cappadocia*, beginning of 2nd cent.
 S. DATUS, *B.* at *Ravenna*, circ. A.D. 185.
 SS. TRYPHON AND XII. COMPANIONS, *MM.* at *Alexandria*.
 S. EULOGIUS, *M.* at *Constantinople*.
 SS. IRENÆUS, *Deac.*, MUSTIOLA, *Matr.*, AND OTHERS, *MM.* at *Chiusi*,
in Tuscany, A.D. 275.
 SS. MARCUS AND MUCIANUS, *MM.*
 S. ANATOLIUS, *B.* at *Laodicæa in Syria*, 3rd cent.
 S. HELIODORUS, *B.* of *Altino*, 4th cent.
 S. ANATOLIUS, *B.* of *Constantinople*, A.D. 458.
 S. GERMAIN, *B.* in the *Isle of Man*, 5th cent.
 S. GUTHAGON, *C.* at *Oostkerke in Belgium*.

S. HYACINTH, M.

(BEGINNING OF 2ND CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, introduced by Baronius. Greek Menæa and Menology, Russian Kalendar. Authority:—The account in the Menæa and Menology of the Emperor Basil.]



HIS Saint is said to have been chamberlain to the Emperor Trajan, and to have been a native of Cæsarea in Cappadocia. When it was discovered that he was a Christian, and that he refused to partake of meat offered to idols, he was thrown into prison, and the jailor was bidden serve him only with food that had been presented sacrificially before the images of the gods. Rather than partake of this, Hyacinth died of starvation. The emperor relented when too late, and ordered food which had not been used as oblations to be given him. The martyr was unable then to swallow, and died of inanition.

S. DATUS, B.

(ABOUT A.D. 185.)

[No ancient Martyrology. Introduced into the Roman Martyrology in 1608. There is no ancient authority for his having ever existed and been bishop of Ravenna. Rubæus in his "History of the Church of Ravenna," was the first to speak of him.]

THE Church of Ravenna is said to have possessed this remarkable privilege, that on the death of a bishop of the see, his successor was designated by the fluttering of a white dove above the head of the person who was to succeed him. Datus is said, on no ancient authority, to have been seventh bishop of Ravenna, after S. Appolinaris, to have succeeded S. Probus, and to have governed the Church in Ravenna nine years. He was indicated for election by the appearance of the dove. At Ravenna is, or was, an ancient mosaic representing the eleven first bishops of that see, each with the dove, but Datus is not included among them. There can be little doubt that these ancient representations originated the story of the miraculous apparition of the white dove.

S. EULOGIUS, M.

(UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology, Usuardus; the lesser Roman Martyrology of Ado.]

USUARDUS on this day, following Ado of Vienne's Martyrology, says, "At Constantinople, S. Eulogius." The modern Roman Martyrology says, "At Constantinople, S. Eulogius and his companions, martyrs." On what authority he is asserted to be a martyr and to have had companions, we do not know.

SS. IRENÆUS AND MUSTIOLA, MM.

(A.D. 275.)

[Usuardus and Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority :—The ancient Acts, not however original, as is evident from the passage “*Ut florent orationes ejus in hodiernum diem,*” &c.” The Latin also is so uncouth that it must be of a considerably late date. There is however nothing in the Acts which is improbable, no exaggeration, and none of the absurdities which are the characteristic feature of spurious Acts.]

IN the reign of Aurelian, a governor named Turcius was sent into Tuscany to make an end of Christianity there. Now there was a priest, named Felix, who lived at Falisca (Civita Castellana), and, hearing that a persecution was about to begin, he gathered the Church together, and exhorted them to be of good cheer, and confess Christ before men, that they might be confessed before the holy angels at the last day. He was immediately apprehended and beaten with stones till he died, on the ninth of the kalends of July (June 23rd). His deacon Irenæus buried his body outside the walls of the city, and was taken and brought before Turcius, who had removed his court of enquiry to Clusina (Chinsi). Irenæus lay many days in prison, and was ministered to by a wealthy Christian lady, named Mustiola, who was wont to bring food to the Christian prisoners, and wash their feet, and anoint their wounds. This lady was related by blood to the family of the late Emperor Claudius.¹ Turcius ordered Irenæus to be placed on the little horse, and his sides to be torn with rakes, and scorched with fire. He died on the rack.

Then Mustiola, who was present, cried out, “Wretched man, who sheddest innocent blood, he whom thou hast

¹ This creates a difficulty. Claudius was of obscure origin, a native of one of the provinces bordering on the Danube, who had been raised into position by Gallienus. Mustiola may have moved with the rest of the family of Claudius into Italy, on his elevation to the purple. But the statement is suspicious. Claudius died in 269.

slain will enter into glory, but thou into eternal fire." Turcius ordered her to be taken and scourged. She died under the lash.

S. ANATOLIUS, B. OF LAODICÆA.

(3RD CENT.)

[Usuardus, Wandelbert, and Modern Roman Martyrology. In the Greek *Menæa* on Oct. 4th. Authority:—Mention by Eusebius in his *Ecl. Hist.*]

ANATOLIUS, bishop of Laodicæa, was an Alexandrian by birth. He was distinguished for his learning, and had attained the highest eminence in dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and physics. He was requested by the Alexandrians to establish an Aristotelian school among them. At the siege of the Bruchium at Alexandria he rendered essential service to his fellow citizens. This part of the city was held by the forces of Zenobia, and had been long besieged by the Romans, who held possession of the remainder.

Anatolius was living in the Bruchium, and the inhabitants were reduced to great suffering for want of food. In the other part of the city, which was occupied by the Romans, there was a Christian named Eusebius, who had distinguished himself some years before by burying the dead bodies of the martyrs, or attending them previously in prison. He had now gained great influence over the Roman commander; and being in communication with Anatolius, he obtained a promise that all deserters from the other side should be favourably received. Anatolius being informed of this, contrived that nearly all the people who were suffering from the siege, the women and children, and aged and sick, should escape to the quarters of the Romans; and when they arrived there, Eusebius supplied

them with what they wanted. The Bruchium surrendered in 268, and Anatolius had the satisfaction of feeling that he had saved a vast number of inoffensive persons from suffering the last extremities of famine.

Not long after, he and Eusebius went upon a mission to Antioch, which led to a great change in their future destinations.

Paul of Samosata, bishop of Antioch, held heretical views on the nature of Christ. He denied the pre-existence of Christ before his miraculous conception. He did not refuse to call Christ God; and though he believed Him to have been born a mere man, he acknowledged that something divine resided in him after his birth. His impiety was most extravagant, if, as is asserted in the letter of a council held at Antioch on his views, he forbade the singing of hymns in honour of Christ, and yet allowed others to be sung, which spoke of himself as an angel that had come down from heaven. But there is probably exaggeration in the charge.

A council was held at Antioch in 265. That the bishop of so great a see should be accused of heresy, was a new event in the annals of the church, and when Paul promised to abandon his opinions, the bishops, to avoid a scandal, suffered Paul to continue bishop of Antioch. But their forbearance produced no effect upon Paul. He soon forgot his promises, and spread his erroneous tenets as industriously as before. Another council was accordingly summoned in 269; and this was attended by Anatolius and Eusebius, then priests, who must have left Alexandria very soon after the service they had rendered their fellow-citizens. We are not informed that the bishop of Alexandria was present, and it is probable that these two distinguished priests represented him.

At the close of the council, Anatolius and Eusebius were

not suffered to return to Alexandria, but were detained in the east to be promoted to the highest stations. Theotecnus, bishop of Cæsarea in Palestine, fixed on Anatolius to succeed him in his diocese. He therefore consecrated him, and for some time both exercised the episcopal functions in the diocese of Cæsarea; this is the first instance on record of a bishop having a coadjutor.

In the meantime Eusebius had been elected bishop of Laodiceæ in Syria, his merit pointing him out to occupy that see, which happened to be vacant as he passed through the city; and when he died, he was succeeded by Anatolius, who was persuaded to leave Cæsarea and supply the place of his friend.

He has left behind, in addition to a Treatise on Arithmetic, a Catechism of Mathematics, and the Paschal Canon, of which a Latin translation exists, but of which in the original Greek, Eusebius the historian gives a portion.

S. HELIODORUS, B. OF ALTINO.

(4TH CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Epistles of S. Jerome.]

HELIODORUS, a native of Dalmatia, was a friend of S. Jerome, whom he met at Aquileja and accompanied in his journey through Thrace, Bithynia, Pontus, Galatia and Syria. Having returned to Italy, he was ordained bishop of Altino, and assisted, in 381, at the council of Aquileja, where he vigorously opposed Arianism.

Heilodorus, and Chromatius, bishop Aquileja, wrote to S. Jerome urging him to translate the Scriptures out of Chaldee into Latin, and S. Jerome afterwards dedicated to them the Book of Tobit, which he had translated at their request. Of his acts as bishop, nothing is known.

The relics of the Saint are shewn at Torcelli in Venetia.

S. ANATOLIUS, B. OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(A.D. 458.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menology* of the Emperor Basil. Russian *Kalendar*. Authorities :—Mention in the Acts of the council of Chalcedon, and in the letters of S. Leo the Great, Zonaras, &c. There is a later Greek life of the bishop published by the Bollandists, but it is not to be relied upon.]

THE right of Anatolius of Constantinople to a place in the sacred *Kalendar* has been disputed by Baronius and others in the West. Pagius, and Sohier the Bollandist, have laboured to exculpate the patriarch of the charges laid against him. But there seems to be little doubt that he was a man of slight religious earnestness.¹ He was a native of Alexandria, and was of the party of the furious, tyrannical Dioscorus of Alexandria, and therefore involved in his Eutychianism.

Flavian, the orthodox bishop of Constantinople, had been so ill-treated in the robber-council of Ephesus, that he died of his injuries (see Feb. 18th, p. 331). Dioscorus at once consecrated Anatolius in his room, and Anatolius ranged himself on the side of Eutyches, and boldly assumed the office of consecrating one Maximus to the see of Antioch from which Dioscorus had expelled the orthodox Domnus.

The Emperor Theodosius wrote to S. Leo the Great, bishop of Rome, to recognize Anatolius. He answered that "the person who had begun to preside over the Church of Constantinople" must first of all make a public avowal of orthodoxy. He sent legates to ascertain the mind of Anatolius on this subject.

But at this very time the feeble and obstinate Theodosius died, and the sovereignty passed to his masculine and orthodox sister Pulcheria.

¹ S. Leonis Mag. Ep. 113.

The confidence of the Eutychians failed them. Heresy was now a losing cause. Anatolius by a prompt and pliant conversion to orthodoxy saved his position. Eutyches was required to leave Constantinople. In a solemn council, which was attended by the Roman legates, Anatolius subscribed whatever was submitted to him, and anathematised all he was required to condemn. Rome and Constantinople were now again at peace; and the enthronement of Maximus at Antioch was tolerated by Pope Leo,¹ the rather, as Domnus had retired, no one knew whither.

A more full and authoritative council was convoked to repeal the acts of the "Robber Synod" of Ephesus. It met at Chalcedon on Oct. 8th, A.D. 451. Anatolius was there with Maximus of Antioch, and Juvenal of Jerusalem. An account of this council has been already given (see April, p. 150-159). Anatolius was as enthusiastically orthodox under an orthodox empress as he had been energetically heretical under an heretical emperor. He took advantage of the flagging interest of the legates of the Roman pontiff towards the close of the great council to introduce a canon which accorded to the bishop of Constantinople a co-ordinate and co-equal ecclesiastical authority with the bishop of Rome, though asserting the primacy of the Roman see, not however in right of its descent from S. Peter, but solely as the bishopric of the Imperial city. The legates were startled, and protested. A hundred and fifty eastern bishops ratified the canon, but the Western Church rejected it. Pope Leo, from this period, denounced the arrogance and presumption of Anatolius; and the Latin Church has refrained from enrolling his name in the Kalendar of the Saints, an honour which he can scarcely be said to deserve, for he appears to have been a time-serving, unprincipled prelate.

¹ Ep. 204. But he speaks of this consecration as a presumptuous act, unprecedented and uncanonical.

S. GERMAIN, B. OF MAN.

(5TH CENT.)

[In Man anciently on this day. Authority :—Joscelyn's life of S. Patrick.]

S. GERMAIN or Jarman, first bishop of Man, is said to have been sent to that island by S. Patrick. He lived in the island, near Castletown, a life like a solitary, and founded a church near Peel, at Kirk-Jarman, where he is buried.

S. GUTHAGON, C.

(UNCERTAIN.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Authority :—Popular tradition.]

ACCORDING to worthless popular tradition, and lections for the festival at Oostkerke, near Furness, in Belgium, Guthagon, son of a Scottish king, came with his faithful servant Ghillo into Flanders, and settled at Oostkerke, where he died and was buried.

His relics were elevated and enshrined by Gerard, bishop of Tournai, in 1159, and July 3rd is the day of this elevation. Nothing more is known of this Saint. He was probably some pious pilgrim of Irish or Scottish nationality, who died at Oostkerke, and popular imagination has exalted him into a prince.

July 4.

- HOSEA AND HAGGAI, *Prophets in Palestine, circ. B.C. 725 and 515.*
 S. JUCUNDIANUS, *M. in Africa.*
 S. THEODORE, *B.M. in Lybia, circ. A.D. 310.*
 S. FLAVIAN, *B. of Antioch, and S. ELIAS, B. of Jerusalem, A.D. 518.*
 S. LAURIAN, *B.M. of Seville, 6th cent.*
 S. BERTHA, *W. Abb. at Blangy in Artois, circ. A.D. 725.*
 S. ANDREW, *of Crete, B., circ. A.D. 732.*
 S. ODO, *Abp. of Canterbury, A.D. 958.*
 S. ULRIC, *B. of Augsburg, A.D. 973.*
 S. PROCOPIUS, *Ab. C. at Prague, A.D. 1053.*
 S. ELIZABETH, *Q. of Portugal, A.D. 1336.*

S. THEODORE, B.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 310.)

[Greek Menæa, Menology of the Emperor Basil. Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Mention in the Menæa and Menology.]



SAINT THEODORE, bishop of Cyrene in Lybia, was accused by his own son before the Roman governor, in the persecution of Diocletian. He is said to have written books, "having learned the art of beautifully painting letters," perhaps the old Egyptian hieroglyphics. He was brought before an altar to offer incense, but he struck the idol with his shoes, which he held in his hand, and was at once tortured and killed. His tongue was cut out, and he was cruelly racked.

SS. FLAVIAN AND ELIAS, BB.

(A.D. 518.)

[Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius. Not in any ancient Martyrologies. Authorities:—Evagrius, Theodore the Lector, Theophanes, &c.]

WE have had, on more than one occasion, to speak of the council of Chalcedon, which condemned Eutychianism, and deposed Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria. The decisions of the council of Chalcedon were regarded by the Egyptian party as sheer Nestorianism. There was therefore an insurrection of monks in Palestine, led on by one of their number, Theodosius, against Juvenal, bishop of Jerusalem, and favoured by the widowed empress Eudoxia. Theodosius expelled Juvenal, and enthroned himself in his room. He maintained himself by acts of violence, pillage, and murder, more like one of the lawless bandits of the country than a Christian bishop. There was a similar revolt at Alexandria, where Proterius, appointed after the ejection of Dioscorus, occupied the patriarchal throne. Timothy, a monk, called "the Weasel," perhaps from his appearance, perhaps because he slunk by night to the secret meetings of the rabble, or because he had stolen into the bishopric of another, was elevated by the Eutychian faction to the position of rival metropolitan, and Proterius was fallen upon in the baptistery of his church and murdered, the ferocious heretics tearing out and gnawing his bowels in their cannibal rage.

At Antioch another monk, Peter the Fuller, intrigued with the discontented party, and at the head of a procession of monks shouting, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God most high, who was crucified for us," drove the patriarch Martyrius, trembling for his life, into voluntary abdication.

In 476, the emperor Basiliscus declared in favour of the

Monophysites,¹ and by an encyclical letter required all bishops to condemn the council of Chalcedon.

But Basiliscus was speedily dethroned, and Zeno the Isaurian recovered his throne. Zeno, acting probably on the advice of Acacius, patriarch of Constantinople, issued the Henoticon (482), or Edict of Union. This edict was aimed, not at reconciling the conflicting opinions which distracted the Church, but at maintaining mutual toleration.² The patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople, signed the Henoticon, and the prospects were encouraging. But the lull was only transient. The Henoticon, without reconciling the two original conflicting parties, only gave rise to a third.

Pope Felix III. indignantly rejected the Henoticon, as leaving the decision of the Council of Chalcedon an open question. He anathematized all the bishops who had subscribed the edict, and at once excommunicated Peter the Fuller, patriarch of Antioch, and Acacius, patriarch of Constantinople.

Acacius replied by excommunicating Pope Felix, and for forty years there was unhealed schism between East and West. The patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem continued in communion with Acacius, and were involved in his excommunication.

On the death of Acacius, the metropolitan throne was

¹ Nestorius had taught that in Christ were *two persons*. He was condemned by the Council of Ephesus (431). Eutyches, going to the other extreme, denied that in Christ were *two natures*. He was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon in 451. For an account of this Council, see April, p. 152.

² The Henoticon accurately represented the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation, but avoided too close definition on mooted points of facts. It anathematized Nestorius and Eutyches alike, as heretics who divide Christ or reduced him to a phantom. Without defining the number or the article of the word *nature*, as applied to Christ, it respectfully confirmed the system of S. Cyril, and the faith as taught at Nicæa, Constantinople, and Ephesus. A microscopic examination fails to detect heresy in it. But it incurred suspicion and condemnation as evading the definite recognition of the doctrine proclaimed at Chalcedon.

occupied by Fravitas (489), who only held it four months, and on his death, Euphemius was elected. The emperor Anastasius was on the throne. An old quarrel rankled between him and Euphemius. Anastasius had been a servant in the palace under the late emperor, and there is a story that Euphemius had threatened on one occasion to shave his head. Anastasius was a man of upright character, and had acquired the respect of the people, who hailed his elevation to the throne with the cry, "Reign as you have lived." But his one blue and the other dark eye were taken as tokens of irregularity in his belief. His mother had been an Arian, and Euphemius would not suffer him to ascend the throne till he had sworn to oppose the doctrine of Eutyches. The bitterness of religious partisanship has transformed his virtues into vices. His charity becomes hypocrisy, his moderation irreligion, and the misfortunes of his reign divine judgments.

An Isaurian rebellion troubled the first five years of his reign. Euphemius tampered in treasonable proceedings, and was deposed; Macedonius was exalted to the vacant see; Macedonius subscribed the Henoticon, and still the four great Eastern patriarchates maintained Christian fellowship.

But the compressed fires of religious discord were struggling to burst loose, and set the realm in conflagration.

Macedonius, of Constantinople, though he had signed the Henoticon, was a partisan of the council of Chalcedon and the orthodox belief, and now Flavian sat in the patriarchal throne of Antioch, and Elias in that of Jerusalem.

Flavian was a monk of Tilmognus in Cœlo-Syria, who had been ordained to the priesthood at Antioch, and had been sent as delegate by the patriarch on some affair of more or less importance to the emperor. Palladius the patriarch died (498), and the emperor appointed Flavian

to the vacant see. Flavian was suspected of Monophysite leanings. He was apparently a weak, well-meaning man, with no clearly defined views, and this left him a prey to stronger and designing partisans. One of his first acts was to send Solomon, a priest of his church, to Alexandria with synodical letters, which he was to give to John Talajas, the patriarch, an Eutychian. But Flavian was not disposed to commit himself against the council of Chalcedon, as was Elias of Jerusalem; he adopted the moderate and safer ground of the Henoticon. But the Monophysite party in Syria, which seems to have been greatly reduced in numbers, suddenly having found a bold and reckless leader, burst out in fierce insurrection. Xenias, bishop of Hierapolis, began to agitate the whole region by accusing Flavian as a Nestorian. Flavian at once anathematized Nestorius and his doctrine. But Xenias was not satisfied, he must also anathematize indiscriminately a number of prelates who were supposed to have been tainted with Nestorian views, amongst whom was Theodoret of Cyrus. Flavian refused, then hesitated, and finally weakly complied.

Xenias, flushed with victory, next insisted on the unfortunate Flavian anathematizing and rejecting the council of Chalcedon, and all who maintained the two natures in Christ; and, on his refusal, he again charged him with Nestorianism. The patriarch thereupon drew up a confession of faith, and haltingly admitted that, though he approved of the condemnation of Eutyches by the council of Chalcedon, he did not recognize the authority of that council in determining and teaching the faith. Xenias then separated from the communion of Flavian and Macedonius.

At the same time he demanded of Elias, bishop of Jerusalem, a statement of his principles. This Elias put forth, and sent to the emperor by the hands of some

followers of Xenias, who, he afterwards protested, altered and perverted his words.

The emperor Anastasius had been in the East fighting for three years with the Persians. He purchased a not inglorious peace, and returned to Constantinople to find the population of his capital fermenting with religious fanaticism. Rumours had been industriously spread that he was a Manichean at heart, and paintings on the palace walls were pointed out incapable of Christian interpretation, and savouring of Manichean symbolism. He was wrath with Macedonius for refusing to surrender to him the profession of hostility to Eutychianism, which Euphemius had wrung from him as a preliminary to his assuming the purple.

Xenias, seeking occasion against Macedonius, came to Constantinople, followed by a train of two hundred Eastern monks. Other monks of the opposite faction swarmed from Palestine. The two black-robed armies watched each other for some months, working in secret on their respective partisans.

The emperor, in the meantime, had received a deputation from John, patriarch of Alexandria, who offered to pay him two hundred pounds of gold if he would upset the council of Chalcedon. Anastasius urged on Macedonius to do as it was pretended that Elias of Jerusalem had done, anathematize the council of Chalcedon.

Macedonius refused, and pronounced anathema against Flavian of Antioch for having refused to admit the authority of that council in deciding the question of the two natures.

The long brooding disturbance broke out one Sunday in the church of the Archangel in the palace. The Eutychian monks and the rabble at their heels had invaded the church, and when the choir sang "Thrice holy," they roared forth

the burden Peter the Fuller had taught them, "who was crucified for us."

The orthodox monks, backed by another rabble, assembled in force the next Sunday in the metropolitan church; the Monophysites were also there, each party armed with stout cudgels and stones. The chanting of the angelic song was the signal for a wild fray. Sticks and stones flew about the church, and the sacred chant was drowned in mutual anathemas of the contending parties. The Monophysites were expelled the church, and Macedonius, borne along at the head of a raging multitude which he could not have controlled, had he cared to attempt it, was swept to the gates of the palace, where the whole furious mob shouted for the downfall, the death of their emperor, "The Manichean, the tyrant!"

Anastasius, who had bravely faced the Persians, trembled before that howling mob, and consented to receive, and reinstate in his favour, the patriarch Macedonius. The semblance of peace was restored, but the emperor waited his opportunity to be revenged on Macedonius.

The patriarch had doubtless been unwillingly mixed up in these scenes of sacrilegious violence; and now that tranquillity was restored, he meekly signed a creed, in which he recognized only the councils of Nicæa and Constantinople. His silence about those of Ephesus and Chalcedon was interpreted as a rejection of their authority. His monkish masters broke out into invective. He meekly visited them in the monastery of S. Dalmatius, and expressed his adhesion to the council of Chalcedon. But this act had divided his adherents, and shaken the faith of the mob in his uncompromising orthodoxy. Anastasius saw his occasion, profited by it, and hurried the patriarch into exile (A.D. 511). On the morrow the emperor appointed, and had consecrated in his room, a priest named

Timothy, to whom the people gave a surname expressive of his incontinence. Timothy at once removed the pictures of Macedonius from the church in which they were erected, and pretending that his predecessor had denied the creed of Nicæa, he introduced the recitation of the Nicene symbol at every mass, it having formerly been only said on Good Friday. He sent synodal letters to John of Alexandria, and to Flavian of Antioch, and Elias of Jerusalem. The two latter, though they regretted, and objected to, the condemnation of Macedonius, did not refuse to acknowledge Timothy.

But timorous half-measures could not save Flavian and Elias. Severus the ring-leader of the hideous riot in the church at Constantinople, suddenly appeared in Antioch as the rival of Flavian, backed by the influence of the emperor. Flavian wrote to the emperor, acknowledging the three first councils and the Henoticon, but without mentioning the council of Chalcedon. Elias wrote also, and rejected the latter council, but not in terms sufficiently explicit to satisfy Xenias, who wrote to the emperor to induce him to banish both; and this he did forthwith. Severus thereupon became bishop of Antioch, and Flavian died in exile.

Neither Elias nor Flavian were in communion with Rome, as they lay under the anathema pronounced against all who accepted the Henoticon. The Latin Church has however, reversed her judgment of them, and those who would have been excluded from her altars when alive, are now with generous forgiveness invoked at them after their death.

S. ANDREW, B. OF CRETE.

(ABOUT A.D. 732.)

[Greek *Menæa* and *Menology*. Authority:—Mention by Theophanes.]

ANDREW was born at Damascus, about the year 660, and embraced the monastic life at Jerusalem, from which city he sometimes takes his name. Thence he was sent on ecclesiastical business to Constantinople, where he became a deacon of the great church, and warden of the Orphanage.

His first entrance into public life does no credit to his sanctity. Like too many ecclesiastics of his time, his faith was of that uncertain tint which assimilated itself to the colour of the creed of the reigning emperor. During the reign of Philippicus Bardanes (711-714), he was raised by the usurper to the Archbishopric of Crete, and sat shortly after in the pseudo-council of Constantinople, assembled by the emperor to re-establish the Monothelite heresy.¹ At a later period, however, when orthodoxy was in the ascendant, he abandoned the heretical views which had compromised his early career, and repudiated his former errors.

Seventeen of his homilies, rather laboured than eloquent, remain to us. As a poet, his most ambitious composition is the Great Canon, which partially used during other days of Lent, is sung right through on the Thursday of Mid-Lent week. The stichera for Great Thursday and that for the second week in Lent have been popularised in England by the spirited translations of the late Dr. Neale.² The latter of these two is given here, as likely to convey a nobler idea of the composer than the reader

¹ Monothelism is the teaching that in Christ is only one *wil*, the divine will having taken the place of the human will.

² They begin, "O the mystery passing wonder," and "Christian dost thou see them." Hymns of the Eastern Church. London: Hayes, 1862.

is likely to acquire from the scanty record of his life as it has come down to us.

"Christian! dost thou *see* them on the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them, counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit of the Holy Cross."

"Christian! dost thou *feel* them, how they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring, goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble! never be down-cast;
Smite them by the virtue of the Lenten Fast!

"Christian! dost thou *hear* them, how they speak thee fair?
Always fast and vigil? Always watch and prayer?
Christian! answer boldly: While I breathe I pray;
Peace shall follow battle, night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble, O My servant true;
Thou art very weary, —I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee some day, all Mine own;
But the end of sorrow shall be near My Home.'"

S. BERTHA, W. ABSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 725.)

[Gallican and Belgian Martyrologies. Authority:—A life, based on popular traditions, "written," as the Bollandists say, "by a good man, but one wholly ignorant of antiquity and especially of chronology." Some of the anachronisms are very gross.]

THE legend of S. Bertha is not without many points of beauty, but it is impossible to rectify certain particulars in it which are clearly erroneous.

She was the daughter of Rigobert, count of the palace, in the reign of Clovis II. In recompence for his valour in a battle fought on the banks of the Ternoise, not far from Blangy, Clovis gave him, in 642, the castle of Blangy, and much land in the neighbourhood. Later, Rigobert obtained the hand of Ursana, daughter of Ercombent,

king of Kent. They became parents of one little girl, whom they named Bertha. At the age of twenty, Bertha was married to Sigfried, brother of S. Adalbald, and grandson of S. Gertrude of Hamage. They lived together in the greatest happiness, and Bertha became a mother of five daughters, named Gertrude, Deotilla, Emma, Giesa, and Gesta; of whom the two youngest died in their baptismal innocence.

On the death of her husband, which took place about the year 678, Bertha resolved to found a convent on her estates at Blangy. The church, however, fell down one day, whilst in course of erection, and Bertha, supposing that the site was displeasing to God, waited for another site to be miraculously indicated. One of the workmen told her that he had, in dream, seen an angel indicate to him a spot by the river where were some large stones, as the proper situation for the abbey. Bertha went to the spot, found it very beautiful and suitable, and ordered the immediate erection upon it of the church and cloister.

When all was ready for the dedication of the church, Bertha sent word to Ravengar, coadjutor of S. Omer, bishop of Térouane. The biographer gives a list of other prelates who attended the ceremony, and falls into grievous anachronism.

When Ravengar was ready to consecrate the church, it was suddenly discovered that no hyssop had been provided. The bishop refused to proceed with the dedication, and Bertha was thrown into great perplexity. She retired to her oratory and cast herself on the ground in an agony of distress, praying "The sorrows of my heart are enlarged, O bring Thou me out of my troubles!" Presently a servant came in and touched her foot. Bertha looked round, and the girl told her that without stood a peasant with a bundle of hyssop which he wanted to sell. But in

the mean time, the bishop, impatient at having been brought to Blangy for nothing, had made ready to depart, and was on his way home, when he was arrested by a messenger with the joyful news that hyssop was now obtained, and the insuperable obstacle to the consecration was thereby happily removed.

Bertha and her daughters Gertrude and Deotilla received *blue* veils, and made formal profession; but Emma, feeling no vocation for the religious life, remained in the house as an unattached member of the community.

The news of the wealth and beauty of Gertrude induced a noble named Ruodgar to obtain permission of king Thierry to aspire to her hand. Ruodgar rode to Blangy and presented himself as a suitor who would take no denial. Bertha in vain remonstrated, Ruodgar was inflexible, and persisted in his intention of taking away with him the beautiful Gertrude, in accordance with the orders of king Thierry.

Bertha placed her two daughters beside the altar, the choir-sisters sat in their stalls, in their long blue veils, and sang sweetly. The altar tapers twinkled, and Bertha stood before the foot-pace. The door was thrown open, Ruodgar entered.

"Take the bride of heaven if thou darest!" said the abbess. Ruodgar was overawed, and retired.

Some time after, another suitor appeared at the convent gates, this was Waraclin, an English king,¹ or, more probably, a Thane, who was on his return to Kent from a pilgrimage to Rome. He claimed kinship to Bertha through her mother, and now he asked for the hand of Emma. The maiden was given to him, and they departed together for England. Emma soon found that her married

¹ History knows nothing of him, but in all probability he was some Anglo-Saxon Thane, whom the pride of the religious of Blangy exalted into a king.

life was not destined to prove as happy as that in the cloister. One of her maid-servants, a bold beauty, fascinated the susceptible Waraclin, and he neglected his wife for the handsome Theida. Emma was treated with cold indifference, and then with outrage. The mistress was suffered shamelessly to strike the wife. Emma, in the agony of her humiliation, went forth out of the house into her garden. A stranger met her there, he was one of her mother's retainers sent to enquire how Emma fared. When he spoke, and she heard again the dialect of her home, the tears began to fall, the miserable story was soon told, and the messenger went home to tell Bertha to expect her daughter. Emma obtained ready leave from her husband to depart, and followed by a few faithful friends and servants she took her course to the coast and mounted a ship. It was a short passage from the white cliffs of the Kentish coast to the sandy hills of her native coast, but she did not live to set her foot on those sands. Shame, a broken heart, brought on a fever, and only her dead body was removed from the vessel when it ran ashore. News was sent to Blangy, and Bertha with all her nuns, came in solemn procession, bearing a bier; and with psalm, and lighted taper, bore her home, and laid her to rest where her innocent and happy childhood had been spent.

In her old age Bertha resigned the office of abbess to her second daughter Deotilla, and retired into a cell opening upon the church by a window, and died therein, about the year 725.

S. ODO, ABP. OF CANTERBURY.

(A.D. 958.)

[Bucelinus on Feb. 12th; Molanus, Greven, Saussaye, in his Supplement to the Gallican Martyrology, Menardus, on Feb. 7th. Wittord, in his Anglican Martyrology on June 2nd. The Bollandists on July 4th, the day of the death of S. Odo. Authorities:—A life probably by Osbern the monk (11th cent.); also mention in Osbern's life of S. Dunstan; William of Malmesbury, Matthew of Westminster, &c. Osbern's narrative contains several historical errors. The sketch of Odo's life by William of Malmesbury in the 'Gesta episcoporum' differs much from that by Osbern, and is evidently founded on other authorities.]

THIS remarkable man was born of Danish parents. His father was one of the chieftains who accompanied Ingvar and Hubba in the destructive invasion of the northern hordes in 870; and, with the worst prejudices of those ferocious barbarians, he disinherited his child, and drove him from his home, because he had listened to, and learned to love, the instructions of Christian teachers. Odo fled to the house of Athulf or Ethelwulf, one of Alfred's nobles, who adopted and protected him, and gave him teachers, under whose care he attained to great proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages, and became eminent for the facility with which he composed either prose or verse.

After having been baptized, Odo received the tonsure and minor orders. At the court of King Alfred he attracted the attention of the king and nobles by his learning and the sanctity of his life. When Athulf obtained the king's licence to visit Rome, he took Odo with him, and it was at Rome that Odo was ordained priest, according to his biographer, Osbern; but this appears to be an error, for it is probable that he was born some time after his father had settled in East Anglia with the other Danes who had been defeated by Alfred, and therefore he could not have

reached the requisite age. William of Malmesbury, moreover, tells us that he had served as a soldier along with Edward the Elder in some of his warlike expeditions before he took clerical orders.

It is certain that Odo enjoyed without interruption the friendship of King Edward, and afterwards of King Athelstan, who elevated him to the bishopric of Wilton, one of the sees into which the great diocese of Sherborne had been divided. He was one of the bishops who were with Athelstan in the great battle of Brunanburgh in 937, against Constantine, king of the Scots, Owen, king of Cumberland, and the Danes under Anlaf.

According to William of Malmesbury, Anlaf disguised himself as a glee-man and came into the English camp before the battle, and played his harp and sang before Athelstan, who did not recognise him, and gave him money. As Anlaf went away, he buried the gold, because it was against his honour to receive wage. He was observed by a soldier, who warned Athelstan to change the position of his tent, as it was known to Anlaf. "But why, when my enemy was in thy power, didst thou not lay hands on him?" asked Athelstan. "Sire!" replied the soldier, "Anlaf was my former master." Athelstan took the soldier's advice; and the same evening Werstan, bishop of Sherborne, came with his men to join the king, and pitched his tent where Athelstan's had been. In the night the Danes broke into the camp, and made for the place where had been the king's quarters, and slew Werstan, the bishop, and all his men. But finding that the king was not there, they went on, mowing their way with their great swords, in the direction of his tent. Athelstan, hearing the noise and tumult, started from sleep and armed for battle. A furious hand-to-hand encounter took place, in which the king's sword was snapped off at the

half. Bishop Odo was in prayer some way off, when the crowd of panic-struck English flying past, told him that the rout and ruin of the royal cause was imminent. He rushed into the thick of the fray, and found the king helpless through the loss of his sword.

"Sire! what are you doing! why are you dazed? The sword is at your side!" And lo! attached to his girdle hung a sword in the sheath, and how it came there he never knew. It was a gift from heaven! the report spread, the fugitives rallied, the fighting men pressed forward with greater ardour, Athelstan, wielding the wondrous sword, headed his men, and a great victory was gained. The sword was hung up in the king's treasury ever afterwards.

Athelstan soon found an opportunity of rewarding Odo for his service on this occasion, for on the death of Wulfhelm, archbishop of Canterbury, he nominated him to the archiepiscopal see.

After Athelstan's death, Odo continued in favour with his two successors, Edmund and Edred. He accompanied the former in an expedition to Northumbria, on which occasion he disinterred the bones of S. Wilfred from beneath the ruins of Ripon, and translated them to Canterbury.

As archbishop of Canterbury, Odo was distinguished by the zeal wherewith he advocated the cause of monachism. Previous to his time, the Anglo-Saxon cathedrals had been served by secular clergy, married. It is said that Odo accepted the see of Canterbury with reluctance; before his consecration he went to Fleury, then the centre of monachism, and took the habit from the hands of the abbot,¹ and he was the active assistant of Ethelwold and S. Dunstan in their effort to replace the secular clergy by

¹ So says William of Malmesbury. Osbern, however, says that he only sent messengers to Fleury for the habit to be brought him.

monks, in the canonries of the principal churches in England.

During the reign of Edred, the influence of Odo and Dunstan had given to the palace itself a religious character, but when the young and luxurious Edwy came to the throne, he set them at defiance.

Edwy had married Elgiva, who seems to have been a relative sufficiently close in connexion to make the union to be, at that time, regarded as unlawful. The intercourse between the king and Elgiva was, from whatever cause it is not easy to determine, sufficient to outrage the public sense of propriety, and signs of disaffection manifested themselves.

At his coronation feast, the king quitted the hall where his nobles were seated, as if weary and disgusted with their society, to visit his wife and mother-in-law in their chamber. The nobles were indignant at the insult, and Archbishop Odo, seeing that the king was likely to exasperate them into disaffection, rebuked him sharply, and Edwy was forced by Dunstan and Odo to return to the society of the Thanes.

In revenge for this indignity, Edwy not only banished Dunstan from the kingdom, but extended his hatred to the monks, whom he looked upon as his accomplices.

The Saxon Chronicle places the banishment of Dunstan in 956. Odo remained, and stood resolute in supporting the monks. In 958, he annulled the marriage of the young king with Elgiva, as being contracted within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity; and then obtained the banishment of the beautiful young wife to Ireland. According to a not very trustworthy account, Odo branded her on the face, to destroy her beauty; she remained in Ireland till the scars were healed, and she had recovered her beauty, and then, making her escape, returned to

England. But the emissaries of Archbishop Odo caught her at Gloucester, and hamstrung her with such barbarity, that she died a few days after. This horrible story, we may thankfully say, rests on the authority of Osbern, who wrote in the 11th cent., and not on anything like contemporary evidence; and we may therefore hope it is not true. The biographers of Dunstan and Odo represent Elgiva as the concubine, and not the queen of Edwy, and represent her mother as accessory to the irregularities of the young king. But the proofs that these are calumnies are perfectly satisfactory.¹

The misgovernment, or the generally light and wanton conduct of Edwy, drove Mercia and all England north of the Thames into revolt, in 957, and Edgar, the brother of Edwy was chosen king. Wessex became also discontented, and would have followed in repudiating the king, had he not died in 959. Odo had preceded him to the grave by a year.

The political history of this period is extremely obscure, and it is difficult now to form an impartial judgment of Odo's actions. In the early monkish historians he is distinguished by the epithet of the Good (*Oda se Goda*), which was first applied to him by Dunstan; but this epithet may have been given only because he was a zealous supporter of the monks at the expense of the secular clergy, whom he expelled from all the most important and lucrative cures, that he might supply their places with men under monastic rule.

Soon after he was promoted to the archbishopric, he raised the cathedral church of Canterbury from its ruins. He appears to have been a patron of letters, and we have the testimony of his contemporaries that he was a good scholar and an able writer; but the only fragment of his

¹ Lappenberg, *Gesch. von Eng.* i. p. 399.

composition which now remains is an introductory epistle in a harsh and inflated style, found in some manuscripts of Frīdegode's life of S. Wilfred.

S. ULRIC, B. OF AUGSBURG.

(A.D. 973.)

[German and Roman Martyrologies. Canonised by Pope John XV. in 993, twenty years after the death of the saint. Authority:—A life by a contemporary and companion, probably Gerhard, provost of S. Mary at Augsburg. Also mention in various early German historians, as Eckhardt the Younger (972), and Hermann the Contracted (1054). The life attributed to Gerhard is valuable historically, and contains much that is interesting as illustrating the Church history of the time. Another life, by Gebehard, bishop of Augsburg (996-1001) is incomplete and worthless. There is a third, equally worthless life, by Berno, monk of Prum, afterwards abbot of Augsburg (1008-1048). A rhythmical life, founded on that of Berno, was composed in the 11th cent, by a certain Albert. Another life by Ludolph, B. of Augsburg (987-997).]

ULRIC or Udalric, was the son of Ubald, count of Kyburg, and Ditperga, daughter of Burkhardt, duke of Swabia. He was born in 893, and was educated in the monastery of S. Gall. As a boy he formed an acquaintance with S. Wiborada, a recluse living in a cell adjoining the church of S. Gall. The old woman became much attached to the boy, and gave him her belt to wear, as a reminder to him to observe holy chastity. Whenever evil thoughts arose in his mind, she bade him exclaim, "O God make speed to save me!" and should this fail to distract his attention, she advised him to touch a candle or hot ash, so as to produce momentary pain. At the age of fourteen, he went home, and was confided by his parents to the care of Adalbert, bishop of Augsburg, who made him the 'camerarius' of his church, with charge of the vestments, and shortly after gave him a canonry. In 909, at the age

of sixteen, he went to Rome, and was well received by the pope,¹ who, if we may believe his contemporary biographer, wished at once to ordain him to the bishopric of Augsburg, then vacant by the death of Adalbert, but S. Ulric was too diffident to accept the offer. In 923, Hiltwin, who had succeeded Adalbert, died; thereupon the count of Kyburg, the duke of Swabia, and other powerful relations of Ulric, asked the emperor to give the bishopric to him. Henry I. consented, and Ulric was consecrated bishop on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, 923, when he was thirty years old. The cathedral and the city walls were in ruins, and Ulric's first care was to restore them. Only the crypt of the cathedral was in a condition to be used, and there a certain visionary named Rembert saw him on Maundy Thursday consecrating the holy oils, with the ghostly forms of two of his predecessors standing by, and assisting in the function. When this was noised abroad, the lively imagination of others led them to see in the gloomy crypt at early mass the hazy forms of spectral bishops standing about their saintly successor.

His biographer has much to say of his charity, his frugality, his piety. Ulric said three masses at least a day; in Holy Week he kept no table, but was served with only bread and beer in his bedroom;² and he only bathed in Lent on the Saturday before Ash-Wednesday, at Mid-Lent and on Easter Eve.

Henry I. died in 936, and was succeeded by his son Otho I. His son, Ludolf, rebelled against the emperor in 951, and was joined by Arnulf, son of the late duke of

¹ Sergius III., but the biographer, Gerhard, calls him Marinus. Marinus was not pope till 942. This is probably an error of forgetfulness in the writer, into which he was not unlikely to fall at a period when popes rose and fell in succession with bewildering rapidity.

² *Vespertina hora sine mensa atque mensalibus in cubiculo suo pane et cervisia se recreare cepit.* Gerhardt Vit. S. Udalrici.

Bavaria. S. Ulric remained firm in his allegiance to the emperor, and Arnulf entered Augsburg, demolished the fortifications, and pillaged the churches. He besieged the bishop in the castle of Mechinien, but was attacked and routed by the troops of the emperor.

The bishop issued from his confinement, and passing between the camps, endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to reconcile the emperor with his son; and peace was again established. Arnulf had fallen under the walls of Ratisbon; but a powerful party in Bavaria, headed by his brother Werner, were induced by their hatred of Henry, duke of Bavaria, the close ally of the emperor, to have recourse to the Hungarians, whom they invited into the country. Confident of success on account of their enormous numerical strength, the arrogant barbarians boasted that their horses should drain every river in Germany. Augsburg, whose supposed treasures attracted their cupidity, was besieged by them. The bishop had rebuilt the walls, and had called to his aid his brother Dietbold, his nephew Reginbold, and Burkhardt of Swabia, who had married Liutgard, his sister. The defence was entrusted to the duke. The barbarians were encamped on the Lech outside the city walls. Their chiefs drove them into the trenches with long whips. One, named Lehel, bore an enormous horn, whose note was the signal for the attack. At the first onslaught, the Hungarian chief was killed, and his followers fell back in confusion. The weavers of Augsburg made a sally, and gained possession of the shield of the Hungarian king, which has ever since been borne by their guild. Otho assembled the arrier-ban of the empire, the Bohemians joined their forces with his, and fell on the Hungarian horde under the walls of Augsburg. It was the 10th August, 955. The sun poured with intense heat upon the plain. The bishop sent forth by night all his

retainers to join the emperor, and retired into the cathedral with the women to pray for success.¹

The Hungarians rapidly crossed the river, fell upon the rear of the German army, and were pressing hard upon the Swabians, when the fortune of the day was turned by Conrad of Franconia and Lothringia, the husband of Liutgard, daughter of the emperor. Otho struggled, sword in hand, in the thickest of the fight. A vast number of the enemy were drowned in attempting to escape across the river. Conrad was mortally wounded in the neck by an arrow aimed at him by one of the fugitives, when in the act of raising his helmet in order to breathe more freely. The brother of the bishop, and his nephew, the son of the gallant Burkhardt of Swabia, were among the slain. A hundred thousand Hungarians are said to have fallen in this great battle. Two of their princes, Lehel and Bulcs, were, by the emperor's command, hanged on the gates of Augsburg.

Few of the Hungarians escaped to their country, almost all the fugitives being slain or hunted down like wild beasts by the Bavarian peasants.

After the battle, Bishop Ulric went over the field in

¹ A story which originated in the 13th century, of which not a trace is to be found earlier, is to this effect. The bishop went forth at the head of his troops, and an angel out of heaven brought him a cross of honour to wear on his breast, and animate him to the contest. The cross is shown at Augsburg, and the story is told, and believed there, to this day. The contemporary historian does not say he went forth, but only that he sent his brother and nephew with his troops. The Bollandists say on this "Ad Auctores factum illud asserentes, quod attinet; fallor multum si non assertionem suam superstruxerunt soli populari opinioni seu traditioni, de cujus origine, antiquitate, propagationeque nihil prorsus certi scitur.

"Nimis enim sæpe experientia magistra docuit, populares illas traditiones ruinoso fundamento nixas, levissculis opinionibus continuatas, rerum novarum, præsertim mirabilium, cupida credulitate propagatas, pro sincera veritate inanes fabellarum fumos dedisse; quas si dissipare velit gnarus rerum indagator, vix est ut possit, nisi pro vera indignatione, hominum præsertim indoctorum, odium ferat, vel certe indignationem."

search of the bodies of his brother and nephew, and having found them, buried them solemnly in Augsburg.

He now set to work repairing the damages wrought by the war. The church of S. Afra was in ruins, he rebuilt it, and was by a vision informed where the body of the Saint lay. In this church he made a tomb for himself in a sort of crypt, and therein daily said mass.

Order being restored, he made a pilgrimage to Rome (A.D. 958), where he obtained the skull of S. Abundius, and brought it back with him to Augsburg. Either on this occasion, or on a former, he halted at Agaunum, the modern S. Maurice in the Valais, and obtained bones of S. Maurice and some of his legion. But, being hospitably entertained afterwards on his way to Augsburg by the abbot of Reichenau, he divided the bones with him.

Several so-called miracles are related of his life about this time. One day the bishop had to cross the river Wertem on horseback (*caballicare*) with his chaplain Herewig, and a company of retainers. The latter took the river in different places, mistrusting the usual ford, but Ulric and his chaplain rode through the water at the ford they were accustomed to. It was winter, and the bishop wore thick worsted stockings (*soccis de sago factis indutus*), drawn over his legs. Herewig reached the further bank first, and was splashed with water to his waist. To his surprise, on examining the bishop's stockings, they were not wet.

On another occasion he was boating on the Danube, when a great raft came against the bows, and stove them in. With great difficulty the boat was brought to a shallow, and all in it escaped through the water to shore, when suddenly it occurred to the chaplain that they had forgotten to secure the safety of their bishop, whom they had left in the stern, and who was too old and infirm to escape unaided. Some of them at once waded back,

lifted him out of the boat, and carried him ashore, and no sooner was he in safety than the boat foundered.

In 967, the old prelate undertook another journey into Italy, to see the emperor and the pope. John XIII. received him with cordiality at Rome; and on his way home, Ulric visited Ravenna, where the emperor and empress then were. When Otho heard that S. Ulric had arrived, he ran out of his bed-room with one shoe on, to greet him, and the empress Adelhaid showed almost equal eagerness to see him. The bishop seized the opportunity to implore the emperor to give the see of Augsburg after his death to Adalbert, his nephew,¹ abbot of Ottobeuren, which he held "in commendam." The emperor gladly assented, and on his return to Augsburg he made all his knights and retainers swear fidelity to Adalbert, and then he invested his nephew with pastoral staff and mitre and all the episcopal insignia.

But this step of Ulric caused general dissatisfaction among the clergy of Bavaria, and a synod was convened at Ingelheim (A.D. 972) to consult on this matter.

At the first session, Adalbert, with rash presumption, entered the conclave fully attired as a bishop, and holding the pastoral staff. The archbishop of Mainz and his suffragans refused to receive him, and indignantly charging him with violation of the canons, compelled him to withdraw.

At the second session Ulric was present, attended by a few chaplains. His conduct was brought under consideration, and he was required to defend himself. From age and loss of teeth he was unable to speak so as to be heard by all, and therefore he summoned Gebhardt, provost of S. Mary's at Augsburg, to speak for him. Gebhardt accordingly informed the council that Ulric was advanced in years, and wished to retire from the duties and labours

¹ Son of Liutgarde, his sister, and Burkhardt, duke of Swabia.

of his office into a Benedictine monastery, and then throwing himself at the feet of the emperor and the archbishop of Mainz, implored them to hear the petition of his master. This was no answer to the charge of violation of the canons. The council felt it was not. Many of the bishops, says Gebhardt in his life of his master, were only angry at the appointment of Adalbert, because they had hopes of obtaining the see of Augsburg for themselves after the death of S. Ulric. But there was felt a delicacy in the matter. The bishop of Augsburg was aged eighty-two, and was esteemed by all for his sanctity. The council was unwilling to pronounce a public censure against him, and a middle course was adopted. It was decided that Adalbert should be called in to swear upon the four gospels, that he had accepted the episcopal office without knowledge that he was acting in contravention to ecclesiastical rule, and in the event of his re using, he was to be forbidden the exercise of his episcopal office anywhere and at any time. He took the required oath, and then S. Ulric, still bent on carrying out his scheme, again supplicated permission to retire into a monastery, and place his nephew in his room.

Some of the wiser prelates then drew S. Ulric out of the council hall, and talking with him in private, explained to him the inadmissibility of this proceeding, and the danger of the precedent he was desirous of setting up. The old man's eyes were opened, and filled with self-reproach and shame, he retired. Adalbert died the following year after having been bled, and S. Ulric regarded this as a judgment on what had been attempted. He died a month or two later, of advanced old age. His death was painless and peaceful. According to his request, he was buried in the church of S. Afra, where his crypt and monument remain, and are visited daily by the faithful. It lies on the

right hand of the east end of the nave. The church has been entirely re-built in late German Gothic, since his days, and little or nothing of the original structure remains.

Nearly the whole of the body of S. Ulric is preserved in the church of SS. Ulric and Afra at Augsburg, together with his episcopal vestments, some of his hair, the handkerchief which covered his head as he lay dying; his comb, a silver chalice which had been buried with him, out of which pregnant women are allowed to drink to give them easy child-birth; also a wooden cup, his pastoral cross, the late legend concerning which has been mentioned. The cross is applied for the healing of persons bitten by mad dogs. The earth in which S. Ulric was laid is popularly believed to drive mice away, and is carried off for that purpose.

S. Ulric is represented with an angel bringing him a cross, or with a mad dog at his side.

S. PROCOPIUS, AB.

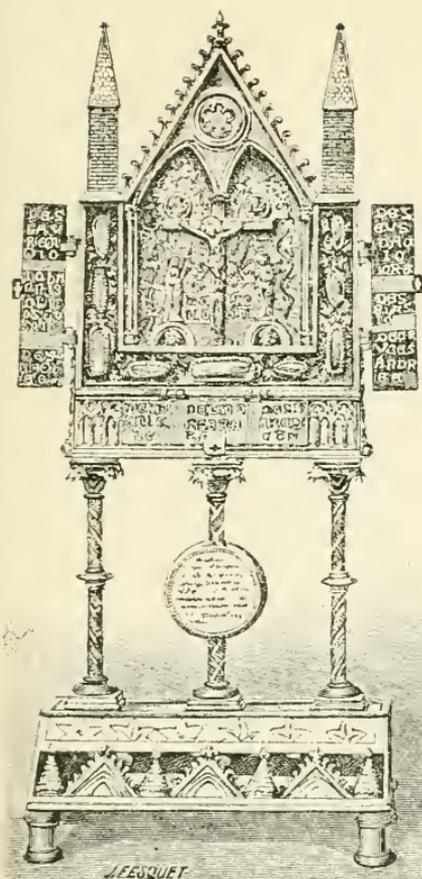
(A.D. 1053.)

[Menardus, Surius, and Bucelinus, on April 1st. But also Menardus again on July 2nd, and Bucelinus on July 8th. S. Procopius died on March 25th. But at Prague on July 4th. Authority:—A life written by a contemporary anonymous writer, published by the Bollandists.]

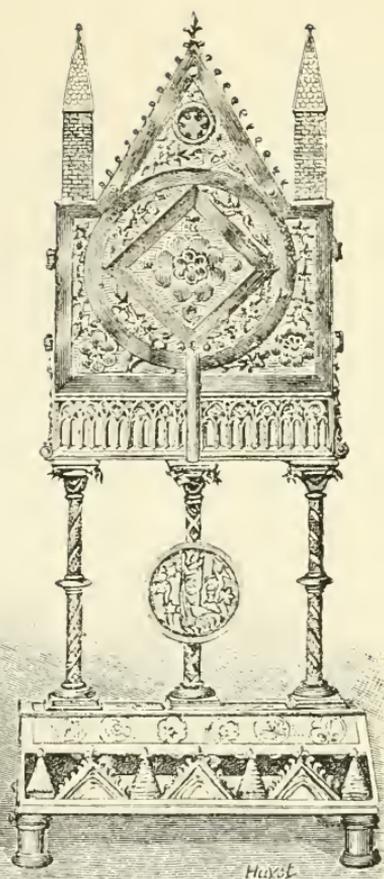
THE saint whose life has now to be written is one very popular in Bohemia. He was born of parents in a middle condition of life, at Chotins, and was early given a canonry in Wissegrad, the cathedral of Prague. But desiring a more quiet life and a closer walk with God than was attainable in the capital, he retired to a cave in the forest, which lay between Chrudim and the Sazawa river, a cave inhabited "by a thousand devils," who however fled before

the presence of the hermit. There, in the stillness of the forest, Procopius spent several years, undisturbed save by the fawn that came at eve to drink of the clear river that rippled round the rock in which the cave was formed, and by the horned owls that lodged in the rents of the crag and hooted at night. But one summer's day as Procopius was cutting down branches of oak to supply his winter fire, a terrified stag bounded up and took refuge behind him, pursued by Duke Ulric of Bohemia and his hounds. The duke was astonished to find a hermit in this wilderness, and willingly gave him land, and sent brethren to range themselves under the direction of the holy solitary. In course of time Procopius moved to an abbey of Benedictines in Prague, and was constituted abbot. He died there in the odour of sanctity on March 25th, 1053; and his relics are preserved at Prague to this day, and held in great veneration.





FRONT.



BACK.

FLEMISH RELIQUARY, 13TH CENTURY.

Preserved in the Convent of Dames du Sacré-Cour Mons.

July 5.

- SS. STEPHEN, B., AND COMP., *MM. at Rhegium, in Italy, 1st cent.*
 S. ZOE, *M. at Rome, A.D. 286.*
 S. DOMITIUS, *M. in Syria, A.D. 363.*
 S. ATHANASIUS, *Deac., M. at Jerusalem, circ. A.D. 453.*
 S. PHILOMENA, *V. at San Severino, in the Marches of Ancona*
 S. TROPHIMA, *V.M. at Minuri, near Amalfi.*
 S. MONGUNNA, *V. Abs. in Ireland, about A.D. 650.*
 S. ISLIEF, *B. at Skalholt, in Iceland, A.D. 1080.*

SS. STEPHEN, B., AND COMP., MM.
 (1ST CENT.)

[Greek Menæa. Cultus at Reggio in Calabria on this day, sanctioned by the Congregation of Sacred Rites in 1622. Authority:—A late account in Greek, probably by Metaphrastes, of most questionable authority. Certain it is that nothing was known at Reggio of there having been a bishop and martyrs there, before the 17th cent., when they were made acquainted with it through the Greek Menæa; and at once popular invention added particulars.]

ACCORDING to the Greek story, S. Paul on his way to Rome in the ship, tarried at Rhegium, after leaving Syracuse, sufficient time to preach to the people, and convert many thousands. Not only so, but he ordained one Stephen to be their archbishop. After seventeen years, persecution broke out under Hieracos the governor, and Stephen, another bishop, named Sueras, and three women, Agnes, Felicitas and Perpetua were put to death with the sword.

Since the 17th century, when the good people of Reggio were first made aware that they had a martyr bishop, their lively imaginations have filled out the story. When S. Paul landed there, the citizens would not believe him, till an end of candle he held in his hand caught fire spontaneously. Then he placed the candle

on a marble pillar, and when the wick of the candle fell over, it set the marble on fire, and the pillar burnt down to its socket. This story has been gravely inserted as fact¹ by Marco Antonio Politi in his *Chronicon Regiense*, and many others.¹

It is of course most questionable whether S. Paul preached at Rhegium. In Acts xviii. 13, it is said that he only tarried one day there, and probably he did not even disembark. "Landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium: and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so we went towards Rome." The fable of the candle, says Janning the Bollandist, must have grown up among the vulgar, the product of some idle brain, till it made its way into the writings of serious authors. The martyr Agnes is derived from the Greek Menology, which commemorates one of this name on July 5th, without saying where she suffered, but giving a story which bears a strong resemblance to that of S. Agnes of Rome. Felicitas and Perpetua occur together in suspicious proximity, and have probably been translated from Africa, and anti-dated by rather more than a century. In 1622, Annibal de Afflictis, archbishop of Reggio, requested permission to erect altars and set up images, and institute mass and other devotions in honour of these martyrs. The Sacred Congregation of Rites gave the faculty desired.

