

The brethren, with untold tenderness and reverence, followed his countenance with their eyes, and watched life gradually ebbing away.

He was taken from exile in the early morning of the 7th of March, 1274, in the prime of manhood, being scarcely forty-eight years of age.

The religious of Fossa Nuova committed all that was mortal of S. Thomas to its resting place with the honour due to the remains of such a saint, and such a genius. The whole country side followed him mourning. The superior of the convent, a blind old man, was led to the side of the corpse to pay it a last tribute of respect. Seized with a sudden impulse of faith, he placed his sightless eyes to those of our saint, and the blind eyes of the dead restored the vision of the living monk. Rainald with tears, and choked with emotion, pronounced a funeral elegy over his master and friend, before he was laid at rest in the convent church. Many other miracles were wrought by his body.

On Sunday, Jan. 28th, 1369, his relics were deposited with great pomp at Toulouse, where they still repose in the Church of S. Sernan. The king, Charles V., wished his arm to be brought to Paris, and he received it on his knees in the chapel royal, which he had built for it at S. James's convent. This relic was at the French Revolution taken to Italy.



March 8.

S. Pontius, *D. at Carthage, circ.* A.D. 262.

SS. Philemon and Apollonius, *MM. at Antinoe, in Egypt,* A.D. 305.

SS. Cyril, *B.M.*, Rogatus, Felix, and Others, *MM. in Africa.*

S. Quintillus, *B.M. at Nicomedia.*

S. Senan, *of Iniscatthy, B. Ab. in Ireland, circ.* A.D. 546.

S. Felix, *B. among the East Saxons,* A.D. 654.

S. Julian, *B. of Toledo,* A.D. 690.

S. Theophylact, *B.C. at Nicomedia,* A.D. 845.

S. Humphrey, *B. of Therouane,* A.D. 871.

S. Duthac, *B. of Ross,* A.D. 1250.

S. John of God, *C. at Granada,* A.D. 1550.

SS. PHILEMON AND APOLLONIUS, MM.

(A.D. 305.)

[By the Greeks on December 14th. By the Latins on March 8th. Arian and Theotychus, who are included in the Roman Martyrology, are not mentioned in any ancient Martyrologies except that of Usuardus. Authority:—The Acts, which as they now exist, are very corrupt. The original Acts have apparently been made a foundation to which a later Greek writer has added a superstructure of fable. The conversion and the martyrdom of the governor Arian has all the appearance of being an addition by a later hand, to complete the story, for the fabulous Greek Acts generally wind up with the conversion or destruction of the judge. This seems to have been regarded as the proper conclusion of every martyrdom.]



rianus the judge, who had condemned S. Asclas (Jan. 23rd) to a cruel death, at Antinoë in Upper Egypt, did not leave the place till many other Christians had suffered by his orders. Now there was at Antinoë a deacon named Apollonius, who feared torture, being by nature of a highly sensitive and timorous constitution, and when the governor had given orders that every inhabitant should appear before him and sacrifice, he went to Philemon, a stage piper and dancer, and offered him money if he would go and sacrifice in his name, and bring him a ticket to the effect that Apollonius had sacrificed. Christians who thus acted were called libellatics; and on the return of tranquillity were put to penance, but were not regarded in the same light as apostates. Philemon asked Apollonius for one of his hooded cloaks, which would conceal his face, and then went before the judge.

Then Arian said, "Well, fellow, what art thou? A Christian perhaps, muffled thus, as if thou fearedst to be seen."

Philemon, filled with the grace of God, answered gravely, "Yes, my lord, I am a Christian."

"Thou knowest the choice that is set before thee, torture or sacrifice," said the magistrate.

"I will not sacrifice," answered the piper, "I saw how, by the power of God, Asclas held thee stationary in the midst of the river."

Then Arian, leaning back in his seat, said to his officers, "Send for Philemon the piper; perchance his sweet melodies will drive away the fancies of this fool, and allure him

to the worship of our gods." But Philemon was not to be found; then his brother Theonas was brought in, and Arian asked him where was the piper Philemon. Theonas, looking intently at the prisoner, said, "That is he." Then the hood was plucked off the face of Philemon, and the cloak drawn from his shoulders, and it was the merry piper shod with his gay buskins, and with the tuneful reeds in his hands. Arian laughed heartily, and exclaimed that this was a rare joke. "We make no account of all this, man!" said he, "for to this thou wast born, and to this bred, that thou shouldst shake our sides with laughter. Now sacrifice, and end the farce."

But Philemon steadfastly refused, and Arian saw that no jest was meant, but that this was sober earnest. So putting on an angry look, he said, "It is foolery for thee to pass thyself off as a Christian, piper! for thou art not baptized." Then the poor man was filled with tribulation, and in his doubt and grief he cried to the Lord Jesus Christ to accept and baptize him. And as he prayed, there came down a soft sparkling spring shower, and the piper, stretching his hands to heaven, cried joyously, "He has heard me, and has baptized me in the cloud!"³⁴ And he took his pipes and broke them up, and cast them away. Now the officer had taken the deacon Apollonius, and they brought him before Arian, who reproached him for his cowardice; the deacon in shame admitted that he had done wrong. "But now," said he, in a firm voice, "know that I will not sacrifice." Then the judge ordered him and Philemon to be executed with the sword.

So far the Acts seem to be trustworthy, but what follows is fabulous; some of these incidents shall however be given. Philemon before his execution, bade the officers bring a brass pot, and put a baby in it, cover it, and take aim at it with their arrows. The pot was soon transfixed; but when it was opened, the child within was found unhurt. Then Philemon said, "Like that vessel is a Christian's body, riddled with wounds, but the soul within, like that infant, is unharmed." And when the governor ordered a flight of arrows to be discharged at him, he raised his hand, and the arrows remained stationary in the air, but one returning put out the eye of Arian. Then Philemon said, "When I am dead, go to my grave, and make clay of the dust there, and anoint thine eye, and it will be restored whole."

This Arian does and is healed, and in consequence converted. Then Dioclesian, hearing of his conversion, sends four officers to judge him, and these in turn are converted, and finally Arian and the four officers are sewn up in sacks and flung into the sea. All this may safely be rejected as fabulous.

S. SENAN OF INISCATTHY, AB. B.

(ABOUT A.D. 546.)

[Irish Martyrologies. He died on March 1st, but was buried on the 8th, on which day his festival is kept. His name occurs in the Festology of S. Ængus. Authorities:—A life written by S. Colman, versified by a later hand, and full of fables, also an Irish life written in the 12th cent.]

Senan was a native of Corco-baskin, a district in the western part of Thomond.³⁵ His parents were Christians and noble. Ercan, his father, is said to have been of the royal blood of Conary I., king of Ireland. Coemgalla, his mother, was likewise of an illustrious Munster family. An odd legend of his childhood is told. His parents were moving house, and Senan remained immersed in prayer, lending no hand to the work. Then his mother, provoked, threw some water over him to wake him up, and scolded him soundly. Senan resumed his devotions, and instantly the pots and pans of the domestic establishment came flying through the air from the kitchen of the old house into the kitchen of the new one.

When arrived at a certain age, he was forced by the prince of Corco-baskin to join in an expedition undertaken against the territory of Corcomroe, for the purpose of carrying off plunder. This did not suit the disposition of young Senan, and accordingly he contrived to avoid taking any share in the devastation of the country. He was rewarded for this, for, when the party to which he belonged was routed with great loss, and he had fallen into the hands of their opponents, he was allowed to depart without injury, and go whithersoever he pleased. He therefore placed himself under the abbot Cassidan, and having received from him the monastic habit, became a proficient in piety and learning. Next he repaired to the monastery of S. Natalis, or Naal, with whom he spent some years. Several legends are connected with this period. He had to keep cows, and one day seeing the calves sucking them, and dreading lest there should be a deficiency of milk for the brethren, he put his stick between them, and neither could approach the other. Another story is to the effect that he read at night using the fingers of his left hand as candles,—a story told also of S. Columba, S. Kentigern, and other Irish and Scottish saints. A monk observed him; then Senan said, "For peeping and prying, a stork shall peck out your eye." And as the monk left the place, a stork rushed at him, and had one of his eye balls out in a trice. But when S. Natalis heard of this, he ordered Senan to replace the eye, and cure it instantly, and this he did. After Senan had left the monastery of S. Naal, he is said to have gone into foreign parts, to have visited Rome and Tours, and on his return to have tarried with S. David of Menevia, with whom he continued very intimate until his death. Senan's first establishment was at Inis-Carra, near the river Lee, about five miles from Cork, in the barony of Barrets. While he was in that place, a vessel arrived in Cork harbour, bringing fifty religious persons, passengers from the continent, who came to Ireland

for the purpose of improving themselves in monastic studies. Senan retained ten of them with himself, the others were distributed in various establishments. He was not long at Inis-Carra, before Lugadh, prince of that country, insisted on his submitting to certain exactions, which Senan refused to comply with. The dispute was soon settled through the interference of two young noblemen, who were then at the court of Lugadh. Not long after, Senan, having left eight of his disciples at Inis-Carra, went to Inis-luinge, an island in the Shannon, where, having erected a church, he gave the veil to the daughter of Brendan, the prince of that country. Thence, setting out by water to Inis-mor, he was driven by adverse winds to an island called Inis-tuaiscert. Thinking that it was a special providence which had brought him there, he erected a church, and left it to the care of some of his disciples. He then made his way to Inis-mor,³⁶ and there founded a monastery, which he governed for some time. We afterwards find him settled in the island of Inis-cathaig, now Iniscatthy, at the mouth of the Shannon, where he erected a monastery in spite of the opposition of Mactael, the prince of the country. One of his rules was that no females should be admitted into the island. This regulation was observed even with regard to the most saintly virgins. S. Kanner, a nun of Bantry, wished to receive the Holy Viaticum from the hands of Senan, and to be buried at Iniscatthy. Accordingly she set out for the island, but, just as she drew near, Senan met her,³⁷ and obstinately refused to allow her to land, and requested her to go to the house of his mother, who lived not far distant, and was related to Kanner. The conversation given in the metrical life between the abbot and the dying nun, is very quaint. The abbot said, "What have monks in common with women? We will not let you step on to our island." She said, "But if Christ will receive my spirit, why should you reject my body?" "That," answered the venerable Senan, "is true; but for all that I will not suffer you to come here, go back, and do not be a plague to us. You may be pure enough in soul, but you are a woman, nevertheless." "I will die, before I go back!" said S. Kanner. Like many another woman, she gained her point, and, dying on the shore, was there buried.

Senan was a bishop when he founded his monastery of Iniscatthy, but when, or by whom he was consecrated, we are not informed. It is related that, perceiving the time of his departure draw nigh, he determined to go to the monastery of S. Cassidus, and to the nunnery of S. Scotia, his paternal aunt, that he might apply himself more fervently to prayer in these retreats, and prepare himself for his wished-for departure. On his way thither he turned off a little towards the church of Kill-eochaille, for the purpose of visiting certain holy virgins, the daughters of one Naereus, who had received the veil from him. Having performed his devotions in the church of S. Cassidus, he was returning to Iniscatthy, when, in a field near the church of Kill-

eochoille, he heard a voice announcing to him that he was to be removed to heaven without delay. Accordingly, he died on that very day, and his body remained at Kill-eochoille until the next, when several of the principal members of his monastery arrived, and had it brought to Iniscatthy. Notice of his death was then sent to the prelates, clergy, and principal persons of the neighbouring churches, and his obsequies were celebrated on the octave. A foolish story, incorporated in some of the martyrologies, relates that on the day of his burial, as he was being carried to the grave, he sat up and informed the assistants that his anniversary was to be celebrated on the 8th March, instead of the 1st. The year of his death is unknown; but there can be no doubt that it was later than 544, the date assigned to it by some writers. The reputation of S. Senan has not been confined to Ireland, and his Acts have been published among those of the saints of Brittany, by Albert le Grand, as one of the chief patrons of the diocese of S. Pol de Léon; but the S. Sané there venerated seems not to be the same, but some local saint of whom nothing is known.

S. FELIX, B.

(A.D. 654.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Salisbury Breviary, and more modern Anglican Martyrologies. Also Molanus and Greven, in their addition to Usuardus. Authorities:—Bede and Malmesbury.]

S. Felix was a native of Burgundy, where he made the acquaintance of Sigebert, prince of the East Angles, who had been banished by Redwald. This prince was instructed in the Christian faith, and was baptized by Felix, at that time a priest. Some time after this, upon the death of his half-brother, king Espenwald, the son of Redwald, who had been killed at the instigation of the cruel Penda, king of Mercia, Sigebert was called to England to succeed to the kingdom, and he made it his care to introduce Christianity among the East Angles, who occupied Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. For this purpose he invited S. Felix to his court, and he, without demur, quitted country, friends, and home, to preach the faith to an uncivilized pagan people. But first he visited Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, and from him he received his mission to the East Angles, and, as some say, his episcopal consecration. King Sigebert appointed Dunwich, on the Suffolk coast, as the head-quarters of his mission. Felix went about, preaching, founding churches and schools, and, through his exertions, the Christian faith took deep root in the land. Some attribute to him the foundation of the first school at Cambridge.

S. Felix lived till after the year 650, and having discharged the duty of a most zealous pastor of souls for the space of seventeen years, he departed to the Lord, and was

buried in his church of Dunwich, from which place his body was afterwards translated to Soham, near Ely, and thence to the abbey of Ramsey.

S. DUTHAC, B. OF ROSS.

(ABOUT A.D. 1250.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Authorities:—Leslie, Dempster, and the lections in the Aberdeen Breviary.]

S. Duthac was a member of an illustrious Scottish family. Several legends are told of his life in the Aberdeen Breviary, and little else is known of his acts. For instance, when a child, he was sent by his mother to bring fire from a forge, as all the fires in the house were extinguished. The blacksmith, in brutal jest, put some red-hot charcoal in the lap of the child, and Duthac brought the glowing embers thus to his mother. He was afterwards in Ireland, where he studied, and on his return was appointed to the bishopric of Ross. One day he was dining with a noble, and a guest becoming very drunk, gave his gold ring and a slice of meat to one of Duthac's disciples, ordering him to take them to his home. The disciple was on his way, when passing through a churchyard, he laid down the meat and the ring, whilst he said a prayer for the repose of the souls of those who lay there. At that moment a kite swooped down and carried off ring and meat. The young man ran to S. Duthac in dismay, and the bishop summoned the kite, which obeyed, and bringing the meat and the ring, deposited them at his feet. Duthac took the ring and gave it to the young man, but allowed the kite to consume the meat. On the feast of S. Finbar, a canon at Dornock slew a fat ox, roasted it, and distributed slices amongst the poor. "Surely some one will take Duthac his share of the beef," said the canon. Then a man offered himself, and lo! as he travelled by night with the meat for the bishop, a light like that of a lamp shone on his way, guiding him; and thus the bishop received his share before it had lost its freshness.

S. JOHN OF GOD, C.

(A.D. 1550.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—His Life, written twenty-five years after his death.]

S. John, surnamed of God, was born in Portugal, in 1495. His parents were of the lowest rank, but good and pious people. John spent a considerable part of his youth in service, under the chief shepherd of the count of Oropesa, in Castile, and in great innocence and virtue. In 1522, he enlisted himself in a company of foot soldiers, raised by the count, and served in the wars between the French and Spaniards; and

afterwards in Hungary, against the Turks, whilst the emperor Charles V. was king of Spain. By the licentiousness of his companions, he by degrees lost his fear of offending God, grew careless, and fell into many grievous sins. The troop to which he belonged having been disbanded, he went into Andalusia in 1536, where he entered the service of a rich lady near Seville, as a shepherd. He was now about forty years of age, and being stung with remorse for his past misconduct, he resolved to amend his life and do penance for his sins. He accordingly employed the greatest part of his time, both by day and night, in the exercises of prayer and mortification; bewailing his ingratitude towards God, and deliberating how he could best dedicate himself to His service. His compassion for the distressed moved him to pass into Africa, that he might there comfort and succour the slaves, not without hopes of meeting with the crown of martyrdom. At Gibraltar he met a Portuguese gentleman condemned to banishment, whose estate had been confiscated by king John III. He was then in the hands of the king's officers, together with his wife and children, and was on his way to Ceuta in Barbary, the place of his exile. John, out of compassion, served him without wages. At Ceuta the gentleman fell sick, and was reduced to dispose of the small remains of his shattered fortune for the support of his wife and children, who were with him in exile. John, not content to sell what little stock he had to relieve them, hired himself as a day labourer at the public works to earn all he could for their subsistence. The apostasy of one of his companions alarmed him, and his confessor telling him that his going in quest of martyrdom was an illusion, he determined to return to Spain. Coming back to Gibraltar, his piety suggested to him to turn pedler, and sell little sacred pictures and books of devotion, which might furnish him with opportunities of exhorting his customers to virtue. His stock increasing considerably, he settled in Granada, where he opened a shop in 1538, being then forty-three years of age.

The great preacher and servant of God, John D'Avila, surnamed the Apostle of Andalusia, preached that year at Granada, on S. Sebastian's day, which is there kept as a great festival. John having heard his sermon, was so affected with it, that, melting into tears, he filled the whole church with his cries, beating his breast, and calling aloud for mercy. Then, frenzied with compunction, he ran about the streets, tearing his hair, and behaving in such a manner that he was followed by the rabble with sticks and stones, and came home besmeared with dirt and blood. He then gave away all that he had in the world, and having thus reduced himself to absolute poverty, continued his frantic racing about the streets as before, till some had the charity to take him to the venerable John D'Avila, covered with dirt and blood. The holy man spoke to him in private, heard his general confession, gave him proper advice, and promised his

assistance. John returned soon after to his extravagances. He was, thereupon, taken up and put into a madhouse, on supposition of his being disordered in his senses, where, according to the barbarous practice of the time, the severest methods were employed to bring him to himself. He underwent all the pains inflicted on him as an atonement for the sins of his past life. D'Avila being informed of his conduct, came to visit him, and found him reduced almost to the grave by weakness; and his body covered with wounds and sores; but his soul was still vigorous, and thirsting after new sufferings and humiliations. D'Avila, however, told him that being sufficiently exercised in so singular a method of penance and humiliation, he had better employ himself for the time to come in something more conducive to his own and the public good. His exhortation had its desired effect; and John became at once calm, to the great astonishment of his keepers. He continued, however, some time longer in the hospital serving the sick, but left it entirely on S. Ursula's day, in 1539. He then thought of executing his design of doing something for the relief of the poor; and, after a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe, to recommend himself and his undertaking to her intercession, he began to sell wood in the market-place, and expend the proceeds in feeding the poor. Soon after he hired a house in which to shelter poor sick persons, whom he served and provided for with such ardour, prudence, and economy, that it surprised the whole city. This was the foundation of the Order of Charity, in 1540, which, by the benediction of heaven, has since been spread all over Christendom. John was occupied all day in serving his patients; in the night he went out to find new objects of charity, rather than to seek provisions for them; for people of their own accord brought him in all necessaries for his little hospital. The archbishop of Granada, highly pleased with the discipline and order maintained in the establishment, gave largely towards its support, and his example was followed by others. Indeed, the charity, patience, and modesty of S. John, and his wonderful care and foresight, made every one admire and favour the institution. The bishop of Tuy, president of the royal court of judicature in Granada, having invited the holy man to dinner, put several questions to him, to all of which he answered in such a manner, as gave the bishop the highest opinion of his prudence and good sense. It was this prelate who gave him the name of John of God, and prescribed him a kind of habit, though S. John never thought of founding a religious order; for the rules which bear his name were drawn up only in 1556, six years after his death; and religious vows were not introduced among his brethren before the year 1570.



S. JOHN OF GOD. After Cahier.

March 8.

To make trial of the saint's disinterestedness, the marquis of Tarifa came to him in disguise to beg an alms, on pretence of a necessary law-suit, and received from his hands twenty-five ducats, which was all he had. The marquis was so much edified by his charity, that, besides returning the sum, he bestowed on him one hundred and fifty crowns of gold, and sent to his hospital every day, during his stay at Granada, one hundred and fifty loaves, four sheep, and six pullets. But the holy man gave a still more illustrious proof of his charity when the hospital was on fire; for he carried out most of the sick on his own back; and though he passed and repassed through the

flames, and staid in the midst of them a considerable time, he received no hurt. But his charity was not confined to his own hospital; he looked upon it as his own misfortune if the necessities of any distressed person in the country remained unrelieved. He, therefore, made strict inquiry into the wants of the poor over the whole province, relieved many in their own houses, found employment for those that were able to work, and with wonderful sagacity laid himself out in every way to comfort and assist the afflicted members of Christ. He was particularly active and vigilant in providing for young maidens in distress, to prevent the dangers to which they are often exposed. He also reclaimed many who were already leading a course of sin, seeking them out, crucifix in hand, and with many tears exhorting them to repentance. Though his life seemed to be taken up in continual action, he accompanied it with perpetual prayer and incredible corporal austerities. And his tears of devotion, his frequent raptures, and his eminent spirit of contemplation, gave a lustre to his other virtues. But his sincere humility appeared most admirable in all his actions, even amidst the honours which he received at the court of Valladolid, whither business called him. The king and princes seemed to vie with each other who should show him the greatest courtesy, or put the largest alms in his hands. Only the most tried virtue could stand the test of honours, but John remained the same retiring, modest man he was before, preferring humiliation to honour. One day, when a woman called him a hypocrite, and loaded him with invectives, he gave her a piece of money, and desired her to repeat all she had said in the market-place.

Worn out at last by ten years' hard service in his hospital, he fell sick. The immediate occasion was excess of fatigue in saving wood and other such things for the poor, in a great flood. He at first concealed his sickness, that he might not be obliged to diminish his labours, but in the meantime he carefully went over the inventories of all things belonging to his hospital, and inspected all the accounts. He also revised the rules he had made for its administration, the distribution of time, and the exercises of piety to be observed in it. Upon a complaint that he harboured idle strollers and bad women, the archbishop sent for him. The man of God threw himself at his feet, and said, "The Son of God came for sinners, and we are obliged to seek their conversion. I am unfaithful to my vocation because I neglect this; and I confess that I know no other bad person in my hospital but myself." This he spoke with so much humility that all present were moved, and the archbishop dismissed him with respect, leaving all things to his discretion. His illness increasing, the news of it spread. The lady Anne Ossorio was no sooner informed of his condition, than she came in her carriage to the hospital to see him. The servant of God lay in his habit in his little cell, covered with a piece of an old coat instead of a blanket, and having under his head the basket in

which he was wont to collect alms for his hospital. The poor and sick stood weeping round him. The lady, moved with compassion, despatched secretly a message to the archbishop, who sent immediately an order to S. John to obey her as he would himself, during his illness. By virtue of this authority she obliged him to leave his hospital. In going out, he visited the Blessed Sacrament, and poured forth his heart before It with fervour; remaining there absorbed in his devotions so long, that the lady Anne Ossorio caused him to be taken up and carried into her carriage, in which she conveyed him to her own house. She herself prepared, with the help of her maids, and gave him with her own hands, broth and medicine, and often read to him the history of the passion of our Divine Redeemer. The whole city was in tears; all the nobility visited him; and the magistrates came to beg he would give his benediction to the city. He answered, that his sins rendered him the scandal and reproach of their country, but recommended to them his brethren the poor, and his religious that served them. At last, by order of the archbishop, he gave the city his dying blessing. The archbishop said Mass in his chamber, heard his confession, gave him the viaticum and extreme unction, and promised to pay all his debts and to provide for all his poor.

The saint expired on his knees, before the altar, on the 8th of March, in 1550, at the age of fifty-five. He was buried by the archbishop, and all the clergy, both secular and regular, accompanied by the court, the nobles, and the whole city, with the utmost pomp. He was honoured by many miracles, beatified by Urban VIII., in 1630, and canonized by Alexander VIII., in 1690. His relics were translated into the church of his brethren in 1664. His Order of Charity to serve the sick was approved of by pope Pius V.



Jesus Christ in the Character of a Pilgrim accepting the Hospitality of two Dominicans.

From a Fresco by Fra Angelico at Florence.

March 9.

S. Pacian, *B. of Barcelona, in Spain, before A.D. 390.*
S. Gregory Nyssen, *B.C. in Cappadocia, circ. A.D. 390.*
S. Bosa, *B. in Northumbria, A.D. 705.*
SS. Cyril and Methodius, *App. of the Slaves, 9th cent.*
S. Vitalis of Sicily, *Ab., A.D. 994.*
S. Catharine of Bologna, *V. in Italy, A.D. 1463.*
S. Frances of Rome, *W., A.D. 1440.*

S. PACIAN, B. OF BARCELONA.

(BEFORE A.D. 390.)

[Roman Martyrology, and those of Ado, Notker, &c. Authority:—Mention by S. Jerome in his Ecclesiastical Writers, c. 106, 107, 132.]



Very little is known of this Spanish bishop, except that he was the author of some short works, of which one, named *Cerbus*, is lost. His "Epistles against the Novatians," his "Call to Penitence," and "Book on Baptism," addressed to catechumens, are extant. His son, Flavius Dexter, probably born before Pacian received episcopal orders, was an intimate friend of S. Jerome. Pacian died at an advanced old age in the reign of Theodosius.

S. GREGORY, B. OF NYSSA.

(ABOUT A.D. 390.)

[Roman Martyrology. Greek *Menæa* on Jan. 10th; the Coptic Church on Oct. 14th and Nov. 22nd. Authorities:—His own works; S. Gregory Nazianzen, in his letters; Socrates and Theodoret, in their Ecclesiastical Histories.]



S. GREGORY OF NYSSA. After Dominichino.

March 9.

S. Gregory was a younger brother of the great S. Basil, (June 14th,) and S. Macrina, (July 19th), and son of the holy Eusebius and Emmelia, who are commemorated on May 30th. Having lost his parents, he grew to reverence his brother Basil as a father, and his sister was to him as a mother, the instructress of his youth. He was educated in every accomplishment of the age, and became a rhetorician. He was married to a virtuous wife, named Theosebia, who is highly praised by S. Gregory Nazianzen in his ninety-fifth epistle, in after years, as "an honour to the church, an ornament of Christ, the utility of our age, the confidence of women, the fairest and most illustrious amidst

the beauty of the brethren, truly holy wife of a priest, his peer in honour and worthy of the great mysteries." These expressions, though somewhat exaggerated, at least point Theosebia out as having been held in high honour by the great saint of Nazianzus. Gregory took the order of Reader, but instead of pressing forward to the diaconate and priesthood, showed an inclination to pursue a wholly secular avocation as a rhetorician, and this drew down on him a sharp reprimand from Gregory Nazianzen. Moved by this admonition, Gregory now resolved to turn his back upon worldly ambition, and devote himself wholly to the service of God. He was ordained bishop by his brother, S. Basil, in 371, when he was aged about thirty-two; and it is supposed by Baronius that Gregory lived with his wife in continence after his ordination, and that she was a deaconess. Nazianzen calls her his "holy and blessed sister," but this is slender ground for the conjecture. It must be remembered that the celibacy of the clergy, which is now required by the Western Church, with such advantage, was not a matter of rule for some centuries, and never prevailed in the Oriental Church. There cannot be much doubt as to the great benefit to the Church of a celibate priesthood, but it is a mistake to endeavour to force the facts of history to demonstrate that celibacy was of primitive obligation. It was always felt to be most seemly, and when Western Christendom became sufficiently organized to admit of the rule being made, the popes and councils did what was evidently for the good of the Kingdom of Christ in requiring the clergy to lead celibate lives.

The see of Gregory was Nyssa, a city of Cappadocia, of no great importance, but the brilliant qualities of the bishop, and his orthodoxy, made him soon conspicuous as a leader of the Catholics, and an object of great dread to the Arians, who prevailed on Demosthenes, the deputy-governor of the province, under the Arian Emperor Valens, to banish him. He spent eight years in exile, wandering from place to place, suffering everywhere persecution from the Arians. Shortly after the accession of Gratian, Gregory was restored to his see, and assisted at the Synod of Antioch, in 379, where he received the charge of visiting the scattered churches in Arabia. To enable him to execute this arduous work, the emperor Theodosius accorded to him the use of the government post-horses and chariots.

He assisted at the council of Constantinople, in 381, when he was chosen to make the funeral oration upon S. Meletius, patriarch of Antioch, and was delegated to be one of the bishops to visit Pontus. In 385, he preached at Constantinople the funeral oration of the empress Flaccilla, and he was present at the dedication of the church of the Ruffini, in Constantinople, in 394. The exact date of his death is not known, but it is certain that he died at an advanced age.

It is unnecessary here to give a list of the writings of this eloquent doctor, a large number of which have been preserved.



S. GREGORY OF NYSSA (with square nimbus). After Cahier.

March 9.

S. BOSA, B. C.

(A.D. 705.)

[Wilson, in his Anglican Martyrology. Authority:—Bede.]

The monastery of Streaneshalch, now Whitby, was founded and governed by S. Hilda, towards the middle of the seventh century. It was a double community, under the rule of S. Columba, which S. Aidan had introduced among the Northumbrians. S. Hilda governed a congregation of men, as well as one of women, who lived in separate dwellings; and such was her care that no less than five bishops issued from this monastery, all of them men of singular merit and sanctity.

