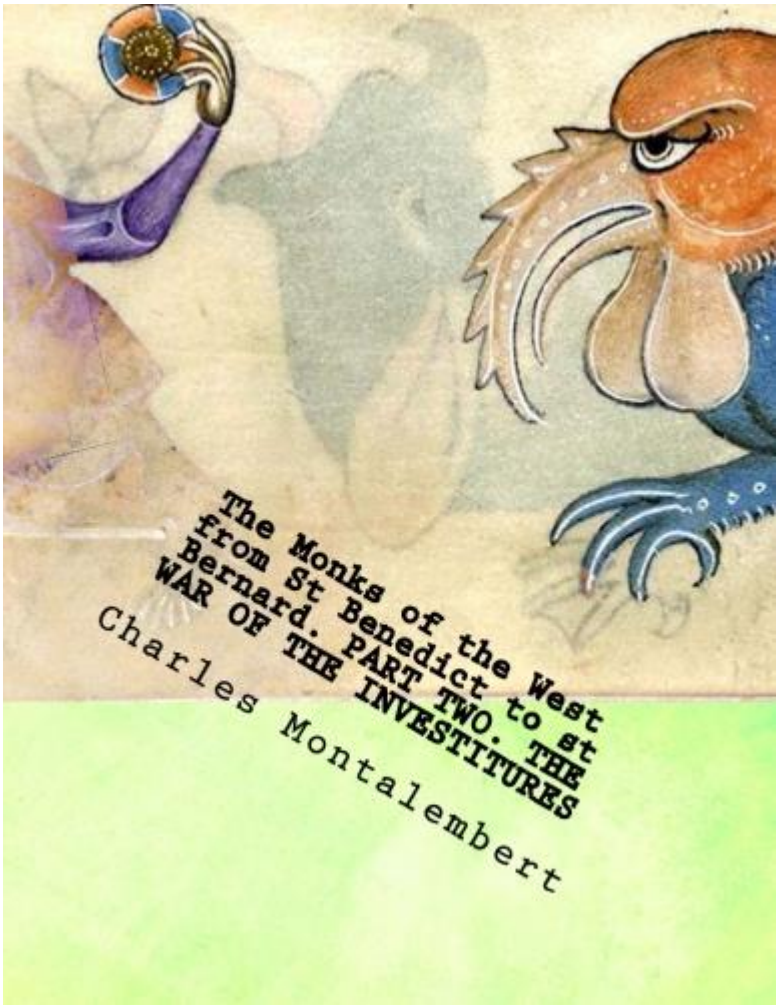
THE

MONKS OF THE WEST

FROM ST. BENEDICT TO ST. BERNARD

PART TWO

THE WAR OF THE INVESTITURES



BY

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT

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THE CHURCH AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM— THE MONASTIC ORDERS AND SOCIETY

CHAPTER I

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS ON FEUDAL SOCIETY

The preceding volumes have been dedicated to the object of recalling the immense and too much forgotten part played by the Monastic Orders in the midst of religious society, up to that epoch which saw the reign of St. Gregory VII and the birth of St. Bernard. Before entering upon the history of the great struggle in which the former of these two saints undertook, aided by the monks, to enfranchise the Church and secure her from lay usurpations, it is necessary to glance at the influence exercised by these monks over the different branches of secular society.

Let us begin with the feudal aristocracy, which for several centuries governed Catholic Europe; and after having instanced the memorable conversions of many great lords in the eleventh century, who ranged themselves under the crosier of Abbot Hugh of Cluny, himself sprung from their own rank, we will show what close ties united the feudal aristocracy to the Monastic Orders, during the whole period in which these two institutions existed in their full force and freedom.

And here we ought, in the first place, to refute the paradox by which superficial observers, too servilely imbued with recent prejudices, seek to prove a constant warfare between the Church and the feudal system, and in their writings constantly oppose the monk to the knight, and the abbey to the castle. Many propagate this strange error from pure motives, believing themselves thus able to be useful to the Church, even while sacrificing to their modern instincts. But the best way to serve the Church is to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Whatever prudence may counsel us to do when we treat with contemporaries, in history at least let us leave to this sacred Truth all her freedom and power; do not let us sacrifice her to ignorant declamation, do not let us, above all, sacrifice with her the honour of those heroes who slept tranquilly in their monastic tombs until the day when Vandals came at once to profane their sepulchres and to raze to the ground the secular abbeys which they had founded.

We have not here to write an apology for the feudal system, from either the social or political point of view; the point more or less at issue is to draw from it some

deduction applicable to modern society, present or future. But the past belongs to justice, and justice imposes upon impartial and sincere men the duty of recognising a verity as resplendent as the light of day, by declaring that, of all the phases through which society has passed, the feudal period is that which has been most constantly favourable to the development of the Church. After the most conscientious study of the facts, we do not fear to proclaim, that of all the powers which have ruled the world before or since the feudal aristocracy of the middle ages, not one has yielded to the Church so large a share of authority, of wealth, of honours, and, above all, of liberty; that not one has endowed her with monuments so gigantic, so admirable, or so lavishly scattered over the face of the earth; that not one has listened so respectfully to her voice, or furnished such numerous and valiant armies for the defence of her liberties and her rights; that not one, in fine, has peopled her sanctuaries with so great a crowd of believers and of saints. There is nothing more natural, nothing more logical, than to attack the feudal system in the name of philosophy and of modern democracy ; but to attack it in the name of the Church, which was indebted to it for all that monarchy and democracy have now made their prey —this is at once the height of ignorance and of ingratitude.

Undoubtedly, under the rule of the Catholic feudal system of the middle ages the world was stained by a thousand odious acts of violence, a thousand atrocious injustices; but has it ever been otherwise here below? And have the successors of the feudal rulers, from Henry VIII down to the Convention, departed from this fatal law? Yes, truly, during the centuries of which we speak there was seen, as there will always be seen, cruelty, avarice, and debauchery, rebelling against the teaching of the Church, and maintaining the empire of evil on earth. Yes, certainly, in those days the churches, and, above all, the monasteries, founded or endowed by the feudal nobles, often became the victims of usurpation and oppression committed by the very heirs of those who had built or enriched them. Yea, more, these very nobles, carried away by the eternal passion which corrupts all the great ones of earth —by pride, by the intoxication of power— might be seen permitting themselves to overstep the limits of justice, of moderation, and of honour. But what has never been seen in the same degree is the constant atonement for these violences, and the immediate expiation of these crimes, by marvels of humility, of penitence, and of pious liberality. What has never been seen is the existence of a class of men, who, all-powerful both in law and in fact, were yet almost always modest and humble before the voice which reminded them of the nothingness and the dangers of their power, always open to repentance, always ready to make the most generous sacrifices for the salvation of souls and the interests of heaven, and perpetually anxious to defend, to enrich, and to fortify the Church — that is to say, the only power which could then counterbalance and repress their own.

The easy task of proving that this was the case in the Middle Ages is not imposed on us here. As for what specially regards the Monastic Orders, we think that we have partially accomplished it in the narratives already given, and in those which will follow. Let us only recall the fact that, during all the great centuries of monastic splendour, from St. Benedict to St. Dominic, the founders of all the orders, the builders of all the principal houses, most of the monastic saints, and a very great majority of those abbots who are still remembered, were sprung from the high feudal nobility. It is not we alone who affirm this. Open what collection you will of the memorials of the epoch—what volume you will of Mabillon, D'Achery, Canisius, or Martène—and find, if you can, a page which does not prove this fact. Need we recall here all the reformers of the Monastic Orders—Colombanus, Benedict of Anagni, Dunstan, William of St. Benignus, Poppo of Stavelot, &c.? all the founders of new orders—Herluin, Romuald, Jean Gualbert, Stephen de Grandmont? all the Benedictine doctors and pontiffs—Gregory

the Great, Ulric, Wolfgang, Leo IX, Peter Damian, Lanfranc, Didier of Monte Cassino? all the dynasty of the great abbots of Cluny, Bernon, Odo, Mayeul, Odilon, Hugh? all the martyrs drawn from the cloister—Adalbert, Bruno, Boniface, Alphege, Gerard Sagredo, and the many others whose names fill the pages of history? It is easy to convince ourselves that they all belonged to the noblest races of their time or of their country. But what is important to insist upon is, that their example was never without effect upon the class in which they were born; and that while the nobles were supreme over society, they furnished her with models innumerable both of intrepid defenders and of benefactors whose generosity was inexhaustible. It would seem that evidence to the truth of this proposition must be borne by all that we have already written; but how many names and facts still remain to be cited in order to render full homage to the historic truth upon this point! How many admirable incidents, how many entire lives, have we been obliged to omit! There is one, however, which we cannot pass over in silence, so faithfully does it represent the true character of a notable portion of the dominant feudalism.

Gerald, Count of Aurillac, did not spend his life in the cloister, but practised all its virtues and austerities in the midst of the world. He was born of one of the noblest houses of France, already illustrious in having given birth to two saints. In the many combats in which he engaged for the defence of the poor and oppressed, no one was ever able to resist him, though he took the most minute precautions to render as bloodless as possible the defeat of his enemies. In his youth he allowed himself to be inflamed by the beauty of a vassal's daughter, but at the moment of yielding he remembered the infinite sweetness of Divine love; and to shelter from his passion her who was the object of it, he caused the young serf to be married, giving her as a dowry her liberty and one of his own domains. He loved to enfranchise his serfs; but so mild was his yoke and so loved was his person, that most of them refused the freedom he offered them. St. Odo of Cluny, who wrote the life of St. Gerald, relates a hundred delightful instances of his gentleness towards his vassals, of his ardent and tender charity, and of the extreme delicacy which distinguished him amidst a society where the idea of individual property was far from being understood or respected at it is now. Thus, the produce of certain of his lands was devoted to feeding the poor, that of others to clothing them. One day, seeing a peasant woman driving the plough because her husband was sick, he stopped greatly moved, and having questioned the woman, gave her money to pay a man to take her place. Another time, when his servants had prepared his table under a cherry-tree, from which they had gathered some of the fruit, he caused the price of the cherries to be given to the grumbling owner. Again, another day, the pages who preceded him having taken some peas from a field where the harvest was being carried in by a labourer, he put his horse to the gallop, and, going up to the man, asked what they had taken. “Nothing, monseigneur; for I gave them those peas”, said the peasant. “Then may God requite you!” answered the count.

These are very small things in themselves, says the pious biographer, but how do they show the love of justice in this noble seigneur! Count Gerald of Aurillac was at the same time capable of greater things; for he gave up his immense fortune to St. Peter, regarding himself only as an administrator entrusted with its employment solely for the honour of the Church, and the good of the monks and the poor : and in order to remind himself of this obligation, he went to Rome every second year with ten pieces of money hung round his neck, which he laid on the tomb of the blessed apostle, like a humble serf who brings his tribute to his seigneur. During these journeys, as well as at home, the life of the count was passed among monks whose practices and rules he lovingly studied. He was deterred from taking the monastic habit only by the prayers of his bishop, who wished him to retain the free use of his sword for the safety of the

province. However, by continence, fasting, and penances of all kinds, he assimilated himself to the monks as much as possible; and he was permitted to consecrate the last years of his life to the erection, in his town of Aurillac, of a great monastery, the building of which he himself directed, and which he endowed with great part of the wealth he had assigned to St, Peter. He died without being able to install the monks there, according to his wish. But, some months afterwards, Cluny began its existence and entered upon the magnificent inheritance.

How many other great landed proprietors transformed into monastic endowments, some, like Count Gerald, their whole patrimony, some the most considerable part of it! To those whom we have already named, such as Gerard de Roussillon or the Norman leaders whose gifts we have previously indicated, we may add, among a thousand others, Aymard, Sire de Bourbon, who gave Souvigny to Cluny; Guibert, who founded the Abbey of Gemblours in Brabant, on the very site of his own castle, and endowed it with all his possessions; Count Eilbert of Vermandois, conqueror of Charles the Simple, who, in concert with his wife Hersende, built, first, Vasor, at the gates of his castle, then St. Michel in Thiérache, and five other abbeys, to atone for the ill done by the garrisons of the seven fortresses he had inherited from his ancestors; William Lord of Talmont, in Poitou, who also wished to establish a monastery within the bounds of his castle, because, as he says in his deed, “if I cannot myself live worthily for the service of God, I wish at least to assure a home to those with whom it pleases God to dwell”; Anselm, Count of Ribemont, who, having founded Anchin in 1079, afterwards turned his own fief of Ribemont into an abbey before going to die gloriously in the First Crusade; Alain, Count of Bretagne, who founded St. Georges, at Rennes, as a dowry for his sister Adela, whom he offered to God as his most precious treasure; Geoffrey Martel, Count of Vendome, and his wife Agnes, who built at Vendome itself the great abbey which for so long was one of the first in France. This pious pair did not stop there: besides Vendome, they founded Notre Dame de Saintes and L'Aiguière, being inflamed with the desire, then so common, to contribute to the salvation of their souls by some alms which would not perish.

When the fortune of a seigneur did not allow him to make important foundations or donations, he offered himself as a serf or vassal. This was done by a knight named Robert de l’Anguille, who, to obtain the right to see the bones of the abbess St. Hunegonde, offered his person in vassalage to the Abbey of Humblières, in Vermandois, under the symbol of a leash of deerskin, and added to this the gift of a garden.

High-born women followed these examples. Richilda, a lady of Lorraine, when about to celebrate her second marriage, after having lodged for some time at the Abbey of St. Maur of Verdun, presented herself on the eve of her wedding-day at the abbey church, and made there the offering of herself, and the children who might be born of her marriage, to God and St. Maur, engaging to lay an annual tribute on the altar of the saint. (This monastery, the beautiful church of which is still standing, was celebrated later for the possession of the relic of the Holy Tear. The Abbot Matthieu, of Vendome, became regent of the kingdom under St. Louis. We shall have to speak later of the Abbot Geoffrey, one of the warmest defenders of the Holy See during the pontificates of Urban II and Pascal II).

Other women, widows and mistresses of their wealth, disposed of it for the profit of Monastic Orders. Traunstein, in Austria, was thus founded by Ida, sister of the Margrave Ottocar; Muri, in Switzerland, by another Ida, Countess of Hapsburg; Banz, near Bamberg, by Alberade, Marchioness of Hohenburg; St. Denis of Broqueroie, in

Hainault, by Richilda, widow of the Count of Hainault and Flanders. The Viscountess Hildegarde of Châteaudun gave her estate of Beaumont to the monks of St. Père at Chartres, on condition that they should bury her in their cloister, where, walking over her tomb, they might remember to pray incessantly for her.

It would be vain to seek a worldly reason, a temporal end, for a generosity so constant and complete. It would be difficult to explain it by the mere desire to secure a venerated tomb with an epitaph as laconic as that which may still be read amidst the ruins of the Abbey of Margam in Wales:

Here lies Maurice de Lundres the founder :

May God recompense his work.

It would be a mistake, above all, to attribute these sacrifices to a disgust for the good things of this world, to satiety, to melancholy, or even to the lessons of misfortune. Such dispositions are met with only in societies tending to their decline; they agree in no way with the young and energetic life of the middle ages.

It was, on the contrary, from the very midst of gaiety, of happiness, and of power, that there issued those spontaneous and abundant offerings, those acts of generosity and devotion, which were at the same time acts of faith and humility. Let us hear the testimony on this matter of the greatest English noble of the tenth century, Aethelwin, Duke or Count of East Anglia, as widely renowned for his rank and his valour as for his joyous and cordial good-nature. “I am”, said he to the Archbishop St. Oswald, in allusion to the words of the Gospel, “a man subject to others, and having command over many men; birth, fortune, talent, eloquence, the affection of rich and poor, have placed me very high : but as all power comes from God, I fear lest I should abuse mine to the injury of my soul; for I know only too well that the more there is given to me, the more will be demanded of me ... I please myself sometimes with good thoughts, but the unforeseen necessities of my position turn me away from them; I am drawn from them sometimes by the oversight of the king’s labourers, sometimes by the cares of military exercises, the payment of the soldiers, the decision of lawsuits, the punishment of criminals, and many other affairs in which it is hard not to do wrong to any one”. The archbishop calmed the duke’s anxieties by recommending him to found in some part of his domains a monastery, the monks of which should pray for him; Aethelwin adopted the idea eagerly; and thus rose, in the midst of the fens of Huntingdonshire, the great abbey of Ramsey, which the Anglo-Saxon lord endowed richly with estates, which he protected with the tenderest solicitude, and which he chose as his sepulchre.

Sometimes it was a sudden and irresistible inspiration which dictated to generous hearts these acts of great and constant munificence. This, for instance, is what is related by Count Hugh of Champagne at the end of a deed which recites the numerous gifts made by him to the abbey of Molesmes: “We were coming from the council of Troyes, Hugh, William Count of Nevers, and I, and we were going to Molesmes to settle different affairs. In spite of us, the brothers came in procession to receive us. At the end of the procession my heart was, as I believe, touched by God; in presence of the Abbot Dom Robert, and the other monks still in their albs, I approached the altar, and placed upon it my ring, taken from my finger, to show that I made over to them half the lands of Rumilly, of which, however, I retain the use during my life, having already given

them the whole of the first half of these lands. The count of Nevers, the viscount of Damecy, the count of Bar, and others, acted as witnesses for me".

Sometimes it was to sanctify their entrance into the order of knighthood that the nobles presented these pious gifts. William de Tancarville, chamberlain of Normandy, and grandson of the founder of St. George's at Bocherville, obeyed one of these impulses when he came, the fifth day after having been armed a knight, to offer at the altar of St. George his sword, which he ransomed by giving several churches to the monastery.

Sometimes the purpose of donations and alms was to expiate culpable extravagance, as is confessed by Arnold de Lay, who, *to live generously according to the dignity of the century*, and not to seem miserly, had loaded himself with debt, and had no longer even the means of giving alms. Being reduced to borrow two thousand sous from the monks of Savigny in the Lyonnais, Arnold repaid the obligation by the gift of the village of Vindreu.

Sometimes, finally, the donors despoiled themselves in order to seal the generous pardon of a mortal offence; such was the wish of Roland, Seigneur of Lyré, when he brought the murderer of his brother to Marmoutier, and placed him in the hands of the abbot and chapter, that he might be tried and punished. There the homicide, who was named William Girolet, was able to atone for his crime by giving up, for the benefit of his victim's soul, all that he possessed in the parish of Saint Sauveur; and this sacrifice was made symbolically by laying on the high altar of the abbey a penance-rod, after which the generous Seigneur of Lyré added to this ransom of his brother's life a tithe of his own vineyards.

Moreover, these noble benefactors took care themselves to reveal the thoughts which animated them, and we are perfectly acquainted with the motives which led them thus to strip themselves of their wealth. The gratitude of those they enriched has preserved their narratives in the charters of foundation or donation, which form the grandest titles ever possessed by any nobility. They are so numerous that we may take one at hazard. "To Almighty God", says William Count of Provence, in giving Manosque to the abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles, "to Almighty God, who has given us all we have, we desire to offer in return some portion of His own gifts in the form of alms or allodium, to Him and to His holy martyr Victor". "If it is just", says Odo Count of Blois, son of the restorer of Marmoutier, "if it is just, and according to Christian piety, that the great ones of the century apportion for the maintenance of the churches, where they serve God, a share of the riches which they have received by hereditary right and lawful succession from their ancestors, it would be in the highest degree unjust not to restore to the house of God what it has been robbed of by the iniquities of the past".

Most frequently it was the interest of their souls which guided the givers. "I, Gervais"—so runs the deed of gift of a noble of Maine in favour of Marmoutier—"I, Gervais, who belong to the chivalry of the age, caring for the salvation of my soul, and considering that I shall never reach God by my own prayers and fasting, have resolved to recommend myself in some way to those who night and day serve God by these practices; so that, thanks to their intercession, I may be able to obtain that salvation which I of myself am unable to merit". "It is written", says a knight of Aquitaine, "that almsgiving extinguishes sin as water extinguishes fire. And having well considered this, I, Codoère of Guillac, yield and give up my forges and their dependencies to the monastery of La Sauve". "The prudent ant", says Peter, Seigneur of Maule in Vexin, at the founding of the priory of his own name for the benefit of the Abbey of St. Evroul,

“the prudent ant, as she sees winter approach, makes the more haste to bring in her stores, so as to assure herself of abundant food during the cold weather. I, Peter, profiting by this lesson, and desirous, though a sinner and unworthy, to provide for my future destiny—I have desired that the bees of God may come to gather their honey in my orchards, so that when their fair hive shall be full of rich combs of this honey, they may be able, while giving thanks to their Creator, to remember sometimes him by whom the hive was given”.

Monasteries thus founded, restored, or enriched, were regarded by the nobles as the most precious appanage of their houses. Thus, Count Theobald of Blois and Champagne, son of that Odo whom we have recently quoted, having been defeated and taken prisoner by the Count of Anjou, and finding himself obliged to cede Touraine as ransom, chose at least to reserve expressly for himself and his descendants the patronage of Marmoutier, near Tours. This patronage, apart from the abuses which pertain to the lawyers, was at once an honour and a burden. It was not enough to build monasteries and endow them; being founded, they must be preserved. It was constantly necessary to repair, to re-establish, and to protect these holy houses, exposed as they were to all the vicissitudes of the times, and to all the violences of a society expressly organised for war. Omitting some regrettable exceptions, the chivalry of Europe did not fail in this noble mission, which was imposed as a duty of their rank. Who can tell the number of those knights whom the historian Aimoin saw arrive, sword in hand, for the defence of Fleury? After having drunk to the memory of the venerable Father Benedict, and eaten of the monks' bread, these valiant men rushed upon the enemies of the monastery and put them to rout. How many times was there found, for the protection of the nearest or most honoured abbey, an association of seigneurs like that of the ten knights of Guienne, who, taking as leader the nephew of the noble Duke William of Aquitaine, united themselves under the title of *defenders and protectors of the Abbey of Notre-Dame de la Sauve,* and, after having communicated, kissed the paten and caused their swords to be blessed in the church of the monastery, engaged themselves by oath to avenge the injuries suffered by the monks, to defend their property, and to protect the pilgrims who visited them!

Even those who did not fight for the abbey, acknowledged, in time of war, the rights of monasteries to special protection—a protection which these holy communities extended in turn to the poor, and to the inhabitants of their neighbourhood. Those who transgressed this law of piety and honour, who despoiled or insulted the defenceless monks, were objects of the fierce derision of their fellows. “Come”, they cried, “and measure yourselves with us. We do not wear cowl and capuchin; we are knights like yourselves. We defy you to combat; we will teach you what war means”.

This constant solicitude of knights and nobles for the monasteries was shown in a variety of minute and affectionate cares, the recital of which animates and embellishes the monastic annals. We see there that the greatest personages of the feudal system did not regard as beneath them the smallest precautions which related to monks. William VIII, Duke of Aquitaine and Count of Poitiers, did not think it enough to have founded and richly endowed the abbey of Montierneuf in his capital of Poitiers; after having made a journey to Rome to confer about it with Pope Gregory VII; at his return from his frequent expeditions—undertaken either to subdue rebellious feudatories, punish oppressors, or restore security to the roads or villages—he never failed, before entering his palace, to pay a visit to the monks, whom he called his lords. He went even into their kitchen, and inquired of the cellarer what the monks were going to eat that day; and if he heard that it was only eggs, cheese, or very small fish, he would order his treasurer to provide the cost of a more nourishing diet. In return, the monks, after

William's death, showed the most affectionate anxiety for his soul; and beside the daily prayers on his behalf and the solemn celebration of his anniversary, they caused his cover to be laid every day in the refectory, with the *justitia*, or measure of wine allotted to each monk, as if the duke were one of them, and was going to sit down with them to their meal. Sometimes the givers stipulated beforehand the price to be paid for their generosity. Thus, this same Duke William of Aquitaine, when he granted to the abbey of Grande-Sauve the right of *sauvetat*—that is to say, the right of having a special court, being freed from all jurisdiction and all imposts and tolls, and the right of asylum and sanctuary for pilgrims and travellers—stipulated that in exchange for this they should sing a mass for him every week, and should every day give to the poor the rations of one monk, for his benefit, as long as the abbey church should stand. Twenty-four years later, after having founded the Church of St. Barthélemy on his estate of La Barde, and having given it to La Grande-Sauve, with many other offerings, Raymond Sanche de St. Paul, when on his deathbed, surrounded by seventy knights, demanded that, in gratitude for his gifts and in memory of his name, they should receive and entertain in the priory one poor man, in perpetual succession for ever.

The responsibility they thus took upon them of maintaining the prosperity and independence of the monks, and so securing the salvation of their own souls, they called, according to the expression of Pope Victor II, *doing the work of God*. The Pope wrote in the following terms to Count Theobald of Blois: "We know the anxiety which animates you on the subject of good and bad monks, and the glory which the Almighty has caused you to win before all men, on account of it... The Abbot of Montierender has related to us with tears of joy all the services which the greatness of your piety has rendered to his abbey, in correcting unworthy brothers, causing his villages, mills, and other property to be restored to him, and rebuilding his bridges to the great satisfaction of many, as far off as the isles of the sea in England and Scotland, and to the great displeasure of the wicked. We give you abundant thanks, and we exhort you always to remember that if you listen to those who speak to you of God, God will listen to those who pray to Him for you. For this is why the Almighty Lord has entrusted the government of the people to good men; it is that by their hands He spreads abroad the gifts of His omnipotence among those whose chiefs they are. Do the work of God, and God will do yours". When, in the course of their warlike lives, these princes and seigneurs had not *done the work of God*, when they had failed in this sovereign duty, with what humility they sought to expiate their fault! When Count Geoffrey of Vendôme had violated the immunities of the burgher vassals of the great abbey of the Holy Trinity, founded by his father at Vendôme itself, we see him, touched by the grace of repentance, and by the exhortations of the apostolic legates, entering the abbey church barefoot, throwing himself at the knees of the abbot, and swearing, while he placed on the altar his poniard and four silver coins, that he would henceforward respect the right of the monks.

Let us now suppose ourselves present at the last moments of one of the greatest nobles of Germany and Italy in the eleventh century, Godfrey with the Beard, Duke of Lorraine and Tuscany, husband of the Countess Beatrice, and indomitable rival of the Emperors. Feeling his end approach, he implores Thierry, Abbot of St. Hubert, to come to Bouillon to receive his last confession. The monk arrives, and at the sight of the duke lying in the agonies of death, far from seeking to conciliate him by softness, he lifts his eyes to heaven, and addressing himself to God in the language of the prophet, "Lord", he says, "Thou hast brought down this proud man as one wounded!" "Nothing is more true, dearest father", replies the duke; then having made his confession in the midst of tears and sobs, he calls for his sword, and giving it with his own hand to the abbot, says to him, "My father, I yield it to you; you shall bear me witness, at the judgement of God,

that I have humbly renounced the chivalry of the age". Then remembering the promise of a monastic foundation which he had made in presence of the Pope himself, he caused himself to be carried, followed by his son and his nobles, to the Church of St. Peter of the Bridge; and having solemnly endowed it with some lands and a thousand livres of silver out of his patrimony, he makes a present of it to the abbey of St. Hubert, and requests that the monks may be immediately installed. At the sound of the bell which calls the brothers to their canonical hours, the duke feels himself refreshed, and forgets all his sufferings.

The son of Godfrey, the unworthy husband of the famous Countess Matilda, deferred for a long time the execution of his father's donation; but the sound of the monastery bells, which had consoled the old man's last moments, served this time to trouble the conscience and vanquish the greed of the avaricious young one. During a winter night, when he had given up his own bed to his guest, Bishop Hermann of Metz, beside whom he was sleeping, the bishop, awakened by the bell for matins, asked what monks lived in the neighbourhood; to which the duke replied, they were those whom his father had placed at St. Peter's of the Bridge. "Happy those", said the bishop, "whom neither the dullness of night nor the inclemency of the bitter winter prevent from praising the Creator of the world! But unhappy, a thousand times unhappy, thou, whom neither the fear of God nor the love of a father canst move! Unhappy thou, who hast fraudulently detained the alms he gave, and still refusest them to brothers so pious!". The duke, confounded, burst into tears, and without further delay repaired his fault.

The nightly chant of the monks, which thus awoke remorse in the souls of the negligent, on the other hand filled with courage and confidence the sons of knights who had faithfully done the duties of their rank and kept their engagements towards the servants of God. For example, two centuries after the epoch which has been the special object of our researches, Count Ralph of Chester, founder of the Cistercian Abbey of Deulacres, was coming back from the crusade in which Damietta had been taken, and in which he had covered himself with glory, when a violent storm assailed his ship. Towards ten o'clock in the evening, as the danger every moment increased, the Count exhorted the exhausted crew to redouble their exertions until midnight, promising them that at that time the tempest would cease. At midnight he himself lent a hand, and worked harder than anybody. Soon afterwards the wind fell, the sea grew calm; and when the pilot asked Ralph why he had commanded them to work until midnight only, the Count answered, "Because from that hour the monks and other religious persons whom my ancestors and I have established in different places, rose to sing the divine service; and when I knew that they were at prayer, I had reason to hope that, thanks to them, God would command the tempest to cease".

But it was not only a pious confidence in the prayers offered in the monasteries which kept up among the princes and feudal lords their respect for old foundations; this respect was, above all, strengthened in their hearts through the terror inspired in faithful believers by those fearful maledictions which their ancestors had fulminated against whoever should attempt to despoil the monks. It is, in fact, rare to find any deed having reference to a foundation or donation made by the nobles, which does not contain express mention of menaces and imprecations hurled by the founders or donors on the heads of future spoilers, as if they had foreseen that a day would come when that patrimony which men of the first rank had offered for the use of God, the Church, and the poor should become the prey of the barbarous and the sacrilegious. The formulas employed varied little. Among those preserved to us in such great numbers in the various collections of charters, we will take two from the cartulary of the abbey of St. Père at Chartres, because they belong to the eleventh century and to the

time of St. Gregory VII. One of them was pronounced, *viva voce*, in 1080, by Walter de Garancières, a knight who, when giving part of his property to the monks of St. Pere, spoke thus: “I make this donation with the consent of my son, in presence of several witnesses; and I implore the Lord to smite with His curse all who shall infringe the said donation; so that, if they do not repent, they may expiate their crime in hell with Judas the traitor”. The other is found in the act by which a knight named Guaszo surrendered his property to the abbey where he became a monk, in 1053, to expiate the excesses of his military life, and is expressed as follows : “If any one attempt in future to oppose or to deduct anything from this my donation, may he be smitten with the curse of Ham, who revealed his father’s shame; if he does not repent, may he go to hell with Dathan and Abiram, whom the earth swallowed alive—with Judas the traitor, who hanged himself by the neck—and with Nero, who crucified St. Peter and beheaded St. Paul: may he remain in hell, and never leave it until the devil himself is pardoned.”

CHAPTER II

THE NOBLES PEOPLE THE MONASTERIES WHICH THEY HAVE FOUNDED

From the eighth to the thirteenth century all the monasteries in Europe, except the small number which owed their existence to the piety of kings, were founded by the feudal aristocracy, in this sense that they received from the hands of the nobles the territorial endowments which were necessary for their support. But these nobles were not content with founding abbeys and endowing them richly; they themselves entered them in crowds, they peopled them with their bravest and most illustrious children. For it did not suffice these generous knights to deprive themselves of their wealth for the love of Christ; it was above all, of their persons, their liberty, their pride, their entire being, that they aspired to make an offering to the Lord of Hosts. When penitence touched their hearts, they were not satisfied with diminishing their ancestral patrimony to augment that of the Church and the poor; it was by immolating their whole nature, by bending all their habits and all their passions to the yoke of monastic rule, that they hoped to atone for the faults and excesses of their youth, or the sometimes barbarous abuses of their power. These abuses are commemorated in many charters. There we see tyrannical and rapacious knights as well as discontented and rebellious serfs; but of these most ended by being converted. Monks sprung from the conquering race excluded no one from their communities; they treated serfs, peasants, workmen, and the burghers of the towns, as their brethren, and very often obeyed them, though they were themselves generally the most numerous, and, it may be boldly affirmed, also the most holy. After having occupied the foremost place in parliaments, in royal courts, or on the field of battle, they would not consent to be last in the race of penitence and of piety. Thus they were rarely passed in the narrow road of austerity, of voluntary humiliations, and of the roughest labours. They devoted themselves to the most irksome tasks, not out of melancholy or weariness of life, but, as they loftily proclaimed, to gain heaven upon earth, to obtain the pardon of their sins, or to expiate the crimes committed by their race. And these were not, as has been so often said, and as we have seen in later times, younger sons, the impoverished, or those branded by nature or fortune; they were, on the contrary, the richest, the most famous, the most powerful, elder sons, and heads of houses, sometimes even the last scions of the most illustrious lines, who, in becoming monks, transformed into monasteries their feudal fortresses, the cradles and the centres of their power. Throughout the duration of the feudal era, and in all the countries of Christendom, innumerable lords and knights thus merited the eulogy pronounced by history on the ancestors of the holy Pope Leo IX : “After having, by force of arms and valour, vanquished all who withstood them in war, they were able in their old age to trample under foot the pride of birth and the luxury of the world, to clothe themselves with the humility and poverty of Christ, to give their patrimony to churches, to found monasteries, and to follow the precepts of Christ, in the monastic habit, to the glorious day of their death”.

It was the desire of most of these generous benefactors of monasteries to end their lives in the peace of the cloister, and in the habit which they had so long honoured. Thus did the Counts of Vendôme and of Blois, and the Sire de Talmont; and

before them, Fulk the Black, Count of Anjou, Seneschal of France, Milo, Count of Tonnerre, who retired to the abbey restored by him at the gates of his own town, the three Williams, Dukes of Aquitaine and Counts of Poitou, and later, Adalbert, Count of Calw, the indefatigable champion of the Holy See, and restorer of the great monastery of Hirschau, where he became a monk before he died. Thus also did many others, among whom none showed himself more zealous than Bouchard, Count of Melun and Corbeil, friend and supporter of Hugh Capet. Bouchard had laboured, during part of his life, to bring about the reform of St. Maur-les-Fossès, near Paris; and in his old age, offering to this much-loved abbey the glorious sword which had often defended it, he himself took the vows there. He proposed to fill the office of the lowest of the acolytes, and said to the monks who dissuaded him, "When I had the honour to be a knight, a count, and leader of many other knights, in the world, I was very willing to carry before a mortal king the light which he required; how much more then, now that I am in the service of the immortal Emperor of Heaven, should I not carry these tapers before Him, in token of my humble reverence!"

The same spirit induced the Giroies, the Grantmesnils, the Montgommerys, and many other Norman heroes, to bury themselves in monasteries which they had founded or restored. It is but just to cite, as one of the worthiest among these, Hugh d'Avranches, surnamed the Wolf, who was created Count Palatine of Chester by William the Conqueror, and enriched with one hundred and sixty-two manors or lordships in the new kingdom.

In England, as in Normandy, Count Hugh was always to be seen in the first rank. After the Conquest, he succeeded in subduing or retaining the impatient Welsh under the Norman yoke. In spite of the many excesses which disfigured his life, he never lost sight of the interests of God. Restorer, in 1085, of the Abbey of St. Sever, in Normandy, and founder, in 1093, of the monastery of St. Wereburga, in the county of Chester, he ended by becoming a monk in the latter house, and died four days after having entered it.

Often, hindered as they were by marriage or by the engagements of a secular life, the nobles delayed to make the offering of their persons to God until they were on their deathbeds. The instances of solemn investiture in the case of dying nobles are innumerable. We will quote only one of them, with the touching details furnished to us by a contemporary historian, Ordericus Vitalis.

Peter de Maule, of whom we spoke in the preceding chapter, left a son, Ansold de Maule, who was one of the companions in arms of Robert Guiscard, and aided him to vanquish the Byzantine emperor. When, after fifty-three years of knighthood, Ansold felt himself dying, he sent for his wife and son. He reminded his son of the duty he owed to the Church, to God, to the king, to his vassals, and to the monks endowed by his grandfather; he conjured him to keep towards his subjects that faith which he owed them, and to watch over the tranquillity of the monks, under pain of his paternal curse. Then turning to his wife, Odeline de Mauvoisin, he said to her,—"Dear sister and excellent wife, we have lived together more than twenty years without a quarrel; now I must die: whether I will or no, I feel my end approach. I ask your permission to become a monk, and to take the black robe of St. Benedict. I wish to become the comrade of those who, for the love of Christ, have renounced the charms of the world; and I pray that you, who are my lady, will release me from the conjugal tie, and recommend me faithfully to God, so that I may be worthy to take the dress and tonsure of a monk". The good lady, who, according to the historian, was in the habit of never resisting her husband's will, wept much, but agreed to his request. Then the monks of the priory of

Maule, who had been unwilling to act without the consent of Peter's wife and son, cut off his hair, and clothed him in the monastic dress. He died the next day but one, the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1118.

It must be remarked here, that the nobles who thus took the habit always added to the sacrifice of their persons that of a portion of their patrimony; and that, in the case of donations made when dying, as well as of all others, they took care to assure themselves of the consent of their wives and children. This is shown by millions of charters relating to these donations, almost always in terms similar to those used by Raynauld, Lord of Châtillon, who, giving the church of St. Germain-sur-Norge to the Abbey of St. Benignus of Dijon in 1038, thus expresses himself: "To all followers of the Christian law it appears natural and desirable to enrich, according to their means, our holy mother Church, and to provide thus for the well-being of Christ's poor; and this for the healing of their own souls, the remission of their sins, and the honour of God's name and of His saints. Considering all this, therefore, and being much disquieted as to the salvation and deliverance of my soul, I have given to the sanctuary of the martyr St. Benignus, near the castle of Dijon, a certain part of the wealth which I derived from my parents by hereditary right; and just as I received it from my ancestors by royal precept, and have held it as allodium, so I give it up to God and His holy martyr Benignus, through the hands of the Abbot Halinard, who has this day consecrated me a monk. The said donation, approved by my wife Elizabeth and our son Humbert, has been presented by their hands, in presence of several prelates and noble lords".

But however numerous were those seigneurs who chose to pass their last days in the Benedictine frock, there were yet very many more who did not wait for the approach of death, and who, still young, and having a brilliant future before them, tore themselves from grandeur, from riches, from the entanglements of the passions and of warlike enterprise, to give themselves entirely to God, to spend their lives in rustic labours, in the exercises of penitence and of cloistered prayer; in a word, to exchange, as they said, the *servile liberty of a worldly life for a servitude which should give them the freedom of heaven.*

From the earliest gleams of monastic splendour, and before the days of St. Benedict, Sulpicius Severus had remarked the presence of Gallic or Gallo-Roman nobles in the monasteries founded by St. Martin. These nobles, reared in luxury, practised, nevertheless, the harshest austerities. Striking examples have been seen at almost every page of our work. No one can have forgotten the names and deeds of those grand feudatories of the Merovingian epoch who occupied the first rank among the propagators of monastic orders in France. St. Evroul, St. Junien, St. Vandrille, St. Riquier, St. Germer, who endowed famous foundations with their patrimony, their names and their examples, all separated themselves in the flower of their age from the bosom of the highest Frankish nobility. It was the same with St. Yrieix, chancellor of King Theodebert; with St. Ansbert, keeper of the seals to Clotaire III; and with St. Leger, mayor of the palace of Neustria. Like them, St. Bavon, St. Ghislain, St. Trond, St. Lambert, St. Vincent Madelgar, and the other monkish apostles of the Flemish provinces, had passed through the splendours and the temptations which beset the aristocracy of the period before they submitted themselves to the rule of St. Benedict. Throughout the whole duration of the Merovingian race, striking conversions of this kind flashed through the ranks of the warlike nobility, and peopled the new cloisters which rose all over the country.

There was then nothing more common than to see fine young men, the favourites of kings, and sprung from the highest ranks, offering to the abbey where they wished to

become monks their baldricks, and the bracelets which formed part of their court dress. This was done by Lantpert, the successor of Vandrille at Fontenelle, nephew of the grand referendary of Clotaire I, and favourite of Clotaire, Childeric, and Theoderic. At the same period the successor of St. Colombanus at Luxeuil, Walbert, a rich and valiant noble of Ponthieu, went to lay upon the altar of that abbey the arms in which he had won a spotless renown in battle, and which were preserved there for centuries afterwards as the noblest monument of victory which man could obtain. Others renounced at once their fortune and their liberty at the very moment when a brilliant marriage was about to crown their earthly existence. Vandrégisile, Count of the palace of Dagobert; Austregisile, who held an office near the person of King Gontran, and was afterwards Archbishop of Bourges; Herblain, a Picard noble, and grand cup-bearer to Clotaire III; Menélé, a young Angevin lord, founder of Menat, in Auvergne; and many others, gave, by such sacrifices, the first pledge of future holiness.

The highest dignities, the most brilliant positions, seemed to these men of no value compared with the sweet humility of the cloister. Auvergne still keeps in remembrance the two powerful seigneurs who contributed to introduce the order of St. Benedict among its mountains: first, Calmine, count of that province, and of a part of Aquitaine, renowned in history for his numerous train of young patricians, for his immense riches, and his vast domains, crowded with towns and castles; and, secondly, Bonnet, descended from a Roman race, who, after having been cup-bearer and referendary to the King Sigebert, became governor of Marseilles and Bishop of Clermont: both renounced all their greatness to embrace the monastic life.

The Vosges Mountains owe one of their principal glories to the high-born Romaric, a wealthy and distinguished feudatory of Theodebert II and Clotaire II. While still a lay-man, this seigneur practised every kind of virtue, until God willed, to quote the contemporary chronicler, that His knight should be recompensed for the valour he had displayed in the battles of his time, and be led into the fields of celestial light. Amat, a monk of Luxeuil, himself of noble Roman origin, having come to preach in Austrasia, Romaric invited him to his table, and during the meal questioned him as to the best way of securing his salvation. “Look”, replied the monk, “at this silver dish; how many masters has it had already? or rather, how many slaves? and how many more will it have? And thou thyself, willing or unwilling, thou art its slave, since thou possessest it only to preserve it. But an account will be demanded from thee of it, for it is written, ‘*Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall he a witness against you*’. I am surprised that a man such as thou art, of high birth, rich, and intelligent, should not remember the answer of our Lord to him who asked how he should gain eternal life : *If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow Me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven*”. From this moment Romaric was conquered by the love of God and the desire of heaven. He distributed to the poor all his possessions except one great estate, gave freedom to a crowd of serfs of both sexes, and presented himself at Luxeuil to take the vows of a monk. When he went to the abbot to have his hair cut off, according to the ritual of admission into the Order, several of his servants who were still in attendance, and to whom he had given their liberty, offered their heads also to the monastic scissors. Romaric was glad to acknowledge these former servants not only as brothers, but also sometimes as superiors; for in the monastery he sought the lowest occupations, and surpassed all the monks in his assiduity in gardening, learning the Psalter by heart while he worked.

Towards the end of his life Romaric founded upon the sole estate which he had reserved a nunnery, the government of which he confided to Amat, the holy monk who had converted him: he himself became its second abbot, and this house was called after

him, Remiremont. It afterwards became one of the most famous of the noble chapters of Europe, and around it grew up the present town of Remiremont.

If we did not fear to extend our researches too much beyond the limits of Merovingian France, we could find analogous examples in all Christian countries. For example, we hear of three young nobles of Beneventum, who having started from their native town with their usual stately train, suddenly sent back their equipages, changed their rich dresses for the rags of three beggars whom they met on the way, and pursued their journey to Rome on foot. Thence, after having renewed their courage at the tombs of the holy apostles, they travelled to Farfa, and there took the monastic vows, becoming in later times the founders and three first abbots of St. Vincent on the Volturna.

Among the Anglo-Saxons, where the kings themselves became monks, the nobles who had shared the sovereign authority with them disputed with them also the honour of peopling the cloisters. Examples of this abound: first of all, as we have already said, we find Owim, one of the greatest lords of East Anglia, abandoning his offices, his property, and his friends, and presenting himself at a monastery with a woodman's axe in his hand, to show that he meant to work as a common labourer. Then comes the rich and illustrious Benedict Biscop, founder of Wearmouth, and his cousin, Esterwin, who associated with the humblest monks, and took delight in the rudest employments—thrashing barley, milking the sheep and cows, cooking in the kitchen, forging iron, gardening, driving the plough—in one word, giving himself up to the hardest of farm labour.

During the whole of the Carolingian epoch the same spirit reigned among the nobles who composed the armies of Pepin, of Charlemagne, and of the princes of their race. It is well known that Carloman, brother of Pepin, set the example of giving up greatness and wealth by becoming a monk at Monte Cassino, where he did not wish to be recognised. History proves that this spirit of humility found imitators among the most illustrious seigneurs of the court of Charlemagne, such as William *Court-Nez*, St. Benedict of Anagni, St. Bernard, Angilbert, and Ogier the Dane. Many other splendid names might be quoted. Thus the rich and noble Count Rodin, born in the Ardennes, father of St. Amalberge the abbess, who was equally distinguished by his courage in war and his zeal for the good administration of public affairs, abandoned the high position he held at the court of Carloman, King of Austrasia, the brother of Charlemagne, to go to Mount Soracte, and there take the monastic habit, after having divided his inheritance into two parts— one for churches and monasteries, and one for the poor. Thus, Count Unroc, who in 811 had negotiated the peace between Charlemagne and Hemming the Danish chief, embraced a religious life at the Abbey of St. Bertin. Thus, under the Emperor Lothaire I, an Italian count, Rotgar, became a monk at St. Faron-lez-Meaux, to fulfil a vow made one day when, in a combat between the Franks and Bulgarians, he was thrown from his horse and in danger of falling beneath the swords of the enemy. Thus, under Charles the Bald, Count Badilon, one of the richest seigneurs of Aquitaine, not content with having consecrated a great part of his patrimony to restoring the monastery of St. Martin of Autun, decided to enter there himself that he might wash away the stains of his soul; and when there, he was not slow in becoming what the writers of the feudal period call *Christ's perfect knight*. Thus, finally, Count Rasto or Rathier, son of the Count of Diessen, after having brilliantly led the Bavarian armies against the Hungarians, founded the Abbey of Graffrath, where he died in the Benedictine habit in 954.

In the tenth century,—that ill-understood epoch when all the great European peoples laid the foundations of their national existence—when there was first rooted in France, Germany, England, and Spain that social organisation which was to endure till the new birth of paganism,—we see the feudal nobility, which, after the Church, was the soul of this puissant organisation, furnishing the same examples of self-abnegation and penitence as in later times. No doubt there were few sacrifices so striking as that of a certain Turketill, Chancellor of England, who forsook the government of a vast kingdom to become a monk among the ruins of Croyland; but in all Christian kingdoms we meet with admirable monks who left the ranks of the highest nobility to draw near to God in solitude, and to devote themselves without reserve to the general restoration of the monastic order, which had suffered so cruelly from the attacks of Saracens, Danes, Normans, and Hungarians.

At the period of which we are speaking, Belgium seems to have been especially fruitful in men of lofty character. There flourished Gilbert de Gembloux, one of the noblest knights of Brabant, who, after having shared in all the wars of his time, built, on the site of his paternal castle, the great monastery of Gembloux. This he endowed with all his property, and directly afterwards assumed the monk's frock at Gorze, where, as his biographer expresses it, the veteran knight became the recruit of Christ, and the old serf of this world, purchased by divine liberty, became the freedman of God.

From Belgium, also, came Gerard de Brogne. This noble knight was descended from a Duke of Austrasia, and had passed the first years of his career in the service of the Count of Namur, who highly valued his valour and prudence. At that time it was remarked that, at great hunting parties, while the count and other hunters halted for dinner, Gerard often retired to a little church on his estate at Brogne. Being sent as ambassador to Count Robert of Paris, the knight stopped at St. Denis, where the sweet and solemn harmony of the monks' singing completed his conversion. He earnestly begged from them a relic of St. Eugene of Toledo, whose body was then possessed by the abbey; and having become a monk to obtain it, he carried it in triumph to the little church where, during his lord's hunting parties, he had so often come to pray. There, shortly after, he erected a monastery, which soon became a centre of attraction for the noblest souls, and, according to the language of the times, resembled a fruitful hive, whence issued swarms of pure and zealous monks, who went, directed by their founder, to reform and repeople eighteen other monasteries in Flanders and in Germany.

In Belgium, also, flourished Count Ansfred of Louvain or Brabant, the heir of fifteen countships, and renowned from his youth for his courage and intelligence. After having gone to Rome in attendance upon Otho the Great, who charged the count to watch over him, sword in hand, while he prayed at the threshold of the apostles, Ansfred under the two other Othos took a considerable part in the government of the empire, in all the wars of his time, and, above all, in the repression of brigandage, which then desolated Brabant. He used his great wealth to found, in concert with his wife, the famous abbey of Thorn, in the diocese of Liège. Having become a widower, he was about to enter a monastery, when the Emperor Otho III gave him the bishopric of Utrecht. There, unbuckling his sword, the pious soldier laid it on the altar of Notre-Dame, at Aix-la-Chapelle, saying: "Till now I have employed my honour and my temporal power against the enemies of Christ's poor; henceforward I confide to my blessed patroness, the Virgin Mary, the guardianship and the salvation of my soul".

Having, however, reached the decline of life, and having lost his sight, Ansfred fulfilled his first vow, and became a monk in the monastery of Heiligenburg. There, he fed each day with his own hands seventy-two poor men, and, moreover, bathed the

lepers and tended the wounded who were found among his poor. He who had been bishop and lord of the country, submitted readily to receive the discipline administered by the superior of the abbey which he had himself founded and endowed. On his deathbed God gave him back his sight, and he then said to those who surrounded him, "*Round about the Lord is the only light which shall never be darkened*". These were his last words. When they carried his body from Thorn to Utrecht, a delightful perfume shed itself along the way; it issued from the bier of this hero of his time, this servant of Christ, whose life had exhaled the inestimable sweetness of humility and charity.

The attraction which drew all these representatives of the feudal nobility to renounce their rank and their fortune, and to enrol themselves in the army of St. Benedict, was never more powerful than in the eleventh century, and during the time when Hildebrand, supported at once by the monastic orders and by a considerable portion of the nobles, undertook to purify and enfranchise the Church.

When we would distinguish among the holy monks of this period some who unite the fame of a brilliant and chivalrous life in the world with that of a generous and exemplary penitence in the cloister, we at once turn to St. Robert, founder of the abbey and congregation of Chaise-Dieu, in Auvergne. This Robert was a worthy descendant of the noble Count Gerald, already spoken of. He also was the son of a Count of Aurillac, his mother being daughter of the Count of Rodez. When his mother presented him, directly after his birth, to the knight his father, the latter kissed him with the liveliest joy, and, delighted to have a son, placed a great sword in his hand, as if to show to the new-born child the noble trade which, having been that of his ancestors, should one day be his; but the infant pushed away the fatal weapon with his little hand, and it fell to the ground and was broken, thus presaging his love of a peaceful life.

Having arrived at a proper age, he went to Monte Cassino to study the best monastic traditions: and on his return to Auvergne, took as companions two old knights of his father's, and established himself in a forest between Auvergne and Velay, which was so extensive that it would have taken a strong horse four days to traverse it at a gallop. The three recluses cleared a large portion of this forest, and there founded the famous abbey of Chaise-Dieu, which for a time seemed likely to rival Cluny, and which counted among its dependencies 293 priories in different provinces of France, Spain, and Italy, Robert died there in 1067, after having, in the course of twenty years, governed 300 monks, restored 50 churches, and civilised, by his patience and his virtues, the still barbarous population of these mountains. Even now, it is not without emotion that the traveller visits the site where monastic genius raised an immense church and caused a town to spring up. In the midst of pine woods, opened up by successive clearings and poor attempts at culture, the mind loves to contemplate such a figure as that of Robert, the son of heroes, standing on the desolate plateau, 300 feet above the level of the sea, and casting his eyes westward towards Cantal, then north and east towards the mountains of Forez, bristling with dark forests, where horror and silence reigned. Great stones, which must have been erected by the hand of man, alone attested the presence of human inhabitants in this savage region, where, however, there existed a few half-pagan peasants who waged a bitter war against the three knights. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties, in spite of the persecutions they sustained from the mountaineers, Robert and his two faithful friends persevered in their design. At night, from the recesses of the wood, voices shouted to him, "Robert, Robert, why dost thou, a stranger, try to chase us from our dwellings?" But Robert would not allow himself to be alarmed by these cries, which he attributed to the demon. Armed with axe and spade, he opened paths through the wood and began to till the ground. It was then,

according to the hagiographer, that the rule of St. Benedict was brought to him by an angel, who immediately disappeared in the form of a white dove.

The nobles of Auvergne, among whom Count William and the barons of Mercoeur and Livradois showed themselves the most generous, offered to Robert many rich donations: they did more, for they furnished him with numerous disciples. One of those whom Robert loved the best, Raoul de St. Sauvin, was a troubadour and *jongleur* (as poets were then called), but was also a very rich knight, who gave four estates to Chaise-Dieu when he became a monk there. Another of Robert's followers was the noble Adelelme, of Loudun, in Poitou, a member of a very distinguished race. To please his family, though he secretly aspired to a spiritual life, he wore the baldrick of a knight for several years. But one day, yielding to one of those invincible impulses then so common, Adelelme distributed all his property to the poor, and, lest he should be detained by his friends, started at night attended by a single squire. A little later, sending back this troublesome companion, after having forced him to exchange clothes with him, he travelled on to Rome barefoot, and then made several other pilgrimages. Having passed two years in these travels, worn out by fatigue and fasting, he settled at Chaise-Dieu, where he took the vows, says his contemporary biographer, with the deepest humility. He was so much changed that no one could recognise him. He told the secret of his birth to none but to the Abbot Robert, who, finding in him all the qualities of a true monk, made him master of the novices. Adelelme became the third abbot of Chaise-Dieu; but he was soon summoned to Spain, where later we shall see him at the same time preaching the strict observance of the Benedictine rule, and marching at the head of the Castilian armies in the war with the infidels.

After the death of St. Robert, there arose in the centre of France a congregation—founded, like that of Chaise-Dieu, by converted nobles—which also had ramifications in Spain. When, in 1079, a second St. Gerard, of Picard descent, a monk and saint like Gerard de Brogue, went to Guienne and founded the congregation of La Grande-Sauve, he had as sharers in his pious enterprise several Picard knights, equally famous for their birth and for their courage, of whom the principal were Ebroin, who had quitted the profession of arms to serve God till death in the cell of a recluse, and Herloy, brother of the *châtelain* of Noyon, extremely rich, who, even in the world, had always known how to be the master, and not the slave, of fortune. In his youth Herloy had given himself up to study; but the duties of his rank, and the example of his equals, had forced him into a soldier's life, which he regarded as most suitable to a noble. He made himself a famous name in the service of King Philip of France, and he had for a long time lived in camps, when, touched by grace, and rebaptized by the tears of penitence, he renounced his great possessions to become the disciple of Abbot Gerard. Three knights of the Laonnais—Guy, Gauthier, and Lithier, all renowned for their warlike exploits—came to join the new foundation. The youngest and most remarkable of those who arrived later was Tecelin de Coucy, who, according to the contemporary annalist, had never been vanquished in the many combats in which his love of glory had involved him.

All these brave men renounced their families, their fortunes, their career, their country, and the allurement of military life; and having gone on pilgrimage to St. James of Compostello in their knightly armour, returned to take the Benedictine habit at La Grande-Sauve, and to put themselves at the disposal of the Abbot Gerard, who employed them in clearing the immense forest which surrounded the monastery. There the heroes employed their strength in rooting out brambles and cutting down trees, thus literally accomplishing the prophet's words: "They shall turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks".

The example of these knights of the north of France induced many Gascon seigneurs first to become defenders of the abbey where their children were educated; secondly, to provide, by liberal donations, for all its necessities; and, finally, to become monks there themselves. Arnold, of Castillon in Médoc, thus relates his own conversion, in the deed by which he gives all his possessions to La Sauve: "*Work while it is day, lest the darkness overtake you; for I desire not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live*. I, then, Arnold, knight, having learned to understand these words of the Lord, immediately, with my heart full of repentance, began to reflect upon my doings, and to tremble at the terrible punishment my sins deserved. For this reason I have taken refuge with you, Dom Gerard, most reverend abbot, in this great forest where you have laid the foundation of a church, and, renouncing my secular knighthood in presence of all your brethren, I give myself and all my possessions to St. Mary and to you". This pious donor was followed by Raymond de Genissac, who occupied a distinguished rank among the nobility of the country; by old Raymond of Mangaude, who had long been weary of the glory of the world, and who presented himself at the eleventh hour to gain the promised reward; and by the young Gaucelme of Montfaucon, who learned to hold glory light without having ever made an ill use of it.

Benedict de Civrac, in his turn, came to offer to La Sauve, himself and the portion of the family inheritance to which he was entitled; but one of his brothers, who wished to remain in the world, opposed the gift, reclaiming the patrimony Benedict had given to God. The opposer, however, being conquered in his turn, soon submitted, accepted with goodwill what had been done, and for the rest of his days served God as a simple convert in the abbey where his brother was priest and monk. The Lignans, the Tragomains, the Rions, and many other lords of the neighbourhood, came, one by one, to people the new monastery. Filled with respect for and sympathy with the devotion of the monks, the pious Duke William of Aquitaine, with the consent of his barons, at the Council of Bordeaux in 1080, added to the spiritual exemption pronounced by the legates of Gregory VII the right of *sauvetat*—that is to say, he entirely freed the abbey and the surrounding territory, with the persons who chose to inhabit it, from all temporal jurisdiction and all taxes. The monks further obtained the right of asylum, of justice, and of safe-conduct in favour of pilgrims and of travellers accompanied by a monk.

The renown of the new foundation spread even to the King of France, Philip I, who gave to it in 1083 the church of St. Leger au Bois, so as to obtain the benefit of the prayers of those noble personages who were clearing and sanctifying the great forest. Thanks to such powerful protection, and to the inexhaustible munificence of the feudal nobles, the abbey of La Grande-Sauve soon counted among its dependencies seventy monasteries and priories in France, Spain, and England.

The curious picture of the abbey of Hirschau in the Black Forest, traced by Trithemius, successively its historian and abbot, refers specially to this interesting and little-known period. "There was then", he says, "in our abbey a crowd of persons of consideration, who shone in the monastic order like stars in the firmament. Many of them, before they entered religion, had borne great names and attained high dignities in the world. Side by side with these monks, sprung from the most illustrious blood, were others of humble race, poor men and peasants. But, as a true brotherly love united them, so a life of the same kind was imposed on all: the noble had, in fact, no superiority over the serf; the purest blood gave no right to hold office in the house. Good works and the practice of humility were the only titles recognised there. And, nevertheless, there were numbers of monks versed in all kinds of knowledge, and not less remarkable for their profound acquaintance with Holy Scripture than for the

excellence of their lives. Thanks to these monks, the name of Hirschau became famous throughout Europe : some of them, sons of dukes, counts, and powerful lords, had been celebrated in the world; others, canons or prelates of cathedral or collegiate churches, were extolled for their science or for the importance of their families, but all had trodden under foot the greatness of this world, to become monks for the love of God; all practised the humility of Christ's poor, with as much happiness as if they had been the most ignorant of men, and descended from a race of beggars".

In short, wherever we look throughout Europe in the eleventh century, from the time of the elevation of Hildebrand to the government of the Church, in all places where penance and the love of solitude had gathered Christians together, the acts of these converted knights, the victories won by God Himself over these brave hearts call forth our admiration. In Apulia, two patricians of Capua, Ladenulphe and Adenulphe, followed by their nephew, climbed the heights of Monte Cassino, to adopt the habit of St. Benedict, almost at the very tomb of the holy patriarch, and to offer to him their extensive possessions in Campania. In the Marches, young Rodolphe, with his two elder brothers, gave liberty to all his serfs, offered his castle, reputed to be impregnable, to Peter Damian, and became a monk in the congregation directed by that holy doctor. In Swabia, Count Eberhard of Nellenburg, acknowledging the favours God had heaped upon him, separated from his wife and six children, gave up his vast domains and his military life, and shut himself up in the monastery which he founded on the banks of the Rhine, and which was destined to become the cradle of the town of Schaffhausen. Champagne saw Count Guarin de Rosnay, at the call of Gregory VII, and enriched by his apostolic benediction, give himself and all his fiefs to the prince of the apostles and to St. Berchaire, in the abbey of Montierender, where he took the vows. In Normandy, one of the greatest of the victorious race, Hugh, Count of Meulan, entered as a simple convert at the abbey of Bec; and one of the bravest knights of the Vexin, Roger of Heudiecourt, having been severely wounded in fight, gave up all his patrimony to the abbey of St. Evroul, where he became a monk, and where for seven years he willingly endured the Benedictine rule in spite of his wound, which, by frequently reopening, constantly reminded him of his former glorious exploits.

And who were these charcoal-burners, who, in the depths of so many half-felled forests, gave themselves so heartily to the labours of their calling? There we find Ebrard, Count of Breteuil and *vidame* of Chartres, with many companions in his sacrifices: a man who, young, rich, and magnificent, and holding a place among the first nobles of France, had been so haughty and so irritable, that men hardly dared to speak to him; until, suddenly touched by divine grace, he stripped himself of all, fled, poor and naked, far from his vast patrimony, and set himself as a penance to burn charcoal—happy in finding himself able to say, as he came back from the town where he had sold his work, "At last I have attained the highest riches".

Count Ebrard, however, only followed the example of one of his peers—Theobald, son of the seigneur of Provins, of the family of the Counts of Champagne, whose history deserves that we should linger a moment over it. One day this young noble, who was soon to receive his knightly spurs, escaped from his father's castle with his faithful Walter; and having resolved to forsake parents, friends, estates, and fortune, he left his horses and squires at an inn in the outskirts of Rheims, and fled to conceal himself in Germany. There he entered the service of a rough peasant, earned his living by the sweat of his brow, and resolved to vanquish his pride by mowing the hay, cleaning out the stables, and burning charcoal in the woods. One afternoon, when he had hired himself out to weed a vineyard, and when the fatigue of his stooping attitude and the scratches on his too delicate hands and on his unshod feet had made him work

languidly, the rustic who employed him, but who did not even understand his language, began to beat him soundly with a goad; all of which he supported patiently, and even joyfully, says the holy writer, for love of penance. After this rude novitiate, the young count went on pilgrimage to St. James of Compostello, then to Rome, and ended by becoming a monk in Lombardy.

This trade of woodman or charcoal-burner, willingly embraced by the Counts of Breteuil and Provins, was also an object of ambition to a yet more illustrious penitent, whose conversion caused a profound sensation under the pontificate of Gregory VII: Simon, Count of Valois, of Crépy, of Amiens, of Mantes, of Vexin, of Bar and Vitry, standard-bearer to the king, heir of the ancient race of Counts of Vermandois, so terrible to the Carolingian kings, one of the most powerful and warlike vassals of Philip I, and reputed the richest landed proprietor of France.

Unjustly persecuted by his suzerain, who endeavoured to despoil him during his minority, he assembled his vassals and made war on the king with equal energy and success. At the same time, desiring to clear up any doubts as to the lawfulness of his possessions, he went, in 1075, to Rome, to consult Pope Gregory VII, whose instructions he followed in scrupulously repairing every injustice his father had committed.

On his return to France, Simon resumed hostilities against the king, and showed himself so skilful a knight that he forced Philip to conclude a treaty, ratified by an assembly of nobles, by which his rights were recognised and his domains restored. This warlike life did not make the brave count forgetful of the practice of piety; however wearied he might be by the combats and exploits of the day, he never failed to make it a duty to be present at the matins of the monks.

Meantime, an ardent desire of conversion, and a passionate aspiration towards monastic life, had taken possession of the knight's soul. This young and brilliant victor, this powerful lord, who passed for the richest man in France after the king, thought only of sacrificing his glory, his opulence, and his life for the love of God. His barons having chosen for his wife the daughter of Count Hildebert de la Marche, who was as beautiful as she was high-born, the count ratified the choice by going to seek the princess in Auvergne, followed by a brilliant *cortège*. But amidst all the pomp of the marriage, he profited by the first moments of liberty allowed him with his betrothed, and the first caresses which their future union authorised, to preach to the young girl the duties of continence and of a retirement from the world. When she saw her affianced husband resolved to renounce her and their wedded life, she determined to equal him in generosity; and accordingly fled, the same night, with two knights who were her near relations, to take the veil of a nun at Vau-Dieu, in a wild and narrow valley, near the source of the Allier, where Robert, the great monastic apostle of Auvergne, had founded a place of refuge for widows of the province.

Scarcely had Count Simon returned to his domains after this glorious victory over himself, than the King of England, William the Conqueror, who had been his guardian, sent in haste to offer him the hand of his daughter Matilda. Simon refused, making their too near relationship the pretext, and left home on his way to Rome, saying that he must seek counsel from the Pope. But first he wished to give a pledge of his devotion to the monastic metropolis of Cluny, whither flowed, so to speak, all the piety of the age. On the 22nd of March 1070, by a deed signed in the presence of Philip of France, and sealed with the royal seal, the count gave to the Abbot Hugh the monastery which he had founded in his castle of Crépy, and where the ashes of his fathers rested. After

this Simon started; but before crossing the Alps, he wished to stop at St. Oyant or St. Claude, the celebrated abbey in the Jura, whose origin has already been related, and he there obtained his admission as a monk. But soon, desiring a yet harder life and a yet more complete solitude, he asked and obtained permission to betake himself to the almost uninhabited heights of the mountains north of St. Claude. Then he sought the spot where the rapid waters of the Doubs rush out from the depths of a cave in the side of Noirmont, and spread into a broad current as they traverse the wide and gloomy forests. In these woods, not appropriated by the Burgundians after the conquest, but which a vague tradition declares to have been given to St. Claude by Charlemagne—on this sterile soil, which, in fact, belonged to whoever should first occupy it—Simon built himself a cabin by the edge of the Doubs, where he earned a poor living as a woodman, in imitation of the two counts spoken of above—subsisting on bread and wild fruits, and even of this poor food keeping something with which to relieve hungry travellers. He thus contributed to the clearing of the Jura, which was gradually effected in the course of several centuries by the monks of St. Claude; and to him is generally attributed the foundation of the twelve monasteries or priories in the midst of these scarcely inhabited mountains. But he was not long permitted to enjoy this much-desired solitude. The report of his conversion spread far and near, exciting wonder and admiration throughout Normandy, and all the provinces of Flanders to the borders of Germany, where he was known and loved. And the Abbot Hugh, taking advantage of the influence which the illustrious penitent was likely to exercise, begged him to undertake a mission to King Philip to ask the restitution of certain property taken from Cluny by that prince. The Count of Vermandois, not long ago the victorious rival of the monarch, but now humbly clothed in the Benedictine robe, accepted the mission, and went to visit his ancient enemy at Compiegne, though he was still suffering from a wound caused by the fall of a pine while he was labouring as a pioneer in the forests of the Jura. Entering the town, Simon was recognised by the people; an immense crowd, eager to see him, assembled round him and conducted him in a kind of triumph to the palace, making the air resound with shouts. The king received him with all honour, and immediately granted him the object of his request. Thence Simon went to the court of the King of England to try to establish peace between him and his eldest son Robert. At the news of the saint's arrival, several knights who had been his vassals, and others, to the number of nearly a thousand, came to meet him with presents of gold, silver, mules, and palfreys, Simon refused all these, contenting himself with the success of his intervention between the father and son. Before leaving William, the count had private interviews with him and his wife, in which he urged upon their attention the serious yet consoling lessons of religion; the queen, bathed in tears, was so overcome that she could not speak.

Simon then went to visit Bec, of which his friend the great St. Anselm had just been appointed abbot; and after having spent some time in his own domains of Valois and Vermandois, he returned with gladness to his dear solitude, whence Gregory VII soon after recalled him to Rome. The Pope then confided to him the mission of reconciling Robert Guiscard with the Holy See. Simon prospered in this new negotiation, and also rendered to the Roman Church, then engaged in a most dangerous struggle with the Emperor Henry IV, the inestimable service of securing to it the Norman Alliance, which was destined to be the safeguard of Gregory VII and his successors. Shortly afterwards Simon fell ill and died at Rome in the arms of the Sovereign Pontiff, who caused him to be buried among the Popes.

The conversion of the Count of Valois produced a profound impression upon the contemporary nobles, and found many imitators among them. When Simon left his

home to take refuge at St. Claude, five knights of his household, all well born and of great reputation, joined their fate to his and followed his example.

Another lord named Stephen, descended both on the father's and mother's side from a long line of nobles, had scarcely assumed the arms of knighthood when he put off its symbols to present himself also at St. Claude, in order to learn how best under the yoke of monastic rule to sacrifice the inclinations of fallen human nature. During his travels in France, Count Simon, by the humility and sweet purity of which his countenance and language bore the impress, had exercised over Christians of all ranks and ages an influence so powerful, that wherever he went, a crowd of men and women, on seeing him, determined to embrace the religious life. But it was the order of knighthood which supplied him with the most numerous recruits. A contemporary writer says that it was the example of Simon alone which sufficed to decide the Duke of Burgundy and the Count of Macon to become monks at Cluny, and many other nobles to give up the world. In Italy the Count exercised the same influence. During his mission to Robert Guiscard in the interest of Pope Gregory, he persuaded by his preaching nearly sixty Norman knights to put on the armour of God—that is to say, to take the monastic habit—in the different abbeys of Apulia. Thus a Benedictine chronicler designates Simon as the chief of those princes who were "formerly like lions for the terror which they inspired, like leopards for the diversity of their crimes, but who, later, became humble as hyssop, odorous as myrrh, and whiter than snow". Among those nobles whom the example or the exhortations of the Count of Valois induced to take the vows, we may cite Werner or Garnier de Montmorillon, one of the two knights who had accompanied their cousin the young Countess of Marche, the betrothed of Count Simon, in her flight and retreat at Chaise-Dieu. Werner was reckoned among the noblest lords of Poitou. He had, while still in the world, prepared himself for his monastic vocation by a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostello; and on his return from the holy shrine, he had sacrificed, in order to relieve a sick beggar, a pair of richly-ornamented gloves, the gift of a lady whom he tenderly loved. Having afterwards entered as a monk at Chaise-Dieu he served God there for forty years. One day one of the monks of the monastery had a vision, in which an angel, after having imposed upon him a special mission, added these words: "I speak in the name of Him whom Martin clothed with half his mantle, and to whom Garnier gave his embroidered gloves". The monk related this vision to the abbot and the elders of the monastery; they knew perfectly the story of St. Martin at Amiens, but puzzled themselves as to what could be meant by Garnier's gloves. At last the old knight Garnier de Montmorillon was questioned, and simply related the history of the love-gift which he had sacrificed in his youth. Then the monks, being all assembled, gave thanks to God, the invisible and immortal witness of the least of our good deeds.

Part of the vast estates possessed before his conversion by Simon, Count of Valois and Vermandois, belonged to the diocese of Soissons. This town received, shortly after, as its bishop, the monk Arnoul, who, previous to his elevation to the episcopate, lived in a cell in the environs of the abbey of St. Medard, of which he had been abbot. At the very hour of the death of the saintly Count Simon at Rome, the event was revealed to the recluse Arnoul in his cell at Soissons by a vision. He announced it to the monks of the monastery, advising them to celebrate the obsequies of their illustrious countryman and benefactor. The monks obeyed, though doubting the truth of the prediction; but before the end of the month, they were able to convince themselves that the solitary had spoken truth.

This Arnoul had many points of resemblance to Simon: like him, he had given up all the honours and advantages of the world to devote himself to God in a monastic life.

Sprung from a very wealthy and illustrious Flemish house, nephew of the Counts of Namur, of Louvain, of Loos, and of Mons, he had early attained the rank of knighthood, and had distinguished himself by a valour and physical strength above that of all his contemporaries, which procured him the name of Arnoul the Strong. He was so strong, in fact, that he used the mast of a ship as a lance, and could lift up a wagon loaded with hay with the help of one other man. When the Emperor Henry held his court at Utrecht, Arnoul astonished and surpassed all the German knights by his Flemish vigour. He made, however, the noblest use of his strength in the distant expeditions in which, as a vassal of the empire, he took part; and he constantly endeavoured to put an end to the private wars which desolated Brabant and Flanders. He often succeeded in this, thanks to his valour, which was irresistible, and above all to his eloquence, which gained him great influence in the courts of justice of those princes whom he served as a vassal or as a companion in arms.

In the midst of all this success, Arnoul one day ordered his squire to prepare everything in the most splendid manner, as if he were going in state to visit the French king. But instead of appearing at the court of France, it was to the cloister of St. Medard that he turned his steps, there to offer to God his arms, his rich garments, and his long hair. He lived there as a recluse and monk without pronouncing a single word for three years and a half, until the day when his superiors dragged him by force from the cloister to appoint him abbot. But at the end of some years, in spite of the entreaties of the monks, who conjured him in the name of the martyr-saint Sebastian, of the venerable confessor Medard, and of the holy Pope Gregory, whose relics they possessed, that he would not abandon them, he laid down the abbatial crosier in order to escape the importunities of King Philip, who wished to force him to accompany his military expeditions at the head of the knightly vassals of the abbey. Arnoul refused to take up again the trade of arms, which he had renounced when he became a monk; he returned with delight to his solitary cell, whence his fame spread throughout France, and whither the nobles of the kingdom came to visit him and consult him for the peace of the Church and the salvation of their souls. On the death of the Bishop of Soissons, he was again forced to leave his retirement and occupy the episcopal throne. Afterwards, Gregory VII charged him with the duties of legate, and sent him to pacify the sanguinary quarrels which were perpetually bursting out afresh in Flanders, and to maintain the threatened rights of the Church there; but even then the humble monk would travel in no other way than on an ass, thus better to express his entire renunciation of all the splendour of chivalry.

About the time when Bishop Arnoul fulfilled this peaceful mission in the Belgian provinces, there was at St. Peter's, in Ghent, a monk of noble family named Wederic, who, provided with credentials from Pope Gregory VII, began to travel through Flanders and Brabant with the object of preaching faith and pure morality, which had been injured by the struggle between the Church and the empire. At his summons, six knights, among whom was Gerard the Black, accounted the most famous warrior of these provinces, hastened to give up all their unjustly-acquired wealth, and during several months humbly followed the steps of the apostolic preacher. Then Wederic, seeing them all inflamed with the desire to abandon themselves entirely to the religious life, directed them to Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, who was then head of the Catholic party in the empire. Following his advice, the six neophytes resolved to consecrate themselves to penance in the very places where they had disgraced themselves by rapine. They chose a desert spot between Brussels and Alost, not far from a highroad where the brigands were accustomed to lie in ambush to pillage merchants and travellers. There they installed themselves, having with them nothing but three loaves, a cheese, and some woodman's tools; and there they built a little oratory, and a modest

shelter for pilgrims and the poor. Hardly had they established themselves, when a knight of the neighbourhood named Gerard the White, still more famous for his cruelty than for his courage, became the hero of an extraordinary adventure. Returning one day to his castle after having committed a murder, Gerard suddenly saw before him the demon whom he had long served, and who now came to claim his prey. At this sight, the knight, seized with horrible fear, put spurs to his horse and fled at a gallop to the place where the new converts lived in penance and in poverty. He implored them to admit him among them; and very soon, according to the expression consecrated to such cases by the monkish annalists, the wolf was changed into a lamb.

This surprising news passed from mouth to mouth; and a great impression was made on the general mind by the sudden conversion of a man considered until then as a monster of cruelty; an event for which all the country round, much marvelling, returned thanks to God. A few days later another knight, Henrard, also guilty of homicide, but whom remorse had filled with disgust for the world, came to visit the asylum of the new hermits and examine their life. Touched by their union and their austerities, he decided to give up his patrimony and to live by the work of his hands among the penitents of Afflighem.

Such was, in 1083, the origin of that rich and famous abbey, destined to become the most opulent, the most productive, and the most popular in Belgium and the Low Countries. In a deed of confirmation, Count Henry of Brabant, suzerain of all these noble converts, declared distinctly that they had put off their knightly armour to enter the knighthood of Christ. Less than three years after this beginning of their spiritual life, the new monks of Afflighem had already given such proofs of devotion to Gregory VII and the Roman Church, that they had drawn on themselves persecution from the party of the Emperor Henry IV. They were shortly joined by Heribrand, the rich and powerful lord of a neighbouring castle, followed by his wife, his neighbours, and his friends. Armed, for the last time, with his sword, and holding his banner displayed, no longer against temporal enemies, but against those of his soul, this penitent came to strip himself of his armour and to profess himself the perpetual serf of God and St. Peter. At the end of thirty days, a happy death having called him into the presence of his new Master, so speedy a reward excited the ambition of the five sons and of the brothers of the dead man, who all successively became monks, though several among them were married, rich, and powerful. One of the brothers of Heribrand specially distinguished himself by his great humility; he who had been formerly renowned as a bold knight, might be seen begging as a favour to be allowed to lead to the mill the asses which carried the grain belonging to the monastery, or to grease with his noble hands the shoes of the monks. This lowest menial office these converted knights and great lords, eager to humiliate themselves voluntarily in order to heighten the contrast between their past and present modes of life, seem to have specially chosen.

We have already said that the Duke of Burgundy, having become a monk at Cluny, undertook exactly this kind of service. At this period Roger de Warenne, nephew of the Earl of Surrey, whose beauty was as remarkable as his valour, left the victorious Normans in England to enter at St, Evroul, where for forty-six years he lived, washing the stockings and greasing the shoes of his brother monks. In the previous century, Adalbert, the apostle of Bohemia and Poland, son of the Duke of Lubicz, intimate friend of Otho III, and monk at St. Alexis on Mount Aventine, while he resided with the Emperor at Mayence, had a custom of going each night, secretly, to look for the shoes and stockings of the palace servants, which he cleaned and put back in their place without being seen; or sometimes he went out at nightfall into the neighbouring forest, and there cut wood, which he brought in upon his shoulders, for the use of the

household. Thus he consoled himself for being far from his monastery, and prepared himself for the martyrdom which attended him on the shores of the Baltic.

These voluntary humiliations, this severe discipline to which the noble penitents subjected themselves, they also, when they became abbots or priors, imposed on all who ranged themselves under their authority. Thus the son of a Flemish noble, St. Poppon, Abbot of St. Trend, known before his conversion as a very valiant knight, put to a most severe test the humility of a young monk of high birth named Gontran, whose pious disposition he had noticed. Wishing to overcome the prejudice which everywhere prevailed among the noble or *equestrian* classes against any kind of pedestrian service, he ordered Gontran to follow him on foot from St. Trend to Stavelot; and when the young novice returned exhausted by this unusual fatigue, Poppon made him sleep at the monastery door. Gontran endured the test well, and soon afterwards became abbot of St. Trond. In the same manner, says St. Peter Damian, Romuald, sprung of the ducal family of Ravenna, was accustomed, while he governed the abbey of Classe and the hermitages of Pereo, to enforce the observation of the common rule on monks of the noblest birth as well as on those of the most illustrious piety. But contemporaries who had seen, shortly before, these seigneurs surrounded by all the aristocratic luxury of the time, dressed in rich embroideries of silk and gold, and commanding their numerous vassals, wondered to find the same men clothed, of their own free will, in a simple frock as their only garment, with bare feet, spending their days in a wretched cell, where they occupied themselves in making cooking-utensils or fishing-nets. Among such monks, one of the most distinguished by his humility and fervour was the young Boniface, cousin of the Emperor Otho III, who trained himself in this school to become the successor of St. Adalbert as an apostle and martyr.

When some special circumstance occurred which obliged one of *these wolves changed to lambs* to leave his retreat, he invariably showed himself faithful. Count Frederic, son of the Duke of Lorraine, had become a monk at St. Vannes, at Verdun, after having been one of the most famous soldiers of his time. One day he had to accompany his abbot, the holy and celebrated Richard of St. Vannes, to an assembly held by the Emperor Henry II. In his quality of cousin to the Emperor, Frederic was conducted to the dais where sat the princes and chief nobles of the empire, while his abbot remained in the crowd of ecclesiastics. Frederic at first submitted; but, unable to endure an appearance of superiority, however temporary, over him whom he had adopted as his father, he took the footstool placed for his feet, and going down from the dais, seated himself below his abbot. The pious emperor, touched by so much humility, desired that both should be placed near himself, but that the abbot should have the place of honour.

Having returned to his monastery, Frederic resumed his humble habits. His brother Duke Godfrey coming to see him one day when he was washing dishes in the kitchen, exclaimed, “Well, this is a fine occupation for a count!” Frederic answered nothing, because silence was commanded in the kitchen, but when he had followed the duke into a place where he could speak, he said, ”You are right, duke; the work I was doing just now does not suit such a person as I am—it is, in fact, much above my birth, for the master whom I serve is so great, that I ought to think myself much honoured in being employed in the smallest office in a house where the blessed apostle St. Peter and the glorious confessor St. Vannes have their residence.”

When the rich and powerful of this world who desired thus to unite themselves to God by the sacrifice of their whole existence were married, as in the case of Heribrand of Afflighem and his sons, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the wives, who very

often followed the example of their husbands. The history of one of these mutual vocations has been related with many interesting details by the son of the husband and wife who thus dedicated themselves.

There was at Tournay, towards the close of the eleventh century, a knight named Raoul d'Osmond, of the highest birth and most unstained reputation. This knight, being extremely ill, received the last sacrament with great contrition; but on his unhoped-for recovery, fell back into the faults which the fear of death had taught him to regard as perilous. Uneasy about the state of his soul, he went to St. Amand to ask advice from a monk there, who was his wife's brother. The monk having questioned him, declared that he could only secure his salvation by embracing a monastic life, and exhorted him to ask his wife's consent that he should do so; but that if she refused, he should nevertheless betake himself to solitude to serve God—"for", the holy man added, "I will never counsel you to lose your soul out of love for my sister".

On his return home, after this conversation, Raoul sat down upon his bed and began to weep bitterly. His wife, whose name was Mainsende, and who was only twenty-four years of age, seeing him in such distress, asked what troubled him. Osmond at first endeavoured to conceal it from her, but she insisted; and having heard what had passed, told Raoul to console himself, for that she also wished to provide for the safety of her soul in the same manner and at the same time as he for his. "I have the same fears for myself", she said, "as you have for yourself". Raoul, delighted at this confession, proposed to his wife that they should both retire from the world the very next day; but Mainsende told him that she was looking forward to the birth of her fourth child. They waited, therefore, until a son was born; and after this, Raoul resolved to join the Abbot Odo, who was then occupied in restoring with the utmost sternness the ancient Abbey of St. Martin at Tournay. In presence of many ecclesiastics and a great crowd of people, the knight took the hand of his young wife, and raising his eyes to heaven, spoke thus: "Lord, Thou gavest me this wife, and I take Thee to witness that I have kept, until this day, the faith which I owed her: now, for love of Thee, I forsake her, and commend her to Thy care". He then took his children in his arms, and lifted them up towards heaven, as offering them also to God; for his wife had said to him, "Do not let us leave our little ones to the devil, but let us present them with ourselves to God". Osmond joined the monks of St. Martin. The Abbot Odo, admiring the zeal of so wealthy a man, said to his monks, "We monks think ourselves good for something, and see how we are outdone by this layman, this publican, this Zaccheus!". Odo would not, however, admit him at once, but, to try his vocation, ordered him to go, and, for a whole year, earn his bread by the work of his hands in carrying water, cutting wood, and cleaning stables. The good knight submitted without the least shame to work so completely new to his habits.

Mainsende, far from being discouraged by this harshness, offered herself, on her side, to the new church of St. Martin, which she endowed with her whole fortune. Those present shed tears when she laid upon the altar the cradle that contained her new-born child. The abbot imposed upon her the same kind of trial as that of her husband; she was to earn her living in the town by weaving, spinning, and carding wool, and have no food but the crusts which she begged here and there. The ladies of Tournay pitied her, and sent provisions to her by their maids. But she refused them, and fulfilled the task allotted to her not merely without repugnance, but with joy. Being soon judged worthy to enter the new monastery which the great number of conversions had forced the abbot to set up in the house formerly belonging to Raoul, she had the happiness of living for forty years, humble and almost forgotten, in the very mansion of which she had once been mistress. Such was the conversion of the knight Raoul d'Osmond and of

his wife; “and I do not believe”, says their son, who has left us this narrative, “that the good Lord can ever forget it”.

Many rich and high-born knights, with their wives and children, followed Raoul’s example; more than sixty noble ladies hastened to enter as converts the Hotel d’Osmond, now become a nunnery.

We must remark, in concluding our study of the Catholic nobility of the eleventh century, that these conversions, these devotions, these acts of generous humility, were by no means individual or exceptional. We should be less astonished to see from time to time, in certain privileged places, some few men of the highest type, some exceptional Christians, offering so sublime a spectacle to the world; but it was, on the contrary, by large companies, in all countries, and during all the centuries properly called feudal, that the aristocracy thus peopled with its most illustrious offspring the monasteries which it had founded. The fact is especially easy of proof in Germany, where pride of blood was always so powerful. At Reichenau the greatest nobles disputed the honour of putting on the Benedictine cowl; at Einsiedlen the monks beheld their solitude transformed into a sort of seminary for young nobles, dukes, princes, and barons; at Hirschau, at Schaffhausen, at St. Blaise, in the greatest monasteries of Germany, especially in the eleventh century, there was such a gathering of *converts* of noble race that everywhere it became necessary to enlarge the different monastic buildings in order to lodge them. Once admitted, they always sought the meanest tasks; the more illustrious was their birth, the lowlier were the services they wished to render to the community. “So that in the monasteries”, says the historian Bernold, “one saw counts cooking in the kitchen, and margraves leading the pigs out to feed”.

The feudal aristocracy, then, still offered, in the eleventh century, the marvellous spectacle which, 700 years before, had excited the triumphant admiration of St. John Chrysostom, when he showed, with legitimate pride, to the rich and learned Byzantines, the descendants of the most noble houses clad in the dresses of servants or peasants, lodging under thatched roofs, sleeping on hard beds, occupied in planting, in watering, in carrying water, in fulfilling, as monks, the duties of the poorest labourers.

The feudal system, so much calumniated, thus ennobled labour while sanctifying it, and justified beforehand the words of a distinguished writer of our own days—“In an aristocracy it is not exactly work which is despised, but work done for gain. Work is glorious when undertaken at the call of ambition or of simple virtue”.

It was then, we repeat, not only their property, their money, their castles, their estates, which these Christian nobles gave to God; it was also, and above all, their persons and their lives. On the stone of monastic altars they sacrificed not only love of wealth, but their habits of life, the distinctions of their rank, their delicacy, their luxury, their pride, supreme and unconquerable passion! It was not for the common people, for the poor, for vassals and inferiors, that these knights, lords, and princes of royal blood under the feudal system, founded and endowed monasteries. Nor was it that they might live as mere spectators of the virtues and austerities of others. No: it was that they themselves might renounce all the seductions of a pomp and greatness of which modern society cannot offer even a shadow, since she has not left standing a single greatness which is worth sacrificing; it was to exchange wealth and power for the stern joys of labour, mortification, and solitude—to substitute for their wild and warlike mood the gentle humility of the cloister. What they wished, and what they obtained, was to till, among the humblest and most obscure Christians, the field of penitence; to

gather there, as elsewhere, the first-fruits of courage, devotion, and honour; to form the van in the war against sin and against the oppressors of the Church; and to give the first and deepest wounds to the enemies of God and of men's souls.

CHAPTER III

SERVICES RENDERED BY THE MONKS TO SOCIETY. — THEIR SHARE IN THE POLITICAL CONSTITUTION OF STATES.

In the preceding chapters we have shown the powerful and fruitful influence of the monastic spirit over an important part of that feudal nobility which ruled Europe in the middle ages. We must now pass quickly in review the service done by the sons of St. Benedict in various branches of social life until the end of the eleventh century, and this will assist us to complete our description and explanation of the impulse communicated by the monks to a profoundly Catholic society. The chief source of their influence lay in the deep respect naturally felt by the believing and enthusiastic minds of that epoch for the faithful observance of Gospel precepts, the constant practice of Gospel commands, and, yet more, those miracles of stern penance and of holy energy which accompanied the foundation of all the principal monasteries. But it must be remembered that they had also titles of another kind not less direct nor less positive, but more human, to the confidence and affection of Christian people, through the manner in which they supplied some of the most legitimate needs of the world. This was, in all times, one of the great glories of the monastic orders. Founded exclusively for a spiritual purpose, and having nothing for their object but individual sanctification, they nevertheless contributed everywhere and always to the general prosperity, to the greatness and force of lay society. Never were the words of Christ, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you”, more admirably verified. And, thanks to this divine promise, the historian of the monastic orders may fearlessly challenge his rivals to show any class of men whatever, who at any time have rendered to temporal society and the earthly well-being of humanity, services comparable in number and importance to those which the world owes to monks.

It was they who, more than any other, after the Papacy itself, served to tighten the bonds of unity between the different nations constituting that great body entitled, with such eloquent correctness, “Christendom”. Every man who has given any care to the study of manners and events in the middle ages is astonished at the identity of ideas, institutions, and customs which then reigned throughout the public and private life of different nations. Except in rare circumstances, and among people of exceptional manners, the most generous hospitality rendered journeys much more frequent and easy than we are now apt to imagine. To describe it truly, Christian Europe formed but one state, or rather one association—under separate masters, indeed, but subjected to laws and usages almost identical, by which no Christian was regarded as quite a foreigner. This order of things, which had the Catholic faith for its source, the Church of Rome for its rule, and the Crusades for its results, was entirely changed in later days by the encroachments of legislation, and finally destroyed by the Renaissance and the Reformation; but it existed in full vigour from the ninth to the thirteenth century, and monks were its principal instruments. They it was who taught the races under their influence a more liberal sentiment than that of narrow nationality, and discouraged that pagan patriotism, revived in our own days, which consists in looking upon every foreigner as an object of suspicion or hostility. An abbot of the ninth century could say,

with good reason, to a travelling monk, that wherever he should find the Christian religion, there he would find his country. Monasteries were, in fact, peopled by monks from all countries, and all countries alike received the lessons and benefits of the sons of St. Benedict. As permanent missionaries, they had, so to speak, no household fires but those which burned on the altars of truth and duty. No jealous police asked the monk whence he came or whither he went when the command of his superior took him from Ireland to Calabria, from Hungary to Spain, or from Picardy to Denmark, carrying with him light and virtue. No pagan legislation restrained the generous courage of strangers who wished to enrich a neighbourhood by their devotion and their labours. And just as the great abbeys sent their children abroad without distinction of country, so the munificence of princes and nobles did not hesitate to extend itself over other lands than their own, when they had sufficiently provided for the wants of those religious establishments which had a direct title to their care. In this manner Alfred, not content with numerous donations to English monasteries, extended his bounty to various abbeys of France, Brittany, and Ireland: thus Athelstane, another Anglo-Saxon king, sent a considerable sum to St. Gall, in Switzerland; and Edward the Confessor gave lands in Oxfordshire to St. Denis, in France; and German bishops and princes endowed in their own towns establishments which were specially reserved for monks from Scotland and Ireland. We will not speak of the generosity of the German emperors towards Monte Cassino, for this might have had for its object the strengthening of their pretensions to the sovereignty of Italy; but when Castilian kings loaded with presents the French abbey of Cluny, it is evident that they simply yielded to a desire to give in this manner a proof of their affectionate admiration for a religious institution which they regarded, with reason, as a power and glory common to all Christendom.

In return, the monasteries opened their doors to all travellers and all strangers, whatever might be their origin or their destination. Abbeys were the principal inns of the time. Pilgrimages, especially those to Rome, to St. Michael of Monte Gargano, to St. James of Compostello, and to the Holy Land, which then drew so many believers from their homes, brought every day to the monastic doors Christians from all lands and of all ranks. The situation of abbeys generally determined the route taken by pilgrims. By assuring to these indefatigable travellers a peaceful shelter and a brotherly welcome, by bringing together and bringing into sympathy men whom faith and repentance had drawn from their distant dwellings, these monastic caravansaries became, even without such intention on the part of their inhabitants, very important intermediary points for the intercourse of nation with nation.

This wide-reaching link of unity which we have just remarked was much facilitated by the relations of the princes and nobles of various countries to the foreign monasteries which they enriched by their bounty, as well as by associations formed among themselves by abbeys belonging to different provinces or kingdoms. These two customs date from the beginning of the Benedictine order. In the eleventh century, especially, the ramifications of new orders and special congregations spread the empire of a powerful confraternity over all the kingdoms of Christendom. Cluny and Monte Cassino were, like Rome, centres to which all tended, and whence the spirit of charity and devotion shone out to the very extremities of Europe. The obituaries of the principal monasteries bear witness in the most touching manner to that union of hearts and community of prayers which drew together the most dissimilar races, and enriched the Christian mind with the most precious treasures. At the Abbey of the Grande-Sauve, for instance, the monks of Aquitaine celebrated yearly, by solemn services and extraordinary alms, the memory of monks or canons affiliated to their association at Valenciennes, at Saragossa, at Burgos, at Rome, at Pavia, at Corbie, at Aurillac, at

Orleans, at Monte Cassino, at Laon, at Meaux, at Anchin, even at Lincoln and Bardeney in England.

These obituaries also prove the holy and admirable equality before God established by the monks among their friends and benefactors of all nations and all conditions. Opening, at hazard, that of the great Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, which contains the table of *obits* or notices of the monks and benefactors of the house from Pepin le Bref to Louis le Gros, we find on one single page, the following entries: "Clement, layman, our friend. ... Mamburge, our friend. ... Drogon, knight, our associate. ... Louis, King of the French. ... Richard Third, Duke of the Normans. ... Adelaide, a woman. ... Francis, a bishop. ... Constance, queen. ... Chrollinde and Bertrude, daughters of counts. ... Philip, King of the French. ... Louis, Emperor of the Romans. ... Obolerius, knight of Dreux"; and further on—"Odo, layman, our servant ... Charles II, emperor, friend of churches".

Another custom, incontestably ancient, witnesses also to the unity of faith and the spirit of charity which attracted towards each other Christians of different races and nations. Whenever a monk died, notice was sent to the associated churches and convents so as to obtain prayers for the dead. These notices, written at the top of a long band of parchment wrapped round a cylinder, bore the name of "Rolls of the Dead". Generally the formula was very simple; but in case of the death of some celebrated man or some illustrious personage, the most eloquent monk in the community took pen in hand to celebrate the virtues of the defunct. This encyclical letter was then confided to a courier or *rotulifer*, who went with it from church to church, from abbey to abbey, carrying the mournful message hung at his neck. On seeing him, the monks ran to meet him with anxious questions, "Where do you come from? What new misfortune have you to tell us of?" After having answered these inquiries, the messenger unrolled the fatal missive, and as soon as the abbot or prior had read it, the bell tolled to call the monks to church, that they might pray together for the soul of the dead.

The monks thus became the countrymen and brethren of all Christians; thanks to their gentle and incessant influence, charity and faith could henceforth bring about among men the only equality which does not imply confusion and the destruction of every social hierarchy; they were able to realise, for a time, that brotherhood of nations which men have since sought, but in vain, to found upon industrial greed and the love of gain.

But the Monastic Orders exercised a yet more evident and more fruitful action upon the principles and rules of political constitutions in the kingdoms of Christendom. Sharing with kings and nobles in all the important acts of national life, the abbots of the principal monasteries had seats in the Diets of Germany and Hungary, in the Cortes of Spain, in the Parliaments of England and Sicily, and in all the public assemblies of France and Italy. Hither they brought that knowledge, that order, that practical wisdom which all, willing or unwilling, must acknowledge to have belonged to the chiefs elected by the religious orders. Many of those thus elected had, before their conversion, filled the most important positions in armies or in the world, and the people felt that nowhere could kings find more disinterested advisers, nor nations worthier or more independent representatives.

The regular monasteries everywhere offered models of good government; in them authority was scrupulously respected, but at the same time it was tempered with prudence. The three constituent elements of a good political organisation were represented there by the absolute obedience of the community to the orders of the

abbot, and the obligatory intervention of the chapters and the council of deans; by the election of superiors, reserved to the elders; and by the free suffrage granted to all in the disposition of monastic property.

Beside their great experience of men and affairs, the monks brought to the councils of kings and nations a courage which did not recoil before any danger. Nowhere did the fatal tendency of men to abuse the power entrusted to them by God meet with so effectual a restraint as from the sons and brothers of St. Dunstan, of St. Gerard of Hungary, of St. Dominic of Silos, and of the many other monks who remained immovable in presence of tyrannical princes. The right of resisting unjust power, which formed the basis of all political constitutions in the middle ages, found inexhaustible nourishment and unfailing support in the monastic spirit.

We are often asked, What is the disposition upon which every guarantee of order, of security, and of independence, invented by political wisdom, is founded? what is the virtue without which all these guarantees are ridiculous? It is, undoubtedly, that moral energy which inspires men with the ability and the desire to oppose themselves to injustice, to protest against the abuse of power, even when this injustice and this abuse do not directly affect themselves. Now this moral energy was inherent in the character and profession of the monks. We have seen a hundred examples of it in the preceding pages; we shall find a hundred others in every volume of monastic annals till the time of the ruin of monastic independence and the triumph of the *Commendam* by the concordat of Leo X. At the distance of a thousand years from each other, the same calm and invincible courage appears in the reprimand addressed by St. Benedict to King Totila, and in the answer of the obscure prior of Solesmes to the Seigneur of Sable, against whom he had been compelled to maintain the privileges of his convent. This Seigneur of Sable one day meeting the prior on the bridge of the town, said to him, “Monk, if I did not fear God, I should throw you into the Sarthe”. “My lord”, replied the monk, “if you fear God I have nothing to fear”. Scarcely did a village begin to rise in the neighbourhood of a monastery, before freemen, too weak to resist the attacks of Frankish feudatories, came to shelter themselves under the revered patronage of the monks. Commerce implored their aid against the greed of the inferior nobles, industry against the vexations of taxation, the feeblest class against the oppression of the strong and violent. Over these various kinds of men the monks extended that unlimited protection which was secured to themselves by royal charter and the respect of nations; they had a heartfelt desire to share with their vassals the freedom bestowed upon themselves by Dagobert and his successors.

In the middle ages the abbots of great monasteries generally made themselves remarkable for an intrepid zeal, not only in defending the rights and privileges of their order, but also in punishing all kinds of oppression. Nearly all deserved the eulogy pronounced on Abbot Godehart, afterwards raised to the bishopric of Hildesheim, of whom it was said that kings and princes feared as much as they honoured him.

To recall oppressors to their duty, the monks knew how, at need, to use the sternest language, being convinced, as is said by the historian of the venerable Abbot Peter of Pérouse, that it is needful not only to touch, but to *sting*, the guilty; following the saying of Solomon, where it is written, “The words of the wise should pierce the heart like goads, or like nails driven into a wall”. Born, as we have seen, for the most part among the feudal nobility, they none the less braved the passions and interests of that nobility whenever it was needful for the maintenance of the rights of the poor or those of the Church.

We may quote, on this point, a story of Enguerrand, Abbot of St. Riquier in the eleventh century, who, says his biographer, eager for justice, feared no earthly power. It was the custom at that time for all the gentlemen of Ponthieu to meet yearly to celebrate the festival of the blessed Riquier, and to honour him whom they regarded as their suzerain and heavenly patron. Now the Count of Ponthieu, lord of the province, was so much afraid of the abbot's just severity, that he did not dare either to visit him or to omit the duty of presenting himself before him at the head of his knights. Enguerrand, on the contrary, sought an opportunity to reproach the count openly for his crimes against God and against the poor,—and did it with such harshness, says the hagiographer, that one would have supposed him a master speaking to his servant, rather than a monk speaking to a count.

The monks, however, did not restrict themselves to reprimanding great criminals or denouncing flagrant misdeeds; the least violation of the laws of eternal justice, the smallest attack on the rights of the poor, was sufficient reason for them to intervene, to protect, to expose themselves to a thousand annoyances, and sometimes to a thousand dangers, by threatening the oppressors with the wrath of Heaven. Thus, Ysarn, Abbot of St. Victor, at Marseilles, employed by turns gentleness and severity towards a robber-lord of the environs of Castellane, in getting back from him the pigs and sheep which he had stolen from the neighbouring peasants, and in obliging him to expiate his robberies by becoming a monk. Thus Amico, a holy monk of Monte Cassino, being appealed to by a poor labourer, whose only ox had been taken from him by a neighbouring knight, did not hesitate to leave his cell for the purpose of converting the robber. After having in vain exhausted all the resources of persuasion, Amico told the thief that he would die by violence, which, in fact, came true the very same day—the knight was killed in an affray, and the ox restored to the peasant by the dead man's relations. In the same way, St. Romuald, having retired to an abbey in the Pyrenees, found himself obliged to interfere in a case where a proud and wealthy count had carried off the cow of a poor labourer. The count remained inflexible, declaring that he would eat that very day at dinner a steak from his vassal's fat cow; but he died, choked by the first mouthful he tried to swallow.

The protection which the people thus received from the monks while living, was also sought from them after their death. St. Peter Damian relates how a poor woman in Tuscany, from whom a certain Castaldio had stolen her cow, ran weeping to the church where this same St. Romuald was buried, crying out, "Ah, St. Romuald, protect my poverty! do not despise my desolate condition, but give me back the beast they have unjustly taken from me!". Her prayer was answered; the robber, as if driven by some supernatural influence, gave back his prey, and went to his house, where he died.

The same faith prevailed in all Christian countries. At Perrecy, in Burgundy, a much-dreaded knight, named Hugh Bidulphe, had, on the occasion of a riot, beaten a peasant belonging to the abbey of Fleury, and broken his arm; the wounded man, finding no one to avenge him, entered the Abbey Church, and approaching the altar, sacred to St. Benedict, laid his arm on it, saying, "My lord St. Benedict, I acknowledge that I am thy serf, and that thou art my master; look now at this wounded arm—it was thine, and no one else had any right to it; if thou hadst broken it, I should have had nothing to complain of. But, my lord, why hast thou allowed Hugh Bidulphe, to whom it did not belong at all, to crush it in this manner? Know that in future I shall not be able to do any service to thee or thine, unless, indeed, thou wilt take a just vengeance on him for me". The monks, gathering round the altar, joined their tears and prayers to those of the sufferer. We are not told whether he was cured; but, a few days after, the wicked knight began to feel an acute pain in the same arm as that which he had broken

for the peasant; the illness spread to his whole body, and he shortly died, a prey to the most terrible anguish.

By such acts and such narratives the monks accustomed the oppressed to feel a confidence in their rights and in the justice of Heaven. They thus sowed continually in the midst of the Christian world an incorruptible seed of strength and freedom, which, marvellously mingled with respect for legitimate authority, was destined to render impossible among Catholic nations a return to pagan tyranny. St. Columba, the founder of Iona, the monastic apostle of the Celtic races, was known, even in the sixth century, to use his immense influence in Scotland and Ireland for bringing about the enfranchisement of slaves. At one time he refused to cure the foster-father of the Scottish king, except at the price of freedom for a poor Irish slave; at another, he sent a sword with an ivory handle, the most valuable article he possessed, to ransom a man of the lower class, who had been condemned to slavery as a murderer and sent to Iona to expiate his crime.

This was not all: monks laboured to bring the laws and customs, whose exponents they often were, into subjection to humane ideas; their influence predominated in courts and assemblies of all kinds, where their places were always reserved among the bishops and barons, and where there were often associated with them both citizens and peasants. For a long time abbots formed the majority in the English Parliament: it was owing to them that the wisest and most durable constitution that the world has ever known was able to establish itself and take firm root. We have seen the monk Hedda presiding as Bishop of Winchester at the drawing up of a code for the protection of labourers and the poor. In this code, promulgated in 692 by the Anglo-Saxon King Ina, with the consent of his nobles, it was expressly stipulated that serfs forced by their masters to work on Sunday should be immediately enfranchised.

We borrow from one of the most learned writers on early English history the following testimony: “Although English bishops may have often tried to extend their privileges beyond fitting boundaries, yet the existence of an order possessed of liberties which kings cannot infringe is in itself a direct and efficacious guarantee of the rights of other classes of the community. However powerful the nobles may have been, it is doubtful whether they would have been able to maintain themselves against the monarchy if they had been deprived of the support of the abbots and bishops, who were placed in the first rank as peers of the realm. The mitre has resisted many blows which would have broken the helmet, and the crosier has kept more foes in awe than the lance. It is, then, to these prelates that we chiefly owe the maintenance of the form and the spirit of free government, secured to us not by force but by law; and the altar has thus been the corner-stone of our ancient constitution”.

Now it must not be forgotten that in England, until the twelfth century, not only the abbots who sat in parliament, but also the primate, and nearly all the bishops, were monks, and elected by monks.

CHAPTER IV

SERVICES RENDERED BY THE MONKS TO SCIENCE, EDUCATION, LETTERS, AND HISTORY

We now reach the borders of a region much more fully explored than that through which our path has hitherto lain, and we will profit by this to abridge, as much as may be, the task we have imposed upon ourselves. The outcries raised against the religious orders through many centuries, by ignorance, hatred, and cupidity, had gradually ceased, so far at least as concerns the literary and scientific side of the institution; these outcries now come only from that lowest stratum of the mob where error and falsehood survive long after they have been abandoned by those who at first believed in them. Men capable of judging, even those most superficially versed in historic knowledge, are aware by this time that to speak of monkish ignorance would be only to proclaim their own. Nevertheless, as the echo of these worn-out calumnies still makes itself heard from time to time even in books and lectures intended for the young, it may be useful to recapitulate here certain undeniable facts as to the nature and extent of the services rendered to literature and public instruction by the Monastic Orders, taking care, in our researches, not to come further down than the age of St. Gregory VII, and that which immediately preceded St. Bernard.

When the new forms of Christian society had been worked out through a thousand obstacles and a thousand storms, the persevering efforts of the Church and of the Benedictine army were required to establish that system of knowledge and instruction which naturally accompanied Christian civilisation. Illustrious monks, such as Bede, Alcuin, Rabanus Maurus, for a long time laboured unremittingly for this end, and during the whole course of the tenth century their successors devoted themselves with equal zeal and success to the care of education and to the culture of literature, the future progress of which remained entirely in their hands.

As we have no desire to follow Mabillon and Ziegelbauer in their incontrovertible demonstration of the immense literary and scientific labours of their order, we will content ourselves with showing that, from the fall of the Roman empire until the thirteenth century, it was owing to monks that learning, study, and education were sheltered from the ravages of barbarism, and received that development which suited a Catholic and military society. All the monastic rules agreed in authorising or ordaining the study of literature. The oldest of all, that of St. Pachomius, is very distinct on this point. It requires that every monk shall be able to read and write. When one who could not do this presented himself, they immediately put an alphabet into his hands. The rule of St. Benedict assigned to every monk four hours daily for reading—that is, for study. Cassiodorus, the contemporary and rival of the great St. Benedict, made his vast abbey of Viviers, in Calabria, a real academy. He composed, for the use of the children under his charge, a special treatise, in which he prepared them for the study of Holy

Scripture by detailed instruction in grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy—in other words, in the seven liberal arts. Dialectics were taught by himself and by his assistant Denis the Little, a monk who, though a Scythian by birth, could explain Greek at sight, and translate it into Latin with equal facility.

At the same time, but at the other end of Europe, Abbot Maglorius in Jersey conducted the education of the children of noble houses, whom the hagiographer describes as going out to recite their lessons aloud among the wave-beaten rocks, so as not to disturb the siesta of their masters.

The famous rule written about a century later than that of St. Benedict by an unknown hermit called "the Master", because none could be found to equal him, required that the monks should devote themselves to study until they reached the age of fifty. The rules of St. Aurelian and St. Ferreol rendered this rule universal, and that of doctor.

Monastic tradition was, on this point, always completely in accordance with the rule. In the East as in the West, literary culture, without being by right inseparably attached to the religious profession, became in fact a constant habit and a special distinction in the greater number of monasteries. In the depths of the deserts of Tabenne and of Nitria, the study of Holy Scripture and of the Fathers was placed by the solitaries of the Thebaide in the same rank with penance and prayer. It was the same in all countries where the Benedictine order flourished. The more an abbey became famous for the learning of its monks, the more it was approved and venerated in the Church. "The neglect of letters", as a monkish historian expresses himself, was always noted as a cause of decadence, and the re-establishment of learning was an essential part of all reforms. Duke Tassillon of Bavaria, speaking of the foundations made by his ancestors, was therefore perfectly justified in describing them as "monasteries of study". It is impossible to name any abbey famed for the number and holiness of its monks which was not also famed for learning and for its school of literature.

We have said elsewhere, and we cannot repeat it too often, Fulda, Corbie, Ferrières, Anagni, Marmoutier, Croyland, Fleury, Cluny, Bec, were homes of enlightenment, centres of intellectual life, such as have never since been seen in the world. These holy houses, and many others, rivalled in most respects that illustrious abbey of Lérins which Mabillon so justly describes as "an academy of virtue and learning open to all the nations of the world". Monte Cassino, the metropolis of the Monastic Orders, nobly vindicated its claim to the foremost place by the fruitfulness and permanence of its intellectual labours, which astonish modern erudition, and upon which was founded the fame of men such as Paulus Diaconus, the friend and correspondent of Charlemagne; Abbot Berthaire, a Frenchman by birth, physician and monk, who was martyred by the Saracens in 889; Abbot Frederic, Archbishop Alphano, and Abbot Didier, whose literary tastes did not hinder them from entering the lists among the most intrepid champions of the Church's liberty and the most active auxiliaries of Gregory VII.

It cannot be disputed that from the time of St. Pachomius and St. Basil to that of the contemporaries of St. Anselm and St. Bernard, nearly all eminent monks were distinguished for their love of sacred literature and their zeal for education. To support this assertion it should be enough to cite a small number of brilliant names such as Cassiodorus, Denis the Little, St. Benedict of Anagni, Rabanus Maurus, Alcuin, Loup de Ferrières, Gerbert, and all the abbots of Cluny from St. Odo to Peter the Venerable. All showed themselves faithful to the precept which St. Jerome wrote to his disciple, "Have

a book always in your hand or under your eyes"; and to the example of Bede, who said it had always been delightful to him either to learn, to teach, or to write.

In every monastery there was established first a library, then great studios, where, to increase the number of books, skilful caligraphers transcribed manuscripts; and finally, schools, open to all those who had need of, or desire for, instruction. At Montierender, at Lorsch, at Corvey, at Fulda, at St. Gall, at Reichenau, at Nonantula, at Monte Cassino, at Wearmouth, at St. Albans, at Croyland, there were famous libraries. At St. Michael, at Luneburg, there were two—one for the abbot and one for the monks. In other abbeys, as at Hirschau, the abbot himself took his place in the Scriptorium, where many other monks were occupied in copying manuscripts. At St. Riquier, books bought for high prices, or transcribed with the utmost care, were regarded as the most valuable jewels of the monastery. "Here", says the chronicler of the abbey, counting up with innocent pride the volumes which it contained—"here are the riches of the cloister, the treasures of the celestial life, which fatten the soul by their sweetness. This is how we fulfil the excellent precept, 'Love the study of the Scriptures, and you will not love vice'."

If we were called upon to enumerate the principal centres of learning in this century, we should be obliged to name nearly all the great abbeys whose founders we have mentioned, for most of them then were great homes of knowledge, not less frequented by the children of serfs and of the poor than by those of free and noble birth. In the middle of the preceding century a council of Mayence had ordered that all children should be taken either to the monastery schools or to those kept by their priests to learn the rudiments of belief and the Lord's Prayer in their mother-tongue. It was not then to the future inhabitants of the cloister alone, but to all Christian children, that the monks opened their doors and granted the benefit of their instructions. Thus history considers every monastery as a school, its importance varying with the greatness of the house, where science and profane learning were taught as well as theology, and where Latin was studied at the same time with Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic. Among the most famous of these schools out of France were Monte Cassino, St. Maximin at Treves, St. Alban at Mayence, Prüm, Fulda, St. Gall, Hirschau, Gandersheim, where the nun Hroswitha composed her celebrated dramas, and Heichenau, where St. Wolffgang prepared himself to become the apostle of Hungary: while in France we find Fleury, Gorze, Corbie, St. Denis, St. Martin at Tours, St. Benigne at Dijon, St. Vincent at Toul, St. Germain des Près, Luxeuil under Abbots Adson and Constance, Aurillac, where the future pope, Gerbert, was trained, and, above all, St. Remy at Reims, where Flodoard and Richer wrote the annals of their age and country. The renown of the Abbey of Fleury was very widespread, and the monks who there, beside the tomb of St. Benedict, spent their lives in the pursuit of learning and piety, created a centre of intellectual light whence the future regenerators of education and of the monastic rule in England were later to draw their inspiration.

St. Peter's at Ghent was almost the equal of Fleury; the monks of these great houses declared that they there found, at the same time, repose, happiness, learning, the glory of their order, and their own salvation. All the holy abbots, all the monks become bishops, whose names are famous in contemporary history, watched with unwearied solicitude over the culture of letters in their monasteries: amid the qualities which determined the election of superiors, special knowledge took rank among the most meritorious virtues; the government of schools seemed an essential branch of the government of souls.

The zeal for knowledge thus universal among the monks was not confined to the walls of their monasteries; they conducted schools even in the palaces of the German and French kings. Bishops drawn from the Monastic Orders continued in their dioceses the practice of public instruction. When a monk such as Gerbert, famed for his attainments, opened a school, an army of scholars gathered round him, and his renown excited the emulation of distant contemporaries. But whether the monks placed the theatre of their teaching outside the monastic walls, or whether laymen gathered within the abbeys to profit by their lessons, the result was much the same. Let us glance at the important history of the monk Richer, lately discovered, or at the admirable plays of the nun Hroswitha, and then say whether these productions of tenth-century monasteries do not show a development of mental culture entirely incompatible with the idea which modern ignorance has rendered popular of the "night of the middle ages!" Then, at least, the Christian world did not deceive itself; it went calmly and confidently to seek in the shelter of Benedictine abbeys that vigorous education of the Western races which rendered possible all the miracles of faith, courage, fervour, and humility that illuminated Europe from the eleventh century to the fifteenth, from St. Gregory to Joan of Arc.

We have named St. Gall, and we must return for a moment to that vast monastic establishment the glory of which shone out so widely during the three centuries which separated Charlemagne from Gregory VII, and, above all, during the epoch of the later Carolingians. For more than a hundred years St. Gall had to struggle to maintain its independence against the power of the Bishop of Constance. St. Othmar, whom Charles Martel had made abbot, was dead, martyr to a cause only gained under Louis the German by the efforts of Abbot Hartmot. But during these struggles, as well as after their conclusion, the possessions of the monastery gradually increased, and we are assured that they came to comprise 160,000 *journaux* of land, in consequence of the innumerable donations made by Swiss and Swabian nobles and freemen. The principal lords of these countries considered it an honour to be vassals or tenants of the illustrious abbey under different titles; others confided their children to it; others furnished it with the greater number of its most distinguished abbots. In the shade of its walls there dwelt a whole nation divided into two branches: the *familia intus*, which comprised the labourers, shepherds, and workmen of all trades; and the *familia foris*, composed of serfs bound to do three days' work in each week. In the tenth century there were at St. Gall five hundred monks, of whom fifty-two were priests and thirty-nine deacons or sub-deacons, and there were twenty students. All these monks mingled with the great family of husbandmen in cultivating the fields; and the greater part, says a contemporary chronicler, found a path to heaven through their humility, and gained an eternal kingdom by their charity. The monks excelled themselves in building their church; and, as the monkish historian already quoted says, "It was easy to see from the nest of what kind the birds were".

A numerous series of eminent men issued from this nest. The first to be recorded is Abbot Solomon, Bishop of Constance, who, while minister of Louis the German and his four successors, governed for thirty years the great monastery in which he had been brought up. After him St. Gall was ruled by two dynasties of celebrated monks—the Ekkehards and the Notkers. Ekkehard I, head of the schools, and afterwards dean, privy councillor of the Emperor Otho the Great, is the author of a historical poem on Walter of Aquitaine; his nephew, Ekkehard II, also head of the schools, chaplain and tutor to Otho II, possessed the then very rare art of stenography, and was considered the handsomest monk who ever wore the frock of St. Benedict; Ekkehard III, cousin-german of the preceding, was for thirty years dean of the Abbey of St. Gall in the eleventh century, and inspired such affection in one of his brethren named Wickard,

that the latter, seeing him die, flung himself upon his body, and died also of pure grief; finally, Ekkehard IV, a learned philosopher, principal author of the invaluable chronicle of the community, who, during his lifetime, saw a crowd of counts and knights, young and old, adopt the cowl, and follow the long procession of monks in the cloisters of the ancient abbey.

Before the Ekkehards, the Notkers had shown themselves yet more remarkable. The first, Notker the Stammerer, sprung from the blood of Charlemagne, a poet, a famous musician, author of fifty prose works, and of songs which were long sung by the people, was, after his death, venerated as a saint. Another, painter, physician, poet, and *caligrapher* much sought after by the two first Othos, was surnamed Peppercorn, on account of his severity, which, however, did not prevent his brethren from inscribing his name in their obituary with the title of very gentle doctor and physician. A third, named Notker "the excellent", or the "good abbot", nephew of the preceding, governed the abbey from 973 to 981 with equal skill and success. A fourth, Notker the historian, after having been for a long time provost of St. Gall, left it to reform and direct the diocese of Liège. Finally, the fifth Notker, called "Labeo", was reputed at once the most learned and the most agreeable man of his time: theologian, poet, musician, philosopher, astronomer, mathematician, thoroughly versed in the Greek and Latin languages, he was considered also as one of the chief creators of German literature by his translation into the vulgar tongue of the Psalms and the Book of Job, and by a commentary on Aristotle which he wrote in that language. In his last illness the old monk called together the poor of the neighbourhood to dine round his bed; and having for the last time enjoyed the pleasure of seeing their repast, he died in the midst of them.

Under men of such an order, intellectual work could not be neglected at St. Gall. A learned posterity has been able to make this clear by collecting together the MSS. of their famous library, the finest and most exact in existence, ornamented with the most delicate miniatures, and transcribed by the monks with religious care on parchment of extreme fineness prepared by their own hands. The fame of Sintram, the greatest of these laborious copyists, was so spread abroad, that all the countries north of the Alps were acquainted with it; and his zeal was so indefatigable, that every great abbey in Germany possessed at least one book written by his hand.

The vast dictionary which bears the name of the *Vocabulary of Solomon*, and which was edited by the monks of St. Gall, was in reality a kind of literary and scientific encyclopaedia. Latin was their habitual language, and they wrote it better than any of their contemporaries; but that did not prevent them from giving a great share of their attention to the literary development of German. In the two schools attached to the monasteries, lectures were given on Cicero, Quintilian, Horace, Terence, Juvenal, Persius, Ovid, and even Sophocles. Greek also was cultivated by monks called "Hellenic brothers". The Duchess Hedwig of Swabia herself taught Greek to Abbot Burkhard II when he was a child, and rewarded him by the gift of a Horace for his readiness in verse-making. This duchess, in her turn, had learned Latin from the Dean of St. Gall, Ekkehard I, in partnership with whom she wrote a commentary on Virgil. As to Ekkehard III, Notker Labeo, and Ekkehard IV, they read Homer and made Greek verses, and in dialectics took Plato for their guide as well as Aristotle.

As may well be supposed. Scripture was the principal study of the monks. In examining, even superficially, those ages which heresy has dared to represent as without the knowledge of the sacred writings, it is easy to convince ourselves that not only churchmen—that is to say, those who made a profession of learning—knew the

Holy Scriptures thoroughly, but that laymen, princes, soldiers, even the poor, knew them almost by heart, and could perfectly comprehend the numberless quotations and allusions with which everything that has descended to us from this period—conversations, correspondences, deeds, written documents, historical narratives, and sermons—are filled.

Those who have ever opened any volume whatsoever, written by the professors or historians of the middle ages, must stand amazed before the marvellous power of falsehood, and the incredible ease with which it takes root and grows, when they reflect that it has been possible, even in our days, to make a large portion of the human race believe that the knowledge of Scripture was systematically withheld from the men who composed, and from those who read, the books of that age. Considering the intimate relations which, in the middle ages, existed between monks and laymen, how is it possible to imagine that these latter should not have acquired the knowledge of Bible histories and language?