¹ Marafioti in his *Chronicon Calabriae*. Ughelli in his *History of the Bishops of Reggio*; and Paolo Gaulteri in his *Saints of Calabria*.

S. ZOE, M.

(A.D. 286.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. Ado, Usuardus, Notker and Wandelbert. Authority :—Mention in the Acts of S. Sebastian.]

S. ZOE, the wife of Nicostratus, keeper of the records in Rome, was converted by S. Sebastian (see Jan. 20th.) It is unnecessary here to repeat the circumstances, as they have been already related in the life of S. Sebastian.

Zoe was taken by the Roman soldiers praying in the "Confession" of S. Peter, and was ordered to sacrifice to Mars. As she refused, she was thrown into a dungeon, and kept five days without light and food. On the sixth day she was drawn forth, and hung by her hair in a tree over a smoking dung heap. When she was dead, a stone was attached to her neck, and she was cast into the Tiber by the guards "lest the Christians should take away her body, and make her their goddess."

S. ATHANASIUS, DEAC. M.

(ABOUT A.D. 453.)

[Roman Martyrology. Not in the Greek Menæa. Authorities :—Mention by Nicephorus Callistus, lib, xv. c. 9. (d. 1341), and before him by Theophanes in his Chronographia (d. 817). Marcian the Emperor, a contemporary, in his epistle to the Church of Jerusalem, mentions the circumstance of the murder of the Deacon, without giving his name.]

ATHANASIUS, deacon of the church in Jerusalem, under the holy orthodox bishop Juvenal, was savagely murdered, his body dragged through the streets, and his flesh cast to the dogs, in the riots occasioned by the Eutychians, under the monk Theodosius, who drove Juvenal from his see, and installed himself in his room.¹

¹ See SS. Flavian and Elias, July 4th, p. 99.

S. PHILOMENA, V.

(UNCERTAIN.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius, Ferrarius in his Catalogue of the Saints of Italy, the Bollandists, &c.]

IN 1527, Antonio de Monte, bishop of Porto-Santa-Ruffina, cardinal bishop of Pavia, and abbot "in commendam" of the church of S. Lawrence at San Severino, in the marches of Ancona, pulled down the old altar in the church of S. Lawrence, and discovered within it a vessel (urna) "as shapely cut as if done yesterday," and on opening it found therein a body of a young girl, quite perfect, the face of singular beauty, the dress of sapphire green, and around the body freshly cut, unwithered, fragrant flowers and herbs. To the neck was attached by a string a scrap of parchment, on which was inscribed: "The body of S. Filomena, of the noble family of the Clavelli at Septempopulanæ (San Severino) translated at the time of the Goths into the church of S. Lawrence, beneath the high altar. I, Severinus, the bishop, wrote this with my own hand."

The cardinal constructed a marble sepulchre for the body, and placed the scrap of parchment in a crystal vessel.

There were two lights in which this discovery might be regarded, one that it was miraculous, in that the flesh, the flowers, and the dress had preserved their freshness and colour for at least a thousand years; in which case the miracle extends to the inscription on the parchment, the character and style of which belong to the 16th century, and it can have been only by a miracle that S. Severinus, in the 8th cent., should have adopted the style of writing the 16th. The other light in which the discovery may be explained we forbear to particularise.

The former view is that which has been authoritatively adopted, for Pope Clement VII. permitted and indulgenced the *cultus* of this saint.

Miracles have been wrought, we are told, at the shrine of this virgin saint. Her festival is observed with great solemnity at San Severino, on the first Sunday in July.

She is not to be confounded with S. Philomena, V.M., discovered at Rome, who is venerated on August 10th.

S. TROPHIMA, V.M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

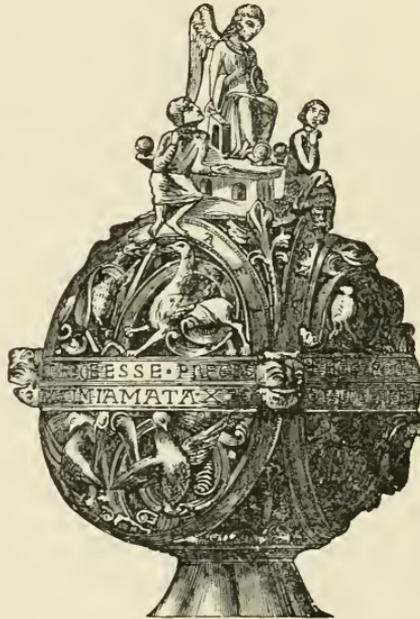
[Venerated in the diocese of Amalfi on Nov. 5th, at Benevento and Amalfi on July 5th. Authority:—An account of the invention and translation written in 1601.]

A WOMAN was one day washing linen on the banks of a little stream that flows into the bay of Salerno, at Minuri, when, in beating the clothes, she was aware of a hollow sound, and found on examination a marble sarcophagus. In striking her hand against it she numbed her arm, and at once concluded that the sarcophagus contained a saint who was offended at having dirty linen basted over him. She ran to inform the clergy; they communicated with the bishop of Amalfi, and a train of people poured down to the river, to disinter the sarcophagus. But it refused to be moved, till a team of beautiful and innocent heifers were yoked to the stone tomb, when it was moved out; and to the admiration of all, there was discovered on the lid, in elegant hexameters, with perhaps somewhat of a Renaissance ring in them, an inscription to the effect that within lay a virgin martyr, named Trophima, who having run away from her parents in Sicily, "gave her

members to Minuri, and her soul to the Thunderer."¹

A church was erected over her remains, and it became a favourite resort of pilgrims.

¹ "Sicanios fugiens devota puella parentes,
Æquoris in medio naturae forte quievit.
Membra dedit Reginniculis, animamque Tonantis."



Romanesque Censer from Lille.

July 6.

- ISAIAH, *Prophet and M. in Palestine, circ. B.C. 690.*
 SS. ROMULUS, B., AND COMP., MM. at Fiesoli and Volterra, 1st cent.
 S. TRANQUILLINUS, M. at Rome, A.D. 286.
 S. DOMINICA, V.M. at Tropea in Campania, 4th cent.
 S. NOYALA, V.M. at Pontivy in Brittany.
 S. SISOERS, Ab. C. in the Thebaid, 5th cent.
 S. PALLADIUS, B. Ap. of the Irish, A.D. 432.
 S. GERVASE, Deac. M. at Chalons-sur-Saone, 6th cent.
 S. MORWENNA, V. in Cornwall, 5th cent.
 S. MOVENNA, OR MONYNNA, V. Abs. in Ireland, 6th cent.
 S. MODWENNA, V. Abs. in Scotland and Burton-on-Trent, 7th cent.
 S. GOAR, P.C. at S. Goar on the Rhine, 6th cent.
 S. SEXBURGA, Q. Abs. of Ely, A.D. 699.
 SS. BERTARIUS AND ATALENUS, MM. at Favernay in Franche-Comte,
 circ. A.D. 754.
 S. GODELIEVA, V.M. at Ghisteltes in Flanders, A.D. 1070.

SS. ROMULUS, B., AND COMP., MM.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. Zenobius, bishop of Fiesoli, in 966, is said to have visited the church of S. Romulus, so that the veneration of this Saint must be ancient. Authority:—The Acts, which are utterly apocryphal, “sunt ab initio meræ fabulæ,” say the Bollandists. The fact is, S. Romulus bears a suspicious resemblance in part of his story to Romulus, the fabulous founder of Rome. The companions of Romulus, bearing the suspicious names of Dulcissimus and Charissimus, were venerated at Bamberg on April 19th, with proper lessons extracted from the fabulous acts of S. Romulus. The Acts appear to be a forgery of the 12th cent.]



HE apocryphal legend of the birth of S. Romulus is to this effect. There was a Roman citizen of the name of Argoltus, who had a daughter named Lucerna, and she, when she grew up, became enamoured of a slave of her father, named Cyrus, and by him became the mother of a little boy. Then she took the child and exposed it in a

wood, that it might die. But lo! a she-wolf came and suckled the babe, and it grew and throve. But there came forth one day the huntsmen of the Emperor Nero, to hunt, and they chased the wolf to her lair, and there they found the boy. So they came and told Nero. And he said, "Go! fetch me the lad." So they went and chased the wolf, and the wolf leaped forth, and the boy ran after her, and escaped. For two days did they pursue the wolf and the boy, and were unable to catch them. And on the third day they returned with their hands empty. Then Nero the emperor sent his prefect to Peter the apostle, to tell him what had fallen out. And S. Peter, when he heard this, prayed to the Lord, and in the night an angel came to him and bade him take his fishing-nets and go into the forest and catch the boy and the wolf. So the apostle convoked all the Christians of Rome, and they went forth bearing nets; and when they came to the forest, they beat it, but could not catch the wolf and boy. Therefore the apostle prayed, and instantly those whom he sought stood before him. Then he cried with a loud voice, "If thou be born of a she-wolf, avoid thee hence! But if thou be born of a woman, come hither that I may catch thee!" And when he had so cried out the wolf ran away, and the Christians caught her in their nets. But S. Peter held the boy, and the child had been for three hundred days with the wolf when S. Peter captured him. So they brought the wolf and boy into Rome, and committed them to a keeper, and bade him turn a sheep into their prison. Then the boy and the wolf fell on the sheep and rent it with their teeth, and devoured it raw. Now when S. Peter saw this, he bade that the wolf be expelled the city, but he delivered the boy to the priest Justin to be baptized. Then Justin

placed a vessel with water therein on a stone, and said, "By what name shall he be called?" And when S. Peter hesitated, Justin said, "Let us confirm him in the name of the Holy Trinity, and call him Romulus." And so it was done. Then the boy was committed by the apostle to the care of a noble woman to be brought up. And when he had remained with her two years, he recalled him. And the boy was fair in face, and voluble in speech. Then Peter the apostle took him in his arms, and kissed him, and said, "I bless and confirm thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and may thy mouth, filled with the spirit of wisdom, preach the Lord Christ." And he delivered him to Justin, to be instructed in letters and in the divine law. Now when Romulus had attained the age of eight years, he went about Rome preaching the Gospel, healing the sick, and expelling devils. Now there was a man in Rome named Charisius, who had two sons, whereof one named Vicinior was possessed with a devil, and the other named Pensior was crippled in all his limbs. Charisius came to the apostle Peter and said, "Come and heal my sons, and I will believe, but if thou art indisposed, then send thy disciple, Romulus." So S. Peter sent Romulus, who healed the two young men, and Charisius and his household believed and were baptized "in the self-same hour." After that, S. Peter bade Romulus go to Sutri, and take with him his tutor Justin, and two men, Marchitian and Crescentius, and preach the word there. And when they had gone a short way, they came to a little town, named Nepina, where the boys and girls talked of their Bishop Justin. So they asked if they were Christians, and when they heard it was even so, they went to the house of the bishop and lodged there one night. But

on the morrow they departed and came to Sutri, where they entered into the house of one named Pergamus, and preached to him; then he believed, and was baptized with all his household, even fifty souls. And on the following day Romulus gave speech to a dumb girl, whereupon great multitudes were added to the Church, so much that the governor expelled the missionaries out of the city, and they returned to Rome.

Then S. Peter, when he had heard what they had done, said, "I have before now sent my disciples Charissimus and Dulcissimus to Volterra.¹ Go now, my brother Romulus, with thy companions Marchitian and Crescentius, to Fiesole, and sow the seed of life there." And then, when he had ordained Romulus bishop, he let him go. Then Romulus departed, and turning aside went to Volterra, where he saluted Charissimus and Dulcissimus, and after that departed to Fiesole. And when they reached the walls of the city, Romulus stood and prayed. Then a girl, who was on the walls, ran to her father, and said, "There stand men outside praying to heaven, whose speech I understand not, but"—jumping to conclusions with feminine rapidity—"whom I am convinced are deserving of our hospitality." So Adrian, her father, bade his daughter invite the men within, and there they met Marchitian and Crescentius,² who had preached the word in Fiesole, but had been beaten with rods, and Adrian had received and concealed them in his house. Charissimus and Dulcissimus had accompanied S. Romulus to Fiesole, so that now a large party of missionaries were united. The miracles they wrought, the power of their speech, were so great that the "Count

¹ Antonina, in the Acts; the name Antonina was not given to Volterra till the 10th cent.

² How came they there? Did the author forget that they formed part of the company of Romulus, or did Romulus send them on, whilst he delayed in Volterra?

of Fiesole," Repertian, drove them out of the city. At nightfall they returned, and were received into the houses of the faithful. The performance of another miracle, wrought on the son of a lady named Vienna, awakened the attention of the governor, and the whole party of missionaries was ordered to execution. On their way, Romulus, being thirsty, asked a girl who was drawing water out of a well by the roadside to give him a draught. She refused, being afraid of the soldiers. Therefore Romulus rebuked her and the well, and thenceforth the water of the well became blood to any Gentile who essayed to drink thereof, but was sparkling and pure to the lips of Christians. As there are only orthodox Christians in Fiesole at this day, the well is never called upon to exhibit its characteristic peculiarities. Romulus and his companions were put to death outside the city and buried by the faithful "at the roots of the mountain."¹

In the Modern Roman Martyrology the name of S. Romulus appears, and it is to be regretted that Baronius was so injudicious as to insert it. It appears in these words: "At Fiesole, in Tuscany, S. Romulus, bishop and martyr, disciple of the blessed Apostle Peter, who sent him to preach the Gospel; and when he had preached in many places in Italy, returning to Fiesole, was there crowned with martyrdom, along with his companions, under Domitian, the emperor."

The body of S. Romulus is shown at Fiesole, those of SS. Dulcissimus, Charissimus, and Crescentius are exhibited at Volterra; their "invention" took place there

¹ It is unnecessary to particularise the absurdities of this fable. The Bollandists groan in notes over each outrage on common sense, "Mira res!" "An hæc credibilia cuiquam videri possint?" "Nihil attinet plura annotare ad præmissa quæ cuivis legenti non possunt non videri mera fabula esse," &c.

in 1491. But the bodies of two of these are also preserved in a shrine in the cathedral at Bamberg, with this inscription on the shrine, "Corpora Sanctorum Dulcissimi et Carissimi Martyrum et Discipulorum S. Petri Apostoli," and are exhibited to the veneration of the faithful on April 19th.

S. TRANQUILLINUS, M.

(A.D. 286.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology as well as the Modern Martyrology. Ado, Usuardus, Notker, &c. Authority:—The Acts of S. Sebastian.]

It is unnecessary to repeat here what has been already related in the life of S. Sebastian (Jan. 20th) concerning the conversion of Tranquillinus, father of Marcus and Marcellinus. He is said to have been baptized by the priest Polycarp, and ordained to the priesthood by Pope S. Caius. On the octave of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, he was praying at the tomb of S. Paul, where he was found, and stoned to death.

His body reposes in the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, at Rome; but it is also claimed by the cathedral at Viterbo, which holds this day as a double, in honour of the sacred body it possesses. But the Jesuits at Wilna, in Lithuania, also profess to possess the body of S. Tranquillinus, which was given to them by Pope Clement VIII.

S. DOMINICA, V.M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Not mentioned in any Ancient Martyrology. The earliest mention is by Maurolycus in 1568. Baronius inserted S. *Dominica* in the Roman Martyrology on the authority of Maurolycus. In the Greek *Menæa* appears a S. *Cyriaca* on the 7th July, who is no doubt the same as S. *Dominica*. The Acts of S. *Cyriaca* are of the age of Metaphrastes, 10th cent., and are full of fable. They seem to be composed out of those of S. *Euphemia* (Sept. 16th). S. *Euphemia* was venerated in Calabria as early as the time of S. *Paulinus* of Nola, who says, "Et quæ Chalcidicis *Euphemia* martyr in oris, signat virgineo sacratum sanguine litus," and the Golfo di Santa *Eufemia* bears her name to this day. Antonio Baro in his "Life of S. *Dominica*," says that the saint goes by various names, such as "*Euphemia*, *Sicula*, *Palma*, *Martha*, *Buttona*, and *Nicetria*." The authority for the life of S. *Dominica* is very slender. The lections of the church of Tropea, in Calabria, were only introduced with the approval of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1670, and it was pretended that they were derived from some Gallican Breviary. But from what? And how could Tropea have forgotten about her saint whose body was there venerated, and be obliged to have recourse to some French Breviary for the circumstances of her history? But it is more probable that these lections are an adaptation from the life of S. *Cyriaca*, for the story of both saints is very similar, their parents have the same name, they undergo the same sorts of torments, and *Dominica* is the Latin for *Cyriaca*. Some suspicion seems to have entered Baro's mind that the story of *Dominica* resembled somewhat that of S. *Euphemia*, and therefore, to get over the difficulty, he says that *Euphemia* is another name for *Dominica*. Baro also confesses that nothing was known of S. *Dominica* till the 16th cent., but then the reason was that Julian the Apostate had changed her name into *Hariola*, so irate was he at the wonders wrought by the relics of *Dominica*.]

ACCORDING to the fabulous story of S. *Dominica*, the virgin was born in Campania, of Christian parents, named *Dorotheus* and *Arsenia*, and as she was born on the Lord's Day, she was named *Dominica*. Now a great persecution fell on the Church when *Diocletian* and *Maximian* were emperors; and *Dominica* was arraigned before the governor of Campania, and was sent to *Diocletian*, who sent her to the banks of the *Euphrates*

to be tried by Maximian. There she was delivered for ten days to women who should persuade her to sacrifice; but when she was brought before the emperor, she exclaimed, "O transgressor of the law, slave of the devil, why ceasest thou not from sowing tares among the wheat." Then Maximian ordered her to be thrown down that he might kick her. But she, looking up to heaven, prayed. And after that she was taken to a temple, and there she broke down the idols. Then she was thrown into a fire, but came forth unhurt, and then was exposed to wild beasts, but they would not hurt her. Thereat the emperor, confounded, ordered that she should be taken outside of the city, and executed with the sword. And when this was done, angels took up her head and body, and transported them through the air to Tropea, in Calabria.

Such is the story as given in the lessons for the festival approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The story of S. Cyriaca in the Greek Menology is as follows.

In the days of Diocletian there was a Christian couple named Dorotheus and Eusebia, who were given of the Lord a little daughter, and, as she was born on the Lord's Day, they called her Cyriaca (Dominica). And when persecution arose, Diocletian sent her to Maximian at Nicomedia, after he had slain her parents. Maximian placed her on the rack; but when he was unable to subdue her, he sent her to Hilarion, governor of Bithynia, and when she prayed, fire fell from heaven and destroyed the temple and idols, and scorched the face of the governor, and falling off his throne, he died. Then Cyriaca was cast into a fire, but came forth unhurt, and next she was exposed to wild beasts, but they hurt her not. Then she was sent outside the city and de-

capitated. This account in the Menology is condensed from the fabulous Greek Acts of S. Cyriaca.

S. Euphemia was a damsel of Chalcedonia, and was thrown into a fire, which did not hurt her; then into a pond full of hungry fish, which would not eat her; then among wild beasts, which licked her feet instead of devouring her, and was finally decapitated. Then angels came and bore off her soul visibly before all. The story of S. Cyriaca was perhaps founded on that of S. Euphemia, and that of S. Dominica certainly on that of S. Cyriaca.

But now we come to something more wonderful still. How was it that for a thousand years and more no one knew anything about S. Dominica, even at Tropea, where her body was deposited for public veneration by angels? We are gravely told that "Julian the apostate was so opposed to the name of Dominica, on account of the innumerable and stupendous miracles wrought by invocation of her, that he promulgated an edict in which he attributed all the miracles wrought by Dominica to the power of demoniacal magic, and he ordered the name of Dominica to be abolished, and that thenceforth she should be called Hariola, and that all churches dedicated to her should be demolished; and when the Siculi, a people of Dacia, now Transylvania, erected a church to S. Dominica, under the name of Nicetria, Julian, hearing of it, ordered it to be destroyed, and the whole of that county thenceforth to be called Hariola." It is a pity, say the worthy Bollandists, that we are not told whether the author of this wonderful statement was sane or not.

The body of S. Dominica is preserved in the cathedral of Tropea. If, as it seems, the relics of S. Euphemia have also been preserved in Calabria since S. Paulinus

brought them there, it is curious to observe that the same saint should have developed into two with separate festivals, names, and bodies. In England she was called S. Sunday; she had a chapel and image in Kingston church.

S. NOYALA, V.M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Venerated on this day in the diocese of Vannes. Not in any ancient Martyrology, and only in the supplement to Saussaye's Gallican Martyrology. Authority:—Popular tradition as given in a letter from the curé of Pontivy to the Bollandists, in 1719.]

ACCORDING to the popular belief in Brittany, unsupported by any evidence, S. Noaluen or S. Noyala the White, was a British maiden, who floated over to Brittany with her nurse on the leaf of a tree. She was decapitated at Beignan, and walked to Pontivy holding her head in her hands. The chapel dedicated to her at Pontivy was remarkable in the 18th cent. for several interesting paintings on gold grounds representing this fanciful story.

S. SISOES, AB.

(5TH CENT.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology of the Emperor Basil. Not in any Western Martyrologies. The Acta Sanctorum on this day, and Alban Butler on July 4th. Authority:—An account of him in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert.]

SISOES THE GREAT renounced the world when quite a youth, and retired into the monastery of Scete, in Lower Egypt, west of the Delta, and near Mount Nitria. But after some years he departed to the mountain of S. Anthony on the further side of the Nile.

There is little of incident to relate in his life. In a lawless and self-seeking age, his dove-like gentleness impressed itself on men's minds and set them wondering

Three solitaries came to visit him one day. The first said, "My father, I think of the fires of hell, and they fill me with horror. How shall I escape them?" The old abbot answered not a word. Then the second said, "My father, I think of the gnashing of teeth and the never-dying worm, and am haunted by that thought. What shall I do?" But he answered not. Then said the third, "And I, O my father, have ever before me the awful outer darkness, and the unspeakable horror thereof oppresses me." After a pause Sisoës lifted his face up and said, "I have never given them a thought. I think how good my God is, and I know He will have pity on me."

Now the three were retiring discontented, thinking he had not given them much of an answer. Then he saw their dissatisfaction, and he cried after them, "Alas! my brethren, I should have been a better man, had I thought like you." And so he shewed his humility, and his great gentleness, which would not suffer him to let these men go away abashed.

A solitary came to him time after time, confessing that he had relapsed; and always Sisoës bade him rise and go forward undiscouraged. At last the man said, "My father! is there to be no end to this? How often am I to be bidden rise after a fall?" "Ever, till death catches you fallen or struggling to rise."

Some brethren asked him if a monk who had fallen into sin ought not to be put to penance for a whole year. "Oh! my sons, that is a very long time." "Well father, then for six months."

"And that also seems to me to be very long."

"Well, then, for forty days."

"Forty days! that is too long."

"What, father, would you have a monk who has fallen into sin received to Holy Communion directly after he has fallen?"

"I say not that," answered Sisoës gently; "but I think God is so loving and merciful that one bitter pang of conscience may avail with Him, without longer privation from the Sacred Mysteries than—say three days."

A solitary asked him whether if a guide led him wrong he was at liberty to scold him.

"I do not think it would do much good," answered Sisoës. "I know the case of twelve brethren who had a guide; and the guide missed his way, and they walked all night in the desert, and only when morning broke did the guide discover he had led them all wrong. Then he excused himself with shame. But they said, 'We noticed you were going wrong long ago, but we did not speak and reproach you.' And I think this did more good than a scolding."

"For thirty years," said Sisoës, "have I been asking my Lord Jesus Christ to give me power to control my tongue, yet every day that tongue of mine is tripping."

After a while, broken by old age, he moved to Clysma, near the Red Sea. There was he visited by some folk, who desired advice. As they were going away, some one said to them in a low voice, "That old man rarely eats." "I eat whenever necessary," answered the abbot.

He found no rest in a town, and, though very old, went back to his beloved desert. When he was dying, the brethren heard him murmur, "The abbot Anthony is coming to me." And presently, "I see the choir of

the prophets." And then, "The apostles come to me." After that he murmured, "Lo! the angels come to bear my soul away!" And then, suddenly, a thrill ran through his aged body, his face lit up with joy; and stretching forth his trembling arms, he cried, "My Lord, my Lord, comes to me!" and he sank back on his pallet dead. He died about the year 420, at the age of about eighty-eight. He is not to be confounded with Sisoës the Theban, who lived at Celamon in Arsinoë, or with Sisoës, who inhabited a cell at Petra, both his contemporaries.

It is related of the former that a brother having told him of his intention to revenge a wrong done him, Sisoës urged him to leave vengeance to God. "I will not, I cannot," said the man. Then Sisoës knelt down, and the brother with him, and Sisoës prayed, saying, "O God take, we pray Thee, no more concern about our affairs; be no longer our protector; we are going henceforth to manage for ourselves; avenge ourselves and do all the rest that hitherto Thou hast done for us!" Then the man was ashamed of himself, and abandoned his purpose.

S. PALLADIUS, B.C.

(A.D. 432.)

[Not mentioned in ancient Martyrologies. There is a Palladius or Pallatius mentioned on this day in the so-called Martyrology of S. Jerome, but he was a martyr at Alexandria, and is commemorated with SS. Zoticus, Severus, Zeto, Philip, and Arator. They were Syrians. Nothing more is known of them. S. Palladius, apostle of Scotland, probably died on Dec. 15th. The 6th July seems to have been set down as his festival simply because in the early Roman Martyrology occurred on this day a saint of the same name. In the Irish Martyrologies on Jan. 27th; the Scottish on July 6th; Wilson in his Anglican Martyrology on July 11th:

not in the Modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities :—The chronicle of S. Prosper of Aquitain, a contemporary, Bede, and Nennius, and the Annals of the Four Masters.]

LAEGHAIR, son of Nial of the Nine Hostages, succeeded his father Dathi as Ard-Righ, or chief monarch of Ireland, about the year 428. In the third year of his reign, 431, came Palladius on a mission from Pope Cœlestine to the Christians of Ireland. On account of the proximity of that island to Britain, Christianity had begun to spread among its inhabitants, and the situation of the faithful there, as sheep without a shepherd, became known at Rome after the mission of S. Germain of Auxerre and S. Lupus of Troyes to Britain in 429, for the purpose of extirpating the Pelagian heresy which had found firm foot-hold in the ancient British Church. Palladius was probably a Briton. Prosper tells us that it was through his intervention that Pope Cœlestine sent the mission to Britain.

The Irish writers, especially Muircha-Macca-Mactheni, in the "Book of Armagh," style him chief deacon of S. Cœlestine. This was an important post in the Roman Church. The popes were frequently chosen from the ranks of the Roman deacons, on whom, during the vacancy of the see, or the captivity of a pontiff, the administration devolved.

It was in consequence of the information received in all probability from S. Germain, that the pope deemed it advisable to appoint a bishop to preside over the Irish Christians, and superintend the ecclesiastical affairs of the island. The words of Prosper are, "Palladius was consecrated by Pope Cœlestine, and sent as the first bishop to the Irish (ad Scotos) believing in Christ."

The Annals of the Four Masters say: "In this year (431) Pope Cœlestine the First sent Palladius to Ireland

to propagate the faith among the Irish; and he landed in the county of Leinster with a company of twelve men. Dathi, son of Garchu, refused to admit him; but he baptized a few persons in Ireland, and three wooden churches were erected by him, namely—Cell-Fine, Teach-na-Romhan, and Domhnach-Arta. At Cell-Fine he left his books and his written tablets, with the relics of Peter and Paul and many martyrs besides. He left these four in those churches—Augustine, Benedict, Sylvester, and Solinus.”

The sites of two of these churches have been identified. They were situated in the territory of Hy-Garrchon, on the river Inver-Dee, in the east of the present county of Wicklow. The site of Cell-Fine is doubtful, but it may be the present Dun-lavin. Teach-na-Romhan, or the House of the Romans, has been identified as Tywin, and Domhnach-Arta as Dunard, near Redcross. When the news of the progress of the mission reached Rome and other parts of the Continent, fame, as usual, added exaggerations, and excited a confident assurance of its complete success throughout the whole island. Hence Prosper did not hesitate to say that, through the exertions of Pope Cœlestine, Ireland was become a Christian country.

But in reality the mission was a failure. Palladius was opposed by Prince Dathi, and obliged speedily to withdraw, “not receiving respect in Ireland,” as the Annals of the Four Masters inform us.

Palladius left his companions behind him, as being less likely to become objects of persecution, and S. Patrick in his subsequent more successful mission is said to have met them.

Palladius sailed from Ireland towards the latter end of the same year (431), and, after having been tossed

about by storms, arrived in Britain, with the intention of proceeding thence to Rome; but he fell sick in Mearns, and died at Fordun. It may be inquired how Palladius, after leaving Ireland, happened to arrive at a place so remote in the north-east of Britain. According to Fiech's Scoliaſt he had been driven by a ſtorm as far as that country, and conſequently ſailed round the north of Scotland. But this ſeems hardly probable, and it is more likely that he landed ſomewhere in the north-weſt, and thence continued his courſe by land until he arrived at Fordun, where he fell ſick. The day of his death is given differently, 15th Dec., 25th Dec. (both A.D. 431), 27th January, and 6th July (A.D. 432). It is not poſſible to ſay whether his death occurred in December, or ſomewhat later.

The miſſion of S. Palladius was almoſt a failure, but it prepared the way for S. Patrick. His ſtay in Ireland can have been only ſhort, as he arrived in the iſland and left it within the year.

S. MORWENNA, V.

(5TH CENT.)

[On this day is mentioned S. Modwenna of Burton-on-Trent; no trace remains of the commemoration of S. Morwenna of Cornwall, but it is probable that ſhe was commemorated on the ſame day as S. Modwenna, and that the life of S. Modwenna by Concupbran may contain incidents from the life of S. Morwenna, as it certainly does contain thoſe from the life of S. Monynna of Ireland. For further account of Concupbran ſee the enſuing article on S. Modwenna.]

In the "Young Women's Window" at S. Neot's, near Liſkeard, in Cornwall, is repreſented Brychan, king of Brecknockſhire, with his offspring, twenty-four in number, all of whom are ſaid to have been confeſſors

or martyrs in Devon and Cornwall.¹ Among these is S. Morwenna, with her sisters S. Merewenna and S. Mabena. The latter is represented in the adjoining window crowned with a palm-branch in her right hand, and an open book in her left, with the inscription, "Sancta Mabena, ora pro nobis." But there is no other representation of S. Morwenna.

Brychan, prince of Brecknock (d. 450), according to Welsh accounts, had twenty-four sons and twenty-five daughters, in all forty-nine children. Statements, however, vary, of which this is the largest. The smallest statement is twenty-four for the whole number, and as his grandchildren may have been included in the longer list, this may account for the discrepancy. He is said to have had three wives—Ewrbrawst, Rhybrawst, and Peresgri, though it is not said that they were living at the same time. He had also several illegitimate children. Historians are now satisfied that there were three Brychans in succession kings of Brecknock, and this fact has occasioned the confusion in the pedigree and history of the family.

The names of the sons and daughters and grandchildren of Brychan are given in the "Cognacio Brychani," and by Bonnedd-y-Saint, and a critical examination of the list is given by Dr. Rees in his "Essay on the Welsh Saints." A few, but not many of them, can be identified with those attributed to Brychan, by Leland, and the window of S. Neot's, and Morwenna does not appear in the list as his daughter. Morwenna is most probably Mwynen, the

¹ The following are named:—1. S. John, or Ive, who gave his name to the Church of S. Ives; 2. Endelient, who gave his name to Endelion; 3. Menfre to S. Miniver; 4. Teth to S. Teath; 5. Mabena to S. Maby; 6. Merewenna to Marham church; 7. Wenna to S. Wenna; 8. Yse to S. Issey; 9. Morwenna to Morwenstowe; 10. Cleder to S. Clether; 11. Keri to Egloskerry; 12. Helic to Egloshayle; 13. Adwen to Advent; 14. Lanent to Lelant. Leland in his Itinerary adds Nectan, Dilic, Wensenna, Wessen, Juliana, Wymp, Wenheder, Jona, Kananc, and Kerhender.

Latin Monyina, daughter of Brynach Wyddel by Corth, one of the daughters of Brychan.¹

King Brychan reigned in Brecknock between 410-450, and it is probable that S. Morwenna was this granddaughter Mwynen, by Brynach Wyddel and Cymorth or Corth, his daughter, who lived in Carmarthen and Pembroke. If so, she had a brother named Gerwyn, who is admitted by the Welsh authorities to have settled in Cornwall, and been slain on the isle of Gerwyn. He does not appear in Leland's list. That list is evidently very inaccurate, the same person recurs under two forms of his name. Thus John (Ive) and Jona are the same, so also certainly are Merewenna and Morwenna. Kananc is the S. Caian, venerated on September 5th, a grandson of Brychan, and perhaps, therefore, a son of Corth. S. Cleder is S. Cledog, who was buried in Herefordshire at Clodock; he was martyred by the pagan Saxons about A.D. 492, and is commemorated on Aug. 19th. He also was a grandson of Brychan, but is said by the "Cognacio" to have been the son of S. Clydwyn, son of Brychan. He is said to have had a sister S. Pedita, and a brother S. Dedyng who may be the Cornish Adwen. The S. Tedda said to be a sister of S. Morwenna in the list is no doubt S. Tydie, a daughter or granddaughter of Brychan. S. Endelient may be the same as S. Elined, the Almedha of Giraldus Cambrensis, who says that she suffered martyrdom upon a hill called Penginger, near Brecknock. She is venerated on Aug. 1st.

The list in Leland, and the similarity of some of the names to those of grand-children of Brechan, is sufficient to dispose of the idea that S. Morwenna and S. Modwenna are the same persons. S. Morwenna we may

¹ Her sisters Gwennan and Gwenlliu may perhaps be recognized in the list in the S. Neot's window.

suppose was a Welsh woman, and that, with S. Nectan, her brother, she came to Cornwall and Devon, and settled on the cliffs above the Severn Sea;—S. Nectan on Hartland Point, and S. Morwenna at Morwenstowe; and that she died about the end of the 5th century.

Leland, in his *Collectanea*, quoting an ancient book of places where the bodies of saints rest, says that S. Morwenna lies at Morwenstowe; “In villa, quæ Modwenstow dicitur, S. Mudwenna quiescit.”

The body of S. Modwenna, on the contrary, reposed at Burton-on-Trent.

S. MONYNNA, V. ABSS.

(A.D. 518.)

[Irish Martyrologies on July 5th. Authority:—An ancient Irish life. But this life is not altogether trustworthy, for it confounds S. Monynna with S. Modwenna of Scotland.]

S. MONYNNA, or Darerca, is said to have received the veil from the hands of S. Patrick, near the pool of Bruigis. She proceeded to associate others with herself, eight virgins, and a widow with her little boy, named Luger, who afterwards became a bishop. They built a church at Roskerry, near Carlingford. Then she removed with her nuns to S. Ibar (d. 500) of Begerry in Waterford, and remained for some time under his direction, first there, and afterwards in an island in the south, called Little Ireland (Beg-Erin), in Wexford harbour. She made the acquaintance of, and often visited, S. Bridget, and is said to have established herself at a distance of four days' journey from that holy woman. She next retired into a cell where she could not see the face of a man, only going out at night. Her church is now called Killevy, near Newry.

S. MODWENNA, V. ABSS.

(END OF 7TH CENT.)

[Scottish and Anglican Martyrologies. Authorities :—A life by Concubran, an Irish writer of the 13th and 14th centuries. Also the Irish life already mentioned as authority for that of S. Monynna, which Concubran has adopted into his life of Modwenna, causing thereby great confusion. Consequently she is represented as contemporary with Pope Cœlestine I. (423-432), S. Patrick (d. 465), S. Ibar (d. 500), S. Columba (d. 597), S. Kevin (d. 618), and King Alfrid of Northumbria (d. 705). If we separate the Acts of Monynna from those of Modwenna it is quite possible to arrive at a consecutive and tolerably reliable history of this saint.]

S. MODWENNA, or Movenna, belonged to the great sept of the Conalls of Conail Murthemhni (the county about Dundalk) and Clan Conall, in the modern county of Down. Her pedigree can be made out for several generations.¹ Her father was Mochta, prince of that sept, and ruler of an extensive territory, stretching from Iveagh to the neighbourhood of Armagh.

She founded a convent at Fochard Brighde, now Faugher, in the county of Louth, about the year 630; and a hundred and fifty virgins placed themselves under her rule. But one night an uproarious wedding having disturbed the rest, and fluttered the hearts of her nuns, Modwenna deemed it prudent to remove the excitable damsels to some more remote spot, where no weddings took place, or convivial songs were heard; and she pitched upon Kill-sleve-Cuilin, in the county of Armagh, where she erected a monastery. One of her maidens was named Athea, another Orbile. She had a brother, a holy abbot, named Ronan.

In the life of S. Modwenna we are told that about this time Alfrid, son of the king of England, came to

¹ Fiach Araidh, d. 236—Cas—Fedlimidh—Inchadh—Ross—Lugaidh—Crunn Badhraoi—Eochaidh—Conall—Lugaidh—Lilcan—Mochta, her father, who married Coman.

Ireland. This is certainly Alfrid the illegitimate son of Oswy, who on the accession of Egfrid (A.D. 670) fled to Ireland, and remained there studying, as Bede tells us, for some while. The Irish king, according to Concubran, was Conall. But this is a mistake. Conall, nephew of Donald II., reigned from 642 to 658. Seachnasach was king in 670, but was killed the following year, and was succeeded by Finnachta, who reigned till 695. When Alfrid was about to return to Northumbria, the Irish king wished to make him a present, but having nothing in his treasury, bade a kinsman go and rob some church or convent, and give the spoils to the Northumbrian prince. The noble fell on the lands of the convent of Modwenna, and pillaged them and the church. Then the saint, with great boldness, took ship, crossed over to England, came to Northumbria, and found the prince Alfrid at Whitby (A.D. 685),¹ and demanded redress. The king—for Alfrid was now on the throne—promised to repay all, and placed Modwenna in the famous double monastery of Whitby, founded in 658 by S. Hilda. His own sister, Elfleda, was there, and he committed her to S. Modwenna, to be instructed by her in the way of life. Elfleda was then aged thirty-one. Three years after she succeeded to the place of S. Hilda, and was second abbess of Whitby. Then S. Modwenna returned to Ireland and visited her foundations there. After a while she made a pilgrimage to Rome, and in passing through

¹ Concubran says, "Villa quæ vocatur Streneshalc, juxta silvam, quæ dicitur Arderne." Now Streneshalc (the hill of the beacon) was the early name of Whitby. The name Whitby came into use after the Danish conquest of Yorkshire in 876; and it completely supplanted the older Northumbrian name, which was forgotten. The name Whitby is first found in the saga of Egill Skallagrimsson, and is of purely Norse origin. When Concubran wrote, he did not know where Streneshalc was, so put it in the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire. In like manner he makes Sealcliff, the Seal's Cliff, which was near the monastery of Andrey, in the forest of Arden! When were seals there?

England founded a religious house at Burton-on-Trent, and left in it some of her nuns. She returned to Ireland, but learning that her brother Ronan was labouring in Scotland, she determined to settle there. She founded there several religious houses in succession, and a church dedicated to S. Michael on the rock of Edinburgh or Dunedin. She made also foundations at Kill-nicase, in Galloway, another on a mountain named Dundanel, a third at Dumbarton, a fourth at Stirling, a fifth at Dunpeleder, and a sixth near the Seal's Cliff, at S. Andrew's Isle (Androssan, near Saltcoats). She is said to have died at Longfortin, in Ireland. The Felire of S. Angus has, on July 6th :

“ Moninde of Mount Cuillinn
A beautiful pillar,
Gained a pure glorious victory ;
She was sister of Muire, Mary.”

It is not difficult to determine what Ronan was her brother. There was a S. Ronan, bishop of Kilmarnock, in Dumbarton, mentioned in the Breviary of Aberdeen, but of his date we know nothing.

There was another Ronan, abbot or bishop of Lismore, but he died about 760, which would throw him too late. As S. Modwenna founded a house in Dumbarton, it is probable that the former Ronan was her brother. He is commemorated on Feb. 7th.

The fact that for a short while S. Morwenna instructed the sister of Alfrid, “son of the king of England,” has led some writers into strange mistakes. Capgrave supposes him to be Alfred the Great, son of Ethelwolf, and that the sister was Edith of Polesworth, who died in 954. And Dugdale followed this error. He says in his “History of Warwickshire,”—“Of Polesworth, though there be no particular mention in the Conqueror’s sur-

vey, yet for antiquity, and venerable esteem, needs it not give precedence to any place in the country, being honoured with the plantation of the first religious house therein, that was in all these parts founded by King Egbert, our first English monarch. He having one only son, called Arnulf, who was a leper, and hearing by a bishop, which came from Ireland, that the then king of Connaught had a daughter, who was a nun, named Modwen, that healed all diseased people repairing to her, sent his son, at the persuasion of that bishop, into Ireland, where he was cured of his loathsome disease by the same holy woman. Which great favour so pleased King Egbert that he forthwith invited S. Modwen to come into England, promising that he would found a monastery for her and her convent, which offer she soon after accepted, since the religious house in which she lived was, by wars between the petty kings of Ireland, burnt and laid waste, and she brought over with her two of her fellow nuns. Upon which the king, having a great opinion of her sanctity, recommended his daughter Edith, a young princess of great beauty and remarkable holiness, unto her care, to be instructed in religion after the rule of S. Benedict, giving her a dwelling-place in the forest of Arden, then called Trensale, where S. Edith, together with S. Legne and S. Osithe, lived together in a holy manner, &c."

All this, as will be readily seen, rests on a mistake between the Alfreds. Capgrave probably knew nothing of Alfrid of Northumberland, and that he really was in Ireland in banishment, and that he had a sister at Whitby at the very time when S. Modwenna came there, and Dugdale was misled by him. Alfred the Great never visited Ireland.

The whole of this story is made up by Capgrave out

of the life by Concubran, who has endeavoured to give the story an historical colour, and by doing so has confused the chronology. Modwenna had nothing to do with S. Edith of Polesworth, who died in the 10th cent.

The body of S. Modwenna was translated to Burton.

S. GOAR, P.C.

(A.D. 573.)

[Roman Martyrology, Usuardus, Ado, Wandelbert, &c. Authorities:—An ancient life by an anonymous writer, of perhaps the 9th cent. Another life by Wandelbert of Prum, who flourished about 839.]

IN the sixth century there lived in Aquitania a noble pair, named George and Valeria, who were given a son, whom they called Goar or Gower. The child grew up, loving God above all things, and when he had reached the canonical age, he was ordained priest. For some time he laboured in his native land, but at length, following the religious bent of his age, he departed, seeking a solitary place where he might serve God as a hermit. The place he chose as his residence was a nook on the right bank of the Rhine. There he constructed a cell and a little chapel, with the consent of Fibicius, bishop of Treves.¹ His piety attracted many pilgrims, whom Goar received with hospitality, lodged, and fed. Two of the officials of Rusticus II., who had succeeded Fibicius in the bishopric of Treves (cca. 511), having visited Goar, were surprised to see him eat a hearty breakfast with his pilgrims after having said mass and sung his morning offices. Thinking this very unlike what was thought befitting for a hermit, they com-

¹ The anonymous biographer incorrectly calls him Felix.

plained to the bishop, who at once ordered them to summon Goar to appear before him. The messengers arrived at his cell, and were given shelter for the night. In the morning he sang psalms, said mass, and then spread the board for breakfast. Then the episcopal legates denounced him indignantly as a glutton, and unworthy to be called a hermit, for hermits as every one knows eat not till noon, and often not till sun-down. Then they ordered him to follow them, and disdainingly to eat at his table, mounted their horses and galloped away. But the day was hot, the air languid, and before long the two men began to regret having ridden away with empty stomachs. They became miraculously hungry, says the writer of the life of S. Goar, but as he tells us they had eaten nothing that morning, it would seem more miraculous if they had not been hungry. They drew rein, flung themselves from their horses, and sullenly awaited the arrival of Goar. The hermit came up, prudently supplied with a sack of provisions for the way. He opened his store, and the men were not disposed to decline his hospitality on this occasion.

When Goar reached Treves he was at once introduced to the episcopal court, and being hot, he took off his hood and flung it across a sun-beam, which pierced the gloom through a narrow window, "mistaking it for a beam of wood."¹ The bishop asked the hermit with much violence of temper what he meant by eating and drinking instead of fasting. Goar gently replied that the kingdom of God was not in meat and drink, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, that

¹ The origin of the stories of cloaks and gloves and hoods hung over sun-beams, which occur in so many lives (see those of S. Bridget, S. Cuthman, S. Deicolus, S. Amabills, S. Leonore of Brittany, &c.), is no doubt this. It was said that the saint had hung his vestment over a *beam*, "radius," and the double meaning of the word originated the miracle in the story.

pilgrims came to him, and he could not send them away empty, nor would it appear hospitable if he served them and abstained himself.

This did not satisfy the narrow-minded Rusticus, and he would have contumeliously driven forth the hermit, had not at this moment some people entered the hall, bringing with them a new-born babe, which had been discovered exposed to die in some wild place outside the town.

"We will soon prove whether this be a man of God or not," said Rusticus. "Tell us whose child this brat is?"

What followed? Are we to believe with the biographer, trusting to legend, that the child spoke, or was it that Goar enlightened, may be, by the gossip of his travelling companions, the bishop's familiars, rushed to a conclusion, and said, "Bishop Rusticus is father and Flavia is the mother."

At this unexpected charge the prelate was confounded, and Goar was hustled out of the court, and allowed to go his own way without further questioning.

The story resounded through the country, and came to the ears of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, and he thought nothing could be more suitable than to appoint Goar to the episcopal throne of Treves, rendered vacant by the retirement of Rusticus, to do penance for his fault during seven years. Goar refused to accept a bishopric whilst the bishop was still alive, and retiring to his cell on the Rhine, fell sick with a fever, from which he continued to suffer for seven years, when Rusticus, who had been confined, or had confined himself, in the monastery of S. Mary "ad Martyres," refused to resume his sacred functions, and it was deemed expedient to fill his place. The bishopric was again offered to S. Goar, and was

again declined by him, and with reason, his age and infirmities rendered him incapable of discharging the duties it would have entailed; and indeed, soon after the offer was made, he died. There are some difficulties in the chronology of S. Goar. Rusticus II. was bishop in 511, on the death of Fibicius. He was succeeded by S. Abrunculus, who died in 527; then came S. Nicetius, who died in 566. On the death of S. Nicetius occurred a vacancy of seven years, terminated by the elevation of S. Magnericus, in 573.

Sigebert was king of Austrasia between 561 and 575. The event recorded in the life of S. Goar, of his summons before the bishop Rusticus, must then have occurred in 566. But Rusticus was bishop in 511; nothing historical is known of him. His retirement for seven years is fabulous; it arises from the fact of the see having been vacant for seven years between 566 and 573, the biographer may have attributed it to the retirement of the bishop. Anyhow there is sufficient difficulty in reconciling dates to make us accept the life of S. Goar as given by the historian with caution.

Some have supposed that Goar is only the same as Gewirr, the whirlpool near the present town of S. Goar, not far from the Lurlei rocks. It is possible that Goar may not have been the original name of the saint, and that he may have been invoked by those in danger of the "Gewirr," as they crossed or descended the Rhine, and so may have acquired that name by which he is now familiarly known, much as S. Erasmus has obtained in France and Belgium the name of S. Agrapard.

At the time of the Reformation the relics of S. Goar were torn from the crypt in which they reposed,

and were scattered. But some fragments were preserved in the church of S. Castor at Coblenz; and a few have been given to the Catholic church at S. Goar.

S. SEXBURGA, O. ABSS.

(A.D. 699.)

[Not in the ancient Latin Martyrologies. But by some modern Martyrologists, the Bollandists, Wyon, Bucellinus, Menardus, Greven, Molanus. Not in Sarum or York Kalendars, but probably on this day at Ely. Authorities :—Mention in the life of her sister, S. Etheldreda, and in the *Historia Eleensis.*]

ANNA, king of East Anglia, of the race of Uffa, and successor of the saintly Sigebert, fell on the battle-field before the ferocious heathen Penda, king of the Mercians (A.D. 654). Anna had married the sister of S. Hilda, the celebrated abbess of Whitby,¹ and by her had three daughters and a son. Those three daughters were saints, scarcely less illustrious than their aunts—Sexburga, Etheldreda, and Withburga.

Sexburga, the eldest, married Ercombent, king of Kent, the one who, after Ethelbert, showed himself most zealous for the extension of the Gospel. It was she who moved him to destroy the last idols which remained in his kingdom. After twenty-four years of conjugal life she became a widow (A.D. 664), and was regent for four years of the kingdom of her son Egbert. She had two daughters, Ermenilda and Earcongotha, both numbered with the saints. Ermenilda married Wulphere, king of the Mercians, in 658, and was left a

¹ This is not quite certain. According to other accounts Hereswitha, sister of S. Hilda, was married not to Anna, but to his brother Ethelhere.

widow in 675, when she retired as a nun to Sheppey, and died third abbess of Ely.

Earcongotha became abbess of Faremoutier, in Brie, and died in 700. Ermenilda was the mother of S. Werburga, fourth abbess of Ely.

As soon as Egbert was old enough to reign, in 668, Sexburga resigned the regency, and taking the veil from the hands of Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury, founded a monastery in the isle of Sheppey, at the mouth of the Thames, separated from the mainland by that arm of the sea in which S. Augustine, on Christmas Day A.D. 579, had baptized ten thousand Saxons. The monastery took the name of Minster, like that which was founded at the same time by her niece Domneva in the neighbouring isle of Thanet. She there ruled a community of seventy-seven nuns, until she learned that her sister Etheldreda, having fled from her husband, King Egfrid of Northumbria, according to the advice of S. Wilfred, had taken refuge in the marshes of their native country, and had there formed on the alder grown islet of Ely an asylum for souls resolute to serve God in solitude and virginity.

Sexburga then resolved to return to her own country, and become a simple nun under the crosier of her sister. "Farewell, my daughter," she said to her companions, who were gathered round her, "I leave you Jesus for your protector, His holy angels for companions, and one of my daughters for your superior I go to East Anglia where I was born, in order to have my glorious sister Etheldreda for my mistress, and to take part immediately in her labours here below, that I may share her recompense above."

She was received with enthusiasm at Ely; the whole

community came forth to welcome her, and the two sister-queens wept for joy when they met. They lived together afterwards in the most tender union, rivalling each other in zeal for the service of God and the salvation of souls, Sexburga compelling herself always to take lessons of humility and fervour from her sister. Upon the death of Etheldreda, Sexburga re-placed her as abbess, and ruled the great East Anglian monastery for twenty years before she too found her rest near the tomb which she had erected to her sister.

S. GODELIEVA, M.

(A.D. 1070.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Authority :—A life by Drogo, monk and priest of Ghisteltes, and afterwards bishop of Terouanne, d. 1078. Consequently the life must have been written between 1070 and 1078. Another life written in the 14th century is made up of worthless additions to the story as told by Drogo.]

IN the eleventh century there lived at Lonfort,¹ near Boulogne, a nobleman named Humfried and his wife Ogeva, who were blessed with a young and beautiful daughter. The reputation of her charms attracted Bertulf, lord of Ghisteltes, a little town between Bruges and Ostend, and he offered his hand. He was accepted, and married to the young Godelieva. Directly after the religious ceremony, he conducted her to his castle at Ghisteltes, where the wedding festivities were to be kept for seven days. Bertulf was a rude Fleming of violent passions and greedy ambition. His mother was by no means pleased at this marriage, and when he introduced

¹ In the modern parish of Wierre-Effroy,

his girlish bride to her, "What has induced you to bring a black crow into our castle? Have we not fair-haired girls in Flanders more beautiful and more wealthy?" was her rude greeting. She called Godelieva a crow, because, says Drogo, she had black hair and dark eye-lashes, but her complexion was white and clear. Whether it was that Godelieva had in some way disappointed his fancy, or that his mother succeeded in entirely warping his mind by showing him how much better matches he might have made, is not very clear, suffice it that a complete estrangement was effected, and Bertulf rode off, leaving his deserted wife to entertain the guests through the wedding festivities without him.

Her mother-in-law did all that lay in her power to make the poor girlish bride miserable. No conceivable insult was spared; she was not allowed enough food to eat; bread was thrown to the dogs, and then plucked from them and presented to her, and she was forced to eat it; and when it was found that she gave half her miserable pittance to the poor, the amount of food allowed her was again reduced. Bertulf did not dare to murder her, on account of the nobility of her family; he therefore endeavoured to ruin her health by subjecting her to hunger and hardships. He never came near her, but committed her to a ruthless castellan and his own vindictive mother.

At length, when Godelieva could endure no more, she escaped with a female servant, and made her way to Lonfort, where she was received with tears and indignation by her parents. An appeal was at once made to Baldwin VI., count of Flanders. He, however, remitted the case to the ecclesiastical court of Théroutanne, and it was heard by Radbod II., bishop of Noyon and Tournai. Bertulf was ordered to receive his wife again

with full restoration of conjugal rights, and to treat her thenceforth with respect and kindness.

Accordingly Godelieva returned to Ghistelles, but her husband received her with cold disdain, which afterwards deepened into cruel persecution. He locked her up in a donjeon of his castle, and only suffered his own creatures to minister to her. At last, impatient to be married again, and wearied at her strength of constitution, he resolved to make away with her by violent means. One day he re-visited her, and assuming a kinder air, said that the estrangement which existed between them had become intolerable, and that he had learned a mode by which it might be converted into passionate love. There was a wise-woman famed for the making of love-potions, who had reconciled several pairs who had been at variance. Would Godelieva see her? The poor young wife was glad to embrace any means of recovering her husband's affections that presented itself. Then the wise-woman would be brought to see her secretly, by night, by two trusty servants, Lambert and Hecco. None were to know of this. Not a word was to be breathed to living man. Godelieva readily fell into the trap.

At midnight a postern door communicating with her bed-room was opened, and at a tap at her door she opened and saw the two men. The wise-woman was without; she could not see her in the house; their conversation might be overheard. Godelieva extinguished her light and followed the ruffians. No sooner was she outside the castle than a thong was slipped adroitly round her neck, and she was plunged head foremost in a pond hard by.

When it was certain that she was dead, the murderers brought the body back into the room, and placed it in

the bed, drew the clothes over it, and retired. Next morning the female servant, surprised that Godelieva made no stir in her room as usual, opened the door, and found her dead. The red line round her throat proved that she had met with a violent death.

The parents of Godelieva do not seem to have been sufficiently powerful to obtain justice on Bertulf, who immediately after the commission of the crime married again; but in after years, moved with compunction, he resigned his lands at Ghistelles, and made them over to the Church. He took the cross and fought in the Holy Land for three years, and ended his days in a monastery.

But the people revenged the memory of the injured Godelieva by relating marvels concerning the water in which her head had been plunged, and the spot where she had been strangled. One of the murderers, on the point of death, confessed the circumstances of the crime.

Fourteen years after the murder, Radbod, bishop of Tournai, dug up the body of Godelieva, and placed it in the church, where it is still to be seen, and where it is visited, especially on this day, by crowds of pilgrims, who drink of the water of the pool¹ and invoke the saint against sore throats.

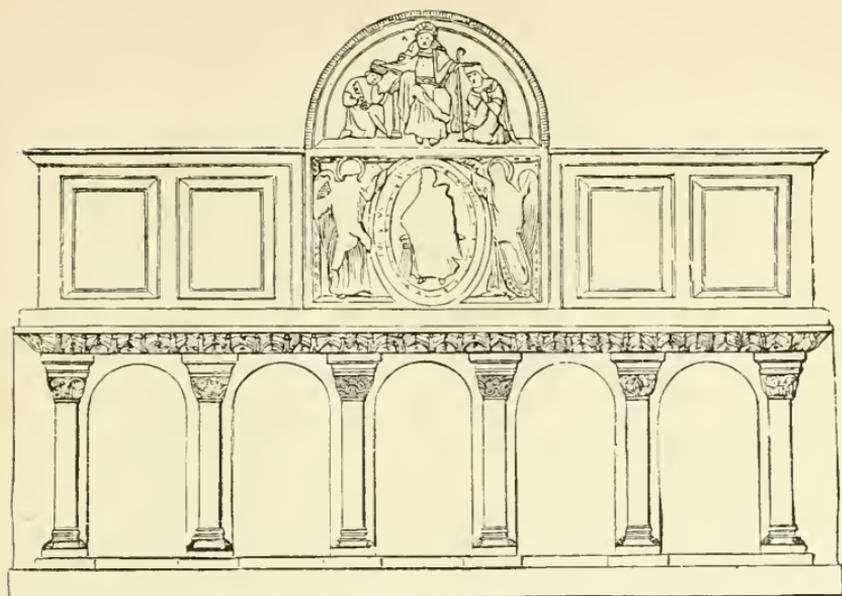
At Ghent on this day a great concourse of people visit the Little Beggin-hof, where are preserved some relics of the saint, and some of the water from her well. The pilgrims kiss the relic and drink the water to preserve them from sore throats and sore eyes, and buy little rings which have touched the relics. From the year 1493, the name of S. Godelieva appears in Belgian

¹ The little pool has been surrounded by a low stone wall, and made into a sort of well. The church occupies the site of the murder and the castle of Bertulf.