The first of these saint-like prelates named by Bede, was Bosa, who, upon the removal of S. Wilfrid, was taken from the solitude of the cloister, and ordained bishop of York by S. Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 678. He most worthily administered the see till 700, when S. Wilfrid being recalled, he humbly resigned his charge, and returned to his monastery.

But S. Wilfrid being again expelled, S. Bosa was once more called forth to the pastoral administration of the see of York, and this he discharged till his death, which took place in the year 705. He was a man of great sanctity and humility, says Bede. He had for his successor S. John of Beverley, from the same monastery.

SS. CYRIL AND METHODIUS, APP.

(9TH CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology. S. Cyril by the Greeks on Feb. 14th, and S. Methodius on May 11th. Authorities:—The Life of S. Clement, a pupil of Methodius, pub. by Pampereus, Vienna, 1802; the Pannonian Life of Methodius; notices in the Life of S. Ludmilla; the Chronicle of Nestor; Cosmas of Prague, &c. The chronology in this article is from the treatise on Cyril and Methodius by Philaret, B. of Rigá, Milan, 1847.]

Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slaves, were brothers, the sons of a man of rank in Thessalonica. Constantine, who afterwards in religion assumed the name of Cyril, the younger, was educated at the court of Constantinople, along with the youthful emperor Michael, from the year 842, by the illustrious Photius, who instructed him in logic, philosophy, mathematics, and languages. His talents and accomplishments afforded him every prospect of a brilliant career in the world, but he chose to lay them at the foot of the cross, and, receiving sacred orders, was appointed librarian to the palace. Soon after, he retired to a little monastery, but was drawn from it again to give lectures on philosophy.

Methodius, his elder brother, as soon as his education was accomplished, entered the army, and was appointed to the government of the Græco-Sclavonic province, which, according to the Pannonian legend, he held for ten years.

In the year 851, Cyril retired to Mount Olympus, along with his brother, who had also resolved to desert the world, and lived in seclusion and the practice of self-discipline. In 858, some dignitaries of the Chazars, a Hunnish race, besought the emperor to send them a learned man to instruct them in the true faith, and Cyril and Methodius were chosen for this purpose.

How long they spent on this mission is not known exactly. They tarried till they could organise the church among the Chazars, and then retired to the Crimea where they worked together at making a Sclavonic translation of the Holy Gospels. It was whilst there that they discovered what they believed to be the relics of S. Clement of Rome, lying together with the anchor, which had been attached to his neck, where the faithful had reverently laid him. They raised the holy remains, and translated them to Constantinople.

In 862, the Sclavonic princes of Pannonia, Rostislaw, Swaetopolk, and Kotel requested the emperor Michael and the patriarch Photius, to send them teachers, "because they were without true instructors for the people," and they desired to have instruction and divine worship in their own language. It appears that missionaries of the Latin Church had already penetrated amongst them, but probably had been unable to master the Sclavonic tongue; at any rate, the Pannonians refused to accept them, and turned instead to the East.

None were better calculated to execute this mission than the brothers Methodius and Cyril, the former of whom had for some years governed a Sclavonic province, and both had been born at Thessalonica, on the confines of Sclavonic peoples, and where the language was familiar to the natives. The emperor and the patriarch felt this, and sent for them, and laid before them the desire of these heathen princes for the Gospel. The brothers at once undertook the mission, and set forth. On their way, Methodius was the means of converting the king of the Bulgarians. Boris had a sister, who was a Christian, having been brought up at Constantinople, whither she had been carried captive. The prince, who was passionately fond of hunting, desired the emperor to procure him a picture, which should illustrate his favourite pursuit, and adorn the hall of a new palace he had erected. Methodius was commissioned by the emperor to execute this task, and he appeared before king Boris, not as a missionary, but as a painter. "Let it be a good picture," said the prince, "large and terrible." "So shall it be," answered Methodius, "but one thing I demand,—that I may be left undisturbed here to complete my picture, that no one may see it till it is finished." The king reluctantly gave his consent, and day after day passed, and the painter was not seen. He remained closely shut up within the palace. Weeks rolled by, and Boris chafed with impatience and curiosity. At length the doors were thrown open, and the king entered. Methodius

had painted the Last Judgment on the wall of the new hall. Above sat Christ on the great white throne, and below were men receiving sentence, and the angels dividing them. An awe and wonder fell on the king's heart as he contemplated the picture. "What meaneth this?" he asked. And Methodius seized the opportunity of preaching to him righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He explained to the king the whole doctrine of the final judgment of men, their fate depending on their works in this world, and the king trembled. He went on to speak of the glories prepared for the baptized who keep the faith. Great and purifying thoughts swelled the bosom of the prince, and going up to the painter, he said, with his head bowed, "Take me, and teach me, that I too may pass to the beautiful side of the picture."

And when Cyril and Methodius had preached the Word of God among the Bulgarians, they journeyed on, bearing the bones of S. Clement, and their Sclavonic translation of the Holy Gospels, into Moravia, where they laboured about four and a half years with great success. The bishops of the neighbouring German provinces, however, viewed the mission of these Easterns with jealousy, and complained to pope Nicolas I. of their performing the liturgy in the Sclavonic language. The unsuccessful war waged by Rostislaw with the Germans, and the deposition of Photius at Constantinople, who had commissioned the two apostles, gave Nicolas the opportunity of summoning the two Greek missionaries to Rome. On their journey (in 868) they were subjected to vexatious treatment at Venice, on account of their cause, but pope Adrian II., who had succeeded Nicolas, dreading to lose Moravia and Pannonia, received them with great cordiality, permitted them to celebrate the divine mysteries in Sclavonic at the grave of the Apostles, ordained their disciples, Formosus and Gonderik, ³⁸ bishops, three others priests, and two lectors. He also sanctioned the use of the Sclavonic liturgy. The following account from the Lections of the Olmutz Breviary will not prove uninteresting. "The blessed Cyril, by the grace of God, after he had converted the Moravians, invented new alphabetical letters, and translated the Old and New Testaments, and many other things from Greek or Latin, into the Sclavonic tongue; and he appointed to be sung Mass, and the other canonical hours in the church. And to this day they are thus sung in Sclavonic parts, especially in Bulgaria, and thereby many souls are drawn to Christ the Lord. And when after some time the said Cyril went to Rome out of devotion, he was rebuked by the sovereign pontiff and the other rulers of the church, because, contrary to the canons, he had appointed the holy Mass to be sung in the Sclavonic tongue. But he, humbly endeavouring to satisfy them, but not able to convince them wholly, snatched up the Psalter, and read the words of the Psalmist, 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.' *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum*. And he said, 'If every one that hath breath is to praise the Lord, why, my

fathers, do ye forbid me to perform the Mass in the Sclavonic tongue, or to translate other things from Latin and Greek into the vernacular? Finding the people simple and ignorant of the ways of the Lord, I, by the inspiration of God, found this means of drawing many to God. Therefore, pardon me, my fathers, and, following the example of S. Paul, the doctor of the Gentiles,—Forbid not to speak with tongues. (I Cor. xiv. 39.)' And they, hearing him, and wondering at his sanctity and faith, gave him authority in those parts to say Mass, and sing the Canonical Hours, in the aforesaid tongue."

Cyril died in Rome shortly after, Feb. 14th, 869, in a monastery into which he had retired; but Methodius, according to the entreaty of his dying brother, returned to Moravia, to find that the hostility of the German prelates and clergy was not allayed. Political disturbances, fomented by the Germans, broke out between 869 and 901, and Rostislav was reduced to ruin. Methodius held himself aloof from these contests, and in 870 went with his disciples into Pannonia, where the court received him and gave up to him the castle of Salava in Mosburg, as a residence. Kotel now besought the pope to consecrate Methodius archbishop of Pannonia, and his request was complied with. But the German clergy, especially the archbishops of Salzburg and Mainz, who unfortunately were ambitious rather of extending their authority than of preaching the Gospel to the people, were exasperated by this to the highest pitch, and they stirred up against him the German emperor and the Moravian prince Swaetopolk, and brought matters so far that he was driven into banishment for a year and a half or two years. Pope John VIII. restored to him his see in 874. At last the Moravian Slaves saw through the ambition of the bishops his opponents, and expelled them the country, at the same time writing to the pope to request him to appoint Methodius archbishop of Moravia. This John VIII. consented to, and "from this time," says the contemporary writer of the Pannonian history of S. Methodius, "the divine doctrine began to grow and spread rapidly, and heathenism and superstition to disappear." But the archbishops of Salzburg and Mainz, who claimed jurisdiction over the Sclavonic races, though not converted by them, could not forgive Methodius the loss of their power and position in the country. They hastened to Rome, and complained that Methodius was heretical on the subject of the Double Procession, that he taught the independence of the Moravian Church, and that he celebrated the Liturgy in the vulgar tongue. Pope John thereupon, in 878, forbade the performance of the Liturgy in Sclavonic, and in the following year summoned Methodius to appear before him in Rome. The German-Latin prelates triumphed; they appeared in Moravia, and declared that Methodius was deposed, and that his authority had been transferred to them. But pope John, on the appearance of the apostle before him, was satisfied of his orthodoxy, and confirmed him in his position and authority over the Moravian Church.

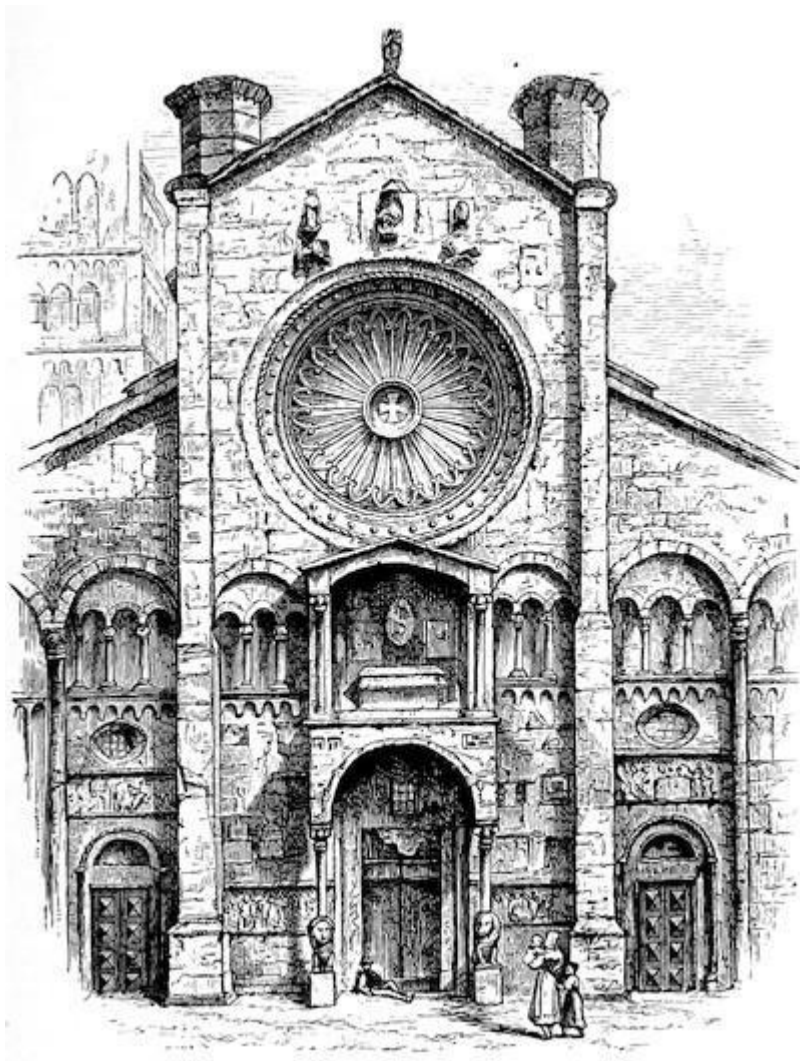
Disappointed in their hope of ruining Methodius at Rome, the German prelates now spread the report that the archbishop had incurred the displeasure of the emperor by his submission to the pope. Methodius was therefore obliged to make a journey to Constantinople, where he was cordially received by the emperor Basil, and then dismissed with many presents. As soon as it was proved that the report of the anger of the imperial court was false, the enemies of Methodius endeavoured to dispose Swaetopolk, the prince, against him; and this they were the more able to effect, because the prince was a man of immoral life, and had incurred the reprimand of the archbishop on more than one occasion. Gradually, influenced by these treacherous apostles of Mammon, rather than of Jesus Christ, Swaetopolk became alienated from Methodius; but in spite of all their efforts, and the coldness of the prince, all the Sclavonic races, from Croatia and Dalmatia to the confines of Poland, heard in their own tongue the celebration of the Divine mysteries, and looked to Methodius as their archbishop. Moreover he effected the conversion of the Bohemian Duke Borivoi, and introduced Christianity into his lands. He founded at Prague the church of Our Lady, and another dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul; and died on April 6th, 885.

Relics of S. Cyril at Rome in S. Clemente, and at Brunn, in Moravia. In Art S. Cyril is represented in a philosopher's long habit, and bearded. S. Methodius as an archbishop with the pallium, holding in one hand a picture of the Last Judgment.

S. CATHARINE OF BOLOGNA, V.

(A.D. 1463.)

[Roman Martyrology. Her name was inserted by Clement VIII., in 1592; and she was canonized by Benedict XIII., in 1724. Authority:—Her life written by F. Paleotti, about fifty years after her death.]



CATHEDRAL MODENA. From Stoughton's "Italian Reformers."

March 9.

Catharine was the daughter of noble parents. Her father, John Vigri, was high in favour with Nicholas d'Este, prince of Ferrara. She was born on the Nativity of the B. Virgin, 1412, at Bologna, where she spent her childhood; but growing up to girlhood she removed with her parents to Ferrara, and became the associate of Margaret, daughter of the prince. At the age of eleven she joined the order of the Poor Clares, and entered the convent of that society in Bologna, with the consent of her parents. "Thus withdrawn from all terrestrial occupations," says her biographer, "she began to serve God with such fervour of soul, that all began to marvel at her. So great was her gentleness, so great her reverence and obedience towards others, as long as she lived, that she soon became beloved and pleasant to all, and almost venerable in her early girlhood. Wherever she was, and with whomsoever she conversed, she spoke

either of God or with God, so that, though her body was on earth, her soul was ever in heaven. And although she was tormented with grievous temptations which tried her almost out of measure, yet was she always of a glad countenance." She grew daily more devoted to prayer; and her greatest delight was to spend many hours in close communing with God. One Christmas Eve she obtained permission to spend the night in the church, having resolved to recite a thousand times the Angelic Salutation in honour of her who that night bore the Saviour of the world. The hours glided away in the church in all stillness, save for the click of the beads in Catharine's fingers, and in all darkness, save for the glimmer of the red lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. Suddenly, a glory filled the church, and she saw before her the holy Mother bearing her infant Son in her bosom, and smiling on the young religious, S. Mary laid the child Jesus in her arms. It was a moment of supreme felicity, and one painters have loved to recall, as she held to her heart her Redeemer and God, and looked down on His radiant face. Then, trembling between love and fear, she bent her lips to his mouth, and instantly all was dark; the vision had fled. When she returned to her cell she wrote down what she had seen on the margin of her breviary, where it was found after her death.

Margaret d'Este, her little friend in childhood, had grown up, and was married to a good man, Robert Malatesta,³⁹ who, however, died and left her a disconsolate widow. The prince of Ferrara was desirous of marrying his daughter again, but Margaret clung to the memory of her first husband, and besought her friend Catharine to assist her with her prayers. And it fell out that on the very day of the second marriage the bridegroom died. Next night Margaret saw Robert come to her, and extending to her the wedding ring, say, "Margaret, I marry thee again, thou must be mine alone!" and she spent the rest of her days in a holy widowhood. A convent of Poor Clares having been founded in Bologna, S. Catharine was appointed to be the first prioress, in spite of her tears and entreaties to be left to the calm seclusion of her cell, and the subordinate duties of a sister. She dreaded lest the cares and business which fall to a superior should leave her less time for contemplation and prayer.

On her way from Ferrara to her new home she sickened, but persevered in her journey, though carried on a litter to the boat, and when placed in it, was given a blessed candle to hold, as is usual with dying persons, in case she should die on the journey. She however recovered, sufficiently to set the new house in order, and to complete the construction of some of the buildings; and then after the flame of life had again sunk, and once more flickered up, calmly entered into the joy of her Lord on March 9th, 1463, at the age of fifty-one.

Her body, incorrupt, is shown in the church of her convent, through glass, sitting, richly habited, but with face, hands, and feet bare.

S. FRANCES OF ROME, W.

(A.D. 1440.)

[Roman Martyrology. Canonized by Paul V., in 1608. Authorities:—Her life by her confessor, John Mattiotti, and another by Maria Magdalena d'Aguillar. The following life is condensed from that by Lady Georgiana Fullerton.]

Frances of Rome was born in stormy days. War was raging all over Europe. Italy was torn by inward dissensions, and the Church was afflicted, not only by the outward persecutions which strengthens her vitality, though for a while they appear to cripple her action, but by trials of a far deeper and more painful nature. Heresy had torn from her arms a great number of her children, and repeated schisms were dividing those who, in appearance, and even in intention, remained faithful to the Holy See. The successors of S. Peter had removed the seat of their residence to Avignon, and the eternal city presented the aspect of one vast battle-field, on which daily and hourly conflicts were occurring. In the capital of Western Christendom ruins of recent date lay side by side with the relics of past ages; the churches were sacked, burned, and destroyed, and the eyes of the people of Rome were turned beseechingly to Heaven to restore to them that tranquillity to which they had almost become strange.

It was at that time, during the pontificate of Urban VI., in the year 1384, that Francesca was born at Rome; that "she rose as a star in a dark night," according to the expression of the most ancient of her biographers. Her father's name was Paul Russa; her mother's Jacobella de' Roffredeschi; they were both of noble descent. On the day of her birth she was carried to the Church of S. Agnes, and there baptized.

Little could the worshippers who may have been praying there that day for a blessing on their bereaved and distracted city, have guessed in what form that blessing was bestowed, and that that little babe, a few hours old, was to prove a most powerful instrument in the hands of God for the extinction of schism, the revival of piety, and the return of peace.

From her infancy, Francesca was not like other children. At two or three years old she manifested a precocious intelligence and piety. Instead of playing, she loved to retire into a silent corner of her father's palace, and kneeling down join her little hands in prayer.

From the time that Francesca had understood the meaning of the words, her greatest desire had been to enter a convent; it was therefore with profound grief that she received, at the age of twelve, the announcement from her father that he had promised her hand to Lorenzo Ponziano, a young nobleman of illustrious birth, and not less eminent for his virtues and talents than from his fortune and position. She flew to her director and besought his advice. "If your parents persist in their resolution," said he, "take it, my child, as a sign that God expects of you this sacrifice. Offer up to him in that case your earnest desire for the religious life. He will accept the will for the deed; and you will attain at once the reward of that wish, and the peculiar graces attached to the sacrament of marriage." Francesca submitted, and was married to Lorenzo Ponziano, and took up her abode in his palace in the heart of the Trastevere. It is a well-known spot; and on the 9th of March, the people of Rome flock to it in crowds. The modern building erected on the foundations of the old palace is the Casa dei Esercizii Pii. On the day of her festival its rooms are thrown open, every memorial of the gentle saint is exhibited, lights burn on numerous altars, flowers deck the passages, leaves are strewn in the chapel, on the stairs, in the entrance court; figured tapestry and crimson silks hang over the door, and crowds of people go in and out, and kneel before the relics and pictures of the dear saint of Rome, and gaze on each altar, and linger in these chambers, like kinsfolk met on a birthday to rejoice together.

Francesca was received into her new home tenderly and joyfully by her father-in-law Andrew, his wife Cecilia, and Vannozza, the wife of her husband's brother, a holy and loving woman, in whom Francesca found a kindred spirit. The manner of Francesca was so gentle and kind, that it inspired affection in all who approached her; but there was also a profound and awful purity in her aspect and in her demeanour, which effectually checked the utterance of a free or licentious word in her presence. Faithful to her early habits of piety, she continued every Wednesday to visit the church of S. Maria Nuova; and after confessing to her director, Antonio Savelli, she communicated. Rising betimes in the morning, Francesca devoutly said her prayers, made her meditations, and read attentively out of a spiritual book. In the course of the day, whenever she had a moment's leisure, she withdrew into a church, or into her own room, and gave herself up to prayer. At the same time, so devout a life in a young person of twelve years old could not fail to attract the attention and draw down the censures of the worldly. Many such began to laugh at Francesca, and to turn her piety into ridicule. But her husband was to her a shield, as far as in him lay, against spiteful tongues. His young wife was much too precious to him, much too perfect in his sight, her whole life bore too visibly the stamp of God's dealings with her, for him to dream of

interfering with the course she had taken. On the contrary, he looked upon her with that affectionate veneration which the presence of true sanctity always awakens in a noble and religious mind.

There was not a single member, friend, or servant, of that noble family into which she had been received, that did not love her. Paluzzo, Lorenzo's brother, delighted in encouraging the intimacy that had arisen between his young sister-in-law and his own wife Vannozza. Day by day her influence—her tender, noiseless, gentle influence—was felt subduing, winning, drawing them all to God.

The happiness which the family of Ponziano had enjoyed since Lorenzo's marriage was interrupted by the sudden and dangerous illness of his wife, which baffled all medical skill, and soon brought her to the verge of the grave. She endured excruciating pain, and was unable to take nourishment. She declined rapidly, and all hope of her recovery was abandoned, when, one night, as she was lying motionless on her couch of suffering, listening to the breathing of her nurses who had fallen asleep, a sudden light filled the room, and she saw standing before her in pilgrim's robe, S. Alexis, the noble Roman penitent, who had passed many years as a despised beggar at the door of his father's palace. Drawing near to Francesca's bed, he said "I am Alexis, and am sent from God to enquire of thee if thou choosest to be healed?" "I have no choice but the good pleasure of God," she answered. "Then live," said he, "for He choosest that thou shouldest remain in the world to glorify His name." Then he drew his mantle over Francesca and vanished, leaving her perfectly recovered.

Confounded at this extraordinary favour, she rose in haste, and slipping out of the room without awaking her nurses, she hurried to the bedside of her sister-in-law. "My dear Vannozza, my own Vannozza!" she exclaimed, putting her arm round her neck, and her cheek next hers. Vannozza suddenly awoke, and distrusting the evidence of her senses, said, "Who are you? Am I dreaming? It sounds like the voice of my little Frances?" "Yes, it is your little sister who is speaking to you." "What! I left you only an hour ago at the point of death!" "It is I, nevertheless, come to thank you, dear companion, for having nursed me so tenderly, and now help me to thank God for his wonderful mercy towards me." Then sitting on her bed, with the hands of her sister clasped in her own, she related to her the vision, and the instantaneous recovery that had followed; and then, as the light began to break into the chamber, she added with eagerness, "Now let us hasten to S. Maria Nuova, and then to the church of S. Alexis, that I may return him my thanks, before others learn what God has done for me."

The year 1400 opened under melancholy auspices. The wars for the succession of the kingdom of Naples between Louis of Anjou and Ladislas were agitating the whole of

Italy; and Rome was exposed to all the fury of the contending parties. Lorenzo Ponziano, from his rank and fidelity to the sovereign pontiff, was especially marked out as an enemy by the adverse faction. But while on every side the storm was brewing, and the aspect of public affairs each day became more gloomy, a blessing was granted him, which for the last five years he had ardently desired. Francesca became the mother of a little son, who received at the font the name of John Baptist, or, in Italian, Giovanni Baptista. It was not at that time the custom for ladies of rank to nurse their children; but Francesca set aside all such considerations, and never consented to forego a mother's sacred privilege.

In obedience to her director, and guided by her own sense of duty, she modified, for the time being her usual mode of life, and occupied herself with the care of her child in preference to all other observances of charity or of devotion.

About a year after, Lorenzo's mother died, and Francesca was called to take her place as head of the household, and to superintend all the domestic affairs. Distressed at the proposal, she pleaded her youth and inexperience, and urged that Vannozza, as the wife of the eldest brother, was, as a matter of course, entitled to that position. Vannozza, however, steadily refused it, and at length, overcome by the general importunity, Francesca found herself obliged to comply. Now it was that her merit shone conspicuously. Placed at the head of the most opulent house in Rome, no symptom of pride revealed itself in her looks or in her actions. She was never heard to speak a harsh or impatient word. Firm in requiring every person in her house to fulfil their duties, she did it in the gentlest manner. Always courteous to her servants, she watched over their souls as precious treasures entrusted to her custody by God.

Francesca had just attained the age of twenty when her second son was born. He was baptized on the day of his birth, and received the name of John Evangelist. He might well have been termed his mother's own child; for in his veriest infancy, he showed that he had inherited her sweetness and spirit of devotion. He was to her as one of God's own angels, and tears of joy filled her eyes as she mused on the extraordinary signs of grace which he daily evinced. Evangelista was not quite three years old when his little sister Agnes was born, who in beauty, heavenly sweetness of temper, and precocious piety, proved the counterpart of her brother.

In the year 1409, when she was about twenty-seven years old, Francesca's temporal calamities began. After Ladislas of Naples, befriended by the enemies of the pope, had in 1498 gained possession of Rome, he left behind him as governor of the city the count of Troja, a rough and brutal soldier. In an engagement with the count's soldiers Lorenzo Ponziano was stabbed, and taken up and carried home as if dead. Francesca

however found that he still breathed, and by her unremitting attention, he was restored to health.

Meanwhile the count of Troja, pressed on every side, began to foresee the necessity of leaving Rome; but, in his exasperation, resolved previously to wreak his vengeance on the families most devoted to the pope, and especially on that of the Ponziani. He accordingly arrested Paluzzo, Vannozza's husband, and understanding that Lorenzo had a son of eight or nine years old, he commanded that he should be given up into his hands as a hostage.

This was to Francesca a trial almost beyond endurance, as she trembled for the soul of her little one about to be committed to unprincipled soldiers. The report of the order had spread through Rome, and as she passed through the streets clasping the hand of her dear child whom she was about to surrender, crowds of commiserating women pressed round her. She mounted the Capitol, walked straight to where the tyrant was standing, and gave up her son to him, and then, without once looking back, she hastened to the church of Ara Cœli, and falling prostrate before the feet of the Mother of Mercy, poured out her soul in tears and supplication. In the mean time the count of Troja had ordered one of his officers to take little Baptista on his horse, and carry him away to a place he appointed; but from the instant the child was placed on the saddle, no efforts could induce the animal to stir. Four of the knights of Naples renewed the attempt with other horses, and the same result. There is a strength greater than man's will; there is a power that defeats human malice. Struck with a secret terror by this evident prodigy, the count of Troja gave up the unequal contest, and ordered the child to be restored to his mother. Before the altar of Ara Cœli, where in her anguish she had fallen, Francesca received back into her arms the son of her love, and blessed the God who had given her strength to go through this the severest of her trials.

The States of the Church and Rome were again overrun by the troops of Ladislas, in 1410. The horrors of this invasion, and of the sack that followed it, surpassed in atrocity almost all those that had previously afflicted the capital of Western Christendom. Lorenzo, scarcely recovered from his long illness, fled into a distant province. It had been impossible to remove his wife and children; and Francesca remained exposed to a succession of the most trying disasters. The wealth of the family chiefly consisted in their country possessions; and day after day intelligence was brought to her that one farmhouse or another was burnt or pillaged, the cattle dispersed or destroyed, and the peasants murdered by a ruthless soldiery. One fatal morning a troop of savage ruffians, drunk with rage, broke into the palace, and after pillaging, and all but destroying the time-honoured residence of the Ponziani, carried

off her son Baptista. In the space of a few hours that gorgeous abode was turned into a heap of ruins. Bereft of her husband, of her son, and of all the conveniences of life, Francesca, with her two younger children, remained alone, and unprotected, for her brother-in-law, Paluzzo, was still a prisoner in the tyrant's hands. How Baptista escaped is not recorded, but by some means or other he was enabled to get away from Rome and rejoin his father.