If it is beyond a doubt that the monks made Holy Scripture the basis of their theological studies, it is equally certain that they brought to these studies a mass of other knowledge, and, notably, all that they could gather with regard to physical science. Thence it arose that in most medieval works the term *scripturae* or *scripturae sacrae* does not always mean Holy Scriptures, but sometimes all sorts of books which treat of Christian or ecclesiastical truths, and are useful aids to understanding the Word of God. Thanks to this wide extension, the monks were far from limiting their labours to the interpretation of the Bible or the different branches of theology, which are commonly supposed to have been their exclusive study before the Renaissance. No knowledge was strange to them : philosophy in its scholastic form, grammar and versification, medicine, botany, mechanics, astronomy, geometry in its most practical applications—all these were the objects of their researches and their writings. Their life in the cloister was, in a certain sense, the permanent continuation of their earlier education.

This laborious and varied knowledge acquired by the monks found in the education of youth an application equally natural and universal. We may safely affirm that this was the principal employment of monastic activity throughout the medieval period. The benefits of instruction were almost exclusively dispensed by their care from the ninth to the fourteenth century—that is to say, during the epoch of the Church's greatest power and splendour. When education passed into the hands of secular corporations by the foundation of universities, the religious orders in all countries nevertheless remained charged with the task of providing religious and intellectual training for a large proportion of Christian youth. From the epoch of the first foundation by Cassiodorus in Calabria till that of the last communities which have been suppressed in our days in Bavaria, Spain, and Switzerland, monasteries have always remained faithful to this tradition—excepting, indeed, those of whom the *Commendam* had devoured the substance and destroyed the discipline.

It may be said, in general terms, that every monastery was a school, and that these two words were almost always synonymous. The solitaries of the Thebaide received from the hands of their friends who remained in the world, the children whom it was their mission to bring up. St. John Chrysostom shows that, in his time, the inhabitants of Antioch sent their sons to the monasteries to study. The rule of St. Benedict made an express mention of the care required for the education of pupils: the saint himself gave lessons to the young sons of Roman nobles. The most ancient rules, such as those already quoted of St. Basil, of the monk called "the Master", of

Grimlaicus, and others, contain analogous passages. Under the Merovingians, when an abbey was founded either in France or Belgium, new converts came in crowds to implore the monks to instruct their children in science and literature. It was the common custom that all monasteries should receive the scholars who came to them from all sides, “like bees to the hive”.

The decrees drawn up by the monk Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, for reorganising the English abbeys after the Conquest, contain most minute directions as to the education of both poor and rich pupils who were destined to spend their youth in the cloister. In turning over the leaves of the customs of Cluny, arranged by the holy monk Udalric, himself also a contemporary of Gregory VII, we may easily convince ourselves of the rigid and exact discipline which, together with the most scrupulous solicitude, ruled the education of the troops of children gathered together by this queen of abbeys. The good monk thus concludes the chapter which he consecrates to the children: “After having often considered the vigilance which watches over them day and night, I have said in my heart that it would be difficult for the son of a king to be brought up with more care in a palace than is shown to the very least of these at Cluny”.

But nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly how the work of education was identified with the monastic spirit than a charter preserved in the archives of St. Gall, in which a serf of the abbey consecrated a part of his earnings to founding an annual bequest of a cup of wine to be given to each scholar of the abbey on Easter Day.

After the regulation of learning in cathedrals and monasteries effected under Charlemagne, a certain number of episcopal schools were preserved in the chief towns of some dioceses, but not of all. The episcopal schools themselves were generally founded and conducted by monks. We see this from the example of Gerbert at Reims, and, still better, by that of the monk Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with the help of his friend Abbot Adrian, taught the young Anglo-Saxons not only the Holy Scriptures, but also the rules of poetry, astronomy, and arithmetic, and brought his scholars to use Greek and Latin almost as readily as their mother-tongue. But most dioceses sent their pupils to the monastery schools. In the eleventh century, for instance, the youth of Lyons, Besançon, Autun, Langres, Châlons, and Strasbourg used to go to Luxeuil to study under the teacher Constance, who died in 1015. There were schools called Palatine in the palaces of the kings of France and Germany, and other private and free schools in many towns; but nearly all which are still known were kept by monks. In the first rank of monk-professors stood the famous Alcuin, head of the schools at the Court of Charlemagne—and Rémy, a monk of St. Germain d’Auxerre, who successively directed the rural school of the priests of Reims and the palatine school at Paris, established in the palace of Charles the Bald. This holy man chiefly taught dialectics and music, and is thought to have done more than any one to extend the study of letters in France in the ninth century. Later, we must notice Hilderic at Benevento, under the Emperor Louis II; and in the eleventh century, Guillaume d'Averse and Benedict of Chiusa. The best judges regard the Benedictines as the first masters and true founders of the most celebrated schools of modern Europe—such as the universities of Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge, and the medical school of Salerno.

Public instruction, then, was almost entirely centred in the cloister, and was thence abundantly distributed to all who claimed it. There, according to the testimony of St. Boniface, the German apostle and martyr, little children came to learn to read; and there were trained men who, like Bede, Boniface, Alcuin, and so many others, were at once the light and the glory of Christendom: thither gathered a crowd of students of all ranks and all countries—a crowd so numerous that the abbatial school of Fleury or

St. Benoit-sur-Loir alone, counted, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, its five thousand scholars. There were schools even in the cells or priories dependent on the principal abbeys, and that even from the ninth century; though those of the abbeys themselves were naturally of greater importance. While ordinary monasteries served as primary schools for the youth of the neighbourhood, more distinguished pupils were collected in the higher schools established in great and rich communities, under the direction of monks not less learned in secular literature than in theology. At the risk of repeating once again names already often mentioned, we will enumerate the monastic schools which, by the extent and variety of their teaching, and by the number of their pupils, became the true centres of education for all Christian races. In Italy these were Monte Cassino, Nonantula, Pomposa, and Classe; in Germany—Fulda, Fritzlar, Hersfeld, St. Gall, Reichenau, Corvey, Prüm, Hirschau, Wissembourg, Metloch, St. Maximin and St. Matthias at Treves, St. Alban at Mayence; in England—another St. Alban, Glastonbury, Malmesbury, Croyland, and St. Peter at Canterbury; in France and Belgium—Marmoutier, Fontenelle, Fleury, Lobbes, Aniane, Corbie, Ferrières, St. Germain d'Auxerre, St. Michael in Lorraine, St. Amand, St. Evroul, Gembloux, Bex, Cluny, Chaise-Dieu, St. Mayeul in the Puy.

These were, in fact, the universities of Christian Europe, from the epoch of Charlemagne to that of St. Louis.

Naturally these great schools were of two kinds; or rather, in each of the principal monasteries there existed two schools: an inner one for the novices—the future monks—and for those children whom their parents destined for the life of the cloister; an outer one for those who were to return to the world, where, together with the sons of the warlike nobles, were received the clergy sent thither from different dioceses. There were, indeed, two distinct kinds of education, or of discipline, as it was called—monastic education and liberal education. Both were supplied from the bosom of the monasteries, where, since the time of Charlemagne, the Benedictine rule, in harmony with the civil laws, had called together alike the sons of the warlike nobility to learn the duties of their high station towards the Church and the world—and the sons of the poorest serfs, to be freed and elevated by education. Hurter, in his remarkable E*ssay on the institutions of the Church to the time of Innocent III*, thinks that he has found, in a passage from the rule of St. Ferreol, quoted below, the first trace of that common instruction which, in our days, some have tried to employ against Catholicism. A learned modern writer has even said that in the twelfth century knowledge was distributed to the people at the convent doors, just as bread was given to the poor and medicine to the sick.

Those writers, therefore, who have maintained that the ancient monastic schools were only intended for the training of youths destined to be monks, have deceived themselves as completely as those who have asserted that any interference in education on the part of monks was an infringement of their rules. Facts prove that everywhere monasteries were centres of education, not only for the younger clergy, but also for young laymen; and that students went there as Lanfranc and St. Anselm did to Bec, without any intention of adopting monastic life. Let us open, at hazard, almost any volume of the Acts of the Saints of the Order of St. Benedict referring to the first half of the eleventh century, and there will appear on nearly every page undeniable proofs of the existence of this custom, One example we find in the case of Athenulfe, son of the Prince of Capua, who, being delivered as a hostage to the Emperor Otho, is sent to Germany to be brought up in a monastery, where he does not even wear the monastic dress another in that of the young Count of Sommerschenburg, Bernward, afterwards Bishop of Hildesheim, who, during his studies in the monastery of that town, went out

when he pleased, in order that his family might be able to admire the progress he was making in versification, in logic, in painting, and engraving. The successor of Bernward, St. Godehard, found the monastic school of his episcopal city filled with young, zealous, and well-trained scholars, who enabled him to supply all the wants of his diocese. Another instance is that of Gotescalc, son of a Slav prince of Mecklenburg, and afterwards son-in-law to the King of Denmark, who studied at the monastery of Luneburg, from whence he escaped on hearing of his father's death. And again, we find a holy abbot, William of St. Bénigne, during his struggles against the ignorance and stupidity of the secular clergy in Normandy and other French provinces, summoning to the monastic school, which he managed at Fécamp, Bèze, Dijon, &c., a crowd of pupils drawn indifferently from the families of rich or poor, freemen or serfs. The latter paid no fees, and were maintained at the cost of the abbeys, which were thus transformed into real seminaries, in the modern sense of the word.

No doubt this was an indirect means of recruiting the monastic ranks, since many of the pupils would naturally prefer a religious life to any other. No doubt, also, the Church had a right to the best fruits of such teaching; but—we repeat it again—it was a benefit not denied to any layman who desired it, even with the avowed intention of remaining in the world. Thus the sons of the possessors of fiefs held from St. Gall were educated in that great abbey, where, as in so many others, no superiority or distinction but that of capacity was acknowledged. Often, indeed, there might be seen, seated side by side, the sons of serfs—ennobled by learning and fed by the charity of the monks—and the sons of knights, such as those whom the nobles of Aquitaine had confided to the founder of the Grande-Sauve; or like that young crusader, afterwards lieutenant to the gallant Bohemond, who, on his return from Palestine, full of gratitude to his master, St. Anselm, sent to him at his abbey of Bee a reliquary containing some of the hair of the Blessed Virgin.

In Germany, the children of the highest nobility were at a very early age confided to the monks. Under the Carolingians, the Abbey of St. Riquier, in Picardy, had one hundred children in its school, among whom were sons of dukes, counts, and the first lords of the kingdom. At Fleury and Reichenau there were special colleges for the young nobles, whence they issued to marry or to follow a soldier’s life. At St. Germain d’Auxerre, at the time of the Norman conquest of England, the Abbot of Selby offered to the young Hugh, who had been brought up in that monastery, the choice between the knightly spurs in the world and the monastic knighthood of the cloister. At the same period, the young Jarenton, who had been educated with the greatest care at Cluny, renounced the monastic profession, which he was destined later to make illustrious, in order to embrace a military life.

Sometimes, even, there were found in the monastery-schools sons of kings, and future kings, such as Pepin the Little and Robert the Pious, who were brought up, one at St. Denis, the other at Reims. Sancho the Great, King of Navarre and Castile, came from the monastery of Leyre, as Louis le Gros, King of France, did from the abbey of St. Denis, where, in the words of Suger, he had become a very accomplished theologian, which, however, did not prevent him from being a most gallant knight and skilful politician.

Finally, the great Alfred, the most illustrious of English kings, the liberator of his country, the hero of fifty-two battles, was not ashamed, when he had reached mature years, to repair his imperfect education by going to the school established by the Benedictines in Oxford, and there studying under their direction grammar, philosophy, rhetoric, history, music, and versification.

The monasteries of women, following the example of abbeys for men, contained schools where were trained not only the future novices, but also numbers of young girls destined for the life of courts or of the world. One of the oldest rules relating to convents—that of St. Césaire of Arles, instituted in the fifth century, and brought a hundred years later to Poitiers by St. Radegonde—required that all the sisters should be able to read, and that they should devote two hours daily to study. St. Leoba, the friend and helper of St. Boniface, introduced the study of the Fathers, and that of canon law, into her convent, which she transformed into a kind of normal school, for the service of the neighbouring abbeys of women. Princes and nobles went thither to seek wives, as Henry the Fowler went to Herford. All the distinguished abbesses were noted for their care of the material wellbeing and intellectual progress of their young pupils. Monastic history does not disdain to speak of the caresses lavished by the illustrious Adelaide of Luxembourg, Abbess of Vilich, on those little girls of her school who answered correctly the questions of their grammar mistresses, and the trouble the good superior took in going every day after matins to warm the feet of her young novices who were still in bed. History speaks with admiration of the illustrious monasteries of Bethlehem, founded by St. Paula and her daughter, under the auspices of St. Jerome. These were at once schools of theology and of languages. Hebrew and Greek were the daily study of these two admirable women, who advised St. Jerome in all his difficulties and cheered him in all discouragements.

From the first introduction of the Monastic Orders into various Christian countries, schools for girls, managed by nuns, never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of exceptional women, as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, and who, in the study of literature, rivalled the most learned monks. It is known that all the nuns of the choir were required to understand Latin, and that letters to them were always written in that language. It would be easy to quote a crowd of learned and accomplished abbesses and nuns. We have only to remember St. Aura, the friend of St. Eloi, and the nun Bertile, whose learned lectures on Holy Scripture drew to Chelles, in the sixth century, a large concourse of auditors of both sexes; St. Radegonde, whose profound study of the three Greek fathers, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and St. Athanasius, is commemorated by Fortunatus; and, finally, St. Gertrude, Abbess of Nivelle, who sent messengers to Rome and to Ireland to buy books, and to bring learned foreigners thence.

The Anglo-Saxon race, above all, was rich in women of this kind: many are to be found among the princesses established in the numerous abbeys of England—such as Edith, natural daughter of King Edgar, who, brought up by her mother in the nunnery at Wilton, was equally famed there for her knowledge and her virtue. In Germany, among the nuns associated with the mission of the English monk St. Boniface, was St. Lioba, placed by him at the head of the first abbey of women founded in the new patrimony with which he had just endowed the Church. It was by her side that the great missionary chose to be interred. Lioba was so eager for knowledge that she never left her books except for divine service. She was well versed in all which were then called the liberal arts; was thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the Fathers and canon law; cultivated Latin verse, and showed her attempts to St. Boniface, who admired them greatly. By her lessons and her example she trained many pupils, who in their turn became famous abbesses. To her is due the honour of having trained in Christian knowledge the young girls who filled the new nunneries founded under the teaching of the Saxon missionaries. The Germans really owe to her the introduction among them of that monastic culture which, later, was to shine with such brilliance in the person of Hroswitha, the illustrious nun of Gandersheim, whose pure and poetic genius has received from contemporary erudition a late but splendid acknowledgment. It is known

that she wrote, in rhymed verse, the history of the Emperor Otho the Great, that of the famous nunnery she inhabited, and the lives of several saints. But the greatest glory of the pious writer was to have composed the plays which she caused to be acted in her abbey. These dramas astonish us by the extraordinary acquaintance they prove with the authors of classic antiquity—Plautus, Terence, Virgil, and Horace—and yet more by a knowledge of the human heart, truly remarkable in a woman completely shut out from the world. In these works, equally edifying and curious, Hroswitha has clothed with a new and attractive form many of the most touching legends of Catholic tradition; and in language often pathetic, and sometimes sublime, she paints with wonderful energy the sacrifice of human to divine love, and the glorious triumph of the sacred weakness of Christian maidens over all earthly passions and all earthly sufferings. Hroswitha was the most famous but not the only learned nun of this period. In the age of St. Gregory VII, Cecilia, daughter of William the Conqueror, Abbess of the Trinity at Caen, and Emma, Abbess of St. Amand, were equally famed for their skill in grammar, in philosophy, and in poetry. A little later, Herrad of Landsperg, who governed forty-six noble nuns at Mont St. Odile in Alsace, composed, under the name of *Hortus deliciarum*, a sort of cosmology, which is regarded as the first attempt at a scientific encyclopaedia, and is noted for the breadth of its ideas on painting, geography, philosophy, mythology, and history. Germany is also indebted to an abbess of Reichstatt for having preserved the *Heldenbuch*, the treasury of her heroic stories, to which, with good reason, she attaches so great a value.

The principal and most constant occupation of the learned Benedictine nuns was the transcription of manuscripts. It can never be known how many services to learning and history were rendered by their delicate hands throughout the middle ages. They brought to the work a dexterity, an elegance, and an assiduity which the monks themselves could not attain, and we owe to them some of the most beautiful specimens of the marvellous caligraphy of the period. The introduction of this art dates indeed from the first ages of Christianity. Eusebius speaks of young maidens whom the learned men of his time employed as copyists. In the fifth century, St. Melania the younger distinguished herself by the beauty and exactness of her transcripts. In the sixth, the nuns of the convent at Aries, excited by the example of the Abbess St. Cesarie, sister of the Archbishop St. Cesaire, acquired a not less brilliant reputation. In the seventh century, St. Gertrude, so skilled in Holy Scripture, sent to Rome and other foreign countries not only to ask for works of the highest Christian poetry, but also for teachers capable of directing the meditations of her nuns, and enabling them with the help of the Holy Spirit to comprehend the mysterious meaning of certain allegories. In the eighth century, St. Boniface begged an abbess to write out for him in golden letters the Epistles of St. Peter. In the ninth, the Benedictine nuns of Eeck on the Meuse, and especially the two holy abbesses Harlinde and Renilde, attained a great celebrity by their caligraphic works, and by the splendour of the ornaments which they used. Finally, to stop at the epoch of St. Gregory VII, a contemporary nun, Diemude, at Wessobrunn in Bavaria, undertook to transcribe a series of important works, the mere enumeration of which would frighten a modern reader. These works formed, as we read in the saint's epitaph, a whole library, which he offered as a tribute to St. Peter; but which, however, did not prevent her from carrying on with Herluca, a nun at the neighbouring convent of Eppach, a spiritual correspondence remarkable for the grace of its expression. As may well be supposed, these noble and pious ladies did not copy without understanding; but were able to profit by what they transcribed.

Nuns, therefore, were the rivals of monks in the task of enlarging and fertilising the field of Catholic learning.

Every one is aware that the copying of manuscripts was one of the habitual occupations of monks. By it they fed the claustral libraries already spoken of, and which are the principal source of modern knowledge. Thus we must again refer to the first beginning of the Monastic Orders to find the earliest traces of a custom which from that time was, as it were, identified with the practices of religious life. In the depths of the Thebaide, in the primitive monasteries of Tabenna, every house, as we have said, had its library. There is express mention made of this in the rule of St. Benedict. Cassiodorus, who honoured all the great Catholic traditions, endowed his abbey with books alike numerous and valuable. Dating from these patriarchs of the Monastic Orders, through all the ages of their history, to name an important monastery is to indicate a sort of oasis of knowledge. Every notable abbot, every monk famed for piety or austerity, made himself remarkable for zealous and laborious efforts to collect, buy, and preserve books, and to increase the number of them by transcription. I doubt whether it is possible to point out one well-known monastery or abbot presenting an exception to this general rule. Hence comes the saying, “A cloister without books is a fortress without an arsenal”.

To avoid repetition, we will confine ourselves to the mention of a few names and facts. In the seventh century, St. Benedict Biscop, founder and abbot of Wearmouth in England, undertook five sea voyages to search for and purchase books for his abbey, to which each time he brought back a large cargo. In the ninth century, Loup of Ferrières transformed his monastery of St. Josse-sur-Mer into a kind of depot for the trade in books which was carried on with England. About the same time, during the wars which ravaged Lombardy, most of the literary treasures which are now the pride of the Ambrosian library were being collected in the abbey of Bobbio. The monastery of Pomposa, near Ravenna, had, according to contemporaries, a finer library than those of Rome or of any other town in the world. In the eleventh century, the library of the abbey of Croyland numbered 3000 volumes. The library of Novalese had 6.700, which the monks saved at the risk of their lives when their abbey was destroyed by the Saracens in 905. Hirschau contained an immense number of manuscripts. But, for the number and value of its books, Fulda eclipsed all the monasteries of Germany, and perhaps of the whole Christian world. On the other hand, some writers assure us that Monte Cassino, under the Abbot Didier, the friend of Gregory VII, possessed the richest collection which it was possible to find. This was the result of the residence in Italy of the African Constantine, who, after having passed forty years in the East studying the scientific traditions of Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, and India, had been driven from Carthage by envious rivals; and coming to the tomb of St. Benedict, to assume there the monastic habit, endowed his new dwelling with the rich treasure of books collected in his wanderings.

The libraries thus created by the labours of monks became, as it were, the intellectual arsenals of princes and potentates. The Emperor Charles le Gros took from St. Gall St. Gregory’s homilies on the Gospels. The Empress Richarda borrowed from the same monastery the great doctor’s commentary on Ezekiel; and the Arch-chancellor Luitward, the Epistles of St. Jerome. A century and a half later, the Empress Gisela sent thither in her turn to ask for the German translation of Job and the Psalms. These books, so much sought after, naturally brought about an exchange of good offices between the abbey and the different congregations: owners of books offered them to each other, and sent them to each other from great distances. Charity, and the spirit of union as well as learning, gained by this. “We send you a pledge of our affection, and we would fain have one from you in return”, wrote Durand, abbot of Chaise-Dieu, to St. Anselm, then prior of Bec, when he asked for St. Paul’s Epistles. The correspondence of

Loup de Ferrières, and those of Gerbert, Lanfranc, and Peter the Venerable, all contain details on this point which are equally touching and instructive.

We must conclude, then, that at the period of which we speak, as is generally supposed, books were far from being as rare in that old Christian Europe covered with monasteries, each of which possessed its own library. There were also collections of books in all the cathedrals, in all the collegiate churches, and in many of the castles. Much has been said of the excessive price of certain books during the middle ages: Robertson and his imitators, in support of this theory, are fond of quoting the famous collection of homilies that Grecia Countess of Anjou bought, in 1056, for two hundred sheep, a measure of wheat, one of millet, one of rye, several marten-skins, and four pounds of silver. An instance like this always produces its effect; but these writers forget to say that the books bought for such high prices were admirable specimens of caligraphy, of painting, and of carving. It would be just as reasonable to quote the exorbitant sums paid at sales by bibliomaniacs of our days, in order to prove that since the invention of printing, books have been excessive in price. Moreover, the ardent fondness of the Countess Grecia for beautiful books had been shared by other amateurs of a much earlier date. Bede relates that Alfred, King of Northumbria, in the seventh century, gave eight hides of land to St. Benedict Biscop in exchange for a Cosmography which that book-loving abbot had bought at Rome.

The monks loved their books with a passion which has never been surpassed in modern times. We find proofs of this both in their writings and in a thousand incidents of their lives. They often undertook long and difficult journeys to procure manuscripts, or even merely to consult them: we possess, for example, a curious account of an excursion made by the monk Richer of Reims to the town of Chartres, for the purpose of seeing the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. And books, once acquired, were regarded as the most precious treasure of the monasteries. The monks of Monte Cassino, when forced, about the year 580, to abandon their abbey to the rage of the Lombards, made no attempt to carry anything with them except their books, and the text of the Rule given by their holy Patriarch. When the Saracens came, in 905, to Novalese in Piedmont, the first care of the monks, after a short prayer to the Virgin, was to run to the library. There, says the chronicle, they loaded each other with manuscripts as if they were beasts of burden, and so carried them across the mountains to Turin. “Our books”, said Hugh, Prior of the Chartreuse at Witham, to his monks, “are our delight and our wealth in time of peace, our offensive and defensive arms in time of war, our food when we are hungry, and our medicine when we are sick”. “Without study and without books, the life of a monk is nothing”, said a monk of Muri. Unfortunately, at a certain epoch, the price of manuscripts became so exorbitant, that the poor clerks found it impossible to acquire those which were needed for their studies. The most learned student of our *École des Chartes* has recently remarked, “There has not been sufficient regard paid to the services rendered by monastic libraries in such cases. The loan of books was considered as one of the most meritorious of all acts of mercy”. We must add, however, that to avoid doing this, some communities placed the books of their libraries under an anathema—that is to say, they forbade, under pain of excommunication, all borrowing or lending of books. But this selfish strictness, so alien to the true monastic spirit, was formally condemned in 1212 at the Council of Paris, the fathers of which urged, in touching terms, more charitable sentiments on these bibliophiles. “We forbid monks to bind themselves by any oath not to lend their books to the poor, seeing that such a loan is one of the chief works of mercy. We desire that these books should be divided into two classes—one to remain in the house for the use of the brothers, the other to be lent out to the poor, according to the judgement of the abbot”.

All these facts show how much instruction was valued in the middle ages. St. Maïeul of Cluny was so fond of reading, that even when he travelled on horseback he had always a book in his hand. Halinard, Abbot of St. Bénigne at Dijon, and afterwards Archbishop of Lyons, one of the boldest champions of ecclesiastical liberty, had the same custom; and it was remarked that the volumes he thus read "to amuse himself" were chiefly those of the ancient philosophers.

It is an error, therefore, to suppose that books of theology or piety alone filled the libraries of the monks. Some enemies of the religious orders have, indeed, argued that this was the case; but the proof of the contrary is evident in all documents relating to the subject. The catalogues of the principal monastic libraries during those centuries which historians regard as most barbarous, are still in existence; and these catalogues amply justify the sentence of the great Leibnitz, when he said, "Books and learning were preserved by the monasteries".

It is acknowledged that if, on one hand, the Benedictines settled in Iceland collected the Eddas and the principal traditions of the Scandinavian mythology, on the other all the monuments of Greece and Rome which escaped the devastations of barbarians were saved by the monks of Italy, France, and Germany, and by them alone. And if in some monasteries the scarcity of parchment and the ignorance of the superiors permitted the destruction, by copyists, of a certain small number of precious works, how can we forget that without these same copyists we should possess nothing—absolutely nothing—of classic antiquity?

But the monks did not content themselves with guarding carefully and transcribing scrupulously; they studied the remains of previous civilisations with intelligence and skill. Most monastic writers made many quotations from the ancients; and it is surprising to find how familiar they were with writers whose tendency was in general so far different from their own. Lieven, the Irishman, the monastic apostle of Flanders in the seventh century, invoked the muses in verse, which he dictated during the laborious journeys destined to end in his martyrdom: he boasted of having drunk of the Castalian spring, and of knowing how to touch the Cretan lyre. Alcuin enumerates among the books in the library at York the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Pliny, Virgil, Statius, Lucan, and of Trogus Pompeius. In his correspondence with Charlemagne he quotes Ovid, Horace, Terence, and Cicero, acknowledging that in his youth he had been more moved by the tears of Dido than by the Psalms of David. The abbot Jerome of Pomposa, when he was reproached with having mingled in the library of his monastery the fables of the Gentiles with the grave theology of Christians, answered that he had wished to leave every one free to follow his taste and to exercise his faculties as he thought best. In the list of books distributed to the monks of Farfa, according to a regulation of 1009, we find Titus Livius by the side of Augustine and the Venerable Bede. We see in the correspondence of the pious and zealous Loup de Ferrières that he successively borrowed from his friends the treatise *De Oratore* of Cicero, a commentary on Terence, the works of Quintilian, those of Sallust, and those of Suetonius, and that he was occupied at the same time in correcting the text of the orations of Cicero against Verres, and that of Macrobius. One of the most excellent monks of the eleventh century, Hermann Contractus, when on his death-bed, still dreamed of the happiness of reading and re-reading the *Hortensius* of Cicero. Abbot Didier of Monte Cassino, who succeeded Gregory VII as Pope, caused Horace and Seneca, Cicero's treatise *De Natura Deorum*, and the *Fasti* of Ovid, to be transcribed. Didier's old friend, Archbishop Alfano, a monk of Monte Cassino, constantly quotes in his writings Plato, Aristotle, Varro, Cicero, Virgil, and Apuleius, and imitates Ovid and Horace in his verses. St. Anselm, Abbot of Bec in the time of Gregory VII, recommended to his pupils the careful

study of Virgil and other profane writers, setting aside the too licentious passages. Finally, St. Peter Damian seems to have expressed the true mind of the Church when, speaking of the studies of Gregory VII himself in pagan writers, he applies to him this passage from Exodus : “To study poets and philosophers for the purpose of rendering the wit more keen, and fitter to penetrate the mysteries of the Divine Word, is to spoil the Egyptians of their treasures in order to build a tabernacle for God”.

It appears, then, that the supposed ignorance of the middle ages in general, and of the monks in particular, with regard to pagan antiquity, has been considerably exaggerated.

An attentive study of monastic remains shows, on the contrary, that classic writers were perhaps more generally known and admired in France then than they are now. It is true that the code of morality and of politics meant for the use of Christian nations was not, as it has been since the Renaissance, drawn from these writers, and that the dangerous influence they were likely to exercise on public morals was clearly understood ; but the study of the *chefs-d’oeuvres* of pagan authors possessed so strong an attraction for the monks, that throughout the duration of the ages of monastic splendour, and in all Christian countries, we find that the saints and doctors were obliged to repress in the cloister the fondness of the monks for those very studies which they are accused of having despised, but which really often exercised too great a dominion over them. St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Gregory the Great, St. Paschase Radbert, Loup de Ferrières, Rathier of Verona, St. Peter Damian, Lanfranc, and others, were obliged to protest against this excessive devotion to pagan literature, and to point out the dangers to morals which might arise from it. These warnings and reprimands, which we find falling, century after century, from the pens of the most illustrious monks, prove at least that the use of classic authors was sufficiently common among the Benedictines to have degenerated into an abuse. Many curious facts of monastic history show clearly that this danger was by no means imaginary. And there is one direction to be found in the Customs of Cluny, in the passage which prescribes the different signs to be used in asking for books during the hours of silence, which proves at once the frequency of these studies, and the small esteem in which a true monk ought to hold them. The general rule, when asking for any book, was to extend the hand, making motions as if turning over the leaves; but in order to indicate a pagan work, the monks were directed to scratch their ear as a dog does—because, says the regulation, unbelievers may well be compared to that animal. In the same spirit, two German monks, apologists of Gregory VII, placed the following inscription at the head of a treatise addressed by them, in 1076, to a learned contemporary: “To Dom Bernard, who, to the great profit of his soul and of his auditors, has given up the frivolous lyre of Horace for the mystic harp of David”.

To return to the constant transcription of manuscripts, which fed and multiplied the cloister libraries, it is not sufficiently known how laborious and meritorious a work this really was. Its character was such, that it was regarded by monastic rules and usages as completely equivalent to that manual labour, that rude agricultural toil, by which the Benedictines brought great part of Europe into cultivation, and which constituted, as every one knows, one of the strictest obligations of all the rules. St. Martin imposed no other task on his disciples. Cassiodorus—that great man, who, after having been minister to four or five kings, ended his life in a monastery founded by himself—settled the rules of the art of copying in his treatise *De Orthographia* where he recommends this work in preference to all others, while at the same time teaching the first elements of that art of binding, the productions of which are now so anxiously sought for. He desired that the workers should learn to ornament manuscripts, so that

the beauty of the holy writings might be set off by the splendour of a rich cover, and so realise, as it were, the parable of our Lord, who, when He called His elect to the heavenly feast, would have them robed in wedding garments. St. Ferréol says expressly in his Rule, written in the sixth century, that "he who does not turn up the earth with the plough ought to paint the parchment with his fingers".

We find, also, that the most illustrious monks did not disdain this kind of labour as a penitential exercise: St. Jerome, St. Eustace, Abbot of Luxeuil, the Venerable Bede, Rabanus Maurus, Lanfranc, and a crowd of other holy and learned abbots, transcribed sometimes their own works, and sometimes those of others. This work was nowhere more carefully or zealously organised than in the great German abbey of Hirschau, in the eleventh century. The Abbot Frederic himself took his place in the scriptorium, where a number of monks were occupied in copying. His successor, William of Hirschau, had chosen from among the brothers twelve excellent caligraphers, to whom he intrusted specially the transcribing of the sacred books and of the Fathers. Others, whose number was unlimited, copied works of less importance. It was a real penance—for the men of the Middle Ages, monks or not, had little fondness for a sedentary life; they could only give themselves up to it by putting a perpetual constraint upon their habits and their nature. But the example of so many excellent persons, of so many great men, and, above all, the holy virtue of obedience, attached the monks to this fatiguing duty. More than one avowal, slipping from the pen of laborious copyists, betrays at once the hardness of the trial and the merit of the sacrifice. A monk of St. Gall has left these lines, traced on a corner of one of the beautiful manuscripts belonging to the abbey: "He who does not know how to write imagines it to be no labour; but though three fingers only hold the pen, the whole body grows weary".

There were no fires in the cells of the monks, and during the long hours of day and night they had to bear the severest cold. We cannot, therefore, read, without emotion, the few lines placed by the monk Louis of Wissobrunn at the end of the commentary of St. Jerome on the Book of Daniel: "Good readers who may use this work, do not, I pray you, forget him who copied it; it was a poor brother named Louis, who, while he transcribed this volume, brought from a foreign country, endured the cold, and was obliged to finish in the night what he was not able to write by daylight. But Thou, Lord, wilt be to him the full recompense of his labours".

These humble copyists worked in silence, and with unfailing assiduity. Thus, twelve young monks in the reformed monastery of St. Martin at Tournay, laboured with so much zeal in copying the manuscripts collected or borrowed by Raoul their prior, that very soon no abbey of the Netherlands possessed a more extensive library; and thus also worked Othlo, a monk of Tegernsee and St. Emmeran, of about the same time, who has left us a startling enumeration of his productions, among which are nineteen missals written with his own hand, and which nearly cost him his sight. Thus, even supposing, as ill-informed authors have done, that the monks undertook this work merely to beguile their idle hours, how can we refuse to admire men who, according to the just observation of a modern writer, must have undertaken, by way of recreation or pastime, a work to which the most skilful of copyists needed to devote so many days and nights?

We must remember, moreover, that this kind of recreation, or rather this excess of fatigue, was not only justified but sanctified among monks by the spiritual end for which they worked. Ozanam reminds us that in the Abbey of Fulda an inscription in verse, written over the door of the Scriptorium, exhorted them to multiply books, taking care to reproduce the texts carefully, and not to deface them by frivolous

inscriptions. From the commencement, Cassiodorus had defined the true aim of literary work, and, above, all, of that work of transcription, to which the monks devoted their time. “What a happy invention”, he says, “and what glorious labour, is that which enables us to preach to men by the hands as well as by the voice; to use our fingers in place of our tongues; to place ourselves in relation with the rest of the world without breaking silence; and to combat with pen and ink the lawless suggestions of the devil! for each word of Holy Scripture written by the studious monk is a wound given to Satan ... A reed shaped into a pen, as it glides over the page and traces the Divine Word there, repairs, as it were, the wrong done by that other reed with which, on the day of the Passion, the devil caused the head of the Lord to be struck”. It is certain that the lowly sons of St. Benedict made no pretensions whatever to the title of savants or pedagogues; such was neither their mission, their intention, nor their duty. The words employed at the consecration of the Scriptorium, or transcribing room, show sufficiently the object and spirit of their work. “Deign, Lord, to bless the Scriptorium of Thy servants, that all which they write there may be comprehended by their intelligence, and realised in their works”. All that monks have done for learning, then, was but a work of supererogation; it was out of the surplus of their time, their powers, and their zeal that they gave this alms to posterity. Consequently, we may boldly affirm that the most learned men the world ever saw, became so only by accident. They studied—so said, a thousand years after Cassiodorus, the most learned seventeenth-century monk, Dom Mabillon—they studied, not in order to become learned, but that they might be more capable of practising their duties as monks. Their monasteries were not “academies of science”, but “schools of Jesus Christ”. Thus they reconciled the love of study with the renunciation of all literary and merely human glory; for, to borrow again the language of Mabillon, it is quite possible to despise earthly knowledge, and yet to make it profitable to holiness and virtue; just as one can make use of wealth to subsist and to give alms, even while contemning it as a Christian and as a monk. Thus the Benedictines kept themselves for twelve centuries midway between two extreme and erroneous opinions, — one which proclaimed study and learning useless and even hurtful to true monks; and the other, which would allow to monks no other mission than that of being savants, writers, or commentators. We may remind those who still hold this last error, of the beautiful prayer of St. Autbert, Abbot of St. Vincent at Volturna in Italy, at the end of his commentary on the Apocalyps: —

“May it please Thee, O Lord, to grant me, together with learning, the study and practice of virtue! But if I have not the happiness to possess both, I prefer to pass for a fool rather than for a learned man without goodness. For indeed I have quitted my country and my family, not to obtain from Thee the gift of knowledge, but rather that by Thee I may be led to eternal life by the road of perfect virtue. I have no wish to change this; if I do not deserve both knowledge and goodness, take knowledge, I pray Thee, away from me, so that Thou mayst leave me the fruits of goodness”.

But we must abridge. If we were not bound to do so, how delightful would it be to follow so many illustrious monks in the long and laborious journeys which they often undertook for love of learning, from the distant times of St. Ildephonso of Seville and St. Adson of Vienna, up to those of Mabillon and Montfaucon, of Quirini and Pez, whose pilgrimages offer the material for perhaps one of the most animated and profitable chapters of literary history!

How pleasant would it be to enumerate in detail the services rendered by the indefatigable zeal of the monks to all branches of human knowledge: to theology, in which so many controversialists and missionaries have distinguished themselves; to canon law and civil law, the first collectors of which, Denys the Little and Reginald of

Prüm, Burkhard of Worms and Gratien, author of the famous Decretal, were all monks, as well as Marculphus and Antegesius, the editors of the Capitularies; to medicine, constantly practised and taught in cloisters from the time of St. Benedict to that of St. Bernard, and endowed by the monks of Monte Cassino with the famous school of Salerno; to astronomy and mathematics, cultivated by so many holy monks; finally, to philosophy, which, to quote one of its most learned historians, had for eight centuries no other asylum than the family of St. Benedict!

This task, already accomplished by Ziegelbauer, would surpass our limits; but before quitting the vast subject of the scientific and literary activity of monks, we cannot help alluding to the important services they have rendered to history.

On this ground we may fearlessly affirm that they are without rivals; and people in general are willing to acknowledge that it is so. The idea of the most solid and laborious historical researches, allies itself readily in most minds with the idea of the Benedictines; but too often this homage is paid only to the congregation of St. Maur, and other modern monks who have filled our libraries with their excellent collections. This, however, is not enough: justice ought to be done to the ancient monks, who, from the foundation of their order, neglected no effort for regulating and preserving the annals of Christian nations; for we should not forget that it was these ancient monastic chroniclers who, by their numerous and unwearied labours, furnished to Mabillon, Pez, D'Achery, Martène, Calmet, and so many other illustrious Benedictines of the two last centuries, the principal materials for those precious compilations to which, without abandoning their usual modesty, their editors may so justly give the name of *Treasuries*. It is owing to these monks of the Middle Ages that we are acquainted with the history of six or seven centuries, which, without their writings, would have remained completely unknown to us, and which embrace the period when all the nations of Europe took their rise. Thus, not content with having preserved for us the remains of pagan antiquity, the monks have bequeathed to us the memorials of our own origin in two series of works which have immortalised their laborious exactitude—their *Annals* or *Chronicles*, arranged in chronological order, and their biographies of saints and other famous persons.

Even those who did not compose books expressly historical, have left us in their cartularies the only documents by the help of which the archaeologist can resolve the most important problems relating to the social, civil, domestic, and agricultural life of our ancestors. Thanks to their strongly conservative spirit, their libraries serve for the archives of states, of churches, and of families.

All Christian nations may join in the testimony which an English Protestant did not fear to give in their honour, even in presence of the Puritans of the sixteenth century. “Without the monks, we should have been as ignorant of our own history as children”. England, converted by monks, has special reason to be proud of the historians furnished by her abbeys. One monk, Gildas, has painted with fiery touches the misery of Great Britain after the departure of the Romans. To another, the Venerable Bede, author of the *Ecclesiastical History of Britain*, we owe the detailed account of the Catholic renaissance under the Saxons. The exactness of his learning, and the empire which he exercised through his writings over the middle ages, may justly entitle Bede to be regarded as the father of Catholic history. After him Ingulphus, abbot of Croyland, and Ordericus Vitalis, a monk of Shrewsbury, have left us the most faithful, the most impartial, and the most animated picture of the struggle between the Saxons and Normans, and the vicissitudes of the Church of England at the same period.

Their writings, an inexhaustible mine of information as to the manners, laws, and ideas of their times, join the attractiveness of biography to the importance of history.

France is not less rich. According to a tradition which is not without authority, her oldest historian, and one of the noblest personages in her ancient Church, St. Gregory of Tours, belonged to a monastic order. After him a long series of monk-historians, each day more valued among us, successively laid the first stones of the great edifice of our annals. Abbon, a monk of St. Germain des Prés, wrote the history of the wars of King Eudes, and also that of the siege of Paris by the Normans, of which he himself was an eyewitness. At St. Rémy at Rheims, the annals of the tenth century were drawn up with conscientious care, first by Abbot Frodoard, a poet, and renowned for his learning; and later by the monk Richer, whose history, recently discovered, has been hailed with so much delight by modern students. The work of these two illustrious monks of St. Rémy is continued and completed by Helgaud and Almoin, both monks of Fleury; by Oderan, monk of St. Peter le Vif at Sens; and by Adhemar de Chabanais, monk of St. Cybar at Angouleme. Raoul Glaber, one of our most valuable annalists, was a monk of St. Germain d'Auxerre; he wrote the *History of his own Time* in obedience to the commands of St. Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, and of William, Abbot of St. Boniface, and also in answer to the entreaties of the studious monks of Cluny, who were distressed to see that no one took the trouble to transmit to posterity the events of a century not less important for the Church than for the people. Finally, Hugh, Abbot of Flavigny, has given us, with more detail than any one else, the whole history of the eleventh century. These various monkish chronicles have served as a basis for the first national and popular monuments of our history, the famous Chronicles of St. Denys, which, written very early in Latin, translated into French in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and containing the very essence of the historic and poetic traditions of old France, specially helped to establish before the eyes of kings and of their chief vassals, the tribunal of posterity.

Italy offers nearly the same spectacle and the same resources. Anastasius the librarian, the most eminent historian of the Papacy, was a monk. The first volumes of Muratori's great collection are filled with monkish chronicles, invaluable sources for the study of the origin of Italian nationality, especially those of the Abbey of St. Vincent at Volturna, of Novalese, of Farfa, and of Casa Aurio. Monte Cassino, as befitted the mother abbey of the West, was a nursery of distinguished historians: thence came Johannes Diaconus, the biographer of St. Gregory the Great, and Paulus Diaconus, the friend of Charlemagne, and historian of the Lombards; then Leo, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia, first author of the famous Chronicle of Monte Cassino; and, finally, Petrus Diaconus, the continuer of Leo, who finished this important work, placed by *savants* in the first rank of historical writings of the middle ages. Another monk of Monte Cassino, Amato, related the wonderful story of the conquests gained by the Norman chivalry in the Two Sicilies—a story reproduced and completed by the Sicilian monk Geoffrey Malaterra.

As to Germany, thanks to her Benedictines, she seems, even from these early times, to have merited the crown of historic learning, which she has so gloriously won in our days. Eginard, Theganus, Nithardus, and, above all, Rodolphus of Fulda, from whom we derive all we know in detail of the destinies of the Carolingians, belonged to Monastic Orders. Among the historians of Charlemagne was a monk of St. Gall; and the memoirs of that illustrious abbey, successively drawn up by the most distinguished monks, generally contemporary with the events they relate, have left us the most sincere and most picturesque representation of their epoch. The ninth century had an excellent historian in Regino, Abbot of Prüm. The Abbey of Lobbes, in Belgium,

produced three annalists of great merit: Abbot Folcuin, who wrote the history of his predecessors; Abbot Heriger, who composed that of the Bishops of Liege; and the monk Adelbod, afterwards Bishop of Liege, biographer of the Emperor Henry II. The reigns of Henry I and Otho the Great were chronicled with ability and honesty by Witikind, a monk of Corvey, who for forty years directed the school of this great monastery. Ditmar, a noble Saxon, first monk of Magdebourg and then Bishop of Mersebourg, has left us the most detailed chronicle we possess on the period of the emperors of the house of Saxony.

In the first rank of the eleventh-century historians, we find Hermannus Contractus, son of the Count of Woringen, brought up at St. Gall, and a monk at Reichenau. He is one of the most interesting and attractive personages of his period, as humble as he is learned, severe towards himself, indulgent to others, an eloquent teacher, an unwearied student, inimitably patient, an earnest defender of orthodoxy and rule, and all in spite of terrible infirmities. He was much sought after, on account of his profound and varied learning, by many pupils from all countries, and was passionately loved by his brother monks, whom the extreme gentleness of his character completely subjugated. He, however, together with all other contemporary writers, was eclipsed as a historian by Lambert of Aschaffenbourg, monk of Hersfeld, who drew the picture of the great struggle between the Church and the Empire with an authority and impartiality no one has ever dared to question. This history was continued and developed in the interest of the Church by Berthold of Reichenau, Bernold of St. Blaise, and Ekkehard, Abbot of Aurach; and later, under the influence of the imperialists, by Sigebert of Gemblours, a monk remarkable for his fervour and devotion to his rule, in spite of his notorious partiality for the enemies of the Church.

Toward the same period an Irishman, Marianus Scotus, became a monk in Germany, where he employed himself in profound study, for the purpose of rectifying all the chronology in use, which he did in a chronicle then widely known, and continued by several writers. A French monk, named Martin, became the first historian of Poland; while another monk, Nestor, of Polish origin, drew up the primitive annals of Russia, then newly converted to Christianity. These annals were composed in the national tongue at Kiev, in the monastery of Peczora, then the nursery of the orthodox clergy, and the home of that Catholic civilisation which Russia had first accepted, and which she was soon unhappily destined to reject.

It will be sufficient to cite, among the writers of the eleventh century, William of Malmesbury, Gilbert of Nogent, Otho of Frisingue, Abbot Suger, and Odo of Deuil, to prove that during this period the monks did not shrink from their mission as the historians of the Christian world. And who can deny them most of the conditions necessary for the fulfilment of this high mission? They worked neither for gain nor fame, but simply for the glory of God. Their object was to keep alive in the memories of their brethren the events passing in their time and in their neighbourhood—to collect together those which they had witnessed, or had received from tradition. Thanks to the social organisation of the middle ages, this tradition had remained equally powerful and durable. The monks wrote amidst the peace and freedom of the cloister, in all the candour and sincerity of their minds. They had neither family nor property to endanger in daring to speak the truth to those in power; and their writings, composed under the eye of their monastic superiors and the sovereign protection of the Church, escaped at once the coercion of temporal rulers, and the dangers or flatteries of a wide and immediate publicity. Their only ambition was to be faithful interpreters of the teaching which God gives to men in history, by reminding them of the ruin of the proud, the exaltation of the humble, and the terrible certainty of eternal judgement. Calm amid

the safety and obedience of the cloister, and in the happiness of holy poverty, the monkish annalists offered to those Christians whose lives, spent in the world, debarred them from historic research, the rich fruit of their long study. If princes and nobles never tired of founding, endowing, and enriching monasteries, neither did the monks grow weary of chronicling the services and exploits of their benefactors, in order to transmit them to posterity. They thus paid a just debt of gratitude to Catholic chivalry. “Princes and lords”, said one of them, “you give us peace by braving all perils and performing great feats of arms; it is our part to create for you by our toils a fame which shall last for ever”.

The composition of these monastic chronicles, far from being given up to individual caprice, was the object of special solicitude to the heads of communities. At St. Gall the official history of the house, which embraced that of all the empire, was begun at a very early date, and continued during several centuries. At Corvey, the provost or prior was charged with the same duty during the whole period of his office. In England, in all the monasteries which were royal foundations, an accomplished and trustworthy monk was chosen to collect the feats and actions of the reigning king; then, at the first general chapter held after the death of each sovereign, a commission, formed of the most prudent of the brotherhood, arranged out of these notices a chronicle of the reign just ended, to be placed in the archives of the monastery. As to the loyalty and impartiality of the chroniclers, it is sufficiently guaranteed by their candour in themselves transmitting to posterity the narrative of the disorders which too often disturbed and injured the reputation of their own monasteries; and assuredly they have thus acquired the right to be believed in the judgements they express with reference to exterior events. It is to the monks of St. Denis that we owe the most exact account of the ignominious troubles of the reign of Charles VI. It is owing to the annals of St. Vaast that we are able to trace the refinements of cruelty and perfidy used by Louis XI in endeavouring to snatch from the heiress of Burgundy the rich domains of her ancestors. The noble independence professed by Ordericus Vitalis was no vain formula when he, an English monk in a Norman abbey, said, “I will describe the revolutions of England and of Normandy without flattering any one, for I expect my reward neither from the victors nor the vanquished”.

CHAPTER V

SERVICES RENDERED BY THE MONKS TO ART

If we cross the narrow boundary which in the human mind separates the domain of learning and literature from the domain of art, we find monks there, as everywhere, in the post of honour, in the vanguard of Christian progress. We recognise in them the principal instruments of the slow and salutary regeneration which freed art from all pagan influences, and clothed it with that form, completely and exclusively Catholic, which has produced so many and such inimitable masterpieces. Too long despised by the narrow spirit which has misunderstood at once the history, the learning, and the greatness of the Catholic ages, the monuments produced during those ages, by a marvellous union of enthusiasm and humility, have at last in our own days been studied, comprehended, and admired; and the justice now so generally done to them cannot fail to be reflected upon the Monastic Orders. If it were permitted to us here to include in our review the age in which Christian art reached its climax, how delightful would it be to show this art developing itself, by the help of the monastic spirit, in new forms, but in all its vigour, purity, and productiveness, especially among the preaching friars! How eagerly should we follow its wonderful progress till the day when it attained that ideal of beauty glorified by faith—that enchanting perfection of grace, nobleness, and purity, the type of which is found in the Madonna, such as Dante has sung her, and such as she is painted by the blessed Dominican, Giovanni of Fiesole, so justly surnamed Fra Angelico! But even while confining ourselves to the period which specially occupies us, we may at least make it clear that the monks prepared, by their numberless works, the dawn of that day of Catholic art which reigned from the twelfth to the fifteenth century; and we shall have the consolation of finding on our path no trace of that degradation of Christian ideas which has been called the Renaissance, and which, in our opinion, has dug the grave of true beauty and of true poetry.

From the beginning of monasticism, St. Benedict, in his rule, had foreseen that there would be artists in the cloister, and had imposed on the exercise of their art and their freedom but one single condition—humility. His previsions were accomplished and his commands faithfully-obeyed. Benedictine monasteries soon contained not only schools and libraries, but also studios where architecture, painting, mosaic, sculpture, engraving, calligraphy, ivory-carving, the mounting of gems, bookbinding and ornamentation in various branches, were studied and practised with equal ardour and success, without any injury to the severe discipline of the institution.

The teaching of these arts even formed an essential part of monastic education.

The greatest and holiest abbeys were precisely those most renowned for the zeal they displayed in the culture of art. As we have already said, St. Gall in Germany, Monte Cassino in Italy, and Cluny in France, were for many centuries the centres of Christian art. Later, St. Denis, under Abbot Suger, disputed this honour with them. In the shelter of its immense church, the largest in Christendom, with innumerable abbeys depending on it, Cluny formed a vast centre where all the arts received a prodigious development,

such as to attract the exaggerated reproaches of St. Bernard. Monte Cassino followed the same impulse; and we find that Abbot Didier, lieutenant and successor to Gregory VII, carried out on an enormous scale the rebuilding of his monastery—while vast works in mosaic, painting, embroidery, and carving in ivory, wood, marble, bronze, gold, and silver, were executed there by Byzantine or Moorish artists, in a manner which obtained the admiration of all his contemporaries. The sacred grotto of Subiaco, the cradle of monasticism, the wild nest from which civilisation was to spring, received in turn the adornment of art consecrated by faith. The monastery which encloses this sanctuary, and which Hildebrand, before becoming Pope, confided to the Cardinal-monk Crescentius, was, during the fifty-two years of his government, decorated with many paintings, which partly remain, and testify to the tradition which Cimabue and Giotto, the Pisans and the Florentines, were to carry on so gloriously and so intelligently. On the other side the Alps, a second lieutenant of Gregory VII, St. William, Abbot of Hirschau, showed no less ardour in the cultivation of art; he established two schools of architecture, one at Hirschau itself, and the other at St. Emmeran at Ratisbon.

In the eleventh century, we may affirm that, following the example of Didier and William, most of the monks celebrated for their virtues, their learning, or their devotion to the liberty of the Church, were equally distinguished by their zeal for art, and often by their personal talent for engraving, painting, or architecture. They relaxed the rule by permitting, and even commanding, artist monks whose conduct was blameless to leave their cloister, and travel, in order to perfect their skill or extend their studies. When charity required it, they sent them abroad, true art missionaries, to carry to foreign lands the traditions and rules of architectural beauty. Thus an abbot of Wearmouth, from whom Naitan, King of the Picts, had asked builders, hastened to send them, that they might teach his people how to build churches of stone in the manner of the Romans.

Ecclesiastical architecture everywhere owed its remarkable progress to monks. It was the noble Benedict Biscop who introduced it into the north of Great Britain, where the Saxons as yet had only wooden buildings. Abbot Biscop, on his many journeys to Rome, had studied the rules of ecclesiastical architecture. He was able, in France, to find masons capable of applying them; and he was sustained, says the historian, in his hard labours, by the double love of his country and of art.

The order of Cistercians, for whose history all that we write now is but a preparation, is the one which has left us the most admirable monuments. During the six centuries which separate St. Benedict from St. Bernard, as well as during the course of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the monks were able to exemplify in innumerable buildings the magnificence and solidity characteristic of that which may be specially entitled the Noble Art. Not only did they build at Cluny the greatest basilica of medieval Christendom, but they covered all the countries of Catholic Europe with a profusion of churches, cloisters, and chapter-houses, of which only the names and some ruins remain to us. Among these ruins are some which deserve to be counted among the most precious relics of the past. Of monasteries remarkable for architectural beauty, and the remains of which even now are worthy of admiration, we may speak of Croyland, Fountains, Tintern, and Netley, in England; Walkenried, Heisterbach, Altenberg, Paulinzelle, in Germany; the Chartreuses of Miraflores, Seville, and Granada, in Spain; Alcobapa and Batalha, in Portugal; Souvigny, Vézelay, St. Denis, Mont St. Michel, Fontevrault, Pontigny, Jumieges, and St. Bertin, in France,—names for ever dear to true architects, and which only need to be pronounced to brand with

ineffaceable disgrace the barbarians who have ruined and profaned so many glorious works!

England must be visited in order to form an idea of the majestic grandeur of monastic buildings. The work of devastation has been less complete there than elsewhere, partly because monastic property was little disturbed after the confiscation, and partly because the skill of the monks was then devoted to the construction of cathedrals, in which they took the place of the chapters. These cathedrals are still standing, and have even been preserved with most laudable care by the Anglican schismatics. We find in them, in spite of recent additions, visible traces of that immense architectural movement which spread itself over England after the Conquest, thanks to the Norman monks called thither by Duke William, and to whom we owe the magnificent churches of Canterbury, Lincoln, Rochester, Durham, and Gloucester.

When we say that the numberless monastic churches scattered throughout the whole of Europe were built by the monks, the assertion must be taken in its literal sense. They were, in fact, not only architects, but masons; after having arranged their plans, the noble and skilful designs which still excite our admiration; they executed them with their own hands, and generally without the aid of stranger workmen. They sang psalms while they laboured, and quitted their tools only to go to the altar or the choir. They undertook the hardest and most lengthened tasks, and exposed themselves to all the fatigues and dangers of a mason's life. The superiors themselves did not confine their efforts to drawing the plans and superintending the work; they gave the example of courage and humility, and shrank from no fatigue: so that, while simple monks were often chief architects, abbots were to be seen willingly descending to the toil of simple workmen. Thus, in the ninth century, it happened at St. Gall one day, that when a part of the community had laboured in vain to loosen from the quarry one of those enormous columns of a single block which were to support the abbey church, Abbot Eatger, seeing all the brethren worn out by fatigue, continued alone at the work, until, St. Gall coming to his help, he succeeded in detaching the mass of stones required.

In the tenth century, St. Gerard, Abbot of Broigne, on his way from Rome, himself drove through the difficult passes of the Alps the mules which he had laden with blocks of porphyry, to be transported from Italy to Belgium; because, says his biographer, he intended his church to be beautiful.

At the first building of the Abbey of Bec, in 1033, its founder and first abbot, Herluin, great Norman noble as he was, worked as a simple mason carrying the chalk, sand, and stone on his back. Another Norman, Hugh, Abbot of Selby in Yorkshire, did the same thing when, in 1096, he rebuilt in stone all the edifices of his monastery, which were before constructed of wood: dressed in a workman's frock, and mingling with the other masons, he shared all their labours. Monks sprung from the most illustrious families distinguished themselves by their zeal in manual labour. Hezelon, for example, after having been a canon of the chapter of Liège, the noblest in Germany, and after having made himself famous by his learning and eloquence, became a simple monk at Cluny, and there directed the building of the great church founded by St. Hugh, preferring to his titles, his prebends, and his worldly reputation, the surname of *Coementarius*, borrowed from his habitual occupation. Hugh of Flavigny relates, that at the time of the vast works undertaken at St. Vannes, about the year 1000, one of the monks of the abbey, Frederic, Count of Verdun, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, and cousin of the Emperor himself, dug the foundations of the new dormitory, and carried away on his back the earth he took out. One day, during the building of the towers of

the abbey church, when the number of brethren was insufficient to carry the mortar in hods to the upper stages, Frederic commanded one of the monks present, who was of very noble birth, to undertake the office; but he, reddening, replied that such work did not suit a man of his rank. Then the former Count of Verdun himself took the hod, put it on his shoulder, and carried it up to the platform where the masons were at work. When he came down he gave the hod to the young rebel, and exhorted him never again to let any one see him blush to undertake a task which had been fulfilled in his presence by a count and the son of a count.

When, in the eleventh century, the institution of lay brothers (*fratres conversi*) became so general, these brothers assisted the monks in their building, but without completely taking their place, or depriving them of their share in the erection of important edifices. In the bosom of those establishments, whose plans and construction, we repeat, were the works of the monks themselves, there were organised, as we have already said, vast workshops, where all the other arts were exercised, but always under the great and strict law of humility, which the holy legislator of the Order had imposed.

Enough attention has not been paid to the variety of occupations in which the artist monks simultaneously engaged, nor the extraordinary facility with which they brought their talents to bear upon different objects. The same man was often architect, jeweller, smith, miniature-painter, musician, calligrapher, and organ-builder, without ceasing to be theologian, preacher, author, and sometimes even bishop or privy councillor of princes. We have quoted more than one example of this in the course of our narrative. We may add several others which belong to the eleventh century. Thus, Mannius, Abbot of Evesham in England, is described as skilful at once in music, painting, calligraphy, and goldsmith's work. Foulques, precentor of the Abbey of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, was equally good as an architect and elegant as a miniature-painter. Hermannus Contractus, a distinguished monk, whom we have already mentioned among the historians, was able, infirm and crippled as he was, to find means to cultivate with great success poetry, geometry, mechanics, music, and, above all, astronomy; he was thoroughly acquainted with Greek, Latin, and Arabic, and was without a rival as a maker of musical instruments and clockwork.

During the war of investitures, and under the pontificate of Urban II, the Catholic party in Germany counted among its chiefs Thiemon, a Bavarian noble, who was successively Abbot of St. Peter's at Salzburg and Archbishop of that city, and who, after having been long persecuted and imprisoned for his faith, died a martyr in Palestine. This Thiemon, educated at the monastery of Altaich, there became a painter, a smith, and a sculptor. During the intervals of the terrible struggle in which he took so noble a part, he decorated the monasteries of his province with the productions of his various talents. When, having been made prisoner in Syria, he appeared before the tribunal of the Mussulman prince, to be sent to martyrdom, he was asked his trade; upon which he replied that he was an architect, a jeweller, and a painter—and that, moreover, he applied these arts symbolically to the truths of that religion which he professed, and for which he was willing to die.

Let as now show, in a few rapid touches, what importance the monks constantly attached to the practice of painting in miniature, which was really a preparation for the great art of religious painting. The art of the miniaturist is scarcely to be separated from that of the calligrapher, since the object of both was to embellish and glorify the sacred writings or books of the liturgy, religious literature, history, or ancient classics, transcribed by the monks upon parchment, or sometimes on purple-tinted vellum, in

letters of gold or silver. They also ornamented the capital letters and the margins with those delightful paintings which are still the most precious treasures of our libraries.

In the sixth century, Cassiodorus instituted, in those abbeys which he founded in Calabria, studios for painting in miniature, as well as for the copying of manuscripts. In the ninth century there were skilful painters among the monks of Corvey, and Sintram of St. Gall was at once the admiration and the despair of calligraphers. Godman, Abbot of Thorney in 970, ornamented with the richest paintings a *Benedictionale,* which is regarded as the *chef-d'oeuvre* of Saxon art. The monk Bernward, afterwards Bishop of Hildesheim, excelled in the decoration of the manuscripts he copied. This delicate art was specially cultivated among the order of Cluny. St. Bernard says that they feared no expense for this object, and reproaches the Clunists with having powdered gold to use for their miniatures. In the convents, also, the nuns ornamented their calligraphic work with precious miniatures; those of *the Hortus deliciarum*, by the Abbess Herrade of St. Odile, add an infinite value to that important collection. For ten centuries, from the age of Cassiodorus to the epoch of the Renaissance and the Reformation, monks, especially the Benedictines and the Camaldolines, in Germany and Italy, persevered, with indefatigable care and increasing success, in their work of painting and calligraphy. It is doubtful whether the world ever saw an example of labour so constant and so fruitful.

But at the period we have now reached, monks did not confine themselves to miniatures. At St. Gall especially, they worked upon a larger scale: the annals of this illustrious house boast of the variety of subjects and the brilliance of the colours which covered the walls of their church in the tenth century. The monks of Reichenau sent painters to their brethren to help them in this work. Two centuries earlier, St. Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth, had caused the whole circumference of the two churches of his monastery to be covered with paintings representing the history of Our Lord and the agreement of the Old and New Testaments. In 823, by command of Ansegisus, Abbot of Fontenelle, Madalulphus of Cambrai had painted the refectory of Luxeuil, which was 200 feet long. The beautiful frescoes of the abbey church of St. Savin in Poitou, even now excite the admiration of artists. The churches of the order of Cluny, always in the first rank for grandeur and beauty, were generally ornamented with paintings, probably frescoes. Other monks employed their pictorial talents for the propagation of the true faith among the infidels. For example, we find that Michel III, King of the Bulgarians, was baptized with his court in 866, in consequence of the fright inspired by a view of the last judgment, which had been painted on the walls of his palace by Methodius, a missionary monk. The constant aim of these pious artists was not only, says the Venerable Bede, to decorate the churches, but also to teach the illiterate, by placing before their eyes subjects borrowed from sacred history, from the Gospel narratives, from the Apocalypse, or from the lives of saints. The monks also assisted in giving to painting its grandest and most serious application by fixing it upon glass, and thus creating those windows which form the most glorious ornament of the Christian temple. St. Benedict Biscop brought to England, the glass-makers employed in France in the seventh century by Abbot Philibert, founder of Jumièges. St. Philibert distinguished himself by building a dormitory 300 feet long, where there were as many windows as beds; and each window was filled with transparent glass, to the great comfort of the readers.

In Germany, the first glass windows known were those of the monasteries of Hirschau and Tegernsee. Those of Tegernsee were made at the cost of a neighbouring noble, Count Arnold, whom the Abbot Gosbert thanked in these words: "Until now the windows of our church were only covered with old pieces of cloth; thanks to you, the sun for the first time pours his golden rays upon the pavement of our basilica through

pictures drawn upon many-coloured glass. All who enjoy the new light admire the astonishing variety of this marvellous work, and their hearts are filled with a joy hitherto unknown".

The monks of this same Abbey of Tegernsee were distinguished through several centuries for another art—that of engraving and working in gold, in which they showed as much patience, zeal, and skill as in the painting of manuscripts.

The principal goldsmiths or silversmiths of the middle ages were monks. Monastic chronicles often mention monks, and even abbots, whose talents as engravers or goldsmiths were famous in their own day. The annals of St. Gall hand down a tradition which shows the value attached by men of the ninth century to the carvings of Tutilo, a monk celebrated at that time for the number and diversity of his talents. One day when he was carving an image of Our Lady, two pilgrims, who came to ask alms, thought that they saw in his workshop a lady of the most brilliant beauty, who seemed to be guiding the artist's hand, and whom they took for his sister; but they having told the story to the other monks, the latter believed that it was the Holy Virgin herself who directed the sculptor's chisel.

We must not forget the Englishman Anketil, who, after having been Master of the Mint to the King of Denmark, came back to England, and became a monk at St. Albans, where he distinguished himself by making a magnificent shrine to receive the bones of the sainted patron of the abbey.

Notwithstanding the disappearance, in the devastations occasioned by the Reformation and the Revolution, of a mass of medieval works of art, we have still enough sculptured and enamelled shrines—enough precious book-covers, in gold, silver, and carved ivory—enough abbatial crosiers, diptychs, and marvellous bas-reliefs—enough beautiful works in copper or bronze, such as baptismal fonts, crucifixes, censers, and candlesticks,—to enable us to judge of the degree of elegance and perfection to which the monks had brought their productions of this kind.

We find most curious details of their work in the treatises of the monk Theophilus, who lived between the tenth and twelfth centuries. Let us only say here, that this branch of monastic art was placed under the guardianship of two holy monks, both of them goldsmiths and enamellers: St. Eloi, minister of King Dagobert; and St. Théau, a Saxon slave, whom St. Eloi ransomed and made his pupil and comrade. The reader is not ignorant that monks and abbots long figured as heads of the great school for work in gold and enamel founded in Limousin by the two holy abbots of Solignac, and restored to its due honour in our days by the modest and solid learning of M. l'Abbé Texier.

Our powers fail us to speak of another art, the most charming and most powerful of all—the one which best responds to the needs of the soul, and best expresses its emotions—the one which exercises the most incontestable though the most ephemeral empire over the heart. The Church alone has been able to give to music a character at once durable, popular, and sacred. In this work, as difficult as it was meritorious, she had monks for her zealous and indefatigable auxiliaries. St. Gregory the Great, the father of true sacred music, gave himself up to it, as we know, in the monastery of St. Andrea at Rome, before he became Pope. The Gregorian chant, the fruit of his genius and his authority, often thrust aside, and still altered by later generations, has been maintained and practised by the order from which he sprang, more faithfully than by any other branch of Christian society. The reason of this was simple: music—that is to

say, vocal music, which is the highest form of the art—was identified, for a monk, with the accomplishment of his first duty. In every monastery the compulsory celebration of certain services in the choir seven times a-day, by the whole community, naturally imposed upon the monks the most attentive study of sacred music. Thus the monasteries always had schools, where this art occupied the most important place.

The musical tradition was communicated to St. Gall by a Roman monk, who was received at the abbey as a guest when travelling to Metz by order of Charlemagne, to establish schools of Gregorian singing. It was there that most of the compositions used for divine service, and consecrated by the Church during the middle ages, were composed. History has preserved the recollection of that enthusiasm which transported Conrad I, King of Germany, when he heard at Mayence the High Mass on Easter Day, sung by a monk of St. Gall and three bishops, his pupils.

In the same period lived three musicians, united by the tenderest friendship; Notbert the Stammerer or the Saint, Ratbert, and Tutilo. Ratbert, a Thurgovian noble, after having written the valuable annals of his monastery, composed chants in German, and, on his deathbed, saw himself surrounded by forty priests and canons, his enthusiastic pupils, who were come to the monastery to celebrate the festival of St. Gall.

Tutilo taught the young nobility of France the art of playing on wind and stringed instruments, and was, moreover, a painter, architect, Hellenist, Latinist, astronomer, and very skilful sculptor, which did not prevent him from being a man of prayer and secret tears, and, in the opinion of many, a true saint.

All the reformers of the Benedictine order, all its principal doctors and writers, St. Benedict of Anagni, St. Dunstan, St. Odo of Cluny, and many others, were good musicians, and employed their authority to keep up and perfect Church music. The holy monk Adalbert, the great apostle of the Slavonic races, composed the music and words of a Slavonic hymn, beginning *"Hospodyne pomyluy ny*", which, after the missionary's martyrdom, became the national song of the Bohemians. Even during the great struggles of the eleventh century between the Church and the Empire, many of the monks who took part in it, such as Humbert, Abbot of Moyen-Moutier, William of Hirschau, the Popes St. Leo IX and Victor II, continued to cultivate music zealously.

The organ, that special creation of Christian art, alone worthy to mingle its mystic voice with the pomp of the only truly divine worship —the organ owes to the monks the perfection of its construction; and it is owing to them that it passed into general use. Cassiodorus, an illustrious monk of the sixth century, has given at once the most ancient and the most exact description of this king of instruments. Elphege, Abbot of Winchester in the tenth century, caused to be built the largest organ mentioned in medieval annals—it required seventy men to manage it.

The Benedictines introduced the Gregorian chant into England together with the Catholic faith. A Roman monk named John, arch-precentor of St. Peter's, who accompanied St. Benedict Biscop to Wearmouth, founded there, according to the Roman fashion, a sort of central school for singing, whence issued a great number of pupils.

The English seem to have been, among all the monks of the order of St. Benedict, those who loved music most passionately. An abbot of Jarrow, disciple and successor of the Venerable Bede, wrote to his compatriot St. Lullius, Archbishop of Mayence: "I am very anxious to have a harpist who can play upon the harp we call a *rote*; but I have the instrument, and I have not the artist. Send me one; and, I beg of you, do not laugh at

my request". This passion sometimes led to grave abuses. To repress them, the Council of Clonesham, in 747, ordered the expulsion from monasteries of all harpists, musicians, and buffoons.

But the monks, thus zealous for music, thus skilful in making instruments and in musical composition, were no less devoted to the higher theory of the art. Throughout the middle ages, its principles were maintained and interpreted by their care, and the most famous authors upon music belonged to the Monastic Orders. A hundred years before the birth of St. Benedict, an Egyptian monk, St. Pambo, Abbot of Nitria, had written a treatise on psalmody. Later, from century to century, we find a succession of monks authors of learned treatises on music, among whom chiefly figure Hucbald of St. Amand, whose contemporaries or pupils were Reginon of Prüm, Rémy of Auxerre, Odo of Cluny, Gerbert, Aurelien of Réome, and, later, William, Abbot of Hirschau; Engelbert, Abbot of Amberg; Hermannus Contractus, who, to all his other qualities, added that of being the most accomplished musician of his time; and many others whom we have already named as among the luminaries of the Benedictine order. St. Bernard, in his *treatise De Ratione Cantus*, gloriously continues this series of eminent writers, which was only to close at the end of the eighteenth century with another Gerbert, Prince-Abbot of St. Blaise in the Black Forest, editor of a celebrated collection of writers upon music, in which the highest rank is justly assigned to Benedictines.

It is well known that the modern system of notation was first used in the monastery of Corbie, under Abbot Ratbold, and that after him Guido Aretino, by arranging the diatonic scale, became the inventor of the solfeggio; but how many people know that this Guido was a holy monk of the abbey of Pomposa near to Ravenna?

Thus it is to an illustrious monk, St. Gregory the Great, that ecclesiastical music, the highest expression of the art, owes its origin. It is to a monk that modern music owes the increase of simplicity which has made its study less difficult. They were monks who, in the solitude of the Thebaid as well as in the monasteries of the Black Forest, during fourteen hundred years, enriched the store of musical science by their researches and their treatises. They were, finally, poor monks who from the eighth to the twelfth century composed, in the solitude of the cloister and under the inspiration of prayer, those immortal masterpieces of the Catholic liturgy, misunderstood, mutilated, parodied or pro- scribed by the barbarous taste of modern liturgists, but in which true knowledge does not hesitate to acknowledge in our days an ineffable delicacy of expression, an inimitable mingling of the pathetic and powerful, the flowing and the profound, a soft and penetrating strength, and, to say all in few words, a beauty always natural, always fresh, always pure, which never becomes insipid, and which never grows old.

Until their last day, faithful to their ancient glory, the monastic churches preserved the treasures of that divine melody which, in the words of the monk Ordericus Vitalis, never ended a single strain without having filled Christian hearts with peace and joy.

CHAPTER VI

THE MONKS AND AGRICULTURE. THE MONKS AND THE POOR. FUNDAMENTAL TENDENCY OF THE MONASTIC SPIRIT.

In trying to point out the innumerable services rendered to temporal society by men whose regular aim was the renunciation of all the competitions and all the advantages of worldly life, we have entered upon a field too vast for our powers. All that we can do is a brief survey of it. After having very superficially enumerated what monks have done for that chosen part of the human race which has leisure to cultivate science, literature, and art, we are bound also to point out in a few rapid sketches what they attempted to do for the good of that multitude whom God has destined to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and who find themselves too often powerless even to fulfil that hard law of their worldly condition.

Agriculture, as we all know, is the profession of the great majority of the human race. Now we can safely affirm that monks have done more for agriculture than for any other science; and secondly, that no one has done so much as they for the improvement of the soil. It was their glory in Italy, in Spain, in Gaul, Germany, and Great Britain—so says a contemporary, too early lost to science—to have commenced the clearing of the land, and by their labours to have revealed its fertility. It may be affirmed, without any exaggeration, that the rise of the monastic system was also the rise of free agriculture and industry in the world. The Cenobites were obliged to struggle with the barrenness of the lands where they established their retreats, just as they were obliged to contend against the darkness of the human intelligence and the depravity of the human heart. But their perseverance triumphed over all obstacles. Encouraged by the liberality of kings and nobles, they cut down woods, drained marshes, fertilised the sandy soil, conquered the first *polders* from the sea, and, as the reward of their devotion, which shrank neither from fatigue, sickness, nor death, they beheld vast fields, formerly bristling with brushwood or covered with stagnant and fetid waters, clothe themselves with harvests and with fruit. The very men whom we have just seen fulfilling with constant success the difficult task of teaching, who preserved and developed the tradition of the most delicate and refined arts— these very men quitted their cells, pick or axe in hand, to cut down forests, cultivate plains, drain swamps, and make known to the Christian world the wisest and the most productive of agricultural methods! They carried on, side by side, labours of the most various kinds. Since the world began, no class of men ever consecrated to the cultivation of the soil efforts more persevering and more fruitful. This homage must be rendered to the order of St. Benedict, without, however, attempting to concentrate its services to this one single sphere.

At the same time, the ardent devotion of the Benedictines to the work of clearing and cultivating the soil, and the admirable results of their labours, may be easily explained. The principal cause may be found in the very Rule which regulated their life, dividing it between work and prayer, according to the traditions of the first solitaries of

the East, and in obedience to the express will of St. Benedict. Just as the celebration of the offices of the Church several times in each day led the monks to cultivate and perfect their music with ever-increasing success, so the constant practice of the law of manual labour revealed to them the abundant resources of agriculture, and the ingenious and profitable applications of which it was capable.

The following extract from the Rule of St. Benedict will show how, by imposing upon the brothers of the order the great law of material labour, this Rule procured for the world such magnificent results: “Idleness is the enemy of the soul; therefore the brothers ought at certain hours to work with their hands, and at others to occupy themselves in sacred reading. We think right to regulate their time thus: From Easter to the kalends of October, they shall go out in the morning and labour at whatever may be judged necessary from Prime until the fourth hour. From the fourth hour to Sexte they shall read. After Sexte and a meal, they shall rest in silence on their beds; or if any one wishes to read, he may do so, but without disturbing the others. After Nones, the brothers shall work until vespers. If poverty or any local necessity oblige the brothers to gather in their own harvest, let not this grieve them; for they may show themselves true monks while living by manual labour, as their fathers and the apostles did. But let everything be done with moderation, so as not to lay too great a burden of work on the feeble, who, however, ought not to be idle”.

If sometimes, as we have seen, the transcription of manuscripts and other intellectual tasks were considered equivalent to the cultivation of the soil, it is no less certain that study, and even the teaching of literature, did not absolutely dispense the monks thus engaged from the obligation of manual labour. There was therefore still more reason that the monks who did not give themselves up to learning, and the great number of nobles and soldiers who entered the monasteries of the tenth and eleventh centuries in the character of converts, should give proof of their industry in agricultural occupations. After the many incidents we have related of this laborious activity among the sons of kings, among princes, nobles, and knights, it will be sufficient here to recall to the reader some names, such as those of Carloman, uncle of Charlemagne; William, Duke of Aquitaine; Adalbert, son of a Duke of Bohemia; Hugh, Duke of Burgundy; Guy, Count of Albon; Hermann, Margrave of Baden; Frederic, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, and many others, who, having become monks, distinguished themselves by the zeal and courage with which they undertook the most painful and least varied labours. At the same time, it is well to remark that the abbots and other superiors themselves set the example of the bravest submission to toil. Each time that the government of monasteries or the general interests of the Church left these heads of communities any leisure, they were the first in the field at the head of the labouring monks. It was thus during the whole period of which we have sketched the history. In a previous chapter, we have shown Herluin, first abbot of the famous Abbey of Bec, occupied in digging, sowing, and weeding the enclosure of the monastery which was soon after to receive Lanfranc and St. Anselm. It is expressly said of St. Benedict of Anagni, the great reformer of Monastic Orders under Charlemagne, that he guided the plough with the ploughmen, used the axe with the woodmen, and reaped with the reapers. One story, related by St. Gregory the Great respecting the holy Abbot Equutius, the eloquent missionary, contemporary with St. Benedict, proves this custom to have existed among Benedictines from the commencement of the order. One day a Papal envoy came to the monastery of this holy man in order to conduct him to Rome; but having gone to look for him among the copyists of the Scriptorium, was directed elsewhere by the calligraphers whom he questioned. Their answer was, “He is down there in the valley, cutting hay”.

If we tried to enumerate the different countries in which the beneficent influence of the monks in respect to agriculture was evident, it would be necessary to go over all the provinces of Europe from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Gulf of Bothnia and from the north of Scotland to the mouths of the Danube. This would be a task equally long and superfluous; it is at once shorter and surer to invite the detractors of monastic institutions to seek and point out the country where the plough of the monk did not precede or at least develop that cultivation which has enriched an ungrateful posterity. Certainly we shall have to wait long for their answer.

We must not, however, judge these rural labours by the condition of monastic estates at the time of their confiscation. On the contrary, we should remember that for the most part monks established themselves in wild and not easily accessible places, which were left to them precisely because they were uncultivated, and no one was willing to undertake the task of clearing them. It is certain that generally the lands granted to monasteries were of no value, and such as the donors did not think worth keeping for themselves. In the time of St. Gregory VII, as well as in that of St. Seine and St. Evroul, in the sixth and seventh centuries, most of the abbeys rose in inaccessible forests, on sites considered almost uninhabitable even by the rude and energetic populations of that period. Chaise-Dieu, in Auvergne; La Grande-Sauve, in Aquitaine; Reichenbach, in Swabia; Anchin and Afflighem, in Belgium (to quote only some of the chief foundations of the eleventh century),—were built in the midst of vast forests, furrowed by ravines, peopled by wild beasts and brigands, which it was only possible to cross by cutting a path, axe in hand, through reeds and brushwood. They were forced to resign themselves to live for long years in these unproductive solitudes, in a constant struggle with hunger and with the inclemency of the seasons, before they could fertilise them by their labour. But the monks never shrank from this necessity. Throughout the twelfth century we find the new order of Cistercians seeking, with care and perseverance, the wildest and most inaccessible sites, on which to establish its innumerable foundations.

In the middle of last century much was said about the pretended discovery of the famous valley of Chamouny at the foot of Mont Blanc. The *savants* of the time declared that it had remained unknown to Europe until 1741, when it was penetrated, not without difficulty, by some English travellers. It is very true that Chamouny was only then pointed out to the idle curiosity of the public; but it ought not to be forgotten that long before Pococke and Windham, St. Francis of Sales had passed the defiles which lead to this hidden corner of his diocese, with hands and feet bruised until they bled as he climbed; or that in the year 1090 the Benedictines obtained of Count Aymon of Geneva the gift of this valley, then entirely uncultivated and uninhabited, and that they founded a priory there, the territory of which, gradually brought under cultivation, was found, in 1330, to be so populous as to require a code to regulate the relations of the inhabitants among themselves, toward the monks, and towards strangers. Naturally the savants of the eighteenth century, even while they ate bread made from grain harvested in the desert that had been long ago reclaimed by the monks, did not deign to recall their memory; and the Revolution acted in the same manner by them when she expelled them from the place which owes to them its cultivation, its population, and even its name. This is, indeed, the history of a thousand such colonies spread over the face of Europe.

To triumph over the numberless obstacles opposed to these pioneers of Christianity by nature, and too often by the ingratitude or violence of men, demanded an ardour and a perseverance more than human. These qualities the Benedictines drew from that spirit of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice which constituted their power in

this world, and from the hope of that heavenly reward which should one day follow their humble submission to voluntary toil. Thus discouragement was unknown to them. What though they saw their labours fail, their cultivation disappear, their lives wasted in profitless efforts; they returned to the charge, they or their spiritual descendants, until the day when victory declared for them. In vain the barbarian hordes—Saracens, Normans, Huns, Danes—came from all quarters to ravage their harvests, burn their buildings, and quench in blood the smoking ruins of their monasteries; new monks continually presented themselves to take up the work of the martyrs, and to recommence the struggle even in those very spots where it had been most sanguinary.

Thus, after the horrible devastation of Brittany by the Normans in the tenth century, when that province was but one vast funeral pile, and briers were growing in the very sanctuary of the cathedral of Nantes, we find the monks of Rhuys, with their abbot, St. Felix, at their head, setting them an example of toil and courage, and beginning at once to rebuild the ruined monasteries and houses, to plough the fields, to plant vines and orchards, and thus bring back fertility and life to the country.

We see also, in the seventh century, in spite of the sacrifice of one as a martyr, other monks undertaking to clear the Black Forest in Swabia. A young Irish prince, Trudpert, brother to the first Bishop of Salzburg, had chosen a desert valley at Brisgau for his retreat. He was not less than three years clearing this solitude, rooting out the brushwood and levelling the ground. As laborious as if he had been born in some rude peasant family, Trudpert, when he had worked all day, spent most of the night in prayer. One day at noon, when, yielding to fatigue, he had fallen asleep, one of the six workmen given to him by the seigneur of the place, angry with the saint for having made him work too hard, split his skull with the stroke of a hatchet. A monastery soon rose upon the site consecrated by the death of this martyr to labour; and from that moment until the eleventh century, the Black Forest became one of the chief centres of the activity of the Benedictines.

Thanks to this indomitable perseverance, the monks were enabled to bring agriculture to a perfection such as it had never before attained, and to make the ancestors of their future spoilers aware of the value of the land. Unlike most successful enterprises in this world, the growing prosperity of the monks harmed no one; for it was only at the expense of forests, deserts, rocks, swamps, or the sea, that they managed to enrich themselves. They never attempted to drain their estates of all that they could produce, for they thought of the future, and would neither exhaust the soil nor the men who lived on it. As soon as they were in possession of a new estate, and before deriving the least profit from it, they always gave up to the poor, who gathered round them everywhere, those *essarts,* or clearings, which were intended for them.

The numerous rural population which invariably grouped itself about each monastery, shared largely in its wellbeing, and found under its gentle and paternal administration, together with spiritual assistance and security for life, an exemption from very many of the oppressive burdens which have at all times weighed heavily upon dwellers in the country. In proportion as monastic property increased in extent and value, the peasants of the neighbourhood saw their own small fortunes gradually enlarge, and they ended by being, as it were, put in possession, in the monks' stead, of a portion of their domains. This revolution was greatly favoured by the easy conditions which the monks earnestly desired to make with the labourers whom they employed. To quote only one example of this, let us remind the reader that Monte Cassino, the queen of all the Western abbeys, took from the farmers who cultivated its lands only one-seventh of the grain and one-third of the wine produced. Never hoping for an

immediate return, and having no families to enrich, they could easily offer to their tenants, the farmers associated with their vast agricultural experiments, profits which encouraged them to labour, and yet left wholesome leisure for the care of their souls. Thus most of them recognised the truth of the saying which gratitude rendered popular in Germany, "It is good living under the crosier". The system of farming pursued by the monks was as skilful as it was beneficent. With what art and what care did they consult the exigencies of soil and climate, so as to bring old modes of culture to perfection and to introduce new ones! An eminent historian of the present day, in his *Picture of the State of the Church under Innocent III* has devoted his incomparable learning and his rare clear-sightedness to examining and describing the services rendered by monasteries to Christian nations with regard to work of this kind. We could only copy from him, and we choose rather to refer our readers to his book.

It would be a long but easy and interesting task to complete this enumeration by examining the different works which treat of agricultural progress in each country. We should see everywhere how the monks instructed the population in the most profitable methods and industries,—naturalising under a rigorous sky the most useful fruits and the most productive grain; importing continually into the countries they colonised, animals of a better breed, or plants new and unknown there before; here introducing the rearing of cattle and horses—there, bees; in another place the brewing of beer with hops; in Sweden the corn trade; in Burgundy, artificial pisciculture; in Ireland, salmon fisheries; about Parma, cheese-making; finally, occupying themselves with the culture of the vine, and planting the best vineyards of Burgundy, the Rhine, Auvergne, and England, and in several other countries from whence the vine has now disappeared. In their double solicitude for the improvement of cultivation and for the wellbeing of the people under their guardianship, the monks on the one hand established the outlets indispensable for the commerce and industry which were, in their time, first beginning to be practised; and on the other hand, they effected vast works of public utility which no power but theirs could have undertaken. The most frequented fairs and markets had chiefly their origin in the pilgrimages which assembled the faithful from different countries at the monastery doors. The manufacture of linen and of cloth especially, was everywhere brought to perfection by monks. At St. Florent-lez-Saumer, they set up in the tenth century a flourishing manufacture of tapestry. In Normandy it was they who introduced the processes by which skins were prepared for the tanner, and it is from these processes that St. Pierre sur Dives still derives its prosperity. In Lombardy the weaving of cloth and of silk, one of which employed in the twelfth century 60,000 souls, and the other 40,000, were begun by the Benedictine order of Humiliates, of which St. Bernard was the founder. In Pomerania and Prussia the Cistercians were the first to introduce the weaving of cloth; and it was from a few scattered nunneries that Belgium derived those famous manufactures of lace which, under the names of Mechlin, Valenciennes, and Brussels, have done so much to enrich the country.

The services rendered to society by the monks through the great works which were allied to their agricultural experiments, were, however, far more extended and universal. After having cut down forests wherever they obstructed the progress of cultivation and population, the Benedictines watched with enlightened care over the conservation of those same forests, the gradual disappearance of which brought about so many evil consequences to the climate or the fertility of the soil. They planted trees wherever the need for them was felt. In their management of water there was the same prevision, the same laborious care. Everywhere we may admire their endeavours to make fish-ponds, to distribute the water of springs, to build dikes along the coast, to rectify river-courses, to prevent inundations, to fence in alluvial lands, to keep up

ferries on the swiftest streams, and to construct bridges, whose solidity, boldness, and elevation still astonish the eyes of travellers.

Some English writers have attributed to the monks the invention of drainage. A proprietor bought a kitchen-garden once belonging to a monastery. Struck by the extreme fertility of this garden, the Englishman greatly increased it in size. But as the newly-added piece of land gave no products comparable to those of the old, the soil was turned up, and a complete system of trenches and pipes for drainage was found. Is this story strictly true? It is, at all events, affirmed by men most worthy of credit. However that may be, the monks never ceased to labour with invincible perseverance for the salubrity and fertility of the earth, drying up swamps and creating immense pasturages by irrigation. Lombardy owes the system of irrigation which has made it the most fertile country of Europe, to the Cistercians brought into the neighbourhood of Milan by St. Bernard. They were not content with cutting through swamps health-bringing channels and indestructible roads, which brought upon them the benedictions of all Christian people, but they established their own abode in such places, in order to be less distracted from their work. Soon, thanks to their industry, and to the wholesome influence of good example, inaccessible and pestiferous swamps became centres of life and population. In France, Clairmarais, near St. Omer, still bears in its name the proof of such an origin. In England, illustrious abbeys were founded in such situations: thus Glastonbury, Croyland, Ramsey, Thorney, above all, Ely, now become an episcopal city. More than once, in the following pages, we shall have occasion to revert to these great monastic achievements. We cannot resist the desire to place here before our readers the picture which an old historian has drawn of one of these fen-dwellings in the centre of England. Of Thorney Abbey, founded by St. Ethelwald, William of Malmesbury writes as follows: “It is a counterfeit of Paradise, where the gentleness and purity of heaven appear already to be reflected. In the midst of the fens rise groves of trees, which seem to touch the stars with their tall and slender tops: the charmed eye wanders over a sea of verdant herbage; the foot which treads the wide meadows meets with no obstacle in its path. Not an inch of land lies uncultivated. Here, the soil is hidden by fruit-trees; there, by vines spread upon the ground or trained on trellises. Nature and art rival each other, the one supplying all that the other forgot to produce. What can we say of the beauty of the buildings? Who would not be astonished to see vast edifices rise upon firm foundations in the midst of the marsh? O deep and pleasant solitude! you have been given by God to the monks, so that their mortal life may daily bring them nearer to heaven!”

If, then, injustice and ingratitude have truly reproached the monks with the possession of the most fertile lands, the richest meadows, and the most profitable orchards, these were the fruit of their own toil, the consequence of the service they had rendered to Christian nations, and of the benefits which, for ten centuries, they had heaped upon the indigent and labouring classes. Hence their riches—the most legitimate in their origin, and the most honourably employed, that ever existed. Hence that visible blessing of God upon possessions which realised so manifestly the words of the royal prophet: “Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is fall of water: Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: Thou settlest the furrows thereof: Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing”. — *Psalm LXV*.

Thanks to the constant and strict economy of the monks, their farming was a model of bold and prosperous toil; and exhibited to all the most perfect union of prudence and ambitious effort. Up to the last day of the existence of the monasteries, and from one end of Europe to the other, the superiority of their administration and of the products of their lands over those of lay proprietors, has been formally proved; a just and striking recompense, it must be owned, for their admirable activity—a noble homage which cannot be refused to them even by those who contributed to their ruin and enriched themselves with their spoils.

Catholics owe to them another homage and justice—the acknowledgment that they gave to the Christian world a most grand and most salutary lesson, by ennobling manual labour, which in the degenerate Roman world had been exclusively reserved for slaves. The monks taught this lesson,—first, by consecrating to agriculture the energy and intelligent activity of freemen, often of high birth, and clothed with the double authority of the priesthood and of hereditary nobility; and, secondly, by associating, under the Benedictine habit, the sons of kings, princes, and nobles with the rudest labours of peasants and serfs.

Let us remember that honour rendered to poverty has always been one of the rules of the Benedictine order, and the love of the poor one of its principal cares. For the children of St. Benedict almsgiving was the first duty of the rich: an army of the poor, relieved by their hands, formed the fairest ornament of their domains. “It matters little”, said one abbot of the eleventh century, “that our churches rise to heaven, that the capitals of their pillars are sculptured and gilded, that our parchment is tinted purple, that gold is melted to form the letters of our manuscripts, and that their bindings are set with precious stones, if we have little or no care for the members of Christ, and if Christ Himself lies naked and dying before our doors”.

It is above all due to the monks, that poverty, which had been proscribed and despised among the degraded Romans, was placed under the protection of the Church, ennobled and lifted to the top of the social scale—that pauperism, that scourge of modern times, was, as it were, strangled in its cradle—that alms became a certain and universal resource for the poor — and that inequality of fortune, that evil inseparable from all forms of society, ceased, up to a certain point, to produce the saddest and most dangerous of its consequences.

We can understand, from what has already been said of the nature of monastic cultivation, how misery disappeared from tracts of country farmed or possessed by monks. The permanence of constant and moderate work, with assured privileges, kept want at bay, and consolidated a firmly-founded prosperity. In the day of distress, in the midst of the greatest calamities, the charity of abbeys everywhere opened asylums for the indigent. In famines and in epidemics, it was to the doors of the monasteries that the afflicted hastened, sure of there finding shelter, consolation, and help; for they knew that the last penny the monks possessed belonged to them, and that the most precious treasures would be freely sacrificed to bring succour to the suffering members of Jesus Christ. This was abundantly proved in the great famine of 1031, by the admirable charity of Abbot Odilon of Cluny, who sold even the golden globe he had received from the Emperor St. Henry; and of Abbot William of St. Benigne, who stripped the tomb of the holy patron of his abbey of the gems, pearls, and precious metals which covered it, and employed them in feeding the hungry. In the famine of the year 1000, Leopic, Abbot of St. Albans, sold the sacred vases, and used to buy food for the poor all the money long kept in reserve for building a new church. “The faithful of Christ”, said he, “and, above all, the poor, are the true temple of God, and the one which

we must most carefully build up and preserve". A century later, in 1140, a year when the harvest failed, another Abbot of St. Albans, Geoffrey, distinguished himself by the same charity. He had caused the celebrated goldsmith Anketil to make, at great cost, the famous shrine of which we have already spoken, destined to hold the relics of the first English martyr. But seeing the misery of the people, he caused the shrine to be stripped of the silver plates and precious stones which were already set on it, and sold the whole to buy food for the starving. In 1082, at the height of the contest between St, Gregory VII and Henry I, when famine was most severe in Germany, thousands of the poor escaped death, thanks to the charity of the Abbey of Gottweih, lately founded by one of the Pope's legates.

This charity did not show itself only in emergencies and periods of extraordinary distress ; it formed, so to speak, part of the daily life of the monks, in due proportion to the wealth of each abbey. Some instances will suffice to show the facts which meet us on every page of history, and which we bring forward less to do honour to the monks than to enlighten certain minds which are *uncharitable, because ignorant*.

If we examine the chronicles of different abbeys, and the constitutions peculiar to them, we shall see that almsgiving was systematised with equal precision and solicitude: these minute details form so many rays in the crown of monastic glory.

The special regulations which Archbishop Lanfranc, monk of Bec, gave to English monks, instituted in each house an almoner expressly commissioned to seek out in the neighbourhood all the infirm and helpless poor.

In Picardy, at Corbie, St. Adelard commanded that there should be distributed each day, at the hospital for the poor which adjoined the monastery, forty-five loaves, weighing three pounds and a half each, and five wheaten loaves; but he takes care to add that this number is to be increased if more travellers or pilgrims than usual shall arrive, for he does not wish the portion of each individual to be lessened. This is not all: the generous nephew of Charlemagne notes, in writing, all that is to be given to the poor in drink, vegetables, clothing, cheese, and money; he declares that a fifth of the tithes of cattle and farm-produce is to have the same destination; and he concludes his charitable regulations by charging the monks intrusted with the office of hospitallers to show themselves less parsimonious than himself.

At St. Cyprien of Poitiers, when a monk died, the almoner took his *livery*, or portion, for thirty days and distributed it to the poor. This almoner every day at the sound of the bell gave alms to every one who came and went; kept up five beds in his house for the sick poor; and was commissioned to pay a woman to nurse, feed, and wash for the said poor. On the Monday after the Sacrament thirteen of them received each two loaves weighing two and a half pounds, two herrings, two dishes of beans worth four deniers; while to six score other poor people there was given each a loaf weighing one pound, one dish of beans, and one herring. At Willich, near Bonn on the Rhine, the Abbess St. Adelaide of Luxembourg commanded that fifteen of the poor should be fed and clothed for ever with the annual income of one of the manors belonging to the monastery, which to this end should be considered as belonging to God; while the food of fifteen other poor persons was to be provided, throughout the year, from the provisions of the community, which was also to pay to each of these pensioners fifteen sols on Christmas Day, and twelve sols at each feast of an apostle.

One of the principal peculiarities of monastic almsgiving was the assimilation of the poor to the monks themselves. Thus in the Italian monasteries three poor men sat

down daily at the abbot's table, and received the same portion as the brothers. At Marmoutier in Touraine, the same custom remained in force until the end of the twelfth century; the three guests were regarded as representing the actual person of Christ. At Moissac in Gascony, the same mode prevailed; and besides this, on Holy Thursday they distributed wine and a little money to two hundred of the poor. At Selby in Yorkshire, Abbot Hugh was accustomed, every day at dinner, first to help all the monks to soup, and then to fetch from the kitchen and place on his own table two portions intended for the poor, which he compared with his own, to be quite sure that they equalled it. At Ratisbon, the holy Abbot Romwold, who later became a bishop, every day in the refectory served with his own hands fifty poor men. As he always carried with him a purse to hold his alms, they gave him the name of "the poor man's purse-bearer". At St. Hubert, in the Ardennes, Abbot Theodoric, friend and contemporary of Gregory VII, each day waited on twelve poor men at table; and after having washed their feet and their hands, prostrated himself before them as before our Lord Jesus Christ.

At St. Evroul, under Abbot Osberne (1063), on June 25, the day fixed for the anniversary, or "Commemoration", of the monastery, the almoner assembled as many poor men as there were monks in the abbey; the cellarer gave them food and drink in the guest-house, after which the chapter and the whole community washed their feet, as was done on Holy Thursday at the ceremony of the *Mandatum*. This ceremony of the *Mandatum*, used in all the abbeys of France and Normandy, spread rapidly after the Conquest to those of England, Archbishop Lanfranc, monk of Bec, carefully arranged the form to be used, in his decretals for the English Benedictines: according to his directions each monk and student was to wash one poor man; while the abbot had the privilege of washing two. When the monks were ranged in line, each had his poor man before him, and knelt to adore Christ in the person of His suffering member; then, the ablution over, he kissed on the mouth and eyes this chosen friend of the Divine Master. The brothers who had died during the year were not deprived of their privileges, but other monks were appointed to take their places, and perform the ceremony of ablution in their name. When Ingulphus, the learned historian, an Englishman by birth, was called by the Conqueror to govern Croyland, then the most important abbey in England, he introduced the same custom there, but ordered it to be practised daily. Every day after High Mass the monks washed the feet of three poor men; then, the consecration being finished, the almoner opened the great door of the monastery and brought in three poor travellers or strangers—or, if they failed, three old men of the vicinity—who received the homage of the *Mandatum* and the succour which accompanied it.

We should deceive ourselves if we supposed that these alms were given out of the mere superfluity of the monks; on the contrary, they borrowed them from their necessaries. How many times, in monastic annals, do we see the poor receiving the last loaf which remained in the monastery! The nobles of the neighbourhood came almost immediately, it is true, to replace by some offering that of the good monks. But this exchange of brotherly sentiments was not made in vain; the fire of charity passed from man to man, like that torch in which the ancients beheld the symbol of life!

St. Robert, founder of Chaise-Dieu, had as yet but three monks with him, when one day, haying remained alone to pray while his companions worked, he was interrupted by a poor man who asked alms. Robert ran immediately to his cell, and gave all he found there, which was the half of a loaf left from the supper of the previous night. When the three solitaries on their return from the fields perceived that there was nothing to eat, one of them named Dalmatius, who had been a knight, complained

loudly; but the saint appeased him with a word, and at the same instant there arrived three beasts of burden loaded with provisions sent by a neighbouring abbot. The life of St. Simon of Crépy, of St. Jossius, and of many others, offer similar instances. They trusted at once in the mercy of God and in the generosity of their brethren; and this confidence was rarely deceived. Their sentiments agreed with those of St. Adelard, Abbot of Corbie, who, when he was remonstrated with for wasting the provisions of the abbey in gifts, replied, smiling, in the words of the Psalmist, "*Inquirentes Dominum non minuentur omni bono*". With still greater reason, monastic generosity was boundless where, thanks to good administration and skilled economy, there was an abundant superfluity. Anxious to encourage the liberal nobles who, in the time of Gregory VII, were eager to endow and to people the regenerated monasteries of the Black Forest, a contemporary annalist relates that these illustrious penitents regarded as lost all the money which was not spent for the poor and sick. At Hirschau, the chief of these abbeys, there were two hundred poor fed daily at the doors; on Shrove Tuesday and Holy Thursday nine hundred poor men each received a pound of bacon and two pounds of bread. At Cluny *seventeen thousand* poor were annually fed and assisted. While we are speaking of Cluny, let us add that the valuable collection called the *Bibliotèque de Cluny* contains a true code of charity, and also a register of the obligatory and permanent alms which were given in the different houses of the Order, even at the end of the fourteenth century, a time at once of poverty and spiritual decadence. In it are arranged, by provinces and kingdoms, the abbeys and priories, the deaneries and simple residences, of this immense community; under the name of each house is the number of monks who ought to inhabit it, and the offices and obligatory alms; at each page are entries such as this: *Alms (*that is, distribution of gifts*) every day; alms three times a-week; alms to all passers-by; general alms on Sunday; alms to all who shall ask.*

At Cluny, the great St. Hugh regulated the service of charity, even in the smallest details. According to his command, travellers on horseback were received by the keeper of the guest-house (*hospitium*), travellers on foot by the almoner: the *granaturius* provided each with a pound of bread at the time of arrival, and half a pound the next morning; they received also fish, vegetables, meat when the season permitted, and also wine and a piece of money. If they came from a distance, they were brought into the refectory with their luggage. Every day twelve great pies were baked for little children and old people, for the blind and the lame. Eighteen poor men lodged in the abbey had *prebends*—that is, portions at the different meals exactly similar to those of the monks. Besides this, there were three *prebends* in honour of the memories of the holy Abbot Odilon, of the Emperor St. Henry, and of Froylan King of Spain; they were all three served in the refectory, at the abbot's table, and then given to the almoner to be distributed to the poor. The latter had so much, and such fatiguing work, that he required five servants to help him. Once a week he had to visit all the sick poor of the neighbourhood, to whom he took bread, wine, and baskets full of meat: "he entered the houses of the men who were sick, but where there were women, he remained at the door, and sent his servant in with the food. If the wife or companion of some poor traveller, either from illness or over-fatigue, could not reach the monastery, the same portion as was given to the others, was to be sent to them by the hands of one of the other persons relieved.

A contemporary of St. Hugh of Cluny, Abbot William of Hirschau, the great light of monastic Germany in the eleventh century, occupied himself with anxious care in comforting the needy, visiting them in their cottages, and himself performing their humble funerals. He laboured, above all, for the cure of the insane poor, using spiritual means for this end, even in the midst of the prolonged contest which he was forced to

maintain against the Imperialists for the independence of the Church and the rights of St. Gregory VII. The intimate friend of this Abbot William, the monk who served as intermediary between Cluny and Hirschau, and who was an illustrious champion of ecclesiastical liberty, as well as a great monastic doctor, St. Udalric, editor of the *Customs of Cluny,* stripped himself, while on a journey, of his under-garments to clothe the poor whom he met, and he was seen during the winter taking off his furred shoes to give them to a beggar who asked for them. As for St. William, in the overflowings of his pitiful soul he did not even forget the young birds. He said, in winter, to the disciple who wrote his life, "See how these poor birds suffer from hunger and cold! take some bundles of hay and scatter them round the thickets, so that they may find something to eat". The same story is told of St. Ansfred, the brave knight who became a monk in his old age, and of whose wonderful love for his brethren we have already spoken. The Abbot William of Fécamp was in the habit of wandering about the crossroads and entering cottages, in search of the starving or lepers, whose misery he wished to relieve.

It is to the monks that Europe owes the first hospitals and the first lazar-houses that are known. St. Pammacus, an abbot at Rome in the time of St. Jerome, St. Basil, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Augustine, inaugurated by their foundations this marvellous invention of Christianity. In his enthusiasm for the immense hospital created by St. Basil at Cesarea, St. Gregory of Nazianzen gave that town the glorious title of the city of charity, and placed it above the seven wonders of the ancient world. And it was not to the poor of their own neighbourhood that the charity of the monks was limited: they never asked the country of any unfortunate; foreigners and travellers were, on the contrary, special objects of their care. The rule of St. Benedict is particular on this point, and never was precept more exactly obeyed. The most generous hospitality offered to all who came, was one of the practices dearest to monastic charity, the common and constant law of all regular communities. The monk who under the name of provost of the guests, was charged to receive strangers, was to show them tender and respectful attentions; he even knelt before them to wash their hands and feet. Thus did St. Outhbert at the Abbey of Ripon. The lodgings of the travellers and guests constituted an essential part of the buildings of every monastery. We may see, from the plan of St. Gall in the ninth century, the importance and extent of the edifices applied to this object. The history of the monk Richer shows us the pleasure experienced by a traveller of the tenth century, called from his home by duty or the pursuit of knowledge, when he came to ask shelter from the brotherly kindness of the monks. At St. Gall, by a refinement of delicate attention, the most learned or the most famous monk was the one appointed to the office of host or guide to strangers. Notker the Stammerer, and Tutilo, both celebrated men, each fulfilled this duty. Thus contemporaries are never tired of praising the reception which strangers received in monastic lodging-houses. "Each one", they say, "is there received by Charity, the mother of all virtues; by Harmony, the daughter of Charity; and by Simplicity, who is the handmaid of both. All three have chosen their dwelling there, all live there in common, and all hasten to meet the traveller when he reaches their door".

It was thus known everywhere, that monasteries were gratuitous inns, always accessible, not only to monks upon missions, but to foreign travellers, to the shipwrecked, to pilgrims, and to the poor. However great might be the number of the visitors, each of them, without question of rank or nationality, might count upon a kind reception in a tranquil and safe resting-place. "Let them ask", says a historian, speaking of the customs of the Norman Abbey of Bec—"let them ask Spaniards or Burgundians, or any foreigners whatever, how they have been received at Bec. They will answer that the door of the monastery is always open to all, and that its bread is free to the whole world". The good monks were to be met with on the most frequented roads as well as in

the depths of the countries most rarely visited. From the shores of the Baltic to the Apennines were two or three great lines of monasteries which marked out, as it were, a road for pilgrims, for wandering artisans and workmen, and offered them refuge and help throughout their journeys. The duties of hospitality were regarded by the monks as most sacred and obligatory. When Gebhard, Archbishop of Salzburg, chief lieutenant of St. Gregory VII in Germany, had founded in 1074 the Abbey of Admont on a wild and almost inaccessible gorge in Styria, he chose his burial-place there, and on his tomb they engraved an epitaph, in which the poet, addressing the abbey, says, "Flower of Admont, ... Gebhard called thee into existence that thou mightst be the consolation of all. He has richly endowed thee that thou mightst have wherewith to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to give shelter to the traveller, and an asylum to those who have wandered from their way".

To their last day, even when the most deplorable laxity had been introduced among them, monks still practised these charitable virtues.

In the midst of the Ardennes, even at the close of the eighteenth century, the hospitality of the monks of St. Hubert was the only resource of travellers between Brabant and Luxembourg. On the top of the highest mountains such as the St. Bernard and St. Gothard, the most provident and disinterested watched over all who stood in need. By the side of the two hospices founded on Mont St. Bernard by Bernard de Menthon, the immortal archdeacon of Aosta, stood a monastery. At St. Michele of Chiusa, situated at the opening of one of the most frequented passes of the Alps, Abbot Benedict, the same who had suffered persecution for the cause of Gregory VII, received all travellers; gave clothing, money, and horses to those who wanted them, or who had been robbed on the road; himself saw to their food, waited upon them with his own hands, bathed the sick, kept them sometimes months or even years under his roof. And each traveller in succession, on leaving these asylums, carried with him proofs of the munificence of his hosts; for, as said the monks of Fécamp, "it is a custom transmitted to us by our ancestors, never to let any one depart without some present".

At Aubrac, where a monastic hospital was founded at the end of the sixteenth century, in the midst of the wildest mountains of the Rouergue, the monks every evening for two hours rang a bell, meant as a call to travellers wandering in the mists, or overtaken by darkness in the forest: this bell had inscribed upon it the words, *Errantes revoca*; and the people called it "The bell of the wanderers".

The monks and their bell are found also on the sea-shore, on the most dangerous coasts, warning sailors of every perilous passage, and preparing refuge for the shipwrecked. Their charity was earlier than that of our lighthouses. The abbots of Arbroath, in Scotland, conceived the happy idea of placing a great bell on the most dangerous rock on the Forfarshire coast, which still bears the name of the Bell Rock. The motion of the waves stirred the bell, and its sound warned the passing ships. The Benedictines of Tavistock Abbey established themselves, in 961, on the Scilly Islands, situated at the extremity of Cornwall, and sadly celebrated for the number of shipwrecks on their coast. The city of Copenhagen owes its origin to a monastery founded by Archbishop Absolon, on the Baltic coast, for the reception of the shipwrecked.

The gratitude of the faithful could not fail to follow this tender and unwearied solicitude for the suffering members of Christ: it showed itself sometimes in traditions, sometimes by a popular consecration of names and memories which all the genius of the learned would be unable to establish or to replace. Jean de Montmajour, Abbot of

St. Alleyre, having, during a scarcity, given all the wheat of his house to the poor, the people of Auvergne used to relate that from that time the monastic barns always remained full; and that after the death of the abbot, when his armorial bearings had been engraved on his tomb, a heavenly and shining hand effaced them, and substituted three loaves of bread as the true blazon of this friend of the poor. One of the principal priories of the Order of Cluny had for its arms, truly *parlantes*, three open purses. In this monastery, situated on the banks of the Loire, between Orleans and Nevers, the Prior Gerard was accustomed not only to invite strangers passing along the great highway to accept the hospitality of his house, but even to force them to do so; thus the poor were in the habit of saying, "Let us go to the charity of the monks!" and from this popular and touching homage arose the new name of *La Charité-sur-Loire*, the only memorial still preserved by ungrateful posterity!

Such, then, were the men whose enormous and fruitful labours claimed homage from the bitterest malevolence, but who were unable to disarm the power of an implacable and stupid Vandalism. In the very midst of the degeneration which lay influences had introduced into the religious orders, the monks were, to their last day, the benefactors of the poor and the useful servants of society. It is a thing for ever remarkable that these services, rendered to all, were so much the more eminent and the more numerous in proportion as the monks remained more faithful to the primitive rigour of an institution which withheld them from all human passions and interests, which forbade them all the enjoyments and all the splendours of social life. In one word, the more they were able to renounce the world, the better they served it. For, we repeat, all for which we have praised them was entirely apart from the object which they proposed to themselves; their works, however meritorious, were merely the consequences, logical indeed, but very indirect and very subordinate, of the inspiration which gave them birth. They did not aspire to the admiration or gratitude of posterity. They had no intention of proposing remedies for pauperism, or facilitating communication between the different countries of the West. They had in view neither public utility, nor the development of science, nor the charms of art, nor the progress of agriculture, nor any glory of this world. They would have been, we may be sure, painfully surprised if they could have suspected that one day Europe would be able to admire and understand them only by means of one or other of the indirect and inferior results of their institution. Nevertheless they made no mystery of their true object. Nothing was easier to penetrate than the secret of their greatness and duration. They had, as they always declared, the abnegation of self for their ruling principle, obedience for their method, and salvation for their sole aim. The sanctification of the soul by prayer, labour, and solitude—this was their ambition and the very first cause of their existence. To obey always—to obey, above all, the chief who represented God,—this was the secret of their power, their duration, and their success—the essence of that rule to which they sacrificed everything, even the most legitimate inclinations. "We have all", wrote the monk William of St. Remy to his old tutor, "an incredible fondness for reading; but there is not one of us who would dare prefer the pleasure of reading to the duty of obeying". ´

In study, as in all kinds of work, even in almsgiving, they aspired only to the salvation of their own souls and those of their brethren. All that is great, useful, beautiful, or touching in their lives, springs from this one thought. It was for the soul of Alfonso VI, King of Castile, their benefactor, that the monks of Cluny bethought themselves of washing the feet of thirty poor men in memory of him every Good Friday; of giving food to a hundred others on Easter Day; and, finally, of serving every day, at the first table of the refectory, the dinner of the dead king, which was afterwards given to a poor man: thus, with admirable delicacy, mingling the gratitude due to the beloved

dead with charity to the living. When the monk Guido Aretino, the inventor of the solfeggio, had enriched musical science with a method which immortalises him, he did not think of glory, or of the progress of art, or of material profit, but only of the good of his soul, and wrote modestly, "Since we can now, instead of in ten years which were formerly necessary to learn singing imperfectly, make a chorister in one year or two, we hope that all those who come after us, and who may profit by this progress, will pray God for the remission of our sins, and that their charity may obtain it of the divine mercy".

The Emperor Otho III having gone to visit the Abbot St. Nilus at Mount Garganus, said to him, "Ask of me what you will, as if you were my son, and I will give it gladly". The monk, laying his hand upon the emperor's heart, replied, "I ask but one single thing of your majesty, and that is the salvation of your soul".

Thus, then, in the greatest things as in the smallest, for themselves and for others, the interests of the soul were the only care of the monks. For the founder of abbeys, who cut down forests or pierced rocks in order to build a *house of God*; for the knight who stripped himself of his patrimony, or consecrated himself to the life of the cloister; for the copyist who covered parchments with his laborious transcriptions, and for the artist who adorned them with his miniatures; for the convert who tilled the ground or kept the flocks; for the monks who sang the praises of God in the choir of the church, who shared the labour of the peasant in the fields, who devoted themselves passionately to study in the solitude of their monasteries,—for all these chosen souls eternal salvation was the one pole of intelligence and of will, the ocean into which flowed all the currents of their thought. But in consecrating themselves entirely to God, they merited, according to the divine promise, that all other things should be added unto them; and with their eyes always turned to that one only light, strength was given to them to last longer than the most powerful monarchies, to save all the treasures of literature and science, to write the history of ages illuminated by their virtue, to regenerate and sanctify art, to fill libraries with their books, to raise innumerable and gigantic monuments, to clear the soil of half Europe, to display all kinds of courage against all kinds of enemies, to suppress want by the power of charity ; and, after having thus lived, to die in transports of love and joy, having peace in their hearts and a smile upon their lips.

For it was thus that they died. We know it, thanks to the same chroniclers who registered the acts of their life and preserved the memory of their last hours. Beside the happy death, the death of the saints (*mors felix*), there was the joyous death (*mors hilaris*), that of the simple monk, glad to die as he had been glad to live. Monastic annals are full of details of the end of these servants of God; they tell us, for example, how the monk Gerold of St. Gall gave up his soul, glorifying God, smiling at his brethren, and saluting the saints whom he saw gather round him. They tell us also how, at Monte Cassino, the monk Randiscius, on his deathbed, stopped the chanting of the monks by saying, "Hush, hush! do you not hear the Laudes sounding in heaven? Do you not see the angels who are singing, with their garments and their faces shining like snow? I conjure you, in God's name, be silent, and let me enjoy the sweetness of their song". And as he said these words, he died.

Philosophers, so sure of your knowledge—politicians, so skilful in directing nations— toilers, so well versed in the art of creating wealth—legislators, who have led religion and liberty captive—princes, who have built up absolute power on the ruins of ancient freedom—social reformers, who have levelled all things under the yoke of democratic uniformity,—all of you, authors and guides of modern society, this is not

your work; all this was done before you and without you; your achievement has been to enslave, to corrupt, and finally to destroy, these august institutions; and after having spoiled and profaned the sanctuaries where for twelve centuries reigned charity, prayer, and happiness, to introduce into them egotism and covetousness, or to give them up to devastation and destruction.

BOOK XVII

ST. GREGORY, MONK AND POPE

CHAPTER I

STATE OF THE CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

While the Monastic Orders shone with so pure a splendour, the Church, arrived at the eleventh century of her existence, was going through the greatest trial she had yet known.

The Holy See, the episcopate, and the entire secular clergy, bent under the load of inveterate abuses and odious scandals. Skilful in taking advantage of such internal corruption, assured of the support of many accomplices in a debased episcopate and a depraved clergy, lay tyranny was able to stretch its victorious hand over the bride of Christ, and try to chain her for ever to the foot of the throne of human sovereignty. But God reserved for Himself a liberating and avenging army. The Order of St. Benedict, stronger and more fruitful than ever in the eleventh century, might indeed be hurt by the general corruption, but yielded to it never. It was destined still to bring forth innumerable champions of the divine justice and mercy. The salvation of the Church and of freedom were yet to spring from its bosom under a series of holy pontiffs, almost all belonging to the Benedictine family, and amongst whom, pre-eminent in glory and in genius, was to be Hildebrand, the greatest of monks and the greatest of popes.

It is necessary to describe the evil, so that we may rightly appreciate the remedy. Let us measure then, as far as possible, the abyss into which the Church was sinking when Hildebrand was sent by God to save her, and let us commence with the papacy. Here the mischief was of an early date. The Holy See seemed only to have cleared itself from the stains inflicted on it by certain unworthy pontiffs of the tenth century, in order

to yield itself to the domination of the temporal power, a mere exchange of one disgrace and danger for another.

Otho the Great, when he came to the rescue of the papacy, then constantly endangered by the passions of the Italians, found himself drawn on, by the very faults of the popes, to assume towards them something of a protecting and superior attitude, completely different from that of Charlemagne and his successors. This attitude was the more unreasonable, since, like all the French, German, and Italian princes who attained the imperial dignity after the death of the great emperor, Otho owed his title to the papacy alone. He had presided at the deposition of two popes: John XII and Benedict V, one utterly worthless, the other pure and exemplary, but both legitimately elected, and canonically inviolable; he had dictated the choice of Leo VIII, of John XIII, and of Benedict VI, who must naturally have regarded themselves as his creatures, especially in presence of the continually-recurring revolts of the Romans. However, by a special providence, no enfeebling of the spiritual omnipotence of the popes showed itself during this period of moral abasement. There are innumerable proofs of the recognition of their supremacy over metropolitans, bishops, and all orders in the Church; and this supremacy was fully exercised by zealous and pure-minded popes, such as Gregory V, Some even among the less exemplary proved, by official acts, their care for the regularity of monasteries, and for other ecclesiastical institutions. What perished in them was not their infallible and immortal authority; it was, alas! their dignity, their liberty, and their personal virtue.

The papacy revived, however, and enjoyed some years of splendour under two monks, Gregory V. and Sylvester II; but after this last pontiff it fell, as in the preceding century, under bondage to the passions and interests of this world. During all the first half of the eleventh century, mediocre and feeble monks (with the sole exception of Gregory VI) succeeded each other, first at the pleasure of the Counts of Tusculum—powerful and dangerous enemies to Rome—and afterwards at that of the German emperors. A new dynasty had risen after St. Henry.

Conrad II, the first sovereign of the house of Franconia, though infected by the common vice of his age—simony—did not leave the path marked out by his pious predecessors: like them, he showed great sympathy for the monks; like them, he visited Monte Cassino with respect, defended the imperial abbey against annoyance from the princes of Capua, and showed himself worthy to be mourned by the friends of order and of the Church. But under his son, Henry III (he reigned from 1039 to 1056), praiseworthy, indeed, for his fine qualities and sincere horror of simony—the inconsistency of the position taken up by Otho the Great with regard to the Church began to reappear and increase. It then became evident that the Church no longer governed herself, but was at the mercy of the German sovereign. This Henry apparently intended to make clear when he disgraced Bishop Wazon of Liege, guilty only of having declared that, as bishop, he acknowledged the obligation of fidelity to the emperor, but of obedience only to the pope. Nor was Henry content with disposing, as absolute master, of the abbeys and bishoprics, of all Germany, of a great part of Italy, and of the two Burgundies, or kingdom of Arles. He went so far as to interfere with the appointment even of the popes themselves, taking advantage, now of the unworthy choice and of the tumults which occurred too often at Rome, now of the services which he rendered to the Roman Church as her advocate against the tyranny of the Counts of Tusculum, and finally succeeded in confiscating all liberty for the aggrandisement of the imperial power. At the Council of Sutri, in 1046, he procured the deposition of three rival popes, who were successively replaced, thanks to his predominant authority, by three others, all Germans. A shameful decree of the Council of 1047 completed his

usurpation by submitting all future elections to the will of the emperor, as Roman Patrician. We may judge how much independence was left to bishops and abbots under the sceptre of a prince who thus disposed of the tiara.

Henry III was nevertheless actuated by a praiseworthy and energetic zeal in favour of the Church: no doubt he believed that he was serving and defending her by subordinating her to his authority, and making her pay the price of her liberty for the peace and security she expected from him. He sincerely wished the good of the Church, but on condition of governing her himself; and to say truth, it was he alone who guided her during the first ten years of his reign.