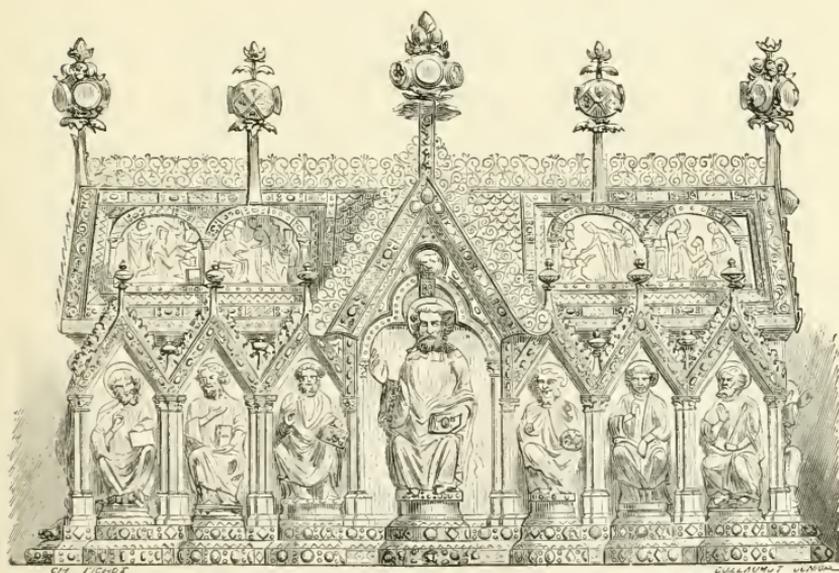
Litanies and Kalendars, and the following hymn was sung at Ghistelles during the octave of her festival:

“ *Læti corde et animo
Jubilemus altissimo,
Qui te, martyr, miraculis
Glorificat in sæculis.
Ergo, sub fasce criminum
Gementes ora Dominum,
Ut de valle miseriæ
Nos cœli reddat patriæ,
Vir, socrus cum familia
Te lacerant invidia,
Gaudes et contubernio,
D:î florens martyrio.
Applaudamus in organo,
In cymbalis, in tympano,
In tanti festi gloria,
Sit laus Deo per omnia. Amen.*





ALTAR AT S. GERVAIS AT MAESTRICHT.



AN EARLY FLEMISH RELIQUARY.

July 7.

- S. APOLLONIUS, *B. of Brescia, 2nd cent.*
 SS. PELLEGRINUS, LUCIAN, POMPEY, AND OTHERS, *MM. at Durazzo in Albania, 2nd cent.*
 S. PANTÆNUS, *C. at Alexandria, A.D. 216.*
 SS. CLAUDIUS, NICOSTRATUS, CASTOR, VICTORINUS, AND SYMPHORIAN, *MM. at Rome, A.D. 286.*
 SS. MEDRAN AND ODRAN, *CC. in Ireland, 6th cent.*
 S. ETHELBURGA, *V. Abs. at Faremoutier in Normandy, circ. A.D. 695.*
 S. HEDDA, *B. of the East Saxons, A.D. 705.*
 S. WILLIBALD, *B. of Eichstadt in Bavaria, circ. A.D. 786.*
 S. ODO, *B. of Urgel in Spain, A.D. 1122.*

S. APOLLONIUS, B.

(2ND CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius, following Galesinius. S. Apollonius was unknown to all ancient martyrologists. Baronius refers in his notes as his authority to the "tables and ancient annals of the city of Bresc̄ia." But no such authorities for the existence of S. Apollonius exist, and the only authority for there having been such a person are the apocryphal acts of SS. Faustinus and Jovitta; see Feb. 15th.]



SAINT APOLLONIUS is said in the apocryphal acts of SS. Faustinus and Jovitta to have been bishop of Brescia, and to have remained in concealment during the persecution of Hadrian. He was brought from his place of retreat into Brescia to ordain Faustinus priest and Jovitta deacon; for which purpose seven angels came down out of heaven, and opening the prison doors led forth Faustinus and Jovitta from the dungeon where they had been immured. There were great multitudes of the Brescians assembled; twelve thousand at once professed their faith in the Trinity, and were baptized in the self-same hour.

And now, as the hour of midnight was passed, Apollonius desired to celebrate the Divine mysteries and communicate all whom he had baptized. But there was no altar. Therefore he prayed, and lo! there came down out of heaven a white altar-linen (sindon) stretched out as though on an altar, and in the middle was a chalice full of the Blood of the Lord, and above shone four burning lights. Then Apollonius stood before the white sheet, and communicated therefrom all that great multitude.¹

From this fanciful story the value of the acts of SS. Faustinus and Jovitta, and of their evidence in favour of the existence of S. Apollonius, may be estimated. The relics of S. Apollonius are shown in the cathedral at Brescia.

SS. PEREGRINUS, LUCIAN, AND OTHERS, MM.

(2ND CENT.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology. From these Baronius inserted the names in the Modern Roman Martyrology. Nothing is known of these saints except what is said of them in the Menæa and Menology of Basil.]

PEREGRINUS, Lucian, Pompeius, Hesychius, Papias, Saturninus, and Germanus, Italians by birth and residence, on the breaking out of persecution under Trajan, fled by sea, and arrived at Dyrrachium, the modern Durazzo in Albania. There they saw the blessed martyr Astius suspended on a cross, exposed to the stings of wasps and flies. They praised his constancy, and were apprehended, confessed Christ, and loaded with chains, were taken in a boat out into the Adriatic and cast overboard.

¹ This seems to be an incident adopted from some Italian version of the Romance of the Sangreal.

S. PANTÆNUS, C.

(A.D. 216.)

[The little Roman Martyrology, Ado, Notker, &c. Modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Eusebius, Hist., Eccl., Lib. V., c. 10, 11.]

PANTÆNUS was master of the catechetical school at Alexandria. He had been brought up a Stoic philosopher. After his conversion he was filled with zeal, and went as a herald of the Gospel of Christ to the nations of the East, and advanced as far as India. It is reported that he there found his arrival anticipated by some who were acquainted with the Gospel of Matthew, to whom Bartholomew the Apostle had preached, and had left the Gospel of Matthew in Hebrew,¹ which was preserved till this time. Pantænus, after many praiseworthy deeds, finally became head of the Alexandrian School, commenting on the treasures of Divine truth, both orally and in his writings. He had for disciple S. Clement of Alexandria, who mentions him honourably in his institutions; and calls him "the Sicilian bee," because of the honey he drew from the literature he had perused, and perhaps because he was a Sicilian by birth.

SS. CLAUDIUS, NICOSTRATUS, AND
OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 286.)

[Roman Martyrology. First found in the Martyrology of Ado from the pretended little Roman, and Usuardus. Authority:—The Acts of S. Sebastian.]

NICOSTRATUS, the jailor of Sebastian, was converted

¹Pantænus was probably ignorant of the language of the Indians, and he mistook their statement that Mar-Thomais, the Apostle Thomas, had preached to them for Bartholomew.

by the healing of Zoe, his wife, who had been six years deprived of speech. Claudius, the "commentariensis," believed also; his sons, Felicissimus and Symphorian, on hearing of what had been done, and at the preaching of S. Polycarp. Castor, the brother of Nicostratus, and Victorinus, the brother of Claudius, also believed and were baptized.

After the martyrdom of Zoe and Tranquillinus, the bodies of the saints were cast into the Tiber. Then Nicostratus, Claudius, Castor, Victorinus, and Symphorian, made search for them at the mouth of the river, and were taken after they had found and buried the bodies. By order of Fabian, the governor of Ostia, they were racked, and then flung into the sea with weights attached to their necks.

SS. MEDRAN AND ODRAN, CC.

(6TH CENT.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority:—The Acts of S. Kieran of Saigir, late and of not much historical value; see March 5th.]

MEDRAN and Odran, two brothers, natives of Muskerry in Ireland, left their homes and came to S. Kieran at Saigir. Medran desired to remain with Kieran but Odran said, "This is not what we agreed with one another!" Then, turning to S. Kieran, he added, "Do not separate my brother from me."

"The Lord judge between you both," said the abbot. "Let Medran hold a lantern in his hand, and if it kindle when he breathe on it, then he shall stay here."

Then, according to the story, the candle flamed up, and Medran remained at Saigir till he died. But Kieran said to Odran, "Hearken to me, my son. Though thou

shalt wander through four quarters of the world, yet shalt thou die in thine own city, Leitir." And it was so, for there he built a monastery. Medran is the Cornish Madron.

S. ETHELBURGA, V. ABSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 695.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Molanus, Wyon, Menardus, and Modern Roman Martyrology. Authorities :—Mention by Bede in his *Eccl. Hist.*]

S. ETHELBURGA was the natural daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles between 635 and 654. She was half-sister of S. Sethrida and of S. Sexburga, S. Etheldreda, and S. Withburga. She retired to Faremoutier in Normandy, where was a community of religious women in which were many Anglo-Saxon princesses and ladies of rank. She succeeded her half-sister Sethrida as abbess of Faremoutier.

S. HEDDA, B.

(A.D. 705.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. Not in any Ancient Martyrology. Authority :—Mention by Bede in his *Eccl. Hist.*]

S. HEDDA was an East-Saxon by birth, and a monk of the monastery of Whitby. He was made bishop of the West-Saxons in 676 by Theodore of Canterbury, and placed his episcopal seat at Dorchester, near Oxford, but afterwards removed his seat to Winchester.

On the death of Ceadwalla, Ina succeeded him on the throne of Wessex. He drew up a code of laws with the assistance of S. Hedda and S. Erconwald. Bede says of

Hedda, "He was a good and just man, and exercised his episcopal duties rather through his innate love of virtue than through the learning he had acquired." The Saxon Chronicle says that he died in 703, after having held the bishopric of Winchester twenty-nine years; but this date is wrong, for on the authority of the chronicle itself we are told that he was consecrated to the bishopric of the West-Saxons in 676. Therefore his death must have taken place in 705, a date which agrees with the statement of Bede that Hedda died in the beginning of the reign of Osred. Now Alfrid, king of the Northumbrians, died in 705, and was at once succeeded by the young Osred.

S. WILLIBALD, B. OF EICHSTADT.

(ABOUT A.D. 786.)

[Not in Ancient Martyrologies earlier than the 12th cent. The first to mention him is an Utrecht Martyrology of that century, which inserts him on Nov. 6th. But July 7th seems to be the day on which he was anciently venerated at Eichstadt. The Roman Martyrology contains a strange error. It says "At Eichstadt in Saxony." Eichstadt is not in Saxony at all, but in Franconia. Authorities:—First, and by far the most precious authority, is the *Hodœporicon* or itinerary of S. Willibald, a contemporary document, written by a nun of Heidenheim, of whose name we are ignorant, but who was his kinswoman, and took the account of his travels from his own recital. This life, written before his death, became afterwards the foundation of various other lives which are here mentioned, but which contain few or no new facts. A life by Adalbert, abbot of Heidenheim, cca. 1150; another by an anonymous writer, a mere reproduction of the *Hodœporicon* in other words; another by Philip, bishop of Eichstadt, in the 14th cent. With the life of S. Willibald must be compared that of his brother S. Wunibald, written by the nun of Heidenheim, the authoress of the *Hodœporicum*.]

S. WILLIBALD, who is said to have been a kinsman of the great S. Boniface, was, like him, a native of the kingdom of Wessex. Boniface was born at Crediton, in

Devonshire, and perhaps Devon may also lay claim to having produced the apostle of Franconia.

He was born about the year 700, or soon afterwards, and having with difficulty struggled through the ailments of infancy, at the age of three was taken by his parents, despairing of his life, before a cross, and there dedicated to the service of Christ.¹ From this time he improved in health and strength, and when he was five years of age his father, in fulfilment of his vow, placed him in a monastery at Waltheim (perhaps Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire), under the care of Abbot Egbald. He there made great progress in learning, and was beloved for his virtues. As he grew up to boyhood, the desire of travelling in foreign lands became a passion with him; and, to indulge it, his father sold his possessions, and went with his family, consisting of Wunibald, his eldest son, then aged twenty, Willibald, and his daughter Walburga, together with a number of friends, to settle at Rome. They left England towards the beginning of summer, probably in the year 718, and having taken ship on the southern coast at Hamelea-Muth (the mouth of the river Hamble that flows past Waltham), near a port town called Hambich or Hamwich (Southampton),² after a prosperous passage, they entered the river Seine, and landed at Rouen, where they remained some days. They then proceeded slowly through France, and arrived at Lucca, where Willibald's father Richard³ died.

¹ "Sic mos est Saxonicae gentis, quod in nonnullis nobilium, bonorumque hominum praediis non ecclesiam, sed Sanctae Crucis signum, Domino dicatum, cum magno honore alium, in alto erectum, ad commodam diurnae orationis sedulitatem, solent habere." *Hodæpor.*

² Hambich is a mistake of the copyist for Hamwich.

³ He is commemorated on Feb. 7th. He is inserted in the Roman Martyrology, and venerated at Lucca as a king. There is, however, no evidence that he was anything but a man of noble family.

After having buried their parent honourably in the church of S. Frigidian at Lucca, the two brothers continued their journey on foot, and by a long and circuitous route, crossing the Alps, reached Rome in safety. But soon after their arrival they were attacked by fever, under which they languished for a long time, and the effects they were not able easily to shake off. After their recovery Willibald determined to continue his travels, and visit the Holy Land.

It was probably about the end of April, 721, when, having separated himself from his brother and joined two persons desirous of performing the same pilgrimage, Willibald left Rome and visited successively the towns of Terracina, Gaeta, and Eboli. At the latter place he waited a fortnight before a ship bound for Egypt arrived on the coast, and then, having embarked with his companions, they proceeded to Reggio in Calabria, from whence they crossed over to Catania in Sicily. During the stay he had the opportunity of observing the first burning mountain he had ever seen, Etna; and it struck him as marvellous that when the mountain erupts, the inhabitants of Catania should be able to arrest the flow of lava by exposing the veil of S. Agatha. At the end of three weeks they left Sicily, and after touching at Samos, proceeded to Ephesus, where they visited the cave of the Seven Sleepers, whose legend was even then spread over all Christian Europe. From Ephesus they walked along the sea coast to Siglia, a large town, where "having obtained bread, they went to a fountain that springs up in the midst of the city, and sitting down there dipped their crusts in the water, and ate them." Thence they walked still along the coast to Strobale, "a town on a high mountain," and by Patara to Mytelene by ship, after having passed the

winter at Patara. At Mytelene the travellers were much edified by seeing two stylites.¹ From Mytelene they sailed to Cyprus, at that time the frontier between the dominions of the Saracens and the Greeks. They passed the first week of the year 722 at Paphos, and then removed to a town named Constantia, where they remained to recruit their strength, till the nativity of S. John the Baptist (June 24th).

About the end of June, the travellers crossed the sea to Tortosa, where they entered the jurisdiction of the Saracens; and they walked ten or twelve miles, without meeting with any obstruction, to a fortified place named Arcæ, the see of a Greek bishop. They also performed on foot the twelve miles between this place and Emessa, where they were seized by the Saracens and carried before the Kalif Yezid.² They were liberated at the intercession of a Spaniard who held a place of honour in the Kalif's household, and of the captain of the ship in which they had sailed from Cyprus.

After Willibald had visited the church built by S. Helena in honour of S. John the Baptist, whose head was long preserved there, "but is now at Syris," he went to Damascus, where he remained a week, and he was shown at a distance of two miles from the city the spot where S. Paul had been struck down to the earth and converted. From Damascus he turned his steps to Palestine; and, after visiting the scene of the Annunciation, he arrived at Nazareth, the church of which, as he was informed, was only saved from destruction by

¹ The passage is obscure. "Ibi sedebant duo solitarii, in stulite, id est, fabricata atque firmata cum muro magno de lapidibus, valde summo, ut aqua illis nocere non possit."

² Amir-al-mumenin, or Emir of the Faithful. Willibald, who did not understand the language, took the title for the name of the king, and calls him Mirnumni.

paying a ransom to the Saracens. He next visited Cana, where our Saviour changed the water into wine, and where he found a large church, the altar of which was made of one of the six vessels used on the occasion of the miracle.¹ Willibald remained there one day, and then visited the monastery of Mount Tabor, dedicated to "God, Moses, and Elias." He afterwards spent some days at Tiberias, where he found a church and a synagogue of the Jews. He then visited Magdala, Capernaum, and Bethsaida, at which last-mentioned town was a church of which the ruins still remain, and, having spent the night there, he proceeded in the morning to Chorazin, where was also a church. He next visited the head of the Jordan, and passed a night in company with the shepherds between the two sources of the river, called Jor and Dan. The shepherds gave him sour ewes' milk to drink,² and he remarked with interest that their sheep were different from the sorts he had seen in Europe, for they were long-backed, short-legged, and had great erect horns. When the sun was hot the sheep were wont to run down into the oyster ponds and remain under water with only their heads exposed.

From this place he went to Cæsarea, where he found a church and multitudes of Christians. Willibald's next journey was to the monastery of S. John in the desert Quarantania, which was inhabited by twenty monks. He slept one night in the monastery, and in the morning walked to the part of the river Jordan where Christ was baptized, which is distant a mile from the monastery. Willibald found there a church constructed on

¹ Probably it served as a pedestal to the altar-slab.

² Here occurs one instance of the narration having been written down from dictation by S. Willibald, "*Ibi morabantur unam noctem inter duos fontes, et pastores dabant nobis acrum lac bibere.*"

pillars over the spot where the event was supposed to have taken place. There he saw a rope stretched across Jordan, which people might hold when bathing in the river; and he was told that on the feast of the Epiphany crowds of sick people and sterile women came there to bathe. Willibald at once took off his clothes and bathed in Jordan with the assistance of the rope. Five miles from there he found the wooden church of Galgala, built over the twelve stones that Joshua took up out of Jordan when the people passed over dry-shod. And seven miles further he came to Jericho, where he saw the fountain blessed and healed by Elisha, and so he reached the monastery of S. Eustace, half-way to Jerusalem from Jericho, and there he rested a night and went forward on the morrow to the Holy City.

Willibald arrived at Jerusalem on the feast of S. Martin (Nov. 11th); but he was immediately afterwards attacked by a serious illness, by which he was confined to his bed till the week before Christmas, when he offered up thanks for his recovery in the church of Zion.¹ He went from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, visiting on his way a church in the valley of Jehosaphat, and another on the Mount of Olives; and he was also shown the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds, to announce the birth of the Redeemer. At Bethlehem

¹ At Jerusalem he saw "before the gate of the city a cross, as sign and memorial that there the Jews tried to carry off the body of S. Mary. When the twelve apostles carrying the body of S. Mary bore it to Jerusalem, and had come to the gate of the city, the Jews tried to take hold of it; and at once those men who stretched out their hands to the bier had them as though glued to the bier, so that they could not draw them away, till released by the grace of God and the prayer of the apostles. S. Mary died on Zion, which is in the midst of Jerusalem. And then the eleven apostles carried her, as I have said; and then angels came and took her out of the hands of the apostles and carried her into Paradise." All this is from the apocryphal "*Transitus Sanctæ Mariæ*," condemned by Pope Gelasius in 493.

the pilgrims saw the house in which Christ was born converted into a magnificent cruciform church. Thence they went to Jehoah, where was pointed out to them the scene of the slaughter of the innocents.

Willibald next visited the great monastery of S. Sabas, which was a *laura*, that is, was composed of separate cells, excavated in the rocks, in which the monks lived by themselves. Not far from S. Sabas was the church which he was told stood over the spot where S. Philip baptized the eunuch. He next visited Gaza, and a church dedicated to S. Matthias, where he heard mass, and was suddenly afflicted there with blindness, brought on, maybe, by the glare of the sun and the light sand of the desert. He suffered from this affliction of his eyes for two months. Thence he visited Hebron and the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and came to Jerusalem again, where the inflammation of his eyes abated, and he recovered the use of his sight.

After a lengthy stay in Jerusalem, about which singularly enough Willibald has not much to say, he proceeded to Diospolis, where was the tomb of S. George the Martyr, and to Lydda, where he saw the place of the miracle of the raising of Dorcas. Thence, along the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, Willibald journeyed to Damascus over Mount Lebanon, and returned to Jerusalem, where he spent the winter of 723-4. In the following spring the travellers went to Ptolemais, where Willibald fell sick, and was unable to proceed till the end of Lent. His companions, however, were sent to the Khalif for letters of protection; but not finding him, they returned to Ptolemais, where they all remained till the week before Easter, when they journeyed to Emessa, to ask for letters of safe conduct from the governor of that place. These they obtained, but they

were obliged to travel in separate parties of two each, on account of the difficulty of procuring food.

They went from Emessa to Damascus, and thence a fourth time to Jerusalem, where they remained some time, and afterwards visited Samaria, where were buried John the Baptist, Abdias, and Elisha the Prophet. They saw the well where our Saviour spoke with the Samaritan woman, and after passing a night there, traversed an extensive plain covered with olive trees, in company with a negro who had two camels and a mule, and who was conducting a lady through the forest. On their way a lion roared at them, but did them no injury.

Having skirted Mount Carmel, they proceeded to Tyre, where they were obliged to remain a long time before they found a ship bound for Constantinople. It is in the highest degree probable that the difficulties experienced by Willibald and his companions in getting a passport, and the troubles they met with in their departure from Syria, were coincident with the persecution of the Christian Church in that country in 724, when the Khalif Yezid II., at the end of his reign, had been instigated by the Jews to publish an edict against the paintings in the churches of his Christian subjects, and in consequence of which many had fled their homes. After the death of Yezid, hostilities broke out between the Greeks and Arabs, and continued during many years, so that Willibald's departure from the Holy Land cannot be placed later than this date. The whole tenour of the narrative shows that the pilgrims quitted Syria on account of some sudden change in the internal state of the country, and that they were anxious to get away, for they came to Tyre at the wrong season of the

year for making the voyage to Constantinople, and sailed in rough and dangerous weather.

Willibald sailed from Tyre on S. Andrew's Day (Nov 30th, 724), and succeeded in smuggling out of the country some balsam. Had he been caught he would have been punished. He did it in this way. He filled a calabash with balsam, and then made a little cane tube, stopped at one end, which he filled with naphtha, and inserted in the hole of the calabash. The officers of customs overhauled all Willibald's effects, and uncorked his gourd-bottle. They smelt the naphtha and corked it up and returned it to him.

The vessel reached Constantinople in Holy Week, and Willibald remained there two years, lodging in a chamber of the great church, where he could see the tomb of S. John Chrysostom, which lay under the feet of the celebrating priest, and the altar which contained the bones of S. Andrew, S. Timothy, and S. Luke the Evangelist. We should have been glad of some account of that magnificent city, but Willibald vouchsafes us none. He made an excursion to Nicæa, to see the place where met the great council, and examined the portraits of the three hundred and eighteen who there assembled. The church of Nicæa, he tells us, was a filial of the church on the Mount of the Ascension outside Jerusalem. After two years, Willibald sailed with the nuncios of Pope Gregory II., who had visited Constantinople, with letters from the Pope to Germanus the Patriarch. The year before, 726, was that in which the Emperor Leo the Isaurian hurled his edict against images, and thus opened the deadly persecution against those who revered, and more than revered, sacred images, which raged for one hundred and sixteen years. Of the breaking out of the strife Willibald says no single

word, either because the persecution had not as yet become active, or because his sympathies were not wholly with the venerators of the images.¹

Willibald sailed in the spring of 727, and landed in Sicily, at Syracuse. He re-visited Catania, from thence crossed over to Reggio in Calabria, and proceeded to visit the isle of Vulcano, which he endeavoured to ascend, but was prevented by the white burning ash. This volcano, he tells us, is the Hell of Theodoric. He alludes to the story told by S. Gregory the Great in his Dialogues. A hermit, who resided on the isle of Lipari, told a friend of S. Gregory that he had seen the soul of the Gothic King Theodoric thrown into the crater of Vulcano.

Thence Willibald travelled to Naples and Capua, and finally settled at Monte Casino, where he arrived in the autumn, after having been absent from Italy seven years, and ten years from the date of his departure from England.

Willibald acted during the first year of his stay at Monte Casino as chamberlain (*cubicularius*). The second year he filled the office of dean, and during the eight following years he acted as porter.

After having been ten years an inmate of this famous monastic establishment, he accompanied a Spanish priest to Rome, where he arrived on Nov. 30th, in the year 738. Willibald was received with marks of distinction by Pope Gregory III., who listened with interest to the relation of his adventurous travels, and then informed him that his kinsman, Boniface, who probably thought that no man could be better fitted to

¹ I think this possible, as the council of Frankfort, convened under Charlemagne in 794, rejected all adoration of images, and this council no doubt represented the general feeling of the northern bishops on the subject.

contend with the difficulties of his situation than one who had continued during five years to brave the perils of travel in a country subject to the domination of a hostile and unbelieving people, had sent for him to be his assistant in the conversion of the Germans.

Willibald quitted Rome at Easter (739), passed through Lucca, where he visited the tomb of his father, Ticino, Brescia; passed through Carinthia, and having spent a week with Duke Odilo, then went on to Count Suitgar of Hirsberg, who accompanied him to Linthrat, where he met S. Boniface.

Suitgar, anxious that the Gospel should be spread through the land which he governed, gave to S. Willibald the place now called Eichstädt, on the borders of Franconia, watered by the Altmühl. From that time to the beginning of this century, this little principality, measuring some twenty miles long, belonged to the bishop of Eichstädt. S. Boniface accompanied Willibald to the scene of his future labours, and ordained him priest in the little church of S. Mary, which was the only building in the midst of the wilderness of rock and forest that covered the lime-stone plateau and the valley of the Altmühl, and which stood where now cluster the spires of the cathedral city.

S. Willibald probably planted his residence on the spur of rock called after him, round which the river winds, now crowned by the vast castle-palace of the bishops of Eichstädt, converted into a barrack in modern times, and now falling into ruin.

He was ordained on July 22nd, A.D. 739; and in the autumn of the year following, S. Boniface sent him into Thuringia, where he met his brother Wunibald, whom he had not seen since he quitted him at Rome on his way to the East. Shortly after his visit to Thuringia,

Willibald was consecrated bishop of Eichstädt, on October 21st, by Boniface, Burkhardt, and Wizo. He was then aged forty-one. He at once founded a monastery, and sent his disciples throughout the land preaching the Gospel and founding churches. He was joined by his sister S. Walburga, for whom he built a convent on the slope of the lime-stone hill above the river, and there she died, and reposes. The date of the death of S. Willibald is uncertain. He was present at the German council in 742, and at that of Leptines in 743. In 777 he translated the body of his brother Wunibald, and he was subsequently present at the burial of his sister Walburga. His name occurs so late as Oct. 8th, 785, and it is supposed that he died the year following, at the great age of eighty-six. His body reposes in the cathedral of Eichstädt.



July 8.

- SS. AQUILA AND PRISCILLA, in *Asia Minor*, 1st. cent.
 S. PROCOPIUS, *M. at Cæsarea, in Palestine*, 4th cent.
 S. AMPELLIUS, *P. of Milan*, A.D. 672.
 S. DISIBOD, *B. at Dysensburg, in Germany*, A.D. 674.
 S. KILIAN, *B.M. at Wurzburg*, A.D. 689.
 S. LANDRADA, *V. Abs. at Bilsen near Liege, circ.* A.D. 690.
 S. PAUL THE NEW, *M. at Constantinople*, A.D. 766.
 S. SUNNIFA, *V.M. in Norway, end of 10th cent.*
 SS. MONKS OF S. ABRAHAM, *MM. at Constantinople*, A.D. 832.
 S. GRIMBALD, *Ab. at Winchester*, A.D. 903.
 S. EDGAR, *K. of the English*, A.D. 975.

SS. AQUILA AND PRISCILLA.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, Bede, Usuardus, Ado, and Greek Menæa. In the latter on Feb. 13th, and Aquila alone on July 8th. Authority:—The Acts of the Apostles.]



IN the year 54, S. Paul came to Corinth from Athens, and found there a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Rome with his wife Priscilla, having been obliged to leave Italy on the promulgation of the edict of Claudius expelling the Jews. Aquila and Priscilla seem to have been already convinced of the truth of the Christian faith, or were prepared to accept the teaching of S. Paul. The Apostle abode with them, and worked with them at their craft, for they were tent-makers.

They must have returned to Rome by the year 60, for S. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans sends a greeting to them both, as his "helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles."¹ But in the year previous, S. Paul was with them in Philippi, for he writes thence to the Corinthians: "The Churches of Asia salute you. Aquila and

¹ Rom. xvi. 3, 4.

Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the church that is in their house."¹

But in the 2nd Epistle to Timothy, written from Rome in 66, he bids S. Timothy greet both Prisca and Aquila, who were then probably again at Corinth. Prisca and Priscilla are the same, but Priscilla is not the same as the S. Prisca, V.M., commemorated on January 18th. The words of S. Paul, in speaking of them "who for my life have laid down their own necks," led S. John Chrysostom to speak of them as having shed their blood for S. Paul—though they certainly were not dead when S. Paul wrote, for he sends his greeting to them; and this was developed by the authors of the *Menæa* into martyrdoms with the sword.

Aquila and Priscilla were also in Ephesus, for there they met with Apollos. "A certain Jew named Apollos, born in Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord, and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John. And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue: whom, when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly."

They had followed S. Paul to Ephesus, and this conduct elicited from him the expression of commendation when he calls them his "fellow helpers."²

The forger of the *Chronicle of Flavius Dexter*, makes SS. Aquila and Priscilla come to Spain, and relates that Aquila sent by S. Paul preached at Heraclea;³ and that he and his wife Priscilla suffered martyrdom at Arsa Mariana in Spain; and Tamayus Salazar, the Spanish Martyrologist inserts them in his Martyrology accordingly

¹ 1 Cor. xvi. 19.

² Acts. xviii. 24—26.

³ Gibraltar.

S. PROCOPIUS, M.

(4TH CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, Usuardus, Ado, Notker, &c., all commemorate Procopius as *Lector* and Martyr, on the 8th July. But the Greeks on this day venerate him with the title of *Duke* and Martyr. Also the Russian Kalendar. Authority:—Eusebius in his History of the Martyrs of Palestine, and the very ancient and authentic Acts, published by Ruinart.]

THE first of the martyrs to suffer in Palestine in the persecution of Diocletian, was a certain lector, or reader, of the church of Scythopolis, Procopius by name. He was a native of Jerusalem, and from an early age had lived in great purity and abstinence, his diet only bread and water, whilst his mind, night and day, meditated on heavenly things. He exercised not only the office of lector, but also that of interpreter of the Syriac sermons, and was moreover an exorcist, engaged in the expulsion of evil spirits.

Having been sent from Scythopolis to Cæsarea, he was taken at the gates of the city, and conveyed to the hall of the governor Flavian, who endeavoured to persuade him to sacrifice. But with a loud voice he confessed that there was but one God the maker of all things. The governor admitted that this was true, and that he believed it also, and then urged Procopius to sacrifice to the genius of the emperors. The martyr answered by quoting a line of Homer, "It is not good to have too many masters. There is but one God and one king."

At the command of Flavian, he was taken out of the city and executed with the sword.

There can be no doubt but that this account given by Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, himself a contemporary of the persecution he describes, is perfectly trustworthy. There exists, however, another Greek version of the Acts

of S. Procopius, very lengthy, in which all the incidents of his history are altered, so as scarcely to be recognizable. That these Acts are wholly apocryphal cannot be doubted, yet they were quoted as an authority for the use of images amongst other equally worthless testimony by the Fathers in the Second Council of Nicæa. It is also deserving of note, that these same Acts have done service, word for word, for two other martyr Saints, with merely a change of name and locality, viz., for S. Ephysius (Jan. 15th), and S. John, the martyr of Constantinople (May 19th). The chronological and other errors in these Acts would be sufficient to make one dispose of them as apocryphal, even if we did not possess a genuine account of the real facts out of which this tissue of lies was spun. An outline of these Acts must be given, and deserves to be given, to show how that, however apocryphal the Acts may be, it is not safe for us, when we possess only Acts which are manifestly apocryphal, to deny the existence of those whose actions they pretend to relate. According to these Acts, there lived a widow in Palestine, named Theodosia, a heathen, who had been married to a Christian husband named Christopher. She was left with one son, Neanias, whom she brought to the emperor Diocletian, desiring him to shew favour to the young man. Then Diocletian, pleased with the nobility of his aspect, made him duke of Alexandria, and bade him go and exterminate the Christians in that place. Neanias, therefore, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, went with a party of soldiers on his way, but suddenly there was an earthquake, and a bright light from heaven, and a voice: "O Neanias, why comest thou against Me?" Then he answered, "Lord, who art thou?" And there appeared a cross in the heavens, and a voice came from the

cross, "I that speak unto thee am Jesus, the crucified. And now lo! in this sign conquer."¹ Now when Neanias had come into the city, he sent for a goldsmith named Mark, and bade him fashion for him a cross of gold such as he had seen, and with his finger he traced the form. Then Mark laboured, and when the cross was well nigh fashioned, there appeared miraculously on the cross the forms engraved of our Lord, S. Michael and S. Gabriel, with the names Emmanuel, Michael, and Gabriel written over them in Hebrew characters. Now when Neanias came in, and saw the cross and the images, he bowed himself down, and worshipped.² And he took the cross, and bore it in battle against the Hagarenes, who were wont to swoop down on the city, and to carry off the daughters of the citizens to be their wives. And by virtue of the holy cross Neanias routed the Hagarenes, and slew six thousand men, and not a hair of the heads of his own soldiers was injured.

Now when the battle was over, the mother of Neanias declared that the victory was due to the favour of the gods she worshipped, therefore Neanias took a stick and broke all the gods. And she was wrath, and went and denounced him to the governor Ulcian, prefect of Palestine, who sent for him, and when he had tortured him, cast him into prison, where he was visited by Christ in person, who changed his name to Procopius. And when he had converted his jailor and friends, they led him to Leontius, bishop of Cæsarea, who baptized him, and after that he went back to prison. But Ulcian was smitten with fever and died, and Flavian was governor of Palestine in his room. And he tortured Procopius in various

¹ This scene of conversion is a jumble of the conversion of S. Paul, and the vision of Constantine.

² This is the passage quoted at the Second Council of Nicæa.

ways, and finally struck off his head. It has been supposed by some that there were two martyrs of the same name at Cæsarea in the same persecution, which would account for the difference in the Acts. But this cannot be admitted. Eusebius would not have omitted all mention of so famous a martyr, had there been a duke of Alexandria among the victims of the persecution.

The hand of S. Procopius is shown, dried with skin and nerves, in the Church of the Jesuits at Tournai.

S. DISIBOD, B.C.

(A.D. 674.)

[Among the Ancient Martyrologists only Hrabanus Maurus, who puts him down on Sept. 8th, without calling him a bishop. The monastic martyrologies of Wyon, Dørganus and Menardus, on July 8th, as also Saussaye. But Canisius, Ferrarius, the Bollandists, and the Irish Kalendars, on July 8th. Authorities :—The life of S. Disibod, written very late, in 1170, by S. Hildegard, from visions she saw. This is utterly worthless historically, and Mabillon did not consider it deserving of insertion in his "Acta Sanctorum Ord. S. Benedicti." The only trustworthy notices of the Saint are by Hrabanus Maurus and Marianus Scotus, and these are very scanty.]

S. DISIBOD, said to have been an Irish bishop, came into Germany and preached in the neighbourhood of Mainz; he lived on Mount S. Disibod or Dysenberg, and died in 674. The meagre account of their patron not satisfying the monks of the Benedictine Monastery there, they had recourse to the visionary, S. Hildegard, in 1170, and she wrote a life from revelations made to her; which, however, carefully evades giving any exact information, and deals in generalities. It tells us neither the names of the parents of Disibod, nor the place in Ireland of which he was bishop, nor the name of the king of Ireland who persecuted him and obliged him to fly, nor the name of the monastery in which he was trained; nor, in a word, anything worth knowing.

S. KILIAN, B.M.

(A.D. 689.)

[Roman and German Martyrologies. The most ancient martyrologist to mention him is Wandelbert, "Octavo ante Idus Chilianum Proconiumque." Notker, and all later Martyrologists. Authorities:—A Life beginning "Fuit vir vitæ venerabilis," written in the 10th or 11th cent., often attributed, but without the smallest evidence, to Egilward, author of the life of S. Burkhardt, a writer of the 12th cent. Another Life, beginning "Beatus Kilianus," a re-edition of the former, with interpolations. Another life, a metrical one, by Johann of Luterbach, monk of Wurzburg, (circ. 1450.) Of these the first is the only reliable authority. Also mention in the Chronicle of Marianus Scotus.]

THE celebrated bishop and martyr, S. Kilian, the apostle of Franconia, was a native of Ireland, but we have no account of the part of the island to which he belonged. He was of an illustrious family, and having embraced the monastic life, is said to have governed some monastery, of which, however, the name is not given. Having distinguished himself by his sanctity and great ecclesiastical learning, he was raised to the priesthood, and afterwards to the episcopate.

Notwithstanding his being very much beloved by his clergy and people, a wish for travel, that overpowering longing which, in the 6th and 7th centuries, carried the Irish missionaries into every part of France and Germany, came upon Kilian also, and accordingly, taking with him some companions, among whom are named Coloman, a priest, and Totnan, a deacon, he crossed the sea and journeyed through Germany, till he arrived at Würzburg in Franconia. Probably his boat bore him up the Rhine to the junction of the Maine with its stream, and then he turned up the Maine. Ascaffenburg standing on a rock above the river, with woods feathering down to the broad stream, seems to have been the place of his landing. The picturesque church there,

standing on a red sandstone rock, marks, maybe, the site of his first foundation. From thence he made his way to Würzburg, still following the Main, winding through the vast Spessart forest. Liking the situation, as who would not, he determined on fixing his abode there; but being anxious to preach the Gospel to the people of that country, who were still pagans, he thought it necessary to apply to the Holy See for permission to do so, hoping that Pope John V. would not refuse it to him.

On his arrival at Rome, he found that John was dead, but was very kindly received by his successor, Conon. This occurred either late in the year 686, or early in 687.¹ Conon finding him well qualified for the mission, both by the purity of his faith and his learning, gave him every requisite facility for that purpose. Kilian then returned to Würzburg, accompanied by Coloman and Totnan, who assisted him in his apostolic labours.

He was fortunate enough to convert and baptize Gozbert, duke of that part of Franconia, and this conversion was followed by that of a great number of his subjects.

Geilana, to whom Gozbert was married, had been the wife of his brother. Kilian did not deem it advisable to press the objections against the union upon his new convert, until Gozbert was more fully confirmed in the Christian faith, but continued his missionary work among the Franconians of the Main valley and the Spessart.

Würzburg lies in a broad valley, with the hills on which grow the Steinberg vines on the east, and the lofty heights now crowned by the Episcopal Castle, and the Pilgrimage Chapel on the Köppele, rising to the west. Nothing can be more picturesque than Würzburg at the

¹ In the large interpolated life, it is said that Kilian was ordained bishop by the Pope. According to the other accounts he was a bishop before he left Ireland.

present day. The bridge that crosses the Main supports statues of S. Kilian and his faithful companions, Coloman and Totnan. The tall slim spires of the Dom mark the spot where rests the body of the Apostle, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

When Kilian thought that Gozbert was sufficiently instructed to bear the denunciation of his marriage, he spoke out, and bade him separate from his wife Geilana, as the marriage was unlawful in the sight of God. Gozbert answered that this was a hard thing for him to do, but that as he had already made sacrifices for the love of God, he would make this one as well; but he requested delay, as he was about to proceed on a military expedition.

When Gozbert was gone, Geilana, furious at the thought of the rupture of their marriage, resolved on the murder of S. Kilian. One night she sent two assassins, who came upon the Saint and his companions as they were singing the praises of God. The three missionaries made no resistance, and their heads were struck off. Their remains were hastily thrown into the ground, together with their clothes, vestments, sacred books and crosses.

When Gozbert returned to Würzburg, he inquired for the servants of God. Geilana said she did not know what had become of them. But the matter soon came out. A woman named Burgunda had seen the martyrdom and the burial; and women, as a rule, are not silent. One of the murderers, shortly after, afflicted with fever, confessed what he had done.

Gozbert, calling together his Christian subjects, asked how the assassin should be dealt with. A person present, suborned by Geilana, proposed that he should be set at liberty, for the purpose of trying whether the

God of the Christians would avenge the death of the martyr. The proposal was agreed to, and the murderer, who was in a raging fever before, became delirious and shortly after died.

The relics of the martyrs were found in 752 by S. Burkhardt, bishop of Würzburg, and placed by him in the crypt of the great church, which he erected in that city. The feast of the translation is celebrated on Feb. 14th. Such is the story as told by the writers of the 10th or 11th century. It is curious that Hrabanus and Notker, in opposition to this account, attribute the order for murdering Kilian to Gozbert; and it is not improbable that he was privy to the crime.

S. LANDRADA, V. ABSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 690.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology. But at Munsterbilsen the festival is observed on July the 6th, instead of July 8th. Authority:—A life written by Theodoric, abbot of S. Trond, d. 1107.]

LANDRADA was born at Bilsen, in Limburg, in the diocese of Liége; and was the only daughter of Wandregisl, count Palatine, under Dagobert, king of France, and Pharaildis, daughter of Hermanfrid, mayor of the palace. She was kinswoman of Pepin of Landen, and was brought up with all the care that became her rank. But from an early age she gave little thought to the honours and distinctions of which she was the object, and exhibited such sentiments of humility and devotion, that she was regarded, even as a child, as a model of Christian perfection.

On reaching a marriageable age, several advantageous offers were made to her; and were refused by her, be-

cause she had chosen a bridegroom not of this world. In pursuance of her resolution, she kept aloof from all worldly pleasures, and devoted whole days to prayer. She quitted her home, and retired into the depths of the adjoining forest, which at that time extended throughout the neighbourhood of Munsterbilsen.

Landrada walked there bare-foot, constructed a little hut with her own hands, and resided in it. Covered with a coarse habit, she slept on the earth, and ate only bread and drank water. From time to time she was visited and advised by S Lambert, bishop of Liége, and at his injunction, erected in the forest a chapel in honour of the Blessed Virgin, drawing the stones of which it was constructed from the quay with her own hands. S. Lambert consecrated this chapel in the year 689, and associated with Landrada other virtuous maidens, and thus laid the foundation of the abbey of Munsterbilsen.

Landrada, after having passed the rest of her life in consolidating her new foundation, of which she was the first abbess, died about the year 690.

According to the popular legend, her soul appeared to S. Lambert whilst he slept, and bade him bring her body to a spot which he would find designated by the apparition of a fiery cross. S. Lambert, on awaking, knew that the spot designed by S. Landrada was at Wintershoven. He went immediately to Munsterbilsen, where he found a great crowd assembled to celebrate the obsequies of Landrada. Thereupon he informed them that the Saint had chosen another spot for her grave. All his remonstrances were in vain. The people of Bilsen would not part with their treasure, and Landrada was accordingly buried there. But three days after, S. Lambert ordered that a place should be dug at Wintershoven, and there a marble sarcophagus was dis-

covered containing the body of S. Landrada, transported thither, as the people at once supposed, by angelic instrumentality.

The feast of S. Landrada has been observed at Munsterbilsen ever since, three days before the day on which it is celebrated elsewhere. The body of the Saint was translated in 980 from Wintershoven to the church of S. Bavo at Ghent, where an office in honour of the saint is said annually on her feast. In 1624, to the church of Wintershoven were given back some fragments of her body, and other portions have since been separated and given to the church of Munsterbilsen. The convent was destroyed by the Normans in 880, rebuilt and secularized, and made over to noble canonesses who could prove their nobility by eight quarterings on both sides. The abbess took the title of princess, and bore it in spite of protests made by the bishops of Liége. But in 1793, the abbey, which then contained twenty-one canonesses, was suppressed.

S. PAUL THE NEW, M.

(A.D. 766.)

[Venerated on this day at Venice. He is not to be confounded with S. Paul, M. at Constantinople, for the same cause, and about the same time, commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on March 17th. Authority:—A Latin life by an anonymous writer of the date 1326. But this is only a translation from a Greek life written apparently in 888, or shortly after. That it is a translation there can be little doubt, for the Latin writer introduced Greek words—as “Manus antartica” for antarsia, tyrannical, in another place leaves a blank for the Greek word which he could not translate, and in another gives an incorrect translation, making nonsense, but which one can at once rectify with a little knowledge of Greek.]

THE emperor Constantine Copronymus having resolved to proceed against images in churches, went into the

church of Blachernæ, a part of Constantinople, where the walls were adorned with painted, or mosaic representations of the whole Gospel story from the Nativity to the descent of the Holy Ghost, and ordered them to be defaced. This so exasperated a zealous Christian layman, named Paul, that he boldly withstood the emperor, and argued the advantage of sacred representations in churches as "ways leading to Christ." Constantine answered, "How can one represent the incomprehensible, invisible, inaudible God, who exists not in comprehension, but solely in infinity? How represent the unimaginable by a picture! and the unknown by lines and colours?" "Only," answered Paul, "because God became Incarnate." The words of Constantine exhibit at once the main principle of the Iconoclastic persecution; it was a struggle of Deism, exalted altered Arianism, against the reality of the Incarnation. The monks, and priests, and laymen who suffered horrible deaths and tortures in defence of their images, may little have understood that in reality they were fighting for a fundamental principle of Christianity. For, in fact, through the pictures, the reality of the Incarnation was assailed. Remove the images, efface the pictures, and the great facts of the Gospel story would fade out of remembrance into myths of the past, and Christianity dissolve into a theism, with Jesus as its great prophet. Constantine ordered the nose of Paul to be cut off, and the martyr was led away to prison chanting "In the way of Thy testimonies is my delight; as in all manner of riches. I will speak of thy testimonies even before kings, and will not be ashamed."

After three days he was again brought before the emperor, and ordered to trample on representations of the Saviour and S. Mary. Then Paul, looking on the

ground, spread his hands to heaven and cried, "Far be it from me, Lord Jesus Christ, son of the living God, to profane thine image, or that of thy Mother and thy Saints. For by these we are led, as by a road, to the adoration of Thee!"

Then Constantine ordered lighted pitch and sulphur to be poured over his head. He was led away singing psalms, was afterwards deprived of his eyes, and dragged over the stones of the market-place till he was dead.

His body was secretly buried by the faithful in a monastery, and was exhumed and honourably enshrined on the cessation of the Iconoclastic persecution, a hundred and twenty-two years later.

In 1326, the body was taken by the Venetians from Constantinople, and placed in the church of S. George the Greater at Venice, where it still remains.

S. SUNNIFA, V.M.

(END OF 10TH CENT.)

[Norwegian Kalendar and Breviaries. Greven in his additions to Menardus, and after him Molanus, Canisius and Ferrarius, the Irish Martyrology of Fitz-simon, and the Scottish Menology of Dempster. Authorities:—The monk Oddr (12th cent.), Saga of K. Olaf, the younger Olafs Saga Tryggvasonar, c. 106—8 and 149, and a Latin fragment of the Church Office and Lectons for the festival in Langebeck: *Sriptores rerum Danicarum*, vi. p. 3-4, and 14--22. There is not the smallest foundation for this story, it is only a Scandinavian version of the legend of S. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins.]

In the days of earl Hako, say the Saga writers, there lived in Ireland a king who had a beautiful daughter named Sunnifa, who was endowed with wealth, beauty, and great Christian piety.

A northern viking, hearing of her charms, became

enamoured, and harried the coasts of Ireland, setting all in flames, because the king hesitated to accept his suit for his daughter Sunnifa. The damsel, to save her native island from devastation by the impatient suitor, expressed her determination to leave Ireland. Her brother Alban (!) and a multitude of virgins joined her, and all sailed away East, trusting in God. They came ashore on the island of Selja, off the coast of Norway, and finding it uninhabited, they settled in the caves, and lived upon fishes. But the islet served as a pasture for cattle in the summer, and when the farmers on the mainland saw the people on the island, they supposed they were pirates, and appealed to earl Hako to protect their cattle. The earl at once gathered together some armed men and rowed to the island, but the Christian maidens fled into the caves and prayed God to preserve them. Then the rock closed upon them, and they came forth no more alive.

In the reign of Olaf Tryggvason, a farmer found a human head on the island of Selja, which was surrounded by a phosphoric light, and which emitted an odour which he was pleased to consider agreeable. He at once took it to the king, who submitted it to the bishop Sigurd. Both recognized the evidences of sanctity, and the king and his bishop went to the island, where they discovered the cave filled with the bones of the saintly refugees. How they found out that they were Irish, that their leader was named Sunnifa, and her brother Alban, we are not told. Two churches were at once erected in Selja, and dedicated to S. Sunnifa and S. Alban, and miracles innumerable confirmed the conviction that the bones belonged to glorious saints.

The scholiast on Adam of Bremen's Acts of the Bishops

of Hamburg,¹ gives a finishing touch to the story: "Paul (the deacon), in his History of the Lombards, affirms, that in the extreme parts of the North, among the Scritefings, in a certain cave beside the ocean, lie seven men as though sleeping, concerning whom opinions differ; it is believed by some that they will preach to these people before the end of the world. But others say that they are some of the eleven thousand virgins whose company separated, and some were wrecked on that rock; and there miracles are wrought. The church there was erected by Olaf. Olaf, a king of righteousness, first drew the Northmen to Christianity." The quotation is from the 4th chapter of the 1st Book of Paul Warnefried's History of the Lombards.

In 1170, the relics of Sunnifa were brought from Selja to Bergen, by the bishop, Paul, chaplain to king Eysteinn. SS. Sunnifa and Alban are regarded as the proto-martyrs of Norway.

The bones discovered were probably those of some shipwrecked foreign rovers, massacred in Earl Hako's reign. And the legend that grew up around them is a distant echo of the legend of S. Ursula.

S. GRIMBALD, AB.

(A.D. 903.)

[Roman and Benedictine Martyrologies. Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology, Wyon, Bucellinus, Menardus, &c. Authorities:—Mention by William of Malmesbury, Matthew of Westminster; a letter of Fulk, archbishop of Rheims, written in 884.]

GRIMBALD, monk of S. Bertin, with his abbot, entertained king Alfred in that abbey when he was on his

¹ Iertz, ix., p. 302.

² It is given by Alford in his *Annales Angliæ*, but the authenticity is more than questionable.

way to Rome. Alfred afterwards, at the advice of Eldred, archbishop of Canterbury, invited him over to England in 885. On the death of Eldred, the vacant see was offered to, and declined by, Grimbald, who retired to Winchester, and in the ensuing reign became abbot of the secular canons of Newminster at Winchester.

S. EDGAR, K.C.

(A.D. 975.)

[In Anglican Martyrologies on May 24th and June 8th. Authorities :— Bede, William of Malmesbury, the Saxon Chronicle, Osborn's Life of S. Dunstan, and other later writers.]

EDGAR, king of the Mercians, was chosen king of the whole people of the English, on the death of his brother Edwy;¹ in 959; when he was only sixteen years old. He was not anointed king, as he had received the unction on his election to be king of the Mercians when they revolted against Edwy.

It is difficult to distinguish, in the conflicting accounts of historians, what is true about Edgar. The land was in peace during his reign, and his rule seems to have been just and firm. To preserve his kingdom against the Danes and Norsemen, Edgar, like Alfred, kept up a great fleet, which sailed along the coasts watching for the private ships of the invaders.

King Edgar often visited and cruised about in his fleet, and he also went through his kingdom to see that justice was done, and to punish wrong-doers. He encouraged Germans and Flemings to settle in the country, and endeavoured to establish intercourse and commerce with the Continent.

¹ See Life of S. Odo (July 4th), and Life of S. Dunstan (May 19th).

Almost his only war was with the Welsh, because Idwal, son of Ruderic the Great, a prince of North Wales, refused to pay tribute. In 963, Edgar invaded his lands, and, if we may believe William of Malmesbury, forced him to pay a tribute of 300 wolves' heads yearly; this tribute was paid for only three years, by which time the wolves were exterminated out of the Principality of Wales.

It was not till Edgar had reigned thirteen years that he was crowned king, at Bath, and after his coronation (in 973) he sailed with his fleet round Wales to Chester, and there six, or as some say, eight, of his vassal kings came with their fleets and did homage. These eight are said to have been Kenneth, king of the Scots, Malcolm of Cumberland, Maccus of the Isles, and five Welsh princes. These eight kings rowed the Lord of all Britain in a boat, while Edgar himself steered, from the royal palace at Chester to the minster of S. John, where they prayed, and went back the same way.

It was perhaps at this time that the incident occurred related by William of Malmesbury. Edgar was a little man, but strong and skilful with his sword. One night Kenneth of Scotland said at a banquet, "How strange it seems that we kings should have to serve such a little fellow." Now this was related to Edgar, and he called Kenneth apart into the forest, and said, "Draw thy sword, and lay on manfully, and we will prove which is fittest to reign. Men should not be swift with their tongues and sluggish with their swords." Then Kenneth fell at his feet, and besought his pardon for what he had said.

On the death of archbishop Odo of Canterbury, in 959, his room was filled by S. Dunstan, who exercised great sway over the king, and had much to do with the

government of the realm. Then S. Dunstan turned the secular canons out of many of the chief churches of England, and filled their places with monks. Edgar showed him the utmost respect. One Sunday the king was out hunting. Whilst he was out Dunstan fell asleep, and dreamt he had been present at mass. The king returned as S. Dunstan heard the "Ite missa est" in his dream. "Now let us have mass sung," said the king. "It is too late," answered the bishop, "I have just done assisting at it." The king took the hint, and never went out hunting on Sunday again.

King Edgar does not seem to have been remarkably strict in his morals, if we may credit the various stories told of him.¹ He once carried off a nun from her convent, and was reprimanded by S. Dunstan and put to penance, that he should not wear his crown for seven years. He married twice. His first wife was Ethelfleda, called the White and the Duck, daughter of Ordmar, the earl. After her death he married, in 964, Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, earl of Devon, the widow of Ethelwald, earl of the East Angles. She bore him two sons, Edmund, who died young, in 971, and Ethelred. Edgar was also the father of S. Edith of Polesworth, by a woman named Wulfrida, a nun. A very romantic story is told of the loves of Edgar and Elfrida, which is found in William of Malmesbury and in Geoffrey Gaimar, but as their authority was only popular tradition and ballads, not too much reliance can be placed on it. Nevertheless there is probably some foundation for it. The story told briefly is as follows:—Edgar, hearing of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, earl of Devon, sent his friend Ethelwald to see her, and ascertain if she was as fair as fame related. Ethelwald fell in love with

¹ He was, says William of Malmesbury, "libidinosus in virgines."

her, and asked her hand of Ordgar for himself. Having received his consent, he hurried back to the king and told him that the report was exaggerated, the maiden was only plain, but as she was rich, and the heiress of Ordgar, he asked Edgar to suffer him to take her to be his own wife. The king gave his consent, and Ethelwald married Elfrida, and became by her the father of a boy whom he persuaded the king to stand godfather to, and to whom he gave the name of Edgar. Then Ethelwald was glad, for he knew that according to the laws of the Church, they had become connected by a spiritual relationship, which would prevent the king from ever marrying Elfrida.

Now the report reached the king that Elfrida was the loveliest woman in England, and that Ethelwald had deceived him; and when he was hunting in the West, perhaps on the royal chase of Dartmoor, he sent word to Ethelwald that he would visit him at his castle of Harewood.¹ Ethelwald was in dismay, and he told his wife how he had been sent to seek her hand for the king, and how he had kept her for himself, and dreading the king's displeasure, he implored her to disguise her beauty. But when Elfrida heard the story she waxed wrath, and dressed herself in her most costly dresses, decked herself in all her jewels, and came out to meet the king in all her radiant beauty. Edgar became madly, passionately enamoured. The result was an intrigue and a resolution to destroy Ethelwald. As they were together hunting one day in the woods round Harewood, and when they were alone, the king smote Ethelwald with a javelin

¹ Harewood on the Tamar; not, as Yorkshire antiquaries pretend, Harewood near Leeds. This is clear from Gaimar, for the king, to get rid of Ethelwald, sent him into Yorkshire, where he was killed, and then Elfrida came up from Devon to meet the king, attended by all the nobles of the West. The whole story is delightful in Gaimar, it is told so graphically and with such picturesque details.

that he died;¹ and he took Elfrida to be his wife; and to expiate their offence, erected a convent in the Harewood forest.

King Edgar died in 975, and was buried at Glastonbury. He was only thirty-two years old when he died. Why he should have received veneration as a Saint one is at a loss to see; except that he let S. Dunstan and the monks have their own way in ecclesiastical matters, instead of opposing them and supporting the secular clergy against their encroachments like his brother Edwy.