Francesca took shelter in a corner of her ruined habitation; and there, with Evangelista and Agnese, she managed to live in the most complete seclusion. These two children were now their mother's only comfort, as their education was her principal occupation. Evangelista, as he advanced in age, in no way belied the promise of his infancy. He lived in spirit with the angels and saints, and seemed more fitted for their society than for any earthly companionship. "To be with God," was his only dream of bliss. The hour for another sacrifice was at hand. The second invasion of Rome was succeeded by a dreadful famine, which was followed in its turn by a severe pestilence. Evangelista sickened and died of it. Francesca wept over the loss of her dearly-beloved child, but did not grieve for him. It was not a time for indulgence of sorrow. Want and sickness were turning Rome into a charnel house. Wild voices were screaming for bread on every side. The streets were encumbered by the victims of the plague. The ruin of private property, the general penury occasioned by the extortion of Ladislas, and the sacking of Rome by his soldiers, had cut off almost all the resources of private charity. Francesca, bereaved of everything but her one little girl, and lodged with Vannozza in a corner of their dismantled house, had no longer at her command the resources she had formerly possessed for the relief of the poor. A little food from their ruined estates was now and then supplied to these lonely women; and they stinted themselves, that they might bestow the greatest part on the sick and poor. There was a large hall in the lower part of the palace; the sisters converted it into a temporary hospital; out of the shattered furniture that lay scattered about the house, they contrived to make up beds and covering, and to prepare some clothing for the wretched creatures they were about to receive. When all was ready they brought in sufferers, carrying the weakest in their arms. They washed and dressed their wounds and sores, prepared both medicine and food, watched the sick by day and by night; laboured incessantly for their bodies, and still more for their souls. The example which the ruined and bereaved wives of the Ponziani had given kindled a similar spirit among the hitherto apathetic inhabitants of Rome, and in several places hospitals were opened to the perishing multitudes. Often Francesca and Vannozza were without a morsel of food for themselves and their poor, then they went forth to beg, and gratefully accepted the broken bits that fell from the table of the wealthy. Each

remnant of food, each rag of clothing, they brought home with joy; and the best was invariably bestowed on their guests.

Evangelista had been dead about a year, when one morning as Francesca was praying in her oratory, she became conscious that the little room was suddenly and supernaturally illumined. She raised her eyes, and Evangelista stood before her; his familiar aspect unchanged, but his features transfigured and beaming with ineffable splendour. By his side stood an angel of exquisite beauty. Evangelista smiling on his mother, told her of his present happiness, and then bade her prepare to surrender her little Agnese, for God called the child. But a consolation was promised her.

Thenceforth the angel who stood beside Evangelista was to be ever with her, as a visible companion. Having said this, Evangelista disappeared, but the angel remained, and to the day of her death was ever present to her sight.

The following is the description of the angel as given by Francesca to her confessor, and written down by her, at his order:—

"His stature is that of a child, of about nine years; his countenance full of sweetness and majesty; his eyes generally turned towards heaven. Words cannot describe the divine purity of that gaze. His brow is always serene; his glances kindle in the soul the flame of ardent devotion. When I look upon him, I understand the glory of the angelic nature, and the degraded condition of our own. He wears a long, shining robe, and over it a tunic, either as white as the lilies of the field, or of the colour of a red rose, or of the hue of the sky, when it is most deeply blue. When he walks at my side his feet are never soiled by the mud of the streets, or the dust of the roads."

The presence of her heavenly guide was to her as a mirror, in which she could see reflected every imperfection of her character. Much as she had discerned, even from her earliest childhood, of the corruption of her heart, yet she often told her director that it was only since she had been continually in the presence of an angelic companion that she had realised its amount. So that this divine favour, far from exalting her in her own eyes, served to maintain her in the deepest humility. When she committed any fault, the angel faded away, and it was only when she had felt compunction and confessed her fault, that he shone out upon her once more in all his brilliancy.

And now her little Agnes was taken from her, and was laid beside her brother Evangelista.

Four long years had elapsed, during which Rome had been given up to war, famine, and pestilence. The exertions of Francesca told at last on her enfeebled frame, and

she fell dangerously ill. Vannozza never left her bedside, and nursed her with such love and care that she restored her to health. It was during this illness that Francesca had a vision of Hell. And now, in 1414, Ladislas died, and peace was restored to the States of the Church. The Ponziani were recalled from banishment, and their property was restored. Lorenzo and his son Baptista returned to their home, and to the wife and mother they had so longed to behold again. But the cup of joy was mixed with sorrow. Lorenzo, who a few years back was strong and active, was now broken by long sufferings, aged more through exile and grief than through years. We are told that when he entered his palace and looked upon his wife, deep sobs shook his breast, and he burst into tears. The two beautiful children whom he had left by her side were gone, and Francesca herself, pale with recent sickness, spent with ceaseless labour, was changed in form, and bloom, and brightness, by what she also had endured.

The household life was now to some extent restored. Francesca devoted all her leisure moments to prayer, but never allowed her spiritual exercises to interfere with her duty as a wife and mistress of a household. Her attention to Lorenzo's slightest wants and wishes was unceasing. She never complained of any amount of interruption or of trouble which his claims, or those of the house, or of her position in society, occasioned. One day that she was reciting in her room the office of the Blessed Virgin, her husband sent for her. Instantly rising from her knees, she obeyed his summons. When she had performed the trifling service he required, she returned to her prayers. Four successive times, for the most insignificant of purposes, was she sent for; each time with unwearied good humour she complied, and resumed her devotions without a shadow of discontent or annoyance. On resuming her book the last time that this occurred, great was her astonishment in finding the antiphon which she had begun four times, and had four times left unfinished, written in letters of gold. Vannozza, who was present, witnessed the miracle, and the gilded letters remained in the book to the day of her death.

Her son, Baptista, had now arrived at the age of eighteen, and at his father's advice he married a maiden, named Mobilia, of noble birth and singular beauty. Immediately upon her marriage, the bride came to reside under the same roof as her father and mother-in-law. She was received as a beloved daughter by Francesca and Vannozza, but she neither returned their affection nor appeared sensible to their kindness. Her head was completely turned at finding herself her own mistress, adored by her husband, and furnished with the most ample means of gratifying all her fancies. She gave no thought to anything but her beauty, her dress, and all the amusements within her reach. Wholly inexperienced, she declined to ask or to receive advice, and chose in every respect to be guided by her inclinations alone. Imperious with her equals,

haughty with her superiors, she treated her mother-in-law with the most supreme contempt. In the gay societies which she frequented, it was her favourite amusement to turn Francesca into ridicule, and mimic her manners and style of conversation. "How can one feel respect," said she, "for an old woman who thinks of nothing but the poor, dresses plainly, and goes about the streets carrying bread and old clothes?"

It was in vain that Baptista, seriously annoyed at the insults offered to his dearly-loved mother, remonstrated with his wife. Mobilia persisted for long, till struck with sudden illness in the midst of a sharp and bitter speech addressed to her mother-in-law, she became alarmed lest God should punish her with greater severity, and she resolved to behave towards her with respect and love. And this grew till the young wife became passionately fond of Francesca, and venerated her for her virtues, which she strove hard to imitate. Francesca, with the most watchful love, nursed Mobilia in her confinements, and bestowed on her grandchildren the same cares that she had lavished on her own children. It was a great relief to her that Mobilia was able to assume the management of the house, and thus enable her to devote herself more unreservedly to the service of the poor and of the hospitals. A new epoch was now at hand in her career. God had placed in her heart many years ago a hope, which she had nursed in secret, and watered with tears, and fostered by prayer. Never impatient, never beforehand with God's providence, she waited. Lorenzo's admiration and affection for his wife had gone on increasing with advancing years; the perfection of her life, and the miracles he had so often seen her perform, inspired him with unbounded reverence. Taking her aside one day, he offered to release her from all the obligations imposed by the state of marriage, to allow her the fullest liberty of action, and the most absolute control over her person, her time, and her conduct, on one condition, that she would promise never to cease to inhabit his house. She accepted his proposal joyfully and gratefully, but she continued to devote herself to her excellent husband, and with the most attentive solicitude to render him every service in her power. He was now in very declining health, and she rendered him by day and by night all the cares of the tenderest nurse.

Seeing the necessity of a religious society for women living in the world, Francesca now formed a congregation of pious women, which was affiliated to the Olivetan monastery of S. Maria Nuova, and which comprised about ten noble Roman ladies, devoted like herself and Vannozza, to the service of God and the poor. She now lost her beloved sister Vannozza, and her director, Antonio Savelli, who had instructed her childhood, and guided her ever since with wisdom and faithfulness. She chose as her director and that of her congregation, Giovanni Mattiotti, curate of S. Maria in Trastevere, to whom she had already sometimes been to confession. He was a man of

distinguished piety, but of an irresolute and vacillating disposition, easily disheartened. Her society, which was called the Congregation of Oblates of Mary, had lasted seven years, when Francesca decided that it would be advisable that it should have a convent in which to dwell. She took a house adapted to the requirements of a religious community, on the spot where an old tower, named "Tor di Specchi," used to stand. Various obstacles arose to the purchase of this house, which disheartened Mattiotti; but they were finally overcome, and the acquisition was completed towards the end of the year 1432. This house, which was at first considered only as a temporary residence, was subsequently added to, and has remained to this day the central house of the order. It was, doubtless, a trial to Francesca that whilst she was providing a home for her disciples, she was unable to avail herself of it, but she never hesitated as to her line of duty. Lorenzo had released her from all obligations but one, that of residing in his house, and watching over his old age. His infirmities were increasing, and her attentions were indispensable to his comfort. The rule adopted by the Oblates of Tor di Specchi remains the same to this day. They are not, strictly speaking, nuns: they take no vows, and are bound by no obligations under pain of sin; they are not cloistered, and their dress is that which was worn at the period of their establishment by the widows of the Roman nobles.

It was on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1433, that the Oblates, ten in number, met in the church of S. Maria in Trastevere, heard Mass, and communicated, then went in procession to the house they were thenceforth to inhabit. That house, which now - a-days is thrown open during the Octave of the Feast of S. Frances, is no gloomy abode. The beautiful chapel; the garden, with its magnificent orange trees; the open galleries, with their little oratories, where a holy picture or figure takes you by surprise, and meets you at every turn; the light, airy rooms, where religious prints and ornaments, with flowers, birds, and ingenious toys, testify that innocent enjoyments are encouraged among the children educated therein by the Oblates of S. Mary.

But on the day when Francesca's companions first entered these walls, there was nothing very fair or beautiful to greet them, though they carried thither, in their hearts, from the altar they had just left, the source of all light and love. With delight they exchanged their ordinary dress for that which the rule prescribed. Francesca alone stood among them no nun in her outward garb, but the truest nun of all, through the inward consecration of her whole being to God.

Francesca had been forty years married to Lorenzo Ponziano, and blessed had that union been by the tender affection which had reigned between the husband and the wife, and sanctified by the exercise of no common virtues, by the pursuit of no transitory object. Francesca had led the way, in meekness, in humility, in subjection,

but with a single aim and an unwavering purpose. Lorenzo's health had been breaking up for some years past, and now it utterly failed, and his disease assumed an alarming character. Few men would have shown themselves as worthy as he did of such a wife as Francesca. From the moment of his marriage he had appreciated her virtues, rejoiced in her piety, encouraged her good works, and to a great extent shared in them. He had his reward. Francesca tended him to the last with indefatigable love. He had been a just man, and his death was the death of the righteous. Francesca was now free to follow the bent of her desire. She took leave of Mobilia and her son, and went straight to Tor di Specchi. It was on the 21st of March, the feast of S. Benedict, that she entered its walls, not as the foundress, but as a humble suppliant for admission. At the foot of the stairs, having taken off her black gown, her veil, and her shoes, she knelt down, and made her general confession in the presence of the community, and then asked permission to dwell amongst the Oblates. The spiritual daughters of S. Frances hastened to raise and to embrace her, and clothing her with their habit, they led the way to the chapel, where they all returned thanks to God.

At the same moment, her angel guardian was changed; another, brighter and more beautiful, stood beside her, weaving a golden woof out of threads, which he drew from a palm branch. And this angel, ever busy on this mystic work, remained beside her till her death, in place of the other.

Agnes de Lellis, the superior, then resigned her office, and the sisters with one accord insisted on Francesca assuming the direction of the house. She positively refused to do so, but her objections were overruled by the director, and unable to resist his orders, she assumed the office on March 25th.

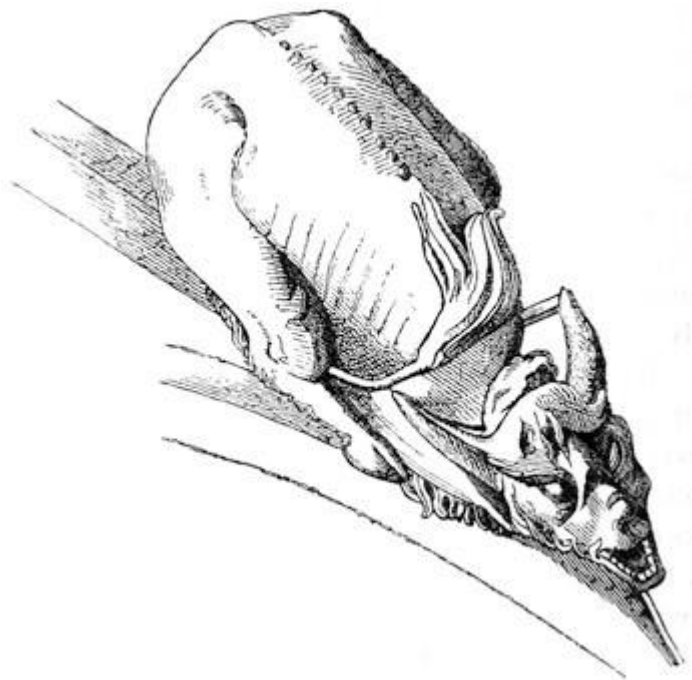
We have not space to give an account of the life of the blessed Francesca as a superior, or to detail the miracles she was enabled to work; for these we refer the English reader to the life of this saint by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. On March 3rd, 1440, when Francesca was fifty-six years old, she was sent for to see her son Baptista, who was laid up with a sharp attack of fever. She instantly obeyed the summons, and spent the day at the Ponziano palace; but towards evening she grew so ill that she could scarcely stand. However, she persisted in returning to her convent. On her way she stopped at the church of S. Maria in Trastevere, and found there her confessor, Giovanni Mattiotti, who, noticing her altered looks, ordered her at once to return to her son's house. The order was a trial to her, for she felt that she would never again enter the hallowed walls of Tor di Specchi; but, faithful to the spirit of perfect obedience, she went back to the palace. In the course of the night a virulent fever came on, and she became so seriously ill that all hopes of her recovery were abandoned. And now the angel had nearly done his mystic task, the golden web was complete, and he

folded up the glistening tissue about the palm. The day of March 9th was far advanced. "What are you saying?" asked her confessor, seeing her lips move. "The vespers of the Blessed Virgin," she answered, in a scarcely audible voice. As an infant she had begun the practice; and on the eve of her death she had not omitted it.

S. Francesca was canonized May 29th, 1608.

Relics in S. Maria Nuova, at Rome.

In art she appears with an angel by her side, sometimes contemplating Hell open.



HATRED AND MALICE.

Symbolic carving at the Abbey of S. Denis

March 10.

SS. Caius and Alexander, *MM. at Apamea, in Phrygia, after A.D. 171.*

SS. Codratus, Dionysius, Cyprian, Anectus, and Others, *MM. at Corinth, circ. A.D. 258.*

SS. Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, *circ. A.D. 320.*

S. Macarius, *B. of Jerusalem, circ. A.D. 335.*

S. Kessog, *B. in Scotland, 6th cent.*

S. Anastasius the Patrician, *C. in Egypt, A.D. 567.*

S. Droctoveus, *Ab. at S. Germain, in Paris, circ. A.D. 576.*

S. Attalus, *Ab. of Bobbio, in Italy, A.D. 626.*

S. Hymelin, *P. at Visenaeken, in Belgium, 8th cent.*

B. John Sarcander, *P.M. at Holleschan, in Upper Silesia, A.D. 1620.* [40](#)

SS. CAIUS AND ALEXANDER, MM.

(AFTER A.D. 171.)

[Roman Martyrology, and those of Ado, Notker, &c. Authority:—Eusebius, lib. v. c. 16.]



Nothing more of these martyrs is known than the brief mention in Eusebius, quoting from Apollinaris of Hierapolis, that they were natives of Eumenia, and that they suffered at Apamea.

SS. CODRATUS, DIONYSIUS, AND OTHERS, MM.

(ABOUT A.D. 258.)

[Inserted in the Menologium of the Emperor Basil Porphyrogeneta, also in the Roman Martyrology. Authority:—A Greek life published by Bollandus, of uncertain date, and very questionable authority.]

In the persecution of Decius many Christians fled to the mountains and deserts until the tyranny was overpast. Amongst these was a woman who was expecting her confinement; she hid in a wild place amongst the rocks, and there brought forth a child whom she named Codratus. He was brought up in the desert during his infancy, and growing to maturity, was joined by other young men desirous of a retired life. They were taken before the governor Jason, at Corinth, and were executed.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

(ABOUT A.D. 320.)

[Roman Martyrology. Amongst the Greeks on March 9th; the ancient Martyrology attributed to S. Jerome on March 9th, as also that of Bede, and most ancient Martyrologies. In the Roman, it has been transferred to the 10th, because the feast of S. Frances is a double. Authorities:—The Ancient Latin and Greek Acts, the former a recension of more ancient Acts, made in 900; the latter of less antiquity, also the Armenian Acts. These saints are spoken of by S. Ephraem Syrus, (d. 378), and by S. Gregory Nyssen, (d. 396), and S. Basil has a sermon on them. There is also a homily

upon them extant by S. Gaudentius, B. of Brescia, (375.) The invention of their relics is mentioned by Sozomen, Hist. Eccl. lib. ix. c. 2.]

When the Emperor Licinius had broken with his brother-in-law Constantine, he threw off the mask of toleration he had worn, and openly persecuted the Christians. When in Cappadocia, he published an edict commanding every Christian, on pain of death, to abandon his religion. Agricola, governor of Cappadocia and Lesser Armenia, resided at Sebaste, where S. Blaise, bishop of that city, was one of the first victims. In the army which was quartered there was the Thundering Legion. Its commanding officer was Lysias. Forty soldiers of that legion, natives of different countries, but all young, brave, and distinguished for their services, refused to sacrifice to the idols. When Agricola announced the imperial order to the army, these forty brave men advanced to his tribunal, and announced themselves to be Christians. They were at once cast into prison, where they raised the 90th (91st) psalm, in solemn chant, as the darkness closed upon them; "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High; shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Our blessed Lord appeared to them, and bade them play the man, and win the crown of victory. Then Cyrio, one of the confessors, said to his brethren, "It has pleased God to unite us forty brethren in one communion of faith and warfare, let us not part in life or in death. Let us ask of God to send us forty to our crown together."

Six or seven days after they were brought again before the governor, and were sentenced to be exposed naked through the bitter winter night on the ice of a pond; but he ordered that a fire and warm bath should be prepared in a small building opening on the pond, and that any of the confessors who should take advantage of this should be regarded as having apostatized.

Night closed in over the city. The shops were shut; the streets were still. Men went not willingly forth into the bitter cold. No friendly cloud hung in the sky—it was a clear, starry night;—the constellations glowed in the intense frost. The citizens heaped up their fires, and gathered closer around them. The soldiers canvassed the constancy of the sufferers. There, on the frozen pool, stood the martyrs of Jesus Christ. From the open door of the hut, a bright cheerful gleam of fire-light shone; reflecting itself on the clear dark ice. Some presently fell, and slept that sleep which ends only in death; some walked hurriedly up and down, as if to keep in the heat of life; some stood with their arms folded, almost lost in prayer; some consoled themselves and their brethren in the conflict. They prayed earnestly that He, who had in a special manner consecrated the number forty to Himself; who had bade Moses tarry in the mount forty days, who had fed Elijah with that food, in the strength whereof he went forty days and forty nights; who had given Nineveh forty days for repentance; they called on

Him who had Himself fasted forty days, and had lain forty hours in death, not to fail them then. "Forty wrestlers," they said, "O Lord, we have entered the arena; let forty victors receive the prize!"

One of the soldiers guarding the pond was waiting by the fire, and slept. And in his sleep he beheld this vision. He stood by the side of the pool, and saw the martyrs in their conflict. As he gazed on them, an angel came down from the sky with a golden crown in his hands. Its brightness was not of this world; it was most bright, most beautiful. He brought another, and another, and another, till the dreamer perceived that he was charged with the everlasting diadems of the victorious martyrs. Nine-and-thirty crowns he brought, but he came not with the fortieth.

"What may this mean?" he asked, as he awoke. As he was wondering, there was a stir without, and the soldiers brought in one of the confessors. He could endure it no more, he had come to the fire and the warm bath. He who had dreamed went forth. Still the cloudless night; still the intense piercing blast from the range of the Caucasus. Most of the sufferers, on the frozen pool, had fallen where they stood. To them the bitterness of death was past; for they were in the last fatal sleep; and their diadem, though not yet attained, were certain. Others were praying, "Forty wrestlers we have entered the arena; let forty victors receive the prize."

O wonderful power of prayer in all! but most wonderful virtue of intercession in Christ's martyrs! At that moment a thought rushed into the mind of the soldier; a thought so sweet, so cheering, that the bitter Armenian night seemed to him as pleasant as the breath of a May morning. "One has fallen from his crown; I may attain to it."

In half-an-hour he had roused the governor from his sleep, and had professed himself a Christian. In half-an-hour more he stood himself on the frozen pool, a confessor among the other confessors. And there was yet life in some of the sufferers to hail this new brother in arms in the spiritual warfare. He, too, contending to the end, received the prize; the virtue of Baptism, as the Church has ever taught, being supplied to him in this case by the grace of that martyrdom whereof he was accounted worthy.

Morning broke at last, and a few still lived, amongst others Melithon, the youngest of the soldiers. Agricola ordered the legs and arms of those who survived to be broken, and as the order was carried into execution, they sang faintly with their frozen lips, "Our soul hath escaped out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are delivered." The mother of Melithon was present. She raised him in her arms, and laid him with the other bodies in the wagon which was to convey them to a fire in which they were all to be consumed. Melithon still lived, and smiled faintly upon her. "Oh,

son of my bosom, how glad am I to see thee offer to Christ the last remains of thy life. Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked!" And she followed the tumbril to the fire into which her yet breathing son was cast, together with the frozen bodies of his comrades.

A few fragments still remain of the church, which in after years was raised on the scene of the martyrdom. The names of these martyrs were Quirio or Cyrio, Candidus, Domnus, Melitho, Domitian, Eunoicus, Sisinius, Heraclius, Alexander, John, Claudius, Athanasius, Valens, Helianus, Ecditius, Acacius, Vivianus, Helias, Theodulus, Cyrillus, Flavius, Severian, Valerius, Chudio, Sacerdo Priscus, Eutychius, Smaragdus, Philoctimo, Aetius, Nicolas, Lysimachus, Theophilus, Xantheas, Augias, Leontius, Hesychius, Caius and Gorgo.

S. MACARIUS, B. OF JERUSALEM.

(ABOUT A.D. 335.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Eusebius, Theodoret Socrates.]

S. Macarius was created bishop of Jerusalem in the year 314. He was present at the great council of Nicæa, against Arius, whom he always opposed from the beginning of his heretical teaching. The historian Socrates has preserved for us a letter written to him by the Emperor Constantine. There was another Macarius, bishop of the same see, in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, who was driven from his see for defending the heresy of the Origenists; but having recanted, was restored.

S. KESSOG, B. C.

(6TH CENT.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Authority:—David Camerarius, Thomas Dempster, and the Lections in the Breviary.]

Kessog or Makkessog, as he is otherwise called, an Irish prince by birth, and an itinerary bishop in the province of Boyne, laboured for the spread of the Gospel in Scotland. He is said to have settled in Lennox; and Thomas Dempster says he was represented in art dressed as a soldier with a bow in his hand and a quiver at his back.

S. DROCTOVEUS, AB.

(ABOUT A.D. 576.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Usuardus, and Maurolycus. Authority:—An ancient life written after the destruction of the original life by the Danes when they burnt the monastery of S. Germain.]

S. Droctoveus, vulgarly called in France S. Drotté, was born in the diocese of Autun, in Burgundy. In his youth he was placed with S. Germain, in the abbey of S. Symphorian, at Autun, of which he was abbot. He was formed there upon the most perfect model of virtue. S. Germain having been elevated to the bishopric of Paris, wished to continue to live as a monk. Wherefore he withdrew his disciple Droctoveus from the abbey of S. Symphorian, and brought him to Paris. King Childebert having built a church in which to place the stole of S. Vincent, which he had carried back with him from Saragossa in the year 542, on his return from his Spanish expedition, and chosen this church as his place of sepulture, he was buried there in 558, and S. Germain dedicated the church on the same day as his burial, under the title SS. Cross and Vincent. He established a monastery adjoining it, over which he set S. Droctoveus, with whose virtues he was well acquainted. Droctoveus governed the monastery for twenty years, and established its fame. The monks afterwards embraced the rule of S. Benedict, and the house and church took the name of S. Germain after the body of that prelate had been transferred to it.

S. HYMELIN, P.

(8TH CENT.)

[Belgian Martyrology of Molanus, Aberdeen Breviary, and Anglican Martyrology. Authority:—A life founded on notices in the Martyrologies and popular tradition, by John Gilleman, about 1480.]

The Blessed Hymelin, priest and confessor, was a near relative of S. Rumbold, and an Irishman. Of his early life nothing is known. He undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, and on his return was attacked by a virulent fever at Vissenaeken, near Tirlemont, in Brabant. He sank exhausted on a bank, and a girl noticed his haggard looks and evident sickness as she was returning from the well with her pitcher. Hymelin extended his hands to her, and implored her to give him a draught of water, but she had received strict orders from her master, the curate of the place, not to let any one touch the pitcher, as the plague was then raging, and he feared infection. She therefore reluctantly refused the draught.

"I am very sick, and perhaps dying," said the Irish pilgrim; "I pray you deny me not this little gift."

"My good friend," answered the maid, "I would gladly refresh you, were it not that I am under orders. But come home to my master, and he will give you food and drink of the very best." "I cannot stir from this place, I am far too ill," said Hymelin; "I pray you let me taste the cool water. I am consumed with thirst." She looked at the man's ghastly countenance with fiery spots on the cheek, and was unable to refuse any longer, so she held her pitcher to his lips; he drank, thanked her, and she went to her master with the vessel. The curate took the pitcher, set it to his lips, and drawing it suddenly away, exclaimed, "Thou hast brought me wine, not water!" And it was so. The water had been converted into wine. Then she told him all that she had done; and he ran and brought the wayfarer to his house, and laid him on his bed, and nursed him till he died. And as the soul of Hymelin fled, the chimes of the church began to play sweetly in the air, though no man touched the bells. Hymelin was buried in the parish church of Vissenaeken, where his body still remains, and every year, on March 10th, attracts a large concourse of pilgrims.



DECEITFULNESS AND VANITY.

Symbolic carving at the Abbey of S. Denis

March 11.

S. Gorgo, *M. at Tours*.
 S. Alberta, *V.M. at Agen*, A.D. 286.
 SS. Trophimus and Thalus, *MM. at Laodicea, circ.* A.D. 300.
 S. Vincent, *Ab., M. at Leon, in Spain, circ.* A.D. 555.
 S. Constantine, *K., Monk and M., in Scotland, circ.* A.D. 576.
 S. Sophronius, *Patr. of Jerusalem*, A.D. 638.
 S. Vigilus, *B.M. of Auxerre*, A.D. 689.
 S. Vindician, *B. of Cambrai and Arras, circ.* A.D. 712.
 S. Euthymius, *B.M. at Sardis, circ.* A.D. 827.
 S. Angus of Keld, *B. and Ab. in Ireland, circ.* A.D. 824.
 S. Eulogius, *P.M. at Cordova*, A.D. 859.
 S. Peter the Spaniard, *H. at Babuco, in the Campagna of Rome*.
 S. Auria, *V. in Spain, circ.* A.D. 1100.

S. GORGO, M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Gallican Martyrology. Authority:—An account of the Translation of his relics by an eye-witness in 847, published by Bollandus.]



t Tours, on this day is celebrated the festival of S. Gorgo the martyr, whose body, found at Rome, on the Appian way, near that of S. Cecilia, was transported to the great monastery of Tours in 847, and on the way worked many miracles of healing. The Roman Martyrology names on the same day another Gorgo, martyr at Antioch, of whom nothing further is known.

S. ALBERTA, V. M.

(A.D. 286.)

[Venerated at Agen. Authority:—The Agen Breviary.]

Alberta, the sister of S. Faith in blood and religion, and one of the first martyrs of the Agenois, earned the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. Her relics, long preserved at Périgueux with those of S. Phebadas, were translated to the church of Benerque, on the Ariège, where they are preserved to this day.

S. VINCENT, AB. M.

(ABOUT A.D. 555.)

[Benedictine Martyrology, and that of Leon, and other Spanish churches. Tamayus Salazar complains, "The Acts of S. Vincent are shut up in the Spanish Benedictine Libraries, and are never shown by the most reverend fathers, possibly lest they should become too common, content rather that they should lie in bags and boxes, buried in dust and cobwebs, rather than exposed for the public benefit." We have, accordingly, in Bollandus, only a compendium of the Acts by the historian, Antonio Yepes, gathered from MSS., at Leon, and the lections of the monastic breviary of Coimbra.]