This confusion of powers raised fewer difficulties than might at first have been expected. The influence of the prince was considered a natural consequence of the great authority which the generous piety of the emperors of the house of Saxony had purchased for them in ecclesiastical affairs. It seems to enter into the purposes of God that His eternal Church, as if to render more visible the miracle of her duration and triumph, should be ceaselessly exposed to a double danger; for such is the extreme and perpetual delicacy of her position, that she has often not less to fear from her friends than from her enemies. Too often the sons of her most devoted protectors have made her repay, with usury, the benefits she received from their fathers. This is a lesson in which the Franconian emperors and the English Plantagenets were not her only instructors.

But this subjection of the mother and mistress Church was not all. All the churches crouched under a yoke yet more shameful—that of an unbridled, and, according to all appearance, irremediable corruption. Faith lived undiminished in the heart of the Catholic people whom no heresy had yet infected; but, except in the monasteries, sacerdotal virtues seemed to have deserted the ranks of the clergy who were charged to guide and sustain the nations in the way of truth. If this state of things had continued, no one can calculate the results to the future of humanity that must have followed; for the Church and civil society were then in too close alliance for one to suffer without the other.

The evils of the time may be summed up under three heads: simony, that shameful commerce in sacred things in which the chiefs of the clergy were too often the active accomplices of the laity; the custom of marriage, or concubinage among the clergy, who, after having bought their benefices from the nobles, lowered themselves to the level of these nobles by incontinence; finally, the encroachments of the secular power, and the destruction of liberty and purity of ecclesiastical elections in all ranks, in consequence of the abuse of investiture, and the powers which royal authority pretended to found upon this institution.

It is difficult for those who know the Church only as she issued from the furnace, purified and saved by the heroic efforts of nearly a century of struggle, from St. Leo IX to Calixtus II—it is difficult for them to imagine that she could have fallen so low as that kings could dispose, absolutely and without control, of all ecclesiastical dignities—that all was venal, from the episcopate, and sometimes even the papacy, down to the smallest rural benefice; and that the whole clergy, with the exception only of the monks and of some bishops and priests quoted as marvels, lived in permanent and systematic concubinage. And yet these things were so; for all authors are unanimous in proving it by irrefutable testimony. This we must acknowledge and proclaim, in order to understand at once the terrible extent of the dangers which may menace the Church on earth, and the immense services which have been rendered to her by popes sprung

from the Monastic Orders. Nowhere was the evil greater than in Italy; nowhere did the depravity of the clergy reach a more horrible height. The episcopate there was not exposed to the attacks of royal despotism, as in Germany, France, and England; on the contrary, the powers of the bishops had grown considerably since the days of Charlemagne. Italy was not the seat of any sovereignty capable of eclipsing or repressing such an authority, except during the rare appearances of the German emperors or kings. But the great influence of the episcopate, far from proving a benefit to the Church, was, on the contrary, an arm against her in the hands of her most redoubtable enemies. Most Italian bishops were not content with supporting, to the detriment of the Holy See, the encroachments of those emperors from whom they received investiture, following thus the example of the German bishops; they moreover exercised and propagated simony with the most revolting effrontery. They had fixed a tariff for all ecclesiastical employments, and the market for them was public. We will only cite one example. There was, in 1060, at Florence, a bishop, son of a noble of Pavia named Theuzo Mezzabarba, whose authority was little respected by the monks or zealous Catholics, because he was accused of having notoriously bought his bishopric. The father of the intruder, who was of a frank and simple character, being on a visit to him, the Florentines said to the old man: “Signor Theuzo, did you pay much to the king for your son's bishopric?” “By the body of St. Syr!” answered Theuzo, “there is not so much as a mill to be had from the king without plenty of money; so, for the bishopric of Florence, I had to pay three thousand livres, as if it had been a sol”

After having thus bought their dignity, either of the emperor, or of his vicars, or of some other lay usurper, after having paid to the metropolitans and chapters the gold which was the price of their pretended election, the prevaricating prelates, in their turn, created large resources by selling to the inferior clergy ecclesiastical offices of all degrees, and the right of occupying parishes and benefices. Such were the bishops whom a contemporary, St. Peter Damian, also a bishop, calls heretical brigands, and of whom he says, it is easier to convert a Jew than to bring them to repentance.

Even the popes had reason to reproach themselves for having given way to this unbridled cupidity. Such is the witness borne against them by Pope Victor III, in the picture which he drew, while still a monk at Monte Cassino, of the disorders and mischiefs in the Church under the Emperor Henry III: “In consequence of the neglect of the sovereign pontiffs”, said the venerable abbot, “the whole of Italy feels the scourge: the clergy, almost without exception, buy and sell the gift of the Holy Ghost; the priests and deacons live publicly with their wives, and occupy themselves in providing for their children; bishops entertain concubines in their houses, under the name of wives, in the midst of Rome itself”. Another contemporary, a great enemy of the Germans, is obliged to acknowledge that, in 1040, when Clement was elected to the papacy, “it would have been very difficult to find at Rome a single priest who was not illiterate, or simoniacal, or had not a concubine”.

But the principal scene of this plague was Lombardy. From 820, Pope Pascal I had reproached the Milanese Church with selling holy orders. Since then the evil had increased, and was at its height in the eleventh century. Hunting, drunkenness, usury, debauchery of all kinds, were habitually and universally practised by ecclesiastics of all ranks. Priests strove who should have the most sumptuous dresses, the most abundant table, or the most beautiful mistress. The whole clergy bought ordination and benefices, gave themselves up to all kinds of disorders, and nourished a profound hatred to Roman supremacy. In vain did a few priests and clerks who remained pure, directed by two Milanese nobles—Canon Anselm of Badoagio and deacon Ariald —and supported by a certain number of faithful lay-men, form, under the name of *Pataria*, a great

association for the defence of the faith. This association, encouraged by the apostolic legates Peter Damian and Hildebrand, only succeeded, after a heroic struggle of twenty years against the depravity and sanguinary violence of the Lombard clergy, in giving a temporary check to the disorders; the mischief, fomented by Guido, the simoniacal Bishop of Milan, always revived, and carried all before it. The captains of towns and the feudatories, who sold benefices for their own profit—the families of the countless simoniacal clergy, backed at the same time by the relations of their concubines—, formed an army too numerous and too much concerned in the scandal to permit the efforts of orthodox Catholics to triumph. The deacon Ariald, head of the Catholic party, at last attained martyrdom. It is in these terms that his disciple—like himself, beatified by the Church—the Blessed Andrea, relates the last conflict of this glorious defender of ecclesiastical celibacy: "Two clerks, sent by the niece of Archbishop Guido, arrived suddenly in the desert island which Ariald inhabited, and threw themselves upon him like famished lions throwing themselves on their prey. Having unsheathed the swords with which they were armed, they seized their victim each by one of his ears, and spoke to him in these words, 'Say, rogue, is our master a true and worthy archbishop?' 'He has never been so', replied Ariald; 'for neither in the past nor present has he ever fulfilled the office of an archbishop'. At these words the two bandits cut off the ears of the holy deacon, who, raising his eyes to heaven, cried, 'I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, for having today deigned to admit me among Thy martyrs'. Questioned a second time, Ariald replied, with heroic firmness, 'No, your master is not what you call him'. Then the two butchers cut off his nose and upper lip, and blinded his two eyes; after that they cut off his right hand, saying, 'This hand wrote the letters thou sentest to Rome'. This done, the wretches mutilated the sufferer in the most shameful manner, adding, in derision, 'Thou hast preached chastity, now thou wilt be chaste for ever'. Finally, they tore out his tongue, through an opening made under his chin, pronouncing these odious words, 'It will be silent now, this tongue which has demanded the dispersion of the families of the clergy, and caused husbands and wives to be separated'. But already the soul of Ariald had quitted the earth".

This Christian hero died June 27, 1066; but his death did not end the war: the blood of the martyr only served to fertilise the germs of that victory which afterwards brought about the triumph of the cause of unity and celibacy even in the Church most rebellious to Roman discipline.

In Spain similar disorders had arisen from the marriage of priests; for we find the Council of Girona, held in 1078 by a legate of Gregory VII, condemning, by three different canons, the hereditary transmission of ecclesiastical benefices to the sons of priests and clerks.

In France the royal power already dominated episcopal elections, and gave full scope to simony. A crowd of French prelates, it is proved by contemporary narratives, owed their dignity only to the money with which they had bought it. Simony had become the principal revenue of the kingdom—the one whose produce was most regular and most abundant. King Philip I, distinguished in history as of all men the most venal in spiritual matters, was not content with selling ecclesiastical dignities; he added to this source of revenue that of pillaging the foreign merchants who came to the fairs in France. Following his example, certain nobles held at ransom the French pilgrims who were going to Rome.

As to the lower clergy, we may judge how they had profited by the example set by their superiors from the resolute resistance they opposed to the reforming decrees of St. Gregory VII, especially in the metropolitan sees of Reims and Rouen. In Normandy,

priests were publicly married, only paying a tax to the bishop; and they audaciously bequeathed their churches and benefices to their sons, or gave them as a dowry to their daughters.

Everywhere the children of priests, dishonoured by the very fact of their birth, objects of popular reprobation, as well as of canonical interdiction, became bitter enemies of the Catholic cause. “The Church”, said Pope Benedict VIII, in open council, “has no worse foes than these infamous sons of infamous fathers”

In Germany the evil was yet more general and more inveterate than in France, for it infected even the Monastic Orders. There simony, in all its varieties, reigned supreme; it imposed upon the whole clerical order a servile submission to the will and interests of the earthly master, and thus in a manner established ties of shameful sympathy between the vices of princes and the weakness of the Church. It was not alone the purchase of benefices which the Catholic doctors reprobated under the name of simony; they reproved the obsequious complaisance and culpable flatteries with which the clergy treated princes, in order to obtain benefits from them. However, money was the means most frequently and profitably employed : beyond the Rhine, as well as in France and Italy, bishops were for the most part the authors or interested abettors of this profanation, which took proportions so much the more alarming that it was combined with the custom of investiture, more frequent and more universal in Germany than elsewhere, which had led the emperors to arrogate to themselves not only the right to confer on favourites the territorial fiefs attached to different benefices, but also to appropriate all Church dignities to candidates of their own choice.

Priests, among whom ambition often took the place of conscience, habituated themselves to consider the lay power as the only source of ecclesiastical dignities; they knew that this power was always in want of money, and that their pecuniary offers would seduce even the best-intentioned princes, since simony constituted their most certain revenue. This monstrous abuse was so inveterate that the most pious, and sometimes the most austere princes jested about it as a common infirmity. When Otho the Great conferred the bishopric of Ratisbon on a holy monk of St. Emmeran, named Gunther, he asked him what he intended to give as payment for the episcopate; to which the good monk replied, laughing, “Nothing but my shoes”. Who cannot understand how many abuses must follow such venality among clergy, from whom the disinterestedness and simplicity of Gunther were not to be expected?

History shows us the court of the emperors full of greedy priests of bad morals, hunting after vacant bishoprics, disputing the right of purchase, and always ready to maintain themselves by the most servile complaisance in the dignities which they owed to the most scandalous traffic.

We must do the Emperor Henry III the justice to say that he made most generous efforts to destroy the plague of simony, which his father, Conrad II, had, on the contrary, developed. In a general meeting of the bishops of the empire, this prince one day addressed to them energetic remonstrances on the subject of the avarice and cupidity of the clergy. “All the orders of the ecclesiastical hierarchy”, said he, “from the heads of the Church down to the porter at her gates, are crushed under the weight of their own condemnation; and spiritual brigandage, according to the word of the Lord, rules over all”. Henry even made an edict by which it was forbidden to pay or receive money for any ecclesiastical rank or office, under pain of anathema. He promised to set the example himself: “God”, said he, “has given me freely for no price, and of His mercy

alone, the crown of the empire; I will therefore do the same with all that belongs to the Church".

But it was not for a layman that God reserved the honour of purifying the Church; it was necessary, in the first place, to set her free, and this was little in the thoughts of Henry III. The good intentions of this prince remained, therefore, completely without effect; and when, on his death in 1056, the crown of Germany passed to Henry IV, who was still a child, simony and concubinage vied with each other in desolating the German Church. From that time onward these two plagues spread and rooted themselves. They attained their climax when the young king began to govern by himself. Henry sold openly, to the highest bidder, bishoprics, abbeys, and deaneries; sometimes he gave them to shameless clerks, his companions in debauchery, or to those whose base complaisance would, as he knew, never resist his will. Often, even, he provided two candidates for the same see, reserving to himself, as if to add derision to the most sacrilegious cupidity, the right of deposing the first as simoniacal if the second should offer a higher price.

Thus freedom of election had entirely disappeared; election itself, indeed, existed only in name; the choice imposed by the king was disguised under a vain formality, as it still is in the English Church. If, by chance, the clergy of a diocese would not accept the candidate whom it was the king's pleasure to indicate, Henry interfered, and rendered any other choice virtually impossible: the clergy always yielded in the end. It was in this way that the king succeeded in placing in the metropolitan see of Cologne an obscure person named Hidulphus, who was so detested and despised, that when he appeared in the streets the people threw stones at him, and followed him with taunts and insults. Yet Hidulphus had been for a long time a member of the Chapter of Goslar, where Henry IV usually lived, and where the canons, men degraded by all the vices of a debauched and unbridled court, formed, as it were, the nursery which furnished bishops to the great sees of Germany and Italy. The contempt and horror inspired in the faithful by pastors of such a kind passed all bounds.

It is easy to understand the strong and fatal link which bound together the three plagues of incontinence, simony, and investitures. The miserable priests who began by buying dearly of the prince or bishop their benefices or their priesthood, had, in addition, to support a wife and children. Consequently, their ardent desire must have been, first, to indemnify themselves for their pecuniary sacrifices; and, secondly, to secure the fortune of their family, by transforming, as far as possible, their benefice into a hereditary property, which they endeavoured to hand on to one of their children or relations. But, to accomplish this, they needed the support of the temporal power. Hence the eagerness of the clergy, enervated by their own dishonour, to accept imperial investiture, to seek there the true source and sole guarantee of all spiritual authority; and hence, also, the complete annihilation of freedom and of ecclesiastical dignity.

According to the vigorous language of a doctor of the twelfth century, the princes of this time imposed upon the Church not the elect of God, but creatures of their own, that, after having chosen, they might the better humiliate them. The Church, from being mistress, became a servant. It was no longer the election of the clergy, the consent of the nobles, the petition of nations, which determined the choice of bishops. Neither holiness nor learning was sought for. The first comer had only to present himself with his hands full of money, and he became a priest, not of God, but of Mammon, of that prince of this world to whom Satan has said, "I will give thee all if thou wilt bow down and worship me". The dependants of monarchs constantly worked upon the pride and avarice of their masters, and showed them the more servility, the

more sure they were of arriving by that means at the height of ecclesiastical dignity. This leprosy, springing from one polluted source, the Emperor, and passing through pontiffs already corrupted, spread through the whole body of the clergy. When a bishop had bought his see for so many hundred marks, his next business, in order to refill his empty purse, was to sell to priests abbeys, provostships, archdeaconries, and parishes, and at the same time ordination to the clergy; while those who had acquired these things, traded, in their turn, in the different offices of the Church, and even in burial-places, so as to reimburse themselves for the money which they had advanced.

This was the state of affairs in Italy, Germany, and even France. The whole Church was polluted. All witnesses agree in proving that from the bishops to the humblest curates, the whole ecclesiastical order was attacked by a contagion, the painful memory of which is prolonged through the Catholic ages, and which only increased in intensity till the day when Hildebrand set himself against it like a wall, re-established the ancient law, saved both the purity and the freedom of the Church, and turned the torrent of corruption back into its ignoble bed.

But we may affirm, positively, that all the genius of Hildebrand would have been impotent to arrest the evil and cure it, if he had not been able, in that supreme struggle, to wield the resources offered to him by the Monastic Orders.

It has been shown, by all which has gone before, that these Orders had striven constantly and gloriously against human corruption, not only in the world, but also, and above all, in the bosom of the Church. At the period we have now reached, the Church groaned under the triple yoke of simony, sacerdotal incontinence, and temporal supremacy. Now the Monastic Orders had been growing for six centuries in dependence upon three principles diametrically opposed to those which ruled the world, and which were expressed in the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Monks, as we have said, did not always escape the contagion. Who, indeed, does not know the scandals and corruption which sullied some monasteries? But it is incontestable that the scandals were less striking, and the evils less incurable, there than elsewhere, and that the primitive energy of the institution constantly revived and shone forth with renewed and unequalled lustre.

With regard to simony, the very idea of property had been greatly modified, and in a manner transformed, in all monastic institutions by the invariable rule which rigorously forbade to the monk any private possessions. Simony reigned, it is true, wherever princes had arrogated to themselves the right of disposing of the abbeys; but it naturally disappeared when pious princes, as often happened, renounced the right of appointing to abbacies, even while they retained that of filling up bishoprics and other secular benefices. In France, for example, from the accession of the line of Capet, for two or three centuries, the kings gave up the nomination of abbots, and simony was only practised in the relation between the abbots and bishops, or of the monks amongst themselves. Even in Germany the influence of the mischief was not so deleterious nor so great among the monks as among the members of the secular clergy holding ecclesiastical dignities, since, beside the abbot elected by purchase, there were always monks who, having been stripped of everything the day they entered the cloister, must necessarily revolt, sooner or later, against a simoniacal head.

As to ecclesiastical celibacy, continence had from the beginning been the universal and obligatory law of monks, a law constantly confirmed by councils and popes, both in the East and West. Whatever might be the practice followed, the doctrines professed, the abuses tolerated at different times and in different countries,

relative to the marriage of priests, everywhere and always monks had remained free from the slightest suspicion on this score; never had any tie of exclusive or domestic affection hampered their devotion to God and their neighbour. Individual failures had not affected the fundamental principle of the institution; for even amidst the greatest irregularities, in purity at least they had almost always been found without reproach.

Finally, in respect to the subordination of spiritual to temporal power, there was little fear that men, bound at once by a solemn vow, and by all the habits of their lives, to give the strictest obedience to their spiritual superior, could hesitate to prefer the supremacy of the Church and its head to all other rule. The popes, when they laboured with such constant solicitude to secure the independence of the Monastic Orders against the excesses of episcopal power, were guided by an instinct most admirably just. They had thus a right to find, at the chosen moment, in the ranks of the monks, the army which they needed to defend the sanctuary and free the episcopate itself. We shall see that, in spite of the numberless donations and exemptions which it had pleased princes to bestow on the sons of St. Benedict, their gratitude never went so far as to induce them to betray the cause of unity, or of that sacred liberty of the Church without which their existence would have been only a contradiction and an absurdity.

Indeed, the instinct of kings never deceived them in this matter: according as the system which tended to subject the Church to the royal authority by means of investitures developed in their minds, the bishops, whom Charlemagne and his successors had drawn chiefly from the monasteries, ceased to be chosen; the imperial chapel became the school of bishops. A monk-bishop became an exception, exciting the surprise and discontent of those about the court. Different incidents show us how great was the repulsion between courtiers, both lay and ecclesiastic, and the monks in general. At the end of the tenth century, when the Emperor Otho II conferred the bishopric of Ratisbon on St. Wolfgang, a monk of Notre Dame des Ermites, in Switzerland, the high birth of the holy monk was not sufficient to raise this choice above criticism. One day, seeing the bishop say mass, wearing under his pontifical ornaments his monastic robe of coarse cloth, a knight remarked aloud, "The Emperor was very foolish when he took this ill-looking and ill-dressed man to make a bishop of, in preference to all the noble lords that abound in his States."

The German bishops were still more rarely chosen out of monasteries. In 1032, when Conrad II called to the metropolitan see of Mayence a pious monk of Fulda named Bardo, the familiars of the imperial court loudly blamed the nomination of a man of this kind, as they said, to so important a see : “He is a monk who may be worth something in his own little monastery”, they said, “but he is not made for an archiepiscopal throne”; and they ridiculed the newly-elected archbishop by shouting “*Mo, mo*” the first syllable of the word *monachus*, which was odious to them. This peasant, however, was of a very valiant race, and a near relation of the empress; but in their eyes the word monk was sufficient to obscure all his good qualities.

It is evident, then, that the remedy existed side by side with the evil, and that the authors of the evil felt it to be so. Monks had already converted half Europe; they had filled the Church with the perfume of their virtue and the splendour of their sanctity; it remained for them now to save her from the greatest danger she had yet incurred.

CHAPTER II

HILDEBRAND BEFORE HIS ELECTION TO THE POPEDOM

Every effort, then, that should be made to reform, to purify, or to enfranchise the Church, must necessarily be dependent upon the Monastic Orders. This fact was thoroughly understood by the greatest of the sons of St. Benedict, by Hildebrand, whom the Monastic Orders seem to have given to the Church and to Christianity as a glorious equivalent for all the benefits with which both one and the other had loaded them.

Son of a Tuscan carpenter, but, as his name shows, of German origin, Hildebrand had been from childhood a monk in the monastery of Sta. Maria, on Mount Aventine, at Rome, where his uncle was abbot, and where he became the pupil of a learned Benedictine archbishop, the famous Laurentius of Amalfi, and formed a tender friendship with St. Odilon of Cluny. Having early attached himself to the virtuous Pope Gregory VI, it was with indignation that he saw him confounded with two unworthy competitors, and deposed together with them by the arbitrary influence of the emperor at Sutri. He followed the exiled pontiff to France, and, after his death, went to enrol himself among the monks of Cluny, where he had previously resided, and where, according to several writers, he held the office of prior.

During a part of his youth, however, he must have lived at the German Court, where he made a great impression on the Emperor Henry III, and on the best bishops of the country, by the eloquence of his preaching. The emperor said that he had never heard any one preach the Word of God with more courage; it was like Moses before Pharaoh.

Hildebrand, therefore, inhabited, and was able to study successively, the two camps whence were to issue the most devoted soldiers and the most bitter adversaries of the cause which he himself was soon to personify. God thus prepared, partly by the austere discipline of the cloister, partly in the midst of worldly agitation, the genius of the monk who, with the aid of monks, was to vanquish the world.

It was at Cluny that Hildebrand met, in 1049, the new Pope, Bruno, Bishop of Toul, sprung from the powerful and pious race of Nordgau and Eggisheim, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves, some by their monastic foundations, others by ending their warlike career under the cowls of monks. Bruno himself had been a monk: his cousin, the Emperor Henry III, had, by his own authority, caused him to be elected at Worms, December 1048, and proclaimed under the name of Leo IX. Hildebrand, seeing him already clothed with the pontifical purple, reproached him for having accepted the government of the Church, and advised him to guard ecclesiastical liberty by being canonically elected at Rome. Bruno yielded to this salutary remonstrance:

laying aside the purple and the pontifical ornaments, he caused Hildebrand to accompany him to Rome, where his election was solemnly renewed by the Roman clergy and people. This was the first blow given to the usurped authority of the emperor. From that moment Hildebrand was withdrawn from Cluny by the Pope, in spite of the strong resistance of the abbot St. Hugh. Created Cardinal Sub-deacon of the Roman Church, and Abbot of San Paolo *fuori le Mura*, he went on steadily towards the end he had in view. Guided by his advice, Leo IX, after having renewed his courage at Monte Cassino, prepared several decrees of formal condemnation against the sale of benefices and against the marriage of priests; and these decrees were fulminated in a series of councils on both sides the Alps, at Rome, Verceil, Mayence, and Reims.

The enemy, till then calm in the midst of his usurped rule, felt himself sharply wounded. Nevertheless, the simoniacal bishops, accomplices or authors of all the evils the Pope wished to cure, pretended as well as they could not to understand the nature and drift of the pontiff's act. They hoped time would be their friend; but they were soon undeceived.

Among the many assemblies convoked and presided over by Pope Leo IX, the Council of Reims, held in 1049, was the most important. Influenced by the suggestion of certain nobles who knew that their violence and licentiousness would be exposed and censured before the eyes of Christendom, and excited by the prelates who had similarly compromised themselves, Henry I, King of France, opposed the holding of this Council with all his might; and many of the French bishops who had acquired their sees by simony, made the opposition of the king a pretext for avoiding an assembly where they feared to see their misdeeds brought to light. The Pope stood his ground: he was only able to gather round him twenty bishops; but, on the other hand, there came fifty Benedictine abbots. Thanks to their support, energetic canons were promulgated against the two great scandals of the time, and several guilty prelates were deposed. They went still further: a decree pronounced by this Council vindicated, for the first time in many years, the freedom of ecclesiastical elections, by declaring that no promotion to the episcopate should be valid without the choice of the clergy and people. This was the first signal of the struggle for the enfranchisement of the Church, and the first token of the preponderating influence of Hildebrand. From that time all was changed. A new spirit breathed on the Church, a new life thrilled the heart of the papacy.

But it was not only the discipline and freedom of the Church which were endangered; Catholic faith and piety were menaced to their very roots by the heresy of Berenger regarding the Holy Eucharist. Here, also, the monks were the instruments of safety. Leo IX was the first to condemn this impious doctrine, leaving to his successors the care of confirming his sentence, and to Hildebrand, Lanfranc, Durand, Guitmond, and other monks, the task of refuting, by the authority of learning and tradition, the dangerous heresiarch whose equivocal attitude and crafty writings rendered him difficult of repression.

In the interval of these assemblies, Leo IX, indefatigable in his zeal, carried the cause of improvement and monastic reform into Alsace and Lorraine, wherever he met with the foundations of his pious ancestors, as well as beyond the Rhine, into Italy and even Hungary. St. Diey, Fulda, Hirschau, Subiaco, and Farfa, among other great houses, received new life from the hands of the illustrious pontiff. Monte Cassino three times saw him climb its steeps to repose from greatness in the bosom of penitence, and to mingle in all the exercises of the monks, whose feet he humbly washed. Vanquished and made prisoner by the Normans—not yet, as under St. Gregory VII, transformed

into devoted champions of the Church—Leo IX vanquished them, in turn, by force of courage and holiness, and wrested from them their first oath of fidelity to the Holy See while granting to them a first investiture of their conquests.

Death claimed the pontiff when he had reigned five years. His last hours were sublime. After having exhorted the bishops in the most solemn terms to watch over the Lord's flock, and defend it from wolves, Leo caused himself to be carried to the church of St. Peter; and there, beside his coffin, which he had ordered to be placed ready, he passed almost the whole of two days, sometimes exhorting, with infinite gentleness, the faithful who gathered round him, sometimes prostrate before the altar praying aloud, "Jesus, good Shepherd, hear the prayers of Thy servant for this Church, where Thou hast willed that I, unworthy, should occupy the place of the Blessed Peter. It is to Thee, O Lord, that I commend her: surround her with the impassable rampart of Thy protection; put far from her schism and the perfidy of heretics. Deign to defend her from the snares of her enemies, Thou who hast shed for her Thy precious blood; and if, in defending the faith, I have wrongly bound or excommunicated any, do Thou absolve them, who art kind and merciful". When he had thus prayed, a delightful perfume exhaled from St. Peter's altar and embalmed the church. Then, approaching his stone coffin, in which he seemed to see the likeness of his monk's cell, the Pope spoke to the people of the transitoriness of earthly glory. "See, all of you", he said, "what human life is; see me, who sprang from nothing to attain the height of earthly greatness, now ready to return again to nothing. I have seen my monk's cell change to a spacious palace, and now I must return to the narrow space of this tomb ... stone, be blessed among all stones, and blessed be He who created thee, and hast willed that thou shouldest guard my dust! Be faithful to me, O stone! and as Jesus Christ founded His Church upon the apostolic stone, mayest Thou faithfully keep my bones until the day of judgment, so that at the coming of the terrible Judge thou mayest render me up to thy Creator and mine".

Towards dawn those who watched by the dying Pope had a vision: they thought they saw the blessed apostles Peter and Paul talking with their successor, and writing mysterious words. The last utterance of the Pontiff confided to Hildebrand the administration of the Roman Church. At the moment when Leo IX expired, the bells of St. Peter's sounded of themselves. They buried the Pope, as he requested, in the church of the prince of the apostles, and before the altar of St. Gregory the Great. Thus died the first of the reforming pontiffs who was affected by the influence, henceforth irresistible, of the monk Hildebrand. With Leo IX the Order of St. Benedict took possession of the Holy See, as of a hereditary patrimony. And, in fact, for a whole century this patrimony remained in the glorious Benedictine family.

At the moment when the struggle between the papacy and the Western empire became open and terrible, the East, by a mysterious decree of Providence, finally separated itself from Catholic unity. Although Photius had, two centuries earlier, fatally attacked the purity and orthodoxy of the Byzantine Church, this Church was far from having broken all connection with the Holy See. But degraded by the passions of her clergy and by her complicity in all the wretchedness of a corrupted people, she escaped more and more from the paternal authority of the Holy See, to become the plaything of imperial despotism. Finally, after a long succession of patriarchs elected and deposed at the will of the lay power, the schism was completed by Michael Cerularius, whom the Emperor Constantine Monomachius had placed, in 1043, on the patriarchal throne. The separation took place under the vain pretext of Greek and Latin observances on the subject of unleavened bread, of strangled meats, and of the singing of the *Alleluia*. Pope

St. Leo IX, after having combated by his writings the pretensions of the Greeks, neglected nothing to prevent the rupture: he died before it became irreparable.

The Order of St. Benedict had furnished to Leo IX zealous and intelligent defenders of the pontifical authority. Among the legates sent to Constantinople to try to bring about a reconciliation between the two Churches, we remark two monks of Lorraine whom Leo IX had learned to know and esteem in his diocese of Toul. The first was Humbert, Abbot of Moyenmoustier, whom he had made Cardinal- bishop of Sta. Rufina and Abbot of Subiaco; and the second, Frederic, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Abbot of Monte Cassino, and Pope under the name of Stephen X. Humbert refuted the assertions of the schismatic patriarch and of his apologists in a work full of energy and learning. He retired after having laid upon the altar of Sta. Sophia an act of excommunication against the author and supporters of the schism.

Frederic, having become Pope, charged his successor at Monte Cassino, Abbot Didier, to continue the same task, which Didier did, fruitlessly indeed, but not without honour. Later, under Alexander II, another monk, Peter, whom Hildebrand had brought from his monastery of Salerno, was taken to Rome, and presented to the Pope, who made him Bishop of Anagni, and legate at Constantinople. He remained there until the death of the Emperor Michael Ducas, contributing to the utmost of his power to maintain an appearance of unity between the Court of Byzantium and the Roman Church; but he succeeded no better than his predecessors in changing the real state of affairs.

Leo IX being dead, the Romans wished to elect Hildebrand, and only renounced their project at his most earnest entreaties. He then hastened to cross the Alps, and directed his steps to Germany, provided with full authority from the Roman clergy and people to choose, under the eyes of the Emperor Henry III, whoever, among the prelates of the empire, that prince should judge most worthy of the tiara.

Thus, thanks to the influence of a monk, the condition of things had been much modified in a short time. The same emperor who formerly had been able to depose three popes, and to nominate three others, yielded, in less than eight years after the Council of Sutri, to the initiative of the Roman Church, while awaiting the rapidly approaching moment when she should become the exclusive mistress of her choice.

Hildebrand selected Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt; and in spite of the emperor, who desired to keep near him a bishop who enjoyed his entire confidence—in spite even of Gebhard himself—he carried him off to Rome, where, according to the ancient custom, the clergy proceeded to his election under the name of Victor II. The new Pope, at the risk of his life, adhered to the counsels of Hildebrand, and continued the war made by his predecessor on simoniacal bishops and married priests. Hildebrand being sent as legate to France, hastened to assemble a council in the province of Lyons, where he immediately deposed six bishops convicted of that crime, which was then regarded as the sin against the Holy Ghost. The Archbishop of Embrun had been accused of the same crime; but as he had bribed his accusers, no one said a word against him. Hildebrand required him to say aloud, “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost”. The archbishop was able to say, “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son”, but he could not succeed, in spite of all his efforts, in uttering “and to the Holy Ghost”. Seeing himself thus convicted by the judgement of God, he confessed his crime, and consented to his own deposition. This example produced so salutary an impression on the Church of France, that forty-five bishops and twenty-seven prelates of a lower order confessed themselves guilty of simony, and abdicated their dignities.

At this crisis the Emperor Henry III died in the flower of his age, leaving the throne of Germany to his only son, a child of six years old, but already elected and crowned—the regent being his mother, the Empress Agnes.

This latter circumstance could not but be favourable to the enfranchisement of the Church. Accordingly, Victor II had scarcely followed the emperor to the tomb when the Roman clergy hastened, for the first time, to elect a Pope without any imperial intervention. In the absence of Hildebrand, the unanimous choice of the electors fixed on the former chancellor and legate at Constantinople of Leo IX, on Frederic, monk and abbot of Monte Cassino. The new Pope, who was bound by the closest ties to the cause of the liberty of the Holy See, was brother to Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, the husband of the Countess Beatrice of Tuscany, and one of the princes best able to resist the emperor. Raised to the throne by the name of Stephen X, he had scarcely time to distinguish his too short pontificate by a few energetic measures in favour of ecclesiastical discipline and celibacy, and by new negotiations intended to bring back the Church of Constantinople to unity. It was Stephen who created Hildebrand Archdeacon of the Roman Church, and who, following the latter's advice, named Peter Damian, the most austere and most eloquent monk of the day, Cardinal-bishop of Ostia.

This remarkable man, born in 1007, who in after-life was one of the greatest adversaries of the marriage of priests, had, strange to say, when a child, and abandoned by his mother, been saved from death by the care of a priest's wife. Before he became a monk, Damian made himself famous for his learning, and the zeal he showed in the education of his numerous pupils. At thirty-three years of age he embraced the monastic life. From that time he began to attack the disorders of the clergy in many writings, and made himself remarkable by his tender devotion to the Holy Virgin. Stories were told of the excessive penances which he imposed on himself and on the monks of his monastery. For many years he had devoted himself to the salvation of Italy, addressing to the various popes useful encouragements, vigorous remonstrances, and even sometimes bitter censures. He had to be compelled, under pain of excommunication, to accept the rank of cardinal; and having accepted it, he began by a severe exhortation to his colleagues on the decadence of ecclesiastical discipline. But the hours he passed with popes and emperors seemed to him as useless as those employed in writing on sand. His soul thirsted for heaven, and he waited impatiently the day of that triumph of the saints, which he sang in admirable verse. In his impatience to die to this world, he desired nothing so much as to live in retreat, which was due to him, he said, as repose is due to an old soldier. But the ever-active Hildebrand continually sent him as legate to Milan, to France, and to Germany, forcing him, till his last day, to carry on the combat with simony, immorality, and lay oppression. Peter always obeyed, though not without protest, the man whom he called the immovable pillar of the Apostolic See.

An attempt has been made to interpret some passages of the correspondence of this great saint so as to discover in it symptoms of opposition to Hildebrand. Nothing could be more unfounded. The great bishop complains of one thing only, and that is the severity of Hildebrand in obliging him to remain in the midst of public struggles, and engaged in the work of ecclesiastical government, while he ceaselessly longed for peace and solitude. In this sense only should those passages be understood in which Peter calls Hildebrand a tyrant, a kind of Satanic saint, a divine Pope, and the sovereign of that Rome where it was more necessary to obey the master of the Pope than the Pope himself. Notwithstanding, Peter himself struggled with even more vigour and passion than Hildebrand against the horrible disorders of the Italian clergy. The unison of their

views and their efforts was complete; and Damian, in writing to his illustrious friend, might well render to him the curious testimony which follows:

"In all thy combats, in all thy victories, I have followed thee closely not only as a companion in arms or a squire, but like a thunderbolt of war. Thy will has had for me the authority of canon law; I have judged, not according to my impressions, but according to thy desires. Moreover, with what blessings have my lips always pronounced thy name! Ask of the lord of Cluny" (that is, of Abbot Hugh). "One day, disputing with him about thee, 'He does not know', said he, 'with what tenderness thou lovest him; if he knew it, his heart would glow for thee with a love beyond compare'."

The horror which simony and the incontinence of priests then inspired in pure and fervent souls, led to the peopling of new monasteries in Italy. And among the number of the solitaries who followed the direction of St. Peter Damian at Fonte Avellana, in the mountains of Umbria, was a penitent whom the Church honours under the name of St. Dominic with the Cuirass. Dominic embraced monastic life in order to expiate the fault of his parents, who had bought his ordination by the gift of some beautiful fur. The recollection of this fault so weighed upon the conscience of the man of God that he never consented to receive the priesthood. But, in compensation, he imposed upon himself the most terrible penances, always wore upon his breast a sort of iron breastplate, and condemned himself to long and frequent flagellations, the history of which elicited the admiration and redoubled the fervour of his contemporaries. St. Peter Damian, who has handed down to us the life of St. Dominic with the Cuirass, proclaimed him his master, recognising him as a true philosopher of the school of Christ, and, after the saint's death, wept for him as for *the light of his life*.

Hildebrand did not suffer himself to be absorbed by his direct participation in the struggles of the papacy: even while filling the office of legate, in which capacity he astonished France and Germany by an admirable learning and eloquence, he never lost sight of his duties as monk and Abbot of San Paolo at Rome. He introduced the strictest reform into his abbey, which had fallen into such a state of disorder, that cattle freely entered the church, and women waited on the monks in the refectory.

Hildebrand, whose power daily increased, had just gone as legate to the empress-regent, when death surprised Pope Stephen X. A few days before his end, the venerable pontiff, having convoked the cardinals and Roman clergy, said to them, sadly, "I know that after my death there will arise among you men full of themselves, who will seek to take possession of this See by the aid of laymen, and in opposition to the decrees of the holy fathers". All with one voice protested, and promised the Pope that it should not be so. Shortly afterwards Stephen died in the arms of Abbot Hugh of Cluny, begging the Romans not to appoint his successor till Hildebrand should return.

Notwithstanding this, the tyrannical faction of the Counts of Tusculum roused itself to a new effort, and in spite of the efforts of Peter Damian, succeeded in placing an intruder of that family, Benedict X, on the pontifical throne. If this candidate had been able to maintain himself, the papacy would only have escaped the imperial yoke to become the prey of the Roman aristocracy by an impulse similar though opposite to that which, under the Othos and Henry III, had snatched the Church from patrician violence, only to subject it to the policy of the emperors. Hildebrand could consent neither to the one nor to the other of these ignominies; but he took advantage of one against the other on this occasion, by employing for the last time the imperial authority against that of the barons. On the news of the death of Stephen X he came back to Italy; but pausing in Tuscany, he strengthened himself by the support on one side of the

Regent Agnes and the German nobles, and on the other of the Roman orthodox party, and thus obtained, at Sienna, the election of Gerard of Burgundy, Bishop of Florence, under the name of Nicholas II. The intruder could not resist this double influence; he returned into obscurity, and the Church was for ever delivered from the mischievous influence of that house of Tusculum whence so many unworthy of indifferent popes had issued.

Under the pontificate of Nicholas II the authority of Hildebrand continued to increase. He profited by it to consecrate solemnly the results already obtained, and that by a measure the wisdom of which has been proved by the experience of seven centuries. A council of 113 bishops, held at Rome, renewed the former condemnation against simoniacal and married priests; and to free the Church, the mother and mistress of Christendom, from this gnawing evil, the council ordained that in future the election of the Roman pontiff should be exclusively confined to the cardinals, save in so far as respect was due to the future Emperor Henry, and to those of his successors who should have personally obtained from the Holy See the right of intervention. This resided was, indeed, very different from the servile and absolute submission which the empire formerly required. Nevertheless, matters were not to rest there.

Among the signatures to the decretal of Nicholas II figures that of “Hildebrand, monk and subdeacon”, and it is not risking too much to impute to him the responsibility for it. Another decretal of the same council, and not less important, ordered that in the case of any one being raised to the See of Rome without canonical election on the part of the clergy and cardinals, for a sum of money, or by human favour, or by popular or military violence, the person so elected should be considered not apostolic, but apostate; and it should be permitted to the clergy and faithful laity to expel the intruder by anathema or by any other means, and to replace him by the worthiest, even out of Rome, investing him with full apostolic authority to govern the Church, even before he could be enthroned. Thus it appears that there was no longer question of imperial sanction in this second decretal, in which the Pope and the fathers of the council seem to have intended, by a prophetic instinct, to oppose before-hand all the efforts of the simoniacal, married, or imperialist clergy to choose popes to suit themselves, as they did in the schismatic elections of the anti-popes Cadalous and Guibert of Ravenna.

In the same council, the rule of canons and canonesses, although it had been in existence almost everywhere for more than two hundred years, was abolished on the proposition of Hildebrand, because, since the changes introduced under the Emperor Louis the Debonnair at the Council of 817, that rule authorised individual property. Louis himself was blamed, in the decree of the council, for having changed an ecclesiastical institution without the consent of the Holy See, because, emperor and pious though he was, he was none the less a layman.

The imperial party, which had many adherents among the simoniacal bishops, could not but be irritated by a decree which reserved the election of the Pope to the cardinals alone: they considered as an innovation that law which their adversaries, and the whole Monastic Order, considered as a necessary and happy return to the regular conditions of the free government of the Catholic Church.

Meantime it was necessary to find means to maintain the new work, which every day caused more disquiet to the partisans and instruments of the old abuses. Hildebrand perceived that very efficient support against imperial enmity might be given to the liberated papacy by those warlike Normans whose exploits against the

Saracens and Greek schismatics were constantly increasing their renown and their power in the south of Italy. He had seen them faithfully keep the promise of submission which they had made to Pope Leo IX, their prisoner at Civitella; and for this reason he had advised Nicholas II to make advances to them, and to invest their chief, Robert Guiscard, with the title of Duke of Apulia, in return for an annual tribute, and for his oath to support the papacy against all enemies, to submit to it all the churches given up to him, and to assist in defending the free election of all future popes. William de Montreuil, sprung from the generous race of Giroie, of whose pious liberality to the Norman abbeys we have already spoken, was proclaimed *gonfaloniere* of the Holy See, and by his exertions all the schismatics of Campania were brought under subjection to the pontifical authority. Nicholas also used the arm of this champion to extirpate simony and the concubinage of priests in the south of Italy. The aged pontiff well deserved, by his pious humility, that his efforts should draw down the blessing of Heaven. Each day he himself washed the feet of twelve poor men; and this soft and gentle charity in no way excluded firmness, for at his death, after a pontificate of two years, he left to the Church, together with the memory of his rare virtues, stronger means of defence than she had ever hitherto possessed.

Each new election to the papacy brought with it a dangerous crisis, such as must have compromised and destroyed the work of Hildebrand if his constancy had been less energetic and the protection of Heaven less uniform. It happened, on the contrary, that each election contributed either to root his authority more firmly or to augment his power.

On the death of Nicholas II, the cardinals, carrying out the decrees of the last council, sent a report of their proceedings to the imperial court; but Gerard, a monk of Cluny, whom they had sent with it, not having been received, they went on to the election, according to the advice of Hildebrand and of the Abbot Didier of Monte Cassino. Their choice fell upon one in whom they hoped to find not only the person most agreeable to the imperial court, but one who, at the same time, offered most substantial guarantees to the Church; they proclaimed Anselm of Badagio, Bishop of Lucca, of an illustrious Milanese house, and formerly a disciple of Lanfranc at the Norman Abbey of Bec. Anselm had distinguished himself as legate in Lombardy by his zeal against the simoniacs and Nicolaitans; afterwards he reigned twelve years, under the name of Alexander II.

The Lombard bishops—those indomitable bulls, as a contemporary calls them—always the most in favour of simony, always most hostile to the independence of Rome, had made up their minds to accept as Pope only one of their own countrymen, who would naturally bear with their infirmities; but their efforts failed. In vain did they persuade the Regent Agnes and her counsellor to consent to the election of an anti-Pope in the person of Cadalous, Chancellor of Henry III, whose scandalous life offered all possible encouragement to the cause of the simoniacal and anti-celibate party; in vain did this anti-Pope secure for himself the support of Germany and of the Italian imperialists, and the alliance of the Caesar of Constantinople; in vain did he obtain the approval of the majority of German bishops, and that of the married priests: the Church was already strong enough to resist and vanquish, even by arms. Guided by Hildebrand, whom, on his accession, he had named Chancellor of the Holy Church; supported by Monte Cassino, by Cluny, and by the sword of the Normans, Alexander carried the day, and won the right of being remembered by posterity as the Pope to whom the Church, so long enslaved, owed the reconquest of her ancient freedom. The wise and holy Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, after having deprived the Regent Agnes and her unworthy favourite, Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, of the administration of

the empire, declared himself, at the Council of Augsburg, in favour of the legitimate Pope, moved to do so by the skilful pleading of Peter Damian, justly called by Alexander II “the eye of the papacy, and the unshaken support of the apostolic throne”.

In all regions, Catholic sentiment awoke; the number of the faithful increased, and their zeal was more and more excited against the simoniacal and married clergy. This was the special work of monks. Everywhere and always, we repeat, these admirable auxiliaries, with the approval of Hildebrand and of Peter Damian, flung themselves, with equal energy and devotion, into the struggle which was to save the liberty and purity of the Church. They clearly perceived that this cause was inseparable from that of the holiness and durability of their own institution.

It was the monks of the new order of Vallombrosa, having St. John Gualbertus at their head, who curbed the power of simony in Tuscany, by the opposition which they raised to the simoniacal bishop Peter of Pavia. The monks of the same order at Florence had been attacked in the night by armed servants of the bishop, beaten, robbed, wounded, and mutilated. Accused at Rome, blamed by St. Peter Damianus himself, fiercely persecuted by the episcopate, menaced with death by Duke Godfrey of Tuscany, they found no supporter except Hildebrand. But they did not hesitate to continue the struggle; and they ended it victoriously, thanks to the devotion of one of them, Peter, who submitted to the ordeal by fire, passing across a pile of blazing wood, in order to prove the guilt of the bishop. The Florentine people were convinced; the deposed bishop was converted, and, turning back with laudable penitence to the better way, became a monk at Vallombrosa, among those who had prosecuted him with such eagerness; while the heroic Peter became Bishop of Albano, and cardinal, under the immortal name of St. Peter Igneus. We cannot, then, be astonished at the special favour with which Alexander II always regarded the monks. The generous pontiff, even while his own rights were being contested at Rome, was heroically defending the privileges of Corbie against the Bishop of Amiens; those of St. Denis against the Bishop of Paris; those of St. Michael of Chiusa against the Bishop of Turin; and in the same year he exempted the Abbey of the Trinity at Vendome from all episcopal jurisdiction, at the prayer of the diocesan bishop himself. It was Alexander II who put a final stop to the incessant persecution of Cluny by the Bishop of Macon, and who declared that sanctuary beyond all episcopal interdiction or excommunication, so that it might be, for all people, and under all circumstances, a haven of salvation and mercy. The holy father also extended to all the abbeys dependent upon Monte Cassino the great exemptions enjoyed by that illustrious monastery, and secured its immunities and vast possessions against episcopal attacks, by replacing them under what was called the “tutelar freedom of Rome”. In 1071, Nicholas himself dedicated the mother church of Monte Cassino, recently built with great magnificence by the care of Abbot Didier, at the same time that the Abbot Hugh was raising at Cluny the greatest church of Christendom. The Pope himself celebrated this imposing ceremony, assisted by Hildebrand, in presence of fifty-four archbishops and bishops, many Norman and Italian nobles, and an immense population which covered the sides of the holy mountain and the surrounding meadows. All this crowd was fed and lodged by the splendid generosity of the great monastery, to which the Pope, in a bull relative to this dedication, gave the title of “normal school of monastic rule, founded by the holy father Benedict, in virtue, not of a human desire, but of an express command of God”.

This professed admiration for monastic greatness naturally united itself in the mind of Alexander II as well as in that of Hildebrand, to a scrupulous respect for the rights of the Roman Church. For this reason it was that, after the conquest of England, Lanfranc, the first Norman placed in the archbishopric of Canterbury, was summoned

by Hildebrand to come to receive the pallium at Rome, according to an old custom, which, since 1027, had fallen into disuse. Lanfranc hastened to obey; and on seeing him approach, the Pope rose to do him honour, saying, “It is not because he is an archbishop that I rise, but because at the Abbey of Bec I sat at his feet with the other scholars”.

Meanwhile Germany had become the centre of encroachment against the temporal power. The freedom and the rule of the monasteries, as well as the rights and privileges of laymen, had been scandalously trampled under foot during the administration of Archbishop Adalbert of Bremen. But still greater evils followed the majority of the young Henry IV, who was early given up to all kinds of excesses. The last act of the long career of Peter Damianus as apostolic legate, was to bring about a temporary reconciliation between Henry and his wife Bertha, whom he wished to repudiate without any other reason than an invincible dislike. Peter declared plainly to the young king that the Pope would never consent to give the imperial crown to a prince who should have caused so grave a scandal. Here, as always, and in all countries, the rupture between the Church and royalty had for its origin, or at least for its occasion, the protection extended by the Holy See over the rights of an innocent and undeservedly persecuted woman. But this was not the only complaint of the Church and the Germans against Henry IV. In agreement with Sigefroi, Archbishop of Mayence, this prince attempted to exact the *dime* from Thuringia and the possessions of the Abbeys of Fulda and Hersfeld, in contempt of privileges which dated from the introduction of Christianity into Germany. The Thuringians, whose interests were in unison with those of their monks, at first tried to resist, but underwent the most cruel oppression. The Saxons, on their side pillaged, harassed, and outraged in the honour of their women by the garrisons of castles built by order of the young king, revolted against a yoke until then unknown, and resolved to break it. The most powerful princes of the empire, such as the Dukes of Bavaria and Carinthia, were themselves the object of calumnious accusations, driven to extremity, and deprived of their fiefs, according to the caprice of the king. The complaints and indignation of the German people redoubled in violence, and Henry IV had occasion to congratulate himself that he had taken the precaution of forbidding the Thuringians, under pain of death, to appeal to Rome. But it was not easy to silence the voice of oppressed justice. Alexander II heard this cry, and felt himself strong enough to act; he excommunicated the perfidious councillors who abused the youth of Henry IV, and summoned the prince to appear before him. But God called the Pope from this world before the war had broken out with its full violence. Alexander II was permitted to die without fear of seeing the degeneration of the work he had so nobly begun. His obsequies were not yet ended when the unanimous voice of the Roman clergy and people called Pope Gregory VII to crown the enterprise of Hildebrand the monk. He had, it must be remembered, more than once refused the papacy; he strongly desired to leave to others the honour of command, while he shared in the second rank the responsibility of the struggle. But God and the Roman people judged otherwise. While Hildebrand presided at the solemn funeral of the dead pontiff, a unanimous and irresistible movement began among the clergy and the faithful, who, with one voice, declared that he was the Pope they desired. Surprised and alarmed by these popular clamours, Hildebrand tried to mount a pulpit to calm the tumult, and dissuade the multitude from its resolution; but he was forestalled by a cardinal, who spoke thus: “You know, brethren, that since the time of Pope Leo it is Hildebrand who has exalted the Roman Church and delivered the city. Now, as we cannot find a better, nor even so good a candidate, let us choose unanimously, as Pope, him who has been ordained in our Church, and all whose actions we know and approve”.

Immediately loud acclamations echoed through the Lateran church, and they shouted, “St. Peter has elected Lord Gregory Pope!”

Crowned and enthroned in spite of his tears and lamentations, Hildebrand for some time hoped to escape from the burden he dreaded. In fact, the young King of Germany, the future Emperor Henry IV, had not been in any way consulted as to this election, which the corrupt bishops of his kingdom desired to see annulled, representing to the prince the dangers which menaced him from a man of Hildebrand's character

The Pope, on his side, wished to have his consecration deferred until after the acquiescence of the German king and nobles in his election; he even wrote to Henry to beg him to refuse his consent, and to declare to him that, once Pope, he would not leave unpunished the excesses to which the king was abandoning himself. But Henry, content with the kind of deference shown to him by Hildebrand, approved the election of the man who was to destroy for ever his usurped prerogative. It had been, however, long in his power to know and appreciate, with all Christendom, the great man who was to be his opponent. Long since, the eyes of the world had been fixed upon Hildebrand, whom friends and enemies alike recognised as the most energetic representative of the authority of the Holy See and the majesty of Rome. A proof of this may be found in the following lines addressed to the first minister of Alexander II by Alfano, a monk of Monte Cassino, who afterwards became Archbishop of Salerno. They well express the opinion of the Catholics of the time; and, moreover, they show how, in the minds of the monks, the Christian greatness of the mother and mistress of Churches was allied with the brilliant memories of that pagan Rome which only papal Rome could replace and surpass:

“Thou knowest, Hildebrand, what is the glory reserved for those who devote themselves to the public good. The Sacred Way, the Latin Way, the splendid summit of the Capitol, that throne of empire, all these still exist to be thy teachers. For this cause thou falteredst not before the hardest labour or the most perfidious treachery; thou fearest not the hidden venom of envy, more dangerous than pestilence to good men, and fatal only to them. But that great knowledge of honour and virtue which is thine, has proved to thee that it is better to excite envy than to feel it. Justice is always with thy judgements; the rare energy of thy soul, thy noble life entirely devoted to the pursuit of good, furnish to thy genius both the strength and the weapons she employs. Thanks to thee, Rome is again becoming the queen of cities. Thanks to thee, Rome is again becoming righteous; and barbarism, all proud as she is of her royal genealogies, pauses and trembles before thee. Armed with thy genius and with the flaming sword of the arch-apostle Peter, go forth, and break the strength and violence of the barbarians, and make them feel, to their latest moment, the weight of the ancient yoke. Oh how terrible is the power of the anathema! All that Marius, all that Caesar, could buy only with the blood of so many soldiers, thou canst gain with a simple word! To whom does Rome owe the greatest debt? to her Scipios and other heroes, or to thee, whose zeal has reconquered for her her lawful power? Their reward, we are told, for having loaded their country with benefits, is to dwell in everlasting peace in a region of light. But thou, who art far greater than they, thou shalt live in eternal glory, and be for ever ranked with the apostles, thy fellow-citizens”.

CHAPTER III

CO-OPERATION LENT BY THE MONASTIC ORDERS TO POPE GREGORY VII

Nothing is more important to the object of this work than to prove the intimate and fundamental union between the destinies of the Monastic Orders and the cause of freedom and reform in the Church. This is why, before describing the events to which those we have already recorded serve as preludes, we think it needful to prove that the family of St. Benedict, whose immense growth had, for five centuries, so powerfully contributed to the greatness and independence of Catholicism, was still, at the period of which we speak, the chosen army of God, and that the monks were almost the only instruments of the vast and wholesome revolution worked by Gregory VII in the discipline and organisation of the Church.

This truth becomes apparent, indeed, in the general situation of the different orders of the ecclesiastical hierarchy as we have already pictured them; but we have still to prove, by special facts and precise indications, that if the order of St. Benedict had not then existed, the Pope would really not have known what earthly force to invoke to combat the inveterate evils which it was necessary, at any price, to root out.

It was not that Gregory found only adversaries among the clergy, and could count no partisans among the Christian people. Those who then boasted of the exclusive title of *Catholics*, and to whom that title has been confirmed by posterity, were, on the contrary, all devoted to the Pope. In his camp ranged themselves all those who, as he said in his correspondence, “feared the Lord, loved justice, and prized the liberty of the Bride of Christ”. We shall see, further on, what political motives, apart from religious sympathies, would draw to his banner the greater part of the German nobility. The country people, who received an impulse from their lords and from the monasteries, seem to have generally pronounced for Gregory, and to have formed that “vulgar herd” whose favour the Emperor Henry IV, in the famous letter which announced to Gregory the sentence of deposition pronounced against him by the Diet of Worms, accused the Pope of having stooped to beg.

Henry, on the other hand, found natural auxiliaries in the populations of the great towns, and, above all, in the episcopal cities, which, equally hostile, by habit and instinct, to the rule of bishops established in their midst, and to that of the feudal nobles of the country round, always showed themselves disposed to support royal despotism. Worms and Cologne, in rebellion against their orthodox bishops, pronounced from the very first for Henry, whose armies were principally formed from the trading class. The Tuscan and Lombard towns, which, in the twelfth century, were to be seen invoking the aid of the papacy after throwing off the imperial yoke, were now almost all devoted to the German sovereign.

Naturally the encroachments of royalty and the relaxed morals of the clergy did not fail to meet the approbation of some laymen. Henry could count among his partisans all the irreligious and profane members of society, nobles who had been excommunicated for brigandage, and whose just condemnation the king himself had begun by approving; usurpers of Church property, patrons and accomplices of simony throughout the empire: in a word, all those whose passions had been thwarted, whose disorders had been repressed, or who wished, in their rage, to annihilate all spiritual power, and at the same time to destroy, if they could, the unchangeable truth which restrains the inclinations and humbles the pride of fallen human nature.

In proportion, however, as this party was numerous, its moral inferiority was evident, even from the beginning of the struggle, excepting in the case of a small number of nobles, such as Godfrey of Bouillon, who honestly believed that they were fulfilling a feudal duty by remaining faithful to their suzerain, although excommunicated. The practice of Christian virtues, the enthusiasm of faith and charity, then so powerful in all classes of Catholic society, had almost disappeared from the imperial camp : yet many contemporary historians have defended this party; it has found, even among bishops and clergy, up to our own day, numerous apologists; but in their narratives we shall seek in vain for one trait of that generous courage, of that humble piety, or that magnanimous unselfishness which brighten every page of the story of their adversaries.

Laymen of pure and elevated character, on the contrary, were to be found in the party of Gregory. Among these laymen he generally found more valuable resources than among the clergy; and he himself acknowledged this fact in a letter to a certain Count Adalbert and his wife, where he thanks God that simple believers, and even women, devote themselves to the defence of religion, while bishops shamefully subvert the law of God.

In the first rank of the lay supporters of the Pope, men and women, we find Beatrice Countess of Tuscany, and above all her daughter, the immortal Matilda, whose affection was Gregory's greatest earthly consolation—Matilda, who lived in the sight of God like a nun, and in the sight of men like a knight; and who, borrowing the words of the apostle, declared to Gregory that neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor hunger, nor peril, nor persecution, nor the sword, nor death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor the present, nor the future, should ever separate her from the love of Peter". We know how the heroine kept her word.

By their side a place may well be given to Herlembald, a Milanese noble, who, in the pontificate of Alexander II, had directed, in concert with the deacon Ariald, the resistance offered by the Lombard Catholics to the Nicolaitans and simoniacal priests. Herlembald brought to the service of his cause remarkable eloquence, undaunted courage, and indefatigable activity. To keep himself humble during the contest, he took pleasure in washing the feet of the poor, and after having wiped them, would kiss them and place them on his head while he prostrated himself. The eloquent letters of Gregory to his friend bore this inscription: "To Herlembald, the intrepid soldier of Christ". The knight justified this title by dying a martyr to purity and devotion, "killed", says his epitaph, "by the hands of the slaves of Venus and of Simon Magus". The Catholic world, watching the combat, wept for the Christian hero; his death spread consternation among the friends of the Church, even in distant England. Urban II canonised Herlembald. His successor, as head of the Catholic party in Lombardy, was another knight, named Wifred, whose perseverance and courage Gregory delighted to praise.

Even at Rome laymen showed devotion and sympathy for the Pope, while he was abandoned by a great number of the cardinals and of the clergy who held the principal offices in the pontifical court. Both complained bitterly of his excessive severity in repressing abuses. But many chiefs of the Roman nobility, while Gregory was besieged in the Castle of St. Angelo by Henry IV, remained inviolably faithful to the Holy Father amidst the general defection of the people. In this they followed the example set by Censius, Prefect of Rome, the unwearied adversary of the schism. Gregory had prevented this devoted friend from embracing a religious life, in order that in his high office he might continue to defend justice and the freedom of the Church; and he had been obedient as a duty: but while remaining in the world, he led the life of a monk rather than that of a layman. The purity, the almsgiving, the courage, and the modesty of Censius, caused him to be regarded as the model of Christian knights. His glorious life was crowned by martyrdom; and he had the honour of perishing, chief layman among the Lombard Catholics, under the sword of the imperialists. His holiness was proved by more than twenty miracles worked at his tomb, and attested before a synod.

We have seen how, in France, the powerful Count Simon of Valois, before becoming a monk, professed and practised submission towards Gregory. In Germany, the greatest nobles of the empire were found in the front rank of the Pope's partisans. Among them was the Margrave Leopold of Austria, who endured the most cruel sufferings in consequence of his unalterable attachment to the Holy See. There, too, was Count Frederic of Montbeliard, whom Gregory VII loved like an only son, and whom his contemporaries compared to St. Sebastian, the martyr-knight of the first ages of the Church, and who, after having all his life fought for St. Peter, had the happiness to die on the day of his festival. There was Count Manegold of Woringen, brother of the famous monk Hermann Contractus, who had brought him up in the most orthodox principles and habits. The virtues of Gregory had gained the heart of the Count, who often went to visit the Pope in Italy; but he paid dearly for his devotion and zeal in carrying out the decrees fulminated against the incontinence of priests. His wife was poisoned by the wife of a priest, who had declared that she would make Manegold endure the same anguish as she had herself felt, when she had been forced to separate from him whom she regarded as her lawful husband.

Strong in the support of these lay champions, whose intrepid constancy was able on occasion to brave martyrdom itself, and, on the other hand, despairing of being able to bring back to the right path the greater part of the episcopate and of the secular clergy, Gregory made incredible efforts to reawaken the consciences and to stimulate the zeal of the mass of believers to act upon them by his letters and his legates, to raise them up in opposition to the guilty bishops and priests. Such was his confidence in the Dukes Rodolph of Swabia and Berthold of Carinthia, and in Count Robert of Flanders, that he ventured to confide to them, although laymen, the execution of the canons against simony and the marriage of priests, enjoining them expressly to brave the authority of the prevaricating bishops, and to send to him all who should dispute their competence in such matters.

Acts such as this served Henry IV as a pretext for obtaining from the bishops of the Diet of Worms a sentence of deposition against the Pope, which was accounted for in these terms in the letter of notification sent to Gregory VII: "Thou hast trampled under foot the pastors of the Church, the archbishops, bishops, and priests, and thou hast thus courted the favour of the vulgar; thou hast armed inferiors against superiors; thou hast taught contempt for the bishops called of God, thou whom God has not called; thou hast given to laymen a mission against priests, empowering them to depose

and condemn those very men whom the imposition of episcopal hands had placed over them as directors".

The extreme danger of the situation was felt by the most zealous partisans of the Catholic cause, who mourned the sight of a Pope compelled to invoke the help of laymen against men whose duty and mission it was to serve as models to all believers. But upon whom could Gregory depend? and what was the help of the laity, however numerous and pious, compared to the hostility of the episcopate? We must not forget that the episcopal body, the natural auxiliary and instrument of the papacy, was then, by a very great majority, given over to the cause of passions and doctrines most contrary to the cause of the Church. Gregory confesses, in one of his letters to St. Hugh of Cluny, that it was hard for him to find any bishops justly and legally appointed in the Western Church; a terrible confession, unique in the mouth of a Pope, and which shows to what a degree simony, and a worldly and dissolute life, had degraded the pontifical character.

Thus the greater number of the bishops were, both by the shameful origin of their dignity and by their scandalous manner of life, the systematic enemies of the independence of the Holy See and of ancient ecclesiastical discipline, and consequently strenuous adversaries of the reforms attempted by the sovereign pontiffs from the time of Leo IX. In all Germany only five or six prelates remained faithful to the liberty of the Church and of her head.

Among them, indeed, were men admirable for their courage, virtue, and capacity, such as the three illustrious and holy friends of the Pope: Adalbaron, Bishop of Würtzburg, the boldest adversary of Henry IV; Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who voluntarily resigned his see into the hands of Gregory, because he had received investiture from the emperor; and especially Gebhard, Archbishop of Salzburg, who always occupied the foremost place in the Catholic party, was its spokesman on the most solemn occasions, and suffered for the good cause nine years of exile and trials of every kind. We must mention side by side with these good shepherds St. Benno, Bishop of Misnia, who for more than forty years occupied this see adjacent to the Slav countries, and was the apostle of the province of which Gregory VII had made him legate. This apostolic mission, which kept Benno apart from the most active combat, did not prevent him from showing energetically his fidelity to the pontifical decrees. He caused the keys of his cathedral to be thrown into the Elbe, so as to prevent the excommunicated from entering it; and he was publicly assailed and struck by the imperialist margrave of the country, who, having drawn upon himself the episcopal censure by usurping the property of the Church, died suddenly, a year after this sacrilegious attack, as the bishop had predicted.

But what could the few orthodox prelates do against the almost unanimous body of the bishops of the empire, whose elevation was due either to simony or to the caprice of their imperial master, and whose minds were bent upon throwing off the salutary yoke of canonical discipline? When Gregory, in 1074, issued his first decree of condemnation against married priests, out of more than forty bishops in Germany, two only, those of Mayence and Passau, dared to publish it. Two years later (1076) nineteen German bishops sat at the famous assembly of Worms, where, at the command of Henry IV, they did not hesitate to declare the Pope deprived of his dignity, even before any sentence had been given by him against the king. There were three bishops among the five imperial councillors; and it is usual to regard as the principal authors of Henry's crimes these three prelates, whose dismissal had been often and vainly solicited by the Empress Agnes, Pope Alexander II, and Hildebrand himself.

If the French episcopate had for some years offered a less scandalous spectacle, it was owing to the wholesale execution done by Gregory when, at the Council of Lyons, in 1055, being then only a sub-deacon and apostolic legate, he had, as we have seen, persuaded *fifty-one bishops* to give up the sees which they had obtained by simony. But the simoniacal leprosy was not entirely extirpated from the Church of France till long after the time of Gregory, and, then, thanks to the predominance of that new spirit which he had infused into the clergy. Almost immediately upon his accession, Gregory was obliged to reprove the French bishops severely for their blameable weakness with regard to King Philip, who was disgracing his kingdom by all kinds of excess. Had they not seen Manasses, Archbishop of Reims, and enemy of the monks, crown Henry IV at the very time when he was besieging Gregory VII in Rome?

As to the Italian bishops, they were yet more scandalous and more embittered against the Holy See than those beyond the Alps. In Lombardy they showed themselves faithful to the traditions of their predecessors, who, from the ninth century, under the Emperor Lothair, had taken the part of temporal authority against the independence of the Roman Church. The bishops of Northern Italy, for the most part, signalised themselves throughout the struggle as the most implacable and dangerous enemies of the Holy See. It was these bishops, and especially those of Milan, Bologna, and Trevisa, who most bitterly reproached Henry IV for his humility, perhaps sincere, at Canossa, and who urged him into the abyss by inciting him to break his oaths. Thirty Lombard bishops at Brixen chose Gilbert of Ravenna, one of their number, as anti-Pope; and even before this, they had acknowledged the intruding Archbishop of Milan, and supported all the schismatic violences of the Assembly of Worms. In many provinces there were scarcely any orthodox bishops, and the small number of faithful prelates were considered as fools or infamous by the crowd of prevaricators, who, to quote the words of Gregory, “instead of being the pillars of the Church, desired only to injure her, and, if possible, to bring her to destruction”.

In Italy, as in France and Germany, the clerks or secular priests offered even a more stubborn resistance than that of the bishops; and this is explained by the fact that upon them fell the whole weight of the prohibition of marriage. The episcopate, with some exceptions, had indeed remained free from this stain. Notwithstanding, the clergy in most dioceses opposed, by the most violent means, such of the bishops as wished to obey the Pope. At Rouen, the Archbishop John narrowly escaped death at the hands of his clergy, who drove him with stones from his metropolis when he pronounced the anathema against married priests. At Brescia, when the bishop, alone among his Lombard colleagues, wished to publish the decrees of the Council of 1059, he was assailed by his clergy, and so seriously hurt, that at one time his life was despaired of.

When Archbishop Sigefroy of Mayence tried to read the decree of the Pope, which ordered the priests of his province to give up either their wives or the ministry of the altar, these priests flung themselves upon him, and compelled him to save his life by stopping the reading he had commenced. The virtuous Altmann, Bishop of Passau, one of the five German prelates who always remained faithful to the cause of the Church, would have been torn in pieces by his clergy if some nobles had not snatched him out of their hands.

Otto of Frisingen, says expressly that at the meeting at Brixen, in 1080, where Gregory was a second time deposed by the imperialist bishops, and where the anti-Pope, Gilbert of Ravenna, was elected, the bishops were chiefly determined by the violent protestations of their clergy against the prohibition of marriage fulminated by Gregory.

Almost everywhere the secular clergy pronounced themselves in crowds for Henry IV: they understood, by a true instinct, that the cause of sacerdotal concubinage was intimately connected with the encroachments of temporal power. Naturally the priests and deacons suspended or interdicted by orthodox bishops found a secure refuge with Henry. On the other hand, a contemporary says that the moment a clerk renounced the world, fasted and mortified himself, let his beard grow, or showed any other mark of gravity in his dress or behaviour, he was accused of high treason, loaded with abuse, and branded with the name of Churchman or sacristan. The married and imperialist clergy denounced these virtues as an insult to their master, and thus themselves indicated the true nature of their opposition to the Pope. This clergy, besides, shrank from no violence, being sure of always finding a supporter in a sovereign who defended their interests with so much warmth that he publicly flogged and expelled the regular and celibate canons of St. Nicholas of Passau, in order to replace them by married priests.

The famous letter written by the clerks of Cambray to those of Reims, to incite them to defend the pretended freedom of the clergy, is well known, a letter which clearly proves both the approbation felt by the masses of the people for the papal reforms, and also the unity existing between the defenders of clerical marriages and those of imperial usurpation. "We are loaded with abuse by our neighbours; we are becoming objects of derision and contempt to all around us; and the evil will be without remedy if we do not skilfully organise our resistance. You know that the audacity of the Romans is such that they no longer respect anything, since they dare to encroach even upon the royal majesty, to excommunicate metropolitans, to depose bishops, to enthrone ambitious men under pretext of religion, to hold councils without number, and to subject us to foreign domination. They command each one to be content with a single benefice, when we require two or three at least in order to live decently. They spare us in nothing: already they have forbidden the ordination of priests' sons, and now they wish to forbid marriage not only to priests, but to all orders of the clergy. Our pastors, that they may have the air of obeying the authority of Rome, willingly listen to all these things. We ought to feel the intolerable dishonour which is about to fall upon us; we are about to be shamed by all the laity who formerly honoured us. If you are men, therefore, you will protest with us against measures which will bring such opprobrium upon us; for our part, we are irrevocably determined to maintain our customs, which have been wisely established by the indulgence of our fathers, and in no way to agree to unaccustomed and dangerous prescriptions".

In Germany the priests held the same language. "The Pope", they said, speaking of Gregory, "wishes to force men to live like angels, and to do violence to human nature. As for us, we would rather renounce our priesthood than our marriage; and then the Pope will have to get angels, if he can, to govern the Church of God". Gregory, however, had no need to seek angels to confound and replace these rebels: had he not about him thousands of monks who, for seven centuries, had been giving to the world the example of chastity, devotion, and obedience, and who hurried in crowds to the banner he had set up? It was, as might have been expected from the fundamental law of their foundation, among the children of St. Benedict that the generous attempt of Gregory to restore to honour clerical celibacy, purity of election, and the independence of the Church, found the most energetic and most persevering support.

Among all the monasteries of imperial or royal foundation placed under the hand of the emperor or his lieutenants, only those of Farfa in Italy, and of Hersfeld and St. Gall north of the Alps, are spoken of as having joined the party of Henry IV. St. Gall was then ruled by a relation of the emperor, who had been forcibly installed there, to the

prejudice of a monk of the house who was devoted to the Pope. Henry had also placed abbots of his own choice at Hersfeld, and at the same time had chosen as bishops there some of his most zealous partisans. None the less, however, this abbey furnished, in the person of the monk Lambert of Aschaffenburg, the most impartial and orthodox historian of the epoch.

In other regions of the empire monks endured insult, floggings, and expulsion, rather than betray the cause of the Church, being certain that they should find, in their exile, certain and generous support from those of their friends whom persecution had not yet touched. This support never failed them, whatever might be the greatness of distance or the difference of countries. When Bishop Thierry of Verdun, to punish the monks of St. Vannes for their unalterable attachment to the true Pope, drove them out naked upon the highway, they escaped to Burgundy, forty in number, and, at St. Benigne, at Dijon, under the crosier of Abbot Jarenton, found a new home, where they were received as angels, and where they lived in the most complete union with their new brothers, till the day when their dying persecutor recalled them that he might obtain their pardon and their blessing.

Gregory, himself sprung from the monastic ranks, and to whom his adversaries applied the title of monk as a term of reproach, had never doubted that the order of St. Benedict would furnish the boldest and most numerous champions to the cause of the Church. It was for this reason that during the twelve years of his pontificate he applied himself, as his predecessors had done, to defend and maintain with energy the special liberties of monasteries, and, above all, their freedom from episcopal jurisdiction. At the time of his accession, in 1073, Gregory espoused, warmly and successfully, the cause of the monks of St. Remy of Reims against the Archbishop Manasses. In the same year he ordered Lanfranc to maintain the liberties of St. Edmundsbury against Bishop Ardfast. At a later period, he successively and effectually protected the privileges of St. Hubert, St. Michael of Verdun, St. Gilles, Poultières, St. Michael of Chiusa, Remiremont, St. Benigne, and many other monasteries, against the bishops who denied the authority of these privileges.

In Germany and Spain he granted several new exemptions, and gave to the communities thus enfranchised the privileges of Cluny. He acted in the same manner with regard to the important abbeys of Schaffhausen on the Rhine, and of St. Victor of Marseilles, both of which furnished him with valuable auxiliaries. He re-established the privileges, and at the same time the strict observance of the rule at Grasse and at Monténajour. One of his letters to the Bishop of Turin, in favour of the monastery of St. Michael of Cluny, deserves to be quoted: “Do you think”, the Pope writes to this prelate, “that bishops have received, with their pastoral staff, such an amount of power and licence that they may oppress as they please the monasteries which are in their dioceses, and diminish religious fervour there by capricious and unlimited requirements? Are you then ignorant that popes have frequently freed the monasteries from the rule of bishops, and bishops from that of metropolitans, on account of the vexations inflicted by superiors? Do you not know that it has been their object, by the gift of lasting liberty, to attach the churches to the Apostolic See, as the members are attached to the head? Consider the privileges granted by our predecessors, and you will see that it has been forbidden even to archbishops to fulfil their office in abbeys unless invited by the abbots, lest the peace of the cloister should be disturbed by the influx and the conversation of secular visitors”.

We must, however, guard ourselves from any hasty conclusion, founded upon the preceding facts, that Hildebrand despised the rights of the episcopate. On the contrary,

when the bishops had reason to complain of the monasteries, he never hesitated to do them justice, even when it was to the detriment of the holy house of Cluny, from which he himself came. As prince of bishops, what he chiefly desired in favouring and protecting monks was to free his brethren of the episcopate from the shameful bonds which enchained them, and to restore to them that freedom and dignity which become those whom the Holy Spirit has chosen to oversee the work of God.

In order to succeed in his work, Gregory VII was forced to draw from the Monastic Orders the counsellors, ministers, and legates, whose character, talents, and devotion to the Church we have now to describe.

Among these invaluable fellow-workers the highest rank belongs, by age and authority, to the holy Abbot Hugh of Cluny, whose virtues and character we have already celebrated, who was the superior of the monk Hildebrand at Cluny, and whom Gregory never ceased to reverence and to consult, from the day of his entrance into the monastery to that of his departure for Rome. The profound and affectionate respect felt by Gregory VII for Hugh had done nothing but increase since the time when, having gone as legate to Cluny, he had thought that he saw our Lord seated in the chapter beside the abbot, dictating to him his instructions for the maintenance of the rule. At all times, indeed, Hildebrand had anxiously sought Hugh's approbation, knowing, by virtue of that mysterious gift which certain souls possess, how to read the old man's secret thoughts when his approbation was not thorough. Interesting anecdotes have been transmitted to us which show the profound sympathy and community of thought between these two holy monks. One day when they were travelling together, coming back from the deposition of a simoniacal bishop condemned by Hildebrand, as they reached the ford of a river, the latter, passing before Hugh, said to him, "Why have you such thoughts of me?" Hugh, astonished, replied, "Are you a god, thus to know men's thoughts?" "No", answered Hildebrand, "I am not a god, but I seemed to hear what you said to yourself in your own heart: you were asking yourself whether I had not deposed this bishop out of pride rather than out of zeal for God. I looked at you while you were still in the middle of the river, and this idea came, as if by a mysterious thread, from your lips to my ear".

Another time, when following with the papal retinue, seeing Gregory surrounded by the official pomp of his position as Chancellor of the Church, and receiving marks of the profoundest submission from the secular authorities, Hugh asked himself if so much splendour lavished upon a low-born little man would not fill him with pride. At that moment Hildebrand called out to him, "You judge wrongly a man who, in this at least, is innocent; for he knows perfectly well that all these honours are rendered, not to him, but to the holy apostles". It was not, then, a mind prejudiced in his favour, not the yielding spirit of a flatterer, which Gregory, when made Pope, desired to bind to him; he wanted a friend to whom he could confide his anxieties, and of whom he could ask the light and consolation he needed. Hugh, besides, occupied a kind of intermediary position between the emperor and Rome. Of a naturally moderate character, he had been, since the first years of his abbacy, the intimate friend of the Emperor Henry III, who persuaded him to be godfather to his son, the unhappy Henry IV. A special embassy to Hungary with which he was charged, for the purpose of reconciling the king Andrew with the German emperor, shows the double confidence the negotiator inspired. At the Diet of Worms in 1072, he had been chosen, with the ex-regent Agnes, then a nun at Rome, to re-establish peace between the young king and the princes of the empire; and after the famous interview of Canossa (1077), he was the mediator, together with the Countess Matilda, between Gregory and Henry IV. Although the Abbot of Cluny, like all the Church, considered the emperor's excommunication valid,

yet it is probable that he did not cease to show to his royal godson all the interest compatible with his duties as a Catholic.

Gregory had nevertheless boundless confidence in his friend. In the first year of his pontificate he complained bitterly that his beloved Hugh would not join him at Rome. Nothing could shake this faithful friendship; he employed Hugh whenever it was possible in the most important legations and missions, being persuaded, as he wrote to the Bishop of Die, that no entreaties, no favour, no acceptance of persons, would ever turn the holy monk from the path of justice. “I beg you”, he wrote to Hugh himself in 1075, “I conjure you, I implore you, to obtain, by pressing solicitation, from those whose merits deserve that they should be heard, that they will pray to the Lord for me with all the love they owe to their mother. And since we must fight with both hands to vanquish the rage of the impious, and protect the peace of the monks, seeing that no prince cares for them, we enjoin you with brotherly affection to lend us as much assistance as you can, exhorting those who love St. Peter, if they would be truly his sons and his soldiers, not to prefer secular princes to him; for they can give only ephemeral rewards, while he promises eternal ones, and, thanks to the power intrusted to him, can lead them into the heavenly country. For I need to distinguish clear as the day who those are who are truly faithful, who serve the prince of heaven for love of the celestial glory, with as much devotion as those other princes who can give them only a miserable and earthly hope”. Hugh, who said of Gregory that he was a gentle tyran, a lion when it was needful to strike, a lamb when it was fitting to pardon, could only atone for his own absence from Rome by giving up, so to speak, to Gregory the most eminent monks of his abbey, such as the pious and learned Gerald, Grand-prior of Cluny, created by Gregory Cardinal-bishop of Ostia; Odo, a young noble of Champagne, who became in succession Prior of Cluny and Cardinal-bishop of Ostia, and was pointed out by Gregory on his deathbed as worthy to succeed him, and afterwards elected Pope under the name of Urban II; and Anastasius, a Venetian noble and legate in Spain. These three monks held the first rank among the indefatigable legates who propagated and nourished the work of Gregory in Europe, and whom he instructed to make themselves known to the oppressed as their natural defenders, and to the oppressors as the faithful friends of justice.

Another Hugh, also sprung from the monastic ranks, had sufficient merit to be employed by Gregory in the most important missions, and to be one of the four monks from among whom he wished his successor to be chosen. This was Hugh of Burgundy, prior of the monastery of St. Marcel-lez-Châlons, and afterwards treasurer of the church at Lyons. While holding this office he passed through Die, on his way home, at the moment when the legate Gerald was deliberating with the canons and principal citizens of the town on the means of supplanting the simoniacal Bishop Ancelin, who had refused to appear before the representative of the Holy See, and remained shut up in his episcopal palace with a well-armed garrison. It was not without some surprise that at this moment the orthodox party assembled in the cathedral saw the young Hugh, all booted and spurred, enter the building to pray there, before remounting his horse to continue his journey. A sudden inspiration took possession of the Catholics of Die, and warned them that this stranger was the bishop they required. They surrounded him, seized upon him, presented him to the legate, and proclaimed him their legitimate bishop. He resisted, struggling with them; but suddenly the sun having pierced a fog which, until that moment, had obscured his light, every one saw in this circumstance a mark of the Divine approbation, and popular enthusiasm carried all before it. The legate forced Hugh to accept, and he resumed his journey to Rome in the character of bishop-elect, though he had only received the tonsure.

This was the year in which Hildebrand, by a similar impulse, had been constrained to become bishop of bishops. He recognised in the young elect of Die a worthy instrument of his own views. His soul, says a contemporary historian, delighted in that of the young man, whom he made his legate in France. Hugh retained this office during the whole pontificate of Gregory. To speak truth, it was he who governed the Church of France for a quarter of a century. He had energy enough to suspend the four metropolitans of Reims, Tours, Bourges, and Besançon, and enough authority to make his sentence respected, until Gregory, with that moderation which characterised him, remitted the punishment of the repentant bishops. Hugh succeeded in purifying the French episcopate, and in subduing, if not in extirpating, the simoniacal heresy, thanks to the indefatigable activity, the intrepidity, and the vigour which he displayed in the provincial councils convoked by him in all parts of the kingdom.

The efforts of Gregory and his legates were powerfully seconded in France by those of Walter, Abbot of Pontoise who, on receiving from Philip I the investiture of his abbey, took the crosier above, and not below the royal hand, and said to the king, “I hold it from God, and not from you”. Not long after, being desirous of giving up his dignified office, he went to Rome to obtain Gregory’s permission to abdicate. But the Pope, who had learned to value him, obliged him to continue in his abbacy. Walter came back to France, where he warmly remonstrated with King Philip upon the unworthy manner in which clerical promotion was given; he asked him who had given to him the keys of the celestial kingdom, from whom he had received the right to bind and to loose; and dared to tell him that the prince must in the end be responsible for the scourge which was devastating the Church, since he sold bishoprics to clerks, who in their turn sold the office of the priesthood. Finally, in a council held at Paris, where the French clergy had protested against what they called the insupportable yoke of Gregory’s decrees, Walter defended these decrees at the peril of his life. The prelates, irritated by his boldness, expelled him from the council; their followers struck him and spat upon him; they even went so far as to threaten him with death, but he quietly replied, “I would rather die for the truth than basely yield to falsehood”. Happily some nobles who were touched by his fervour and courage delivered him from the hands of his persecutors, and restored him to the austere freedom of his cloister.

It was not in France only that Gregory employed the devotion of the monks in defending a cause which was at once that of the Church and of the Monastic Orders. St. Simon of Valois, a monk of St. Claude, whose exploits and conversion we have related elsewhere, had, as we have seen, negotiated the alliance between Robert Guiscard and the Pope, an alliance necessary to the security of the Church in Italy, and which alone could save Gregory from the imperial grasp. When the help of the founder of the Norman power in Sicily had become quite indispensable to the Pope, then besieged in the castle of St. Angelo, Jarenton, another French monk, was the messenger who called Robert to his aid. This Jarenton was a young noble who had received at Cluny the most brilliant education, but who, far from embracing the religious life, had entered upon a worldly and military career with such enthusiasm that his conversion seemed to all who knew him to be impossible.

But nevertheless, this extraordinary work was accomplished. Wearied of pleasure, and at the same time overcome by fear of eternal judgment, he went, a year after the accession of Gregory VII, to take refuge at Chaise-Dieu, in the austere solitude which the second repentance of St. Robert had made a home of spiritual life. Jarenton was elected prior there, and in that capacity must have been present, in 1077, at one of the provincial councils held at Autun by Hugh of Die. The fervent piety of the young monk was remarked by the Bishop of Langres, who had formerly known him in the world, and

that prelate called him to assume the office of abbot at the head of the greatest abbey of his diocese, that of St. Benigne at Dijon. “Give me”, said he, kneeling before the council, and indicating Jarenton, “this fish from the fountain of God”. Duke Hugh of Burgundy joined his entreaties to those of the bishop, and the council yielded to their desire, in spite of the resistance of the humble monk. The nomination was ratified by the unanimous vote of the monks of St. Benigne. The latter had never seen the candidate proposed to them; but they accepted him with enthusiasm, happy to return to the regularity and authority which had not existed since the death of their illustrious and rigid Abbot William. Jarenton fulfilled the general expectation; he re-established order and earnestness in his abbey, whither flocked men of all conditions, great and small; and he distinguished himself by an ardent and faithful attachment to Gregory. The pontiff quickly appreciated the new abbot; he loved him tenderly, and called him his companion in slavery, because they had both suffered much for the cause of justice. After having brought Robert Guiscard to Rome, Jarenton accompanied Gregory into his exile at Salerno, and quitted him only a few days before his death, in order to fulfil a mission in Spain. The abbot of St. Benigne carried with him on his journey the last and most sublime of the apostolic letters of Gregory VII, a letter in which that great man himself gives, in immortal lines, his own history and his own apology.

Gregory was nobly supported by three French monks. Bernard, Abbot of St. Victor, at Marseilles, was at the head of 600 monks, when the Pope recalled him, first to govern his own monastery of San Paul *fuori le mura* at Rome, and afterwards to send him as legate to Spain and Germany. It was this Bernard who presided at the Diet of Forchheim, where the German princes deposed Henry IV, and replaced him by Rodolphe of Swabia, the intimate friend of Gregory. Bernard, Abbot of St. Victor, became the chief intermediary between Gregory VII and the insurgent Saxons, and was able to confound the falsehoods and artifices by which the imperialists hoped to trouble their alliance. Doubly a confessor, he endured prison and exile for the faith. While he was in the imperial dungeons, Pope Gregory VII, writing to the monks of Marseilles, spoke of him in these words: “For love of the blessed Peter, your abbot has been obedient even unto captivity, and would have been so to the death had it been needful. Very rare are those good soldiers who serve God in the midst of peace; but still rarer are those who, for love of their Lord, brave persecution, and resist His enemies without trembling. Such a one is your father, who, like a true friend of the prince of the apostles, has always fought side by side with us, without for a moment turning aside from the battle”.

The companion of Bernard of St. Victor in his office as legate and in his captivity was the Norman Guitmond, who had shown equal disinterestedness and boldness in presence of William the Conqueror, and whom Gregory had named Cardinal and Archbishop of Aversa. The two legates were both imprisoned by a partisan of Henry IV, in spite of the promise given by that prince to the Pope at Canossa. The venerable prisoners only obtained their liberty through the energetic intervention of Abbot Hugh of Cluny; they returned, despoiled and almost naked, to the monastery of Hirschau. Richard, who, like his brother Bernard, was a cardinal, replaced him as Abbot of St. Victor at Marseilles, and legate in Spain. There, according to the wish of the Pope, he succeeded in substituting the Roman liturgy for the Mozarabic ritual. Faithful to Gregory's maxim, that it is better to build up and preserve than to create and enlarge, Richard afterwards devoted himself to the restoration and reformation of the principal Spanish monasteries.

In speaking of the conversions which did honour to the feudal nobility of this epoch, we have already pointed out several monks as the most faithful auxiliaries of

Gregory VII: for example, in Belgium, the penitent knights who founded Afflighem; and Arnold de Pamèle, who became a monk of St. Medard, Bishop of Forssom, and Gregory's legate in Flanders, and who, immediately after the death of the Pope, hastened back to his monastery to die. We must add to these glorious names that of Thierry, Abbot of St. Hubert, who went seven times to Rome, and with whom Gregory passed whole days alone, talking over the affairs of the Church and the sentiments of mutual affection which united them.

In Italy, above all, the work of regeneration undertaken by Hildebrand was, to tell the truth, carried out by the monks alone. These champions of the Catholic reaction came forth from the inaccessible and solitary monasteries of Camaldoli, Vallombrosa, and Fonte-Avellana, armed against the simoniacs and Nicolaitans of Lombardy.

The sons of St. Romuald, the companions of St. Peter Damien, and of St, John Gualbert, the three great Italian reformers of the Monastic Orders in the eleventh century, drew, from the unequalled austerity of their life, the energy necessary for triumphing over the corruptions which surrounded them. Peter Damien, the faithful fellow-labourer of Hildebrand, died a year before his friend's accession to the papacy; and John Gualbert followed during the year in which Gregory VII, whom he had never seen, but whom nevertheless he loved like a brother, having recognised in him a soul worthy of his own, ascended the papal throne. Gualbert had admitted into the new order he had founded many pious laymen, who, without adopting the monastic dress, lived in celibacy, devoted themselves to the material interests of the congregation, and sowed the good seed in the midst of secular life: beside this, he had led many priests to leave their wives and live in communities. Dying, he left many disciples, both clerks and monks, animated by his own spirit; and Gregory took care to encourage them to stand against the quibbles of heretics and the machinations of the devil, by promising them all the moral and material support he could give. Among this elect troop were distinguished the blessed Andrew of Vallombrosa, biographer of the martyr Arialdus; and St. Peter Igneus, whom we have seen winning his surname, and braving martyrdom by fire, in opposing simony. This monk, sprung from one of the most illustrious houses of Florence, began by keeping the cows and asses of his monastery. Gregory made him a cardinal, Bishop of Albano, and legate in Germany, at the most critical moment of the struggle, in 1079, when it was needful to pronounce decidedly between Henry and Rodolph, the two competitors for royalty, and when the Pope was betrayed by the two bishops whom he had associated with Peter in the legation.

Monte Cassino, the cradle of monastic rule, the most illustrious abbey of Italy and of the world, could not be left out during the progress of the great movement of Catholic regeneration begun by Hildebrand. There dwelt in 1057 three monks of very noble birth, bound to each other and to Hildebrand by the tenderest friendship: these were: Frederic, brother of the Duke of Lorraine; Didier, of the princes of Benevento; and Alfano, of the princes of Salerno. The first, Frederic, had given up the dignity of Chancellor of the Roman Church, on his return from Constantinople to take the vows of a monk at Monte Cassino, where he became abbot previous to his being elected Pope under the name of Stephen X: it was he who, according to common belief, created Hildebrand Archdeacon of the Roman Church. The second, Didier, succeeded Stephen as Abbot of Monte Cassino, and afterwards became the successor of Gregory VII himself, as Pope, under the name of Victor III. On the day after his election, Gregory, ill and exhausted by the crisis of the preceding day, wrote to Didier, begging that prayers might be made for him by all the monks, and that Didier himself would come to him immediately. Throughout his pontificate, the Pope always had in him the most devoted

of friends and ministers; and considered him worthy to be one of the four monks whom he pointed out as candidates for the succession.

The third of Gregory's lieutenants was Alfano, chiefly remarkable for his zeal for study, whom affection for Didier had drawn into the monastic life. Alfano had left Salerno where his family reigned, disguised in the cowl of his friend, who brought him to Monte Cassino, where they both became monks, to the great joy of the Abbot Frederic. The destiny of Alfano was less brilliant than that of his two friends: in fact, he did not remain long in the cloister; the Prince of Salerno withdrew him from it to make him archbishop of that city, which he governed admirably for twenty-seven years, continuing meantime to occupy himself ardently with literary and theological labours, and with the study of music, poetry, &c. He was the principal founder of the celebrated school of medicine at Salerno; but he always remained a monk in his devotion to rule and to the holy cause of the freedom of the Church.

We have seen in what poetic and passionate tones Alfano celebrated the greatness of the Cardinal Hildebrand; who, when he became Pope, always found him one of his most steadfast auxiliaries. It was with him, at Salerno, that Gregory, obliged to fly from Rome, found an asylum, and breathed his last sigh. Alfano died a few months later, and desired to be buried beside his friend, the immortal exile.

Monte Cassino gave Gregory yet other supporters: first, Stephen, Cardinal of St, Chrisogone, three times legate in France, who was so closely bound in sympathy with Gregory, that St. Peter Damien wrote to both at the same time, calling them "steadfast bucklers" of the Holy See; Amatus, a monk of Monte Cassino, afterwards Archbishop of Bordeaux, and, as legate in France, comrade in the glorious labours of Hugh of Die; Alberic, cardinal-deacon, who, at the Council of Rome in 1079, confounded the heresiarch Berengarius, and who wrote, beside many other works, a treatise against the Emperor Henry IV in defence of the free election of the popes; and lastly, Bremon of Asti, one of the many monks who refuted Berengarius, created Bishop of Segni by Gregory VII, and whom we shall find later at the head of the defenders of the Holy See.

It is thus apparent that Monte Cassino was for the Roman Church an inexhaustible nursery of canonists, prelates, and missionaries.

Besides the illustrious monastery and the new religious houses, Gregory found useful and generous fellow-labourers in the old Italian abbeys, such as Gepizonus, abbot of St. Boniface, and Chaurus, abbot of St. Sabas, who were his legates in Italy, and possessed his full confidence; Murus Benedictus, the charitable abbot of St. Michael of Chiusa, who had been expelled from his monastery by the schismatic Bishop of Turin, and imprisoned by the Emperor on account of his fidelity to Gregory; Borrizonus, a Lombard monk, Bishop first of Sutri, afterwards of Piacenza, who, after having energetically served the Church by his writings and eloquent sermons—after having endured, like most of the Catholic champions of the time, prison and exile for the cause of the Church—died, slain by his people, and a martyr to his devotion to the Church's liberties.

But among the orthodox Italian monks, none played a more important part than St. Anselm of Lucca. Gregory had been the master and friend in his youth of this Tuscan noble, who at the same time formed a most tender friendship for Hugh, the Bishop-elect of Die, whom he had met at Rome when he went, like Hugh, to be consecrated there after his elevation to the episcopate.

The union of these two young prelates was so intimate, and their life so inseparable, that Censius, the zealous Prefect of Rome, called one the day and the other the light, “Because”, he said, “as we never see the day without the light, so we never see Hugh without Anselm”.

King Henry IV thought it his duty to protest against the consecration of these two bishops, illegally elected, he declared, before having received investiture from his hands; and the imperialist cardinals supported his claim. Gregory, making a distinction between the authority of the emperor in Italy and in the kingdom of Arles, where Die was situated, would not yield with reference to Hugh, whom he immediately consecrated, but consented to defer the consecration of Anselm until he should have received investiture. Meantime, at the very moment when the Bishop-elect of Lucca was on his way to fulfil this formality in the presence of Henry IV, Gregory, in the Council of 1075, gave his first decree against investitures. Anselm speedily returned to receive his consecration from the Pope; but after a short time, feeling remorse for having submitted to the shameful yoke from which Gregory was trying to free the episcopate, he desired to lay aside a dignity which he thought dishonoured by his investiture, and determined to become a monk. To this, however, Gregory VII would not consent; in spite of Anselm’s eager resistance, he obliged him to resume the burden of episcopacy, while permitting him to wear the Benedictine dress, and to follow the customs of Cluny. Obedience alone could console the prelate for having quitted monastic life, which he unceasingly regretted, scrupulously practising at the same time its most austere observances in the midst of camps or at the court of the Countess Matilda. When this great princess placed herself entirely at the disposal of the Pope, hoping that he would bid her embrace conventual life, Gregory gave her Anselm as guide and counsellor. It was he who directed the Countess’s spiritual and political life, and who made her the most constant and active ally of the Holy See. He exercised such influence over her, that her vassals feared him more than they did the princess herself. Anselm had studied everything; he knew almost the whole of the Scriptures by heart; and he served the Catholic cause as much by his writings and sermons as by his indefatigable activity and his constant presence in the camp of Matilda. Like the holy pontiff whom he endeavoured to take in all things for his model, Anselm had to suffer persecution and exile; but he succeeded with the support of Matilda, and in his character of papal legate, in maintaining orthodoxy among the Catholics of the north of Italy, and in procuring for them that spiritual help of which they had been deprived by the defection of their ordinary pastors. He succeeded also in re-establishing the observance of the rule in the churches and monasteries of Matilda’s vast states, employing the most energetic measures for this purpose; in his opinion it was better for the Church to have no priests or monks than to have scandalous ones.

In Germany, where the struggle was to be still longer and more bloody than in Italy, it was not by legates and by foreign monks, whether French or Italian, alone, that the Pope could contend against the evil. It was needful to find among native monks a numerous and disciplined army; but nothing could be less probable than the success of such an attempt. We have more than once indicated the point to which simony and disorder had invaded the German monasteries during the first half of the eleventh century. The minority of Henry IV had brought to its depth the abasement of the regular clergy. The unworthy minister of the young king, Adalbert, Bishop of Bremen, who sold all ecclesiastical and secular dignities to the highest bidder, thought it necessary to act with prudence in respect to the bishops and great lay vassals; but he made his prey of the monasteries, which he considered only as royal domains, the abbots of which might be treated as simple farmers. Filled with this idea, the sovereign imposed no restraint on his exactions, and he appropriated to himself two of the

principal German abbeys, after having given others to different princes and prelates of whom he wished to make accomplices. The evil only increased when Henry IV began to govern for himself. The imperial palace then became a sort of market where the king publicly sold the abbatial dignity without any other consideration than that of the price the buyers might offer. Thus the prince's favourite, Robert, surnamed the Money-changer, bought, for a thousand livres, the illustrious Abbey of Reichenau, and offered a hundred livres of gold for the Abbey of Fulda, the first in Germany, of which the abbot was still living. This, however, made no scandal, although Robert was himself a monk, for it must be owned the monks of the German communities had suffered from the contagion of those vices which stained most of the churches. In the front rank of the simoniacal clergy who infested the imperial court figured unworthy monks, who openly begged for bishoprics or abbeys, promising the king, as a contemporary historian says, mountains of gold. In these sacrilegious sales the avidity of the sellers did not exceed the ardent covetousness of the buyers; it was wonderful to see the riches displayed by men who had taken the vow of poverty. This horrible scandal brought upon the heads of the German monks such ignominy, that the innocent were confounded with the guilty. Henry IV himself was sometimes revolted by the effrontery of these speculators, and took advantage of it from time to time to bestow important abbeys without price upon the first monk who presented himself, without paying any attention to the electoral rights of the community, or to those of the knights and vassals of the monasteries who were also entitled to take part in the election of the abbots to whom they were subject.

Thus freedom of election was almost destroyed; and with it had perished all the virtues and all the rules which it had secured. But we shall see how, by an admirable exercise of His mercy, God permitted a complete and glorious renovation of the monastic body to arise out of the very bosom of corruption. This renovation was accomplished at the very moment when war broke out between the Church and the empire; so that the first fervour of the reformed institution came to the help of the threatened Church. It was in great part the work of the holy and illustrious Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, who, notwithstanding the inferiority of his birth, by the mere fact of his merit alone attained to the first place in the government of the empire during the reign of Henry III and the minority of Henry IV.

Hanno, however, had at first yielded to the contagion of example, and at the instigation of Adalbert of Bremen had tried to usurp the Abbey of Malmédy, which from time immemorial had been a dependency of Stavelot, and which was saved only by the energetic resistance of the Liégeois. But, on the other hand, he had founded and richly endowed the Abbey of Regberg, under the impression produced upon his mind during a sleepless night by the singing of matins at the convent of St. Martin at Cologne. At a time when his mind was painfully disturbed by the corruption of the German monks, he stopped, while travelling to Rome, to perform his devotions at Frutières, a Piedmontese monastery depending on Cluny, where his former rival, the Empress Agnes of Poitou, mother of Henry IV, had taken the veil, and was endeavouring to expiate by her austerities the excesses of her son. Hanno was so touched by the fervour and regular life of the monks of Frutières, that he took several of them with him to place them in the monasteries he had already founded in Germany, at Siegberg and Saalfeld, whence the unworthy monks had just been expelled. The monks of Frutières, transplanted to their new dwellings, there gave an example of all monastic virtues, and made many proselytes. Archbishop Hanno, filled with joy and admiration at the sight, loaded the new-comers with tokens of respect; he treated them as his lords, and wished to be considered as their serf. In the midst of the greatest affairs he often visited his *protégés*, whose rule he strictly observed, and occupied himself with the minutest care about the

details of their living and comfort. Led on by his example, many German bishops and princes demanded monks from Siegberg to re-establish the observance of the rule in the monasteries of their states; others brought them from Cluny and from Gorze in Lorraine. The austerities of these monks soon procured them an immense popularity, and their renown quickly spread through all Germany. The degenerate inhabitants of the old monasteries, seeing themselves in danger of being recalled to the strict observance of their rule, deserted their cloisters in bands of thirty, forty, or fifty at a time; and those who wished to remain without conforming to the rule of the ultramontanists, as they said, were ignominiously expelled. In this way, during the five or six years preceding the accession of Gregory VII to the pontifical throne, all the monasteries of the north of Germany were reformed and peopled by a pure and faithful race.

A similar but yet more fruitful revolution took place at the same time in the monasteries of southern Germany, and especially in Swabia. This revolution had for its chief centre the Black Forest—that *Sylva Hercynia* so dreaded by the Romans, which, pierced by roads and partly cleared by the monks, had become since the eighth century a vast Benedictine colony. The Piedmontese Abbey of Frutières, whence Archbishop Hanno of Cologne had drawn his first reformers, shared with the great Burgundian Abbey of Cluny the honour of having contributed to this rapid regeneration. It was a German Pope, Leo IX, himself a monk, and the first upon whom the influence of Hildebrand acted, who shed new life over the Swabian monasteries. He it was who, when travelling in Germany about 1050, by his strong remonstrances obliged his nephew, Count Adalbert of Calw, to re-establish the illustrious Abbey of Hirschau, founded by one of his ancestors, famous in the ninth century for the cultivation of science and the care given to public instruction, but ruined in the last fifty years by an unworthy descendant of the founder. Twelve monks of Einsiedlen, in Switzerland, came in 1066 to repeople the ancient abbey; and Count Adalbert, who had only been persuaded to undertake the work of reparation by the entreaties of his wife, the pious Wilicza, a Polish princess, ended by assuming the monk's robe with them. After this restoration, the monastery of Hirschau not only regained its former splendour, but greatly surpassed it. Under its illustrious and holy Abbot William, who introduced, with some modifications, the customs of Cluny, and established a strict association between the two abbeys, Hirschau rose to the first rank among the great monastic establishments of Europe, and became for Germany what Monte Cassino was for Italy, and Cluny for France. The latter house was the one which, in all Christendom, had most nobles among its monks, and most communities depending on it. Ninety monasteries, founded or reformed by colonies of monks sent out from Cluny, and all situated in the south of Germany, formed around the great Swabian abbey a magnificent and powerful congregation. Twenty-three of these houses of God owed their creation to Hirschau; the seventy-four others previously existing were regenerated by the salutary influence of monks from thence. The holy Abbot William, author of most of these reforms and creations, rebuilt at once the monastic edifices and consciences; nor did he stop there, but applied himself to establish a bond of union and of common activity between all these monasteries: he upheld, with jealous solicitude and persistent severity, the power of the mother abbey over her colonies; and in spite of continual emigrations, he was able to keep always one hundred and fifty monks about him, replacing by secular converts the monks whom he sent out for the conquest of foreign monasteries.

Not far from Hirschau, two other considerable abbeys—those of Schaffhausen and St. Blaise—distinguished themselves by their admirable obedience to the rule. The holy Pope Leo IX came in 1052 to consecrate the high altar of each of them. Schaffhausen had been founded by Count Eberhard of Nellemburg, who had become a

monk there, and it had been placed in subjection to Hirschau in 1080 by the son of its founder. The origin of St. Blaise went back to the eighth century; but its true founder was Reginbert of Sellenbeuven, one of the feudatories of Otho the Great, who, having lost one of his hands in battle, endowed the abbey with all his property in 945, and himself entered it as a monk. At the period of which we are speaking, towards 1060, St, Blaise was reformed by monks from Frutières, with the aid of the Empress Agnes; afterwards it was associated with Hirschau, and finally affiliated to Oluny after a visit paid to it by the holy Abbot Hugh.

Scarcely had these great houses been called to a new life when they became, with other monasteries, the chief support of the Catholic cause in Germany, all the more powerful that, by a strange phenomenon, the very success of the schism of the simoniacal and married priests, and the seduction they exercised over certain Catholics, produced a prodigious reactionary movement. On all sides the ancient monasteries awoke and revived, and new communities were formed and populated, thanks to the number of orthodox priests who then sought refuge, and over whom a faithful nobility watched sword in hand. Thus, at the very time when the few bishops who remained in communion with the Church of Rome were driven from their sees, and when the schismatics thought themselves sure of victory, they had in truth gained nothing! The monasteries were there, standing like cities of refuge, like fortresses of unconquerable resistance. St. Blaise, Schaffhausen, and, above all, Hirsehau, defended by the Dukes of Swabia and Thuringia, opened their doors to all those Catholics, clerical or lay, who repulsed schism and shrank from complicity with the enemies of the Church. Thither came in crowds the Catholic nobles, counts and barons, feudal lords and knights, abandoning their fiefs and castles, to renew their strength at the well-springs of faith and virtue. A certain number afterwards returned to the world, and there with new zeal served the cause of God, the Church, and the monks. But others in such numbers embraced monastic life, that everywhere it was necessary to enlarge the monastic buildings in order to receive them. Mingling with the servants of the monastery, they devoted themselves to the lowest offices, doing the work of bakers, swineherds, and carpenters. Following this example, many laymen of all ranks renounced their possessions and their liberty, to share the life in common of the monasteries, the rules of which they practised rigorously, though without adopting the monkish habit, under the direction of uncontaminated priests and monks. Women felt the same irresistible impulse, and hurried in crowds to offer themselves in the character of servants to do the daily work prescribed by the monks. Daughters of labourers rivalled the widows and maidens of noble race in their passionate desire to renounce the world and marriage, and to submit to the yoke of the religious orders. Whole villages embraced the life of the cloister. To all these simple and generous Christians the orthodox Swabian monasteries appeared, says a contemporary, like invincible asylums of peace, like perfumed meadows, where the inhabitants might intoxicate themselves with the sweet odours of a contemplative life.

The great Abbot William of Hirschau regulated as much as possible the impetuous impulse which led laymen thus to abdicate, for love of the heavenly life, their condition of free men and to make themselves slaves to the monks. In conjunction with the Abbot of St. Blaise, William formed these lay affiliations into a permanent institution, and was the first in Germany to join to his congregation companies of neophytes without any clerical character, under the title of lay brothers, agreeably to the institution recently established by St. John Gualbert in the order of Vallombrosa. To these lay brothers were assigned special functions nearly connected with ordinary secular life, in order to leave the monks more leisure for the exercises of piety. Freed from the obligations of the choir, of silence, and other duties of cloistral life, the lay

brothers gave themselves up specially to mechanical arts; they were the tailors, curriers, shoemakers, smiths, carpenters, and masons of the abbeys. These were the unpaid workmen who constructed the immense monastic buildings of Hirschau, who ornamented them with beautiful works of art, and assisted William to build many other monasteries. They wore the monastic dress, but let their beards grow, which procured them from the people the name of *barbati*. Other laymen attached to the congregation of Hirschau, in imitation of Cluny, bore the name of *oblati*, and lived outside the monasteries. They were employed in building, in clearing forests, in serving the sick poor in hospitals, and in making distant journeys. William allowed them to retain their secular dress, so that they might more easily mingle with the world.

To the Abbey of Hirschau alone belonged fifty *oblati* and sixty *barbati*; there were one hundred and fifty monks, properly so called, who gave themselves up specially to prayer, study, the transcription of books, and the celebration of divine service. The monastic historian cannot sufficiently praise the order, peace, union, and happiness which, under the illustrious and saintly abbot, reigned throughout the immense *Hirsaugian* community. Later, William obtained a solemn confirmation of his institution by a bull of Pope Urban II; Odo, Prior of Cluny, and Legate of Gregory VII in Swabia, had already appreciated the utility of this new branch of the monastic tree.

While these things were passing in the south-west of Germany, and near the sources of the Danube, the same spirit was triumphant in the region which bounded the empire on the side of Hungary, between the Danube and the Noric Alps. Agreeably to the decrees of the Council of Rome, convoked by Hildebrand in 1063, the canons who, while following the rule of St. Augustine, lived, like the Benedictines, in monasteries, and were governed by abbots, were reformed by the illustrious Altmann, Bishop of Passau, one of the most ardent partisans of pontifical authority and monastic obedience in Germany. He succeeded, not without great difficulty, in expelling the debauched and corrupted canons, in replacing them by exemplary monks, and in thus regenerating the abbeys of his order, which abounded in Upper Austria, such as Kremsmunster, St. Polten, and St.Florian. Having thus purged his field, the good husbandman, as his biographer calls him, obtained an abundant harvest of new virtues. Moreover, he founded, on the confines of the empire, the famous Abbey of Gottweih; and, in his episcopal city, the Abbey of St. Nicholas, the monks of which, by their zeal for the cause of the Church, brought upon themselves public punishment at the hands of the partisans of King Henry IV.

The writings of the time show us that the monks of various reformed monasteries, and especially the lay brothers or *Oblates*, were sent from canton to canton, from diocese to diocese, charged with the most important missions by their direct superiors, or by the legates of the Pope, to the great displeasure of the imperialist bishops, who thus saw their influence over the minds of the people neutralised. Thus monks travelled over the whole empire, circulating writings in favour of the Church, preaching resistance to schism, and warming the zeal and piety of good Catholics. The imperialists quickly comprehended the strength which orthodoxy would gain from this revival of fervour; and the generous neophytes who peopled the Swabian abbeys became objects of virulent attack by the apologists of the schism, who neglected nothing to destroy the great popularity the monks had gained. The invectives invented by the pagan writers of degenerate Rome, revived by the hatred of the courtier-bishops and of Henry IV himself, were once more launched against them. The reformed monks were spoken of as vagabonds, missionaries of disorder, and innovators hostile to the empire. The coarsest abuse was mingled with puerile or absurd reproaches. The few monks who remained faithful to the imperial cause, after lamenting that they could not be allowed

to follow peaceably what they called *legal tradition* and *national usages,* tried to ridicule the large tonsures, the wide sleeves, and great cowls which St. William had introduced into his abbeys. The ill-combed beards of the nobles and peasants who were to be found, without distinction, among the converts at Hirschau, were held up to public derision. The imperialist bishops did not disdain to repeat these insults; one of them, Walter of Naumburg, after having declared that it was the monks of Hirschau who had upset the empire, went so far in his official apology for the emperor as to compare them to those husks thrown to the swine which the prodigal son in his poverty had desired. These attacks were not without results; often hard words were followed by harder treatment. When, in 1074, the citizens of Cologne, in agreement with King Henry, rose against Archbishop Hanno, they plundered and threatened with death the monks of St. Pantaleon, to punish them, as they said, for the fault of the archbishop who had expelled the old and unruly monks in order to introduce others who would submit to severe discipline.

The Abbey of Hirschau deserved, indeed, the first place in the hatred of the schismatics as well as in the confidence and affection of Catholics; for during fifty years it never ceased to be the centre of orthodox resistance, and the impregnable asylum of the defenders and martyrs of the cause of the Roman Church. It was thither that King Rodolph, elected by the Catholics at Forchheim to replace Henry IV, came immediately after his election, to purify and strengthen himself during the festival of Pentecost in 1077; thither fled, after their release from prison, the French legates sent by Gregory to that assembly, the two monks Bernard and Guitmond, who, returning from their mission, robbed of all things, nearly naked, laboured unceasingly, during a year spent among their hosts, to draw closer the bonds of monastic order and of study between Hirschau and Cluny; there, too, were received, as sons of the house, the seventy monks of the Abbey of Hersungen, violently driven from their own cloister by Wecilon, the schismatic Bishop of Mayence, on account of their attachment to the pontifical decrees.

It is easy, then, to understand why Gregory VI thought it right to secure to Hirschau the widest possible exemption, and why Henry IV honoured the holy house with a special hatred. But he persecuted it with his threats in vain; the monks, says their annalist, sustained by their prayers, braved the sword of the tyrant, and despised the menaces of offended pride : the Emperor never succeeded in destroying, nor even in troubling, this home of Catholic activity; though, throughout the whole contest, he and his partisans never ceased to point out, to the anger of the schismatics, the audacity of these *Hildebrandines*, to borrow the epithet which they applied to the monks of Hirschau and all those attached to their cause.

We cannot finish this review without making special mention of some of the men who, in the different reformed communities, showed themselves the most energetic defenders of the pontifical throne. Such was the learned Bernard, first master of the schools at Constance and Uldesheim, and afterwards monk at Hirschau, and who, not content with bravely defending with his pen the papal decrees, composed several works against the schismatics equally vigorous and popular; such were the famous historian Bernold, a monk of St. Blaise, and Adalbert, a monk of Constance, who, united by a common zeal and common labours, desired to be buried under the same stone in the cloister of the Abbey of Schaffhausen; such also was Gebhard, brother of the Duke of Lahringen, a monk of Hirschau, whence he was drawn by the legate Odo, to occupy the diocese of Constance, and to become, in his turn, legate in Germany after Odo's elevation to the papacy under the name of Urban II.

Above all these valiant soldiers of the Church towers the learned Abbot William of Hirschau, who for twenty-two years was the soul of monastic regeneration in Germany. This great prelate gave up his whole life to satisfying his three dominant passions: that of solacing the poor with the most tender charity and scrupulous solicitude, that of reforming degenerate monasteries, and that of maintaining orthodoxy and ecclesiastical rule inflexible in face of the imperialist schism. William had the power of winning souls, and, at once by his cordial and pious simplicity and by his great prudence, he exercised an unrivalled influence, not only over his monks and the Monastic Order generally, but also over those bishops, clergy, and laymen who remained faithful to the Church. In spite of his manifold occupations, the venerable abbot cultivated zealously all the arts and sciences, particularly astronomy, music, and architecture; but neither these studies, nor the serious cares arising from the daily warfare amidst which he lived, ever made him neglect prayer and the private duties of religion. Thus one of the disciples of the holy man wrote to him: “Your life serves us as an example; your admirable deeds, your pious lamentations, your blessed tears, suffice to waken in our hearts the desire of an eternal home”. When he died, six months after Gregory, William particularly recommended his monks to persevere till death in their unvarying devotion to the Roman Church.

In order to complete the work of monastic regeneration, William was diligent to seek everywhere such rules and peculiar observances as might be of use in the reform of his brethren. “These are”, he says, in his preface to the *Usages* which he bequeathed to his congregation, “the living stones of which I would build up my spiritual edifice”. It was with this view that he charged the German monk Udalric to edit, under the title of *Customs of Cluny*, the complete collection of practices and rules observed in the monastery. This collection, diffused through all Christian countries, contains many rules relative to the government of souls, and is, as it were, the code of the vigorous spiritual education of Cluny, that code in which he who was the Prior Hildebrand before he became Pope Gregory, found a source of strength continually renewed.

Udalric, the monk above referred to, was a noble Bavarian of high rank, who had been brought up at the imperial court, honoured by the esteem of Henry III, attached to the service of the Empress Agnes, and endowed, while still young, with all the benefices and dignities reserved for clerks of high birth. On his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem it had been his desire to found a monastery on his patrimonial estate; but the ill-will of the simoniacal bishops of the country having prevented this, he resolved that since he might not give his possessions to God, he would give himself, and for that purpose went to Cluny, where he became a monk. After some time the holy abbot Hugh sent him to Germany with a colony from Cluny, which he established at Brisgau, not without opposition on the part of both clergy and people. Udalric thus became a bond of union between the two great provinces most devoted to the Church, Burgundy and Swabia, and at the same time an intermediary between the two holy abbots Hugh and William, whose rival he showed himself in charity to the poor and austerity of manners. Finally, after a life full of virtues and of trials, Udalric died in a cell in the Black Forest, blind, but causing to be repeated to him, as a last exhortation during his agony, those words of the Apostle which so well sum up the history of the eleventh century—*Sancti per fidem vicerunt regnat.*

With such men and such institutions from which to recruit the army of the Church, Gregory had reason to believe that the moment was come for declaring war against the corruption of the clergy and the despotism of the laity; he marched, therefore, upon the enemy, gave him battle, and gained the day.

HOUSES DEPENDENT ON ST. BLAISE AND HIRSCHAU

Daugthers of St. Blaise.

1. Erlach, on the Lake of Bienne, founded in 1089.

2. Ochsenhausen, in Swabia, founded 1093, by Conrad of Wolfartswende.

3. Waiblingen, at the confluence of the Danube and Iller, founded 1093, by Counts Hartmann and Otto of Kirchberg; consecrated in 1099 by the legate Gebhard of Constance.

4. Gottweih, on the Danube, in Austria, founded 1093, by Bishop Altmann of Passau.

5. Alpirspach, founded in 1095, by Count Meric of Sultz, and two other nobles, also confirmed by the legate Gebhard.

Daughters of Hirschau, founded by the Abbot St. William.

1. Ursungen, 1073, endowed by Sigefroy, Archbishop of Mayence.

2. St. George of the Black Forest, founded in 1083 by Hetzel, seigneur of Wald.

3. Reichenbach, 1082, founded by Berno, Baron of Siegberg, who became a monk there.

4. Luckesheim, 1087, founded by Count Wolmar, who died a monk.

5. Zwicfalten, 1089, founded by Counts Guitold and Konon of Achelm or Watheim, transferred to Wielfelingen.

6. St. Peter, *in monte Silv. Nigr.,* near Teck, 1093, founded by Berthold, Duke of Lahringen.

7. Petershausen, near Constance, 1085, founded by Gebhard of Constance, restored.

8. Laven, in Carinthia

9. St. Peter at Erfurt.

10. Camberg, in 1079, founded by Count Burkhard of Rothenburg.

We may mention here some important foundations contemporary with St. Gregory VII, or produced by his influence, but anterior to the rise of the Cistercian order :

In Flanders : Altenburg (1084), by St. Arnold de Pamèle, bishop.

In France : Nogent, near Coucy (1077); Anchin, near Cambray (1079), and Ribemont, near Laon (1083), both founded by Anselm, Count of Ribemont; St. Jean des Vignes, at Soissons, by Hugh, Lord of Chateau-Thierry (1076). This illustrious community existed till the eighteenth century without need of reformation. At present it is used as a military store by the Engineers, who have destroyed the church and cloister, and only preserved, in a mutilated condition, the magnificent façade and the two towers. Mauriac, in Limousin, founded by Archambaud, Viscount of Comborn (1080); La Saulve Majeure, in the diocese of Bordeaux, by St. Gerard (1080); Andernes, in Ponthieu (1084); Cazal-Benoit, founded by the Lord of Issoudun (1094) ; Mayniac, in Limousin, founded by Archambaud III, Viscount of Comborn, to expiate the murder of twelve monks of Tulle (1085).

In Italy: Sasso-Vivo, in Umbria (1085). It was the mother-house of twenty abbeys and seventy-two priories, before it was ruined by the Commendam.

In Germany : Admont (1076), in Styria, founded by Gebhard, Archbishop of Salzburg, the friend of Gregory VII, the monastery served as a refuge for Thiemon, the successor of Gebhard; Lambach, in Austria, by Count Eckbert of Lambach, one of the victims of Henry IV, and by his son Adalberon, Bishop of Wurzborg (1080), who took refuge there after having been deposed by the tyrant; Scheuern, in Bavaria, by the house of Willelspach (1077); Mölk, on the Danube, where monks replaced the canons in 1089, and which was afterwards celebrated for its library and for its magnificence; Remharstbrünn (1085), in Thuringia, by the Landgrave Louis, to serve as a burial-place for his race, and to expiate his sins; Bursfeld, by Duke Henry and his wife Gertrude, destined, like Cazal-Benoit, which was founded in the same year, to become, in the fifteenth century, the headquarters of a celebrated reform, which embraced one hundred and fourteen monasteries; finally, Laach, near Andernach, founded by the Count Palatine Henry, and finished by his son Sigefroy of Brabant. The church of this last abbey, though given up (in 1833) by its proprietor to the most profane uses, still offers a perfect model of Roman architecture; the situation is delightful, on the shore of a lake whence the monastery derives its name. Gottweih, Admont, and Molk still exist, thanks to the premature death of Joseph II; and Scheuern, which a king of Bavaria had destroyed, was re-established by his son.