¹ So William of Malmesbury, but according to Gaimar, the king slew him, by the sword of the rebels in Yorkshire, whither he had sent him to be out of the way. The slaying of Ethelwald in the wood is perhaps a reminiscence of a mythological story among the Anglo-Saxons akin to the Nibelungen Lied. Eitelwald is Sigurd, Ellreda is Kriemhild, Edgar is Etzel and Hagen in one.



July 9.

- S. ANATHOLIA, *V.M.*, AND AUDAX, *M.* at Reate, in Italy, circ. A.D. 250
 SS. ZENO AND COMP., *MM.* at Rome, circ. A.D. 298.
 S. CYRIL, *B.M.* in Crete, circ. A.D. 304.
 SS. EUSANIUS AND COMP., *MM.* at Foscone, in Naples, circ. A.D. 305.
 SS. PATERMUTH, COPRES, AND ALEXANDER, *MM.* in Egypt.
 S. EVERILDA, *V.* in England, 7th cent.
 S. AGILULF, *B.M.* at Cologne, circ. A.D. 770.
 S. EREMBERT, *B.* of Minden, in Westphalia, circ. A.D. 800.
 B. JOANNA SCOPELLI, *V.* at Reggio, A.D. 1491.
 SS. MARTYRS OF GORKUM, at Brill, in Holland, A.D. 1572.
 S. VERONICA GIULIANI, *V. Abs.* at Citta di Castello, in Italy, A.D. 1727.

SS. ANATHOLIA, V.M., AND AUDAX, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 250.)

[The so-called S. Jerome's Martyrology. Modern Roman Martyrology. Florus' additions to Bede. Usuardus, Ado, Wandelbert. Authority:—The Acts, which are utterly fabulous and untrustworthy. A mere romance.]



IN the reign of the Emperor Decius there lived in Rome two Christian damsels, Victoria and Anatholia, who were sought in marriage by two noble heathens, Eugenius and Aurelius Titus, and betrothed to them. But when the young men urged on the marriage, in the night the maiden Anatholia dreamt that she saw an angel bearing a rich crown, and holding it before her eyes, he told her that this was the crown of virginity, and asked if she was disposed to relinquish it. Moved by this vision, Anatholia refused to proceed to marriage, in spite of the entreaties of Aurelius, of his friend Eugenius, and her sister Victoria. To the latter she revealed her vision, and Victoria at once embraced the resolution to shake off her suitor, and dedicate herself to perpetual virginity. The two young men, who had been formally betrothed to

the damsels, were not satisfied, and removed their brides to their country houses ; Eugenius took Victoria to Tribunalum, and Aurelius placed Anatholia in Thora. Diodorus, the governor of the district in which Anatholia found herself, had a son named Anianus, who was possessed with a devil. The virgin expelled the demon, and healed Anianus, whereat Diodorus, instead of being grateful, was filled with rage, and sent one named Festianus to make Anatholia either sacrifice or surrender herself to death. Anatholia, proving constant in her faith, was delivered up by Festianus to a jailor, named Audax, with orders that she should be enclosed for a night in a narrow dungeon with a large poisonous serpent.

The door was closed on the virgin, and in the darkness she heard the hissing of the huge reptile, and saw the green flash of its eyes. She prayed to God, and the venomous beast glided away from the cell without hurting her. On seeing which, Audax believed, and confessed Christ boldly before Festianus, who ordered him to be decapitated ; Anatholia was run through with a sword.

The body of S. Anatholia is preserved in the church of the village of that name near Pisa, but the lower jaw and two fingers have been removed to the church of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. The relics of S. Audax at Subiaco.

The relics of the two saints were discovered in the pontificate of Benedict VII., between 975 and 984, in the following manner :—Some hunters observed their dogs bark furiously, and avoid a certain spot in the wood at Thora. They communicated the fact to the abbot of Subiaco, who ordered the place to be examined, and two skeletons were discovered. In a dream he was informed of the names of those who had been exhumed, and that they were saints, and probably the Acts are the fruit of the same revelations.

S. CYRIL, B.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 304.)

[Greek Menæa on this day. Also Roman Martyrology, the ancient Roman one, erroneously attributed to S. Jerome, Usuardus, Ado, Notker. Authorities :—The Greek Acts which seem to be trustworthy,¹ and the Latin Acts which differ from them in many particulars, and which are probably very untrustworthy.]

ACCORDING to the Greek Acts, S. Cyril, an aged bishop in Crete, in the reign of the emperor Maximian, was brought before the governor Agrianus, who ordered him to be burnt alive. He was placed on a cart drawn by bullocks, and brought to the place of execution, and died in the flames.

Such is the account of the Saint's death given in the early Greek panegyric preached on his festival, on the site of his martyrdom. But it was not marvellous enough to satisfy later hagiographers, and Latin Acts of his martyrdom were composed, which relate that the fire burst asunder his cords but did not injure the Saint. Then the governor had him beheaded. It is worthy of note that the earliest Latin Martyrology to mention him, that commonly attributed, but erroneously, to S. Jerome, following the Greek Acts, says that he died by fire. The Latin Acts say that he suffered under Decius, and that the name of the governor was Lucius. Unfortunately Baronius, relying on these late Latin, untrustworthy Acts, has inserted S. Cyril in the modern Roman Martyrology in these words :—" At Gortyna, in Crete, S. Cyril, the bishop, who, in the persecution of *Decius* was cast into the flames by *Lucius* the governor, and *his bonds having burnt asunder, he came forth*

¹ They are, however, long posterior to the events they describe, as they speak of keeping the festival of this martyr, "even to this day." They are written in a pedantic, inflated style, and are no doubt a panegyric on the saint preached on his festival at Gortyna.

unhurt, he was dismissed by the judge, but was again arrested for his incessant and zealous preaching of the faith, and was beheaded."

It will be seen all those statements which are placed in italics are erroneous.

SS. EUSANIUS AND COMP., MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 305.)

[Not in any ancient Martyrologies. Ferrarius gives S. Eusanius on July 7th, and his Companions, with Eusanius again, in his Catalogue of Saints of Italy, on July 9th. But in his General Catalogue of Saints, he gives S. Eusanius alone on July 9th, and Eusanius and his Companions on July 7th. But in the Neapolitan diocese of Aquila the festival is observed on July 9th, and Eusanius is commemorated as a Confessor. The Acts are fabulous and untrustworthy. The Bollandists say of them:— "Esse ea in numero illorum Actorum, quæ videntur potius excogitata ad exercendum stylum scriptoris quam ad informandum animum lectoris; adornata ex episodiis pium aliquod drama representantibus, non autem ex sinceris collecta monumentis."]

S. EUSANIUS is said to have been a native of Apulia, born of Christian parents. He retired to a desert on Monte Gargano, and lived there a hermits' life. But after having wrought many miracles there, he went with his brother, Theodore, and his sister Gratia, to Reate, where they wrought such marvels as to excite the wrath of the "King" of that country, named Priscus;¹ who had him taken at Fuscone, and kicked, and beaten, because he would not adore an idol. Then four devils, in the shape of birds, carried off king Priscus from his throne, and thus he disappeared not only from the eyes of his people, but from the pages of history.

Then Eusanius was set free.

¹ A King of Apulia in the reign of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian I

SS. PATERMUTH, COPRES, AND ALEXANDER,
MM.

(DATE DOUBTFUL.)

[Greek Menæa. The Menology of Basil. Also by the Greeks on December 17th. Modern Roman Martyrology.]

EUSEBIUS, in his account of the Martyrs of Palestine (c. 13), mentions an Egyptian priest, named Patermuth, who suffered death in flames with the bishops Nilus and Peleus. This was in the persecution of Diocletian, in 310. This Patermuth is venerated by the Greek church on Sept. 17th. Photius, in his "Bibliotheca," mentions him as being one of the chief confessors, who, after the martyrdom of S. Pamphylus (June 1st), had been condemned to the mines, and who shortly afterwards was burned alive by order of the governor Firmilian.

In the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert another Patermuth is mentioned by Rufinus (lib. ii. c. 9), who from being "the chief of robbers, and violator of tombs, and most notorious for all criminals" was converted whilst in the act of committing a robbery, and became a notable penitent. Rufinus relates the story on the authority of an old priest named Copres. This Copres is mentioned by Sozomen in his account of the holy men who flourished in Egypt in the middle of the 4th century. He says:—"Copres had received from God the power of healing sickness and divers diseases, and of expelling demons." Of Alexander nothing authentic is known. But the commemoration of these three is due not to these scanty records, but to some Greek Acts, which are purely fabulous from beginning to end. These are sufficiently curious to be given in outline here. Unfortunately these most apocryphal Saints have been admitted into the modern Roman Martyrology rather

than the Patermuth mentioned by Eusebius, or the Patermuth and Copres spoken of by Rufinus.

According to these Acts, in the reign of Julian, there lived in Egypt two hermits, named Patermuth and Copres. Said Copres to Patermuth, "My father, what means the saying of S. Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, 'I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. And the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death.'"¹ Then Patermuth answered, "S. Paul is not speaking in his own person, for he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and was never without the law. He was speaking in the person of Adam. For God made Adam, and placed him in Paradise, and he was then without the law. But when the law came, forbidding access to the Tree, he ate and died."

"My father," said Copres. "It is said in the Gospel that a certain woman having ten pieces of money, lost one, and then lit a candle and sought till she found it."² Can you explain this parable to me?" "The woman is the Divine Wisdom, which possesses the nine orders of Angels, and Man the tenth. But Man was lost, and the Eternal Wisdom in Christ seeks diligently till Man is found and recovered."

"My father," said Copres, "I have read in the Psalm, 'Truly God is loving unto Israel, even unto such as are of a clean heart. Nevertheless, my feet were almost gone; my treadings were well nigh slipped. And why? I was grieved at the wicked, I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity.'³ My father what means this?"

"This," said Patermuth, "was spoken by Asaph, who lived a hermit's life on a high hill, and at its foot was a city. And when he looked down and saw the citizens riding on

¹ Rom. vii. 9, 10.² Luke xv. 8.³ Ps. lxxii. (A.V. lxxiii),

horses, or driving in chariots, and amusing themselves, and full of activity, he wished to descend from the mount. But an angel arrested his steps and sent him back to the mountain top, and then grace was given him to know the real value of earthly things; and having learned this, he says that psalm."

"My father, once again! What means that passage, Men do not put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved?"¹

"This," said Patermuth, "is the meaning. The new wine is the Gospel. The old bottles are the Jews; the new bottles are the Gentiles."

"Only one question more, my father!" said Copres. "I dreamt that a white-robed man came down from heaven to me, then arose a black man in the midst of dense smoke and a smouldering fire, and the black man stretched forth his hand and grasped me, and I was in the midst of the smoke with all my sins whistling round me. What means this, my father?"

"It means that in a great temptation that is coming on thee, thou wilt fall."

Now it fell out that about this time the Emperor Julian came through Egypt on his way against the Persians.² And he summoned Copres before him and persuaded him to renounce Christ and Christian baptism, as he had done. And Copres afraid lest he should be tortured and put to death, consented and became an apostate.

¹ Matt. ix. 17.

² Julian never was in Egypt after he became emperor. Moreover, he did not persecute Christians; the only ones who suffered in his reign were soldiers, and they suffered under a different charge. There was a rising against certain Christians at Alexandria at the beginning of his reign, but it was against the Arian bishop George and his party, not against the Catholics.

Then next Patermuth was taken and brought for judgment before the tyrant. And when he saw Copres standing among the servants of Julian, he wept, and denounced Copres, threatening him with eternal fire.

Then Copres cried out, "I am no more a Julianite, but a Christian."

So Julian, the emperor, ordered Patermuth to be cast into a burning fiery furnace, and the tongue of Copres to be torn out with red-hot pincers. But when the pincers were brought near, they grew suddenly cold. And at the order of Julian he was cast with Patermuth into the furnace. But God sent his angel, and he made the fire to lose its power, and it harmed them not. And when a soldier, named Alexander, who stood by, saw the miracle, he believed, and he also was ordered by Julian to be cast into the fiery furnace. And he fell down, but the fire did him no harm, only he gently breathed forth his soul; and when Julian saw that the fire would not consume Patermuth and Copres, he bade them to be drawn forth out of the furnace, and be executed with the sword.

S. EVERILDA, V.

(7TH CENT.)

[Not in any Martyrology; but admitted by the Bollandists, on the authority of a pre-reformation English Breviary, of what place not certain, but probably of Evesham, which contained an office with three lections for the festival of this Saint. Nothing is known of her except what is said of her in these three lessons.]

A CERTAIN maiden named Everilda lived in England in the days of S. Wilfred. Unknown to her parents, Everilda resolved to embrace the religious life, and she ran away from home. She fell in with two virgins named Bega and Wuldreda, and went on with them, chanting the "Te

Deum," till they came to a place where they met S. Wilfred,¹ who gave them the veil, and they abode there till their death. The place was afterwards called Everildsham, probably Evesham. If this be so, it was no doubt in the year 689, when S. Wilfred, at an advanced age, went to Evesham to consecrate the Benedictine Church just built there by Bishop Egwin and Ceonred, king of Mercia.

S. AGILULF, M.B., OF COLOGNE.

(A.D. 770.)

[German Martyrologies; Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology. Molanus in his Belgian Martyrology. Authority:—A Passion by a monk of Malmedy.]

S. AGILULF was educated under Abbot Anglinus at Stavelot, and succeeded him as abbot, about the year 746. Next year, 747, he was appointed to the bishopric of Cologne. When king Pepin of Herstall was ill and dying, Agilulf went to him to urge him not to leave the succession to Charles Martel, his son by his concubine Alfheid; but was unsuccessful. In revenge for his interference Charles Martel is said to have ordered, or connived at, his murder, which was committed at Amblève, in the Ardennes. His body was taken to Malmedy, but was translated, in 1075, by Anno, archbishop of Cologne, to the church of S. Mary ad Gradus, at Cologne, which he had built and endowed.

¹ The lessons say that she lived in the time of Cynegils of Wessex (d. 613), and Oswald of Northumbria (d. 642); but she was consecrated by S. Wilfred. S. Wilfred did not become bishop till 664 consequently there is a slight discrepancy in dates, but no doubt the statement that she lived in the times of Cynegils and S. Oswald is only approximate.

SS. MARTYRS OF GORKUM.

(A.D. 1572.)

[Roman Martyrology. These martyrs were beatified in 1675 by Pope Clement X., and canonized in 1868 by Pius IX. Authority:—A minute account of the death of the martyrs by William Estius of Hessel, written in 1602, from the account of eye-witnesses; this writer was nephew of Pic, one of the martyrs. His brother was educated by Pic, and his father and brother was present during the event at Gorkum. Estius was acquainted with several of the martyrs, and was in possession of letters, sermons, &c., by them. Another account, much shorter, is given in the "Theatrum Crudelitatum Hæreticorum nostri Temporis," Antw., 1592, before the publication of the account by Estius.]

It will be necessary to give the reader an idea of the state of affairs in the Netherlands before we describe the Martyrdom of the Nineteen at Brill, who are this day venerated in the Western Church. The unconstitutional government, the reckless interference with the ancient privileges and liberties of the people of the Netherlands, practised first by Charles V., and afterwards by Philip II., had created a wide-spread disaffection towards Spanish rule. At the same time, Calvinist and Lutheran opinions, and in many places violent Anabaptist views, destructive to society, began to be disseminated among the people, and William, Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder of Holland and Zealand, took advantage of this religious movement to unite all the disaffected in one common bond against the king. The history of the troubles and revolt of the Netherlands has been frequently written, never more ably than by Mr. Motley, but at the same time with singular partiality. Without wishing to condone the atrocities of Alva, or the duplicity of Philip, the existence of another side to the story needs insisting on; the crimes and ambition of the Reformed and Revolutionary party must not be overlooked. This is not the place to produce an indictment against William the Taciturn, Prince of Orange; but a heavy one

might be penned which would speedily dispel the halo of romance with which he has been invested. We have here to do, not with the political, but with the religious crimes of that eventful period, nor, in this place, have we to detail the butcheries of Alva, but the atrocities of the opposite party, too generally overlooked, forgotten, perhaps denied. We shall give a sketch of the persecution of the Catholics which characterized that revolt, and the progress of Reformed opinions, and it will tend, if certainly not to justify, at least to explain the exasperation of the king and the retaliation of Alva.

If the Catholic princes were everywhere compelled to adopt severe measures for the repression of the Reformed party, it was in order to protect the Catholics from outrage. It was not an age of toleration. Catholic governments forbade Protestant worship, and Protestant princes exiled Catholics and imprisoned the persons, and confiscated the goods, of those who attended Mass. But there was special reason for Catholic kings to repress Protestants, for the sectaries were never content with worshipping God in private as they saw fit; their religion was aggressive, destructive, they exercised it in outraging the feelings of Catholics where most sensitive. Severe measures were necessary for the protection of what was sacred from wanton profanation. At Oudenarde, a weaver, Hans Tiskaen, on May 30th, 1566, snatched the Host from the hand of the priest who was celebrating, in the face of the congregation, and trampled it under foot. At Tournai, Bertrand le Blas had committed the same outrage on Christmas Day, in the preceding year. They were cruelly executed. Life was not held sacred in that age as it is now. Not a hundred years ago in England men were hung for sheep-stealing. Religious zealots who could thus insult the feelings of a congregation in their most solemn act of worship could not be dismissed with impunity.

But for the vigilance of Count Horn, the Catholics of Tournai would have been massacred in one night by the Calvinists.¹ At Ruremund, at the instigation of one of the Calvinist ministers, fire was set to the Town-hall, and all the archives were burnt.² At Amsterdam the Anabaptists stripped themselves, burnt their clothes, and ran naked about the town; they attempted to capture the Town-hall, and were only prevented from doing so by an accident.

Everywhere the progress of the new religion traversed these stages—*first*, the appearance of preachers denouncing Catholic doctrines or rites, and stirring up the people against the monastic orders and the clergy; *secondly*, a tumultuous invasion of the churches and convents, and the destruction of everything that Catholics revered and loved in their sanctuaries; *thirdly*, the total prohibition of Catholic worship. This course of proceeding had manifested itself with an invariability which showed King Philip that the toleration of the preachers must lead to desecration of churches, and if that were permitted to pass unpunished, to the abolition of Catholicism. He therefore strictly forbade incendiary preaching, and when it continued in spite of his edicts the iconoclastic riot followed.

It began at Antwerp, the city of which Orange was governor. On the evening of the 19th August, a large party of zealous Calvinists, together with certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, burst into the cathedral with intent to purify it of its abominations.

“Internally the church was rich beyond expression. All that opulent devotion could devise, in wood, bronze, marble, silver, gold, precious jewellery, or sacramental furniture, had been profusely lavished. The penitential tears of centuries had incruusted the whole interior with their glittering stalac-

¹ Motley: *Revolt of the Netherlands*, 2nd ed., p. 304.

² *Strada: De Bello Belgico*, T. i., p. 144.

tites. The wealthy citizens, the twenty-seven guilds, the six military associations, the rythmical colleges, besides many other secular or religious sodalities, had their own chapels and altars. Tombs adorned with the effigies of mailed crusaders and pious dames covered the floor. The vast and beautifully-painted windows glowed with Scriptural scenes, antique portraits, homely allegories, painted in those brilliant and forgotten colours which art has not ceased to deplore."¹

And now, in one night, the hurricane of religious frenzy which would not suffer men to worship God in the way of their fathers, which grudged God the gold, and silver, and gems, and costly array, and cunning workmanship men would gladly keep for themselves, scattered all these treasures, never to be re-collected again.

One door had been left open, and the Margrave and some of the magistrates were retiring from the minster in the evening, when the rioters burst through it, threw open the other doors, and the populace rolled in like an angry sea. The wardens, after a vain attempt to save some of the most precious relics of the church, fled to the Town Hall, and the magistrates, accompanied by a few halbertmen, ventured to the spot. "It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate."

Orange had insisted on, and had stirred up the country to insist upon, the withdrawal of the Spanish troops who had been placed in garrison in the Netherlands, and now the

¹ Motley, p. 275.

party of order was without forces wherewith to restrain the outburst of religious or political fanaticism. No doubt the Prince expected this, and it was for this reason that he urged the withdrawal of the troops.

“And now”—Mr. Motley shall describe the horrors of that night of sacrilege—“as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of Vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously—endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness—these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief they had accomplished their task. A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal Altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony,

were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir, the 'repository,' as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health, burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number? There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

"The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral and swept howling through the streets. 'Long live the beggars' resounded through the

sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with in their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and descending into the cellars broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists."¹

At the same time the Reformers rose and committed similar outrages throughout the Netherlands, Brussels, and the provinces of Limburg, Luxemburg, and Namur, alone escaping. The number of churches desecrated was never counted. In the single province of Flanders four hundred were sacked. In Mechlin seventy or eighty zealots accomplished the work thoroughly, in the very teeth of the grand council and of an astonished magistracy. At Ghent and Bruges it was the same. In the cathedral of Bruges may be seen to this day a picture of the ruin of the church by these ferocious ruffians. To this outbreak is due the immense amount of renaissance black and white marble work in altars, rood-screens, parcloles, and the like, which disfigure the Belgian churches, and which were erected after the troubles to replace the exquisite Gothic tracery which had been hacked and torn away.

¹ Motley, pp. 279. 280.

On the 22nd of August the news reached Tournai that the churches in Flanders had been sacked.

By preconcerted signal the Calvinists rose at daybreak, assembled in an armed body, and fell on the churches and the glorious cathedral. Pictures, statues, organs, chalices, ciboriums, monstrances, reliquaries, chasubles, copes, crosses, chandeliers, lamps, censers, all of the richest material, glittering with pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, were scattered in heaps of ruin upon the ground. The stained windows were shattered, so that only a few fragments have remained. They even tore the dead out of their coffins. Then a large assembly swept over the province armed with halberts, hammers, and pitchforks, raging against churches, smashing images, and heaping up every possible indignity on the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacles. At the convent of Marchiennes, considered by contemporaries the most beautiful abbey in all the Netherlands, they halted to roar forth Marot's version of the Decalogue. Hardly had they finished the precept against graven images than the whole mob seemed seized with sudden madness. Without waiting to complete the psalm, they fastened on the army of saints and martyrs, and hacked and tore at them with as much fury as if they had been living men and their deadly enemies.

At Valenciennes it was the same.

Then all was calm, and William of Orange wrote to the King to ask for a full pardon to be accorded to the rioters who had outraged all that was holy and ruined much that was beautiful in the Netherlands.

We hear so much in Protestant histories of the intolerance of King Philip II. towards the sectaries in the Netherlands that it is well to consider what sectarianism meant there. As the Prince of Orange himself admitted to

Egmont, "The sectaries for some time past have designed and purposed not only sacking the churches, as they have done, but also a general massacre of the priests, churchmen, religious, and others, and this they planned to carry into execution on the morrow of Easter last, as might easily be shown and verified."¹

George of Montigny, one of those who drew up the famous Compromise, wrote on June 7th, 1566, "I am much afraid that the assemblies and preachings are not so much for love and zeal for the Word of God, as for other purposes, tending to seditions and revolt."²

Margaret of Parma, the Regent, in writing to Philip II., complained of the Reformers. "They do not refrain from violence, nay, further, they boast and use menace greater than heretofore against the Catholics, so that for some days the said town (Antwerp) has been in arms several times, and the Catholics are not without fear."³

In nearly all the histories of the Netherland troubles we hear a good deal of the emigration of the Protestants, but there were also migrations of Catholics out of the cities where the Reformed had the upper hand, and forbade them the exercise of their religion, closing or demolishing their churches.

The Regent wrote on Dec. 18th, 1566, that "The Count Louis of Nassau had gone to Amsterdam, accompanied by thirty arquebusiers, taken from among the two hundred who formed the guard of the Prince (of Orange), his brother, with the purpose of exciting the inhabitants of that town to demand preachings, and to suppress Catholic worship."⁴

Patronised by a party of the nobles, and secretly sup-

¹ Gachard, *Correspond. de Guillaume le Tacit*, ii. p. 396.

² *Prinsterer*, ii. p. 128.

³ Gachard, *Ibid.* ii. p. 402.

⁴ Gachard, *Corresp. de Phil. II.*, i. p. 491

ported by the Prince, the Reformed threatened the integrity of the State and liberty of conscience to the Catholics. Louis of Nassau, the brother and principal agent of the Prince, knew perfectly well what were the men whom he was to unite for his brother into a compact body. In a letter dated Aug. 16th, 1566, to his brother John, he says, "Calvinism is spreading with force everywhere, and I do not know how it can be opposed. If it be forcibly repressed, there will follow terrible bloodshed, and true religion will be little advanced. If it be allowed to increase, it will lead to general disobedience among the lower classes, rather than the advance of their religion, as is daily more visible. It will be seen that the common people under the cloak of religion and preachings will take the bit in their mouths, and produce a general revolt."¹

In 1564 the Regent announced to Philip that the nobles who were leagued together had obtained promise of assistance from the chief Huguenot nobles in France, from some Protestant princes in Germany, and from England, so that already an army of from thirty to forty thousand men were enrolled.

Supported from within and from without, the Reformed met in large bodies and demanded of the magistrates the destruction of all that they regarded as superstitious; and the Protestant nobles set the example which, as we have seen, was so fully acted out by the wretched men they incited to their work.

Count Culemburg first pulled down all the altars in the church at Viane, and then seated himself at table with his followers of the Protestant faith, and fed a parrot with the consecrated Hosts from the Tabernacle. Brederode forbade the exercise of Catholic worship throughout the whole district of which he was governor.

¹ Prinsterer, ii. p. 212.

“We protest,” said the Calvinists in their “Apology” of the year 1566, “that it is the duty and obligation of the magistrates to exterminate all the instruments of superstition, through which the wrath of God is brought upon a people.”¹ But because the magistrates did not act with sufficient precipitation they laid their own hands upon the “instruments of superstition.” The testimony of the Prince of Orange that the Reformed had planned a general massacre of the Catholic clergy is supported by the Calvinist “Apology,” which shows that such a proceeding has the sanction of Holy Writ. “We see,” said the Calvinists in that document, “that one man, the prophet Elias, against the will of the king, stirred up the people not only to destroy the idols, but also to slaughter the priests of Baal. Gideon also in the night tore down the altar of Baal. The arm of the Lord is not shortened, He often executes His judgments by urging on those whom He wills by His Spirit to do extraordinary things.”²

How the officers and soldiers acting under William of Orange treated the Catholics when they had the opportunity is worth considering. Unquestionably Alva behaved with great cruelty towards the insurgents, but the Calvinists equalled him in ferocity. A few instances shall be quoted. The following is an episode from the later period of the troubles—namely, from the year 1575, taken from Wageenaar :—“In the meanwhile, as Sonnoi (the Prince’s admiral) was in North Holland, the news spread that some portions of the country were overrun by the enemy, and that the principal villages of this district were to be set on fire. This report was believed by the officers of the States, and by Sonnoi, the commandant. The magistrates bestirred themselves, and more than twenty of the common people were arrested, who confessed having committed burglary

¹ Le Petit, *Gr. Chron. de Hollande*, p. 158.

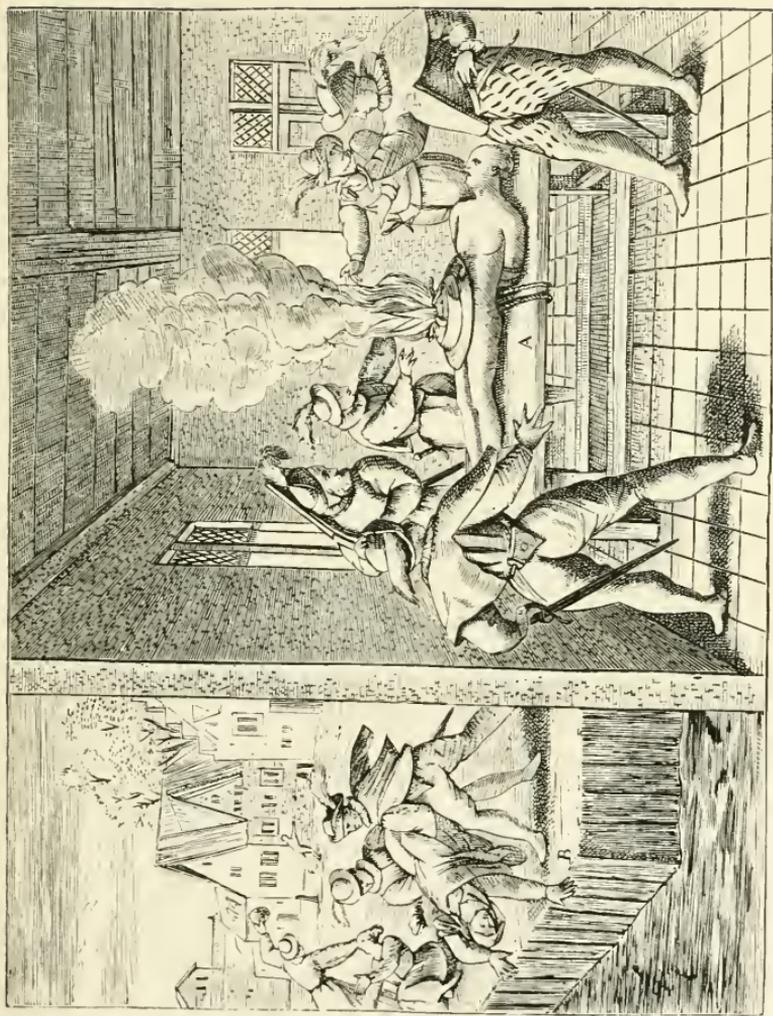
² *Ibid.*

and other crimes, but not treachery and arson. Sonnoi, by nature stern, and in evil mood, gave orders that they were to be questioned sharper, and for this end, as though he would not be behindhand with the Duke of Alva in anything, he instituted a special Inquisition, which acted with such frightful and savage cruelty that it was not less dreaded in a short while than the Council of Troubles, and, like it, was named the Blood Council. This sat first of all at Alkmaar, afterwards in the castle at Schagen. Vagabonds were questioned on the rack what persons they knew in the place, and when they named them they were further asked whether these persons had not suborned them to fire the villages. If they denied any knowledge of such things, the crafty judges promised them freedom if they would declare the truth. Nothing further was needed to make them denounce all sorts of respectable country people from whom they had asked alms. One of these vagabonds, by name John Driemunt, of Hoorne, would not accuse anyone, through stress of torture or hopes of release. His arms were twisted behind and he was hung up thus by the wrists to a ladder, and a two hundred pound weight was attached to his great toe, so that the anguish sweat was as it were wrung out of his body and fell down in drops. Under this torture his courage failed, and he accused the same country gentleman as had the others. He and his companions were then, in spite of the promise of release, condemned to the flames. On their way to execution they protested their innocence in the supposed plot of arson, and also that of those gentry whom they had accused.

“But in the meantime these persons had been arrested. The principal man amongst them, Jacob Corneliussohn, and his son Nanning, and Peter Nanningssohn, were all three Catholics. The modes of torture invented and tried upon them to force them to confess would surpass all belief were

it not supported on evidence. The least of them was that all their limbs were pulled apart, and they were thus scourged with fresh birch rods, rendered flexible in water. They were burnt from the head to footsoles by being wrapped in linen steeped in brandy and t' en fired, till they were black as coals, and their arteries were exposed. Sulphur, and from time to time, half a pound of suet, was used to burn these people under their armpits and footsoles. Thus tortured they were left several nights uncovered on the bare ground, and were prevented from sleeping by strokes of rods. They were fed upon salt herrings and given other salted meats to eat, but not the least drop of anything to drink was allowed them, however earnestly they pleaded for it. Beetles were dug out of the earth and put upon the navels of those who were being tortured. At Sonnoi's own command rats were sent to assist in torturing the prisoners. These beasts were placed on the naked belly and breast, and they were tormented with fire which was laid on the cover of the vessel which contained them, so that they were driven to gnaw into the flesh to the heart and bowels to escape from it. The wounds were burned with red hot iron. The bodies were also tortured with melted pitch.....¹ But it hurts my heart too much to describe this last revolting horror. I will only add that Koppe Corneliussohn, after having been completely exhausted by his protracted martyrdom, fell into insensibility, and gave up the ghost at the feet of his judges, who, to throw off the blame which attached to their inhuman proceedings, spread the report that the devil had broken his neck. Nanning Koppessohn, overcome by his sufferings, and encouraged by the promise that he should retain his life and property if he would confess, admitted

¹ After giving an account of another torture too horrible for translation, the Protestant historian breaks off, and says, "Doch mir thut das Herz zu wehe als ich diese abscheulichen Grauel weiter beschreiben konnte."



THE MARTYRS OF GORKUM.

Facsimile of an Engraving in "Theatrum Crudelitatum Hæreticorum nostri temporis,"
Antwerp, 1587.

everything which his judges required, and then, by order of the Commandant Sonnoi, he was sentenced to have his heart torn out of his body, and his body to be quartered; and this sentence was carried into execution at Hoorne, but not without opposition of the Town Council. And although they made him drunk, and the preacher Jurian Epessohn continually urged him, yet he persisted to the last moment in declaring his innocence. It is remarkable that he summoned this preacher to appear at the expiration of three days before the judgment-seat of God, and that thereupon the minister went sadly home and died shortly after the appointed time.

“Peter Nanningssohn was at the same time forced by severe torture to accuse not merely certain persons, but whole villages and judges, and even persons of the government, as sharers in the treason. Thus it seemed that the tortures would be interminable. But the people of Hoorne, roused by this, refused to allow their fellow-citizen, Jeroenssohn, who was accused, to be carried out of the town; however, Sonnoi forced them to it by emphatic commands. Jeroenssohn was four times racked in the absence of the envoy of the magistracy of Hoorne, which had required his presence, and afterwards there arose disputes upon this point.”

However, this wholesale accusation of persons in office alarmed the judge, and led to the cessation of captures. Mostard, the judge who had presided over these horrible tortures, was rewarded by the Estates of Holland with some confiscated Church property in the neighbourhood. “The whole transaction,” concludes Wagenaar, “was, as it is believed, contrived with the design of frightening once for all the Roman Catholics, so as to take from them the spirit to strive to alter the existing government.”¹ As

¹ Allg. Geschichte d. Niederlande, tr. Toze, Leipzig, 1758, iii. pp. 249-251.

Sebastian Brandt says, the Catholics in the revolted Netherlands were in great perplexity: if they sought restoration of the Spanish rule, it was taxation and despotism, if they remained content with the rule of the Prince of Orange, it was compulsory abandonment of their religion.

When the Prince occupied the town of Guelders, his soldiers broke into the Carthusian monastery, and killed three lay brothers at the door—Albert Winda, John Sittart, and Stephen van Roermund; then, rushing into the church, they assailed the prior and the rest of the brethren who were engaged in prayer; the prior was wounded and dragged out; four of the monks were killed—John of Louvain and Severus, priests, Henry Wellen and Frederick, deacons; the rest were grievously wounded. Vincent Herquius, a lay-brother, seized by them and drawn into the church, fell on his knees and prayed, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” and was shot whilst praying. At the same time Paul à Walwyck was murdered. The prior bought his life for 2,000 florins, and was allowed to escape to Cologne, where, however, he died of his wounds a few days after.¹

Strada thus describes the wretched condition of the Catholics at this time:—“In the meantime the Prince of Orange stirred up the rebellion of the provinces by collecting a second expedition against Alva, and at the head of six thousand horse and eleven thousand foot-soldiers, at the beginning of July (1578), having crossed the Rhine and the Meuse, and having sacked Ruremund with great cruelty, he entered Brabant If ever the condition of Belgium was wretched, it was so now, when assailed by four armies by sea and by land. De Lumaye attacked the sea-coast, Nassau assailed it on the French side, Bergen on the German side, and Orange vexed the heart of

¹ Threat. Cruel., p. 60.

the country. Not only did they subdue the cities, and kill their opponents, and ruin houses by military licence and avarice, but they also, with barbarous brutality, spared neither modesty nor youth, raged against tombs and tore up the dead, and were specially fanatical against priests, and having hunted them out, massacred them with shameful tortures. And these butcheries of clergy took place in many cities, so that if the royal troops abused their victories afterwards by inclemency, yet the ferocious example was set by the Gueux, begun at Brill, and with the destruction of Amorsfort, against oaths sworn to respect it. Certainly the army of Orange became infamous throughout Belgium, even by the confession of the heretical annalists, on this account."¹

At Ruremund there suffered twenty-three priests, among whom were twelve Carthusians, three regular canons, two Franciscans, and six secular priests.

A few scraps from the Ghent Chronicle of the time, the "*Gentsche Geschiedenissen*," shall complete this list of horrors, before we turn to the history of the Nineteen who are specially commemorated this day. It must be remembered that the same sort of thing went on all over Holland, Zealand, and Flanders; and we only give a few instances from the small area of Ghent.²

"1568, March 11th.—A priest of West Flanders came to Brussels to give evidence concerning the cruelties committed by some Gueux (the nickname of the party of the Prince of Orange), headed by a certain Captain Hanecam, who was arrested in the Star Inn in the corn-market at Ghent. A short time before, seven leaders of the Gueux had cut off the ears of the priest, and had hung him on a tree, but he had been fortunate enough to loosen the knot after they had gone, and to escape.

¹ *De Bello Belgico*, ed Rom. 1648. i. p. 371-2. ² *Gentsche Geschiedenissen*, i., p. 115.

“July 9th.—A man beheaded because he was convicted of having killed a priest at Audenarde.

“1571, November 19th.—About sunset, a Franciscan Father, Peter Prus, from Arth, born at Lille, a pious and learned preacher, was attacked outside the gates of St. Livinus, near Ledeberg, by a troop of the Wood-Gueux who hid near the road. They wounded him, beating him about the head with a gun, and dragged him about; then, supposing him to be dead, they left him. But as soon as they were gone, he got up, though in great pain and agony, and crawled to the nearest house, which was that of a miller, where he died a few hours later. His companion, a lay friar, had hidden in a ditch, and there he remained all night standing to his cincture in the water.¹

“1572, Jan. 15th.—The country people of Meerelbeke, Leinberge, and other parishes, were obliged to form patrols, a second time, according to the placard (or order) from the King, in order to protect their priests and churches against the Wood-Gueux, who everywhere took the clergy prisoners, cut off their ears and noses, or murdered them, and robbed and violated the churches.²

“June 30th.—The parish priest of Ecloo was taken by the Water-Gueux of Brill (those under De la Marck, High Admiral of the Prince of Orange), together with the bailiff and burgomaster of the place and two or three Spaniards, and all the ornaments of the church—the priest’s name was Matthias Pariden—and all were carried to Flushing in Zealand, and thence to Brill. The priest was severely wounded, and then gagged and hung with the gag in his mouth, but so carelessly that he lived for three hours.

“July 8th.—The parish priest of Assende, near Ghent, together with the burgomaster and the notable citizens, were taken by the Water-Gueux.

¹ Gentsche Geschiedenissen, p. 171.

² *Ibid.*, p. 185.

“July 16th.—Twenty-one or twenty-two priests and rectors, nearly all from the Franc of Bruges, had already been killed in Brill, whence the Water-Gueux made inroads upon Flanders at intervals.¹

“1573, March 11th.—The church of Hansbeke (between Ghent and Bruges) was sacked, and the rector was murdered.

“March 14th.—The rector of Cuerne, near Courtrai, was robbed and killed by a troop of Wood-Gueux, numbering one hundred men, who swept the neighbourhood of Ypres.”

On May 22nd a Captain Beck, a blacksmith, born at Nazareth, serving under the Prince of Orange, and belonging to the party of the Reformed, having murdered several priests and sacked and burnt churches, was caught and executed at Ghent.

In 1575, on September 13th or 14th, the Rev. Father Francis Penneman, superior of the Franciscans at Sluys, was killed by the soldiers of the Prince. The “Gentsche Geschiedenissen” says, “he was a virtuous and modest man, and left many manuscripts behind him.” On the 17th, one of the leaders of this party was caught, one Andrew Boschaert, and was executed. Thereupon the Reformed hung and shot, and slashed the back of a Franciscan friar they had caught. This friar’s name was William Olys or Holst: “he was still quite young, very pious, and a peaceable religious.” “They slashed him like a pig,” says the book from which I quote.

Here also is a passage from the “History of Bruges” at that eventful period:—“The Prince of Orange wished to come to conclusions with the Brugeois. After having taken Ecloo, he sent the Seigneur de Ryhove, at the head of a thousand foot soldiers and forty horsemen, to Bruges. The city was betrayed into their hands on March 26th, 1578, and on the same day the magistracy was changed by decree

¹ Gentsche Geschiedenissen, p. 195, et seq.

of this man of war. The first acts of the victory of the Gueux were spoliation and cruelty. They began by seizing on the church of the Augustines, the chapel of S. John, and the church of S. Sauveur for their preachings. But they did not limit themselves to those violent acts; they pillaged the convent of the Grey Friars and burned alive three of the brethren publicly on the Bourg, in the midst of the frantic applause of all the sectaries, glad of being by this means able to immolate the most energetic defenders of religion in the pulpit that were to be found in Bruges."¹

In 1576 was drawn up the famous Pacification of Ghent, between the Prince of Orange, with the Estates of Holland and Zealand, on the one side, and the rest of the provinces on the other, plighting a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands, and to allow a general toleration of religion. "It should not be legal for those in Holland and Zealand to attempt anything against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one, by deed or word."²

Had the Prince the slightest intention of keeping his oath? I do not believe it. This Pacification, granting full toleration, was a mere blind intended by him to hoodwink the Catholics, and keep them quiet till he was strongly enough settled to crush them, and forbid them the exercise of their religion.

Shortly after the Pacification of Ghent, Don John of Austria arrived in the Netherlands as their Governor in place of the recalled Alva. When the Prince heard the news of his approach, he gave the crafty advice to the Estates to send some of their bailiffs and seize on his person, in order, as he said in his letter, to force the King by holding the Don in captivity, to grant them whatever they

¹ Couvez (le Professeur) *Hist. de Bruges*, p. 186.

² Motley, p. 64.

pleased to ask.¹ In his ban Philip denounced the Prince for this meditated treachery. "The said Orange has not desisted by his practices and intrigues from creating such a difference between my aforesaid brother and the Estates of our country that a great and evident crisis appears imminent, to avoid which, or at least the imprisonment of his person, the said Don John was obliged to take refuge in our town and castle of Namur."

He had ventured on a worse game with Alva, if we may credit Meteren. Alva had intended to pass Holy Week in the monastery of Grönendal, for the purpose of prayer. An agent of the Prince of Orange, Carloo, disguised himself as a monk, and obtained admission into the monastery, with purpose to assassinate Alva, "armed with a commission from the Prince of Orange;" but Alva had changed his mind, and the plot failed accordingly. Whether the Prince really did commission Carloo to assassinate Alva it is impossible to decide without further evidence, but it is significant that in a letter shortly after, he expresses his regret at Alva having so suddenly changed his purpose of visiting the monastery, and spent the sacred season in the monastery of St. Bernard instead of that of Grönendal, and having thereby escaped the assassin's dagger.²

Let us now see how he kept his oath to tolerate Catholicism. In Holland and Zealand, where alone he had complete authority, he had not kept it at all; the Catholics were not allowed either priests or churches, so that the Netherland nobles—Champagny, cordial hater of Spaniards, but most devotedly Catholic, Aerschot, and other members of the State Council—presented a memorial to the Prince at Gertruydenberg, in 1577; they prayed that the Prince would keep the solemn promise he had made, and permit the exercise of their religion by the Catholics in Holland

¹ Prinsterer, v., 494.

² *Ibid.*, iii., 209.

and Zealand.¹ His answer was a disingenuous quibble. He said that this question of religion pertained to the Estates of Holland and Zealand, and he could not interfere with their decisions thereon—be it remembered that he and they had promised toleration the year before—but, he said, neither he nor the Estates of these two provinces had any intention of suppressing Catholicism in the other provinces. That he had any intention of keeping this promise, any more than that made the year before, I do not believe, because, as a matter of fact, when he was able to break it, he did break it.

The Prince had long been tampering with Ghent. He had his eye on that wealthy and powerful city, and determined to get hold of it by any means in his power. He had two agents there, Ryhove and Imbize, sound Evangelicals: "audacious and cruel by temperament, they were ever most happy in becoming a portion of the desolation which popular tumults engender."² The land was at peace; but peace did not satisfy the ambitious Prince who ruled only two provinces. When all was ripe, Ryhove galloped to Antwerp and had an interview with Orange on the last day of October, told him his plan, galloped back to Ghent, and in a day or two the conspirators had seized the city, and on November 9th, had re-organised the magistracy. A few weeks afterwards the Prince of Orange visited Ghent, and was received with great pomp. Thus the war, which had ceased, was blown into a blaze once more, by his restless ambition. On May 27th, 1578, all the clergy were expelled from Amsterdam by the adherents of the Prince suddenly rising and taking possession of the city for him, and the Catholic religion was totally suppressed, every church in the town being forbidden the Catholics.

At Ghent was John Casimir, whom Queen Elizabeth assisted and paid to support the Protestant cause. "Rob-

¹ Bor, xi., 872; Prinsterer, vi. 155—157.

² Motley, p. 728.

bery and pillage were his achievements, to make chaos more confounded was his destiny."¹

On Jan. 22nd, 1577, the satisfaction of Haarlem was drawn up.² By the articles agreed to on oath by the Prince, full liberty was given to the Catholics, and one church was accorded to the Reformed. Both parties promised to live in good understanding, and to avoid mutual strife and molestations. But the Catholics of Haarlem soon found out that these promises were made to be broken. At Oudewater and at Amsterdam they had been trampled on with impunity by the Reformed soldiery and mob, with the tacit consent of the Prince. The object of the "Satisfaction" was to get a footing in the cities for the Reformed, and when once they had got there, they cast the conditions to the winds.

On Corpus Christi Day, May 29th, 1578, whilst the Catholics were having the procession of the Blessed Sacrament inside the cathedral, with closed doors for fear of the Calvinists, the Reformed burst in upon them, plundered and destroyed everything in the church, wounded and injured many persons, and killed Peter Balling, the priest. Three other churches were profaned in the same way. When the thing was done, the States of Holland ordered *all* the churches to be taken from the Catholics and to be given up to the Calvinists, and forbade the exercise of the Catholic religion.³ The same thing was done everywhere, at Hertogenbosch, Gröningen, Utrecht, &c. Everywhere the same plan was followed out. First a promise was made to respect Catholicism if Evangelical worship were tolerated, and then ensued a violent uprising and the total abolition of the free exercise of Catholic worship.

¹ Motley, p. 774.

² Bor, *Nederland. Oorlog*; Amsterd. 1697, i., p. 755, *et seq.*

³ Opmer, *Martelaars-buch*, Antw., 1700, ii., p. 307; Hofst, *Niederlandsche Hist.* Amst., 1677, p. 579.

We shall have to go back to an earlier date, 1572, for the martyrdom of the Nineteen of Gorkum.

Gorkum, or more properly Gorinchem, is a little town in Holland, at the distance of about six hours on foot from Dortrecht, situated on the Meuse.

At the time of which we are writing, the pastors of Gorkum were Leonard Vecchel and Nicolas Poppel. Vecchel was a native of Hertogenbosch, and a student of Louvain, a man of singularly gentle and retiring disposition. He was noted for his charities to the poor and his zeal for souls, but he shrank from the confessional, which was to him a continual martyrdom; he called it his shambles, and declared that it distressed him more to hear one confession than to preach three sermons. But however greatly it pained his sensitive spirit, he never yielded to his repugnance when duty called him to the exercise of his office. He laboured especially to encourage modesty and purity among the young people of Gorkum, and his efforts to enlighten the prejudiced and those led astray by heretical teaching, were not devoid of success.

The other parish priest of Gorkum was Nicolas Poppel, who had been a sizer at Louvain, a pale-faced little man, not learned and eloquent, like Vecchel, but very hard working, and ready to do all sorts of work, so that the people gave him the nick-name of *Statsuen*, or the servitor. "Well," said Poppel; "he serves well who serves God!" He used to catechise the children, and sometimes preach in simple homely style, which found its way to the hearts of the people. His parents were poor people, and on his mother's death he inherited a trifle. If he did not give as much to the poor as did Vecchel, it was not through want of will, but of means.

In Gorkum there was also a Franciscan convent, which contained only a few friars at the time, under Nicolas Pic,

the Guardian, uncle to Estius, the historian of the martyrs. Nicolas Pic was a native of that town, and was related to the Hessels family, which was one of the most distinguished in it. The horrors perpetrated by the Gueux had been reported in Gorkum, and some of his relations advised him to seek a safer retreat. "Take care, or the Beggars will hang you!" "I am not worthy enough," was his answer, "the grace of martyrdom is not given to the unworthy."

His nephew describes him as a man with an open face, gentle eyes, pale in colour, from much study, and a cheerful expression of countenance. He was singularly sensitive to pain, and fainted away when he cut his thumb with a knife; and though of a delicate constitution, he never indulged himself in relaxation of the rule of his Order in meat or sleep. He was a diligent reader of the New Testament, his old thumbed copy full of under-linings and marginal notes, in a worn common cover, became the property of William Estius, his biographer. He was remarkable for his courtesy. Instead of ordering the brethren about, he asked them to do what he required, with an "of your kindness;" but he had no patience with sentimental women "who do not want to marry, and yet do not intend to leave the world, who will neither give up their own headstrong wills, nor live by rule." He used to say of them, "A woman must become a wife or be walled round."

News reached Gorkum at the end of June, 1572, that the Gueux, or the party of William of Orange, had taken Dortrecht, and that amongst other atrocities they had put to death a staunch Catholic, named Arnold Crobbant, in Waterland, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity.¹

¹ He had been taken on board ship, his ears and nose cut off, was hung up to the yard-arm, and flaming lard applied to his wounds, till he died in agony.

Rudiger Estius, the sister's son of Pic, and brother of the historian, implored his uncle to fly from Gorkum before the "Beggars" paid it a visit. The Guardian refused to desert his post, but removed the precious vessels of the sanctuary to the house of Estius van Hessels, his brother-in-law. But afterwards, thinking that in all probability the houses of the Catholics would be ransacked, he removed them to the citadel. On June 25th, the rumour spread that thirteen vessels of the rebel fleet were sailing up the river towards Gorkum; and a citizen of Dortrecht escaping to Gorkum, told horrible tales of the treatment of monks, and friars, and priests at Dortrecht by the Gueux. Nicolas Pic summoned the friars and novices in the convent around him, and gave them permission to fly. But with one consent they resolved to remain with their Guardian and share his fate, relying, no doubt, on being able to find safety in the citadel.

Leonard Vecchel and Nicolas Poppel urged their flock to hold fast the Catholic faith, and to defend their town against the rebels. Then Poppel extinguished the red lamp in the church, and carried the Blessed Sacrament into the citadel, lest It should be subjected to profanation by the heretics. All the well-to-do citizens, the women, the priests and friars took refuge in the citadel, which it was expected would hold out till relief came.

The Gueux were under de Lumaye, Baron De la Mark, the High Admiral of the Prince of Orange, but the party which was detailed to take Gorkum was headed by a Fleming named Marinus Brandt. The town was entered without opposition, and the "Beggars" resolved to storm the citadel, which was defended by Gaspar Turk, drossar, or governor of Arkel.

The Gueux succeeded in setting fire to, and bursting open, the gates of the citadel, and making themselves mas-

ters of a large portion of the fortress, driving the besieged before them into the Blue Tower, where they might have held out longer, had not fear, despair of succour, and the entreaties of the women disposed the governor to yield. Gaspar Turk opened communication with Marinus Brandt, who promised if the castle were surrendered that all within it should be given life and liberty to depart unmolested. It was night, the thunder of the guns of the besiegers, the blaze of burning rafters, filled the women with fear. Some of the soldiers despairing of succour from Rotterdam, where was the nearest garrison, flung away their arms, and escaped to the enemy. The wife and daughter of Turk clung to his neck, and implored him not to prolong a desperate resistance. He yielded to the terms offered by the Gueux, on the morning of June 26th, after that the priests and friars had confessed one another, and reverently consumed the Blessed Sacrament which had been conveyed for safety to the castle.

Estius van Hessels was at the gate as Marinus Brandt entered. "Fear not, what we have promised, I ratify with an oath," said the captain of the "Beggars," turning to him. "I will leave unharmed all in the castle, old and young, laity and clergy."

Then the Gueux rushed in, drove the besieged before them into a hall, and proceeded to ransack the castle for money and valuables. Then a list of all in the citadel was drawn up, and the names called over. From among the captives, a layman, named Theodore Branmers, was summoned before the captain. He had made himself odious to the Gueux by having called them "plunderers of churches," and defied them as they approached the town. They threw him into prison, and a few days afterwards hung him in the market-place along with another staunch Catholic citizen.

The governor, Gaspar Turk, was next subjected to inter-

rogatory. "Why had he held out the castle so obstinately?" "Because it was his duty." "Why had he given refuge in it to priests and monks?" "Because they were his friends." He was heavily ironed and thrown into prison. "He is a Catholic of Catholics," said a Beggar. "If you were to cut his heart out, you would find it full of Mass-priests and monkery."

A soldier having found a paten, flung it in the face of Nicolas Pic, and cut his lip. The venerable Guardian showed no signs of indignation. Beside him were Nicasius and Wilhad, two friars, meditating and reading as if in their cells. Wilhad was a Dane who had fled his country when the Catholic religion was forcibly suppressed in it. He was a very old and infirm man. The priest Nicolas Poppel was pale and trembled; natural fear made itself felt, but his constancy was not shaken.

At length, at the end of the day, laymen and women were allowed to depart after having sworn to pay heavy sums as their ransom. But the priests and friars were reserved, contrary to the terms of the capitulation, till a messenger had been sent to De la Mark at Brill, to learn his pleasure with regard to them. An old priest, named Godfrey van Dun, was allowed to go forth with the laity, but as he was crossing the drawbridge, a citizen of Gorkum said to the soldiers, "Whither are you sending this priest?" "He is an old idiot and may go!" said a soldier. "If not too old to make his God¹ he is not too old to be hung!" The soldiers laughed, and drove the old priest back among the rest of the prisoners.

A kinsman of Father Pic, who had been suspected of leanings to the Gueux, and had got into difficulties accordingly, but who had been released from prison at the intercession of Pic, hoped to repay the Guardian by obtaining

¹ Meaning to consecrate the Host.

his release. When the friars heard that such an opportunity afforded itself, they murmured, "Will you leave us! You brought us here, and now you meditate deserting us!" Pic was moved, and said, "No, my brethern, I stay and share your fate. We shall be liberated, or die together."

The prisoners had eaten nothing since the preceding day, and were faint with hunger. It was Friday, and their captors, in mockery, placed before them meat. To have eaten under these circumstances would have caused the Gueux to have regarded them as traitors to their religion, and therefore they gravely refused the proffered food.

That evening the Gueux made themselves mad drunk on the wine they found in the castle, and amused themselves with tormenting the friars and priests. They examined their pouches, and found some money in only one pocket, that of the parish priest, Leonard Vecchel. Godfrey van Dun, an old priest, almost childish, was ordered forwards. "Reveal to us where the church vessels are hidden." "I do not know that they are hidden anywhere," answered the old man. "Likely enough," said some of the soldiers: "You are too much of an idiot to have much confided to you. That fellow is more likely," and they picked out another aged priest, named Theodore Emden, confessor to the Franciscan convent of sisters, of S. Agnes. A pistol was placed at his breast, and he was ordered to tell where the treasure was hidden. He replied firmly that he did not know. They turned to Nicolas Poppel, whose pale face and evident agitation made them suppose that he would reveal everything. The pistol was presented to his breast, and he was ordered to tell where the church vessels had been secreted. Finding he knew nothing, they said, "Then surrender to us your gods you have fabricated at mass. We hear you carried a

good store of them away with you. Now, what think you with this pistol at your heart, of all you have preached against us from the pulpit."

"I believe," replied Poppel calmly, "all that the Catholic Church teaches; I believe in the real presence of my Lord under the Sacramental forms."

Then, thinking his last hour was come, he fell down on his knees and cried out, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" But instead of shooting him, the Gueux unloosed the rope from the waist of a friar, attached one end to the neck of Poppel, and flung the other over a door. They dragged him up, and then cast him down, repeating each time, "Where is the treasure hidden?" till he was unconscious, when they flung him down and left him.

Then they laid hold of the friars, and began with the youngest. They broke a back tooth of one by a violent blow on the jaw. Another, in pain, and unable to endure more, moaned, "We know nothing of the treasures; we young ones are not charged with the custody of them."

"Hah! who is the Father Guardian, then!" exclaimed the soldiers, and they seized Jerome van Werden, the vice-guardian, who would willingly have suffered in the place of Pic, but the Guardian would not suffer it, and stepping forward, declared his name and office. Thereupon the Gueux kicked and beat him from side to side like a football, and when wearied with this sport, insisted on the surrender of the church plate. "All that we had," said he, "was moved into the castle, and that is already in your hands. We have no more."

"You lie, you monk!" and he was again beaten and kicked. His girdle was detached, noosed round his neck, and the same barbarous treatment dealt him that had been dealt to Poppel; but with greater violence, till the cord

snapped, and he fell headlong on the ground. The soldiers not knowing whether he was alive or dead, applied torches to his chin, burnt his beard, and let the flames scorch his nostrils and ears; and, opening his mouth, put lighted candles into it, and burnt his tongue and palate. Finding him unconscious, they concluded he was dead, and left him.