When the Vandals overran Spain, in company with the Suevi and the Alani, the Suevi settled down in Galicia and part of Portugal, whilst the Vandals crossed into North Africa. They were Arians, and their king, Hermanrik, and his son, Richild, harassed the Catholics in every way possible, destroying or seizing on their churches. The Arians drew Vincent, abbot of S. Claudius, before the prince, charging him with contempt of the laws made against the Catholics. He boldly proclaimed the divinity of Jesus Christ before the king, and was ordered to be beaten and thrown into prison. Next day he was again brought before the king, and was condemned to death. The executioner struck at him with his sword, and clave his skull. His martyrdom was followed by that of the prior, Ramirus, and twelve of the monks of his house.

Relics: the body of S. Vincent in the cathedral of Oviedo. The body of S. Ramirus was translated, April, 26th, 1596, to the monastery of S. Claudius, at Leon.

S. CONSTANTINE, K. MONK AND M.

(ABOUT A.D. 576.)

[Aberdeen Breviary, Cologne and German Martyrologies. Not to be confused with Constantine, the successor of king Arthur, nor with Constantine, the Scottish king, who resigned his throne to live as a monk at S. Andrews, in 943. Authority:—The Aberdeen Breviary, John Fordun, John of Tynemouth, and mention in the Life of S. David.]

Constantine, son of Padarn, king of Cornwall, was married to the daughter of the king of Brittany, but had the misfortune to lose his wife by death shortly after. He was so deeply attached to her, that he could find no rest in his loneliness. Therefore, resigning his crown, and bidding farewell to his subjects, he crossed over into Ireland, and entered a monastery, without declaring who he was, and whence he came. He was ordered to grind the corn for the brothers; and for seven years he filled this situation. But one day as he sat in the granary, working the rude stone quern with his hands, and thinking himself alone, he laughed, and said, "Is this then, king Constantine of

Cornwall, who wore helm and bore shield, who drudges thus at a hand-mill? It is the same, and it is not the same."

Now it happened that one of the brethren was in the granary and heard this, therefore he stole off unperceived to the abbot, and told him who his miller was. Then the abbot called the others, and all the brethren hastened to the mill, and drew Constantine therefrom, and made him one of themselves, instructed him in letters; and finally, by the grace of God, he was ordained priest. And after that, he bade them all farewell, and crossed over into Scotland, and was with S. Columba and S. Kentigern, who sent him to preach the Word in Galloway. And afterwards he was made abbot, but of what monastery is not specified, though there can be little doubt it was Glasgow. Now, when he was very old, he went a mission into Kintyre, where he was assailed by the heathen, who knocked him down and cut off his right arm. Having called his brethren about him, and blessed them, he gently bled to death. He is regarded as the first martyr of Scotland.

S. SOPHRONIUS, PATR. OF JERUSALEM.

(A.D. 638.)

[Greek Menologium and Menæa on this day, also the Roman Martyrology.

Authorities:—His Life collected from various sources, by Bollandus, and an epitome of his life in the Greek Menæa.]

Sophronius, surnamed the Sophist, was the son of pious parents at Damascus. His learning and virtue caused his election to the patriarchal throne of Jerusalem. On the invasion and capture of Jerusalem, by Chosroes, king of Persia, Sophronius fled to his friend, S. John the Almsgiver, (Jan. 23rd,) patriarch of Alexandria, who supported him till he was able to return to his see. He held a synod at Jerusalem, against the Monothelites, and drew up a synodal letter on that occasion, which was sent to pope John IV.

S. VINDICIAN, B. OF ARRAS.

(ABOUT A.D. 712.)

[Arras Martyrology. Authority:—A Life by Balderic, bishop of Noyon.]

This saint was a disciple of S. Eligius. He was born at Bulcourt, in Bapaume, about the year 620. He spent many years in seclusion on Mont S. Eloi, where S. Eligius lived with ten others, in the practice of great austerities. He was nominated by S. Aubert, bishop of Arras, his vicargeneral. In 675, on the death of S. Aubert, he was elected bishop of Cambrai and Arras. He completed, in 691, the abbey of S. Waast, begun by his

predecessor, dedicated the church of the monastery of Elnone, and that of the abbey of Hasnon. S. Leger, bishop of Autun, having been killed by Ebroin, mayor of the palace, and as the king, Thierry III., was suspected of having connived at the deed, several bishops deemed it expedient to remonstrate with the king, through some one of authority and renown for his sanctity. Vindician was chosen for this dangerous task, and he executed the commission with such prudence and firmness, that he attracted the admiration of the court, and succeeded in bringing the king to repentance. On his return to his diocese, he built the monastery of Honcourt; and at last, wearied with the cares of his diocese, he laid them aside, and retired, to be alone with God, and prepare for his passage, into a hermitage on Mont S. Eloi, and died at the age of ninety-two. His relics are preserved in the cathedral of Arras.

S. EUTHYMIUS, M. B. OF SARDIS.

(ABOUT A.D. 827.)

[Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on Dec. 11th. Authorities:—The Greek Menæa, and the Acts of the second council of Nicæa, also the Chronography of Leo the Grammarian, Cedrenus, Zonaras, &c.]

S. Euthymius, bishop of Sardis, was one of the most zealous defenders of images against the Iconoclastic emperors. He flourished under the empress Irene, and her son, Constantine VI., as abbot, but was then created bishop, and took a prominent part in the second council of Nicæa. Under the emperor Nicephorus he was sent into exile, together with other bishops, to Patalarea, for having admitted a virgin to the religious life. For the next nine-and-twenty years he did not see his diocese. When Leo the Armenian assumed the purple, he recalled Euthymius, but before restoring him to his see, he demanded of him whether he venerated images. The saint boldly replied, "O emperor, it belongs not to thee to meddle with the affairs of the Church. To thee is given the care of the State and the government of the army. Attend to them, and suffer the Church to remain faithful." This answer so angered Leo, that he ordered him to be banished to Assos. On the death of Leo by assassination, his successor, Michael the Stammerer, recalled Euthymius, and again demanded whether he revered sacred images. And when Euthymius protested that he revered whatever represented or recalled Christ, the tyrant banished him to Acrita, where he was cast into a noisome dungeon, and afterwards, by the emperor's orders, was brought out and stretched on the ground, with his hands and feet attached to posts, at the utmost distention possible, and then was cut and lashed with cow-hide scourges, till he died.

S. ANGUS OF KELD, B. AB.

(ABOUT A.D. 824.)

[Irish Martyrology. Authority:—Colgan.]

Angus, surnamed Kel-Dhu, a man of great love and fervour in the service of God, was born in Ireland in the eighth century, of the race of the Dalrhidians, kings of Ulster. In his youth, renouncing the pomp and vanities of the world and all earthly pretensions, he chose Christ for his inheritance, and entered religion in the famous monastery of Cluain-Edneach, in East Meath, under the holy abbot Malathgen. There he became such a proficient in virtue and learning that he was thought to excel all others in Ireland. He is said to have sung a hundred and fifty psalms every day, fifty of which he recited standing up to his neck in water, in winter and summer; and three hundred times a day he adored God on his bended knees. Finding that his sanctity attracted attention, he privately withdrew from his monastery, and disguising himself, took refuge in that of Tamlacht, three miles from Dublin, where he was received as an outside novice by the abbot Moelruan, and for seven years was given the meanest drudgery of the monastery. At length his great merit was discovered, and his name having been found out, the abbot apologised to him for having set him such degrading tasks, and brought him into the brotherhood. S. Angus became afterwards abbot of Desert-Aenguis and Cluain-Edneach, where he was raised to the office of bishop, the abbots in the ancient Irish Church being very generally bishops as well, but without territorial jurisdiction.

S. Angus is regarded as one of the most famous writers of Ireland. He composed a metrical martyrology, and five books of lives of the saints of Ireland, together with other treatises.

S. EULOGIUS, P. M.

(A.D. 859.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—An account of his life and martyrdom by his friend Alvar.]

Eulogius belonged to one of the principal families of Cordova, then in the hands of the Moors, who had constituted it their capital. These Mohammedans, who had ruined the Gothic kingdom in Spain, had not succeeded in trampling out Christianity. They did, indeed, suffer Christians to exercise their religion, and for this indulgence they obliged them to pay a heavy tax, but Christians were strictly forbidden, on pain of death, to make converts. Eulogius had a fellow scholar at Chute-Clar, a monastery on the north-west of Cordova, named Alvar, to whom he was warmly attached, and who became afterwards his biographer. On reaching his maturity, Eulogius taught letters in

Cordova, and was ordained priest. In the year 850, the Moors began to persecute the Christians, and the metropolitan bishop of Andalusia, Reccafred, instead of defending his flock against the wolves, basely taking the part of the king, Abderahman, arrested all the clergy of Cordova, together with their bishop, and threw them into prison. S. Eulogius, from his dungeon, wrote an exhortation to two virgins, named Flora and Mary, exhorting them to stand fast in the faith. "They threaten to sell you as slaves, and dishonour you, my daughters, but know that whatever infamy they may heap upon you, they cannot defile the virginal purity of your souls." But these holy maidens were spared this terrible humiliation, being executed with the sword.⁴¹ S. Eulogius and the other prisoners heard with joy of their triumph, and celebrated a mass of thanksgiving to God in their dungeon.

Six days after, S. Eulogius and the other priests were released; and he at once composed a metrical account of the passion of the virgins Flora and Mary.

Under Mohammed, the successor of Abderahman, the persecution became still more cruel, and S. Eulogius was constantly employed in encouraging timorous Christians, who, to escape death, or the irksome disabilities and petty tyranny to which they were subjected, were prepared to desert Christ.

The number of martyrs at this time was very great, and Eulogius collected all the acts of their passion into a history, in three books, entitled "The Memorial," which still exists. He then composed an "Apology" against those who disputed their title, as martyrs, because, firstly, they wrought no miracles like the ancient martyrs; secondly, they had offered themselves to death; thirdly, they had died by a stroke of the sword instead of through lingering torture; fourthly, they had not been killed by idolators, but by Mohammedans, who worshipped the One true God.

After the death of the archbishop of Toledo, the clergy and people of that city cast their eyes on Eulogius, as his successor. But God was about to crown him with martyrdom. There was in Cordova a girl named Leocritia, who had been converted from Mohammedanism to Christianity. For a Moslem to profess the religion of Christ was death. To save her, Eulogius hid her in the house of his sister, Annulona, and when the officers of justice were in pursuit of her, he conveyed her from one Christian house to another. But this could not last long. The place of her concealment was discovered, and Leocritia was taken, and Eulogius, for having secreted her, was also confined. He was ordered to execution, and was decapitated on Saturday, March 11th, 859, and Leocritia suffered the following Wednesday, and was buried in the church of S. Genes, at Cordova. Because March 11th usually falls in Lent, the Church of Cordova transfers the feast of S. Eulogius to June 1st, the day of the first translation of his body, and

observes it with an Octave. The body was afterwards carried to Oviedo, together with that of S. Leocritia, on Jan. 19th, 883, and a third translation took place to Camarasanta, in 1300. For Flora and Mary, see November 24.

S. PETER THE SPANIARD, H.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—A Life from MS. of Babuco, published by Bollandus.]

S. Peter was the son of noble parents in Spain, and was brought up in the profession of arms. In the army he distinguished himself as much by his zeal for souls and purity of life, as by his courage. His parents having insisted on his marriage, he yielded with great repugnance, for his heart was drawn elsewhere, and he desired to live a virgin life to his dear master Jesus. The marriage ceremony took place, and when the banquet was over, he retired to the bridal chamber, where he saw the fair young girl who had given him her hand lying asleep on the bed. She looked so pure and innocent in her slumber, that he gazed on her with reverence, and kneeling at her feet, prayed long and earnestly; and then stealing away, left the house, and fled the country. Taking his passage on a boat for Italy, he reached the eternal city, and going forth into the Campagna, found a place suitable for a cell, and there buried himself from the world.



March 12.

SS. Peter, Gorgonius, Dorotheus, Maxima, and Others, *MM. at Nicomedia*, A.D. 302. S. Paul of Leon, *B.C. in Brittany*, A.D. 573. S. Gregory the Great, *Pope, D.*, A.D. 604. S. Peter, *Deacon of S. Gregory, at Rome*, A.D. 605. S. Muran, *Ab. of Fathinis, in Ireland*, *circ.* A.D. 650. S. Theophanes, *Ab. C., at Constantinople*, A.D. 820. S. Alphege the Bald, *B. of Winchester*, A.D. 951. See *September 1*. S. Bernard, *B.C. at Capua*, A.D. 1109. S. Fina, *V. in Tuscany*, A.D. 1253.

SS. PETER, GORGONIUS, DOROTHEUS, MAXIMA, AND OTHERS, MM.

(A.D. 302.)

[Usuardus, those of SS. Jerome, Bede, &c., the Irish Martyrology of Tamlach, and the Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Eusebius, lib. viii. c. 6, and the notices in the Martyrologies.]



he Emperor Diocletian having discovered that Peter, one of his officers of the bed-chamber, was a Christian, ordered him to be tortured. Then Gorgonius and Dorotheus, two other officers, filled with indignation, exclaimed, "Why, Sire, dost thou thus torment Peter for what we all profess in our hearts?" The emperor at once ordered them to execution, together with Migdo, a priest, and many other Christians of Nicomedia. Eusebius says that Peter was scourged till his bones were laid bare, and that then vinegar and salt was poured over the wounds; and as he bore this without showing anguish, Diocletian ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron slowly, and his flesh, as it roasted, to be taken off slowly, so as to protract his torments. Gorgonius and Dorotheus, after having been tortured, were hung.

S. PAUL OF LEON, B. C.

(A.D. 573.)

[Venerated in Brittany, in the Churches of Léon, Nantes, &c., and introduced into later Martyrologies. Authority:—A life written by Worwonock, monk of Landevenec, in the 9th cent., but rewritten, or added to, in the following century by an anonymous monk of the abbey of Feury.]

Paul, son of a Welsh prince, was a disciple of S. Iltut, along with S. Samson and Gildas. At the age of sixteen he left his master, and retired across the sea into a solitary place among his Brittany moors, where he erected an oratory and a cell. In course of time, other young men, seeking like himself a better country than earth, congregated about him, and he became their superior. He received priest's orders along with twelve of his companions. Near his congregation lived a prince named Mark, who invited him to come into his territory, and instruct his people in the Word of God. He accordingly went with his twelve priests to Vannes, and was well received by the king. After he had spent some time in that country, he felt a desire to go into solitude once more. Therefore he went before the king and asked him to let him depart, and to give him a bell; "For at that time," says the chronicler, "it was customary for kings to have seven bells rung before they sat down to meat." Mark, however, refused to give him the bell, being vexed that Paul should leave him. So the holy man

went his way without it. And before he took boat to depart, he visited his sister, who lived in solitude with some other holy women on a little island in the Morbihan. And when all was ready for his departure, and the boat was on the shore, he said, "Sister, I must depart." Then she wept, and entreated him to tarry four days. And as he saw her tears, he consented to remain three days. Then, when he was about to depart, she said, "I know, my brother, that thou art powerful with God. Therefore I pray thee grant me my request." And he said, "Say on." Then she said, "This island is small and incommodious for landing, being violently beaten by the angry surge. Pray to the Lord that he extend it a little, with a gentle shore, into the sea."

"Ah, my sister!" exclaimed the holy man, "thou hast asked what is beyond my strength. But let us together beseech the Lord to be gracious, and grant thee thy desire." So they both kneeled down and prayed. Then the sea began to retreat, and leave smooth yellow sands, where all had been blue water before. So the nuns hastened and ran and told the brother and sister, and they rose, and went down to the sea, and stepped on the newly recovered land. And now follows a part of the legend which has evidently sprung up among the peasants of the Morbihan to explain the existence of the Druidical circles and avenues in the islet. The story goes on to tell that the sister gathered pebbles and laid them round the land laid bare, and strewed them down the road she and her brother had taken. And lo! these pebbles grew into tall pillars of rude rock, and the avenue is to this day called the road of S. Paul.

Then Paul stepped into his boat, followed by his disciples, and they rowed to the island of Ouessant, and the port where they disembarked was called Portus-boum, and at the present day is Paimbœuf. Then Paul tarried there many years till God called him to work again. And he took boat and went ashore and travelled through Brittany, till he came to Count Withur, a good man and lord of the country under king Childebert. And Paul settled in the island of Batz, which was off the coast, near the small town encompassed with mud walls, which has since gone by his name. And there he found wild bees in a hollow tree, and they were swarming, so he gathered the swarm and set them in a hive, and taught the people how to get honey. He also found a wild sow with its litter, and patted her gently, and she became tame. Her descendants remained at Léon for many generations, and were regarded as royal beasts. Probably this legend points to S. Paul having taught the people to keep pigs.

One day Paul was with the count Withur, when a fisherman brought the count a bell he had picked up on the shore; Withur gave it to S. Paul, who smiled and said that though king Mark had refused him a bell, yet now God had sent him one, after many years of waiting and wishing for it.

"That bell," says the historian, "has received from the people a special name, on account of its colour and shape, for it is green and oblong." S. Paul erected a church at Léon, and was appointed its first bishop. Withur could only obtain his consecration by having recourse to an artifice, for he knew that Paul could not be persuaded to accept the dignity. He gave him a letter to king Childebert, and entreated him to take it in person to the king, as it contained matter of urgent importance. Paul, full of simplicity, and eager to oblige his friend, hastened to court. And when the king broke the seal and opened the letter, he read that Withur had sent Paul to be ordained bishop, and invested with the see of Léon. Then Childebert caught a staff from a prelate who stood by him, and said, "Receive the pastoral dignity, to discharge thy office for the good of many souls," and he called three bishops to him to ordain Paul. Then the holy man wept, and implored the king to desist, but Childebert turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and had him consecrated, and then sent him back to Léon, where he was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He built a monastery on the isle of Batz, and filled it with monks, and thither he retired whenever he could escape from the business of his see. He lived to a very advanced age, and laying aside his episcopal government, ordained three of his disciples in succession to it, and survived two of them. His body reposed in his cathedral church, but his relics were dispersed by the Huguenots in the religious wars of the 16th century.

In art he is represented either (1) with a bell, or (2) with a cruse of water and a loaf of bread, as he lived on nothing else, or (3) driving a dragon into the sea, to signify that he expelled the Druidical superstition out of Brittany.

S. GREGORY THE GREAT, POPE, D.

(A.D. 604.)

[Roman and all other Western Martyrologies; by the Greeks on March 11th.

Authorities:—A life by Paulus Diaconus, another by Joannes Diaconus, 9th cent., the writings of S. Gregory, &c. The following is in part condensed from the elegant life of S. Gregory by the Count de Montalembert, in his *Monks of the West*.]

S. Gregory the Great will be an everlasting honour to the Benedictine Order and to the Papacy. By his genius, but especially by the charm and ascendancy of his virtue, he was destined to organise the temporal power of the popes, to develop and regulate their spiritual sovereignty, to found their paternal supremacy over the new-born crowns and races which were to become the great nations of the future, and to be called France, Spain, and England. It was he indeed, who inaugurated the middle ages, modern society, and Christian civilisation.



S GREGORY THE GREAT. After Cahier.

March 12.

Issued from one of the most illustrious races of ancient Rome, the son of a rich senator, and descendant of Pope Felix III., of the Anician family, Gregory was early called to fill a dignified place, which, in the midst of the Rome of that day, the vassal of Byzantium, and subject to the ceaseless insults of the Barbarians, retained some shadow of ancient Roman grandeur. He was prætor of Rome during the first invasion of the Lombards. In the exercise of this office he gained the hearts of the Romans, while habituating himself to the management of public business, and while acquiring a taste for luxury and display of earthly grandeur, in which he still believed he might

serve God without reproach. But God required him elsewhere. Gregory hesitated long, inspired by the divine breath to seek religion, but was retained, led back and fascinated to the world, by the attractions and habits of secular life. At last he yielded to the influence of his intimate and close relations with the disciples of S. Benedict in Monte Cassino, and obeying the grace that enlightened him, he abruptly broke every tie, devoted his wealth to the endowment of six new monasteries in Sicily, and established in his own palace in Rome, upon the Cœlian hill, a seventh, dedicated to S. Andrew, into which he introduced the Benedictine rule, and where he himself became a monk. He sold all that remained of his patrimony, to distribute it to the poor; and Rome, which had seen the young and wealthy patrician traverse its streets in robes of silk covered with jewels, saw him now, in 575, with admiration, clothed like a beggar, serving, in his own person the beggars lodged in the hospital which he had built at the gate of his paternal house, now changed into a monastery.

Once a monk, he would be nothing less than a model of monks, and practised with the utmost rigour all the austerities sanctioned by the rule, applying himself specially at the same time to the study of the Holy Scriptures. He ate only pulse, which his mother, who had become a nun since her widowhood, sent him, already soaked, in a silver porringer. This porringer was the only remnant of his ancient splendour, and did not long remain in his hands, for one day a shipwrecked sailor came several times to beg from him while he was writing in his cell, and finding no money in his purse, the Saint gave him that relic of his former wealth.

Continually engaged in prayer, reading, writing, or dictation, he persisted in pushing the severity of his fasts to such an extent, that his health succumbed. He fell so often into fainting fits, that more than once he would have sunk under them had not his brethren supported him with more substantial food. In consequence of having attempted to do more than others, he was soon obliged to relinquish the most ordinary fasts, which everybody observed. He was in despair at not being able to fast even on Easter eve, a day on which even the little children abstain, says his biographer. He remained weak and sickly all his life, and when he left his monastery, it was with health irreparably ruined.

Pope Benedict I. drew him first from the cloister in 577, to raise him to the dignity of one of the seven cardinal deacons, who presided over the seven principal divisions of Rome. Pelagius II., successor to Benedict I., chose S. Gregory to head an embassy to Constantinople to congratulate the Emperor Tiberius on his accession in A.D. 578. During his stay at the imperial court, S. Gregory refused to have any intercourse with the patriarch Eutychius, who had published an heretical treatise on the nature of the resurrection body. On his death-bed, however, Eutychius acknowledged his former

errors. After six years of this honourable and laborious exile, he returned to Rome, and regained the shelter of his monastery of S. Andrea, the monks of which elected him abbot soon after his return. He enjoyed there for some time longer the delights of the life he had chosen. Tenderly cherished by his brethren, he took a paternal share in their trials and spiritual crosses, provided for their temporary and spiritual necessities, and specially rejoiced in the holy deaths of several among them. He has related the details of these in his "Dialogues," and seems to breathe in them the perfume of heaven.

The tender solicitude he bore to souls was on the point of separating him from his dear monastery and from Rome. Seeing one day exhibited in the market some poor pagan children, of extraordinary beauty and fairness, who were said to be of the country of the Angles, "Not Angles," said he, "but Angels." Then hastening to the pope, he begged him to send missionaries into that great island of Britain, where the pagans sold such slaves; failing others, he offered himself for this work, surprised the pontiff into consent, and prepared instantly for his departure. But when the Romans understood his intention, the love with which they had formerly regarded him was re-awakened. They surrounded the pope as he went to S. Peter's, and intreated him to recall Gregory. The astonished pope yielded to the popular voice. He sent messengers after Gregory, who overtook him at three days' journey from Rome; and led him back forcibly to his monastery. It was not as a missionary, but as a pope, that he was to win England to the Church.

In 590, Pelagius II. died of the plague, which then depopulated Rome. Gregory was immediately elected pope by the unanimous voice of the senate, the people, and the clergy. It was in vain that he refused, and appealed to the emperor Maurice not to confirm his election. The Romans intercepted his letter; the imperial confirmation arrived. Then he disguised himself, and fleeing from Rome to seek some unknown retreat, wandered three days in the woods. He was followed, discovered, and a second time led back to Rome, but this time to reign there. He bowed his head, weeping, under the yoke imposed upon him by the Divine will and the unanimity of his fellow-citizens.

It was during the interval between his election and the imperial confirmation that, filled with a paternal anxiety for the safety of the people, he organized a great procession, with solemn litanies, to seek to avert the wrath of Almighty God. It proceeded from seven stations in the city, in as many divisions, to the Church of S. Maria-Maggiore. The first company consisted of the secular clergy, the second of the abbots and their monks, the third of the abbesses and their nuns, the fourth of children, the fifth of laymen, the sixth of widows, and the seventh of matrons: each

band was led by the priests of the quarter of the city from which it came. While the procession lasted, eighty persons in it died of the plague; yet S. Gregory persevered, and the prayers of the city were heard. This was the origin of the "Greater Litanies," which were afterwards held on S. Mark's Day, and which acquired the popular name of "*The Black Crosses*," from the penitential hue of the vestments and banners used therein. While the procession defiled before Gregory, he saw an angel appear upon the summit of the Mole of Hadrian, putting back his sword into its sheath, the image of which, standing upon the colossal mausoleum, has given its name to the castle of S. Angelo, and perpetuated to our day the recollection of S. Gregory's vision.

The supreme pontificate, perhaps, never fell upon a soul more disturbed and afflicted than that of this monk, who saw himself thus condemned to exchange the peace of the cloister for the cares of the government of the Church, and the special defence of the interests of Italy. Not only then, but during all his life, he did not cease to lament his fate. "I have lost," he wrote to the sister of the emperor, "the profound joys of repose. I seem to have been elevated in external things, but in spiritual I have fallen." To the patrician Narses: "I am so overcome with melancholy, that I can scarcely speak. I cannot cease considering the height of tranquillity from which I have fallen, and the height of embarrassment I have ascended." To his friend Leander: "I am so beaten by the waves of this world, that I despair of being able to guide to port this rotten old vessel with which God has charged me. I weep when I recall the peaceful shore which I have left, and sigh in perceiving afar what I now cannot attain."

The poor monk who showed so much despair when he was thrown into the political whirlpool by the unanimous voice of the Romans, could yet perceive with a bold and clear glance the dangers of the situation, and adopt a line of conduct most suitable to the emergency of the times. First of all he concerned himself with the Lombards. After nine years' exertion, in overcoming Byzantine repugnance to acknowledge any right whatever on the side of the Lombards, he concluded a peace between the two powers, which made Italy, exhausted by thirty years of war and brigandage, thrill with joy. It was of short duration; but when hostilities recommenced, he entered into direct negotiations with king Agilulf, and obtained from that prince a special truce for Rome and its surrounding territory. He had besides found a powerful advocate with the Lombard king in the person of the illustrious queen Theodelinda. This princess, a Bavarian and Catholic by birth, had gained the hearts of the Lombards. The queen was always the faithful friend of the pope; she served as a medium of communication between him and her husband. Gregory, from the very beginning of his pontificate, had exhorted the Italian bishops to make special exertions for the conversion of these formidable heretics.

His constancy and courage were called forth in contest with the Greeks, with that Eastern Empire which was represented by functionaries whose odious exactions had quite as great a share in the despair of the people as the ravages of the Barbarians, and whose malice was more dreadful than the swords of the Lombards. His entire life was a struggle with the patriarch of Constantinople, who aimed at supplanting the Roman pontiff, as well as with the emperor, who would have dominated Italy without defending her, and ruled the Church as if she were a department of the State. Among so many conflicts, we shall dwell only on that one which arose between him and John the Faster, patriarch of Constantinople. Relying on the support of most of the Eastern bishops, this patriarch took to himself the title of Universal Bishop. Gregory stood up with vigour against this pretension. He did not draw back before the emperor, who openly sided with the patriarch of his capital, nor before the patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria, who sided with the Byzantine patriarch. "What!" wrote Gregory to the emperor, "S. Peter, who received the keys of heaven and earth, the power of binding and loosing, the charge and primacy of the whole Church, was never called the Universal Apostle; and yet my pious brother John would name himself Universal Bishop!" For himself he says, "I desire to increase in virtue and not in words. I do not consider myself honoured in that which dishonours my brethren. It is the honour of the universal Church that is my honour. Away with these words which inflate vanity and wound charity. The holy council of Chalcedon and other fathers have offered this title to my predecessors, but none of them have ever used it, that they might guard their own honour in the sight of God, by seeking here below the honour of all the priesthood." This weighty difference, the prohibition addressed by the emperor to soldiers against their becoming monks, and the contest which arose between the pope and the emperor touching the irregular election to the metropolitan see of Salona, contributed to render almost permanent the misunderstanding between them. These perpetual contests with the Byzantine court may explain, without excusing, the conduct of Gregory at the death of the Emperor Maurice. This prince, infected, like all his predecessors, with a mania for interfering in ecclesiastical affairs, was very superior to most of them. Gregory himself has more than once done justice to his faith and piety, to his zeal for the Church, and respect for her canons. After twenty years of an undistinguished reign, a military revolt broke out, which placed Phocas upon the throne. This wretch not only murdered the emperor Maurice, gouty, and incapable of defending himself, but also his six sons, whom he caused to be put to death under the eyes of their father, without even sparing the youngest, who was still at the breast, and whom his nurse would have saved by putting her own child in his place; but Maurice, who was too noble to allow of such a sacrifice, disclosed the pious deception to the murderers. He died like a Christian

hero, repeating the words of the psalm, "Thou, O Lord, art just, and all Thy judgments are right." This massacre did not satisfy Phocas, who sacrificed the empress and her three daughters, the brother of Maurice, and a multitude of others in his train. The monster then sent his own image and that of his wife to Rome, where the senate and people received them with rejoicings. Gregory unfortunately joined in these mean acclamations. He carried these images of his new masters, bathed in innocent blood, into the oratory of the Lateran palace. Afterwards, he addressed extraordinary congratulations to Phocas, not in the surprise of the first moment, but seven months after the crime. This is the only stain upon the life of Gregory. We do not attempt either to conceal or to excuse it. It can scarcely be explained by recalling all the vexations he had suffered from Maurice, annoyances of which he always complained energetically, though he did not fail to do justice to the undeniable piety of the old emperor. Perhaps Gregory adopted this means to secure the help of Phocas against the new incursions of the Lombards, or to mollify beforehand the already threatening intentions of the tyrant. It must also be remembered that these flatteries were in some sort the official language of these times; they resulted from the general debasement of public manners, and from the tone of the language invariably used then at each change of reign. His motives were undoubtedly pure. Notwithstanding, a stain remains upon his memory, and a shadow upon the history of the Church, which is so consoling and full of light in this age of storm and darkness. But among the greatest and holiest of mortals, virtue, like human wisdom, always falls short in some respect.