CHAPTER IV

PONTIFICATE OF ST. GREGORY VII. CONDEMNATION OF INVESTITURES

When the news of Hildebrand's accession to the supreme dignity had crossed the Alps, a monk wrote to him from the depths of Lorraine: "It is that you may serve as an example to His people that God has seated you upon that throne from whence all the lights of intelligence flow over the world, and to which all things converge as the rays of a circle to their centre. Be sure that the more you please the good, the more odious you will be to the wicked, and that to be hated by the sons of iniquity is not the least of the marks of excellence. Now then, most powerful of men, arm yourself with the sword to which the Lord has promised victory! You see how the Amalekites, the Midianites, and so many other plagues, conspire against the armies of Israel. To vanquish and exterminate such terrible enemies, what care, what zeal, what prudence, must you needs employ! But let no fear, no threat, cause you to retard the holy combat. You hold the highest place; all eyes are turned towards you; all Catholics hope, and are led by your past life to expect those great things to which the sovereign dignity ought to inspire one who, in an inferior post, has already fought so gloriously".

We know how Gregory answered this expectation: we know how, to speak the language of his first biographer, "he endured perfidy and temptation, perils, insults, captivity, and exile for the love of God; and how, by the grace of that same God, and by the aid of the apostles—kings, tyrants, dukes, princes, all the jailers of human souls, all the ravenous wolves, all the ministers of Antichrist, the archbishops, the bishops, and the other prevaricating priests, were vanquished by this invincible athlete".

At the same time, the hatred of the wicked with which the Lorraine monk, above quoted, threatened Hildebrand, completely fulfilled that prophecy, and the powers of heresy, ignorance, and servility emulated each other for seven centuries in attacks upon his good fame. The Pope was described by his contemporaries as a *firebrand of hell*, denounced by pensioned bishops as a parricide, a leper, and a magician. Later, at the period of the Renaissance, the tribe of scholars of the record office and the ante-chamber, who then swarmed, spoke of the great pontiff as a viper, as Heliogabalus, as Trimalcion. And less than a century ago, in this very France where we write, courtly bishops contended in zeal with legists and officers of the king, some to *bury* the enterprises of the Pontiff in *eternal forgetfulness,* others to mutilate his worship, and to outrage the very altars where the Church had placed him. Naturally, our illustrious philosophers have not failed to improve upon the calumnies of the courtiers; for Voltaire, Gregory VII was a *fool*, and for Condorcet, a *knave*.

But these times are past; and whatever may happen, they will not return. After a long night, the day of justice has arisen. Even beyond the Church, generous and learned voices have disputed with each other the honour of rendering homage to the virtue of Gregory VII, vindicating his memory from the outrages of twenty generations of blind

accusers. That glory, so pure and so perfect, is already partially re-established among us; but it is still far from having reached the full splendour which the justice of the future has in store.

It is not a part of our plan to give a detailed account of the pontificate of Gregory VII. It is enough to have shown the nature of the struggle which fell to his lot, to have defined the object at which he aimed, to have pointed out the enemies he encountered, and to have enumerated the auxiliaries who at his call issued from their cloisters. In order to make manifest, as far as our weakness permits, the genius of the great champion of the Church and the Monastic Orders, it still remains for us to show the most remarkable results of his influence, and to prove the purpose with which he acted in the exercise of his redoubtable authority. But before doing this, it may be useful to recall the dates of the chief events of the period on which we have entered.

Hildebrand was elected in 1073, at the moment when the insurrection of the people of Saxony and Thuringia seriously threatened the authority of Henry IV. In the course of the following year, the prince reconciled himself with the insurgents by accepting the conditions they imposed. About the same time, Henry received several legates charged by the Pope to urge upon him the reformation of his life, of his government, and of the German clergy. The king promised to reform, and to help Gregory to extirpate simony; but in 1075, war broke out once more between the Saxons and Henry, and the latter, this time victorious over his enemies, succeeded in reducing them to absolute submission. From that moment he ceased to temporise with the Holy See. All the royal councillors, even those who were excommunicated, were recalled, and the disorders of the Church were increased by scandalous promotions in the episcopate.

During the festival of Christmas, in this same year, 1075, Gregory VII, seized at the altar by an imperialist noble named Cencius, was wounded, and dragged to prison, but almost immediately *delivered by the Roman people*. This was, on the part of Henry IV, a violation of all the promises made to the Pope. Gregory, after useless remonstrances, was obliged, as his predecessor Alexander II had been, to cite Henry to appear before the Holy See to answer for the crimes of which he was accused. But the king, instead of obeying this summons, called together a council at Worms (Jan. 28, 1076), where the deposition of the Pontiff was pronounced.

This sentence having been notified in full synod to the Pope and clergy of Rome, Gregory, at the same sitting, decided to excommunicate the king and to pronounce the sentence of his deposition, which was the consequence of the excommunication (Feb. 1076).

At this news, the German princes assembled at Tribur (Oct. 1076), and declared that they would elect another king if Henry did not obtain absolution before the time appointed. The royal authority was suspended in the meantime; and a new assembly, convoked at Augsburg for the day of the Purification in the following year, presided over by the Pope, was called upon to pronounce definitely on the accusations brought against the king. Henry accepted these conditions; but going unexpectedly into Italy, he hurried at once to meet the Pope at Canossa (Jan. 28, 1077), and there begged and obtained absolution, promising to submit to the judgement of the princes and of the sovereign pontiff, to dismiss the simoniacal bishops, and to avoid all violence for the future. Scarcely was he absolved, however, when he allowed himself to be led away by the persuasions of the Lombard bishops, again broke his word, caused the two papal legates (Anselm of Lucca and Gerard of Ostia) to be imprisoned, and resumed the full exercise of royal authority in Italy as well as in Germany. The princes of the country,

filled with indignation, then elected as king Rodolph Duke of Swabia. This took place at the Diet of Forchheim (April 7, 1077).

During three years of sanguinary rivalry between Henry and Rodolph, the Pope steadily refused to take any decisive part, and constantly advised the two parties to cease hostility. But in 1080 (March 7), after having vainly waited for Henry to repair his innumerable misdeeds, Gregory yielded to the repeated entreaties of the Saxons, and for the second time excommunicated, and definitely deposed, Henry IV, Rodolph being substituted for him as king. Henry replied by again causing the sentence of deposition to be pronounced against Gregory at the Synod of Mayence (May 31, 1080), and by electing as anti-pope Guibert of Ravenna, at the Synod of Bruges (June 25, 1080). Rodolph having fallen, sword in hand, the Catholics chose another king, Hermann of Luxemburg; and about the same time, Robert Guiscard, Duke of the Normans in Apulia, declared himself the ally and vassal of the Holy See. Between 1081 and 1084, Henry IV, having allied himself to the schismatic Emperor of Constantinople, invaded Italy, attacked Rome several times, succeeded in entering it, and caused himself to be crowned there by the anti-pope (March 31, 1084), while Gregory was shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo. Robert Guiscard, faithful to his oath, hurried to defend the Pope, burned and pillaged Rome in his turn, and forced the emperor to return to Germany. Gregory VII, then retired to Monte Cassino, and from thence to Salerno, where he died, May 25, 1085.

According to the custom of the times, Gregory, in the Lent of each year, assembled, either at Rome or in the environs, a council, at which the decrees necessary for the good government of the Church were promulgated. The pontiff observed this custom until the attacks of Henry IV upon Rome rendered it impossible, and himself presided at ten of these assemblies in succession. In the first (1074), he renewed the old canons against simoniacal and married clergy, condemned the latter to choose between their wives and their benefices, imposed a vow of perpetual celibacy on those who offered themselves for the priesthood, and ordered the people to renounce those priests who should disobey these canons. In the second assembly (1075), Gregory, for the first time, condemned investitures. In the third (1076), he excommunicated and deposed King Henry, also for the first time. In the fourth (1078), he excommunicated Cardinal Hugh le Blanc, the Archbishops of Milan and Ravenna, and many other schismatic chiefs, declared ordination by excommunicated prelates to be null, and released all those who had sworn fidelity to them from their oaths. At the same time, Gregory thought it his duty to soften the rigours of excommunication as regarded the relations and servants of the condemned. In the fifth (Nov. 28, 1078), he renewed the sentences already pronounced against simoniacal and married priests, and against investitures, and, among other measures, desired all bishops to establish classes for secular instruction in their cathedrals. The five last councils held by Gregory were not unimportant, though of less interest than these: in them the Pope received the recantation of the heresiarch Berengarius; formally condemned all the pleas put forward in defence of the marriage of priests, on the supposed authority of ancient doctors; renewed his attacks upon the Catholics who, in spite of excommunication, gave or received the investiture of a church; a second time deposed the King of Germany; and finally, fulminated, also for the second time, at Salerno, his anathema against the anti-pope Guibert and all his supporters.

In comparing the acts of Gregory with those of his predecessors, we remark, at the first glance, two facts which are new and of immense importance: the deposition of a king and the condemnation of investitures. We shall see, further on, what were the nature and origin of the right of deposition. Let us try first to explain here the necessity

and legitimacy of the proscription of investitures. It is necessary, first, to remark that, during the twelve years of his pontificate, Gregory had no occasion to change any of the sentiments which had animated him during the twenty-five years he had spent at the head of the papal councils. According to the invariable and unanimous evidence of Catholic historians, the great Pope had always desired three things: to render the celibacy of priests inviolable, to extirpate simony, and to free the Church from the yoke of the laity. This triple regeneration, the object of all his anxieties and efforts as monk, as cardinal, and as legate, was also the invariable purpose of his acts as Pope. But it is important to understand and clearly show that it was not only the independence of the Church which, in the eleventh century, ran the risk of shipwreck on the triple rock just spoken of, it was also, and above all, the salvation of men. Gregory, chief pastor of the souls bought by the blood of Christ, might not suffer their number to be diminished, the holiness of the sacraments and the priesthood to be sacrificed to human interests, the health-giving torrent of grace to be thus poisoned at its source by profane novelties. The liberty he claimed for the Church was that of opening to men the gates of Paradise. Such, we dare to affirm, was the highest ambition of the pontiff. He has been too much regarded, even by those who wished to defend him, as a political genius, a historic and social personage : what he wished to be—the pastor of souls, the minister absolutely responsible for the salvation of Christendom—this has been too much forgotten.

Enough attention was not paid to his words, when he preached to kings and prelates the supreme duty of gaining souls. Now, the Catholic Church having alone both the right and the secret of gaining these souls, it was first of all necessary that she should be free: for without liberty there is no strength; without liberty, right is a fruitless abstraction. It was necessary, then, to free the Church, in the person of her heads and her ministers, from all lay influence; it was necessary, at any price, to hinder the spiritual power from being subjected to human will, the divine and perpetual institution from being linked to the ephemeral destinies of political power; it was necessary to wrest the storehouse of the doctrines, morals, and conscience of Christian people, from avaricious, impure, and servile hands; it was necessary to prevent bishops from sinking to the level of creatures and courtiers of princes; it was necessary to place out of all danger the right of jurisdiction, and to maintain the inviolability of its character; finally, it was necessary to prove the sovereign independence of the Church, to uproot the heretical belief in the right of temporal intervention in the empire of conscience, and to confirm the principle that a priest who violates the laws of God out of regard for earthly authority is, in a manner, an apostate. This is what Gregory wished; this is what he accomplished and this is why the apostles and accomplices of error great and small, from Voltaire to Fleury, have agreed to reproach him: for he had this admirable point of resemblance to Him whose vicar he was on earth, that none among the saints was ever more bitterly insulted by the wicked, or more basely betrayed by the weakness of some even of the faithful.

To St. Gregory VII, the winning of souls was the end, and the independence of the Church the means, but a means indispensable and supreme. The triple scourge which we have so often mentioned, had enthroned, as it were, in the bosom of the priesthood three capital sins: avarice, by means of simony; luxury, by the marriage of priests; and pride, in its most dangerous form, by the practice of investiture. Gregory, as we have said repeatedly, was a monk; and after, as well as before, his accession to the papacy, his assistants in the defence of the Church were, almost without exception, drawn from the Monastic Orders. To the horrible flood of sin, committed even in the sanctuary, the pontiff opposed the three monastic virtues—poverty, chastity, and obedience; he was thus armed against simony by that voluntary poverty, that renunciation of all personal property, which so many thousand Christians, priests and knights, nobles and serfs,

practised in the cloister: to the marriage of the clergy he could oppose the absolute and perpetual celibacy of the monks; to the pride of the emperor, the vow of obedience to a purely spiritual superior—a vow which had been pronounced by so many bishops who had left their monasteries to govern the Church. Himself trained in the precepts of the three virtues which formed the basis of the rule of St. Benedict, Hildebrand had learned in the cloister to place at the service of the holy and supreme freedom of salvation an energetic character, a powerful eloquence, an inexhaustible charity, a life altogether in accordance with his doctrine, and a courage unsurpassed in history. To combat the two plagues of simony and incontinence, Gregory VII had only to continue, after his accession to the papacy, the work which his predecessors had begun, and which he himself had directed under their reigns. The simoniacal and married priests had been formally and repeatedly condemned by St. Leo IX, Stephen X, Victor II, Nicholas II, and Alexander II. Gregory only confirmed these previous decrees, and imparted to their execution the sovereign energy which characterised him. But they had left almost intact the question of investitures: a single attempt had been made, under Leo IX, at the Council of Reims, to restore the old freedom of episcopal elections, and it had been without result. Gregory, then, found everything left for him to do in the very direction in which he had long since seen the real difficulty of the reform and enfranchisement of the Church to lie. The lofty intelligence of the pontiff had at once understood that it was impossible to cure radically two of the plagues of the Church without touching the third. Because their crime had been rebuked who, in the powerful words of the Pope, “wished to buy the Church like a vile slave in order to prostitute her to the demon”; because the indignation of the faithful had been invoked upon “the insensate priests who dared to touch at the same time the body of an impure woman and the body of Christ”,—was it safe to count upon any effectual guarantee for the purity and liberty of the Church while the popes received the symbolic investiture from imperial hands, and seemed to recognise in a lay power the source of their strength and jurisdiction? Such a state of affairs was absolutely incompatible with the high idea which Gregory VII entertained of the sacerdotal dignity—placing as he did above the power of kings that of a mere exorcist, saying that the latter “is constituted spiritual emperor against the demons”. It was for this reason that, after having put in motion under the pontificate of his predecessors all the prohibitive power of the papal authority against simony and the marriage of priests, Gregory, as soon as he himself mounted the throne, determined that it was absolutely necessary to destroy lay investitures. This he accomplished at the Council of Rome (1075) by the following decree: “If any one, for the future, accept a bishopric or abbey from the hands of a layman, he shall not be counted in any way among the bishops or abbots. We withhold from him the grace of St, Peter and the entrance to the Church until he shall have renounced the see which he has usurped through the double crime of ambition and disobedience, which constitutes idolatry. We command that the same shall apply to all inferior and ecclesiastical dignities. Moreover, if any emperor, duke, marquis, count, or other secular person whatever, has the presumption to give investiture of a bishopric or other ecclesiastical dignity, let him not be ignorant that the same condemnation will fall upon him”.

It was then only that St. Gregory VII thought he had fulfilled the mission from above which imposed upon him the duty of bringing back the Church of God to her ancient honour, and preserving her free, chaste, and Catholic. “These decrees”, says a contemporary monk, “fell upon the Church like dew from heaven, and, thanks to the holy pontiff, that splendour of true ecclesiastical election, so long veiled by clouds, was seen to reappear". But was this an innovation? and can we regard as well founded the reproaches of those who, after declaiming against the furious ambition of Gregory, describe him as a reckless innovator? A short examination and a little reflection would have sufficed to prove that in his immense enterprise the sovereign pontiff, carefully

avoided following the inspirations of his own genius to the neglect of old traditions. His only object, indeed, was to re-establish the ancient Catholic law, misunderstood until the moment when he took up the government of the Church. What he wished to accomplish was a restoration, not a revolution, nor was any thought further from his mind than that of innovation. Let us look at his own words in a letter written to the monks of Vallombrosa during the first year of his reign: “Pray to Almighty God to give me strength to bear the insupportable burden of my new authority, and to bring back Holy Church to the footing of the ancient religion”. “We do not search for arguments in our own mind”, he writes in the following year to the Archbishop of Cologne; “but in obedience to the duties of our office we bring to light laws sanctioned by the ancient fathers, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit”. He wished for regeneration without innovation. “These are not” he wrote to the Bishop of Mayence, “our own decrees that we propose to you, though we should have a right to do so, if need were; we are but renewing the statutes of the holy fathers”. And elsewhere, in a letter to King Henry IV, he adds: “We establish nothing new, nothing of our own invention, but we wish to return to the ancient and only road of discipline which the saints have trodden”

And, in fact, no one could deny that the Church had always rebuked simony since St. Peter's combat with the heresiarch who has left his name to this plague-spot. On the subject of the celibacy of priests, more or less accepted opinions had been spread abroad; but whatever may have been the tolerance of the primitive Church in this matter, no one was ignorant that since the time of Nicholas I in the ninth century, innumerable decrees, emanating from popes and councils, had renewed, in the strictest terms, the interdiction of marriage to ecclesiastics of all orders. Gregory, going still further back, appealed to the authority of his two predecessors, St. Leo and St. Gregory the Great. But the evil had reached its height since the establishment of these insufficient prohibitions; and, as we have seen above, the property of churches confided to married pastors became gradually the patrimony of their children, the dowry of their daughters. If such a state of things had been prolonged in the midst of a social organisation, where the principle of hereditary succession was all-powerful, an earthly territorial succession would have superseded the spiritual generation of the children of God, and the Church would have been confounded with lay society.

Blind and ignorant hatred has reproached Gregory, as a crime inspired by his personal ambition, with having *invented* the celibacy of the clergy in order to rise for himself an army of creatures devoted to his will alone. If it were true that the pontiff had himself conceived and created for the Catholic priest this magnificent distinction, it would have been, most certainly, the greatest of his glories; for he would have created, for the Church, that post of triumph whence no power and no danger have been able to drive her—he would have discovered the secret of the purity and perpetuity of the Church. But the son of the Tuscan carpenter has not an exclusive right to a glory which belongs to the whole papacy; what does belong to Gregory—and it is enough—is that of having understood that it was needful thoroughly to root out the corruption which was lowering the secular clergy to the level of the crowd, subjecting it to the same less elevated affections and the same weaknesses; it is that of having perceived that the family, springing from the marriage or concubinage of the clergy, being the strongest tie which could attach the spiritual man to earth, it was necessary to break this tie in order to restore to the ministers of truth their power and their independence in presence of secular authority; it is, finally, that he stamped the work of liberation, throughout the extent of Christendom, with an energy so great as to ensure the final victory of the honour and rights of the Church. In what relates to investitures, their prohibition by Gregory was new in form, but for the simple reason that the evil itself was of comparatively recent origin. It literally expressed, however, the spirit of the

canons of the General Councils of Nice and Constantinople, which imperatively forbade the intervention of laymen in the preferment of bishops. These canons could not mention investitures which did not exist at the time of their promulgation; but no one can doubt that the Church must have freely provided for the choice of bishops and abbots many centuries before the establishment of these same investitures.

After the conquest of the Roman empire by the Germanic nations, and in consequence of the alliance between barbarous royalties and the Church, the latter, whose liberties and property were anterior to all the political institutions of Europe, had felt no disquiet in seeing the establishment of a custom which kings only used to regulate the feudal and territorial position of bishops. But it must have been otherwise when investiture had become the essential and dominant condition of preferment to the episcopate—when it went on to absorb and supersede the right of election—when, finally, it appeared as the seizure by the temporal power of the government of the Church. The extreme consequences of royal investiture, too easily accepted in England, were not admitted into France, and seem not to have been so in Spain; but they reigned triumphant in the north of Italy and in Germany. Thus the reaction against this immense abuse was first and chiefly directed by Gregory VII against the royal power in Germany, which, gifted by the papacy two centuries previously with an exclusive right to the imperial dignity, was dominant at once in Germany and in Italy. We must add that, in Germany, the papacy, with regard to the royal power, found itself in a special position which singularly increased the dangerous consequences of investiture. In most Christian countries, the Church had been established by her own efforts, and had taken root, in spite of the temporal power of the pagan emperors, before the birth of Christian royalties founded on the ruins of the Roman Empire. Thus, in Gaul, the Frankish kings, far from being the founders or first benefactors of the Church, had found her in the position of an established and recognised power—had treated with her, and thought themselves happy to obtain her sanction for their authority. In Germany, on the contrary, at least east of the Rhine, the Church owed her political existence in the first place to the victorious sword of the Carolingians, and later, to that of the Othos, who had cleared a way for the authority of bishops and the zeal of monks, and had enriched with vast domains the dioceses and principal abbeys of the country. These territories, freed from all subordination to other lords than the king himself, formed the domain of the prelates, and were destined, in the opinion of the givers, not only to contribute to the general defence, and the other necessities of the State, as was done by the great secular fiefs, but also to transform their holders into instruments of the royal power, at once surer and more docile than the great hereditary lords of the laity. At the same time, it is true that St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, legate of the Holy See, had, by a direct and special bond, subjected the new churches to that of Rome; but the guarantee of independence of the temporal power, which was based on such a subordination to a distant and spiritual power, had been doubly neutralised—on one hand, by the disorders from which the Holy See had suffered in the tenth century, and yet more, by the preponderating influence of German royalty; on the other hand, by the ever-increasing political influence which the bishops exercised among the princes of the empire. These bishops were more princes than prelates. The more their power and their riches increased, the closer were the bonds of their dependence drawn; for it was precisely the considerable aggrandisement of their temporal position, and of the wealth with which they were endowed, that were the cause, and in a manner justification, of the demands of royalty upon them, demands unknown in other Christian kingdoms, and, above all, in France, though the custom of investiture with ring and crosier had prevailed there also under the Merovingians. The acts of the councils of the second race show us, that when, in 858, Louis the German invaded the states of Charles the Bald, and wished to exact an oath of allegiance from the French bishops, these prelates,

assembled in council at Quiercy, strongly protested against this demand, not only in the name of the rights of their king, Charles, but also in virtue of their own. “The churches which God has given to our charge”, they said, “are not so far royal benefices and properties that a king can take them away or bestow them as seems good to him. And we, bishops consecrated to the Lord, are not men of such a class that we must submit ourselves, like seculars, by a tie of vassalage to such or such a one, or take an oath forbidden to us by authority of the Gospel, the Holy See, and the canons”. In her worst days, the Church of France has always preserved gleams of this ancient independence; while the German prelates, placed in a dependent position, have hardly ever known how to defend the common interests and rights of their Church, nor to keep themselves free from the character of creatures and dependants, which dated, for them, from the very origin of the German Church.

Such then, it seems to us, was, in the eleventh century, the general character of the history of the Church beyond the Rhine, with some glorious exceptions which have still to be pointed out. Under Gregory VII, investiture was incontestably a seal of the dependence of the Church of Germany, and a flagrant proof of its absorption by the political power. Investiture did not only prove the invasion of the domain of spiritual authority by lay power; it also implied an undeniable usurpation of ecclesiastical property. And, in fact, the estates which constituted the territorial endowment of bishoprics and other benefices were not composed only of fiefs or royal rights (such as those of coining money, holding markets, taking tolls... which the Church held simply from the royal bounty; they comprehended also many free or allodial lands, given in perpetual possession by their proprietors to different churches, and over which the emperor could claim no right whatever. And yet, in the solemn act of investiture, as it was conferred by princes in the time of Gregory VII, there was no difference made between these different kinds of property, any more than between the wholly spiritual nature of episcopal authority and the temporal relation of the bishops, as princes, to the heads of the empire. The extent of the lands and riches which their subordination to the emperor assured to the dignitaries of the Church, made all these momentous considerations vanish from their eyes. It was a bargain in which the two parties agreed to sacrifice the spiritual to the temporal. The clergy of the metropolitan see of Hamburg said, even in the twelfth century, in speaking of investiture, “It is an evil and a disgrace; but the most excellent emperors have redeemed it by the abundant riches which the Church has received from the crown. Thus provided for and honoured, she should no longer think herself dishonoured by such a subjection, nor blush to bow before one man that she may the better rule all others”.

It is to the eternal honour of the medieval papacy that it refused to sanction so mean a calculation. But there was a yet more fatal usurpation, which sprang directly from investiture—that of the right of election, which, as we have seen, had been gradually extinguished in favour of that of *designation*, exercised by the sovereign in the eleventh century. The King of Germany alone, with the more or less explicit assent of the bishops and temporal princes, nominated to all vacant bishoprics. The investiture to fiefs and landed property attached to the dioceses, which at first the sovereigns only accorded to clerks canonically elected, had thus become the *sine quá non* of the choice. The right of designating the bishop to the suffragans of the Church had ended by so absorbing the right of choosing him, that in the eyes of the greater number the two rights appeared inseparable. The ceremony of consecration was indeed judged necessary to confer the episcopal character; but the elect knew very well, and so did all the world, that he was only a real bishop from the moment he received from the royal hands the crosier and ring. Thus, then, by investiture, which always preceded consecration, the king or the emperor, in his own opinion, as well as that of the people,

conferred upon the man of his choice the whole bishopric, not only with all its domains, but with all the authority and all the prerogatives which belonged to it. No doubt the choice made by some princes sincerely devoted to good was often irreproachable—sometimes even of great use to the Church: but the order established by God for the government of His Church was none the less reversed; and the essential distinction of the *two powers*, the *two jurisdictions*, was gradually disappearing, to give place to a detestable confusion. Finally, the almost total assimilation of bishops and abbots with the great lay vassals reached the highest point of confusion and of scandal by the establishment of symbolic forms for investiture, such as were practised by the emperors of the house of Franconia. It is well known that the ring indicated the spiritual marriage of the bishop with his Church, and the crosier his purely spiritual authority over the flock of the faithful.

How, then, could the Church endure to see the august tokens of the divine mission of her pontiffs conferred by the hand of a layman, of whatever dignity? How could she admit the existence of any connection whatever between these mystic symbols and the wholly temporal obligations of the bishop towards his temporal suzerain? How could she fail to judge it necessary, even indispensable, to extirpate from the mind of the people the opinion, so radically false, that the apostolic institution of bishops sprang from the same source as their feudal subjection, and that the spiritual marriage of the prelate with his Church was imposed, sanctioned, and guaranteed by the temporal authority alone? We may therefore easily understand the words of sorrowful indignation which such a sacrilegious confusion wrung from Gregory VII in the last days of his life: "What! among all the nations of the earth, the national law secures to the poorest and most unfortunate woman the right of choosing, at her will, a lawful husband; and the holy Church, the bride of God, and our mother, bending under the yoke of impious passions and execrable customs, has not the right to remain united to her Divine husband, according to her own desires and the law of God! And the sons of this Church must be condemned, like children born of adultery and branded with infamy, to acknowledge heretics and usurpers as their fathers!" Must not this generous indignation have inspired in Gregory VII the ardent desire to re-establish the liberty of election in accordance with the ancient canons and the doctrine of the holy Fathers?

It was in the following terms that he expressed his resolution to the clergy and people of the patriarchate of Aquilaea, during the interval between the first and second sentences of condemnation pronounced by him against investitures: "There is an ancient and well-known law, sanctioned not by men, but by Christ our Lord and Saviour in the fullness of His wisdom, which says, '*He, that entereth in lay the, door is the shepherd of the sheep; but he that entereth by any other way is a thief and a robber*'. For this reason, that which has long been neglected on account of sin—that which has been, and still is, corrupted by a detestable custom—we wish now to restore and to renew, for the honour of God and the salvation of Christendom, so that in every church the bishop charged to govern the people of God, ordained according to the Word of truth, may be neither thief nor robber, but worthy of the name and office of a shepherd. Such is our will, such our strong desire, and such shall be, by the mercy of God, as long as we live, the object of our unwearied efforts. For the rest, we do not wish either to hinder that which belongs to the service of the King or to interfere with the fidelity due to him. We endeavour, therefore, to establish nothing new or of our own invention; we wish only that which the safety of all requires—namely, that in the ordination of bishops, according to the unanimous feelings of the holy Fathers, the authority of the Gospel and the canons should be, above all, observed". Then in this case, again, the innovation was entirely on the side of the adversaries of the Church. It was united also with a new enormity, which we have already pointed out—that of the

absorption of the sovereign pontificate by the imperial power. From the time of Otho I to that of Henry III, through a quarter of a century, Hildebrand had struggled against this excessive degradation and danger: first, by persuading Leo IX, named Pope by the emperor, to get his nomination ratified by the Roman Church; then by the decree of 1059, which gave the right of election to the cardinals, and annulled, with a trilling reservation, the imperial intervention; finally, by his own election, made without the consent of the German sovereign, and nevertheless confirmed by him. The glorious pontificate of Gregory set a seal on this gradual enfranchisement; and after him there was no longer any question of imperial confirmation. But this victory would have been sterile and incomplete, the Church would have but half escaped from her servitude, if the episcopate had remained under the yoke which the papacy had just shaken off. It was needful, then, to enfranchise the episcopal body, acting strictly in accordance with the ancient and inviolable rights of the Church; this was the necessary and immediate consequence of the emancipation of the papacy. Gregory VII understood this: having delivered the one, he resolved to break the chains of the other; and by the formal condemnation of investitures, he began the work of liberation and salvation, which, after fifty years of struggle and of danger, was to be accomplished by the concordat of Worms.

Without doubt, such a struggle might have been, if not saved, at least much shortened and modified; but this would have required the opponent to be a prince guided by Christian sentiments, ready to submit himself to the empire of faith, of virtue, and of reason. Gregory was, most certainly, a long way from feeling any systematic hostility towards the imperial power, or from seeking, as he has been so often and so childishly reproached with having done, to establish a sort of theocracy. His dream always was the close alliance of the temporal with the spiritual power, that they might work together for the good of humanity; which would not exclude the necessary subordination of the former to the latter in matters of conscience. But, as he wrote, immediately after his accession, to Duke Rodolph of Swabia, the chief of the German Catholics, “It was necessary that this alliance should be both open and pure; for just as the human body is guided by the physical light of its two eyes, so the two great powers of the Church and the empire, united by sincere religion, become the two eyes by which the spiritual light guides and enlightens the body of the Church”.

To correspond worthily with this great idea, and to make it the basis of a reform indispensable to the Church and to Christian society, needed a great man, a truly Christian king, such as Charlemagne, always filled with profound respect for spiritual power, or, better still, such as Alfred the Great, from whom history has transmitted to us these admirable words: “In the Church I am not king, but a simple citizen of the kingdom of Christ; and in this kingdom my duty is, not to rule the priests by my laws, but to submit myself humbly to the laws of Christ, as promulgated by His priests”. Assuredly, if such had been the case, if Charlemagne or Alfred the Great had been the one to meet Gregory VII, it can hardly be realised to what greatness such an alliance would have raised Christendom. But God did not will that it should be so, and perhaps we should bless Him for it; for had the battle been less arduous, less sanguinary, perhaps the victory would have been less evident and less complete. Who can say, too, whether some equivocal compromise, whence mischief would have arisen later with an energy the greater for being the longer repressed, might not have obstructed the necessary decrees, and prevented the existence of those immortal examples which have pledged the Church to follow a path whence she could not swerve without, inadmissible hypothesis, disavowing her own acts? It is because this was the view they took that some of the most eminent contemporaries of Gregory VII maintained that warfare, even the most serious, was not the greatest danger for the Church militant. “That

heavenly mother", said a bishop of the eleventh century, who died a martyr under the sword of the imperialists, "is not made, any more than her children are, for servitude. It is when she is most oppressed that she is nearest to deliverance; it is when men seek to crush her that they add to her strength and greatness. No man may become the fellow-citizen of Abel in the kingdom of heaven, unless he has suffered in this world from the malice of Cain. When the children of Jerusalem are in chains, they are captives but not slaves; they weep sitting by the waters of their place of exile, but they hang their harps on the willows by the banks, refusing to sing in a strange land, and ever sighing for their country far away". Unfortunately, Gregory, instead of having the support of a Charlemagne or an Alfred the Great, had to contend with a Henry IV, that is to say, with a man undoubtedly possessed of courage and talent, but without bridle, without restraint, at once hasty and perfidious, accustomed to shrink from no extremity, to use cunning and violence by turns, and who, according to the words of a contemporary, "had no sooner ascended the throne of his ancestors than he laboured with all his might to place the Church under his heel, to be trodden under foot, like a vile slave, by his accomplices".

With such an adversary, all compromise was impossible. In vain Gregory exhausted, during seven years, all means of conciliation; he was compelled to renounce all hope of this; and he then resolved, feeling that God had endowed him with a soul inaccessible to the weaknesses or deceptions of this world, to go on steadily in the path of justice and goodness.

Gregory VII, as every historian deserving of the name now confesses, proved himself worthy of the noblest mission given to man since the days of St. Peter. If it had been otherwise, if this immortal pontiff had not comprehended the full meaning of his task, if he had not consecrated all his genius and all the power of his Church to it, he would have sunk to the rank of the *pontifex maximus* of pagan Rome; Germany, under such a prince as Henry IV, would have offered to the world the same hideous spectacle as England under Henry VIII. Then would have been seen, in the former as in the latter country, bishops transformed into creatures of the tyrant, the Catholic nobility decimated by executions or dishonoured by complicity in sacrilege, the monasteries given up as a prey to greedy courtiers; all the glory and all the fruitfulness acquired by the Church of the middle ages would have been as if they had never existed; Christian society would have fallen back into the degradation of paganism; the world would have lost its light; the whole Church, fashioned to the pleasure of usurping laymen, would have sunk into that nothingness which the pride of impiety considers appropriate to her, and in which, among all schismatic nations, that phantom of association without independence which they dare to call a Church, lies buried in an ignoble sleep.

Let us hear on this subject the Anglican Bowden, whom the experience of religious revolutions has enlightened: "The system which the emperors of Germany wished to found," he says, "would have reduced the Church to the position of the organ and creature of secular power; and if it could have been consolidated, it would have bent this Church under the yoke of a degradation at once more cruel and more lasting than all the follies and all the vices of her pastors".

In another place the same writer adds: "The Church under pagan tyrants, who could only persecute her, would have had much less to suffer than under the yoke of so-called Christian monarchs, whose cause was identified with that of simony, impurity, and resistance to all interior reform, and whose power would have drawn, from the perfection of the feudal system, a solidity and a duration unknown to the tyrannies of

which she had formerly been the victim. But the high counsels of heaven did not permit so dreadful a triumph".

We must acknowledge that neither Fleury, nor even the illustrious Bossuet, always fearing lest a resemblance should be found between Henry IV and their great King Louis XIV, has understood as clearly as Bowden, an Englishman and a Protestant, the true nature of the great conflict of the eleventh century.

CHAPTER V

HOW AND WHY ST. GREGORY VII DEPOSED HENRY IV

The triumphant resistance of Gregory not only saved the Church, but also political liberty in Christendom, by repressing and chastising, through an altogether unprecedented exercise of authority, the detestable tyranny which threatened at the same time society and the Church. It is important here to prove, that in resisting the despotism of Henry IV, in employing against him the universally recognised supremacy of the papacy over all crowns and all powers, and in exercising his right of deposition, Gregory VII depended for support at once on the traditions of the Church, the public law of Europe, and the unanimous consent of the medieval nations.

Neither in the great social contest then begun, nor in questions relative to the internal discipline of the Church, did Gregory VII have recourse to any doctrine or proclaim any system of his own. On the contrary, he simply applied with strict equity, with extreme forbearance and courage, the law which contemporary princes firmly believed to be founded on reason and on religious and national traditions.

If there is one fact which is brought out more prominently than another by the study of medieval institutions, it is the essentially limited and conditional nature of power during the Catholic centuries. All the hereditary royalties of that period were tempered by the more or less frequent and direct intervention of the elective principle in all questions of contested minorities and successions. In general, the natural successor of a dead king was no more than the first candidate for the throne, and his authority was only recognised after it had been approved and ratified by the chiefs of the ecclesiastical and military orders in the ceremony of consecration.

Moreover, the modern idea of absolute power, unconditional and inalienable, was absolutely unknown to the Christian society of the middle ages. No emperor or king ever attained that supremacy without having sworn to the Church and people that he would fulfil certain conditions and defend certain rights. The election of Philip I, King of the French, contemporary of Gregory VII, is an example of this. At his consecration at Rheims, in 1059, in the lifetime of his father Henry, he began by swearing, before God and the saints, to preserve to the churches their canonical privileges, to render full justice to their claims, and to defend them as best he could with God's help, while at the same time promising to govern the nations confided to his care according to the laws and to equity; after which, the Archbishop of Rheims elected him king, the legates of the Pope being called upon to vote, but merely as a compliment, and not because the consent of the sovereign pontiff was thought necessary; after which, the twenty-four bishops and twenty-nine abbots present at the ceremony, the Duke of Aquitaine, the deputies of the Duke of Burgundy, the Counts of Flanders and Anjou, eleven other Counts, the Viscount de Limoges, gave their suffrages in succession and finally, the

knights and the people, small and great, who all cried three times, “We approve it, we desire it; so be it”.

There was, then, a reciprocal engagement between the sovereign on one part, the Church and the people on the other. The first obligation of kings was to profess the Catholic faith and to serve the Church; failing in this, they themselves destroyed their title and annulled the engagements made with them. Such was the unanimous belief of the middle ages.

From the fact that the royal power was thus limited and conditional, it resulted, naturally, that a king might and could be stopped, controlled, and restrained in the exercise of his authority, and, in case of need, deprived of the power which he had abused. On this point also all the medieval world was agreed. From the seventh century the laws of the Visigoths, as set forth in the famous code drawn up by the fathers of the Council of Toledo, in which we find one of the noblest monuments of the genius of the conquering German race, purified and interpreted by the wisdom of the Church, recognised as a well-established principle the responsibility of kings and possible transference of the supreme power. It is thus that the sixty-two bishops assembled at the fourth Council of Toledo, in 633, less than thirty years after the death of St. Gregory the Great, proclaimed the laws that regulated Christian royalty: “The king is thus named (*rex*), because he governs rightly: if he acts with justice, he possesses lawfully the title of king; if not, he loses it miserably. Our fathers, therefore, said with reason, “*Thou shall he king if thou dost well; hut if thou dost ill, thou shall he so no longer*”.

Amid the many stipulations intended to secure the legitimate authority of kings and the inviolability of their persons, the same council puts on record the following warning: “In all that refers to the reigning king, as well as to future kings, we promulgate, in the fear of God, this sentence : If any one among them, despising the canons and the laws, and urged into crime by pride, by the arrogance of royalty, or by greed, shall exercise his authority over his people with cruelty, may he be smitten by our Lord Christ with His anathema, may he suffer separation from God and condemnation by the people”.

Two centuries later, in 829, the Council of Paris, assembled by the command of Louis le Debonnaire, made, in the name of the Church of France, a solemn and detailed declaration of the rights and duties of royalty. This Act, at its commencement, is almost a textual repetition of the great principle enunciated by the Fathers of Toledo: “The king is thus called on account of the rectitude of his conduct: if he governs with justice, piety, and mercy, he is worthy to be called king; *if he fails in these qualities, he is not a king, but a tyrant”.*

Further on, the Fathers of Paris repeat the same sentence, quoting it from St. Isidore, metropolitan of Seville, who presided at the fourth Council of Toledo. They then add the following magnificent definition of the *divine right* of royalty, so strangely confounded by modern theologians and publicists with the principle of heredity: “Let no king say to himself that his kingdom comes to him from his ancestors, but let him believe humbly and sincerely that he holds it from God—from that God who said by His prophet Jeremiah to the children of Israel: ‘*Thus shall ye say unto your masters; I have made the earth, the man and the least that are upon the ground, by My great power and by My outstretched arm, and have given it unto whom it seemed meet unto Me’.* (*Jer.* XXVII.) Those who believe that their kingdom came to them from their ancestors rather than from God, are those whom the Lord reproved by the mouth of His prophet, saying, ‘*They have set up kings, but not by Me: they have made princes, and I*

knew it not' (*Hosea* VIII.) Now, to be unknown of God is to be reproved by Him; thus whosoever has temporal authority over other men ought to understand that it is confided to him by God and not by man. Some reign by the grace of God, others by His permission. Those who reign with piety, justice, and mercy, reign, without doubt, by the grace of God: others do not reign by His grace, but by His permission only; and it is of them that the Lord has said by the prophet Hosea, '*I gave thee a king in My anger'*. It is of them Job speaks when he says, '*It is God who makes the hypocrite reign on account of the sins of the people'*."

Following the example of the Council of Paris, the Councils of Aix-la-Chapelle, held 836, after the re-establishment of Louis le Debonnaire on the imperial throne, and of Mayence, 888, at the time of the final separation of the French and German monarchies, both proclaimed, at the beginning of their Acts, the doctrine of St. Isidore, of the Fathers of Toledo, and of the Council of Paris, upon the change of royalty into tyranny. At the same epoch the great Pope St. Nicholas I, showing himself entirely in accord with these principles, wrote to Bishop Adventitius of Metz: "What you tell me of your submission to kings and princes, according to the words of the apostle, '*Sive Rege tanquam praecellenti*' pleases me much; see, however, that these kings and princes whose authority you thus acknowledge are really kings and princes. See first of all if they govern themselves well, then if they govern their people well. See if they rule in virtue of the law, for otherwise they must be held tyrants rather than kings, and your duty would be to resist and oppose them rather than to obey them".

By a curious coincidence, Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims, an illustrious contemporary of Pope Nicholas, sometimes opposed to the Holy See, and whom many writers, one copying the other, quote as the first author of the pretended Galilean liberties, wrote to King Louis III in these words : "It is not you who have elected me to be the head of the Church, but I and my colleagues, with other faithful servants of God and of your ancestors, who have elected you to govern the kingdom on condition that you keep those laws which you are bound to obey".

In England the same doctrine existed; the famous laws called the laws of Edward the Confessor, promulgated anew by William the Conqueror, declared that "the king, vicar of the greatest king, is endued with supreme power, in order that he may respect and venerate above all the Holy Church of God, and govern the earthly kingdom and people of the Lord, to protect them against wicked men, to extirpate and annihilate evil-doers; if he does not do this, he ought to be deprived even of the very title of king".

Thus the axiom which summed up this principle with most canonical brevity, "*Thou shalt be king if thou dost well; if thou dost ill thou shalt be so no longer*",—an axiom which the Fathers at Toledo quoted as old in the seventh century—retained all its force in the eleventh, and was constantly appealed to in Catholic writings against the imperialists.

For the rest, written proofs are superfluous, for facts speak louder than laws. In those times, as the Count le Maistre has well said, "Thanks to the Roman Church, the great European charter was proclaimed, not on mere paper, nor by the voice of common criers, but in all the hearts of Europe, then entirely Catholic".

The necessity and lawfulness of restraining the abuses of royal power once admitted, it became necessary to decide by whom this restraining authority should be exercised, and to what hands should be confided the redoubtable mission of judging and punishing kings.

The men of the time, nobles and bishops, at once feudatories of royalty and representatives of the body of the people, were fully resolved in no way to relinquish such a prerogative; and they evidently believed that they had the right, in case of need, to take the initiative and exercise unreservedly this extreme power. Thus the French nobles and prelates twice overthrew the dynasty which governed them, which was also done by the German princes, who deposed Henry and elected Rodolph of Swabia, *without the Pope's consent*. But a just and salutary instinct as to the necessary existence of some principle of authority in this world, seems to have early revealed to them that this restraining force, to be efficacious and respected, ought to be exercised with as much prudence and charity as energy and courage, and that these conditions could not be found united anywhere to the same degree as in the head of the universal Church. Kings were more interested than anyone in the universal acceptance of such an opinion: for it carried their cause before the most august and impartial tribunal which could exist in the world: it placed their interests in the hands which could always best unite justice with indulgence, and Christian liberty with respect for human greatness. The Popes accepted this mission, but they had not sought it. It fell into their hands in virtue of the needs of society, as well as of the incomparable majesty of the power which they derived from God Himself. It had been yielded to them, as it were, by the unanimous suffrage of Christendom, which by degrees, from the eighth to the eleventh century, formed itself into a great European law. This law is clearly expressed in the following words, addressed to the head of the Church by a French monk half a century before Gregory VII's accession to the pontificate: "We know, reverend Father, that thou hast been made vicar of the universal Church in place of the Blessed Peter, so as to raise up those who are unjustly oppressed, and to restrain, by the authority of St. Peter, those who raise their heads more highly than they ought to do".

It was thus acknowledged then, by the whole world, that temporal sovereignty was amenable to the Church, and that at the same time the vicar of that God to whom kings would have to give account of their actions in the other world, ought to be their judge in this. It did not result from this, as prejudiced and superficial judges have affirmed, that the great principle of the *distinction and relative independence of the two powers, spiritual and temporal*, was despised and misunderstood. This principle, which has so often been brought forward as a weapon against the Church, but which she has always been able to turn against her adversaries, was then admitted and recognised by the doctors and pontiffs most devoted to the freedom of the Church. St. Gregory VII had himself proclaimed it in the letter already quoted, where he declares that the priesthood and the imperial authority are the two eyes by which the spiritual light should rule and illuminate the body of the Church. Two centuries earlier, in 881, the Fathers of the Council of Rheims, under the guidance of the famous Hincmar, to whose proud words we called attention a little while back, had protested in magnificent language against all confusion of the two powers. This was proscribed, because with it would have come back that confusion between the priesthood and the empire which existed among the pagans before its destruction by Christ, for the salvation of souls and the succouring of human frailty. "Our Lord Jesus Christ alone", they said, "was able to be at once true king and true priest; but since He ascended into heaven, no king has dared to usurp the pontifical, no pontiff the royal power. In Him existed together, by the fact of His glorious birth, the kingdom and the priesthood : but He remembered human weakness; He provided, with generous care, for the safety of His people He would have salvation worked out by a salutary humility, not imperilled afresh by human pride: and this is why, modifying the state of things which existed among the pagans before His incarnation, where the same man was emperor and sovereign pontiff, He has tempered and separated the dignities and functions of the two powers in such a manner that Christian kings should not be able to do without pontiffs, if they

would gain eternal life; and that, on the other hand, the pontiffs should be obliged to use the royal laws in the course of temporal affairs in such a way as to preserve the spiritual life from the encroachments of the flesh, that he who fights for God should not entirely avoid all secular burdens, and at the same time, he who has to bear these burdens should not appear to preside over the things of God".

It is evident, then, that no one claimed that all temporal rulers should receive their jurisdiction from the Church, nor that the Church should interpose directly in secular affairs. But this distinction, though incontestable and uncontested, could not, in the midst of a society exclusively Christian and Catholic, have the same range or the same urgency as at the present day. Because the two powers were distinct, and in several points independent of each other, it did not follow, in the eyes of any Christian, that they were equal. On the contrary, the superiority of the spiritual power in dignity, plenitude, and extent was universally acknowledged. The French bishops assembled at the Council of Rheims in 881, after the declaration we have just quoted as to the distinction of the two powers, continued in these words : "The dignity of the pontiffs is the more superior to that of the kings, that these kings are consecrated by the pontiffs, while the pontiffs cannot be so by kings; and the responsibility of the pontiffs is the heavier, that they have to render account for the actions of kings, as well as of other men, at the judgement of God".

These expressions, already sanctioned by the French bishops at the Council of Paris in 829, and by the German bishops at that of Aix-la-Chapelle in 830, were almost the same as those used in the fifth century by Pope St. Gelasius to the Emperor Anastasius. About the same time, in 833, Pope Gregory IV, in a letter of reprimand addressed to the bishops of France, and drawn up by the holy abbot Wala, cousin to Charlemagne, expressed himself thus: "You ought not to be ignorant that the government of souls which belongs to the pontiffs, is above that of temporal matters, which belongs to the emperors". And the Pope quoted St. Gregory Nazianzen, who, preaching before the emperors of Constantinople, said to them: "If you have received the liberty of the Word, you must admit without difficulty that the law of Christ has placed you in subjection to our sacerdotal authority and to our tribunals, and that He has given us a power and a sovereignty far more perfect than yours; else would you be forced to hold that the spirit should be subordinated to the flesh, heaven to earth, and God to man".

Gregory VII, then, said nothing which should have seemed strange or new when, in his famous letter to the Bishop of Metz, after having reminded him that, in the very words of St. Ambrose, gold is not more superior to lead than the priesthood to royalty, he added: "Your fraternity must remember that a simple exorcist is endowed with a greater power than is given to any layman whatsoever invested with secular dominion; for this exorcist is constituted a spiritual emperor, to bring about the expulsion of demons".

Besides, we must not forget that in the eyes of the men of that age the two powers, though distinct in their object, their limits, and, above all, in their exercise, had one origin and one sanction: the Divine institution. The Church and society formed but one and the same body, governed by two different forces, of which one was, by its nature, essentially inferior to the other.

It is thus that the subordination of all Christians, not excepting crowned heads, to the pontifical authority, led, in certain extreme cases, to the subordination of the Crown itself. Nobody, indeed, being able to deny to the Church the right of directing

consciences in temporal matters, of determining the nature of sin, of defining the limits of good and evil, it was concluded that to her should belong the right of settling those questions of conscience which were connected with the government of society. To provoke the Church, as did in succession nearly all the nations of Christendom—to exercise the functions of arbitrator between subjects and kings—and to employ against the crimes or abuses of sovereignty that penal system which entered into every medieval constitution, was to extend the authority of that Church beyond the bounds indispensable to its existence, but was not, as has been said, to bridge a gulf: it was believed then that the pastoral authority to which the right had been given, according to the apostle, to judge angels, to bind and loose in heaven, must have the right to judge, as a last resort, in terrestrial causes; and no one was surprised to find that the Church, which had received from God full power to procure the salvation of souls, should also have that of saving society and repressing the excesses of those by whom it was disturbed. It is possible that this faith, peculiar to the times of which we are speaking, might be difficult to reconcile with the vital principle of the distinction of the two powers: but logic is not always infallible nor always beneficent; and if we have here a political or theological inconsequence, it may well be affirmed that there never was one more happy and more legitimate. Never has there been found a system more justly and naturally applicable to a society where religion had gained a universal and uncontested ascendancy; and never, certainly, has one been imagined better calculated at once to maintain and control the sovereign authority.

In fact, the right to depose and supersede incapable or criminal kings, after having subjected them to public penance, was exercised by the bishops as well as by popes, and even before popes. We find a memorable example of this in the life of Wamba, King of the Spanish Visigoths. This prince was obliged by the Spanish bishops to retain the monastic habit which he had adopted during a severe illness; and after his deposition, the Fathers of the twelfth Council of Toledo, in 681, released his subjects from their oath of allegiance.

We find also the French bishops, with the Archbishop of Rheims at their head, sanctioning and proclaiming, in spite of the Pope, the deposition of the Emperor Louis le Debonnaire, at the Council of Compiègne, in 833; and though this unjust sentence was annulled, and though it excited general indignation throughout Christendom, it is not said in any contemporary monument that the right, in virtue of which the bishops acted, was ever contested.

As to the exercise of an analogous power by the popes, Fleury himself allows that two hundred years before Gregory VII, the sovereign pontiffs had begun to decide upon the rights of monarchs. We do not know, indeed, why the historian limits himself to this period of two centuries; for, as early as 752, it is well known that Pope Zacharias had been called upon by the Franks to give judgment upon the question of the expulsion of the Merovingian race. As to the imperial dignity, which was then the highest form of temporal authority, and constituted a sort of special fief of the Holy See, it could only be conferred by the Pope, and after the prince had taken a solemn oath to devote himself to the defence of the Church.

By accepting the imperial crown from the hands of Leo III, Charlemagne had, in the eyes of all Western Europe, ratified the universal supremacy of the Roman pontiff. His successors, Louis le Debonnaire and Lothaire, acknowledged after him that the imperial dignity was derived only from papal consecration; and the Emperor Louis II, writing to Basil, the Macedonian emperor of the East, to justify his ancestors for having assumed the imperial title, founds their right exclusively on the fact of the imperial

power being conferred on them by the judgement of the Church and the unction by the sovereign pontiff.

Otho the Great—who delivered the papacy from the dangers which threatened it in Italy, and recovered the imperial dignity for the royal family of Germany, in whose hands it has remained ever since—before being consecrated emperor, and even before entering Rome, had been obliged to swear fidelity to the Roman Church and to the Pope, whose fate was in his hands. The Emperor St. Henry had sworn the same oath to Pope Benedict VIII; and, curiously enough, the Emperor Henry III, father of Gregory VII's great adversary, though reputed absolute master of the destinies of the papacy, invoked the pontifical authority against the King of Castile, who had arrogated to himself the title of emperor; and the judge and arbiter of the controversy was Hildebrand, then legate of Pope Victor II at the Council of Tours. After all this, can we be surprised that nations should attribute to the authority which thus conferred the supreme dignity in temporal affairs, the right to withdraw it in certain cases from its possessors?

But we must add that the right of deposition was derived from a yet more certain source—that is to say, from the power of excommunication exercised from the earliest times by the Church—a punishment which, once pronounced, involved the breaking off of all relations with the faithful, and, with still greater reason, the loss of all dignity and authority: unless the guilty person succeeded in obtaining absolution during the year which followed the promulgation of the sentence. This was the universal and acknowledged law of the middle ages—a law recognised and accepted by all temporal authorities, as well as by the spiritual power, and adopted by the unanimous consent of nations, and especially by the German race.

There was no exception in favour of kings. On the contrary, we may say that it was against them, in case of obstinate resistance to the judgements of the Church, that repressive laws and decrees were specially directed. How, indeed, in the midst of a society entirely penetrated by Catholicism, would it have been possible to imagine the maintenance of supreme authority in the hands of a man excluded, by his own will, from the sacraments of the Church? Was it not to be expected that the excommunicated impenitent, after having betrayed God, would also betray the fidelity he had sworn to his people?

Henry IV, even when he procured from his bishops a sentence of deposition against Gregory VII, acknowledged that he himself might be deposed if he abandoned the faith. The monarch's defenders contented themselves, says Fleury, with declaring that a sovereign could not be excommunicated,—a pretension absurd in itself, which was assailed by Gregory in his famous letters to Hermann, Bishop of Metz, and which besides was, as a matter of fact, contradicted by numerous examples from the time when St. Ambrose gave sentence against the Great Theodosius, to that of the recent excommunication by Gregory V of Robert, King of the French. Apart from these facts, however, the right of excommunication and of eventual deposition was proved in the celebrated charters granted by Gregory the Great, who, while granting certain privileges to the Hospice of Autun and the monastery of St, Medard of Soissons, declared all laymen, even sovereigns, who should violate these privileges, deprived of their dignity. Gregory VII more than once took care to shelter himself under the imposing authority of the most illustrious of his predecessors.

The lawfulness of the sentence pronounced by Gregory VII against Henry IV was acknowledged by the *unanimous voice* of the princes and prelates assembled at Tribur

in October 1076, who ratified it in the most solemn manner, declaring that, in conformity with the laws of the Germanic empire, the king must be irrevocably deprived and stripped of his crown if he did not obtain absolution before the term fixed in the sentence of excommunication (February 13, 1076).

The most devoted partisans of Henry IV, even the bishops who took part in the sentence of deposition pronounced in the name of the emperor against Gregory, at Worms, declared to the monarch that they could only remain faithful to him on condition of his obtaining the required absolution. Henry feigned to yield to the advice given him; but it was really in obedience to the most subtle policy that he secretly crossed the Alps in mid-winter, and, to the great surprise of all, and against the will of Gregory, made his appearance at Canossa in order to humble himself before the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to obtain absolution before any act of accusation against him had been read, and before the expiration of the fatal year.

Thanks to the indulgence of Gregory, and to the intervention of the Countess Matilda, the prince's manoeuvre succeeded. By the help of some outward show of repentance and of penance, and on the simple promise that he would appear before the diet of German nobles, to be judged, whenever Gregory should require it, and that he would submit to the sentence of the assembly presided over by the Pope, Henry obtained that absolution the urgent need of which he understood too well not to desire it ardently. Thus the famous absolution of Canossa, far from being, as has so often been asserted, a humiliation imposed by the pontiff, was, on the contrary, a kindness, a favour, implored with eagerness and obtained by address, and for which Henry, in presence of his mother, feigned the warmest gratitude, and a desire to render himself worthy of it by docile acceptance of all its stipulations! It was only at a later period, after having fully profited by that stroke of policy, that the king protested against the pontifical jurisdiction, furious at the election of Rodolph by the German princes, and yielding to the evil counsels of the bishops and nobles of Germany, who threatened to put his son in his place; "because", they said, "he had humbled his pride before the Pope". We may judge from these facts how little the modern theory of the inalienable nature of royal power was then known or believed in even by the bitterest enemies of the Holy See. Henry IV perfectly understood that by his submission he should disarm his most formidable enemies and strike a terrible blow at the confederates.

It must be allowed, however, that towards the end of the reign of Gregory VII certain prelates, servilely devoted to the debauched prince who justified their own misdemeanours, invented, for the benefit of their cause, a doctrine which tended to liberate from all responsibility and all restraint the kings whose crimes were most patent and whose vices were most shameful. But this doctrine, which a contemporary declares to be unheard of, and incompatible with the laws of the time, was greeted with mingled surprise and horror by Catholics; and we cannot quote, from the tenth century to the fourteenth, a single doctor known and esteemed in the Church who would have dared to admit it; while the contrary doctrine, that of the conditional and limited nature of royal power, and of the responsibility of sovereigns to the vicar of Christ, was professed and defended by the most eminent doctors of the Church, and accepted by the sovereigns of the different nations until the seventeenth century.

Other apologists of the excommunicated king employed against the Catholics an argument drawn from the oath of fealty which the vassals of the empire, ecclesiastics as well as seculars, had sworn to him. But the religious party found no difficulty in refuting this. St. Gebhard, Archbishop of Salzburg, the most eminent prelate of the Catholic party in Germany, spoke thus:

"Real treason towards a prince consists in sustaining and encouraging him in enterprises which lead to dishonour and ruin. To help him in his crimes under pretext of fidelity, to complete the work of cruelty and falsehood, is to fail both in faith and duty: by this means we should be compelled to disobey the Pope, and hold communion with the excommunicated; and in order not to break faith with the prince, must fall into the old dilemma of pagan persecutors. *If you would be Caesars friend, sacrifice to the gods; if not, give yourself up to execution*: and thus would break our faith to the King of kings, and transform ourselves into apostates and infidels towards God. We have never pledged our faith to anything which was incompatible with the duties of our order. What!" added the prelate, addressing himself especially to the bishops, "you speak of the promise which binds you to the prince, and you forget that you have sworn faith and obedience to the blessed Peter and his successors! Do you put a higher value upon the oath sworn in the bed-chamber of the king, or in his court amidst the tumult of the palace, than of that which you took before the holy altar, on the relics of the martyrs, and in presence of Christ and of His Church?"

Thus spoke the orthodox bishops; and if laymen expressed themselves in different terms, it was at least in the same spirit: "Yes", said the ambassadors of the insurgent Saxons to Henry IV in 1073, "we have taken an oath of allegiance to you; but on condition that you should reign for the edification and not for the destruction of the Church; on condition that you should follow justice, the law, and the customs of our fathers, and that you should maintain inviolable to each one his rank, to each his dignity, to each the protection of the laws. But if you begin by violating these conditions, then we are no longer bound by our oath, and can lawfully wage war with you, as with a barbarous enemy, the oppressor of the Christian name; and while a spark of life remains within us, we will contend against you for the Church of God, for the Christian faith, and for our freedom!"

It is, further, essential to remark, that the just and lawful right of excommunication, as well as that of deposition which proceeded from it, were applicable not solely to the empire, which was an elective dignity, attached, as has been said, by a special tie to the Holy See. The language used by St. Gregory VII regarding Philip, king of the French, although the latter was the head of a hereditary and independent kingdom, will prove this. The very year of his accession, Gregory, indignant at the odious conduct of Philip, whose perverse cupidity and tyrannical violence were beyond all restraint, and who treated the Church not as a mother, but as a servant, wrote in these terms to the Bishop of Châlons:

"If Philip will not amend, let him be certain that we will not suffer him to oppress the Church of God much longer, and that by the authority of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul we will chastise his obstinate disobedience with the severest canonical discipline. One of two things; either the king shall entirely renounce the shameful traffic of heretical simony, and allow that only priests worthy of our confidence should be chosen as bishops—or the French, struck by a general anathema, shall cease to obey a prince who, unless he abandon the course he is now following, will end by apostasy from Christian faith".

The following year Gregory VII addressed to all the bishops of France an eloquent utterance of his indignation on the subject of the pillage to which merchants and pilgrims were subject, and, condemning other vices of the time, attributed their origin to Philip of France: "a wretched and useless prince, to whom the name of king should no longer be given, since he was a tyrant who gave his support to all sorts of crime, encouraging evil-doers by his example".

The Pope then reproaches the bishops with having made themselves the king's accomplices by the weakness of their opposition, and begs them to work upon the fears of Philip by threatening him with a general interdict. “And if”, adds Gregory, “this chastisement does not bring him to repentance, we would have everyone know that, with God’s help, we will use all means to deliver the realm of France from such a king”. The Pontiff, at the same time, charged William of Poitiers, Duke of Aquitaine, to come to an understanding with some of the chief nobles of the kingdom, in order to exhort the royal offender, and bring him to acknowledge his iniquities and change his life. If they should not succeed, the Pope pledged himself solemnly to excommunicate Philip of France, and all who should continue to recognise him as king, in the approaching Council at Rome. “We declare”, added the holy father, “that we will confirm this excommunication on the altar of St. Peter, for we have too long concealed, out of regard for the lord king, the injuries done to the Church; but now let him know that his perversity has become so scandalous, that even if he possessed the enormous power used by the pagan emperors against the holy martyrs, no fear of him should induce us to leave his guilt unpunished”.

There is nothing in the writings of the time to show that these public assertions of a supreme and controlling authority produced the smallest remonstrance from the subjects of the kingdom, either clerical or lay. Philip probably succeeded, by promises and pretences of reform, in turning aside the storm which threatened him; but having fallen back, during the next pontificate, into still more shameful misconduct, the Holy See, at the Council of Clermont, finally launched against him the sentence of excommunication; and the king, like Henry IV at Canossa, had to obtain absolution from the Pope before the expiration of the year, in order to escape the deposition which awaited every sovereign who refused to humble himself.

William the Conqueror has been much applauded for refusing the oath of fidelity demanded of him by Gregory VII; and Bossuet has not hesitated to stigmatise with the title of “shameless encroacher” the illustrious Pontiff, who, nevertheless, did but require from the victor of Hastings a homage which all the emperors of the West were bound to render to the Holy See. The great bishop should have remembered that William, before undertaking the conquest of England, had thought fit to consult the Holy See as to the right which he supposed himself to have to the throne of Great Britain, and that it was owing to the mediation of Hildebrand, then a cardinal, that Alexander II consented to recognise the legitimacy of his claim. A Norman chronicle adds to this, that the Bastard of Normandy had sworn that if he succeeded he would hold his kingdom from God and the holy father as His vicar, and from no one else.

Gregory was, then, perfectly authorised to claim the execution of a promise made, and to exercise a sort of supremacy over a State, the head of which, by his own will, had appealed to the Holy See to sanction his title. William, moreover, in no way contested the right of the Pope to the general supremacy of which we have just spoken; he simply denied that he himself had made any promise. Gregory did not insist: but he refused, in his turn, the arrears of tribute which William offered in compensation; “for”, he said to his legate, with just and Christian pride, “I will not accept money without submission”.

There were, besides, other States over which the papacy could and did exercise, not only the right of control belonging to its spiritual supremacy, but also a direct and special suzerainty, in virtue of ancient traditions or express donations made by the formal vow of the interested parties. These were either isolated and feeble countries, or kingdoms scarcely delivered from the pagan yoke, or newly entered, for other reasons, into the great Christian family. Let us instance, for example, in the first place, the new

State formed by Norman warriors in the Two Sicilies. History teaches us that the glorious founder of this little kingdom, Robert Guiscard, set forth its origin and conditions of existence, in his reply to the ambassadors of Henry IV, who offered him, in that prince's name, the title of king if he would agree to hold it from the empire, as follows:

"I have delivered this land from the power of the Greeks, with great effusion of blood, great poverty, and great misery; to restrain the pride of the Saracens, I have endured beyond seas hunger and many tribulations; and, that I might obtain the help of God, that my superior, St. Peter, and my lord, St. Paul, to whom all the kingdoms of the world are subject, might pray God for me, I have chosen to submit myself to their vicar, the Pope, with all the land I have conquered, desiring to receive it back from the hand of the Pope, so that, through the power of God, I may protect myself from the malice of the Saracens, and may vanquish the pride of the Greeks, who had subjected all Sicily. Now that Almighty God, having given me glory in victory, has subdued under me a land once dominated by an oppressor, I have become greater than any other among my people; and as it is fitting for me to be the subject of that God whose grace has made me victorious, it is from Him that I acknowledge myself to hold that land which you say you are willing to give me". We may mention also Corsica, Sardinia, Dalmatia, Spain, Provence, Hungary, Servia, Russia, and Poland, among the countries over which Gregory VII claimed and exercised a temporal and direct supremacy, which, we may fearlessly affirm, was a true benefit to these little countries.

Far from wishing to wound their dignity or their independence, it was, on the contrary, to protect and assert both, that Gregory stretched the sword of his authority over those small nations continually threatened either by their powerful neighbours or by the German emperors, who, for the most part, claimed a general supremacy over all crowns. It is true that, to punish Boleslas the Cruel for having cut to pieces St. Stanislas, Bishop of Cracow, who had resisted him, Gregory dethroned the tyrant, and deprived Poland of the title of kingdom; but was not this sentence, against which no one rebelled, and which rid Poland of a monster, founded on the very conditions of the royal dignity, in a country whose sovereigns had formerly solicited and obtained the title of king from the Holy See? On the other hand, the Pope protected the rising sovereignty of Russia, which was then Catholic, against the encroachment of the Poles; and he granted to the son of Demetrius, King of the Russians, with the latter's express consent, the right of holding his kingdom from the Holy See as a gift of St. Peter. Having conferred the title of king on another Demetrius, Duke of the Slavs of Croatia and Dalmatia, Gregory watched over that new nationality with jealous care; and he thus addresses, in a letter, one of the nobles of the country, who, after having sworn fidelity to St. Peter, had nevertheless taken up arms against the new king : "We warn your lordship, and command you, in the name of the blessed Peter, no longer to dare to make war on your sovereign; for be assured, whatever you attempt against him, you attempt against the Apostolic See. If you have any complaint to make against your king, it is from us you should demand judgement --it is from us you should expect justice-- rather than take arms against him in contempt of the Holy See. If you do not repent of your temerity, if you attempt to contravene our order, know, and hold for certain, that we will draw against you the sword of the blessed Peter, and that we will punish you and your adherents, if you do not at once show yourself penitent."

Again, if Gregory VII interfered with the succession to the throne of Hungary, it was to prevent that kingdom, whose founder, St. Stephen, had received from Rome the crown and title of Apostolic, from becoming, by the fault of one of its claimants, a fief of the realm of Germany. "You know," the Pope wrote to the Hungarian sovereign, "that

the Kingdom of Hungary, like many others, ought to be free, and dependent on no other sovereignty except that of the holy and universal Roman Church, her mother, whose subjects are treated, not as serfs, but as sons". And elsewhere: “This most noble kingdom ought to flourish in peace, and maintain its own sovereignty, that its king may not degenerate into a kinglet. But by despising the noble patronage of St. Peter, on which, as you know, the country depends, King Solomon has reduced himself to the necessity of submitting to the German king, and become nothing more than a kinglet”.

Thus the proud and jealous independence of the Hungarian people, so carefully preserved through so many ages, had for its first defender against the power of Germany no other than the Pope St, Gregory VII.

We conclude, then, from all which has gone before, that in the political direction of Christian society, as well as in the government of the Church, Gregory VII was no innovator, added nothing to the doctrines of his predecessors, and contented himself with being the first to apply rigorously a rule which was deeply rooted in the convictions of all Christian nations. But this is not all; good faith obliges us to acknowledge that in acting upon this rule, Gregory, as he wrote to the faithful in Germany, firmly believed himself to be fulfilling a duty imposed by both human and divine law.

We may remark, however, that the ancient right which Gregory VII has been blamed for exercising had never, in the middle ages, been contested by any but those who suffered from it. And when has the world accepted as competent judges of the lawfulness of a decision those whom it condemned? In the middle ages, no one doubted that the Church had the right to punish; but sometimes the punishment itself was resisted. In modern times, on the contrary, it is allowed that the punishment may be merited, but the right of applying it has been contested as an excess of pretension. The result is, that the right and the fact being both admitted and approved by judges different indeed, but in harmony on a point where their impartiality cannot be suspected, thus constitute between them a judgement beyond appeal.

There is another point of view which deserves in the highest degree the sympathetic attention of lovers of the truth. Beyond the questions of divine right and of Catholic tradition, we are bound to acknowledge that the principles and conduct of St. Gregory have rendered the most signal service to the political constitution of Christian Europe, and to the maintenance of those liberties which then secured society against despotism. Medieval Christianity had a just horror of the monstrous absorption of all social forces in a single power, without limit and without control; its beliefs, its traditions, and its customs, all agreed in inspiring an invincible repulsion against unlimited and unconditional monarchy, such as pagan Rome had endured under the emperors, and such as still existed, in all its ignominy, among the Greeks at Constantinople. Thanks to the support afforded by the papacy, Christendom long escaped this odious yoke. Gregory, by beginning the glorious and pregnant struggle known under the name of the *War of Investitures*, or the *War of the Priesthood against the Empire*, had the honour of retarding for several centuries the advent of absolute power in Europe, and the victory of pagan traditions, which since that time have made of the European nations a collection of passive crowds and busy officials; of the law and its interpreters mere instruments of despotism; of the court of sovereigns an antechamber; of royalty an idol; and of the Church a handmaid.

Superficial writers have seen in the efforts of Gregory a reaction against the feudal system: this, however, shows great ignorance both of the nature of that system

and of the mind of the Pontiff. Monarchical power, then as always, tended to aggrandise itself to an indefinite extent; the principle of the medieval social constitution was to temper royal authority by that of the nobles and bishops.

The latter class often formed the majority in the political assemblies of the empire and other Christian kingdoms; the hereditary descent of the great fiefs guaranteed the independence of the lay feudatories; but the prelates would have been only the servile instruments of monarchic ambition and despotism if kings, using and abusing simony and investiture, had become absolute masters of ecclesiastical dignities, and had been able to choose as they pleased, among the obscure and unworthy clerks who filled their palaces, docile creatures of their own to place in the quality of bishops or abbots at the head of the government of States and in the great national councils. Social equilibrium would thus necessarily have been destroyed; it could be maintained only by the purity of ecclesiastical election, which, in its turn, could only be secured by the energetic resistance and independence of the Roman pontificate. We see then, finally, that it was the papacy on which depended the maintenance of the social constitution of the middle ages; and this explains why, in their struggle with the emperors, the popes could always count on the support of all the great lay vassals who were not allied to the reigning dynasty by ties of blood or by the immediate origin of their fortune.

This support did not fail Gregory VII; and on his side he never failed those brave men who perceived the advantage of finding, in the highest authority of the Christian world, an effectual help against the encroachments of imperial power. This is the secret of the alliance which for so long attached, more or less closely, to the cause of the papacy, not only all the princes of Saxony or Lower Germany, but also those of the south, such as Rodolph, Duke of Swabia; Welf, Duke of Bavaria; the powerful house of Zöhringen the Counts of Steffeln, of Stühlingen, of Toggenburg, and many others.

All these laymen fought with energy and perseverance under the banners of the Church against Henry IV; while the great majority of the German bishops, who owed their sees to simony, held by the Emperor and supported him with all their might. The princes and nobles of Germany, beside the indignation which they must have felt as Christians at sight of the triumph of simony and the terrible scandals of their king's private life, had also to reproach him with most serious inroads upon the rights and liberties guaranteed by the constitution of the empire, and on the dignity and independence of each member of the great German race.

Surrounded by his false bishops, and by those men of low birth whom he had raised to the highest honour, Henry meditated the destruction of the nobility, which then, with the clergy, composed the real and legal power of the nation. The means he employed were, confiscation of the greatest fiefs of the empire, impositions levied at the imperial caprice, arbitrary imprisonments, oppressions, and violence of all kinds. His avowed object, says an old German chronicle, was “to leave alive in his kingdom no other lord but himself, so that he might be the sole master of all”. To attain this he was forced to build fortresses, not, as the princes declared at the Diet of Tribur in 1076, for the protection of the empire against the pagans, but to destroy all security in the country, to bow the heads of free men under the yoke of the hardest servitude. The blood of innumerable innocent persons flowed by his orders, with no other reason, as St. Gebhard, Archbishop of Salzburg, declared, than “to make serfs of those whose fathers had been free men”.

In such circumstances, the heads of the nobility and the Church, founding their action on the laws of their country and age, thought themselves fully authorised in

deposing the prince guilty of such attacks upon the accepted constitution of society. We may find some aid in understanding their motives in the works of a contemporary historian of the struggle, who, after quoting the example of the French and of King Childeric III, continues thus: “Free men had chosen Henry for king, on condition that he should justly judge and wisely govern those who had elected him. But this compact the prince continually violated and treated with contempt, oppressing his subjects, and forcing as many Christians as he could to violate the laws of religion. *For these reasons, and without the aid of the pontifical sentence*, the German princes might, in all justice, have refused to recognise him as king, since he had broken the agreement accepted by him as the condition of his election. Now, this compact having been torn in twain, is it not evident that Henry had ceased to be king, he whose entire aim it had been not to govern his subjects, but to plunge them into error? Is it not certain that every vassal is bound by his oath of fidelity to his lord, just as long as the lord on his side accomplishes the duty he owes to his vassal? If the lord fails in his duty, has not the vassal a right to consider himself freed from all obligation of vassalage? Certainly he has a thousandfold this right, for no one can accuse him of infidelity or perjury if he has fulfilled his promise by fighting for his lord as long as the latter was faithful to his engagements towards his vassal”. After this, let the reader turn his attention to the following speech, which, according to another contemporary historian, was addressed to the Assembly which decided on the great rising of 1075, by Duke Otho of Mordheim, one of the principal leaders of the insurrection: “Perhaps, because you are Christians, you fear to violate your oaths made to King Henry. Your fear is no doubt just; but your oaths, to be binding, must have been made to a true monarch. While Henry was king, and did the duty of a king, I served him faithfully; but since he has ceased to be king, it is no longer to him that I owe allegiance. I have therefore taken up arms and drawn my sword, not against the king, but against the robber of my freedom; not against my country, but for my country, and for that freedom which no man worthy of the name ought to give up but with his life: I exhort you, therefore, to do as I have done. To arms, then! secure for your children the inheritance you received from your fathers, and do not suffer strangers to bring you and your posterity into servitude”.

Such was the political creed of the Christians of the middle ages. They thought they had the right to depose an unworthy sovereign and to elect another in his place; but, like the French nobles at the accession of the Carolingians, they felt the need of having their work ratified and consecrated by the spiritual chief of all Christians. The anathema which had already fallen upon Henry on account of his many offences against the Church, had been one of the principal motives of their insurrection, and must have inclined the Pontiff to their side. They resolved to make common cause with him, and appealed to him as the supreme judge of Christendom. It was, then, the German princes themselves who called upon the Pope to decide the destinies of Germany, and who, according to the expression of a Protestant missionary of our own days, placed the first crown of the world in his hands.

At the same time, they had claimed the right of deposing their sovereign on account of his unworthiness, even before they were authorised or encouraged by the Holy See. In 1066, when Hildebrand was only archdeacon, and the Church of Rome was taking no part whatever in the affairs of Germany, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mayence, acting with the principal nobles of the empire, assembled a diet at Tribur, and declared to the king that he must choose between his own downfall and the exile of his minister, Adalbert of Bremen. In 1073, at the Conference of Gerstungen, when Gregory VII, then newly elected, was on the best terms with Henry IV, the twenty-four plenipotentiaries chosen from the princes of both parties to examine the grievances of the Saxons, agreed on the following points: First, that the Saxons were to blame only

for having too long submitted to an odious tyranny; secondly, that it was necessary to remove a detestable sovereign and to replace him by another more fit for the office. And, in fact, Rudolph of Swabia would have been immediately chosen king if he had not obstinately refused an election which was not the work of a general assembly convoked for that purpose.

Four years later, after the vicissitudes of a sanguinary war, and after the first excommunication had been pronounced against Henry, the German nobles, paying no heed to the absolution which the prince had obtained at Canossa, assembled at the Diet of Forchheim and proclaimed his deposition, appointing, in spite of his protestations, and without allowing him an hour for reflection, the same Rodolph as Henry's successor. Now it is certain that, far from having procured this election, Gregory, on the contrary, though his own legates were present and presided, found fault with it as too precipitate; and that he assented to it only after having vainly tried all means of conciliation towards Henry IV. Nevertheless, during the three years which intervened before the newly-elected king was recognised by the Pope, Rodolph never ceased to be considered as the only legitimate king by all the German Catholics. Moreover, the great assembly in which the election took place, was careful to require from the new king himself an acknowledgement of the conditional and purely elective character of his authority. He was obliged, in fact, to pledge himself not only never to interfere with the disposal of ecclesiastical dignities, but also formally to renounce for his son any right whatever to succeed to the throne except by election. Thus, when St. Gregory VII is represented as the inventor of the principle which authorises the deposition of unworthy sovereigns, numberless facts are disregarded which prove that the theory and practice of this right were anterior to his pontificate, and quite independent of his influence. And those who venture to reproach him with having fomented civil war in Germany by his high-handed decisions and ideas, do so in forgetfulness of the fact that this war was raging before his accession; and that the Saxons and Thuringians, two proud and warlike races, who formed one of the most distinct nationalities of the empire, had, in 1081, under the guidance of their princes and bishops, risen against the intolerable tyranny of Henry IV, not to force him to submit to the Holy See, but simply to defend and regain their rights, their provincial liberties, and the ancient customs of their country. Those valiant sons of Witikind, whose ancestors Charlemagne had hardly been able to subdue, those intrepid Saxons, each of whom carried three swords to the field of battle (to replace that which might be broken in fight), had not patiently resigned themselves to endure the excesses and usurpations of Henry. Deceived, insulted, outraged daily in their property, their ancient habits, their personal security; the honour of their wives and daughters abandoned to the mercy of an unbridled soldiery; exasperated, above all, by the perjuries and inexcusable bad faith of their sovereign, they preferred, says a contemporary monk, to die gloriously for their country and their families, rather than to prolong a life more dreadful than a thousand deaths. In 1073, they sent an embassy to the king, appealing to him, for the last time, to grant them the protection of assured laws; to restore to them the rights enjoyed by their fathers; to destroy the fortresses built on all the mountains of their country in order to keep them under subjection; to give back their confiscated possessions; and finally, to dismiss, together with the wretches who were his ministers, the troop of mistresses whom he audaciously paraded before all eyes. “If you do this”, said the confederates, “we will serve you with all our hearts, as we have done up to this time, and as it becomes free men, born in a free country, to serve their king; but if otherwise, we must remember that we are Christians, and will not pollute ourselves by remaining in communion with a man who is a traitor to the Christian faith by his crimes. And if any attempt is made to subdue us by force, we will remember that we have weapons, and can fight”.

On Henry's refusal, the indignant Saxons swore to defend to their latest breath their laws, their freedom, and their country; and resumed their arms, undiscouraged by all the vicissitudes of a contest in which they met with more defeats than successes. The peasants, armed with the tools of their agricultural work, their axes and spades, ranged themselves under the banners of the prelates and nobles: and, as we are told by one of Henry's apologists, counts might be seen marching on the enemy, followed by shepherds and ploughmen, who left their villages in crowds; and knights hurrying to the combat side by side with the bakers, butchers, and smiths of Goslar, eager to share in the struggle against the oppressor of Germany, who, followed by Bohemian and other mercenaries, employed hounds to discover the retreats of the insurgents, whom he tracked as if they were wild beasts. The nobles neglected nothing to nourish the sacred fire in the hearts of the people.

"Brave Saxons", they said, "yield not your necks to the yoke of servitude; let not your free fatherland be reduced to the level of a tributary State. Do not despair of God's mercy. We are ready to fight to the death for you and yours. Break the yoke of tyranny, and raise to heaven those heads which, God willing, no tyrant shall ever teach to bow. Pay no unjust tribute, and guard the liberty of that inheritance which your fathers have bequeathed to you".

This warlike league of all classes of a nation against so powerful an enemy, has excited the admiration of many German Protestant writers; in the modern history of their country they have found nothing comparable to the national movement of the eleventh century against imperial tyranny, except the great struggle of which Germany was the theatre when she rose to shake off the odious yoke of Napoleon I. However that may be, those who desire to judge fairly the events of the reign of Henry IV must collect the details given by the historians of the time, and particularly by the monks Lambert of Aschaffenburg and Bruno of Merseburg. We do not envy the man who can read unmoved the narratives of these chroniclers. Soaring over them with as much grandeur as in the annals of free Greece or of the Roman republic, we see the grandest and most noble things that man can admire and serve, after God—freedom, justice, and the fatherland. From each page of these histories exhales like a perfume the breath of faith, independence, and honour—of true patriotism, of masculine vigour—of heroic devotion which embalms the memory, refreshes the imagination, renews the failing, enervated hearts, and inflames them with an inextinguishable sympathy for the good cause.

Impartial writers will not fail to point attention to the fact that in plunging into the perils of war the Saxons acted under the influence of profound religious convictions; steadfast Catholics, they blamed Henry above all for his crimes against the law of God and the liberties of the Church. In the middle ages no enterprise whatever could be imagined in which religion did not occupy a foremost place. At the same time, there was during the first years of the struggle no union between the cause of the insurgents and that of the Roman Pontiff. It was only when the belligerents perceived that Gregory's opinion of the chief whose yoke became daily more overwhelming, resembled their own, that they conjured the Pope to help them in their distress. And they must have applied to him with the more confidence, because the Pope was not only for them, as for the rest of the faithful, the supreme protector of the oppressed, but because also, according to ancient national tradition, Charlemagne had placed their liberties under the special care of the See of St. Peter. Thus they had for their watchword and battle-cry during the war the name of the Prince of the Apostles; it was with that name on their lips that they attacked the enemy or fell under the swords of the tyrant's mercenaries.

Before we venture to blame Gregory for opening his heart to the cries of distress which reached him from Saxony; before we accuse him of the crime of having (outside of the ecclesiastical question) supported against Henry's tyranny the nations who implored his assistance—we must have courage enough to disavow all those sympathies which, ever since history has been written, have excited men to generous indignation, and in place of them must adopt the servile theories of the Lower Empire or of Galilean absolutism. The part which Gregory VII took in the struggle was characterised by that prudence and moderation which his love of justice always dictated. He had begun by exhorting the insurgent princes and prelates, and also the king, mutually to lay down their arms, on the strength of his engagement to judge their cause without respect of persons, without prejudice or partiality, his conviction being that it was his mission to defend the rights of each, and to maintain peace among all. When, however, deaf to his voice, the two parties decided on leaving the question to the arbitration of battle, Gregory again interposed in the following year, and in the exercise of the same right by which he had summoned Henry to spare the Saxons when at first defeated, enjoined upon the latter the duty of respecting, in his abasement and defeat, their humbled oppressor; for, remembering the inveterate persistence of prejudice and falsehood, it is well to insist on the fact, that no trait in the character of Gregory was more marked than those of gentleness and moderation. This is fully proved by the testimony of all authors worthy of belief, as well as by the conscientious study of the Pontiff's own writings and acts. Inflexible in those resolutions which duty dictated, he avoided with scrupulous care even the least appearance of precipitation or violence in the execution of his projects; the most sincere humanity and the most patient forbearance were allied in his heart to an indomitable courage. He himself practised the precepts which he gave to the Bishop of Prague in reproving him for having abused the right of excommunication. "Nothing", he wrote, "is more dangerous than to excommunicate a man who is not canonically guilty, and who has not been regularly sentenced; for, as St. Gregory the Great has said, 'he who binds the innocent, degrades with his own hands his power of binding and of loosing'. Therefore we admonish thee never to brandish the sword of anathema rashly or without deliberation, but, on the contrary, to examine the cause of every accused person with scrupulous care".

Far from himself abusing the power of excommunication, as he has often been accused of doing, he took pains to soften, as much as possible, the terrible consequences of this penalty, by authorising the wives, children, and servants of excommunicated persons, and all who could help them, to hold communication with them. In the same spirit he enjoined Hugh, Bishop of Die, his principal legate in France, to endeavour to win back William the Conqueror to God and St. Peter by gentleness and persuasion rather than by the sternness of justice. The same spirit appears in his recommendation to the monks of Monte Cassino not to forget, in their daily prayers for the Church and her Head, to intercede for the enemies of the Church, and, above all, for Prince Giordano of Capua, who had profaned and despoiled their sanctuary: "that God might give the spoiler a penitent heart, and that he might be converted and obtain mercy in this world, and in the next eternal life".

Thus, in his repressive measures against the Emperor Henry and the schismatics, the Pontiff moves only by slow degrees, never yielding to provocation or to the empire of circumstances. In the early part of his pontificate there were men zealous for good who reproached him with too great mildness. And in fact, at the time of his election, he at once indicated the possible conditions of union between the future emperor and himself, acknowledging the full importance of harmonious action between the priesthood and the empire, while declaring that he would resist even to blood, rather than risk the destruction of both by consenting to iniquity. At the same time, lie wrote

to Henry in the most affectionate terms, congratulating him on his first efforts against simony: “If God permitted me to show you my soul”, he said, “you would certainly see with what sincere affection I am devoted to you. Nor is it only to you, whom God has placed at the summit of all greatness, and who can do so much for the salvation or perdition of souls, but also to the lowest of Christians, that I owe, and that I will give, with God’s help, the evidences of a holy love. And as perhaps no mortal could succeed in making you believe completely in the sincerity of this love, I trust to the Holy Spirit, who can do all things, to prove to you, in His own way, the good which I wish you, and how much I love you; I ask Him also to turn your heart so to mine that the wicked may be confounded and the good encouraged. For the eyes of both good men and bad are constantly on the watch about us, contending who shall have us on his side”.

Henry, on the other hand, recognised without difficulty the election of Gregory VII, and wrote to him with every evidence of an obedience and devotion to which the papacy had for a long time been little accustomed.

At a later period, when the princes assembled at Gerstungen had taken the resolution of dethroning the oppressor of the Saxons and electing another king, Gregory interposed, making every endeavour to pacify them, and to persuade them to give up all violent action. Henry fully felt the value of this mediation, and showed his desire to render himself worthy of it by seeking absolution humbly at Nuremberg from the papal legates for all his simoniacal acts, and pledging himself in their presence to leave the Church henceforward at full liberty. Very soon, however, intoxicated by his first victories over the Saxons, the prince forgot his promises and his duties: by continuing his connection with his excommunicated advisers, he exposed himself, according to common law, to the same penalty; and by conferring the most important sees of Germany and Italy on simoniacal and unworthy priests, he trampled under foot the pontifical decrees. Gregory employed all means to recall the prince to a better way; now by conciliatory and paternal letters, now by envoys charged to remonstrate with him in secret, and finally, by the threat of excommunication. As a last effort of paternal indulgence, the Pope even offered to modify the decree just pronounced against investitures, if the imperial envoys could assure him that this modification would leave intact the honour of God and the salvation of souls.

Finally, before taking action against the king with that rigour which was justified by the law of the Church, and called for by the complaints of the oppressed Saxons, Gregory cited Henry, as Alexander II had already done, to appear at Rome to defend himself. Henry, misled by a fatal pride, and feeling himself sure of the majority of an episcopate corrupted by simony, replied to this summons by a crime unheard of in the records of Christendom, by deposing, in a council of twenty-six bishops, the Pope, the father and judge of all Christendom, against whom not a shadow of canonical reproach existed. The deposition of Henry IV by Gregory has been the subject of unceasing discussion; but few remember that Henry himself began by deposing Gregory in the Assembly at Worms, a ludicrous sentence, equally without pretext and without antecedent, which was notified to him in language which no one had ever before addressed to the Vicar of Christ. Here are some fragments of this strange document:

“To Hildebrand, no longer a Pope, but a false monk. I, Henry, king by the merciful ordination of God, deprive thee of the right of being Pope which thou seemest to possess, and command thee to descend from the See of that city, the pontificate of which belongs to me by the grace of God and the oath of the Romans, for thou art condemned by the anathema and judgement of all our bishops, and by ours; come down, therefore, and abandon the Apostolic See, which we take from thee. Let another

ascend the throne of Peter, and teach true doctrine, I, Henry, king by the grace of God, with all our bishops I say to thee, Come down! come down!"

It was only in answer to this odious and unheard-of act that Gregory, yielding to the unanimous exhortations of a hundred and ten bishops assembled in council at Rome, and in presence of the Empress Agnes, Henry's own mother, gave the first sentence of excommunication against the emperor, freed his subjects from their oaths of fidelity, and took from him the government of Germany and Italy. Even this sentence was only to be definitive if the prince should refuse to seek absolution before the expiration of the year. When the German princes assembled at Tribur to proceed on their side to the deposition of Henry, Gregory again interceded with them to calm their exasperation against the tyrant, whose heart he hoped might be touched by repentance. "As it is neither pride nor greed", he wrote to them, "which has moved us against Henry IV, but zeal for the discipline of the Church, we implore you in our Lord Jesus, and as our beloved brethren, to receive him with kindness if, with all his heart, he turn from his evil ways. Display towards him, not only that justice which might cut short his reign, but also that mercy which covers many sins. Remember the frailty of man which is common to us all; do not forget the noble and pious memory of his father and mother; pour the oil of pity on his wounds".

Elsewhere, giving an account of his conduct to the princes and people of Germany, he says: "If the king would accept our decrees, and reform his life, we take God to witness the joy which his salvation and his glory would inspire in us, and the goodwill with which we should open to him the doors of Holy Church as to one who, appointed prince of the people and master of the fairest of kingdoms, ought to be the defender of justice and of the peace of Catholics. If, by the inspiration of God, he will repent, whatever may have been his attempts against us, he shall find us always ready to receive him into the holy communion".

After the absolution of Canossa, Gregory adopted the line of conduct best fitted to recall Henry permanently to the path of order and justice. While he acknowledged the insurgent nations as sharers in his perils, and allies in the struggle of right against wrong, he did not approve the precipitate election of Rodolph of Swabia to the throne of which Henry IV had been declared by the princes to be unworthy; and although, at the Diet of Forchheim, where the election was made, the independence of the Church and the freedom of episcopal elections had been formally granted, he preserved for three years a strict neutrality between the two kings. "We have not pledged ourselves", he wrote to the Germans, "either to one or other of the kings, to lend them an unjust support; for we would rather die, if need were, than suffer ourselves to be drawn by our own inclination to do what would trouble the Church of God. We are well aware that we are ordained and placed in the Apostolic See, not to seek there our own profit, but that of Jesus Christ, and to pursue our way through a thousand labours, following the footsteps of our fathers, to the eternal rest of the future".

This extreme moderation offended the Saxons and all those who had shaken off Henry's yoke. Not understanding the motives which led the Pope to hope, in spite of all, that Henry's conduct would be affected by the absolution of Canossa, they suspected the Pontiff of a base connivance with their tyrant, and wrote to him the most indignant appeals, complaining that he had abandoned them, and was temporising with the common enemy at the price of their blood, and imploring him, in the name of Christ, to recall his courage, and to strike the wolves which devoured the flock of believers. Exasperated by the Pope's delays, and having recalled to him in the most urgent terms both the trials which they had endured in consequence of their obedience to the first

apostolic sentence, and the deplorable effects of the uncertainty in which he was leaving Germany as to the legitimacy of the two kings, they addressed to Gregory a last letter in the following words : “If all that we have suffered for you does not move you to concern yourself for our liberation; if we are not worthy in your eyes of any favour, at least do us that justice which you ought not to refuse even to enemies. You would bind us to neutrality; why do you not impose it also on those who have disobeyed all your decrees, who communicate with those whom you have excommunicated, who, with all their might, serve him whom you have deposed, and furnish him with the forces which he uses to oppress us? All the evils we suffer come from those whom you are able and bound to control. Why, then, does your much-boasted courage, which, according to the words of the apostle, should be always ready to chastise all disobedience, fail now to administer chastisement? If we, poor sheep, commit any fault, the apostolic severity is instantly displayed against us; but when it is the wolves who tear to pieces the flock of God, then we hear of nothing but patience, forbearance, and resignation to endure evil in a spirit of meekness. Now we implore you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, whether it be that the fear of this sinner, whose glory is only of the earth, has paralysed you, or whether it be that the caresses and fine words of those about you have seduced you, return to yourself, take courage, think of the honour and the fear of God; and if you will not save us for our sakes, save your own credit at least; for if you permit sinners to rage against us much longer, it may be feared that before the great Judge our ruin will leave you without plea or excuse”.

Thus spoke the Saxon Catholics to the fiery Gregory VII; and after a rapid review of the position, we should be almost tempted to join in their reproaches, if this long-suffering, this forbearance on the part of the glorious Pontiff, did not seem to have been permitted by God in order to confound the bad faith of his future calumniators.

As for Gregory, nothing shook the calm and moderation of his soul; to the remonstrances and injurious suspicions of the partisans of the Church of Germany, he replied: “Do not doubt me, my dearest brothers; do not think that I shall ever, knowingly, favour the party which is in the wrong; I would rather die for your salvation than gain all the glory of the world by your destruction. If, by false letters or false reports, you are told the contrary, do not believe it. I fear God, and every day I suffer for love of Him; but I have little fear of the pride or seductions of the world, awaiting with certainty the consolations of that God whose mercy exceeds our hopes and our merits”. And in another place: “I hear that some of you distrust me, and accuse me of worldly inconstancy in the midst of my dangers. The Italians”, on the other hand, “reproach me with too great sternness towards Henry. For me, my conscience tells me that I have always acted towards the one party and towards the other according to justice and equity. Be certain that, through the guidance of God, no man, either by love or fear, or any other human passion, has ever been able, or will ever be able, to turn me from the straight path of justice”.

But when the time for patience was over, the measure of Henry’s crimes full, and his bad faith indisputably proved; when it was seen that the king had swept away, to use the words of a contemporary, like spiders’ webs all the conditions which the forbearance of the Pontiff had imposed upon him at Canossa, with what vigour and majesty did Gregory, launching against Henry his second and final sentence, proclaim Rodolph as king! Let us recall here, that all lovers of courage and justice may profit by them, the Pontiff's immortal words : “Blessed Peter, prince of the apostles, and thou, Paul, teacher of nations, deign, I implore you, to bend your ears to me, and hear me in your clemency; you who are the disciples and lovers of the truth, help me to make known this truth, and to dissipate that error which you hate, so that my brethren may

understand me better, and may know that it is owing to your support, after that of the Lord and of His mother Mary, always a virgin, that I resist the wicked, and am able to bring you help in all your calamities". Then, after having given an account of his whole life, his struggles, the first repentance of Henry, followed by new crimes, he ends thus: "For these reasons, trusting in the justice and mercy of God, and of His most pious mother Mary, always a virgin, and armed with your authority, I excommunicate the before-named Henry, called king; I bind him with the bonds of anathema; in the name of Almighty God, and in your names, I deprive him once more of the kingdoms of Germany and Italy; I take from him all power and all royal dignity, I forbid all Christians to obey him as king, and I release from their oath all who have sworn, or who shall in future swear, fidelity to him as his subjects. Act, therefore, I conjure you, most holy fathers and princes, in such a manner that the world may understand and know that, as you can bind and loose in heaven, you can also on earth give and take away, according to our deserts, empires, kingdoms, duchies, marquisates, counties, and all human possessions. You have often taken patriarchates, primacies, archbishoprics, and bishoprics from the unworthy to give them to religious men; and if you thus weigh spiritual things, what must be your power in secular ones! If the angels, placed higher than the proudest princes, are to be judged by you, how will it be with those who are only their slaves? Let, then, the kings and all the princes of this age learn what you are, and how great is your power, and let them fear to despise the commands of your Church ; exercise your justice against King Henry so promptly that all may see that his fall comes not by chance, but by your power. And may it please God that his confusion lead him to penitence, so that his soul may be saved in the day of the Lord!"

No human consideration dictated to Gregory this final judgement; for the affairs of his partisans in Germany were then in an almost desperate condition; and soon afterwards Rodolph, that king of blessed memory, died, like another Maccabeus, "in the arms of victory, saying: Living or dying, I accept gladly what God wills".

After this catastrophe events followed each other fast. Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, was elected Pope by the imperialist prelates of Germany and Lombardy. Henry IV, victorious, then passed into Italy, where the Countess Matilda alone dared to resist him. Gregory was three times besieged in Rome, shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, betrayed by the cowardice and avarice of the Romans; his annual councils were deserted by most of the bishops; and the anti-Pope and Henry crowned each other in St. Peter's. But it was when Gregory had reached the depths of adversity, in the midst of this desertion and danger, that the nobleness and purity of his soul assumed a character still more sublime; it was then that he appeared even greater than when, at Canossa, the son of emperors was seen kneeling humbly at his feet. In vain Henry, victor and master of Rome, offered peace to the Pontiff on the sole condition of being crowned by him; Gregory, without soldiers, without treasure, reduced to the Castle of St. Angelo as his last refuge, demanded in his turn from the king, as an imperative condition, that repentance which the pride of the schismatics refused. Not a shadow of fear or of regret now interferes to obscure the brightness of that noble mind; we find no longer any trace of that hesitation or want of decision for which he had been so much blamed, and which had been inspired by generosity, at a time when his enemy was subdued and despoiled! From the moment when that enemy triumphed, a calm and indomitable firmness animated all the Pontiff's words and actions; in the midst of a prolonged and terrible crisis he continued, as before, his correspondence with the princes and bishops of all Christian countries; he watched over all the interests of the universal Church, and only spoke of himself to promise the faithful that he would not betray their cause or that of Christ.

"We know", he wrote, "that our brethren are wearied by the length of the struggle; but there is nothing nobler than to fight long for the liberty of Holy Church. Let others submit to a miserable and diabolical serfdom, let others seek to subject the unfortunate to the rule of the demon; Christians are called upon to deliver from this rule the unfortunates who are placed under it". And in another place: "Up to this time few of us have resisted the wicked to the shedding of blood, and very few have died for Christ. Think, my beloved, think how many every day expose their lives for profane masters for the sake of vile wages. But we, what sufferings do we encounter, what work are we doing for the Supreme King, who promises us eternal glory? What shame and what mockery would be yours, if, while these men face death for a miserable reward, you are seen flying from that persecution which would purchase for you the treasure of celestial blessedness! Keep, then, your eyes always fixed upon the banner of your leader, who is the eternal King; and to overcome the old enemy, learn not only how to brave persecution and death, but even to seek them for the love of God and the defence of your religion".

Never losing sight of the purely spiritual character of the contest which exposed him to such dangers, and regarding the winning of souls as the highest victory, Gregory at once exhorted the faithful to immovable firmness in resistance, and recommended to them an active care for the salvation of their adversaries. "We all wish with one accord", he said, "that God may be glorified in us, and that He may deign to admit us, with our brethren, even with those who persecute us, to eternal life. Multiply, therefore, your alms and your prayers; and seek by all possible means to prevail with your Redeemer that your enemies, whom, by His precept, you are bound to love, may return to the standard of Holy Church, that bride for whom He deigned to die ; for again I say it, we seek the destruction of no man, but the salvation of all in Christ".

Memorable and blessed words, truly worthy of the pen of a Pope and the heart of a saint, and which fill up the measure of that ineffable joy which rushes over every Catholic soul at the sight of courage so heroic crowned by charity so invincible!

CHAPTER VI

ST GREGORY VII IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE, HIS HOLINESS, AND HIS VICTORY

If a conscientious study of facts could yet leave in our minds some doubts as to the respective merits of the two causes which were at war in the eleventh century, all that is needed to dissipate them is a comparison of the characters of the two individuals in whom were personified the Empire and the Church.

It would be unjust, however, to deny to Henry IV many of those qualities which make a great king; he possessed together with extraordinary activity, perseverance, and intrepidity, worthy of the best of causes, a rare prudence and sagacity. But these qualities were united in him to all the vices and excesses of a tyrant. We have seen with what deeds of cruelty and of monstrous debauchery he was reproached by the German Catholics. The Saxons declared that they had taken up arms against him less to avenge serious injuries, and escape the yoke of an oppressive despotism, than to punish the incest and sacrilege of which the prince had been guilty, and which entitled him to rank first among the most cruel tyrants. Christendom, indeed, saw with horror the revival, in the reign of a king professedly obedient to the Gospel, of such infamies as are attributed to the gods of mythology and the most barbarous persecutors of the Church. Were the excesses imputed to Henry exaggerated? It is difficult to believe it; for they are affirmed by all orthodox writers, and contested by no one. Nevertheless, several incidents of the monarch's life prove that evil passions had not extinguished in him that foundation of faith and attachment to religion which then formed, as it were, the moral basis of existence. In this respect we must not confound Henry IV with more modern persecutors, who were strangers, alike in faith and practice, to the worship which, for the profit of selfish interests, they undertook to regulate. The emperor's refusal to accept, at Canossa, the communion which Gregory offered to him as a pledge of confidence in his repentance, attests at least the respect the prince felt for the august sacrament of the altar; for such an action must have been considered as an avowal of the crimes imputed to him, and an acknowledgment that the sentence pronounced was just. The perjured, in general, do not yield to such scruples at the moment of committing sacrilege. Unhappily, this was the only moment of the prince's life in which he gave real proof of conscientiousness; the ruling trait of his character was an absolute want of straightforwardness and sincerity. Contemporaries wondered to find in a man so young and so passionate, so great a perfection in cunning, dissimulation, and perfidy; they found it hard to explain how the extreme vivacity of such a character never tempted him to lose an opportunity of hypocrisy or deceit.

This inveterate duplicity was the great objection which other princes opposed to all projects of reconciliation with Henry. In Gregory, on the contrary, they found nothing which could be supposed cunning—no trace of a complicated or tortuous policy: frankness, honesty, and an indomitable perseverance, were the Pontiff's only

weapons. From the first day of his reign to the last, no change is to be observed in his conduct or in his attitude—it is always the simplicity of faith victoriously combating all the enterprises of the world and all the artifices of error. Let us hear, on this subject, the unassailable testimony of one of the Pope's most openly-declared adversaries, a violent partisan of the schism, Thierry, Bishop of Verdun, who wrote to the Pope in these words: "This is what we know of you from yourself and from persons worthy of all confidence: Pointed out from infancy by certain presages of future glory—enrolled in youth among the Christian army, among the contemners of the world—laboriously devoted to the service of the Church,—as archdeacon you won the love of all, and reached the height of Christian renown. More than once, on the point of being elected Pope, you escaped by flight from the burden with which you were threatened: but at last you were obliged to submit to the yoke; and then, urged by the necessities of your pastoral charge, you were forced to labour with all your strength to bring back perverted hearts, to teach the truth without respect to persons; later still, having become the object of mortal execration to the reprobate, you have, without swerving, followed the royal path on which you had entered, striking right and left with the weapons of justice and of prayer".

However, in order to appreciate the character of Gregory VII, we are not reduced to the evidence, in some degree involuntary, of his adversaries, nor to conjectures and the laborious researches of erudition. The nine books preserved to us of the correspondence of the great Pope, are an imperishable monument of that good faith, moderation, uprightness, tenderness of heart—in a word, of all the various forms of greatness—which filled the soul of the immortal champion of the Church.

Therefore certain Protestant critics, understanding all the importance of such a document, have made incredible efforts to prove that it is not authentic. This argument could not fail to be maintained, beyond the Rhine, by one of those sophists who exhaust themselves in trying to show that the Gospel itself is but an altered text, and who do not find it extraordinary that the unknown inventor of the correspondence of Pope Gregory VII should have been able, like the writer of the Gospel, to exhibit a genius so lofty and so pure.

It is from the correspondence of Pope Gregory that we learn really to know and to love the Pontiff. A man cannot write nearly 400 letters, many of them with his own hand, in haste, in the most various circumstances, without betraying, here and there, the depths of his soul. But we defy the most minute criticism to point out, in the correspondence of the illustrious Pope, a single passage, a single line, where there appears the smallest trace of egotism, of worldly ambition, of anger—of any one, indeed, of the lower passions of humanity.

It is then to this source, beyond suspicion, that the friends of Catholic truth must apply in order to complete the proofs of all that has been said of the greatness and holiness of Gregory. There they will see how the Pontiff regarded that awful ministry which bound him to truth and justice towards all men; which demanded of him to compromise no man's salvation by his silence; which, every day, loaded him with the anguish of an immense responsibility; which, in short, invested him with an authority so great that all the efforts of kings and emperors, all human forces whatever, seemed to have no more weight against it than the dust or the straw that the wind carries away. In this authority the episcopate, whose power and dignity seemed to him superior to royal majesty, ought to have largely shared; for Gregory, we repeat, was no jealous adversary of episcopal influence. He indeed complained bitterly of the crimes of many of the bishops of his time; he perceived that all the ills of Christendom arose from the

prevarication of those among whom he ranged himself; and he congratulated himself that the laity, not excepting women, should devote themselves to the liberty of the Church when so many prelates deserted the cause. But the Pontiff's correspondence gives, on almost every page, proof that episcopal authority had no firmer defender than he. He wished that even when episcopal decisions were unjust they should be obeyed, provided they did not compromise the general safety of the Church. We see him refusing presents from the Count of Anjou, because he was excommunicated by his bishop. The jurisdiction of bishops as to consecration was, with him, the object of most scrupulous respect. He never failed to enforce in their favour the decretals of the martyr popes against unworthy clerks; finally, as a crowd of examples shows, he never hesitated, in disputes between bishops and monks, to decide against the latter, even his fellow Clunists, if equity required it. For him, the princes of the Church were truly the leaders of the Lord's army; and he urged them incessantly, by the example of secular chivalry, to self-sacrifice, devotion, and perseverance in the battles of their Master. "They will tell you", he wrote to the Archbishop of Mayence, in 1075, "that you have a right to put off till another time the strict execution of our decrees; but boldly answer thus: When knights have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for war, what should they do if they hear that enemies are carrying sword and fire into their kings palace? Should they instantly seize their weapons to chase and overwhelm the assailant, or should they stay quietly watching what the enemy will do? And what is the spirit of evil doing but devastating incessantly the Church of God? and what is the duty of the knights of the great King of Heaven —that is, His consecrated priests— but to throw themselves into the combat armed with the shield of charity and the sword of the divine word? Ah, how should we blush! Secular knights every day combat for their temporal prince, every day they brave danger for his sake; and we, who are called the priests of the Lord, we do not fight for our King —for that King who has made all things out of nothing, who has not feared to suffer death for us, and who promises us an eternal reward!"

When Gregory saw the soldiers of God unfaithful to their mission, he could not restrain the holy fire of his reproaches. With what indignation did he raise his voice against the weakness of the French bishops in presence of the scandals and crimes of their king, Philip I.

"It is you, my brothers", wrote the Pontiff, "who are guilty; you who, by failing to resist with sacerdotal vigour the wickedness of the prince, have become the open accomplices of his iniquities. We say it with regret and with lamentation, but it must be said : We fear lest you should receive the wages, not of shepherds, but of hirelings, since, seeing the wolf tear the Lord's flock under your very eyes, you have taken flight, and hidden yourselves in silence, like dogs who have forgotten how to bark. If you fancy that to repress your sovereign's faults is unlawful, and incompatible with your oath of fidelity to him, know that you are in great error; for he who has saved a man from shipwreck even in spite of himself, is really more faithful to him than one who would have let him perish. As for the fear with which your king inspires you, it is useless to speak of it; for if you unite in defence of justice, you will acquire such strength that you will be able, without danger, to turn your prince from his bad habits, and at the same time to free your souls from responsibility. But allowing that you have all things to fear, even death, nevertheless you ought not to abandon the liberty of fulfilling your priestly obligations. We implore you, therefore, and enjoin you, in virtue of our apostolic authority, to think of your country, your fame, and your salvation, and to go in one united body to the king. Let him be warned of the peril and shame which menace his realm and his soul! Denounce to his face the crimes of which he is guilty; seek to soften

him; persuade him to make reparation for his rapine, to amend his depraved life, and, by the practice of justice, to restore the degraded glory and majesty of his kingdom!"

In the case of Philip remaining obstinate in ill-doing, the Pope ordered an interdict on all the kingdom, announcing plainly that he would spare no effort to dethrone the king, and that, if the bishops showed themselves lukewarm in the execution of their duty, they also should be deposed. "Remember", he added in conclusion, "this divine word: 'The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe'. So act, then, as to show that your souls are as free as your words; shun that destruction which will be drawn upon you by your fear of *a man weak as yourselves*; and, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, go up, like brave knights of Christ, to the assault of glory in this world and in the next".

Now let us listen while he rehearses, in the last letter he wrote, and from which we have already quoted some passages, the duties and trials imposed upon him by his mission, as head of the Church. "The only reason", he says, "which could have assembled and armed against us the princes of the nations and the princes of the priests is this — that we have not chosen to keep silence as to the danger which threatened the holy Church, or to be-come the accomplice of those who did not blush to reduce the bride of Christ to slavery. In every country of the world the poorest woman is allowed to choose a legitimate husband according to her will and to the law of the land; but at the desire of the wicked, and under the empire of detestable customs, the holy Church, the spouse of God, and our mother, is forbidden to remain lawfully faithful to her Husband, in obedience to her own will and to the Divine commandment. Can we suffer that the sons of this holy Church should be condemned, as if they were sprung from an infamous adultery, to have for fathers only heretics and usurpers? This is the source of all the evils, all the perils, and all the crimes which you have witnessed, and over which you groan... There are in the world thousands of men who daily risk death to obey their lords; but for the great God of Heaven, for Him who has ransomed us, how many shrink, not from death only, but even from the hatred of certain other men! And if there are, as thank God we do find, though but in small numbers, men who resist the wicked openly, and even to death, for love of the Christian law, not only are they unsupported by their brethren, but they are held imprudent, indiscreet, foolish! We conjure you, therefore, by the Lord Jesus, force yourselves to understand what are the tribulations and anguish which we endure at the hands of enemies of the Christian religion, and to learn how and why we suffer them. Since the Church placed me, against my will, on the Apostolic throne, I have used all my efforts that the holy Church, the spouse of God, our mother and our lady, should regain her ancient glory, and become once more free, chaste, and catholic. But because nothing is more hateful than this to our old enemy, he has taken up arms. And since it is to me, though a sinner and unworthy, that the words of the prophet, 'Cry aloud and spare not', have been spoken, therefore, willing or unwilling, without shame and without fear, without any earthly consideration, I cry, I cry, perpetually I cry aloud, to announce that the Christian religion, the true faith which the Son of God, come down from heaven, has taught us by our fathers, is degenerating into mere secular customs, is being lost, falling to nothing, and becoming an object of derision not only to the demon, but also to Jews, Saracens, and Pagans. For they at least obey those laws in which they believe; while we, intoxicated by love of the world and a miserable ambition, and sacrificing religion and honour to pride and cupidity, live without law, without reason, without faith, without hope. The small number of those who still fear God fight chiefly for themselves and not for the common salvation of their brethren. How many are there who spend their sweat or their blood for God, as secular knights spend theirs for their lords, or even for their friends and vassals? If then, like all Christians, you believe St Peter to be the prince and

father of all the faithful, the chief shepherd after Christ, and that the holy Roman Church is the mother and mistress of all Churches, I implore and command you,—I, your brother and your unworthy master,—to come to the help of that father and that mother, and thus to merit the absolution of your sins, the divine benediction and grace in this world and in the next".

Side by side with these majestic utterances of a zeal equally pure and intrepid, the correspondence of St Gregory shows us also the intense solicitude which filled his soul. This solicitude, the precious dower of the most lofty genius, embraced all the interests, great and small, of a world much vaster, as Gregory himself said, than the wide empire founded by the Romans, in which the rule of Christ had succeeded the rule of Augustus. Glancing with paternal and attentive care from Norway to Mauritania, from Armenia to Galicia, turning away from the most critical events and the most imminent dangers to uphold in some distant country the despised rights of some obscure victim, Gregory everywhere interfered for the protection of weakness and of justice—sometimes for the shipwrecked, who were subject to the barbarous wreckers—sometimes for poor women cruelly treated as witches by the Danes; here to obtain the restitution of an unjustly detained succession, there to hasten the return of an exile; everywhere, and always, to enforce respect for the liberties of all, and for the possessions of religious houses. On the other hand, as he always kept in view the general interests of nations and Churches, Gregory energetically maintained liturgical unity against all the too exclusively national and local pretensions of the Slavonic nations and the people of the Iberian peninsula; he protected Russia and Denmark against their enemies within and without, Dalmatia against foes and dangers of various kinds; public peace in Brittany, Arragon, and Bohemia, against the intestine quarrels of princes and bishops; the liberty of merchants and pilgrims on their travels, from the extortions of the King of France; the sacredness of marriage, and the helplessness of women against the barbarity of the Scotch: finally, after having everywhere exercised his authority so as to re-establish discipline, to calm dissension, and to repair injustice in the heart of Christendom, he extended his solicitude beyond it; with noble confidence he recommended the Churches of Carthage and Hippo, purified by his cares, to the Mussulman princes, who were their neighbours; and forestalling the future by an inspiration worthy at once of his genius and of his great heart, he preached a crusade to the whole Christian world, offering himself as leader in an enterprise which included not only the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, but also the defence of the Church of Constantinople, schismatic as it was! "The Christians of the East", wrote the Pontiff in 1074 to King Henry, on whom he thought he could count — "those Christians whom the pagans daily kill like sheep — have called upon me to come to their help. Filled with grief, and with a desire to do good, I would choose rather to give my life for them than to command the whole universe, and neglect them. I have therefore exhorted and implored all Christians to give their life for their brethren, to defend the law of Christ, and thus to display the true nobility of the sons of God. On both sides of the Alps my voice has been listened to, and more than fifty thousand men are preparing, if they can have me for leader and chief of the expedition, to march armed against the enemy, and to force their way, under the Lord's guidance, to his Holy Sepulchre. What chiefly urges me to this enterprise is, that the Church of Constantinople, though dissenting from us as to the Holy Spirit, looks to the Holy See for the restoration of harmony. Our fathers and predecessors, whose steps, though unworthy, we wish to follow, have often gone into those countries to consolidate the Catholic faith there; and we also, aided by the prayers of the faithful, if Christ deigns to open us a way, will go thither in our turn to defend the faith and those who profess it".

The excesses and perfidy of the German sovereign put an obstacle in the way of the realisation of this great idea. But the germ, sown in the mind of Christian nations, was not to perish: twenty years later, the project conceived by Gregory was accomplished by the unanimous impulse of Europe; and the war-cry, *God wills it*! served for two centuries to draw to the banner of the Cross all the flower of Christian knighthood.

It is, above all, in the letters of St Gregory that we must study the true nature of his relationships either with princes or with nations, and the kind of authority which he claimed over them. We see there that his sole object, in striving to maintain his supremacy, was the moral weight of a friend —the beneficent and profitable influence of a father. The instructions which he gave to the different Powers of this world were proclaimed without disguise, and with perfect frankness. He showed a great affection for the people, rejoicing to see them retain their ancient liberties, and promising them the cordial support of their mother, the Roman Church. He reminded the nobles, then all-powerful, that they ought to preserve the inheritance of virtue, together with that of an illustrious descent. “Friend”, he wrote to a certain count, “thou who, by God’s permission, hast command over many men, is it not just that, in return, thou shouldst consecrate to the service of the Lord at least one man—that is to say, thyself—by endeavouring to preserve all the purity of thy heart and soul? Those very duties which thou wouldst not have thy vassals neglect to perform towards thee, art thou not bound thyself to pay them to Him who has created thee in His image and ransomed thee with His blood?”

To kings and sovereigns, whether inhabiting the neighbourhood of Rome —and always ready, as in the case of the Italian princes, to make him suffer for his generous frankness—or whether dwelling at the ends of the earth, like the Scandinavian kings, he constantly took care to give those lessons of humility which he judged necessary to subdue the working of pride in their hearts.

Let us hear him speaking to the King of German y himself: “You will never be truly king”, he says, “until you make your pride of domination bow before Christ, the King of kings, and assist Him to restore and to defend His Church; for otherwise how shall we succeed, being such as we are, in giving to our Creator and Redeemer that honour we demand from those who are but our brothers and companions in our state of servitude on earth?”

To the Duke of Poland he said: “Keep ever before your eyes that last day of your life, which will come you know not when; and be always in fear of the last judgment, so as to use, with scrupulous care, the authority committed to you by God; for know that there is nothing, in all that has been confided to you, of which the Supreme Judge will not demand an account, and that you will have to undergo a judgment all the more severe as the right and the authority with which you are invested are the more extensive”.

To the King of Denmark he wrote: “With sincere affection we implore you to endeavour to exercise the royalty confided to you according to the will of God, to make your virtues match with the great name of king which you bear, and to enthrone in your own heart that justice which gives you the right to command your subjects... You know that kings and beggars alike must end in dust and ashes; that we must everyone appear at that last judgment, all the more terrible for us, priests and kings, as we must give account not only for ourselves, but for all those who shall have obeyed us. Live, then, my dearest brother, and reign, so that you may be able to stand without fear before the

face of the eternal King, and receive from His divine hands a crown everlasting and beyond compare, in recompense for having worthily borne your earthly dignities".

To the Spanish princes he spoke as follows: "You know, and you see evidence of it daily, how ephemeral life is, and how deceitful are our human hopes. Willing or unwilling, we must always hasten towards our end, and be always exposed to a certain fate, without knowing when death will strike us... Think, then, of this end—think of the bitterness of the moment when you must leave this world, to rot under ground; think of the terrible judgment which will follow your actions, and arm yourselves beforehand against these dangers. Consecrate your arms, your wealth, your power, not only to secular pomp, but chiefly to the honour and service of the eternal King: govern, administer, in such a manner as to make of your well-doing an offering of righteousness pleasing to the Almighty; so that you may be able to depend on Him who alone gives safety to kings—who alone can snatch you from death, and transform the decaying grandeur which surrounds you here below into that sovereign beatitude and that divine glory which have neither rival, nor admixture, nor end".

And to the King of Hungary this was his language : "We recommend to your prudence that you should walk, without delay or turning, in the way of justice—that you should defend, with paternal tenderness, widows, orphans, and strangers, and not only do no wrong to churches, but preserve them from the violence and pride of invaders".

He said to the King of Castile: "Your humility and obedience have earned for you the possession of divine truth and justice. But as pious hearts love to be encouraged, and virtue needs always to be exercised, we exhort your highness to raise your soul from the perishable rank of this world towards that which is eternal—to use the one as a thing which will soon vanish, and to seek eagerly for the other, which gives at once the fullness and perpetuity of glory. That our words may be better graven on your heart, we send you a little key, which contains a relic of the chains of the Blessed Peter, in hope that God, who by a miracle of His omnipotence broke the iron fetters of His apostle, may set you free by his merits and his intercession from the chain of your sin". Elsewhere he says: "Do not hesitate to call to the highest offices of your Church foreigners or men of low birth, when they are suitable; for the Roman Republic has owed its growth, great in the time of the pagans, and yet greater under the dominion of Christ, to the fact that she has always thought less of noble race or origin than of the powers of the soul and body".

To William the Conqueror, King of England, Gregory spoke thus: "Dearest son, whom I always embrace with tenderness in Christ, thou art already the pearl of the princes of our day, and I desire that, by thy justice and obedience to the Church, thou shouldst always serve as rule and model to all the princes of the future. If, when enlightened by thy example, they will not follow thee, still thy glory and recompense shall not be lessened, and even in this world heaven will grant to thee and to thy lineage victory, honour, and power. If thou hadst raised some wretched serf to royal estate, wouldst thou not expect that he should honour thee? Now God has taken thee, like a wretched serf of sin (for so are we all born), to make of thee, freely, a most powerful king: think and strive always, therefore, to glorify the almighty Jesus, to whom thou owest all that thou art, and do not let thyself be hindered by the crowd of evil rulers. Evil has always the multitude on her side; good has but the chosen few. In battle, the more cowards there are, the greater is the glory of the brave knight who stands firm. Yes, the more the great ones of this world, blinded by pride, rush to plunge into the abyss, the more fitting is it for thee, whom God has cherished more than them, to increase thy greatness by humility and obedience. May this God and Father deign so to

imprint these virtues in thy soul, that after the triumphs and conquests of thy mortal reign, thou mayst sit down for ever in the heavenly kingdom among its kings and saints".