After the departure of the soldiers, as the prisoners were standing round him showing each other their wounds, they heard a sigh, and gradually the venerable father Pic returned to consciousness. On the morrow the soldiers entered the prison with hatchets to quarter his body, and were surprised to find him alive. They kicked him, and rolled him about on the floor; but did not endanger his life.

For ten days these martyrs were exposed to similar insults and outrages, which were repeated every evening by the soldiers after they had been drinking.

A Frieslander said, "See! I will puff out their cheeks like trumpeters!" and he belaboured their cheeks till the blood flowed from their noses and mouths. Only two escaped who had concealed themselves in the shadow of an embrasure. Sometimes the soldiers knelt before them and pretended to be making their confessions, saying all sorts of obscene, blasphemous, and laughable things, and winding up by striking the friars. "Why do you not give me absolution?" asked one of these fellows of the Dane Wilhad.

"Alas! my brother!" answered the old man. "There is no sign of contrition in you. I cannot absolve you; but I can pray for you!"

In the meantime De la Mark, the High Admiral, then at Brill, sent orders for the removal of the prisoners to Brill, by John Omal, a renegade priest, who had been

canon of Liége, and like all renegades, was filled with a ferocious hatred of the religion he had deserted.

In the middle of the night, of the 5th and 6th July, the holy confessors were awoke, despoiled of the greater part of their garments, and hurried down to the waters' edge, where they were embarked. The night was raw, and the venerable Wilhad, who had been divested of everything except his shirt, entreated his keepers to allow him something to protect him from the cold. He was answered with blows; but one of those on board, perhaps a sailor, threw him a cloak, out of pity for his white hairs.

On entering the boat, Leonard Vecchel recognized at the rudder a parishioner to whom he had done several acts of kindness. "What! You, Roch, among those who lead us to our death?" "Alas!" answered the man, hanging his head; "I am not master here."

Standing on the boat which was thrust off from the bank, Vecchel bade farewell to the scene of his pastoral labours, the stepped gables, the tall dark roof and bulbous spire of the church, the quaint bell *flèches* of the convents, standing out against the soft twilight of the summer sky. But there was a ghastly object against the grey horizon. From the gallows outside the town dangled the great image of Christ wrenched by the Calvinists from the rood in the church, and suspended by them thus in derision.¹ It was one o'clock in the morning when the boat put off; it reached Dortrecht at nine. It was Sunday, and the bells were ringing.

The soldiers finding that the company of martyrs excited general curiosity, spread a sail between the boat and the quay, and made the inquisitive pay to pass, and have a sight of, and offer an insult to the Nineteen they were conveying to their death. In the afternoon the boat

¹ *Theatr. crudel.* p. 58.

was unmoored and dropped down the river. As yet they had received nothing to eat since the previous day, and they would have been given nothing had not the captain of the ship taken compassion on them, and given the Nineteen each a crust of bread. The night of the 6th was spent on the boat in a condition bordering on nudity, and they landed at Brill early in the morning of the 7th.

The martyrs, on leaving Gorkum, had numbered nineteen. There were to be defections among them; but the places of those who fell away was to be supplied, so that the same number received the crown which had begun the journey.

The Count de la Mark was not risen from bed when the prisoners arrived;¹ he at once rose, mounted his horse, and galloped to the quay. They were disembarked before him, and then he ordered them to be arranged two and two, and to march thrice round the gallows erected near the place. A banner, stolen from some church, was placed in the hands of Henry, a young Capuchin novice, aged eighteen, and he was made to walk in front of the procession, with the Capuchins at his side bearing pikes with tufts of yellow grass at their heads, to represent candles, whilst the Evangelicals pelted them with stones and mud.

De la Mark made a sign to the procession to advance

¹ When De la Mark took Brill, "As soon as the conquerors were fairly established in the best houses of the place, the inclination to plunder the churches could no longer be restrained. The altars and images were all destroyed, the rich furniture and gorgeous vestments appropriated to private use. Adam van Haasen appeared on his vessel's deck attired in a magnificent High Mass chasuble. Treslong thenceforth used no drinking cups in his cabin, save the golden chalice of the Sacrament." Motley, *Revolt of Netherlands*, p. 465.

One of his barbarous acts there was to cut off the ears of a priest, and nail one to the city gate, and the other to the church door.

The "*Theatrum Crudelitatum Hæret. nostri temporis*" says that at Gouda they nailed the Host, which they took from the tabernacle in the church, to the town gallows, p. 58.

to Brill. Then the martyrs raised their voices, and burst forth into the *Salve Regina*. As they entered the gates they sang the *Te Deum*.

It was a strange spectacle. A solemn procession led by a sacred banner, followed by priests and friars, some in their habits, some in their shirts, haggard, bespattered with mud, with bruised faces, scarred also with wounds. One was an old man of sixty, another was seventy, and the venerable Wilehad was nearly ninety.

The mob of Calvinist zealots howled round the devoted band, throwing at them whatever came first to hand, and mocking them with blasphemous allusions to the great verities of their faith. Some showered sand over them; a man with a pail of salt-water splashed it in their faces, whining, "Thou shalt wash me with hyssop, and I shall be clean," in allusion to the rite of the Asperges before mass.

The martyrs were drawn up in the great square at Brill, and after having been made to march processionally round it thrice, were forced to kneel down and chant the Litany of the Saints. This they did heartily; but, when the last of the invocations was said, there was silence, for none knew who was to recite the collect. Then the mob burst forth in a boisterous roar, "Oremus! Oremus! we must have the collect for the last time in our town." Thereupon the aged Duneus rose from his knees, and in a clear voice, slowly, without hesitation, recited the collect. The martyrs responded Amen. At that moment the hour struck, and the carillon chimed melodiously over the heads of the martyrs and their persecutors, like an angel's song, out of the clear blue sky. It was eight o'clock.

The Nineteen were now taken to prison, where they found two priests from the neighbourhood, who had been caught by the Calvinists, Andrew Wallis, pastor of

Heinoort, and Adrian, priest of Maasdam. Wonderful is the providence of God! He putteth down one and setteth up another. The priest of Heinoort had led a life which had caused great scandal in his parish. Yet now he remained firm, and by his martyrdom for the faith, redeemed the past, whereas others who had led blameless lives in the hour of supreme trial fell away.

Shortly after, two more priests were thrust into the dungeon, Adrian Bechan and Jacques Lacop, the incumbent and curate of Munster in Holland. They were both Norbertines of the abbey at Middleburg in Zealand.

The dungeon into which the twenty-three confessors were cast was loathsome beyond description. It was beneath two other prisons, and all the filth from above fell into it, or streamed down the walls. It was unprovided with an opening for light and air, and the unfortunate men were huddled together in pitch darkness, in the midst of intolerable filth and stench. They groped with their feet for a dry spot on which to stand, and discovering by this means a space which was less deep in excrement than the rest, they remained crowded on it, as close as they could stand.

At three o'clock in the afternoon some food was offered them, but they were too sick and faint with the fetid odour of the place to be able to eat.

In the evening they were brought out for examination, before the Count de la Mark. During the interrogatory a soldier struck Leonard Vecchel with the back of his axe, and another hit him on the brow with a hammer, which cut the skin and covered his face with blood.

They were led back to prison, but this time into the one above the fetid dungeon in which they had been previously huddled. But the Calvinists, in their first interrogatory, had seen that three of the party were so overcome with

terror that they were disposed to sacrifice their faith to save their lives. These were a canon of Gorkum, the young novice Henry, and the parish priest of Maesdam. They were therefore given a more comfortable lodging in the house of the chief of the watch.

On the morrow, July 8th, the seven principal men of the company were brought before the High Admiral for a conference on religion with the Calvinist ministers. One of these, an old sailor of Gorkum, very ignorant, was impatient of argument, and at every pause, turned to the Admiral, saying, "Hang them! hang them! and so make an end of the matter."

That evening three letters were brought to De la Mark, one from the magistrates of Gorkum complaining that the detention and ill-treatment of the prisoners was a violation of the terms of capitulation; the second from Marinus Brandt, enclosing a copy of a letter he had received from the Prince of Orange ordering the release of the prisoners. De la Mark was furious. "This fellow Marinus Brandt, who a few years ago worked with pick and shovel, signs himself the Seigneur. And I am to take orders from him!"

At the same time the two brothers of Father Pic arrived, and made urgent appeal for his liberation. Pic refused to depart without his brethren. "If they will abjure the Pope they shall go," said De la Mark.

The brothers persuaded the Admiral to allow them to take Nicolas Pic to their lodging, and endeavour to break his oppugnance to the renunciation demanded of him. It is needless to recount their arguments. Suffice it that they failed, and Pic, wearied out, laid down on a bench and fell fast asleep. The brothers watched him, unwilling to disturb his placid rest, till about midnight, when Jacques Omale, the apostate priest of Liége, burst into the house

at the head of some armed men, sent by De la Mark to conduct Pic and the rest of the prisoners to execution.

As the chimes rang one o'clock in the morning of July 9th, 1572, the procession of martyrs was formed outside the prison, and they were made to walk out of Brill to a monastery called Ruggen, which the Gueux had lately dismantled and burnt.

At Ruggen was a large barn traversed by two beams, one long, extending from wall to wall, the other shorter.

Jacques Omale presided at their execution. They were allowed to embrace one another, and were then despoiled of their clothes to their shirts. The Father Guardian was the first to mount the fatal ladder. The rope was attached to his neck,—“See, my brethren, the way to heaven! Follow me as brave soldiers of Jesus Christ.” He was flung down, and died in the 38th year of his age. Then the rest were offered life if they would renounce their faith. Jerome van Werden cheerfully mounted the ladder. As he did so, the Calvinist minister came close up to him and scoffed at him for an idolater. Jerome, losing his temper, kicked him in the face through the bars of the ladder. It was then that the courage of Henry the Novice gave way finally, and he promised to renounce and disbelieve any of the articles of his faith the executioners would be pleased to desire. He was at once set free from his bonds.

“Alas!” cried Van Werden to the apostate Omale. “Hereafter, wilt thou, minister of Satan! answer to God for having led astray this poor ignorant lad!” The soldiers stopped his mouth by running a pike into it. The ladder was withdrawn, and as he hung the Calvinist soldiers amused themselves with slashing off a representation of the Crucifixion Van Werden had tattooed on his breast in memorial of a pilgrimage he had made to Rome. On

his right arm was another cross, and this they also defaced, with their pikes and knives.

Then the courage of a Capuchin, named William, failed, and he cried out that he would abandon his faith if they would spare his life. He was released. The cord round his neck was cut through with a hatchet, and a cloak was thrown over him. This poor wretch, so near his crown, was hung two months after by his new friends for theft. Henry the Novice escaped, and returned to the fold of the Church he had deserted.

Two or three of the younger martyrs, filled with horror and fear of death, implored the compassion of their executioners; but nothing would induce them to desert their religion.

Strange it seems to us who read not the secrets of men's hearts! The blameless priest of Maasdam fell away through fear of death, and the priest of Heinoort, who had caused scandal in his parish, without any apparent struggle, submitted to death.

Leonard Vecchel sighed at the thought of how the news would affect his old mother. Godfrey Duneus said to him, as he halted on the ladder, "Courage, Master Leonard! This day we shall assist at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Godfrey Duneus was the last to suffer. He was an old man of seventy, and almost childish. As he stood on the ladder, waiting for it to be withdrawn, the soldiers began to talk about sparing him. "He is but an old fool."

"Hasten, hasten to unite me with my brethren!" said the old priest. "Already I see heaven open." And then, after a pause, he added, "If I have wronged or offended any one, I ask his pardon."

The number of the martyrs was nineteen; eleven were

Capuchin friars, two Norbertines, one Dominican, an Augustinian canon, and four secular priests.

The names of the martyrs were Nicolas Pic, Guardian of the Capuchins.

Godfrey Duneus, secular priest.

Cornelis van Vic, a Capuchin friar of great simplicity.

Jerome van Werden, vice-guardian of the Capuchins.

Theodore Emden, chaplain of the convent of S. Agnes at Gorkum, an old man, a Capuchin.

Nicasius John Hezius, a Capuchin, an eloquent preacher, who knew the whole of the New Testament by heart.

Wilehad the Dane, aged ninety, a tall thin man, a Capuchin.

Anthony van Hornaas, a Capuchin.

Francis Rod of Brussels, a young Capuchin priest.

Peter van Ask, a Capuchin lay-brother.

Leonard Vecchel, parish priest of Gorkum.

Nicolas Poppel, priest of Gorkum.

John van Oostervic in Brabant, canon-regular of S. Augustine, a very old man.

John, priest of Hornaar, a Dominican from Cologne.

Adrian Becan, a Norbertine, aged forty.

Andreas Wallas, priest of Heinoort.

Jacques Lacop, a Norbertine, curate of Munster, hung not from the beam, but from the topmost rung of the ladder.

The execution was done so carelessly that they were long in expiring. The cord supported one only by the chin, another had it in his mouth, and bit it like a bridle. Nicasius did not die till after the sun had risen.

Before they were cold, the soldiers hacked the bodies and mutilated them in the most horrible manner. They fixed their noses, ears, and hands on their casques, or hung them over their pikes, and threw the bleeding mor-

sels in the faces of the people who came to see the sight. The soldiers made the curious pay to enter the grange and feast their eyes on the horrible objects within.

As the fat of those who have been hung was superstitiously believed to be useful in various diseases, the butchers cut up Jerome, who was fat, and extracted all the lard they could from his body, and sold it to quacks for the fabrication of unguents.

On the 10th, two ditches were dug, the bodies cast into them. There they remained till 1615, when they were exhumed and translated to Brussels. Portions of the relics have been given to many churches in Belgium.





SS. FELICITAS AND HER SEVEN SONS. After Cahier.
July, Part I. p. 250.]

[July 10.

July 10.

- SS. FELICITAS AND HER SEVEN SONS, *MM.* at Rome, 2nd cent.
 SS. RUFINA AND SECUNDA, *VV.*, *MM.* at Rome, A.D. 257.
 SS. JANUARIUS, MARINUS, NABOR, AND FELIX, *MM.* in Africa.
 SS. XLV. MARTYRS at Nicopolis, in Armenia, circ. A.D. 320.
 S. ETTO, *B.C.* at Lesse, in Belgium, circ. A.D. 660.
 S. AMALBERGA, *W.* at Maubeuge, in Belgium, 7th cent.
 S. PASCHARIUS, *B.C.* at Nantes, circ. 7th cent.
 S. AMALBERGA, *V.* at Temsche, near Ghent, A.D. 772.
 S. CANUTE, *K.M.* at Fyen, in Denmark, A.D. 1086.
 S. ULRIC, *C.* at S. Ulric, near Freiburg, in Bresgau, circ. A.D. 1093.
 THE DELIVERANCE OF HAL by the B. Virgin Mary, A.D. 1580.

SS. FELICITAS AND HER SONS, MM.

(2ND CENT.)

[Roman, and almost all Latin Martyrologies. Properly only the Seven Sons on this day, and S. Felicitas alone on November 23rd; but for convenience we give the Mother with her Sons to-day. S. Gregory the Great has left a sermon on S. Felicitas, and has celebrated her memory in his Sacramentary. S. Peter Chrysologus (d. 450) has also left a sermon on these Saints. There are two versions of the Acts. One, which the Bollandists and others are pleased to call the *Acta sincera*, and the other, which they denounce as spurious. But there is also another mother with her seven sons, martyrs, only the name of the mother is Symphorosa, commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on July 18th. Symphorosa has been supposed to be the same as Felicitas. The Greek word *sumphora* means a chance, often a mishap; sometimes, however, it is used in a fortunate sense, as good luck, a happy issue; and *Felicitas* has been supposed to be a Latin rendering of the name. This is possible. But possibly both are derived from the same source, the Mother and her Seven Sons, Martyrs, in 2 Maccabees, c. vii., Antiochus being changed into Antoninus, and his governor, Philip, into Publius. The spurious Acts are an amplification of the earlier ones. Neither, however, deserve much confidence.]



SAINT FELICITAS, according to the Acts, was a Roman lady who, being left a widow, served God instantly night and day, with prayers and good deeds. She had seven sons,

named Januarius, Felix,¹ Philip, Sylvanus, Alexander, Vitalis, and Martial, who also feared and served God.

Now Antoninus the emperor caused a persecution to be raised against the Church.² The virtues and example of Felicitas stirred up the rage of the heathen priests, and they laid hold on the Seven Sons, and brought them before Publius, prefect of the city, who ordered them to sacrifice to the gods.³ He said to Felicitas, "Have compassion on thy sons, youths in the flower of their age."

Felicitas replied, "Thy compassion is impiety, and thy advice is cruelty." Then, turning to her sons, she said, "Behold the heaven and look up, my sons! There Christ awaits you with his Saints. Fight for your souls, and shew yourself faithful to God."⁴ Then Publius ordered her to be struck, and said, "Darest thou give this advice in my presence!"

And when all seven refused, then Publius sent a notice of the examination to the emperor.⁵ And Antoninus ordered all seven to be executed; the first was beaten with leaded whips till he died. Felix and Philip were killed with a club. Sylvanus was cast headlong down a

¹ The names Januarius and Felix were probably adopted from two martyrs in Africa, venerated on this day. Sylvanus, from a Saint of that name in the Greek Menæa of this day.

² On the contrary, Antoninus Pius treated the Christians with mildness. Xiphilinas says he gave no trouble to the Christians; but treated them with respect. Antoninus is known to have written letters to several cities in favour of the Christians. This fact is preserved by Melito, bishop of Sardes. He says that Antoninus forbade the inhabitants of Athens, Thessalonica, and Larissa, to molest the Christians. That Felicitas and her Seven Sons should have suffered in his reign in Rome is impossible; the emperor, however, may have been Aurelius Antoninus, who was a persecutor.

³ 2 Maccab. vii. 7. "It came to pass also, that seven brethren with their mother was taken, and compelled by the king against the law to taste swine's flesh."

⁴ 2 Maccab. vii. 28. "I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and the earth, and all that is therein, and consider that God made them of things that were not . . . fear not this tormentor, but . . . take thy death."

⁵ Or king, as the Acts invariably call him, a suspicious circumstance.

precipice. Alexander, Vitalis and Martial were executed with the sword. Felicitas died in the same manner, by the sword, four months after.¹

Pope Benedict IX. gave the entire bodies of three of the brothers, SS. Philip, Juvenal,² and Felix, to Meinwerk, bishop of Paderborn. The entire body of Alexander, another of the brothers, was translated by Walbert, son of Witikind, to Wildeshusen in Westphalia, and in the Middle Ages the body of S. Felicitas was among the relics possessed by the Church of Minden. But two of the bodies are also preserved at Brescia, and all seven are shown in the church of S. Stephen at Bologna. The body of S. Philip is also shown, entire, in the convent of S. Maria de Saliz in the Sierra de Guadaloupe. But the bodies of S. Felicitas and her seven sons are also preserved in the monastery of Ottobeuren in Bavaria, of which they are patrons, whither they were translated in the 9th cent. The relics of S. Felicitas are, however, reckoned among those of which Cologne can boast possession. But on the other hand her body, and those of her seven sons, were brought from Rome by Cardinal Julius Spinola when acting as Apostolic nuncio to the Emperor Leopold I. of Austria, and were given by him to the dowager empress Maria Eleonora Gonzaga, who died in 1686. Where she bestowed them is not known to the writer.

However, the bodies of S. Felicitas and her Seven Sons are also exhibited to the veneration of the faithful in the cathedral of Montefiascone in Italy. The bodies of all eight also receive devout veneration in the church of S. John at Pavia; but the bones of all eight were also translated, according to Saussaye, to Sens, in France. Their loss at the French Revolution would have been greatly to

¹ 2 Maccab. vii. 41. "Last of all after the sons the mother died."

² A mistake for Vitalis.

be deplored had there not been so many more bodies of the same persons dispersed through the churches of Christendom.

In Art, S. Felicitas is represented holding a palm-branch, with her seven sons beside her; often represented of diminutive stature.

SS. RUFINA AND SECUNDA, VV., MM.

(A.D. 257.)

[Roman Martyrology, Sacramentary of S. Gregory, ancient Roman Martyrology, Ado, Notker, Usuardus, &c. Authority:—The Acts. There exist two versions of these, one given by Ado is short, the other an amplification, the interpolations being for the most part in the interrogatories. The Acts, as given by Ado, are not, however, in their genuine form; but have unquestionably been embroidered on by fancy. It is, however, probable that there is some foundation in fact for these Acts.]

RUFINA and Secunda were two virgin sisters in Rome, daughters of Asterius and Aurelia, of honourable family. They were betrothed by their parents to two young patricians, Armentarius and Verinus, who, like the maidens, were Christians. But when the persecution of Valerian and Gallienus broke out, the two young men renounced their faith to secure their lives. When Rufina and Secunda heard this, they refused to accept them as their husbands, and started in a closed carriage¹ for a villa that belonged to them in Tuscany. Armentarius and Verinus at once appealed to the Count Archisilaus, who arrested them on their road, and they were brought back to Rome, and led before the prefect of the city, Junius Donatus.² He tried

¹ "Basternæ pergebant vehiculo."

² Junius Donatus was prefect of the city in the third year of Gallienus and the fourth of Valerian. If the Acts had been forged, there certainly would have been a mistake in this. Consequently we may conclude that the Acts, as they originally stood, were genuine; but we have only an interpolated edition.

in vain to persuade them to renounce their religion, and marry the young patrician renegades. Their constancy aroused his fury. He ordered Secunda, the youngest, to be scourged before her elder sister, hoping to melt the heart of Rufina, and turn her from her purpose through compassion for the young girl.

But Rufina cried out, when the first strokes were laid upon her tender white shoulders, "Monster! why dost thou glorify my sister and dishonour me?" Then Junius Donatus said, "You are more of a fool than your sister."

"I am no fool," answered Rufina, "nor is my sister. But as we are both Christians let us both be beaten." Finding that nothing he could do would change their purpose, the prefect reluctantly gave orders for their execution on the Via Cornelia, at a place called Buxo. One was decapitated, the other beaten to death. Thus, no doubt, stood the old and genuine account of the martyrdom of these virgins; but it has suffered interpolation; according to which the prefect ordered the damsels to be thrown into the furnace of the public baths, and when the fires died out, and left the maidens unhurt, he had them both attached by the necks to one stone and thrown into the Tiber; but when the water refused to drown them, he ordered them to be taken out upon the Cornelian Road and executed. These additions are so common to the Acts of the Martyrs, which were falsified and enlarged by marvels always monotonously alike, and uniformly preposterous, that we may safely reject them. The main framework is almost certainly trustworthy.

The relics of these martyrs were discovered by pope Anastasius IV., and are now in the Lateran basilica of SS. Rufina and Secunda.

SS. JANUARIUS, MARINUS, NABOR AND FELIX,
MM.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology, that attributed to S. Jerome, and all Latin Martyrologists except Bede, Florus and Hrabanus. But at Milan on July 12th. SS. Nabor and Felix alone; as also the Roman Martyrology. That these two are the African Saints is most probable. Authority:—Mention in the Martyrologies.]

THESE four Saints are said to have been decapitated in Africa, but at what period is not stated. On July 12th, two of them are venerated at Milan, whither their bodies were anciently translated, and Acts of SS. Nabor and Felix exist, but they are probably apocryphal, and were composed at Milan after the relics had been translated thither. According to these Acts, Nabor and Felix were soldiers in Milan, who were summoned to sacrifice by the Emperor Maximian, and were tortured and executed by the governor, Anulinus, at Lodi Vecchio. Whether there really were two martyrs, Nabor and Felix, at Milan or Lodi, distinct from the African martyrs of the same name, or whether Nabor and Felix were Mauritanian soldiers who confessed Christ in Italy, or again, whether on the translation of the relics to Milan, the Acts were composed on some dim traditions brought over with their bones, is a question which it is impossible to decide. If Nabor and Felix suffered under Maximian their date is about 304. The Acts make no mention of Januarius and Marinus. Milan and Cologne contest the possession of the relics of SS. Nabor and Felix.

SS. XLV. MARTYRS OF NICOPOLIS.

(A.D. 320.)

[The Menology of the Emperor Basil and the Greek Menæa; also the Russian Kalendar. The modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Greek Acts. "Quid sentiam de Actis paucis intellige. Non sincera illa esse, sed episodice plus uno adornata, dramaticæque composita, indubitatum mihi videtur. Spirat enimvero in illis ingenium Metaphrastis, vel saltem alterius cujusdam ei non absimilis, trogædi sacri potius quam sinceri historici nomen promeriti." This is the judgment of Pinius the Bollandist. He suspects that the whole romance is made out of the martyrdom of XXXVI. at Alexandria (the names of several in each group being identical), commemorated the same day in the Martyrology of S. Jerome. "Quæ homonymia suspicionem fortasse nonnulli præbere poterit, hic æque, ac alibi, plus semel, inductæ alicujus confusionis, una fortasse Martyrum turba in duas distracta, vel, si hoc non vis, alterius in alteram nominibus derivatis." The title *Theotokos* given in the Acts to the Blessed Virgin Mary, perhaps indicates a date posterior to the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, though the term was used before. I am not disposed to regard the Acts as wholly fabulous, as there are here and there natural touches in them, such as do not occur in purely apocryphal Acts. But if there be a foundation of truth in them, they have been woefully disfigured by re-writing and amplification.]

THE Emperor Licinius is said by the Acts to have issued an edict of persecution against the Christians in the East, caused, he asserted, by their violence in dashing over the images of the gods in the night-time. He therefore ordered that thenceforth the Christians should be denied the use of the baths and of the public buildings.¹ It is in accordance with authentic history, that about this time Licinius did begin to expel his Christian subjects from offices of honour, and to exercise open persecution, so that the Roman world, in the language of Eusebius, was divided into two regions, those of day and night, the former basking in the sunshine of the rule of Constantine, the latter brooded over by the darkness of disbelieving Licinius.

¹ The edict in the Acts is not so improbable as one might suspect from its position.

Licinius proceeded to purge his household troops of those whose devotion to himself he might, not without reason, mistrust; none were permitted to retain their rank who refused to sacrifice, and he even proceeded to harsher extremities with the more obstinate. The greatest stress of persecution was felt in Pontus, and the adjoining province of Armenia Minor. Lysias, the general in command in Armenia Minor, at once proceeded to test the soldiers in the legion under his command.

In that legion were Leontius, Maurice, Daniel, and other Christian soldiers. On their refusal to sacrifice, their faces were beaten with stones, and they were imprisoned in the north tower of the walls of Nicopolis, and committed to the custody of two Egyptian soldiers named Meneas and Bolerad.

In the night, Leontius encouraged his fellow confessors by relating to them the heroic acts of the slave-girl Potamiæna (June 7th),¹ which he said he had heard of a man lately come from Egypt, who had received the story from the lips of S. Anthony the great abbot (d. 356).

The weather was intolerably hot, and the martyrs suffered acutely from thirst. A good woman, moved with compassion, brought them a pitcher of water under her long cloak (*masfortio*) without attracting the notice of the guard, who were perhaps disposed to be indulgent to fellow-soldiers.

Next day, the prisoners were again brought before Lysias;² and he ordered them to the rack, and that their

¹ See June 7, p. 68. The place of her martyrdom was Helenopolis. Palladius relates the same story.

² The writer of the Acts has interpolated a dream. Satan comes to the bedside of Lysias, and says, "Get up out of bed. I am Esculapius by whom you swore yesterday. And now, go, and subdue those men." Then the god enters into details of the tortures to which he is to subject them.

sides should be torn with rakes and hooks. There was present a Christian, named Herod, who, however, did not proclaim his belief, and remained on good terms with the general. He sent his secretary, named Philinus, to the martyrs, as they were being taken away, to ask what he could do for them. "Obtain that we may be killed outright instead of being longer tortured," said Leontius bluntly. Herod was asked by Lysias to sup with him that evening. "I cannot," said Herod, "my stomach is turned with the sight of the bleeding flesh and protruding bowels. I could not eat a bit. Let those fellows be put out of their misery. If they will not obey the emperor, kill them, do not torment them." "Well, well," said Lysias; "they shall be burned to-morrow." That evening the charitable woman again came to the gates bringing water under her cloak; but was refused admission. "Give us water; we are perishing of thirst!" said Leontius in Armenian, as the guards were Egyptian and did not understand that tongue. The woman went round to a little slit in the wall, which admitted some light and air, and managed to convey water to them through it.

In the meantime, the two Egyptians who had charge of the prisoners were discontented, and complained to one another in their own language. "I have always been a friend of the Christians," said Meneas; "they are harmless folk, and I have seen their hermits in Egypt fast and work miracles."

"I only wish," answered Belerad, "that some general"—he alluded to Constantine—"would come and force our governor to die for his gods Esculapius and Apollo. But he's too fond of his life to die for them, I promise you; all he cares for is to curtail our wages and stint us of our rations. If these men hope to gain eternal rewards from

their God, so that they are ready to die for him, better throw in our lot with them than with Licinius and Lysias."¹ They entered the prison, and were embraced by the confessors, who thereupon declared to them the way of God more perfectly.

On the morrow, the whole company, including the two Egyptians, five and forty in all, appeared before Lysias, who ordered their hands and feet to be cut off, and that then they should be cast into a fire, and their ashes strewn in the river Lycus.

They were thrown down on the ground, and their hands and feet hewn off with a pole-axe. When Anicetus, the first of the sufferers, saw his one foot not wholly amputated, but mangled, he said, "See, my brethren, this fruit-bearing axe!" and they all rejoiced with him. The author of the Acts goes on to say that another, Sisinnius, lying on the ground, fevered with pain, in the broiling sun, cried to God, and prayed that his thirst might be miraculously allayed. Then he turned his mouth towards a rock heated by the glare, and there was immediately a sound as of waters, and the rock was rent, and a limpid stream gushed out, "as may be seen even unto this day."

This may, however, be only a legend added by the writer from popular report.

And when all had lost their hands and feet, some already dead were cast on a fire, others dying were heaped on the pyre, and their blood nearly extinguished the flames, for they were five and forty in all. But the lictors missed one. It was Sisinnius. And when he saw that they had omitted to cast him into the flames, he cried to them, "I am here!

¹ It may be seen from this conversation, which certainly has an air of truth about it, that there was a brooding discontent among the troops of Licinius. That emperor could not fail to be aware that before long he and Constantine would be opposed to one another, and this accounts for his determination to weed his army of Christian soldiers, who might desert his eagles for the Labarum.

I am here!" So they took him up, and he perished in the flames with his brethren.

Then, when all were dead, Lysias ordered their burned bodies to be flung into the river.

S. ETTO, B.C.

(ABOUT A. D. 660.)

[Belgian, Gallican, and Benedictine Martyrologies. Authority:—A Life, late, composed probably by a monk of Liesse; but at what date is uncertain, except that it is late.]

S. ETTO was an Irishman, a disciple of S. Fursey at Lagny on the Marne, where that Saint had settled, and erected a monastery, in or about, the year 644. That monastery was a nursery of several saints, who spread over Gaul and Belgium, a S. Emilian, S. Eloquius, S. Adalgis, and S. Bertwin. Of these, however, some were certainly not of Irish blood.

Etto settled on a little stream at Thiérache, near the town of Avesnes, where he cleared away the brambles and built himself a cell. He was wont to visit the abbey of Hautmont, where he met S. Amandus, S. Wasno, and S. Humbert. He is said to have cured a dumb cow-herd by striking him with his staff. He is thought to have received episcopal unction; but the fact wants corroboration. He died in the monastery of Fiscan, in the village of Dom-pierre. His relics were translated to Mons, and afterwards to the abbey of Liesse.

An arm-bone is preserved at Buinvilliers, near Arras. He is represented with oxen at his feet, as he is invoked by cow-herds and cattle drivers. He is called in French S. Zé

S. AMALBERGA, V.

(A.D. 772.)

[Belgian Martyrologies, Roman and Benedictine Martyrologies. Authorities:—A Sermon on the Saint by Radbod, bishop of Utrecht, d. 918; and a Life, of no great historical value, by Theodoric, abbot of S. Tron, d. 1107.]

S. AMALBERGA, of the family of Pepin l'Herstal, was born at Ardennes, and was brought up by S. Landrada, abbess at Munsterbilsen. From early childhood she was distinguished for her innocence, piety, and exceeding beauty, the rumours of which having reached the court of King Pepin, he came to the abbey with a numerous retinue, to demand her hand for his son Charles. But she had made up her mind to devote herself to the Lord, and she refused the tempting offer. According to the legend, Charles himself came to urge his suit in person, and proceeded to lavish sundry endearments on her, which she received with considerable repugnance. His attention was fortunately distracted by a bear which had eaten a woman's honey and upset her hive. He forgot Amalberga, to pursue and kill the bear. But when the bear was dead, and, hot and exhausted, Charles returned to prosecute his amorous advances, to his indignation he found that the damsel had run away.

Pepin, finding the virgin so resolute, married his son to Hildegarde, daughter of Desiderius, king of the Lombards.¹ Amalberga had taken refuge at Andenne, on the Meuse, below Namur, with the abbess S. Begga. But on the death of her parents, the right of taking charge of her

¹ This is Theodoric's story. In reality Charlemagne did not marry Hermingarde (her name was not Hildegarde) till after the death of his father, and to do so he divorced his wife, an obscure person, whose name has not been preserved. Pepin died in 768. Charlemagne married Hermingarde in 771, and divorced her in 772; and then married Hildegarde, a Swabian lady.



S. AMALBERGA. After Cahier.

devolved on Hunrod, a noble in high favour with Charles.

As soon as the king heard that the young girl was in the house of his favourite, he resolved to make her his wife, and exalt her to share the throne with him. The careless indifference of Charlemagne to his nuptial vows, the readiness with which he divorced a wife and contracted a new marriage, showed Amalberga that the existence of a lawful wife could not protect her from the rude and reckless passion of the great king. She fled with her brother Rodin, first to Villevorde, and then to Meteren. Some time after, Charlemagne heard where she was, and went to Meteren. She fled into the church, and with a pair of scizzors, shore off her hair, and then veiled her head. Charles the Great rushed in, and finding her veiled, asked what priest had dared veil his bride elect. He caught her by the arm, tore off the veil, and when he saw how she had disfigured her head, burst into a paroxysm of rage. In attempting to drag her out of the church, he broke her arm.

According to a popular legend, from Meteren she betook herself to Temsche, on the Scheld, a place that belonged to her. But on reaching the banks of the river found no boat. A huge sturgeon, however, presented his back; she mounted it, and he bore her across the river. This story is not told by Theodoric. In memory of this miracle, a sturgeon is annually offered on this day by the fishermen of the Scheld to the chapel of S. Amalberga at Temsche.

The Saint erected a church at Temsche in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and died there at the age of thirty-one, in the year 772.

A procession is made every year, on the third day in Whitsun week, at Temsche, in honour of S. Amalberga.

A fountain is shown there, of which the following story is told :—A spring bubbled up in a field, and as it was the only one in the neighbourhood, everyone sent to it for drinking water, and the crops in the field were injured. Thereupon the owner forbade access to it. Amalberga thereupon went to the spring, filled a *sieve* with water, and bore it to an adjacent field, to which all could have access. She emptied the sieve there, and the spring rose where she had spilt the water. The relics of S. Amalberga were translated in 870 to S. Peter's at Ghent; but were dispersed by the Calvinists in 1578.

In Art, S. Amalberga is represented with a sieve in her hand, a sturgeon at her side, trampling on Charlemagne. Geese are sometimes represented with her, as she is said to have banished a flock from Meteren, where they were devouring the newly-sown grain.

S. Amalberga, widow, venerated the same day at Lobbes, was the mother of S. Gudula.

S. CANUTE, K.M.

(A.D. 1086.)

[Roskilde and Sleswig, and other Danish Breviaries; and Modern Roman Martyrology. Canonized in 1100 by Paschal II. Authorities :—Life and Passion of S. Canute, by an anonymous writer after the body had been elevated and translated in 1095. Also, another Life by Aelnoth, monk of Canterbury, written at Odensee in Denmark, about the year 1120. Also, a Life in Saxo Grammaticus, d. 1204. Also, the valuable account in the *Knytlinga Saga* (*Fornmanna Sögur*, xi. pp. 214—281.) This is infinitely superior to all the other accounts. The former are by ecclesiastics who omit everything but what tells in favour of the Saint. The Saga writer gives the actual history, without exaggerating his virtues or vices.¹]

¹ I have followed the Saga in preference to the Latin accounts, as being far more reliable and as being more minute in its details.

SWEYN ULFSSON, king of Denmark, was married to Gunnhilda, daughter of earl Sweyn, and had by her a son named after him. But by concubines Sweyn had thirteen sons who lived, and daughters not a few.¹ His eldest illegitimate son was Knut or Canute, who died in the life-time of his father on a pilgrimage to Rome. The second was Harald Hein, and the third Knut, or S. Canute. The fourth was Olaf, and then came his only son born in wedlock, Sweyn.

When king Sweyn had reigned twenty-nine years, he summoned a Thing, or parliament, in Jutland, with permission to choose a successor, lest after his death strife should break out among his sons, and the land be distracted with war. The consent of the nobles and bonders having been given, king Sweyn said, "Harald is my eldest son, as you know, but Knut is the sturdiest built and most lusty man of all my sons, and is a proved soldier, therefore I think it best that he should succeed me." And when the council had agreed, it separated. The king died almost immediately after, in the year 1076.

After the death of Sweyn, what he had dreaded threatened to take place. Each son gathered his friends about him, and prepared to assert his claims. Asbjorn the Earl had married his daughter to Harald, and he maintained the rights of Harald, as the eldest, to the throne, and he was joined by several of the most powerful nobles of Denmark. A Thing was summoned to meet in Jutland, and Harald was elected. Knut retired, "red as blood," to his ships, and danger of civil war threatened, but was averted by Harald offering Knut the earldom of Zealand, and by a promise made by all the chieftains of Denmark

¹ Aelnoth, after praising Sweyn for his piety, mentions casually that he had several illegitimate children; but then, he adds, all sins are forgiven men except the sin against the Holy Ghost.

that Knut should succeed Harald in the event of his surviving him.

Harald was a quiet king, not a firm ruler, and things went much their own way during the four years that he reigned; and the Danes called him in derision Harald the Tame. On his death, in 1080, Knut was unanimously elected king by the Danes, in a council at Viborg. As soon as he was chosen, he stood up and said, "You Danes repaid my brother Harald his goodwill and gentleness by calling him Harald Hein, or 'the Tame,' and that was done in ridicule of him; and now I shall repay it you. You shall have ill at my hands, and I shall ride roughshod over you."

Then king Knut rode to Halland and held a council, and ordered the bonders to pay him at once a procuracy tax. One of the farmers stood up and said, "We will have no illegal extortion from the king; we will have law, and naught else." And he sat down amidst general applause.

"You have well said, we will have law," answered the king haughtily. "Now, hark ye, Bonders of Halland. By law I can forbid your pigs and other cattle from entering my forests. I forbid them to enter them for beach-masts and acorns." This dismayed the farmers, for the greater part of Halland was covered with forest, which was claimed as a preserve by the king; and their swine had fed in the woods. Then they came round to the king's terms, but he did not leave till he had put to death the farmer who had so boldly appealed to law against him.

Thence Knut went to Skaney, and summoned a council. "Ye men of Skaney," said Knut; "ye have heard how the men of Halland have been brought to pay me what I exacted of them. Now I ask the same of you. And think not to escape, because ye have no forests here. Does not all the waste land, and all that is uncultivated, belong

to the Crown?" They admitted that such was the case. "The sea then is mine," said Knut; "pay me the tax I demand, or I forbid your fishing in the sea, for that is unenclosed and uncultivated, and therefore Crown property."

Before Knut became king, he had cruised in the Baltic, fighting and plundering, and it was said that he had conquered ten petty kings on the shores of that sea. During the reign of Harald, piracy and robbery had not been put down with a high hand, but directly Knut held the sceptre, there was a change. He expelled every heathen out of Denmark, sank the boats of pirates who plundered the coasts, and put to death, without compunction, everyone convicted of theft, or murder, or piracy, hewing off their hands and feet, and taking all their goods to himself.

He married Adela, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders. To his brother Eric he gave the earldom of Zealand, and kept his brother Benedict about his person. Olaf was the same age as himself, probably by another mother. Knut was a man of dissolute morals. He once violated the wife of a priest, who had hospitably received him, and fed him and his retinue, and offered him on the morrow a gold ring in reparation of the wrong he had done him.¹

An instance of his stern justice is recorded. There was a man named Egill, who was steward of the Crown farms in Borgholm. On a harrying expedition against the Wends, he drank three long draughts of human blood, when thirsty and faint with fighting, and was, therefore, called Blood-Egill. He gathered so many servants about him, and had so many fighting-ships, that Knut began to fear his pride and power. The king of Norway sent to Denmark to make enquiries about the fate of a trading vessel which had left his coast in the spring, and had not been heard of since. Knut suspected Egill, and secretly

¹ Aelnoth says that his morals were all that could be desired after his marriage.

collecting an armed and trusty band, entered Borgholm, unknown to Egill, his steward. He found on the beach traces of a great fire, burnt brands and reddened shingle. At night, when Egill and his vikings were making merry in carouse, the king's followers surrounded the house, and Blood-Egill was summoned to come forth. He admitted that when the trader lay at anchor under a neighbouring islet, he and his men had boarded her, drawn her up on the beach, ransacked her, and then ruthlessly burnt the vessel with her shrieking crew. The king at once put Egill to death, and cut off the hands and feet of nearly all his followers; the rest he outlawed.

Olaf, king of Norway, was invited by Knut of Denmark to join him in an invasion of England, or at least a harrying of the English coast, and the Norwegian king sent a fleet to meet the Danes in Limafjord. Knut had given notice to his subjects to assemble there, and immense bodies of armed men, and war ships, arrived at the appointed time, but not the king. In fact, as he was starting, the news reached him that the Wends, resenting the attacks of Blood-Egill, meditated a descent on the Danish coast, and the king deemed it unadvisable to leave his country till he had made peace with the Wends. He therefore despatched ambassadors, explaining that Egill had acted against his orders, had been punished by him, and offering an indemnity. The Wends accepted these terms, and then Knut started for Limafjord.

But in the meantime, the large assembly of nobles and bonders, unconstrained by the presence of the king, had discussed their causes of complaint. Never had there been such heavy taxation, never such cruel interference with their cherished liberties of committing piratical depredations on their neighbours, and they resolved on demanding redress of their grievances before sailing

on the expedition against England. They commissioned Olaf, the king's brother, to bear their complaints to Knut. When Knut saw the deputation arrive, he refused to listen to them, but threw his brother into chains, and sent him to Baldwin of Flanders, to be kept a prisoner at the king's pleasure.

When the news reached the assembly in Limafjord, it dispersed in high anger and alarm; so that on the arrival of Knut at the appointed place of meeting, he found only the Norsemen. He was obliged to dismiss them, as he was unable to support them, and then went round his country to chastise his independent subjects. He suddenly descended on Fyen, and convoked the bonders before him. They assembled trembling, and the king imposed on them a crushing tax, in punishment for their desertion of him in his meditated expedition. Then he visited Jutland, and by his threatening countenance and angry denunciation of their conduct, the Jutlanders saw that they had the worst to fear. Thereupon Thord Skori, and Tolar Verpill, two of the chief men in Jutland, summoned a Thing, or assembly, to meet and consult at Randers, what measures should be taken in self-preservation. Thord rose and addressed the meeting thus: "You have heard what the king has done elsewhere, how he is travelling over the country with rapine and violence, which he carries on by means of his Wendish mercenaries. He has irritated the hearts of all the people, and there is not a man of worth about his person; aye, and it is well-known that none will attend him who have any humanity in them, for he is a man as treacherous as he is rapacious, acting towards his subjects not as a king, but as a pirate, butchering many, and outlawing others, and pillaging all. He has wrested their lands from some without plausible excuse, and has brought the whole country into misery. It is

well to consider that we must not look for any diminution of these outrages and injustice, so long as he is king, and we are disposed to endure his tyrannies. If you will take my advice, we will oppose his entrance into the district of Randers, and meet him at the river Guden Aa." His advice was taken, and a powerful conspiracy was formed to oppose the king.

In the meantime, Knut was feasting at Sea-end, at the head of Limaiford, unconscious of the hostility his exactions had elicited, and the danger that threatened him. He sent two of his men to Randers, to announce his intention of holding a Thing there; but his messengers returned with shields pierced with arrows, and wounded, as they attempted to cross the river to the insurgents. Knut was very angry; but did not feel strong enough to suppress the insurrection, and therefore sent another messenger, named Toli, with sixty men, to order the insurgents to disperse, and continued his course to Fyen. But scarcely had he left the place where he had been feasting, than the bonders came upon it, pillaged and burnt his palace, and marched in pursuit of him. On all sides the nobles and bonders rose, and Knut was obliged to escape, first to Viborg, and then, with a few followers, into Fyen. He took refuge at Odensee; but sent his wife and son by ship to Flanders, with entreaty that Count Baldwin would send him speedy assistance.

The army of the bonders, commanded by Earl Asbjorn, crossed the Sound to Middlefart, and marched rapidly upon Odensee.

On the morning of July 10th, the king heard a sung mass. Before mass, a message was brought him that the bonders were on the opposite side of the river, and he heard when mass was over, that they had crossed. All his presence of mind seemed to have deserted him, and he

began to ask, when too late, of his brother Benedict and others around him, what was best to be done.

"Take my advice," said Earl Eric, "mount a horse and fly."

"No," said the king. "Then I should leave you a prey in the hands of these rebels. Better hand me over to them, and so secure your lives."

"What! and have all the girls of Denmark point at us as traitors, afraid to die for our king!" exclaimed Benedict. His speech met with applause; and the brave men made a ring round the wooden church,¹ determined to sell their lives and that of the king dearly. The king remained inside the church and prostrated himself before the altar, and wept over his sins. Then, tearing off his scarlet kirtle, he went to the priest who had sung the mass, and gave him the kirtle, saying, "Take this, and in return offer prayers for my men who shall die to-day, and also for those of the bonders who fall by their swords." Then he knelt, and made his confession, and forgave all his enemies. And his shrift ended, he sat down before the altar, and threw over his silk dress a scarlet mantle, and calling to him Sweyn Thorgunnsson, gave him his belt and knife. "I thank you," said the sturdy Dane, "and trust to defend my life with this knife to-day." "Take care and protect your life as well as you can," said the king. "And indeed, I fancy you will survive this day."

Then he took a psalter, and began to sing.

By this time the bonders were before the church, shouting for the king to come forth and show himself like a man, and not slink away like a coward.

Benedict, the king's brother, stood in the church door. He was a tall, stout man, and wore that day a gilded

¹ "Thar var trekirkja mikil, ok margir storir glergluggar." "It was a large wooden church, with many great glass windows."

helmet, a red kirtle under his breast-plate, silk sleeves, a red shield, with a gilt horseman painted on it.

"Come into the church over my body, if you want to see the king," said Benedict.

Then the bonders came on, shouting, "Now, king! we will repay you the robberies you have committed!" and with each blow one cried out, "Here's my return for the ox you carried off!" or another, "Here's for the cow you stole!" and another, "Thus I repay the horse you despoiled me of."

After many of the bonders had fallen, and no advance had been made, Earl Ashjorn bade them throw stones through the church windows. The glass was broken, and great stones crashed in, wounding and killing the gallant defenders of the king. Finding that they could not hold out where they were, Benedict called his companions to retreat to the choir. This they did, and the bonders burst into the church after them. The struggle became doubly furious at the chancel gates, and the sacred floor was strewn with dead. Arrows and stones whirled in through the windows on the gallant band, who were gradually thinned by the overpowering numbers of their assailants. The blood was ankle-deep in the church. A stone struck Knut on the brow, and made a gash. He at once brought the lavabo dish, set it on his knee, and let the blood drip into it, "so as not to spoil his dress,"¹ says the historian and continued chanting his psalter as composedly as before, whilst his gallant men fell before him.

There came at length a pause in the onslaught, and the king's men were glad to rest. Benedict stood in the midst of the choir, leaning on his shield. He was not wounded; but was tired out with fighting.

Then came in one of the conspirators, named Eyvind

¹ "At eigi blaeddi a klædin."

the Beaver, with a cloak on ; but no weapon in his hands, and asked Benedict to allow him to speak with the king. Each side had suffered severely, and some arrangement might be come to which would prevent further bloodshed.

"You shall not come near the king," said Benedict, "for as every one knows, you are the most treacherous of men ; and now, I am disposed to fall on you."

The king interrupted his monotonous chant to mingle in the conversation. "Let him in, Benedict," said Knut, "I have often done him a good turn, and he may be disposed to return it now, by making peace."

Benedict reluctantly allowed Eyvind to pass. When the man came before Knut, he saluted the king ; but Knut looked at him, and did not return his greeting. Then, suddenly, Eyvind slipped his cloak from his shoulder, drew out a sword he had concealed, and ran the king through the body.

Before the king's men had recovered from their dismay, Eyvind leaped on the altar, and began to scramble out of the east window, through the broken glass ; but Palma, the brother-in-law of Knut, rushed after him, and struck him across the shoulders with his sword. The blow slipped to his waist, the head and shoulders fell through the window, and the legs dropped bleeding upon the altar.

Erick and Benedict, the king's brothers, now advised that each should strive to cut his way through the enemy, and escape as best he might. Benedict threw his shield over his back, and seizing his sword with both hands, sprang out of the choir, and hewed his way to the church door, followed by his men. But their adversaries were too numerous, and Benedict fell, covered with wounds. Then the bonders offered peace, and the rest of the king's men were allowed to depart unharmed. Sweyn was among the

survivors. The king's knife had stood him in good stead in the combat.

Asbjorn the Earl, after the battle, went to Eyrarsund and slept in a barn. During the night he was attacked by rats. He leaped out of the loft, and was followed by the rats. He jumped into the sea to swim to his ship, and the black swarm pursued him, caught him up, and tore his face, and gnawed his nose off, so that he died.

Knut and Benedict were buried at Odensee. Olaf, the fourth son of Sweyn Ulfsohn, succeeded to the throne of Denmark.

Next year he was at a feast in Fyen, when a priest, who had sung mass before him, came to tell him that a marvellous light had been seen over the tomb of his brother Knut, and that various wonders had been wrought there. Olaf said, laughing, "I knew too much of my brother Knut to believe that he is a Saint. So hear'ye. If I hear any more of this, I shall visit it with death." The priest was so frightened with the threat, that he said no more about it, and no one spoke of Knut being a saint during his reign. But on the accession of Erick, in 1095, the body of Knut was taken up. Denmark had been afflicted with famine in the reign of Olaf, and it was supposed that this was sent in judgment for the murder of Knut, and to stir up the people to veneration of the martyr. A deputation was sent to Rome, to request that he might be formally canonized; information was taken on the miracles reported to have been worked on the grave; but the pope must have been grossly misinformed as to the character of Canute.

In 1100, a Papal Bull was issued, enrolling S. Canute in the list of Saints and Martyrs to be invoked and venerated by the faithful.

The bodies of Knut and Benedict repose in carved oak chests at Odensee, at the present day.

OUR LADY OF HAL.

(A.D. 1580.)

[Authority:—Lipsius : *Diva Virgo Hallensis* ; Antw., 1604.]

AT Hal, in Belgium, on this day, is commemorated the deliverance of that town, attributed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, of whom a miraculous image is preserved in the parish church. The image is about two feet high, and is black. It belonged to S. Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II., king of Hungary, and his queen, Gertrude, daughter of the duke of Meran, Carinthia, and Istria.

S. Elizabeth was betrothed to Louis, son of the Landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, at the age of three, and was married to him when fourteen. The next year she became a mother. Her daughter Sophia, having married Henry, duke of Brabant, brought the image given her by her mother into Brabant, and gave it to Mathilda, wife of Florence IV., Count of Holland and Zealand, who presented it to the church of Hal.

In 1489, Philip, duke of Cleves, invaded Brabant and Hainault, and resolved on the reduction of Hal, which was important, on account of its proximity to Brussels. Having contrived a plot with some of the citizens, that during the night they should throw open the gates and admit him, he approached their town secretly with six thousand men. But the conspiracy having got wind, the garrison prepared to give him a warmer reception than he had anticipated. He was allowed to cross the fosse and approach the gates, without the least resistance being offered ; but then a heavy fire was poured into his troops, and the duke fell back discomfited, with great loss.

In the following year, the Duke of Cleves made an attempt on Hal. He invested and bombarded the place

with an overwhelming force. The inhabitants hastened to the church, to implore the protection of God and the Blessed Virgin, and then rushed to the defence of their walls, and resisted with so much energy the assault of the duke's soldiers, that they withdrew with loss, and next day, hearing of the approach of the Prince of Chimhay to the relief, they decamped.

In 1580, moreover, Oliver van der Tempel, at the head of a body of Gueux, or Calvinist insurgents, unsuccessfully assaulted Hal. Amongst the "beggars" was John Zwyck, a violent anti-Catholic, who vowed, if God would let him enter the gates, "that he would, with his own hands, cut off the nose of the motherkin of Hal."

One of the first shots fired by the besieged carried off the nose of Zwyck. Another of the same party swore that he would remove the image to Brussels, and that he would burn it in public; but the fulfilment of his oath was prevented by a cannon-ball, which tore away his cheek and mouth, and he died shortly after.

Metz must abandon her title to La Pucelle; but Hal may claim it, for the sacred town has held out against all besiegers, and the cannon-balls in the church testify to the assaults she has endured, and to the harmlessness of the weapons forged against her. They are some of those which fell in the streets during the above-recorded sieges.

An annual procession, on this day, commemorates the last deliverance from the hands of the Calvinists.

July 11.

- S. PIUS I., *Pope of Rome*, A.D. 157.
 S. SIDRONIUS, *M. at Rossieres, tr. to Messines in Flanders, circ. A.D. 270.*
 S. CYNDEUS, *P.M. at Sida, in Pamphylia, 3rd cent.*
 SS. SAVINE AND CYPRIAN, *MM. at Brescia in Italy.*¹
 S. DROSTAN, *C. in Scotland, circ. A.D. 600.*
 S. JOHN, *B.M. of Bergamo in Italy, circ. A.D. 683.*
 S. HILDULF, *Abp. of Treves, A.D. 707.*
 S. PLACIDUS, *M., AND SIGISBERT, C., in the Grisons, 7th cent.*
 S. KETILL, *C. at Viborg in Denmark, A.D. 1151.*

S. SIDRONIUS, M.

(CIRC. A.D. 270.)

[Roman, Gallican, and Belgian Martyrologies. Authority:—The apocryphal Acts, composed in Flanders in 1062.]



IN 1062, Adela, wife of Baldwin the Pius, count of Flanders, translated the bones of S. Sidronius from Rome to Messines, south of Ypern, in Flanders. About this time, Acts of the Saint were fabricated: they are full of absurdities, and do not deserve further notice. The church of Sens, in France, however, claimed also to possess the relics of this martyr.

S. CYNDEUS, P.M.

(3RD CENT.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology, and modern Roman Martyrology. Authority:—Mention in the Menology of Basil.]

S. CYNDEUS was a priest of Sida, in Pamphylia, who, in the persecution of Diocletian, was shod with iron boots, having nails pointed inwards, and made to walk to the place of execution. On his way, his guards met a poor

¹ The Acts are fabulous.

man carrying a load of wood, and bought it of him. The wood was placed on the back of Cyndeus, who bore it to the spot where he was to die, then kindled the pyre, and rushed into the flames and perished.

S. DROSTAN, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 600.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Dempster, in his *Scottish Menology*. Wilson, in his *Anglican Martyrology*. Invoked in a Culdee litany, given by Stubbs and Haddan, *Eccl. Doc. II.*, Part I., Ap. c. Authority:—The Lessons in the Aberdeen Breviary.]

S. DROSTAN, according to the tradition preserved in the Aberdeen Breviary, was of royal Irish blood, and a nephew of S. Columba. He was trained by that great abbot at Iona, and afterwards received the habit of religion in the monastery of Dalcongail, and was elected to be abbot. He founded a church in Glen-esk, and another at Kill-Drostan, in the neighbourhood of Elgin. He is named by Adamnan as a disciple of S. Columba, and as having formed Christian settlements at Aberdeen and Deer, in Buchan, and his bones were anciently revered at Aberdour.

S. HILDULF, B., AB.

(A.D. 707.)

[Gallican and Treves Martyrologies. Usuardus, Greven, Wyon, and the Lubek-Cologne Martyrology. Authority:—Three Lives of the Saint. The first, compiled from an earlier life, now lost, about 964. The second, an amplification of the first life. The third, a condensation of the second. The chronology in these lives needs correction, as they are misleading. They state that Hildulf succeeded Milo in the bishopric of Treves. Milo, son of S. Leodwin, former bishop of Treves, was gored by a boar, and died in 753. We are also told that Pepin, father of

Charlemagne, was king, and assisted at the election of S. Hildulf. Pepin reigned from 751 to 768. The writer of the first Life found in the MS. he used, that Hildulf lived at the time of Pepin. He concluded this must be Pepin, son of Charles Martel. His authority did not state whom he succeeded. He, therefore, knowing the date of Milo, inserted Hildulf after him. The writers of the other two Lives followed servilely. But this is a mistake. We are told that S. Hildulf translated the body of S. Maximin, and from a life of that Saint, written in 839, we learn that this translation took place before the times of Milo and Pepin. We are told also that S. Hildulf baptised the infant Odilia, daughter of Ethic, duke of Elsass. From charters and grants of Chilperic II. and Thierry (652—691), with the signature of Ethic, we can fix his date. We are also told that S. Hildulf and S. Deodatus were friends, and met every year; that S. Deodatus died before S. Hildulf. Now S. Deodatus died in 679. The mistake has arisen from the writers of all these lives taking Pepin of Herstatt for Pepin, son of Charles Martel. Hildulf succeeded S. Numerian, in 666, when Pepin of Herstatt was mayor of the palace. Pepin only became king of Austrasia in 678, and died in 714.]