Long crushed between the Lombards and Byzantines, between the unsoftened ferocity of the barbarians and the vexatious decrepitude of despotism, Gregory, with that instinctive perception of future events which God sometimes grants to pure souls, sought elsewhere a support for the Roman Church. His eyes were directed to the new races, who were scarcely less ferocious than the Lombards, but who did not, like them, weigh upon Italy and Rome, and who already exhibited elements of strength and continuance. It is impossible to do more here than touch on these noble enterprises. He entered into correspondence with Childebert, the Gallo-Frank king, and with the French bishops, to obtain the rectification of abuses and the purification of the Gallican church from simony, and the nomination of laymen to the episcopal office, two vices which consumed the vitals of Christianity in France. Spain had become Arian under the Visigoths, but the Catholic faith had triumphed with the accession of Recared, in 587. S. Leander, bishop of Seville, was the principal author of the conversion of the Visigoths. Gregory wrote to him and to other bishops of Spain. They consulted him, and he gave them his advice. He wrote, and gave councils full of wisdom to the king Recared, himself. He brought back to the unity of the Church the

schismatical bishops of Istria, and wholly suppressed the Donatist schism in Africa. But one of the most striking points in the life of S. Gregory is his zeal for the conversion of England.

Amid the labours of his exalted position, S. Gregory never remitted his anxiety for the evangelization of that distant isle. In July, A.D. 596, he dispatched S. Augustine (May 26th), with forty companions, on that mission to which we owe so much, that, with every feeling of love and veneration for the remnant of Celtic Christianity which had then escaped the sword of Pagan Saxondom, we may yet say, with the Venerable Bede, "If Gregory be not to others an apostle, he is one to us, for the seal of his apostleship are we in the Lord."

The services which he rendered to the Liturgy are well known. Completing and putting in order the work of his predecessors, he gave its definite form to the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in that celebrated Sacramentary which remains the most august monument of Liturgical science. It may be said also that he created, and, by anticipation, saved, Christian art, by fixing, long before the persecution of the Iconoclasts, the true doctrine respecting the veneration of images, in that fine letter to the bishop of Marseilles, in which he reproves him for having, in the excess of his zeal against idolatry, broken the statues of the saints, and reminds him that through all antiquity the history of the saints has been pictorially represented, and that painting is to the ignorant what letters are to those who can read.

But his name is specially associated, in the history of Catholic worship, with that branch of religious art which is identified with worship itself, and which is of the utmost moment to the piety as to the innocent joy of the Christian people. The name of *Gregorian Chant* reminds us of his solicitude for collecting the ancient melodies of the Church, in order to subject them to rules of harmony, and to arrange them according to the requirements of divine worship. He had the glory of giving to Ecclesiastical music that sweet and solemn character which has descended through ages, and to which we must always return after the most prolonged aberrations of frivolity and innovation. He made out himself, in his Antiphonary, the collection of ancient and new chants; he composed the text and melodies of several hymns, which are still used in the Church; he established at Rome the celebrated school of sacred music, to which Gaul, Germany, and England came in turns, trying with more or less success to assimilate their voices to the purity of Italian modulations. And when Gregory was too ill to leave his little chamber and his couch, he gathered about him the boys of the choir, and continued their instructions.

The gout made the last years of his life a kind of martyrdom. The cry of pain rings in many of his letters. "For nearly two years," he wrote to the patriarch of Alexandria, "I have been imprisoned to my bed by such pangs of gout, that I can scarcely rise for two or three hours on great holidays to celebrate solemn mass. And the intensity of the pain compels me immediately to lie down again, that I may be able to endure my torture, by giving free course to my groans. My illness will neither leave me nor kill me. I entreat your holiness to pray for me, that I may be soon delivered, and receive that freedom which you know, and which is the glory of the children of God."

Up to his last moments he continued with unwearied activity to dictate his correspondence, and to concern himself with the interests of the Church. He died on the 12th March, 604, aged nearly fifty-five, in the thirteenth year of his pontificate. He was buried in S. Peter's; and in the epitaph engraved on his tomb, it is said that, "after having conformed all his actions to his doctrine, the consul of God went to enjoy eternal triumph."

S. Hildefonsus, Archbishop of Toledo, in the seventh century, writes thus of him—"He surpassed Antony in holiness, Cyprian in eloquence, and Augustine in wisdom." Yet so great was his humility, that he subscribed himself, "Servant of the servants of God"—a style which his successors in the chair of S. Peter have retained till this day. He was buried in the basilica of S. Peter. His pallium, reliquary, and girdle were preserved as precious memorials.

He had, like so many other great hearts, to struggle with ingratitude, not only during his life, but after his death. Rome was afflicted with a great famine under his successor, Sabinian, who put an end to the charities which Gregory had granted to the poor, on the plea that there was nothing remaining in the treasury of the Church. The enemies of the deceased pope then excited the people against him, calling him prodigal and a waster of the Roman patrimony; and that ungrateful people, whom he had loved and helped so much, began to burn his writings, as if to annihilate or dishonour his memory. But one of the monks, who had followed him from the monastery to the palace, his friend the deacon Peter, interposed. He represented to the incendiaries that these writings were already spread through the entire world, and that it was, besides, sacrilege to burn the work of a holy doctor, upon whom he swore he had himself seen the heavenly dove fluttering. And as if to confirm his oath, after having ended his address, he breathed forth his last sigh, a valiant witness of truth and friendship, and is commemorated by the Church on the same day with S. Gregory.

In the year 826, the body of this holy pontiff was brought into France, and placed in the celebrated monastery of S. Medard, in Soissons. The head was given to archbishop

Agesil, and deposited in the abbey of S. Pierre-le-Vif, at Sens, and a bone was given to Rome at the request of pope Urban VIII., in 1628.

In art, S. Gregory is represented as a pope, with a dove hovering over him, or at his ear, and with music in his hand: a frequent subject with Mediæval sculptors and painters was his Mass. According to the legend, as he was about to communicate a woman, and said, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy body and soul unto Eternal Life," he saw her smile, wherefore he refused to give her the host, and questioning her, found that she doubted how what her senses told her was bread could be the flesh of Christ. Then S. Gregory prayed that her eyes might be opened, and instantly the Host was visibly changed into Christ enduring His passion.



MASS OF S. Gregory.

March 12.

S. MURAN, AB.

(7TH CENT.)

[Irish Martyrologies. Authority:—Colgan.]

S. Muran was the son of Feradach, of the noble race of the O'Neills, and was abbot of Fathinis, in the peninsula of Inis-coguin, five miles from Derry, in the north of Ulster. He was famous for his sanctity; and was greatly honoured of old in that part of Ireland, where the church of Fathinis was dedicated in his name; but the particulars of his life have not been handed down.

S. FINA, V.

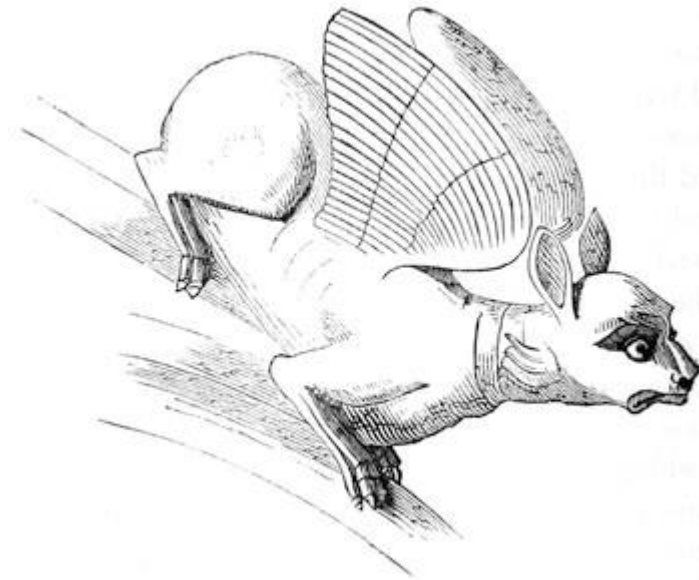
(A.D. 1253.)

[Venerated in Tuscany, especially at S. Geminiani. Authority:—A Life written by the famous preacher, John de S. Geminiani (1310).]

S. Fina was the daughter of very poor parents at S. Geminiani, in Tuscany. Her name was probably Seraphina, but it is only known by its diminutive of endearment, Fina. The young girl was singularly beautiful, and at the same time exceedingly bashful, ever walking abroad with her soft dark eyes modestly lowered. Whilst yet young she was suddenly paralysed through her whole body, with the exception of her head. For six years she lay on one side upon a hard board, and would not suffer her mother or the neighbours to make her a soft bed, desiring rather to be like our Blessed Lord, stretched on His Cross. The father seems to have been dead, and the poor mother begged for subsistence for herself and daughter. The girl's skin broke, and formed terrible sores, but she bore all her sufferings with sweetness. When left alone, the mice and rats, which infested the miserable hut, would often come and attack her, and horribly mangle her sores, and the poor child being paralysed in all her members was unable to protect herself from them. Yet not a murmur escaped her lips, nor did a cloud darken the serenity of her temper. She was always gentle, loving, and considerate of others.

A new misfortune now befel her. Her mother died suddenly whilst crossing the threshold, on her return from begging, and Fina was left wholly unprovided for. She was thus left perfectly helpless, to the mercy of poor neighbours. But their desultory attention was not like that of a mother, and it soon became evident that she would die through partial neglect. In the midst of her sufferings she had been comforted by being told of S. Gregory the Great and his cruel pains, and the young girl had formed a strong attachment and devotion to him. One night, as she lay alone, uncared for in her hut, the great pontiff and doctor of the Church shone out of the darkness by the side of the pauper cripple, and bade her be of good cheer. "Dear child, on my festival Christ will give thee rest." And it was so. On the feast of S. Gregory she died. When the neighbours lifted the poor little body from the board on which it had lain, lo! that board was covered with white violets exhaling a delicious perfume, and to this day, at S.

Geminiani, the peasants call these flowers which bloom about the day of her death, S. Fina's flowers.



PUSILLANIMITY.

Symbolic carving at the Abbey of S. Denis.

March 13.

S. Euphrasia, *V. in Egypt*, after A.D. 410.

S. Mochoemog, *Ab. of Liathmor*, in Ireland, middle of 7th cent.

S. Gerald, *Ab. and B. of Mayo*, in Ireland, circ. A.D. 700.

S. Nicephorus, *Patr. of Constantinople*, A.D. 828.

S. Ansewin, *B. of Camerino*, in Italy, circ. A.D. 840.

SS. Ruderick, *P.M.*, and Salomon, *M. at Cordova*, A.D. 857.

S. Eldrad, *Ab. of Novalese*, in Italy, A.D. 875.

S. Kennocha, *V. in Scotland*, circ. A.D. 1007.

B. Eric or Henrick, *C. at Perugia*, A.D. 1415.

S. EUPHRASIA, V.

(AFTER A.D. 410.)

[Roman Martyrology, on the authority of Usuardus. By the Greeks on July 25th.

Authority:—An ancient Greek life, published by Bollandus, quoted by S. John Damascene (730). There are other, more modern, versions of the ancient life.]



In the reign of Theodosius the First, Antigonus, governor of Lycia, and his wife, Euphrasia, were blessed by God with a little daughter, who was named after her mother. Antigonus and his wife feared God, and served Him with all their hearts, and with one consent resolved to bring up their little child as a bride of Christ. Shortly after Antigonus had formed this resolution he was called out of the world. When the child was five years old, the emperor, who had taken the little girl under his protection, proposed to the mother that she should be given in marriage to the son of a wealthy senator, in accordance with the custom of the times, to betroth maidens of high rank from infancy. The mother consented, and received the betrothal presents from the parents of the boy, and the marriage was arranged to take place as soon as the maiden was of a sufficient age. But in the meantime, some changes in the imperial household having thrown Euphrasia, the mother, out of favour, she retired into Egypt with her daughter, under pretext of visiting her relatives, and whilst there she travelled into Upper Egypt, and saw with admiration and respect the holy lives of the solitaries who inhabited the deserts of the Thebaid.

In the Thebaid was a convent of a hundred holy women, and the widow found great delight and exceeding profit in visiting it frequently,⁴² taking with her each time her little child, who was then aged seven. The mother superior was warmly attached to the beautiful girl, and one day drawing the child towards her, before her mother, asked Euphrasia if she loved her. "That do I," answered the child, looking up into her face. "Well, will you come and live with us, then?" enquired the superior, playfully. "I would," replied Euphrasia, "if I did not think it would trouble my mother." "And now, my pet," said the superior, "which do you love best, your little husband or us sisters." "I have never seen my little husband, nor has my little husband ever seen me, so we cannot love each other much," answered the child; "but I do love you sisters very much, because I know you. Which do you love best, my little husband or me?" "Oh," said the nun, "I love you much the best; but I love Jesus Christ above all." "So do I," said the child, "I love you very much, but I love Jesus Christ best."

The mother, Euphrasia, looked on smiling, and with tears in her eyes, as this simple conversation, which has been blown down to us through more than fifteen centuries, passed between the old nun and the child. Then she took her child's hand to lead her away. But the young Euphrasia implored her mother to let her remain, and she, supposing this was a mere infantine caprice, consented, thinking that she would soon

weary of the cloister life. But it was not so. The child clung to the sisters, in spite of every hardship and trial inflicted on her to persuade her to go. She was told she must fast, and learn the Psalter by heart, if she remained, and sleep on the hard ground. She was ready for all, rather than depart. Then the superior said to the mother, "Leave the little girl with us, for the grace of God is working in her heart. Your piety and that of Antigonus have opened to her the most perfect way." Then Euphrasia, the mother, took her child in her arms, and going before an image of our Blessed Lord, she held up the little girl, and said, weeping, "My Lord Jesus Christ, receive this child into Thy protection, since she desires Thee only, and devotes herself to Thy service alone." And she blessed her daughter, saying, "May the Lord, who made the mountains so strong that they cannot be moved, confirm thee in His holy fear." But when the parting came, she burst into a flood of tears, and the whole community wept with her. A few days after, the superior brought the young Euphrasia into the chapel, and vested her in the religious habit, and kneeling down by the tiny novice, she prayed, "O King of ages, finish in this child the work of sanctification that Thou hast begun. Give her grace to follow in all things Thy holy will, and to place in Thee her hope and confidence."

When her mother saw her in her austere habit, she asked her if she were content. "Oh, mother!" cried the child, "It is my marriage garment, given me on my espousals to Jesus." "May He, sweet child, make thee worthy of His love," said the mother.

Years passed away, and the little flower grew up and bloomed in the cool shade of the cloister, and her mother had rejoined Antigonus in bliss, when the emperor wrote to Euphrasia to order her instantly to return to Constantinople and marry the young man to whom he had betrothed her. She was of imperial blood, and Theodosius considered that, on the death of her mother, the charge of Euphrasia, who was now an heiress and very wealthy, devolved on him. She replied, imploring him to allow her to follow her vocation, and requested him to dispose of all her property for the benefit of the poor. Euphrasia was then aged twelve. Theodosius, satisfied that she was in earnest, obeyed her request, and troubled her no more about the marriage. But now arrived a critical time of life, when youthful spirits and passions were in effervescence, and she was cruelly tormented with vain imaginations and temptations to go forth into that wondrous world of which she knew so little, but which, clothed in the rainbow tints of infantine remembrance, allured her fancy. To divert her attention, and at the same time to prove her obedience, the superior one day pointed to a great heap of stones, and bade her carry them to the top of a little sand hill, some distance off. Euphrasia obeyed cheerfully, toiling at removing the stones under the hot sun, one by one, to the place indicated. Then she came joyously to the superior, and signified to her that the task was accomplished. "Bring them all back again," said the mother superior. And the

young nun hastened to obey. Next day she presented herself before the superior once more. "I have changed my mind," said the mother; "take the stones back again to the top of the mound." And thirty times did she make Euphrasia carry them back; and each time was she obeyed with cheerfulness.

She was then sent into the kitchen, and made to chop up the wood for the fire, bake the bread, and cook the food. The sister who undertook this arduous task was usually exempt from attending the midnight offices, but Euphrasia never missed being present in choir with the others, and when she was twenty, she was taller and plumper than any of the other sisters, her face had lost none of its beauty and freshness, but beamed with amiability. She had her trials, being for some time vexed with the contradiction of one of the sisters, who took a spite against her, being filled with jealousy of her virtues, and she once seriously injured her foot with the axe when chopping up wood. But God favoured her, and gave her the power of working miracles, and she cast evil spirits out of many that were possessed, and healed many that were sick. And when she was about to die, Julia, a favourite sister, who inhabited the same cell, implored Euphrasia to obtain for her the grace to be her companion in heaven, as she had been her associate on earth. Then, when Euphrasia was dead, sister Julia cast herself on her tomb, and wept and prayed, and the third day she was called away to be with her friend in the heavenly kingdom. Now, when the aged superior saw this, she longed greatly to enter also into her rest; it was she who had admitted Euphrasia, and it grieved her sore to be left in the desert when her spiritual daughter had entered the Promised Land. So she prayed also, and when the nuns looked into her cell in the morning, she had joined Euphrasia and Julia.

S. MOCHOEMOG, AB. OF LIATHMOR.

(MIDDLE OF 7TH CENT.)

[Irish Martyrologies, also the German Martyrology of Canisius. Authority:—A life purporting to be written by a disciple, but this is certainly false. It can not have been written before the 12th century. I give the story, and the reader may believe as much as he likes of the wonderful details.]

The abbot Mochoemog was born in Connaught. His father, on account of a feud, came into Munster and settled on the lands of O'Connell-Ghabhra. The father, Beoan by name, loved a certain beautiful damsel, called Nessa, of the race of the Nan-desi,⁴³ the sister of S. Ytha, and having wedded her, he went with his wife to S. Ytha, and built her a beautiful convent, for Beoan was a skilful architect. Then S. Ytha said to him, "What recompense shall I give thee?" Then he said, "Thou knowest that I have

no heir; beseech the Lord that He may grant me one." And Ytha answered, "A son shalt thou have, elect before God and men."

Now there was a certain king, named Crunmhoel, who made war on the O'Connells, and a great battle was fought, and Beoan was in the battle, and he fell. Then his wife went over the field seeking him, and she found his head, and knew it again, and she took it and carried it to S. Ytha, and said, "Where is thy promise, sister, that he should have an heir?" Then the holy abbess said, "Weep not, my sister, but put his head on to his body again." "How can I know his body in the midst of so many headless corpses?" asked Nessa. "Be not discouraged," answered the holy abbess, "Go into the field, and call Beoan thrice in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he will come after his head, then put it on again." So Nessa did so. And when she had called the third time, a dead man got up out of his place, and he had lost his head, but he seemed to be looking about for it with his stump. So he came to Nessa, and she put his head on, and then he opened his mouth, and said, "Oh, woman! why didst thou call me?" And he was sound again. Therefore he and his wife came to S. Ytha, who asked him, "Friend, desirest thou to tarry longer here below, or to go direct to heaven?" Beoan answered, "I esteem this world as nothing compared to eternal glory." "That is well," answered Ytha; "However, my promise must be kept. Thou must go home with thy wife." Then she washed his head and neck, and not even a scar remained. And after that Nessa became pregnant. Now there was in the east of Ireland, at Momyfechta, a blind abbot, named Fechean,⁴⁴ and he prayed that he might recover his sight. Then an angel appeared to him, and bade him go and wash his eyes in the milk from the breast of the wife of Beoan. But S. Fechean knew not where Beoan lived, and had never heard his name before. Then he went to S. Ytha, to ask her to direct him, and she told him whither he was to go. And Fechean hasted, guided by his disciples, and they came to a mill, and there he found Beoan and his wife. Then Fechean related in order his vision, and the journey he had undertaken, and when he had made his petition, Nessa gave him some of her milk, and therewith he washed his eyes, and straightway he saw plain, and returned with great joy to his monastery.

Now when Nessa was near the term of her pregnancy, she went in a chariot to her sister. And Ytha heard the driving of the car, and she sent one of her maidens forth, saying, "I hear a chariot sounding as though a king rode therein. Who cometh to me?" Then the maiden answered, "It is thy sister Nessa." "It is well," said Ytha; "She bears in her womb a child who will sit enthroned in heaven, therefore did the chariot sound royally."

Now as soon as Nessa bore a son, it was told to Ytha, and she gave him a name, Mochoemog (Mo-choem-og), meaning "My-gentle-youth," and in Latin he is called

Pulcherius. Then his parents gave him to S. Ytha, that she might rear him in the service of God, and he grew up in her house till he was twenty years old. And after that he went into Ulster, to S. Comgall, and was ordained priest by him, and he resided many years in Banchor under his guidance. But at length S. Comgall bade him depart and found a new monastery, and become father of a new generation of monks. So he went into Leinster, to Enacht, in Mount Blaine, and there he built a cell. But being driven forth, he went into Ossory, and the chief of that part offered him his castle, but Mochoemog would not accept it, but went into a desert place seeking a home; and the chief said to him, "I have a great and dense forest near the bog Lurgan which I will give thee." Then Mochoemog was pleased, and he went into the forest, and he carried in his hand a bell. Now Ytha had given him this bell when he was a child, and it sounded not. "But," said she, "when thou comest to the place of thy resurrection, then the bell will tinkle." So Mochoemog walked on till he reached a wide spreading oak, under which lay an old gray boar; and instantly the bell began to sound. So Mochoemog knew that he had reached the place of his resurrection, and he settled there, and because of the great grey boar, he called the place Liathmor (Liath, *grey*; mor, *great*.)⁴⁵

Here he dwelt for many years, training saints. He was greatly troubled by princes, for on the death of his protector, the chief who had given him Liathmor, his son endeavoured to drive the aged abbot and his community away, but was miraculously prevented from doing so. Once the horses of the king of Munster were driven to pasture on the lands of the abbey, because the grass there was very rich. Mochoemog drove them all off, and hearing that the king was exceedingly incensed against him, and had ordered that he and his monks should be forcibly ejected from the country, the old man hastened to Cashel, where was the king. The prince seeing him, exclaimed, "What! little old bald head, thou here! I shall have thee driven from the place." "I may be bald," answered the abbot, "but thou shalt be blind of an eye." Then suddenly there came an inflammation in the eye of the king, and he lost the sight of it. The king, humbled, implored relief from the pain. "He shall be freed from his pain," answered Mochoemog, "but he shall remain blind of an eye." Then he blessed a vessel of water, and therewith the king's eye was washed, and the inflammation ceased.

The wonders wrought by Mochoemog are too many to be further related here. We have given a few specimens, and must refer the reader to the original life for the rest.

Mochoemog died at Liathmor, and was there buried.

S. NICEPHORUS, PATR. OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

(A.D. 828.)

[This is the festival of the Translation of S. Nicephorus in the Roman Martyrology and Greek Menæa. June 2nd is the day of his death also observed in his honour by the Greeks. Authorities:—His life by Ignatius deacon of Constantinople, and afterwards bishop of Nicæa, a contemporary, and an account of his banishment by Theophanes, a fellow sufferer in the persecution.]

The father of this saint, named Theodore, was secretary to the emperor Constantine Copronymus, but when that tyrant declared himself a persecutor of the Catholic church, the faithful minister preferring to serve God rather than man, maintained the honour due to holy images with so much zeal, that he was stripped of his honours, scourged, tortured, and banished. The young Nicephorus grew up with his father's example before his eyes to stimulate him to confession of the truth at any sacrifice; his education was not neglected, and he made rapid progress in all the accomplishments of the age. When Constantine and Irene were placed on the imperial throne, and restored the use of sacred pictures and images in churches, Nicephorus was introduced to their notice, and by his sterling merit obtained their favour. He was by them advanced to his father's dignity, and, by the lustre of his sanctity, he became at once the ornament of the court, and the support of the state. He distinguished himself greatly by his zeal against the Iconoclasts, and acted as secretary to the second council of Nicæa. After the death of S. Tarasius, (Feb. 25th), patriarch of Constantinople, in 806, no one was found more worthy to succeed him than Nicephorus. To give an authentic testimony of his faith, during the time of his consecration he held in his hand a treatise he had written in defence of holy images, and after the ceremony was concluded, he laid it up behind the altar, as a pledge that he would always maintain the tradition of the Church. As soon as he was seated in the patriarchal chair, he set about endeavouring to effect a reformation of manners of the clergy and people, and his precepts from the pulpit received double force from his example. He applied himself with unwearied diligence to all the duties of the ministry; and, by his zeal and invincible meekness and patience, was able to effect much which a less earnest or harsher character would have found it impossible to achieve.

Constantine was blinded, Irene banished, Nicephorus I., her successor, had fallen before the Bulgarians. Michael I. was driven from the throne, and Leo the Armenian became emperor in 813. He was an Iconoclast, and endeavoured both by artifices and open violence to establish that heresy. His first endeavour, however, was, by crafty suggestions, to gain over the holy patriarch to favour his design of destroying the sacred pictures and images which had resumed their places in the churches and streets, after the second council of Nicæa had sanctioned their use. But S. Nicephorus answered him, "We cannot change the ancient traditions: we respect holy

images as we do the cross and the book of the gospels." For it must be observed that the ancient Iconoclasts venerated the book of the gospels, and the figure of the cross, though with singular inconsistency, they forbade the rendering of the like honour to holy images. The saint showed, that far from derogating from the supreme honour of God, we honour Him when we for His sake respect His angels, saints, prophets, and ministers; and also when we show reverence towards all such things as belong to His service, like sacred vessels, churches, and images. But the tyrant persisted in his error, and the first steps he took against images were marked by caution. He privately encouraged some soldiers to maltreat an image of Christ on a great cross at the brazen gate of the city; and then he ordered the image to be taken off the cross, pretending he did it to prevent a second profanation. S. Nicephorus saw the storm gathering, and spent most of his time in prayer, in company with several holy bishops and abbots. Shortly after, the emperor, having assembled certain Iconoclastic bishops in his palace, sent for the patriarch and his fellow-bishops.⁴⁶ They obeyed the summons, but entreated the emperor to leave the government of the Church to her pastors. Æmilian, bishop of Cyzicus, one of their body, said, "If this is an ecclesiastical affair, let it be discussed in the Church, according to custom, not in the palace." Euthymius, bishop of Sardis, said, "For these eight hundred years past, since the coming of Christ, there have been pictures of Him, and He has been honoured in them. Who shall now have the boldness to abolish so ancient a tradition?" S. Theodore of the Studium spoke after the bishops, and addressed the emperor, "My lord, do not disturb the order of the Church. God hath placed in it apostles, prophets, pastors, and teachers.⁴⁷ You he hath entrusted with the care of the State; the Church hath he entrusted to the care of her Bishops." The emperor, in a rage, drove them from his presence. Some time after, the Iconoclast bishops held an assembly in the imperial palace, and cited the patriarch to appear before them. To their summons he returned this answer, "Who gave you this authority? If it was he who pilots the vessel of old Rome, I am ready. If it was the Alexandrine successor of the Evangelist Mark, I am ready. If it was the patriarch of Antioch, or he of Jerusalem, I make no opposition. But who are ye? In my diocese you have no jurisdiction." He then read the canon which declares those excommunicate who presume to exercise any act of jurisdiction in the diocese of another bishop. They, however, proceeded to pronounce against him a sentence of deposition; and the holy pastor, after several attempts had been made secretly to take away his life, was sent by the emperor into banishment. Michael the Stammerer, who succeeded Leo the Armenian, in 120, also favoured the Iconoclastic faction, and continued to harass S. Nicephorus, who died in exile, on June 2nd, 828, in the monastery of S. Theodore, which he had erected, at the age of seventy. By order of

the empress Theodora, his body was brought to Constantinople with great pomp, in 846, on the 13th of March.

S. ANSEWIN, B. OF CAMERINO.

(CIRC. A.D. 840.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—A life written by Eginus the monk, about the year 960, not, apparently entire, and the Lections of the Breviary of Camerino.]