To the Queen of England, who offered him beforehand whatever presents he might choose to ask of her, he answered: "Instead of gold, of jewels, or of all the precious things of this world, these are the presents which you may give me, o queen, and which I ask of you,—lead a pure life; share your wealth with the poor; love God and your neighbour; esteem and cherish all that is honest and true".

To another queen he said: "Write in your heart that the sovereign of heaven, the queen exalted above all the choirs of angels, the honour and glory of all women, the source of salvation and of dignity to the elect, did not disdain, on earth, to live in poverty and in holy humility. God will only acknowledge as queen the woman who shall have ruled her life by the fear and love of Jesus: thus it is that so many holy women who have been of the poor of this world are glorified in heaven and earth; while so many queens, and even empresses, are dishonoured before God and before man. We implore and enjoin you, therefore, to labour to draw towards God the soul of our dear son, your lord and king, that he may serve the Church with all his power, and defend the poor, and all victims of oppression and injustice".

Finally, to the King of Norway he wrote: "It is you of whom the Gospel speaks; 'They shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God'. Hasten thither, then. You are at the end of the world; but if you quicken your steps you shall be associated in the royalty of the first fathers. Hasten to the goal which faith, love, and desire point out to you. Pass through life thinking of the nothingness of human glory. Use your power to defend and protect widows and orphans, and not only love righteousness, but serve her with all your energies".

What, however, is particularly shown in Gregory's correspondence is the inner nature of his soul. There we find his ruling passion—charity,—and the only fear which he ever knew—the fear of violating justice and of compromising his salvation. "I say with the prophet", he wrote to the countesses Beatrice and Matilda: 'Offer the sacrifice of righteousness and hope in the Lord'. I place the defence of the miserable and oppressed as much above prayers, vigils, fasts, and other good works, as I rank charity, with the apostle, above all other virtues". And elsewhere: "We are placed above the other men who are confided to our care, much less to show them our power than our justice. It is far safer for us to resist even to blood in defence of virtue, than to risk our eternal safety by complying with iniquity. It is safer for us to die braving the power of the wicked, than to betray poor Christians who love their God, obey His law, and prefer righteousness to life".

Gregory ends the letter just quoted with these fine words, "To abandon righteousness is to shipwreck the soul". "My greatest fear", he wrote to the Germans, "is to be accused before the Supreme Judge of neglect in the administration of my office". Then, addressing the Duke of Bohemia, "It is God", he says, "who urges and threatens me by His prophet Ezekiel, when he says, 'If thou dost not warn the wicked, he shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand'. I am ready in all things to moderate the rigour of the doctrine of the holy Fathers, except in what touches the honour of the King Eternal or endangers souls. I will do for King Henry all that justice or mercy permit me to do without peril to my soul or his".

We may remark that this reservation is the same which the Pope had already made in regard to Robert Guiscard, the only defender the Holy See possessed, and with whom it was so important to keep on good terms.

St Gregory's tenderness of heart was displayed, above all, in his intercourse with Beatrice and Matilda—those brave and noble princesses to whom he justly gave the name of daughters of St Peter, his true sisters, whom he remembered every day in his prayers, and who recalled to him the holy women of the Gospel at the tomb of the Saviour, when they came, with pious love, to seek, as it were, the captive and buried Church in the sepulchre of affliction, and to labour for the resurrection of her freedom. The Pope wrote in all the frankness of spiritual fatherhood, and with that warm and confiding affection which served as a pretext for calumny: "We shall have to give account to you of our actions, and thus give you the most certain proof of the force of the affection which binds us to you. Adieu, dearly beloved friends in Christ, know that we hold you in the depths of our heart — chained, as it were, to our love". Finally, in this correspondence is betrayed the secret of those sublime sufferings, the disgust of life, the passing sadness of a great mind overwhelmed by the weight of anguish, which sometimes threw him into despair, but always ended by changing into passionate aspirations towards heaven. "I am cured", he wrote to the two countesses; "I have recovered from a serious illness beyond all hope, and I am sorry for it. For my soul was sighing for that celestial country where He who sees my sadness and my labour prepares rest and refreshment for my weariness. I am given back to my accustomed toils, to my ceaseless cares, condemned to suffer daily like a mother in travail, yet without being able to save the Church from ship-wreck". To Hugh of Cluny he addressed these words: "How many times have I prayed to Jesus either to take me out of this world, or to make me of use to our common mother! and, nevertheless, He has not yet released me from my tribulations, and my life has not yet been of any use to that mother whose bonds He has willed should be chains also for me. A sea of troubles encompasses me on all sides; the Eastern Church has deserted the Catholic faith, and the devil already punishes her for having obeyed him, by causing her children to be massacred by the barbarians, as if to prevent their repentance. If I look to the West, to the North, to the South, everywhere it is hard to find bishops who are legitimate by their appointment and by their morals; among all secular princes I know none who prefer God's glory to their own, and uprightness to gain. The Romans, the Lombards, and these Normans among whom I live, are in some ways, as I often tell them, worse than Jews and pagans. Between a daily renewed grief, and a hope too often, alas! disappointed, beaten by a thousand storms, I live as always dying. I wait for Him who has bound me with His fetters, who has carried me back, in my own despite, to this Rome, where unwillingly I have spent twenty years; I cry to Him perpetually, 'Hasten, do not delay! Set me free, for the love of the Blessed Mary and of St Peter. If Thou hadst laid so great a burden upon Moses or upon Peter, I think it would have overwhelmed them. How, then, will it be with me, who, compared to them, am nothing? It must needs be, o Jesus, that Thou Thyself, with Thy Peter, guide the pontificate, or that Thou consent to see Thy servant fall and the pontificate fall with him'."

Happily the great Pope knew a remedy for so many distresses: all the treasures of the spiritual life were open to him, for he never ceased to take refuge in prayer, until he was able to cry, "O Jesus, Divine Consoler, true God and true man, when Thou holdest out a hand to my misery Thou givest me back joy; but of myself I am ever dying, and only find a few moments of life in Thee!"

Convinced that the defeats of the good cause resulted only from the sins of its defenders, Gregory VII regarded the prayers of pure souls as his best auxiliaries; he

begged, therefore, those of the monks of Cluny, those of the community of Bec, and of Abbot Anselm, who was soon to follow so gloriously in his footsteps. With what enthusiasm does he quote words of encouragement drawn from the Fathers, when he recommends frequent communion to the Countess Matilda! “One who has received a wound seeks the remedy: our wound is sin; our remedy the divine sacrament. As a woman is urged by nature to nourish with her milk the child to whom she has given birth, thus Christ constantly nourishes with His blood those to whom He has given regeneration”.

Whether he had, for the second time, to fulminate a sentence against the sovereign of Germany, or whether he felt the need of pouring out his heart in the secrecy of correspondence, with what tender and humble confidence did he invoke the help of the Queen of heaven! 1How ardently did he pray that the salvation of Matilda might be the special care of her whom he regarded as the highest, the holiest, the best of protectresses, the gentlest mother of sinners, the most ready to help them in their fall, and to respond to their love”!

This tender devotion to our Lady procured for him in sickness more than one vision in which the mother of God revealed to him, by salutary warnings, the way to perfection. This is one of the tokens and privileges of saintship which the Church commands us to recognise in Gregory VII.

Supernatural cures worked by the intercession of the Pontiff, and other miracles, attested this saintship to his contemporaries from his youth to his death. It is related, among other facts, that while he was celebrating mass at Monte Cassino, where he had been taken by Robert Guiscard, towards the close of his life, two peasants came to look at him. While they followed all the movements of the Pope with ardent curiosity, suddenly one of them fell into an ecstasy, and saw a white dove with a golden breast descend from heaven, alight upon Gregory’s right shoulder, and spreading its wings over his head, plunge its beak into the chalice which he had just consecrated. The thrice-repeated apparition of St Peter to this same peasant induced him to relate his vision to Gregory himself, in order to excite him to persevere in his work by the aid of the Holy Spirit. The Pope, amidst the burden of secular affairs, coming from all corners of the world, had sometimes ecstasies which delivered him for the moment from his load, and transported him in fancy to the bosom of Paradise. When he was able to enjoy some hours of solitude, celestial visions came immediately to temper and refresh his soul. These supernatural privileges changed in no way the humility which formed, as it were, the very groundwork of his character, but which never hindered his efforts to merit heaven. The Pontiff’s fervent devotion sought eagerly that gift of tears accompanying prayer, which, as contemporary historians attest, was so dear to medieval piety. We must add, as a last touch to the moral portrait of the great Pope, that he shrank from none of the minute penances of cloistral life; that having mounted the pontifical throne, he kept his body in subjection by fasts, vigils, and the use of discipline, like the lowest of monks; and that this hero, this giant among the soldiers of the faith, this conqueror, whose name has filled the world, had learned to rule his will, and even his most innocent inclinations, to the point of depriving himself of certain vegetables—such as pears and onions—because he took too much pleasure in eating them. Thus it must not be forgotten that it is not only a great man but a great saint that Catholics venerate in Gregory VII. It is not enough to admire and bless his memory; we have a right also to implore and to claim his intercession with God. For his name, after having shone with unequalled splendour in the pages of history, has been inscribed by the Church in that most glorious book ever given to man to write—in the Martyrology.

To one who studies the course of centuries from a Catholic point of view, it signifies much less to note the material successes of the Church, than to make clear the ever-abiding presence of the super-natural power of faith, the triumph of Christian opinion, the maintenance of the soul's dignity and purity, in the great events and great representatives of her history. Nowhere is this delight of the faithful heart more complete than in reading the life of Gregory VII. In him, indeed, reached its highest point the divine independence of the soul bought by the blood of a God as opposed to the powers of the world and the devil. And we do not fear to affirm that it is this, above all, which is to be noted in that famous interview at Canossa, where the young and splendid representative of imperial power, and of the greatest lay sovereignty of Europe, was forced to prostrate himself in all the humility of Christian penance before a little old man of low birth who governed the Church of God. Certain recent apologists of the papacy have wished to see in this the triumph of the Southern race over the Northern, which had so long been the oppressor, of civilisation over the barbarous world, of intelligence over material force. But why should we suffer a false and profane pride to lessen the true majesty of such a spectacle? Let us dare to say that this was a victory independent of all questions of race, of time, or earthly rivalries,—a victory such as the Church has won by thousands, though with less brilliancy—such as the lowest of priests or the most ignorant of monks may still gain every day;—that is to say, a victory of humility over pride, of a vigorous and upright conscience over violence for a moment disarmed, of the soul obedient to God over rebellious human nature, of Christian duty over earthly passion; in a word, a victory of all those supernatural powers which eternally constitute the divine independence of the Church over all the cunning and all the violence of her enemies.

In his lifetime Gregory knew little success, except of a purely spiritual kind; and this he bought at the cost of trials and disappointments the hardest and most bitter, and which were constantly repeated till the end of his days. He foresaw this, and accepted it beforehand: "If I had been willing", he often said, "to let the princes and great ones of the world reign by the guidance of their passions; if I had been silent when I saw them trample under foot God's justice; if, at the peril of their souls and of mine, I had concealed their crimes; if I had not had righteousness and the honour of the holy Church at heart, ah! I might better have counted upon submission, wealth, repose, and homage more surely than could any of my predecessors. But knowing that a bishop is never more a bishop than when he is persecuted for right's sake, I resolved to brave the hatred of the wicked by obeying God rather than provoke His anger by guilty complaisance towards them. As to their threats and their cruelty, I pay no regard to them, being always ready to die rather than consent to partake of their iniquity and betray the good cause".

Gregory kept his word to the end, as is testified by his last utterance on his bed of death at Salerno, 25th May 1085, the day of St Urban, Pope and martyr. "My beloved brothers", he said to the cardinals and bishops who surrounded him, "I account my trials as nothing, and place my confidence in one thing only—that is, that I have always loved righteousness and hated iniquity; yet it is for this that I die in exile". To which a bishop answered: "My lord, you cannot die in exile, for, as the representative of Christ and His apostles, you have received the nations as your inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for your possession".

The bishop was right; Gregory's was no exile. His was a death worthy of such a champion, the seal of a victory which posterity alone could value rightly; for we may boldly affirm that he would have chosen well even if he had not foreseen the earthly triumph of his cause. Even if he had been vanquished, even if he gathered no fruit of his

courage but defeat and exile, his glory would not have been lessened. But he succeeded; and the annals of the most remarkable earthly contests have guarded the memory of no success more complete and durable than his. He found the Church degraded within, enslaved without; he at once purified and freed her. Thanks to him, the marriage of the clergy, at the moment when it was about to become a general law, disappeared; and this principle, so vulnerable in all men commissioned to teach the truth, has never been seriously attacked since his time: he made celibacy the imperishable heritage of the Catholic priesthood. Thanks to him, simony was solemnly proscribed, and though constantly disguising herself under a thousand perfidious shapes, has been completely extirpated from the bosom of the Church. Thanks to him, but only after fifty years of a war begun by his decrees and directed by his genius, the institution of bishops, the true basis of ecclesiastical government, ceased to be confounded with lay investiture; above all, thanks to him, the independence of pontifical elections, annulled during two centuries by imperial usurpation, was guaranteed for all time.

After his pontificate, the consent of the emperors was neither asked nor even offered, but he left to his successors a throne which they might mount without any human power daring to enervate and discredit their authority by claiming to control it. He left them yet more—the most magnificent example of that mysterious and immortal force, always ignored by persecutors, because veiled under the sacred weakness of the Church, which survives them all, which they never provoke with impunity, and which always flashes out at the most unforeseen moment, to confound their cunning and exhaust their violence. In all these things Gregory VII triumphed, and his triumph has lasted to our days. The only point where his work has not endured, although continued with equal courage and constancy by his successors through three centuries,—the only point where the future has not completely justified him,—has been in the establishment of the power of supreme arbitration between kings and people—a power which the greatest minds have always desired and admired, and which he believed that he drew honestly from the example of his predecessors, from the unanimous consent of Christian nations, and from the political and religious constitution of the society of his time. But he never pretended to bind the conscience of Christians by any solemn decree on the subject of this power, which might be a benefit for temporal society, but was not absolutely necessary either to the authority or liberty of the Church. After having willingly recognised and invoked it, first kings, and then their subjects, thought well to refuse the maternal jurisdiction which the Church has now for a long time ceased to exercise or even to claim: kings have shaken off the yoke of those ideas and beliefs which rendered them amenable to the Church; but as all earthly sovereignty needs a bridle—and, thanks to heaven, this bridle will never be wanting— others have set themselves up as judges of princes. As to the nations, they have united, in agreement with their masters, to overthrow the barrier which the Church had raised between the weak and the strong, and we are assured that it is a happiness and a progress for the whole of society to have silenced that grand voice which spoke so loudly to monarch and to subject. Is it so in truth? The scaffold of Louis XVL, the partition of Poland, and the French Revolution, may bear witness for the one and for the other what they have gained by it.

BOOK XVIII

THE PREDECESSORS OF CALIXTUS II.

CHAPTER I.

VICTOR III, URBAN II, PASCAL II, AND GELASIUS II

Gregory died at Salerno, on the day of St Urban, pope and martyr (25th May 1085). They buried him beside the relics of St Matthew the apostle and evangelist, for whom he had a special veneration. He was mourned by the poor, the monks, the Normans, and all who had been his allies before God and man. Robert Guiscard, who had loved him as a son, with a constant and dutiful love, died a few months after him, at the end of a victorious campaign against the Greek schismatics. He was buried, as befitted a champion of his time and his race, in a Benedictine abbey which he had founded at Venusia. This great blow did not shake the cause of the Church. Gregory, in dying, did not leave an empire to be shared among his lieutenants: he had founded, in the breast of Christendom, a spirit henceforth imperishable; he had taught all Catholics, all pure and generous hearts, to ally themselves against traitors and oppressors; he had created of these chosen ones an army which might be often defeated, but would never be annihilated. Thus the death of this great man brought about no triumph for his enemies, no defection among the champions of the Church.

Meanwhile the dangers remained unaltered, and the human means of opposing them were insignificant. The death of Robert Guiscard seemed to expose the new-born sovereignty of the Normans to the dangers of a divided succession. Rome was, in fact, in the hands of the imperialists; in Germany the Catholic party had but an inefficient head in its elected king, Hermann of Luxemburg. The first need of the Church was to find a worthy successor for Gregory VII. He had, on his death-bed, named four monks as candidates, whose zeal and courage he had known how to value : first, Didier, Abbot of Monte Cassino; then Hugh, Abbot of Cluny; Odo, a monk of the same monastery,

Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia; and Anselm, also a monk of the rule of Cluny, and Bishop of Lucca.

For the first time then, for several centuries, the bishops and cardinals were able to proceed to the election of the supreme pontiff without regard to the imperial power, and thus to put a definitive seal to Gregory's great victory. Obedient to his voice and to his dying wish, the prelates chose the Abbot of Monte Cassino; and in spite of Didier's absolute refusal, they undertook, in agreement with the Norman princes, to oblige him to accept their election. This resolution was fortified by the death of the holiest of the candidates for the papacy—of Anselm of Lucca—to whom Gregory, when dying, had bequeathed his mitre, as a presage of the future. Anselm, the minister and confessor of the Great Countess, had been, after Hildebrand, the chief support of the orthodox in Italy; his benediction urged on the soldiers of Matilda to victory—his holiness attached them to duty, by conquering worldly passions in their hearts; and his zeal for ecclesiastical regularity forced him to declare that it would be better for the Church to have neither clergy nor monks than to have irregular ones. The example and affection of Gregory had alone been able to console Anselm for having to abandon his monastic retreat and face the storms of the world. Deprived of such a guide and friend, Anselm felt the sources of his life dry up, and he quickly followed to heaven. He died at Mantua, 18th March, exhorting the cardinals, bishops, and knights gathered round his bed, to remain always faithful to the doctrine of the blessed Gregory, whose last words he delighted to repeat: "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile".

Monks and bishops disputed for the body of him who had done equal honour to the cloister and the episcopate; schismatics rejoiced in his death. But the Church was not quite widowed of his virtues and his courage, for the miracles wrought at his tomb inspired in Catholic Italy new energy for the struggle with imperial tyranny.

The voices of the faithful pointed unanimously to Didier, the antecedents of whose life offered all the guarantees desirable. Sprung from the blood of the ancient Lombard princes of Beneventum, and nearly related to those of Salerno, he had early triumphed over all the seductions of the world. At twenty years of age, renouncing the brilliant marriage which his parents had provided for him as the only hope of their race, he one day left his servants, his horses, and his sword at the door of a church, and escaping by a private entrance, went to hide himself in a hermitage. Dragged from this retreat, he resisted the tears of his mother and the violence of his family; and the Prince of Salerno conducted him—surrounded by all his relations and the whole town, touched by so great a sacrifice—to the monastery of St Sophia, which he had chosen as his retreat. Being afterwards transferred to Monte Cassino, Didier there succeeded Pope Stephen IX as abbot, and for twenty-eight years governed the greatest abbey in the world with a wisdom beyond comparison.

The vast labours of this holy monk for the restoration and embellishment of his famous monastery, had excited general admiration. Though his father had fallen by the Norman sword, Didier was able to live in friendship with Richard and Robert Guiscard, the leaders in the new conquest of Sicily, and to exercise the most salutary influence over them. His relations with Henry IV were marked with the double stamp of moderation and courage. The emperor, following the example of his predecessors, claimed a special right to the adhesion of the imperial abbey of Monte Cassino, and summoned the abbot to come and swear faith and homage to him. Didier obeyed the summons to avert greater evils, but declared that he would take no oath, either to save the abbey or to earn the greatest honours in the world. He urged, also, that Henry had

not yet received the imperial crown; and that even when he should have done so, he, Didier, might reserve to himself liberty to choose between resignation and the oath demanded.

The pious abbot only promised to aid Henry to become a legitimate emperor; and when they opposed to him a pretended diploma of Nicholas II, by which it was stipulated that no pope should be elected *without the imperial consent*, he replied that "the Roman Church was mistress and not servant; that she was superior to all; that no one had the right to sell her as a slave; that, if it had been possible for Pope Nicholas to execute the act of which they spoke, he would have committed an injustice and a folly; and that it was as impossible to allow that the dignity of the Church could have been compromised by the foolishness of a man without the good pleasure of God, as to believe *that a German king could ever in future be permitted to institute a pope at Rome"*.

An imperialist bishop having replied to these words, that such language, if heard beyond the Alps, would raise the whole world against Didier, the latter declared that, "even if the whole universe should league together against him, nothing would make him change his opinion. No doubt the emperor, with God's permission, may have his way for a time, and do violence to ecclesiastical right; but he will never bring Catholics to sanction his deed".

The man who thus avowed the principles proclaimed and maintained by Hildebrand, was clearly the one who was fittest to succeed him in the throne of St Peter.

After a year of interregnum, being sent to Rome to supply the needs of the Church at the Pentecost of 1086, Didier became the object of the most ardent solicitations, and even violence, from the cardinals, clergy, and Catholics of Rome, who were determined to have him for pope. But it was in vain that they knelt before him, weeping and imploring him not to abandon the Church to shipwreck; the holy man replied, that being vowed to a solitary life, he wished to finish his pilgrimage as a monk, and pointed out to the suffrages of his colleagues the monk Odo, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia. But as the Abbot of Monte Cassino was the only one whom the electors desired, they, driven to extremity, dragged him to the church of St Lucia, where, having proclaimed him under the name of Victor III, they succeeded in clothing him with the red cope, which was then part of the insignia of the papacy. But, four days afterwards, the newly-elected pope fled from Rome; laid aside, at Terracina, all marks of pontifical dignity; and took refuge in his abbey, as he had already sworn to those who laid violent hands on him that he would do. There he remained a whole year, firmly resisting all the supplications of the faithful, until he was forced to surrender, overcome by the urgency of the Norman princes Jordan and Roger, of Censius the prefect, and a part of the Roman nobles, who threw themselves at his feet at the Council of Capua, On Palm Sunday, 1087, the Normans brought the pontiff to Rome, and chased the partisans of the anti-Pope Guibert from the church of St Peter, where the orthodox pope was consecrated and installed. Eight days after his consecration, the friend of Gregory VII, already consumed by the malady which was soon to carry him off, returned to his monastery, but was almost immediately recalled to Rome by the Countess Matilda, who came to salute the successor of the great pope, whom she had so nobly defended. This famous princess, daughter of Marquis Boniface of Tuscany, and widow of Duke Godfrey of Lorraine, was, for ten years, the sole ruler of Tuscany, Lombardy, and Liguria, the vast domains of which her mother Beatrice, at her death, had left her the administration.

(Beatrice, daughter of Frederic, Duke of Upper Lorraine, and of Matilda of Swabia, sister-in-law of the Emperor Conrad II, was descended on both sides from the blood of Charlemagne; in 1036 she married Boniface of Tuscany, by whom she had the great Countess Matilda, and who left her the enjoyment of his States. In 1063 she married Godfrey with the Beard, Duke of Lorraine, whose death we have elsewhere related, and who strongly opposed the imperial supremacy both in Germany and in Italy, and rendered important services to Popes Nicholas II and Alexander II, although he has been suspected of having been led by views of personal ambition foreign to the noble nature of his wife and step-daughter. Godfrey had, by a former marriage, one son, Godfrey the Hunchback, whom he and Beatrice married in 1065 to Matilda, born in 1046, and now become, by the early death of her brother, the sole heir of Marquis Boniface. This double alliance, between Godfrey with the Beard and Beatrice on one hand, and their children Godfrey the Hunchback and Matilda on the other, was of the utmost importance to the independence of the Church, since it united in the same hands distant States, such as Lorraine and Tuscany, one of which gave access to Germany, and the other formed a centre of resistance to the imperial power in Italy. But the conjugal union of Matilda and the second Godfrey turned out ill; the prince allied himself with Henry IV, and died assassinated in 1076).

During more than half a century these two illustrious women gave to the service of the Church not only their power and their soldiers, but also a most masculine vigour, tempered by profound humility. Beatrice, who asked that on her tomb, before all her other titles, should be inscribed that of *sinner*, was worthy to be the mother of Matilda, all whose public documents commenced thus: “I, Matilda, by the grace of God what I am”, &c. Beautiful, accomplished, learned even, for her time, especially in languages, yet excelling priests or bishops in piety, the countess commanded the respect and admiration of her contemporaries. Nearly all North Italy was subject to her. Her strict justice placed a salutary check on the small tyrants who sheltered their violence under the imperial flag. Round her, as in a tranquil harbour, bishops, monks, and Catholics, of all ranks and of all countries, exiled or despoiled by German oppression, found a refuge; she often fed and clothed them with her own Heroism hands. She herself, with knightly courage, led her soldiers to battle against the enemies of the Church, for she hated them with the perfect hatred spoken of by the Psalmist. Alone in Italy, until the definite alliance of the Normans with the Church was concluded, she succeeded in resisting Henry IV, defeating his artifices, and triumphing over his military enterprises. It was at her residence at Canossa, and in her presence, that unrighteous power, personified in Henry IV, was for a moment prostrated before the justice and the majesty of the Church. Associated with the glory and the virtues of Gregory, she was associated also in the calumnies invented against the holy pontiff by ignoble adversaries, on account of the affection which existed between her and him. Time cleared away this ignominy, and Matilda continued to the Church, widowed of her great shepherd, the same love she had shown to Gregory. She came to support, with her authority and her respect, the newly-elected pope, as became one who, the moment she was mistress of her person and her states, had made the Roman Church her sole heir.

Thanks to the army of the princess, the partisans of the legitimate pope were able to snatch from the schismatics all Rome right of the Tiber, comprising Castle St Angelo, St Peter’s, and also the island in the Tiber situated in the midst of the city. It was there that Victor established his residence, and received the homage of almost the whole Roman nobility. But a new revolt broke out, on the eve of the festival of St Peter, among the numerous population which remained attached to the imperial cause and to the anti-Pope Guibert. It prevented Victor from celebrating the feast of the Holy Apostle, and obliged him to return to Monte Cassino, the crosier of which abbey he had

determined to retain as long as he lived. This holy house, after having been the cradle of monasticism, was to serve, for a while, as asylum and true See to the papacy, so gravely endangered by the tumultuous disturbance of the Roman people. Reality is here in harmony with a vision which is said to have appeared to certain pilgrims. These strangers were journeying to Monte Cassino, when they encountered a venerable old man, who was no other than the Apostle Peter, and who told them that he was going to take refuge with his brother Benedict, on account of the troubles of the apostolic city.

Tranquil in the retirement of his monastery, and supported on one side by the Normans, and on the other by Matilda, the new pope thought it wise to send against the external enemies of the Church all the Catholic forces at his disposal. He assembled an Italian army, chiefly of Pisans and Genoese; gave them the banner of St Peter; and despatched them to Africa, for the purpose of there repressing the excesses of the Saracens, and also, no doubt, in order to effect a favourable diversion on the side of Sicily, where the Normans, under the son of Robert Guiscard, were still proceeding in their career of conquest. The expedition was fortunate: the fleet of the two republics came back loaded with spoil, which was chiefly consecrated by the victor to the embellishment of churches.

Meantime the anti-pope continued to devastate the imperialist provinces subject to his authority, and everywhere replaced Catholic bishops and abbots by simoniacal, disorderly, and ignorant clergy. Warned by the indignation of the faithful, Victor, who had just confirmed the excommunication and deposition of Henry IV, assembled the bishops of southern Italy at the Council of Beneventum, where he renewed the anathemas pronounced by Gregory against the anti-pope; against those who should receive bishoprics or abbeys from the hands of laymen, and against every emperor, king, duke, or secular person whatever, who should dispose of ecclesiastical dignities.

The sovereign pontiff was also obliged to cut off from the communion of the faithful two men who, until then, had nobly combated for the good cause: Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons, and Richard, Abbot of Marseilles, who contested the validity of his election. Victor had resisted the unanimous suffrages of the electors so long, that he had a good right, in the interests of the peace and unity of the Church, to proceed against those who disputed the authority he had so unwillingly assumed. Hugh, hitherto so zealous for the cause of the Church, that Gregory, when dying, had, as we have seen, named him among those whom he pointed out as his successors, was now, perhaps, misled by a movement of envy and ambition; and in a letter to the Countess Matilda, he calumniated both the antecedents and the intentions of Victor, imputing to him a culpable complaisance towards the emperor. The archbishop nobly expiated this fault by his after-conduct; and if it is true that ambition had inspired it, he was promptly punished — for Victor dying a little while afterwards, Hugh, being suspended, was naturally excluded from the choice of the cardinals, and thus left without a rival Odo of Ostia, the only eligible candidate among the four whom Gregory had recommended. Victor, feeling the approach of death, convoked the bishops and cardinals at Monte Cassino, and presented Odo to them as his successor. It was only, however, after another interregnum of six months, in March 1088, that Odo, thanks to the exertions of the Countess Matilda, was elected in an assembly held at Terracina. The Cardinal-bishop of Porto brought the adhesion of the Roman clergy, and the Prefect of Rome, Benedict, that of all the faithful laity. The bishops, cardinals, and abbots, to the number of forty, after having prepared themselves by a three days' fast, declared that their unanimous choice fell upon Odo. His woollen frock was then taken from him, he was clothed in purple, and proclaimed pope under the name of Urban II. Thus it was again a monk who, after Gregory VII and Victor III, was commissioned to

preside over the Church in most critical circumstances. Urban was a Frenchman, son of a noble of Champagne. After having received the instructions of St Bruno at Rheims, he became a monk at Cluny under the Abbot St Hugh, who sent him as his representative to the Court of Gregory VII, at the latter's accession. Successively named Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, and then legate in Germany, Urban was made prisoner by Henry IV; and in this hard school was formed a character strong enough to continue the contest begun by Hildebrand, and to preach the first Crusade—the greatest enterprise of Christendom. The day following his election, the new pope announced, by an encyclical letter to the Catholic world, the heavy charge which had been imposed upon him, and declared to the bishops and faithful the spirit which animated him. "Those who nominated me", he says, "declare that they resolved to do so by the authority and command of my predecessors, Gregory and Victor, of pious memory. God knows how great a constraint they have been obliged to put upon my desires and my will. But since, without ambition or presumption on my part, I have been forced to accept such a burden, it remains only for me to conjure you to continue faithful to the Church, to defend her, and to fight like valiant warriors in the day of the Lord's battles. As for me, have confidence, and believe that, eager to follow point by point the steps of our blessed father Pope Gregory VII, I will repulse all he repulsed, condemn all he condemned, embrace all that he loved, and confirm all that he thought good and Catholic".

After this, Urban, skilfully drawing upon the resources furnished to him by his monastic relations, appealed to his former superior, Abbot Hugh of Cluny. "I implore you", he wrote, "if you have any pity in your heart, if you cherish any recollection of your son and pupil, come and satisfy my ardent desires by your presence; or if this may not be, send me at least such of your children, my old comrades, as I may consider and receive like yourself, who will fill your place near me—who will in my troubles make me seem to hear your consoling words, taste the sweetness of your love, and know what concerns you and the congregation of our brothers. Above all, I beg of you, cause them to pray and entreat the Lord that He will deign to restore His Church, now so cruelly exposed; and know that this is a special obligation which I impose on you"

His acts corresponded with this effusion of his soul. He tried to surround himself with monastic assistants. He raised his namesake Odo, also a monk of Cluny, to the dignity of Cardinal-bishop of Ostia, which he himself had borne before his election. He took two deacons from among the monks of Monte Cassino to be his secretaries; one Leo, distinguished by learning and eloquence—the other, John, whom he shortly afterwards named Cardinal and Chancellor of the Church, and who was one day to succeed him under the name of Gelasius II. The pope then went to Monte Cassino, the palace and citadel of the sovereign pontiff: he there received a visit from Roger and Bohemond, sons of Robert Guiscard, and hastened to consecrate their expiatory gifts to the Abbey of Bantino, in Apulia, by going himself to dedicate the church, and by giving complete immunity to this monastery, which had been despoiled by the first Normans, and, moreover, impoverished by the sacrilegious usurpation of simoniacal bishops.

The sons of Robert Guiscard were at this time in arms against each other to dispute their father's succession; and as they agreed to acknowledge the authority of Urban II, he was able to become the mediator of their quarrels, and to bring about a reconciliation and an equitable division. In spite of their intestine dissensions, these valiant princes, in Italy as well as in Normandy, never failed in their devotion to the orthodox popes, and their energetic assistance was never wanting to Urban II.

King Philip of France, on his side, hastened to acknowledge the new pope; and Christian Spain soon rendered double homage to his authority and his solicitude. The

day that Gregory VII breathed his last at Salerno, Toledo, the ancient metropolis of Spain, was taken by assault from the Arabs by Alfonso VI, King of Castile and Leon; and the victor immediately convoked an assembly of lords and prelates, where a French monk of Cluny, named Bernard, was unanimously chosen archbishop of the illustrious see thus reconquered. Alfonso, who showed the tenderest devotion to the ancient abbey, contributed more than any one to the construction of the immense abbatial church. It was said that he had wished to become a monk there, and had obtained Bernard from Abbot Hugh, in order to place him at the head of the famous Abbey of St Just and St Facond. The new archbishop desired to go to Italy to receive the pall from the hands of a pope who, like himself, was sprung from the ranks of Cluny. Urban did more than was asked of him; he re-established the ancient primacy of Spain in favour of the metropolitan see of Toledo, thus gloriously restored, after 370 years of interruption, by the heroic efforts of Christian knighthood.

Bernard, and the other monks of Cluny established in Spain, where their ascendancy was very considerable, contributed with all their might to the substitution of the Gallo-Roman liturgy for the Mozarabic ritual. Another French monk, Adelme, Abbot of Chaise-Dieu, had been present with the King of Castile's army at the passage of the Tagus. Mounted on his ass, he rode into the swollen river singing the verse of the Psalm, "*Hi in curribus et hi in equis: nos autem in nomine Domini*". The example of the good monk shamed the hesitating soldiers; they swam after him, and the stream was crossed by the whole Christian army. Adelme went barefoot to Rome, whence he returned to shut himself up in the Abbey of Chaise-Dieu. The report of his virtues and his miracles crossed the Pyrenees. Queen Constance, wife of Alfonso VI, implored her husband to bring the holy monk to Spain, hoping that his example might sanctify their subjects. They gave him, at the gates of Burgos, a chapel and hospital, which became a famous abbey under the name of San Juan de la Vega, where he ended his life in works of charity and penitence, but not until he had first propagated the strict observance of the Benedictine French rule then followed at Chaise-Dieu. The French seem to have been called upon at this time to take a glorious and considerable part in the Catholic restoration of Spain: on one hand holy monks, and on the other numerous knights, had hastened from all the provinces of France at Alfonso's call, when the invasion of the Almoravids gave fresh power to the Saracen sovereignty in the Peninsula. The most distinguished among these Frenchmen was the Norman William. The presence or influence of men of this race, in Spain as in Italy, almost always indicates the preponderance of a deep feeling of devotion to the Roman Church; and, in fact, such had been the consequence of the alliance of the Normans and Catalans by the marriage of Raymond Berenger III, Count of Barcelona, with Matilda, daughter of Robert Guiscard.

In 1090, Raymond wished to present his whole county to the Roman Church, declaring himself the tributary and vassal of St Peter's successor, as much for love of God and His apostles as for the purpose of securing his independence with regard to other princes. He added a special gift of the town of Tarragona, where Pope Urban hastened to re-establish the ancient metropolis, suppressed for more than four centuries in consequence of the Moorish conquest. "The Lord is just", said the pope, in the diploma relating to this reconstitution, "and holy in all His works; and though His judgments are often incomprehensible, it is He who guides the revolutions of kingdoms and of ages. It has seemed good to Him, then, to restore lately the glory of Tarragona, while punishing the sins of its inhabitants. For 390 years the Saracens had made of this city almost a solitude; and behold, the Lord has put into the heart of Christian princes the thought of restoring it. Count Berenger, for the salvation of his soul, and with the consent of his nobles, has given it with all its territory to the blessed Peter. We take it,

therefore, under the special protection of the Holy See, and we confirm the liberties and immunities conferred by the Count".

But the joy of seeing the almost simultaneous restoration of two celebrated metropolitans did not cause the sovereign pontiff to lose sight of the protection he owed to other sees in Spain. King Alfonso having ventured to depose and imprison the Bishop of Compostella, the pope issued a reprimand which breathes the very spirit of Gregory VII: "The world is ruled by two powers—the priestly and the royal. But the one is above the other, inasmuch as kings themselves must give account to the King of the universe. The pastoral office obliges us to provide, according to our power, for the salvation not only of the small, but of the great, that we may restore unhurt, to the true Shepherd, the sheep which He has confided to us. We are bound, above all, to watch over thy safety, O king, whom Christ has chosen to be the champion of the faith and of His Church. We pray thee therefore, glorious prince, in the name of God and His apostles, to cause this bishop to be restored to his dignity by the Archbishop of Toledo, and to send him to us with thy ambassadors, that we may judge him. Otherwise thou wilt oblige us to that against thee which we should do unwillingly".

While Urban II thus corrected the excesses of orthodox kings, and saw the victorious Catholics of Spain declare themselves his vassals, he was himself almost a prisoner in the island of the Tiber, forced to defend himself against the snares of the schismatics who occupied half Rome—and so poor, that he lived upon the alms of the Roman ladies, and even of women of the lower classes.

The time, meanwhile, had arrived when he must occupy himself with the most pressing danger which menaced the Church—the increase of power in the hands of the emperor, the fomenter and protector of the schism of which the anti-Pope Guibert was pontiff. Though the imperialists of Germany and Italy were Guibert's only adherents, their support was formidable, on account of the number of German and Italian bishops who belonged to the party. If, profiting by the hesitation of Didier, and the lamentable uncertainty of the two interregnums which intervened between the death of Gregory and the accession of Urban, Henry had been able to return to Italy at the head of a victorious army, he would no doubt have procured the triumph of the anti-pope, and assured for a long time the servitude of the Church. But the hand of God detained the prince in Germany long enough to allow an energetic pope to reunite and direct against him all the Catholic powers. The Saxon people, who had so generously joined their cause to that of the Roman Church during the lifetime of Gregory, was still, after his death, the principal bulwark of apostolic liberty. This noble nation, though distant from Italy, thus shared with the Normans the mission of repulsing or warding off the blows destined for the Church.

Henry IV had reawakened all their exasperation against him, by placing intruders in the sees of orthodox bishops, and retaining the confiscated property he had promised to restore. The Bavarians, his oldest adherents, declared against him, headed by their Duke Welf, an offshoot of the famous Guelphic race. The Swabians, who obeyed as their duke the son of King Rodolph—killed fighting for the Church and the ancient laws of the Empire—joined the Saxons. Henry, at the head of 20,000 men, chiefly raised in the Rhine cities, marched against the confederates. The latter, only 10,000 in number, advanced under the command of Ecbert, Margrave of Misnia, and of Hermann of Luxemburg, the prince whom the German Catholics had elected king: they drew with them a car surmounted by an immense cross and a consecrated banner, as the insignia of a Catholic army. The forces met on the field of Bleichsseld, near Würzburg, August 11, 1086. Before the battle, all the Catholic army knelt while the

Archbishop Hartwig, of Magdeburg, invoked the aid of God, in whose name they were about to draw their swords. Unlike most medieval battles, this was a combat of infantry: Duke Welf, with his Bavarians and many Saxons, chose to fight on foot, like the imperialist burgers. Those troops did no great service to their master; the men of Cologne and Utrecht fled at the very outset. Henry defended himself bravely, but nevertheless sustained the most complete defeat of his whole reign. The Catholics immediately occupied the town of Würzburg, capital of the duchy of Franconia, and of the hereditary domains of the imperial house: there they re-established the legitimate bishop, Adalberon, who had been ten years in exile. The Bishops of Salzburg and Passau were also shortly after restored. But as the emperor united most indefatigable activity to great personal courage, he soon repaired the consequences of his defeat, and retook Wurzburg. Before bringing back the intruded bishop, Meginhard, Henry tried to win Adalberon over to his party; but the latter would not even see him. He said to the princes sent on this mission by the emperor, “You may kill me, but you cannot force me voluntarily to see or speak with your king”. Accordingly, he again quitted his bishopric; and leaving his episcopal city, sought refuge in the Abbey of Lambach, which he had founded on his patrimonial estates, and where he died after four years of exile.

The following year various conferences between the emperor and the Catholic lords, who called themselves the faithful of St Peter, brought about no result. The princes communicated to Henry letters from the new pope, Victor III, which confirmed Gregory’s sentence; they promised to obtain his recognition everywhere as emperor if he would only be reconciled with the Church: but Henry declared that he did not regard himself as excommunicated. The princes then refused to treat with a public sinner who hardened himself in misdoing. They were, perhaps, encouraged in this course by a message from King Ladislas, of Hungary, who sent them word that, in case of need, he would come with 20,000 knights to the help of the faithful of St Peter against the schismatics. But though strong enough to make head, often with success, against Henry, and to hinder him from acting vigorously against the Church in Italy, the confederates wanted a military chief possessing sufficient ascendancy to maintain himself in opposition to the emperor. Hermann de Salm, Count of Luxemburg, the king whom they had some time previously elected, had shown himself completely unfitted for his mission; and loaded with mortifications inflicted by his allies, had retired to Lorraine, where he died in 1088. The most influential chief of the Catholics, both before and after this death, was Ecbert, Margrave of Misnia, an equivocal personage, selfish, but brave and skilful, who often deceived both parties, and was entirely without that loyalty and religious devotion indispensable to the Church’s defenders. In an insurrection at Goslar, fomented by this Margrave, but the cause of which is difficult to Death of discover, the Church lost one of its bravest and purest Pontiffs, Burkhardt, Bishop of Halberstadt. On the eve of the outbreak, having just arrived in the city, drawn thither by a projected conference with the imperialists, who were ravaging the lands of his diocese, he had declared to his intimates that he felt himself too old and weary to continue the war, but that as long as he lived he would avoid, like a pestilence, all communion with tyranny, and that his only ambition was to find a refuge in some country, no matter what, where he might be for ever delivered from the sight of the tyrant. Assailed in the dead of night by assassins, he was struck down with stones and clubs, and finally pierced by a lance, the iron of which remained in his body. They carried him, dying, to the neighbouring abbey of Ilsemburg, which he had reformed, and where he had chosen his burial-place; for the monasteries in Germany were even more than elsewhere the last asylum of orthodox bishops. He died there, singing a hymn to the Prince of the Apostles, to whom the last offering of his life was thus presented. Some months later death carried of Gebhard, the holy Archbishop of Salzburg, who had been restored shortly before to his metropolis by the swords of

Count Engelbert and his knights. The monks of the Abbey of Admont, founded by this bishop, received his body, and graved on his tomb the following epitaph: “He suffered for love of justice; he endured exile through the hatred of the king; he preferred misery to schism ... 0 Rome, he obeyed thy decisions. Faithful to the law of God, he feared neither king, nor violence, nor shame”. Henry wished to replace him immediately by one of his own creatures; but the Catholics of the province chose an orthodox prelate in the person of Thiemon, Abbot of St Peter, a Bavarian noble, who had been a monk at Hirschau, which, as we have said, the holy Abbot William had succeeded in making a centre of Catholic resistance in Germany.

Meanwhile Henry, fortified by the death of the Bishop of Halberstadt, by the submission of the Archbishop of Magdeburg, and the equivocal conduct of the Margrave Ecbert, was able again to attempt the subjugation of Saxony, and had nearly accomplished it when Ecbert surprised and defeated him near Gleichen in Thuringia. Burkhardt of Lausanne, a bishop who, by a scandal unique even amidst the disorders of his party, was married, and thus worthy to bear the banner of a schismatic emperor, was killed in the battle; and another of Henry’s most active adherents, Archbishop Liemar of Bremen, was taken by the young Count Lothaire, son of a knight killed at Nohenburg for the good cause, who thus, at the age of fourteen, began a life which he was to end in the imperial purple after having given peace and freedom to the Church.

Soon after this victory, Ecbert perished, assassinated by the soldiers of the Abbess of Quedlinburg, sister of the emperor. The position of the Catholics was lamentable on account of the defection or intrusion of most of the bishops. Only five could be counted in the ranks of the orthodox; two of these, Adalberon of Würzburg and Hermann of Metz, died in 1090; but there remained Altmann of Passau and Gebhard of Constance, upon whom Urban principally depended, when, at this epoch, he resolved to interfere directly in the affairs of Germany. Gebhard was descended from the house of Lähringen, equally powerful and devoted to the Church; he was a monk of Hirschau, and pupil of the Abbot St William. Urban had known him during his legation, and had himself consecrated him Bishop of Constance. By his letters of April 18, 1089, he constituted him his legate, and while renewing the excommunication in the first degree against Henry and the anti-pope, and in the second degree against their supporters and soldiers, he gave to Gebhard the powers necessary for modifying, with regard to the faithful, the consequences of their relations with the excommunicated, relations which became difficult to avoid during so prolonged a war. The Catholic princes in vain renewed their offers of peace and complete submission to the emperor, on the sole condition that he should renounce the anti-Pope Guibert, and reconcile himself with the Church. Henry himself seems to have been inclined to do this, but the bishops ordained in the schism dissuaded him from it, in the well-founded fear that they might find themselves sacrificed together with the anti-pope in the future treaty. It was necessary, therefore, to continue the war. These supporters of the revolt against the Church did not fight with arms only; besides warlike bishops, such as Burkhardt the married bishop of Lausanne, who died for his emperor on the field of battle, there were pleaders and preachers who spoke in the name of Holy Scripture, and took advantage of the calamities which fell upon the Catholics, to gain souls to the imperialist schism. It was with this object that Waltram, intruding Archbishop of Magdeburg, wrote to Count Louis of Thuringia a letter in which he expatiates on the advantages of concord and charity, and invokes those texts on which so many have tried to justify the complicity of the Church with tyranny and wickedness. “The Apostle says, ‘Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God’. And yet our friends would persuade women and ignorant people that they ought

not to obey the royal authority. Will they resist God? Are they stronger than He? But what say the prophet: '*All they that were incensed against Thee, Lord, shall be confounded, and they that strive with Thee shall perish*'. Rodolph, Hildebrand, Ecbert, and many other lords have resisted the ordinance of God in the person of the Emperor Henry, and have perished: what has ended so ill must have had an ill beginning. The Count of Thuringia borrowed the pen of Stephen, Bishop of Halberstadt, the worthy successor of the martyr Burkhardt, and addressed to the intruder a letter, of which these are some passages. "We say that your understanding of the Apostle's precept is wrong, and your interpretation worse. For if all power comes from God in the sense which you understand, how does it happen that the Lord says by His prophet, '*They have reigned, and not by me; they have made princes, and I knew them not?*'

"Augustine, explaining the Apostle's sentence, says, 'If a power commands that which is against God, then contemn the power and have no fear of it'. But let us listen to the Apostle, who himself speaks thus, '*There is no power but what comes from God*'; and afterwards says, '*And those which come from God are ordained*'. Why have you suppressed this truth? Why have you wished to veil from us the marrow and the bone of this sentence? Foreseeing by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit that there would arise one day in the Church heretics, such as you and your fellows, who would call evil good and good evil, who would change light into darkness, and transform the precepts of truth into arguments for error, the Apostle chose to cut short the conjectures of the reprobate mind by this addition, '*Those which come from God are ordained*'; now show us an ordained power and we will no longer resist, but hold out our arms to it. But how, if a single drop of blood remains in your veins, do you not blush to call Henry IV king, and to say that he is ordained? Is he ordained to authorise crime, to confound all human and divine law? Is he ordained to sin against his own body, and to abuse his wife in a manner before unheard of? Is he ordained to treat as prostitutes the widows that come to him to demand justice?"

Here follows a vivid enumeration of Henry's crimes and attacks upon the Church, upon the bishoprics, upon the abbeys sold by him or given up for often infamous reasons. Then the pontiff goes on: "Excommunicated for his crimes by the Apostolic See, he will never have rule or power over us who are Catholics. You reproach us with hating our brothers, but God grant that we may never count Henry among our brothers or among Christians, who, deaf to the repeated call of the Church, should rather be considered a heathen and a publican! We hate him, and we offer our hatred to God as a great sacrifice, saying with the Psalmist, '*Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? am not I grieved with Thine enemies?* For this reason we strive to regard the enemies of the Church as our own enemies, and we hate them because they are the enemies of God, not ours. You preach to us peace with all men; but you forget to add, with the apostle, if it may be. Now it cannot be with the enemies of God. What said the divine Saviour, who is Himself our peace? '*I come not to bring peace upon earth, but a sword*'. What is this? Why does peace bring a sword? Why does it declare war? To annihilate the peace of Satan, for he also has his peace, of which the Lord spoke when He said, '*While the strong man keeps his house, his possessions are in peace*'. Oh, with what skill does the devil defend his house in these days by the aid of you, his satellites, who, armed with perfidy, are impenetrable to the shafts of truth and faith! But our Lord may also come and vanquish the strong man, and snatch from him the arms in which he trusts. We are not wrong, then, in detesting that false peace, more cruel than all wars, which the Psalmist thus brands, '*I detested the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked*'. You tell us also that Pope Gregory, King Rodolph, and the Marquis Ecbert are dead miserably, and you felicitate your master on having survived them! But is it not better to die well than to live ill? Why not also felicitate Nero on having

survived the apostles Peter and Paul? Herod on having survived St John? or Pilate our Lord Jesus Christ? ... For us who have graven the Word of God on our hearts as on diamonds, we condemn all the phantoms which rise up against the truth of God; we glorify ourselves in tribulation; we may be calumniated, proscribed, exiled, killed, but beat or vanquished never! Our greatest joy is in the glory of our fathers, who, in resisting the commands of princes, have gained a blessed eternity".

Thus spoke a Catholic prince by the mouth of an orthodox bishop, and such writings balance many battles. Scattered throughout Germany, they roused the zeal of the pontifical party, which, in spite of its recent losses, still counted numerous adherents, especially among the higher nobility of southern Germany. If the Saxons, exhausted by so many combats, resigned themselves, with the exception of Werner, the exiled Bishop of Merseburg, to the emperor's yoke, the Bavarians, on the other hand, under Duke Welf, continued to offer to him an energetic resistance. The legate, Altmann of Passau (who died soon after), left the Catholics of the banks of the Danube under the guidance of a vigorous chief, the monk Thiemon, now Archbishop of Salzburg, who was able, like his sainted predecessor, to endure exile, captivity, and all the violence of persecution. Condemned to die in prison, he felt the headsman's axe fall twice upon his neck.

The contest was, above all, warm in Swabia, under the direction of Gebhard, the legate of Constance, where William of Hirschau was still living. The holy abbot, not content with training courageous bishops, such as Gebhard and Thiemon, had also given a most powerful impulse to the internal and spiritual movement by which so many persons of both sexes and all ranks felt themselves drawn to embrace the monastic life in the character of lay brothers and sisters, or to constitute themselves vassals of chapters or monasteries to which they rendered daily services, professing obedience towards the regular congregation. Whole villages in Swabia were seen subjecting themselves to these voluntary obligations, and thus forming religious communities of a new kind. Urban gave the apostolic sanction to this new manifestation of Catholic spirit, which had not failed to excite much criticism, but the good effects of which he had been able himself to appreciate; for it alone consoled the Church for the coldness and defections which followed on the prolongation of the schism. Besides this popular movement, the principal nobles of Swabia, in accord with Duke Welf and the Bavarians, maintained the cause of the Church, and succeeded in repulsing the domination of Frederic of Hohenstaufen, the emperor's son-in-law, whom Henry wished to impose upon them as Duke of Swabia. Thus was already begun the rivalry between the Guelfs and Ghibelines, which, after the elevation of Frederic's sons to the imperial throne, Was to be, to a great extent, confounded with the permanent conflict between the emperor and the Church. To oppose Frederic, and the intruded bishops who supported him, the Catholics elected Duke Berthold of Zähringen, brother of the legate Gebhard of Constance, and son-in-law of the orthodox King Rodolph, who had also been Duke of Swabia. The Counts of Montfort, Hellenburg, Toggenburg, Kiburg, and Bregens, and all the grand vassals of the province, solemnly recognised the two brothers Berthold as dukes, and Gebhard as legate, at the provincial diet at Ulm (1093). They there also proclaimed the truce of God until 1096, so as to protect monasteries, travellers, and merchants; and this clause gained them the assent even of the towns always devoted to the emperor. Every count caused it to be sworn to in his county, by all the nobles and freemen. Alsace was kept in the right path by a regular canon named Manegald, so learned that he was surnamed *the master of the doctors*, and already known by his writings in favour of Gregory VII. He caused almost the whole of the Alsatian nobility to abjure the schism, and to be publicly reconciled with the Holy See. The emperor vainly tried to win him over; furious, he threw

Manegald into prison, where he kept him for a long time. This lengthened captivity was the reward of the unconquerable resistance Manegald had so long and so generously opposed to all attempts to corrupt him.

Meanwhile Henry IV had again started for Italy, the principal theatre of the war. The Catholic party there had been weakened, in 1089, by the death of two of its most valiant defenders—St Peter Igneus, Cardinal-bishop of Albano; and the heroic Bonizo, Bishop of Sutri, and afterwards of Placentia, martyred by the schismatics of his episcopal city, who first tore out his eyes, and then cut off his limbs one by one. In September of this year Urban convoked a council of seventy bishops at Melfe, where he published a series of canons, which were intended to confirm the sentences already pronounced against investitures, simony, the marriage of priests, and the presence of clergy at the court of princes, and by which it was forbidden *to all ecclesiastical persons to become the vassals of laymen*. In the same assembly, the pope received the homage and oath of fidelity of Roger, son of Robert Guiscard, to whom he confirmed the possession of the Duchy of Apulia, by placing in his hands the ducal banner.

More and more assured of the help of the Norman, Urban devised a plan for uniting and arranging the forces of which the partisans of the Orthodox Church could dispose in Italy and Germany. He persuaded the Countess Matilda to marry the young Welf, son of the Duke of Bavaria, one of the principal leaders of the German Catholics. The marriage was disproportioned, for Matilda was forty-three years of age and Welf only eighteen; but for the good of the Church, though against the will of the countess, it took place. It was impossible that harmony should continue between the married pair; in the beginning, however, there was no disagreement between them. Welf showed himself, like his father, a vigorous champion of the pontifical cause, and became a source of great disquiet to the emperor, who decided to return to Italy, where he hastened to seize all the possessions of Matilda to the north of the Alps. He then went down into Lombardy (1090), invested Mantua, one of the chief cities of the countess's states, and make himself master of it after a siege of eleven months.

The Romans of the imperial party again opened their gates to the anti-Pope Guibert, and for the third time since Gregory’s death gained possession of Castle St Angelo.

The Catholics were reduced to offer peace to the emperor; Duke Welf agreed to be reconciled to him if he would merely renounce Guibert, and restore the confiscated domains. Henry for the third time refused. His triumph intoxicated him. The fall of Mantua soon brought about the submission of all Matilda’s states north of the Po. Ferrara was taken by the troops of the emperor, who carried the war to the south of the river, and began to ravage the estates of Welf, to punish him for his arriage with the countess, and his alliance with the Holy See.

Henry then made himself master of several fortresses belonging to Matilda, in the Modena country, and besieged Montevio, which was one of the most important of them.

These successes terrified most of the vassals of the countess, who obliged her to try negotiations. Henry promised peace on the single condition of her acknowledging the anti-Pope Guibert; but this condition was indignantly refused, which proves clearly that the independence of the Church was the true object of the contest.

There was a conference held at Carpineta. Many bishops and monks were assembled there to examine the bases of a treaty. Bishop Heribert, of Reggio, insisted

on the necessity of yielding to the emperor's victorious arms; but a monk, named John, protested against this conclusion. "God forbid", he cried, addressing the countess, "that such a peace should be made, for it would be contrary to the honour of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit! Would you lose the fruit of so many efforts, so many labours, endured for Christ. Do not cease the battle; victory is there awaiting you; the prayers of St Peter will obtain it from the Lord".

The assembly, carried away by these words, cried out that it would be better to die than to treat with Henry. Matilda, all whose wishes agreed with this resolution, was rewarded for her constancy; for the prophecy of John was soon fulfilled. The emperor's natural son was killed in attacking Montevio, and the emperor was forced to raise the siege. He tried to make up for this check by surprising Canossa, and thus avenging the humiliation he thought he had suffered there at the feet of Gregory VII. But the inhabitants, encouraged by the prayers and hymns of John and his monks, defended it to the utmost.

Henry then found himself forced to retreat, after having lost his banner, which, by Matilda's order, was hung in the church of Canossa, a glorious monument of the defeat of the perjured prince, who had carelessly forgotten all his promises of repentance, and thus robbed himself of the easy means of becoming the legitimate sovereign of Europe.

Before the winter of 1090, Matilda reconquered all that she had lost south of the Po. Henry was obliged to take refuge in Lombardy, where Welf kept him shut up, thus preventing his junction with the King of Hungary, whose help he expected.

Meanwhile Urban, driven from Rome by the success of the anti-pope, had sought shelter in the Campagna, in the ancient territory of the Samnites, under Norman protection. Without fixed abode, living on alms, but perhaps greater amidst the hazards and agitations of this fugitive life than in the lap of the splendid Roman Court, the pope carried into the exercise of his pontifical duties a marvellous vigilance and activity. He did not content himself with renewing, in a council held at Benevento, the anathemas which his predecessors had fulminated against the emperor and the anti-pope; he also interposed daily in the general government of Christendom, by diplomas, by legations, by audiences granted to the numerous pilgrims who followed his steps in his exile, or by the dedication of churches, which rose in all parts of the country where he found an asylum. That magnificent country, extending from the Bay of Naples to that of Taranto, contained, besides Salerno, Amalfi, Monte Cassino, La Cava, and many other places eternally associated with the glory of the Roman Republic. Lately opened to northern Europe by the exploits of the Normans, this happy land was, as it were, *consecrated* in the eyes of all Christians by the residence and death of Gregory VII, and also by the fact that it served afterwards for the abode and sanctuary of the series of great popes who followed Hildebrand.

No Catholic traveller can pass through these scenes, embellished by all the magic of nature and all the souvenirs of history, without remembering that it was amidst them that those fugitive but indomitable pontiffs who vanquished the world, and saved the Church in the most terrible crisis of its history, renewed their courage. Salerno, above all, must have attracted Urban II; for, as he said, in a solemn diploma, to the archbishop placed over the see, "You have already the body of the Apostle St Matthew, and those of the holy martyrs Fortunatus and his companions; and now, in our days, God has deigned to confer upon you a new glory from the exile and the tomb of that Gregory of apostolic memory, whose uprightness, learning, and marvellous constancy

are proclaimed by the Roman Church, confessed by the whole West, and proved by the fall of vanquished tyrants".

Meanwhile the new church of the monastery of La Cava was finished. Urban went to consecrate it, accompanied by Duke Roger and a crowd of bishops, cardinals, clergy, and laymen. In a bull addressed to the Abbot Peter, the pope again bore witness to his reverence for the memory of Gregory VII, and his zeal for monastic liberty:

"Firmly attached to the institutions of our predecessor Gregory, who had so much affection for this monastery, who brought you from the famous house of Cluny to be its abbot, and who so well secured the liberty of this house and its dependencies, that to this day it has remained free from all human yoke, we, in our turn, confer upon it, by this privilege, an absolute liberty with regard to all persons, secular or ecclesiastic". He then enumerates the different indulgences and exemptions which he grants to the monks,—favours, whose object indeed was only to better guarantee the exact performance of all monastic duties.

Duke Roger also associated himself with the pope's work. He granted to the monastery the tithe of the sea-fishery, guaranteed the independence of its jurisdiction, and confirmed, in advance, all gifts or cessions of fiefs which his barons or vassals might wish to make to it. Leo, a holy abbot of La Cava, who had been repulsed with harshness by Gisulf, the last Lombard Prince of Salerno, when he came to beg the pardon of three condemned prisoners, had foretold to the prince that he would soon cease to reign. Robert Guiscard and his Normans shortly afterwards undertook to accomplish this prediction. Their new chief, no doubt remembering the circumstance, conferred on the abbots of La Cava the perpetual right of pardoning those condemned to death or other penalties, throughout his duchy, and especially those whom they might meet on the way to execution.

This was the privilege which the Romans granted to vestals, and it reappeared, in the criminal law of Christian knights, as a tribute to true devotion and holy virginity.

(This same privilege had been granted to the Abbot of Glastonbury in England, and to the Abbess of Lindau, on Lake Constance. The Catholic spirit, so inexhaustible and so varied in its affectionate skill in the things of God, reproduced, with admirable similarity, the same fruits in the most distant places. The Reformation and modern policy have freed the world from these anomalies. The privilege here alluded to was abolished in a characteristic manner conformably to the spirit of the Reformation, when Henry VIII caused the last Abbot of Glastonbury to be quartered at the door of his monastery, Nov. 14, 1538, for denying that the king was the visible head of the Church).

The Normans gloriously continued their mission. Count Roger, brother of Robert Guiscard, and uncle of the young Duke of Apulia, had just completed the conquest of Sicily, then held by the Saracens. He immediately occupied himself with the establishment of bishoprics and monasteries there: Palermo, Messina, Catania, Agrigento, Syracuse, and Chazzara were made bishops' sees by the pope, at the victor's request, and most of them received as their first bishops monks from Normandy, sharers in the first conquests of their race in Italy.

Urban, by the care he devoted to the regulation of these different foundations, deserved to be considered the restorer of the Church in Sicily. At the same time he raised the city of Pisa to metropolitan rank, and presented to it the island of Corsica, doing this at the request of Matilda, and in gratitude for the services rendered to the Holy See by this Republic, and for its victories over the Saracens. The cares of the

sovereign pontiff were not bounded by Italy and its dependencies; their wide extent is proved by the many deeds, dated from these years of exile which relate to monastic affairs, and the liberty of episcopal elections in France and elsewhere. At the very moment when the emperor, crossing the Alps, seemed about to fetter the papacy more than at any time since the death of Gregory VII, Urban was able to reunite to the Holy See, by the closest bonds, two Frenchmen whose influence and services were destined to honour and fortify the Church—Bishop Yves of Chartres, and St Bruno, founder of the Carthusian Order. Yves was not a monk, but he had been the pupil of Lanfranc at Bec, and being placed at the head of a community of regular canons at St Quentin of Beauvais, he had preserved during his whole career a lively recollection of the peace and spiritual pleasures of the cloister. He had composed a vast collection of canon law, known under his name, and which retained great authority until the publication of the famous decretals of Gratian. When Bishop Geoffrey of Chartres had been deposed after a long process at the Court of Rome, as guilty of simony, concubinage, and treason, Yves was chosen to replace him by the unanimous suffrages of the clergy and people of Chartres. King Philip of France acknowledged him; but not so the metropolitan Richer, Archbishop of Sens, who, being a partisan of Geoffrey, refused to consecrate Yves. The latter was obliged to go to the pope, who himself consecrated him at Capua, and sent him back to France with a letter to the inhabitants of Chartres, in which he enjoined them to receive the prelate, as consecrated by the hands of St Peter himself. And as Richer, far from yielding to the judgment of the supreme authority, wrote an injurious letter to the new prelate, in which he seemed scarcely to allow the validity of his consecration, Yves replied by an ardent vindication of the Holy See, and by declaring all those who did not respect it to be heretics. Richer in vain tried to obtain his deposition by a provincial council, as having acted to the prejudice of the royal authority in going to Rome to be consecrated. Yves retained his episcopal see, where we soon find him in the first rank of champions of the authority and discipline of the Church.

Bruno, born at Cologne, of a noble and warlike race, had been canon and schoolmaster of Rheims, where he taught Greek, Hebrew, and theology, and where he counted among his pupils the young noble of that country, who afterwards became pope under the name of Urban II. To avoid the dignity of Archbishop of Rheims, which was pressed upon him, Bruno renounced teaching and the world. Accompanied by his friends, two of whom were laymen, and the third a foreigner, he went to beg a retreat with Hugh, Bishop of Grenoble, who had been his pupil at Rheims, and become a monk at Chaise-Dieu.

On the eve of their arrival at Grenoble, Hugh dreamed that he was transported to the midst of the mountains of Dauphiné, in the most savage and inaccessible part of his diocese. In his vision he seemed to see rising on the broken rocks a magnificent temple, while seven stare, coming from afar, paused over the roof of the building, and flooded it with their light. Next day, when Hugh saw seven travellers arrive, led by his old master Bruno, he understood that the vision was to warn him of their coming, and he himself led them to the place pointed out by the apparition of the seven stars.

They could arrive there only by crossing forests and precipices, so difficult of access, that they risked their lives on the journey; and when they did arrive, they found merely a narrow plateau surrounded by pines, dominated by steep mountains, and perpetually swept by avalanches. The travellers joyfully established themselves there, built an oratory and some cabins of branches, and gave themselves entirely to contemplation, peace, and the love of God. This solitude was called the Chartreuse, and this was the origin of the order of Carthusians (Chartreux), who at first bore the honourable title *of Christ's Poor*. By a mysterious exercise of the Divine Will, of all the

monasteries which covered France, the Chartreuse alone has escaped the common and sacrilegious destruction.

The new-comers bound themselves to follow the rule of St Benedict, but restored it to its primitive rigour, and modified it to a more hermit-like fashion. Isolated cells within the boundaries of the monastery were substituted for the common refectory and dormitory; each of the thirteen monks (the number to which those of each house were strictly limited) inhabited one of them, where he ate, slept, and worked in solitude.

They had few common services; the conventual mass was only celebrated on Sundays and feast-days. On these occasions the solitaries permitted themselves the use of fish and cheese; at other times their sole nourishment was bran bread and vegetables. They cultivated but little of the sterile soil of their mountains, and lived only on the produce of their flocks; it was forbidden to them to preach.

The transcription of MSS., and above all that of Holy Scripture, was their principal occupation. “We will thus”, said their statutes, “preach the Word of God, not by our lips, but by the work of our hands”.

Count William of Nevers, who was destined to end his life as one of them, having gone to visit them from devotion, was so touched by their poverty, that on his return he sent them a costly set of plate. They returned it to him; but they gratefully accepted the parchments which he gave them afterwards, and which they used in forming the rich library they shortly afterwards organised. This new branch of the monastic orders was in reality a rehabilitation of the eremitic life of the first Fathers of the Desert, but sheltered from the dangers of an absolute solitude. Austere as the system was, it excited not only the emulation of all monks, but also the admiration and envy of all lay-men. Great troops of men, women, and even children were seen, says a contemporary, soliciting admission into the new fold of penitence and divine love. Meantime the number of houses was, at first, very limited. Bruno had lived six years at the Chartreuse, when an order of the pope drew him thence. Urban, amidst all the storms of his pontificate, had determined to call his old friend to the help of the Church; in 1090, therefore, he enjoined him to come to him, and kept him near to himself during the whole of his stay in Italy, seeking assistance in all the papal councils from his knowledge and his affection. Count Roger of Sicily, who shared the special regard felt by Norman nobles for monks, disputed with the pope the possession of Bruno, and loaded him with marks of his generosity and tender affection. In vain he offered to the Carthusian the Archbishopric of Reggio; but when the saint, wearied of the life he led at the Roman Court, had obtained his liberty, he accepted from the hands of the Count a monastery in Calabria, to which the pope allowed him to retire. Bruno soon quitted his solitude to go and baptise the son of Roger, who was one day to be the first Christian king of the Two Sicilies, and to receive the last sighs of the illustrious Count to whom is due the honour of having founded this kingdom. The saint died four months after his friend, and the whole Church mourned him who had enriched her with a new legion of soldiers and saints.

Meantime, with the year 1093 there seemed to open a more favourable phase of the Catholic cause. The emperor, scarcely recovered from the defeat of Canossa, sustained a still more cruel misfortune in the defection of his eldest son Conrad, whom he had already caused to be crowned King of the Romans. This young prince, whose pious and pacific disposition is praised by all his contemporaries, was revolted by the sight of his father’s crimes; above all, he was horrified by the odious attempts of the tyrant upon the person of his second wife, Adelaide of Russia. An unnatural father, as

well as an unworthy husband, Henry IV had wished to make Conrad, the stepson of the victim, his accomplice. Carried away by the most righteous indignation, the young prince fled and joined Matilda and her husband Welf, who were carrying on the war against Henry. Conrad fell, a few months later, into the hands of his father, who caused him to be imprisoned; but he succeeded in escaping, and being received with transport by the pontifical party, he was proclaimed King of the Lombards by the Archbishop of Milan. At the same time Matilda succeeded in rescuing Adelaide from the prison where Henry kept her at Verona. The persecutor of the Church had thus to undergo a double punishment; his wife and son had both escaped, and having sought refuge in the ranks of his adversaries, raised their accusing voices to reveal the horrible mysteries of the tyrant's private life. His despair may be imagined; it was so great that some thought he would kill himself. There was also a violent reaction against the prince in the very heart of that Lombardy which, for several years, had been the chief seat of his operations. The great towns of the country declared against him, others announced that redoubtable municipal league, which, a century later, was to be the bulwark of the Church and of Italian liberty against a new race of emperors. Milan, Lodi, Cremona, and Placentia swore to remain friends for twenty years, and concluded an offensive alliance against the emperor, the duration of which was also to be twenty years; their soldiers, united to those of Matilda and Welf, occupied the passes of the Alps to prevent the arrival of Henry's German allies. In Germany a similar movement broke out in the towns which hitherto had furnished to the emperor his most zealous partisans; the burghers of Augsburg, Metz, Toul, and Verdun, drove out the bishops whom the schismatics had placed over them. These great news came to Urban in the depths of Apulia, at Traja, where he had just held his annual council, and they brought him back to Rome, where he was able to celebrate the feast of Christmas (1093). Guibert was with the emperor in Lombardy; but his followers still occupied the greater part of the city, and especially Castle St Angelo, the Lateran, and the bridges over the Tiber. The pope, concealed in the fortified house of John Frangipani, was reduced to almost complete destitution, and loaded with debts. The account of this distress having reached the ears of a young Angevin noble named Geoffrey, he, though as yet only a novice, started immediately with all the resources he could collect, to go to the pontiff's help, and reached him at night, in disguise, after braving a thousand dangers. A fortnight before Easter (1094) Ferruccio, who occupied the Lateran in Guibert's name, offered to give the palace up to the pope for a fixed price; but as neither Urban himself, nor the cardinals and bishops of his party had the means of paying, Abbot Geoffrey sold his horses and mules, and sent the price, with all that he possessed, to the sovereign pontiff, who was thus able to satisfy Ferruccio. The doors of the Lateran were thus opened to Geoffrey, who had the privilege of being the first to kiss the feet of Urban II, re-established on the throne which no orthodox pope had occupied since the exile of St Gregory VII.

Urban then went to Tuscany, summoned by Matilda, who was following up the success already obtained against the Imperialists. She brought to Rome the unfortunate empress, who, prostrate before the common father of the faithful, related to him the shameful crimes of which she had been the victim. Already in an assembly of German princes and prelates, held at Constance by the legate Gebhard, the empress had denounced the outrages which she had endured from her unworthy husband. She renewed these terrible accusations before the most solemn tribunal in the world, at the general council convoked by the pope at Placentia, in the midst of the district formerly most infected by the Imperialist schism (March 1095). To this solemn assembly came the bishops of Italy, France, Burgundy, and Germany, to the number of 200, more than 4000 clerks and monks, and 30,000 laymen. No church had to be held in the open air outside the town. Adelaide appeared, and after a public confession of the horrible excesses to which her husband had condemned her, she obtained absolution for the

involuntary part she had taken in them, while a new excommunication was fulminated against her unworthy husband. Meantime King Philip of France, who had been excommunicated the previous year for bigamy, in a council held at Autun, had been cited before that of Placentia; but he asked a delay, which the pope granted. The ambassadors of Alexis Comnenus, emperor of the East, came thither also to beg humbly from the pope and Christians of the West some help against the infidels who were already menacing Constantinople. Urban, without making an obstacle of the schism which was infecting the Byzantine Church, exhorted the Catholics to give this help, and many engaged themselves by oath in the enterprise.

The council afterwards regulated a number of points of discipline, and renewed the previous condemnations against the heresy of Berenger and against simoniacs and married priests. The pope then went to Cremona, where the young King Conrad joined him, served as his squire on his entrance to the city, and took an oath of fidelity to him. Urban received the prince as a son of the Roman Church, and promised to help him to obtain the imperial crown on condition of his renouncing the right of investiture. He then betrothed him to the daughter of Count Roger of Sicily, so that the three powers of the Church party in Italy—Matilda, the Normans, and the young king—found themselves united by new bonds. This happy position of affairs allowed the pope to travel into France, whither most important matters called him.

CHAPTER II

YVES DE CHARTRES AND THE PURITY OF MARRIAGE

In 1092, King Philip of France was so completely seduced by the beauty and artifices of Bertrade de Montfort, wife of Fulk le Réchin, Count of Anjou, that he repudiated his lawful wife Bertha, by whom he had already four children, and carried Bertrade off from her husband, to marry her himself.

The Bishop of Senlis had had the criminal weakness to bless this unlawful marriage, and other Palates of the kingdom, invited by the king, seemed to act as accomplices, when Yves de Chartres, who had already protested by his absence, thought it his duty to address directly to Philip and the bishops the following remonstrance:

"Most magnificent lord, Philip, King of the French, I, Yves, the humble bishop of the Chartrains, ardently desire that you should govern your terrestrial kingdom so that you may not deserve to be banished from the eternal kingdom. I will once more say to your serenity from a distance what I have already said *viva voce*—I neither can nor will assist at your marriage until I have learned, by the decision of a council, whether your divorce and your new union are lawful. Out of respect for my conscience, which I desire to keep pure before God, and that I may preserve the good fame which a priest of Christ ought to be honoured with before the faithful, I would rather be thrown into the depths of the sea with a millstone round my neck than be a stumbling-block to the weak. And when I speak thus, far from failing in the fidelity I owe to you, I give you the greatest proof of it; for I think you are exposing your soul to the gravest peril, and your crown to a real danger".

The prelate sent copies of this letter to the other bishops invited, with a circular, in which he spoke to them thus: "You have the same reason as I for not assisting at this scandalous marriage. Do not then be like dumb dogs, unable to bark; but, on the contrary, show yourselves good guardians, and seeing the enemy approach, blow your trumpets, and take your swords in hand".

The king, answering that all had been settled by the Archbishop of Rheims and his suffragans, Yves wrote to this metropolitan to exhort him not to shrink from the duty of his office, declaring that, for his part, he would rather lose the name and dignity of a bishop than by prevarication scandalise the flock of Christ. The king, irritated by this resistance, ordered the prelate's domains to be ravaged, and caused him to be imprisoned by Hugh, Lord of Puiset, Viscount of Chartres. History describes this captivity as being so severe that the prisoner even wanted bread. The people were much irritated, but Yves absolutely forbade his friends to attempt to release him by force, as they had thought of doing.

"Without God's will", he wrote, "neither you nor any one would be able to give me my liberty. Not having obtained the episcopate by violence, it is not by violence that I ought to be restored to it".

The pope, being informed of what was passing, wrote to the bishops of the province of Rheims that they should recall the king to a better mind. "Even if he repulse you", said the pontiff, "it is better for you and me that we should vindicate the divine law from the outrage it has suffered, and that we should pierce these adulterous Midianites with the sword of Phineas".

Urban did yet more; he enjoined the bishops to demand the release of Yves de Chartres, and to excommunicate the king if he should refuse it. Philip did not dismiss his mistress; but Yves succeeded in leaving his prison without the vigour of his iron will having been weakened by his captivity. In vain did the king persuade the prelate to come to him to assist at a provincial council convoked at Rheims, where he had the more hopes of obtaining sanction for his marriage, because Bertha was now dead. Yves answered the prince by reminding him of the sentence already pronounced by the pope against his union with Bertrade: "It is out of regard for your majesty", he added, "that I refrain from appearing in your presence, lest I should be obliged, in conformity with the injunction of the Apostolic See, which I must obey as Christ Himself, to speak aloud all that I now say to you in private".

On the other hand, to his old adversary, Richer, Archbishop of Sens, the prelate wrote in these words: "They accuse me of having attacked the royal majesty; but let me say to you that this reproach attaches much more justly to those who have recourse to powerless remedies instead of at once cauterising the wound. If you had been as firm as I, our sick man would long ago have been cured. It is for you to consider whether, by your delays, you fulfil your obligations towards him, and the duties of your position. As for me, I am ready to suffer all the penalties our lord the king may be willing or able to inflict on me with God's permission. Let him imprison, banish, or persecute me; with the help of heavenly grace, I am resolved to suffer for the law of my God, and nothing shall be able to force me to shut my eyes to the sin of him whose chastisement I am determined not to share".

The efforts of Yves of Chartres to renew the courage of his brethren were useless: "I have transmitted to them", he wrote to the pope, "your letters; but they are silent, like dogs that dare not bark".

The bishop who thus expressed himself was, however, far from being an enemy to the royal authority; he professed, on the contrary, with regard to the lay power, opinions more favourable than those of most of the eminent churchmen of his time, as we shall see further on; but he would not traffic with evil. He was, besides, profoundly versed in the secrets of that government of souls, which he so justly called "the art of arts, and the heaviest of burden" Far from being absorbed by discussions of the king's marriage, he was at the same time carrying on the refutation of the errors of Roscelin as to the Holy Trinity, and he addressed to the sophist the advice by which philosophers of all ages might profit, "*Not to seek to know more than it was fitting to know!*" He asked the prayers of the monks safe in harbour that he might have the strength necessary to navigate among the storms. He envied their calm. "I fight daily with wild beasts", he wrote to the pope; "my soul has no peace; my heart is broken for the miseries of the Church, which no one, or scarcely any one, strives to cure. I exercise authority over certain men, but without being of much use to them. This is why I am often tempted to lay down my office, and to return to my former quiet, where I might wait for Him, who

would deliver me at once from the cowardice and the storms of my mind. My affection for you alone retains me here".

This affection was at once noble and disinterested. The pious prelate had all possible right to employ this inscription for a letter addressed to the sovereign pontiff: "To Urban, Pope, I, Yves, his spiritual son, address the homage of a pure love, and not a servile submission".

Soon, indeed, he ceased to be the only defender in France of the sacredness of marriage and of the prerogatives of the Church. For a long time past, the while pointing out to the sovereign pontiff the intolerable abuses which he observed in the Church of France, he had implored him to appoint a legate who would seek not his own interest but that of Christ. Urban yielded to this prayer by conferring the mission on Hugh, Archbishop of Lyons, the very man whom Gregory VII had chosen for legate and designated for his successor.

For a moment led away, Hugh had returned to the right path after the death of Victor III, and hastened to acknowledge Urban. At first he wished to decline the burden of the legation, but Yves begged him not to do so: "Do not", he wrote to him, "be one of those bad physicians who prefer their own quiet to the health of their patients. There is a new Ahab in Italy, and a new Jezebel in France: it is your part to be the new Elijah. Herodias is there dancing before Herod, and demanding of him the head of John the Baptist: John the Baptist ought none the less to say to him, '*Non licet*'; it is not lawful for thee to leave thy wife and take thy neighbour's".

Hugh at last yielded; and was scarcely invested with the character of legate when he convoked at Autun a council of thirty-two bishops and many abbots, where the sentences already pronounced against the Emperor Henry and the King of France were renewed. Thus excommunicated, Philip appealed to the pope, threatening to withdraw from his obedience if he were not absolved. Hugh cited him to appear at the Council of Placentia, and afterwards gave him a reprieve until the Feast of All-Saints of the year 1095, in spite of the urgency of Yves of Chartres, whose only hope was in the energy of the sovereign pontiff and the legate.

At this crisis Urban himself came into France, where, having celebrated the Feast of the Assumption at Notre Dame du Puy, he consecrated the Church of Chaise-Dieu, the great Monastery of Auvergne, which, under the rule of Abbot Seguin, had reached the highest point of splendour and regularity. Thence the pope went to his own monastery of Cluny, the abbot of which, the great Hugh, was still living, after forty-six years of office. Hugh had the happiness of receiving his old disciple, now become head of the Church, after having been Prior of Cluny. Urban was the first pope who ever visited this celebrated monastery, which was specially devoted by its founders to the defence of the papacy. The pontiff confirmed all the immunities of the illustrious house. He offered himself to consecrate the high-altar of the immense church which St Hugh was building, and in the discourse which he delivered to the people on this occasion, he declared that the desire to visit Cluny had been the first and principal cause of his journey into France. Urban next returned to Auvergne, where he was to hold the famous Council of Clermont, at which there were present 13 archbishops with their suffragans, 225 bishops, and 90 abbots,—forming an assembly of about 400 prelates, or mitred abbots, without counting a numerous crowd of doctors and professors. They adopted a good many important measures, intended to keep the Church pure from all contagion of evil, and free from all secular power. At the same time, the council confirmed, as a general institution, the Truce of God, which had been already a long

time in use in different provinces of the kingdom. After having renewed the ordinary prohibitions relative to simony, the marriage of priests, and investitures, the pope, by new canons, forbade the bishops and priests to take the oath of liege homage between the hands of kings or other lay persons. He forbade laymen to retain the tithes or other revenues of the Church, or to usurp the property of bishops or clergy after their deaths. He renewed the direction for abstinence in Lent; he ordered that any one who took refuge at the foot of a wayside cross, should find sanctuary there as if in a church, and should not be delivered to justice until assured of safety to life and limb. He recognised the primacy of the Church of Lyons, long disputed by those of Sens and Rouen. Finally, the delay allowed to Philip of France having expired without his dismissing Bertrade, the pope, in full council, pronounced sentence of excommunication against him, in spite of the solicitations and offers of all kinds made by the nobles of the court, where were assembled at this moment the king's principal accomplices, the Archbishops of Sens and Rheims, and many other great personages of the French kingdom. Philip, to the scandal of an open adultery, added flagrant and inveterate habits of simony, which are mentioned with reprobation by several deeds drawn up at this time. Yves of Chartres, present at the council, finally triumphed; and this first victory did but increase the zeal which he displayed during all the rest of his life, in defence of the purity of marriage in all ranks of society, the equal duty of both sexes to observe their vows, conjugal fidelity, and, finally, the right of the woman to dispose of herself freely in marriage, in spite of contrary stipulations on the part of her parents. It is true that in thus acting Yves only followed the immemorial tradition of the fathers, and trod the path whence truly Catholic popes and bishops have never deviated.

Throughout the middle ages the life of these fathers of the Christian people was a constant struggle in favour of the indissolubility of the conjugal tie against the power of kings and nobles. The latter did not, indeed, yet possess the many opportunities of satisfying their sensual passions in secret offered to their successors by the life of courts and the relaxed morals of modern society; but through all ages, and in the most varying circumstances, the Roman Church has won for herself a glorious and eternal renown by protecting weakness in its holiest and most fragile form—the liberty and purity of woman. From St John the Baptist to Clement de Droste, the last Archbishop of Cologne, it has been almost always on the question of marriage that the spiritual power has suffered from the sword and fetters of persecutors.

In this one year 1095, the two most powerful sovereigns of Christendom —the Emperor and the King of France — had been excommunicated by the pope for having violated the law of marriage. From age to age the same example was followed until the sixteenth century, when a pope chose rather to see the whole kingdom of England break with the Holy See than to sell the right of divorce to a voluptuous tyrant. Let no one be astonished, then, that even amidst the religious degradation of our century piety has survived among women: they do but pay the debt of their mothers.

CHAPTER III

URBAN II, PETER THE HERMIT, AND THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CRUSADE

That which in the eyes of posterity gives their chief glory to the Council of Clermont and to Urban II, is the preaching of the First Crusade. This great enterprise had been for a long time preluded, so to speak, by the frequent pilgrimages of Western Christians to the Holy Sepulchre. Catholics of all ages and ranks went thither in crowds from all countries, and through a thousand dangers; princes and subjects alike, with staff in hand and scrip on shoulder. Monks had always been remarked in the first rank of these pilgrims. Almost all the eminent abbots of the twelfth century, as well as a crowd of monks, had made the voyage to the Holy Land. A great number of nobles and knights thus abandoned their homes, and, touched by compunction, after praying at the tomb of Christ, returned to end their lives piously in some monastery. Towards the end of the tenth century, Bononius established himself first in Egypt, and afterwards at Jerusalem. He reformed, according to the rule of St Benedict, the monasteries which still subsisted in the countries conquered by the Mussulmans, and was able to bring back to Constantinople a number of Greek captives, who owed their ransom to his devotion. The great abbot, Richard of St Vannes, started at the head of 700 pilgrims collected together by Duke Richard of Normandy, and whose expenses that prince undertook to defray. The monk St. Simeon, who was born of a Greek family of Syracuse, and who died a recluse at Treves, carried away, says his biographer, by the invincible desire which drew Christians to Jerusalem, had, in his earliest youth, renounced all else to hasten thither, and had passed seven years in Syria acting as guide to European pilgrims. The monk Sigebert, Archbishop of Mayence, went thither, accompanied by 7000 companions. It was on his return from the Holy Land that Liébert, Bishop of Cambrai, had founded the Abbey of St Sepulchre, in memory of his pilgrimage. The holy monk Udalric, the compiler of the Customs of Cluny, almost perished under the swords of the Saracens when he went to thank God for the grace of baptism on the banks of the Jordan. Thierry, the first abbot of the restored St Evroul, finding himself attacked by a mortal illness at St Nicholas in Cyprus, entered a church, laid his head upon the altar-step, and joining his hands crosswise, thus fell asleep in death.

It was not only isolated and wandering monks who endeavoured to practise the virtues of the sons of St Benedict near the tomb of Christ, polluted by the presence of conquering Mussulmans; the enterprise was shared by whole communities. There were, in the eleventh century, two monasteries at Mount Sinai and one at Bethlehem, sustained by gifts collected in the west, even in the depths of Normandy, by the generous intervention of merchants of Amalfi. The Abbey of Santa Maria Latina, founded by these merchants at Jerusalem, and peopled by monks from Monte Cassino, introduced the rites of the Latin Church into the Holy Land. A convent, under the

invocation of St Mary Magdalen, was added. These communities, as may well be supposed, could not, like those in Europe, receive gifts of land; but the pious generosity of the people of Amalfi partly provided for their needs; each year burghers and merchants collected among themselves a sum, which, being transmitted to Jerusalem, relieved the penury not only of the monks and nuns, but also of the Western pilgrims. It may be imagined how the narratives of these pilgrims, on their return home, must have swelled the hearts of their countrymen. But it was reserved for an obscure monk, Peter the Hermit, to determine the movement which was to fling the Catholic West upon the infidel East. Having brought back from Jerusalem and the holy places the most bitter recollections of the odious rule which pagans exercised over unhappy Christians, the monk Peter, who, in celestial visions, seemed perpetually to hear the supplications of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the earnest appeals of the sovereign pontiff, undertook to travel throughout Europe, calling Catholics to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre and of their persecuted brethren in the East.

After long wanderings through various countries, where the people listened with eagerness to his words, the hermit-preacher came to Urban II at the Council of Clermont, and the pope's powerful voice was joined to his. The monk-pontiff, full of faith in the prophetic hopes of two of his predecessors—the monks Sylvester II and Gregory VII—who had been the first to appeal to Christendom to deliver the Holy Land from the yoke of Islam, renewed, at the Council of Constance, an attempt he had already made at Placentia. Addressing himself especially to the nobles, who had assembled in great numbers, he drew a powerful calamities picture of the cruelties and sacrileges committed by the Saracens in Palestine, and exhorted them to go and expiate, by a lawful and sacred war, their own violence, rapine, and indomitable pride. “Go”, said the venerable pontiff, “and die for Christ, in that very place where Christ died for you”.

Urban, in order to call down the blessing of heaven on the expedition which he destined to conquer the tomb of Christ, commanded the clergy to recite, every Saturday, the office of the Blessed Virgin. Nothing could cool the zeal of the pope nor destroy his energy—neither the perils which surrounded the Church in the West, nor the implacable struggle which, for twenty years, had been carried on between him and the emperor, and which had never suffered him, since his accession to the pontificate, to occupy in peace the throne of St Peter and the city of Rome.

With the self-abnegation of a true monk, and the generosity of a great pope, Urban sacrificed everything to the realisation of his plan. His thoughts were concentrated on the East, whither flowed, at his bidding, the most valiant soldiers of Christendom. Himself for seven years a wanderer and an exile, the pontiff employed all his authority and all his influence to re-establish internal peace, that he might be free to send the most fervent champions of the Church upon this distant service.

In reality this unheard of transplantation of the living strength of the Church was no cause of weakness to her; on the contrary, it only gave her authority deeper root. Nevertheless, as the guarantee of so great a result, the pope had nothing but his absolute faith in the promises of Christ. (This disinterestedness appears so incredible to the Protestant Luden, that he tries to persuade us that Urban yielded to force in preaching the Crusade, and that his speeches at Clermont only express an artificial enthusiasm. It is thus that since the Reformation and the Renaissance, the annals of our fathers have been interpreted, in contempt of the most striking facts, such as the two great councils of Placentia and Clermont, in contempt of the most incontestable assertions, and the unanimous testimony of contemporaries. Thus we see a school of

historians labouring to transform into acts of baseness and hypocrisy the great deeds of those whose faith they have always ignored or denied, and whose mind and genius, consequently, they could not understand. Judging others by themselves, and feeling themselves utterly incapable of any devotion whatever to a cause in a manner superhuman, they find it easier and more simple to explain, by the vilest motives, the greatest of our ancestors, which is supernatural for them, and they choose such personages alone out of history for apology or panegyric as will never put them to the embarrassment of explaining the motives of their magnanimity). Nothing is more admirable than his unconquerable resolution, unless it be the marvellous eagerness with which the Catholic world responded. We know how the shout of "God wills it!" which had answered Urban's words at Clermont, resounded from one end of Christendom to the other; and how all at once there seemed to breathe upon Europe a rushing wind, which extinguished all discord, and filled the souls of men with a spirit from on high which none could resist.

We know how not only princes and knights, but also peasants and serfs, rose in crowds to attack the infidel; how rich and poor, men and women, old and young, sold all they had to seek *the way of God*; how the mockers of today, caught by the contagion of example, became the enthusiasts of tomorrow; how even the poorest labourers, watching for the passing by of some lord whose troop they might join, started in waggons drawn by oxen, carrying with them not only their most precious possessions, but even little children, who, whenever a town or castle came in sight, innocently asked if this were not Jerusalem. From Galicia to Denmark whole nations were seen to rouse themselves and rush eastward.

"Oh, what good seed", said contemporaries, "is the word of the great Shepherd! How admirable are the fruit and flowers which it produces! Inestimable and marvellous is the grace of Providence, which, by the love of Christ, and under His sovereignty alone, can all at once collect into one body so many scattered members of Christ, so many nations differing each from the other in language and in fatherland! Never did war furnish to sages, to poets, or to historians, a more glorious subject than these exploits of the soldiers of God. With this handful of Christians drawn from their homes by the sweet thirst of pilgrimage, the Church triumphs over all the pagans of the East. The God of Abraham goes with them and renews His ancient miracles: He attracts the faithful of the West by an ardent desire to see the sepulchre of the Messiah: He guides them solely by the voice of Pope Urban, without the intervention of any king, or of any secular power: He draws them from all corners of the earth as heretofore the Hebrews from the land of Egypt: He conducts them through strange lands even to Palestine, and by them He gloriously overcomes cities, peoples, and kings".

Thus the true promoter of the Crusade was Pope Urban. Peter the Hermit was, in fact, only the pontiff's enthusiastic auxiliary, and it appears from all contemporary accounts that the ardent preacher did not know how to rule, restrain, or direct the multitude which he had assembled, and with which he first started for the Holy Land. There were but eight knights in this disorderly and impatient crowd, who branded with the mark of human corruption a work divinely inspired, by massacring the German Jews and ravaging Hungary, before they went on to perish in Bulgaria and the plains of Bithynia, under the swords of the infidels. The nobles, who had chiefly felt the impulse given by Urban, showed at once more religious feeling and more prudence in the arrangements which they made before quitting their native land.

"At the moment of starting, in obedience to the signal given by the Roman pontiff", said Stephen, Count of Blois, son-in-law of William the Conqueror, in a deed

given to the Abbey of Marmoutier, “I grant to the monastery the forest of Lôme, for the good of the soul of my father Thibalt, whom I fear that I often offended during his lifetime — a fault I have many times lamented, together with my wife, my friends, and my servants.”

Raymond, Count of Toulouse, the most powerful prince who engaged in the First Crusade, declared that he took the cross for love of St Gilles, whose monastery he had injured.

(No author has explained the strange transformation undergone by Godfrey, who, from being the champion of the Imperial cause against Rodolph of Swabia, whom, it is said, he killed with his own hand, became the leader of an enterprise entirely conceived and directed by the papacy. It may be permitted to us to believe that the horrible revelations of the emperor's conduct towards his wife produced a great effect upon the hero, and separated him at last from a party utterly unworthy of him who was to be the first king of the Holy Land, the elected head of the most truly Christian kingdom on earth).

While still young, before he became Count of Toulouse, he had gone to the tomb of the holy abbot Robert of Chaise-Dieu, and kneeling and taking up his sword, which had been laid upon the altar, he had promised that, if the Lord should bestow the county upon him, he would hold it only of God and St Robert. Now, starting for the Crusade, and desirous of remaining faithful to the oath of his youth, Raymond chose to carry with him, as a relic, the wooden cup and staff of the venerable abbot, and took also a monk of Chaise-Dieu, whom he named Bishop of Tripoli; in Palestine. Godfrey of Bouillon, the illustrious chief of the Crusaders, went, before starting, to the Abbey of Afflighem, to visit a knight named Godfrey the Black, who had been his friend in the world, and who was now fighting the devil under the Benedictine cowl. The prince gave five estates to the house, and took away with him a certain number of pious monks, who, throughout the expedition, celebrated the divine service day and night. When the conquest of the holy places was achieved, Godfrey built, for these companions of his pilgrimage, an abbey in the valley of Jehoshaphat: and he founded several others—one at Bethany, in honour of St Lazarus; another at Jerusalem, under the invocation of St Mary; finally, a convent under the name of St Anne, near the place which was believed to be that of the birth of the Blessed Virgin.

All these foundations were placed under the rule of St Benedict, and they shed, through the new kingdom, the perfume of sanctity which had already embalmed the West. The Norman Crusaders, under Bohemond, naturally claimed for themselves the protection of the ancient abbey of St Maria Latina, which their neighbours of Amalfi had founded in the evil days of the past. A hospital for pilgrims had been joined to it in honour of St John, and it was the lay brothers of this Benedictine hospital who, a few years later, founded the famous Order of St John of Jerusalem, which for five centuries was the bulwark of Europe and the terror of infidels. As many monks had visited the Holy Sepulchre before the Crusaders, and as the hermit and the pope who preached the Crusade were both monks, and aided by a great number of their brethren, it was but just that their names should be honourably inscribed in the history of that holy and wonderful enterprise of which, indeed, many of them became the recorders. We should not forget that to one of these monastic annalists is due the honour of having designated the expedition to the Holy Land by the grandest title which has ever been given to any work wrought by the hand of man —

Gesta Dei per Francos!

CHAPTER IV

THE PAPACY AND THE FIRST CRUSADE

The double interest of the Crusade and of the monastic orders seems to have occupied Urban II incessantly during his stay in France after the Council of Clermont. In spite of the great number of bishops drawn from monasteries, or who, like Hugh of Grenoble, sought at Chaise-Dieu an asylum from the cruel burden of the episcopate, there continually arose distressing conflicts between bishops and abbots. Yves of Chartres, so zealous for the maintenance of exact discipline, and united by many ties to a great number of monks, complained bitterly of the encroaching spirit of certain monasteries, and of the inroads which they made upon episcopal authority. With the object of remedying this state of things, a council had forbidden any abbot promoted to the episcopate to retain his abbey; it had also secured to bishops the right of providing for the government of parishes dependent upon abbeys, and at the same time condemned as an act of simony the exaction called *ransom of the altars*, which the bishops claimed out of the proceeds of oblations yielded to the monks by laymen. One of the most powerful abbeys in France at that time was Marmoutier, which was subject to Cluny, but rivalled its adopted mother in influence and in regularity, and laboured like her to reform other monasteries. Finding its liberty threatened by Archbishop Raoul of Tours, the great enemy of monks, formerly excommunicated by the papal legate, Marmoutier carried its cause to the council, where the pope pronounced in its favour. When the archbishop's partisans murmured and disputed the sovereign pontiffs right thus to exempt completely from episcopal jurisdiction, Urban rose, commanded silence, and declared that, in virtue of his apostolic authority, and the decrees of his predecessors, it was lawful for him either to unite two bishoprics in one, or to divide one into two, or to receive into the patronage of the Roman Church any establishment he chose, no one having a right to oppose him. And, having said this, he declared the privileges of Marmoutier to be irrevocable.

The council rose at the end of November 1095, and the pope travelled through Limousin, Touraine, Anjou, and Poitou, preaching the Crusade, and himself distributing the cross to all whom he won for the sacred enterprise. At the same time he went to visit the principal monasteries, dedicating cathedrals, abbatial and other churches, which were rising on all sides, consecrating altars, reforming abuses, reconciling excommunicated penitents, choosing from among monks such men as he thought able to do good service to the Church in more elevated positions; deposing, as at Limoges, prevaricating bishops; condemning the most powerful lords to penance and expiation, as in the cases of the Sire de Bourbon, the Count of Anjou, and the Duke of Aquitaine; exercising in all the great courts of the country the function of supreme judge of the Church and of society. The historians of the time relate that the pontiff every-where applied himself to confirm the privileges and exemptions granted by his

predecessors to the regular clergy, without stopping to consider what in them might be contrary even to the authority of the papal legates. He placed these privileges under the guarantee of the most solemn acts of his pontificate. Thus, for example, he assigned to the Abbots of St Martin the principal share in the right of election to the vacant see, and in the government of the diocese during the bishop's absence.

Being called upon, at Vendôme, to pronounce upon the contradictory claims of two of the holiest and most eminent bishops of the Church—Yves of Chartres and Geoffrey of Vendôme—Urban did not hesitate to declare in favour of Abbot Geoffrey, whom he released from his promise of obedience to Yves, made at the time of his election, by declaring it null and void. The pope re-established in favour of Geoffrey, who had enthroned him in the Lateran, the privilege by which the dignity of cardinal was united to that of abbot.

Urban II freed Glanfeuil, the first Benedictine foundation in France, from the yoke of the degenerate monks of St Maur-les-Fossés, near Paris. After passing eight days at Marmoutier, where he consecrated the church and cemetery, and where he and his cardinals dined in the refectory, the pope went to the banks of the Loire. Here, from a wooden pulpit, erected beside the river, his eloquent voice was heard by an immense crowd, which filled the town of St Martin, and by the great personages of the neighbourhood, who formed the duke's *cortège*.

Leaving Marmoutier, Urban held a new council at Tours, where he refused absolution to King Philip, and wrote to the bishops of France, blaming those among them who thought they might communicate with an excommunicated prince and absolve him themselves. This steadiness in apostolic severity did not render him unjust; for, by the advice of Yves of Chartres, who went with him everywhere, he approved the election to the see of Paris of the young William de Montfort, brother of that Bertrade whose love had drawn King Philip into sin. William had not yet reached the age fixed by the canons; but Yves, Bertrade's inflexible enemy, had observed in her brother a mind so zealous for the good of the Church, that he persuaded the sovereign pontiff to sanction this choice.

Meanwhile, towards the end of the period fixed by the Council of Clermont, the king consented to humble himself, and resolved to break off his unlawful union. His long-deferred absolution immediately followed: it took place during the meeting of the Council of Nimes, July 8, 1096.

Before returning to Italy, Urban II extended his cares to Spain, where the contest between Christians and Saracens continued uninterruptedly. It was during this year (1096) that Avesca fell before the two kings of Aragon, one of whom, Sancho Ramirez, being mortally wounded under the walls of the place, made his successor swear never to raise the siege. During this time, the Clunist Bernard, Archbishop of Toledo, had joined Urban in France, purposing, like his compatriots, to take part in the Crusade; but the pope sent him back to Spain to organise the war with the infidels. Finally, Urban, having gloriously ended his mission beyond the Alps, turned once more towards Italy, where, thanks to the Lombard bishops, the emperor still maintained his position.

The cause of the Church had just suffered from the defection of Duke Welf and his son, the husband of Matilda. Deceived, as it would appear, in their expectations by the persistent intention of the great countess to give her property to the Holy See, they deserted their party and joined that of the emperor; but the heroic Matilda braved all

three, and succeeded in preserving for the pope possession of all the territory she had conceded to him.

Urban first went to Milan, which he found steadfast in its anti-imperialist disposition. He there canonised as a martyr the Knight Herlembald, who, holding the banner of St Peter, had fallen under the knives of the simoniacal and married priests of Rome (1075).

The pope also preached against simony, *in pulpito sanctae Theclae*, to an immense multitude, declaring to them that the lowest of the inferior clergy counted for more in the Church of God than the greatest monarch.

From Milan the sovereign pontiff went to Rome, where most of the inhabitants had now recognised his authority, and where he solemnly celebrated the feast of Christmas, though St Angelo was still occupied by the anti-Pope Guibert, the steady adversary of all expeditions to the Holy Land. It was about this time that Godfrey of Bouillon traversed Germany amidst the acclamations of the multitudes who firmly believed that Charlemagne was about to revive in order to lead them against the enemies of Christ. It was then also that the French shout of "*Dieu le veut*" was first heard in Italy, and turning the minds of the Normans there from their scarcely-completed conquests in Apulia and Sicily, hurried them away to the East.

Bohemond, the eldest son of Robert Guiscard, started with the flower of Count Roger's army; and in spite of his ardent desire to avenge on his way the injuries heaped on his race by the treacherous Byzantines, he was obliged to go on straight towards Jerusalem, carried away by the ardent zeal of his companions, and especially of the heroic Tancred.

A certain number of French princes—Hugh de Vermandois, the king's brother, Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Stephen, Count of Blois—chose the Italian route, so as to pass by Berne before reaching the holy city. Arriving at Lucca, they heard that the pope was in the neighbourhood, and all went to ask his blessing, happy, says the chronicler, to continue their journey with such a viaticum.

Henry IV seemed desirous to avoid the contact of these Catholic legions. Crossing the Alps, he rapidly quitted Italy, which he was never to see again, thus leaving the territories where he had most partisans to the energetic action of Matilda and the moral influence of the pope.

Urban thus found himself victorious at Rome, and more disposed than ever, according to the exhortations of his faithful friend, Bishop Yves of Chartres, to strive like St Peter and to reign like him.

CHAPTER V

ROYALTY AND THE INDEPENDENCE OFTHE CHURCH

While a French monk was so worthily occupying the throne of St Peter, while another monk was leading to the East the flower of the European chivalry, called to arms by his eloquence, there was a third in England, who, compelled to struggle against all the abuses and all the cunning of the temporal power, prepared a yet more splendid glory for the Church and the world. So rich were at that moment the Christian world, the Church, and especially the monastic orders, in men of courage and genius!

Born at Aosta, in 1033, of a very rich patrician family, Anselm had early suffered those trials by which great souls are so often tempered. When a child he lost his mother, and, as the pious author of his life expresses it, “the ship of his heart was deprived of its anchor, and he remained a wreck amidst the waves of the world”, an object of aversion to his father, and obliged to leave his native land. The fame of Lanfranc drew the young man to Bec, where, with indefatigable zeal, he gave himself up to work. Love of study led him by degrees to love of solitude and monastic penance. After some efforts he succeeded in mastering the passion for literary glory which at first had urged him to leave the place where the reputation of Lanfranc seemed to render all rivalry impossible. He triumphed more easily over the temptation offered by a great fortune inherited from his father. At the age of twenty-seven he became a monk in the abbey of Bec, where he was soon to replace Lanfranc as prior; and fifteen years later, at the death of the venerable Herluin, founder of the monastery, he found himself, in spite of his eager resistance, named abbot by the 136 monks of the community.

In great distress he threw himself weeping at the feet of the monks, imploring them not to lay such a burden upon him; but they, kneeling before him, entreated him to have pity on their souls and on their house. Anselm therefore passed thirty years at Bec, partly as monk, partly as superior, dividing his time between the exact practice of monastic austerities, and the continuation of his studies. He applied himself specially to sounding the most delicate and difficult problems of metaphysics, and, guided by the light of faith and humility, did not fear to face questions hitherto judged insoluble. “I believe, but I desire to understand”, said the Christian philosopher; and these efforts to reach the comprehension of truths imposed by religion have given us the magnificent treatises, in which the writer, thus constituting himself the disciple and successor of St Augustine, has given to the questions of the divine essence, the existence of God, the incarnation, the creation, the Trinity, free will, and grace, solutions and illustrations which even to our own days have retained the highest value in the eyes of theology and true philosophy, of reason, influence and of faith. On account of these works Anselm has deservedly been regarded by the most competent judges as the father and founder of Christian philosophy in the middle ages. The ardent sincerity with which he submitted all the results of his researches to the rules of faith and the infallible authority of the Church, places an impassable abyss between his tendencies and those

of modern metaphysicians. He seems to have pointed out beforehand this immeasurable gulf when, speaking of the rationalists of his own time, he said, “They seek for reasons because they do not believe; we seek for them because we do believe”. And he adds, “I do not try to understand that I may believe; but I believe that I may understand”. “If”, continues the great philosopher, “our reason is contradicted by the authority of Holy Scripture, we must allow, however unanswerable our reason may appear, that she is entirely in the wrong. No Christian should in any way dispute truths the Catholic Church believes and confesses; he may only, while preserving his faith from all hurt, and conforming his life to it, humbly examine the manner in which these truths exist. If he is able to understand, let him give thanks to God; if not, let him not set himself up against the truth, but bend his head in reverence before it... There are men of false learning who, before they have gained a knowledge of the faith, fly at the highest sovereign questions; not able to understand what they believe, they dispute the truth of that faith which the fathers have confirmed. As if the owls and bats, and other creatures who only see by night, should dispute as to the light of day with eagles who look with undazzled eye upon the sun himself”.

Anselm was not content to compose only metaphysical works. He wrote also meditations and orations abounding in the treasures of ascetic piety, of the deepest love for God and His saints, and especially for Mary, the mother of Him whom he did not fear to call the Elder Brother of Christians. Night was the time principally occupied by these works, and by the transcription and correction of MSS. His days were absorbed by the spiritual direction of those who came to him, by the paternal instruction he freely gave to youth, and by assiduous care of the sick. Some loved him as a father, others as a mother, so well did he know how to gain the confidence and console the grief of all... He acted as servant to an old monk paralysed by age and suffering, himself putting the food into his mouth. He would willingly have buried his whole life in this sacred obscurity, so as to render himself worthy of the habit which he wore.

When his friends exhorted him to make his works known, reproaching him for hiding his light under a bushel—when they spoke to him of the glory of Lanfranc and Guitmond, monks like himself, and in the same province, he answered, “Flowers of the same colour as the rose have not always the same perfume”. By degrees, nevertheless, his fame spread; his treatises and meditations passed from hand to hand, and excited universal admiration in France, Flanders, and England. From the depths of Auvergne the monks of Chaise-Dieu wrote to him that at the mere reading of his works, they imagined that they saw his tears of contrition and piety, and that their hearts seemed to be flooded as with sweet and refreshing dew. He soon had as many friends in the world as in the cloister. There was about him a charm which vanquished the souls of men. The Norman knights surrounded him with the liveliest affection, received him with delight in their castles, confided their children to him, and considered him as an elder brother.

In England, whither the affairs of his monastery often took him, his popularity was as great as in Normandy; the whole country was devoted to him, and there were earls, knights, and noble ladies who would have thought themselves deprived of all merit before God if the Abbot of Bec had not received some proof of devotion from their hands. He availed himself of this ascendancy to preach mortification and humility to the rich and noble of both sexes. His voluminous correspondence everywhere bears the marks of this task, and when the position of those he addressed permitted it, he used double efforts to induce them to embrace the monastic life. He made many valuable conquests among them, employing for the purpose the ardent love which animated him, and which gave invincible power to his eloquence. “Beloved friends of my soul”, he wrote to two of his near relations whom he wished to draw to Bec, “my eyes ardently

desire to see you, my arms open to embrace you, my lips sigh for your kisses, all the life that remains in me wears itself out in waiting for you. I hope in prayer, and I pray in hope. Come and taste how good the Lord is; you cannot know it as long as you find sweetness in the life of the world. I cannot deceive you, first of all because I love you, and secondly, because I have experience of what I speak of. Let us then be monks together, so that now and for ever we may be one flesh, one blood, one soul. My heart is joined to yours. You can break it, but you cannot separate them; neither can you loosen it, nor drag it into the world. I must say to you: 'either live here with it, or break it'. But God preserve you from doing such wrong to a poor heart which has never wronged you, and which loves you. Oh, how my love burns! How my affection labours to make itself felt! But no words are sufficient. I would write many things to you, but time fails, and I cannot express what I feel. Speak, then, o good Jesus, speak to their hearts. Thou who alone canst make them understand, tell them to leave all and follow Thee. Do not separate me from those whom Thou hast bound to me by the bonds of blood and affection. Be my witness, Lord, with these tears which flow while I write". Contrary to the common opinion, the heart of Anselm, far from being chilled by study or the macerations of penance, overflowed with tenderness. Among the monks of Bec there were several whom he loved with passionate affection: the young Maurice, whose health filled him with painful anxiety; Lanfranc, nephew of the archbishop, to whom he wrote, "Do not think that, according to the vulgar saying, what is far from the eyes is far from the heart; if it were so, the longer thou were absent from me, the weaker my affection would grow; whereas, on the contrary, the less I can enjoy thy presence, the more ardently my soul desires it". A third youth, named Gondulphus, also destined to the service of the altar, had gained, in the peaceful solitude of the cloister, all Anselm's affection, and received this letter from him: "For all my salutation, I write to thee these simple words : Anselm to Gondulphus. And, in effect, this short salutation must appear to thee enough at the head of my letter, for what could I say more to him I love? Can any who knows Gondulphus and Anselm fail to understand how much love is expressed in these two words?" Elsewhere he adds, "How can I forget you? Do we forget him whom we have placed like a seal upon our hearts? Even your silence tells me that you love me; and in the same way, when I am silent, you guess that I love you. Not only have I no doubt of you, but I am certain that you also have full confidence in me. What can my letter tell you that you do not know already, O soul of my soul? Look into the secret depths of your heart, see what tenderness you find there for me, and you will understand what mine is for you!"

The young Gislebert, another friend of Anselm's, having left Bec, the latter wrote to him, "You knew, my friend, how much I loved you; but I did not know. He who has separated us has alone taught me how dear you are to me. No, I did not know until I felt the trial of your absence, how sweet it is to me to have you, how bitter not to have you! To console you, another friend is near you, whom you love as well, or perhaps better, than me; but I—I have you no longer, and no one, you may be sure, can replace you. Consolations are offered to you; but I am alone with my grief. Those who rejoice to have you near them, may perhaps be offended at what I say; but let them be content with their good fortune, and suffer me to weep for him who has been taken from me, and whose place no other can fill".

Death had no more power than absence to extinguish in the heart of the monk these flames of holy love. At the time when Anselm was made prior, a young monk named Osborn, jealous, like several others, of this promotion, took a violent dislike to him and showed his antipathy with a sort of frenzy. Anselm neglected nothing to gain the heart of his enemy by force of indulgence and kindness; he won him to repentance;

nursed him night and day in his last illness; and when Anselm received his latest sigh, the rebel had become almost a saint.

For a whole year Anselm never failed to say a mass each morning for his old enemy; nor ceased to write to his friends to ask their prayers for the same object.

"I beg you", he wrote to Gondulphus, "you and all my brothers, with all the strength of my affection, to pray for Osborn; his soul is mine, and I will accept all that you do for him during my life as if you did it for me; and when I am dead, when you think of me, do not, I conjure you, forget the soul of my beloved Osborn. If I am too troublesome to you, forget me, but remember him. Oh you who surround me, and who have loved me, keep him as myself in your memory, and let this memory remain living in your heart as in mine".

Such was the man who, after thirty years of such a life, was, at the age of sixty—the age of repose—to be snatched by the hand of God from the deep solitude of the cloister to go among men, and there to fight one of the greatest of battles against royal despotism.

History relates that when, after the death of Gregory VII, William the Conqueror was also drawing near to the tomb, and reviewing, upon his deathbed, all the violences of the Norman Conquest, he prayed the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, that she would deign to have mercy on him for the sake of the many monastic foundations he had made on both sides of the Channel. These foundations were, indeed, of real benefit to the people.

The crown of England passed to William the Red, to the prejudice of his elder brother Robert, whose share was only the Duchy of Normandy. To secure his recognition as king, William was obliged to swear, between the hands of Archbishop Lanfranc, that he would regard justice and mercy, and defend the peace and liberty of the Church against all. But Lanfranc being dead, and the restraint he had exercised withdrawn, the king gave himself up without delay to the evil inclinations of his depraved nature. The Church and people of England alike groaned under his yoke. The zeal of the Conqueror for ecclesiastical regularity, and his hatred of simony, had not prevented him from introducing into this new kingdom innovations tending to abuses, and in- compatible with the liberty of the Church as well as with her social mission. He had claimed the right to accept or reject at pleasure the Roman pontiff's nomination; to examine, beforehand, all pontifical letters addressed to the Church of England; to submit to the royal judgment all decrees of the national councils; finally, to forbid bishops to fulminate, without his permission, any ecclesiastical sentence against barons or royal officers even if guilty of the greatest crimes. Moreover, the Conqueror had rigorously upheld the custom, inveterate in England, of obliging bishops and abbots to receive investiture by the crosier, at the hands of the king, and to do him homage. But the Red King was not content with this; not only did he prevent the English Church from pronouncing in favour of the legitimate pope against the anti-pope, when all Europe, except the emperor's partisans, recognised Urban II; but also, unlike his father, he scandalised all the country by his debauchery, brought back to favour that simony which the Conqueror, on his deathbed, boasted of having extirpated, and made the Church the victim of unparalleled rapacity. A priest's son, Ralph Flambard or the Firebrand, who had been a serving-man at the Norman court, and who owed his name to the brutal violence of his extortions, had the whole confidence of the young king, and guided him in his robberies. When a prelate died, the agents of the royal treasury flung themselves upon the vacant diocese or abbey, made themselves the sovereign

administrators of it, upset order and discipline, reduced the monks to the condition of hirelings, and filled their master's coffers with the wealth which the piety of former kings had assured to the Church. All the domains were put up to auction, and the last bidder could never be sure that his offers would not be surpassed by some new-comer to whom the king had yielded the purchase. The shame of the clergy, and the misery of the poor may be imagined when this ignoble oppression was suddenly substituted for the maternal administration of the Church! In spite of all complaints the king continued this state of things, and when it pleased him to fill up the vacancies, he sold the abbeys or bishoprics to the mercenary clergy who thronged his court.

In this way the infamous Flambard became Bishop of Durham. England descended to the level of Germany in the youth of Henry IV. It needed a new Gregory VII to rescue her. When the Archbishop of Canterbury died, William had no inclination to let slip so good an opportunity of enriching himself at the cost of God and the churches; he kept the see vacant for nearly four years, thus giving up the foremost churches of his kingdom to such exactions and disorders that more than thirty parishes saw their churchyards turned into pastures. No church escaped the royal extortions. The king declared that sooner or later he would have every crosier in England in his hands. He enjoyed his misdoing, and declared, laughing, "The bread of Christ is bread that fattens".

In this condition of affairs, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, one of the most warlike and powerful of the Anglo-Norman barons, wrote to Anselm to announce his intention of founding a monastery in his earldom, and to beg him to bring thither a colony of monks of Bec. Hugh had spent his life in fighting the Welsh, who had not yet submitted to the Norman yoke; he was rich and prodigal, fond of luxury and good cheer, carrying about with him an army of servants, jesters, and dogs; given to women and to all kinds of excess. But, in the heart of the knight, good often resumed its sway. His chaplain was a holy priest of Avranches, who constantly lectured and reproved him, reminding him of the histories of the Old and New Testaments, and chiefly those of many warriors, irreproachable in their use of arms, such as St George, St Demetrius, St Maurice, St Sebastian, and, above all, that famous duke who ended his career by becoming a monk. The Earl of Chester had long been united to Anselm by the closest friendship, and it is probable that, in the general grief excited throughout England by the prolonged vacancy of the primate's see, he may have said to the king that the Abbot of Bec appeared to him the fittest person to succeed the illustrious Lanfranc. Already, in Normandy, it had been whispered that if Anselm crossed the Channel he would surely be named archbishop in Lanfranc's place. And yet nothing was less probable. How could the king, who claimed the right of investiture, and refused to acknowledge Urban II, think of Anselm? For the Abbot of Bec had not only acknowledged Urban, the friend of France, but had even obtained from him an exemption for his abbey. Add to this that he had been constantly associated in the efforts of Gregory VII against investiture, simony, and the marriage of priests, and that he had received from the pontiff, so hateful to all princes such as the Red King, this magnificent eulogy: "The perfume of thy virtue has reached us, and we thank God for it; we embrace thee in the love of Christ, and hold it certain that thy example will strengthen the Church, and that thy prayers may by God's mercy snatch her from the dangers which threaten her".

Meanwhile, in spite of all the incompatibilities of which we have spoken, common opinion pointed to Anselm as the successor of Lanfranc. Terrified by this sort of public presentiment, the Abbot of Bec refused to yield to the wish of the Earl of Chester; but the earl, having fallen seriously ill, renewed the invitation, swearing to Anselm that the

question was simply that of the safety of his own soul, and not at all of the archbishopric.

Anselm having again refused, the earl wrote a third time, saying, “If you do not come, be sure that you will have to reproach yourself through all eternity”. Anselm was obliged to yield. He came and founded, by the desire of the sick man, the Abbey of St Werburgh, passing five months in England, occupied with various affairs. As not a word was said to him about the archbishopric, he ended by being completely reassured. But at Christmas 1092, the barons of the kingdom being assembled about the king for that festival, loudly complained of the unheard-of oppression and prolonged state of widowhood endured by the mother-church of the kingdom, as they called Canterbury. The better to express their dissatisfaction, they begged leave of the king to have prayers put up in all the English churches that God would inspire him to choose a worthy primate.

William, very angry, answered that they might pray as they pleased, but that all their prayers would not prevent his acting as pleased him. They took him at his word, and the bishops who were most interested charged Abbot Anselm, who was thinking nothing of the matter, to arrange or draw up the required prayers. He did it in such a way as to win the applause of all the nobles, and the churches soon resounded with these solemn supplications. One day a nobleman, talking with the king privately on this subject, said, “We have never known so holy a man as this Anselm, Abbot of Bec. He loves nothing but God, and desires nothing in this world”. “Really!” answered the king, jestingly; “not even the archbishopric of Canterbury?” “Even less the archbishopric of Canterbury than anything else”, replied the nobleman; “at least that is my opinion and the opinion of many others”. “Well, as for me” said the king, “I believe that he would work hand and foot if he saw any chance of getting it but by the Holy Face of Lucca, neither he nor anyone else shall have it, and there shall be no archbishop but myself while I live”.

Scarcely had he said these words when he fell ill and was in danger of death. God seemed about to avenge Himself. Bishops, abbots, and barons assembled round his sick-bed at Gloucester to receive his last sigh. They sent to seek Anselm, brought him into the king’s room, and begged him to advise what should be done for the salvation of their master’s soul. Anselm insisted upon three things—a full confession, a solemn and public promise of amendment, and the immediate execution of those measures of reparation which the bishops had already suggested. The king consented to all, and ordered his promise to be laid upon the altar. An edict was immediately drawn up, and sealed with the royal seal, promising deliverance to all State prisoners, remission of all debts due to the crown, the annulling of all prosecutions, the exact administration of justice, and the establishment, for all English people, of good and just laws. Nor was this all; loud complaints reached the king of the desolation of the church of Canterbury, and William showing himself well disposed, was promptly asked whom he would choose for primate. Then, strange event! he who had sworn that Anselm should never be archbishop was the first to designate the Abbot of Bec, whose name was received with unanimous acclamations.