S. HILDULF was born of a noble family in Noricum, and was educated at Ratisbon, with his brother Erard, where he received clerical orders.

On the death of S. Numerian, bishop of Treves, in, or about, the year 666, Hildulf was talked of as his successor. Thereupon the Saint fled to a solitary place, near the Danube,¹ but was discovered, and brought to Treves, where he was unanimously elected bishop, and his appointment confirmed by the king.

He lived a life of singular asceticism, macerating his body, and devoting all his time to prayer for the care of his diocese. But the anxieties of his charge were distasteful to a spirit loving tranquillity, and he determined to desert his post, and retire into the forests and hills of the Vosges, and live alone with God, his own soul, and untamed nature. In vain did the people implore him to remain; in 671, he resigned his mitre and crosier, and settled at a place he called the Middle Monastery, or Moyer-Moutier,

¹ The writer of the first life says he fled into Istria; but this is evidently absurd. The river Ister—the Danube—is meant, unquestionably.

between those of S. Diè, Bon-Moûtier, Sénonès, and Estival.

He is said to have formed a warm attachment for S. Deodatus, abbot of Jointures, afterwards called S. Dié. And once a year the abbots met to converse together, and enjoy the sight and society of each other. This friendship lasted eight years, and when S. Deodatus died, the charge of both monasteries devolved, by the expressed wish of S. Deodatus, on S. Hildulf, who, in memory of their loving meetings, allowed the monks of Jointures and those of Moyen-Moûtier, to meet once a year, for affectionate discourse. Deodatus is said to have appeared in vision to his friend before his death, to warn him that the time of his departure was at hand.

The relics of S. Hildulf are preserved to this day, in the monastery church, now converted into a parish church; but the silver shrine which enclosed them before the Revolution has disappeared.

SS. SIGISBERT, C., AND PLACIDUS, M.

(7TH CENT.)

[Chur Breviary. Venerated in the Grisons. Authority:—Mostly legendary notices in the Bollandists, and an account from the Disentis Annals in "Die Wallfahrtsorte d. Schweiz," by Burgener, 1867.]

S. SIGISBERT is said to have been, if not a disciple of S. Columbanus himself, at all events a monk of Luxeuil, who had been trained under his rule. He is said to have been an Irishman, but his Teutonic name refutes this supposition. When S. Columbanus and S. Gall went on their apostolic mission to the heathen in Switzerland, Sigisbert is thought to have accompanied them, and on the return of Columbanus to Bobio, to have remained in the Alps,

and having found a site that pleased him, near the sources of the Vorder Rhine, in the long valley between the snowy ridges that culminate in the Todi and the Scopi, he settled there, and called the place the Desert. In 613, he built a little chapel and a cell for himself, and being joined by other monks, among whom was one called Placidus, the foundations of the abbey of Disentis were laid, in 621. A local magnate, Victor I., resented their intrusion, and having been offended with Placidus about some matter, in a fit of rage, smote off his head.

Tello, bishop of Chur (759—774), said to have been a son, but more probably a grandson of Victor, made what reparation lay in his power, by propagating devotion to S. Placidus.

According to the popular legend, believed at Disentis, where Placidus had his head struck off, he rose, took up his head and walked, holding it, after a woman, and asked the use of her whimple for wrapping round it. The scared woman threw her whimple towards him, and ran away screaming. Placidus picked up the veil, and went in search of Sigisbert, who buried his comrade. Sigisbert is thought to have died in 636, and is regarded as the Apostle of that portion of the Grisons.

Charles the Great and his empress, Hildegarde, visited the graves of the Saints in 781. The relics were for the most part lost when Disentis was occupied by the French, in 1799; but the marble sarcophagus made by orders of Pepin, and the veil which wrapped the head of S. Placidus, and some bones remain.

July 12.

- S. MNASON of Cyprus, 1st cent.
 S. HERMAGORAS, B.M. at Aquileja, 1st cent.
 SS. PAULINUS, B., SEVERUS, P., LUKE, D., AND COMP., MM.,
 at Lucca, 1st cent.
 S. VERONICA, at *Cæsarea Philippi in Phenicia*, 1st cent.
 SS. NABOR AND FELIX, MM. at Milan. See July 10.
 S. PATERNIAN, B.C. at Fano in Italy, 4th cent.
 S. MENULF, B. at Bourges in France.
 S. ANSBALD, Ab. of Prum, in the Eifel, A.D. 886.
 S. JOHN GUALBERTO, Ab. at Passignano, near Florence, A.D. 1073.
 S. ANDREW, Boy M. at Rinn, in the Inn-valley, in Tyrol, A.D. 1462.

S. MNASON.

(1ST CENT.)

[In the Roman Martyrology S. Jason, and not Mnason; but apparently erroneously. The entry is "In Cyprus, S. Jason, an old disciple of Our Lord." But it was Mnason who was the old disciple of Cyprus. S. Luke says, Acts xxi. 16, "There went with us (to Jerusalem) also certain of the disciples of Cæsarea, and brought with them one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom we lodged." Jason was another person. He is mentioned by S. Paul, in Rom. xvi. 21, as a companion of Luke and Sosipater.¹ He is probably the same as Jason the Thessalonian, mentioned in Acts xvii. 5—9.]

MNASON, the "old disciple," is honourably mentioned in Scripture, like Gaius, Lydia, and others, as one of the hosts of S. Paul, probably at Jerusalem; though he met and accompanied the Apostle of the Gentiles to Jerusalem in his last journey, A.D. 60. He was a Cyprian by birth, and may have been a friend of S. Barnabas (Acts iv. 36), and possibly brought to the knowledge of Christianity by him. The expression, "old disciple," used by S. Luke, by no means implies, as Baronius has supposed, that he

¹ See SS. Jason and Sosipater, June 25.

was one of the original disciples of Our Blessed Lord; but either that he had long been a Christian, or that he was an old man. Jason, who, in the Roman Martyrology, is confounded with him, was a Thessalonian, who entertained SS. Paul and Silas; and was, in consequence, attacked by the Jewish mob. "The Jews, which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason, and sought to bring them out to the people. And when they found them not, they drew Jason and certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also; whom Jason hath received: and these, contrary to the decrees of Cæsar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus.' And they troubled the people and the rulers of the city when they heard these things. And when they had taken security of Jason and of the others, they let them go."

It is probably the fact of both Mnason and Jason having lodged S. Paul, the former in Jerusalem, the latter in Thessalonia, that led to the strange confusion between them, which has crept into the Roman Martyrology.

S. HERMAGORAS, B.

(1ST CENT.)

[Ancient Roman Martyrology, attributed to Jerome, in which, however, he is called Armiger. The lesser Roman Martyrology has:—"At Aquileja, Hermagoras, B., disciple of S. Mark." Ado, Usuardus, Wandelbert, Notker, &c. Modern Roman Martyrology. The Acts, of very late date, and by an unknown writer, are not trustworthy; they are probably based on floating traditions of slender value.]

THE apocryphal Acts of S. Hermagoras relate, that after the Resurrection of Our Lord, the Apostles drew

lots into what parts of the world they were to go and preach the Word. SS. Peter and Paul went to Rome, taking with them S. Mark, the first disciple of S. Peter. Then, when they had tarried some while in Rome, S. Peter said to S. Mark, "Arise ! why tarriest thou? Go into the city called Aquileja, a province of Austria,¹ and there thou wilt find a youth named Alulf Ulfsson,² a leper. S. Mark took his staff, and went to Aquileja, and found the premature Lombard, and he healed him. Then his father, Ulf, and much people believed ; and they asked for a pastor, so Mark chose out one named Hermagoras, "an elegant person," and took him with him to Rome, where he was ordained bishop by S. Peter, who put into his hands the pastoral staff and veil, and then sent him back to Aquileja, where he ordained priests. And S. Hermagoras was first bishop of all Italy, and he sent his missionaries preaching in all cities.

At this time, say the Acts, Nero was emperor, and Agrippa, nephew of Herod, was prefect of the city of Rome.³ He sent Sebastus to be governor of Aquileja, to root out the Christian faith thence. When Sebastus came to Aquileja, Hermagoras was summoned before him, and tortured, and cast into prison. But at midnight there shone a bright light in the prison, and Pontianus, the jailor, rushing in, was dazzled, and believed ; then he fell down and asked what he must do to be saved. And Hermagoras preached to him the Word, and baptized him that same night. Then Pontianus ran forth into all the streets, crying, "Great is the God of Hermagoras ! come and see the wonders He has wrought." So when a great

¹ Aquileja is, however, in Friuli ; the Acts do not say Istria but Austria, a mistake of a copyist. It did not come into the possession of the Dukes of Austria till late in the Middle Ages, and was wrested from them by the Venetians.

² Lombard names. The Lombards did not enter Italy till 568.

³ The absurdity of this statement hardly needs to be pointed out.

multitude was gathered together, he led them to the prison, and there they saw the wondrous light, and many believed, when they beheld how that Hermagoras was healed of all the wounds dealt him on the rack. And a certain man, named Gregory, brought his lunatic son to Hermagoras, and he cast the devil out of the boy, and the father believed, and he and his son were baptized.

Then the governor sent an executioner by night into the prison to slay Hermagoras, and his archdeacon, Fortunatus, who was with him. And he struck off their heads.

Relics of S. Hermagoras are at Aquileja, at S. Hermagor in the Gailthal, and an arm at Prague, given by Charles IV.

SS. PAULINUS, B., AND COMP., MM.

(1ST CENT.)

[Not known to the ancient Martyrologists. Indeed, nothing whatever was known of there having been such saints till the year 1261, when Jacobus, a friar of Lucca, dreamed that he would find relics in a certain place. He accordingly dug there, and discovered a marble sarcophagus, with the inscription: "Hic est corpus B. Paulini, primi Lucani episcopi et discipuli Petri Apostoli, et sanctorum Martyrum Severi presbyteri et Theobaldi militis." Henry, bishop of Luca, at once accepted this as a true invention of relics, and the bones were translated by him in the presence of the papal Legate; and by their authority the names were inscribed in the sacred diptychs, and the veneration of their relics was indulgenced. In 1631, the relics were inspected, and the congregation of Sacred Rites, with the sanction of Pope Innocent XI., appointed proper lessons for the festival of these Saints in the diocese of Lucca. Their names were also adopted into the Modern Roman Martyrology. The Acts, which form the basis of these lessons, came into existence after the invention of the relics in 1261. They are a forgery of that date. One of the martyrs is Theobald. It is needless to point out that this is a Teutonic name. The story is so full of fable, that it is amazing that it could have imposed on the congregation of Sacred Rites, and the Pope, for a moment.]

IT must be clearly understood that this story is a

romance of the 13th century, resting on no foundation of truth whatever, except the fact that a sarcophagus was found in 1261, at Lucca, bearing the inscription, "Here is the body of the Blessed Paulinus, first bishop of Lucca, and a disciple of S. Peter the Apostle; and also the bodies of the blessed martyrs Severus, a priest, and Theobald, a soldier." How this inscription came on the marble tomb, and how the tomb was found, must not be asked too closely.

Nero the emperor ordered a temple to Diana, to be erected at Lucca, at the bridge of the river Serchio, to contain a statue of the goddess, made of pure gold and set with pearls, of gigantic size, and all the people of Lucca were summoned to fall down and worship it. Now the temple had a brazen vault, set on ninety pillars of marble, and it was pierced with holes. And Nero ordered water to be poured over the vault, and the water streamed down through the holes like rain. And he made a sun of lamps, and it was drawn through the vault, and rose and set. And he also made a moon of precious stones, to rise when the sun set. But the string that supported the moon broke, and it tumbled down and cracked. And he drove a chariot over the brazen vault, and the people heard the rumbling of the wheels, and thought it strikingly resembled thunder. But the Lord sent a wind, and it blew the chariot and horses off the roof, and tumbled them into the river. Now there was in Lucca, at the time, a certain Paulinus, a native of Antioch, who had been ordained bishop by S. Peter, and sent to Lucca. And he had with him a priest named Severus, and a deacon named Luke. Now Paulinus built in Lucca many churches, and placed over them priests. And Nero sent officers, and they took Paulinus, Severus, and Luke, and a faithful soldier named Theobald, as they were praising God in a church Paulinus

had built and dedicated to "the Holy Trinity, the life-giving Cross, the immaculate Virgin Mary, and S. Stephen the proto-martyr." They were brought before Anulinus, the governor, tortured and slain.

S. VERONICA.

(1ST CENT.)

[By the Greeks on this day. Authorities:—Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.*, lib. vii., c. 18. Sozomen, lib. v., c. 21. Photius, *cod.* 271.]

THE Greeks give the name of Veronica, or Beronike, to the woman with the issue of blood, healed by our Blessed Lord. The first time this name occurs is in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, therefore in the 5th cent. This name is an alteration of the name Prounike, given to this woman by the Valentinians, one of the Gnostic sects. Origen, in his treatise against Celsus, says, "The Valentinians, in their lying doctrine, speak of a certain Prounice, to whom they give the name of Wisdom, of whom they assert the woman of the Gospel, who had an issue of blood twelve years, was a symbol. Celsus, who heard this, and confounded the ideas of the Greeks, barbarians, and heretics, changed this into the virtue of a certain virgin named Prounice."¹

In the "Recognitions of S. Peter," an apocryphal work, attributed falsely to S. Clement, Bernice, the daughter of Justa, the Canaanite, receives into her house at Tyre, SS. Clement, Nicetas and Aquila, arrived from Cæsarea, and relates to them the marvels wrought by Simon Magus. According to Eusebius, the woman with the issue was a native of Paneas, or Cæsarea Philippi. The Chronicle

¹ For further particulars see Maury:—*Croyences et Legendes de l'Antiquite* 1863, p. 333, *et seq.*

attributed to Julianus Petrus, arch-priest of S. Justus in Spain, relates that Berenice was the daughter of Salome, sister of Herod, and wife of S. Amator, and confounding her with a martyr of Antioch, named Beronicus, she is made to suffer martyrdom in that city.

Eusebius relates a tradition popular in his day. "They say that the woman who had an issue of blood, mentioned by the Evangelists, and who obtained deliverance from her affliction by our Saviour, was a native of Paneas, or Cæsarea Philippi, and that her house is shown in the city, and the wonderful memorials of our Saviour's benefit to her still remains. At the gates of her house, on an elevated stone, stands the brazen image of a woman on her bended knee; with her hands stretched forth like one entreating. Opposite to this is another image of a man, erect, of the same materials, decently clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman. Before her feet, and on the same pedestal, there is a strange plant growing, which, rising as high as the hem of the brazen garment, is a kind of antidote to all kinds of diseases. This statue, they say, is a statue of Jesus Christ, and it has remained even to our days, as we ourselves saw, when tarrying in that city. Nor is it to be wondered at, that those Gentiles who were anciently benefited by the Saviour, should have done these things. For we have also seen representations of the apostles Peter and Paul, and of Christ himself, still preserved in paintings; so that it is probable that, according to a practice among the Gentiles, the ancients were accustomed to pay this sort of honour indiscriminately to those who benefited them."

"Among so many remarkable events which occurred during the reign of Julian," says Sozomen, "I must not omit to mention one which affords a manifest proof of the power of Christ, and of the Divine wrath against the



S. VERONICA.



emperor. Having heard that at Cæsarea Philippi, otherwise called Paneas, a city of Phœnicia, there was a celebrated statue of Christ, which had been erected by a woman whom the Lord had cured of a flow of blood, Julian commanded it to be taken down, and a statue of himself erected in its place; but fire from heaven was poured down upon it, the head and breast were broken, and it was transfixed to the ground with the face downwards. It is still to be seen on the spot where it fell, blackened by the thunder. The statue of Christ was dragged round the city, and mutilated by the Pagans; but the Christians recovered the fragments, and deposited the statue in the church, where it is still preserved."

In the Chronicle of John Mamela (cca. A.D. 600) is given the pretended petition made to Herod by Beronica, for permission to erect the statue; this document, Mamela pretends, he found in the city of Paneas, "in the possession of a certain Rassus, who had become a Christian from among the Jews."

In the apocryphal book, "The Death of Pilate," an early Mediæval Latin composition, Veronica's statue has become a picture. She is reported to have said, "When my Lord went about preaching, and I was very unwilling to be deprived of his presence, I desired to have his picture painted for me, that in his absence, his portrait might give me consolation. And when I was taking the canvas to the painter, the Lord met me, and asked whither I was going. And when I had made known my purpose, he asked me for the canvas, and gave it back to me printed with the likeness of his venerable face." And this she brings to Rome.

The same recurs in "The Vengeance of the Saviour," another apocryphal work of the same period, a version of which exists in Anglo-Saxon.

“Volusinus inquired after the likeness or portrait of the Lord, and all who were there said to him, A woman named Veronica has it in her house. Then he commanded her to be brought before him, and he said, Hast thou the Lord’s portrait in thy house? But she denied it. Then Volusianus commanded her to be tortured; and being compelled, she said, I have it in a clean linen cloth, my lord, and I daily adore it. Volusianus said, Show it me. Then she showed him the Lord’s portrait.”

Thus the image of the woman with the issue became the portrait of Christ impressed on canvas, and thus passed into the legend of Veronica and the sudarium as represented in the Stations of the Cross in every Catholic church. For further particulars, see *S. Veronica*, Feb. 4th, p. 73.

S. JOHN GUALBERTO, AB.

(A.D. 1073.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Celestine II. His office made a semi-double by Clement X., and a double by Innocent XI. Authorities: A Life by Atto of Badajos, abbot of Valumbrosa, and afterwards bishop of Pistoja (ab. A.D. 1133). Another, by Andrew of Parma, abbot of Strumi, and a disciple of the Saint;¹ and another by Blaise Monalesi, general of the Order of Valumbrosa.]

THE Order of Valumbrosa owes its origin to S. John Gualberto. His father, named also John Gualberto, lord of Petrojo, in the Val di Pesa, had two sons, Hugo and John. The latter was at an age proper for bearing arms, when one of his kinsmen having been killed, his father required him to avenge the death on the slayer.

¹ This Andrew of Parma was afterwards the disciple of Ariald of Milan, and wrote his life. He is sometimes regarded as beatified, and is venerated on March 10th. He has been confounded with Andrew of Genoa, who also wrote the life of the Saint in the 14th cent., from material now lost.

One day (it was Good Friday) as John was going to Florence with his esquires, he encountered his enemy in a solitary place, and drew his sword to run him through the body. His unarmed foe cast himself on his knees, and spreading his arms in the form of a cross, implored John to spare him "for Jesus' sake."

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
 Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.
 His hand, for murder rais'd, unharmed fell,
 He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start,
 A moment mute in holy horror stood,
 Then cried, "Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,
 And bless, for both preserv'd, that holy name;
 And prayed the astonish'd foeman to forgive
 The bloody purpose led by which he came,
 Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,
 His overburden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed,—he reached the door,
 With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell,—
 He came to crave for pardon, to adore
 For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,
 And rais'd his swimming eyes, and thought that there
 He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer,¹

On reaching Florence, John Gualberto dismissed his attendants, under pretext of finding a lodging, and then hasted back to the convent of S. Miniato, in the church of which he had lately wept, and seen, or thought he had seen, the head of Christ on the cross bend in approval towards him. He asked to be received. The abbot hesitated. His pious vehemence overcame his scruples. His father in vain urged him to return to the world. Gualberto shorn off his own hair, and donned the cowl himself in the presence of the brethren; and his father desisted from efforts he was assured were useless. When

¹ Southey's Ballads. S. Gualberto.

the noviciate of John Gualberto was ended, the abbot died, and a monk named Herbert was suspected of having bribed the bishop of Florence to nominate him to the vacant abbatial stall. The Saint was so offended at this scandalous act of simony, that he left the abbey with some of the stricter monks, and retired into the monastery of Camaldoli, where they spent some time. The prior exhorted John to take holy orders, but he refused, and departing, fixed on the forest-girded vale of Valumbrosa, locked in the rocky arms of the Appennines for his retreat. This was in the year 1039.

This retreat served as a place of refuge for all those who aspired to a severer life than could be found in the relaxed and easy rule of the Orders then flourishing. It became a colony of hermits living in separate cells, under the shadows of the ever-green pines on either side of the sunny strip of grass, in the bottom of the shadowed vale threaded by the silvery *Acqua-Bella*. Those who joined him were put to hard and searching probation; they had to keep pigs, and clean the styes and stables with their naked hands, the rake and the spade being rejected as articles of luxury. They were made to observe exactly the rule of *S. Benedict*; and the year of their probation ended, lay for three days on their faces supplicating permission to bind themselves irrevocably to the stern rule.

Itta, abbess of *San Ellero*, to whom the valley belonged, gave the hermits this desert residence, with the addition of pastures and vineyards on more congenial sites, on the annual rental of a pound of wax, and the same amount of oil. But she claimed, as foundress, the dangerous prerogative of nominating the superior.

S. John Gualberto was first head of the Order and foundation; he gave his monks a grey habit, closely resembling that of the *Franciscans* in later years. It is said

indeed, that in 1224, S. Francis came to Valumbrosa, in a season of rain, and was accommodated with a Valumbrosian habit whilst his own was drying. The abbot refused to reclaim the habit worn by S. Francis, and the Saint of Assisi departed in it, saying that he could well wear it, for it was almost identical with his own.

The newly-founded society became popular, and increased rapidly. S. John Gualberto was soon called to build other monasteries, which he did at Moschello, Razuolo, and Monte-Scalari. Relaxed abbeys were entrusted to him to reform, and he restored discipline in those of Passignano, near Siena; Santa Reparata, near Florence; Strumi, in the diocese of Arezzo, and Fonte-Thaone, in the diocese of Pistoja. He was sore grieved to see that the spirit of poverty he strove to impress on his Order was already in his lifetime disposed to evaporate. Visiting Moschetto, he found that the abbot had built it in sumptuous style. "You have built a palace, not a monastery," said Gualberto, and turning to the mountain torrent that flowed under the new walls, he cried, "God almighty! avenge me speedily, and by this stream level the haughty building." When, on the breaking of a thunderstorm over the mountains shortly after, the torrent bore down rocks and trees, and swept away great portions of the newly-reared abbey, the brethren were convinced that God had heard the prayer of their founder, and they contented themselves during the remainder of his life with more modest tenements.

On another visit to one of his monasteries, he found that the abbot had received large sums from a man, to the prejudice of his heirs. John Gualberto caught the deed of gift from the abbot and tore it to pieces. Ere he left the abbey the building was in flames, so sternly did he punish a departure from the spirit of his rule.

At this time the great strife with simoniacs was being waged, not in Italy only, but throughout the West. The custom of giving fees on institution to a bishopric, or a parochial benefice, had degenerated into unblushing purchase of the cure of souls. Consequently, instead of the most suitable clergy obtaining offices of responsibility, it was those with most money at their disposal who acquired them. Bishoprics, parochial charges, were grasped at for the revenues they brought in, and little heed was given to the duties they entailed. The plague of simony was on the whole Western Church, working as deadly injury as at the present day in the Eastern Church, under Turkish domination. All vital religion, all thoughts of responsibility, all heed for morality must expire out of the Church as long as this sad traffic was tolerated. It was the crying evil of the day, which all who were in earnest for the advancement of the glory of God, had to combat. Unfortunately their zeal often lacked discretion, their impetuous wrath against wrong-dealing made them slow to discriminate, apt to suspect, careless as to the means they adopted to carry out their object, forgetful of Christian charity.

The bishop, who was thought by S. John Gualberto to have sold Hugh the abbacy of San Miniato, Atto of Florence, was highly esteemed for his eminent piety, and the liberality of his benefactions to the church. Atto was succeeded in the bishopric by Peter Mediabardi. The enemies of the new bishop were on the watch against him. His father came to Florence to visit his son. The Florentines took advantage of the unguarded simplicity of the old man to extract the information they desired from him.¹ "Master Teuzo," said the wily Florentines, "had you a

¹ "Cui Florentini clam insidiantes tentando dicere cœperant, &c : ille utpote simplicissimus homo cœpit jurejurando dicere, &c." *Andrew of Genoa*, c. 62

large sum to pay to the king for your son's elevation?" "By the body of S. Syrus," answered the father, "you cannot get a millstone out of the king's house without paying for it."

"Then what did you pay?" asked the Florentines greedily.¹

"By the body of S. Syrus!" replied the old man; "not less than three thousand pounds." No sooner were the luckless words spoken, than the enemies of the bishop spread them through the city.²

S. John Gualberto took up the quarrel. The dangerous expedient of stirring up the people to be judges and executors of their pastors was at this time first introduced.

S. John Gualberto had not experience to guide him. He could not appeal to the emperor with effect. The pope was powerless to support him. He grasped at the only method that he saw available, unaware that he laid hold of a double-edged weapon which would cut the hand of him who handled it. He appealed to the passions of the rude, ignorant mob.

S. John appeared in Florence, where he had a monastery dedicated to S. Salvus, and began vehemently to denounce the prelate as a simoniac, and therefore a heretic.³ His monks, fired by his zeal, spread through the city, and standing at the corners of the streets, and in the market-place, denounced the bishop, and exhorted the people to refuse to accept his sacramental acts, and resist his authority. The people broke out into tumult. The bishop appealed to the secular arm to arrest the disorder, and officers were

¹ "Alacres et avidi rem scisitari."

² For the account of what follows, in addition to the lives of S. John Gualberto, we have the Dialogues of Desiderius, abbot of Monte Cassino, lib. 3.

³ "Papiensem Petrum esse publice Simoniacum et hæreticum cæperunt dicere. Facta est denique inter clericum et populum contentio pervalida. Alii ipsum defendebant. Alii cum monachis jam illarum creduli verbis vehementer impugnant." *And. Strumi.*

sent to coerce the monks of S. Salvus. They broke into the monastery at night, sought Gualberto, but not able to find him, maltreated the monks. One received a blow on his forehead, which laid bare the bone, and another had his nose and lips gashed with a sword. The monks were stripped and their monastery fired, and then the soldiers withdrew. The abbot rolled himself in an old cloak he extracted from under a bed, where it had been cast as ragged, and awaited day, when the wounds and sorrows of the fraternity might be exhibited to a sympathising and excitable people, and prove an additional incitement against the bishop. Nor were they disappointed. At day-break all the town was filled with the news. Crowds of people poured into the dilapidated monastery and eagerly mopped up with napkins the sacred blood that had been shed, thinking they had secured valuable relics,¹ and sympathy with the injured was fanned into frenzied abhorrence of the persecutor.

S. John Gualberto appeared on the scene, blazing with desire of martyrdom,² and congratulated the sufferers on having become confessors of Christ. "Now are ye true monks! But why did you suffer without me?"

The secular clergy of Florence were, it is asserted, deeply tainted with the same vice as their bishop. They had all paid fees at their institution or bought their benefices. They lived in private houses, and were, for the most part, married. Some were even known to be of immoral life.³

¹ "Felicem sese quisque credebat, si aliquem monachorum videre valebat, aut eorum sacrum sanguinem fusum ex terra, lapidibus et lignis, suis pannis posset extergere, cupiens illum pro magnis reliquiis secum habere." *Atto Pistoriensis and Andrew of Strumi.*

² "Martyrii flagrans amore." *And. Strumi.*

³ "Quis clericorum propriis et paternis rebus solummodo non studebat? Qui potius inveniretur, proh dolor! qui non esset uxoratus vel concubinaris? De simonia quid dicam? Omnes pene ecclesiasticos ordines haec mortifera bellua devoraverat, ut, qui ejus morsum evaserit, rarus inveniretur." *Andrew Strum.*

But the preaching of the Saint, the wounds of the monks, converted some of the clergy. Those who were convinced by their appeals, and those who were tired of the society of their wives, threw themselves into the party of Gualberto, and clubbed together in common life.¹

At this time Alexander II. was pope, and a council was held at Rome, 1063, against simony and the marriage of the clergy.² The Valumbrosian monks appealed to Alexander against the bishop, their thirst for martyrdom whetted, not quenched.³ If the pope would wish it, they would try the ordeal of fire to prove their charge. Hildebrand urged on their case, and demanded the deposition of the bishop. But Alexander, himself among the most resolute opponents of simony, felt that this was no case. There was no evidence, save the boasting of an old man over his wine-cups. He refused the petition of the monks, and was supported by the vast majority of the bishops⁴—there were over a hundred present. Even S. Peter Damian, generally unmeasured in his invectives against simony, wrote to moderate the zeal of the Valumbrosian monks, which he deemed intemperate.

But the refusal of the Pope to gratify their resentment, did not quell the vehemence of the monks and the faction adverse to the bishop. The city was in a condition of chronic insubordination, and occasional rioting. Godfrey, duke of Tuscany, was obliged to interfere, and the monks were driven from their monastery of San Salvi, and compelled to retire into that of Settimo, in the neighbourhood.

¹ "Exemplo vero ipsius et admonitionibus delicati clerici, spretis connubiis, cœperunt simul in Ecclesiis stare, et communem discere vitam." *Atto Pistor.*

² For what follows, in addition to the afore-mentioned authorities, we have Berthold's Chronicle from 1054—1100; Perz. Mon. sacr. v. pp. 261—326.

³ "Securiores de corona, quam jam gustaverant, martyrii." *Andr. Strum.*

⁴ "Favebat enim maxima pars Episcoporum parti Petri, et omnes pene erant monachis adversi." *Andr. Strum.*

Shortly after, Pope Alexander visited Florence. The monks piled up a couple of bonfires, and offered to pass between them in proof of the truth of their allegation. He refused, and withdrew, leaving the bishop unconvicted, and therefore unrebuked. The clergy of Florence now demanded of the bishop that he should go through the ordeal of fire himself, or suffer the monks to do so against him. The whole body, weary of the strife and bitterness that raged in Florence, went to him. The people hooted them as they went, "Go, you heretics, to a heretic! You, who have expelled Christ from the city! You, who adore Simon Magus as your God!"¹ The bishop sullenly refused. He would not go into the flames to prove his innocence, nor allow the monks to try the ordeal and establish his guilt.

The podesta of Florence then, with a high hand, drove those who refused to acknowledge the bishop from the town, and confiscated their goods. Those clergy who had joined the monastic faction assembled in the church of S. Peter. The watch were sent by the podesta to dislodge them, and banish them from Florence as disturbers of the commonwealth. They went forth on the first Saturday in Lent, A.D. 1067, amidst a sympathising crowd, composed mostly of women,² who tore off their veils, and with their hair scattered wildly about their faces, beating their breasts, threw themselves down in the mud before the confessors, crying, "Alas! alas! O Christ, thou art expelled this city, and how dost Thou leave us orphans? Thou art not tolerated here, and how can we live here without Thee? We see that it is impossible for Thee to dwell here along with Simon Magus. O holy Peter! didst thou

¹ Andrew of Strumi was in the party; "Cæpimus ante Petrum conqueri," "de nobis autem," "Videntes nos ire ad eum, dicebant, Itè, ite, hæretici ad hæreticum," &c.

² "Maxime fæminarum."

once overcome Simon, and now dost permit him to have the mastery? We deemed him bound and writhing in eternal flames, and lo! he is risen again to thy dishonour!"

And the men said to one another, "Let us set fire to this accursed city, which hates Christ, and let us Christians go forth with Christ."¹

The secular clergy were in dismay. No mass was said, no bells rang, no psalms were chanted, for the people denounced them as heretics, because they acknowledged the bishop, who, they quite forgot, was uncondemned by Rome, and their legitimate pastor. The clergy visited the bishop, and entreated him to sanction the ordeal of fire. He refused, and requested the priests, should such a rash and unauthorised venture be made, to refrain from countenancing it by their presence. But the whole town was bent on seeing the ordeal tried, and on Wednesday after the first Sunday in Lent, the populace poured out, accompanied by all the clergy of Florence, to the monastery of Settimo, outside the gates, where it was announced that a monk was about by fire to prove the charge of simony against Peter of Pavia, their bishop. Two piles of sticks had been erected near the gate of the monastery, measuring ten feet long, by five wide, and four-and-a-half feet high. Between them lay a path, the length of an arm in width.

Litanies were chanted whilst the piles were reared, and then the monks proceeded to elect one who was to undergo the ordeal. The lot fell on a monk named Peter, and S. John Gualberto ordered him to proceed at once to the altar and say mass. The Holy Sacrifice was offered

¹ "Et nos, viri fratres, civitatem hanc incendamus atque cum parvulis et uxoribus nostris, quocumque Christus ierit, secum eamus. Si Christiani sumus, Christum sequamur." *Andr. Strum.*

with great devotion, the people crying with excitement and expectation of the novel spectacle prepared for them. And at the *Agnus Dei*, four monks, one with the crucifix, another with holy water, the third with twelve lighted tapers, the fourth with a full censer, proceeded to the pyres, and set them both on fire.

This threw the people into a bewilderment of excitement, and their voices rose in clamour to heaven, and they shouted the *Kyrie eleison* with full lungs. The women invoked S. Mary, and all implored the apostle Peter to confound the simoniac. The priest, during this commotion, had finished saying mass, and had laid aside his chasuble. Holding the cross, in alb and stole, and maniple, he came forth, followed by Gualberto and the monks, chanting litanies. Suddenly a silence fell on the great tossing concourse, and a monk, appointed by the abbot, stood up, and in a clear voice, said to the people:—
“Men, brethren and sisters,—As God is our witness, we do this for the salvation of your souls, that henceforth ye may learn to avoid the leprosy of simony, which has infected nearly the whole world. For the crime of simony is so great, that beside it every other sin is as nothing.”

The two piles were now burning vigorously. The monk Peter prayed, “Lord Jesus Christ, the true light of all that believe, I beseech Thy clemency, that if Peter of Pavia, now called bishop of Florence, has obtained the episcopal throne by means of money, which is the heresy of simony, thou wilt assist me in this terrible ordeal, and save me from being burned by the fire, as of old Thou didst preserve the three children in the midst of the burning fiery furnace!”

Then giving the brethren the kiss of peace, he stepped boldly between the burning pyres, and came forth on the further side uninjured.

His linen alb, his silken stole and maniple were unburnt.

He would have again rushed through the flames in the excess of his confidence ; but was prevented by the pious vehemence of the people who surrounded him, kissed his feet, clung to his vestments, and he would have been crushed to death by their eagerness to see, and touch, and kiss him, had not the rest of the monks, with force, kept the people off.

A letter was then drawn up, appealing to the pope in the most vehement terms, to deliver the sheep of the Florentine flock from the ravening wolf who shepherded them, and urging him, should the bishop resist, to remove him by force.¹

The monk Peter, who had gone through the fire, was highly honoured by S. John Gualberto after this, and was by him preferred to be abbot of the monastery of Ficicla. He was afterwards made Cardinal bishop of Albano, in 1074, by Pope Gregory VII., who was glad to advance one who had so manfully defied the simoniacs. The Order of Valumbrosa regards him as one of their Saints.

Peter of Pavia, the bishop, a man of gentle character, yielded to the storm. He withdrew from Florence, and eventually, it is said, joined the Order of Valumbrosa ; but he retained his bishopric till his death, and Theiner adduces evidence that he was recognized by the pope some time after his supposed degradation. He bequeathed money to the monastery of Settimo, which was expended by Peter II., abbot of that monastery, on the hospital attached to it.

Little more is told of the doings of S. John Gualberto after having gained this signal triumph over the unfortunate bishop. In 1073, he went to Passignano, to visit that monastery, and died there ; and there his body remains, magnificently enshrined.

¹ "Dignamini, precamur, arma contra hostes Petri Apostoli movere, acie struere, sancta bella committere." *Andr. Sirum.*

S. ANDREW, BOY M.

(A.D. 1462.)

[Venerated at Rinn, near Innsbruck, with special Office, by consent of Benedict XIV., in 1753. Authority:—The Annals of the Church of Witten in Tyrol, in which all particulars are minutely detailed; from which, and from popular tradition, Martin, abbot of Witten, drew up an account, in 1722, published by the Bollandists.]

ANDREW was born at Rinn, a little village in the Inn valley, in the district of Sonnenburg, on November 16th, A.D. 1459. His parents' names were Simon and Maria Oexner, simple, pious Tyrolean peasants. Simon died, and left Maria a widow; and his child Andrew was brought up in the house of his godfather, Mayer. Rinn lies near the Brenner route, and travelling pedlars from Botzen were wont to visit at Mayer's house. Amongst these were often Jews, and some of these incautiously expressed a kindly interest in the handsome and amiable child of three years old.

Mayer was an ill-conditioned fellow, fond of the tavern, who resented having the burden of the child laid on him. According to the popular story, the Jews offered Mayer gold if he would sell them the child. He consented, and they carried it off to a rock, called to this day the Judenstein, where they opened the veins of the little boy, sucked his blood, and then hung him from a birch-tree, and decamped. At the same time, the mother, who was hay-making at Ambrass, felt three drops of blood fall on her sleeve.¹

On her return to Mayer's house she asked for her boy. Seeing the man hesitate, and become uneasy, she was frightened. Then, according to the popular story, he showed her, as the gold the Jews had given him, a hat-full

¹ These supposed blood-drops are known to naturalists as the secretions of a grass-hopper or cricket, dropped whilst flying.

of yellow willow leaves. She saw at once that the man was deranged. He became ungovernable, and was finally chained, and died a raving maniac.

The poor woman ran shrieking about in search of little Andrew, and found him hung to a birch-tree, drenched in blood, and horribly cut about with knives.

There can be no manner of doubt that the child was murdered by the maniac, in the first outburst of his madness. When thirteen years later, all Tyrol was thrown into excitement by the charge brought against the Jews at Trent, of having murdered the child Simon, the peasants of Rinn conjectured, and from conjecturing, grew to believe that Jews were also guilty of the atrocity at their own village. There seems to have been no suspicion of Jews at the time the murder was committed; for none were brought before the magistrates, and it is significant that no reference was made to the Rinn murder in the trial of the Jews at Trent, as certainly would have been the case had there been a belief prevalent at the time that Jews had perpetrated it.

The body of the child was laid in the cemetery at Rinn, and a white lily, probably one of those beautiful lily-like asphodels which are found blooming on the Tyrolean pastures, grew and flowered on the little grave.

A chapel was erected over the Judenstein in 1670, and in the following year, on September 21st, the relics of the child were translated thither. In 1743, the skeleton was daintily, but somewhat theatrically, costumed in velvet and spangles by three noble sisters, the Ladies von Tannenberg, and set upright in a glass case above the high altar, where it is still to be seen.

The symbols of S. Andrew of Rinn are a lily and sickle.

July 13.

- SS. JOEL AND EZRA, *Prophets in Palestine, circ. B.C. 800 and 450.*
 S. SILAS OR SILVANUS, *Ap. in Macedonia, 1st cent.*
 S. ANACLETUS, *Pope M. at Rome. (See S. CLETUS, April 26th).*
 S. SARA, *V. Abs. at Scete in Lybia, end of 4th cent.*
 SS. MAURA AND BRIDGET, *PP., MM., at Balagny, near Creil, 5th cent.*
 S. EUGENIUS, *B. of Carthage, A.D. 505.*
 S. GOLINDUC, *M. in Syria, beginning of 7th cent.*
 S. MILDRED, *V. Abs. of Minster in Thanet, 8th cent.*
 S. STEPHEN THE SABAITE, *at S. Saba, near Jerusalem, A.D. 794.*
 S. TURIAN, *B. of Dol in Brittany, circ. 8th cent.*
 FESTIVAL OF THE MIRACULOUS HOSTS at Brussels, A.D. 1359.

S. SILAS, AP.

(1ST CENT.)

[Ado, Usuardus, Notker, Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks, Silas is distinguished from Silvanus, and both are commemorated on the same day, July 20th; Silas as Bishop of Corinth, Silvanus as Bishop of Thessalonica. At Angers there is a proper office for S. Silas, so also at Bayeux and Beauvais. He is regarded as the patron of Epinay, in the diocese of Paris. Authority:—Mention in the Acts of the Apostles and the 143rd Ep. of S. Jerome.]



IN the Epistles of S. Paul, Silas, the companion of S. Paul, is called Silvanus. He appears first as one of the Elders of the Church at Jerusalem,¹ holding office as an inspired teacher.² His name, derived from the Latin word "Silva," a wood, betokens him a Hellenistic Jew, and he appears to have had the rights of a Roman citizen.³ He was appointed as a delegate to accompany SS. Paul and Barnabas on their return to Antioch, with the decree of the Council of Jerusalem.⁴ Having accomplished this mission, he returned to Jerusalem.⁵ He must, however, have immediately re-visited Antioch,

¹ Acts xv. 22. ² Acts xv. 32. ³ Acts xvi. 37. ⁴ Acts xv. 22, 32. ⁵ Acts xv. 33.

for we find him selected by S. Paul as the companion of his second missionary journey.¹ At Beræa he was left behind with S. Timothy, whilst S. Paul proceeded to Athens,² and we hear nothing more of his movements until he rejoined the Apostle at Corinth.³

His presence at Corinth is several times noticed.⁴ Whether he was the Silvanus who conveyed S. Peter's First Epistle to Asia Minor,⁵ is doubtful; the probabilities are in favour of the identity. A tradition, of very slender authority, represents Silas as having become bishop of Corinth; that he did occupy this position cannot be accounted as improbable. By some he has been identified with Terentius, mentioned by S. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans.⁶

The relics of S. Silas were given by Pope Sergius, in 691, to S. Bainus, bishop of the Morini; and they were held in high honour at Therouanne, in the church of S. Mary, till the destruction of that town and church by the Emperor Charles V., in 1553.

S. SARA, V. ABSS.

(END OF 4TH CENT.)

[Some Greek Menæas; but not all. Authority:—Mention in the Lives of the Fathers of the Desert.]

LITTLE is known of this virgin abess in Scete, in Lybia, except that for thirteen years she was tormented with thoughts of impurity, which distressed inexpressibly her soul craving for pure and holy things. Yet all that while she never asked God to remove the loath-

¹ Acts xv. 40; xvii. 40.

² Acts xvii. 14.

³ Acts xviii. 5.

⁴ 2 Cor. i. 19; 1 Thess. i. 1.; 2 Thess. i. 1.

⁵ 1 Peter v. 12.

⁶ Rom. xvi. 22.

some temptation from her; but meekly prayed, "Lord, strengthen me!" At last, the story goes, after these thirteen years of battle, there came one night of horrible imaginations. She knelt up in her bed, crying for grace, and resolutely forcing down every evil thought as it rose. Then, suddenly, she saw at the further end of the bed, an ugly sensuous form, wriggling away,—it was the Spirit of Impurity—it turned and hissed at her, "Thou has conquered me, Sara!" "Not I," answered Sara promptly, "but Christ that worketh in me."

SS. MAURA AND BRIDGET, VV., MM.

(5TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrologies on this day and on Jan. 15th. Venerated especially in the diocese of Beauvais on this day; at Tours on Jan. 15th. The Bollandists do not admit them into their Collection, as no trustworthy account exists. The following account is from Guerin and Giry, who give it as though it were *bona fide* history.]

"THE devotion of the town and diocese of Beauvais to these Saints, and the extraordinary graces received through their intercession, invite us," say Guerin and Giry, "to give here an abridgment of their lives." That abridgment shall be here further condensed.

Maura, probably Mawr, and Bridget, were virgin twin-sisters, daughters of Ella, king of Scotland and Northumberland, and Pantilomena his queen.¹ Pantilomena died in giving birth to the maidens. As she was being baptised, the infant Maura declared to all present that her mother was in heaven, and Bridget

¹ Guerin and Giry give Maura and Bridget the 5th cent. as their date. Ella was king of Northumberland in 866, and never king of Scotland at all; but let that pass.

issued from the font surrounded by dazzling light. Both babes, we are gravely told, were given to one nurse to suckle, and as she had milk in only one breast, both little sisters were reared at the same one. Ella, we are also informed, was then in his capital, Edinburgh. "Some authors affirm, that for this cause, Edinburgh Castle has been called Agnetes, or the Castle of the Maidens."

At the age of thirteen, these twin-sisters took the vow of virginity, and rejected all the offers of marriage urged upon them by their father. He died soon after, and—let Scottish historians note the fact—left his crown and kingdom to Hispadus, or Espian, his son.¹

But Espian had no natural love of rule; consequently he offered to resign his sceptre into the hands of his twin-sisters; but they declined the honour, and all three resolved to run away from Scotland. Accordingly, one night they left Edinburgh, traversed England, and sailed for France. On their way south, various adventures befell them. Maura's face shone at night, so that she had no need of a candle to go to bed with. She lodged one night with a widow; the son of the widow admired her, but was dazzled by the light from her face, and fell blinded at her feet.

One night a ruffian broke into the bedroom of the sisters, in a little inn, to rob and maltreat them. He was much surprised to find the room already occupied by an angel in the form of a priest, with a smoking censer in his hand, and retired in surprise and alarm.

From France the maidens and their brother went to Rome, to visit the tombs of the Apostles, where they met with one named Ursiscinus, and started with him

¹ These Saints are quite unknown to Scottish Martyrologists, and do not appear in any Scottish Kalendar. S. Espian is venerated at Beauvais along with his sisters.

and their brother for Jerusalem. On their return the two maidens landed with their brother at Marseilles, being still accompanied by Ursiscinus. He broke his leg in Anjou; but S. Maura wrapped her veil round it, and when Ursiscinus tried to hop after the sisters, he found his leg completely healed. He fell sick of fever shortly after, and in vision saw the crowns and palms of martyrdom prepared for the damsels and their brother. They healed and set him on his legs again, and he followed them with docility to Angers, though he knew they were rushing upon certain death. At Angers they lodged with a widow named Aldegund, who had just lost her son. S. Maura resuscitated the dead youth, and the mother was so grateful that she joined the holy company, and went with them to the tomb of S. Martin. On their way, S. Maura revived a young man named Joel, son of Gerontius, who had been killed by an arrow, and prophesied for him a martyr's death twenty-two years later. The house of Gerontius has since been changed into a church, and is now called S. Maure; it is situated near S. Catherine de Feribois, in Touraine.

At last, having reached Balagny, near Creil, in the diocese of Beauvais, the whole party was attacked by a horde of brigands or barbarians, Alans, Vandals, Suevi, or other Northern nations—the biographers are not certain which. By these they were massacred. S. Espian put himself in attitude to defend his sisters, but was cut down before he had made up his mind to strike a blow. S. Espian then picked up his head, carried it, and laid it at the feet of S. Maura, where it piteously concluded the Pater Noster, which had been cut short by the sword of the barbarian. The amputated head

said, "Libera nos a malo," and the sisters lifted up their voices and intoned *Amen*.

The widow Aldegund, her son John, and the two princesses, fell next beneath the swords. Ursiscinus, finding his leg perfectly healed, made nimble use of it, before the tragedy was accomplished, having a premonitory conviction that there was danger, and that therefore he had better keep out of the way. He informed the villagers of Balagny of what had occurred, and the glorious company of martyrs was reverently entombed. The bodies were, in the following century, ordered to be translated by Queen Bathild to the monastery of Chelles; but oxen refused to draw the wagon containing the sacred relics, and they remained in the church of Nogent. Pope Urban III., in 1185, ordered the bishops of Beauvais and Senlis to enshrine the precious relics, and gave plenary indulgences to all who should visit the church of Nogent, venerate and invoke these martyrs between the Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension and the Feast of S. John the Baptist. The village, on account of these Saints, is called Nogent-les-Vierges.

To this amazing story we must add that Gregory of Tours, in the 18th Book of his "Glory of the Confessors," tells a different tale of S. Maura and S. Bridget. According to him their bodies lay near Tours, and were discovered on a little hill, by a man finding a burning wax candle amidst some brambles. He related what he had seen to the bishop, Euphronius, who dug there, and found the bodies. Next night the virgins appeared to the bishop, and told him their names and sex. But Gregory is able to tell us nothing of their history. The bodies of these virgin saints were long preserved in a church dedicated to them near Tours.

S. EUGENIUS, B. OF CARTHAGE.

(A.D. 505.)

[Ancient and Modern Roman Martyrologies. Florus, Ado, Usuardus, Notker. At Albi on Sept. 6th, on account of a translation of relics. Authorities :—An account in Gregory of Tours, from a book of the sufferings of the African Martyrs under the Vandals, which he had under his eyes when he wrote (A.D. 591), mention by S. Isidore of Seville, in his *Little History of the Vandal Persecution*, and last, but not least, Victor of Utica, in his contemporary *History of the Vandal Persecution* (cca. 484).]

GENSERIC, king of the Vandals in Africa, died at the beginning of the year 477, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Huneric. At first he exhibited moderation towards the Catholics, so that they began to assemble in the places whence Genseric had driven them. Huneric commenced his series of persecutions by attacking the Manichees; he burnt many of them, and killed others.

The church of Carthage had been without a bishop for twenty-four years; but at last, at the prayer of the emperor Zeno and the Princess Placida, whose sister Huneric had married, he permitted the Catholics to choose a bishop; but made the not unreasonable stipulation that, if he tolerated Catholic bishops and priests in Africa, Zeno should accord to Arian teachers a like toleration in the Eastern empire. On the 18th June, 481, his edict was read by his notaries before the ambassador of Zeno and the assembled African prelates, in the church at Carthage. The bishops hesitated to accept these terms; but the commissary refused to accept their protest, and the election was proceeded with.

Eugenius was ordained bishop of Carthage to the great joy of the people, some of the younger of whom had never seen a bishop occupy the throne in the great

church. Eugenius soon attracted the respect or love of all the Carthaginians by his virtues. His reputation as a preacher excited the jealousy of the Arian prelates, who besieged Huneric to forbid the bishop from admitting any wearing Vandal costume within the gates of the Catholic churches. Eugenius refused, and Huneric, angry, no doubt, that the Eastern emperor had paid no attention to his demand for toleration to the Arians, placed officers at the church doors, who should arrest and pluck out the hair of any Vandal entering to hear the bishop preach the co-equal godhead of the Son. Those who proved earnest in their resolution to abandon the errors of Arianism, lost their eyes, or died in consequence of the cruel usage to which they were subjected. A favourite torment was to twist little knotted sticks in the hair, and then tear them from the head, bringing away often large pieces of the scalp. Women, with their heads thus torn, were conducted round the city by a public crier, who denounced similar treatment to all such as should embrace the Catholic faith.

On Ascension Day, 483, in the presence of Reginus, ambassador of the emperor Zeno, Huneric sent an edict to Eugenius, to be read in the church of Carthage, and copies to all the African Churches. In the edict a conference was summoned to be held on the 1st February following, between the Arian and Catholic bishops, in his presence, on the subject of controversy between them. The Catholic prelates answered that to hold a proper synod the bishops of the rest of the Church must be assembled, "Write to the kings, your allies," said Eugenius, "and I will write to the bishops, my brethren; and we will show you, when they come, what is our common faith."

Between this summons and the assembly of the meeting, a miracle was wrought, which confounded the Arians. A blind man dreamt, that on the feast of the Epiphany he was bidden anoint his eyes with the chrisam wherewith the baptismal fonts were anointed, and he would see. He went to the church as the ceremony was being performed, narrated his vision to Eugenius, who struck his eyes with the holy oil, and the man saw.

The conference led to nothing satisfactory. It assembled on the 1st February under the most ominous circumstances. Huneric arrested several of the ablest champions of the orthodox cause, on the most frivolous charges, and condemned them to death. One of the wisest and most learned of the Catholic prelates, Lætus, he consigned to the flames, to intimidate the rest.

When the assembly met, therefore, the Catholic bishops did not expect to be fairly treated; nevertheless they determined to maintain their cause, and defend their teaching undauntedly. Cyril, the Arian patriarch, occupied an exalted throne, the Catholic bishops were made to stand beneath as culprits on their trial. They complained; "In a conference there should be equality and impartiality."

A notary of Huneric began, "The patriarch Cyril has said——"

"Stay," interrupted the Catholics; "by what authority does Cyril claim his title of patriarch?"

The Arians burst into loud and angry exclamations. "Who is to stand as umpire?" asked the Catholics. "Let the king delegate notaries, or admit the people." The insolent Arian prelates ordered the Catholic bishops to receive a hundred blows each for having dared to make such a proposition. Then S. Eugenius exclaimed,

"May God behold the violence dealt us, and the persecutions we endure."

The Catholic bishops said to Cyril, "Bring forward the matter in dispute, make your proposition." "I do not know Latin," answered Cyril. The Catholics replied, "You have always spoken it hitherto, why evade the controversy you have yourself proposed, by such a quibble?"

But the Arians could not be brought to discuss the matter openly.

Then a Catholic profession of faith was read, declaring the unity of substance in the Godhead, and the Trinity of persons; that the Son was of one substance with the Father, the Holy Ghost of one substance with the Father and the Son. This memoir was dated April 20th, 484, so that the conference must have been protracted nearly three months. The Arians, on hearing this confession, took objection to the orthodox assuming to themselves the sole right to the title of Catholic.

No conclusion was come to by this assembly, none could have been come to; and Huneric broke it off by issuing an edict to close all the churches in Africa, and give the substance of the Catholic clergy and bishops to the Arian clergy. In this edict he said that the bishops who had been summoned to Carthage to defend their use of the word, *Homoousios* (of one substance) as applied to Christ, had not done so; they had equivocated, and postponed their answers, and had called in the people tumultuously to maintain their cause against their opponents. The edict was dated Feb. 25th, and therefore must have been drawn up before the conclusion of the conference.

When it was promulgated, Huneric ordered the

bishops to be driven out of Carthage, their horses to be taken from them; they were to be deprived of their slaves and their clothes. Any who should harbour them would be burned along with their houses.

The unfortunate bishops, cast outside the gates of Carthage, knew not where to go; they remained there, exposed to the air, starving, destitute. One day Huneric rode forth with his train of Vandals. The bishops came to him suppliantly, "What evil have we done? We assembled at thy command, and now we perish from cold and hunger." "Ride them down!" said Huneric, turning to his followers. The barbarians galloped among the defenceless old men, and wounded and trampled under foot some of the most aged and feeble.

They were all summoned to meet in the Temple of Memory. A closed paper was presented to them; and they were told, "The king, though irritated at your disobedience, is disposed to treat you better. Swear then to do that which is written in this paper, and he will send you back to your churches." All replied, "We hold the one true apostolic faith; we are Catholic bishops."

When the oath was again urged on them, two, Hortulanus and Florentianus, said in the name of the rest, "What! are we beasts, to swear to that we do not know?"

The emissaries of the king said, "Swear that, on the death of the king, you will support his son Hilderic; and that none of you will write letters beyond the sea."

Some of the bishops took the required oath. The rest, S. Eugenius included, refused it. It is difficult to understand their refusal. Huneric foresaw what even-

tually took place, that his nephews, Gundamund and Thrasimund, would dispute the throne with the child. As it fell out, Gundamund and Thrasimund were persecutors, the mild Hilderic favoured the Catholics.

Those of the bishops who refused the oath did so by an unworthy quibble, "The Scriptures say, Swear not at all." Huneric involved those who had sworn, and those who had not, in common proscription; those who took the oath were banished to the fields to plough, and sow, and garner corn, and were forbidden to exercise their sacred offices, and so much as to handle a book. Those who refused the oath were exiled to Corsica, and condemned to hew wood and build ships. S. Eugenius of Carthage, seeing himself carried off into banishment, without time allowed him to exhort his flock, wrote them a letter, in which he conjured them, by the majesty of God, to remain firm to the true faith and the one baptism.

With him was sent Vindemialis, bishop of Capsei, in the province of Byzacene, and Longinus of Pamara, in Mauritania Cæsariana. We have a list of all the bishops who attended the conference, and were exiled. In all there were four hundred and sixty-six, of whom eighty-eight died. Forty-six were sent to Corsica, three hundred and two to other places, twenty-six sought refuge in flight; and eighty-eight conformed to Arianism.

The hardships of ten years exile must have reduced their numbers, and the Catholic succession would have expired had they conformed to the law of Thrasimund, which prohibited episcopal ordinations. They disobeyed; and their disobedience was punished by a second exile of two hundred and twenty bishops into

Sardinia ; where they languished fifteen years, till the accession of the gracious Hilderic.

Eugenius had been recalled at the close of the reign of Gundamund, in 488, but was involved in the second edict of banishment. He was sent to Gaul, perhaps to Alaric, an Arian like Thrasimund. He died at Albi in Provence, and his relics are still venerated there.

S. GOLINDUC, M.

(BEGINNING OF 7TH CENT.)

[Greek and Russian Mæneas. Authorities :—Mention by Evagrius, Theophylact, Nicephorus Callistus, and the untrustworthy account of her in Metaphrastes. A Life was written by Stephen, bishop of Hieropolis, who flourished at the same time as the Saint. This account Theophylact probably employed.]