S. Ansewin, or Hanse-win, was a native of Camerino, in Tuscany. He retired in early life into the solitude of Castel-Raymond, near Torcello, after his ordination as priest. He was appointed chaplain and confessor to the emperor Louis, and in 822, he was nominated to the bishopric of his native city. A strange legend of his expedition to Rome to receive consecration has been recorded by his biographer. On arriving at Narni, with a cavalcade of nobles and friends who accompanied him from Camerino, they put up at a tavern for refreshment, and asked for wine. The publican, an ill-conditioned fellow, served them with what they desired, but Ansewin, looking at it, detected that it was watered, and sharply rebuked the taverner. The man surlily replied that they must drink what was set before them, and that it was no odds to him whether they liked his wine or not.

"Now, friend," said the bishop-elect, "we have no drinking vessels with us, so bring us forth horns or goblets."

"Not I," answered the publican, "I provide wine, but customers usually bring their own cups."

"But, friend, we have none with us." "That is your affair, not mine," answered the fellow rudely. "Then we must do what we can," said Ansewin, drawing off his cape, and holding out the hood. "Come, host! pour the wine in here." The man stared, and then burst into a roar of laughter. But Ansewin persisted. "Then, fool, I will do so, and waste the liquor, but mind, you pay for it," said he. "Pour boldly," said the bishop-elect, holding the hood distended; and the inn-keeper obeyed. Then two marvels occurred, the hood retained the liquor, and served as a drinking horn to all the company, and the water which had diluted the wine separated from it, and flowed away over the edge.

He ruled his diocese with great prudence, and in time of famine, by his wise regulations and abundant alms, greatly relieved the sufferings of the poor. He was absent from his dear city where he had been born, and which he had ministered to with so much love, when he was stricken with mortal sickness. He was greatly distressed at the prospect of dying out of his diocese, and ordered a horse to be

brought that he might ride home. His companions, seeing death in his face, remonstrated; but he persisted in his command, and when his horse was brought to the door, he descended, supported by his friends to it. Then the horse knelt down, and suffered the dying man to mount him without effort. As soon as he was in Camerino, he ordered all his flock to assemble to receive his final blessing, and then gently expired.

Relics at Camerino, in the cathedral, and a portion of the shoulder in the Vatican.

In art he is represented with his hood full of wine.

SS. RUDERICK, P. M., AND SALOMON, M.

(A.D. 857.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—S. Eulogius, (March 11th), himself a martyr in the same persecution, 859, wrote the Acts of all those who suffered at that time, either from his own knowledge, or from the testimony of eye witnesses.]

During the persecution of the Christians under the Moorish occupation of Spain, there was a priest in the village of Cabra, about five-and-twenty miles from Cordova, named Ruderick, who had two brothers, whereof one had renounced Christianity and become a Moslem. One night this apostate brother and the other were quarrelling, and came to blows, when Ruderick rushed between them to separate them, but was so mauled by both, that he fell senseless on the ground. The Mussulman brother then placed him on a litter, and had him carried about the country, walking by his side, and showing him off as a renegade priest. Ruderick was too much bruised and strained to resist for a while, but he bore this with greater anguish than his bodily injuries, and as soon as ever he was sufficiently recovered, he effected his escape. The renegade meeting him some time after in the streets of Cordova, dragged him before the *cadi*, and denounced him as having professed the Mussulman religion, and then returned to Christianity. Ruderick indignantly denied that he had ever apostatized, but the *cadi*, believing the accusation, ordered him to be cast into the foulest den of the city prison, reserved for parricides. There he found a Christian, named Salomon, awaiting sentence on a similar charge of having conformed to the established religion for a while, and then returned to the worship of Christ. They were retained in prison for some time, the *cadi* hoping thus to weary them into apostasy. But the two confessors encouraged each other to stand fast. Being made acquainted with this, the *cadi* ordered them to be separated, but when this also failed, he sentenced them both to decapitation.

S. KENNOCHA, V.

(ABOUT A.D. 1007.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Authority:—The same.]

On March 13th, the Ancient Scottish Church commemorated S. Kennocha, a virgin, who, desirous of consecrating herself wholly to Jesus Christ, met with long and vehement opposition from her parents and friends, and underwent from them great hardships and persecution, without shaking her constancy. She led a life as a solitary of great severity, and attained a good old age. She was buried in the church of Kyle.

March 14.

SS. Forty-seven Martyrs, *under Nero, in Rome, A.D. 67.*

SS. Peter, Aphrodisius, and Others, *MM. at Carthage.*

SS. Two Monks and a Deacon, *MM. in the Abruzzi, 6th cent.*

S. Lubin, *B. of Chartres, circ. A.D. 557.*

S. Eutychius, or Eustasius, and Companions, *MM. at Charræ, in Mesopotamia, A.D. 741.*

S. Mathilda, *Emp. of Germany, A.D. 968.*

SS. MARTYRS UNDER NERO.

(A.D. 67.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The ancient Acts of SS. Processus and Martinian.]



These forty-seven martyrs are believed to have been converted by S. Peter, at the time when he was confined along with S. Paul, in the Mamertine prison, in which they spent nine months. According to tradition S. Peter brought water out of the rock wherewith to baptize them. They suffered execution by the sword.

SS. PETER, APHRODISIUS, AND OTHERS, MM.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology.]

The greatest confusion and uncertainty exists relative to these martyrs. In the Roman Martyrology they are said to have suffered in the Vandal persecution, in Africa. But

there is some mistake, as the Bollandist fathers have pointed out. Aphrodisius there can be no doubt is wrong, and should be Euphrosius, who in ancient Martyrologies is mentioned with SS. Donatus, Frumentius, and others, but not with Peter; and that the martyrdom took place in the Vandal persecution is an error of Baronius, trusting to Galesinius, with whom it was pure conjecture. There is also no evidence that Peter ought to be coupled with Euphrosius and Donatus; but on the authority of ancient Martyrologies, with Alexander, Mamerius, Nabor, and others, of equally unknown date.

S. LUBIN, B. OF CHARTRES.

(A.D. 557.)

[Gallican Martyrology. His translation is commemorated in the Roman, on September 15th. Authority:—An ancient life of uncertain date and unknown authorship.]

S. Lubin, (Leobinus), was the son of poor parents near Poitiers, and was born in the reign of Clovis I. (the latter half of the 5th cent.) His boyhood was spent in ploughing the fields and feeding cattle. But he had a great desire to learn to read, and having made the acquaintance of a good monk, he persuaded him to ink the letters of the alphabet on his leather girdle, so that he might carry them about with him when he went after the cattle, and learn them by heart. His intelligence opening, he was sent to a monastery of that country, but whether it was Ligugé or Nouaille is not certain, and was made cellarer, and required to ring the hours. These duties gave him little leisure for pursuing his studies; he therefore curtailed his hours of sleep, and as his lamp troubled the sleep of the brethren, he hung a curtain over his window to screen the light from them. After having spent eight years in this monastery, the desire came upon him to visit S. Avitus, who lived as a hermit in Perche, (July 17th.) Having gone into this country, he met first with S. Calais, who had not then left S. Avitus, to settle in Maine, (July 1st); this great master of the spiritual life advised Lubin not to attach himself to the service of any church or chapel, as it would be the means of drawing him into the world, and interfere with the exercise of his religious rule, and not to seek a small monastery, for in such every one wants to be master. S. Avitus counselled Lubin to spend some time longer in a monastery before he retired into the desert. He therefore took the road to Lerins, but a monk of that abbey whom he met assuring him that it was unhealthy, he turned aside with the monk, and went to Javoux, where S. Hilary, the bishop of that place, ⁴⁸ received them into his community. But he did not long remain there, thanks to his new acquaintance from Lerins, who seems to have been nowhere content, and they went together to Ile-Barbe, near Lyons. After a while the vagabond monk wanted to make another change, and draw Lubin away with him,

but Lubin shook himself free of this restless spirit, and remained five years in Ile-Barbe.

During a war which broke out between the Franks and Burgundians, ending in the defeat of the latter by the sons of Clovis, in 525, the abbey of Ile-Barbe was invaded by the soldiers greedy of plunder. They found it deserted by all the monks, who had escaped, save S. Lubin and an old man. The old man, on being asked where the treasures of the church were concealed, meanly said that S. Lubin knew better than he; and the soldiers cruelly tormented the saint by winding whiplash tightly round his head, and then running a stick under it behind the head, and turning the stick so as to tighten the cord till it sank into the temples. This was a favourite torture with the barbarians, when they wanted to extract the secret of hidden treasures from prisoners. They also tied his feet, and let him, head down into the river, but were unable to extract from him the information they desired, and of which he may have been ignorant. Thinking him dead, the soldiers threw him on the bank and left him. He recovered, and made his way into Perche to S. Avitus, and served as cellarer in his monastery. On the death of S. Avitus, 430, he and two others retired into the wilderness of Charbonnières, on the extremities of the forest of Montmirail, which separates Beauce from Maine. There they built three little cells, and spent five years in solitude. But miracles proclaimed the sanctity of S. Lubin; by his intercession a fire which had broken out in the forest, and threatened to consume it, was arrested. Hearing this, Ætherius, bishop of Chartres, ordained him deacon, and made him abbot of the monastery of Brou, in Perche; he afterwards ordained him priest to give him more authority over his monks.

S. Aubin, bishop of Angers, being on his way to visit S. Cæsarius of Arles, persuaded S. Lubin to accompany him (536). When they came into Provence, Lubin yearned to retire into the peaceful retreat of Lerins, and escape the burden of the charge of his monastery, but S. Aubin sharply rebuked him, and made him see that he had no right to resign without sufficient cause a burden laid on him by God. In 544, Ætherius died, and Lubin was elected to the see of Chartres by the almost unanimous voice of the clergy and laity. The saint on his ordination introduced various reforms into the see. S. Lubin assisted in the fifth council of Orleans, in 549, and in the second of Paris, 551. He died in 587, and was buried in the church of S. Martin-du-Val, where his body was religiously preserved till the Calvinists sacked the church in the 16th century, when they burnt his bones, and cast the ashes to the winds. His skull was, however, preserved, but it also was lost at the Revolution.

S. MATHILDA, EMPRESS.

(A.D. 968.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authority:—The Life drawn up by order of the emperor Henry, her grandson.]

The father of the empress Mathilda was Dietrich, count of Ringelheim, a descendant of the famous Witikind, prince of the Saxons, who had maintained so long and stubborn a resistance against Charlemagne. Her mother, Reinhild, was of royal Danish and Frisian blood. In her childhood Mathilda was entrusted to the tender care of her grandmother Hedwig, who had quitted the world, and had become abbess of Erfurt.

Henry the Fowler, son of duke Otho of Saxony, fell in love with Mathilda, and married her. The "Life of S. Mathilda," written by order of Henry the Pious, her grandson, says that Otho, hearing of the virtues of Mathilda, entered into negotiations with the count of Ringelheim to have her married to his son Henry. This is, no doubt, true, but it is only half the truth. The other part was suppressed by the pious historian. In fact, Henry was already married to Hathburg, daughter of Erwin of Altstadt, whom he had taken from the cloister, where she was being educated, and by whom he became father of Thankmar, who afterwards waged war with Otho the Great, son of Henry and Mathilda, claiming the duchy of Saxony as his own by right of seniority of birth. Henry saw and fell in love with Mathilda, and the young simple girl was probably hardly consulted in the matter, when Henry divorced his wife Hathburg, sent her back to her convent, and demanded the hand of Mathilda of her parents. The wrong done to Hathburg was bitterly atoned for in after years, for Mathilda was sorely tried by the ingratitude of her own sons, and saw Otho engaged in a bloody war with Thankmar, whom he had supplanted.

Henry was one to captivate hearts. He is described as lofty and majestic in stature, although slight and youthful in form, powerful and active in person, with a commanding and penetrating glance, his very appearance attracting popular favour, and securing the heart of his wife. "He excelled in prudence and wisdom, and his stature became his kingly dignity. Too much addicted to hunting, he was joyous in festivities, but without diminishing his regal dignity. In war he was alike loved and feared."⁴⁹

Henry had been elected emperor of Germany. In his new position, his life was one of warfare. He subjugated the Hevelli⁵⁰ and the Bohemians, and in 933, routed the Hungarians. The ambassadors of the Hungarians demanded of him the payment of an ancient tribute. According to the legendary account, Henry caused a mangy dog to be thrown before them, and declared a deadly war with their nation. The Hungarians

instantly crossed the frontier in two enormous hordes, the lesser of which was routed by the arrière-ban of Saxony and Thuringia, near Sondershausen. The other body advanced along the Saal, in the vicinity of Merseburg, against the emperor. Henry entrenched himself on a mountain, since known as the Keuschberg, or Mountain of Chastity, owing to the circumstance of no woman being permitted to enter the camp of the Christians, who strengthened themselves for the coming conflict by devotional exercises. The news of the defeat of their countrymen at Sondershausen soon reached the Hungarians, who instantly kindled enormous fires along the banks of the river as signals of recall to all those of their number who were engaged in plundering the country, and the battle commenced with the coming morn. Henry addressed his troops. The picture of S. Michael was borne in the van, as the banner of the empire. A murderous struggle commenced, the Hungarians shouting, "Hui! hui!" and the Germans, "Kyrie-eleison!" Victory long wavered, but was at length decided by the discipline and enthusiastic valour of the Germans. An immense number of Christian slaves were restored to liberty. After the victory, Henry knelt, at the head of his troops, and returned thanks to Heaven. The terror of the Hungarians now equalled that with which they had formerly inspired the Germans. In the belief that the archangel Michael, whose gigantic picture they ever beheld borne in the van of the German army, was the god of victory, they made golden wings, similar to those with which he was represented, for their own idols. The hand of the emperor, and, underneath, a horse shoe, are still to be seen cut in the rock at Keuschberg, as a token of the victory. Germany remained undisturbed in this quarter during the rest of the reign of Henry the Fowler. Henry afterwards planned a visit to Rome, but died without accomplishing that project, in 936, when at the height of his splendour and renown. He was buried at Quedlinburg, his favourite residence.

The union of Mathilda with her husband had been a very happy one. Both endeavoured to advance the kingdom of God by every means in their power, and together they concerted laws full of justice, to increase the prosperity of their dominions. Henry left behind him three sons by Mathilda, Otho, who was elected to the imperial throne on the decease of his father, Henry the Quarrelsome, duke of Bavaria, and Bruno, archbishop of Cologne. Mathilda spent her time in devotion, and gave abundant alms to the needy. She was very sober in her repasts, gentle in conversation, and ready to do with promptitude and cheerfulness whatever she deemed consistent with her position.

Otho had been unanimously elected emperor, and was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle with more than ordinary solemnity. He was invested with the gigantic crown of Charlemagne, the sceptre, the sword, the cross, the sacred lance of Longinus, and the

golden mantle. And he looked an emperor. Witikind says of him in later years, "His demeanour was replete with majesty. His white hair waved over his shoulders. His eyes were bright and sparkling; his beard of an extraordinary length; his breast like that of a lion, and covered with hair."

Proud of his position and power, the young emperor was impatient of his mother's advice and authority. Listening to those who viewed her virtues with impatience, as a restraint on the licence of a court, they persuaded Otho that she had lavished the money of the empire in charities. He at once ordered his mother to retire from court to Engern, in Ravensberg. It was grief to Mathilda to be thus treated by her eldest son, but it was greater grief to her to find that her favourite son, Henry of Bavaria, had been the prime instigator of her banishment.

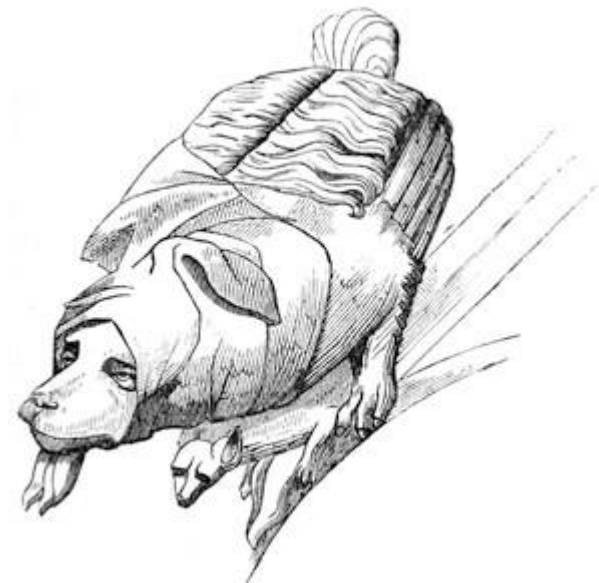
But it was not long before Henry fell dangerously ill, and Edith, the wife of Otho, deeming this a punishment for the wrong done to the saintly dowager empress, and dreading the same for her husband, persuaded Otho to recall his mother. He wrote to her, asking her pardon, and expressing his deep contrition for his past ingratitude. Mathilda was not one to bear resentment, and she returned to court. Mathilda now reaped with sorrow the harvest of her early involuntary fault in marrying a divorced man. Thankmar was in rebellion, for Otho had not been content with depriving him of the imperial throne, but had also seized his large maternal inheritance in Saxony, and had bestowed it on an adherent and friend. Thankmar took arms, and was upheld by the Saxons. The emperor marched against his half-brother, besieged him in Everburg, and Thankmar was slain at the foot of the altar, whither he had fled for safety.

Thankmar had been joined by Eberhardt, duke of Franconia, who, now that all was lost, fell at the feet of Henry of Bavaria, and besought him to intercede in his behalf with the emperor. To his surprise, Henry replied, that he was willing to join with him in his designs against Otho, in order to deprive him of the crown, which he coveted for himself. For the present the two confederates dissembled their projects, and Eberhardt made his submission to Otho with expressions of the deepest contrition for his guilt. Henry gained confederates to his conspiracy, and suddenly attacked Otho as he was crossing the Rhine at Zante, but was defeated with great slaughter. Otho pardoned his brother, who remained afterwards true to his allegiance, finding that it was his best interest to cling to his powerful brother. He was a man of treacherous and cruel heart, and when his Bavarian subjects rose against him, and called the Hungarians to their assistance, having defeated them with the aid of Otho (955), he buried alive, or burnt in beds of quicklime, the leaders of the adverse party, put out the eyes of the bishop of Salzburg, and the patriarch Lupus of Aquileia met with a still more wretched fate at his hands.

In the midst of all these civil wars the dowager empress laboured to relieve the sorrows of the peasants upon whom the state of hostilities weighed most heavily. Her time was devoted to nursing the sick, releasing debtors from prison, and feeding the starving.

But at length, saddened beyond endurance by the conduct of her sons, and despairing of the world, she retired into the monastery of Nordhausen, which she had built, and gathering about her three thousand sisters, spent the rest of her days in tears and prayer. She lived to receive her grand-daughter, Mathilda, the child of the emperor Otho, into her house, and to commit into her hands the government of the community.

She died on March 14th, 968, and was buried in the church of S. Servetus, at Quedlinburg, by the side of her husband, Henry.



SLOTHFULNESS AND GLUTTONY.

Symbolic carving at the Abbey of S. Denis.

March 15.

S. Aristobulus, *M.*, 1st cent. S. Longinus, *M.*, 1st cent. S. Nicander, *M. in Egypt*, circ. A.D. 302. S. Matrona, *M. at Thessalonica*. S. Matrona, *V. in Portugal*. S. Matrona, *V.M. at Barcelona, in Spain*. S. Magorian, *C. at Trent*, 5th cent. S. Tranquillius, *Ab. at Dijon*, 6th cent. S. Zacharias, *Pope of Rome*, A.D. 752. S. Leocritia, *V.M. at Cordova*. (See p. 220.)

S. ARISTOBULUS, M.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, Greek Menologium and Menæa, on March 16th. in the Anglican Martyrology he is entitled bishop and martyr. Authority:—Notice in the Martyrologies and Menæa.]



Nothing is known for certain of S. Aristobulus, who was one of the seventy disciples of our Lord. He is said by the Greeks to have preached in Britain. He may be the Arystly who, according to the Welsh Triads, was one of the founders of Christianity in Britain. The Spaniards claim him as one of their apostles. The Greeks say that he was the brother of S. Barnabas, that he was ordained bishop, and died a martyr.

S. LONGINUS, M.

(1ST CENT.)

[Modern Roman Martyrology. The name of Longinus was not known to the Greeks previous to the patriarch Germanus, in 715. It was introduced amongst the Westerns from the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus. There is no reliable authority for the Acts and martyrdom of this saint.]

The name Longinus, given in the gospel of Nicodemus to the soldier who pierced the side of Christ, is probably due to a mistake. The name is probably Latinized from *Longche*, a spear. Some think that the soldier who pierced the side, and the centurion who exclaimed at the earthquake, confessing the Sonship of Christ, are the same, but there is the greatest uncertainty on every point connected with Longinus. The Greeks commemorate Longinus the Centurion on October 16th. The Latin Acts of S. Longinus confuse the centurion and the soldier together. The Greek Acts pretend to be by S. Hesychius (March 28th), but are an impudent forgery of late date. It is pretended that the body of S. Longinus was found at Mantua in 1304, together with the sponge stained with Christ's blood, wherewith he had assisted in cleansing our Lord's body when it was taken down from the cross. These relics have been distributed in various places. Part are in Prague, others in Carlstein, the body in the Vatican at Rome. But the Sardinians assert that they possess the body of S. Longinus, which was found in their island, where he had suffered under Nero. And the Greeks say he

suffered in Gabala, in Cappadocia. The head is, however, also said to have been found in Jerusalem, and carried into Cappadocia.

S. NICANDER, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 302.)

[Roman Martyrology and Greek Menæa.]

S. Nicander flourished in the reign of Diocletian, in Egypt. He visited the Christian confessors in their dungeons, and ministered to their necessities; and when they suffered, he gathered their ashes and bones, and reverently buried them. This devotion could not long remain unobserved by the heathen, and he was denounced to the governor, who sentenced him to death.

S. MATRONA, V. M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Three saints of this name are commemorated on this day. At Barcelona one called Virgin and Martyr, another of Thessalonica, in the Roman Martyrology, called Martyr, but it is not said that she was a Virgin; another at Capua, in Campania, where she is said to be a Virgin and a native of Portugal. They were three distinct persons living at different dates, as their histories testify, but on account of the names of the Barcelonese and Capuan Saints being identical with that of S. Matrona in the Roman Martyrology, their festivals are kept on the same day. Matrona of Thessalonica is commemorated by the Greeks on March 27th.]

S. Matrona of Barcelona was early left an orphan and was adopted by her aunt, who went with her to Italy, and settled in the Campagna. The girl was given a crucifix, which she ever carried about with her. Having been denounced as a Christian, she was thrown into prison and starved to death.

S. Matrona of Thessalonica was the slave of a Jewess, who having discovered that her servant was a Christian, beat her to death with a stick.

S. ZACHARIAS, POPE.

(A.D. 752.)

[Roman Martyrology, and those of Ado, Maurolycus, and Notker, on March 14th, so also Molanus in his additions to Usuardus. Authority:—His life by Anastasius the Librarian.]

Zacharias, a Greek by birth, the son of Polychronius, was educated with care in every science. He went to Rome, where he was ordained priest, at a time when the eternal city was subject to constant alarms from the Lombards. Luitprand, king of the Lombards, ill satisfied because Gregory III. extended his favour to Thrasymund, duke of Spoleto, laid siege to Rome, and did not retire till his troops had pillaged the church of S. Peter, which the Goths had hitherto respected. At this moment, just as Gregory had asked help of Charles Martel against Luitprand, the see became vacant through his death.

Zacharias was elected to the throne of S. Peter. The innocence of his life, and the vigour of his understanding, were accompanied by a natural kindliness which fascinated all with whom he was brought in contact. He was consecrated on November 19th, 741, nine days after the death of his predecessor, and nine days before his interment. Resolved to expose himself to everything for the sake of his people, Zacharias sent a nuncio to king Luitprand with a letter overflowing with expressions of courtesy and respect, which so touched the barbarian, that he gave token of being disposed to negotiate with the new pontiff. Zacharias knew how to profit by the opportunity; he went, accompanied by many of his clergy, to Terni, in Umbria, and met king Luitprand, who received him with the utmost courtesy. He concluded a treaty with him, released his prisoners, recovered to the Holy See the towns that had been taken, and on the morrow assisted at the ordination of a bishop for Terni, which took place in the Church of S. Valentine. The ceremony produced a lively effect upon the Lombards, many of whom wept. After the ordination, the pope invited the barbarian prince to dinner, and gave him his blessing; Luitprand is reported to have observed that he had never enjoyed a dinner so much.

Zacharias was afterwards the means of procuring peace for many of the distressed states and cities of Northern Italy. Luitprand was succeeded by Hildebrand, who only reigned seven months; and the Lombard throne was then filled by Rachis, duke of Forli, who concluded a peace of twenty years with all Italy.

Zacharias now turned his attention to the discipline of the Church, which had become much relaxed by the troubles that had fallen on the land. He encouraged S. Boniface in his mission to Germany. In the East he laboured to soften the violence of the emperor Constantine Copronymus, who opposed sacred images and pictures in churches.

Pepin, mayor of the palace, who was master of France, under the shadow and name of Childeric III., sent Burchard, bishop of Wurtzburg, and Fulrad, abbot of S. Denys, to Zacharias to consult him on the accomplishment of his ambition, the assumption for

himself of the crown of France from the heads of the "Faineant" race. Zacharias, who desired help and protection against the Lombards, not content with approving his design, wrote secretly to Pepin urging him not to refuse the crown which Providence extended to him; at the same time his more cautiously worded epistle to the Frank nobles on the subject did not a little serve towards determining them to place the sovereignty in the bold, firm hand of the mayor. For, without recommending the deposition of Childeric, or the election of Pepin, Zacharias urged that "he who had the power in fact ought to be the king." This was enough for Pepin. Every one considered this expression to be an approval of the design; the election of Pepin was regarded as approved by heaven; and he was crowned at Soissons the year following, by Boniface, archbishop of Mentz. This coronation took place on May 1st; Zacharias did not live to see it, for he died on the preceding March 3rd. The day of his burial in the Church of S. Peter, March 15th, is that on which the Church honours his memory.

March 16.

SS. Hilary, *B.M.*, Tatian, *D.M.*, Felix, Largus and Dionysius, *MM. at Aquileja*, A.D. 285.

S. Julian of Anazarbus, *M. in Cilicia*.

S. Papas, *M. in Lycaonia, circ.* A.D. 300.

S. Agapitus, *B. of Ravenna, circ.* A.D. 340.

S. Columba, *V.M. in England*.

S. Aninas, *H. on the banks of the Euphrates*.

S. Hesychius, *B. of Vienne, in France, 5th cent.*

SS. Abraham, *H.*, and Mary, *P., his niece, in Syria, 6th cent.*

S. Finan the Leper, *Ab. of Inisfathlen, in Ireland, circ.* A.D. 610.

S. Boniface Quiritine, *B. of Ross, in Scotland, 7th cent.*

S. Eusebia, *Abss. of Hamage, circ.* A.D. 680.

S. Gregory the Armenian, *B.H. at Pluviers, in France, 11th cent.*

S. Heribert, *Archb. of Cologne*, A.D. 1021.

SS. HILARY, B. M., TATIAN, D. M., AND COMPANIONS, MM.

(A.D. 285.)

[Roman Martyrology and that of Usuardus. Notker mentions Hilary alone. Hilary and Tatian in that of Bede, and some copies of that of S. Jerome. Authority:—the Acts which are genuine.]



aint Hilary, bishop of Aquileja, in Northern Italy, had a deacon named Tatian, whom he appointed to be his archdeacon. In the reign of Numerian, during which they flourished, there was at Aquileja a heathen priest, named Monofantus, who went before the governor Beronius, and obtained from him authority to hale the bishop before his tribunal. Then Monofantus went to the house of Hilary, and found him engaged in reading, together with his deacon Tatian. He said, "The Governor wants you." Hilary said, "What is that you say, friend?" "I have already said once, the governor wants you." S. Hilary answered, "We will go in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ." And when they had come to the place of judgment, and the governor saw Hilary enter with a smiling countenance, he asked, "What is thy name?" The bishop answered, "My name is Hilary, and I am bishop of the Christians here." "Well," said the governor, "the command has gone forth that all are to sacrifice to the immortal gods. Therefore be speedy, obey, and go thy way." S. Hilary replied, "From my childhood I have learnt to sacrifice to the living God, and to worship Jesus Christ with pure heart; I cannot worship demons." The governor said, "Christ, whom thou sayest that thou worshippest, was crucified by the Jews." Hilary replied, "If thou knewest the virtue of His cross, thou wouldest leave the error of idols, and adore Him who would heal the wounds of thy soul." "Come," exclaimed the governor, "do as I bid, or I will have thy tongue cut out." "Sir," answered the bishop, "do so, instead of threatening me." Then Beronius had him drawn into the temple of Hercules, and beaten with rods. And as Hilary constantly refused to adore the idols, the governor ordered his back to be burnt with red hot coals, then the raws to be rubbed with coarse hair-cloth, and vinegar and salt to be poured into the wounds. After which he was taken and cast into prison. Tatian, the deacon, was next brought up to be tried, he was sentenced to be beaten, and thrown into prison with his bishop. And during the night they prayed, and sang praises to God, the Lord of heaven and earth; and as they prayed there was an earthquake, and the temple of Hercules was shaken down.