At this shout Anselm turned pale, and absolutely refused his consent. The bishops drew him aside: “What are you doing?” they said. “Do you not see that there are scarcely any Christians left in England; that all is confusion and abomination; that our churches are threatened; that we ourselves are in danger of eternal death in consequence of this man’s tyranny? And you, who could save us, will not deign to do it. What are you thinking of? The church of Canterbury calls you, waits for you; she

demands the sacrifice of your liberty; will you, for the sake of your own unprofitable tranquillity, refuse to share the dangers of your brethren?"

To which Anselm replied: "Observe, I beg of you, that I am old, and unfit for work. Besides, as a monk, I have always detested secular affairs". "We will help you", answered the bishops. "Do you undertake to reconcile us to God, and we will undertake all secular affairs for you". "No, no; it is impossible", said Anselm; "I am abbot of a foreign monastery, I owe obedience to my archbishop, submission to my prince, help and counsel to my monks. I cannot break all these ties". "These are all trifles", replied the bishops; and they drew Anselm to the bedside of the king, to whom they related the abbot's obstinate refusal. "Anselm", said the sick man, "do you wish to give me up to eternal punishment? My father and mother loved you, and you are willing to see their son perish, body and soul! Do you forget that I am lost if I die while I keep the archbishopric in my hands?"

Those present lost patience with Anselm, and tdeclared to him that all crimes and oppressions under which England should suffer for the future would be attributed to his stubbornness. In his anguish the Abbot of Bec turned to the two monks who accompanied him, and said to them, "Ah, my brothers, why do you not help me?" One of them sobbing, answered, "If it is the will of God, father, who are we to resist Him?" "Unhappy one!" cried Anselm, "you are very ready to yield to the enemy". The bishops, seeing that all was useless, blamed themselves for their weakness, and began to call, "A crosier! a crosier!" Then seizing the prelate's right arm, they drew him to the bed where the king was lying, who tried to place the crosier in Anselm's hand; but as the abbot kept his fingers fast closed, the bishops were obliged to use such force to open them as made him cry out; finally, the crosier was held in the hand of the newly elect, while every one shouted, "*Long live the bishop!*" and while the *Te Deum* was chanted. Then the prelate was carried to a neighbouring church where the usual ceremonies were performed. Anselm constantly protested that all they were doing was null. He was almost mad with grief; his tears, cries, and even shrieks ended by frightening those concerned; to calm him, they threw holy water over him, and even made him swallow some. Having returned to the king, Anselm told him that he would not die of this illness, but that on his recovery he would have to repair what had just been done by violence. As he was retiring, accompanied by the bishops and all the nobles, he turned to them and said, "Do you know what you wish to do? You want to yoke an unbroken bull and a weak old sheep together. And what will happen? The furious bull will drag the sheep through the briers and thickets, and tear him to pieces without his having been good for anything. The Church is a plough—according to the apostles saying, 'Ye are God's husbandry'. This plough is drawn in England by two oxen—the king and the archbishop;—one labouring for the administration of justice and the secular government, the other for divine doctrine and discipline. One of these two, Lanfranc, is dead; there remains only the untameable bull to which you would yoke me. If you do not give up this idea, your joy of today will be changed into sadness—you will see the Church again widowed, even in her shepherd's lifetime; and as none of you will dare to resist him, the king will trample you under foot as he pleases".

The king caused the archbishop to be instantly put in possession of all the domains of the see, and required that he should live there until the necessary answers should arrive from Normandy. They were not long delayed. The Archbishop of Rouen ordered the newly elect, in the name of God and St Peter, not to resist. The monks of Bec had much more difficulty in consenting to the sacrifice asked of them. Anselm also grieved bitterly over the parting, for he loved nothing in the world so well as his abbey; most of all, he regretted the young monks, those dear nurslings, who, as he said, were

now to be weaned too early from the milk of his affection. These young neophytes, who, for the most part, had been drawn to Bee by the hope of living there with Anselm, gave him his liberty only after hot discussions, and by a very small majority.

To render the noble old man's trial more complete, and to show that there is nothing so pure in the depths of a Christian heart but that a mean jealousy will try to calumniate it, a report was spread in France that Anselm's resistance was only feigned, and that in reality he, like so many others, had always coveted the primacy of England. Anselm recalled his energy to repel this imputation; for he regarded it as a duty to defend the honour of a bishop, called upon to serve as an example to other men. He still, indeed, cherished some hope of being delivered from the burden laid upon him. The king had recovered, and immediately forgetting all his promises, had caused all accused persons or prisoners who remained in England to be again seized, and recommenced, with double cruelty, all previous lawsuits and prosecutions. In vain Anselm's friend, Gondulphus, the former monk of Bec, and now Bishop of Rochester, tried by multiplied exhortations to recall his sovereign to God. "By the Holy Face of Lucca!" replied William, "God has done me too much evil ever to get any good from me!"

Anselm went to seek the prince at Dover, and demanded of him, as a *sine qua non*, before his acceptance, that the property of the See of Canterbury, formerly possessed by Lanfranc, and now claimed by himself, should be immediately restored; he asserted, moreover, the right of exercising his archiepiscopal authority in all religious affairs, and finally, full liberty in his relations with Pope Urban II, whom he had hastened to recognise, and to whom he wished, on all occasions, to testify his obedience.

The king having made Anselm an incomplete and equivocal answer, the holy man hoped that he was about to be released from a burden which he feared; and as he had already sent back his abbot's crosier to Bec, requesting that his successor might be chosen as soon as possible, he flattered himself that he should be able to pass the rest of his life in monastic poverty and obedience, without charge of souls, and safe from those spiritual dangers against which he did not think himself strong enough to struggle. But after six months of resistance and uncertainty, the king, driven to it by the remonstrances of all good Catholics, decided to agree to Anselm's requirements; and the latter did homage to William, as his predecessor had done, on taking possession of the See of Canterbury. He was consecrated December 4, 1093, by Wulstan of Worcester, the last bishop and the last saint of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and the same whose heroic resistance to Lanfranc and to William we have elsewhere related.

Meantime the grief of Anselm was not lessened: for a long time he headed his letters— "Brother Anselm, monk of Bec by choice, Archbishop of Canterbury by violence".

"When you write for me alone", he said to his former companions, "do not write too small; for I have wept so much, night and day, that my eyes can scarcely see to read".

In vain the good old man had tried to calm his anxieties by taking up again his beloved metaphysical studies, and defending Lanfranc's reputation and his own against the imputations of Roscelin the sophist, who endeavoured to make them accountable for his errors with regard to the Trinity. The storm, which he had too well foreseen, was not long in bursting. William needed money for his war with his brother Robert.

Anselm, in spite of the poverty of his flock, and the disorder in which he had found the Church property, willingly offered a present of five hundred pounds in silver. But greedy courtiers persuaded the king that the sum was too small; that the first prelate of the kingdom ought to give at least a thousand, or perhaps two thousand pounds, and that, to frighten and shame the archbishop, it would be proper to send him back his money—which was done. Anselm, indignant, went to the king, and represented to him that it was a hundred times better to obtain a little money willingly than to extort a great deal by violence; and added, that though, out of friendship and goodwill, he was ready to yield much, yet he would never grant anything to those who attempted to treat him as a vassal of servile condition. ""Keep your money and your goods, and go!" cried William, in fury.

The archbishop retired, saying, "Blessed be God, who has saved my reputation. If the king had taken my money, people would have said that I was paying him the price of my bishopric". And, at the same time, he caused the five hundred pounds, which he had intended as a present to William, to be distributed to the poor.

The old monk Wulstan, the last of the Saxon bishops, was still living. This holy prelate, whose steadiness in resisting William the Conqueror we have recounted, must have understood and appreciated Anselm better than anyone else. "Your Holiness" he wrote to him, "is placed at the summit of the citadel to protect the holy Church from those whose duty should have been to defend her: fear nothing therefore; let no secular power humble you through fear, nor seduce you by favour; begin vigorously, and finish, by God's help, what you have begun, by restraining oppressors, and delivering our holy mother from their hands".

Sometime afterwards, the king having gone to Hastings, where he was to embark, all the bishops of England assembled to bless the royal traveller. But the wind remaining contrary, the prince was obliged to wait a whole month in that town. Anselm profited by the occasion to point out to him that, before going to conquer Normandy, he would do well to re-establish religion, now threatened with ruin, in his own kingdom, and to order the resumption of councils which, since his accession, had been forbidden. "I will attend to that when I choose", answered the king, "at my pleasure, and not at yours"; and then added, jestingly, "But what would you talk about in your councils?" Anselm replied that he should occupy himself in trying to suppress the incestuous marriages and unspeakable debauchery which threatened to make of England a second Sodom. "And what will that do for you?" asked the king. "If nothing for me, I hope it will do much for God and for you!" "That is enough", replied William, "I wish to hear no more".

Anselm then changed the conversation and reminded the king how many abbeys were vacant, where disorder had been introduced among the monks, and how he was compromising his own salvation by not appointing abbots. But William, unable to restrain himself, cried angrily, "What is that to you? Are not these abbeys mine? What! you can do what you like with your domains, and I may not dispose of my abbeys as I please?" "They are yours", replied Anselm, "to guard and defend them as their steward—not to invade and ruin them. We know that they are God's, that His ministers may live by them—not that you may make wars by means of them. You have enough domains and revenues for all your needs: give back to the Church what belongs to her". "Never", said the king, "would your predecessor have dared to speak in this manner to my father".

Anselm retired: then, as he wished peace above all things, he sent a message to the king by the bishops, to ask him to give him back his friendship, or at least to explain why he had withdrawn it. William replied, “I do not blame him for anything; but I see no reason why I should receive him into favour”. The bishops then advised Anselm to appease the king by giving him immediately the five hundred pounds already offered; and secondly, by promising him the same sum a little later, to be raised among the vassals of the archiepiscopal domains. But at these words the holy man answered indignantly, “God forbid that I should favour, follow such advice! These poor creatures have been but too much plundered since the death of Lanfranc; they are stripped to the skin, and you wish me to rob them of that! You would have me buy the favour of the master, to whom I owe faith and honour, as I would buy a horse or an ass! But indeed, as to the £500, I have them no longer. I have already given them to the poor”.

This answer having been immediately reported to the king, he charged his courtiers to carry the following words to the archbishop: “I hated him much yesterday, and hate him more today; let him know that I shall hate him always more and more bitterly for the future”.

On the king’s return, Anselm visited him at the Tower to tell him that he intended going to Rome to beg the pallium from the pope. “What pope?” asked William, alluding to the anti-pope Guibert, who called himself Clement III. And when Anselm replied, “To Urban II”, the king angrily said that he had not acknowledged Urban, and that to accept him as pope under these circumstances would be very like abdicating.

In vain did Anselm recall the conditions on which he had accepted the archbishopric, and which had been formally agreed to by the king. William, more and more irritated, declared that the archbishop could not at once be faithful to him and obedient to the Holy See against his will. Anselm then proposed to submit the question to the bishops, abbots, and barons of the kingdom assembled in Parliament. Parliament met at Rockingham Castle. There, not in presence of the king, but before a numerous assembly of monks, clergy, and nobles, Anselm explained the state of things to the prelates and lay peers. He related to them all that had passed between the king and himself; he earnestly prayed the bishops to show him how he could best do his duty both to the pope and the King of England. After some hesitation, the bishops advised him to submit simply and entirely to the royal will, declaring that he must not depend at all upon them, since they could not help him in any way if he persisted in opposing the king. This said, they bowed, as if to take leave of Anselm, who, raising his eyes to heaven, answered with emotion, “Since you, the pastors and directors of Christian people, refuse me advice, I, who am your chief, however much it may be contested, will have recourse to the head Pastor and Prince of all, to the Angel of great counsel; and I will follow the advice that He gives me, in an affair which is at once His and that of His Church. It was said to St Peter, ‘Thou art Peter; all that thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven’. And to all the apostles in common, ‘He that heareth you heareth me and he that despiseth you despiseth me’. No one can doubt that this was said also to the Vicar of St Peter, and to the bishops, vicars of the apostles; but Jesus Christ has not said these things to any emperor, king, duke, or earl. He has Himself taught us our duty towards the earthly powers by saying, ‘Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar’s, and unto God the things which are God’. Now I will not depart from these counsels given by God Himself; and I declare to you that, in all that relates to God I will obey the vicar of St Peter, and in all that is temporal I will serve my lord the king faithfully and with all my power”.

These words excited great emotion in the assembly; and as no one dared repeat them to the king, Anselm undertook to do so himself. The king, exasperated, passed the whole day deliberating with his courtiers on the best way of confounding the primate. Dividing into little groups, nobles and clergy consulted among themselves how to appease the king without too great a departure from the divine law.

Anselm went into the Church alone, calm, strong in his innocence, and full of confidence in God. Fatigued with these interminable struggles, he rested his head against the wall, and fell into a peaceful sleep. The bishops, accompanied by several barons, came to wake him, and again began to preach submission. “Reflect well”, they said to him, “on the gravity of your situation, and give up your obedience to Pope Urban, who can neither serve you if the king is angry, nor hurt you if the king is favourable. Shake off this yoke and remain free, as befits an Archbishop of Canterbury, until you receive the king’s commands.

William, Bishop of Durham, was the most eager of all; he had made sure, while with the king, of either bringing Anselm to dishonour himself by a shameful submission, or to lay down his dignity. He insisted, therefore, that the archbishop should answer immediately, lest, as he said, he should be condemned as guilty of lese-majesty. And all the others added, “Do not imagine this to be a light matter”.

The archbishop answered, “If anyone can prove that I have broken my oath to the king, because I will not fail in the obedience due to the Roman pontiff, let him show himself, and I will be ready to answer him as I ought, and where I ought”. The bishops looked at each other in silence, for they knew well that the archbishop could only be judged by the pope.

Meanwhile those present grew indignant at the sight of such unfair dealing, and murmurs began to be heard. Then a knight, issuing from the crowd, knelt before Anselm and said,—“My lord and father, your children entreat you, by my mouth, not to be troubled by what has just been said, but to remember the blessed Job, who, on his dunghill, vanquished the demon that overcame Adam in Paradise”.

These noble words, from the heart of a soldier, were to the holy confessor an unexpected consolation and a pledge of popular sympathy. Night closed the debate; but it recommenced next morning. The king seemed as much exasperated against his bishops, who, he said, accomplished nothing, as against the archbishop, who could not be moved. Then William of Durham proposed to depose Anselm, and banish him from the kingdom; but the barons rejected this idea. The king, annoyed, asked, “If that does not please you, what will? As long as I live, I will have no rival in my kingdom. Now talk among yourselves as you like; but by the face of God, if you do not condemn this man at my bidding, I will condemn you”.

One of the prince’s favourites, named Robert, said, “But what can we do with a man who goes to sleep quietly while we are exhausting ourselves in discussion, and who, with one word, destroys all our objections as if they were cobwebs?”

After long arguments, which ended by proving the impossibility of trying a primate of England, the king ordered the bishops to break off all relations with him, and all ties of obedience to him, declaring that he himself, as sovereign, would refuse to the metropolitan all confidence, all peace, and all safety. The bishops again consented to carry this notification to the archbishop, who replied:

"Your conduct seems to me wrong, but I will not return evil for evil. I regard you all as my brothers, as children of the church of Canterbury, and I will endeavour to bring you back to the right way. As to the king, I am ready to do him all the service I can, and to render him abundantly, when he wishes it, the most fatherly care; but I will not abdicate the dignity and authority of my episcopate".

After this, the king tried to obtain from the lay peers, as well as from the bishops, a promise to renounce all relations with Anselm. But the barons refused to imitate the cowardice of the prelates. "We have never", they said, "been vassals to the archbishops, and we cannot abjure an oath we never took: but Anselm is our metropolitan; it is his business to guide the religious affairs of this country; and therefore we, who are Christians, cannot withdraw from his authority, especially as his conduct is without a stain".

The king feared to irritate his baronage by insisting. As to the bishops, their confusion was unbounded. They were the objects of universal indignation; each received an insulting nickname—one Judas the traitor, another Pilate, a third Herod. At last, all the discussions having led to nothing, it was agreed to put off the final decision till Pentecost, all things remaining as they were until that time.

This situation was far from consoling to Anselm, who had been obliged to return to Canterbury, where he saw, according to custom, the most odious treatment inflicted on the Church vassals, such, indeed, as drove them to curse the heroic resistance of their pastor. The king drove into banishment Baldwin the monk, the intimate friend and counsellor of the archbishop, and the person who took charge of all those secular affairs the care of which was intolerable to him. This was to wound the prelate in the tenderest part of his nature, for amidst all his trials he found support and consolation nowhere except among his old friends of the cloister. Of all the English bishops since the death of the Saxon Wulstan, there was but one who had not basely betrayed the archbishop and that was Gondulphus, Bishop of Rochester, whom we have seen so tenderly attached to him while they were both monks at Bec. Anselm could only breathe freely when he was able to shut himself up in the cloister of the Canterbury monks, and preside at their services.

"I am like the owl", he said to them, "when he is in his hole with his little ones, he is happy; but when he goes out among crows and other birds, they pursue him and strike him with their beaks, and he is ill at ease". Often the holy old man wept when he thought of the danger to his soul in these perpetual combats, and cried, "Oh how much rather would I be schoolmaster in a monastery than primate of England!" His enemies, as well as his best friends, reproached him with his excessive love of retirement; they said that he was better fitted to live shut up in a convent than to fill the office of primate of a great nation. Anselm himself was more convinced of this than any one; but God knew and judged him better than his critics.

Meanwhile King William had secretly sent two clerks of his chapel to Rome, to find out which pope he ought to acknowledge, and beg him to send the pallium, not to Anselm, but to the king himself, who would give it to some archbishop. These envoys perceived that Urban was the true pope, and persuaded him to send to England as legate, Walter, Bishop of Albano, who brought the pallium. This prelate's conduct was equivocal, for he passed through Canterbury without even seeing Anselm, and took no steps in favour of the persecuted primate. A report was spread that he had promised the king that in future no legate should come to England without his order, and that no one should be allowed to receive letters from the pope unknown to him. This report caused

many murmurs, and it was said, “If Rome prefers gold and silver to justice, what hope remains for the oppressed who have nothing to give?”

When the king had acknowledged Urban, however, the legate absolutely refused to depose Anselm, in spite of the large sums William promised to pay if he might obtain what he desired.

Meanwhile, as Pentecost approached, the king tried to extort money at least from the inflexible prelate; bishops proposed to him to pay the prince the sum which a journey to Rome, to receive the pallium, would cost him. The archbishop indignantly refused. William was exasperated; but, by the advice of the barons, he finally yielded — he acknowledged Anselm as archbishop, and allowed him to take the pallium from the altar of the metropolitan church.

The peace thus concluded could be only a truce. Anselm felt this; and the feeling is evident in the letter which he wrote to the pope to thank him for the pallium, and excuse himself for not having yet gone to Rome. “Holy father”, he said, “I regret being what I am, and no longer being what I was. I regret being a bishop, because my sins will not let me do all a bishop’s duties. I bend under my burden, for I am wanting in strength, science, skill, and all needful qualities. I should like to fly from this insupportable load; the fear of God alone detains me. Feed my misery with the alms of your prayers, I implore you; if my shipwreck is complete, and the storm forces me to take refuge in the bosom of the mother Church, for love of Him who gave His blood for us, let me find in you an asylum and a consolation”.

But at the end of a few months the war broke out afresh.

In 1096, Robert, wishing to go to the crusade, had yielded possession of Normandy for three years to his brother William, receiving 10,000 marks of silver for it. To procure this money the king, according to his usual custom, began to pillage the English churches. Anselm gave, as his share, 200 marks. Afterwards the king undertook an expedition against the Welsh. Anselm sent the soldiers it was his duty to furnish; but the king found them ill trained and ill equipped, and sent him word that he should be cited before his Court to answer for his negligence. Each day there was some new vexation, some requirement contrary to the law of God. The kingdom was more and more desolated by the corruption of morals and the spoliation of churches and abbeys. Anselm resolved to go to the pope, and consult him as to what he should do for the safety of his soul. He took care to make his project known to the king, who was holding his Court at Windsor, and sent to ask his permission to leave the kingdom. William refused it, saying, “He has done nothing that needs absolution from the pope, and he is much fitter to advise the holy father than to be advised by him”. Anselm was returning from Windsor to one of his own estates after this refusal, when a hare, pursued by hunters, took refuge between the legs of his horse. The archbishop stopped the dogs, and seeing everybody laugh, he shed tears, saying, “Do you laugh? This poor creature is far from laughter; she is like the Christian soul ceaselessly pursued by demons who would drag her to eternal death. Poor tortured soul, that looks anxiously round and seeks with ineffable desire the hand that can save!” And he immediately ordered the poor animal to be let go in safety.

Anselm twice renewed his request to leave England; the last time was at a council held at Winchester, October 1097. The king impatiently declared that if the primate went to Rome he would appropriate to himself all the property of the church of Canterbury, which should cease to have an archbishop. Anselm replied that he would

rather obey God than man; and calling out of the king's council the four bishops who were present there, he said to them, privately, "My brothers, you are bishops, and heads of the Church of God. Promise me, therefore, to uphold in my interest the rights of God and of justice with as much care and fidelity as you would use respecting the rights and customs of a mortal man in the interest of your neighbour. Then I will tell you, as my sons and faithful servants of God, what my purpose is, and I will follow the advice which your trust in God shall give me". They retired to confer upon what they should answer, and at the same time sent one of their number to the king to ask his instructions. Having received them, they came back to the archbishop, and spoke thus:

"We know that you are a holy and religious man, entirely occupied with heavenly things. But we, bound to the world by our relations, whom we maintain, and by many terrestrial objects of our love, cannot rise to your height and disdain this world as you do. If, then, you will place yourself on our level, and travel the same road with us, we will care for your interests as our own. But if you have resolved to think only of God, as in the past, you must do without us; for we cannot be wanting in fidelity to our king".

"Very well", replied Anselm, "return to your master; I will depend solely on God". And he remained alone, with only a few monks, among whom was Eadmer, who has given us all these details. It was destined that, in this memorable history, the inviolable character of the episcopate should be raised to the highest majesty by Anselm, and dragged in the mud by his brethren. The latter, in fact, soon came back to him and said: "The king sends you word that you have broken your oath to observe the laws and customs of the kingdom, by threatening to go to Rome without his permission; he requires, therefore, either that you should swear never to appeal, for any cause whatever, to the Holy See, or that you should immediately leave his dominions". Anselm went himself to carry his answer to the king. "I acknowledge", he said, "that I have sworn to observe your usages and customs, but such only as are agreeable to God and the right".

The king and barons objected to this, swearing that there was no question either of God or of the right. "How!" replied the archbishop; "if there is no question of God or the right, what is there question of? God forbid that any Christian should observe laws and customs opposed to God and the right. You say that it is contrary to the customs of your kingdom that I should go to consult the Vicar of St Peter as to the safety of my soul and the government of my church, and I declare that such a custom is opposed to God and the right, and that every servant of God ought to condemn it. All human faith has for its guarantee the faith due to God. What would you say, O king, if one of your rich and powerful vassals should try to prevent one of his from rendering you the service he owes you?" "Oh, oh", interrupted the king and the Count of Meulan, "he is preaching us a sermon now; there is no use in listening to what he says".

The nobles tried to stifle his voice by their outcries. He waited without impatience till they had wearied themselves, and then went on:

"You would have me swear never again to appeal to the Vicar of Peter. To swear this would be to deny St Peter; to deny St Peter is to abjure Christ; and to abjure Christ for fear of you would be a crime from which the judgment of your Court could not absolve me". This calmness and courage prevailed. The king suffered Anselm to depart.

The archbishop, when leaving William, said to him, "I do not know when I shall see you again. I shall never cease to desire your salvation, as a spiritual father desires

that of his beloved son. As Archbishop of Canterbury I would give to the king of England God's blessing and mine—at least if he does not refuse it"

"No", said the king, "I do not refuse it". And he humbly bent his head to receive this benediction.

CHAPTER VI

DISTINCTION OF THE TWO POWERS

Anselm immediately started for Canterbury, where, assembling his beloved monks about him, he endeavoured to console them for his departure by holding before their eyes the hope that his journey would be of use to the future liberty of the Church. After a touching farewell address, in which he compared the religious life to temporal knighthood, Anselm gave to each one the kiss of peace. He then took from the altar his pilgrim's staff and scrip, and went to Dover to embark. There a new insult awaited him. A clerk named William stopped him on the shore, and in the king's name caused the archbishop's baggage to be searched to make sure that it contained no money. None was found; and the royal revenue gained nothing but the maledictions of the indignant crowd. The king indemnified himself by immediately seizing all the domains of the archbishopric, which were cultivated for his benefit.

Scarcely had Anselm set foot upon the soil of France, when the popular enthusiasm declared itself. This was the first reward of his fidelity to God and the Church; it was also for historians an incontestable proof of the powerful sympathy which then animated all Christian nations, and which, in spite of the restricted publicity of the period, united them in one body to share the joys or trials of their common mother—the holy Catholic Church. Men and women, rich and poor, hastened to meet the pontiff-confessor, the voluntary exile, whose fame had preceded him. Wherever he came, the clergy, the monks, and the people gathered round him with flying banners, the music of canticles, and all the marks of excessive joy. He already exercised all the ascendancy of holiness; some he attracted and some he dominated. When he arrived in Burgundy, the duke of that province, tempted by the rich prey offered in the person of a primate of England travelling to Rome, hurried to intercept the pilgrims and pillage them. But there was in those days, even in hearts most swayed by greed, a door always open to the light of religion. When the duke, galloping up, had reached the travellers, he shouted loudly, "Which of you is the archbishop?" But scarcely had he looked at Anselm than he grew red, lowered his eyes, stammered some words incoherently, and then was silent. The archbishop, as if he suspected nothing, offered the kiss of peace to the duke, who accepted it, recommending himself humbly to the prelate's prayers, and saying, as he retired, "I have seen the face of an angel from heaven, and not of a man". The seared conscience of the warrior had been touched by a ray of grace; he became a crusader, died gloriously in defending the tomb of Christ, and his body, brought back to the monks of Citeaux, was buried under the porch of their church, where the steps of St Bernard, his brethren, and others of the faithful, through many years passed over its resting-place.

Anselm, pursuing his journey, arrived at Cluny, where the holy Abbot Hugh and his army of monks received him with delight. He there spent Christmas (1097), and then went to Lyons, to await at the house of his friend the Cardinal-Archbishop Hugh an answer to a letter which he had written to the pope—first, to point out the incompatibility of his position in England with the exercise of episcopal liberty; and, secondly, to obtain permission to lay down the burden which weighed upon him, and to serve God in freedom.

Urban wrote to Anselm to come to him without delay. The archbishop started immediately, in spite of illness and of the dangers of the road, which were then great.

The cause of William Rufus was almost the same as that of the Emperor Henry IV. For this reason the Italian partisans of the latter, as well as those of the anti-pope, waited for the passing of the bishops and orthodox monks, with the intention of pillaging, outraging, and even killing them. On hearing of the approach of the archbishop, whom they supposed loaded with riches, the greed of the schismatics was excited, and the road which the venerable traveller was to follow was closely watched. But Anselm disconcerted all their plans by travelling like a simple monk, accompanied only by two other monks—his friend Baldwin and his biographer Eadmer. The primate received hospitality in the monasteries on his way, without making himself known. Often the monks, his hosts, spoke to him of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his expected journey. At Aspera the told him that the primate had reached Placentia, and there prudently turned back. At Susa, the abbot, hearing that the travellers were monks of Bec, said to them, “Tell me, brothers, I beg you, is that Anselm who used to be your abbot, that great friend of God and of good men, still alive?” “Yes”, said Baldwin, “he is alive, but he has been forced to become an archbishop in another country”. “I heard so”, replied the abbot; “but how is he now?” “They say he is well”, answered Baldwin. “Pray God guard him!” added the abbot; “I pray for him day and night”.

When such incidents happened, Anselm drew his hood over his head and kept silence. But the soft and steady glance which had vanquished the savage Duke of Burgundy revealed the great servant of God; and in the Italian inns, men and women, after having examined the unknown traveller, knelt before him, and asked his blessing.

At Rome, the pope received the primate in the Lateran, surrounded by the Roman nobility; he embraced him amidst the acclamations of the pontifical Court; and addressing those present, he made a magnificent eulogy of the prelate, declaring that he regarded as his master in learning, and almost as his equal in dignity, this patriarch of a distant island, which had banished him for preserving his fidelity to St Peter. After having listened to Anselm’s narrative, the sovereign pontiff wrote a letter to the King of England, in which he desired and even commanded him to repair the evil he had committed.

The archbishop stayed only ten days at the Lateran; the unwholesome air of Rome obliged him to go and wait William s answer at an abbey of Apulia, near Telesia, governed by a former monk of Bec. Built on the summit of a mountain, in a domain called Schlavia, this place pleased Anselm so much that he exclaimed, “Here is my resting-place”. Here he at once resumed his old monastic habits and labours, and here he finished a treatise of remarkable power on the motives of the divine Incarnation.

Meantime the Normans, some of whom had been his companions at Bec, did not leave him long undisturbed; Duke Roger, whose troops were besieging Capua, implored the saint to visit him and help him to walk more firmly in the way of salvation.

Followed by all his knights, the prince came to meet the prelate, embraced him affectionately, and caused tents to be pitched for him at some distance from the body of the army, and not far from a little church, where, every day, he visited the archbishop and conversed with him.

Pope Urban, on his side, did not delay joining Anselm at the Norman camp. None of those who came to visit the pope failed at the same time to present themselves before the primate, whose humility and gentleness attracted everyone, even those travellers whose inferior rank generally kept them at a distance from the pontifical majesty.

The Saracens, great numbers of whom were serving under Count Roger of Sicily, the duke's uncle, did not escape the charm exercised by the saint's virtues. When he passed through their camp, the infidels kissed his hands, kneeling, and called down the blessings of heaven upon him.

Meantime William Rufus, far from yielding to the papal injunctions, constantly endeavoured by letters and presents to prejudice against Anselm both the sovereign pontiff and Duke Roger. The duke was entirely unmoved by this; and to induce the exiled prelate to remain with him, offered gifts of all the best of his possessions both in towns and castles. But the archbishop had no unwillingness to eat the bread of poverty. The last news from England, which informed him of fresh impieties and atrocious cruelties committed by the king, redoubled his wish to renounce the see of Canterbury and the primacy of England, where no one except a few monks would suffer themselves to be influenced by him. He soon confided his design to the pope, who did not approve of it. "O bishop! O pastor!!" he said to him, "you have not yet shed your blood, and already you would abandon the care of your flock! Christ tried St Peter by bidding him feed his sheep; and Anselm—the holy Anselm—that great man, only because he desires rest, would leave the flock of Christ to the teeth of wolves! Not only do I not permit you to resign, but I forbid you to do so, in the name of God and of the blessed St Peter. If the tyranny of the present king forbids your return to Canterbury, you are none the less archbishop by the Christian law, and clothed with power to bind and to loose as long as you live, and wherever you live. And I, whom you perhaps accuse of being insensible to your sufferings, I summon you to a council which I will hold at Bari beside the body of St Nicholas, that I may there consider and weigh what I ought to do to the English king and others like him, insurgents against the liberty of the Church".

This council did assemble on the 1st October 1098. One hundred and eighty-five bishops were present in their copes, under the presidency of the pope, who alone wore the chasuble and pallium. Anselm, whom the sovereign pontiff when taking his seat had forgotten, went, with his usual humility, to place himself among the other prelates. The council began by a discussion with the Greek bishops as to the procession of the Holy Spirit. As the dispute grew warmer, and the question became more and more confused, the pope, who had already used some arguments drawn from Anselm's treatise on the Incarnation, demanded silence, and called loudly, "Our father and master, Anselm, Archbishop of the English, where are you?" Anselm rose and said, "Holy father, I am here". The pope replied, "It is now, my son, that we need your learning and eloquence; come up here—come and defend your mother and ours against the Greeks. It is God who has sent you to our help".

Amidst the great disorder produced in the assembly by the change of places, and to the astonishment of those present, who wondered what this old man was, and whence he came, the pope commanded Anselm to seat himself at the foot of the pontifical throne, and declared to the auditory the talents, misfortunes, and virtues of

the foreign doctor. Anselm, after this introduction, spoke so clearly and so successfully on the controverted question, that the Greeks were confounded; and the sovereign pontiff pronounced an anathema against all who should not accept the true doctrine as the primate had set it forth.

They then passed to the affairs of the English king. Anselm kept silence, but accusers were not wanting. After the recital of the horrible crimes which William had committed against God and man, the pope added, “Such is this tyrant’s life. In vain we have sought to amend him by persuasion. The persecution and exile of the great man now before you may prove how ill we have succeeded. My brothers, what is your decision?”

The bishops replied: “Since you have warned him three times, and he is still disobedient, it only remains to smite him with the sword of St Peter, that he may live under the weight of the anathema until he amends”.

The pope was about to pronounce the excommunication, when Anselm, rising quickly, and kneeling before him, implored him not immediately to pronounce the dreadful sentence. The victim interceded for the executioner. At the sight of such charity, says William of Malmesbury, the council might well be convinced that Anselm’s virtues were even greater than their reputation. After the council the archbishop returned with the pope to Rome, where, a few days later, there arrived as envoy from the King of England that very William who had searched the primate’s baggage on the beach at Dover. William said that the king, his master, had acted in this manner because he thought the archbishop had no right to leave the kingdom without his permission. Urban showed himself much displeased at a claim hitherto unheard of, and which made it a crime for a primate to visit the mother Church, and he told the envoy that the king would certainly be excommunicated in the council which was to open at Rome after Easter. But William succeeded in softening the holy father, after several secret audiences, and after having made skilful use of great presents and promises to different persons who were able to support his master’s cause; so that the pope finally granted a fresh reprieve until Michaelmas of the following year.

It was then Christmas 1098. Anselm was kept at Rome against his will by Urban, who always showed him the greatest respect. Every one considered him as the second personage of the Church, and a canonised saint; the English who came to Rome kissed the feet of their metropolitan as they did those of the pope. The imperialists, who formed the majority of the Roman populace, tried to carry off the primate by force one day when he was going from the Lateran to St Peter’s; but the mere power of his glance stopped them, and reduced them to beg his blessing.

At the council held in St Peters a fortnight after Easter 1099, one hundred and fifty bishops renewed the decrees of Placentia and Clermont against simony and the marriage of priests. By the formal order of the pope, Anselm occupied one of the most distinguished places. While Reinger, Bishop of Lucca, was proclaiming in a loud voice, to be heard above the noise of the assembly, the canons of the council, he suddenly interrupted himself, and looking round upon his brethren with a glance of great discontent, he cried, “But what are we doing, my brothers? We are unsparing of advice to docile children, and we say nothing as to the crimes of tyrants! Every day the Holy See is informed of their oppression and pillage; but what follows? Nothing; all the world knows and laments it. At this moment do I not see in this assembly a man modestly seated among us, whose silence cries aloud, whose patience and humility rise to the throne of God to accuse us? It is now two years since he came to demand justice

from the Holy See; and what has he obtained? If there is any one among you ignorant of whom I speak, let him know that it is of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, in England!"

At the end of his speech, the prelate, whose indignation carried him away, struck the pavement of the church three times with his crosier. The pope, remembering that the reprieve granted to William had still three months to run, stopped the bishop, saying, "Enough, brother Reinger, enough! Good order shall be taken for all this" "There is much need, holy father", replied Reinger; "otherwise the cause will be carried to the tribunal of Him who never delays justice"

Anselm, who had not said a word of his misfortunes to the Bishop of Lucca, was astonished at this intervention, but he still kept silence.

At the end of the council, the pope, by the unanimous advice of the bishops, published an excommunication against all those who should give or receive lay investitures for ecclesiastical dignities: "For", said he, "it is abominable that hands to which is granted the supreme honour, refused even to angels, of creating the Almighty, and offering Him in sacrifice for the salvation of the world, should be reduced to such ignominy as to be the servants of other hands, which day and night are soiled with impurity, with rapine, and with blood".

All the assembled responded, "Amen! Amen!"

The day after the closing of the council, Anselm, persuaded that he should not soon obtain justice, went to Lyons to visit his friend the Cardinal Hugh, having first persuaded the pope to give him as his superior the monk Eadmer, his travelling companion. Placed under this tutelage, the prelate consoled himself for his exile by work; he composed treatises of theology and philosophy; he loved to persuade himself that having returned to the rule of monastic obedience he was scrupulously fulfilling the task imposed by his superior. He showed himself, indeed, so docile towards the latter, that he would not move without his permission. Anselm thus proved that he had always remained a monk; all felt that this severe discipline gave new temper to his courage and his genius.

Urban died before the expiration of the reprieve he had granted to William Rufus. In his dealings with the other northern kings he found more satisfaction. In Ireland, the relations begun by Lanfranc with the small provincial chiefs in the interest of ecclesiastical discipline and the inviolability of marriage, had been continued and strengthened, thanks to the persuasive eloquence of Anselm, who was primate not only of England, but of all the British isles. An Irish monk bearing, like the first apostle of his country, the name of Patrick, and consecrated bishop at Canterbury, was the principal instrument of this return to unity. While in the south of the great island of Britain the Norman king was trampling under foot the rights of the people and the Church, in the north, in Scotland, a holy and royal lady, Margaret, sprung from the ancient race of Saxon princes, and recalled from Hungary, whither her family had been exiled, to become the wife of King Malcolm III, was occupied in completing the conversion of this still half-savage kingdom by the influence of her own virtues, and the support of her pious husband. During a long reign the royal pair laid, as it were, the foundation of true Christian civilisation by releasing women from a brutal yoke. To Queen Margaret belongs the honour of having prepared, by a sort of reparation made to God and her sex, the rise of that famous chivalry which in Britain, as elsewhere, was to

obtain so brilliant a reputation. The glorious title of patroness of Scotland, granted by Pope Clement X to the noble princess, was well merited.

Every day Margaret herself fed 300 poor; having become a widow, she gave up all her possessions to the unfortunate; and when exhausted by her last illness, she caused herself to be carried into a church to hear mass. One day when she had just received the Communion she breathed her last, says Ordericus Vitalis, in the midst of prayer, like a true Catholic queen. The hagiographer adds, that on the face of the holy princess, worn by age and suffering, there immediately reappeared the brilliant beauty and freshness of youth.

Before leaving Great Britain, we must mention the foundation by King Malcolm of the Abbey of Dunfermline in Scotland, 1070, by the request of Queen Margaret, and at the place of their marriage. It is well known that Dunfermline was for a long time, like Westminster in England, a place of burial for the kings, and of meeting for the national parliaments.

In Denmark, about the same time, the holy King Canute died a martyr to his zeal for the rights of the Church and his endeavours to establish tithes. This prince had profited by the lessons given him by St Gregory VII; having doubled the size of his kingdom by conquests on the shores of the Baltic, he had assured to his bishops the rank and immunities of their office. First among the northern sovereigns, he had opened his dominions to monks summoned from that very England where his ancestors had destroyed so many monasteries and their inhabitants.

After the death of Canute, a vast abbey founded over his tomb, where many miracles were constantly worked, enabled the still half-barbarous Danes to know and admire the sons of St Benedict. Thus the blood of the royal martyr sealed the triumph of Christ in the country of those very Normans, who, through so many years, had been the most terrible scourge of Christendom. A little later, Magnus, son of King Olaus of Norway, founded the first bishoprics and monasteries in that country. Eric II, successor of St Canute, anxious to free the new Christian kingdom from the jurisdiction of the metropolitan of Hamburg, a great supporter of the imperial schism, went himself to Rome to beg from Pope Urban the creation of another metropolitan see in Denmark. The pope promised to grant his request; and some years later, a cardinal legate, after having visited all the Scandinavian cities, chose that of Lund to be the new metropolitan see of the three kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

Eric, who had taken the cross, started immediately for Jerusalem; but he died on the way. This eager homage of a distant kingdom only just received into the fold of the Church must have consoled the great heart of Urban, who at that moment was forced to contend with the three most powerful sovereigns of the West—the Emperor, the King of England, and the King of France.

In the Church's resistance to King Philip, Yves, Bishop of Chartres, seemed called upon to play, with some differences, the part acted in England by Anselm of Canterbury. The direction of the principal affairs of the Church in his country belonged to the French prelate. About this very time a painful dispute had broken out between Yves and the Archbishop-legate Hugh of Lyons respecting the election to the metropolitan see of Sens, of a noble named Daimbert, much esteemed for his learning, and a great friend of the monks. Hugh having forbidden the bishops of the province to consider the newly elect as legitimate, until he had recognised the rights of the primacy of Lyons, which, according to him, had been despised by the previous archbishops of

Sens, Yves, suffragan of Sens, protested strongly against the interdiction. Daimbert acted as Yves of Chartres had done when unjustly persecuted; he went to Rome and obtained his consecration from the pope. It is certain that the Bishop of Chartres had really right on his side; but in his letter to the legate Hugh, he had expressed opinions on the right of investitures and the conduct of the pope's ministers, which drew upon him severe censure. "I wish", he had written to the legate, "and many pious souls wish as I do, that the ministers of the Roman Church would apply themselves as experienced physicians to curing great evils, and not give their enemies reason to say, '*You strain at a gnat and swallow a camel*'; we see, in fact, the greatest crimes openly committed in the world, but we do not see you employ the axe of justice to cut them away". Such a reproach could not certainly be applied to Archbishop Hugh, who had distinguished himself by his zeal in promulgating the excommunication against the emperor and the French king. But the serious matter was the justification of royal investiture, which Yves declared in the following words: "Pope Urban, if we have clearly understood him, only excludes kings from corporal investiture, not from the right of election as being chiefs of the people, nor from cession. And what does it matter whether this cession is made by the hand, or a movement of the head, or by the mouth, or by the crosier? For kings do not pretend to give any spiritual gifts, but only to consent to the election, or to grant to the elect those lands and other material possessions which the churches have received from their liberality".

It was the legate's duty to transmit these strange declarations to the pope, who showed much indignation against the bishop. Yves then hastened to write to Urban. "I am", he said, "the lowest of your sons; but I do not believe there is any one on this side the Alps who has suffered so many affronts and wrongs as I have done in the endeavour to remain faithful and obedient to your commands. But since my words have given offence, it is not fitting for me to enter into controversy with you, and I would rather renounce my bishopric than expose myself to your reproaches, just or unjust. If this atonement satisfies you, accept it. If you require more, say what I ought to do. If I cease to be your servant, let me at least continue to be your son. What I wish to do with your authority, I am forced to do by the ever-deepening enmity of the King of France towards me".

This enmity had arisen since the relapse of Philip, whose connection with Bertrade the bishop had so vigorously denounced. The monarch had now in fact recalled that same Bertrade whom he had carried off from her husband Count Fulk of Anjou, while his own lawful wife still lived; and whom, when he was excommunicated, he had been obliged to dismiss. Bertrade exercised so extraordinary an empire over those around her, that she obtained the pardon of her double infidelity from her husband Count Fulk, who carried his complaisance so far as to seat himself in public at the feet of this bigamous queen.

Such a revival of a scandal supposed to be ended, obliged the Church to renew the severe punishment which had already fallen upon Philip of France. When this royal breaker of the Divine law arrived in any diocese, the bells of all the churches were silent, the sounds of chanting ceased, the public worship of God was stopped, and signs of mourning were everywhere manifested. During the fifteen years of his life in which his ardent and lamentable passion for Bertrade kept him apart from the communion of the Church, Philip had at least so much conscience as to respect, to a certain point, the public affliction; he contented himself with hearing mass in private when the prelates, whose temporal lord he was, permitted it; he abstained from all State ceremonies, then inextricably mingled with those of the Church, and from solemnly wearing his crown on the great annual festivals. However, on Christmas-day, 1097, in spite of the formal

prohibition of the apostolic legate, an archbishop, Raoul of Tours, was found who was not afraid on the occasion of the festival to place the crown publicly on the head of the adulterous monarch. This act of guilty weakness was rewarded the next day by the nomination to the bishopric of Orleans of a creature of the prelate named John, whose extreme youth and debauched life scandalised the whole city. Yves of Chartres, with his usual vigour, denounced the shameful bargain to the pope and his legate Hugh. He accused the newly elect and his protector of the most vile crimes, and bitterly complained of the conduct of the Archbishop of Tours, who said openly that he had no need to trouble himself either in seeking good priests, or about the canons, for that he had in his purse what would smooth all difficulties. “Whatever may happen, whatever side you may take”, wrote the Bishop of Chartres to the pope, “I have cleared my conscience and delivered my soul. I have raised my voice for the cause of truth and charity, for the good of the Church, and for your honour”.

The disagreement of Yves of Chartres with Hugh left, however, so little trace on the mind of the great bishop, that at about this period he begged the Holy See to reappoint his opponent to the office of legate, saying that he was more capable than anyone else of filling it. The eager rivalry which for so long had existed between the metropolitan sees of Lyons and Sens, and which had divided the two chief prelates of the Church of France, Archbishop Hugh and Bishop Yves, was arranged in April 1099, to the general satisfaction, in that same Council of Rome where we have seen Anselm of Canterbury surrounded by the homage of the episcopate, and defended, as he deserved, by the Bishop of Lucca. It was on the same day also that the pope pronounced, amidst the acclamations of the whole assembly, a new and final sentence against lay investiture, and against the homage required by princes from Church dignitaries. These acclamations, which proved the mainstay of spiritual liberty among the Catholics of the West, were soon echoed by those which saluted the news of the marvellous triumph obtained by the Crusaders in the East. After a thousand difficulties and perils, the remains of the Catholic army had at length reached Syria, taken Antioch, and established a Christian principality there under Bohemond the Norman. Adhémar du Puy, the legate, being dead, the Crusaders begged Pope Urban to come in person, and put himself at their head in that very town of Antioch where St Peter had occupied his first see, and where the Galileans had first borne the name of Christians. “We have conquered the Turks and pagans”; said the leaders of the Crusade, “it will be easy for us to conquer the heretics, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Jacobites; come then, we conjure you, Holy Father, come, and perform the functions of St Peter’s vicar; come, and sit upon the Apostle’s throne! Encouraged by your authority we will root out all heresies; you will open to us the gates of Jerusalem, you will redeem the tomb of Christ, you will exalt the name of Christian to the highest, and the whole world will be brought into obedience to you”.

But, to obey their wishes, Urban must have abandoned the defence of the Church from lay heresy, since it claimed spiritual dominion now, the most dangerous of all. The Christian army, therefore, without its head, continued its heroic march, and Jerusalem was, by a victorious assault, snatched from the hands of the infidels, July 15, 1099, at three o'clock in the afternoon—the very hour when our Lord Jesus Christ died for men. On the rescued tomb of the Saviour a Christian sovereignty was instantly proclaimed by the victors. Godfrey de Bouillon, who had taken no part in the massacre of the infidels, was elected king; but he was not crowned, not choosing, as he said, to wear a crown of gold where his Divine Master had worn a crown of thorns.

Faithful to the customs of that chivalry of which he had become the head, Godfrey soon after founded, in the valley of Jehosaphat, a monastery where he established the

monks who had accompanied him to the Crusade; he also introduced the Latin ritual into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and appointed as precentor a canon of Paris, wishing to show by this liturgical reformation the antipathy of the victorious West for all that belonged to the degenerate Church of the East

After assisting at the election of Daimbert, Archbishop of Pisa, and legate of Urban II, to be the first Latin patriarch of Jerusalem, Geoffrey de Bouillon begged to receive from that prelate the investiture of his new kingdom. Nothing, assuredly, could better show how completely the new Catholic king had changed the opinions which had formerly led him into the Imperialist ranks.

Urban II was called to render his account to Him whose vicar he had been on earth fifteen days after the glorious accomplishment of that task which he had preached at Clermont. He died, not like Gregory VII in exile, but in the moment of a double victory. The successor of St Peter had re-entered Rome while the Cross re-entered Jerusalem. The double despotism of Caesar and Mahomet, firmly seated for so many centuries, yielded before the keys of the Apostle and the sword of Catholic knighthood. It is true that this was not a complete and lasting success; such is not the portion of the Church on earth; but before returning to his Divine Master, Urban was enabled to enjoy one of those glorious and sublime moments which fully compensate for ages of painful combat, and which may well be said to illuminate all the future. When the body of the pontiff, who had just died within a few paces of St Peter's prison, had been lowered into the vaults of the Vatican basilica, there to be placed beside the relics of the first pope, it could be truly proclaimed throughout Christendom that the eleven years of his pontificate had been but one heroic and sublime warfare with the enemies of God. Full of devotion for St Peter, having never known the fear of man, never suffered the smallest infringement of the liberty of the Church, an ardent promoter of the worship of the Queen of Heaven, to whom he had specially consecrated Saturday, Urban was surely worthy to be associated with the saints in paradise as one of themselves.

Contemporaries of the illustrious pontiff said of him that he was a golden pope, profoundly devoted to St Peter, who had never suffered the independence of the Roman Church to dwindle in his hands, and whose virtues had always equalled his talents.

It was again a monk, and a monk of Cluny, who was chosen as his successor. Three popes of the same order, such as Hildebrand, Didier of Monte Cassino, and Odo of Cluny, must naturally have encouraged the cardinals to make another selection from the monastic ranks. Their choice fell upon Regnier, a Tuscan, who, after having embraced a religious life at Cluny under the crosier of St Hugh, had been called from it by Gregory VII, had become a cardinal, and later, abbot of the monastery of St Lawrence and St Stephen outside the walls of Rome.

The moment he was informed of his election, Regnier fled and hid himself; but his retreat was discovered, and he was obliged by force to accept the purple, the tiara, and the girdle, whence hung the seven keys, symbols of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The new pope received the name of Pascal II. He hastened to announce his accession to the Catholic princes and the Countess Matilda, and did not forget to send the information, as Urban II had done, to his spiritual father, the holy Abbot Hugh of Cluny, who saw in him a second son worthy of the pontifical throne. Pascal II then addressed solemn felicitations to the Crusaders, whose heroism had freed the Holy

Land, and reconquered, together with the spear still red with Divine blood, a great portion of the cross on which the Redeemer died for us.

At the same time, Pascal sent them a new legate, charged to watch over the purity and safety of their souls. “May God” said the pope, in conclusion, “absolve you from all your sins, and recompense you for your exile by opening to you the gates of the eternal country”.

He proved, at the same time, his zeal for that monastic freedom in which he had himself been trained. He received, almost immediately on his accession, letters of adhesion and warning from Yves of Chartres, and other letters from Anselm of Canterbury, in which that prelate related his difficulties and asked for instructions. Finally, wanting money to provide for his most imperative needs, he was talking of it one day with the cardinals, when he saw approaching some envoys from Roger of Sicily, who, saluting him in the name of the Norman prince, laid a tribute of 1000 ounces of gold at his feet.

Meanwhile the battle which the new pope had to maintain against the enemies of the Apostolic See lost nothing of its intensity. The anti-pope Guibert, who, under the name of Clement III, had held his ground for twenty years against the legitimate popes, and boasted of surviving them, died shortly after Pascal’s accession, and was destined to have but insignificant successors in his usurped dignity. But the Emperor Henry, author of the schism and patron of the anti-pope, had not only recovered from his repeated defeats, but had even recently been able so to strengthen his forces as to be in a condition once more to invade Italy.

In France, during this time, King Philip had again fallen into his former evil ways, and was consequently in revolt against the Church.

In England, ever since the Conqueror’s death, the Norman king had trodden under foot with impunity the rights of the clergy and of the faithful. To her three redoubtable adversaries the Church opposed three champions, with whom victory was destined to remain: the immortal Matilda, whom God, says a historian, had placed on the threshold of Italy to confound imperial pride and tyranny; Yves of Chartres, that bishop of iron will but moderate judgment, who could resist even a king of France; and Anselm, the monk who refused to bend to the yoke of William Rufus.

When William heard of the death of Urban II, whose goodwill, it is said, he had purchased, he was so enraged that he cried out, “May God’s anger light on whoever mourns for him!” But directly after, he asked, “What sort of a man is the new pope?” And when they told him that in many respects he resembled Anselm, he said, “By the Face of God, if that is so, he is good for nothing” But no matter; for I swear that, this time, his primacy will weigh very little with me. I am free now, and I mean to do as I like”. And, in fact, he refused to acknowledge the new pope, and continued to oppress his people. In an expedition against his vassal Hélie de la Flèche, Count of Mans, a knight as pious and charitable as he was brave, and as much beloved by his subjects as the Red King was hated by his, William, having taken and burnt Mans, treated as a criminal the bishop of the city, Hildebert, one of the most illustrious priests of his time, and friend of Yves of Chartres and Anselm of Canterbury. The crime of this prelate, so worthy in all points of the affection of the two great theologians of France and England, was, that he had been elected by the clergy without the royal authorisation. William having the venerable bishop in his power, accused him of treason, ordered him to

destroy the towers of the cathedral, which commanded the castle, and on his refusal, plundered all his property, and did not leave him so much as a mitre.

Although he was accustomed to ridicule the appeal to God's judgment by the ordeal of red-hot iron whenever he thought it would result well for the victims of his despotism, William required Hildebert to submit to this form of trial forbidden to him by the canons of the Church; and to force him to it, kept him confined in a dungeon, chained hand and foot, for more than a year. This last crime filled up the measure: the justice of God prepared to strike; the people, warned by the mysterious light of faith, felt a prophetic thrill, precursor of their deliverance. A monk of Gloucester saw in a dream the Lord seated on a throne in glory, surrounded by the host of heaven; prostrate at His feet was a virgin of the most brilliant beauty, who said, "Thou who didst die upon the cross for the salvation of the human race, look with pity upon Thy people crushed under William's yoke. O avenger of all crimes, avenge me upon William, and snatch me from the hands that torment and defile me!! And the Lord answered, "Wait yet a little; vengeance is near, and shall be complete" At these words the monk awoke, trembling, but assured that the virgin represented the Holy Church, and that God was preparing to punish the king for his excesses. Abbot Serlon, being informed of what had happened, instantly wrote to William to warn him of the sinister augury. On Wednesday, August 1, 1100, the festival of St Peter in bonds, another monk named Foucher, Abbot of Shrewsbury, went up into the pulpit, and after having depicted the desperate state of England, announced the approaching crisis in these words: "A sudden change of affairs is at hand. God will not be overruled by the unworthy. Behold the bow of the divine fury is drawn against the wicked; the swift arrow is taken from the quiver to wound them. Suddenly it will smite them!"

The very day following that on which the monk Foucher thus preached, an arrow from an unknown hand pierced the Red King to the heart while he hunted in that famous New Forest, to plant which his father had depopulated thirty-six parishes. That day, at sunrise, a monk from Gloucester had brought to the king a letter in which Abbot Serlon related the threatening vision seen by a brother of his monastery. At the reading of this letter, the king, who was at table with his courtiers, burst out laughing, and cried, "I wonder why Dom Serlon, whom I imagined a wise abbot, should have thought of telling me of such things, and writing to me about them from such a distance. Does he take me for one of those Englishmen who put off their journeys or their affairs to another day, because an old woman has dreamed or sneezed the night before?"

Saying this, the king rode away to the chase. His last words, addressed to Walter Tyrrel, one of his companions, were "Shoot, shoot, in the devil's name!" And at the same instant an arrow, whether Walter's or another, passed through his breast. The prince's body, placed on a charcoal-burner's cart, with blood dripping from it along the road, was carried to Winchester: but the church-bells, which announce the obsequies of the humblest Christian, the poorest beggar, did not toll for the monarch; and of all the treasures he had heaped up at the expense of his people, not one penny was given for the good of his soul. When this terrible act of divine justice was being accomplished, Anselm visited several monasteries of Bourgogne and Auvergne. At Marcigny the holy Abbot Hugh of Cluny related to him how on the previous night, in a dream, he had seen King William appear as a criminal before the throne of God, where he had been tried and condemned. At Chaise-Dieu the archbishop heard of the king's death; he wept much, and in a voice broken by sobs declared that he would a thousand times rather have died himself than have seen the king perish in this manner.

Meantime there soon arrived messengers from the new King of England and his barons, who begged Anselm to return as quickly as possible, declaring that all the affairs of the kingdom suffered from his absence.

Henry, younger brother of William, had hastened to seize the paternal throne, to the injury of the elder, Robert of Normandy; but on the day of his coronation he had been obliged to swear to respect the good and holy laws of King Edward, and to atone for the wickedness of the preceding reign. The new king had therefore published throughout the kingdom a charter, imposed by the barons, in which the rights of inheritance, marriage, and guardianship were guaranteed. Anselm then thought he might yield to the popular wish and return to England. But instead of tranquillity, he found a new battle to be fought on a ground yet more difficult than before. After having endured the brutal violence of a species of crowned bandit, the archbishop was now to find himself placed between his clearly-defined duty as primate and the artful policy of a prince whose skill and finesse were such as to well merit his surname of *Beau-clerc*.

For any other the position would have been dangerous; but Anselm came back from his three years' exile more steadfast and resolute than ever. Armed with that gentleness which, as he himself said, had but once deserted him since he became a monk, he possessed also the heroic firmness a noble nature draws from humility and a strong sense of duty. The archbishop had spoken to the new pope of his intentions. "I left England", he had said, "for the love and fear of God and the honour of His Church, and I will never return thither but for the same cause".

On his arrival in England, and on the very day of his first interview with the king, Anselm declared that he would no longer submit to the custom of investiture and homage which William had before imposed on him, and he justified his refusal by communicating to Henry the prohibitory decrees given by the Council of Rome in his presence the preceding year. "If my lord the king does not accept these decrees", added the primate, "there will be neither advantage nor honour for me in remaining in England, whither I am not come to see the king disobey the sovereign pontiff; I cannot remain in communion with any one who receives investiture from the royal hand".

Henry thought best to temporise, and obtained from Anselm a delay for the purpose of consulting the Holy See. The king wished to have on his side the authority and moral weight of the primate, for two reasons: first of all, he desired to see his marriage sanctioned with Matilda, daughter of St Margaret of Scotland, a princess descended from the ancient race of Anglo-Saxon kings; and secondly, he felt the necessity of defending his kingdom against his elder brother Robert, now returned from the Holy Land and prepared to claim the crown.

Before the death of William, Matilda had taken refuge in a convent to avoid the danger of violence at the hands of the Norman conquerors, and had even received the black veil from the hands of her aunt the abbess; but she declared that this had been against her positive wishes. After having consulted a council of bishops, nobles, and monks, Anselm, judging Matilda to be perfectly free, blessed her marriage, and crowned her queen, but not without taking the greatest precautions to prove the excellence of his motives. He was, nevertheless, accused of culpable complaisance towards the king.

After this, when Robert was on the point of landing in England, Anselm, as the representative of the English nobility and people, received the oaths from Henry, who again swore always to govern his country by just and good laws, and, in particular,

promised the archbishop to leave him full liberty to exercise all the rights of the Church, and to obey the pope. Anselm not only joined the royal army in person with his vassals, but he exercised so great an influence, by his character and exhortations, over the principal nobles, that Robert, finding himself unsupported, was obliged to renounce his pretensions.

The danger once past, Henry, according to his custom forgot all his oaths, and began to attack the Church. Anselm had again to suffer all the succession of trials which he believed to have been exhausted under William, and without finding more support or courage than formerly among his colleagues in the episcopate. The king, after having restored to the see of Canterbury the property usurped by William, never ceased to complain bitterly of the innovation which, he said, had been introduced by the prohibition of investitures and homage. This was, in fact, an innovation, or rather it was a necessary return to the primitive independence of the Church, too long fallen into contempt, especially in England, where the undue preponderance of the royal power had from time immemorial acquired the force of law.

The mission Anselm had received was to finish in England the work begun in the universal Church by St Gregory VII. The answer given by Pope Pascal when first consulted by the king, after Anselm's return, had been decisive. He said thus; "The Lord speaks as follows — I am the door, *Ego sum ostium*. He who shall enter by me shall be saved. But if kings pretend to be the door of the Church, those who enter by them into it will not be shepherds but robbers".

And after alluding to the resistance of St Ambrose to the Emperor Theodosius, the holy Father added: "The holy Roman Church, in the person of our predecessors, in spite of the cruel persecution of tyrants, has strongly resented royal usurpation and the abominable custom of investiture. We have full confidence that the Lord will not permit Peter to lose his power in our person. Do not believe, o king, that by renouncing a usurped and profane privilege you will weaken, your authority: far from that, your authority will but gain more vigour, more strength, and more glory, when the Lord Jesus reigns in your kingdom".

Vain endeavours! for the king none the less persisted in claiming from Anselm either homage, or the consecration of bishops whom he had invested, under pain of being driven from the kingdom. "I care nothing for what they may think at Rome of Anselm's protestations", replied the monarch. "I do not choose to give up the customs of my predecessors, and I will suffer no person in my kingdom who is independent of me". Unfortunately, among the English bishops the only dispute was who should most completely yield to the king's will. Anselm formally declared that he would not leave the kingdom, and that he would wait until they came to attack him in his church.

In this state of things it was agreed to send to Rome a new embassy composed of persons of consequence, to warn the pope that Anselm would be exiled and England withdrawn from pontifical obedience if the *status quo* was not maintained. The archbishop sent two of his monks to represent him, and the king intrusted his interest to three bishops. One of these three was able to judge, to his own cost, how deep an impression the primate's exile had made in France even upon monks most separated from public affairs; for having been stopped on his journey through the Lyonnais, and plundered by a robber lord called Guy, he could not obtain his release until he had sworn expressly that he would do nothing at Rome contrary to the honour or interest of Archbishop Anselm.

The pope, as may well be supposed, did not receive the application of the bishops with favour, but repulsed with indignation the proposal they made to him to sacrifice the decrees of the holy Fathers to the threats of one man. This was the substance of the answers addressed both to the prince and the Archbishop of Canterbury. In his letter to the latter, the holy Father reminded him, that in the council just held at the Lateran he had renewed the former decrees against investiture and homage done to sovereigns, and added, in conclusion: “Thanks be to God that the episcopal authority has been maintained by you; placed amidst barbarians, neither the violence of tyrants nor the favour of the powerful, neither steel nor fire, have been able to hinder you from proclaiming the truth. We conjure you to continue to act and speak as you have hitherto done. Be certain that we will be on your side. We believe that we have the same mind as our Fathers, according to which we speak. And the word of God is still free”.

On the return of the envoys, the king convoked a Parliament in London on St Michael’s day, 1102, and again summoned Anselm either to obey him or leave the kingdom. The archbishop referred to the letter just received from Rome. “Let him show his, if he likes”, said the king, “but, this time, I will not make mine public: however, there is no question just now of correspondence; it is only necessary for the primate to say whether he will obey me—yes or no”.

Anselm hastened to communicate to the Parliament the letters written to him by the pope; but, to destroy their effect, the king’s three ambassadors declared on their word as bishops that the holy Father had charged them, with his own lips and in private, to tell the king that as long as he lived well he need not trouble himself about investitures; and that, if this concession was not made in writing, it was only lest other princes should be tempted to usurp the same privilege. Anselm’s messenger, Baldwin the monk, always zealous and bold, formally denied that the pope could have said one thing and written another. The barons were much perplexed: some said they ought to believe the letters sealed with the papal seal, and agreeing with the report of the monks; others maintained, on the contrary, that they ought to give credence to the testimony of the three bishops, rather than to parchment stained with ink and sealed with lead — and they added, that in worldly affairs the affirmation of shavelings (*monachellorurn*) who lived apart from the world ought to count for nothing. “But”, cried Baldwin, “this has nothing to do with worldly affairs”. “No doubt”, he was answered, “you are a learned and honest man, but it is much more fitting that we should believe an archbishop and two bishops than a mere monk such as you are!”

Baldwin insisted. “Do you pay no regard to the pope's letters?” he asked.

“What!” replied the king’s supporters; “we refuse the testimony of monks against the bishops, and we are to accept that of these sheepskins!”

“Alas!” returned the monks present, “is not the Gospel also written on sheepskins V n Anselm, who dreaded scandal, would not openly contradict the assertions of the three bishops. He contented himself with sending a third embassy to Rome, to clear up the difficulty, and he wrote to the sovereign pontiff a letter which contained the following passage : —

“I fear neither exile, poverty, torture, nor death: my mind is prepared to endure all things, by God’s help, rather than disobey the Apostolic See, or sacrifice the freedom of my mother the Church of Christ. I desire only to do my duty and to respect your authority. In the Council of Rome I heard our Lord Urban, of venerable memory, excommunicate all kings and laymen, without exception, who should give the

investiture of churches, and all those who should receive it from their hands. Will your Holiness deign either to dispense England from the excommunication, so that I may be able to remain here without danger to my soul, or else send me word that you intend to maintain it whatever happens?"

While awaiting an answer to this letter, the primate, with the permission of the king and the assistance of the prelates and barons, held at Westminster a national council, the first since the death of Lanfranc. The chief barons were present by Anselm's invitation. The council deposed six abbots convicted of simony, and published several decrees for securing the celibacy of the clergy and repressing various disorders. Selling men like cattle, which had hitherto been practised in England, was forbidden; and an anathema was pronounced against the infamous debauchees whose misdeeds had rendered it necessary to forbid the wearing of hair below the ears.

The archbishop had promised that during the truce rendered necessary by the new mission to Rome, he would not excommunicate those whom the king should invest with bishoprics; but neither would he consecrate them. Henry hastened to bestow a see upon his chancellor and his *larderer* or storekeeper. On Anselm's refusal, Henry decided to have them consecrated by the Archbishop of York, together with William Giffard, who had been previously nominated to Winchester, and accepted by the metropolitan clergy. The ceremony was about to begin when Giffard, horrified by such iniquity, declared that he would endure anything rather than take part in so great a profanation. The crowd which filled the church shouted that William Giffard was right, and that the other candidates would not be bishops, but shameless ill-doers.

The bishops, terrified and confused, went to the king to complain of the brave priest. William was obliged to appear before the prince. Standing alone among courtiers, whose threats and insults could be heard on all sides, he remained immovable. Stripped of all that he possessed, he was driven from the kingdom. Anselm interceded, but vainly, for the condemned, whose fate he was soon to share. But the primate uttered no complaint. Writing to an abbess of the same diocese as the exile, he said, "It is a greater glory for him, in the sight of God and good men, to be thus despoiled and proscribed for the sake of right, than to be endowed by wicked hands with all the riches of the world. Let his friends rejoice and exult that he has remained unchangeably faithful to the truth".

When he thus spoke, the venerable prelate was but making beforehand his own panegyric, for the time was approaching when he also was to be attacked.

At Mid-Lent, 1103, the pope's answer to the assertions of the bishops having arrived, the king, according to his custom, refused to take any notice of it. "What have I to do with the pope", he said, "in my own affairs?"

Anselm on his side refused to open the letters from Rome without the king's consent, lest he should be accused of having altered them. Both, however, knew the contents beforehand. The difficulty, therefore, seemed insoluble. The discussions recommenced with more vehemence than ever: the great barons of the kingdom, the king's chief councillors, wept at the thought of the evils reserved for England in the future; pious men offered up the most ardent prayers. Suddenly the king proposed to Anselm that he himself should be sent to Rome to end the dispute. Parliament eagerly approved the idea. But the archbishop at once understood that this was a trick to make him quit the country. Nevertheless he consented, in spite of his weakness and his great age—for he was then seventy—and said to his friends, "You may be assured that if I can

reach the pope, I will advise nothing that is contrary to my honour or the freedom of the Churches".

On April 27, 1103, Anselm embarked. Having landed, he hurried to his dear Abbey of Bee, where he opened the pope's letters. There, as he expected, he found the withering disavowal of the bishops' falsehood, and also the sentence of excommunication issued by the pope against them for perjury.

The heat of summer past, the primate travelled towards Rome, where he was lodged by Pascal as he had been by his predecessor, in the Lateran. There, as in the time of Urban II, he met William Warelwast, who had been the agent of William Rufus, and who now, appointed Bishop of Exeter by Henry I, came to plead the cause of the latter. This Warelwast understood the art of mingling threats with arguments; and thus, as formerly, he succeeded in gaining the suffrages of many personages of the Roman Court, who declared loudly, after hearing the Englishman's skilful pleading, "that it was advisable to yield to the wishes of so powerful a sovereign as the King of England".

Neither Anselm nor the pope said a word. Encouraged by their silence, William ended his speech thus: "Whatever any one may say, let all here present know that my lord the King of England will never consent to renounce the right of investitures, even if it should cost him his crown!"

"And for my part", instantly replied the sovereign pontiff, "I declare before God that Pope Pascal will never allow your king to possess the right of investiture, even if his refusal should cost him his head!"

The Romans applauded this speech. As for the pope, while remaining steady in his refusal, he thought fit to address a conciliatory letter to the king, in which he said that he exempted him from the personal excommunication, but that he strictly adhered to the sentence against all bishops who should receive investiture from him.

Anselm then quitted Italy, furnished with pontifical letters which confirmed him in all the rights of his primacy. The great Countess Matilda, who had several times warmly recommended the prelate to the holy Father, escorted him across the Apennines. When he arrived at Lyons, towards Christmas, Warelwast, who had rejoined him on the road, communicated to him the message which the king had directed to be given to him in case the pope would yield nothing. "The king", said Warelwast, "will welcome your return to England if you will live with him as your predecessors did with his".

"Is that all?" asked the primate.

"I speak to a man of understanding", replied William.

"Say no more; I understand", said Anselm, and Anselm from that moment firmly resolved to remain at Lyons, where his old friend Archbishop Hugh again offered him a most honourable resting-place. Here the primate spent sixteen months. The king did not fail to seize for his own use all the revenues of the see of Canterbury, and he sent to Anselm a written order not to return to his diocese until he should have promised to obey the ancient customs. This new exile of the archbishop was the signal for a dreadful outbreak of evil in England; rapine, sacrilege, the oppression of the poor by the nobles, violation of sanctuary, abduction of virgins, incestuous marriages, and especially the marriage of priests—all these disorders took free course, and desolated the land. Good

Catholics blamed Anselm, reproaching him with having abandoned his flock, and fled before a word spoken by "a certain William", while his sheep were at the mercy of wolves. They threatened him with the last judgment; they reminded him bitterly of the example of Ambrose resisting Theodosius to his face; they declared that he was responsible for the ruin and the shame of the Church of England, which he was sacrificing to trifles.

The monks of Canterbury were not the least bitter in their complaints. No trial was spared to the great archbishop, and perhaps none was more cruel than this injustice of good men. It was easy for him to justify himself, and he did it strongly and with a good conscience. "There are people", he wrote to one of his monks, "who say that it is I who forbid investiture to the king, I who, unresisting, leave the Churches a prey to perverted clergy. Tell these people that they lie. It was certainly not I who invented the prohibition relative to investiture; but I heard the pope in full council excommunicate those who should give or receive this investiture: now I will not, by communicating with these excommunicated persons, become excommunicated myself. As to resisting corrupted priests, I have done it so often, that it is for that very cause that I am exiled, robbed of all things, and ruined".

In the midst of his exile the primate watched with tender and active care over the interests of his diocese and his monks, over the education of the pupils of the monasteries, and the poor whom he was accustomed to aid. He chiefly depended in these matters upon Gondulphus of Rochester, whose see was nearest to Canterbury, and who had never betrayed the old friendship formed at Bec. To this faithful friend, the only English bishop who had not deserted him, Anselm pointed out, as follows, the conduct in which he must remain steadfast: —

"Let no threat, no promise, no artifice, entrap you into any homage or oath whatever. If they try to force you, answer, *I am a Christian, I am a monk, I am a bishop, and therefore I am determined to remain faithful to my obligations to all without neglecting my duty to any*. Say neither more nor less than this". And as to what concerned himself, he added: "Know that I hope, and am resolved, to do nothing contrary to my honour as a bishop in order to return to England; I would rather be at enmity with men than be reconciled to them by being at enmity with God".

Meantime Henry was strongly urged to change his mind, and restore order by recalling Anselm. Queen Matilda, a pious and enlightened princess, to whom her people had given the name of *The Good*, showed herself anxious to bring about an agreement. She was tenderly attached to Anselm, who had married and crowned her; she admired the great athlete of God, the vanquisher of nature; she had formerly trembled for his life when she saw him exhausted by daily fasts. "You must eat and drink", she wrote to him, "for you have still a great journey before you, a great harvest to gather into the barns of the Lord, and few labourers to help you. Remember that you fill the place of John, the beloved apostle, who survived his Master that he might take care of the Virgin-Mother. You have to take care of our mother the Church, where, every day, destruction threatens the brethren and sisters of Christ, whom He has bought with His blood, and intrusted to you".

It was not by senile indulgence that Anselm had gained Matilda's heart; he, indeed, answered her caressing letters by exhortations which set forth strongly the duties of royalty: "You are queen, not by me, but by Christ. Would you thank Him worthily for this gift? Consider then who is the queen whom He has chosen in this world for His bride, and whom He has so loved as to give His life for her. See her exiled,

wandering, almost widowed; see how she sighs, with her children, for the return of that Bridegroom who will one day come back from His distant kingdom, and render to every one the good or the evil they have done to His beloved. Whosoever has honoured her, shall be honoured with her; whoever has trampled her under foot, shall be trampled under foot far from her; whoever has exalted her, shall be exalted with the angels, and whoever has humbled her, shall be humbled among the devils".

Possessed by this teaching, Matilda could not console herself for Anselm's banishment; she wrote to the pope to implore him to send back to England her father and comforter; above all, she wrote to Anselm with the frankness and simplicity of a loving daughter: "My good lord, my revered father, be persuaded; let that heart, which I dare to call a heart of iron, be softened. Come and visit your people, and your handmaid who sighs for you. I have found a means by which neither your pastoral rights nor those of the royal majesty need be sacrificed, even if they cannot harmonise. Let the father return to his daughter, the master to his servant, and teach her what she ought to do. Come before I die, for even though I speak amiss, I will say that I fear lest if I die without seeing you I should be without joy in heaven itself. You are my joy, my hope, and my refuge. Without you my soul is a land without water; therefore I hold out my hands to you in supplication that you would refresh it by the sweet dew of your affection".

Anselm's answer, though negative, gave the queen the liveliest pleasure. "Your words", she wrote to him, "have dispersed the cloud of sad- ness which surrounded me, as the rays of morning disperse the shades of night. I kiss this letter from my father; I press it closely to my heart; I continually read and meditate that dear writing which speaks to me in secret, and which promises the return of the father to his daughter, the lord to his servant, the shepherd to his sheep".

The aged pontiff received also letters from the king, but of a less tender character, and to which he sent the following reply: "Your letter expresses your friendship for me, and tells me that if I would live with you as Lanfranc did with your father, you would willingly love me better than any one else in your kingdom. For your friendship I thank you; but I answer that neither at my baptism nor at any of my ordinations have I promised to obey the laws or customs of your father or of Lanfranc; it is to the law of God that I owe submission. I would indeed rather serve you than any other mortal prince. But I will not at any price deny the law of God. And, moreover, I neither can nor ought to conceal from you that God will demand from you an account, not only of the royalty, but also of the primacy of England. This double load will crush you. There is no man to whom it is more needful than to a king that he should obey God's laws, or who incurs more danger in breaking them. It is not I but Holy Scripture which says, *'Potentes potenter tormenta patientur, et fortioribus fortior instat cruciatus*'. I see in your letter only a temporising which is not good either for your soul or the Church of God. If you still hesitate, I, who am not defending my own cause, but that which God has intrusted to me, I dare not delay to appeal to the Lord. Do not then force me to say against my will, 'Arise, 0 Lord, and judge Thine own cause'."

It was the first time the mild Anselm had thus spoken. This was in April 1105. The pope had hitherto contented himself with excommunicating the Count de Meulan, the king's chief minister. Anselm saw plainly that he must not hope for more decisive measures in this quarter. The kings of France, Philip and his son Louis, who had been associated in the kingdom since 1099, and Manasses, the Archbishop of Rheims, invited him in the most affectionate terms to come to France. He left Lyons therefore to go to Rheims. Having arrived at Charité-sur-Loire, he heard of the serious illness of

Adela, Countess of Blois, sister of King Henry, who had always assisted him during his exile, and he did not hesitate to turn out of his way to go and console her. But, on his arrival, he found her almost recovered, and did not conceal from her that it was his intention to excommunicate her brother. The report of this project soon spread, and gave great delight to Henry's numerous enemies, for he was at this moment in arms to rob his brother Robert of Normandy. As the kings of France would certainly not fail to seize such an opportunity of weakening their redoubtable neighbour, Henry became uneasy, and begged his sister to act as mediatrix. And finally, an interview took place, July 22, 1105, at Laigle, where the king showed great consideration and humility towards Anselm, and promised to restore to the archbishop not only his own favour, but also the revenues of the see of Canterbury. In spite of this apparent reconciliation, Anselm would not return to England until another embassy sent to Rome should have definitely arranged, on both sides, the various points in dispute between the king and the primate. But, with his usual bad faith, Henry, no longer in fear of excommunication, delayed this embassy by all sorts of devices, hoping to entrap the archbishop into communicating with the bishops who had received investiture from the royal hand. Moreover, as he needed money to continue the war in Normandy, the ting, after having recourse to the shameful extortions habitual with his family, bethought himself of transforming into a source of revenue the canon promulgated by Anselm and the last council of London to enforce the celibacy of priests. He did not even stop there; taking in hand the defence of ecclesiastical morality, he levied heavy fines upon all priests who had married during the archbishop's absence. At first the guilty were made to pay. But to procure the sums required, the innocent were soon confounded with the guilty, blameless priests with those who had broken the law. Finally, the parish priests were all taxed, and those who could not or would not pay were imprisoned. The state of things was most wretched. Two hundred priests, in alb and stole, went one day barefoot to beg the king's mercy; but he ordered them to be driven from his presence. The mischief reached such a height that even the bishops who had given up the Church's liberty to the king, were driven to claim Anselm's support. After enduring all sorts of trials, the brave pontiff was to experience all sorts of reparation; six bishops, among whom were the three prevaricators already spoken of, who had falsified the account of the decision made at Rome, wrote to the eloquent champion of the Church to implore his assistance. "There is no peace for us", they said; "arise, therefore, as Matathias did of old. Your children will fight with you; we are ready not only to follow you but even to go before if you command. For we will seek in this affair not our own interests but those of God". Anselm answered: "I am sorry for your sufferings, but I congratulate you on that episcopal constancy which you promise to display. You see at last to what your patience, if I may call it so, has led. But I will not answer you more precisely until the return of our envoys from Rome, for the king will not support me in England unless I consent to violate the apostolical decrees". Nevertheless, he wrote to Henry to represent to him that it was unheard of for a king to usurp the rights of bishops by inflicting temporal punishment for crimes committed against the laws of the Church. The primate added that the cognisance and punishment of such crimes belonged to his jurisdiction, and that it would not be enough to restore to him his territorial possessions and his revenues without the restitution also of his spiritual authority. Henry promised him satisfaction, and pretended that he had acted only in the archbishop's interest.

At last, in the spring of 1106, the envoys returned from Rome. It was William Warelwast on the king's part, and on Anselm's, Baldwin the monk, who had been charged to fight out this long battle between the despotic royalty of England and the ancient liberties of the Church. They were commissioned to give to Anselm the sentence of the pope, who, without yielding in essentials, was willing to respond to the king's

submission by some concessions. “He who gives his hand to a man lying down can only do so by bending; but however low he may bend, he does not lose his natural height”. The holy Father maintained the prohibition against investiture, but he authorised Anselm to absolve and ordain those who should have done homage to the king, until, by the help of God’s grace, the archbishop should succeed in persuading the prince to abandon so unreasonable a pretension.

Anselm, whose only desire was to obey the law, did not oppose this provisional concession, nor insist upon the question of homage, although that had been forbidden by Urban II at the councils of Claremont and Rome, together with investiture. The king went to visit the prelate at Bec; they kept the feast of the Assumption together, and so sealed their reconciliation. The king renounced his arbitrary exactions from the parish priests, as well as the revenues of vacant churches, and the tax which William Rufus had levied on all in common. Anselm then returned to England, after a second exile of more than three years: he was received with transports of joy; and Queen Matilda, who at last saw her prayers granted, hurried to meet the primate, whose lodging she had herself ordered to be prepared. The collectors of the revenue then disappeared from the churches and monasteries.

Henry had remained in Normandy, where shortly afterwards he gained the brilliant victory of Tenchbrai which made him master both of the dukedom and of his brother’s person. Public opinion attributed the victory to the king’s reconciliation with the primate. At the council of London (August 1, 1107) the clauses of the treaty were solemnly discussed between Henry, the bishops, the abbots, and the barons. More than one was found, both among the courtiers and the ill-reputed clergy, ready to urge the king to claim as a right, after the example of his father and brother, the privilege of granting investiture by the crosier; but the minds of the prince’s chief advisers had undergone a happy change. Warelwast himself had returned from his last journey to Rome entirely devoted to the freedom of the Church. The Count of Meulan, who had been first excommunicated, and then, while still under the weight of this sentence, converted by the energetic remonstrances of Yves of Chartres, had applied to the pope and Anselm, and obtained leave to return to the communion of the faithful on condition that he should urge the king to submit to the decision of the holy Father. The minister kept his word, and became from that time the ardent defender of ecclesiastical liberties in the royal councils.

By his advice and that of Ralph de Rivers, the king declared, in presence of Anselm and of a multitude transported with joy, that from henceforth no one should receive from the hand of the sovereign, or any other layman, the investiture of bishopric or abbey by crosier and ring; and Anselm declared on his side that he would no longer refuse consecration to any prelate who had done homage to the king, as he had thought right to refuse it in the reign of William.

The king, then, according to these stipulations, and by the advice of Anselm and the barons, provided priests for those English churches which were vacant, and for several of the Norman ones which were in the same condition. On one day Anselm consecrated five bishops, among whom were William of Winchester and Reinelm of Hereford, who, like him, and through him, had endured disgrace and exile for having opposed the king’s will.

Thus, then, the old monk was victorious. The weak old sheep, as he had called himself, had ended by prevailing over the ungovernable bulls yoked with him to the plough of the English Church. Rufus and Beauclerc had vainly turned upon the primate

all the batteries of force and of policy. The venerable churchman, without yielding a step, had survived the one, and brought the other to terms.

Warlike barons, politic clerks, indefatigable advocates, servile and disingenuous bishops had all failed, together with the kings whose docile instruments they were. It had come to be necessary to lay down the arms of William the Conqueror at the feet of this foreign monk, who, while still young, had been able by his mere presence to restrain the Norman prince. Fourteen years of struggle, persecution, exile, spoliation, intrigue, falsehood, meanness, and cruelty had not exhausted the brave old man; feebly supported by the papal councillors, betrayed by his episcopal colleagues, he had endured all things, and not a single sword had been drawn in his defence. It must be acknowledged, however, that the question thus litigated was, though serious, so obscure that modern wisdom has ventured to pronounce it equally puerile and unintelligible.

At the end of the battle, as at its commencement, Anselm still said: “I would rather die, or wear out my life in exile and in misery, than see the honour of the Church of God wounded on my account or by my example”. The victory which justly remained with the Archbishop of Canterbury was, if not complete, at least striking, important, and popular.

The mere fact of such a contest and its longing duration had been a true triumph for the Church; the glory she thus won was due to her, not only because the treaty of London was the first instance since the commencement of the struggle by Gregory VII of a concession made by a vanquished opponent; not only because the most powerful of European kings renounced the symbols which the Emperor of Germany refused to give up; not only because the unfaithful bishops were obliged to implore absolution, and the faithful permitted to receive consecration at the hands of the most devoted champion of the Holy See; but she triumphed, above all, in the lesson given to the contemporary world and to Catholic posterity by the heroic patience, the invincible gentleness, the unfailing energy of a poor Italian monk, who, first as a Norman abbot and afterwards as the English primate, had filled all the West with the brilliance of his glory and the fame of his courage. Doubtless, even after investiture was abandoned, the royal influence over elections remained preponderant; but it was impossible for this abandonment not to reawaken at once, in chapters and monasteries, the sense of their rights, and in kings the consciousness of the terrible responsibility which weighed upon them.

Anselm survived the council of London but a short time. He devoted the remnant of his life to healing the wounds suffered by the country during the contest between the Church and the Crown. He took part in the measures devised by the king for the suppression of coining, and also of the odious oppressions with which the royal agents loaded the people. The king supported him strongly in his resolution to reform discipline, enforce celibacy, and maintain the rights of the primacy of Canterbury, disregarded by the Metropolitan of York. Henry, during his absence from England, intrusted to Anselm the government of his kingdom and family. In one of his last letters, the archbishop tells Pope Pascal that the king of England was astonished that the head of the Church did not excommunicate the sovereign of Germany on account of his maintenance of investitures in the empire. Anselm, on this point, advised the pope not to destroy on one side what he had built up on the other.

The primate was preceded to the tomb by his faithful friend Gondulphus of Koch ester, whose funeral he celebrated. Himself for many years the victim of frequent and most painful disease, the good old man persevered none the less in habits of prayer and

of monastic austerities. Little by little he fell into a state of complete weakness, and at the beginning of Holy Week 1109, was in extremity. Medieval sovereigns were accustomed to hold courts at Easter, and to preside there, wearing their crowns. On the morning of Palm Sunday, a monk said to the primate, “Father, it seems to us that you are about to leave the world to appear at the Easter court of your Lord”. “I wish it”, replied Anselm”; and yet I should thank Him if He would leave me with you long enough to finish a work which I have in my mind on the origin of the soul”. When his last moment approached, they laid the dying man on haircloth and ashes. There he breathed his last sigh, surrounded by his monks, on the Wednesday of Holy Week, April 21, 1109, at the age of 76. In what lively colours does the prelate’s last wish, his regret at being unable to finish a philosophical work, paint for us the active mind and firm will of the immortal philosopher! History offers no other example of a man sharing in such violent and multiplied contests, yet remaining throughout devoted to such metaphysical speculations as seem to require an undisturbed mind and a life of external calm. Amidst so much commotion and trouble, Anselm carried on side by side his theological and philosophical researches, and a correspondence of immense extent. In such a man no doubt the uprightness and simplicity of his soul doubled the powers of his intellect. His range of thought was as wide as his courage was invincible. Care for the good of individual souls was as powerful with him as his ardent zeal for the interests of the universal Church. Amidst the deepest tribulations of all kinds, Anselm guided with most scrupulous attention the conduct of his sister, his brother-in-law, and of his nephew whom he had the happiness of drawing into the cloister. With that tenderness of heart which was a secret of his time, he was neither limited to the narrow sphere of family life nor the wider one of a special church. He governed the consciences of a vast number of pious women, monks, and foreigners. Sometimes he wrote to the Archbishop of Lund, in Denmark, to instruct him in some point of discipline; sometimes to the Bishop of St Jago, in Galicia, to promise him his prayers against the Saracens; sometimes to the Bishop of Naumbourg, in Germany, to reproach him for following, in opposition to the Holy See, the party of the successor of Nero and of Julian the Apostate. He interceded with the Kings of Ireland and Scotland in the interest of law and morality. He sent prayers and meditations to the great Countess Matilda; he guided the steps of the Countess Ida of Boulogne in the perfect way, and every day, as he told her, he recalled her to his memory. In the north, he commended to the Earl of Orkney the care of his subjects’ souls; in the south, he urged upon Marquis Humbert respect for the maternal rights of the Church. He congratulated Count Robert of Flanders on having spontaneously renounced investitures, and having thus separated himself from those who, disobeying the vicar of Peter, could not be counted among that flock which God had intrusted to him. “Let them seek”, he said, “some other door into heaven, for they will certainly not enter by that of which the Apostle St Peter holds the keys”. Then crossing the seas in thought, the pontiff went to salute the new Christian royalty that had risen beside the Holy Sepulchre, and to remind King Baldwin of Jerusalem of this too-much-forgotten truth: “God loves nothing in the world better than the freedom of His Church. He will not have His Bride a slave”. These last words might have served as motto to the great monk who has been justly regarded as the flower of medieval goodness, and whom the Almighty seems to have sent as herald before the martyr of the thirteenth century, his fifth successor in the see of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHURCH IN CONFLICT WITH THE EVIL PASSIONS OF KINGS

We have seen, during Anselm's exile, the lively sympathy shown for him by Philip King of France. It is difficult to judge how far this royal sympathy may have been mingled with that jealousy which might be naturally inspired in the French monarch by the position of a prince who, being at once his rival as King of England, and the possessor of the duchy of Normandy on the Continent, was much more powerful than his suzerain. At the same time, before offering an asylum to the primate "defender and victim of the liberty of the Church", Philip had been obliged to bend beneath the maternal rod of that Church. We may remember how, carried away by his passion for the Countess of Anjou, the King of France, first excommunicated at the Council of Claremont, and then absolved on separating himself from his mistress, had again fallen back into open sin; we may remember with what energy Yves of Chartres had denounced his fault. Pascal II, on his accession, had sent two cardinal legates, John and Benedict, to pronounce a fresh judgment on this great cause. Yves immediately wrote to congratulate one of these great prelates on having abstained from all communion with the king, thus separating himself from the other bishops who had not feared to crown him after the death of Pope Urban II, as if justice had died with him who was bound to be her defender. By agreement with Yves, the legates convoked a council at Poitiers, so that it might not sit in territory directly subject to the king, where they could not without scandal hear the depositions of certain witnesses. The council was opened on the octave of St Martin in 1100, in presence of a great number of abbots and bishops. After deposing the Bishop of Autun, convicted of simony, and regulating various affairs, they came to those of the king. Philip had conjured Duke William of Aquitaine, Count of Poitiers, to prevent by any means their pronouncing the sentence of excommunication against him in a town subject to the count's authority. William was the more disposed to obey the prince's wishes because his own conduct was yet more scandalous, and he must have feared a similar punishment. The legate John understood all the danger of the situation: every evening he might have been seen kneeling in prayer in the Church of St Hilary, that great bishop who had so nobly withstood an Arian emperor. On the eve of the important day, John had, with tears, implored the illustrious patron of the Church of Poitiers to come to his help in the morrow's struggle. At the moment when he fell asleep in the midst of his ardent prayer, St Hilary appeared to him and promised to aid him and make him triumph over all the enemies of the faith.

Nevertheless, the next day, while the papers relating to the process were being read, the Count of Poitiers suddenly entered the council, surrounded by a band of fierce soldiers, and interrupting the reading, said loudly, "The king my master has informed me that you intend to excommunicate him, to his shame and mine, in this city which I hold from him. He has therefore ordered me, by the fealty I owe him, not to suffer this, and I am come to forbid you to attempt anything of the kind".

As the count enforced these words by threatening to seize all those who should disobey him, several prelates ranged themselves on his side; everyone was alarmed, especially the bishops and abbots of the royal domains, who fled from the assembly followed by many of those present. But amid all the confusion, two monks, Bernard, who had just been elected Abbot of St Cyprian at Poitiers, and Robert d'Arbrissel, the future founder of Fontevrault, remained unmoved by the danger. John, the legate, formerly a monk of Pavia, more intrepid than all the rest, stopped the fathers, crying, "If our lord the count shows himself so faithful to the orders of his temporal king, how much more should we obey the orders of the heavenly King, whose vicars we are! Let hirelings take fright and fly from the wolf, but let all good and true shepherds remain here with us and know how to endure persecution for the cause of right". Then turning to the count, John said distinctly, "The blessed John the Baptist was beheaded by Herod in such circumstances as these; I am ready to suffer you to behead me also, if it pleases you". Then, holding his neck for the blow, "Strike, if you dare", he said; "I am ready to die for the truth".

Duke William lived at a time when a priest's courage could be understood, and when "some light always shone from heaven"; he acknowledged himself defeated, and hastily left the church that he might not be present at the excommunication of his suzerain.

The legate then once more addressed the Fathers, "Fear nothing from the threats of the prince, for his heart is in the hands of God, who will not suffer injury to be done to any of you assembled here in His name. And know also, that in this warfare, we have the support of the blessed Hilary, patron of the town. This very night he appeared to me, and told me that he would fight for us, and that we should triumph".

These words restored peace and confidence; lighted tapers were brought in, to be extinguished at the moment of pronouncing the sentence of excommunication, which was passed without further opposition against both the king and Bertrade. But the duke's conduct had excited the minds of the people against the council; a crowd collected and constantly increased. In the midst of the acclamations with which such assemblies always closed, a man of the lower class, who was in one of the galleries of the church, threw a stone at the cardinal-legates, which did not reach them, but which wounded a clerk of their suite. The sight of bloodshed in the church augmented the excitement and tumult. On this the two legates, taking off their mitres, remained bareheaded, to show that they neither feared the stones which might be flung at them, nor death under any form whatever. Their calmness and courage finally disarmed the rage of the multitude, and soon afterwards the duke himself came to confess his fault. Kneeling before cardinals, he begged their pardon, and swore never again to infringe the liberty of the Church. The following year, in fact, he started for the Crusade, accompanied by that Eudes, Duke of Burgundy, whom St Anselm's glance had stopped in his violent career, and recalled from his revolt against the divine laws; and who, like the Duke of Aquitaine, was urged to take the cross by the irresistible impulse of the genius of Catholicism.

As to King Philip, the terrible sentence passed on him produced its customary effect: he found that he was no longer accounted to belong to the Church. Having shortly afterwards gone with Bertrade to Sens, all the churches were closed during the fortnight of their stay. Bertrade, very much irritated, ordered the door of a chapel to be broken open, and mass was said there by a priest who was cowardly enough to obey her. Philip, enraged, announced that he would go to Rome, and there obtain from the pope his absolution from the sentence of the legates, as he had already done under

Urban II. But Yves of Chartres thought it his duty to warn the pope of what was passing: “Whether he comes, or whether he sends”, he wrote to Pascal, “take care, both for your own sake and for ours, to hold him fast with St Peter’s chains and keys. If, after absolution, he returns to his evil ways, as he has done before, let him be again imprisoned under these keys bound with these chains, and let notice of it be sent by letters, under your own hand, to all the churches. But if it should happen that God leads his heart to repentance, remember us who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and let us share in the consolation who have shared so largely in the tribulation”.

Philip did not execute his threat; but, about the same time, Yves was obliged to protest against a fresh scandal caused by his conduct. The church of Beauvais was vacant, and by the recommendation of the king and Bertrade, there had been elected as bishop a priest of high birth named Etienne de Garlande, son of the Seneschal of France, who had been formerly expelled from the Church for open adultery. Yves, full of affectionate concern for the church of Beauvais, whence he himself came, denounced this scandalous election, first to the legates John and Benedict, and then to the pope himself. It was annulled at Rome, and the uncorrupted part of the chapter, with the advice of the nobles of the diocese and the consent of the people, elected a monk named Galon, of low birth, but great learning, and a disciple of Yves, and who was also a man of the most exemplary life. The other canons, won by Garlande’s presents, protested against the election, and denounced Galon to the king as a pupil of Yves of Chartres, and a creature of the pope. Philip and the young king Louis swore that they would never acknowledge him as Bishop of Beauvais. “If such an oath”, wrote Yves to the pope, “can annul a canonical election, there will in future be in France no other elections than intrusions by violence or by simony”. He accordingly took up warmly the cause of Galon, both with the sovereign pontiff and with the Archbishop of Rheims; and in withstanding the objections made to his protégé’s low birth,—“If it please God”, he said, “according to His custom, to choose the humble and the weak to confound the strong, who shall dare to resist Him? Was not David a shepherd before he was a king, and Peter a fisherman before he was the prince of the apostles? God constantly takes the poor from the dust and places them at the height of grandeur, to show that he values neither the power nor the wisdom of this world”.

St Anselm also wrote to Pascal in favour of the bishop-elect of Beauvais, who, banished from his diocese by the king’s obstinacy, went to Rome to seek the asylum secured to him there by the affectionate protection of the primate of England and of the most zealous bishop of France. The pope employed him profitably as his legate in Poland. On his return to Rome, although absent from France, he was nominated Bishop of Paris by the unanimous voice of the clergy and people. The king made no opposition to this translation, and Galon, in return, obtained from the pope, under certain conditions, the kin’s absolution. Yves himself, sometime after, claimed for the prince’s weakness all the alleviations compatible with the good of his soul. A new legate was sent, and after two councils held, one at Troyes (April 2, 1104) and the other at Beaugency (July 30), the king was finally absolved at Paris, December 2, 1104, under the conditions prescribed by the pope.

In presence of Yves, Galon, eight other bishops, and a multitude of clerks and laymen, Philip, barefooted, and with every external mark of humility and devotion, swore upon the Gospels to renounce his unlawful relations with Bertrade, and not to see her again except in the presence of unsuspected witnesses. Bertrade took the same oath. Both were then reconciled to their mother the Church by the holy bishop, Lambert of Arras, appointed by the pope to represent him.

Yves made himself remarkable in all these disputes, as well as in the general regulation of affairs of conscience, by his zeal for discipline and the good of souls. Consulted on all sides, he was considered as the light and oracle of the Church of France; his responses were distinguished at once for wisdom and justice. He blamed the custom of judicial combats, carried on ardently the reformation of abuses in monasteries, as well as in the rest of the Church, and showed, especially in all affairs relative to the purity and freedom of marriage, a constant care for the rights of women and the maintenance of the ecclesiastical prohibitions against marriages between near relations. Al though he was the firmest supporter of the legitimate popes, and the most devoted of all the French bishops to the Holy See, yet we may remark in all his correspondence with the sovereign pontiffs a vigorous frankness and most complete liberty. He spared them neither advice nor remonstrances. For instance, he advised Pope Pascal to excel as much in virtue as in authority. “My conscience”, he wrote to him, “tells me that I am a true son of the Roman Church; when scandals arise in her I burn; her troubles are my troubles; and those who tear her with their evil tongues lacerate me”. He drew courage from this filial love to reprove the pope for his tolerance of narrow-mindedness in some of the legates; to blame too frequent appeals to Rome; to exclaim against the credulity with which calumniators of the clergy were received there, and the protection found there by rebels; to criticise severely the venality of the chamberlain, and other inferior officers of the Roman court, who levied fees under all sorts of pretexts, and even taxed pens and paper. “I do not know what to say to these accusations”, added the prelate, “except by quoting the words of the Gospel, ‘*Do what they say, and not what they do’*.” He let it be seen that he considered the silence of good men on these subjects of scandal a real betrayal of trust. “If”, he said, “our fathers shame should be again discovered, which God forbid, we shall not mock at it like the sons of perdition, but we shall cease to give useless counsels. Let your Holiness not be angry that I speak thus to you as a son to a father, for there are many lovers of righteousness who, seeing that you have pardoned or concealed too many crimes, are driven in despair to take refuge in silence”.

While incessantly vindicating the rigour of ecclesiastical law against prevaricators, whatever their condition, Yves desired that all proceedings should be conducted with the most strict observance of form and rule in favour of the accused. St Gregory VII had already struck at the abuse of extra-judicial excommunication, by repeating to the Bishop of Prague the words of St Gregory the Great, “He who binds the innocent, soils with his hands the power to bind and to loose”.

When Rotrou, Count of Perche, by invading territory belonging to a knight then engaged in the Crusade, and consequently under the protection of the Holy See, had drawn upon himself the sentence of excommunication which the pope commanded the Archbishop of Sens to pronounce against him, Yves, who was one of the prelate’s suffragans, urged strongly that the sentence should not be promulgated until the count had been heard in his own defence. “I will not”, he said, “after the fashion of assassins, strike any one without hearing him; I will not give up to Satan him who desires neither to hide himself from justice nor to contemn her”. He carried the same conscientiousness into his dealings with the absolution of open sinners. “If I were forced”, he wrote to his metropolitan, “to admit an impenitent sinner to reconciliation, I would say to him publicly, Here is the threshold of the visible Church, I permit you to pass it at your own risk; but I cannot thus open to you the door of the heavenly kingdom”.

His conduct in the great contest which was carried on in his time between the ecclesiastical and secular powers was always remarkable for its moderation. Although

the necessity of self-defence condemned him to be, through the greater part of the pontificate of Urban II, in open warfare with a prince whose disorders he had denounced, and who had imprisoned him in consequence, yet none the less he felt an affectionate respect for that French royalty usually so devoted to the Holy See. Having himself received royal investiture, he was unwilling to declare with Gregory of holy memory that this custom was as much a heresy as simony itself. However, he ended by formally admitting and proclaiming the doctrine of Gregory and Urban. But he would have chosen to act as mediator between the two rival powers, and to conciliate by prudence, indulgence, and all the ameliorations permissible, their reciprocal rights. "When the royal authority and that of the priesthood are in harmony", he wrote to the pope, "the world goes well and the Church is flourishing and fruitful; but when discord separates them, not only do the weak suffer, but the strong also lose their force". This conciliatory spirit, however, did not at all lessen his faith in the claims, the power, and the supremacy of the Church, nor his courageous attachment to the inviolable legitimacy of her right over souls and over herself. "Let God first have in His Church by the highest right (*principaliter*) that which belongs to Him, and after that (*posteriori ordine*) let the king have that which is granted to him by God". Such was his interpretation of the text, "*Render unto Caesar*". He wrote to the Count of Meulan, prime minister of King Henry of England: "If the royal authority undertakes anything against Christ and His Church, you must remember that you have been bought by Christ's blood, initiated into Christ's laws, regenerated by the sacraments of the Church; that you are the freedman of Him who made Himself a servant for you, and that you owe no submission to those who would offend the divine majesty or restrain the freedom of the Church. Kings are ordained to punish the violators of the law, not to violate it themselves".

To the king himself, the archbishop, in congratulating him on his accession, wrote as follows: "We invite your Highness to give free course to the word of God in the kingdom which is intrusted to you, and always to remember that an earthly sovereignty is subject to the heavenly sovereignty intrusted to the Church. As our senses are subjected to our reason, and our bodies to our souls, so should a terrestrial power be subjected to the ecclesiastical power. And as the body is at ease only when the flesh does not resist the spirit, so a kingdom of this world is at peace only when it ceases to resist the kingdom of God. Think of this, and understand that you are not the master, but the servant of God's servants, and that you should be like one of the cedars of Lebanon, which the Lord has planted that the birds of heaven may build their nests in them, that is to say, that Christ's poor may live in safety under your shadow, and pray for you".

As regarded his own person, he shrank from none of the consequences of his convictions, and he set them forth in the following words to the seigneur of his diocese, Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres: "Whoever shall dare to injure the Church committed to my feeble care, I will resist with all the might God has given me, even to ruin and exile; and I will smite him with the spiritual sword until satisfaction is made. That sword pierces towers, throws down bulwarks and destroys all that rise up against Christ's humility or invade the heritage bought with His blood. It is a sword which poverty retempers, which exile cannot break, which no prison is able to fetter".

Thus spoke to the princes of the earth that same bishop who, strong in his devotion to God and the Church, allowed himself, when there was occasion, to address remonstrances even to the popes themselves. Anselm and many others did the same; and we shall see St Bernard surpass them all in frankness and courage. In those happy times and among those great hearts, in the midst of the most brilliant splendours, or

the most terrible dangers, the papacy found a thousand champions, but not a single flatterer. The struggle of the two powers in the very heart of Christendom, seems to have been at all periods an inseparable condition of the vitality of the Catholic faith. It ceased only in those rare moments when the temporal power was placed in hands at once strong and blameless, or in those too prolonged intervals when the weakness of faith and zeal among Catholics prepared and completed their enslavement. At the time of which we are speaking, this struggle had begun even in the bosom of that new kingdom founded beside the Holy Sepulchre by the victorious Crusaders, a kingdom which was a direct creation of the Roman pontificate, and, as it were, the very conquest of God and the Church. Godfrey of Bouillon had died after a reign of one year, too soon for the safety of his new Christian state; and his brother, Baldwin I, elected in his place by the knights and priests, and brave and generous as Godfrey himself had been, was engaged in a long series of disputes with Daimbert, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, on the subject of the old and new possessions of this enfranchised Church. The intrigues and jealousy of the Archdeacon Arnoul, an unsuccessful candidate for the dignity of which the Crusaders had thought the legate Daimbert more worthy, seem to have much contributed to keep up the unfortunate dissension. Baldwin ended by expelling Daimbert from his see, and replacing him by a certain Cremar, who was in his turn deposed as an intruder by the legate Gibelinus. But these discords did not lessen the ardent faith or pious devotion which inflamed the Crusaders against the constantly reinforced armies of Islam. The Mussulmans of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia, flung themselves in turn upon the new colonies of Christians, and inflicted upon them the most cruel losses, and the most sanguinary defeats, without being able to shake their constancy.

The capture of Jerusalem, though so dearly bought, only served to awaken the strongest enthusiasm in all Christian lands. During the first year of the twelfth century there was a perpetual crusade, a permanent movement of the Western nations towards the East; and although the Holy Land had become, as it were, one vast charnel-house of vanished generations, still each year brought to its shores new armies of pilgrims eager to visit the holy places, and to fight in the ranks of that handful of heroes who, under the leadership of King Baldwin, of the Normans Tancred and Bohemond, of Count Raymond of Toulouse, and of Baldwin du Burgh, were defending their new possessions against the incessant assaults of the infidels. In 1101 a Genoese fleet aided King Baldwin to take Caesarea by assault, and was enabled to carry off in triumph, as its principal trophy, the sacred chalice in which our Lord consecrated His blood on the night of the Last Supper. But these triumphs were reserved for very few. The greater part of the Crusaders gained nothing but a glorious death, ranked by the faith of their contemporaries with that of martyrs. A hundred thousand Lombards, led by Archbishop Anselm of Milan and several nobles, started to cross Thrace and Asia Minor. The archbishop carried before them an arm of his illustrious predecessor St Ambrose,—an arm which was constantly raised to bless the Crusaders. These pilgrims were followed and joined by an army of German knights, at whose head were Duke Welf of Bavaria, Archbishop Thiémon of Salzburg, and the Margravine Ida of Austria, whom neither her beauty nor the weakness of her sex hindered from exposing herself to the perils of an expedition in which she was to meet her death. Finally, a third army set out, composed of Frenchmen, among whom were William, Duke of Aquitaine, and Count of Poitou, Duke Eudes of Burgundy, the Count of Nevers, and Count Harpin of Berry, who, to provide for the expenses of the expedition, had sold his county to King Philip. Public indignation forced those princes, whom the first reverses of the Crusade had driven from the army, to rejoin their companions. Among these warriors were Hugh of Vermandois, the king's brother, and Stephen of Blois, whom the reproaches of his wife Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, and friend of Anselm, sent back to

the Holy Land. These three great armies, making up more than 500,000 pilgrims, perished almost to a man in the defiles of Asia, without even coming in sight of Jerusalem, sacrificed to the odious treachery of the Byzantine emperors, and the pestilential influence of the climate. The Duke of Burgundy and the Count of Blois, who succeeded in reaching Palestine, died on the battlefield of Ramla. Duke William of Aquitaine, the haughty and brilliant Count of Poitou, who had started at the head of 30,000 Poitevins in full armour, besides a crowd of infantry, returned to Aquitaine with scarcely a single follower.

Still, the first enthusiasm was not extinct. After so many terrible reverses, when Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, having escaped from a Mussulman prison, where he had spent four years in captivity, came back to France, he inflamed all hearts by his stories of the Crusade. A true son of Robert Guiscard, Bohemond had taken the part of Daimbert the patriarch, who came back to Rome with him. Pascal presented the gonfalon of St Peter to the brave knight, and associated with him, for the purpose of preaching the Crusade, Bishop Bruno of Segni, the friend and legate of Gregory VII, who had just retired to Monte Cassino, whence the pope recalled him to accompany Bohemond. The latter was on his way to France to fulfil the vow which he had made while in prison to visit as a pilgrim the tomb of the monk St Leonard, in the church of the same name, in Limousin. He there made an offering of the silver chains with which the Turks had bound him in his prison. King Philip gave to the hero his daughter Constance; and amidst the marriage festivities at Chartres, Bohemond mounted a tribune arranged in front of the altar of the Virgin, and appealing to the warriors who surrounded him, by the recital of his own adventures, and by the promises he held out to them of a great and glorious destiny, he inspired them with a keen desire to follow him to Palestine. Thence the prince went to Poitiers, where the holy monk Bruno held a council in the pope's name, and where both addressed the great assembly. The fact of the defeats endured, and of the deplorable return of William of Aquitaine, the very prince of whose territories Poitiers was the capital, was so far from discouraging the auditors, that the knights of Limousin, Auvergne, and Poitou disputed the honour of being associated with the Norman hero, and accompanying him to Antioch. The number of warriors who presented themselves was so great that Bohemond's levies are called the Third Crusade.

The prince further undertook to appeal to Spain, where, three centuries before, the First Crusade—a war against the infidels—had been carried on, and where Alfonso VII of Castile, called the Valiant, was now waging with the Almoravides a glorious contest which was to end in the taking of Cordova 3 (1108).

Bohemond brought new soldiers of the cross from Spain, and found others in Italy, with whose help he attempted to punish the Greek schismatics for their long-continued perfidy towards the Latins; but the expedition failed. It served, however, to give a wonderful testimony to the union of all Christian nations under the guidance of the popes, in that great and prolonged war against the infidels. And, finally, in the very year of Bohemond's death, a Norwegian fleet landed unexpected auxiliaries on the coast of Syria, and Sigurd, son of King Magnus, with 10,000 of his people, came to aid the King of Jerusalem to conquer Sidon (Dec. 19, 1111), content to return to the shores of the Baltic with no other reward than a piece of the true cross.

Meantime Alfonso the Warrior, King of Arragon and Navarre, always supported the Crusade in Spain, and earned his surname by a great number of battles fought with the infidels, and victories gained over them. Monks were there as elsewhere more or less partakers in the movement of the Catholic nations, and maintained in their

cloisters those homes of spiritual life whither kings and knights came to renew their courage and gain fresh supplies of that strength which inspired their arms and their hearts.

We have told how the monks of Cluny had been, so to speak, associated in the foundation of the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon under Sancho the Great and Ramirez I. In the beginning of the influence of the eleventh century these kingdoms felt the new influence of the congregation of Notre Dame de la Grande-Sauve in Guienne, whose entirely knightly origin we have already noticed. Sancho Ramirez who, like his grandfather Sancho the Great, united Navarre to Arragon, crossed the Pyrenees, and went to visit, in their solitude between the Gironde and the Dordogne, those heroes who had left their native country to practise Christian chivalry in the depths of unbroken forests. Amazed by the utter poverty of these servants of God, the Spanish prince granted them large concessions of territory in his kingdom, and asked, in return for these gifts, that one poor man should be perpetually fed in the abbey as representing the person of the King of Arragon both present and future, with the sole obligation on the part of the monks that they should pray for their benefactor. The prince also gave them beforehand all the tithes of the territory of Exea, with its mosques, to be turned into churches when he should have made himself master of it. Profiting by those benefits, many houses dependent on the congregation of the Grande-Sauve were established in Spain, and there was even a special order of knights subject to this abbey who distinguished themselves by their exploits against the infidels. Sancho was killed by an arrow in besieging Huesca; but his promises were fulfilled by his son, Alfonso the Warrior. While he was besieging Exea in 1107, and the siege was greatly prolonged, the Count of Bigorne and other Gascon lords who served him as auxiliaries, reminded him of his father's engagement, and advised him to undertake before God, the Holy Virgin, and St Gerard, the founder of the Grande-Sauve, to carry out the late king’s intentions. Don Alfonso took the oath suggested; next day all the army confessed, and then having recommended themselves to St Gerard, rushed to the assault. The town was taken, and Alfonso immediately founded there an abbey which was long celebrated in Spain. The prince then went, accompanied by all the Gascon nobility, to the monastery of the Sauve, where solemn thanksgivings were offered to the Virgin and St Gerard.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMANY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF SCHISM

Of all the countries of the West, Germany was the one which had least share in the crusading spirit. The Germans had regarded as folly the enthusiasm which had drawn from their homes so many knights and soldiers, so many peasants, women, and children, to fling them, in spite of the length and perils of the way, into unknown and barbarous lands.

The excesses committed by the first bands of Crusaders everywhere excited a strong disgust. But the real obstacle to every great foreign expedition was to be found in the spread of the imperialist schism which was dominant throughout the country. In fact, to engage in a Crusade preached by the pope would have been to accept his authority and acknowledge his orthodoxy. All who rejected this authority, therefore, found themselves excluded from the holy war; and, on the other hand, the defenders of the Roman Church in Germany were neither strong enough nor numerous enough to abandon their country and leave the field open to the schismatics.

The emperor, who had quitted Italy at the moment when the French Crusaders were arriving there, and the pope coming back from France, employed the three years during which the First Crusade lasted in fortifying his power in his own States. Henry, if he wanted those higher virtues which make a great man, possessed at least most of the qualities which make a skilful ruler, and he knew how to use them to repair the checks he suffered, and to restore his affairs at the very moment when they appeared most desperate. The Catholics, on the contrary, seem, towards the end of the eleventh century, to have yielded to an access of discouragement. The defection of Welf had been a severe blow to them. The most notable of the Catholic princes—Berthold of Zähringen—gave up the possession of the Duchy of Swabia to the emperor's nephew, Frederic of Hohenstaufen, in return for Henry's recognition of his ducal title, and of his rights in Brisgau and in western Switzerland. There was, as it were, a tacit suspension of hostilities, and peace was scarcely troubled by the rupture between the emperor and the archbishop, Ruthard of Mayence. The latter, after having long been a partisan of the anti-pope Guibert, was offended by an unjust accusation made by the emperor, quitted his see, and took refuge in a castle of Eichsfeld, refusing all future communication with the excommunicated prince. Henry reproached him for not having watched over the property of the Jews massacred by the first Crusaders in their passage, and who belonged to him, he said, "as serfs of the imperial chamber". The emperor ordered the seizure of the archbishop's revenues, and the sale of the property of his relations. At the beginning of 1099, he caused his younger son Henry to be elected and crowned king at Aix-la-Chapelle, after having deposed and excluded from the succession his elder son Conrad, who, attached to the Church party, and married to the daughter of the Norman Count of Sicily, had been acknowledged by the Catholics as King of Italy. This young

Conrad, who had always shown great external respect for his father, died soon after, at Florence, after two years of an exemplary reign.

The sentence of excommunication under which the impenitent emperor had so long lain, without injury to his prosperity, was gradually losing its force in the eyes of the people, and some monks even passed over to the party of the stronger. Meantime the princes of both parties, who were constantly persuading the emperor to treat with the Holy See, redoubled their efforts for that end when they heard of the death of the anti-pope Guibert. Henry yielded to their persuasion, and promised to go to Rome and submit to be judged by a council. But he did not keep his promise, being dissuaded by his intruded bishops, who feared lest an accommodation should lose them their dioceses.

Meanwhile, the success of the First Crusade and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre having been reported in Germany, Duke Welf of Bavaria, repenting that he had deserted the Church party, took the cross, and went, together with Thiémon, the orthodox Archbishop of Salzburg, to die in the East.

The desire to take part in the Crusade, and not to be left behind by all the other Catholic nations, was not long in spreading throughout the knighthood of Germany. The emperor, anxious to secure his dominion over the minds of his subjects, himself announced his intention of taking the cross, and made a public declaration to that effect at the diet of Mayence during the celebration of high mass at Christmas. He also proclaimed the *Truce of God*, and a general peace for four years. He thus won all hearts. But when the execution of his promise was first indefinitely postponed, and then positively refused, the indignation of the princes was roused anew. It was always the same Henry, expert in falsehood and incurable in his habits of bad faith.

The zeal of the Catholic party revived. The council, before which Henry had falsely promised to appear, that his cause might be judged canonically, was held at Rome at the end of Lent 1102. Surrounded by all the Italian bishops, and in presence of envoys from most of those beyond the Alps, Pascal renewed the anathema already pronounced by his predecessors Gregory and Urban, against the prince who had wounded and stained the Church by his rapine, perjury, and homicide. The pope delivered the sentence with his own mouth, on Holy Thursday, in the Lateran Church, before an immense assembly of different nations, so that the news of it might be carried abroad and held for certain in distant parts of Europe. The great Countess Matilda, always steadfast in her devotion to the sacred weakness of the Church, this same year repeated, at Canossa, between the hands of Cardinal Bernard, Abbot of Vallombrosa and legate of the Holy See, the solemn donation of all her wealth, present and future, which she had already made to St Gregory VII, desiring to enjoy it only as a feudatory of the Church. A new and valuable ally of the Holy See appeared at this time in the Belgic provinces. Robert II Count of Flanders, had at first been hostile to ecclesiastical immunities; but having taken the cross in expiation for his misdeeds, he had distinguished himself among the Crusaders by his constancy and prudence. Robert performed such prodigious exploits that the Saracens took him for St George, that patron of knighthood whom they heard perpetually invoked by the Christians. On his return from the Crusade, after the taking of Jerusalem, the Count declared himself a champion of the liberty of the Church against schismatics and usurpers. He voluntarily renounced the right of investiture; and he tried to make the law respected in the Church of Cambrai, of which the intruding Bishop Gaucher had been deposed by Urban II at the Council of Claremont, but where the imperialist schism had been long deeply

rooted. With this object he allied himself to the citizens of Cambrai, who were induced to establish the independence of their municipality by expelling their bishop.

The emperor, assisted, it is not clear why, by Count Hugh of Troyes, marched to the support of his creature besieged in Cambrai, and forced the Count of Flanders to retire. But he was himself obliged to retreat before the severity of winter. Pope Pascal congratulated Robert on his zeal. "Blessed be God", he said, "that since your return from the Syrian Jerusalem, you march towards the celestial Jerusalem by the deeds of a true knight, for a true knight will contend vigorously with his Lord's enemies". Then, exhorting the Count to act with the same energy against the excommunicated clergy of Liège as he had shown against those of Cambrai, but especially to combat everywhere and with all his might the chief of the heretics, the pontiff added, "You can offer to God no sacrifice more agreeable than a warfare waged with him who rises up against God, who endeavours to deprive the Church of her crown, who has set up the idol of simony in the holy place, and who has been driven from the Church by the servants of God, by the holy apostles and their vicars. This we enjoin upon you and all your knights, for the remission of your sins, and that you may be led by these labours and these triumphs to the heavenly Jerusalem". About the same time Anselm of Canterbury also addressed praises and encouragement to Count Robert: "You give a good example", he said, "to other princes, and thus invite all Christians to pray for you. I am the faithful lover of your soul, and I conjure you, O my friend, beloved in the Lord, never fear that you can lessen your dignity by cherishing and defending the liberty of the Church, the spouse of God, and your mother; never believe that you can humble yourself by exalting her, or weaken yourself by strengthening her". Robert, who received these exhortations from a pope and a primate both sprung from the monastic ranks, knew well that the Church could oppose to her enemies a force yet more to be relied upon than the sword of Catholic knights—namely, the regularity and fervour of monasteries. In them, and chiefly in the old Austrasian provinces, in Belgium and Lorraine, was kept up, as under Gregory VII, an ardent glow of resistance to schism and to lay oppression. Thence issued from time to time assurances of adhesion to the sovereign pontiff, such as that of Udalric, Abbot of St Michel-sur-Meuse, who, amidst the general defection which in Germany marked the last years of Urban II, wrote to the pontiff: "All that you love, we love; all that you regret, we regret; all that you suffer we suffer with you. We have few friends in this country, for fear of the tyrant has drawn to his communion those who formerly obeyed you. But we know that you have the word of life, and with you we neither shrink from hardships in this world, nor from a glorious death"

Robert of Flanders saw grow up beside him the noble and illustrious Abbey of St Bertin, reformed by the care of Abbot Lambert. The latter having found but twelve degenerate monks in his monastery, had gone to Cluny to ask for twelve others, and to make profession of submission to the holy patriarch Hugh, and on his return, had soon gathered one hundred and fifty monks under his crosier. The beneficent influence of Cluny and its abbot Hugh produced the same happy change in St Rémy at Rheims, in St Médard at Soissons, in Anchin, Afflighem, and many other houses in the north of France and Flanders. At Afflighem, in Brabant, the Abbot Fulgence governed two hundred and thirty monks and nuns with equal holiness and solicitude. The great Abbey of St Martin at Tournay had been thoroughly restored and placed in the first rank of the most regular houses, by Eudes or Odo of Orleans, who began his career as a learned and widely known professor, and was afterwards converted by reading the writings of St Augustine. When, after having made many converts among the Flemish nobility, he determined to retire into a yet more profound solitude, all the people of Tournay opposed his project; and 60,000 men went out to meet him and celebrate his return. From him Count Robert requested disciples to reform St Vast at Arras, and St

Peter at Ghent, and to make these abbeys once more strongholds of orthodoxy. When Count Robert undertook to obey the pope by reducing the Liègeois, whose bishop, Albert, one of the warmest partisans of the excommunicated emperor, had just published a long and virulent manifesto against the rights and doctrines of the Holy See, he could count upon the support of more than one such stronghold situated in the very diocese of Liège, and towards which schism and tyranny were bitterly hostile. In the forest of the Ardennes, which the first monks had opened up, the Abbey of St Hubert, successively governed by two abbots named Thierry, the first of whom was an intimate friend of Gregory VII, and the second a protégé of Urban II, had openly declared itself against Henry IV; cruel persecution and pillage, suffered at the hands of Bishop Albert, and the violent expulsion of the second Abbot Thierry, could not shake the courage of the monks. Words spoken with authority came to their support from the depths of Burgundy. Jarenton, Abbot of St Benigne at Dijon, had been trained, like Thierry, in the school of Gregory VII, and afterwards had been commissioned by Urban II to negotiate with William Rufus. In 1092, he had gone to Metz at the risk of his life to install an orthodox bishop. Such a man was fitted to give lessons of courage and perseverance to the monks of St Hubert. “We wish you”, he wrote to them in the name of his convent, “the spirit of Moses in the presence of Pharaoh and his servants. The trumpet of Satan sounds around us, and threatens our earthly possessions with ruin, and our mortal bodies with torments. But what signifies this to Christian love, so long as neither life nor death prevail with us to abandon the defence of truth, lose our zeal for the right, desert the bosom of our mother, and turn from the path of Rome? If you fear to be disturbed in your lowly existence, the house of St Benigne is ready to receive with joy the fugitive sons of the Church”. But they were not to be driven to this extremity. Powerful intervention on the part of the nobles of the country forced Bishop Albert not only to restore Abbot Thierry to St Hubert, but also the abbot to St Laurent at Liège, his episcopal city, whence he had driven him. The intruding or schismatic bishops justly feared these holy houses where zeal for justice and truth was cherished. Thence generally were drawn the true shepherds who succeeded in keeping a certain number of sees free from schism, or in displacing schismatics from their usurped episcopacy. At the Council of Rheims, in 1105, Abbot Eudes, the reformer of Tournay, was, to the despair of his monks, elected Bishop of Cambrai by the prelates of the province, thus superseding the schismatic Gaucher, who remained obstinate in his revolt against the pope. At the Council of Troyes, in the preceding year, the see of Amiens, also in the province of Rheims, had been confided to a monk well-known for his zeal in defence of ecclesiastical celibacy. This monk, named Godfrey, and Abbot of Nogent-sous-Coucy, had reformed his abbey, which had been reduced to six inhabitants, and had repeopled it with fervent monks. In the midst of his new dignity he always remained a monk both in heart and in name.