THEOPHYLACT says that there was a young maiden named Cholinduc, or Colanduch, at Babylon, daughter of a Persian magus, who was married to a man of good estate, at Hierapolis. One day, while sitting with him at supper, she fell into a cataleptic fit, and on coming to herself, said she had seen the heaven and the hell of the Christians. Her husband angrily beat her, thinking she must be out of her mind. She, however, maintained that she had seen these two places, and that Christian teaching must be true. After having suffered much annoyance from her husband and others, an angel in dream revealed to her that he would soon die. This accordingly took place, and Cholinduc escaped to Nisibis, where she placed herself under instruction, and was baptised. This incensed the magi, and she was thrown into a dark dungeon ; thence she escaped, and went to Jerusalem, where she venerated the holy places, and then returned to Hieropolis, where she lived

afterwards, esteemed and venerated by the Christians. Evagrius says, in speaking of the reign of Chosroes, that "At that time, there was living in our country Golanduch, a female martyr, who maintained her testimony through a series of dreadful sufferings when tortured by the Persian magi, and was a worker of extraordinary miracles. Her life was written by Stephen, bishop of Hierapolis."¹

All this is true, and may be relied upon; let us next see how the story has been altered by Metaphrastes and in the *Menæa*. According to the fable that passes for history in these collections, Cholunduc was cast by Chosroes into an awful pit, in which lived a dragon, and resided there for "many years," till the dragon became perfectly tame. She was then drawn out, and given to a youth to execute. He smote at her neck, and cut it so that the blood flowed down her breast to her feet; but she was not killed by the blow.

S. MILDRED, ABSS.

(8TH CENT.)

[Gallican, Belgian, and Anglican Martyrologies. Authorities:—The legend in Capgrave.]

DOMNEVA, or Ermenburga, was the daughter of Ermenred and Oslava, and grand-daughter of Eadbald, king of Kent, and Emma, daughter of Clothair II., king of Austrasia. She was sister to Ethelred and Ethelbrith, murdered by their cousin Egbert, and venerated as martyrs (Oct. 17th), and of SS. Ermenburga, Etheldreda, and Ermengytha. She was married to Merewald, prince of the Mercians, and by her had

¹ Lib. vi. c. 20.

three saintly daughters, Milburga, Mildred, and Milgitha. Merewald was the son of the Man of Fire, the ferocious heathen Penda. S. Milburga was abbess of Wenlock; S. Milgitha nun at Canterbury.

Donneva sent her daughter Mildred to the monastery of Chelles, in France, for her education. Like her sisters, she felt drawn to a religious life; but the abbess, who wished her to marry one of her own relations, endeavoured, but ineffectually, to dissuade her therefrom, having recourse for that purpose, when entreaty and advice failed, to every kind of threat and ill-usage.

Mildred returned to England on the death of her mother, to supply her place as abbess of the monastery she had founded at Minster, in the Isle of Thanet, and govern therein seventy nuns.

Very few details of her life have been preserved, which makes it the more extraordinary that she should have enjoyed such prolonged popularity, were it not evident, by numerous other instances, that the interest attaching to a life has little to do with after veneration. The memory of some of the Saints, whose lives are rich in the most exquisite incidents and moral lessons, has been allowed by freakish popular piety to grow dead and cold, whilst that of others, whose history is a blank, has enjoyed the most ardent popularity.

The devotion to the memory of S. Mildred eclipsed that of S. Augustine, even in the district which he first won to the faith, and to such a point, that a rock impressed, according to popular superstition, with the first footstep of the Apostle of the English, and which lies a little to the east of Minster, took, and retains, the name of S. Mildred's Rock.

The relics of S. Mildred were translated to Canter-

bury, and thence, it is asserted in the Low Countries, to Deventer, where she received veneration ; but they disappeared at the Reformation.



July 14.

- S. PHOCAS, *B.M. at Sinope in Pontus, 2nd cent.*
 S. CYRUS, *B. of Carthage.*
 S. VINCENT MADELGAP, *C. at Soignies in Belgium, circ. A.D. 677.*
 S. DENTLIN, *Boy C. at Rees in Cleves, 7th cent.*
 S. RAGNULF, *V. at Aincour in Belgium, 7th cent.*
 S. BASIN, *M. at Drongen in Flanders, middle of 7th cent.*
 S. MARKHELM, *P.C. at Deventer in Holland, circ. A.D. 800.*
 S. LIEBERT, *M. at S. Tron in Belgium, A.D. 835.*
 S. HROSNATA, *M. at Töpl in Bohemia, A.D. 1217.*
 S. BONAVENTURA, *Cardinal B. of Alba, D. at Lyons, A.D. 1274.*

S. PHOCAS, B.M.

(2ND CENT.)

[Ancient and Modern Roman Martyrologies, that, so-called, of S. Jerome, Florus, Ado and all Latin Martyrologies. Greek, Russian, and Coptic Menæas. The Menology of the Emperor Basil. Constantinopolitan Synaxarium. Authority :—The Greek Acts, which are unfortunately no authority at all, but a deliberate forgery. The author distinctly asserts that he was an eye-witness of what he relates; but then, in addition to many incredible marvels, he winds up with the death of Trajan at Sinope, whereas he is known to have died at Selinus in Cilicia, in 117. Also, it is most improbable that Trajan should have personally sentenced the bishop to death by horrible tortures, and that in the last year of his reign, when he had addressed his memorable letter to Pliny to limit, if not practically to abolish, the punishment of Christians. The Acts bear on their face every characteristic of falsity;—there is not one element of truth in them.]



THE Acts of this martyr, who was bishop of Sinope, in Pontus, being a wilful forgery, and as dull as they are false, need not be further described here. That there was such a martyr is probable enough; some writer took advantage of his name as a basis for an historical romance.

The relics of S. Phocas were, at an early period, thought to be preserved at Vienne, in Gaul, and devotion to them was indulgenced by Pope Innocent IV.

S. CYRUS, B. OF CARTHAGE.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. An insertion of Baronius.]

BARONIUS put this name into the Roman Martyrology because "Possidius, in his Indiculum, c. 8, relates that S. Augustine spoke of him to the people." Absolutely nothing more is known of him, nor do we know whether Possidius had any authority for his statement. That Baronius should have been guilty of inserting a name on such slender grounds is indeed marvellous.

S. VINCENT MADELGAR, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 677.)

[Belgian Martyrologies. Authority :—A Life from a MS. in the abbey of Hautmont, somewhat late, perhaps of the 12th cent., and containing anachronisms. Also mention in the life of his wife, S. Waltrudis, his son, S. Landric, and his daughter.]

S. VINCENT MADELGAR, count of Hainault, and husband of S. Waltrudis (April 19th), was the father of S. Landric, abbot and bishop (April 17th), of S. Dentlin, or Denain, venerated the same day as his father, Madelberta, and S. Aldetrude (Feb. 25th). There is some difficulty about his name, as he is called by some Vincent, and by others Madelgar, or Mauger.

He was born at Strepv-les-Binches, in Hainault, of noble parents, about the year 615, and served in arms

under king Dagobert. In or about 635, he married S. Waltrudis, of noble family, niece of Gundeland, mayor of the palace, a holy and loving woman, with whom he lived in the tenderest union. Her sister was S. Aldegund, foundress of Maubeuge (Jan. 30th).

In 642, he dreamed that he saw an angel mark out the site of a monastery on Haut-mont, a hill above the Sambre, near Maubeuge. He sought the place. All night a soft snow had fallen, and whitened the plains and hills. But on Hautmont bare turf was visible, in the form of a cross, and he marked out the uncovered spot as the site of a church.

In 653, moved by the words of S. Authbert, he resolved to become a monk. His wife gladly consented to the separation, for she also desired to close her days in the grey, quiet cloister, apart from the excitement and distraction inseparable from a position in the world such as their rank and wealth gave them.

After a residence of some years in Hautmont, where he enjoyed the society of S. Etto, S. Ursman, S. Authbert, and other Saints, he constructed another monastery at Soignies, which he had dedicated to S. Mary and SS. Peter and John, to which he betook himself, with a few monks. He is said to have wrought no miracles whilst alive, a circumstance which his biographer thinks necessary to account for. His great affliction at Soignies was gout, of which he died, in, or about, the year 677, and was buried at Soignies.

His relics, in two beautiful mediæval shrines of rare execution, are preserved at Soignies.

S. DENTLIN, BOY C.

(7TH CENT.)

[Belgian and Cologne Martyrologies. Authority :—Mention in the Life of his father, S. Vincent Madeigar; and the Lections of the church of Rees.]

THIS little boy Saint was son of S. Vincent Madelgar and S. Waltrudis; his name was Dentlin, or Denain; he died in his white baptismal garments, in early childhood. He is probably only venerated because his father, mother, aunt, brother and sister are numbered with the Saints. He was buried at Rees, in the county of Cleves.

He is represented on the shrine of his father as a boy with a hawk on his wrist.

S. RAGNULF, V.

(7TH CENT.)

[Belgian and Gallican modern Martyrologies. Venerated in the diocese of Namur, where she is called *S. Rainofte*, or *Rainou*.]

S. RAGNULF was the daughter of Ado, or Ago, related by blood to Pepin of Herstatt. She was brought up in the court of king Dagobert, and at an early age was proposed by her parents to be married to Ebroin, a noble youth, with the consent of the king. The marriage was settled, the day was fixed; but on the preceding evening the bride had disappeared. In fact, shrinking from marriage, its cares, its obligations, and desiring to serve God in virginity, Ragnulf had run away, and hidden herself in the woods.

It was not till long after, when, exhausted by want and cold, Ragnulf felt she was dying, that she sent to

tell her parents where to find her. The young girl was lying in a forest solitude, in a rude wattled cabin, by a clear spring, in burning fever, racked with cramps. She lived to return the pressure of their hands, smile in their loved faces, and then she breathed forth her pure soul into the hands of a merciful Creator.

The relics of the saint, in a graceful, tapering shrine, are preserved at Aincourt, near Louvain. On the feast of Whit-Sunday, they are carried processionally to the fountain of S. Rainofle, and the water is stirred with them, as though to consecrate them. The fountain is enclosed in a sort of pound of wall-stones, and is sought by the infirm as endowed with healing properties, especially after the waters have been troubled by the descent into them of the relics of the angelic maiden.

S. LIEBERT, M.

(A.D. 835.)

[Belgian and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—Mention in the Life of S. Rumbold of Mechlin, which see.]

S. LIEBERT was born at Mechlin, of parents already old and despairing of having children, at the prayer of S. Rumbold, who baptized and brought up the child. One day, as Liebert was playing with some other children by the side of the sluggish Dyle, he fell into the water and sank. At the cries of his parents, Rumbold hastened up, bent his knee in prayer, and when the child rose to the surface, caught it by the hair, and drew it out. The care of the parents soon restored consciousness and warmth to the little fellow, and he lived to run about merrily again. The incident was

reported from one person to another, and was exaggerated by popular rumour into a miracle of an astounding character—Liebert had been three days under water and quite dead. The prayer of the hermit had brought the corpse to the surface and inspired a new life into it.

When grown older, Liebert entered the monastery founded by S. Rumbold, and became abbot. But the invasion of the Normans obliged him to fly and take refuge in Hesbain. The ferocious Northmen penetrated thither, and he was killed by them, at the foot of the altar of S. Tron. His relics are preserved there; some also at Mechlin. The relics at S. Tron had been lost or forgotten; but were discovered in 1169. Those at Mechlin were brought thither in 1631.

S. HROSNATA, M.

(A.D. 1217.)

[Bohemian Martyrology; also that of the Norbertine Canons. Authority:—A Life written by a contemporary, a monk of Töpl.]

HROSNATA, a Bohemian noble at the court of Ottocar, king of Bohemia, had a wife whom he passionately loved, and a son, the delight of his eyes. The world smiled on Hrosnata; he was wealthy, respected by his king, happy in his family, and with a prospect of leaving his substance and title to his son. But man proposes, God disposes. The dear son fell sick and died, the mother died soon after, and Hrosnata found that all his hopes, his ambition, had turned to dust and ashes in his grasp.

In the agony of his despondency he made a vow to go to Jerusalem, and he assumed the crusader's cross

But his heart failing him, he went to Rome, and for a large sum of money, purchased a dispensation from his vow. Cœlestine, however, required him to build a monastery of Norbertines on his land, instead of going to Jerusalem. Accordingly, he chose a suitable spot, in a loop formed by the Toppel, which flows into the Egger. The place was shut in by dense woods, but was rich with grass and wild flowers, which made it charming to the eye. There was every convenience for a mill; the river abounded in fish. Soon the walls began to rise, slim pillars to be reared, the roofs to be spanned, and the merry bells to peal over wood and meadow.

Shortly after, he built a monastery in honour of S. Wenceslas at Chotuessow, and as his sister was left a widow at Cracow, and desired to retire from the world, he built her a nunnery; and then, taking the Norbertine habit, entered his foundation at Töpl. But the abbot John, by no means pleased to have the founder and benefactor of the house under him, like all with mean minds, sought every opportunity of annoying and insulting him, till the intolerable treatment to which he was exposed, drove him from the house. He had recourse to his relations, and the abbot was humbled, chastised, and obliged with many apologies to receive back Hrosnata into the house.

But Hrosnata had enemies. Whether they were hereditary ones of his own house, or relatives who grudged the donation of so large a portion of his goods to the Church, does not appear, but he was taken by them while inspecting the abbey property, thrown into a dungeon and murdered.

His body was recovered by the monks of Töpl, and is preserved in their monastery to this day.

S. BONAVENTURA, CARD., B.D.

(A.D. 1274.)

[Roman and Franciscan Martyrologies. Canonized in 1482, by Sixtus IV., at the instance of Louis XI. of France; Sixtus V. enrolled him among the Doctors of the Church. Authorities:—A Life by Peter Galestinus, apostolic notary to Sixtus V. Decretal letters of Sixtus IV. on the canonization of the Saint. Octavian de Martinis, *Oratio de vita et meritis Bonaventuræ*, a. 1482, *habita*, &c.]

S. BONAVENTURA was born at Bagnarea, in Tuscany, in the year 1221; his father's name was John de Fidenza, his mother's Maria de Ritelli. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and God-fearing people. At his baptism he received the name of John. Four years after he fell sick, and his mother then vowed him to the Order of S. Francis, should he recover. His restoration to health was instantaneous, and the mother cried out in delight "O bonaventura!" (O what luck!), and the name Bonaventura clave to him for ever after.

At the age of twenty-one, a serious, studious youth, he presented himself before the gates of a Franciscan convent, and demanded the habit of a novice. As he gave great tokens of ability, his superiors sent him to Paris to study theology under Alexander Hales. Hales died in 1245, and Bonaventura became a novice in 1242, so that he must have been sent almost immediately to Paris. It is necessary here briefly to review the condition of the University of Paris, and the strong dissensions which tore it, to understand the part Bonaventura was afterwards called to play.

The University of Paris had grown up gradually to the greatest dimensions. A few teachers came at first, as adventurers, to teach in the Episcopal schools; their

ability drew scholars, attracted other teachers to set up, and so the University began to form itself.

Godfrey of Boulogne, bishop of Paris, founded a great school, towards the end of the 11th cent. Lanfranc came, taught there, and crowded its benches with eager learners.

By degrees the number of the students became so great, pouring in from every part of Europe, that the University was organised. The episcopal seminaries of S. Victor, S. Geneviève, and S. Germain formed the basis of this splendid institution. Professors gave lectures on medicine, others on canon law, others on philosophy, until Paris became crammed with a diverse population of boys and men from every quarter of Europe, eager, excited, full of fiery passions and daring intellects, hungering for knowledge, or, perhaps making the quest of knowledge an excuse for living free of religious and moral restraints. Crowded into lodgings where there was little room, they were exposed to every sort of temptation. Paris exhibited a spectacle of great public disorder, debauchery and crime. The professors, in great part, were reckless adventurers, seeking only excitement for the mind, and money for the pocket. The students were, in main, disorderly youths, living in the very centre of corruption, without control, loving a noisy, dissipated life in town.

But this teeming hot-bed of young life and intellectual expansion threatened the church with dangerous and daring speculation. There were Abelard and William of Champeaux, not cautious to tread in the beaten theologic path, leading their pupils to audacious questioning into truths hitherto taken for granted. The Mendicant Orders, the Dominicans, and Franciscans, cast longing eyes on Paris, and coveted a position

in the University, where they could meet and combat these bold speculators, these irreverant disputants, on their own ground.

An opportunity offered, in 1229. A quarrel broke out between the University and the City authorities. In a fierce fray between the students and the townsmen, two of the former had been killed by the city guard. The University demanded satisfaction; it was refused, and the University resentfully closed her gates. The students swarmed off to Rheims, Orleans, and Angers. The Dominicans seized this opportunity; they obtained licence to establish a chair of theology, and on the return of the students to Paris, they found the Dominicans in possession of a large share in the theologic instruction. The Dominicans were followed by the Franciscans. The former boasted Albertus Magnus, the latter Alexander Hales, the subtlest of the new race of schoolmen.

They were followed in their turn by others; and the University raised a loud outcry, that there were twelve chairs of theology at Paris, and of these only two were for the whole secular clergy, the Religious Orders had seized on, and held the remainder. The University suppressed one of the chairs belonging to the Dominicans, then passed sentence of expulsion on the Dominican professors, when they refused obedience. The Dominicans appealed to the Pope. Innocent IV. promulgated his celebrated bull, subjugating the Mendicant Orders to episcopal authority. Next month he was dead. The Dominicans assumed the merit of having prayed him to death, and "From the Litanies of the Dominicans, good Lord deliver us," became a proverbial saying.

Innocent was succeeded by Alexander IV., who

annulled the bull of his predecessor ten days after his election.

William of S. Amour, the champion of the University, in vain remonstrated, appealed, protested. What was contrary to the canons, what infringed the rights of the bishops could not be allowed, he urged, even to Popes. They must enforce obedience to the episcopate, not upset the authority of the bishops by emancipating the Mendicants from their rule. The Mendicant Orders lived in idleness on begging; S. Paul preferred to work with his hands at an honourable trade. The Mendicants demanded leisure to study; but what were the results of their study but pedantry and hair-splitting.

William of S. Amour ascended the pulpit against the Mendicants. He accused the friars of going about into houses, leading silly women captive, laden with sins, usurping everywhere rule over women's consciences and men's property, aspiring to tyrannize over public opinion.

The University refused to act upon the Papal bull re-instituting the Dominicans; rather than do so, she would dissolve her republic. The indignant friars denounced S. Amour as having disseminated a libel defamatory of the Pope. He swore his guiltlessness of this crime, and four thousand scholars stood forward as his compurgators.

But there was a dangerous element at work among the Franciscans, which presented an opportunity to S. Amour he was not slow to turn to account. The Franciscan Order, recruited from the lowest ranks of society, had absorbed into it, by its enthusiasm, its zeal for purity and poverty, many of those with Puritan or even Manichæan tendencies, who had troubled the

peace of Lombardy and Provence during more than a century.

A large number of Waldensian heretics had been formed into a religious confraternity in Toulouse; but without success, they had relapsed. In Lombardy the Patarines had been acknowledged by Gregory VII. as the champions of orthodoxy in the matter of clerical celibacy, and if they were afterwards consigned to the flames as incorrigible heretics, it was only because they had not taken refuge under the cowl of S. Francis. This latent Manichæism, this brooding heresy, had its sacred Book, its exponent, entitled the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel. It was soon to break forth into flagrant, furious heresy, in the Fraticelli.

The Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel was ascribed to the Abbot Joachim, the prophet, whose words and portent had thrilled Europe at the close of the 12th cent. Joachim, the Calabrian abbot of Flora, had pronounced dire woes over the infant Frederick II. He had forced the Empress Frederick's mother to her knees, whilst he heard her confession. His disciple and confidant, Luke, was archbishop of Cosenza. At the instigation of Henry VI., the Abbot Joachim had written commentaries on the Old Testament prophecies, Merlin and the Sibyls; and the greatest preachers and logicians of the time did not hesitate to pore over the books of the renowned Calabrian seer.¹

After his death, Friar Gerardino, of San Donino, who taught grammar in Sicily, composed the strange book, the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel, which supplemented the revelations of Abbot Joachim, and threw the whole religious world into confusion.² This book

¹ Salimbene.

² Salimbene settles the point as to the authorship of the Book.

announced that the world was ordained to traverse three epochs, to be placed under three dispensations :—those of the Law, the Gospel, and the Spirit. The Father had ruled and enlightened the Jews, the Son had taught, founded the Church, and now the dispensation of the Son was to be displaced by that of the Holy Ghost. The hierarchy, the priesthood, the sacraments—all that were of the Son—were to fade before the general illumination of the Spirit diffused through the Minorite Order. The new, the Everlasting Gospel, superseded and abolished the other four. It suited the enemies of the Mendicants to involve both Orders in the odious charge of teaching this new heresy; but the Everlasting Gospel in its tone, in its teaching, breathed the Franciscan spirit, or rather that of the covert Manichæism which had concealed itself in the convents of the Minorites.

The University of Paris sent a deputation to Rome to obtain the condemnation of the Everlasting Gospel, which was being secretly disseminated through France, and was raising a ferment among the people, which might end in a general revolt against the hierarchy and the clergy. But the University was forestalled by the Mendicants. Before the arrival of the mission, the Dominicans had struck their blow. William of S. Amour had also written a book, the “Perils of the Last Times,” a denunciation of the tendencies and conduct of the Mendicants. It was a relentless, covert, galling exposure of them and their proceedings under the form of an interpretation of Revelation. The ostensible object of the work was to draw out, by means of Holy Scripture, the character of those false prophets who are to appear at the end of the world; and who are spoken of by S. Paul in his 2nd Epistle to

Timothy. These the author sketched, these "lovers of themselves, proud, boasters, incontinent, unmerciful, traitors, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," in such lively and unmistakeable colours, that it was impossible for all not to recognize—and the Dominicans and Franciscans by their indignation admitted that there must have been some truth in the picture—the lineaments of the new Orders, which were overrunning Western Christendom, and sowing that seed of insubordination to the bishops and secular clergy which was after three centuries to break forth in a general revolt, which would sweep both friars and seculars away in an indiscriminate insurrection against authority. The book of S. Amour was condemned, "not on account of heresy, but as an incentive to revolt," against the Orders of Mendicants; and S. Amour was cast forth to die in exile, deprived of his benefices.

Such was the condition of the University of Paris when S. Bonaventura studied, and afterwards taught, there. His learning, his piety, his unassailable orthodoxy, did much to rehabilitate the reputation of the Minorites, shaken by the dissemination of the Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel.

"I do not know," says Gerson, the great chancellor of the University, "if ever the University of Paris has produced a doctor equal to Bonaventura." And elsewhere, "If you were to ask me which of all our doctors was the most perfect, I would reply, without prejudice to the others, that Bonaventura was the one; because he is solid, sure, pious and devout in all he says, and he does not embarrass his lessons with entering into curious and useless questions." And again, "There is no teaching more exalted, divine or salutary, or indeed more fascinating for true theologians than his; and one may

apply to him the words spoken by Our Lord of S. John ; He was a burning and a shining light."

Bonaventura was not a philosopher like his contemporary, S. Thomas Aquinas ; if he philosophizes, it is not because he cares for, loves philosophy ; but because it is the fashion of his day. He is a mystic rather than a thinker. His philosophy—such as it is—rests on the idea of the soul being in exile from God, straining, rising, losing itself in God. His most popular work is the "Itinerary of the Soul to God." The love of God, and the knowledge of God, proceed harmoniously together through four stages. The external light, by which we learn the mechanical arts ; the inferior light, the understanding which illumines the senses ; the eternal light, the reason, which sees the motive causes ; the superior light of grace, which reveals to us God.

Bonaventura thus defines the place of man in the world. God created all things for his own glory—not, as some argued, for the good of the creature—and as the manifestation of his light, the communication of his goodness. But there can be no perfect revelation without some to understand it, no communication of goodness without some capable of enjoying it. Since this capacity of understanding and enjoyment belongs only to rational creatures, the irrational creature stands in no immediate, but only in an indirect relation to God, and that, through the medium of the rational creature. But rational creatures, being created to praise and know God, are therefore created to stand in immediate relation to God ; and by virtue of this immediate relation, are capable of communion with God, and God can hold communion with them. This communion is the perfecting of the relation ; the highest exaltation of man.

Therefore the object of man is the elevation of his intellect, his intelligence, his soul into perfect union, almost identification with God.

Bonaventura was not only a theological teacher; he was also an ardent defender of his Order. With the greatest justice he could affirm, that the bad state of the clergy had rendered the friars a necessity, or at least had given a just excuse for the formation and extension of the Mendicant Orders. He maintained that "because sins within the Church were continually on the increase, and the bishops, occupied with external affairs, could not attend to the spiritual concerns of their dioceses; because few pastors resided in their parishes, but committed the guidance of souls to needy curates, ignorant, negligent, unchaste—therefore the Pope, on whom devolves the custody of the Church, has called us to the assistance of the clergy and the communities."¹ And thus he describes the Franciscans of his day:—"No one among us is allowed to be idle, except the sick. Some busy themselves with study, to qualify themselves for the office of instructors of the faithful; others, with the performance of divine worship; others, with collecting alms for the support of the community; others bestow their services on the sick; those who have learned trades work at them for the benefit of the brethren and of strangers; others, who are so directed, travel through different lands employed on missions."² He concedes to William of S. Amour, that many of the bad things censured by him were really to be found in individuals amongst them; but he complained of the injustice he had done them in charging the whole body

¹ "Determinaciones circ. regulam S. Francisci." Opp. T. vii., ed. Lugd. f. 330.

² "Contra impugnantes Religionem." Opusc. xvi. ed. Venet. T. xix., p. 311.

with the faults of a few. "That which is bad floats on the surface, and is noticed by all. True holiness is a hidden thing, to be found only by certain marks."

At the age of thirty-six, in the thirteenth of his profession, Bonaventura was unanimously elected General of his Order, in his absence, by a chapter held in Rome, in the presence of Alexander IV. No choice could have been better. The Order was in a critical condition. It was threatened with schism. The ferment of heresy had entered its veins.

Even before the death of S. Francis, there was formed within the Order the germ of a schism leading to important consequences—the strife between a party who were zealous for the literal observance of Evangelical poverty; and another, who retained only the appearance of it, but in the splendour of convents and churches, as well as in other respects, allowed themselves to depart, in manifold ways, from that original principle. Elias, the second general, a disciple of Francis himself, had mounted a horse; the Order was convulsed; he was condemned, anathematized by one party, applauded by the other. In opposition to him stood forth Antony of Padua. Hardly escaping perpetual imprisonment in the convent cells, for daring to question and reprimand the gentle relaxations allowed by Elias, he took up his position on the original constitution of the founder. Elias was humbled, deposed, cast aside.

The question was, how to unite any possession whatever, necessary for this life, with evangelical poverty. They distinguished between a *right* of property, and the simple *use* of another's property for the satisfaction of the necessary wants of life. As property the Franciscans should possess nothing; but the right

of property in all goods administered by them should be given to the Pope. Thus arose the two parties of the more strict, and the mild Franciscans. The popes, by their explanations of the Franciscan rule, especially Nicolas III., by his bull, issued in 1297, favoured the principles of the milder party, and the fanatical zeal of the more strict was fanned into conflict with the Church itself.

In 1256, when Bonaventura was appointed General, he issued a circular letter to the presiding officers of the Order in their several provinces, calling upon them, in the most urgent manner, to do their utmost to remove the abuses that had crept in. "The danger of the times," he wrote, "the violations of our own consciences; the scandal of worldly people, to whom the Order, which should be as a mirror of holiness, has become instead an object of contempt and abhorrence—all urge us to action." He then proceeded to enumerate several particulars which had brought the Order into bad repute. Lust of gold, costly and sumptuous buildings, the monopoly of drawing up of wills, and the grasping greed of the itinerant brethren. "For, as they cannot be satisfied with a little," said he; "and, as the love of men has waxen cold, we have all become intolerable, and we shall be more so, unless some remedy be not soon applied. So let the ardour of your zeal burn forth, and after you have purified the house of your Father in heaven from those who have made it a den of merchandise, let it kindle in all the brethren the fire of prayer and devotion." He recommended greater caution in the admission of members, and that friars should not be promiscuously permitted to hear confessions and preach to the people. Again, in a special letter to one of the provincial superiors, he

spoke of the threatening aspect of affairs, the general discontent aroused against the Order. He exhorted him to stop the violence of the friars, who assaulted the secular clergy in their public sermons, stirring up strife and hatred, and causing schism. Again he remonstrated with the rapacity of the friars in accumulating money by begging and by hovering round death-beds. "Let it appear manifest to the whole world that they are not seeking their own advantage; but the salvation of souls."

During the eighteen years that Bonaventura was general, he was indefatigable in maintaining the true spirit of the Order, in repressing the dissension which was constantly threatening it with schism, and in controlling the fanatical and mystic vagaries of some of its members. John of Parma, the seventh General of the Minorites, was the extremest of the Spiritualist, rigorist party. His first act had been a visitation of all the monasteries of the Order, to enforce the strict observance of poverty in its severest form. He was employed by Innocent IV., in Greece, in an endeavour to reconcile the Eastern schism. In 1251, he was again in Rome. In 1256, exactly the very year in which came forth the daring book of William of S. Amour, there were first sullen murmurs, then open revolt against his rule. He was suspected of having been the author of the Everlasting Gospel. This he was not, if we may trust Salembene; but the fact of his having had the book attributed to him shows that his views were in accordance with it, and indeed Gerardino da San Donino was in too close connection with him for him to be altogether released from the charge of complicity in the work.

John of Parma was deposed, his place was occupied

by S. Bonaventura; and his task was to root out, or cover over, the heretical tenets which had spread through the Order, and, that to such an extent, that it had affected its general. S. Bonaventura is thought to have dealt harshly with the displaced general, in banishing him to the obscurity of a remote convent where he disappeared from sight among rude and ignorant novices. But Bonaventura knew the danger that threatened the Order, and that only sharp measures could stay the poison from penetrating and killing the whole society. Ere long the Fraticelli will be in open revolt against the Popes, and Clement V. will have to condemn the Beghards, the lay members, or tertiaries, of S. Francis, as outrageous heretics, and later, John XXII., to assure the Christian world, by special bull, that the Beghards, though claiming to be Franciscans, are beyond the pale of salvation.

S. Bonaventura worked diligently with his pen; he had the greatest horror of idleness. He wrote on theology, on philosophy; he composed commentaries on Holy Scripture, and tedious and useless task—on the Master of Sentences. He was a poet, and some of his hymns breathe the tenderest, most loving piety. He was requested by a general chapter of the Order assembled at Narbonne in 1260, to undertake a life of their great founder, S. Francis. It was a labour of love. As he was engaged on it one day, in his cell, S. Thomas Aquinas came to see him; before opening the door he looked through a chink, and saw in the rapt expression of the writer that he was absorbed in his work. He withdrew, saying to those who accompanied him, "Let us not disturb the saint labouring for the saint."¹

¹ "Sinamus Sanctum qui laborat pro Sancto."

"How do you find time to read, what do you study?" asked the Angelical Doctor one day of him; wondering at his sweetness, his depth, and knowing what distraction he had in regulating the affairs of his Order. "My book," answered Bonaventura, "is the Crucifix."

In 1263, Bonaventura was present at the opening of the tomb of S. Antony of Padua, and the translation of his relics. Soon after he celebrated a general Chapter at Pisa. As he had a great devotion to the mystery of the Incarnation, threatened by the intellectual scepticism of his day, he ordered that in the Order, between Christmas and Epiphany, at the close of the hymns, should be sung: "Gloria tibi Domine, qui natus es de Virgine," and at Prime, the response, "Qui natus es de Maria Virgine," and that the feasts of the Conception and Visitation of Our Lady should be observed in his Order, and these festivals have since extended throughout the Church.

After holding the chapter, Bonaventura went to Rome to ask the pope, Urban IV., to give his congregation a protector. The Holy Father offered him Ancher Pantaleon, Cardinal of S. Praxedes, his nephew; but the Saint chose instead Cardinal John Gaëtan. Urban IV., son of a cobbler at Troyes, had found the College of Cardinals, at his accession, to consist of only eight. He hastened to fill up the number to twenty-two. His nephew naturally received one of the vacant hats; but he was neither by birth nor abilities equal to the requirements of Bonaventura, as a protector of his Order. The Saint groaned under the burden that was imposed on the Minorites of being confessors and directors of the nuns of S. Clare, an order attached to and sprung out of the Order of S. Francis. The great founder had said, with a sigh, "God has not

given us wives, so the Devil has pestered us with Sisters." The management of these nuns, the composing of their intestine discords, jealousies, heart-burnings, was a task from which S. Bonaventura at first, in vain, urged the pope to release his friars. His urgency prevailed, and by bull cut short the claims, the demands of the nuns. If a Franciscan henceforward listened to their woes, and directed their disturbed souls, it was in charity, not out of obligation.

In 1264, Urban IV. died; and, after a suspense of four months, Ugo Falcodi ascended the chair of S. Peter, and assumed the title of Clement IV.

In 1267 died Godfrey, archbishop of York, and without paying attention to the rights of the canons to elect a successor, Clement offered the important see to Bonaventura. The English Church was flooded with Italian priests. Innocent IV. had demanded of the compliant king, Henry III., that provision should be made in it for three hundred Roman clergy. Stephen, the pope's chaplain, had been given the office and revenues of the rich archdeaconry of Canterbury, without being required to execute any of its duties; he also held in France, and equally neglected, the archdeaconry of Vienne. Robert Grostête, the saintly bishop of Lincoln, estimated that foreign priests and the Papal treasure drew annually from England the sum of 70,000 marks; the king's income was not one-third of the sum. Grostête had received command, through the Papal nuncio, to confer a canonry at Lincoln, on a child, Frederick, the nephew of the pope. He had firmly refused. "I am bound by filial reverence to obey all commands of the Apostolic See; but those are not Apostolic commands which are inconsistent with the doctrine of the Apostles, and the Master of the

Apostles, Christ Jesus." The Pope was furious, "Who is this old dotard who presumes to judge our acts? Is not the King of England our vassal; nay, rather, our slave, and will he not, at a sign from us, imprison this bishop?"

The Barons were in revolt, unable any longer to endure the intolerable exactions. Aylmer, bishop elect of Winchester, was a Poitevin; Peter of Hereford was a Burgundian. William of Valence and Peter of Savoy had the ear of the weak king, and insulted and maltreated the English without heed to law.

"In those days," says Matthew Paris, "the Romans and their legates lorded it in England, causing much injury to laymen as well as ecclesiastics in the matter of advowsons of churches, providing their own friends with rich vacant benefices at pleasure, setting themselves in opposition to bishops, abbots, and other religious men, and involving them in the sentence of excommunication. The nobles, therefore, indignant at such acts of pride, bestirred themselves, late though it was, to apply a remedy, and compelled the foreigners to fly the kingdom." The pope, Urban IV., thereupon excommunicated the barons; but several of the English bishops refused to publish the interdict. The bishops of Winchester, Worcester, London, and Chichester were therefore excommunicated. It was at this juncture that Godfrey, archbishop of York, died; and Clement IV. pressed the vacant see on Bonaventura. The Saint saw, what the pope did not, that the intrusion of another foreigner into one of the most influential sees of England would cause fresh strife, and might lead to his expulsion, and the miseries of an interdict falling on the land in consequence; with good feeling, that does him credit, he declined the flattering offer.

Clement received the refusal graciously, saying, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, "Sta in testamento tuo, et in illo colloquere, et ne opere mandatorum tuorum veterasce."

Some years afterwards, Bonaventura assembled a general chapter of his Order at Assisi, the birthplace of the founder. It was then that he ordered in all convents of the Fraternity, that the devotion of the "Angelus" should be said every evening in honour of the Incarnation. This devotion has spread since throughout Western Christendom.

On November 29th, 1268, died Pope Clement IV., and there was a vacancy of more than two years in the supreme Pontificate. The cause of this dissension among the Cardinals nowhere transpires. The French Cardinals may have been ambitious to elect another French pope, and this the Italian minority may have stubbornly refused. They withstood the blasphemous mockery of the Bishop of Porto, to remove the roof of the chamber, as an obstruction to the Divine guidance they had invoked. It is asserted, and the assertion is credible, that Bonaventura was urged, but in vain, to ascend the chair of S. Peter. He was an Italian by birth, a Frenchman by education and place of residence, and in him both parties could unite. According to another story, his advice was asked; but we do not know that it was followed. At length, the Cardinals delegated to six of their number the full power of the conclave, and their choice fell, possibly directed by Bonaventura, on Theobald, the banished archdeacon of Liége, flying from his archbishop, the reckless Henry of Guelders, who had wronged most grievously the honour of a kinswoman, and Theobald was now on pilgrimage in the Holy Land.

Theobald returned to Italy, and was consecrated under the name of Gregory X. Perhaps in gratitude for his voice in directing the election, Gregory at once resolved to make Bonaventura a Cardinal. But the humble servant of God, hearing of his design, caring nothing for titles and worldly honour, and dreading fresh responsibilities, fled secretly, and returning to Paris, began to write his work on the "Visions of the Church in the Hexæmeron." Gregory sent after him a messenger, with express orders to return. Reluctantly he obeyed. On reaching the confines of Tuscany, he rested for a few days in the Franciscan convent of Nugello, near Florence. Two nuncios, who had been sent to present him with the hat, heard where he was, and came to the little convent, seeking him.

They found the Saint with his sleeves tucked up, in the kitchen washing up the plates after dinner. He would not relax for himself the rule of the Order, which prescribed the menial task for all the brethren in turn. The stately nuncios stood aghast. Bonaventura, without a blush, smiled, apologised, and excused himself from attending to their business till he had done wiping the plates. They produced the hat, the badge of the much-coveted rank.

He would only soil it with his greasy fingers. "Hang it up on the dogwood tree!" said the Saint, indicating a tree that overshadowed the kitchen door, "and show the nuncios to the reception room."

When his work was done, he dried his hands, turned down his sleeves, and took the hat from the bough where it was suspended. "Alas!" said he, with a sigh, "it is pleasant to execute the duties of a friar minor, and now I must bend my back to cares and duties, full of danger."

On reaching Rome he was consecrated bishop of Alba, one of the six suffragans of Rome.

Gregory had hardly ascended the Pontifical throne when he determined to hold a great Œcumenic Council, and re-awake, if possible, thereby, the slumbering enthusiasm of the West for the Sepulchre of the Saviour. Lyons was the chosen city; and a council was summoned to meet there, two years later.

It assembled in 1274. Gregory X. took his seat at the head of five hundred bishops, seventy abbots, and at least a thousand dignified ecclesiastics. Every kingdom of the West acknowledged its œcumenic power. The Dominican, Thomas Aquinas, and the Franciscan, Bonaventura, were summoned to attend. The Angelical Doctor died on his way to the Council. The Seraphic Doctor was present, preached during its sittings; but died before its dissolution.

He fell sick on July 6th, and died on July 14th. The Pope, with all the Council, attended the funeral, which took place in the convent of the Minorites in Lyons. The officiant was Cardinal Peter of Tarentaise, a Dominican, bishop of Ostia, afterwards Pope Innocent V., who preached from the text, "Doleo super te, frater mi Jonatha, amabilis et dilecte nimis." (I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. 2 Sam. i. 26.)

The relics of S. Bonaventura were taken up and enshrined in 1430, the head and heart separated from the rest.

Next century, when the Huguenots were masters of Lyons, the bones of the Seraphic doctor were publicly burnt in the market-place; but his head was concealed and saved by a Minorite friar.

The head, therefore, still exists, and also an arm-bone

at Bagnera, his native village. Another is said to be preserved at Venice.

S. Bonaventura is usually represented with an angel communicating him. According to the legend, his humility was so great that he would not draw near to the altar, and an angel therefore visited him, and gave him the holy Sacrament.



Well in the Cathedral at Ratisbon

July 15.

- THE SEPARATION OF THE SS. APOSTLES, A.D. 40.
 S. EPÆNETUS, *Disc. of S. Paul, 1st cent.*¹
 SS. EUTROPIUS, ZOSIMA, AND BONOSA, *MM. at Ostia.*
 SS. ANTIOCHUS AND CYRIAC, *MM. at Sebaste in Armenia, 3rd cent.*
 S. JAMES, *B. of Nisibis in Mesopotamia, circ. A.D. 350.*
 S. APRONIA, *V. at Toul in France, end of 5th cent.*
 S. ADEODATUS, *Abp. of Canterbury, A.D. 664.*
 S. PLECHELM, *B. at Ruremund in Belgium, 8th cent.*
 S. DONALD, *C., AND HIS NINE DAUGHTERS, VV. in Scotland,*
circ. A.D. 716.
 S. GUMBERT, *C. at Ansbach in S. Germany, 8th cent.*
 S. ATHANASIUS, *B. of Naples, A.D. 872.*
 S. REGINSWINDA, *V.M. at Lauffen in Germany, circ. A.D. 840.*
 S. VLADIMIR, *Prince C. at Kieff in Russia, A.D. 1015.*
 S. HENRY, *Emp. of Germany, at Bamberg, A.D. 1024.*
 S. ANSVAR AND COMP., *MM. at Ratzeburg in Saxony, A.D. 1066.*
 S. DAVID, *Ab. at Munkdorp in Sweden, 11th cent.*
 B. IGNATIUS AZEVEDO AND COMP., *MM. at Palma, in the Canaries,*
A.D. 1570.

THE SEPARATION OF THE SS. APOSTLES.

(A.D. 40.)

[By the Greeks on June 30th. Introduced into the West about the 12th cent., and assigned to July 15th. The Gallican Martyrologies, Peter de Natalibus, Maurolychus, Ferrarius, Saussaye, the Bollandists. With proper Office in the dioceses of Autun, Verdun, Besancon, Liege, Lisle, &c. At Antwerp on July 18th. Also in the Polish, Silesian, and Danish Breviaries, and that of Ratzeburg in Saxony.]



SAINT JUSTIN, martyr (A.D. 170) relates:—

“From Jerusalem twelve men went forth into all the world, men unlearned and wanting in eloquence; but by the virtue of God, they declared to the human race, that they were sent forth by Christ to teach all the word of God.”
 Rufinus (A.D. 410) enlarges on this theme:—“Our ancestors relate, that after our Lord’s Ascension, when

¹ Claimed by the Spaniards as Bishop of Saximurnum in Spain, on no warrantable grounds.

by the coming of the Holy Ghost, fiery tongues had sat upon each of the Apostles, so that they spake with diverse tongues, causing no nation to seem foreign to them, nor any barbarisms of language impervious or inaccessible, they received commandment of the Lord to go and preach His word to all nations. Accordingly, being about to depart from each other, they first appointed themselves a rule, mutually for their future preaching, lest, separated in different directions, any of them perchance should expound anything differently to those whom they invited to the faith of Christ. All, therefore, being assembled in one place, and filled with the Holy Ghost, they compiled, as we have said, this brief token (the Apostle's Creed) for themselves of their future preaching, by throwing together what each thought himself, and ordained that all believers should have this rule given them."¹

The ancestors to whom Rufinus refers were probably Tertullian, Origen, and S. Irenæus, who say that a rule of faith instituted by Christ had been taught by the Apostles, and handed down in the Church. And this was most likely that "form of sound words" to which S. Paul alluded when writing to S. Timothy,² which he said Timothy had been taught, and which he exhorted him to hold fast.

Rufinus is supposed also to have trusted to the 2nd Epistle of S. Clement of Rome, now proved to be spurious; but which had been in circulation a long time when Rufinus wrote, and which was actually one of the works translated by him from Greek into Latin. But the Epistle of S. Clement was not all forged at the same time, and the Epistle in the time of Rufinus ended at the 20th chapter, whereas the legend of the

¹ Rufin. In Symbol, § 2.

² 2 Tim. i. 13.



SEPARATION OF THE SS. APOSTLES.

July, Part I. p. 348.]

[July 15.

Apostles meeting to draw up the Creed is found in the 21st chapter, and was therefore not translated by Rufinus, for in his time that chapter did not exist.¹ S. Leo (A.D. 461), in his Epistle to Pulcheria,² in speaking of Eutychian perversity, says:—"A most stupid arrogance dares to assail this Creed, that our Lord would have none of either sex in his Church be ignorant of. But that perfect confession of the Catholic symbol is short, which is framed in as many sentences as there were Apostles, and thus we are furnished with heavenly assistance, that all heretical opinions may be utterly destroyed as by the sole sword of the Church." Venantius Fortunatus (d. cca. 600) relates the matter almost in the same words as Rufinus. S. Jerome (A.D. 420), in his letter to Pammachius, says:—"The symbol of our faith and hope, which we have received handed down from the Apostles, is not written on paper with ink; but on the fleshy tables of the heart." And S. Ambrose (A.D. 397), in his Epistle to Pope Siricius, says:—"We believe in the symbol of the Apostles, which the Roman Church has always guarded and kept incorrupt."

Consequently the Apostle's Creed was early held to have been drawn up by the Apostles, though all the circumstances attending it have been feigned later.

Socrates says that "When the Apostles were about to go forth preaching to different nations, they divided these nations among them by lot; Thomas got Parthia; Matthew obtained the Apostleship of Ethiopia, India fell to the share of Bartholomew."³

According to the Apocryphal Catalogue of the Apos-

¹ The letter of S. Clement, in its original shape, with the translation by Rufinus, has been published by Coteler, *Patr. Apost. i.* 616.

² *Ep. xxvii. al. xiii.*

³ *Hist. Eccl., lib. i., c. 19.*

bles, attributed to Hippolytus—1. S. Peter preached in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Bithynia, Italy, and Asia, and afterwards was crucified at Rome. 2. S. Andrew, after having preached to the Scythians and Thacians, was martyred at Patræ, in Achaia. 3. S. John died at Ephesus. 4. S. James, his brother, preached in Judæa, and was slain there by Herod. 5. S. Philip preached in Phrygia, and was crucified, head downwards, at Hierapolis. 6. S. Bartholomew preached in India, and was crucified, head downwards, in Albania, a city of Armenia. 7. S. Matthew died at Hiera, a city of Parthia. 8. S. Thomas, after having preached to the Parthians, Medes, Persians, Hyrcanians, Bactrians, and Margæ, was killed with a spear at Calamina in India. 9. S. James, son of Alphæus, was stoned to death by the Jews at Jerusalem. 10. S. Jude, also called Leb-bæus, preached at Edessa and in Mesopotamia, and died at Berytus. 11. S. Simon the Canaanite, son of Cleophas, succeeded James as bishop of Jerusalem, and died there. 12. S. Matthias preached and died at Jerusalem.

Eusebius, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, says:¹—“The holy apostles and disciples of our Saviour, being scattered over the whole world, Thomas, according to tradition, received Parthia as his allotted region; Andrew received Scythia; and John, Asia; where, after continuing for some time, he died at Ephesus. Peter appears to have preached through Pontus, Galatia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, and Asia, to the Jews that were scattered abroad; and finally coming to Rome, was crucified, with his head downward, having requested to be allowed to suffer in this way.”

¹ Lib. iii. c. 1.

SS. ANTIOCHUS AND CYRIAC, MM.

(3RD CENT.)

[Menology of the Emperor Basil. Modern Roman Martyrology. Also Chaldee or Syriac Kalendar. S. Antiochus received veneration in the 6th cent., as we learn from the Life of S. Theodoric the Siceot.]

THE only authority for these Saints is the mention of them in the Greek Menology, and thence, together with an absurd incident it relates, they have been translated into the Modern Roman Martyrology, in these words:—"At Sebaste, S. Antiochus, a physician, who had his head cut off under the president Adrian; and as milk instead of blood flowed from his neck, his executioner, Cyriac, was converted, and embraced the faith of Jesus Christ. This obtained for him the glory of martyrdom."

S. JAMES, B. OF NISIBIS.

(CIRC. A.D. 350.)

[Greek Menæa and Menology on Jan. 13th and October 31st. Syriac Menology on Jan. 18th. All ancient Latin Martyrologies on July 15th. Authorities:--A Life by Theodoret, bishop of Cyrus (A.D. 457), and mention by Theodoret in his Eccl. History, and Philotheus, and Gregory Abulfaraj in his Hist. Arab.]

S. JAMES of Nisibis lived a severe, self-denying life among the rocks of Mount Masius, near his native city; in winter lodging in a cave, in summer sleeping under trees in the open air. He ate only roots and wild fruit, and denied himself any clothing, except a goats'-skin habit. Theodoret tells a strange story of him. Vexed at seeing some girls washing linen with unveiled faces and clothes tucked up, in a manner

which he thought inconsistent with propriety, he cursed them, and their hair turned white. It was in vain that they implored him to restore the natural hue to their long locks. The stern old man remained obdurate, and the poor girls went about Nisibis, a living warning to the washerwomen to be more particular when engaged in cleansing linen. A beggar pretended to be dead, and his companions asked alms to bury him decently. The harsh old man turned sharply on them, and at his curse, the beggar died. However, we are told, that S. James relented at length, and the man got up and shook himself, and never pretended to be dead again; at least by the side of the road frequented by S. James.

The hermit was chosen bishop of Nisibis about the year 325, and mightily defended the city against Sapor II., king of Persia, in the memorable siege of Nisibis, in 350. During the long reign of Constantius, the provinces of the East had been afflicted by the calamities of the Persian war; now swept by the light, flying bands of the desert Arabs, next traversed by the marshalled hosts of Rome or of Persia, which clashed in nine bloody battles. The event of the day was commonly adverse to the Romans, the battle of Singara led to a rout with dreadful slaughter, and a hurried, disastrous retreat. Constantius revenged himself for his bad generalship by scourging, torturing, and then decapitating the young son of Sapor, who had fallen into his hands.

But whatever advantages might attend the arms of Sapor in the field, he could not hope to retain possession of Mesopotamia, the field of his victories and the humiliation of the Romans, so long as the fortified cities held out against him. Chief among these was

Nisibis, situated about two days journey from the Tigris, in the midst of a fertile, but marshy plain. A treble enclosure of brick walls was defended by a deep ditch; and the intrepid resistance of Count Lucilianus and his garrison, was seconded by the desperate courage of the people. The citizens were animated by the exhortations of their bishop; they knew the horrors that attended the capture of a city by the relentless Persian—impalement; or, at least, captivity in a distant land. The event of a former siege elated their confidence, and exasperated the haughty spirit of the great king, who advanced a third time towards Nisibis, at the head of the united forces of Persia and India, countless horses, engines of war, and numerous elephants. The ordinary machines invented to batter, or undermine the walls, were rendered ineffectual by the superior skill of the Romans; and seventy days elapsed without Sapor being able to make himself master of the city.

At length, the king formed dams which prevented the river Mygdonius from filling its bed, and retained it in a vast reservoir, above the city. When the water began to trickle over the embankment, the whole dyke gave way, and the immense volume of water fell like a battering-ram on the walls opposed to them, levelled them, flooded and destroyed the lower part of the city, and prostrated the wall on the further side, before they escaped. Sapor exulted on the immediate prospect of capturing the city; but he delayed the assault till the following day, when the waters would have subsided. In the night, however, James led on the people, men, women, and children, to rebuild the fallen defences. They laboured with such zeal that by dawn on the morrow the breaches were repaired.

Sapor could not believe that the new wall would resist an attack with rams, and the Persians were ordered to the assault. The heavy-armed cavalry, who led the van of a deep column, were embarrassed in the mud. The river had torn gullies and bored deep ruts, and filled them with slime, in which the soldiers floundered and perished. S. James, in his episcopal array of purple, with gilded mitre, appeared on the walls, in the glory of the morning sun. The Persian king exclaimed that this was the emperor, and could not believe those who assured him that Constantius was not there. It was now that, according to Theodoret,¹ the holy bishop raised his head and cursed the unbelieving foe.

There was a low humming, a little dark cloud spreading over the sky, and then a swarm of gnats fell on the elephants and horses, maddening them with pain. The elephants rushed hither and thither, trampling down thousands of Persian archers. "God is fighting for the Romans!" cried the enraged king, discharging an arrow against heaven.

At the same time, news reached him of an invasion of the Massagetæ into his territories. With reluctant indignation, he sounded the signal for retreat, and retired precipitately with all his host.

James was present at the great Council of Nicæa, which condemned Arius.

In 341, he was at Antioch, at the Council of the Dedication, which condemned S. Athanasius. This Council was attended by ninety-seven bishops, and passed a canon which cut off from all hope of restoration, or even of a hearing, a bishop who should officiate after a canonical deposition; it then confirmed the decision of the Arian synod of Tyre against Atha-

¹ And Abu'faraj.

nasius, and therefore cut him off by an irrevocable condemnation. The bishops passed twenty-four other canons, and drew up three creeds. The first was very short, beginning, "We who are bishops have not been followers of Arius; but have examined his doctrine; we have permitted him to join himself to us, but we have not gone to him." The doctrine it enunciated was thoroughly orthodox, only the burning word *homousios* ("of one substance") was avoided. Shortly afterwards a second Creed was promulgated by the Council, which gave high titles to the Son, as the immutable and unvarying image of the Father's Godhead, "begotten before all ages; by whom all things were made, God of God, All issued of All, perfection from perfection, King from King, Lord from Lord, living Word, living Wisdom, true Light, the Way, the Pastor, the Gate—by whom all things subsist." This Creed was also perfectly orthodox. The third was read before the assembly by Theophronius, bishop of Tyana; it was a vague, short statement, anathematizing Paul of Samosata, Sabellius, and Marcellus of Ancyra, but not Arius.

James of Nisibis signed the decrees of this Council. He may not have seen how truly Athanasius was the champion of the truth; he may have thought his vehemence violence, his insisting on the adoption of the word "*homousios*" unreasonable. He laboured for peace and hoped to obtain it by closing the mouth of the dauntless champion of the *Consubstantial*, and whilst professing the true faith, extending his fellowship to Arius.¹

The Roman Martyrology says:—"By the prayers of

¹ Marcellus, the great supporter of Athanasius, had fallen into flagrant Sabellianism; this may have alarmed some of the orthodox, James of Nisibis among them, and induced them to join the Eusebians in the condemnation of Athanasius.

S. James, united with those of S. Alexander, bishop of Constantinople, Arius received, in that city, the punishment due to his wickedness, by the rupture of his bowels." This Baronius inserted. He was grievously in error in so doing, as has been pointed out by the Jesuit Garner in his dissertation on the works of Theodoret.

The story occurs in some few copies of Theodoret's Philotheus; but in such a manner as to interrupt the narrative, and it disagrees with the assertion of S. Athanasius that only the priest Macarius was with Alexander, a statement Theodoret himself adopts in his Ecclesiastical History, and which is confirmed by Socrates and Sozomen.

In 336, it is pretended that S. James of Nisibis was in Constantinople; why, we are not told. It was at this crisis in the history of the Church when Constantine was determined to rehabilitate Arius. The heresiarch had been summoned to attend the emperor, who asked him if he held the orthodox faith. He answered, with a solemn oath, that he did hold it; and gave in a formula of faith couched in Scriptural terms, professing that he did not hold the heretical opinions attributed to him, and appealing to the judgment of God. The facts of the death of Arius are sufficiently established; but there is no evidence that S. James was present in Constantinople at the time. Abulfaraj says that S. James died the same year as the siege, 350; Genadius says only that he died in the reign of Constantius. Theodoret does not give any indication of the date.

The Roman Martyrology says that he had suffered for the faith and made a noble confession in the persecution of Galerius Maximus; but of this, history knows nothing, any more than of his having climbed

Ararat and being vouchsafed a sight of the ark of Noah, which is hidden from the eyes of most men—a circumstance related by the ancient Roman Martyrology, ascribed, falsely, to S. Jerome, which is also the only authority for the sufferings of S. James in the persecution of Galerius. If Baronius left out one fable, he might just as well have also drawn his pen through the other, when revising the Martyrology.

S. APRONIA, V.

(END OF 5TH CENT.)

[Gallican Martyrologies. Venerated at Toul and Troyes. Authority:—A late Life, by an anonymous writer, several centuries subsequent to the date of S. Apronia.]

S. APRONIA, called vulgarly *Evronie*, was sister of S. Aner, bishop of Toul, and was born at Tranquille, a village in the diocese of Troyes. Drawn by her love of Christ to a religious life, she led on earth a virginal and angelic life, in imitation of her brother, a man of the highest sanctity. During her life she loved innocence, purity, and holiness, which she preserved till her death. She was enshrined at Toul by the bishop, S. Gerard, in 992.

S. ADEODATUS, ABP. OF CANTERBURY.

(A.D. 664.)

[Utrecht, German, Anglican, Benedictine Martyrologies. But Wilson on June 30th. Authorities:—Mention by Bede and Matthew of Westminster. Also a Life by Capgrave.]

S. ADEODATUS, or Deusdedit, was elected archbishop of Dover or Canterbury, in 655, and was consecrated by

Ithamar, bishop of Rochester. His name in Saxon was Frithom. Next to nothing was known of his acts. He died on July 15th, 664, and was buried in the monastery of SS. Peter and Paul at Canterbury.

S. PLECHELM, B.

(8TH CENT.)

[Treves, Utrecht, Cologne and Belgian Breviaries and Martyrologies. Venerated especially at Ruremund. Authority:—A Life, of no great authority, written late. Also mention in the Life of S. Wiro.]

S. PLECHELM, who must not be confounded with S. Plehelm of Withern, or Candida Casa, was a Scotchman, who came into the Low Countries with S. Wiro, bishop, and S. Oger, a deacon. He obtained land from Pepin of Herstall, near Ruremund, and there he settled, instructing the people of that part in the truths of the Gospel; and there he died and was buried.