Then, on the morrow, Hilary the bishop, and Tatian the deacon, and Felix, Largus and Dionysius, three Christians then in the prison, were slain by order of Beronius, some of them by having their heads smitten off, and some by having swords thrust through their breasts.

S. JULIAN OF ANAZARBUS, M.

(DATE UNCERTAIN.)

[Roman Martyrology. Greek Menology of Basil Porphyrogenitus, same day. Authority:—A sermon by S. John Chrysostom, Hom. xlvii., and the notices in the Menologium and Menæa.]

This saint was a native of Cilicia, the same province which had the honour of producing S. Paul. In one of the persecutions of the Church he was sentenced to be tied up in a sack with vipers and scorpions, and thrown into the sea.

S. PAPAS, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 300.)

[Roman Martyrology and Greek Menæa. Authority:—The hymn in the Menæa.]

S. Papas suffered in Lycaonia during the persecution of Maximian. He was first beaten, and his cheeks bruised, and then the inhuman persecutors, to make sport, nailed horse-shoes to his feet, and made him run before chariots through the streets of Laranda, the drivers, armed with whips, lashing him till he sank, bleeding and exhausted, on the pavement. A compassionate woman, like another Veronica, hastened up to wipe away the blood and sweat, and he died in her arms.

S. COLUMBA, V. M.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Anglican Martyrology. There are two other saints of this name, virgins and martyrs, one at Sens, the other at Cordova. The Columba of Sens is commemorated on Dec. 31st, and is very famous; she suffered under Aurelian. The Cordovan saint gained the palm in the Moorish persecution in 891, and is commemorated on Sept. 17th.]

The great glory of the virgin martyr, Columba of Sens, has eclipsed the fame of the other two saintly virgin martyrs of this name. Of the S. Columba venerated in Cornwall on this day, nothing is known, but she is believed to have formed one of the company of S. Ursula.

S. ANINAS, H.

(DATE UNKNOWN.)

[Greek Menæa. This saint is commemorated by the Greeks on different days.]

This hermit, called variously Aninas and Ananias, lived in the flat deserts of the Euphrates, in a cave, with two lions, out of the foot of one of which he had drawn a thorn which hurt it. The lions followed him whenever he went to the Euphrates, distant four or five miles, to draw water. This he was obliged to do daily, and the bishop of

Cæsarea, hearing of this, sent him the present of an ass to carry the water jars for him; but Aninas would not keep the ass, but gave it to some poor folk who were destitute.

Now there was a hermit who lived on a pillar in the same country, and Aninas heard that he was sore troubled in mind; then, the story goes, he wrote a letter comforting him, and sent it to him by one of his lions. Aninas died on March 16th, at the age of one hundred and ten.

SS. ABRAHAM, H., AND MARY, P.

(6TH CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius, after Molanus; but the Greeks venerate these saints on October 29th. Authority:—The Life of SS. Abraham and Mary, by Ephraem, the companion of Abraham, but not, as has been commonly stated, S. Ephraem Syrus.]

Abraham was the son of very wealthy parents at Chidama, in Mesopotamia, near the city of Edessa. His father sought a young and beautiful girl in marriage for his son, and Abraham was married to her with all the pomp befitting the splendour of the rank and wealth and the family. The young man had now tasted all that the world could give, riches, honour, and love, and his heart was still void and craving for something more. Then he felt, with a conviction it was impossible to resist, that God alone could fill that void, and that satisfaction could alone be found in serving Him most perfectly. So, secretly in the night, seven days after his marriage, he escaped, and hid himself in the desert.

His parents, who had refused him nothing for which he had expressed a wish, his wife, who had given him no occasion of offence, were in amazement. They searched for him everywhere, and at the end of seventeen days discovered him in the desert, resolved to live alone. It was in vain that parents and bride urged him to return; he was inexorable, and they were obliged to leave him in his solitude. He had found a small hut, and now he walled up the door, leaving only a window, through which bread and water could be passed in to him by a friend. He had spent ten or twelve years in this retreat when his parents died, and left their immense property to him. He entrusted it to the care of his most intimate friends, to be used for relieving the necessities of the poor.

Now there was, not far off, a village of idolaters, who had stubbornly resisted every missionary effort made to convert them. The bishop of Edessa bethought him of Abraham the hermit, visited him in person, and insisted on his coming forth and preaching to these heathen. In vain did the hermit implore to be permitted to remain in

his dear solitude: the bishop put the matter on his obedience, brought him forth, ordained him priest, and sent him amongst the pagans. Abraham then built a church in their midst, and finding that they were deaf to his exhortations, he spent his nights and days in tearful intercession for them, and then, armed with zeal, he rushed upon their idols and overthrew them. A mob at once assembled, and he was beaten till he could not move; and whenever he appeared in the streets, he was assailed with sticks and stones. Undeterred by this opposition, Abraham continued instant in prayer; and, after three years, saw the tide of popular opinion turn, and the villagers who had treated him so ill, now venerated him as an apostle of the truth. Abraham tarried with them another year, to confirm them in the faith, then commended them to the supervision of the bishop, and returned to his cell. Now it happened that a little girl, named Mary, the niece of Abraham, had been left an orphan, and she was brought to the hermit, as her sole relative, to educate. She was aged seven. Abraham bade a cell be built for her near his own, and there the child grew up under his supervision till she was twenty, when a young man, having conceived a violent passion for her, led her away, and then abandoning her, the unfortunate girl fell deeper into degradation, and became a common harlot in the city of Assos, in the Troad. Her the uncle had bewailed her fall with the deepest grief, and had instituted inquiries as to her whereabouts. Hearing that she was at Assos, Abraham broke down the wall which closed his door, and came forth, cast off his habit and sackcloth, and disguising himself as a soldier, went to Assos. And when he came there, he hired a lodging next door to the house of ill-fame where dwelt his niece, and he sought opportunity to meet and speak with her, but could not. Then he went to the house, and ordered supper, and bade that Mary should eat with him. So she, knowing him not, lost to shame, came, tricked out with necklaces and rings, in gaudy wanton dress. Then Abraham reddened with grief, and could ill restrain his tears. But making an effort, he controlled his emotion. So they sat down, and ate, and drank, and she laughed noisily, and talked in a light and wanton way; and as she spake the shadow on Abraham's brow deepened, the corners of his mouth quivered with pain, and a film formed on his eyes. Then the girl kissed him, and looked at him, and suddenly saw in the grave, suffering face before her, something that recalled past days, and she moaned. The man of the house hearing this, said, "Mary, what is the matter with thee? These two years that thou hast been with me thou hast been ever gay." But she looked up again, and met the tearful eyes of Abraham; then she cried out, "Oh, God! would that I had died three years ago. This man recalls to me my dear old uncle in the desert, and days of innocence and pure joy." Then Abraham put the man forth, and locked the door, and turning, threw back his hood, and caught Mary by both hands, and looked at her and said, "Mary, my child!" Then she knew him, and became cold and motionless as a

stone. And he said, "My dearest child, what has befallen thee? How hast thou sunk from heaven in the abyss! O why didst thou not disclose to me thy first temptation, and I and Ephraem would have besieged heaven with tears and prayers to save thee? Why didst thou desert me like this, and bring this intolerable anguish of soul upon me?" But she, frightened and trembling, answered not a word. And he, holding her hands fast in his own, said again, "My own Mary, wilt thou not speak to me?" Then his tears burst forth, and the whole man was shaken with sobs. "Upon me be thy sin, my child," he said; "I will answer for it at the Judgment day to God. I will do penance and suffer in expiation of thy crime; only return, my child!" Then she burst forth with, "I cannot look thee in the face, uncle, and how can I call on God, whom I have so outraged?" "I will bear the burden of the sin, let it weigh on me, Mary," said the hermit vehemently; "only return to the old place, and dear Ephraem and I will pray instantly to God for thee. Come child, follow me." Then she fell down, and laid her brow on his feet, and sobbed, and held them, and kissed them, and stammered, "I will follow thee, uncle. What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits He has done unto me?" But he caught her up, and would not suffer her thus to lie. And she fell again and kissed the ground he had trodden, bringing her hopes of pardon and salvation. And he urged her to fly at once. Then she said, "Uncle, I have here some valuable trinkets, and some dresses. What shall I do with them? Shall I not pack them up and carry them with me?" But he cried out, "Leave them, leave them, they scent of evil." And he took her on his back, as a shepherd carrying his strayed sheep, and unlocked the door, and ran out. And when he came to his hut, he set Mary in the inner cell, and went into the outer room himself. And she, bitterly repenting the past, served God instantly, night and day, with tears. Abraham lived ten years longer, and rejoiced to behold the sincerity of his niece's contrition, and died at the age of seventy, in the fiftieth year of his solitary life; and Mary lived five years after her uncle's death. God wrought miracles of healing by her hands, to comfort the penitent soul, and assure her that her tears had blotted out her transgression.

S. BONIFACE QUIRITINE, B. OF ROSS.

(7TH CENT.)

[Aberdeen Breviary. Authorities:—David Camerarius and Hector Boece, and the lections in the Aberdeen Breviary.]

Alban Quiristine, or Kiritine, surnamed Boniface, is fabulously said to have been of Israelite race, and a descendant of Radia, sister of the apostles Peter and Andrew. All that is known of him is that he was bishop of Ross, in Scotland, and that he laboured to suppress the Keltic ritual and to establish Roman uniformity, doing in Scotland the

work accomplished by S. Wilfrid in Northumbria. He preached to and converted large numbers of Picts and Scots, during sixty years of evangelical labours. It is said that as many as thirty-six thousand received the faith through him, and that he built a hundred and fifty churches, amongst others, that of S. Peter, at Rosmarkyn, in which he was buried before the altar.

S. EUSEBIA, ABSS. OF HAMAGE.

(ABOUT A.D. 680.)

[Molanus, Wyon, Menardus, Miræus in his 'Belgian Saints,' and Saussaye in his Gallican Martyrology. Authority:—A life, probably by Hucbald of Elnone (907), derived from various earlier accounts and traditions.]

S. Eusebia was the eldest daughter of S. Adalbald, of Douai (Feb. 2nd) and S. Richtrudis. Probably on the occasion of the assassination of her father, she was sent to the convent of Hamage, which was governed by her grandmother, S. Gertrude. On the death of S. Gertrude, Eusebia, at the age of twelve, was elected abbess of Hamage, according to a custom of the time, which required abbesses, if possible, to be of noble birth, so as to secure for the convent protection from powerful families in times of difficulty or war. But S. Richtrudis, who had become abbess of Marchiennes, thinking that the girl was far too young to manage the community, and that under her light hand grave disorders might prevail, peremptorily ordered Eusebia to come with all her nuns to Marchiennes. Eusebia hesitated, but when the orders were repeated, she reluctantly obeyed, and with all the community, bearing the body of S. Gertrude, she came to Marchiennes, where they were received by a procession with lights and incense. Eusebia was not happy in her new home, and sighed for Hamage. During the night, when every one slept, she was wont to steal out, barefooted, and run to the deserted convent, to watch and pray over the home of her infancy, fragrant with memories of a beloved guide and spiritual mother. Richtrudis, hearing of these nocturnal excursions, and not approving of them, ordered the child-abbess a sound flogging, and asked her brother Maurontius to administer it. Eusebia writhed and danced about under the correction, to elude the blows, and in so doing ran against the point of the sword of Maurontius, which slightly wounded her side. According to a popular legend, which the historian records merely as such, one of the twigs of the birch with which Eusebia was corrected, rooted itself on the spot where it had fallen, and grew up into a stately tree.

Richtrudis, seeing that her child continued bent on returning to Hamage, consulted the bishop, who advised her to yield. Accordingly Eusebia and her community went back to the deserted convent, and she governed it with prudence, living in piety, till the

day of her death. She was buried in the church of the Apostles, at Hamage; but the body was afterwards translated to Marchiennes.

In Belgium she is called S. Isoie, or Eusoye.

S. HERIBERT, ARCHB. OF COLOGNE.

(A.D. 1021.)

[German Martyrologies. At Cologne the festival of his translation is observed on August 30th. Authority:—A Life, by Lambert of Deutz, written twenty years after the death of Heribert.]

Heribert was born at Worms. His father was a gentleman of rank. His mother had been carried off into captivity by the Huns, and had been sold to an honest and good man, who restored her to her parents. She was grand-daughter of Reginbald, count of Swabia. Heribert was educated in the abbey of Gorze, in Lorraine, in the diocese of Metz. His father having recalled him to Worms, the archbishop Hildebald was so pleased with the young man, that he made him dean of his cathedral, and destined him to become his successor, but his death before Heribert had sufficiently established his reputation prevented the fulfilment of this design. Some years after, Otho III., who had not as yet received the imperial crown, having been informed of the merit of Heribert, made him his chancellor, and perceiving his great virtue, obtained his ordination. Shortly after, the archdiocese of Cologne became vacant, and this gave rise to party contests, productive of schism in that Church. The contest was brought to a conclusion by an almost unanimous election of the chancellor Heribert. He received notice of his having been chosen, with great regret, and on his induction, on Christmas-eve, walked barefoot to the cathedral. His reign was a true blessing to the diocese, through his wise regulations for the maintenance of discipline among the clergy, and for the systematic relief of the necessitous. He built and endowed the abbey of Deutz, on the opposite bank of the Rhine to Cologne; he rebuilt the church of the Apostles, at Cologne, and the chapel of S. Stephen. In a time of great drought, when the country was suffering great distress, and the cattle of the poor were perishing, he went in procession to the church of S. Severinus, and kneeling before the altar, bowed his head on his hands, and weeping for the misfortunes of his people, did not raise his head till a thunderstorm broke over the church.



SS. JOSEPH AND NICODEMUS ANOINTING THE BODY OF CHRIST.
From a Painting.

March 17.

March 17.

S. Joseph of Arimathæa, *1st cent.*

SS. Alexander, *B.M.*, and Companions, *MM. at Rome.*

SS. Martyrs *in the temple of Serapis at Alexandria*, A.D. 390.

S. Agricola, *B. at Chalons-sur-Saone*, A.D. 580.

S. Patrick, *B. Apostle of Ireland*, A.D. 465.

S. Gertrude, *V. Abss. of Nivelles, in Brabant*, A.D. 664.

S. Withburga, *V. at Dereham and Ely*, A.D. 743.

S. Paul, *M. in Cyprus, circ.* A.D. 700.

S. JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

(1ST CENT.)

[Roman Martyrology, inserted by Baronius, because observed as a double by the Canons of the Vatican, who possess an arm of the saint. In Liege, where other relics are preserved, on Feb. 22nd; by the Greeks on July 31st.]



When Christ came into the world, one Joseph took Him into his arms and cherished Him in His infancy; another Joseph received Him when He was dead, and ministered to His inanimate body. Joseph, a native of Arimathæa, said by S. Matthew to have been rich, and called by S. Mark a counsellor, appears to have lived in Jerusalem, where he possessed a garden. According to S. John, he was a disciple in secret of the Son of God; that he was a just man, we are told by S. Luke. After the Crucifixion he cast aside the fears which had restrained him from professing openly his conviction, and going boldly to Pilate, he craved of him the body of Jesus. He then bought the winding sheet, and going to Calvary, detached from the Cross the dead body of Christ, assisted by S. John the Evangelist, S. Mary Magdalene, and Mary the wife of Cleopas. Joseph and Nicodemus anointed the body with myrrh and aloes, and laid it in the sepulchre of Joseph.

Many strange traditions have attached themselves to Joseph of Arimathæa, as that he came to Britain, and planted his staff at Glastonbury; but as these legends are wholly worthless, they must be here passed over.

His body is said to have been buried by Fortunatus, patriarch of Grado, in the abbey of Moyon-Moutier; but no relics of it now remain there, though some are shown elsewhere.

SS. MARTYRS IN THE SERAPION.

(A.D. 390.)

[Roman Martyrology. Authorities:—Socrates, Hist. Eccl. lib. v. c. 16; Sozomen, lib. vii. c. 15.]

The temple of Bacchus at Alexandria having been given to the Christians to be converted into a church, the patriarch ordered its thorough purification. Whilst this was being performed, many abominations and much evidence of trickery were brought to light. This so exasperated the pagans that a sedition broke out, and rushing down from the Serapion, a magnificent temple situated on a hill and fortified, they carried off a number of Christians, and bringing them into the temple, endeavoured to force them to sacrifice to Serapis. As they refused, the pagans crucified some, broke the bones of others, and put others to death in various ways. When the emperor Theodosius heard of the tumult, he ordered those who had fallen victims to be enrolled in the number of the blessed, but forbade any reprisals upon their executioners, hoping that this exhibition of mercy would be efficacious in attracting them to the true faith. He, however, ordered the Serapion to be levelled with the dust.

S. AGRICOLA, B. OF CHALONS-SUR-SAONE.

(A.D. 580.)

[Roman and Gallican Martyrologies. Authority:—His contemporary, Gregory of Tours.]

S. Agricola was born of a senatorial family. In stature he was diminutive, but the greatness of his soul redeemed him from that disrespect which his short stature might have brought upon him. He was eloquent, of refined manners, prudent in judgment. In his youth he formed a warm attachment for S. Venantius Fortunatus, the Christian poet, and author of the magnificent hymn, *Vexilla regis*, "The royal banners forward go." In 532, he was appointed bishop of Châlons-sur-Saône. He died at the age of eighty-three, in the year 580, and was buried in the Church of S. Marcellus, near Châlons, where his relics are preserved over the high altar.

S. PATRICK, AP. OF IRELAND.

(ABOUT A.D. 465.)

[Roman, and almost all Western Martyrologies, Bede, Usuardus, Ado, &c.

Authorities:—The most authentic are S. Patrick's Confession, and his letter against Coroticus, Fiech's hymn, or metrical sketch of the life of the saint, and the life by Probus. The hymn is attributed to Fiech, bishop of Sletty, who lived in the 5th cent. The Bollandists and other critics doubt his having been the author of it; but at any rate it is very ancient, and not later than the 7th, or perhaps the 6th cent. Probus is supposed to have been teacher of a school at Slane, who was burnt in a tower fired by the Danes, in 950. There is also a hymn attributed to Secundinus, one of S. Patrick's first companions, in which the saint is spoken of as still living. A very interesting document, of the early part of the 7th cent., is a litany in Anglo-Saxon characters, published by Mabillon, in which S. Patrick is invoked. The Antiphonarium Benchorensis, apparently of the 8th cent., contains a hymn in honour of S. Patrick. There exist some notes or scholia on Fiech's metrical life, which are usually quoted under the title of Fiech's Scholiast. They were written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin. These notes are of various dates, and by different hands, and consequently of very different values. Colgan gives some lives, which he calls the second, third, and fourth, but these are full of fables, and seem to have been copied either from each other, or from some common original. Here and there they contain facts, but these are smothered in fable. Colgan is utterly wrong in assigning to them a high antiquity. The Tripartite Life, so called because it is divided into three parts, is published by Colgan, and attributed by him wrongly to S. Evin, who lived in the 6th cent. This work, though founded on older lives, was really put together in the 10th century, as certain persons are named in it who lived about that period. With the exception of certain fables it contains, it is a very useful work, and contains a much greater variety of details concerning the proceedings of S. Patrick during his mission in Ireland than any other of his lives. It is not to be confounded with a Latin work quoted by Usher under the same title, and which belongs to a later period. Of all the lives of S. Patrick this is the worst, though it has been published oftener than the others. "So wretched a composition is scarcely worth attending to," says Dr. Lanigan. Another authority is Jocelin of Furness, who flourished about 1185, and compiled S. Patrick's life at the request of Thomas, archbishop of Armagh, Malachias (another Irish prelate) and John de Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster. It is of little historical value compared with the earlier and more authentic sources of information, which it not unfrequently contradicts on the authority of some idle legend.]

The precise time at which Christianity was originally introduced into Ireland cannot be ascertained. Nor is it to be wondered at, that, while the first establishment of Christian Churches in Britain, Gaul, and Spain, is enveloped in obscurity, a similar

difficulty should meet those seeking the origin of the Irish Church. Palladius, according to Prosper, was the first bishop sent from Rome to Ireland. He was a deacon of the Roman Church, who had already distinguished himself by his exertions in delivering Britain from the Pelagian heresy. From this and other circumstances, it seems probable that he was a native of that country. He was consecrated bishop and sent into Ireland, accompanied by some missionaries, four of whom, Sylvester, Solonius, Augustine, and Benedict, are mentioned by name in some of the lives of S. Patrick. It seems that his arrival was early in the year 431. The most authentic accounts of his mission agree in stating that, besides having baptized some persons, he erected three churches; and the news of his success, perhaps magnified in its transit, excited such a confident assurance in Rome of his complete conquest of the island to the Cross, that Prosper did not hesitate to say that, through the exertion of pope Celestine, Ireland was become a Christian country. This book "Against Cassian," was written not long after the mission of Palladius, and before he had heard of the reverses which that pioneer of the Gospel had met with. The success Palladius had met with alarmed the heathen, and he was denounced to the king of that part of Ireland in which he then was, as a dangerous person, and he was ordered to quit the country. He sailed from Ireland towards the latter end of the same year, 431, in which he had landed, and arriving in Britain, died, not long after, as is commonly reported, at Fordun, in the district of Mearns, in Scotland.

The great work of the general conversion of the people of Ireland was reserved for the ministry of S. Patrick, according to the Irish adage that, "Not to Palladius, but to Patrick, did God grant the conversion of Ireland."

The variety of opinions, and the many questions that have been agitated, concerning the country and time of the birth of S. Patrick, render it necessary to clear up these disputed points before proceeding with the main story of his life. It would be a waste of time to examine all the various opinions, that have been started on this subject, such as his having been born in Cornwall, in Pembrokeshire,⁵¹ or, what is strangest of all, in Ireland itself. The prevalent opinion since Usher's time has been that he was born at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton. Usher was led astray by the scholiast on Fiech's hymn. Fiech says that S. Patrick was born at Nemthur (the holy tower) in Britain, and the scholiast identified this place with Alcwith, now Dumbarton. The scholiast guessed this, not knowing that the term Britain also applied to the whole of the North of Gaul, inhabited by the Armorican Gauls.⁵² Indeed Probus calls S. Patrick's country, and the town where his family lived, Arimuric, or Armorica. In the life of S. Fursey, we are told that this saint crossed the sea into the province of Britain, and proceeded through Ponthieu. Now Ponthieu is a maritime tract in Picardy, near Boulogne; and it is

also to be observed that this district is said in the life of S. Fursey "to be called by the moderns Normandy." But S. Patrick in his confession says, "My father was Calpurnius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a priest, of the town of Bonavem Taberniæ. He had near the town a small villa Enon, where I became a captive." Bonavem (Ben-avon, *British*, the headland above the river) is the modern Boulogne-sur-mer, and the district of Taberniæ is Terouanne, in which it is situated. Boulogne was the Bonona⁵³ of the Romans, and its Gallic name Ben-avon, exactly describes its situation on the summit of a hill. On the very edge of the cliff, a little east of the port, are the remains of the tower built by Caligula (A.D. 40), when he marched to the shore of the channel with an army of 100,000 men, boasting that he intended to invade the opposite coast of Britain, but contenting himself with gathering a few shells, which he called the spoils of the ocean. The tower is supposed to have been intended for a lighthouse, and its modern name La Tour d'Orde, a corruption of *Turris Ardens*, points it out as having been used for this purpose. A very good case is, however, made out for a site on the Roman Wall, in which case Patrick would be the son of one of the Roman colonists or defenders of the wall, and a native of Cumberland. In his epistle against Coroticus, S. Patrick tells us he was of an honourable family according to the flesh, his father having held the office of decurion, which conferred a certain amount of nobility. Clerks were not then forbidden to hold such offices. He calls the Romans his fellow citizens, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact, that the names of S. Patrick, of his father, and of his grandfather, are purely Latin, points to the conclusion that the family was of Roman extraction; but his mother, whose name was Conchessa, was the daughter of Erkbalius, or Ocbasius, (Erkbald?) a Frank.



S. PATRICK. After Cahier.

March 17.

His birth took place about the year 387, for at his consecration to the episcopate, a person divulged a fault he had committed thirty years before, when a boy of fifteen; and he was consecrated at the end of 431, or the beginning of 432; when the news of the death of Palladius reached him.

When S. Patrick was sixteen years old, Nial Navigiallach, or Nial of the Nine Hostages, an Irish king, in ravaging the coasts of Great Britain and Gaul, entered the port of Bonona, in 403, and carried off S. Patrick and many other youths captive. On being

brought to Ireland, S. Patrick became the servant or slave of a man named Miliac, or Milcho, who lived in Dalrhidia, which is now comprised within the county of Antrim. Some say that he was a prince; others that he was a *magus*, that is, invested with a religious function; and others represent him only as a rich man. S. Patrick calls his master merely "a man," without adding anything concerning his situation in life. With that profound humility, which every line written by this truly great saint breathes, he tells us that he had been very careless about religion when a boy; but that, when he found himself in the misery of slavery, God opened his eyes to behold the wondrous things of His law. His occupation was to tend sheep on the wild brown bogs; and amidst snow, frost, or rain, he rose before daylight, that he might "prevent the day-break" with his prayers.⁵⁴

One night, after he had been in service for six years, as he slept, he heard a voice cry to him, "Thou fastest well, and soon shalt return to thy country." Presently once more the voice said, "Behold, a ship is ready for thee." He tells this story himself. Moreover he heard that the ship was far off on the coast, a great many miles from where he then lived. So he betook himself to flight. "And by God's power," he adds, "I came to a good end;⁵⁵ and I was under no apprehension until I reached the ship. She was then clearing out and I asked for a passage. The master of the vessel angrily bade me not think of going with him. On hearing this I retired to the hut where I had been received and lodged, and on my way prayed. But, before I had finished my prayer, I heard one of the men shouting after me, 'Come along! they are asking for thee.' So I returned immediately. And they said, 'Come, we will take thee on trust, (*i.e.*, on the chance of getting paid the fare on reaching Bononia); we are about to sail, and hope to reach land in three days.'"

They at once set sail, and reached the coast of Gaul in three days, at Treguier, in Brittany. They travelled for twenty-eight days through a country rendered desolate by the ravages of the Franks. Whilst on their way, he and his fellow travellers were near perishing for want of food; and then the master of the ship or merchant, who had received Patrick and given him a passage, and who was now travelling along the same road with his wares, exclaimed, "Christian! thy God is powerful. Pray for us, for we are starving." The saint desired them to turn with faith to the Lord, and he prayed, and suddenly a drove of swine appeared crashing through the bushes, and they chased and killed many of them, and halted two days to recover and refresh themselves. The merchants gave thanks to the God of Patrick, and shortly after, finding some wild honey, they gave him a part, saying, "This is an offering. God be thanked."

A very curious story of this journey is told by the saint in his Confession. Having feasted on the pork, after long hunger, the natural result was an attack of night-mare,

that same night, which he says seemed to him in his dream like Satan rolling a great rock upon his chest. In an ecstasy of fear he screamed out "Elias, Elias!" and thereupon he says, "Lo! the splendour of the sun shone on me, and dispelled all the burden on me." Dr. Lanigan says this is evidence of his invoking a saint. There can be little doubt that every well-instructed Christian of the time would have invoked a saint, but it seems probable here that this was not an invocation of the prophet Elias, but an invocation common perhaps among the heathen and half-converted Roman settlers, of "Helios!" the sun, which had passed into an exclamation; and this will explain the passage which immediately follows about the sun at once shining upon him. Patrick at this time was not well instructed in Christianity, and he had been stolen as a thoughtless boy from his home, before his education was complete, or his mind had turned to the truths of Christianity. In his old age he related this anecdote of himself, but it is impossible to conclude from the context what he meant by the exclamation.

S. Patrick reached home about the year 409, and remained there for a while. He was then aged twenty-two. Perhaps it was soon after this that he went to Tours and studied for four years. He then returned home to Bonona, and was again made captive, probably by a roving band of Frank marauders; but his captivity was of short duration, lasting only sixty days. His friends entreated him not to leave them, after all he had endured, but he relates that he saw in a vision of the night a man named Victoricius⁵⁶ bringing him a letter, at the head of which were the words, "The voice of the Irish." And then he thought he heard the cry of many persons from one of the Irish forests, where they strayed in darkness and error, "We entreat thee, O holy boy, come and walk still in the midst of us!" And greatly affected, Patrick awoke.