In the following year, Albert of Liège was on the point of suffering the same fate as Gaucher of Cambrai. Accused, before the provincial council of Aix-la-Chapelle, by his archdeacon in the name of all his clergy, of having infringed all laws both ecclesiastical and civil, of having sold abbeys, and trampled under foot the liberties guaranteed by his predecessors, he was severely reprimanded, and then suspended from his office. He obtained, however, a delay to make reparation; but he profited by it only to ally himself closely with Henry, who, pursuing the course of his policy, crippled more and more the independence of the Church by substituting creatures of his own choice for prelates trained in monasteries and devoted to the Holy See.

Faithful to his system, the emperor, in 1102, expelled from the see of Osnaburg Marquard, formerly Abbot of Corbie, and a zealous Catholic. In 1103 he placed an intruder in the see of Constance, in the room of the holy and courageous Gebhard, that

great monk of Hirschau, to whom Pascal II had continued the office of legate, which he had filled so vigorously under Urban II. The pope was specially distressed by this last attack. Writing on February 10, 1103, to the Duke Welf of Bavaria, Berthold of Swabia, and other princes and nobles of this latter province, he reproached them with their cowardice and complicity with the bitter enemy of the Church. The crime was the more inexcusable in these nobles, because they had formerly been the defenders and devoted sons of their outraged mother. The holy Father ended his letter by exhorting the culprits to return to the right way, and follow the instructions of Gebhard, whom he called the eye of the Church. If they should so act, he promised them absolution from all the censures which they might have deserved, and which he intended to pronounce once more against the intruder, who, like a decayed limb, had just been cut off from Catholic unity.

The same day the pope addressed to the monks of Hirschau, and all Catholic abbots and monks of Swabia, a command to take Gebhard for their model, to surround him with their love, and to seek from him the help they needed in the midst of their tribulations. “But”, he added, “these tribulations are your glory. The world rages more than ever against you, persecutions increase, the waves of the ocean rise and seem ready to engulf you. But our Lord had trodden these waves. Let us learn to imitate our fathers, let us learn how to rejoice in the midst of suffering. Your sorrow shall soon be turned into joy. Soon, by the merits of the holy apostles, an end shall be put to your persecutions through Him who said, ‘I have overcome the world’.” This prediction of the pontiff was shortly to be accomplished—the end of the labyrinth traversed by the personal enemy of the Church was almost reached; his own bishops, those of them, at least, whose lives were befitting their high position, deserted him. Bruner, even, a Franconian noble full of talent and courage, whom he had made Archbishop of Treves, and himself invested with crosier and ring, desired, at the end of three years, to obtain the pope’s confirmation of his dignity, and went to Rome, where the sovereign pontiff in his annual council severely reprimanded him for having received lay investiture. The prelate was obliged to lay down his office, which the pope, in consideration of the services he would be able to render to the Church, restored to him three days later, at the request of the bishops, and after imposing on him a public penance.

There was at the imperial court a Swabian gentleman, not rich, but pious and learned, named Otho, whom Henry had made his chaplain, and on whom he bestowed in 1102, in spite of his reluctance, the bishopric of Bamberg. Otho feared the responsibility of lay investiture, and was no sooner installed at Bamberg, which he entered walking barefoot over snow and ice, than he hurried to Rome, and there, laying his crosier and ring at the pope’s feet, explained the affair, begged pardon for his imprudence or error, and promised to submit to canonical punishment. The pope not only forgave him, but consecrated him himself; and then sent him back to his diocese, a devoted servant of the Holy See. These ecclesiastical defections were but the forerunners of the storm which was about to break upon the emperor. The lay princes were gradually separating themselves from him. They imputed to him the murder of two of the most considerable among them, Conrad of Beichlingen, and Sieghart of Bavaria. They wanted only a chief to lead them, and this chief was found in the emperor’s own son, the young King Henry, for whose benefit he had disinherited his elder son Conrad. The prince’s companions in his pleasures excited him to rise up against the emperor, whom the Church, they said, had rejected, and whom all the nobles agreed to detest. Henry was easily led away by these counsels; it is not certain whether he even needed them. He was twenty-four years of age, and already his prudence and his extraordinary qualities had won him many adherents. His position gave hopes to those who sincerely desired the reconciliation of the Church with the

empire, and saw the impossibility of arriving at that result while the old emperor was in power. He, indeed, during a reign of fifty years had always trampled under foot not only the rights of the Church, but also the traditional liberties which constituted the common law of the empire. The young king, on the contrary, seemed animated by the most lively desire to restore everyone to his rights, and by humble devotion to the Church. We may believe that his mind had been revolted by his father's determination to strengthen himself in schism, and to brave excommunication; but political interests also weighed with the young prince. Already recognised as king and successor to his father by the whole imperialist party, it was of consequence to him not to suffer the Catholic party again to elect such a chief as Rodolph of Swabia or Hermann of Luxemburg; it was important to him to obtain his succession to the empire by the unanimous will of the princes, the bishops, and the pope himself. The rupture between father and son took place at Fritzlau, in December 1104. The young king suddenly left the army which Henry was leading against an insurgent vassal, and declaring that he would not hold further intercourse with the emperor while he continued excommunicated, immediately sent word to the pope that he was ready to make his submission, and asked his advice as to the oath he had taken never to claim the government without his father's permission. Pascal charged the legate Gebhard to receive the prince into the bosom of the Church, and to give him the apostolic benediction, promising him absolution at the last judgement if he would engage to be a just king, and to repair the crimes of his father Henry IV towards the church.

The emperor much wished to enter into negotiations with his son: but the prince refused any intercourse with his father until the excommunication should be taken off. All Bavaria pronounced for the young prince; the towns and the nobles of Saxony, too justly angry with the elder Henry, unanimously recognised his successor. The latter, in concert with the legate Gebhard and Archbishop Ruthard of Mayence, occupied himself in bringing back the churches of Saxony and other parts of Germany into the Roman unity. He restored to their abbeys the monks who had been exiled for defending the cause of the Church; and he obliged the imperialist bishops either to abandon the schism, or else to give place to the legitimate holders of their sees, or to men newly elected and imbued with the Roman spirit.

Henry V displayed his piety by walking barefoot in the procession on Holy Thursday at Quedlenburg, and completely won the hearts of his subjects by his humility at the provincial council of Nordhausen, where the decrees of the orthodox assemblies were renewed, and where an immense crowd of bishops, abbots, and monks, all eager for the establishment of unity, were gathered together. The young king would not enter until the fathers of the council called him; he then appeared in the most simple costume, confirmed all the decrees of his predecessors, and spoke with such pathos and piety of his zeal for the salvation of his father and of his resolution to obey him like the lowest serf if he would only submit to the Vicar of Peter, that all the assembly, weeping, burst out into loud acclamations, and afterwards chanted litanies for the conversion of the father and the prosperity of the son.

When the emperor had marched against his son, and the two armies were face to face on the banks of the Regen, the prince renewed his protestations, declaring that he had no wish to be guilty of parricide, and that his purpose was to be not an aggressor but a defender. And when the emperor prepared for the fight, those princes who were under his banners refused to give battle and drew back. Henry first fled to Bohemia, and then to the Rhine where the citizens were generally favourable to him. His son followed closely, re-established the primate Ruthard in the see of Mayence, and convoked a solemn diet at that place for Christmas. In this extremity, the emperor

remembered that at Rome there was a pope whom he had never acknowledged, and against whom he had supported three consecutive anti-popes; by the advice of his partisans he wrote a letter to Pascal, in which, recognising him as pope, he begged him to act paternally towards him, and send a nuncio who might serve as mediator between him and his son. But before this letter could reach Rome all was over. The two princes having met at Coblenz, the old emperor threw himself at his son's feet, and conjured him to remember that, even if God willed his chastisement, it was not the part of a son to punish his father's faults. The young king knelt in his turn and swore to obey as a knight his lord and as a son his father, if the emperor would consent to be reconciled to the Holy See. Henry having declared that he did consent, both marched on together to the approaching council of Mayence where the diet was held. All the princes of Germany, except the Duke of Saxony, had arrived in the city, and a new legate from the pope, Richard, Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, had come thither to join Gebhard of Constance in publishing once more the sentence of excommunication against the emperor. The two prelates received a solemn abjuration of the schism pronounced by all present.

In this state of affairs, Henry IV, who was singularly terrified by his imprisonment, demanded to appear before the diet; but the princes, fearing a popular commotion in Mayence in his favour, decided that the meeting should be held at Ingelheim, once the residence of Charlemagne, the glorious founder of the Holy Roman Empire. Thither was brought, a captive and desolate, the great emperors successor. They summoned him to abdicate, not without threats of putting him to death. He consented; asking only that his life might be spared, saying that he no longer felt able to hold the reins of government, and that it was time he should think of his soul. He even went farther; throwing himself at his sons feet, he implored the prince to spare him new affronts. At this spectacle the whole assembly was profoundly touched. Many wept; the young Henry alone remained insensible; Cardinal Richard then interfered, and told the prisoner that his sole chance of safety lay in confessing that he had unjustly persecuted Pope Gregory, the Holy See, and the whole Church. Henry begged some delay in order to justify himself, but it was refused. Then, kneeling before the legate, he implored him at least to obtain for him the favour of immediate absolution when he should have confessed. The princes, moved by pity, thought this prayer should be granted; but the legate replied that he had no power to absolve so great a criminal in the absence of the pope. The unfortunate emperor being able to obtain nothing consented to all; he abdicated the imperial crown, confessed his guilt, and remained solitary, despoiled, hopeless, and still excommunicated. The expiation, hard as it might be, had been merited by thirty years of crimes against the Church, against the domestic virtues, justice, and honour; but it is for ever to be regretted that it was inflicted by a son with apparent sanction on the part of the Church.

The princes then elected the young Henry king, excluding his father's intervention, and the Archbishop of Mayence delivered to him the crown, sceptre, cross, lance, and sword which the emperor had given up, saying to him, "If you fail to govern the kingdom justly, and to defend the Church of God, may you suffer the fate of your predecessor!"

In spite of the greatness of his fall, Henry IV had for a moment a hope of rising again. Having recovered a little from the condemnation which had struck him down, and fearing lest he might be imprisoned for the rest of his life, he took refuge, first at Cologne, which was devoted to him, and afterwards at Liège, where there was an excommunicated clergy openly hostile to the Church, and a bishop, Albert, who immediately took up arms to defend the fallen sovereign. This was not all; first, other

Rhine cities, excited by the Bishop of Liège, and afterwards the Duke of Lorraine and several other princes, declared themselves in turn for the old monarch. Henry hastened to address to the Kings of France, England, Denmark, and other countries a detailed account of the treatment to which he had been subjected, calling upon them to observe that the common interests of all the kings of Christendom were concerned. He wrote at the same time to his godfather, the holy abbot Hugh of Cluny, whom he implored to intercede with the pope in his favour, giving him full power to treat in his name. He promised to devote himself for the future exclusively to the restoration of the Church, and to go to the Crusade as soon as peace should be concluded.

The partisans of the astute prince regained courage. The citizens of Trent, with a certain Count Adalbert, stopped in the defiles of the Tyrol the bishops and princes whom the diet of Mayence were sending as ambassadors to beg the pope to come to Germany; all these personages were robbed and imprisoned. The young king having marched against Liège, saw his advanced-guard put to rout by the Lorrainers of the imperial party at Vesel on the Meuse: he vainly besieged Cologne, whence the citizens had driven the orthodox archbishop, and which they held for Henry IV. The latter soon found himself at the head of an army with which he could surround that of the besiegers. Resuming the imperial title, which he had abandoned at Ingelheim, he published two manifestoes, addressed one to the princes and bishops, and the other to his son, whom he reproached for his unfaithfulness to his word, and for the violence of which he had been guilty towards his father. In this document he added that he was ready to submit his cause to the judgment of a council composed of princes and monks, among whom should be Hugh of Cluny; that he demanded a suspension of hostilities, and appealed to the pope and the holy Roman Church. The young king caused the answer of the princes to be read to his army by the Archbishop of Magdeburg. It commenced thus: “After forty years of discord, sacrilege, perjury, and crime, which have reduced our kingdom almost to apostasy and paganism, we, being the sons of the spouse of Christ, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, have returned to the unity of the faith, and rejected the incorrigible chief of the schism, Henry IV, who calls himself our emperor, and we have done this out of zeal for God, and obedience to the apostolic faith, and have chosen a Catholic king sprung from the same blood. But now, after having voluntarily abdicated, the fallen emperor pretends that he has suffered violence, and complains of this injury to all the kings of the earth, whom he endeavours to excite against us. His only object is to dissolve the army of Christ, again to ravage the Lord’s vineyard, and once more to crucify the scarcely risen Saviour. Therefore, to take from him all pretext for complaint, we, the king, in concert with the princes of the kingdom, and the orthodox army, grant to Henry permission to come to this place with whatever guarantee he may desire, to plead his cause before the assembled senate and people, to do and to receive justice for all that has passed since the commencement of the schism, that right may be done to the father and the son alike, and that we may make an end immediately, and not after the delay asked for, of all the disputes which agitate the Church and the kingdom”.

But the old emperor, with the consciousness of power, had regained his habitual cunning; the commissioners who brought him the message were so maltreated as to be in peril of their lives, and were sent back with no other answer than a summons to their senders to lay down their arms immediately, and appoint a final conference to treat for peace.

During this time the imperial forces daily increased. The young king was obliged to raise the siege of Cologne, and proposed to his father either to fight immediately or to hold a conference in eight days. Henry replied by a new manifesto in which he

declared that the interval was too short; that he required the presence of the most distant princes, such as the Duke of Bohemia, the Count of Burgundy, and others; that he again appealed to the Holy See, and in default of being heard there, confided his cause to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, St Peter, and St Lambert, patron of Liège, where he then was. A battle, therefore, seemed inevitable, when Erkenbold, Henry's faithful chamberlain, and Burkhardt, Bishop of Munster, whom he had kept prisoner, brought to the young king the sword and diadem of his father, carried off by a sudden death at Liège, August 7, 1106. He was not fifty-five years of age, and had reigned fifty. His body, first interred in the Cathedral of St Lambert by Bishop Albert, was exhumed by the advice of the princes, until the absolution of the defunct should be obtained from Rome. It was laid on an island in the Meuse, under the care of a single monk returned from Jerusalem, who chanted psalms day and night for the repose of the dead emperor's soul. Afterwards the body was carried to Spires, where the sovereigns of his house had their burial-place; but the monk of Hirschau who had become Bishop of Spires, refused to admit it into the cathedral, to the great discontent of the citizens of the town, which Henry had specially loved and embellished.

The prince having died excommunicated could not receive the honours due to a Catholic emperor; his body therefore remained in a stone sarcophagus under the porch, because, even in death, he did not belong to the great Christian community.

Thus, at the age of fifty-five, and after a reign of half a century, died the most formidable enemy perhaps that the Church had ever met since she issued from the catacombs. He was the more formidable because, instead of being, like her ancient persecutors, a stranger to the Church, he occupied the foremost rank among her children, and also because no one could deny the numerous good qualities which in him were mingled with the most perverse and most lamentable dispositions. His adversaries did not hesitate to acknowledge that no one could have been better fitted for empire than he, if his soul had not been depraved, and, as it were, suffocated by his passions.

The joy of the Catholic party was very great. Divine justice had at length spoken; the Church was avenged of the Pharaoh, of the Nebuchadnezzar who had oppressed her for half a century: a second time the Galilean had conquered. The holiest and least vindictive souls sought to draw lessons useful to their neighbour from this great example: "See", wrote St Anselm to the Count of Flanders, "look round you and consider the fate of princes who attack the Church and trample her under foot".

The abbot Hugh of Cluny, so often invoked by the dead emperor during his last days, took occasion from this death to exhort King Philip of France to end his life in the monastic habit at Cluny.

Henry V, by his father's death, found himself uncontested possessor of the German royalty; the sanction of the Church alone was yet wanting to him.

Pascal II, who had advanced towards the Alps held a general council at Guastalla on the banks of the Po, on October 22, 1107, with the assistance of the indefatigable Countess Matilda. There he received the ambassadors of the young Henry, who came to ask his confirmation of their prince's election, to promise him that the successor of Henry IV would be the faithful servant of the Holy See, and that he would submit to the Church as to his mother and to the pope as to his father. Pascal gave a series of decrees needful for consolidating the Church's victory; he consecrated and reconciled several prelates, deposed others; appointed as Bishop of Parma, at the request of the

Parmesans, Cardinal Bernard Uberti, Abbot of Vallombrosa, who, two years before, had been dragged from the cathedral, wounded, beaten, and thrown into prison by these same Parmesans then entirely devoted to the emperor. Out of love for peace, and regard to the small number of German bishops who had remained orthodox, the pope recognised the bishops ordained during the schism, except the intruders and the simoniacs; but at the same time, to signalise, as said the canon of the council, the Church's return to her natural freedom, he formally confirmed the absolute prohibition of lay investiture. The Germans expected that he would then cross the Alps in reply to their pressing invitations, and celebrate Christmas with the king and princes at Mayence; but an insurrection at Verona, and other significant symptoms, made him doubt what his reception would be after the promulgation of his last decree. He preferred, therefore, to turn towards Burgundy, and pass the feast of Christmas under the ever-hospitable roof of his old brethren of Cluny.

CHAPTER IX

FRANCE ALWAYS ORTHODOX, AND CLUNY ALWAYS UNRIVALLED

Thus, in the course of this great struggle, the victor and the vanquished, the Emperor Henry and Pope Pascal, alike directed their thoughts and wishes towards France and towards Cluny—to the kingdom which was always orthodox, and to the abbey which never had a rival. It was the support of the King of France that Henry chiefly invoked to avenge the outraged rights of royalty; it was the holy Abbot Hugh of Cluny whom he called upon to act as mediator between him and the princes. And it was also under the aegis of France and under the crosier of St Hugh that Pascal II sought for men to aid him in the final settlement of the question of investiture, turning thither rather than to Germany, where the most terrible enemy of the Church had just fallen.

After the reconciliation of Philip I with the Church in 1104, French royalty had returned to its natural paths, and again assumed in the eyes of nations that habitual character of tender and ardent devotion towards the Church, and especially towards the Monastic Orders, which distinguished the princes of the house of Capet when the passion of love did not lead them astray.

When Philip I died, after a reign of forty-eight years, he, like his ancestor Hugh Capet, could confidently invoke the powerful protection of St Benedict. He desired that he might be buried near the relics of the great monk at the abbey of Fleury-sur-Loire. “I know”, he said, “that the burial-place of the French kings is at St Denis; but as I own that I have been a hardened sinner, I dare not be buried near so great a martyr. I fear lest, on account of my faults, I should be given up to Satan and share the fate of Charles Martel. But confiding in St Benedict, I invoke the venerable father of monks, and I desire to be buried in his church on the Loire; for Benedict is full of clemency, and I know that he will give a welcome to all sinners who, wishing to amend their lives, have recourse to his rule to reconcile them to God”.

Already in the previous year, Louis, eldest son of the king, and associated with him in the sovereignty, had gone to assist at the raising of the body of the monastic patriarch, whose relics had been placed in a richer shrine: the story of the tears of joy and devotion shed at the sight of this precious treasure by the young king and the French lords had been faithfully related in the annals of the monastery. Scarcely had Louis ascended the throne when he solemnly announced his intention to seek before all things the kingdom of God and His righteousness, by defending religion and protecting churches and monks; and the clergy repaid thenceforward his filial devotion by giving him the most faithful support.

On the death of the old king, Yves of Chartres summoned the assembly of barons, to confirm by a new election Louis's right to the crown, which he had already worn in his father's lifetime. The prelate convoked all the bishops who, like himself, were

suffragans of Sens, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the metropolitan of Rheims, who claimed the exclusive right to perform the ceremony, hastily consecrated the young king at Orleans, so as to cut short all pretensions hostile to his sovereignty. Louis was then glad to invoke the aid of that Wallon, Bishop of Paris, whom he had formerly sworn should never reach the episcopate. The prince's heart had been happily changed. He now regarded himself as girded not only with the temporal but also with the spiritual sword for the defence alike of the Church and of the poor.

The king long profited by the wise counsels of Yves of Chartres. Not content with the moral support given him by the bishops, he found the contingents which, as lords of lands they were able to furnish to him, useful instruments in his struggles with the lay vassals, whose violence and brigandage desolated his realms. Henry, King of England—now, thanks to his reconciliation with Anselm of Canterbury and his defeat of his elder brother Robert, become Duke of Normandy—had also by his vigorous proceedings against the robbers gained the sympathy of the bishops and monasteries of that country, as well as that of those barons who desired that the abbeys should not be despoiled of the property with which their pious ancestors had endowed them.

The two kings were thus engaged in the same Christian work—the defence of the Church and their people. Unfortunately, their success was of little benefit to the population; for, if we may believe an impartial judge, the royal officers who were substituted for the seigneurs embittered by their exactions and arbitrary prosecutions the fate of those peasants to whom the yoke of sergeants and legists in the pay of royalty was far more bitter than that of the nobles.

Such was the state of France when, in the last year of the reign of King Philip, Pope Pascal, in imitation of his predecessor Urban II, decided upon one of those apostolic pilgrimages in which a monk, raised to the papacy, understood how to warm the fervour of the people, to regenerate ecclesiastical discipline, to repress local usurpation, and to confirm the rights and liberties of the monasteries. Everywhere in France the pontiff was welcomed with profound veneration as a heavenly legislator, and everywhere he showed a truly apostolic solicitude for the faithful and for the churches.

After having spent the winter of 1106-1107 at Cluny, Pascal travelled towards Paris, consecrating on his way the newly finished monastic churches. At St Benigne, at Dijon, the pope dedicated the magnificent basilica, which still exists, and which Abbot Jarenton had opened as a safe asylum for the Lorraine monks persecuted for the cause of the Church. At Bèze, an old and famous abbey of Burgundy, where for twenty years Abbot Etienne had laboured to reform his monks, had increased their number tenfold, and had created a nursery of pious abbots, Pascal spent three full days, delighted with the good order, the beautiful situation, and exact discipline of the house: he himself held the monastic chapter; preached to the monks the virtue of patience, which was so necessary to them; and after his discourse, sang the *Miserere,* at the abbot's request, and gave the solemn absolution and pontifical benediction; after which he consecrated the altar of St Peter and St Paul, in presence of five cardinals, five bishops, and a crowd of abbots, clerks, and believers. At La Charité-sur-Loire, a dependency of Cluny—but a gigantic dependency, almost rivalling its metropolitan—the pope performed the same ceremony amidst a great concourse of bishops and barons, among whom was a low-born monk of St Denis, named Suger, who was destined to carry the precious memory of this journey to the royal monastery which he was to govern as abbot, and whence he was to be called to govern France.

From La Charité the sovereign pontiff went to Tours; and then, for the feast of Easter, to the town of Chartres, whither he was invited by the great bishop. Yves, with the respectful but complete frankness of the men of his time, did not spare the head of the Church his most critical observations, but at the same time testified towards him the purest and most absolute devotion. The Countess Adela of Blois, daughter of William the Conqueror, herself chose to provide for all the pope's expenses.

Pascal then visited the great and royal Abbey of St Denis, which he regarded as St Peter's special portion in France, and there again renewed the alliance between the papacy and French royalty. The pope edified all present by his fervent devotion before the relics of the apostle of the Gauls, and by the disinterestedness—"very unlike a Roman", says Suger—with which he disdained all the treasures of the rich monastery, accepting no other present than a part of the saint's episcopal garments, which still bore the trace of his blood.

After public homage had thus been rendered by the head of the Church militant to the pontiff-martyr, elect of the Church triumphant, the two kings in their turn, filled with the love of God, came to lay their crown humbly before the successor of Peter the fisherman. Pascal implored their help against tyrants, begging them to lend a hand to the defence of the Church, as was fitting for successors of Charlemagne and pious kings of France. The two sovereigns swore to give aid and assistance, and placed their kingdom at his disposal; afterwards they invited from the monastery several prelates, and among others Adam, Abbot of St Denis, whom Suger had accompanied to Tours, that they might attend them to Châlons, where they were to have a decisive interview with King Henry's ambassadors.

Pascal found in France succour yet more efficacious than that of the royal goodwill from the ever-living fervour and zeal of the Monastic Orders, whence, as under Gregory VII, the champions of the Church constantly recruited their numbers. The old tree planted by St Benedict, far from withering in France, put forth there, even more than elsewhere, vigorous branches, which, trained vigorous by skilful hands, took here and there new aspects. Thus arose the order of Grandmont, and that of the Chartreux; thus the order of the Cistercians, sown in an obscure corner of Burgundy, burst into brilliant life. At the time when Pascal II visited the province so highly honoured by the virtues of Yves of Chartres and Hildebert of Mans, three new foundations, due to three holy friends, were beginning to attract the respect of the faithful and to promise new support to the Gallican episcopate.

The Breton Robert of Arbrissel, whose courage had been so remarkable at the Council of Poitiers in 1100, after having been arch-priest of Rennes and schoolmaster at Angers, had quitted the world to live as a hermit in the forest of Craon, in Anjou, where he directed an abbey of regular canons. Urban II having called him thence, to preach in the neighbouring dioceses, Robert travelled through Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, and Touraine. He fulfilled his mission with brilliant success, drawing after him great troops of penitents of both sexes, who encamped in the woods, so as to be within hearing of the holy preacher. Robert, with unheard-of boldness, rebuked all disorders, even those of certain of his ecclesiastical superiors. Some imprudences committed by the wandering crowd of men and women, in the midst of which the ardent missionary lived day and night, and, above all, the sometimes excessive zeal which he showed for the conversion of fallen women, drew upon him the severe reproofs of Geoffrey, Abbot of Vendôme, and of the learned Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes. Robert was then obliged to seek some desert where his strange flock could live without scandal. One day in a forest, on the confines of Anjou and Lorraine, he met some robbers, whose chief, Evrault,

demanded his money. “Willingly”, replied the apostle; “but, in exchange, you must give me your souls for God”. The saint converted them; and thenceforward established, in this forest, the centre of his new foundation, which, from the name of the brigand chief, he called Fontevrault.

Here there soon assembled more than 3000 converts, of both sexes, who lived absolutely apart. Nobles and peasants, lepers and courtesans, old and young, inhabited the huts built of branches, under Robert’s sole guidance, and remained thus until the day when the generosity of neighbouring nobles gave their founder the means of building a great monastery, which he divided into four separate quarters. In 1106 Pascal approved this foundation, of which Robert d'Arbrissel became superior-general, and to which were attached several other houses founded by him in different provinces. But at his death, to do honour to the Virgin, whom he had chosen as special protectress of this branch of the Benedictine order, he desired that the brothers of all his houses should acknowledge the supremacy of the Abbess of Fontevrault, where, in the time of Suger, there were four or five thousand nuns. In the forest of Craon, whither Robert had first retired, he had been joined by a Picard monk named Bernard, who had fled from the dignity of abbot, which the monks of St Savin had desired to bestow on him. But later, the good monk could not escape from the choice of the brothers of St Cyprian at Poitiers. Once made an abbot, Bernard performed his new duties with energy. At the Council of Poitiers, he, like his friend Robert, distinguished himself by the most intrepid resistance to the violence of Duke William. When the Abbey of Cluny claimed St Cyprian as one of its dependencies, Bernard laid down his office and went to join Robert d'Arbrissel and his fellow-labourers in preaching, at the risk of his life, against the scandalous priests of Normandy, whose wives several times endeavoured to have him killed.

Meantime the monks of St Cyprian, who were struggling with all their power against the pretensions of Cluny, gained from their old abbot a promise to go and plead their cause at Rome. He made two journeys thither, riding an ass, and wearing the poor dress of a hermit. A t first well received, and afterwards repulsed, but always firmly convinced of the goodness of his cause, Bernard maintained his plea, even against the pope himself, and did not fear to cite him before the tribunal of God. Pascal, though offended, soon suffered himself to be appeased by the two cardinal-legates Benedict and John, who, themselves monks, had been able to appreciate the virtue and courage shown at the Council of Poitiers by Bernard, He was allowed, therefore, to recommence his pleading before the pope and the pontifical council, in which he argued that St Cyprian had flourished long before the birth of Cluny, and that Abbot Hugh was coveting a spouse not his own, and usurping, without justification, the hitherto unknown title of arch-abbot. Bernard gained his cause. Pascal confirmed the freedom of St Cyprian, and wished to retain Bernard near him as a cardinal. But Bernard asked, as the only favour, that he might be released from his abbacy, which was granted. On his return to France, after having met with those trials and persecutions which are, in this world, the conditions of all true success in the work of God, he at last found at Tiron, in a forest of Perche, a retreat which suited him. The Count Rotrou gave him the property, and Yves of Chartres came thither to install him. Very soon a hundred monks assembled round him, and a hundred *cells* or priories formed a new congregation, which, placed under the rule of St Benedict, bore henceforth, as did Bernard himself, the name of Tiron. The people of the neighbourhood, seeing this new species of hermits, even more poorly dressed than the old monks, first thought they were Saracens, come thither underground, and afterwards that they were prophets, like John the Baptist. Bernard made use of the curiosity of these half-savage country-people for their conversion he delighted to recruit his monastic army among labourers and

artisans, who continued their trades in the monastery. And while carpenters and masons, painters and sculptors, jewellers and smiths, ploughmen and vine-dressers, found at Tiron such work as suited them, the fame of the new foundation spread widely, and so deeply touched the hearts of the great barons, that when, at the end of a year, a great scarcity happened, Count William of Nevers sent to Abbot Bernard a large golden vase that he might sell it and devote the product to feeding his monks and the poor. Thus, in spite of the absence of roads or canals, Christian charity found a way for itself from the confines of Burgundy to the unexplored solitudes of la Perche!

Another saint, destined to become the father of a third congregation, issued also from the forest of Craon where the love of penance had united him to Robert d'Arbrissel and Bernard of Tiron. This third personage was of Norman descent and was called Vital. He also was of low birth. More austere even than his two comrades, Vital soon drew more than one hundred and fifty-six disciples round him, and Raoul, Viscount of Fougères gave up to them the whole forest of Savigny near Avranches, with the ruins of an old castle which they turned into a monastery. This new foundation became in its turn the cradle and capital of thirty-one great abbeys in England and France. Vital, a man of powerful eloquence, often left his solitude to preach the word of God among the Norman nobles, who, since one of them had conquered England, were giving themselves up to the charms of ambition, and often left the path trodden by their ancient heroes. Vital joined great courage and hardihood to his eloquence. His stern reproofs spared no one. At first he terrified his auditors; those who went to hear him out of curiosity usually returned pale, disturbed, and confused at having heard the faults they supposed they had dissimulated, unveiled in public. The apostle, adds the hagiographer, made the proudest lords tremble as much as the roughest peasants, country girls as much as the noble ladies whom he reproved for the unbounded luxury of their silks and furs. The greatest seigneurs, and even the king himself, venerated the boldness of the holy man. Counting upon their indulgence, he ventured to present himself, before the battle of Tenchebray, as mediator between the two brothers, King Henry and Duke Robert, whom, unfortunately, he was unable to reconcile.

However fruitful and popular these new foundations might be, the splendour of Cluny did not pale before them. Thirty-five abbeys of the first rank received her laws and were entirely subject to her; eleven others, the chief in France, such as Vèzelay, Moissac, and St Gilles, had accepted her customs without entering into the bonds of subjection which, as is proved by the rebellion of St Cyprian, she drew tightly, and it was to her that the great ones of the world and of the Church turned for refuge when God touched their hearts. It was at Cluny that a Count of Bourges, who had pledged his county to King Philip to provide for the expenses of a Crusade, found a resting-place on his return from the Holy War, and from a terrible captivity becoming a monk by the advice of the pope. Pascal, however, did not hesitate to dissuade Hildebert, Bishop of Mans, the worthy rival of Yves of Chartres in learning and piety, from the project he entertained of laying down his dignity and retiring to Cluny, where he hoped to escape the vexations inflicted on him by the Norman kings, and the Counts of Mans. Soon after he had received the visit of the third monk of Cluny whom Providence had called to the throne of St Peter, the great and good Abbot Hugh, who for sixty years had presided over the destinies of the Queen Abbey, and enlisted more than ten thousand monks for the army of God, went to rejoin in heaven his predecessors Odilon and Maïeu, Odo, and one of his dearest friends, St Anselm, dead but eight days before him. These two admirable saints, so united during their lives, were to be united also in death. Anselm had gone “to the Easter Court of his Lord” on Wednesday in Holy Week 1109; Hugh died on Easter Tuesday, after having celebrated for the last time on his deathbed the offices of the festival, and washed for the last time the feet of the poor. When his eyes

seemed to be losing their sight, and his feeble voice showed that consciousness was leaving him, they asked him, while administering the viaticum, whether he recognised the life-giving body of the Lord. “Oh yes”, he answered, “I recognise and I adore it”. They carried him to the church and placed him on a bed of ashes where the old soldier of Christ breathed his last, at the age of eighty-five leaving to his numerous family the joy of his triumph, the example of his life, and the hope vision of his intercession. The very same night, the pious Abbot Fulgence of Afflighem saw in a dream two beds of gold (*lectuli*) carried to heaven by angels, and it was told him that one was destined for St Anselm and the other for St Hugh of Cluny.

King Alfonso VI of Castile, the great benefactor of the Church of Cluny, whose claims Abbot Hugh had formerly broken, and who had remained his steady and grateful friend, soon followed him to the tomb. He was buried, by his own desire, among the Benedictines of Sahagun (San Facundo).

Again it was by the intrepid firmness of Bernard, Archbishop of Toledo, a monk of Cluny, that the capital and kingdom which the death of Alfonso had just greatly shaken was defended from invasion by the Moors.

The rights of Donna Urraca, heiress of the deceased prince were contested by Alfonso of Arragon. The princess hoped to settle the difficulty by marrying her cousin; but Pascal commanded her to renounce this alliance, under pain of excommunication and deposition.

After the Arragonese usurpation Bernard of Toledo and the Abbot of Sahagun were torn from their sees, imprisoned, and exiled; but all this discord and violence which Pascal endeavoured to terminate by sending as legate to Spain a Benedictine abbot of Chiusa, did not weaken the ardent faith in monastic prayers, which inflamed Castilian hearts, and which dictated to another Urraca, sister of the friend of St Hugh, these words which are found in her charter of restoration of the Abbey of St Peter at Estoncia:

“Do Thou, Lord, who art infinitely great even in the smallest things, receive these humble gifts, and deign to set so much value on them that, when I come before Thee, Thou mayst grant me the great joy of Thy kingdom. It is to Thee, my God, that I offer this monastery built in honour of Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and of Paul, the chosen vessel. Thus, my beloved Redeemer Christ, I offer to Thee this house as an expiation for my sins, and when Thou shalt come with those apostles to judge the world, may their prayers move Thee to be a merciful Judge towards me; may they snatch me from the flames of hell, and bring me purified into the glory of heaven”.

CHAPTER X

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR AT ROME.

The Church had great need to reinforce her armies, for she was on the eve of a trial such as she had never known through all the thousand years of her previous history, and about to encounter dangers more serious than had ever yet fallen to her lot. She had to expiate bitterly the fault of having accepted, even against a guilty father, the aid of an unnatural son. This son was preparing to turn against his mother the sword which she had blessed, and—what had never before been permitted to any other—it was to be given him for a time to overpower the liberty of the Church even in her most august sanctuary.

Henry V had begun the restoration to their sees of all the orthodox bishops plundered by his father's friends, including the monks Eudes of Cambrai, and Gebhard of Constance, the indefatigable legate of Urban and Pascal. But scarcely had his authority been acknowledged by the majority, when this man who, at the meeting at Nordhausen, had appeared so humble that he would only take part in the deliberations of the bishops by their express invitation, and asked nothing but that the empire might return to unity and apostolic submission, all at once changed his behaviour and language, and claimed to invest the new bishops, who for the most part lent themselves to his usurpation. The monk Eudes of Cambrai refused to accept from a layman the crosier and ring which he had already received from a bishop when he was consecrated at the Council of Rheims. Henry marched against Cambrai, obliged Eudes to take refuge in the monastery of Anchin, restored the excommunicated Gaucher, and abolished the commune to which the citizens had sworn when they received back their lawful bishop; he then advanced towards the frontier of France and Lorraine, sending forward ambassadors to summon the pope to concede to him the right of investiture. This embassy was composed of several prelates and nobles, who appeared rather prepared to intimate commands than to discuss matters reasonably: the most notable were Duke Welf, who caused a sword to be earned before him, and used other means to make himself heard; and the Archbishop of Treves, who spoke French fluently. The pope received them at Châlons-sur-Marne. The Archbishop of Treves formally claimed for the emperor, in virtue of the ancient law of the empire, not only the power of approving or rejecting all candidates elected to the episcopate, but also the right of investiture and homage as an inseparable condition of the possession of regalia—that is, of towns, castles, and tolls subject to the imperial authority. To this the pope sent, by the Bishop of Placentia, the following reply: "The Church, bought by the precious blood of Christ, and made free, may not again become a slave; if she cannot elect a bishop without the emperors consent, she is no better than his servant, and the death of Christ is of no avail. If the prelate-elect is invested by the lay power with the crosier and ring which belong to the altar, it is a usurpation of the rights of God; and if the prelate subjects his hands, consecrated by the body and blood of our Lord, to the hands of a

layman blood-stained from his sword, he derogates from his orders and his holy unction".

The Germans, furious, and scarcely restrained by the presence of the French, cried out, "Not here, but at Rome, and with the sword, this quarrel must be decided". And they returned to their master.

From Châlons-sur-Marne the pope went to hold a council at Troyes. As if the better to answer Henry's embassy, he there again confirmed several ecclesiastical elections, and the condemnation of investitures; the council also settled the Truce of God for the advantage of the Crusade, which the pope earnestly desired to encourage. Amidst these struggles with lay usurpation, the Church did not lose sight of the interests of the poor: one of the canons of the council forbade the burning of houses, or the carrying off of sheep and lambs in private wars. By the advice of the synod, the pope condemned those German bishops who had been accomplices in Henry's pretensions. He excommunicated the intruders at Liège, Cambrai, and Verdun, saying of the latter, "Richard of Verdun has given himself up to the king, and we give him up to Satan". He did not even spare the two principal adherents of the Roman Church, Ruthard of Mayence and the old legate Gebhard of Spires, who had had the weakness to retain cures, the investiture of which had been given by the king. But the simple threat of suspension recalled these prelates to their duty. Pascal then appointed Henry a delay of a year to come and discuss the great cause in a general council at Rome, whither he himself slowly turned his steps, and where the Romans, this time, received him with delight.

Henry at first seemed to care little for this energetic action of the Roman Court. He devoted the years 1108 and 1109 to not very glorious expeditions against Hungary, and the Sclavonic princes of Bohemia and Silesia, who scarcely owned the suzerainty of the empire. Towards the end of 1109, he sent to the pope a new embassy, composed of the Archbishops of Cologne and Treves, the Chancellor Albert, and other nobles, to treat for an accommodation which must necessarily precede the assumption of the imperial dignity, only due to the kings of Germany after they had been crowned by the sovereign pontiff. Pascal replied without in any way contradicting his former language, and with equal steadiness and good faith, that he would receive the king with the affection of a father if he would present himself at Rome as a Catholic sovereign, a son and defender of the Church, and a friend of justice.

In a diet held at Ratisbon, Henry announced to the princes his intention of going to Italy to be crowned emperor, and at the same time to arrange, as might suit the sovereign pontiff, all that was required for the defence of the Church. The princes, delighted with these pious and patriotic intentions, assured him, on oath, of their assistance. He also obtained the support of the nobles of the western part of the empire in another assembly held at Utrecht, where he celebrated his marriage with the young Princess Matilda, daughter of Henry I of England. He thus formed an alliance England, with the most powerful of sovereigns outside the empire, with a prince who had himself long been in conflict with the Church, and who had but just submitted. This alliance might prove a serious danger if Henry V should break the promises he had made at Ratisbon.

Meanwhile the pope, to leave no doubt as to his resolution, and in spite of the king's preparation, renewed, in the council held at the Lateran, March 7th, the formal condemnation of investitures and of all lay intervention in the disposal of the property of the Church. He also confirmed the canon, often renewed during the Catholic ages,

which placed all the shipwrecked under the Church's protection, and excommunicated, as robbers and murderers, men who seized upon the fragments of a wreck. Pascal did not forget those who had been the devoted champions of his predecessors in most critical moments; he went to Apulia, and there called together Duke Roger, the Prince of Capua, and all the Norman counts who were vassals of the Church, and made them swear to assist him against Henry, in case of need. The leaders of the Roman nobility entered into the same engagement. This done, the pope tranquilly awaited the king's arrival in Rome, deceived, no doubt, by the protestations of devotion to the Apostolic See which had produced so great an effect at Ratisbon.

In the month of August, Henry crossed the Alps at the head of an immense army, which comprised a chosen body of 30,000 horsemen. The king also had with him a large number of clerks and learned doctors, all prepared to argue for the lay power against the doctors of the Church. Since the time of his grandfather Henry III, that is to say for more than half a century, Italy had not seen so great or so formidable a display of force. The cities of Piedmont and Lombardy had profited by the weakened power of the German emperors, during their struggle with the Catholic princes, to increase their political liberty; they made war among themselves as if they were so many independent states. But between their cause and that of the Church there was not yet that fusion, that solidarity, which later procured for both such brilliant triumphs. Some of these warlike cities made a show of resistance to the invasion of the German sovereign, but the sack of Novara, the first town which refused to obey him, terrified the others. They opened their gates to him without resistance, all except proud Milan, where the priest Luitprand, mutilated for his faith, long maintained "a centre of orthodox resistance": this town alone refused to pay him the money demanded of her.

Having passed the Po to the plain of Roncaglia, where he encamped for six weeks, Henry received the homage of all his feudatories in this part of Italy. The great Countess Matilda alone did not present herself. She did not, however, try to oppose the passage of the Alps, either because she felt herself too feeble, or because, like the pope, she was mistaken as to the king's intentions. As it was important for Henry to be assured at least of the princess's neutrality, he sent ambassadors to her, whom she received at the Castle of Bibianello, near Canossa, at the same time as a number of nobles from beyond the Alps, who were curious to see so extraordinary a woman. There was a sort of reconciliation between the Countess and the prince, but she would promise him no assistance that could prejudice the independence of the Church. He continued his journey towards Rome through Tuscany; and was six weeks crossing the various chains of the Apennines. His army suffered cruelly from cold, while the violences of which it was guilty, especially towards churches and zealous Catholics, showed but too plainly the spirit of the enterprise.

From Arezzo, which he had besieged and burned, Henry sent to the pope an embassy, headed by his chancellor, Albert, the Archbishop-elect of Mayence. A negotiation was begun with the pontifical plenipotentiaries, the chief of whom was Peter, son of Leo. (Leo, the father of Peter, grandfather of the anti-pope Anaclete II, and founder of a very influential family, was of Jewish origin, and had become very powerful by his riches and his devotion to the Holy See. He had been able to ally himself with the most ancient Roman nobility, "s*olus alto sanguine materno nobilitatis erat*" said his epitaph, composed by Archbishop Alfano of Salerno).

The discussion took place in the portico of St Peter's. The pope refused to crown Henry emperor until he had secured the peace of the Church by renouncing the right of investiture. Henry declared that he could not injure his crown and the empire by

renouncing a right exercised for more than 300 years, and confirmed by 63 popes. Then the pope proposed a solution equally new and important and which plainly proved his good faith and the absolute disinterestedness of the Church in this vital question. He proposed to give up, in the name of the Church, all the possessions and regalia which she held from former emperors, and to content himself modestly with tithes and oblations, for ever forbidding the German bishops, under pain of anathema, to occupy cities, duchies, counties, monasteries, tolls, markets, manors, castles, and rights of all kinds which were dependent on the empire, and comprised under the name of regalia. In return for this concession, the future emperor, whom the pope promised to crown, was on his part to renounce, in writing, and publicly, on his coronation day, all that he had usurped from the Church (that is, the right of investiture), to declare the churches free, with their tithes, and those of their possessions which did not plainly belong to the empire; finally, to omit nothing by word or deed to secure the patrimony of St Peter and the personal safety of the pope.

The emperor thus obtained a thousand times more than he could have either asked or hoped for. The vast fiefs of the bishops, which, independently of lands given to the Church, constituted in Germany principalities almost as large as those of the greatest lay vassals, would thus have returned to the royal domain, and the result would have been an enormous increase of power for German royalty, which, joined to the prestige of imperial authority with which it would be almost always clothed, would have furnished him the means of an easy triumph over the resistance of secular princes, and a foundation for that absolute monarchy which had been the dream of Henry III and Henry IV. It was natural, therefore, that such a concession should excite the liveliest opposition, not only among the German bishops, whom it would despoil, but also among the lay princes, whom it would expose to the formidable preponderance of the imperial power. As to the pope, he was only bound to regard the rights and spiritual interests of the Church, which were completely guaranteed. The Church of Germany was to be placed by this arrangement in a position analogous to that of the Churches of France and analogous to that of England, where the bishops, though holders of large domains, and on that account bound to do feudal service, were far from counting among their fiefs territories as vast or cities as important as in the empire, but where, on the other hand, investiture by the crosier and ring no longer existed. By this system the German Church was to preserve its freedom of election, and was to retain absolute possession of the tithes, beside the endowments properly so called, tributes of piety and charity in the form of oblations or donations. Finally, she was to escape from that bondage of temporal interests which turned her aside from her august mission. “In your kingdom”, said Pascal in the scheme for a treaty (*in charta conventionis*) which he sent to Henry, “the bishops and abbots are perpetually obliged to attend the courts of justice, and to make war; the ministers of the altar are become ministers of the court, in consequence of having accepted cities (duchies and all which belongs to the service of the kingdom) from the hands of kings; and thus has arisen this intolerable custom that bishops-elect can only be consecrated after they have been invested by the royal hand: hence simony, and the violent usurpation of dioceses. This is why our predecessors of happy memory, Gregory VII and Urban II, have in council constantly condemned lay investiture, and deposed and excommunicated those who received it. It is needful then that bishops, being freed from temporal burdens, should care only for their people and keep to their churches. They must watch, according to the apostle Paul, that they may render account of all the souls committed to them”.

If we believe a not very trustworthy account, the imperial plenipotentiaries, all, except the Chancellor Albert, laymen, as were also those of the pope, contented themselves with offering some objections to Pascal's plan, declaring that the king would

neither do violence to the Church, nor incur the guilt of sacrilege by despoiling her. But it is certain that they accepted the treaty, knowing perfectly, as their master afterwards declared, that it was impossible to be executed. They did not hesitate to affirm that their king, in return for the concessions offered by the Pope, would renounce investiture, and these preliminaries were confirmed by the reciprocal oath of the negotiators on both sides made in the portico of St Peter's, February 5, 1111. Henry's ambassadors carried the treaty to oath to him at Sutri, and he accepted it without hesitation, conditionally on its authentic and solemn confirmation by the ecclesiastic and secular princes. He also swore to accept all the conditions of the treaty, and to protect the pope's life against any violence or imprisonment.

Frederic, Duke of Swabia, the Chancellor Albert, Count Herman of Saxony, and nine other nobles, all counts or margraves, thus guaranteed by oath the pope's personal security. They also exchanged hostages, to be retained until the entire accomplishment of the treaty. Frederic, the emperor's nephew, with four other nobles, was sent to the pope; the king chose Peter, son of Leo, and his family. Pascal then wrote to Henry in the most affectionate terms to excuse himself, because the severity of the season would not permit him to meet his guest.

The king, seized with a very unexpected access of filial piety, demanded ecclesiastical burial for his excommunicated father; but the pope replied by a peremptory refusal, expressed thus: The martyrs of God, who are in celestial glory, command us, under terrible penalties, to cast the bodies of criminals out of their churches, for we cannot have communion in death with those who are deprived of it in life".

This refusal did not stop Henry's advance. Having arrived on Saturday, February 11th, close to the gates of Rome, at a place whence the basilica of St Peter's could be seen, he there renewed his oath to renounce investitures, to watch over the pope's security and liberty, and to guarantee his possession of the patrimony of St Peter, Apulia, Capua, Sicily, and Calabria—in a word, all the provinces occupied by the Normans. The next day, Quinquagesima Sunday, the 12th of February, Henry, as had been agreed upon, entered the city, where he was received with the most triumphal pomp; and having met the pope at the steps of St Peter's, he prostrated himself before him, kissed his feet, and served him as a squire when he dismounted; then, after having kissed each other three times on the mouth, the eyes, and the forehead, they advanced together amidst the shouts of the people towards the silver gate. There Henry swore to protect the Roman Church in the character of emperor, and the pope greeted him by that title, embracing him again, while a cardinal read the first prayer out of the service of consecration.

The ceremony thus commenced, the pope and emperor entered the church, and, followed by their double suite, seated themselves in the place called the Porphyry Wheel. The pope then claimed the execution of the reciprocal renunciations stipulated in the convention. But Henry withdrew, unfair with his bishops and princes, to deliberate about them, as if that were the right place and time to discuss a treaty which had been accepted by the emperor three days previously, and guaranteed by the most powerful princes of the empire. There were among the latter only three Italian bishops, two of whom, Bernard of Parma and Aldo of Placentia, were known for their zeal for the Church. The precise details relative to this fatal conference are not known, but when the Germans left the church, after having been begged by a message from the pope to hasten, a dreadful protest of tumult suddenly broke out. The bishops and abbots bitterly reproached the sovereign pontiff for having issued a heretical decree, which

robbed them of their possessions, and which they openly refused to obey. The lay princes added a vehement protest to that of the bishops, for the spoliation of the latter deprived them of numerous domains which they held as sub-fiefs from the bishoprics.

The officers in attendance on the king began by complaining, on their own account, of the injustice of such a treaty: the reply made to them on behalf of the pope was the quotation of those texts, so often invoked by the enemies of the Church, importing that we should render to Caesar the things that belong to Caesar, and that he who fights for God should not mingle in worldly affairs. The better to explain his motives, Pascal wished to read the diploma, or, if that name is preferred, the bull, which he had addressed to Henry, and which contained all the stipulations of the treaty; but Henry interrupted him, swearing by God and St Peter that he would always refuse to withdraw from the bishops and abbots the grants made to them by his predecessors. He read and signed this new oath, which destroyed the very basis of the convention, and then summoned the pontiff to sign a treaty which, in all that referred to the coronation, was founded upon it. At that moment, one of the courtiers who accompanied Henry rose and cried: “What is the use of so much talking? Know, pope, that our lord the emperor intends to receive the imperial crown as Charles, Louis, and Pepin received it before him”. Pascal refused to give it thus; but Henry, following the advice of the Chancellor Albert and Bishop Burckhard of Münster, caused his soldiers to advance, and, in defiance of his solemn oaths, gave up to them the person of the pope and those of all his friends and servants. The day was already far advanced, and evening approached; the cardinals therefore advised the pope to crown Henry at once, and put off the discussion of disputed points till tomorrow. But the Germans opposed this. It was with difficulty that mass was said. It was Quinquagesima Sunday; and in the Gospel for the day it was read how Jesus warned His disciples that He should be given up, mocked, scourged, spit upon, and crucified, but that on the third day He would rise again.

After mass the pontiff was dragged from his throne and seated before the Confessional of St Peter, where he remained until night, guarded by soldiers. Two Germans only protested against the conduct of their king and countrymen. Conrad, Archbishop of Salzburg, loudly protested, and a favourite of the emperor, Henry, burgrave of Misnia, surnamed Caput, or *Cum Capite*, was so indignant that he drew his sword and threatened the prince. The archbishop, who was ready to die for the right, and who was horrified at the crime committed against the vicar of God, offered his life for Pascal’s. He was not put to death; but he expiated his courage by nine years of persecution and exile. God chose this moment to touch the heart of a man who, later, was to be counted among His greatest servants. Norbert, the emperor’s chaplain, and afterwards founder of the Premonstratensian Order, threw himself at the feet of the imprisoned pontiff, demanded absolution from him, and renouncing the world, went to seek refuge in profound solitude. Norbert and Conrad began thus, at the feet of a pope chained before the confessional of the first martyr-pope, that career at the end of which they were each destined to be violence canonised by a successor of Pascal II.

Night being come, the pope was taken to a house near the church, with the cardinals, a number of the clergy, and many laymen, who shared his imprisonment. Henry let loose his soldiers against the crowd of men, women, and children, who had come with flowers and palms, many of whom were robbed, beaten, put in chains, and even killed. The Germans pillaged the ornaments and sacred vessels used in the procession. The Roman people, hearing of these indignities, and of the pope’s imprisonment, armed themselves, and seized all the Germans they could meet in the city. Next day, still more excited, they went to attack the imperial camp in front of St

Peter's; the emperor was thrown from his horse, and in great danger; Count Otho of Milan was cut to pieces. The fight went on all day. The Romans, at first victorious, and afterwards repulsed, ended by forcing the Germans back into their intrenchments. Two cardinals, Leo, a monk of Monte Cassino, and Bishop of Ostia, and Giovanni, Bishop of Tusculum, succeeded in escaping from the pope's jailors, dressed like men of the lower class. Towards night (Monday, February 13th), Cardinal Giovanni, constituting himself the vicar of the sovereign pontiff, convoked the Romans, and strongly exhorted them to fight for life and liberty, and for the defence and glory of the Holy See (*pro defensione, pro gloria sedis apostolicae*). He made them swear war to the death against the emperor; he wrote to the neighbouring bishops to come to the help of the Holy See, and to have prayers offered everywhere for *the liberty of the pope and of the Church*.

Informed of these preparations, Henry judged best to evacuate the enclosure of St Peter's; but he took Pascal with him. At the end of two days the emperor ordered the pope to be stripped of his sacred garments, and gave him in charge to some knights of his suite, who tied his hands, and dragged him with them across the Tiber and the Anio, and into the Sabine country.

The cardinals, bishops, priests, and laymen arrested with the pope, followed him, stripped of their most necessary clothing, and, like their master, bound with cords. Pascal, with six cardinals, was shut up in the Castle of Trabico. All Italians were forbidden to speak to him: he was guarded and served by German nobles.

Meantime Cardinal Giovanni, Bishop of Tusculum, redoubled his efforts to sustain the courage of the Romans, and induce them to take advantage of the emperor's retreat. But without the support of the Church's old auxiliaries, Matilda and the Normans, what could be hoped? Matilda did not move, and the Normans were in no condition to fulfil their obligations as vassals of St Peter. On hearing of Henry's arrival at the gates of Rome, the pope had written to his valiant allies to engage them to remain steadfast in their fidelity towards the Church. But the son of Robert Guiscard, the Duke of Apulia and Calabria, died before he could receive this letter, which would have made him fly to the aid of his suzerain. To heighten this misfortune, Bohemond Prince of Tarento had also died, and Sicily was in the hands of a minor, the young Roger, son of the Great Count, who was under his mother's tutelage. Without chiefs who could lead them to battle, therefore, the Normans were powerless, and had every reason to fear lest their Italian conquests should escape them. Indeed the Lombards, whom they had driven from Apulia, looked forward to a speedy revenge. Roger's troops were obliged to intrench themselves in expectation of immediate invasion. Prince Robert of Capua alone was able to send 300 knights to the aid of Rome; but at Jeventino they were met by the Count of Tusculum, a prince whose house had always been hostile to the liberty of the Church, and who, supported by other leaders of the Imperial party, put to rout this handful of faithful servants of the Holy See, and obliged their chief to beg for peace.

Henry passed Lent at Albano, and cruelly ravaged the environs of Rome, in hopes of intimidating the Romans, whom he also tried to win by offers of money. But they, influenced by the Bishop of Tusculum, would treat only on condition that the pope and cardinals should be set at liberty. The emperor, therefore, caused the pope to be brought back into his camp, and there declared to him solemnly that if the conditions proposed were not accepted, half of the many captives whom he drew after him should be put to death, and the rest mutilated; and that, moreover, the cardinals should suffer the same fate. These threats were useless; Pascal persisted in his refusal, declaring that he would a thousand times rather sacrifice his life than the sacred rights of the Roman Church. Henry had then recourse to other means: he caused the sovereign pontiff to be

besieged by incessant solicitations from the German bishops and nobles, who conjured him to treat with the king and show some faith in his promises, so as to obtain peace. The citizens of Rome even obtained leave to come and describe to the pope the sufferings endured by the prisoners, the desolation of the Church, and the imminent danger of schism. Henry himself knelt before his prisoner, and begged his forgiveness, swearing to obey him if he would only consent to grant him the enjoyment of the imperial powers enjoyed by his predecessors. The pope replied, "God preserve me from ever consecrating a man stained with so many crimes and with so much innocent blood!" Driven to extremity, Henry again began to threaten, and gave orders that the prisoners should be executed in Pascal's presence, after allowing them to communicate with him, and try to soften his resolution. Then only the unhappy old man, vanquished by the grief and prayers of his children, bursting into tears, cried, "I must endure for the Church's peace and deliverance what I would give my life to avoid".

A treaty was therefore set on foot at Ponte Mammolo, on the banks of the Anio, which divided the Imperialist army from the Roman troops, April 11, 1111. The emperor promised that on the next day or the one following he would liberate the pope, cardinals, and all the captives; that he would restore the part of the Roman Church property which he had taken, and obey the pope, saving the honour of the kingdom and empire, as Catholic emperors were accustomed to obey Catholic popes. Pascal, on his side, swore never to disturb the emperor nor the empire on the subject of investitures of bishoprics or abbeys, to pardon all the wrongs and outrages which his friends had endured, never to pronounce an anathema against the emperor, and finally to crown him immediately, and to aid him honestly in maintaining his empire in peace. This promise was sworn to by the sixteen cardinals who were prisoners; but Henry was not satisfied; he required that before being set at liberty, and allowed to return to Rome, where the pontifical seal had been left, Pascal should draw up and give to him the bull which was to acknowledge the right of investiture.

On the following day, April 12th, in the field of the Sette Frati, while the camp was being removed, the bull was prepared, and in the evening, when the army had crossed the Tiber, the pontifical seal was brought from Rome by a secretary, who copied the bull, which Pascal immediately signed under the title of privilege. It stated that the pope confirmed to the emperor the prerogative granted by his predecessors to those of Henry; that bishops and abbots elected without violence or simony should be invested by the emperor with crosier and ring, and that no bishop elected without the emperor's consent should be consecrated until he had thus been invested. An anathema was pronounced against whoever should infringe the provisions of this *privilege*, which was not, indeed, guaranteed or countersigned by any cardinal. Finally, on Thursday, April 13th, Pascal II and Henry V entered the Leonine city, and proceeded to St Peter's, where, while the gates were closed to keep out the people, the pope crowned the emperor, and solemnly gave over to him the privilege of investiture. At the Communion the pope having broken the wafer, gave part of it to the emperor, saying, "Lord Emperor, this body of the Lord which the Catholic Church declares to have been born of the Virgin Mary, and crucified for us, we give to you as a pledge of peace and concord between you and me, between the empire and the priesthood. As this portion is separated from the living body, thus may he who shall violate this treaty be separated from the kingdom of Christ".

Pascal then returned to Rome, where the people received him joyfully. The emperor, after having loaded the pope and clergy with presents, started the same day for the north. He had previously gone to visit the Countess Matilda, whose favour he wished to secure, and at whose request he had at once released the Bishops of Parma

and Reggio, who had been made prisoners with the pope. The two illustrious personages met in the Castle of Bibianello, where they spent three days together, during which they needed no interpreter, as the Countess spoke German perfectly. Henry declared that he had never seen so extraordinary a woman: he gave her the title of Mother, and made her vice-queen of Italy.

Henry then went to Verona, where he kept the feast of Whitsuntide, and renewed the alliance between the empire and the Venetian republic, after which, crossing the Alps, he proceeded to do honour to the memory of the father whom he had dethroned, by giving him the most magnificent obsequies that had ever been known. Using the permission he had obtained from the pope, the emperor caused the body of the excommunicated prince to be interred in the Cathedral of Spires. Immunities were granted to the citizens of that town and of Worms on the occasion, to reward them for their fidelity to the sovereign so cruelly treated by his son, but whose “blessed memory” that son now celebrated. Finally, on the Feast of the Assumption he held a diet at Spires, near the glorified tomb of his victim. There, to put a seal on his victory, the prince bestowed the investiture of the archbishopric of Mayence, the first see of the empire, on his chancellor Albert, the man who had been the principal instrument of his violences, of his dishonest dealing, and of his success at Rome in this contest with Pascal II.

CHAPTER XI

VICTORY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER

The temporal power, then, was victorious, and never did victory appear more complete or more brilliant. In the spectacle of a pope detained a prisoner before the confessional of St Peters, dragged with bound hands into a fortress, and thence to the imperial camp, there to sign a treaty dictated by the emperor, there was more than complete vengeance for the humiliation which that prince claimed to have suffered at Canossa. Conqueror in a contest which had lasted for forty years, Henry, the son of the excommunicated sovereign, returned to rehabilitate his father's memory, and celebrate a double triumph, holding in his hand the authorisation of investitures signed by the very pontiff who had so often proscribed them. The allies of the pope saw bending before the ascendancy of the empire both the power of the Church and the independence of those lay vassals whose swords had so often preserved her. The Normans trembled for themselves in their mountains, and for the first time the Great Matilda had shown herself friendly to the German emperor. The successor of Gregory VII had neither been able to vanquish nor to die, nor even to keep silence. He remained in his city of Rome, deprived alike of allies, of resources, and of glory. But from this excess of abasement the Church was to spring as strong and as free as before, and the spirit of Gregory VII was destined to show itself more living and more fruitful than ever.

When Gregory had undertaken the government of the Church, it had been necessary for him to create a centre of resistance to lay usurpation; he had been obliged to form and discipline that army which Rome was able to dispose of for a quarter of a century after his death. That army was so powerful, so numerous, and so inflamed by the spirit of the immortal pontiff, that the blameable weakness of a successor was unable to destroy it. All was saved because God directed all.

Pascal II might have repeated to his imperial jailor the words of Pope Vigilius when imprisoned by the Emperor Justinian, and bidden to sign an impious decree: "I warn you that though you may keep me prisoner you cannot keep St Peter".

The indignation of Catholics first expressed itself by the mouth of a monk and saint from the height of that holy mountain which had been the cradle of the monastic orders. Monte Cassino was then governed by Bruno, a Piedmontese, sprung from one of the noblest families of Asti, whom Urban II had taken to the council of Clermont, and Pascal II had appointed his legate in France. Having quitted his bishopric to become again a simple monk, Bruno had taken refuge in a cell at Monte Cassino; but Pascal permitted him to remain there only on condition that he should continue to govern his diocese. When he was elected abbot of the great mother abbey, Pascal congratulated him, saying that he was not only worthy to fill that office, but even to occupy his own in the Bruno, Holy See. Bruno was the first to protest against the treaty signed between

the pope and the emperor. In the name of several bishops and cardinals assembled at Monte Cassino, he invited the pope to annul his bull and excommunicate Henry V. This proposal gave rise to a division at Rome. Those who had shared the pope's captivity were resolved that investiture should be condemned as before; but others, on the contrary, became apologists of all that had passed. Bruno, warned that he was being denounced as an encourager of discord and scandal, thought himself obliged to write to the pope as follows: "To Pascal, sovereign pontiff, all that is due to such a lord and father,—Bruno, a sinner, bishop and serf of the blessed Benedict. My enemies say that I do not love you, and that I speak evil of you; but they lie. I love you as my lord and father, and will acknowledge no other while you live. But if I am bound to love you, I am bound to love yet more Him who has created both you and me, and who should be preferred above all others. But this treaty, so shameful, made with such treachery, and so contrary to all true religion, I cannot approve; and neither do you, according to what many have told me. And who, indeed, can defend a treaty which violates our faith, annihilates the freedom of the Church, destroys the priesthood by shutting the only true door by which it can be entered, and opening many others for thieves and robbers? We have the canons and constitutions of the holy Fathers from the time of the apostles to yours. We ought to walk in this royal road, and not to turn to the right or to the left. You had established an excellent constitution, identical with that of the apostles, which condemns and excommunicates all who receive investiture from the hands of laymen. This constitution is holy and catholic, and therefore should not be gainsaid. Confirm it again, venerable father! proclaim it before all! Denounce once more that heresy which you have so often prosecuted, and you will soon see the Church reconciled to you, and all hastening to your feet, joyful to obey their father and lord. Have pity on the Church of God! have pity on the spouse of Christ! and restore to her by your prudence that liberty which she seems to have lost by your fault. As to your obligations, as to the oath you have taken, I think nothing of it; and when you have broken it, I shall obey you as much as ever".

Pascal, extremely annoyed by this letter, cried, "If I do not remove him from his monastery, he will remove me from the government of the Church with his arguments". Bruno, by Pascal's nomination, was already Bishop of Segni; but, under present circumstances, the pope determined to forbid him to be at once bishop and abbot, and sent, by Cardinal Leo of Ostia, a monk and librarian of Monte Cassino, an order to the monks of the monastery no longer to recognise Bruno, but to choose his successor. The monks replied that they would obey Bruno as long as he would consent to govern them, and refused to accept the successor whom the cardinal-bishop declared should be imposed upon them by force, and even, if necessary, by the aid of armed men. Then Bruno, having assembled them, spoke to them as follows: "Rather than be the cause of a scandalous dissension between you and the holy Father, I return to you the crosier you have confided to me"; and he placed it on the altar and retired to his bishopric. But this retreat did not allay the opposition to Pascal, which was daily increasing. The cardinal-monk of Monte Cassino, Leo, bishop of Ostia, who had been charged with the expression of the papal indignation against Bruno, joined the cardinal-bishop of Tusculum in invoking an assembly of bishops and cardinals to confirm the old sentences against investiture, and to declare the pope's concessions null and void. The latter, who had withdrawn to Terracina, reproached the prelates for their unruly conduct; but at the same time promised that he would revoke the deed which he had given only in the hope of saving the town and his brethren from certain ruin. The pope fully understood that true Catholics would not consent to perish with him; he knew that orthodox Italy was addressing to him on all sides words such as those which a contemporary writer places in the mouth of St Peter: "O Pope Pascal, learn to watch over the liberty of the Church, and to form thy will upon that of the Crucified who died

for His Spouse; and who has confided her to thee that thou mightst keep her always worthy of Him. Know how to die, o pontiff, rather than to let her be violated by enemies or seduced by false lovers, for the Lord Christ knows that if thou wilt resist to the utmost, none shall be able to prevail against the liberty of His Church"

In France the indignation of the Catholics broke out with even greater force, and the pope fell in the estimation of the greater number. Bishops Robert of Paris, Gualo of Lyon, the new abbot Pons of Cluny, and many other prelates, declared that all the concessions made to the emperor were absolutely null, and that Pascal ought to have died rather than give up justice and the decrees of the Fathers to the secular power. The monk Joceran, Abbot of Ainay, who filled the see of Lyons as successor to the famous Hugh, assembled in council not only his own suffragans, but also the bishops of the neighbouring provinces; so that a report was spread that they would judge and condemn Pascal. A prelate equally eminent for his zeal and his high birth, allied to the King of France, and destined by God to bring about the glorious conclusion of the contest between the priesthood and the empire, Guy of Burgundy, Archbishop of Vienne, wrote to the pope to learn the truth of what had happened, and to understand his future intentions.

Abbot Geoffrey of Vendôme, who had reinstalled Urban II in the throne of the Lateran, after the expulsion of the anti-pope Guibert, interfered also to reprove the pope for his weakness. Geoffrey was far from having extravagant opinions upon investiture; for it was he who had pronounced the words so often quoted by moderate Catholics: "The Church must be free, but we must take care not to rub the sick man till we bring blood, nor to break the vase in trying to free it from rust". But when he saw the humiliation of the Roman Church, the prelate's zeal knew no bounds. "The Church", he wrote to Pascal, "lives by faith, purity, and freedom, without them she languishes and dies. Faith is her foundation, Chastity her adornment, Liberty her shield. But when, instead of forbidding investiture (which is a heresy, according to the sentence of the Fathers) she authorises it; when she suffers herself to be corrupted by gifts; when she submits to the secular power, she loses at once Faith, Chastity, and Liberty, and seems, not without reason, to be no longer living, but dead. He who, seated on the throne of the martyred Apostles, has reversed their glorious destiny,—he, since he has acted unlike them, ought to undo what he has done, and, like another Peter, repent with tears. If he has yielded for fear of death, he should apply his mind to repairing this weakness of the body, which, whether it will or no, must die, and over which he might triumph by winning a glorious immortality. If it was rather because he feared death for his children that he consented to that which Christ, St Peter, and the canons reject, his fault is not the less, for, instead of saving his children, he has put an obstacle in the way of their salvation. The saints have never taught us to shield from death those who, destined to suffer it sooner or later, might enter at once upon that eternal life which God has prepared for them to the profit of the universal Church. Rather, if they should prove cowardly enough to draw back from the gate of Paradise by renouncing the truth, it was thy duty to sustain them by exhortation and example, being thyself the first to die for the good cause. And as thy fault is inexcusable, as to try to excuse it would be but to aggravate it, nothing remains but to expiate it without delay; through such expiation only, the Church, which now seems ready to breathe her last, may hope to survive. A shepherd whose morals are bad can be endured, but not one who goes astray in matters of doctrine. Against him, the lowest of believers, even an open and infamous sinner, has the right to rebel. And since we perceive the Lucifer of our days to be fallen from heaven, we must not, by any means, conceal from him his impiety, lest, which God forbid! we should ourselves fall with him into the pit of despair. If I have said less than I

ought, may my ignorance be forgiven; if more, let me be pardoned for the sake of my hatred of iniquity, and my love of righteousness".

Thus spoke Geoffrey to the monk of Cluny who occupied the place of Gregory VII.

In Germany there were monks whose anger even surpassed that of Geoffrey of Vendôme. The monks of Hirschau, if we may believe the accusations brought against them to Henry V by their rivals at Lorsch, asserted, that not only ought the emperor to be deposed and excommunicated, but the pope also. All monks had protested against the imperial triumph sanctioned by the episcopate. Gerard, Bishop of Constance, who, as legate, had so long guided Catholic resistance in Germany, had died before the emperor's journey to Rome. The Archbishop of Salzburg, the only one of the German prelates who had protested at Rome against the imperial violence, had been obliged to hide himself in a cave in the mountains of his diocese. Henry had sent to every church in the empire a copy of the privilege extorted from Pascal, with orders to obey it faithfully. Richard, the usurping bishop of Verdun, excommunicated at the Council of Troyes, in 1107, did not fail to carry this instrument in triumph to the abbey of St Vannes, which was the principal centre of the Catholic spirit of Lorraine. Having assembled the monks, the bishop read to them the papal concession, and then said, "See the end of your tribulations, and exiles, and all that you have chosen to suffer for more than thirty years; see how they have all fallen into the mud!". Upon which those who accompanied the bishop began to hold forth upon the extent of the imperial power, and to maintain that the king was also the pontiff, who had perfect right to create or to depose bishops. The monks, seeing that the citadel of the Roman faith had capitulated, blushed with shame, and remained silent. But soon after, encouraged by news of the resistance offered by the Archbishop of Vienne, and other prelates out of Germany, to the emperor, they also protested, and although alone of their party in that province, they refused to communicate with imperialists.

The usurping bishop and his canons, according to the custom of the schismatics, proceeded to use violent measures against the monks. The laymen, whom devotion drew to their company, were publicly flogged; monks were beaten, insulted, robbed, deprived of their library, disturbed in their service. The rich members of the chapter treated them as rustics, herdsmen, and beggarly foreigners, whom poverty had united. The good monks once more took the way into exile already familiar to them. Led by their abbot Laurentius, they again sought an asylum at St Bénigne, at Dijon, formerly opened to them by the holy and zealous Jarenton, and where they found the monks of St Hubert just arrived, exiled, like themselves, by the violence of a schismatic bishop. This was the last service which Jarenton, the model of abbots, was to render to the cause of the Church, and to the doctrines of which Gregory VII had constituted him the apostle. From the shelter of this blessed refuge the fugitive monks addressed to their persecutors a manifesto, which paints in lively colours both their sadness and their unshaken faith. "These are the traditions of the Fathers, for which we will live and die: to keep, first of all, the Catholic faith; to adorn it with good works; to obey the Apostolic See as the mother of all the Churches; to abstain from all relations with the excommunicated; to distribute ecclesiastical dignities without simony; to forbid priests to defile themselves by marriage; and to defend the Church, our mother, from all lay servitude".

At the furthest extremity of the Catholic world, in the new kingdom of Jerusalem, there was a German noble, Conon, Count of Urach, who, after having founded the Abbey of Arrouaise, had become cardinal-bishop of Palestrina, and the pope's legate in the Holy Land. At the news of the crimes committed against the Holy See and the

liberty of the Church, he convoked a council, and was the first to fulminate the sentence of excommunication against the emperor. And it was thus, says the most illustrious historian of the papacy, that in the great shipwreck of the Roman Church, God permitted the failing strength of the head to be compensated by the union and vigour of the members.

It is remarkable that the protest of Catholicity found an echo in the bosom of the Greek schism. Alexis Commenus, Emperor of Byzantium, sent an embassy to Rome to express the pain he had felt in hearing of the wrong done to the pope, and his captivity, and to congratulate the Romans on their resistance to the German emperor.

Amidst this general revolt of Catholic souls against the sacrilegious action of the emperor, the pope long remained tossed and undecided. At first, he complained to Henry V of the insults which were addressed to him, not only by those at a distance, but by those who surrounded him, but "being unable", he said, "to obtain any satisfaction from them, he left them to the judgment of God, that he might not bring more serious trouble upon the Church"

Rome thus resigned herself to bear the heavy reproaches of the French bishops. But soon the ever-rising wave of Catholic indignation, which threatened to submerge the supreme authority, inspired the representative of that authority with other ideas. The pope signified to the most influential bishops, and especially to Yves of Chartres and Guy of Vienne, that he had only yielded to violence; that being now come to himself, he broke, annulled, and for ever condemned the concessions which had been snatched from him in the imperial camp, and that he maintained, and would always maintain, all the condemnations, and all the decisions pronounced by the apostolic canons, by the councils, and specially by Gregory VII and Urban II of happy memory. After which, filled with grief and confusion, the holy Father retired to the desert island of Ponza, where, resuming his monk's frock, he announced his desire to spend the rest of his days.

Nevertheless, as the incessant protests of bishops throughout Christendom called for solemn reparation, Pascal felt himself compelled to convoke a general council, which met at the Lateran in the middle of March 1112. The legate Conon, returned from Palestine, had a seat there, together with all the leaders of Catholic resistance,—Cardinal Leo of Ostia; Guy, Archbishop of Vienne; Gerard, Bishop of Angouleme and Legate of Aquitaine; Gualo, Bishop of Lyon, who was plenipotentiary for the Archbishops of Vienne and Bourges, and a great number of other prelates. The pope related his misfortunes and the promises extorted from him; then he added: "Although Henry and his friends have in no way kept their oaths, I will keep mine; I will not anathematise the emperor, and I will never disquiet him on the subject of investitures, of which God in His sovereign justice shall be the judge. As to the writing which I have signed by constraint, not to save my life, but simply in view of the Church's necessities, and which was neither counselled nor signed by my brethren, I acknowledge and confess that it was ill done, and I desire, with God's help, to see it amended. I refer for the manner of this amendment to the judgment of my brethren here assembled, so that no hurt may be done by it either to the Church or to my own soul".

Pascal then made known his intention of resignating the pontificate, declaring that he acknowledged himself unworthy, that he would himself pronounce his deposition, and that he left to the Church the right of judging in his place. With these words he took off his mitre and cope. But the council, after reading the papers, refused

to accept the holy Father's resignation, and obliged him to resume the insignia of his dignity.

They decided that those bishops to whom God had given most prudence and learning should deliberate carefully upon the part to be taken according to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. While the Fathers were seeking means to excommunicate the emperor without Pascal breaking his oath, Bishop Gerard of Angoulême relieved them from their embarrassment by proposing to condemn not the emperor's person, but the *privilege* which he had extorted from the pope. All approved of this, saying that the Holy Spirit had spoken by his mouth. Next day, therefore, the pontiff, in order to clear himself from the suspicion of heresy, of which all who approved of investitures were accused, made a profession of faith before the whole council, protesting his absolute respect for the Holy Scriptures, the four ecumenical councils, which he venerated as much as the four Gospels, and the decrees of the Roman pontiff, especially those of Popes Gregory VII and Urban II of blessed memory. "I approve", added Pascal, "I maintain, I confirm, condemn, reject, interdict, and prohibit respectively, all that these authorities have approved, maintained, confirmed, condemned, rejected, interdicted, and prohibited, and I will always continue to do so". After which, the Bishop of Angoulême, assisted by the Cardinal of Ostia, two other cardinals, and the Bishop of St Pol de Leon, read the sentence decided on after deliberation, which was in these sentence terms: "As to this privilege, which is not a privilege but a sacrilege extorted from rope Pascal II by the violence of Henry and to obtain deliverance for the captives and the Church, we all, assembled with the same Lord Pope in this holy council by ecclesiastical authority and the judgment of the Holy Spirit, declare that we condemn it, we hold it of no value, we absolutely dissolve it, and we forbid, under pain of excommunication, that it be allowed any force or authority". All the council confirmed this act with shouts of "Amen! amen! so be it!". This great decision was subscribed and approved by one hundred and twenty-six bishops and cardinals who composed the assembly, without counting many abbots, clerks, and laymen. At the same time the Church of Milan protested against imperial interference, by deposing Archbishop Grossolanus, and electing in his place the deacon Jordanus, whose title was confirmed by the pope, in spite of strong resistance from the emperors party. The latter's principal agents in Italy, the Bishop of Acqui and the Abbot of Farfa, wrote to tell him of what was passing in Rome and Lombardy, inviting him to come back immediately before the reaction should extend everywhere. But already Bishop Gerard of Angoulême had been charged by the council to notify its decrees to the emperor, and request him to renounce the right of investiture.

The French prelate fulfilled this mission with such zeal and courage in presence of Henry V, that the courtiers, on hearing his speech translated by the Chancellor Albert, were seized with the most violent anger. But the emperor, more generous, loaded the bishop with presents, while the Archbishop of Cologne, who had been Gerard's pupil, and was now his entertainer, showed himself much annoyed. "Master", he cried, "you have brought a great scandal upon our court!" The Bishop of Angoulême replied indignantly, "It may be a scandal to you, but to me it is the Gospel!"

Meantime many French bishops were dissatisfied with the middle course which the council had taken on the proposition of one of their own number. They would have had the emperor excommunicated, and they reproached the pope with weakness. But Pascal found two apologists in the two bishops most distinguished for their learning and eloquence, Hildebert of Mans, and Yves of Chartres. Hildebert's conduct was all the nobler because, having himself been about the same time the victim of a similar crime, he had shown the most heroic constancy. The seneschal of Count Rotrou of Mortagne

having seized upon the bishop by means of a cowardly ambush, had kept him for several years chained in a narrow dungeon. Nothing would have been easier than to obtain his freedom on terms more or less burdensome to his Church; but he would never consent to this, and had written to his clergy as follows: “Pray for me, and pity me, but take no heed of my ransom. Purchased once already by the blood of Christ, there is no need for me to be bought again. His blood is my redemption. How shall I suffer myself to be bought for money for whom a ransom beyond price has been paid? It would be an infamous redemption which would kill the liberty of the Church and bring her into slavery, for all the members must be enslaved when the head is bowed under the yoke of a tribute. I certainly do not value life so much that I should care to redeem its short span. I would rather endanger it, than, for its sake, trample our common liberty under foot. May my death be profitable to the Church, of which, while living, I have been an unprofitable leader. A bishop who cannot live for the general good, should be ready to die for it”.

Yves of Chartres made himself, even more openly than Hildebert, the champion and apologist of Pascal II. He refused, in the name of his metropolitan and of all the bishops of his province, to appear at the council which the Archbishop of Lyons had convoked at Anse, and where he supposed they meant to put the head of the Church to open shame, and condemn him whom no mortal had the right to judge. In the memoir which he published to account for this refusal, Yves justified the pope for not having used against the German king all the severity he deserved in consideration of the dangers this severity would have entailed. Supporting his argument by a text of St Augustine, he maintained that anathema ought only to be employed when there is no danger of schism, and when the criminal has not for accomplices a great number of Christians. He even went so far as to praise Pascal for having made concessions to the king contrary to the ancient decrees and to his own conscience, for the purpose of avoiding, at their expense, the massacre of his people and other great misfortunes, so imitating the indulgence of our Lord. Finally, he argued against those who treated investiture as heresy, declaring that in his opinion investiture by laymen was a sacrilegious usurpation, which it was necessary for the liberty and honour of the Church to do away with absolutely, if that were possible without disturbing the peace, but against which, in the meantime, protests should be made with discretion, lest they should give birth to a schism.

The monk Joceran, Archbishop of Lyons, replied to the prelate. “What a new and curious philosophy is this”, he said, “to exhort Christians to be timid in presence of the strong; to preach pusillanimity in war and audacity in peace; security in the midst of dangers, and prudence when there is nothing to fear! What a detestable pilot must he be who uses all the resources of his skill in a calm, and leaves the helm the moment the storm arises! You remind us of the dangers of the time, the multitude and strength of our adversaries, the weakness and small numbers of our friends; but the more perilous the times are, the more should God’s servants strive to keep alive the fire of love in the hearts of the small number of disciples to whom Christ has said, ‘Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!’ If you teach faithlessness you proclaim the victory of the world, and destroy the victory of Christ. In endeavouring to withdraw kings and emperors from the jurisdiction of bishops, are you not opposing the decision of the great Emperor Constantine, who acknowledged their authority at the Council of Nicaea? Do you pretend to condemn Ambrose, who excommunicated Theodosius—or Gregory VII, who condemned the Emperor of Germany V?”

The archbishop defended himself against the charge of having intended to judge the pope. He allowed, with Yves, that the act of investiture is not in itself heretical, but

that there is undoubted heresy in maintaining and approving the custom. Joceran ended by inviting Yves to continue the discussion, but the Bishop of Chartres preferred to keep silence. It is uncertain whether the council of Anse was ever held; but Guy, Archbishop-legate of Vienne, provided with the pope's instructions, and formally supported by King Louis of France, convoked in council at Vienne, September 15, 1112, all the prelates of Burgundy, Arles, and several other provinces. Two holy bishops distinguished among them were Godfrey of Amiens, formerly Abbot of Nogent, to whom the legate yielded the presidency of the council, and Hugh of Grenoble, whom Gregory VII had obliged to quit his monastic life, and enter the episcopate. The last named, though famous for his gentleness and charity, was the most ardent of all in demanding the emperor's excommunication. The Fathers of the council yielded to his entreaties, and having, says Suger, bound the tyrant with the cords of the anathema, they pierced him with the sword of St Peter. Henry, however, had sent ambassadors to them with letters from the pope which warmly expressed a desire for peace and union, and which he audaciously affirmed had been forwarded to him since the last council of Rome. But the Fathers attached no importance to them, and being convinced that the pope's declarations to the legates Guy and Gerard deserved all respect when they affirmed that lay investiture was heretical, and that the document extorted by the king from the simplicity of the sovereign pontiff was void, they solemnly and unanimously pronounced the sentence of anathema against Henry in the following words: "As it is certain that Henry, King of the Germans, having come to Rome to sign a treaty of peace, and having sworn to Pope Pascal to secure his life, person, and liberty, and to renounce investiture, fulfilled none of these solemn engagements; but, on the contrary, having kissed the feet, mouth, and face of the sovereign pontiff, the aforesaid king seized, by treason, perjury, and sacrilege, like another Judas, on the person of the sovereign pontiff, seated on his apostolic throne, in presence of the body of the blessed Peter, together with the cardinals, bishops, and many noble Romans; as it is certain that the aforesaid pontiff was dragged into the imperial camp, where he was despoiled of his apostolic insignia, and made a prey to all sorts of indignity and derision, and that King Henry extorted from him by violence an abominable document, we excommunicate the said king, we anathematise him, we separate him from the bosom of our holy mother Church, until, renouncing all he has done, he shall make full satisfaction".

The Fathers immediately demanded from Pascal the public confirmation of their decrees, so that they might be communicated to their brethren, and they concluded with the following request: "As the great majority of nobles, and nearly all the people of the country, think as we do on this matter, we pray you to enjoin upon them, for the remission of their sins, that they should, in case of need, give their support to us and to their fatherland, representing to you, with all due respect, that if you confirm our decree—if, in future, you abstain from all correspondence, intercourse, or exchange of gifts with the cruel tyrant or his emissaries—we will all be, as we ought, your sons and faithful subjects. But if, contrary to our hopes, you see fit to follow a different course, and refuse your confirmation, we will pray God to come to our help, for you will have rejected us from subjection and obedience to you".

A month later, Pascal solemnly confirmed all the acts of the council, giving God thanks, but not mentioning the emperor. Henry seemed at first to trouble himself very little about these energetic proceedings of the Holy See, and appealing to the authority of the councils, he occupied several years in different expeditions, not brilliantly successful, against Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia. But as his policy was developed, a considerable resistance began to show itself. Long before his expedition to Rome, the German princes had perceived, with surprise and indignation, that the emperor, like

his father and grandfather, dreamed of changing into an absolute monarchy that imperial power which had at all times been limited by the rights of the Church and those of the great secular or ecclesiastical vassals. From day to day Henry allowed his ambitious designs to become more and more visible; the mask of humility and religion which he had put on, the better to profit by the despotic and schismatic measures of Henry IV, no longer deceived any one. But active, persevering, and, above all, artful, like his father, the young monarch flattered himself that he should succeed where his father had failed. It was Henry V's conspicuous bad faith towards the Church which made the princes understand all the danger which was threatening their independence. Little by little his perfidies, which were always unveiled in the end, separated from him most of the great vassals of the empire, who had been too often deceived to be able to be so for very long. To any one else it would have been easy to establish the peace and dignity of the empire solidly on ancient and legitimate bases. But Henry V unscrupulously sacrificed the future, and the true strength of the imperial authority, to a dream of despotism for which the Catholic world was not yet ripe. He had, above all, alienated hearts by the arrest of the Count Palatine Sigefroy (the first lay prince of the empire), who, imprisoned at Würzburg in 1109, under pretext of treason, had to be released three years afterwards for want of proof. The emperor had also created for himself, almost at the same time, a redoubtable rival in the person of Lothaire, Count of Suplingenberg, brother-in-law of the Count Palatine. The latter, according to tradition, was descended from Witikind, and, according to history, from a very warlike and chivalrous race. His father had died gloriously fighting for the Church and the freedom of the empire, against Henry IV. Lothaire himself had begun his career brilliantly, when fourteen years of age, at the battle of Gleichen, and had recently distinguished himself against the Slavs of the island of Rligen and of Brandenburg. Thus the Duchy of Saxony, the most important in the empire, becoming vacant by the death of the last male of the race of the Billungs, Henry V hastened to bestow it upon Lothaire, in order to escape confirming the hereditary principle, which would have called to the succession a relation of the last duke by the female line. The emperor, in thus acting, expected to turn to his own profit the great influence which Lothaire enjoyed, less on account of his riches than because of the importance of his family on the mother's side, and his marriage with Richenza, the co-heiress of the great county of Brunswick and of the powerful house of Nordheim.

On the emperor's return from his triumphant expedition to Rome, in which the princes and nobles of northern Germany had taken no part, the discontent of the latter became more and more manifest. The emperor, having attained the height of his wishes both by gaining the right of investiture and by acquiring an extent of power always denied to his father, no longer put any no further restraint upon himself. Sometimes directly, sometimes by means of inferior vassals devoted to him, he encroached on the right and inheritances of the most powerful nobles, pronouncing arbitrary confiscations with the object of increasing his own immediate domains, and of enfeebling those who might one day become his rivals. The first conflict between the emperor and Lothaire arose from a dispute as to the county of Stade, which the duke, while still a minor, had procured to be adjudged to himself, although he had as rival a creature of the emperor.

A more serious rupture occurred in 1112, on the subject of the succession of the house of Weimar Orlamunde, claimed by the Count Palatine Sigefroy, who had been newly released from prison, in consequence of energetic remonstrances on the part of his neighbours. Sigefroy having succeeded, by his eloquent account of the miseries of his captivity, in rousing the whole of Saxony, gathered round him to defend his cause the Landgrave Louis of Thuringia, the Counts Wiprecht of Groitsch, father and son, the Palatine Frederic of Somnierschenburg, the Margrave Rodolph of Nordmark, the

Bishop of Halberstadt, and, finally, Duke Lothaire, who, being Sigefroy's brother-in-law, was naturally placed at the head of this coalition of the princes of the North against Henry's incessant usurpations. The emperor received a more severe blow in the desertion of his chancellor-minister and most intimate confidant through many years, Archbishop Albert of Mayence, who everywhere, but especially in Italy, had been the most intelligent, most active, and boldest instrument of the imperial violence, artifices, and plots. Strange to say, hardly had this politician without a conscience, who was regarded as the chief author of the pope's imprisonment, this minister of triumphant iniquity, been invested by his master with the primatial crosier of Mayence, which was the magnificent reward of his crimes against the papacy, than he all at once became Henry's most implacable and most dangerous adversary. This amazing transformation has long puzzled those who sought to explain it by temporal motives; but Catholic minds will see in it one of those marvellous revolutions by which it pleases God to change his enemies into the ministers of His mercy, either by a sudden touch of His grace, as in the case of St Paul, or by the mere grace of the episcopate, as in the case of St Thomas of Canterbury and this very Albert whose vicissitudes we are about to describe. Already various symptoms of the archbishop's change had disquieted the emperor, who reproved him for a pride and pretension unsuited to his antecedents; and when the report of the sentence of excommunication, pronounced at Vienne on the very territory of the empire, had been spread by the cares of Archbishop Guy, Albert's attitude became so hostile that the emperor thought it necessary to have him arrested. Led before Henry and bidden to explain his good intelligence with the insurgent princes, and his various usurpations of territory, the archbishop replied "that he had only defended the cause of the Church, which he was bound never to abandon, and that he would permit no one to despoil her".

The emperor caused him to be shut up in his own castle of Trifels, where, amidst the torments of hunger, and of the most barbarous treatment, he was able to prove his obedience to that Church which he had formerly so basely betrayed.

The pope vainly tried to intercede in favour of the prelate, and to obtain his release from this imprisonment, which, being decreed without the judgment of his peers, constituted a new and flagrant violation of the liberties of the empire, and of the right of the princes, in the person of the chief among them. It became necessary to have recourse to arms. But the capture and burning of the episcopal city of Halberstadt by the emperor, the victory obtained by his lieutenant, Roger of Mansfeld, over the allied princes at Warnstadt—where the Count Palatine Sigefroy was mortally wounded, and the Count of Groitsch made prisoner—put an end to this insurrection in its very first stage. Henry then hastened to Lorraine to defend his partisan, Bishop Richard of Verdun, against the attacks of the young Count Regnaud de Bar. The latter, made prisoner by the emperor, was brought before the impregnable fortress of Mouzon, which his young countess was defending. Henry caused a gallows to be set up in sight of the place, and told the countess that if she did not open the gates by the next day her husband should be hanged. On the very night when these things were passing the countess gave birth to a son; the garrison, moved by her situation, hastened to swear fealty and homage to the new-born child, and announced to the besiegers that even if their lord were hanged another would remain to them, for whom they would guard the fortress to death. The emperor was obliged to raise the siege, and in his rage would have executed his prisoner, had not the princes who surrounded him threatened him with the anger of heaven. Meantime the news of his excommunication spread more and more, and gradually detached the populace from a power which pressed so heavily upon all. As the holy Otto, Bishop of Bamberg, who had always been anxious to keep himself in union with Rome, would no longer come to court, Henry chose to go to

Bamberg himself for the celebration of Christmas, either in order to hide from the people a disagreement which could not but be injurious to him, or else to try the prelate's fidelity. At the same time, he judged this moment favourable for the completion of his union, long ago decided, with Matilda, the young daughter of Henry I, King of England. This alliance was to draw closely together the head of the empire and the most powerful sovereign of the West. The latter had long contested with the Roman Church the right of investiture; and since the death of Anselm of Canterbury had renewed all the evil practices of his worthless brother, William Rufus, by leaving the primatial see of Canterbury vacant, and refusing permission to the apostolic legates to enter his kingdom. The marriage took place at Mayence, on the feast of the Epiphany, 1114, with extraordinary pomp.

The emperor desired that all the princes should be present at this ceremony, and they came thither trembling. In the midst of the solemn assembly, Henry obliged Duke Lothaire to come barefoot, and wearing a robe of frieze, to make his submission and to be pardoned for his revolt. Not content with imposing this humiliation on the most formidable of his rivals, Henry caused Count Louis of Thuringia, who had supposed himself safe in the shelter of the imperial hospitality, to be seized and thrown into prison. The princes of the empire were exasperated by this new attack upon their dignity, but terror restrained them. Henry seemed, and believed himself to be, at the height of fortune and of power. His marriage secured to him the support of England and Normandy; all who had dared to resist him were expiating their boldness in his dungeons, or trembled, vanquished, before him. Armed with the right of investiture, he disposed as he would of dioceses and abbeys; the secular and ecclesiastical power were both, so to speak, at his feet. But this moment of supreme splendour was the dawn of his decline and fall.

The princes understood that the fate of the German feudal constitution was in the balance. They understood also, as their fathers had done under Henry IV, how far the cause of the Church was inseparable from their own. It was evident, in fact, that Henry V, when he triumphed over the resistance of the Holy See and obtained that right of investiture which he arrogated to himself, had destroyed the most solid security for their independence. Instead of ecclesiastical princes, independent by election, as the lay princes were by their hereditary succession, there would soon be in the bishoprics and metropolitan sees only creatures of the emperor, instruments of the preponderating royal will. Instead of a king first elected by the assembly of princes according to the immemorial national law, and then confirmed and consecrated by the Church, after she had received his oaths; instead of a chief responsible to the Church and nobility for the good order and the honour of the country, and for the peace of faithful subjects, Germany, and all that depended on the empire, was threatened with the rule of a Caesar of ancient Rome, or of degenerate Byzantium, who would trample under foot the liberties of the nobles, and confiscate to his own uses both the moral power and the material riches of the Church. A pagan despotism was on the point of replacing a tempered, limited, and diffused Christian authority; this would be the fruit of Henry’s proud triumph at Mayence, but this was certain, sooner or later, once more to identify the cause of the Church with that of the German constitution and the independence of the nobles; and such an identification, which would secure victory to the allies, must last until the contest reached its final issue.

The revolt, of which the plan was arranged at Mayence, was as general as it was formidable. The Saxons, who were accustomed, as in the time of Gregory VII, to be foremost in the struggle for ancient liberties against imperial despotism, were, this time, outstripped by the princes of Lorraine, Westphalia, and the banks of the Lower

Rhine. Cologne, the most powerful city of the empire, joined them, and its archbishop, Frederic, placed himself at the head of the insurrection. Henry, surprised and furious, at first tried to besiege Cologne. He failed; and before the end of this very year 1114, begun with such splendour, he had been twice completely beaten by the confederates, near Bonn, and near Andernach. Thus vanquished on the Rhine, he turned towards Saxony, and tried to reduce it in the midst of winter. But there a yet more shameful reverse awaited him. The armies met in the woods of Welfsholz, near Eisleben, and there fought for a whole day. The insurgents, commanded by Duke Lothaire, though but half the number of the imperialists, obtained a complete victory. Roger of Mansfeld, to whom Henry had promised Lothaire's duchy, was killed, and the emperor fled into Bavaria. The Saxon victors built a chapel on the battlefield where they had destroyed the germs of autocratic despotism, and placed in it a statue of a warrior armed after the fashion of their ancestors, whose freedom they had so gloriously maintained. And they determined the new religious character of the war by refusing Church burial to the vanquished who had been killed in the service of an excommunicated master.

A new personage now appeared in Germany, to confirm that character and to give a strong impulse to the efforts of the Catholics. Cardinal Conon, Bishop of Palestrina, who from the shores of Syria, while Europe was still silent, had first dared to fling against the emperor his sentence of excommunication, obtained in 1114 his appointment as legate, and used it to push to extremities the war with Henry. By birth Conon belonged to the great nobility of the empire, and by the monastic life which he had long led he was connected with the purest and most active element of the Church. He began his functions in northern France, and first of all held a council at Beauvais, where were nearly all the bishops of the provinces of Rheims, Bourges, and Sens. There he promulgated, for the second time, and in their name, the sentence of anathema against the emperor. He then regulated various grave interests of the Church and the country, provided for the security of ecclesiastical property, and again put in force the most important decrees of Gregory VII and Urban II. The creation of communes among the citizens of the principal episcopal cities in the province of Rheims was cruelly agitating these neighbourhoods. The Bishop of Laon had just been massacred and his cathedral burned by the citizens exasperated by the suppression of their new commune. Godefroy, the holy Bishop of Amiens, whom we have seen presiding at the emperor's condemnation by the council of Vienne, had granted a commune to his episcopal city; but in despair at the disorders and sacrilege which resulted, he sent his ring and sandals to the metropolitan of Rheims, and returning to the cloistered life which he had unwillingly left, retired first to Cluny and afterwards to the Grande Chartreuse. A nobleman, equally sanguinary and perfidious, Thomas de Marie, son of Enguerrand de Coucy, had mingled in all these discords, sometimes to protect the assassins, sometimes, as at Amiens, to burn a church quite filled with innocent victims, and always to oppress the cause of right, the poor, and the monasteries. The legate Conon punished this felon with the sword of St Peter, excommunicated him, and declared him incapable of bearing the shield of a knight, "seeing that he is a criminal, infamous, and an enemy of the name of Christian".

At the same council, the deputies of Amiens demanded the return of their bishop, although he had written from his beloved solitude that he was unworthy of the episcopate. The prelates having again assembled at Soissons, sent an order to the Chartreaux to restore their novice to the Church. All wept with him, but they dared not keep him. Godefroy therefore left them, but as he went, says the hagiographer, he constantly turned, with eyes full of tears, to look once more at the peaceful Chartreuse where he had hoped to end his days. But Conon knew the full value of a holy bishop in these stormy days; and when Godefroy, emaciated by his monastic austerities,

reappeared before his brethren assembled in council at Rheims, the legate severely reproached him for having abandoned the charge God had confided to him, and neglected the salvation of many only to care for his own. In this council of Rheims, which was very numerous, Conon promulgated, for the third time, the sentence of excommunication against Henry. Leaving to his colleagues—Guy of Vienne and Gerard of Angoulême—the care of watching, in many other councils, over the discipline and liberty of the Church of France, the Bishop of Palestrina turned towards the Rhine to meet Archbishop Frederic of Cologne. The latter had been obliged to warn his suffragans to pay no heed to the words of certain bishops in which they maintained that an archbishop could not excommunicate a king who did not belong to his spiritual domains. In opposition to this opinion, the legate cited Theodosius excommunicated by Ambrose. Frederic, at the news of the anathema promulgated against Henry at Beauvais, had addressed himself repeatedly to Bishop Otho of Bamberg to exhort him to make a stand against the oppression under which the Church was groaning. “If the zeal of God's house”, he said to him, “or the love of the Church, the true house of God, has devoured the marrow of your bones, do not, through excess of patience, longer conceal the desolation and cruel profanation of Gods heritage. See how, by the divine mercy, a great door is opened, that truth, too long silent, may make herself heard, that our liberty, too long oppressed, may raise her head; see how the holy Roman Church lifts up her voice for herself and for us. France is joined to us; Saxony, as you may have heard, cries the truth aloud; who, then, can remain insensible while all the power of the Church is being used only for the profit of courtiers and palace servants? when diocesan synods, annual councils, and all the forms of ecclesiastical administration are transformed into royal tribunals to fill the purse of the prince’s creatures? when episcopal sees are given up to royal farmers, who, without a thought of the good of souls, care only to fill the insatiable maw of the royal revenue? It is our duty, who are pillars of Gods Church, and called upon to guide the bark of Peter through the stormy waves of the world, so to hold the helm that she is not, by our negligence, broken upon the rock of impious tyranny, that we may not deserve the shame of being counted among those whom the prophet calls dumb dogs, unable to bark. As for me, dearest brother, I promise you that by the grace of God neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor death, shall hinder me from the free confession of that faith which I have embraced. Our duty, as you know, is to brave death for the cause of Jesus, that the life of Jesus may one day be manifested in our mortal bodies”.

The letter ends with an announcement of the decrees pronounced by the legate Conon. Otho, who was nearly related to the legate, was not deaf to this appeal, and seconded the prelate with all his power. Both, without loss of time, convoked a council at Cologne, and there, on Easter Monday, fulminated against Henry V the fourth sentence of excommunication pronounced against him since the council of Vienne. Then, leaving the continuation of his work to his colleague, the legate Dietrich, who had arrived from Hungary, Conon returned to France to hold a fifth council which he convoked at Châlons-sur-Marne. The Norman bishops and abbots whom, in virtue of his apostolic authority, he had invited thither, having been detained by King Henry I, the emperor’s father-in-law, the legate deposed several of them for being more ready to obey their temporal suzerain than their spiritual chief, and afterwards renewed, for the fifth time, the sentence of excommunication against Henry V; so that the most powerful sovereigns of the West were simultaneously punished by the Church in defence of her rights and liberties.

The terrible sentence, once openly published throughout Germany, could not fail to give a new impulse to the war. It was thus published by Cardinal Theodoric, at the assembly of Goslar, (September 8, 1115), the cardinal having been commissioned by the

pope to reconcile to the Church the Archbishop of Magdeburg and other prelates who had tolerated lay investiture.

Duke Lothaire on one hand, and Archbishop Frederic of Cologne on the other, were daily pressing more closely on the emperor's lieutenants and allies. Henry, seeing his star pale, desired to treat. He convoked a general diet at Mayence for All Saints' Day, promising there to listen to all complaints, and to repair all mischiefs, at the will of the princes. But as no one believed in him, no one answered his appeal.

At Mayence, where the emperor was staying, waiting for the time of the meeting, the people revolted, supported by the knightly vassals of the metropolitan see, and with arms in their hands demanded the deliverance of their archbishop. To save his own life, Henry was obliged to yield. Adalbert, after three years of the hardest captivity, left his prison, pale and reduced to a skeleton. His first deed was a formal act of submission to the legate Theodoric, whom he invited to attend a council at Cologne, to be held at Christmas. The legate died on the journey; but Adalbert, who possessed all the necessary qualities, soon became the soul and head of the league of which Duke Lothaire was the arm.

Surrounded by the fourteen German bishops who had already deserted the schism, he was consecrated at Cologne the day after Christmas, by Otho the holy Bishop of Bamberg, his suffragan; and in this imposing assembly, in presence of Lothaire and many other lay nobles, the excommunication was again pronounced.

During this time, the emperor, who was keeping the feast of Christmas at Spire with a small number of princes, decided to try a new expedient, and sent Erlung, Bishop of Würzburg, who remained faithful to him, to meet the confederate chiefs. But these chiefs would not even receive the ambassador, declaring that they would hold no intercourse with him until he should be reconciled to the Church, and give up all intercourse with the excommunicated sovereign.

Returning to Spire, the bishop, who now repented of his errors, refused to communicate with the emperor. But Henry compelled him, by threatening him with death, to celebrate mass with him. The unhappy prelate, after he had undergone this violence, fled from the court, obtained absolution yet once more, weeping for his involuntary relapse, and abandoned Henry for ever. To punish the fugitive, Henry separated the duchy of Franconia from the bishopric of Würzburg, and gave it to his nephew, Conrad of Hohenstaufen. But the defection of Erlung of Würzburg made it clear to the emperor that Germany was no longer tenable for him. He resolved to try his fortune again in Italy, formerly so favourable to him, and whither he was summoned by a new and pressing interest, that of disputing with the Church the succession of the great Countess Matilda.

CHAPTER XII

TRIALS OF THE PAPACY

Matilda ended her long and glorious life on July 24, 1115, at the age of sixty-nine, the crucifix pressed to her lips. Before her death she rewarded the devoted affection of her many serfs by setting them all at liberty. It was universally acknowledged throughout Christendom that with the great countess had disappeared not only the richest and most powerful of princesses, but also the most pious woman of whom the lay world could then boast. Shortly before she expired, the countess had received a visit from Abbot Pons of Cluny, whom she had loaded with favours and attention. Her last public act was a donation to the Abbey of Polyrone, whence came her spiritual guide, the holy bishop Anselm of Lucca. She had chosen her own burial-place there, wishing, as she said, to intrust her body to the care of these pious sons of St Benedict, because she had always found them foremost among the defenders of that Church which she had served and loved so passionately. Her remains rested there for five hundred years, until the time when the gratitude of a pope decided that the illustrious dust should be placed in the tomb of the popes and martyrs in St Peters at Rome.

It will be remembered that Matilda had twice bestowed on the Holy See her vast domains, comprising nearly the whole north of Italy to the Tiber. This was too rich a prey for Henry to abandon. He thought he had acquired a right over that portion of the countess's property which depended on the empire, and he also claimed the allodial lands and personal property of the princess, in virtue of his relationship, which was very distant, and could in no way prevail against the will of the testatrix. He went to Italy to prosecute this claim in the beginning of 1116. His forces were inconsiderable, but he succeeded in winning many partisans by the contrast of his present moderation with the violence committed in his first expedition.

The better to assure to himself the coveted inheritance, Henry remained for some time quietly in the north of Italy; but a little later he took possession of Canossa and the fortresses of the Apennines, where Matilda had so long defied the imperial power.

The pope at this epoch had partly regained his ascendancy in Italy; while the Normans, whose young Duke William, grandson of Robert Guiscard, had received from Pascal the investiture of Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily, had recovered their importance. In obedience to the pope's exhortations, the Pisans had directed an expedition against the Balearic Islands to destroy Saracen piracy, and had gloriously possessed themselves of Iviza and Majorca. At the same time, the support of these foreigners, and of the new-born municipal republics, was not sufficient to enable the Holy See to dispute with the emperor the succession formally bequeathed by Matilda to St Peter. Thus we find no mention in contemporary writers of any attempt of the kind on the part of the Church. At this moment, indeed, Henry was showing the most conciliatory intentions towards the sovereign pontiff, to whom he sent Pons, Abbot of Cluny, as his ambassador

charged to plead the cause of the empire in the general council assembled at the Lateran in March 1116.

The legate Conon having returned from France, was present at this council, together with a great number of bishops, abbots, dukes, counts, and envoys from all Catholic countries. The first days were devoted to the examination of various local affairs. At one of the first sittings a bishop rose and said to the pope that, after having braved all sorts of dangers by sea and by land, the Fathers of the great assembly begged the sovereign pontiff to make known to them his personal opinions, and the doctrines which, at their return home, they ought to teach in their churches.

Pascal began his answer by relating the painful scenes he had witnessed, and the ills inflicted on the Church and the people of God during his captivity. He then expressed himself as follows: "When the Lord had left me His servant, and the people of Rome, in the hands of King Henry, I saw pillage, incendiarism, murder, and adultery daily committed; and I sought any means by which to turn these dreadful calamities away from the Church and people of God. What I have done I did in the hope of delivering God's people. I did it as a man, for I am but dust and ashes. I acknowledge that I did ill, and I beg you now to pray God to pardon me. As to this fatal document, dictated in a prison, I pronounce a perpetual anathema upon it, that its memory may be for ever odious; and I pray you all to forget it".

At these words all the assembly replied, "Amen! Amen!"

Bruno of Segni, always foremost in zeal, cried in a loud voice, "We should bless God that we have heard Pope Pascal condemn with his own mouth a pretended privilege, which covered both heresy and great wickedness".

These words gave some scandal. "If this privilege contained heresy", said one of those present, "he who drew it up must have been a heretic!"

But Cardinal John of Gaeta hastened to reply to Bruno: "What! do you venture, in full council and before the bishops, to call the pope a heretic? Certainly the document he signed was bad, but it was in no way heretical". "Not only", said another of the Fathers, "was it not heretical, but we must own that to try to deliver the people was an act worthy of praise".

But Pascal had lost patience at hearing the dreadful word heresy. Commanding silence by a gesture, he cried,—"My brethren and my lords, this Church has never known heresy; it is she who has fought with and overcome all heresies. Was it not for her that the Son of God prayed when, during His passion, He asked that *Peter's faith might never fail?*"

Next day a new and not less vehement discussion began between Cardinal Conon of Palestrina, who wished to repeat the emperor's excommunication, and the Abbot of Cluny, on one side, and Cardinal John of Gaeta and Peter, son of Leo, the negotiator of Sutri, on the other.

The pope once more interfered, saying,—"The primitive Church, in the time of the martyrs, was flourishing before God if not before men. Afterwards emperors and kings were converted, and, like dutiful sons of the Church, honoured their mother, to whom they gave lands, fiefs, dignities, rights, and royal ornaments, as did Constantine and others. Then the Church flourished before men as well as before God. Let our mother and lady, the Church, keep what she has received from kings and princes, and let her

dispense to her sons as she sees good". After this Pascal renewed the prohibition established by Gregory VII, under pain of anathema, against all who should give or receive lay investiture. Then Cardinal Conon presented the following request: "Most holy Father", he said, "if I have shown myself your true legate, and if it pleases you to ratify what I have done, be pleased to declare it with your own lips, in presence of this holy council, that all may know I had received authority".

The pope replied: "You have been truly our legate *a latere*, and all that you and our other brethren, cardinals, bishops, and legates, have done by the authority of this see, I confirm; and I condemn all that you have condemned".

Conon then enumerated the different sentences of excommunication which he had pronounced against the emperor, first at Jerusalem on the earliest report of his crime, and afterwards in Greece, in Hungary, in Saxony, in Lorraine, in France, in five councils, at Rome, and in all the churches; and he concluded by asking that the Fathers of the council should confirm all his acts, as the pope had just done.

The envoys from the Archbishop of Vienne made the same request. Some objections were raised in the assembly, but all the bishops and abbots were unanimous. Before they separated, the council put an end to the controversy which for several years had been agitating the Church of Milan. The seeds of orthodoxy and regularity, scattered there during long years of struggles against simony by the heroic Luitprand, that priest whose nose and ears had been cut off by the schismatics, had begun to spring up.

Archbishop Grossolanus, whom Luitprand had always opposed, was removed, and his rival, Jordanus of Chiusa, chosen by the party hostile to the emperor, received the crosier from the hands of the sovereign pontiff.

Most of the Lombard bishops being still as much devoted to the imperial cause as in the time of Gregory VII, and the nobles following the same standard, it was of the greatest consequence for the Church to place in the see of Milan, the most important in Italy after Rome, a man devoted to ecclesiastical liberty, and sufficiently influential to gather round him, in support of the Catholic cause, those elements of strength and resistance which were every day growing more powerful in the Lombard municipalities. At this moment Milan was beginning to be the centre of that great struggle which was to last half a century, and to bring upon her so many misfortunes, but also so much glory. This role befitted the ancient city which had not yet ceased to honour the memory of Ambrose, or to keep in mind the wholesome humiliation inflicted on the Emperor Theodosius: it belonged, as of right, to the illustrious town where, for the first time, had been manifested the splendour of that repressive power, till then unknown to the world, given by God to His Church to arm her for her warfare with the powers of this world.

Following the example of Conon and Guy of Vienne, the new archbishop, as soon as he returned from the council, promulgated the sentence of excommunication against Henry. The German princes in revolt against the emperor eagerly grasped at the valuable alliance offered to them beyond the Alps by the little Catholic republic. Archbishop Frederic of Cologne addressed to the consuls, captains, soldiers, and people of Milan, a letter in which he spoke as follows: "We admire the greatness and mercy of God in endowing your city with freedom, to the joy of the whole world; for you offer a brave resistance to all the powers of wickedness. Illustrious city, guard your freedom with the utmost care; that you should do so is the condition of your glory; and be sure

that as long as you resist the powers opposed to the Church, so long you will, by the help of Christ, enjoy true liberty. Build your confidence, dearest friends, upon the goodness of your cause, and upon the glory of the name transmitted to you by your fathers, which we all honour. And believe that we are all, whether princes of Lorraine, of Saxony, of Thuringia, or of France, unanimous in our love for you; we make but one body; and you will find us always ready to join you in defending justice and lawful freedom. Ask of us what help you will, and be certain of our diligence in granting it to you".

The church and city of Milan persevered in the way marked out for them by their traditions; and when, at a later period (1118), the great Lombard vassals endeavoured, at a conference held in the city, to plead the emperor's cause before the archbishop and his suffragans, the latter strongly supported the rights of the Church and the excommunication of Henry V. Unfortunately, they did not succeed in preventing the Milanese from wasting their strength in a sanguinary war against their neighbours at Como, which was carried on for two years.

Meantime the emperor, while occupying himself in uniting the Countess Matilda's domains to his own, called a meeting of the Lombard bishops, most of whom were devoted to him, and sent three of them to the pope, hoping to obtain a reversal of the sentences passed upon him at the various councils. Pascal replied that, in order to keep the oath which had been extorted from him, he had not himself published the anathema against Henry: but that this sentence, having been pronounced by the most eminent members of the Church, could only be remitted by their advice, and in another council. The pope added that the letters of the Ultramontanes, and especially of Archbishop Adalbert of Mayence, urged him to remain firm.

Upon this, Henry endeavoured to deceive Germany by a completely false account of the pontifical sentiments, and thus encouraged the people of Rome in their disaffection. They, displeased with the pope's choice of a new prefect, had revolted and driven the holy Father from the city. Just after this, Henry hastened to announce to his friends that he would shortly be in Rome. And he did arrive there in the spring of 1117. This time the pope did not wait for him, but took refuge at Monte Cassino, under the protection of the Norman sword; but he sent, as his legate to the emperor, Maurice Burdin, Archbishop of Braga, who, betraying the cause he was commissioned to defend, consented to crown the emperor during the feast of Easter.

(Burdin was a Limousin, distinguished for his eloquence and learning. Bernard, the monk of Cluny, who was Archbishop of Toledo and legate in Spain, having noticed him at the Council of Clermont in 1095, took him to Spain, where he became Bishop of Coimbra, and afterwards Archbishop of Braga. He had come to Rome to defend the rights of his metropolitan see against his old benefactor Bernard, who, as Archbishop of Toledo, claimed the primacy of all Spain).

The traitor was immediately excommunicated by Pascal, in a council held at Benevento: but Henry was little affected by this. Always seeking to establish his rule in Italy, he gave his daughter in marriage to Count Ptolomeo of Tusculum, head of a house and party constantly opposed to the papacy. At the same time, he put to death all the Romans who were captured on their way to join the pope at Benevento. At Whitsuntide, Henry returned to Upper Italy, while Pascal ended the year among the Normans, his faithful and valiant defenders.

Towards Christmas, the sovereign pontiff was able to return to St Peter's and the Leonine city. He was preparing to attack the imperial garrison in Rome when God put an end to his laborious pontificate. He died January 21, 1118. A few days before his death, he assembled the cardinals, and urgently enjoined upon them to persevere in faith and charity, and in cursing the schism and German outrages.

The cardinals chose for Pascal's successor John of Gaeta, deacon and chancellor of the Roman Church, who was then living at Monte Cassino, where, when very young, he had assumed the Benedictine habit. The future head of the Church was summoned, and in a meeting held at a small church near the Capitol, the election was made unanimously, in spite of the resistance of the venerable monk, who took the name of Gelasius II. This was the fifth monk since Gregory VII who was called to the Apostolic See. He had been honoured with the absolute confidence of Urban II, who had drawn him from Monte Cassino and made him a cardinal; and had been named chancellor by Pascal II on account of his great eloquence.

In the Catholic world the new pope enjoyed a great reputation for honour, talent, and learning; but he had been security for the unfortunate oath extorted from Pascal II by the emperor; and, on the other hand, the opposition he had made to Cardinal Conon of Palestrina and Bishop Bruno of Segni, at the last Lateran Council, had prejudiced him in the minds of certain very ardent friends of the liberty of the Church. Thus, when Conrad, Archbishop of Salzburg, an exile for the faith, heard, in Germany, of the election of John of Gaeta, he is said to have exclaimed: "No one could have been worse than John; but perhaps Gelasius may be good for something!"

The German Catholics, however, were resolved to acknowledge no pontiff but one faithful to the line marked out by Gregory VII and his successor. Archbishop Frederic of Cologne peremptorily signified this resolution to the Italian bishops. "If our Pascal's successor is lawfully ordained", he said, "if he follows in the steps of the holy Fathers, we will all obey him; but if he proves by his conduct that he is not the minister of God, but of a worldly and excommunicated man, neither his seductions nor his condemnation shall move us!"

Gelasius did not deceive the hopes of those who trusted in his transformation. He who, by His grace, was able to make of the bitterest persecutor of the infant Church the great Apostle of the Gentiles, suddenly changed the timid and vacillating minister of a wavering pontiff into a bold confessor of apostolic freedom. At the very moment when the supreme pontificate, with its terrible responsibilities, weighed most heavily upon him, the pontiff's soul rose to the height of his fortunes; the weak chancellor gave place to the monk whom Urban II had summoned from the cloister to the great battles of the Church; and the captive of Sutri desired nothing better than to give his life, as St Peter had done, for the defence of that Church's liberty.

The first act of Gelasius as pope was to address a fraternal greeting to the very Conon whom he had so violently opposed at the Lateran Council, and whom he now begged to continue his legation until he should point him out as the most suitable person for his successor.