S. DONALD, C.

(ABOUT A.D. 716.)

[Scottish Kalendars and Aberdeen Breviary.]

S. DONALD, or Donevaldus, 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, where they lived in a hollow oak. The church of Finaven appears to have been an early foundation, dedicated probably to the Nine Maidens. So also Strathmartin. There is a Nine Maiden Well there, and in the park at Glamis.

S. REGINSWINDA, V.M.

(ABOUT A.D. 840.)

[German Martyrologies. Venerated especially in the diocese of Würzburg. Authority:—The Latin Acts, written somewhat later.]

IN the reign of Louis the Pius (814—840), there lived a nobleman of Noric race, named Ernest, who, when the emperor came to Vienna, in 832, attended his court, and finding favour with him, accompanied him in his return Westward; and was appointed by Louis, steward, or count of Lauffen, on the Neckar, with supervision of the forest of the Spessart, a royal hunting domain. Accordingly, Ernest moved to Lauffen with his wife Frideburga, and all his household. There, after a few years, his wife presented him with a little daughter, who was given the name of Reginswinda, and committed to the charge of a nurse, the sister of one of the count's grooms.

This groom was an idle, neglectful fellow, and as he was continually leaving his duty undone, Count Ernest repeatedly gave him a severe whipping. The groom's sister so bitterly resented this, that in a fit of revenge she strangled the little child, then seven years old, and flung it into the Neckar, and then, overcome with horror at her crime, plunged in to destroy herself, but was saved by some peasants, and in her terror and remorse, she confessed her guilt. The little body was found floating with arms expanded, and was solemnly translated and buried at Lauffen by Humbert, bishop of Würzburg (d. 842).

The popular sympathy for the murdered child took the form of popular canonization, the usual mode of expressing in those days sympathy with those who had been wronged.

S. VLADIMIR, PRINCE, C.

(A.D. 1015.)

[Russian Kalendar. Authorities:—Nestor, Monk of Kieff, A.D. 1060—1116. The following account is taken partly from the lecture on the Russian Church in Dean Stanley's Eastern Church, and partly from Mouravieff's History of the Russian Church.]

THE Russian Church, it is proudly boasted, had an Apostle for its founder. S. Andrew is thought to have preached the Gospel there. Ascending the Dnieper, into the deserts of Scythia, he is said to have pointed to the rising ground where now stands the holy city of Kieff, and to have said, "See you these hills? On them shall shine forth the Grace of God." But nine centuries of darkness covered those hills, ere the promised light broke on them.

Vladimir, grandson of Olga, came to the Russian throne in 980. He was a ferocious barbarian; and the only Christian martyrs of which early Russian history can boast were slain in his reign, Theodore and John, who were put to death because one of them refused to give up his son to be sacrificed by Vladimir to the thunder-god Perun.

To him, in the year 986, came envoys from the different religions of the then known world.

First came the Bulgarian Mussulmans of the Volga. "Wise and prudent prince as those art, thou knowest neither law nor religion. Believe in ours, and honour Mahomet."

"In what does your religion consist?" asked Vladimir. "We believe in God," they replied, "but we believe also in what the Prophet teaches. Be circumcised, abstain from pork, drink no wine; and after death choose out of seventy beautiful wives the most beauti-

ful." Vladimir listened to them for the last reason. But that which he did not like was abstinence from pork, and above all the prohibition of drinking. "Drinking is the great delight of Russians," he said, "we cannot live without it."

Next came the representatives of Western Christendom. "Whence came they?" "From the Pope." "What was their message?" "The Pope begs us tell you, your country is like ours, but not your religion. Ours is the right. We fear God, who made heaven and earth, the stars and the moon, and every living creature, whilst your gods are of wood?" "What does your law command?" asked Vladimir. "We fast," they said, "to the best of our power; and when anyone eats or drinks, he does it in honour of God, as we have been told by our master, S. Paul."

"Go home again," said Vladimir. "Our fathers did not believe in your religion, nor receive it from the Pope."

Next, on being informed of this, came some Jews who lived among the Khozars. "We have heard say that the Mahometans and the Christians have tried to persuade you to adopt their belief. The Christians believe in Him whom we have crucified. We believe in one God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." "In what does your law consist?" asked Vladimir.

"Our law requires circumcision, prohibits pork and hare, and enjoins observance of the Saturday."

"Where is then your country!" "At Jerusalem." "What is Jerusalem?" "God was wrath with our forefathers; he dispersed us for our sins throughout the world, and our country has fallen into the hands of Christians."

"What!" said Vladimir, "you wish to teach others

—you whom God has rejected and dismissed? If God had loved you and your law he would never have scattered you abroad; do you wish, perhaps, that we should suffer the same?"

In each of these answers we detect the characteristic temper of the Russian, his love of drinking, his tenacity of ancestral customs, his belief in the Divine right of success.

Another agency now appears on the scene. It is not a nameless barbarian as before. It is, so the chronicler tells us, "a philosopher from Greece." The glory of Grecian culture still hung about its ancient seats, and the fittest harbinger of Christian truth, even in dealing with the savage Vladimir, was thought to be a Greek; a monk, Constantine, esteemed a philosopher. "We have heard," said he, "that the Mahometans have sent to lead you to adopt their belief. Their religion and their practices are abominations in the face of heaven and earth, and call for judgment. This is what they do who call Mahomet a prophet."

This calls forth the first moral spark that we have seen in Vladimir's mind. He spat upon the ground and said, "This is shameful."

"We have also heard," said the philosopher, "that messengers have come from Rome to teach you. Their usages somewhat differ from ours. They celebrate the mass with unleavened bread, therefore they have not the true religion."

Such was the point on which the two greatest Churches of the world had been torn asunder, and into which Vladimir did not enquire further. He then took up the word himself, and said: "I have also had Jews here who said that the Germans and Greeks believe on Him whom they crucified."

The philosopher assented. "Why was He crucified?" asked Vladimir. "If you will listen," replied the philosopher, "I will tell you."

"With pleasure," replied Vladimir. And the philosopher then proceeded to relate all the Divine acts and deeds from the beginning of the world; the whole course, we may say, of ecclesiastical history, coming to a characteristic close in the Seventh General Council. He then defined the true faith, and spoke of the future reward of the just and the punishment of the impious, and at the same time showed to Vladimir a picture of the Last Judgment. Then showing him on the right the just, who, filled with joy, were entering Paradise, he made him remark on the left the sinners who were going to hell. Vladimir, as he looked at the picture, heaved a sigh, "Happy are those who are on the right; woe to the sinners who are on the left." "If you wish," said the philosopher, "to enter with the just who are on the right, consent to be baptized." Vladimir reflected profoundly, and said, "I will wait yet a little while." It was like our English Ethelbert musing and pausing after hearing S. Augustine, and postponing a decision till he was thoroughly convinced.

Vladimir loaded the philosopher with presents and sent him away. Next year he sent for the nobles and elders. Through the long dark winter, the thoughts of the deputation, and what he had heard, had been working in his barbarian mind. He told them of the different interviews. "You know, O Prince!" they said, "that no one talks evil of his religion, but that all praise their own. If you wish to know the exact truth, you have wise men; send them to examine the faith of each, and their modes of worship."

We need not follow them throughout their journey.

They reported that the Mussulmans prayed with their heads covered, and that their stench was insupportable; and that the German and Roman churches had no ornaments nor beauty, though better than the Mussulman mosques. But the nobles insisted that the decision should not be made without knowing first what was the Greek religion; and accordingly the envoys proceeded to the city of Constantinople. What that great city was, at that period, the splendour of its ceremonial, both of Church and State, even in the most minute detail, is known to us from the nearly contemporary account of the German embassy from Otto. Basil Porphyrogenitus, himself a hagiographer, the compiler of the *Menology* so often referred to on these pages, was then on the throne with his brother Constantine. He knew the influence of solemn and splendid worship on the mind. "Let the ambassadors see," he said, "the glory of our God." The service was that of a high festival, either of S. John Chrysostom, or of the Death of the Virgin.

It was in the church—magnificent even now in its fallen, scraped and whitewashed state, then all gorgeous with gold and mosaics—of the Eternal Wisdom. Even had they been as far as Rome itself, they would have seen nothing equal to it. S. Peter's, as it now is, was far in the future. Cologne Cathedral was not yet born. The boast of Justinian was still the masterpiece of Christian architecture.

The Russian envoys were placed in a convenient position. The incense smoked, the whole mighty concourse rolled forth in thunder the vernacular hymns and familiar psalms; the patriarch blazed in his most gorgeous vestments. One incident is preserved in a Byzantine annalist which the Russian chronicler has

omitted. "The Russians were struck," he says, "by the multitude of lights and the chanting of the hymns; but what most filled them with astonishment was the appearance of the deacons and subdeacons issuing from the sanctuary, with torches in their hands," and, as we happen to know from an earlier source, with white fluttering sleeves, like wings, at whose presence the people fell on their knees and cried "Kyrie eleison!" It was the procession to the altar of the Holy Gifts, and the singing of the Cherubic hymn.

The Russians took their guides by the hand, and said, "All that we have seen is awful and majestic; but this is supernatural. We have seen young men with wings, in dazzling robes, who, without touching the ground, chanted in the air, Holy! holy! holy! and this is what has most surprised us." The guides replied, "What! do you not know that angels came down from heaven to mingle in our services?" "You are right," said the simple-minded Russians; "we need no further proof; send us home again."

It is the striking instance of the effect produced on a barbarous people by the union of religious awe and outward magnificence; and the dexterity with which the Byzantine courtiers turned the credulity of the Russian envoys to account, illustrates the origin of many of the miracles of the Middle Ages,—a mistake fostered, not by deliberate imposture, but by the difficulty of resisting the temptation to allow the mistake to remain uncorrected, when it apparently conduced to edification.

On the return of the envoys to Vladimir, "We knew not," said they, "whether we were not in heaven; in truth, it would be impossible on earth to find such wealth and magnificence. We cannot describe to you

what we have seen. We can only believe that there, in all likelihood, one is in the presence of God, and that the worship of other countries is there entirely eclipsed. We shall never forget so much grandeur. One who has once tasted sweets, will not afterwards take what is bitter; we can no longer abide in heathenism."

Then the Boyars said to Vladimir, "If the religion of the Greeks had not been good, your grandmother Olga, who was the wisest of women, would not have embraced it." The weight of the name of Olga overpowered his remaining scruples, and he said no more in answer than, "Where shall we be baptized?"

And then, filled with a strange barbarous idea, Vladimir armed his hosts and burst upon the Eastern empire, to win his new religion, sword in hand. He embarked his warriors on board their vessels, and attacked Cherson, in Tauris (A.D. 992). After a long and unsuccessful siege, a priest, named Athanasius, shot an arrow out of the town with a message attached to it, informing the Prince that the fate of the besieged depended on their supply of water. Vladimir profited by the traitor's hint, cut the aqueducts, and then vowed, if the city fell, that he would receive baptism. The city surrendered. Vladimir then sent to demand from the Emperor Basil the hand of his sister Anne in marriage, under promise of his own conversion, and under the threat of doing to Constantinople as he had done to Cherson. With some difficulty Anne was induced to sacrifice herself to the barbarian prince, in the hope of averting so great a danger, and effecting so great a good. Her sister, Theophano, had already been established on the throne of the German Otho. She acquired a more lasting fame as the channel through which Christianity flowed into Russia.

Accompanied by a large body of clergy, she sailed for Cherson, and on her arrival induced the Prince to hasten his baptism. He was at this time troubled with inflamed eyes; but at the moment that the bishop of Cherson laid his hands upon him in confirmation, as he rose from the laver of regeneration, Vladimir recovered ease in his eyes, and exclaimed, "Now I have seen the true God!"¹

The baptism of Vladimir was followed by that of many of his nobles. His baptism and marriage were celebrated in the church of S. Mary, in whose honour he afterwards erected a cathedral in his own city of Kieff. In Cherson he built a church in honour of S. Basil, whom he took as his patron, and then, laden with the relics of S. Clement, bishop of Rome, and his disciple, Thebas, with church vessels and ornaments, and sacred pictures, he returned to Kieff, accompanied by his wife, Anne, and many Greek ecclesiastics, amongst others, the miserable traitor Anastasius, who had betrayed to him the weakness of the city, and who now dared not remain there without his protector.

After his return to Kieff, Vladimir caused his twelve sons to be baptized, and proceeded to destroy the monuments of heathenism. He ordered Perun to be dragged over the hills at the tails of horses, mercilessly to be scourged by twelve mounted pursuers, and thrown into the Dnieper. The people followed the great wooden image as it floated down the sluggish stream; but finding that it swayed helplessly with the current, unable to protect or extricate itself, they abandoned it with contempt, as it sank in the rapids, long afterwards known as the Gulf of Perun.

¹ This miracle is not supported by the account of the Metropolitan Plato, who does not mention it.

The whole people of Kieff were then ordered to prepare for baptism. "Whosoever shall not, on the morrow, repair to the river, whether he be rich or poor, him shall I hold and treat as an enemy," was the announcement of the despotic prince.

The people flocked with their wives and children to the water, profoundly ignorant of the reason or meaning of the rite, still less aware of the awful responsibilities it entailed. Nestor thus describes the baptism of a whole people at once:—"Some stood in the water up to their necks, others up to their breasts, holding their young children in their arms; the priests read the prayers from the shore, naming at once whole companies by the same name." Vladimir looked on, in a transport of joy, crying out and commending to God himself and his people, "O great God! who hast made heaven and earth, look down on them Thy new people. Grant them, O Lord, to know Thee the true God, as thou hast been made known to Christian lands, and confirm in them a true and unfailing faith; and assist me, O Lord, against my enemy that opposes me, that trusting in Thee, and by thy power, I may overcome all his wiles."

Vladimir erected the first church, dedicated to S. Basil, on the very mound which had formerly been sacred to Perun, near his palace; and so on those hills at last the dawn broke.

Vladimir engaged zealously in building churches throughout the towns and villages of his dominions, and sent priests to preach in them. He founded schools, and forced the Boyars, or nobles, to send their children into them; but had much difficulty in overcoming their repugnance.

Then Vladimir, at the head of bishops and priests,

went into the district of Souzdal and Volhynia, to Christianize it. The Boyars on the Volga, and the hordes on the Steppes between the Abral and the Volga, embraced the Gospel, and were baptized. Dobrina, the uncle of Vladimir, with the priest Anastasius, visited Novgorod, and destroyed the idols there.

Vladimir built a church at Kieff in honour of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, in close resemblance of the cathedral at Cherson, in which he had been baptized; it was erected by Greek builders, and was the first stone church built in Russia. On the consecration of the church, by the Metropolitan Leontius, Vladimir endowed it with the tenth of all his revenues; and from thence it was called the Cathedral of the Tithes. The care of the new church, and the collection of the tithes, he entrusted to Anastasius.

In 996, the Metropolitan Leontius formed the first five dioceses in Russia, Novgorod, Rostoff, Chernigoff, Vladimir, and Belgorod.

In 1015 died Vladimir I., after a long reign. He had received the city and district of Great Novgorod as his appanage, in A.D. 970; and got possession of the whole Russian monarchy on the death of his brother, Yaropolk, in A.D. 980. The contrast between his cruelty and vices as a heathen, and the mildness of his disposition and the purity of his morals after his conversion, is fondly commented on by the Russian annalists. He was buried in a marble coffin in the church of the Tithes, at Kieff, by the side of his wife Anne.

He has received in Russia the honourable title of "Equal to an Apostle."

S. HENRY, EMP.

(A.D. 1024.)

[Roman and German Martyrologies. Canonized on March 14th, A.D. 1151, by Pope Eugenius III. Authorities:—A Life by Adalbert, deacon of Bamberg, in the middle of the 12th cent. in Pertz, iv., p. 792. Another Life, by Adalbold, bishop of Maestricht, d. 1027. A fragment "De rebus gestis Heurici imp." in Gretser and the Bollandists. Diemar of Merseburg (d. 1018), the Annals of Hildeshim (Contin. II., A.D. 994—1040), the Saxon Annalist (A.D. 1139), Sigebert of Gemblours (A.D. 1112), Lambert of Aschaffensburg (d. 1077), Herman the Cripple (d. 1054), Leo of Ostia (d. 1118), &c.]

ON the death of Otho III., emperor of Germany, in 1002, probably of small-pox, without issue, the imperial throne was disputed by Henry of Bavaria, Hermann of Swabia, and Eckhardt of Meissen. Henry of Bavaria was born in 972, and was the son of Henry the Wrangler, son of Henry I. of Bavaria, brother of Otho the Great. His mother was Gisela, daughter of Conrad, king of Burgundy. He was therefore descended through both his father and his mother from Charlemagne. He was educated by Wolfgang, bishop of Ratisbon, in his early childhood, and finished his education at Hildesheim, where he made the acquaintance of Meinwerk, whom he afterwards elevated to the bishopric of Paderborn.¹

In the duchy of Bavaria he governed with justice and moderation, giving to the cities charters, and to the churches benefactions; so that he became generally popular. He was thirty-two years old when Otho III. died. Heribert, archbishop of Cologne, received the regalia from the dying emperor, and gave them up to Ezo, count Palatine of the Rhine, who had married Mathilda, daughter of Otho the Great. But Henry was

¹ Vit. Meinwerici—a synchrono; ap. Pertz.

elected by a diet at Werden in Westphalia; Bernard, duke of Saxony, wrested the sacred lance from the archbishop of Cologne, and placed it in the hands of Henry. Willigis, archbishop of Mainz, the archbishop of Salzburg, the bishops of Ratisbon, Strasburg, and several nobles joined his standard. Hermann of Swabia resigned his claims, and Henry was crowned at Aix, and was acknowledged by the Saxons, by the archbishop of Bremen, S. Benno, bishop of Hildesheim, and the bishops of Paderborn and Halberstadt. Eckhardt of Meissen lost his life before he could carry his projected claim into execution. His indecorous treatment of Sophia and Adeheid, the sisters of Otho III., who actively forwarded the interests of his rival, Henry, in forcing his way into their dining apartment, and destroying their meal, was avenged by the Saxon counts of Nordheim, who attacked him during the night at Pölde, and killed him, after a valiant defence. Henry's wife, Cunegunda, was then crowned queen, at Paderborn.

Hermann of Swabia died not long after, and left his possessions to his son, who did not long survive him. The dukedom of Bavaria, vacated by Henry, on his accession to the throne, was demanded by his cousin, the Markgrave Henry of Schweinfurth, and was also aspired to by Bruno, the emperor's brother. Both competitors met with a refusal from Henry, who bestowed Bavaria upon his brother-in-law, Henry, count of Luxemburg, upon which the disappointed rivals entered into a conspiracy against him with Boleslas II., of Bohemia, but were defeated by the emperor, near Creusen, in 1003, and were pardoned.

Almost immediately on his coronation, Henry appointed Meinwerk, his school-friend, to be his chaplain. He was a man of irreproachable morals, and some

learning. In 1000, the city of Paderborn had suffered severely from a conflagration. The cathedral and the houses were in ashes. Bishop Riethar appealed to the Emperor Otho and to the Pope, to assist him in the work of restoration. On the death of Otho, Riethar visited Henry II., then at German Corbei, and urged the king to relieve the necessities of the afflicted diocese. The king replied that he had nothing to give, whereupon Meinwerk, his chaplain, offered his master one of his estates. Henry readily accepted it, and gave it to the bishop.

Riethar died in 1009, and when the news reached the king, he resolved on conferring the see on his chaplain. He called Meinwerk to him.

"Here is my glove," said the emperor.

"Not empty, sire," answered the chaplain.

"No, it contains the bishopric of Paderborn."

Meinwerk growled, "It is a beggar's portion. What shall I do with it?" "Thou art wealthy," answered Henry, "therefore gave I to thee a poor bride."

"With thy assistance, sire! she shall be enriched," said Meinwerk. And he never after omitted an opportunity of besieging the emperor with entreaties for gifts. After his importunities had wrung from him twelve manors, he begged a thirteenth. "God forgive thee, bishop!" exclaimed Henry, "for thou plunderest me of everything." The emperor was invited by Meinwerk to assist at the dedication of a monastery he had erected at Paderborn. The dedication took place at Christmas. On the arrival of Henry he was vested in a mantle of lamb's wool, set with marten's tails, instead of the usual ermine. The emperor coloured with anger at the affront.

"Sire!" apologised Meinwerk, "the diocese is too

poor to provide the proper mantle for your majesty. You are robed in the skins of our poor canons, fleeced by your majesty's heavy exactions." "Well, well, bishop!" said Henry laughing; "I will restore four-fold. Take now the lordship of Stein." After vespers the emperor sent his drinking-cup to Meinwerk by his secretary, that he might examine and admire it, as it was a rare work of art. But knowing the sort of man he had to deal with, he strictly forbade his secretary to allow the cup out of his hands. Meinwerk admired and coveted the goblet, snatched it from the hands of the secretary, thrust him out of the room, locked the door in his face, and sent for a silversmith at once, who worked all the evening to transform the drinking cup into a chalice for the altar. Meinwerk used the vessel at the first mass at midnight, and then said to the emperor, "Reclaim it if thou darest!"

At the offertory of the second mass, sung at day-break on Christmas morning, the bishop went to the king and asked for the town and lordship of Erwitte, near Lippstadt. Henry refused. At the third mass, when the emperor came forward to make his offering, the bishop turned on his heel and refused his oblation. "I will have Erwitte, and nothing else," he muttered. The emperor followed him on the sanctuary steps. The scene was becoming undignified, unedifying. The empress Cunegunda stepped forward and interfered. The bishop obtained the town he had so pertinaciously demanded.

On the following S. Stephen's Day, Meinwerk borrowed of the emperor various costly pieces of apparel for the temporary adornment of the altar of the monastery church; and then, from the pulpit, informed Henry that to reclaim them would jeopardise his salvation. Not content with this, finding that Henry

had brought with him a magnificently embroidered and jewelled mantle, to be worn at imperial diets, he carried it off surreptitiously, and the emperor next saw it, to his surprise and vexation, used as an altar cover. In revenge, Henry persuaded one of the canons to scratch a syllable out of the collect for the dead of the imperial family, and by this means to change "de famulis et famulabus," into "de mulis et mulabus." Next time the bishop said mass, he read as was written, but instantly, hearing the titter of the court, corrected himself.

After mass, the emperor said to him, "Bishop, I desire you in future to pray for my dead kinsfolk, and not for my mules and she-mules."

"I will be revenged for this trick," said the angry prelate, and having discovered the canon who had erased the syllable, he fell on him with his stick, and cudgelled him unmercifully.

Another practical joke of a grimmer description was more severely chastised. The emperor contrived that, at a banquet, a paper should fall on the plate of the bishop, on which was inscribed, "Meinwerk, Meinwerk! set thine house in order, for in five days thou shalt die." The bishop started from the table in blank alarm, hastened home, made his will, renounced all his worldly possessions, bade a pathetic farewell to his clergy, wrapped himself in his shroud, and lay down in his coffin awaiting death.

But death tarried, and in its place arose a very hearty appetite, which forced Meinwerk out of his coffin, and, still in his grave-clothes, compelled him to attack some eatables ready at hand. At this juncture the door burst open, and the emperor, S. Henry, followed by his nobles, poured in, with boisterous laughter, and congratulated the bishop on his resurrection. Then Meinwerk discovered how he had been

duped, and his wrath waxed high. Next Sunday the gates of the cathedral were closed against the emperor, and the bishop met him on the stairs and excommunicated him. The altar-lights were extinguished, divine service was interrupted, and not till the emperor had done penance with bare feet, in linen sheet, with a taper in his hand, was the ban removed.

On the death of Otho III., the Italians had chosen Ardoin, Marquis of Ivrea, as king; but the Lombards adhered to Henry. There were two factions in Rome; the family of Crescentius, and the Counts of Tusculum. The latter seem to have attached themselves to the new Imperial House which succeeded that of Saxony. They governed Rome, and appointed popes by the most open simony. The papacy became an appanage of their family, and three popes in succession from this powerful family became the heads of Christendom. The first of these, Benedict VIII., did not ascend the throne without opposition. Gregory, an anti-pope, was set up by the rival faction of the Crescentii.

Benedict fled for protection and support into Germany, to Henry II., who had now made great progress in the reduction of Ardoin, his rival for the kingdom of Italy. The price of protection was the usual one—the gift of the imperial crown in Rome. The fear of the emperor fell on the Romans, and the pope was able to return and resume his full rights. When Henry II. appeared in Rome, in February, 1015, all outward opposition had died away, and Henry was crowned by Benedict VIII., with the usual splendid ceremonial. Henry at once displayed and exercised all the rights of sovereignty in Italy, coined money with his own superscription, and administered justice in his own name. The pope was able to recover estates, wrested from him

by the Crescentii, to levy an army, and to fall on, and cut to pieces to the last man, an armament of Saracens, which had landed at Luna. The Saracen queen's head-dress was claimed as his share of the spoils by the Vicar of Christ—it was worth 1000 pounds, and was sent by him as a present to the emperor Henry. The indignant Saracen king, it is said, sent a bag of chestnuts to the pope, with a message, "I will return with as many Saracens to the conquest of Italy." The pope sent him back a bag of millet. "So many brave men will rise at my bidding to defend their native land."

In early life Henry, whilst out hunting, was thrown from his horse, and gored in the thigh by a boar; and this lamed him.¹ Ever after he was called Henry the Lame.

But he laboured from other infirmities, colic, and the stone. The anonymous writer relates that, troubled with the latter complaint, he went to Monte Cassino to be cured, and there a surgical operation was performed upon him with the happiest results.³

In 1006, Henry resolved to found a new bishopric in

¹ According to the anonymous author of the fragment of the Acts of S. Henry, he fell over a wall when escaping from Ardoin, in 1013, and so broke his leg. Unsatisfied with such prosaic explanations of the circumstance, other lively writers assert that whilst S. Henry was hearing mass in the church of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, an angel, struck with his admirable chanting, kissed him, and touched the hollow of his thigh, so that the sinew shrank.

² Adalbold says:—"Henricus cholicam infirmitatem ab antecessoribus sibi ingenitam gravissime possidet." So also the *Annalista Saxo*, ad an. 1013:—"D u colica passione laborans infirmatur." The *Annals of Hildesheim* say:—"Gravi languore correptus." But the *Vita Meinweri* says:—"Henricus infirmatus morbo calculi."

³ In the story it is S. Benedict himself, in dream, who comes to S. Henry and "partem illam corporis, ubi calculus jacebat, *medicinali ferro*, quod in manu tenebat, aperuit, et vulso molliter calculo, hiatum vulneris subita sanitate redintegavit, calculumque quem tulerat, in manu Regis dormientis reposuit." The mention of a surgical instrument shows that this was not a miracle; but an ordinary operation performed on the king, who had, doubtless, been given a strong narcotic, on account of the pain he would be called on to endure.

Germany, and selected Bamberg for the spot, perhaps as some expiation for the wrongs done by his ancestors to Adelbert of Babenburg, who had by them been despoiled of his life and lands; but was impeded in the execution of his design by the contests he had to carry on with the brothers of his queen. Her brother Theodoric, in holy orders, usurped the bishopric of Metz, and revolted against the emperor. The bishopric had been given to Adalbert, son of his brother Adalbert, a young boy, and Theodoric of Luxemburg had been constituted his guardian. But Theodoric drove the boy-bishop, his nephew, out of the city, and seized the bishopric for himself. Henry was constrained to march against him, and reduce him to submission. He was, however, allowed to retain the bishopric of Metz, and Adalbert, the queen's brother, later, in 1018, drove Megingod out of the archbishopric of Treves, and possessed himself of it. Henry was obliged to reduce him to order, depose him, and re-instate Megingod. One reason of the revolt of Theodoric was that Henry had proposed to endow the new church of Bamberg he was founding with the dowry of his queen. The boy Adalbert succeeded his uncle on the episcopal chair of Metz, in 1047. But Theodoric, though left in possession of the bishopric by the king, willing to conciliate him, rebelled again in 1010 and 1011, when the emperor was engaged at the further frontier of Germany in repressing the Poles and Bohemians. The emperor in that war suffered a defeat on the Bober. Miseko, son of Boleslas of Poland, inspired by this success, attacked Meissen; the castle was set on fire, but the conflagration was extinguished by the women, who poured mead on the spreading flames. Peace was finally concluded with Poland in 1018, and the turbulent

bishop of Metz was obliged again to submit to the emperor.

But before this, in 1012, the cathedral church of Bamberg had been dedicated and endowed; it was consecrated by John, patriarch of Aquileja, in the presence of thirty bishops; and, according to some, of Pope Benedict VIII. To do honour to his foundation, John had, before this, in 1007, subjected the new see to Rome alone, making it independent of the German archbishoprics, and the emperor ordained that the four hereditary officers of the Crown, the marshal, the truchses, the butler, and the chamberlain, should serve the bishop with like honours as the emperor. Henry also endowed richly the episcopal sees of Hildesheim, Magdeburg, Strasburg, Meissen, and Merseberg.

Having nominated as his successor Conrad, duke of Franconia and Swabia, Henry died in 1024, and was buried at Bamberg.

It is said that on his death-bed, calling together the surrounding abbots and bishops, and the kinsmen of Cunegunda, he handed his queen, Cunegunda, to them, saying, "Receive back again your virgin whom you gave to me."¹

On the authority of this remark, and the fact of their having had no children, it is said that the loss of Henry to Cunegunda was rather that of a brother to a sister, than that of a man to his wife; an opinion stated as a certainty in the bull of his canonization by Pope Eugenius III., and in that of S. Cunegunda, two hundred years after, by Pope Innocent III. It is, however, not improbable that Henry only meant that she was

¹ Leo Ostiensis: "Recipite quam mihi tradidistis virginem vestram." Auctor Vitæ Anon: "Hanc ecce, inquit, mihi a vobis, immo a Christo consignatam, ipso Christo Domino nostro et vobis resigno virginem vestram."

childless,¹ for, as may be seen by a reference to Du Cange, the word "virgo" had that signification as well as the one usually attributed to it. Or again, Henry, speaking in German, probably used the word Magd, which has the double signification of the English "maid," his meaning being that the handmaid he had received from the Church he returned to her.

Henry lies buried in the Cathedral of Bamberg, in a marble, richly-sculptured tomb; but the head is kept separate in a silver-gilt bust, along with that of S. Cunegunda. Bits of his body have been carried off at various times, and distributed among different churches. A neck joint, and one of S. Cunegunda, at Eichstadt. Some fragments of bone at Merseburg. Some bones in the Escorial, near Madrid; a thigh-bone at Rome, in the Jesuit College, given in 1641, by the Elector of Bavaria.

B. IGNATIUS AZEVEDO, S.J., M.

(A.D. 1570.)

[Roman Martyrology. Beatified by Benedict XIV., in September, 1742. Authority :—The account of the Martyrdom by Jean Sanchez, an eye-witness.]

IGNATIUS AZEVEDO, S.J., and thirty-nine companions of the same Order, started in 1570 for Brazil, to supervise, and labour in the missions there to the heathen.

Father Azevedo was born in 1527, of one of the most illustrious families in Portugal. He had not completed his forty-ninth year at the time of his mar-

¹ Ditmar says that at the synod of Frankfort, in 1005, the Emperor said,—"*Ob recompensationem futuram Christum hæredem elegi, quia in soboli acquirenda nulla spes remanet mihi,*" which looks much as if he had desired children; but they were denied him. In the privileges granted to the church of Hildesheim, he grants them "*pro conjugis prolisque regię incolumitate,*" and speaks of Cunegunda thus—"*Duo sumus, in carne una,*" in a diploma to Paderborn.

tyrdom ; but notwithstanding the lengthened period of study generally required of all who enter the Society of Jesus, his talent and piety were so marked that he was ordained priest before the canonical age, and he was appointed rector of a college in his twenty-sixth year, by S. Ignatius himself, who was then living, and appointed temporary Provincial of Portugal even before he had finished his theological studies. In 1565, Father Azevedo entreated the new general, S. Francis Borgia, to send him to Brazil ; but this met with such opposition from the Jesuits of Portugal, that it was finally resolved to send Father Azevedo out as a visitor, not as a missionary, and that he should return to Europe, and give an account of the state of religion there, after a brief stay and tour of inspection. This arranged, Father Azevedo departed, invested with the office of Superior.

A few words may here be necessary as to the nature of the country to which he went. Although discovered and conquered by the Portuguese from the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was not until 1549 that the faith of Christ had been preached there, by six Jesuits. They found this immense country peopled by the most inhuman savages, who lived like wild beasts, devoured human flesh, even that of their dead parents and children, and who were divided into so many tribes, each speaking different languages, so that the heroic courage which nerved these six fathers to go amongst them and attempt their conversion has in it something incredible to the mere human understanding. Where man is willing, however, to do much, God is ever ready to do more ; and so, in spite of all infirmities and difficulties, though the first bishop of Brazil, with more than a hundred of his followers, was put to death by the savages four years after his arrival amongst them, yet

at the time of Father Azevedo's visit, when the Church had been planted there about sixteen years, he found more than sixteen thousand Christians and as many catechumens. The Jesuit houses in Brazil were numerous and widely separated; yet the indefatigable visitor went to every one. A knapsack on his shoulders, an axe and saw, and other carpentering tools, were all he carried, as on foot and unattended he journeyed from one colony of Christians to another. After a sojourn of more than three years, Father Azevedo, thinking he had sufficiently examined into the state of the Church in Brazil, prepared for his return to Europe, where he was anxiously expected; but before he left America an incident took place, which is perhaps worth recording. On his way to visit the College of Rio de Janeiro, with the bishop and other fathers, Father Azevedo begged permission, whilst the vessel was becalmed, to go on shore in a boat and say mass. When he had put off from the ship, and had rowed a little distance, a monstrous whale, which had been wounded by a harpoon, rushed spouting upon the little boat. The bishop and all who were in the ship gave up those who were in the boat for lost, when Father Azevedo composedly raised his eyes to heaven, and made the sign of the holy cross over the advancing whale. Instantly the monster sank, and showed no more; the attitude of the father was that of the harpooner, and it shrank from another stroke of the deadly weapon which had once wounded it.

On his return to Europe, Father Azevedo repaired to Lisbon, in order to give an account to the king of the great benefits his bounty was effecting in Brazil. He also communicated with several young Jesuits whom he was anxious to enlist in the good work he meditated,

and then set off to Rome to confer with the general. S. Francis Borgia welcomed back his friend, with tears of joy, and took the warmest interest in all the details of his visit. Father Azevedo gave a glowing account of the beautiful land he had visited, of the fields white for harvest, and of the demand for fresh labourers in it. S. Francis warmly responded to the wishes of Father Azevedo; he gave him permission to seek throughout Spain and Portugal for young men fitted for this arduous and yet glorious work; and when the humble Father, with downcast eyes, added, "And if my unworthiness does not render me unfit for so high a favour, let me, even me, go with them," S. Francis could not refuse his request. He was appointed superior of all the missions in Brazil. Father Azevedo was empowered to go through Spain and Portugal gathering labourers for the work, not only from among priests, but students, novices, and lay brothers, that he might train them each according to their talents for the work of the Brazilian mission. Before leaving Rome, Father Azevedo received the special blessing of the Pope, S. Pius V.

Father Azevedo, on leaving Rome, went to Spain, where he travelled from college to college in quest of candidates for the mission. Everywhere, filled with zeal, they thronged around him. Amongst others, a young relative of S. Theresa, named Godoy, had the happiness of being chosen. Proceeding thence to Portugal, he waited on the king, having written to the different superiors mentioning the young men he had selected, who were then despatched to join him at Lisbon, whither he journeyed with his companions as soon as his audience with the king was concluded. The missionaries travelled on foot, begging their daily food as they went along; and were joined at the en-

trance of Lisbon by the Portuguese detachment, so that their numbers amounted in all to sixty-nine. Lisbon at that time was hardly free from an epidemic fever, and it was not thought advisable that the young missionaries should be lodged in the city, therefore Father Azevedo placed them in a country-house belonging to the college. There he remained five months, training them for the important work to which they were called. Daily they walked in procession to a cross erected by their father on a distant hill; there, in a long station, they poured out their devoted hearts in all the fulness of the love and zeal of martyrs,—for such already by anticipation they were. A marble cross has since been put up in the place of that planted by F. Azevedo, and it now bears the title of the Cross of the Martyrs.

So pleasant was the life they led in this seminary that even Father Azevedo himself seemed to forget his impatience to be gone; and writing to a friend, declared that “he found the Valley of Rosal a foretaste of heaven, and that he had never enjoyed more perfect peace.” The time was, however, now come for the departure of the missionary band; and having arranged with the captain of a merchant-ship, the *S. Iago*, for half of his vessel, Father Azevedo, with thirty-nine of his companions, went on board, June 5th, 1570. The remainder, thirty in all, Father Azevedo agreed with Don Louis de Vasconcellos, the new governor of Brazil, should be accommodated in the vessels of his squadron. The merchant-man was, however, to accompany the squadron for the sake of protection. He took care to reserve the younger missionaries for his own companions, with that tender watchfulness which leads the shepherd to keep under his own eye the weakest lambs

of the flock. He also had a wooden partition erected between his portion of the vessel and that destined to the captain and crew. Each Jesuit had a separate cell and little altar; a bell called them to their religious exercises, to table, or to work, as if they were still in college; and they were only permitted to leave the enclosure he had made for them to perform some act of corporal or spiritual mercy for the crew or passengers. They undertook the cooking on board, each serving in succession. They taught the catechism and nursed the sick; and no insignificant results followed their holy teaching and example. The idle sailor was led on into profitable conversation, and at night, when dancing or drinking might otherwise have beguiled the tediousness of the voyage, the men were hushed into reverent silence on hearing the young voices of the Jesuits break forth in concert chanting the Litany of the Virgin, or some hymn of praise. The presence of the little band of earnest souls soon made itself felt. Words of blasphemy and sin were no longer heard, and a spirit of gentleness, modesty, and devotion gradually spread among all on board.

The seven ships arrived safely at Madeira, where the Jesuits spent a short time; and then Father Azevedo and the thirty-nine companions returned to the *S. Iago*.

Vasconcellos, having been advised to defer his voyage for a time, determined to remain at Madeira awhile; but nothing would induce the captain of the *S. Iago* to delay. He was anxious to proceed immediately to the Isle of Palma, for which much of his merchandise was destined; and there was nothing to keep him, but the doubt which Father Azevedo felt as to the prudence of departing,—for there was at this time a famous buc-

caneer, named Jacques Sourie, who infested these seas with five ships. He was a zealous Calvinist; full of implacable hatred against the clergy and religious of the Catholic Church. Having heard that the new governor of Brazil had many missionary Jesuits on board his squadron, he cruized about where he thought the Portuguese vessels must pass, and ravaged the coasts of the Canaries. Vasconcellos, who was aware of this, in vain represented to the captain of the *S. Iago* the unprotected situation of his passengers, if they should fall in with the buccaneer, but could not induce him to desist from running for Palma. Father Azevedo, aware of the dreaded danger, could not for some time determine what was best to be done; but having recourse to his usual refuge in difficulty, prayer, he at last resolved to embark. It seemed as if his impending fate, and that of his companions, was revealed to him from above; for after celebrating mass and giving holy Communion to all his flock, he gave them an eloquent discourse on the grace and glory of martyrdom. Afterwards, assembling them in the college, he spoke more plainly of the great risk they ran, and desired all who were ready to die for Jesus to follow him, and those who did not feel called upon to make so great a sacrifice, to stay behind and join the other missionaries in the squadron. All, except four, enthusiastically accepted the chance of martyrdom; and these four timid souls were replaced by others; for no sooner was the news made known amongst the Jesuits, than so many came to Father Azevedo, emulous of being chosen to fill the four vacancies, that he had the greatest difficulty in selecting some lest he should be unjust to the others. He then made all arrangements requisite in the event of their being captured by the Huguenot

pirate. He named another father, who was to remain at Madeira, as vice-provincial, and gave up to him all the papers concerning the mission to Brazil, and causing all who were going with him to make a solemn confession, he said mass and administered communion to them; then bade farewell of those who were to remain behind, and embarked with his young companions on board.

Some most interesting particulars of the last days of this holy band have been recorded by Brother Juan Sanchez, the only member of it who escaped death. He relates that the little band of martyrs seemed to burn with impatience to shed their blood for Christ.

During six days Father Azevedo was incessantly murmuring in prayer: "My God, is it true that I shall die for thee? Oh, happy death, why dost thou delay thy wished-for coming? Where are these enemies of Jesus and His Church? Alas, that my bliss is so long delayed!" But, externally, all went on as calmly as before, and the little company of expectant martyrs pursued their former orderly and devotional life in the ship, till they arrived safely within sight of the Isle of Palma. But just as the vessel was making for port, a sudden wind arose, and driving the ship from her course, the crew were obliged to land in another part of the island. Here, most unexpectedly, Father Azevedo was recognized by an old friend, an officer, who insisted that the Jesuits should come and stay at his house. They spent five days with him very agreeably; but at the end of that time, the captain, anxious to proceed to the port to which his merchandise was consigned, ordered all on board. The friendly officer had, however, many misgivings, and earnestly besought the missionaries to cross the island instead of trusting themselves again upon the sea. He offered horses and

all needful assistance ; but it seemed hardly likely that misfortune could befall them in their brief sail before they reached Palma ; and Father Azevedo declined the offer. Excusing himself, therefore, to his hospitable friend, on the ground that it would be scarcely gracious to the rest of the passengers on board the *S. Iago* if he were to secure his party from all risk, by going across the island, whilst they were exposed to danger, he ordered his baggage to be carried on board.

Meanwhile, Vasconcellos having learnt that Sourie had been seen cruizing in the offing, made ready his ships to go and capture the buccaneer ; but Sourie, unwilling to risk the unequal combat, retired in haste towards the Isle of Palma, and thus, strangely enough, ran directly in the course of the *S. Iago*. On the 13th of July, 1570, the *S. Iago* left the harbour where it had been at anchor, and, two days after, Sourie came within sight of Palma. Contrary winds impeded the *S. Iago*, and the captain could make no way ; it was necessary also to stand out to sea, in order to avoid the reefs and sand-banks ; but at length, when they seemed to have surmounted all difficulties, and were within three leagues of port, the wind suddenly dropped, and they were compelled to cast anchor and remain there all night. At break of day the sentinel signalled a sail, and hopes were entertained that it was one of Vasconcellos' ships, especially as, shortly after, four others were observed taking the same direction. The anchor was therefore weighed to join them, when the arms of the Queen of Navarre on the approaching vessels betrayed to the *S. Iago* her fatal mistake.

The captain immediately took counsel with the rest, and found both soldiers and sailors ready to die in defence of the ship ; but as it was a merchant vessel, and

had but fifty soldiers on board, they could hardly hope to offer an effectual resistance. Every preparation was, however, made for defence; and to procure greater freedom of action for the men, the partition of boards which separated the Jesuits from the crew was removed. Father Azevedo, his face radiant with a supernatural brightness, holding an image of the Blessed Virgin, stood forth before his young companions and congratulated them that their hour was come. "Now is the moment to show our love for God, our zeal for the faith. We must shed our blood this day to bear this twofold witness. Fear nothing from those who can but destroy our bodies. Let all our thoughts be in heaven. Let us remember who we are, and how ardently we have hitherto longed for this. Our sufferings can last but a few moments; our reward will be eternal." Then holding on high the sacred image, he began to recite the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Every voice responded. The *Confiteor* followed, after which the father, having bid all prepare themselves by sincere contrition, pronounced a general absolution.

The captain, astonished at the self-possession of so many young men, and thinking that, with the assistance of the forty, he would probably be able to beat off the pirates, desired them to assist in defending the vessel, declaring they were better fit to handle arms than the rest of the crew; but to this Father Azevedo would not consent. He offered his own services, and those of his companions, for every other ministration of which they were capable, to watch over the wounded and dying, but he would not suffer them to fight. Rather than that their hands should shed blood, he was ready to sacrifice their lives and his own, and those of all on board. It was with a heavy heart, and some discontent,

that the captain desisted from his attempt to enlist forty such able-bodied men. Azevedo chose eleven of the oldest and most experienced of his companions to minister to sick and wounded, and placed them in different parts of the vessel, and bade the younger ones go below and await in prayer the moment of their death. For himself, still holding the cherished image in his hand, he took his post at the foot of the mainmast, whence he could have a full view of all that took place.

Meanwhile Sourie, in his largest vessel, had approached within musket-shot, and called upon the Portuguese to surrender. Their only reply was a broadside from their guns, which swept his deck. Sourie enraged, made desperate efforts to board the *S. Iago*; three Calvinists, one his own near relative, had reached the deck, when they were cut down and hurled back into the sea. Finding himself unable, after repeated efforts, to succeed, he made signs to his other ships to come to his assistance, and the *S. Iago* was surrounded on all sides. Grappling-irons were thrown out, and fifty men, with Sourie at their head, sprung upon her deck. Resistance, hopeless as it was, was for a time maintained with all the energy of despair; and in the midst of the noise and confusion the voice of Father Azevedo was heard from the foot of the mainmast, "There is but one true religion, and it is that of the Holy Roman Church; and happy is he who shall lay down his life rather than lose his faith."

Meanwhile the eleven missionaries, disposed about the deck, lent all possible assistance to the wounded and dying, binding up their wounds, exhorting or consoling them. Two of these zealous men were wounded, and obliged to join their companions below. The Cal-

vinists, at first fully occupied in defending themselves, cast imprecations and glances of hatred at the Jesuits on deck, especially at Father Azevedo, whose noble presence and words animated the heroic resistance of the Portuguese, and several times they endeavoured ineffectually to stab him; but he was too jealously guarded for them to reach him, though he was slightly hurt by an arquebus aimed from a distance. The defenders of the *S. Iago* could not long maintain the unequal contest; and when the captain was struck down, the few still able to bear arms surrendered at discretion. The Calvinists immediately took possession of the ship; and their first impulse was to put the Jesuits to death. But Sourie ordered that no one should be executed without his command. In searching the vessel, the twenty-eight young missionaries and their two wounded companions were discovered, and brought on deck. Father Azevedo and his nine friends still remained above, ministering calmly to the dying. The captain expired in the good father's arms. Presently an account was brought to Sourie of all who were still alive, soldiers, sailors, passengers, and Jesuits. With cool deliberation he issued his orders; first, that those who killed his own three men on attempting to board the *S. Iago* should be put to death. There was little difficulty in finding them and carrying this sentence into execution. To the other soldiers, sailors, and passengers, he granted their lives; and then raising his voice, he cried, "As for the Jesuits, kill them without mercy. Murder those rascally Papists, who are only going to Brazil to disseminate false doctrine." The buccaneers, like wolves ravening for their prey, rushed on Father Azevedo and his nine companions, who were engaged consoling the dying Portuguese. Raising his

eyes at the sound of their approach, the father calmly said, "Courage, brethren, let us yield up our lives for Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for us!" and stepping forward, confronted the heretics. One of the soldiers with a sword struck him on the head, and he fell with his skull fractured. Four others then surrounded him and stabbed him with their cutlasses. But in spite of these mortal blows, the undaunted soldier of Christ rallied, and with a dying effort exclaimed, "I call angels and men to witness that I die in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and that I die with all my heart in defence of her dogmas and her practices." Then turning his dying eyes on his companions, he added in a faint voice, "My dear children, rejoice with me at my happy fate; hope for the same yourselves. This day, if it please God, we shall all meet again in heaven." Even his executioners were silent for a moment, as if spell-bound by the unflinching courage of the martyr; but the evil spirit within them could not long be chained, and with renewed fury, like beasts that grow fiercer after tasting blood, they turned their rage against the image of the Blessed Virgin, which they perceived clasped in his hand. But unable to wrench it from his rigid grasp, they heaved the martyr, and cast him, still breathing, into the sea. That very night, when all was silent in the ship, the corpse of Father Azevedo, which all day long had floated near the ship, its arms extended in the form of a cross, was swept by the current against the side, and dancing on the ripple, tapped with the little image against the boat. One of the Portuguese put out his hand and took the image from the relaxing fingers, and contrived to conceal it from the Calvinists. He afterwards presented it to the Jesuits of Madeira, who sent it to their college in the Bay of All Saints

at Brazil, where it is shown still stained with the martyr's blood.

The next victim was Jago de Andrada, who having seen his superior fall, had rushed to give him a last absolution. Incensed at seeing him perform this priestly act beneath their very eyes, the pirates stabbed him in a dozen places at once, and threw him also into the sea. Benedict de Castro seeing this, and that it was the profession of the faith that drew down the vengeance of the Calvinists, held up his crucifix, crying in a loud tone, "I am a Catholic—I am a Catholic." Three muskets were fired at him at once, and he fell; but struggling up, on his hands, again repeated, "I am a Catholic." He was cut down, and thrown overboard. Blaize Ribeira and Pedro Santoura, two lay-brothers, who were kneeling before a crucifix nailed to one of the masts, were next attacked; the skull of the one, and the jaw of the other, were fractured by blows with a musket, and they were thrown over the bulwarks and drowned. Jago Perèz, a young man, whose gentle manners had made him greatly beloved, then stepped modestly before the executioners, whose hands were wet with blood, and said quietly, "I also profess the Catholic faith; it is the only faith that ought to be maintained, for without it there is no salvation." Transported with rage at this calm declaration, one of the men thrust his pike into the breast of the speaker.

The four other Jesuits on deck, each holding his crucifix, came forward, entreating that they might not be spared. They were thrown alive into the sea. And now the thirty young men who had remained below were called for. They had not seen the dreadful fate of their ten brethren; and when they stepped upon the deck, in the flower of their age, their youth, modesty,

and gentle demeanour might have disarmed hearts less savage than those of Sourie and his heretical band. They had in no way assisted or encouraged those on board, but had remained praying in the cabin; when, however, they came on deck, and saw it flowing with the blood of their murdered companions, one amongst them, Manuel Alvarèz, cried out, "Do you think to frighten us by the sight of the tortures you are preparing for us? Barbarians, you deceive yourselves; we shall die happy to give up our lives for Jesus Christ, who deigned to die for us. Our death will be but a passage from this transitory life to one which is eternal; but you, unhappy ones, must expect the vengeance of God to fall upon you." Enraged at this, the Calvinists threw themselves upon him, trod him under their feet, and broke all his limbs by repeated blows. They left him still alive that they might prolong his torture; but he, radiant with a martyr's triumph in the midst of his agony, cheered on his companions, and blessed God for vouchsafing him the honour of martyrdom. At this the Calvinists threw him into the water, together with the bodies of two whom they had slain with daggers, and to whom, thinking they were priests, from their being older than the others, they said, mockingly, "Go to the bottom of the sea, and there say your Popish mass, and hear confessions." It is unnecessary to relate how, one by one, the rest of the holy band were killed, nor indeed were the eye-witnesses who stood near at this awful hour able distinctly to recall every circumstance. By twos and threes the remaining victims were dragged to the ship's side, and there strangled or pierced with daggers, and thrown, yet living, overboard. The water round the vessel was covered with floating bodies, and the drowning men were heard repeating incessantly

the name of their Redeemer, until they sank to rise no more, till the sea gives up her dead. Some already dead, some still full of life, but all pierced with wounds and covered with blood, were dashed against each other by the waves, and then, one by one, sank; whilst a concert of dying voices breathed, "Jesus, Jesus!" with confidence and love. The Portuguese could not restrain their tears, remembering the saintly lives of the departed, and the benefits they had received at their hands. The Huguenots were not content to kill the Jesuits, they made sport of the sufferings of at least one of their victims. Fastening him to the mouth of a cannon, they blew his body into fragments. Meanwhile, not a tear, not a groan, escaped the martyrs, even in the extremity of their torments. Two of them, who had been keeping their beds from illness, hearing what was going on, had hastily risen and dressed themselves, to join their companions, lest they should lose the crown of martyrdom. Another, Simon de Castex, a young man of only eighteen years of age, whose refinement led the Calvinists to suppose that he was of high family, and might be worth a considerable ransom, was brought before Sourie, that his fate might be decided on. The buccaneer inquired who he was; the young man replied, "I am a Catholic, and I am of the Society of Jesus." He aspired to no higher title, he acknowledged no other family. Thinking himself insulted by this reply, Sourie ordered him to be strangled and flung into the sea.

Thus perished thirty-nine of the Jesuits, and one only was left to record the sacrifice, Juan Sanchez, a lay brother, who had acted as cook on the voyage, and was spared by the Calvinists on this account. Not seeing him clad in the obnoxious garments, they did not sup-

pose he was a Jesuit, and they made him cook in one of their own ships. Thus was a credible eye-witness of these wonderful events preserved. But the number of the forty martyrs was not to be unfulfilled, and this was the way in which it was accomplished.

There was a young man on board the *S. Iago*, a nephew of the captain, named Juan, of excellent character, whose heart had been completely won by the conduct of the young religious since they embarked at Lisbon, so that he had appealed very earnestly to Father Azevedo to be admitted amongst his novices. Father Azevedo promised that this favour should be granted him on reaching Brazil, provided his behaviour during the voyage was good. Nothing could exceed the zeal of the young man; he frequented the spiritual exercises of the young Jesuits, as far as was permitted him, looked upon them already as his brothers, and gave himself up to all the austerities they practised. Renewing from time to time his supplications to Father Azevedo, he at length obtained the happiness he craved, and was admitted as a novice; although his being invested with the habit was delayed, because the missionaries were unprovided with a spare habit in which to invest him. When this young candidate for the religious life saw those with whom he already reckoned himself one falling side by side, victims for their holy profession, a burning desire came upon him to share their death and glorious crown, and, rushing amongst the Calvinists, he cried, "I too have been received into the Society of Jesus, and am on my way to Brazil to preach the holy Catholic faith." Seeing that they hesitated to believe him, because he was dressed in secular habits, he went to where one or two young missionaries were stripped of their upper gar-

ments ready for death, and clothing himself in the habit of one of them, re-appeared on the upper deck, and mingling amongst those who were being strangled, received the grace for which he thirsted, and was cast with the others into the ocean.

It was on Saturday, July 15th, 1570, that these forty martyrs entered into their rest. That very day, S. Theresa, in her monastery at Avila, being in meditation, was suddenly rapt in an ecstasy, and beheld the heavens opened, and forty of those who had shed their blood for Jesus entering Paradise, their countenances dazzling with celestial light, crowns upon their heads, and palms in their hands. She remained absorbed for a long time in contemplation of their glory, especially when she perceived by their habits that they were of the Society of Jesus, and that her own relation, Francis Pérez Godoy, was amongst the number. She confided this vision to her confessor, Father Balthazer Alvarèz, by whom it was made known before the tidings had reached Spain, and verified it in every detail.

Father Azevedo appeared also on the very day and hour of his death to his brother Jerome, then with the Portuguese army in the East Indies; his face serene, his voice full of joy, declaring that he had died by the hands of heretics, and was entering heaven. Jerome recovering from the trance into which the apparition had cast him, exclaimed, "My brother, my dear brother!" but Father Azevedo had already vanished. From that moment, through all the military honours he obtained, and the harassing disappointments which afterwards befell him, Jerome had but one real object in life, to work out his salvation and become worthy of his relationship to the glorious martyr. He chose him for his special protector; and caused a painting to be

made which represented him as he appeared at that moment; it was hung up in his oratory, and became the object of his tenderest devotion. No one could doubt, from the effect on the after-life of Jerome, that he had really beheld what he said.

Amongst the martyrs nine only were Spaniards, the rest were Portuguese; two only were priests, twenty-two were intended for the priesthood, but had not yet completed their studies, the other sixteen were lay-brothers, who performed domestic functions, and were also employed when necessary as catechists.

The Calvinists did not long hesitate, when they had despatched their victims, to lay their sacrilegious hands upon whatever they could find that had belonged to them. They expected, no doubt, to discover hoards of valuable treasure; but altar furniture, church ornaments, chalices, missals, reliquaries, spiritual books, rosaries, images, and medals—all presents to Father Azevedo from the Pope and other prelates at Rome, for the mission in Brazil—these were all they could find. Disappointed in their covetous search, they wreaked the most wanton outrages on the simple but sacred objects of devotion. They hacked with their knives the image of their crucified God, and crushed beneath their feet medals and rosaries. They dressed themselves in the sacerdotal vestments, with shouts of derision. One of them having discovered, by its superscription, a piece of the true cross, called one of the Portuguese, who was looking on in horror and indignation, and exclaimed, as he cast it into the fire, "Come, superstitious men, and see if this wood will not burn as well as any other." The silver chalices and ciborium were profaned at their drunken revels; and every outrage that impiety could suggest was heaped upon all

that bore witness of the Holy Faith. A few of the garments of the missionaries were preserved, and afterwards bought at a high price by the governor of Gomera, one of the Canary Islands.

As to the other missionaries, who had been left behind at Madeira, they learnt the news with profound and bitter grief; but there was so much of consolation in the nature of their brethren's death, that by degrees they felt only sorrow that they had lost the same glorious privilege. Especially Father Pedro Diaz, to whom Father Azevedo had committed his authority before his departure, regretted unceasingly that he had lost the opportunity of sealing his faith with his blood. But for him the crown was only suspended a little longer. The very next year, when continuing his voyage to Brazil with Vasconcellos' squadron, he fell into the hands of the same heretics, and, with eleven of his companions, went to receive the same crowns and palms as Father Azevedo and his sainted band of martyrs.

END OF VOL. VII.

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