About the year 418, he placed himself under the direction of S. Germain of Auxerre. After this period it is difficult, if not impossible, to arrange correctly the succeeding transactions of his life, until near the time of his mission. Nine years he spent in retirement in an island which has been conjectured to be Lerins. It was during the same interval, that S. Patrick accompanied S. Germain and S. Lupus of Troyes in their spiritual expedition to Great Britain, in the year 429, for the purpose of extirpating the Pelagian heresy, which had taken root in that island. This is stated in some accounts of S. Patrick's proceedings; and the lives, though they are silent about it, give nothing which might tend to invalidate it. S. Germain and Lupus returned to Gaul at Easter, in 430. It is very probable that the information which they might have obtained, during their residence in Great Britain, concerning the wants of the Irish Christians, was communicated to pope Celestine, who either had already determined on sending a bishop to Ireland, or was advised to do so by these prelates. And who was better calculated to take part in this mission than Patrick, who had lived six years in Ireland,

and had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language of that country? In 431, he was sent to Rome by S. Germain, recommended by him to the pope as a person fit to be employed in the work, of which Palladius was appointed the chief. Whether he arrived in Rome before Palladius set out, or not long after, cannot be ascertained. From the pope he received a benediction for the great mission which he was about to undertake; but he does not appear to have received episcopal ordination at Rome, for Palladius was already consecrated, and the news of his banishment had not as yet arrived. It appears, also, from the "Confession" of S. Patrick that he was consecrated not far from his own country. The account of S. Patrick's consecration by Celestine is not to be met with in any of the lives except those two compilations of legendary matter, Jocelin's and the Tripartite; whence it made its way into certain Breviaries. S. Patrick left Rome either late in 431, or early in 432. He was perhaps accompanied by Auxilius and Serenus or Iserninus. These were certainly afterwards in Ireland with S. Patrick, but whether they accompanied him from Rome, or were selected by him from among his acquaintance in Gaul, cannot be ascertained; and it is not certain that they came to Ireland till some years later.

We next hear of Patrick at Eboria (Eborica), Evreux, where he heard the news of the failure of the mission of Palladius. On receiving this information, it became necessary for him to be consecrated, and for this purpose he applied to a bishop resident in the neighbourhood, and from him received episcopal orders. His relations and friends hurried to Evreux to prevent his ordination; he was insensible to their entreaties, and then, hoping to raise a prejudice against him, a friend divulged a fault Patrick had committed when a boy. But all their efforts were in vain, for God was with him, and had marked him out for his great work.

Everything being arranged, S. Patrick embarked, probably at the mouth of the Seine, and had a prosperous voyage to Great Britain. According to Probus and some of the lives he crossed that country without stopping on the way.

He landed in Wicklow some time after April in 432. Pope Celestine was dead, and Sixtus III. sat in the Chair of S. Peter. Having landed, Patrick went to a place in the neighbourhood which cannot now be identified, and being repulsed by the natives, was obliged again to go on board his ship. He landed again at Lecale in the county of Down. A herdsman, thinking it was a party of marauders, ran to the lord of the district, named Dichu, and informed him of the arrival of a party of strangers. Dichu armed his retainers and hastened to the shore, but the peaceable appearance of the missionaries disarmed him, and he brought them to his house, which was at the place now called Saul, and hospitably entertained them. There the saint had an opportunity of announcing to him the Christian faith, and Dichu was the first-fruits of his mission. All

his family followed his example, and likewise became Christians; and S. Patrick celebrated divine worship in the barn of Dichu, which in after times became known as Sabhall Padruic, or the Barn of Patrick; and in after years it was converted into a church, and a monastery was attached to it.

S. Patrick did not remain many days at the house of Dichu, and left his ship or boat in the care of this new convert, until he should return. He then set out by land for the place where his old master, Milcho, lived. He was an obstinate unbeliever, and on hearing of S. Patrick's approach, was determined not to see and receive him.⁵⁷

S. Patrick, finding his efforts for the conversion of Milcho unavailing, returned to the district in which Dichu resided, and remained there for several days, preaching the Gospel with great success. One of his principal converts on this occasion was Ross, son of Trichem, who lived near the present town of Downpatrick. In this neighbourhood he met a youth, called Mochoe, whom, after instruction, he baptized and tonsured, thus dedicating him to the ecclesiastical state. He also gave him the book of the Gospels and some sacred vessels. This must not, however, be understood as having all taken place during the present stay of S. Patrick at Lecale.

S. Patrick resolved on celebrating the Easter of 433 near Tarah, where the princes and nobles of the whole kingdom were to be assembled about that time. He, therefore, left his friend and convert, Dichu, and sailing southwards, arrived at Colp, in the mouth of the Boyne, and leaving his boat there, set out with his companions on foot for the plain of Bry, in which the city of Tarah was situated. On their way they passed the night in the house of a man of substance, named Seschuen, who became obedient to the faith, and was baptized, with all his house, by S. Patrick. A son of his, whom at his baptism our saint, considering his sweet disposition, called Benignus, became so attached to him that he insisted on accompanying S. Patrick, and he became one of the saint's most favourite disciples, and was afterwards consecrated archbishop of Armagh. It is not, however, to be supposed that the baptism of Seschuen and his family was accomplished on that occasion, but probably took place after the Paschal solemnity, which was near at hand.

On Easter-eve, S. Patrick arrived at Slane. He pitched his tent, and made preparations for celebrating the festival of Easter, and accordingly lighted the Paschal fire about night-fall. It happened that at this very time the king Leogaire (Lear) and the assembled princes were celebrating a religious festival in honour of the return of the sun to power and heat. Part of the ritual of this festival consisted in every fire being extinguished for some days previous, that all might be relighted from the sacred fire in the palace or temple of Temora, on Tarah hill, which was kindled on a certain day, now

near at hand. Twilight had settled over the great plain, and all men waited for the red flame to shoot up on Tarah hill, a signal that the festival was begun, and that all might rekindle their hearth fires from the consecrated blaze. But a spark shone out far away on the plain, from the tent of Patrick, and consternation at this sacrilege and infringement of precedent became general. The king at once galloped to Slane, followed by a crowd, and accompanied by two priests, who assured him that unless this fire were extinguished, it would overpower their fires, and bring the kingdom to its downfall. On arriving within a short distance of the tent and fire, the king dismounted, seated himself, ordered his followers to seat themselves, and not to rise or show any respect to the violator of their laws, and then ordered Patrick to be brought before him. On his presenting himself, one alone rose and saluted him, breaking the king's command; this was the little lad Herc, son of Drogo, and the saint thereupon blessed him. He was afterwards bishop of Slane, and celebrated for his sanctity. He was ordered to declare his object in coming to Ireland, and contend with the wise men, or priests, next day. On Easter-day, therefore, he preached before the king and his nobles, and strove with the captious objections of the Wise-men. It was then, probably, when explaining the mystery of the Trinity, and when questioned as to the triple Personality of the One God, that he stooped and plucked a shamrock, and exhibited it as a symbol of the Catholic doctrine of the Triune God.⁵⁸

Passing over certain contests between S. Patrick and the Wise-men, which are absurd parodies of those between Moses and the Egyptian enchanter, we find Dubtach, an eminent bard, boldly submitting to the faith, and dedicating his poetic talents to Christ. Some of his works are still extant. The king was not converted, but he permitted Patrick to preach freely the Word of God. From Tarah the saint proceeded to Tailten, where public games were celebrated; and it seems that the chiefs lately assembled for the religious solemnity at Tarah had adjourned thither. The apostle preached to Carle, a brother of Leogaire, but was badly received by him. The conduct of Conall, another brother, was different; he listened to S. Patrick with delight, believed, and was baptized. To this memorable Easter week, which was the first that occurred since the saint's arrival on his mission, must be referred the origin of the festival of "S. Patrick's Baptism," anciently held in Ireland on April 5th.

Henceforth it becomes extremely difficult and next to impossible to arrange, with chronological accuracy, the subsequent transactions of S. Patrick's mission. After having celebrated Easter week, he set out on the following Monday for other places in Meath, in which he seems to have passed a considerable time. He tells us in his Confession, that to gain the goodwill of the chieftains, he used to make presents to them, and take some of their sons with him to educate them. When on the point of

quitting for some time these parts of Ireland, after having established many flourishing colonies of Christians, and ordained priests to minister to them, he turned a little northward for the purpose of destroying the Crom-cruach (crooked-heap), a monument dedicated to the sun; probably a great Druidical pile of stones, superposed on uprights, standing in a plain near Feanagh, in the county of Leitrim. After this, probably in 435, he set out for Connaught, and crossing the Shannon, arrived at Dumha-graidh, where a remarkable incident occurred.

As he was advancing into the plain of Connaught, he stopped with his companions at a fountain near the royal residence Cruachan (now Croghan, near Elphin), and at break of day began to chant the praises of the Lord.

Ethnea the fair, and Fethlima the ruddy, daughters of king Leogaire, were there, and had come very early to the fountain for the purpose of washing themselves, when, looking up, they saw men clothed in white garments, holding books in their hands, advance, chanting. The damsels, full of wonder, asked them what manner of men they were, and Patrick seized the opportunity of announcing to them the true God. They asked him many strange questions, as to where God dwelt, whether he was rich, and young or old, and how he was to be revered; and Patrick explained to them the principal truths of the Christian religion in answer to their questions. Delighted with his discourse, they declared themselves ready to adopt this new and wondrous creed, so beautiful and awful, and besought the stranger to instruct them further. He did so, and on their having professed their belief in the doctrines he had propounded, he baptized them. Then they told him that they desired to see, face to face, that dear Lord who had come on earth for them on Mary's knee, and had died on Calvary top so cruel a death; so Patrick explained to them that great answer of the heart of Jesus to the heart of man, crying to see Him—the Eucharistic Presence.

"Give us the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ," they asked, "that we may be freed from the corruption of the flesh, and see our Spouse who is in heaven."

Then S. Patrick celebrated Mass, and communicated them. He proceeded west to Sligo and Roscommon, making many converts, and building several churches, to which he attached priests. In Lent, he ascended Croagh Aigle, now Croagh Padrig, in Mayo, for meditation and prayer. He preached at Firawley to an assembly of seven princes, and baptized them and 1,200 of their subjects. Passing through North Connaught, he continued his course through West Cashel, to Ulster. Thus ended his mission in Connaught, which lasted seven years. In 443, he entrusted bishop Secundinus, who, with Iserninus and Auxilius, had received consecration in Great

Britain or Gaul, with the oversight of his converts in Meath and North Ireland, while he went on a mission through East Leinster and Munster.

In Leinster he baptized two princes. In Wicklow he was ill-received by prince Deichin, but was hospitably entertained by Killan, a poor man, who slew his only cow to feed Patrick and his followers. Dubtach having recommended Fiech, his pupil in bardic lore, as a fit person for ordination, Fiech received the tonsure and books for study from S. Patrick, and afterwards became chief bishop of the district, and fixed his seat at Sletty.

Entering Munster, in 445, S. Patrick went straight to Cashel; and the king came forth to meet him. His son Ængus was converted, and afterwards baptized, when he came to the throne on the death of his father. During the performance of the Sacrament, as the bishop raised his hands above the head of the king, he allowed his pastoral staff to fall unintentionally on the foot of Ængus, and the sharp point wounded him. The king made no remark, but bore the pain without flinching, supposing this act formed a portion of the ceremony.⁵⁹

S. Patrick here made many converts. He spent seven years in Munster, and set out, in 432, to return to Leinster. He was followed by many chieftains, and by much people, desiring his parting blessing, and to take a last look of the dear face of him who had brought them out of darkness into the clear light of the glorious Gospel of Christ. Moved by their love, Patrick ascended a hill, and spreading forth his arms, gave his apostolic benediction to the whole of Munster. Thus was he parted from their sight in the act of blessing, like to his Divine Master, who ascended out of His disciples' sight, with his hands extended in benediction.

During his stay in Munster, Secundinus had died, the first bishop who had expired in Ireland. An alphabetical hymn, in honour of S. Patrick is, with good reason, attributed to him.

About the same time also, Cerotian, or Caradoc, a Welsh prince, made a descent on the coast, and carried off captives. This called forth from S. Patrick a letter, which is still extant. The particulars of this inroad have been elsewhere related (March 23rd, S. Fingar), and need not be repeated here.

Neither need we repeat here the escape of S. Patrick from a chieftain in Leinster who sought his death, through the generous self-sacrifice of his charioteer, Odran (Feb. 19th).

When S. Patrick reached Sabhall, his favourite retreat in Ulster, he would not take that rest he so much needed, but spent his time in completing the conversion of the

natives, and building churches. But the time had come for fixing on a spot for a metropolitan see. He, therefore, went through the land, and coming into the district where is the present Armagh, a man, named Macka, offered him a site on an eminence. There he built a church and a monastery. A legend in the Book of Armagh is too good not to be true; it could hardly have been invented. According to this book, the owner of the hill was one Daeri, and Patrick having set his heart on the site, asked for it; but it was refused, and a portion of the valley offered him instead. One day the noble brought to S. Patrick a large cauldron of foreign manufacture, and presented it to him, saying, "There! this cauldron is thine." "Gratias agam (I thank thee)," answered the saint in Latin. Daeri went home muttering, "What a fool that fellow is to say only 'Gratzacham,' for a wonderful cauldron containing three firkins. Ho! slaves, go and fetch it back to me again." So the thralls went and brought back the vessel. "Well, what said he to you, churls?" "He said 'Gratzacham' again," they replied, "Gratzacham when I give, and Gratzacham when I take away! The saying is so good, that for these Gratzachams he shall have his cauldron back again. Ho! slaves, take the vessel back to Patrick." Daeri accompanied the cauldron, and praised the saint for his imperturbable self-possession; and then, in a fit of good-nature, gave him the hill which he had at first refused him. Patrick went forth to view the site, and found a roe with her fawn lying on the place where the altar of the Northern Church now is. His companions would have killed it, but the saint raised the fawn and laid it on his shoulders, and the roe trotted after him, till he laid the fawn down in another place.

He held two Synods at Armagh, at which canons for the whole of Ireland were drawn up.

S. Patrick having thus established the see of Armagh, spent the remainder of his life between it and his favourite retreat of Sabhul or Saul. He may have made excursions to some of the districts adjacent to both places; but we do not find any account that can be depended upon, of his having thenceforth visited again the other provinces of Ireland, much less of having undertaken any long journey. For we are not to listen to Jocelin, who says that he then set out for Rome with the intention of getting the privileges of the new metropolis confirmed by the Holy See; and that when he arrived there, the pope decorated him with the pallium, and appointed him his legate in Ireland. This pretended tour to Rome, and the concomitant circumstances are all set aside by the testimony of S. Patrick himself, who gives us to understand that from the commencement of his mission he constantly remained in Ireland, until he published his Confession, which was not written till after the foundation of Armagh; and that he did not leave it afterwards is equally plain, from his telling us that he was afraid to be out of Ireland even for as much time as would serve for paying a visit to his relations,

because in that case he would be disobeying the orders of Christ, who had commanded him to stay among the Irish for the remainder of his life.

A singular fact is related as having occurred about the time of the building of Armagh, which shows how strictly the fasting rules were observed by the ancient Irish. One of the disciples of S. Patrick, named Colman, having been one day greatly fatigued by getting in the harvest, became exceedingly thirsty, but from fear of breaking the rule of fasting till vesper-time, would not taste a drop of water. The consequence was that he died of exhaustion. Had the saint been apprized of the danger in which Colman was, he would certainly have dispensed with his observance of the rule on this occasion.

At length we come to the last days of S. Patrick. In his extreme old age he wrote his Confession, and he seems to have felt that his dissolution was close at hand, for he concludes with these words: "And this is my confession before I die"; and provides how the work is to be carried on after his death. He had been through every province of Ireland, and he speaks of the bulk of the nation as then Christian, and of his having ordained clergy everywhere. His object in writing it was to return thanks to the Almighty for his singular mercies to himself and to the Irish people, and to confirm them in their faith, by proving that God had assisted him in a most remarkable way. He also wished that all the world, and particularly his relatives on the continent, who had so urgently opposed his going to Ireland, should know how that the Almighty had prospered his handiwork. For this reason he composed his book in Latin, apologizing, however, for the rudeness of the style; for his long sojourn in Ireland, and constant use of the Erse language, had blunted his ease in expressing himself in his native tongue.

He was at Saul when attacked with his last illness. Perceiving that his departure was at hand, he desired to go to Armagh, there to breathe his last and lay his bones. But he is said to have been arrested on his way thither by an angel, who ordered him to return to Saul. Be this as it may, to that place he went back, and there he died seven days after, on the 17th March, A.D. 465.⁶⁰ In Fiech's hymn we read that his soul joined that of another Patrick, and that they proceeded together to heaven. In this singular passage the author alludes to a second Patrick, who, as he supposed, died just about the same time. Who this Patrick was we do not know.

It is curious to notice a mistake which has crept into some martyrologies, where we find a Patrick, bishop of Avernia, or Auvergne, mentioned on March 16th. But no such a Patrick is known in Auvergne; and this Patrick is simply due to a mistake of some copyist, who wrote Avernia for Hibernia or Hibernia, and so got his name into the martyrologies as a separate saint, and, to avoid confusion, this Patrick of Auvergne was placed on a different day.

There was also, or was supposed to be, a Patrick Senior, who is commemorated on August 4th. This Patrick, according to Ranulph of Chester (Polychronicron, lib. v. c. 4) was an Irish abbot, who in 850 retired to Glastonbury, and there died on the 25th of August. But that being S. Bartholomew's day there, his festival was put back to the day before. A great confusion arose, partly from this and partly from S. Patrick being spoken of in the Annals as Sen Patrick, or Senex Patrick, the old man Patrick, dying in 458.⁶¹ Now, some of the writers of the Lives were determined to give to S. Patrick a long life, equal to that of Moses, just as they made the contest of Moses and the magicians a model for a contest of Patrick and the Wise-men; so they made this

Sen Patrick into a Patrick the elder, distinct from the great apostle. And this mistake has found its way into the catalogues of the archbishops of Armagh, which has, besides S. Patrick, a namesake of his surnamed *Senior*. But this subject has been further obscured by the fables concerning Glastonbury, as the monks there, having a body of a Patrick of Ireland, supposed or pretended that it was the body of the great S. Patrick, and they asserted that he had come over to Glastonbury, and had died and been buried there. The Irish writers finding themselves puzzled by these Glastonbury stories, and unwilling to allow the Glastonians the honour of having among them the remains of S. Patrick, endeavoured to compromise the matter by giving them, instead of the apostle, Sen-Patrick, or Patrick Senior. This, however, was not what those monks wished for. They insisted on having the right S. Patrick, and him alone they understood by the name of Patrick Senior.

As soon as the news of the saint's death had spread throughout Ireland, the clergy flocked from all quarters to celebrate his funeral. This they did with extraordinary pomp and great profession of lights, insomuch that for a considerable time, during which the obsequies were continued, both day and night, we are told, darkness was dispelled, and the whole time seemed one continuous day. This expression of the ancient hymn of Fiech has given source to a legend that on this eventful occasion the sun went not down, but real daylight lasted for the whole function. It is said that a furious contest was very near breaking out concerning the place in which S. Patrick's remains should be deposited. To prevent bloodshed, matters were providentially so managed that his body was interred at Down. It is said to have been discovered and translated in 1185.

In art, S. Patrick is usually represented expelling serpents and other reptiles from the island with his pastoral staff, or holding a shamrock leaf. He is said to have had the golden rod of Jesus, given him by a hermit in Gaul, wherewith he smote and slew the Peishta-More, or Monster of the Lakes, and this is also frequently represented in art.

S. GERTRUDE, V. ABSS. OF NIVELLES.

(A.D. 664.)

[Roman Martyrology, and those of Bede, Usuardus, and Ado. German, Gallican, and Belgian Martyrologies commemorate the elevation of her relics on Feb. 10th; and the translation on May 30th and April 10th. Authorities:—A Life, by an eye-witness of her acts, apparently a canon or chaplain of the monastery. He says, "I have endeavoured in writing to narrate what I have seen myself or heard from trustworthy witnesses." Another Life, written in polished style from the testimony of Rinchin, an acquaintance of S. Gertrude.]

S. Gertrude was the daughter of the B. Pepin of Landen (Feb. 21st) and S. Itta or Iduberga (May 8th). Her brother, Grimoald, succeeded her father. Her sister, S. Begga (Dec. 17th), who married duke Ansigris, and became the mother of Pepin, the father of Charles Martel. S. Aldegund (Jan. 30th), and S. Waltrudis (April 9th), the wife of S. Vincent (July 14th), were also relatives of hers.



S. GERTRUDE OF NIVELLES. After Cahier.

March 17.

Dagobert, king of the Franks, who had made Pepin of Landen mayor of the palace, asked him to allow him to give Gertrude in marriage to a young Frank nobleman. The father hesitated, knowing that his daughter desired to lead the religious life, and the king seeing his reluctance to force his daughter to a match for which she was not inclined, sent for Gertrude herself, then aged about ten, and endeavoured to persuade her to accept the hand offered her. But Gertrude resolutely refused, declaring that she would have no other bridegroom but Jesus Christ. The king dismissed the child, and she returned to her mother, who educated her in the love and fear of God. On the

death of Pepin, in 646, Iduberga, following the advice of S. Amandus, bishop of Maestricht, built the celebrated convent of Nivelles, and retired into it with her daughter, then aged fourteen. They were soon followed by a numerous company of maidens, and a community was formed, to which the blessed Iduberga gave rules. The sisters were called canonesses, and Iduberga appointed her daughter abbess. Thus the mother obeyed the child. The holy woman spent twelve years in this peaceful retreat, and died in the odour of sanctity. After her mother's death, Gertrude made some alterations in the community. She instituted canons, who should attend to the temporal affairs of the house, whilst she devoted herself to the internal government of the sisterhood, and their spiritual training. For this latter purpose Gertrude devoted herself especially to the study of Holy Scripture, and nearly learnt the whole by heart. She also built hospitals for the reception of pilgrims, widows, and orphans, and entrusted the discipline of them to the canons and canonesses of her community.

After having spent many years in the practice of every virtue, feeling a great langour come over her, so that she was unable to discharge her duties with that activity which had been so conspicuous in her government of the house, she resigned the office of superior, and created her niece, S. Wilfetrudis, abbess in her place. Wilfetrudis was aged twenty; she had been brought up by S. Gertrude, who had made of her a mirror of perfection. Gertrude now redoubled her austerities, wore a rough horsehair shirt, and adopted an old veil which a nun who had lodged in the convent, on her way elsewhere, had left behind her, deeming it too poor to be worth preserving. Gertrude cast it over her, and bade the sisters bury her in it when she was dead. When she felt that her hour was approaching, she sent one of her canons to the monastery of Fosse, in the diocese of Liége, to ask S. Ultan, brother of SS. Fursey and Forillan, when she must die. The saint replied to the messenger, "To-morrow, during the celebration of the holy Mass, Gertrude, the spouse of Jesus Christ, will depart this life, to enjoy that which is eternal. Tell her not to fear, for S. Patrick, accompanied by blessed angels, will receive her soul into glory." And it was so, that after she had received extreme unction, and the priest was reciting the prayers before the preface in the holy Sacrifice, on the morrow, the second Sunday in Lent, she breathed forth her pure soul.

Her relics are preserved to this day at Nivelles, together with a goblet (Patera Nivigellensis), in which the custom to drink to the honour of S. Gertrude (Sinte Geerts-Minne). From the saint having established large hospices for the reception of pilgrims and travellers, whom she entertained with great liberality, arose the custom of travellers drinking a stirrup cup to her honour before starting on their journey. She became the patroness of travellers. Then, by a curious popular superstition, she was supposed to harbour souls on their way to paradise. It was said that this was a three

days' journey. The first night they lodged with S. Gertrude, the second with S. Gabriel, and the third was in Paradise. She, therefore, became the patroness and protector of departed souls. Next, because popular Teutonic superstition regarded mice and rats as symbols of souls, the rat and mouse became characteristics of S. Gertrude, and she is represented in art accompanied by one of these animals. Then, by a strange transition, when the significance of the symbol was lost, she was supposed to be a protectress against rats and mice, and the water of her well in the crypt at Nivelles was distributed for the purpose of driving away these vermin. In the chapel of S. Gertrude, which anciently stood in the enclosure of the castle of Moha, near Huy, little cakes were distributed, which were supposed to banish mice. For long the right to distribute these cakes belonged to the Jesuits; after the suppression of that order, the Augustinians of Huy usurped the right, but it was resisted by the curé of Moha, who claimed the privilege as belonging to the parochial clergy. The chapel was destroyed at the French Revolution, and with it the custom disappeared.

In order to explain the significance of the mouse in pictures of S. Gertrude, when both of these meanings were abandoned, it was related that she was wont to become so absorbed in prayer that a mouse would play about her, and run up her pastoral staff, without attracting her attention.

S. WITHBURGA, V.

(A.D. 743.)

[Some ancient martyrologies, others on July 8th. Authority:—The Ely Chronicle, and a Life supposed to be by Goscelin, the historian of S. Werburga.]

The royal race of the Uffings of East Anglia was remarkable for the crowd of saints which it produced. King Anna, who married the sister of Hilda, the celebrated abbess of Whitby, became father of three daughters and a son. The son became in his turn the father of three daughters, two of whom were in succession abbesses of Hackness in Northumbria, founded by their grand-aunt S. Hilda, and the last, Eadburga, became abbess of Repton.

The three daughters of Anna,—Etheldreda, Sexburga, and Withburga—are all counted among the saints. Withburga was sent into the country to be nursed, and remained there till she heard, while still quite young, of her father's death on the battle-field. She resolved immediately to seek a refuge for the rest of her life in claustral virginity. She chose as her asylum a modest remnant of her father's lands at East Dereham, in Norfolk, and there built a little monastery. But she was so poor that she, her companions, and the masons who built her future dwelling, had to live on dry bread

alone. One day, after she had prayed long to the blessed Virgin, she saw two does come out of the neighbouring forest to drink at a stream whose pure current watered the secluded spot. Their udders were heavy with milk, and they permitted themselves to be milked by the virginal hands of Withburga's companions, returning every day to the same place, and thus furnishing a sufficient supply for the nourishment of the little community and its workmen. This lasted till the ranger of the royal domains, a savage and wicked man, who regarded with an evil eye the rising house of God, undertook to hunt down the two helpful animals. He pursued them with his dogs across the country, but, in attempting to leap a high hedge, his horse was impaled on a post, and the hunter broke his neck.

Withburga ended her life in this poor and humble solitude; but the fragrance of her gentle virtues spread far and wide. The fame of her holiness went through all the surrounding country. The veneration given to her by the people of Norfolk was maintained with the pertinacity common to the Anglo-Saxon race, and went so far that, two centuries after her death, they armed themselves to defend her relics from the monks of Ely, who came, by the king's command, to unite them to those of her sisters at Ely.

There still exists at East Dereham a well bearing the name of S. Withburga. It is fed by a spring rising in the very place where the saint's body was laid before its translation to Ely.

S. PAUL, M.

(ABOUT A.D. 760.)

[Roman Martyrology and Greek Menology. Authority:—The Acts of S. Stephen the junior (Nov. 28th).]

In the furious persecution waged by Constantine Copronymus against images and those who revered them, Paul, a Cypriot, was brought before the governor of that island, Theophanes Lardotyrus, and was ordered to choose whether he would stamp on a crucifix laid before him, or suffer torture on the rack. In answer, he stooped and kissed the image of his Master, saying, "Far be it from me, Lord Jesus Christ, only begotten Son of God, to trample on Thy sacred representation." He was at once stripped, pressed between two boards, his body torn with iron combs, and then hung head downwards over a fire, which was heaped about him, till he was consumed.



Portion of a Monstrance.

March 18.

S. Gabriel the Archangel.

S. Alexander, *M.B. of Jerusalem*, A.D. 250.

SS. Ten Thousand Martyrs, *at Nicomedia*, 4th cent.

SS. Trophimus and Eucarpus, *MM. at Nicomedia*, circ. A.D. 300.

SS. Narcissus, *B.M.*, and Felix, *D.M. at Gerona*, beginning of 4th cent.

S. Cyril, *Patr. of Jerusalem*, A.D. 389.

S. Frigidian or Finnian, *B. of Lucca*, A.D. 589.

S. Tetricus, *B. of Langres*, A.D. 572.

S. Edward, *K.M. in England*, A.D. 978.

S. Anselm, *B. of Lucca*, A.D. 1086.

S. GABRIEL, ARCHANGEL.



On this day is commemorated Gabriel the Archangel, who was sent to announce to the Blessed Mary that she was to become the Mother of God. He is commemorated in the Roman Martyrology, and in those of the Camaldoli, the Trinitarians, the Franciscans, the Carmelites, the Augustinians, the Discalceate Carmelites, and the Servites.

S. ALEXANDER, M. B. OF JERUSALEM.

(A.D. 250.)

[Usuardus, Ado, Notker, some editions of the Martyrology of Bede; Roman Martyrology. By the Greeks on December 12th. In the Breviary of the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem, this festival is observed with nine lections. His life is gathered from the ecclesiastical Hist. of Eusebius.]

Alexander, a Cappadocian bishop, having come to Jerusalem to venerate the holy places, was elected by revelation of God to take the see of Jerusalem in place of Narcissus, who, on account of his extreme old age, was unable to execute the functions of his office. In the persecution of Decius, when Alexander was advanced in years, with white hair, he was conducted to Cæsarea, where he was imprisoned, and died in his dungeon.