The imperialists did not deceive themselves: Cencio Frangipani, one of their leaders, when he heard of the election, ran, sword in hand, to the church where it took place, seized the new pope by the throat, and after having struck and kicked him, so as to bring blood, dragged him by the hair to his own palace, where he ordered him to be chained. At these news, Peter the Prefect, Peter the son of Leo, Stephen the Norman,

and other nobles, armed themselves and their men, and joining the Transteverins and all the Roman people, hurried to deliver the pope. The Frangipani, alarmed, hastened to release Gelasius, who was almost immediately afterwards crowned at St John Lateran. But the unhappy pontiff's trials were not yet ended: before he could be consecrated (for he was only a deacon), he was informed one night that the emperor was within a short distance of St Peter's, at the head of his troops, and ready for the attack. Gelasius rose hurriedly, and, in spite of his great age, was flung upon a horse, and taken to the Tiber, where he was embarked in a galley bound to Porto. The sea was so rough at the time that it was impossible to put out from shore without risk of perishing. The Germans pursued the fugitives along the coast with a shower of arrows, and threatening to set fire to the galley if they did not immediately give up the pope. Night and the storm, however, having stopped the pursuit, Cardinal Hugh took the pope on his shoulders, and carried him through the darkness to the Castle of San Paolo at Ardea, whence he was taken, half dead, to Terracina, and thence to Gaeta.

So dearly did the unfortunate Gelasius pay for the pontificate with which he had been invested against his will; and such were the sinister events which interposed between his coronation and his consecration!

When the emperor heard that his prey had escaped him, he again had recourse to stratagem: he invited Gelasius to come to Rome to be consecrated, saying that he should have much pleasure in being present at the ceremony, and so confirming it. He added that, if Gelasius would sanction the agreement made with Pascal, he, Henry V, would engage immediately to swear fidelity to the pontiff; but he also ventured to declare that, in the opposite case, he would cause another pope to be enthroned.

Gelasius replied that he was ready to terminate, either by a treaty or by any just means, a quarrel which disturbed the Church and the kingdom; but, he added, he must defer the affair to a future time—that is to say, to the following St Luke, when he should be at Milan or Cremona (cities then in rebellion against the emperor). For the rest, before that date, the holy Father would take council with his brethren, whom God had made judges of the dispute.

After this declaration, the pope was ordained priest and consecrated at Gaeta, where, among other prelates, he had been joined by the Archbishops of Capua, Benevento, and Salerno, the Abbots of Monte Cassino and La Cava, and the Norman princes, who all swore fidelity to him. Gelasius then gave investiture to Duke William, in the form employed by Gregory VII for Robert Guiscard, grandfather of the present prince. Meantime, on receiving the pontifical answer, Henry had caused it to be read in the basilica of St Peter. The cunning monarch was able to avail himself, with the Romans, of the contempt which, he said, was shown for Rome, in fixing the scene of the negotiation at Milan or Cremona.

The emperor was not attended only by soldiers, he had with him also Magister Guarnerius of Bologna, the restorer of the science of Roman law in Italy, and several others of those legists who are always found at the service of oppressors of liberty and of the conscience. The mission of these skilful men generally consisted in making long speeches to the populace in which the ancient canons were interpreted in a sense favourable to a new pontifical election.

The public mind being thus prepared, Henry caused Archbishop Maurice Burdin to be proclaimed pope under the name of Gregory VIII. It was he who, as legate, had betrayed Pascal II. But although the election of an intruder was apparently popular,

many of the Romans were distressed by a usurpation which seemed to rivet their Church to the imperial rule; and many nobles sent word to the pope that they had taken no part in the crime which had placed an excommunicated man on St Peter's throne—that the king's criminal artifices would soon be exposed—and that the lawful pontiff, victorious over the malice of the schismatics, would soon be able to return to Rome.

Gelasius hastened to denounce the sacrilegious election of Burdin in letters addressed to the prelates and the faithful of France, the anti-pope's native country; after which, in a council held at Capua, the following Easter, he excommunicated both the emperor and the pope whom the emperor had enthroned.

The council over, Gelasius following the example of his predecessors retired to Monte Cassino, the cradle of his religious life, and the citadel of his party. There the monks received him with delight, and he obtained from the Norman princes a promise to prosecute the war with vigour. Meantime it went on languidly on both sides, and the emperor found himself obliged to raise the siege of the castle of Torricella in the Abruzzi, which belonged to the monks of Saint Andrea. This did not prevent the monarch from being crowned by his anti-pope at Whitsuntide, before his return to the north of Italy, where Jordanus, Archbishop of Milan, was carrying on a vigorous resistance.

Gelasius, informed of the emperor's departure, returned secretly to Rome, rather as a pilgrim than as a pontiff, and hid himself in a little church near the palace of Stephen and Pandulph, the two Normans who were of his party. The pope conferred with the orthodox clergy as to the means of reducing the intruder; but having committed the imprudence of going to officiate for the feast of Sta Prassede, in the church of that saint, he was assailed by the Frangipani. In the midst of a bloody combat maintained by Stephen and his nephew Crescenzio Gaetani in his defence, and in which he was the object struggled for by both sides, he succeeded in escaping, attracting the pity of the women who saw him, half stripped of his sacred ornaments, and flying alone through the fields at his horse's utmost speed. The cross-bearer fell while following his master. The pope was found, worn out and weeping, in the open country, near the church of *San Paolo fuori le Mura*. This was too much; the following day the venerable pontiff announced his intention of following the example of his predecessors and leaving that Rome which he called a Sodom and a Babylon.

"I say it before God and before the Church", he cried, "it would be better to have one emperor than so many; one ill-doer would destroy those more wicked than himself, until the Emperor of emperors should do open judgment upon him".

After having intrusted the different offices of the Church to cardinals in whom he could confide, and constituted Stephen, the Norman hero, gonfalonier of the Roman Church, Gelasius determined to visit France, as Urban II and Pascal II had done.

The pope went first to the two towns whose growing power and liberty assured valuable allies to the Church. Having left Rome by water, he disembarked at Pisa, the warlike and faithful city which, obedient to the call of Victor III and Pascal II had sent its galleys by turns against the African Saracens and the Mediterranean islanders, and which for thirty years had maintained a perpetual crusade against the enemies of Christ. The holy Father was received with joy by an immense multitude gathered from the fields of Tuscany, to whom he preached with his usual eloquence.

Freed from the agitations of Rome, Gelasius could enjoy the complete liberty of the pontificate, and he made use of it to raise the bishopric of Pisa into a metropolitan

see, with extraordinary privileges, and to consecrate, in honour of the glorious and ever- triumphant Virgin, the new cathedral, which the Pisans had just built from the spoils of the Saracens. This cathedral, whose magnificence surpassed that of any building then existing in Italy, is still standing; and the descendants of those who raised it, see in it with pride, a testimony to the splendour of the Italian cities in Catholic times.

From Pisa, the sovereign pontiff went to Genoa, which rivalled the Tuscan city in glory, hardihood, and maritime greatness, and there again he consecrated a cathedral in honour of the blessed martyrs Laurence and Syr. There is nothing more interesting in the general history of the epoch than these relations of the popes with the small municipal republics, whose infant liberties the Church encouraged, at the very time that she was protecting the traditional liberties of the German princes and nobles.

CHAPTER XIII

TRIUMPH OF THE SPIRITUAL POWER

From Geneva, Gelasius turned his steps, as Urban II and Pascal II had done, towards that noble country of France, which was then the port where the storm-tossed bark of St Peter ever found a safe harbour.

The general state of this kingdom was then most satisfactory. The troubles caused in a small number of the northern towns by the institution of communes, the enterprises of King Louis le Gros against his great vassals—enterprises in which the new communes, led to battle by abbots and bishops, brought efficacious support to royalty—even the war of Louis of France with the King of England, and his defeat at Brenneville, in spite of the widespread fame it had had, had done no serious hurt to the liberty or salutary activity of the Church. But she was mourning a most heavy loss, that of Yves of Chartres, one of the great lights of the French clergy, the friend of Pascal II, and united by many ties of sympathy to Gelasius. He had been quickly followed to the tomb by his friend and faithful counsellor, Robert d'Arbrissel, founder of Fontevrault, and by Bernard of Tiron. These two rivals in active holiness and sublime austerity devoted their last efforts to the maintenance of freedom in ecclesiastical elections, endangered on the occasion of giving a successor to Yves of Chartres. The object of Robert's last prayer was to obtain from God His support for the pope and the doctors of the Holy Church, that they might keep the good way to the end. In the same year as these three great saints, France lost a fourth, (3 July 15, 1117): Anselm, called the *doctor of doctors*, whose father was a ploughman. Anselm for forty years had gathered round his chair, first at Paris, and afterwards at Laon, a crowd of illustrious pupils from all countries of Christendom. In the little town of Laon he had established a true university, frequented by the youth of every country in Europe.

(He trained many prelates for all countries: in Italy,—Odalric and Anselm, both Archbishops of Milan; in Belgium,—Franco, Abbot of Lobbe; Jean, Abbot of St Amand; Philippe, Abbot of Bonne Esperance Wibald, Abbot of Stevelot ;Bernard, Bishop of Utrecht; in England,—William and Ralph, Archbishops of Canterbury; the Bishops of Hereford, Rochester, and London, and Abbot Gilbert of Sempringham, founder of the order which bears his name; in Germany,—the B. Dittmar, schoolmaster of Bremen; Idunge of Ratisbon, a celebrated writer; B. Wecelin of Oldenburg, and Apostle of Holstein; in France,—Raoul, his brother and successor as teacher at Laon; St Bruno, Mathieu of Laon, Cardinal-bishop of Albano; Hugh Melet, Abbot of St Leon of Toul; Gilbert de la Porrée, and William de Champeaux; Raoul Levert, Archbishop of Rheims; Geoffrey le Breton and Hugh d'Amiens, Archbishops of Rouen; Bishops of Coutances and Le Mans; and, finally, Abelard (who speaks ill of them),—were all trained in the schools of Anselm).

France, in spite of these cruel losses, still possessed a number of eminent men : Hildebert, Bishop of Le Mans; Geoffrey, Abbot of Vendôme; Joceran, Archbishop of Lyons; and many other zealous prelates and learned doctors, in the front rank of whom appeared the two legates, Gerard of Angoulême and Guy of Vienne, who, during the last years of Pascal II, had continued to fill with advantage to liberty, ecclesiastical discipline, justice, and the equality of laws, the glorious mission confided to them. Gerard was obliged to humble Count Conon of Bretagne, who, after having robbed the monks of Quimperlé of a gift made by his ancestors, tried to prevent them from appealing to the Holy See. Gerard obtained his object in a council called at Angoulême, and which was preceded by a lively correspondence, in which he said to the Count: "We have heard that you love justice and peace, and we are glad of it, for it is thus that good princes purchase for themselves the favour of the supreme King; but if you hinder your subjects from having recourse to the justice of the Roman Church, which no other king or prince dares to do, you, whose ancestors have held the principality of Bretagne under the authority of the Vicar of St Peter, be assured that the sentence of that holy Church and the sword of St Peter shall smite both you and your principality".

While Gerard of Angoulême was exercising his legation in the West, his co-legate, Guy of Burgundy, Archbishop of Vienne, was, on his side, holding councils at Tournus, Dijon, and Langres, to regulate the laws and terminate the disputes submitted to him. It was not only bishops and abbots, or the nobility, who were present at these assemblies; the people resorted there eagerly, and in crowds, for they were always public. In these deliberations, where the most various complaints and accusations were heard, where injuries done to the poor were repaired, and the pride of the powerful was punished, Christian people shared in the regulation of matters affecting their dearest interests. These assemblies replaced the *pleadings of God* of the ancient Franks. The crowd at them was so great, that at the Council of Luz, between Langres and Bèze, held by the legate Guy, it was necessary, in order to lodge the innumerable multitude that came thither, to pitch a camp with tents and huts made of boughs, in the middle of which were placed in gold and silver shrines the relics of various saints. Before these sacred remains the council judged the causes of the many pleaders who had injuries to complain of, and decided them to the great satisfaction of the crowd.

These assemblies seldom separated without having taken some general measures for the protection of the country people, such as the renewal of the Truce of God, or the interdiction, under pain of anathema, of the burning of cottages, and the theft of sheep and lambs during the time of war.

The active, powerful, and continuous interference of apostolic legates must necessarily have kept up in the provinces sentiments of fidelity and attachment to the Roman Church. Thus when Pope Gelasius landed in France he was received by the prelates, the nobles, and the people with the most affectionate demonstrations of respect and joy. All disputed with each other the right of relieving the noble poverty and sufferings of the pontiff Gelasius arrived, much indisposed after his sea voyage, deprived of everything, and in a state almost of beggary, thus adding the privations of poverty to the outrages, violence, dangers, and fatigues of exile — in a word, to all those trials which, ever since the beginning of his pontificate, had crowned his white hairs with all the merits which could be desired by the vicar of a crucified God.

The monks chiefly reaped the honour of supplying the needs of the head of the Church—a monk like themselves. The pope was first lodged at the Abbey of St Gilles, where he received the most liberal hospitality. Abbot Pons of Cluny, to whom as to a specially beloved son of the Roman Church he had sent news of his coming by a courier

from Pisa, hurried to meet the pontiff and escort him to the domains of his father, the Count of Melgueil, where he loaded him with presents, and took care of him until the august old man had recovered from his fatigues. There Norbert, the young German noble, once chaplain to the emperor, whom we have seen venturing at the time of Pascal's arrest to protest against the conduct of his master and his countrymen by rendering public homage to the victim, came barefoot in the midst of winter to seek Gelasius, and demand his permission to preach the Word of God wherever he would; and thus the future archbishop, the founder of a great new order, the generous young man whose vocation had been made known to him at the feet of a captive pope, now received from an exiled pope his express commission.

Thither also came a monk destined, like Norbert, to great celebrity—the monk Suger, from the Abbey of St Denis, who had been charged by King Louis of France to offer to the holy Father the first-fruits, as it were, of his kingdom, and to arrange with him for an interview at the Abbey of Vézelay.

The Abbot of Cluny gave the pope thirty horses; the Abbot Catalan of St Concordio added ten, and with this *cortège* Gelasius started on his journey through the country. But before travelling northwards, the sovereign pontiff had the consolation of receiving the homage of a nation ever admirably Christian, who for four centuries had preserved, through a perpetual struggle with the infidels, an inviolable and ardent attachment to the Church. While the kings and heroes of Spain were gradually pushing forward the frontier of territories won from the Moors and Arabs at the sword's point, behind them bishops and monks, who had already borne a brilliant part in these combats, were founding and consolidating social order and Christian law in the bosom of the conquered country. The admirable results of a series of councils whose decrees the whole nobility eagerly sanctioned, bear the impression both of the most Catholic zeal and of that truly brotherly care for the poorer classes which has always done honour to Catholic Spain. At Valencia, in 1114, the Fathers in council found it necessary to provide for the restitution of property usurped during the civil wars. At Compostella they decided that when a poor man had to plead against a rich man, the latter should be obliged to send an inferior to represent him, in order, says the decree, that no respect of persons may interfere with the justice due to the poor man.

Just as the French prelates, at the Council of Troyes, had watched over the peasants flocks, so the Castilian bishops and nobles at Oviedo, after having affirmed the right of sanctuary in churches, forbade all Christians, under pain of excommunication and exile, to seize or detain the plough-oxen, even when they belonged to their own serfs or servants; and these decrees, rendered by fifteen bishops, sixteen counts, and two hundred and sixty-three barons, were greeted by the people as inspirations of God Himself; and the Jews and Mussulmans admired them as much as the Christians. During this time Alfonso the Warrior, was fighting the infidels with that indefatigable perseverance to which he owed his surname, and was tearing from them bit by bit the kingdom of Arragon. He and his companions, who had been besieging Saragossa in vain for six months, thought they might take heaven by force by sending ambassadors to the exiled and persecuted pope to beg from him a special benediction, and the consecration of a bishop for a town which they expected soon to snatch from the infidels. Gelasius consecrated the bishop, and granted pontifical indulgence to all who should perish in this holy war. The bull was addressed to all the army encamped before Saragossa, and was dictated at Alais on the eve of the very day when the besieged city, after having for four hundred years groaned beneath the yoke of the Arabs, yielded to the swords of the heroes, and by its fate brought about the enfranchisement of all Arragon. Gelasius seemed so touched by the devotion of the Spaniards to the cause of

Christ, that a report was spread in France that he thought of crossing the Pyrenees. But this was a mistake. After having convoked the bishops of France and Germany at a council which was to be held at Rheims in the spring of the year 1119 the holy Father travelled by Puy, Lyons, and Mâcon to Cluny, the great French abbey, which, like Monte Cassino in Italy, was considered as the fortress and natural refuge of the papacy. Gelasius there received a hospitality worthy of the first of transalpine monasteries, and saw offerings flow in from the prelates and most of the nobles of the country. The two great ecclesiastical personages of the time, the Archbishop of Vienne and Conon of Palestrina, found themselves together there, one having been sent for by the pope, and the other having spontaneously hastened to visit him, although in Germany as well as in France the indefatigable champion of the Church had had to maintain contests, often successful, but always vigorous, against an enemy whose submission was never more than apparent. Cardinal Conon had very lately distinguished himself in the neighbourhood of Metz, by prodigies of skill, courage, and activity. This diocese had for a long time been oppressed and dishonoured by the lawlessness of Albéron, a relation of the emperor, who had finally usurped the episcopal authority, which was disputed only by a courageous archdeacon named Alberius. Naturally, the usurper triumphed, and the archdeacon, upon whose head the emperor had set a price, was obliged to go in the midst of a thousand dangers to seek refuge at Rome. There the pope, being well informed of all that had happened, gave Cardinal Conon orders to return across the Alps as legate, and remedy this state of affairs. Conon succeeded in safely crossing the Alps, deceived the vigilance of the imperial satellites, and disguised as a public writer, travelled, with the implements of his trade hung from his shoulder, as far as the city of Rheims. There he made himself known, summoned a council, and proclaimed Albéron's deposition. Without losing a moment, the legate then hurried to seek, in a deserted corner of the diocese, a pious abbot, named Theotger, whom he caused to be elected bishop. This Theotger, who came from the Black Forest, was of ignoble origin; he was son and grandson of priests, but himself renowned for the greatest virtue. In vain did the humble monk insist upon the stain on his birth as a reason for declining the episcopate; Conon used his authority, and forced him to accept under pain of excommunication. The legate would not suffer, as we have already seen in the case of St Godefroy of Amiens, that a monk should prefer the sweetness of solitude to the burden of a bishopric. "We command you", he wrote to Theotger, "to accept, without resistance, the difficult task of governing the church of Metz. Stand like a wall before the house of Israel, and prepare to defend the Church of Christ against the unchained fury of the waves which threaten her, following the example of those pastors of former days who did not fear to expose themselves to death for her protection".

This affair concluded, Conon, whose energy never failed, and who possessed an iron constitution, went to the Rhine to rejoin the princes allied for the defence of the Church and their own liberties. These were too skilful not to have profited by the emperor's long stay in Italy. On the other side, Frederic of Hohenstaufen, the emperor's nephew and lieutenant, was not, in spite of his great valour, strong enough to struggle successfully against the formidable alliance of secular and ecclesiastical princes, which was guided by Duke Lothaire and the two archbishops, Adalbert of Mayence and Frederic of Cologne. These powerful personages had just been joined by the Archbishop of Magdeburg and by Conrad of Salzburg, recently emerged from the retreat where he had been obliged to hide himself after his bold protest against the pope's imprisonment in 1111.

The war, however, was continued from 1116 to 1117, with an animosity which caused fearful ravages among churches and monasteries. Conrad of Hohenstaufen, the new Duke of Franconia, brother of Duke Frederic of Swabia, distinguished himself

above all by the violent means which he used to establish his authority in the province granted to him.

Besides these two princes, his nephews, Henry had few open partisans except the Count-Palatine Godefroy, and a few bishops, such as Hartwig of Ratisbon, who, with base servility, sent word to the emperor that he might count upon him not only as a bishop but as ready in all things to do a servant's duty. Unlike the independent populations of the small republics of Italy, the citizens of most of the towns, especially in the valley of the Upper Rhine from Bale to Mayence, were devoted to Henry's cause, as they had been to his father's. But, on the other hand, most of the nobles were fighting for the Church and for freedom.

Under the guidance of Duke Lothaire and Archbishop Adalbert, who succeeded in vanquishing and restraining the different cities, the monks, on their part, formed as ever a permanent centre of opposition to the imperialists. At Limburg the very lives of the monks were threatened. Those of the two imperial abbeys of Lorsch and Fulda revolted against the abbots whom the emperor, in spite of their earnest protests, had imposed upon them.

(There were in the empire four great abbeys called imperial, whose abbots were chaplains to the emperor, bound to attend him to his coronation at Rome, and to war, and in the diet were seated at his feet as referees; these abbeys were Fulda, Hersfeld, Wissemburg, and Lorsch. Later, Corvey, Kempten, and Murbach had the same rank).

Tidings of the election of the anti-pope, Gregory VIII, and the revival of the schism in the spring of 1118, served only to heighten the zeal of the Catholic party; and the arrival of the legate Conon in Lorraine inspired it with fresh activity.

In a council held at Cologne, Conon again published the emperor's excommunication, with that of his nephews Frederic and Conrad, the Count-Palatine and his chief adherents. As only the princes and prelates of Lower Germany could be present at this council, Conon and Adalbert called another at Fritzlar in Hesse, where the sentence was renewed. There the princes decreed that a general assembly should be held at Wurzburg; that the emperor should be summoned thither to defend himself; and that they should proceed to his deposition if he refused to appear at the appointed day

On hearing of this threatening resolution, Henry perceived that it was absolutely necessary to renounce the secondary affairs which kept him in Italy. He therefore left the empress there with a German army, and crossing the Alps, appeared suddenly on the banks of the Rhine in November 1118.

The war immediately recommenced with fresh fury.

The legate Conon had not waited for the emperor's arrival; hurrying with the speed of lightning wherever the needs of the Church called him, on the 5th November he was at Rouen, where he found assembled in council king Henry of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Norman bishops and abbots. The cardinal described to them, with the lively eloquence common to him, the troubles of the Church, the usurpation of Burdin, and the shameful persecution by the emperor of Gelasius II and the orthodox Catholics. He announced to them the true pope's speedy arrival in France, and summoned the church of Normandy to aid the exiled pontiff by prayers, and, above all, by subsidies. It does not appear that Henry of England thought fit to offer any obstacle to what was preparing for his son-in-law. As to the French bishops, they

emulated each other in desiring to support the sovereign pontiff. Conon was encouraged by the noble Hildebert: the holy bishop of Le Mans called him the representative of the Holy See “in the East as well as in the West”; he exhorted him to remain, as he had hitherto done, steadfast in his intrepidity, in braving all dangers, in remaining disinterested amidst all kinds of seductions and offers of gain, which, happily, could never “tarnish the gold of such a conscience”. “You are”, said the great bishop, “one of those to whom Satan will often come and say, *I will give thee all thou wilt, if thou wilt bow down and worship me*; but I know you well—you are also of those who will always reply to the tempter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'.”

From Rouen, Conon hurried to join Pope Gelasius at Cluny; but the two former rivals had little time to enjoy their union, and to mingle their zeal for the Church's defence. The pope now emulated Conon in resolution, and meditated great designs for continuing the contest; but, worn out by age, by infirmities, and by the fatigue of so long a journey, he was attacked by a mortal disease. In the midst of the great monastery of Cluny, now his asylum, all things reminded him that he was a monk; and he chose to die like a monk, laid upon the ground on a bed of ashes.

It was around this deathbed that the dying man called the cardinals who had accompanied him and pointed out to them as his successor the legate Conon, who, since Pascal’s fall, had directed the Church’s opposition to the empire. In these circumstances, the Cardinal of Palestrina showed the greatness, the humility, and the disinterestedness which filled his heart, mingled with that indomitable courage and firmness of which he had given so many proofs. Interrupting the dying pontiff, Conon exclaimed, “God forbid, holy Father, that so great an honour and so heavy a burden should be laid upon me, unworthy and miserable as I am! The Roman Church in our days needs to be defended against persecution by temporal riches and influence. If you would take my advice, it would be to elect the Archbishop of Vienne, a man both religious and prudent, and, moreover, possessed of worldly rank and power. By God’s help and the merits of St Peter he may be able to deliver the Roman Church, so long oppressed and threatened, and to lead her to peace and victory”.

The pope and cardinals accepted this proposal: they sent, instantly, to seek the archbishop in his diocese; but before he could arrive, Gelasius had breathed his last, after a pontificate of less than a year. During this short period, Gelasius II had, as all his contemporaries said, suffered more than any of his predecessors since the age of the martyrs; conflict, insults, violence, blows, exile, poverty, nothing had been wanting to him of all which constitutes, for a vicar of Jesus Christ, the glorious dower of trial and suffering.

The monks of Cluny buried the pope-monk, thus dead in exile, in their great new church, beside the famous and holy brethren who had founded the power of the illustrious abbey, and among whom Gelasius, pope and confessor of the faith, was so well worthy of a place. Nothing more was wanting to the glory of Cluny, now become the burial-place of a sovereign pontiff, and the destined scene of his successor’s election. The Archbishop of Vienne on his way thither heard of the death of Gelasius, but continued his journey in order to be present at the pontifical funeral. On the day after his arrival, Guy of Burgundy was, in spite of his resistance, elected pope by the cardinals. The election was enthusiastically confirmed by the bishops, and by several hundred clerks and nobles who were present. Guy took the name of Calixtus II, but would not assume the red cope until the cardinals at Rome, to whom he instantly sent word of the election, should have confirmed it. Guy of Burgundy, though elected by the influence of the great monastery of Cluny, did not, like Gregory VII, Urban II, and

Pascal II, belong to a monastic order; he was the first pope, since the accession of Hildebrand; who had not been a monk. But his turn of mind, his manner of life, and his austerity of morals were those of the cloister. The devoted friend and defender of monasteries, the Archbishop of Vienne passed all the time he could spare from his episcopal duties at the abbey of Bonnevau, which he had founded, and from which he could hardly be torn. God also granted to him the great honour of introducing into the Church a new religious order, destined to eclipse by its splendour all to which monastic genius had hitherto given birth.

Far from considering the successor of Gelasius II as having degenerated from the austere fervour of his predecessors, the cardinals, in placing him upon the pontifical throne, desired to recompense the ardent courage and disinterested devotion which had made him the first in Europe to pronounce the anathema against his own near relative, the Emperor Henry V. Since then, the Archbishop of Vienne had always fought in the foremost rank, to maintain the true faith and the independence of the Church. It was owing to him that France, and especially the two Burgundys, had remained untouched by the evil spirit which had triumphed over the papacy at Rome. The high birth of Guy of Burgundy, and his great alliances, must certainly, as Conon had foreseen, have strengthened the ascendancy of Calixtus II. He was the son of William, reigning Count of Burgundy, surnamed the Great, or Tête-Hardie, one of the most remarkable princes of the eleventh century, who had raised the splendour of his house to its greatest height by adding the counties of Vienne and Macon to his domains. Guy had four brothers, three of whom died on the battlefield, fighting for Christ in the East; the fourth, Raymond, by marrying Urraca daughter and heiress of the King of Castile, had founded in Spain a dynasty of crusaders from which was to spring St Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. One of the prince's sisters had married Duke Eudes of Burgundy; another the Count of Flanders; a third, the Count of Savoy; and the fourth, the Count of Bar and Montbéliard. The Queen of France was niece to the new pope, who was also connected with the Emperor of Germany and the King of England.

Calixtus II was allied then, by blood, to the most powerful princes of Europe. His nephews ruled Franche-Comte, Burgundy, Flanders, and Castile, and one of them was Archbishop of Besançon.

During the thirty-six years which he had spent in the archiepiscopal see of the old capital of Burgundy, Guy had not only detached his own family from the imperial cause, but had also organised Catholic resistance in Dauphine and on the banks of the Rhone.

On his accession, Calixtus hastened to send the Cardinal-deacon Roscemann, a monk of Monte Cassino, to Rome to announce his election, which was confirmed there with enthusiasm by the cardinals of the three orders, by all the clergy, by the Roman people, and even by many partisans of the anti-pope, who recognised the hand of God in an election in which simony and ambition had no part. After having been crowned by the Bishop of Ostia, in the old metropolitan church of Vienne, the pope charged Conon to carry the news to his nephew, the King of France, and himself wrote to the two leaders of the Catholic party in Germany, Adalbert of Mayence, and Frederic of Cologne. The event was everywhere greeted with delight. The King of England, and Archbishop Ralph of Canterbury readily acknowledged the new head of the Church, though many of the English belonged to the anti-pope’s party.

The King of France hastened to send Cardinal Conon, accompanied by two other prelates, to felicitate Calixtus, who received the embassy in Auvergne, whence he went with the indefatigable legate to Toulouse. There the prelates of Aquitaine, Languedoc,

part of Spain, and Brittany, assembled in council. Several canons were passed by them intended to preserve the purity and liberty of the Church, and to give up to the secular arm the Manichaean heretics, whose stronghold was always in that region.

The pope then returned northward, passing Quercy, Périgord, Poitou, Anjou, and Touraine, everywhere making his passage remarkable, as his predecessors, Urban II and Pascal II, had done, by redressing grievances, concluding old quarrels, dedicating new cathedrals and abbey-churches, visiting the chief monasteries, such as Fontevrault, St Maur, and Marmoutier, and confirming their privileges and exemptions, During his stay in Anjou, the holy Father extended the protection of the Roman Church over the new monastic creations of Fontevrault and Savigny, which had already borne such excellent fruit.

Having thus made almost the tour of France, and edified all the faithful by his humility and energy, and by the excellence of his ecclesiastical government, Calixtus II was received at the new abbey of Maurigny, where he was to dedicate the church, by King Louis of France, and by the nobles, who were to accompany him to Paris. Towards the middle of October, the sovereign pontiff went from Paris to Rheims to attend the council, already convoked by Gelasius, and the preparations for which had been arranged by Conon.

Meantime the emperor, even by his unexpected return to Germany, and the vigour with which he carried on the contest there, had not been able to counterbalance the effect produced by the election of the new pope, who had been very readily acknowledged by all the bishops of the empire. The forces of the Catholic party were so increased that Henry V was obliged to yield to the unanimous wish of the princes and prelates still faithful to his cause, and consent to the holding of a general diet at Tribur, near Mayence. There, the two parties being present, the emperor was to give an account of his conduct to the assembled princes, promising to agree to their decisions. In the interval he opened negotiations with the envoys of the sovereign pontiff at Strasburg. One of these, Pons, Abbot of Cluny, had long been the emperor's friend, and even his representative with Pascal II. The other, William de Champeaux, Bishop of Châlons, and founder of the famous monastic school of St Victor, passed for the most zealous and learned of French bishops. For this reason he had been chosen to speak before the diet, which he did as follows: "Would you, my lord the king, conclude a true treaty of peace? In that case, renounce absolutely the investiture of bishoprics and abbeys. To prove to you that your power will not thus suffer any diminution, I tell you that, being elected a bishop in France, I have received no investiture from the king, either before or after consecration; nevertheless, in all which concerns imposts, military service, tolls, and all affairs of the commonwealth, which Christian kings have anciently given to the Church of God, I perform my duties to the State as faithfully as the bishops of your empire can do, after receiving from you the investiture which has been the cause of so much discord and even of excommunication". On hearing this, Henry lifted his hand towards heaven, and cried, “Well, be it so; I seek nothing more”. The Bishop of Châlons resumed: “If you will give up investiture, restore the property of the Church, and of those who have laboured for her, and insure to them real peace, we will endeavour, with God s help, to end the quarrel”.

The emperor, after consulting with his friends, formally promised to fulfil the stipulated conditions if the pope would do him justice, and if the envoys would undertake to restore to him and his all the possessions they had lost during the war. Henry V offered his hand to the bishop and to the abbot, and swore, on his faith as a Christian, that he would observe the conditions honestly. The Bishop of Lausanne, the

Count Palatine, and other clerks and laymen of the emperor's suite, swore with him. William and Pons then returned from Strasburg to Paris, to tell the pope the result of their interview. Calixtus heard them joyfully, and only said, "would to heaven it were already done, if it can be done justly!" The memory of the bad faith from which Pascal had been so treacherously made to suffer could not be absent from the mind of the pontiff, or from that of any Catholic. The pope immediately commissioned his two plenipotentiaries, and with them two cardinals—the Bishop of Ostia, and Gregory, deacon of St Angelo—to go to the emperor and promise him absolution if he kept his word. They were to demand also that the reciprocal stipulations should be put in writing, and that a day should be fixed for the next council, at which they were, on both sides, to be ratified.

The emperor, after these happy preliminaries, could go safely to the assembly of the princes at Tribur, where the election of Calixtus was solemnly recognised, and all the German bishops promised obedience to him. The princes thus established and consolidated a defence for their consciences and for their resistance to Henry V. No one thought of the anti-pope Burdin; the unfortunate man, who had betrayed the Church in order to make himself the instrument of the emperor, saw himself in his turn betrayed and abandoned by the very power to which he had sacrificed all.

In the diet the princes and clergy decreed the cessation of hostilities, and the reciprocal restitution of all that had been taken from the emperor or the princes, and approved beforehand of the meeting of the Council of Rheims, where Henry promised to appear in order to bring about a general pacification in the Church. The emperor then started, with an army of 30,000 men, to go to meet the pope. Between Metz and Verdun, the prince met Calixtus's four envoys, and renewing, in writing and by oath, the stipulations already arranged at Strasburg, promised to execute them in the pope's presence at Mouzon on Friday the 25th of the following October. The Duke of Bavaria, the Count Palatine and other princes, swore after the emperor, whose oath was as follows: "I, Henry, by the grace of God august emperor of the Romans, for the love of God and St Peter, and of the lord pope Calixtus, renounce the right of investiture to all churches; I grant peace to all those who, since the beginning of the dispute, have been in arms for the Church; I will restore to the churches, and all those who have laboured for them, such of their possessions as I have withheld, and I will loyally aid them to recover such as I am not myself withholding""

The pope's deed, guaranteed by the oath of his plenipotentiaries, was as follows: "I, Calixtus II, by the grace of God Catholic Bishop of the Roman Church, grant peace to Henry, the august emperor of the Romans, and to all those who have acted with him against the Church; I will restore, or cause to be restored the possessions of all those who have lost them through this war".

The two engagements ended with this formula: "Every dispute which may arise shall be judged by a canonical judgment if it is ecclesiastical, and by a secular judgment if it is secular".

The Council opened at Rheims on Monday October 20, 1119. At the pope's summons there had assembled, for the love of God, and in obedience to the Holy See, the prelates not only of France and Germany, but of Brittany, Burgundy, Italy, England, Spain, and the isles of the sea. The King of England had allowed his Norman and English bishops to appear, but had enjoined them not to bring back into his kingdom any dangerous novelty. Adalbert, Archbishop of Mayence, seeing the approaching triumph of the cause he had so bravely served, arrived with seven hundred German

bishops, and an escort of five hundred knights. The pope, delighted at the coming of the great champion of the German Church, sent the Count of Champagne with a numerous train of knights to meet him. There were present sixteen archbishops, more than two hundred bishops, and an equal number of abbots; in all four hundred and twenty-seven crosiers.

Louis le Gros, King of France, though seriously ill, sat in the assembly, together with his principal barons, during the first two days, and declared himself ready to obey the decrees of the Church as became the most Christian king. The crowd of monks, clerks, and laymen present at the council was so great that many thought it seemed a representation of the last judgment. The session was held in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, before the rood-loft (that is to say, in front of the ambo, which was always surmounted by a large cross, as shown in the English denomination of that part of the church—rood-loft).

After having chanted the mass, the pope took his place upon the throne, with the five cardinals at his feet, and standing near him a cardinal-deacon named Chrysogonus, librarian of the Roman Church, who had the book of canons, so that he might read, in case of difficulty, the decisions of the Ancients.

Calixtus preached in Latin from the passage of the Gospel where it is said that Jesus commanded his disciples to embark and put out before Him on a stormy sea. He described the ship of the Church, and pictured the waves of temptation and trouble, and the blast of wickedness, suddenly calmed by the word of the Saviour, who bade Peter walk upon the waters. Then Cardinal Conon rising, addressed the prelates with the greatest eloquence upon their pastoral duty. The sovereign pontiff then explained to the Council his object in calling together his fathers and his brethren in such numbers and from such distances; it was to root out thoroughly, by their help, the simoniacal heresy, which derived all its strength from lay investiture. After this, Calixtus ordered the Bishop of Ostia to describe in Latin the course of the negotiations with the emperor, and the Bishop of Châlons to repeat the narrative in French, so that it might be understood both by priests and laymen.

The King of France, the Countess of Poitiers, and other injured persons set forth, in their turns, the different complaints for which they demanded justice from the council; but the pope deferred the decision of these and of all other affairs to the close of the proceedings.

After having asked the advice of the bishops as to whether it was fitting that he should go to the stipulated interview with the emperor, and whether he could trust in the good faith of such a man, Calixtus II announced his resolution to start for Mouzon. He forbade the bishops to depart during his absence, so that he might find them all at hand on his return, to confirm the peace if God permitted it to be arranged, and to make known the news immediately to the whole world; or, if Henry should as usual act the part of a cunning enemy, that he might be able to appeal to the judgment of the Holy Spirit and to that of the bishops, before drawing the sword of St Peter to punish him. The pope also enjoined the Fathers to consecrate all the time of his absence, and especially the day of the conference, to prayer and sacrifice, and to go barefoot, in procession, to the metropolitan church of St Remy. Having given these directions, Calixtus started on October 23d for Mouzon, where he arrived on Thursday 24th, extremely fatigued. There he called to his apartment the bishops, abbots, and doctors, a great number of whom had accompanied him, and caused to be read to them two documents drawn up in the emperor's name and his own. These papers were minutely

examined, and the bishops were of opinion that it was important to see to the clearness of the clause in which Henry declared that he renounced all right of investiture, so that he might not again claim ancient possessions of the Church, and proceed to invest bishops with them. In the second place, the bishops thought it necessary to examine closely that clause of the treaty by which the pope promised a true peace to all who had taken part in the war, lest it might be inferred that he recognised the intruded bishops, or those canonically deposed.

Meantime the companions of the head of the Church had heard, not without alarm, that the emperor was come to the place chosen for the conference, between Mouzon and Yvoy, at the head of an army of 30,000 men. Fearing lest the crime committed against Pascal II might be repeated, they decided that the pope should not quit the castle of Mouzon.

Instead of Calixtus, the two former plenipotentiaries, William of Champeaux and Pons of Cluny, together with Cardinal John of Crema, went to meet the emperor in his camp. They showed him the decrees, and explained the clauses to him as had been arranged. The emperor at once denied that he had promised anything of all this. But the Bishop of Châlons, inflamed by praiseworthy zeal, unsheathed the sword of the divine Word, and answered: “My lord the king, if you dispute the document I have in my hand, and the comment upon it which you have just heard, I am ready to swear on the holy relics and the Gospel that you guaranteed all these conditions in my presence, and that I accepted them in this sense”. Henry, overcome by this testimony and by that of all who were present, and unable longer to deny his previous assent, bitterly reproached those who had made him promise what he could not fulfil without injury to his royal authority. William repeated the explanations already given at Strasburg; he declared that the pope had no wish to diminish the power of the empire or the splendour of the crown, but that, on the contrary, he would desire all to serve their sovereign faithfully, both in peace and war; and that, moreover, the imperial power could not but be increased by abandoning pretensions contrary to the law of God. Henry grew calmer, and demanded a delay until the morrow that he might confer with the princes during the night; above all, he expressed a desire to see Calixtus. The envoys of the pope tried to obtain a private audience of Henry; but always found him surrounded by a crowd of courtiers who flourished their swords and lances to intimidate them, and but too well reminded them of the scenes of violence which had taken place in Rome eight years before. Warned by this, they took the greatest care to keep the pope at a distance from the place of meeting, lest he should meet with the fate of Pascal II.

The imperial officers did not fail to raise difficulties as to the absolution which their master was to receive, saying that it would be intolerable to see an emperor present himself barefoot, as other penitents did, for absolution. The prelates promised to intercede with the holy Father that he would receive Henry V in private, and shod.

After a whole day passed in interminable discussion (Friday, October 24), the prelates returned to Calixtus, who, despairing of peace, desired to return immediately to Rheims; but at the entreaty of the Count of Troyes and other nobles, be waited until the next day (Saturday 25th) at noon.

Very early in the morning the prelates went to seek the emperor’s answer. The Bishop of Châlons told him that he and his colleagues would have been entitled to retire the evening before, since Henry had sworn to execute on that day the stipulations agreed upon, but that they had been unwilling for the sake of a single night’s delay to

render impossible the good which might yet be done. He added that if the emperor would keep his promise, the sovereign pontiff was quite ready to fulfil his. At these words Henry cried out angrily that he consented to the free election of bishops and abbots, but that before renouncing investiture of ecclesiastical property, it was necessary that he should convoke a general diet of the princes and obtain their consent. He did not choose to remember that the diet of Tribur had quite lately authorised him to treat upon the basis of the preliminaries arranged at Strasburg, preliminaries which depended upon the surrender of investitures. Convinced of Henry's bad faith, the Bishop of Châlons then said to him, “Since these demands for delay prove that you do not intend to keep your promises, henceforward there can be nothing in common between you and us”. The prelate then retired without other leave-taking, and rejoined the holy Father, who immediately started from Mouzon to hasten to another castle in the neighbourhood belonging to the Count of Champagne. Henry, on hearing of the pope's departure, sent to beg the count to detain him at this place over the Sunday, protesting that on the Monday he would, without fail, fulfil the promise he had so many times given and withdrawn. But the pope answered with indignation, “For love of peace I have done that which, as far as I know, none of my predecessors ever did; I have left a general council assembled, while I came with great fatigue to meet this man, who shows no inclination for peace. I will wait no longer; I shall return as quickly as possible to my brethren: but whether during the council or afterwards, if God grant us a true peace, I shall always be ready to receive the emperor with open arms”.

As the prelates feared lest Henry should pursue Calixtus with his army, the holy Father set out before day, on Sunday, October 16th, and travelled so quickly that he reached Rheims, after a journey of twenty leagues, soon enough to celebrate mass and to consecrate as Bishop of Liège, on the same day, the candidate rejected by the emperor.

After two days’ rest, during which Cardinal John of Crema related to the council the ill success of their journey, Calixtus reopened the sittings, and on Wednesday, October 29th, ordered the reading of the five canons or decrees which the council was to pronounce, and which summed up and confirmed the conquests won for the Church's freedom and discipline since the days of Gregory VII.

The first canon forbade simony in all shapes; the second, investitures; the third maintained the inviolability of gifts and oblations made to the Church; the fourth forbade the bequeathing of benefices as if by hereditary right, and the receiving of fees for baptism, and other sacraments, and for burial; the last imposed celibacy on all clerks.

Each canon pronounced an anathema upon any one who should violate it. At the reading of the decree relative to investiture, the terms of which forbade it to all laymen with regard to churches and ecclesiastical property, a great murmur arose among some ecclesiastics and a great many of the laity, for they thought the pope meant to deprive them of the tithes and ecclesiastical benefices or church property which they had long enjoyed. A discussion followed that lasted till evening. Calixtus put off the decision until the following day, October 30th, the last day of the council. On that day the holy Father opened the sitting with the singing of the hymn to the Holy Spirit, which was taken up with great fervour by the whole assembly. Then, suddenly inspired by a supernatural eloquence not usual with him, he described, in burning words, amidst the general admiration, the action of this Holy Spirit, the source of all wisdom and of all discipline, the bond of union, peace, and charity. “We know, dearest brothers”, said the pontiff, in conclusion, “that the zeal which has brought you from such distances to

labour with us for the universal freedom of our holy mother the Church, has been pleasing to God and to the Holy Spirit who unites us; but this zeal has displeased the spirit of evil, who has been able to find instruments of his malice to trouble our brotherly concord. Now, what will be said if, after having come to the council with such trouble and cost, you should return to your different dioceses, taking nothing with you because you will not listen to us? Yesterday, when we offered our propositions for the liberty of the Church, some persons were scandalised. Today, we say with the apostles, 'If there is an unbeliever here let him depart and leave the faithful to deal with what belongs to the Church and is necessary to her freedom'. And to you, who hold the place of apostles in the Church of God, we say, as the Lord said to the twelve, Will you also go away?"

The assembly was deeply moved, and not a word of protest was spoken. The canon, however, which had just been read by the pope's command, and which referred to investitures, had undergone an important change in no longer applying to anything but bishoprics and abbeys. In this new form it was unanimously approved and adopted as well as the four others. After having thus fixed the Catholic law, the next thing was to give it effect. Odelgarius, a Catalan monk and Bishop of Barcelona, emaciated, feeble, but equally learned and eloquent, who had been unwillingly obliged to become a bishop by Pascal II, preached an admirable sermon on the royal and the priestly power. After which four hundred and twenty-seven tapers were brought, lighted and distributed to the four hundred and twenty-seven bishops and mitred abbots. All then rose, taper in hand; the pope in a troubled voice pronounced the solemn sentence of excommunication, until complete satisfaction should be made, against Henry V and the anti-pope Burdin, with their chief partisans and other hardened criminals. At the same moment all the tapers were thrown to the ground and extinguished. The pope also declared that, in virtue of his apostolic authority, he released from their oath of fidelity all those who had sworn it to Henry, until he should have done penance and given satisfaction to the Church of God. Calixtus then gave absolution and his benediction to all, and the council was closed.

Never, since the Church had been founded, had so terrible a sentence been pronounced by so numerous an assembly and in so imposing a form.

The pope's struggle against the emperor's usurpations and the custom of investiture, was not the only object of the council's deliberations. Before starting for Mouzon, the pope had lamented at length over the miseries and devastations which resulted from private wars; and with the purpose of protecting the members of Christ, the Christian people ransomed by the blood of the Son of God made man, and to establish peace on earth, he again decreed the Truce of God, which Urban II had established at the Council of Clermont, adding measures adapted to render its observation more complete. It was ordered, for example, under pain of deposition and the penalties of perjury, that all chaplains of fortresses, and monks inhabiting cells or priories founded by nobles in the neighbourhood of their castles, should cease divine service as soon as they should see booty or prisoners brought in, and not resume it until these objects should be restored, or justice done in some way. Every Wednesday at sunset the bells were to ring for peace until the sunrise of the Monday following; hostilities were also forbidden during Advent, Lent, Easter, vigils, and fasts, and all the festivals of the Blessed Virgin. Monks, women with their escort, hunters, and travellers, were always to enjoy peace.

Monastic institutions were nobly represented in this great assize of Christendom by the crosiers of more than 200 abbots. Vital, head of the new congregation of

Savigny, preached there with such force as to make Pope Calixtus publicly declare that no one on this side the Alps had ever made him so well understand his obligations and his defects. Norbert, who had defended Pascal II when a captive, and done homage to Gelasius II when an exile, came to greet Calixtus II, a conqueror at Rheims; he arrived barefoot, according to his custom, and excited the admiration of the assembled prelates by the strictness of his penances and the eloquence of his sermons. The pope confirmed to him the right of preaching everywhere, and specially recommended him to Bishop Barthélemy of Laon, in whose diocese Norbert next year founded the headquarters of the Premontratensian Order. The order of Cluny, in the person of its Abbot Pons, had interposed too vigorously in the most serious affairs of the Church for its rights not to be scrupulously maintained by the pope and council. Therefore, when the Archbishop of Lyons and his suffragans, in the name of the Bishop of Macon, rose to complain of the immunities and usurpations of Cluny, a lively emotion stirred the assembly. Abbot Pons also rose, and a crowd of monks with him. After having calmly repelled the accusations brought against his house, he concluded by saying: "The church of Cluny is subject only to the Roman Church—it is the special property of the pope. Because we vigorously defend what the faithful have given to us for the love of God, we are called usurpers, and suffer all kinds of reproach. I shall not trouble myself much about it. It is the affair of our lord the pope; let him defend his church if it pleases him".

After a day of inquiry, Cardinal John of Crema pronounced, in the name of Calixtus, a sentence which referred to the foundation of Cluny by Gerard de Roussillon, on the express condition that she should be subject only to Rome, and which, by the authority of God, commanded all sons of the Church to support the great abbey in peace, in her ancient freedom, and in all her exemptions and possessions.

Many other complaints and disputes were brought before the council and judged according to the report of four French bishops, Gerard of Angouleme, Hatto of Viviers, Geoffroy of Chartres, and William of Châlons, who were considered as princes among the speakers. The venerable assembly was specially attentive and interested when Hildegarde, Duchess of Aquitaine and Countess of Poitiers, advancing into the midst of the church, followed by her servants, pleaded eloquently her own cause against her faithless husband Duke William, who had deserted her against her for Malberge, Viscountess of Chatellerault. This was the same Duke William of Aquitaine who, repenting of his violent behaviour to the prelates at the Council of Poitiers in 1100, had gone to the Crusade to expiate his fault. That holy pilgrimage had not, however, amended the warrior's morals. He was so passionately in love with the viscountess that he always carried her portrait attached to his shield, that it might be with him in all his battles; and when the legate Gerard of Angouleme had excommunicated him on account of his open immorality, he had ridiculed the prelate, who was bald, saying, "You will comb the hair over your forehead before I leave my love".

After having heard the duchess's complaint, the pope asked whether William, in obedience to his summons, had come to the council? Several bishops from Aquitaine rose and answered that their duke had been left sick on the road. A postponement was therefore granted to him, that he might present himself at the pontiff's court, and there reclaim his wife under pain of anathema.

A person of yet higher rank than the Duchess of Aquitaine had appeared before the council on the day of its opening. King Louis of France, attended by his barons, mounting the platform on which the pontifical throne was, raised, had there brought his complaint against Henry of England. He chiefly accused him of having unjustly deprived of the Duchy of Normandy, which owed feudal homage to France, his elder

brother Robert, whom he kept in prison, and whose son William now accompanied the king. Louis also imputed to the English monarch the captivity of Robert of Bellesme and especially that of Count William of Nevers, a good and loyal baron, whom Count Thibault of Blois, nephew of Henry, but vassal of the French crown, had stopped and imprisoned on the return of the expedition ordered by the council of Beauvais in 1114 against Thomas de Marie.

All the Frenchmen present at the council confirmed the truth of the accusations brought by their king; but the Archbishop of Rouen, supported by the bishops and abbots, amidst a great tumult, undertook to refute them. The pope ended the dispute by promising to go, after the council, to meet the English king, who was his godson and relative, and to engage him, as well as the Count of Blois, to support the cause of justice and peace, lest he should have to suffer a terrible anathema. Calixtus had indeed the greatest interest in restoring good intelligence between the two kings, united by so many bonds, and whose alliance was so useful to the cause of the Church. He bad also various ecclesiastical disputes to settle with Henry of England, who had fallen back into many of his old evil ways, and who would neither consent to receive legates from the Holy See into his kingdom, nor permit the pope to consecrate Archbishop Thurstan of York, to the prejudice of the primatial see of Canterbury. However, Calixtus having performed that ceremony at Rheims, just before the opening of the council, went from Rheims to Gisors, where he had the desired interview with the King of England. Henry received him with the greatest respect, and knelt before him. The pope raised him, gave him his blessing and the kiss of peace, and then requested him, in the name of the council, to restore to his brother both his liberty and the Duchy of Normandy. But the king drew such a picture of the state of disorder and misery into which the churches and people of Normandy bad fallen during Robert's administration, on account of his total incapacity, that the pope yielded to the monarch's arguments and deferred the question. At the same time he became yet more zealous in bringing about a reconciliation between the two princes: peace was concluded under the mediation of the sovereign pontiff, on condition of the reciprocal restitution of the prisoners and of the castles taken, amidst the general joy of both nations. Calixtus was less fortunate in what concerned the special interests of the Church; he was obliged to concede to the English king the confirmation of those customs which the Conqueror had established, and to renounce the right of sending any other legate to England than those whose nomination should be assented to by the sovereign. Though kings may often have succeeded in conciliating the favour of pontifical legates, yet they were, not the less, very formidable. Henry ventured to oppose a long resistance to the admission of Thurstan to the archbishopric of York; but he was obliged to submit when Calixtus, having by a solemn bull established the independence of that metropolitan see, threatened to excommunicate the king, and to depose the primate, if, in a month's time, Thurstan was not admitted to his diocese.

Having thus punished the emperor at Rheims, restored peace between the kings of France and England, and consolidated his authority in both their kingdoms, the victorious pope set out towards Rome, which he had not visited since his election, and where a phantom anti-pope still reigned. On both sides of the Alps the march of the pontiff was a triumphal procession; everywhere an innumerable crowd of the faithful flocked about his steps to show their love and reverence for the Vicar of Christ. The King of France accompanied him as far as Melun. In passing Saulieu, Calixtus solemnly confirmed, under the name of the Charter of Charity, the constitution of the new order of Cistercians, which, with that of the Premonstratensians, whose foundations had been laid at Rheims, was to occupy the foremost rank among monastic institutions. The pope celebrated, by processions of horsemen, the festival of Christmas at Autun, and those of

the Circumcision and of Epiphany (1120) at Cluny, among the numerous Burgundian nobility, and with all the united splendours of the Roman court and the queen of abbeys. After having publicly heard the still surviving witnesses to the holiness of the great Abbot Hugh, the sovereign pontiff canonised him and ordered that his festival should be annually celebrated. Calixtus also decided that the Abbot of Cluny should everywhere enjoy the rank of cardinal, so that his absolute and perfect exemption might be distinctly known. Two archbishops, one German and the other English, accompanied the pope on his travels; both of them obtained the justice they sought from him.

During his stay at Cluny, Calixtus caused a deed to be drawn up, to re-establish Bishop Bruno of Treves in the independence which was disputed by Archbishop Adalbert of Mayence, as primate and legate. The sovereign pontiff thus sacrificed to justice the policy of conciliating the chief leader of the Catholic party in Germany.

At Gap, the pope, by a similar bull, released the Archbishop of York for ever from the jurisdiction of the primate of Canterbury. And yet he had just formed into a primacy his see of Vienne, giving it jurisdiction over the seven ecclesiastical provinces which extended from the Alps to the Pyrenees.

In Italy the holy Father was received with no less enthusiasm than in France and Burgundy; the populous towns of Lombardy and Tuscany, Milan, Lucca, and especially Pisa, rivalled each other in proofs of attachment and admiration. At the news of his approach, the anti-pope Burdin, desperate at seeing himself abandoned by the emperor, fled for refuge to the fortress of Sutri, while Rome opened her gates to the legitimate pope. He was received with a pomp and a popular eagerness never shown in honour of any other pontiff. After being a witness to the glorious procession of the pope to the Lateran amidst the chanting of Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew hymns, by an immense train of little children carrying palms, as at our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, and by the Roman chivalry, who had hastened to meet Calixtus while he was still three days' journey distant from the city, a German abbot of the pontifical suite wrote to his countrymen that Caesar would have beheld with indignation his own glory surpassed, and Cicero would perhaps have become a Christian if he could have seen the banner of the cross borne proudly above those of consuls and emperors.

On the eve of this triumphal entry, Calixtus granted to a knight of Dauphiny, founder of the illustrious house of Clermont-Tonnerre, who had escorted him from the banks of the Rhone to Rome, the favour of bearing as his arms the keys and tiara, with the proud motto, "*Etsi omnes, ego non*"

After having edified all Rome by his gentleness, his disinterestedness, and the austerity of his life, and after having avenged the injuries done to Gelasius and the outraged dignity of the pontificate, by causing the fortified towers of Cencio Frangipani to be razed, the pope followed the example of his predecessors, and went to seek rest and refreshment at Monte Cassino, where he stayed two months.

At Benevento all the Norman princes came to swear fealty and do homage to Calixtus; and at Traja, their chief, Duke William of Apulia, served the sovereign pontiff as squire, leading his horse by the bridle at his entrance into the town.

In the spring of 1122, these warriors gave the pope their help to put an end to the incursions of the schismatics, who, quartered at Sutri, cruelly ravaged the environs of Rome, killing and mutilating those who were going to the legitimate pope, if they refused to come and prostrate themselves before the anti-pope.

The siege of Sutri was undertaken by an army half Norman and half Roman, led by the sovereign pontiff. The inhabitants gave up Burdin to the besiegers, and this great culprit had to endure the maledictions of the soldiery. “Thou hast dared”, they cried, “to tear the robe of Christ, to destroy Catholic unity; accursed a thousand times be thou for having brought such scandal into the world”. Then they mounted him upon the camel which carried the cooking utensils of the true pope, with his face to the tail, made him hold the tail for a bridle, and put a bleeding goat-skin on his back to imitate the red cope worn by popes. In this guise Burdin made his entry into Rome, that the past shame of the Church might be avenged, and those warned who in the future should be tempted to imitate his crime. Calixtus, with difficulty, snatched the unfortunate man from his tormentors, and decided to shut him up in a monastery, where he ended his days. The pope announced the event to the French bishops, inviting them to thank God with him that he had been able to break the idol of the King of the Germans, and to destroy his diabolical nest. Then he applied himself to the restoration, in Rome and its environs, of order, security, and the inviolability of offerings; and avenged the Church's dignity by destroying, as we have said, the fortresses of Cencio Frangipani, who had so shamefully outraged Gelasius II.

While he was thus vanquishing that schism whose consequences had been so pernicious to Italy, the holy Father maintained and extended his authority in other Christian kingdoms by means of the zealous legates, whose experience was of such value to him in the Church's warfare. Cardinal Peter, son of Leo, a monk of Cluny, filled this office in a part of France and in the British Islands, including the Orkneys. Bishop Gerard of Angouleme exercised the same functions in the five provinces of Aquitaine and Bretagne; and Conon of Palestrina, so long the right arm of the legitimate papacy, continued to hold his former position in the provinces of France, properly so called. In his apostolic journeys, Conon was accompanied by William of Champeaux, Bishop of Châlons, surnamed the pillar of doctors, and who, in the conferences with the emperor, had been the pillar of the Church. They together held a provincial council at Beauvais, where, on account of innumerable miracles, they canonised the holy monk, Arnoul of Soissons, so long Gregory VIII’s legate and auxiliary in Flanders. William of Champeaux died shortly afterwards; but his death did not prevent the legate Conon from holding another council at Soissons in the spring of 1121, where he pronounced a first sentence against Pierre Aboard, the celebrated and ungrateful pupil of William of Champeaux, whose appearance and whose doctrines presented to the Church a new species of enemy to be fought and vanquished.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PAPACY RECONCILED TO THE EMPIRE

From this time France and England, as well as the whole of Italy, recognised the great pope who had lately presided at Rheims over the solemn assize of Christendom. Schism, in losing Burdin, had lost its centre. The emperor alone now remained to be subdued. Left alone at Yvoi (1119) after the miscarriage of the conference of Mouzon, oppressed by the sentence of excommunication pronounced at Rheims, the most solemn ever directed against any sovereign, Henry went, sad and solitary, to spend Christmas at Worms, a town deeply devoted to his cause. The princes had deserted the imperial court; the small number of bishops who had remained with the emperor diminished day by day. Bishop Burckhard of Munster, the most devoted of his creatures who had advised Pascal's imprisonment, had died on an embassy to Constantinople, whither he had gone to negotiate with the Byzantine Court in Henry's favour. The Archbishop of Trèves, hitherto neutral, had joined Calixtus; the Bishop of Strasburg, Vice-Chancellor of the empire, had submitted to the pope as soon as he heard of the decrees of Rheims. The emperor, instead of trying to win back the prelate, sent him into exile, where he was equally ill-treated by the penitent bishops of Welpire and of Worms, who had been driven from their sees, and by the Bishop of Liege. This diocese was then one of the largest in the empire; it possessed the most flourishing schools, and passed for the most powerful, on account of the number and nobility of its feudatories. It had served as a refuge to Henry IV, and had always been considered as the chief centre of the schism. Having become vacant by the death of Olbert, one of the most ardent partisans of the imperial cause, the see was given by the emperor to Archdeacon Alexander of Juliers, who had brought him the crosier and ring of the late bishop. But the chapter, encouraged by the metropolitan, Frederic of Cologne, would not recognise the choice, and elected their provost, Frederic, brother of the Count of Namur, whom Pope Calixtus consecrated at the Council of Rheims. A bloody war resulted, in which was repeated the great struggle then tearing the empire to pieces. The vast diocese of Liege, extending through Brabant and Lorraine, was cruelly ravaged. The Duke of Brabant, the Counts of Duren and Montaigu, and the greater part of the immediate vassals of the bishopric, fought for the imperial candidate. But the Counts of Namur, of Limbourg, and of Fauquemont, nearly the whole city of Liege, an immense majority of the clergy, and all the abbeys, took part with the bishop-elect, who represented the cause of ecclesiastical liberty. Abbot Rodolph of St Frond was especially distinguished for the zeal and steadiness with which he opposed the partisans of Alexander and the emperor; just as twelve years previously he had nobly striven, even to the point of suffering exile and all kinds of perils, to defend freedom of election in his own monastery, against the excommunicated candidate whom the emperor wished to introduce there. This time he again braved persecution by maintaining the same cause in his own diocese. Rather than communicate with the imperialists, he chose to abandon his monastery and take refuge at Cologne. Frederic, thanks to the sword of his brother, the Count of Namur, finally triumphed, and received his rival publicly as a

penitent; but he died shortly after, poisoned by the schismatics, and honoured as a martyr by all Catholics. These local wars were carried on in all the German States with various results and with periods of hesitation, and of overtures which, for the moment, gave hope of reconciliation between the emperor and the Saxon princes, now weary of conflict. But the great Archbishop Adalbert, whom Calixtus had appointed legate, succeeded in organising and keeping up a defence, winning, by energy and eloquence, both bishops and princes to his cause, and communicating to the whole north of Germany a unanimous impulse of opposition to the emperor. In concert with Duke Lothaire and other Saxon princes, the archbishop busied himself in making canonical elections to the vacant sees, and especially to those of Magdeburg and Munster, of men rejected by the imperialists on account of their steady devotion to the liberty of the Church, but whom he eagerly undertook to consecrate. In this state of affairs Henry resolved to make a last attempt; collecting all his forces, he besieged Mayence, as if he hoped to smother in the metropolitan stronghold those flames of resistance which Adalbert had kindled. But the archbishop redoubled his exertions. Having succeeded in interesting all orthodox Germany in the fate of this important city, he hurried back from Saxony at the head of a considerable number of troops to defend it. The two armies came in sight of each other on the banks of the Mein in the middle of June 1121. Henry was at last obliged to acknowledge the impossibility of continuing the struggle; the moment was one of bitter humiliation on all sides. Adalbert, his detested rival, the principal object of his hatred, was there with the half of Germany ranged in battle against him, Burdin, as will be remembered, had fallen from the pontifical throne where the emperor had seated him. His brother-in-law, William, the only son of the King of England, whose tyrannical disposition towards his future subjects had already made itself manifest, had just perished with his half-sister and three hundred companions by the wreck of his ship upon a rock near the Norman coast during a perfectly calm night. The world had seen in this terrible catastrophe a striking instance of divine justice. “Your William”, wrote a certain monk, “was dreaming of the greatness of his future royalty; but God said to him, Not so, impious prince—not so; and instead of being encircled by the golden crown, his head was crushed against the rocks of the sea”.

During this time, in all the churches of Germany fasts were held, and fervent prayers and solemn processions were made for the safety of Mayence and the restoration of peace. At the most critical juncture the pope's legates arrived. Calixtus, far from being intoxicated by his triumph at Rome, or inclined to abuse it, still showed himself as ready to treat as before the excommunication at Rheims: he displayed the most conciliatory disposition, and the most ardent desire that under his pontificate peace should be made throughout the Christian universe. Two of his cardinals, Lambert of Ostia and Gregory, both of whom were destined to occupy the pontifical throne after him, and who had already been in communication with Henry V, were commissioned, immediately after Burdin’s capture, to return to Germany, and to neglect nothing needful to attain the object of the pope’s noble ambition. Their influence certainly contributed to the prevalence of those pacific dispositions which were plainly shown by the great personages of both armies, and which induced them, instead of fighting, to approach each other with a desire to arrange terms of accommodation.

The emperor was obliged to yield to this irresistible movement, and consent that the solution of the important question in debate between the Church and the empire should be confided to twenty-five princes, chosen among those who were supposed to be most influenced by the fear of God; twelve from his party, and twelve from that of the Church. A general diet was convoked at Wurzburg for St Michael’s Day (1121), in order to conclude this much-desired peace.

When the two armies found themselves within a day's march of each other on the banks of the Wernitz, there was, indeed, considerable temptation to renew hostilities; but the emperor this time remained faithful to his oath, and consented that all questions should be settled according to the princes' decision. The latter, both lay and ecclesiastic, but headed by the bishops, showed themselves worthy of their high mission; they displayed a spirit of justice, moderation, and generosity, which testified to their greatness of soul and their high intelligence, and proves how well they were fitted to decide the destinies of their country, and to interpose as mediators between the Church and the sovereign, both of whom they had served so bravely. Faithful to the spirit of the conventions agreed to by the emperor and the pope's plenipotentiaries at Strasburg, they began by decreeing, under pain of death, the commencement of a general and complete peace, the reciprocal restitution of all domains and heritages usurped from the royal revenue, from the Church, or from the lawful heirs; the re-establishment of justice and of the privileges of each order; and the rigorous prosecution of robbers. Thus the temporal interests of the empire were provided for wisely and justly; but the spiritual question, the chief cause of the quarrel, still remained to be settled. The custom of investiture was, in the eyes of most of the lay nobles, an hereditary appanage of the imperial dignity; and when Archbishop Adalbert had explained the law of the Church, he found himself considered by many as the destroyer of the empire. It was then that those princes to whom the emperor had intrusted his prerogatives, those all-powerful warriors who had become the arbitrators of the spiritual and temporal future of the empire, gave the most astonishing proof of their moderation and true wisdom by abstaining from judging this aspect of the cause, and leaving it to the pope to decide in a general council all that referred to investitures and to the imperial excommunication. Guided by the fear of God, they chose to refer to the judgment of the Holy Spirit a question which the found insoluble by means of purely human skill. They contented themselves, therefore, with advising the emperor never to lose sight of the obedience due to the Holy See, and with promising solemnly that they would all endeavour sincerely to bring about his reconciliation with the Church, and to make the settlement of the question of investitures compatible with the honour of the imperial crown. This was not all; they ordered that the bishops lawfully elected and consecrated by Adalbert should be maintained or established in their sees. Catholics were authorised to communicate provisionally with the emperor, until an answer should arrive from Rome; but previously the princes engaged to interpose their authority in case of the emperor attempting to avenge, upon any one, injuries received during the war; and they did not separate until they had sworn to maintain the bases of an accommodation decided upon among themselves, even if the emperor should violate them. The Bishop of Spire and the Abbot of Fulda were sent to Rome with the results of the conference: they returned at the beginning of 1122, with the three cardinals, Lambert, Gregory, and Saxo, who had already, in the preceding year testified to the pacific intentions of Calixtus. They arrived in time to prevent the peace from being again disturbed on the subject of a contested election to the see of Wurzburg, where the emperor had hastened to use once more his contested right of investiture in favour of a candidate of his own choosing, Count Gebhard of Neisseburg. Archbishop Adalbert, together with most of the princes, and even with Henry's two nephews, supported, in opposition to Gebhard, a more fitting candidate in the person of the deacon Rudiger, who was consecrated in the Abbey of Schwartzach. The legates, in spite of the emperor, acknowledged the newly elected bishop, and Henry was obliged to endure this contradiction, tempered, indeed, by the affectionate letters which they brought him from Pope Calixtus, in which the pope said that they ought to treat with each other, not only as pontiff and monarch, but as relatives nearer to each other by the ties of blood than any of their predecessors had been.

"The Church", said the pope, "has no desire to rob you of any of your rights, but, like a mother, gives you freely all that belongs to her. Nor does she desire to claim the glory of your empire. We wish only to serve God and to do justice. Return therefore to your true self, and consider what you have become. Do not trust in the pride of wickedness, for God resists the proud. You have soldiers on your side, but the Church has the King of kings; she has also the holy apostles Peter and Paul, who are her lords and patrons. Give up, then, what does not belong to your office, that you may the better fulfil it. Let the Church have what is Christ's, and let Caesar keep what is his own. Let each be content with his share, and let those to whom all look for justice be careful not to encroach upon the rights of others. If, by the advice of wise and religious men, you listen to and obey us, you will give joy to God and to the world, and you will add eternal glory to your imperial crown. You will bind us and all the Church to you by the bonds of such love that you will appear to all as a true king and true emperor. But if you prefer the counsels of fools and flatterers, who desire to rule over you, if you refuse to God and the Church the honour which is their due, we will provide for the needs of the Church by the ministry of wise and good men, but it will be to your hurt, for things cannot remain as they are".

The apostolic legates, after having consulted with Adalbert of Mayence, and seconded by his anxiety for peace, succeeded in calming the irritation produced on both sides by the affair of Würzburg, and convoked, for the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, a general assembly, to which were invited, by letters breathing the most sincere desire for peace and concord, the emperor, the prelates, the monks, and the learned clerks of Germany, and even of France. This assembly was held at Worms; and while the legates, the emperor, and the princes were deliberating in the city, the immense crowd which formed their cortege encamped on the banks of the Rhine. The deliberations lasted more than a week, amidst general anxiety. But at last, He who holds the hearts of kings in His hand, humbled, beyond all hope, the pride of the emperor, and bowed him to the yoke of apostolic obedience. Henry V renounced the famous right of investiture which his predecessors had so long exercised, and which he had so often vowed he would abandon only with his life. On September 23, 1122, the treaty, so famous in history under the name of the Concordat of Worms, was concluded by the exchange of two solemn engagements, made by the pope and the emperor, in the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity. The following is the engagement signed by the emperor:

"I, Henry, by the grace of God august Emperor of the Romans, for the love of God, of the holy Roman Church, and of Pope Calixtus, and for the good of my soul, do give up to God, to His holy apostles Peter and Paul, and to the holy Catholic Church, all rights of investiture by the crosier and ring; and I consent that, in all churches of my empire, elections shall be canonical, and consecrations free. I restore to the holy Roman Church all her possessions and regalia, which, since the beginning of this quarrel, either in my father's time or in my own, have been taken from her, and which I have retained; and I will cause to be faithfully restored, according to the advice and judgment of the princes, those which I do not myself possess. I will do the same for the possessions of the other churches, and of the princes and other clerks and laymen, which have been seized during this war. I grant a true peace to Pope Calixtus, to the holy Roman Church, and to all those who are, or who have been, of her party. I will aid her faithfully when she shall demand it of me; and whenever she shall bring a complaint to me I will render her due justice".

This act bore, immediately after the emperor's signature, that of his most redoubtable opponent, Adalbert, Archbishop of Mayence; and it was revised and sealed

with the great golden seal by the very man who had always so resolutely contended with Henry—by Frederic, Archbishop of Cologne, Chancellor of the kingdom of Italy.

The document drawn up in the popes name was thus expressed:

"I, Calixtus, servant of the servants of God, I grant to you, my dear son Henry, by the grace of God august Emperor of the Romans, that the election of bishops and abbots of the Germanic kingdom shall be made in your presence, without simony or any violence, so that, if any dispute arise between the competitors, you may give your consent and protection to the one who best merits them, by the advice of the metropolitan and the bishops of the diocese. The elect may then receive from you the investiture of regalia by the sceptre (except those which are known to belong to the Roman Church), and he shall do to you, in return, the services to which you have a right: any one who has been consecrated in another part of the empire may receive the regalia from you by the sceptre within the space of six months. You may bring complaints before me, and I will give you help according to the duty of my office. I grant you a true peace, both to you and to all those who are, or have been, of your party".

This great act was consummated with all the publicity which was then thought suitable for the events of political life, and in presence of all the freemen who constituted the Germanic nation.

(We may here remind the reader that, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Germanic nation consisted of seven categories or classes, designated by the name of Heerschilde or Shields, which, when assembled, formed the general diets and those of election :—

1. The elective king, who took the title of emperor, after being consecrated to that office by the pope.

2. The ecclesiastical princes, bishops, or abbots, who, as to temporal matters, could be vassals only to the king.

3. Dukes, who could be vassals to the ecclesiastical princes.

4. Counts and free barons, equal in rank to the dukes, but able to be their vassals by holding some of their lands in fief. The first three classes composed the higher nobility, which have since been called the immediate princes and seigneurs. It is probable that they alone took part in the election of kings.

5. The *Mittelfreie*, or bannerets, who did not belong by birth to the higher nobility, but who could have freemen for vassals; these formed the ordinary nobility.

6. The simple knights, or nobles, without vassals (*ministeriales*).

7. The freemen (*ingenui*), vassals of the higher and middle nobility, but not serfs. There were many nobles in the cities; but the citizens, who were not noble, though already very influential, from their wealth and warlike spirit, did not form part of the political body of the empire until later, when imperial cities were created. The country people in general were attached to the land, with a regulated system of rights, services, and jurisdiction, which rendered their condition entirely different from that of serfdom,

as we have seen it in Russia. There were also peasants who were quite free. The six Heerschilde generally assembled about the king at the three great festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide.

The duchies, which represented the ancient races of the Teutonic nation, had also their individual diets. There were seven of them: Franconia, Saxony, Swabia, Bavaria, Carinthia, and Upper and Lower Lorraine. There were six archbishoprics: Mayence, Cologne, Treves, Magdeburg, Salzburg, and Bremen), and thirty-five bishoprics).

The world has rarely seen a nobler or more touching spectacle than that witnessed by the banks of the Rhine, when princes, counts, bishops, knights, monks, priests, soldiers, and citizens met in the vast plain near Worms, through which flows the most beautiful river of Europe. Amidst this innumerable multitude, the emperor Henry V appeared, and, humbling himself in the presence of all for the love of Christ, gave to the pope's vicegerent, and through him to Christ himself, the deed by which he surrendered for ever to the Church his ancient right, and received the pope's concession in return. The two documents were read to the assembled crowd; and immediately all the multitude, all the Catholic army, moved by one impulse, fell upon their knees in a transport of joy, to thank God for the conclusion of peace, while Cardinal Lambert of Ostia gave absolution to the emperor and his followers, and then the kiss of peace and the holy communion.

After the emperor had sworn, between the hands of the legate, that he would observe all the conditions of the treaties, he again received the oath of fidelity from the princes—an oath from which they had been released by the Council of Rheims—and swore to them, in his turn, that he would respect their persons, their possessions, and their right to hold courts of justice. The meeting separated with universal satisfaction; and the emperor went to Bamberg to collect the suffrages of those princes who had been unable to go to Worms. Their votes were unanimous; and with their consent, Henry gave, for the first time, investiture of regalia by the sceptre agreeably to the apostolic authorisation, to the new abbot of Fulda, regularly and freely elected by the princes. Thence the emperor sent a solemn embassy with rich presents to Calixtus as his dear cousin. As to the anti-pope Burdin, nothing was said of him; not a voice was raised in favour of the unfortunate man who had consented to serve as instrument in the degradation of the Church and the re-establishment of all the abuses destroyed by Gregory VII. According to the usual course of earthly justice, Burdin was betrayed and sacrificed by those very men for whom he had betrayed and sacrificed the Church.

Calixtus felt a joy neither less lively nor less legitimate than that which spread through Germany. For the active and unconquerable energy which he had displayed against imperial usurpation, both before and after his accession to the papal throne, the great pontiff had substituted, at the right moment, a spirit of conciliation and mercy, which had won for him a complete victory. He answered Henry's letter in the most affectionate terms, congratulating him on having returned, after so long an estrangement, into the bosom of the Church, and on having humbly obeyed his salutary commands. "We open to you" he said, "as to a son of St Peter, our paternal arms, and we are the more desirous to cherish your person and to honour your crown, because you have obeyed the Roman Church more devoutly than your predecessors, and are more closely united to us by ties of blood. Act so, therefore, dear son, that we may be united in the Lord, and reflect how much evil this long discord between the Church and the empire has done to the faithful throughout Europe, and how much good our

concord may do with God's help. Our brothers, the bishops, cardinals, and all the Roman clergy, join with us to salute you, your princes, and your barons".

Finally, in order to impress upon the peace the seal of the most solemn confirmation, Calixtus II summoned to the Lateran an Ecumenical Council, the first which had ever met at Rome. The council was opened in Lent 1123 (March 18), and almost all the prelates of Christendom were present at it—thirty-two cardinals, more than three hundred bishops, and six hundred abbots gathered from all countries of the Christian world. The pope having caused the Concordat of Worms to be read to this august and immense assembly, it was ratified and approved unanimously by the thousand prelates. Calixtus, by the advice of the council, then pronounced the absolution of the emperor from the sentence of excommunication which had been passed upon him by the four hundred and twenty-seven prelates of the Council of Rheims; he canonised the holy monk Gebhard, Bishop of Constance, who had so long been the indomitable champion of the liberty of the Church in Germany against Henry IV and Henry V; finally, he published twenty-two canons, intended, like those of Rheims, to consolidate the new conquests made in the cause of the Church's liberty and independence, to guarantee her property, and to maintain the freedom and purity of her ministers. By the 21st of these canons, the marriage of priests, always prohibited in the Latin Church, but first uprooted by Gregory VII, received a final blow; the fact of entering holy orders was declared an absolute bar to marriage. The one which possessed most novelty among these decrees, assimilated, by a conception worthy of such an epoch and such an assembly, the expeditions made against the Moors in Spain to those pilgrimages to the Holy Land undertaken to defend Christian nations and to destroy infidel tyranny. What was truly remarkable was, that amidst great internal conflicts, while the problem of the government of Christendom was being decided, she was defended without by perpetually recruited armies of Catholic heroes who, in Palestine, under the two Baldwins, and in Castile and Arragon under the two Alfonsos, sometimes by brilliant victories, sometimes by heroic deaths, extended the Church's domain, and glorified the banner of the Cross.

(Baldwin I brother and successor of Godfrey of Bouillon, died in the midst of victory in 1118, and was interred in the Holy Sepulchre; as was also his brother, Baldwin II. du Burg, third King of Jerusalem, victor in the great battle of August 14, 1120, with the wood of the true cross, who, in the same year, held the Council of Naplouse to ask the blessing of God on the conquerors, and extended the same protection, against the abuse of power, to the Saracen as to the Christian women. He was made prisoner in 1123, and released after the great victory of Hiblin. The Pisans, and especially the Venetians, gave most efficient help to the Crusaders. Alfonso VII of Castile and Alfonso VI of Arragon were both aided in their victorious wars with the Moors by French nobles—William, Duke of Aqnitaine; Gaston, Viscount of Beam; Rotrou, Count of Perche; Robert d'Aiguillon, called Burdet ; and a number of Norman knights)

Thus was ended by a loyal and glorious peace, the war commenced fifty years previously by Gregory VII. This peace was but a truce, since the Church, we must repeat, can know only truces on earth but it established, in the social and religious constitution of Christendom, conquests equally valuable and durable. In temporal matters, and in what related to the great German nation, who believed it to be their mission to rebuild, upon the memories and traditions of the pagan empire of Rome, the Christian edifice which has been called the Holy Roman Empire, the peace brought about by the will and the power of the allied nobles gave a sovereign importance to the ecclesiastical and secular princes; it was the true sanction of the Germanic constitution,

and maintained that fruitful independence of provincial races and of local dynasties which has always specially characterised the German nationality. This peace, also, definitely secured the indispensable alliance of the small states among themselves, and gathered the different fractions of the body politic under the aegis of a royalty elective and responsible, such as Catholic nations have always understood.

This settlement assured the durability of the ecclesiastical principalities, in which, even to their last hour, the government was so beneficent and the people so happy; while it gave a curb to the power of the emperor, and an auxiliary to the ancient and legitimate freedom of the laity in the liberty and independence of bishops, and of the most influential monasteries.

Thanks to this happy revolution, it became for ever impossible to revive that sovereignty, equally absolute in spiritual and in temporal matters, which the Othos, Henry III, Henry IV, and Henry V, all monarchs greedy of absolutism, had constantly tried to appropriate to themselves, and which, if it had unhappily triumphed, would have ended by assimilating itself completely to the monstrous despotism of the pagan Caesars.

The social organisation of Germany was thus consolidated upon bases conformable at once to the nature of a society enfranchised by Christianity, and to the old spirit of the ancient Germans, such as Tacitus describes them. The modern system of a guardianship exercised by the State over all the doings and all the rights of men had not yet been invented, to the injury of the most inalienable rights of each individual, and of the free development of the soul. Both authority and general liberty were founded at once upon individual power and upon the profitable activity of each member of the political body in his legitimate sphere.

In all that related to the Church, the conquests which the peace of Worms either formally recognised or sanctioned by silence, were yet more valuable and more durable results of her victory. The total independence of the papacy, now for ever freed from all the pretensions which the Byzantine emperors, and, after them, the Carolingians, the Othos, and the Henrys had set up, either as emperors or as Roman patricians; the confiding of the election of the sovereign pontiff exclusively to the cardinals, and withdrawing it, after the time of Gregory VII from all ratification by, or influence direct or indirect of, the imperial authority; the general freedom of episcopal and monastic elections throughout the empire, guaranteed by a public concession of the head of the State, and secured from nominations made either for money or at the caprice of kings; such were the immense results obtained. If the obligation to make the election in presence of the emperor (or of his commissioners) secured to him a great influence over the choice in fact, yet in law his arbitrary intervention was annulled, and the divine origin of ecclesiastical authority solemnly recognised. In a word, for the uncontested imperial supremacy in the disposal of ecclesiastical power, such as Henry III had exercised, there was now substituted the uncontested independence of the Church which Gregory VII had proclaimed.

Some writers have endeavoured to disparage the value of these results by representing the treaty of Worms as a compromise, and weighing the renunciation of investitures by the emperor against the supposed surrender of the right, which the popes are said to have arrogated to themselves, of disposing as sovereign of ecclesiastical territories and possessions. But this hypothesis, which is entirely gratuitous, rests upon a perfectly false foundation; the Holy See never, in reality, made any claim to the sovereignty of ecclesiastical domains or of regalia in the empire. Pascal

II, acting in the name of the Church, showed himself inclined, in the treaty of Sutri, to renounce completely the possession of that appanage which was likely to be abused by being made a bond of servitude; but no pontiff ever thought of making himself its absolute master, so as to withdraw it from political subjection to the empire; and the most erudite critic may be defied to find in the voluminous collection of letters and decrees of Gregory VII and his successors, a word which implies the project or even the thought of such a usurpation.

It has been resolved, however, that there must have been a bargain, where, in fact, there was nothing more than a needful distinction. The treaty of Worms sanctioned no bargain: it simply established the essential and too long misunderstood distinction between the bishop as a pontiff and the bishop as a prince or vassal of the empire, between the political duty and the temporal authority of one or the other. And this distinction was marked by the introduction of a new symbol—that is, of the sceptre regarded as an instrument of the investiture given by the emperor; while the old and universally recognised symbols, those of election and consecration, the crosier and ring, were for the future reserved to the sovereign independence of the Church in the spiritual order. The spiritual marriage of the pontiff with his Church, the duty of the shepherd towards his flock, were thus for ever removed from human jurisdiction; the Church never claimed anything more. She had admitted this distinction fifteen years before, at the time of the reconciliation between St Anselm and the King of England, who retained his right to the prelates' homage. In the same manner, fifty years earlier, at the commencement of the contest, and in the first fervour of its zeal, this was all that the victorious Catholic party demanded; for Rodolph of Swabia, when, after the deposition of the Emperor Henry, he was elected king at Forchheim by the legates and allied princes, had formally recognised and practised this very distinction with regard to a bishop who had been freely elected, and he did this in obedience to decrees given by Gregory VII in the council of Rome. Moreover, the right of investing with ecclesiastical property, by means of a special symbol, bishops already consecrated and invested by the crosier and ring, had been formally acknowledged by Abbot Geoffrey of Vendome, one of the most zealous champions of the Church during all the contest, who maintained that investiture in general was a heresy. According to the treaty of Worms, the symbol adopted was a sceptre, symbol of the temporal authority of a king, and of the protection which he owed to the Church, which was given to him at the altar with his crown when he was consecrated. The triumph then was immense—as is proved by the unanimous impression of contemporaries—and its moral effects continued through all the rest of the middle ages,

It would have been quite otherwise if the Church, overcome in the struggle, had been obliged to receive laws from the victor. We should then have seen realised the state of things which Geoffrey of Vendome thus pictures in his letter addressed to Pope Calixtus II. after his glorious victory: "When the Church is subjected to the temporal power, from being a queen she becomes a slave; she loses that charter of liberty which the Lord Christ gave to her from His cross, and signed with His blood".

But this divine charter, which shall never perish, was saved by the papacy; such as St Gregory had handed it on to successors filled with his own spirit. Men who possessed both mental power and moral character of the highest order—men such as Anselm of Canterbury, Bernard of Toledo, Yves of Chartres, Geoffrey of Vendome, William of Hirschau, Adalbert of Mayence, Frederic of Cologne, Conon of Palestrina, and William of Champeaux—arose on all sides to strengthen the Church by their devoted services. Supported by the swords of her Norman and Saxon auxiliaries, by an episcopate which her influence had regenerated, and yet more by the fervent and numberless legions of

monks, the papacy gave battle to the Genius of Evil, and, after half a century of dangers, trials, and unheard-of miseries, put him to flight. No man, therefore, who has the smallest knowledge of history, can fail to see in Rome the sanctuary of spiritual freedom, the bulwark of human dignity, and the hearth where burned the inextinguishable flame of truth. Christendom, encouraged and saved, must have joined with transport in the enthusiastic sentiments which Hildebert of Le Mans, a great French bishop, puts into the mouth of converted Rome, herself celebrating her triumph over pagan Rome :

"When I adored false gods I was great by war, great by my people, and great by my fortifications. But the day came when, overthrowing my idols and their altars, I decided to serve the one only God. Then my citadels were taken, my palaces destroyed; then my soldiers fled, and my people became slaves. I have hardly preserved even the memory of what I was; scarcely does Rome remember Rome and her ruin. But this ruin is dearer to me than all glories. Poor, I feel myself of more value than when I was rich; struck to the earth, I am greater than when I stood upright. I owe my conquests more to the banner of the Cross than to my once invincible eagles; more to Peter than to Caesar; more to an unarmed troop than to all my ancient heroes. Once, when I was powerful, I conquered the world; now in my feebleness I conquer hell. While I stood, I reigned over bodies; beaten down, I reign over souls. God, lest I should believe that I owed my empire to the Caesars or to the might of their arms, has caused the power of my long victorious legions to perish. The glory of my senate has passed away; my temples and theatres lie in ruins, my tribune is silent, my edicts are forgotten, my people are without laws, and my fields without husbandmen; my proud plebeians bend under the yoke. All these things have befallen me lest the Roman should be tempted to place his hope in that which has ceased to exist, and should forget the Cross. The Cross provides for him other palaces and other honours; it opens infinite kingdoms to its soldiers. Kings are the servants of the Cross, but they remain free under its government; they have the fear of God, but they have also the love of Him. To whom is this new empire owing? To the sword of what Caesar? to the genius of what consul? to the eloquence of what orator? It was to them that I once owed the conquest of the earth; but by the Cross alone I have made the conquest of heaven!"

This brilliant triumph and its immense results would not have been possible if the Church had not had command of the energy, discipline, and inexhaustible resources of the Monastic Orders. Each page of the preceding narrative must have shown the value of that aid which monks constantly rendered to the good cause. Never was such aid more frequent or more important than during the crisis that decided for several centuries the destinies of the Church and the Catholic nations. From the time of Gregory VII to that of Calixtus II all the popes, as we have seen, were taken from the Monastic Orders; and in the great councils which settled the litigated questions, the number of abbatial crosiers surpassed even the number of episcopal ones. There were, indeed, more than two hundred at the Council of Rheims, when imperial power suffered its last check before it surrendered; and more than six hundred at the Oecumenical Council of the Lateran, where peace and the victory of the Church were finally established.

But it is not only in great assemblies, or in the midst of the public affairs of their time, that monks deserve our attention and admiration; it is also, and chiefly, in their private life, in the interior of their monasteries, where, by fidelity to the holy traditions of earlier generations, by the maintenance of principles which had governed six centuries of their history, they won the right to be placed in the first rank of the Church's champions. If a gradual relaxation, and some disorders inseparable from

human weakness, did occasionally, in times of trial, tarnish the glory of certain famous abbeys, there were never wanting, as we may easily convince ourselves, vigorous and holy minds eager to return to primitive order and purity, to restore the old houses which had fallen into decay, or to found new ones worthy of their prototypes.

Wherever exact discipline and the fervent practice of ascetic virtues flourished, there flourished also the culture of letters, the progress of science, and the love of learning. In these ages of pretended ignorance, there was not a town, not a village, which had not its public school. The most generous emulation reigned; the monastic schools competed with the great episcopal schools, whither, at Laon under the schoolmaster Anselm, at Liege under the schoolmaster Alger, at Rheims, at Orleans, at Poitiers, at Angers, at Chartres, and, above all, at Paris, there pressed eagerly a crowd of masters and students from all countries, whom the double bond of faith and learning united into a single commonwealth. A brilliant education was given at Marmoutiers, which maintained the splendour and purity derived from its glorious founder, St Martin of Tours; at Vézelay, where Peter the Venerable was professor before he became Abbot of Cluny; at St Germain-des-Prés, at Moutier-la-Celle, at St Benoit-sur-Loire, at Chaise-Dieu, at St Nicaise, at St Rémy of Rheims; and, finally, at St Denis, where Louis le Gros, King of France, had studied, and won the reputation of a learned theologian.

All these monasteries served as so many great centres of education and of literary life. It was the same with the abbeys of the Low Countries, and especially with Liessies, Lobbes, St Bertin, St Frond, Afflighem, and Gembloux. At St Laurent at Liége, the names of monks who were authors made up a catalogue too long to quote; but the abbeys of Normandy seem to have excelled all others during this period by their steady union of exact discipline with the culture of letters. Among their inhabitants we find most worthy of admiration William, Abbot of Cormeilles; Richard, Abbot of Préaux, whose learning and piety are praised by Yves of Chartres; and Abbot William of Troarn, the intimate friend of St Anselm. Under the excellent Abbot William de Ros, the Abbey of Fécamp excited the sympathy and admiration of travellers; and the Abbey of Bec, equally flourishing and regular, remained worthy of the noble reputation won for it by Lanfranc and Anselm, and constantly furnished bishops and abbots both to England and Normandy. Knowledge was cultivated there with such ardour that a contemporary who lived in the neighbourhood has not hesitated to say that every monk of this privileged community might pass for a philosopher, and that the least instructed among them were capable of teaching the most self-satisfied grammarians.

If the rule of the new monks of La Chartreuse forbade them to have schools, they made up for this by the ardour they showed in copying and dispersing manuscripts. The library which they formed was considered one of the richest among the great number belonging to monasteries,

Even the abbeys of nuns kept up not only schools but libraries, and the veil was given to none who did not understand Latin.

The regular canons, who during this period were more and more nearly assimilated to the sons of St Benedict, yielded in nothing to the monks of that order. No school, indeed, was more famous or more frequented than that which grew up around the illustrious William of Champeaux, when, after having long been professor of dialectics and rhetoric at the cathedral school at Paris, he left the world and founded the Abbey of St Victor, whence he was afterwards called to be placed in the episcopal see of Châlons, and to be employed as plenipotentiary of the Church in the contest with Henry V. Every one has heard how, attracted by the fame of William's teaching, such a

multitude of students flocked to his lectures on dialectics and rhetoric at Paris that it was impossible to lodge them in the cloister, where, however, the most exemplary' fervour existed. Neither the diversity of language and race, nor the necessity of long and dangerous journeys—neither general and private wars, nor the interest of so many contemporary events—could diminish the activity and intensity of study in these various schools. A striking proof of this may be seen in the curious narrative left us of his journey in 1118 by Rupert, a monk of St Laurent at Liège, and afterwards Abbot of Deutz, near Cologne. He was one of the most prolific but most controverted writers of his time. Having heard, one day, that his doctrine of the origin of evil had been attacked by Anselm of Laon and William of Champeaux, the two great luminaries of the French schools, Rupert immediately resolved to go to France, and, mounted on a poor little ass, with one companion, he travelled as far as Paris in order to confute his formidable opponents, even in their own professorial chairs. The contest ended, the good monk hastened, as he himself expresses it, "to return to his monastic solitude by the door of obedience".

In England, four Norman monks, transplanted from St Evroul to Croyland, with the eloquent and learned Abbot Joffridus, previously professor at Orleans, bethought themselves of opening a public course of instruction in a barn which they hired at the gates of the town of Cambridge; but as very soon neither this barn nor other larger buildings could contain the crowd of both men and women who flocked to listen to them, the monks of Croyland decided to organise the teaching given by the professors on the model of the community's monastic exercises. Thus, Brother Odo was appointed to lecture upon grammar at daybreak, following the system of Priscian and Remigius; brother Terric, at prime, on the logic of Aristotle, with the commentaries of Porphyry and Averroes; brother William, at tierce, on the rhetoric of Cicero and Quintilian; while the most learned monk of the community, brother Gislebert, explained the Holy Scriptures to priests and the learned on every feast-day, and also preached to the people every Sunday, notwithstanding his want of familiarity with the language. Such was the commencement of the University of Cambridge, a slender stream which was soon, according to the expression of a French monk, to become a great river fertilising all England.

Evidently, then, it was not theology alone which monks learned and taught. In their studies they embraced the whole of what were then called the seven liberal arts—grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, on one hand; music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, on the other. They added to these the study of law and medicine; and we find, trained in the cloister, learned jurisconsults and famous physicians, whose skill was acknowledged by all, and who used this skill freely until the day when the exercise of their two professions was forbidden to monks by the Council of Rheims, in 1131.

Several of the local codes, known by the name of Customs, had monks for their authors; thus the customs of St Sever were drawn up by Suave, abbot of that place; those of Lavedan by Pierre, Abbot of St Savin; those of Bigorre by Gregoire d'Asten, Abbot of St Né; and, later, those of Poperinghe, in Flanders, by Leo, Abbot of St Bertin. In various countries, these interpreters of the local customs appeared as the living personification of law and justice; and it was in this character that Thieuffroy, Abbot of Echternach, was summoned from the banks of the Moselle to appease the troubles of Zealand, where the inhabitants imagined that in the pious jurisconsult they saw revived their first apostle, St Willebrod, the founder of Echternach.

The monks of this epoch collected historical narratives with not less zeal and conscientiousness than had been shown by their predecessors. It is owing to their

labours alone that we are acquainted with the events of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

The chronicles of St Hubert, written by monks whose names are forgotten; those composed at Auersperg by the monk John; at Béze, by Clarius; at St Pierre-le-Vif, by Leon le Marsique; and at Monte Cassino, by the Deacon Peter; by Abbot Robert, at St Remy at Rheims; and by Abbot Rodolph, at St Frond,—carry on, without interruption, the chain of Catholic annals. To this list we must add Hugh of St Marie, and Sigebert of Gembloux, whose historical talent deserves to be pointed out, notwithstanding the flagrant opposition of their opinions on all questions of social laws and Catholic policy to the theory and practice followed by all the most approved pontiffs and doctors of the middle ages. Above all, we must not forget Gilbert, Abbot of Nogent, who was not only the worthy successor of St Godefroy on his abbatial throne, but who also has left us a most animated account of the First Crusade, and, in his own memoirs, an invaluable picture of the domestic and religious life of his time.

But of all sciences, that which was best taught and practised in the monastery schools was the knowledge of salvation. It was for this reason that exemplary bishops could always be found there—as Richard of Narbonne was found at St Victor of Marseilles, the great and intrepid Conon of Palestrina at Arouaise, Ralph of Canterbury at St Martin at Seez, Serlon of Seez at St Evroul. This is the reason why so many of the most illustrious prelates, such as Marbodius, Bishop of Rennes, and William of Champeaux, were anxious to end their lives as monks. This explains the invincible attraction exercised by the life of the higher cloister over so many of the noblest spirits among that generous nobility, which was not contented with hurrying in crowds to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, or to fight for the Church on innumerable battlefields, but who so abundantly peopled the monasteries, that it would be difficult to name one of the great feudal families which had not one or more of its members in the cloister.

During the whole time of the war of investitures, conversions were quite as frequent and exemplary as in the preceding ages. Names without number present themselves to the writer's pen. Cluny continued to be a nursery of saints. Godefroy, Count of Mortagne and Perche, after a life devoted to the duties of his station, chose to die in the monastic robe. Harpin, Count of Bourges, on his return from the Crusade and a long captivity, became, by the advice of Pascal II, a monk at Cluny. Coming home from the Holy Land, where he had long been a prisoner among the infidels, Geoffrey, lord of Semur, brother of the great and holy Abbot Hugh, went, with one of his sons and three of his daughters, to seek retirement at Cluny. The latter were placed at Marcigny, of which their father became prior. After his death, Geoffrey appeared in a dream to a nun of the abbey, to bid her desire his successor to suppress the heavy tax which he repented having laid, during his lifetime, on the inhabitants. This tax fell upon the linen and woven stuffs which it was usual to wash in the moat of the castle of Semur, and which were brought from all parts to be bleached at that place.

William, Count of Macon, gladly declared to the friends of peace and truth that he confirmed to Cluny the donations made to her daughter, Marcigny, by four generations of his ancestors, especially by his uncle and his mother, who was a nun there. St Hugh's successor, Pons, whose administration was so excellent, and who took so important a part in the negotiations between the emperor and the Church, was son of the Count of Melgueil, nephew of the Count of Auvergne, godson of the pope, and cousin of the emperor. Another knight, who, like the Count of Bourges, had returned from the First Crusade, William Malet, lord of Graville, gave his estate of Conteville to Bec, and

became a monk there. About the same time, Count Robert de Meulan, Prime Minister of the King of England, whose father had died in the monastic habit, installed monks from Bec in his county of Meulan, which the last male heir of that house had transmitted to him by a similar sacrifice.

In Aquitaine, a noble of Périgord, Gérard de Salis, having become a monk, and persuaded his father and brothers to follow his example, devoted his patrimony and his life to founding the five monasteries of Grandselm, Padouin, Le Bournet, D'Alen, and Les Chasteliers, where he died in 1120, leaving this five-fold inheritance to the Cistercians and St Bernard.

In Germany, Count Louis of Thuringia, surnamed the Leaper, ancestor of the husband of St Elizabeth, died, after a long penance, in the abbey of Reinhartsbrünn, which he had founded in expiation of his crimes. The young Bernard of Domnesleve, sole heir of a long line of heroes, and possessor of vast territories, became a monk after having bequeathed all his property to St Maurice and St Nicholas. Another young noble of Swabia, Adalberon, equally noble, rich, and accomplished, wearied of the life of courts and retired to St Hubert. There, kneeling before the assembled chapter of the monks, amidst the tears called forth from those present by so great a proof of disinterestedness, he stripped himself of his rich clothing, throwing to the ground the gold ring from his finger, and putting on the Benedictine robe. But Bishop Barthélemy of Laon soon distinguished the young neophyte, whom he made an abbot, destined to become, later, the restorer of the ancient abbey of St Vincent of Laon.

In Switzerland, in a wild and frozen gorge of the Unterwald, the noble Conrad of Sellenburen founded a great abbey, which was subject only to the Holy See; Pope Calixtus approved of the foundation, and gave it the name of Mount of the Angels, which it still retains. Conrad then renounced the trade of arms, stripped himself of all his fortune to live in monastic obedience, and shortly afterwards perished by the hands of brigands, while, like a poor shepherd, he was keeping the flocks of the monastery on land where he had formerly been lord and master.

In another place, Gamier de Montmorillon, one of the most famous knights of Poitou, gave to a poor man the richly embroidered gloves which he had received from a lady whom he passionately loved, and by this sacrifice made the first step towards a life of forty years passed as a monk at Chaise-Dieu in the practice of the most austere regularity.

At St Martin of Tournay, the reforming abbot, Odo, attracted to his monastery the most powerful nobles of Hainault. Among these penitents we remark the noble Walter, who employed himself humbly in carrying water to the kitchen, bolting the flour, and cleaning the stables; Count Louis of Thurin; and Ralph d'Osmond, husband of Mainsende, the daughter of a knightly house. The latter, distressed to find his salvation continually risked in the world by constant relapses, was urged by his wife's own brother, who was a monk of St Amand, to request from his consort permission to seek the safe shelter of a monastery. On the day when he had received this advice, Osmond was weeping, sitting on his bed; Mainsende coming in, asked the cause of his grief, and having learned it, bade him dry his tears, for she also desired to provide for the safety of her soul. Both, therefore, offered to God their persons, their property, and even their three children, the youngest of whom, still in the cradle, was laid by his mother upon the altar. This very child, reared in the cloister, has left us the touching account of a sacrifice which has few equals in history. This relinquishment of conjugal life, made to God by mutual consent, does indeed reappear in different forms. Thus, in Anjou,

Walter de Nidoiseau, having founded a monastery, to which he gave his name, on the banks of the Oudon, himself took the monastic habit with his wife, and after having both spent holy lives there, they died the same day.

Widows of high rank were accustomed to end their lives in monasteries. In this way the two illustrious sisters-in-law, Ida d'Avesnes, lady of Orsy, and Agnes de Ribemont, Countess d'Avesnes, gave themselves, one to St Martin of Tournai, and the other to Liessies, which Ida's brother had restored, and where Agnes's husband was buried. Repentance and innocence sought the same asylum; the beautiful Bertrade, the unfaithful widow of Fulk of Anjou, and of Philip, King of France, having been converted by a sermon of Robert d'Arbrissel, seized with horror for the lawlessness of her life, entered the order of Fontevrault in the flower of her age and her beauty, and there led so austere a life that she soon sank under her macerations.

Elizabeth, believed to have been daughter of the Count of Crépy, and sister of St Simon de Valois, left the abbey of Chelles to seek a more severe retreat, and, having found a desolate and marshy spot called Rosoy, near Courtenay, she lived there a long time in a hollow tree, exposed at first to the ridicule of the peasants, and afterwards so venerated and followed, that she was able to found, upon the site of the old tree, a great monastery, which was endowed by the lords of Courtenay. Juliana, the natural daughter of Henry I of England, one of the most wicked women of the age, and Matilda of Anjou, who had been married at twelve years old to the only son of the same king, and become a widow six months afterwards by the prince's shipwreck, both became nuns at Fontevrault, the one to weep for her sins, the other "to live with the immortal Bridegroom". Ermengarde, Duchess of Bretagne, set free by her husband's monastic vocation, was already there awaiting her noble companions. Many other widows of great personages took refuge at Fontevrault under Robert d'Arbrissel; Philippine, wife of William VII, Duke of Aquitaine; Hersende de Champagne, widow of the lord of Montsoreau; and Petronille de Craon, widow of the lord of Chemille. Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, and mother of King Stephen of England, the friend of St Anselm, went to increase the number of high-born nuns who peopled Marcigny, the illustrious offshoot of Cluny. The Conqueror's daughter had already given one of her sons to the great abbey, so, she said, that she might not be reproached with having given birth to children only for the world; and this son, afterwards an abbot and bishop, was always an exemplary monk.

The ruling races felt themselves obliged to furnish their contingent to the cloister as well as the ordinary nobility and the lower classes. Alain Fergent, Duke of Brittany, the husband of Ermengarde, who had led the flower of knighthood to the Crusade, and had made himself famous by his care for the administration of justice in his duchy, had long been hostile to the abbey of Redon, and thus called down the anathemas of Abbot Hervé; yet, in 1112, touched by repentance, he entered that very abbey of Redon as a monk, and there spent seven years in the deepest humility.

Alain's son-in-law, Baldwin VII, Count of Flanders, and nephew of Pope Calixtus II, in all the pride of youth and power, quarrelled with Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy. Henry sent him word to look well to himself, or he would come as far as Bruges to find him. To which the count replied that the king might save himself that trouble as he would go to Rouen. And, in fact, he immediately started, with 500 horsemen, and struck his lance into the closed gate of Rouen, to provoke a combat with the king, who was remaining quietly in the city. This being still refused, the count returned, ravaging the country as he went, in order to show his contempt for the king. But he had scarcely arrived in his own states, when he received, in a tournament, a

wound from which he soon felt that he should not recover. He therefore took the monk's robe at St Bertin, where he shortly after died penitent, giving to the monks a deed in which he spoke as follows: “I feel that God has justly disciplined me, and chastised me on account of my sins, and especially because I have not given to the churches of the saints that honour and protection which I owed them since God had appointed me their defender ; therefore, acting by the advice of the pious men whom the divine goodness has brought to visit me, I have taken refuge in this asylum of penitence and contrition, and I desire that in the future all the churches of God on my estates may enjoy liberty and peace, that they may pray fervently for me”. Ten months afterwards the count died, and his uncle, Pope Calixtus II, then at the Council of Rheims, asked the prayers of the assembly for the soul of the noble penitent.

Eight years later, the example of Baldwin drew into the same path his brother-in-law William Cliton, heir-apparent of Normandy and claimant of the county of Flanders, who, being mortally wounded under the walls of Alost, desired also to die in the monk’s habit at St Bertin. These knights, men of strong passions, hoped to expiate their faults and to purify their souls in the monastic robe. Their confidence was shared by their contemporaries, who all believed with the Church in the efficacy of prayer and the omnipotence of repentance. For these numberless vocations in all ranks of Christendom, it was needful to provide new asylums, and to enlarge while reforming those old foundations where, by a law equally wonderful and invariable in the history of the monastic orders, the throng of neophytes was always the greater the more strictly primitive fervour had been maintained. This fact can be easily proved during all the period which we have just reviewed.

In the course of our narrative we have remarked the happy influence of the reforming spirit of Cluny on the great abbeys of the Netherlands, and admired the fruitfulness of the new foundations, due in France to Robert d'Arbrissel, founder and superior of Fontevrault, Bernard of Tiron, Vital of Savigny, and Gerard of Salis; and at the same time we have been obliged to defer for the present the history of the origin and growth of the Cistercian order.

In Germany, the war between the Church and the empire did nothing to retard the permanent impulse which led the German nobles constantly to sanctify their domains by new religious foundations, and to enrich their possessions perpetually with new monasteries. Agnes, daughter of the schismatic emperor, Henry IV, who was first married to the Duke of Swabia and afterwards to the Margrave of Austria, founded, in concert with her first husband, Lorch in Swabia, and with her second, the great Abbey of Kloster-Neuberg, which has at present escaped secularisation, and still forms one of the noblest monuments on the banks of the Danube.

Agnes’s second husband, the Margrave Leopold of Austria, by whom she had eighteen children, was afterwards canonised. As one day the husband and wife, discussing together their plan of building a monastery in honour of Mary and for the good of souls, asked God to enlighten them in the choice of a site, a light wind lifted the princess’s veil and carried it away. On another day, nine years later, the Margrave, while hunting, found his wife’s veil hanging upon a tree; and neither he nor she doubted that in this incident they were to see an indication of the divine will. Together they founded on this very spot the great Abbey of Kloster-Neuberg, which, situated at the gates of Vienna, has hitherto escaped confiscation, and Vienna, holds twenty parishes under its rule.

Before Sigefroy, Count Palatine, fell under the attacks of Henry V, he, in concert with the Countess Hedwige von Altenahr, had installed a colony from Afflighem at Laach, where the church, with six towers, standing beside a solitary and picturesque lake, still forms one of the fineat monuments of Roman architecture in the Rhine district.

The Counts of Andechis and Spanheim both founded, at their castle gates, monasteries which have perpetuated their names even to our days. Count Wiprecht of Svoitsels, one of the emperor's most formidable adversaries, founded Pagau and Reinersdorf in Saxony, by the assistance and advice of Otho, Bishop of Bamberg. This holy prelate, one of the most venerated of the time, for whose support the two opposite parties disputed, bore the most devoted and active affection to the monastic orders. He himself wished to become a monk in the Abbey of St Michel in his episcopal city; but after he had taken the vow of obedience there, he was forced, by the abbot, by virtue of that very promise, to return to his episcopal functions. He indemnified himself by founding or restoring fifteen abbeys and six priories in his own diocese and in the neighbouring country. And to those who reproached him for having devoted all his revenues to this purpose, and kept nothing for the service of the emperor, he answered, "These are inns of which we have but too much need in this earthly exile, while we are travelling far from God. The world is an exile, and our life a journey, where those who are still distant from God cannot meet with too many inns".

Otho had confided Prüfening (near Ratisbon), the chief of his foundations, to a monk of Hirschau, Ermenold, who was equally charitable and zealous.

(Ermenold had first been Abbot of Lorch, founded by the sister of Henry V; but hearing that the latter boasted of having made him a fine present for which he hoped some return, he was horrified at the idea of simony, and returned to Hirschau with forty of his monks).

In a great scarcity this holy man, having emptied the cellars and storehouses of his monastery to feed the poor of the neighbourhood, had himself, with his brethren, to suffer cruelly from famine, until one day a nobleman, who lived near, came to succour them. But if the gates of Prüfening remained always open to Christ's poor, the abbot knew how to close them against the imperial majesty. When Henry V came to visit the abbey, Ermenold would not communicate with one who was excommunicated. He refused, in spite of the prayers of Bishop Otho himself, and the threats of the imperial *cortège*, to receive the monarch. The emperor had the generosity to respect this noble courage, which might have procured the palm of martyrdom for the venerable monk.

In England, Henry I founded several monasteries, among others that of Reading, which he attached to Cluny, and where he chose his burial-place. This abbey, situated where the principal highways of the kingdom met, and possessed of a hospital and lazar-house, became, as it were, the greatest inn of the realm; and, thanks to its unwearied hospitality, could always count more guests than inhabitants. Croyland, which had been in Saxon times the most honoured of the English monasteries, rose from her decay under the care of her learned abbot, Godfrey of Orleans, whom we have already seen presiding at the formation of the University of Cambridge. Godfrey had the happiness of completing this work by a means much used in those days: monks carrying relics and indulgences travelled about in the name of the English bishops, offering them to all who would give their assistance. These collectors went not only throughout England, but also Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, and France; they brought back large sums of money, and also, what was much better, a great number of foreign

monks, so sincere and deep was the brotherhood which united all Christian nations, and which was chiefly cemented by the monastic orders. The first stone of the new church was laid in 1114 with a solemnity, and in presence of a crowd, which testified to the general sympathy felt by men of the time in such undertakings : while 400 strange monks dined in the refectory, the counts, nobles, and knights of the neighbourhood were entertained in the abbot's parlour; in the cloisters, visitors of lower rank, with their wives, filled six long tables; and in the open air more than 5000 labourers and artisans, and others of inferior condition, were served by the monks themselves. Two princes, who had studied at Orleans under Abbot Godfrey, Thibault, the great Count of Champagne, and his brother, Stephen of Blois, afterwards King of England, nephews to King Henry, put a seal to the solemnity by coming to embrace their former master, and bring him, from their uncle, the royal confirmation of the immunities granted to the abbey.

While Ralph, a Norman monk, occupied as St Anselm's successor the primatial throne in England, the Scots desired to have an English monk as Archbishop of St Andrews and primate of Scotland. Eadmer, Anselm's friend and biographer, whom King Alexander of Scotland had obtained from the church of Canterbury to fill this office, had many difficulties to undergo. It happened that the king, after having eagerly desired the nomination of the venerable monk, did not find him ready enough to yield to his will. Like most kings in this world, Alexander wished to be everything in his own kingdom, and to tolerate no one there who was not entirely submissive to his authority. But Eadmer was resolved not to break all connection with his monastery, but to have himself consecrated by his legitimate archbishop, and to remain subordinate to him; he declared also, that if all Scotland were to be given to him, he would never cease to be a monk of Canterbury. Finding that he could not overcome the king's resistance, Eadmer laid his archiepiscopal crosier down upon the altar whence he had taken it, without having received investiture or done homage, and returned to his abbey; thus bearing witness, as he himself says, that he had been trained in the school of St Anselm.

King Alexander's brother and successor, David, Earl of Lothian, son of St Margaret, and canonised like his mother, showed the most ardent devotion to monks. The virtues of the founder of Tiron being described to him, produced such an effect upon his mind that he left his own country to visit the holy old man in France. But Bernard having died in the interval, the young prince could only kneel on the tomb of him whose blessing he had come to seek. The journey of the Earl of Lothian was not, however, quite useless; he brought back twelve disciples of the revered master with him to Scotland, and afterwards established them at Kelso.

The relations between crowned heads and monks were both frequent and much prized. Henry I of England, in spite of his conflicts with St Anselm and with Calixtus, had always at heart an affectionate respect for the inhabitants of the cloister. He chose the two abbots, Joffrid of Croyland and Gislebert of Westminster, for his ambassadors when, in 1118, he wished to negotiate with Louis le Gros, King of France. In 1113 we find him going to St Évroul to celebrate the Feast of the Purification; he sat for a long time in the cloisters of the abbey, asking about the customs and manner of life of the monks, and showing unqualified approbation. The following day the prince entered the chapter and asked to be affiliated to the congregation, which was granted; and in return he gave to the monastery a deed of protection, signed by himself and all his lords.

In 1124, hearing that the old Abbot William, St Anselm's successor at Bec, was dying, after an abbacy of thirty years, Henry went to see him, and begged him to name his successor. William replied that the canons forbade him to make this choice; but

begged the king to permit the election of a monk of ripe age and irreproachable life. At these words, Henry took the abbot's hand, and having kissed it, placed it on his eyes, as if to be blessed by it; and when William had breathed his last, and his body was laid in the church, the king went to look at it, saying, "God grant that my soul may one day be where his soul is!"

This emotion was profitable both to the soul of the king and to the freedom of Bec. In fact, the monks having elected their prior, Boson, for abbot, because he had been a disciple of their great Abbot St Anselm, the king, much annoyed, at first rejected their choice, because of the zeal shown by this very Boson in the disputes between himself and St Anselm. However, at the repeated entreaty of the monks, Henry finally yielded. But Boson would not accept, and resisted both the wishes of his brethren and the exhortations of the Archbishop of Rouen, fearing lest the king should require from him the homage he had resolved not to pay. He still felt himself bound by a promise made to Pope Urban II, who had now been dead for twenty-five years, that he would never perform such an act in honour of any lay-man; but the Norman bishops were indignant at his refusal for such a reason. "What!" said they of Evreux and Lisieux, "we, who are bishops, do homage to the king, and here is a monk who says he will not do what everybody else does!"

But however they might irritate the king against Boson as they rode beside him from Brienne to Rouen, Henry dispensed the newly-elect from doing homage, and also from the solemn profession of obedience to the archbishop of that city.

After the abbot's installation, the king exhorted him to remain faithful to the traditions of hospitality and austerity which made the glory of Bec, promising him, on this condition, to protect the monastery, and saying, "You shall be abbot within doors, and I will be abbot without".

About the time when the King of England was keeping up these familiar relations with the chief abbey of his Norman duchy, the King of France went to do feudal service at St Denis, the great abbey of his kingdom, from which he acknowledged himself to hold the county of the Vexin as a fief. The motive which the French sovereign obeyed in this case was very serious; he knew that the Emperor Henry V had for five years been nourishing a bitter resentment against him on account of the assistance he had given to the pope during the Council of Rheims. In fact, Henry hated that town, the scene of his humiliation; and, by agreement with his father-in-law, Henry of England, had decided to go at the head of a powerful army to besiege and destroy it. Warned of this scheme of aggression, the king summoned his nobles, and then, remembering that the glorious martyr St Denis, apostle of France, was the special protector of the kingdom which he had converted, he went to invoke the saint in the ancient abbey where his relics reposed; caused the sacred remains to be displayed upon the high altar, as was customary in great public dangers; and taking from this same altar, as if from the hands of his feudal lord, the oriflamme, which was the banner of the county of Vexin, he hastened to the defence of Rheims. With a single impulse, such as history seldom has to describe, the whole of France followed him; the most powerful and most distant vassals, such as the Dukes of Brittany and Aquitaine, the inhabitants of Champagne, of Picardy, and the Isle of France, gathered around Rheims, where a formidable army was organised, resolved to avenge the insults offered to her who was already called the Queen of nations.

A monk of humble birth, named Suger, newly elected abbot against the king's will, led the vassals of the Abbey of St Denis, and it was among them that King Louis

VII placed himself, saying, “Here I shall fight best, under the protection of the saints, who are my lords, and in the ranks of my countrymen with whom I have been brought up”. The emperor, alarmed by the warlike attitude of the French, retired without having given them battle. The king immediately went to render solemn thanks to his suzerain, the great martyr St Denis: he himself carried back into the venerable church the relics before which the monks, Abbot Suger’s contemporaries, prayed day and night for the success of France.

The Abbey of St Denis, however, was not the first in rank; she was counted after Cluny, which Louis le Gros called the noblest limb of his kingdom, whose abbot disputed with that of Monte Cassino the title of *abbot of abbots* and whose greatness shed an unrivalled brilliance through every country of Christendom. In 1123, Pons, who had resigned the abbacy of Cluny, carried the sacred spear at the head of the Christian army, which, though only three thousand strong, put to route at Ybelin sixty thousand Saracens, and so saved Palestine. The following year Pons’s successor, Peter the Venerable, restored peace to Catholic Spain, setting her free to employ all her forces against the Saracens; and shortly after, owing to his mediation between the Kings of Castile and Arragon, a treaty was concluded by these two princes at the Clunist Abbey of Najara.

Thus at the two extremities of Christendom, two abbots of Cluny held the first rank both in war and peace.

So much glory, scarcely tarnished by the spots inseparable from human frailty, and the possession of so great a share in the greatest affairs of the Church and of the world, naturally excited lively opposition and formidable jealousy against the Clunist monks. Enemies were met with, not only among members of rival communities, but also among laymen devoted to the temporal power or attached to the emperor's person, such as those who, enraged at seeing the gates of the Abbey of Prüfening shut against their excommunicated master, pointed out to him the monks occupied in their garden, and cried, “Look at these cowl-wearers, how they treat our emperor! They do not even reverence the imperial dignity. They should be punished for their impudence, and taught that they cannot insult the diadem of the Caesars with impunity”

Even the clergy were not innocent of such ill-will; and the proof of it was seen when, for the first time since the conversion of England, an Archbishop of Canterbury was chosen who did not belong to the monastic ranks.

(William of Corbeil, a regular canon, elected in place of Raoul -or Ralph-, monk of Bec, who had died in 1112. It seems that the regular canons, not being sons of St Benedict, were not counted as monks. Already, in 1114, at Ralph’s election, the bishops had shown an unwillingness to acknowledge a monk as St Anselm’s successor, but the antecedents had forced them to do so. Stigand, hitherto the only archbishop not a monk, had been deposed after the conquest, and never received the pallium. However, William of Corbeil was succeeded, on his death in 1187, by Theodoric, a monk of Bec, the third Archbishop of Canterbury drawn from that illustrious monastery).

We have spoken of the fruitless complaints made by the bishops of the province of Lyons against Cluny at the Council of Rheims.

(By a bull of January 19, 1121, Calixtus laid the Bishop of Macon under an interdict until he should have repaired the wrong he had done to Cluny. But we must not suppose that popes always defended abbeys against bishops: there is a deed of

Pascal II in which he blames the Abbot of Cluny for having consecrated the holy oil, and forbids him to do so in future).

At the Ecumenical Council at the Lateran, one of the canons of which forbade to abbots various episcopal and pastoral functions, the prelates again protested against the encroachments of Monte Cassino and probably of the monks in general.

"It only remains", they said, "that we should be deprived of the crosier and ring, and put under the orders of monks. They have the churches, towns, castles, tithes, the oblations of the living and of the dead. Canons and other clergy are fallen into discredit, while monks who are supposed to have abandoned this world and all its lusts, pursue the things of the world with insatiable avidity, and, disdaining the portion offered to them by St Benedict, only think day and night how they may rob bishops of their rights. A monk of Monte Cassino answered, addressing himself to the pope: "We pray night and day for the salvation of the whole world, and the conduct of our abbots towards the Apostolic See, has not been such that we should deserve to lose, under your pontificate, that which so many emperors, kings, dukes, and popes have offered to St Benedict". A bishop of Northern Italy then took up the defence of the monks, showed the reasons which had led former bishops to endow them, and the perpetual coexistence of the Monastic Orders with the active and secular clergy, and in conclusion said that it was the duty of bishops to love the monks, not to persecute them. Pope Calixtus ended the discussion by declaring that the Church of Monte Cassino had been founded by the command of Christ Himself, who had inspired St Benedict to make it a venerable sanctuary for all Christendom, and, as it were, the headquarters of the Monastic Orders; and that, moreover, it had been a sure refuge for the Roman Church in her adversity. "For this reason", added the pontiff, "following the steps of our predecessors, we decree that this monastery shall remain free for ever from all mortal authority, and under the sole guardianship of the Roman Church. As to other monasteries, we command that they shall be maintained such as they were originally founded".

The time was not yet come when the foes of the religious orders might hope to triumph. Far from being eclipsed, their glory every day shone more brightly. But lately Pope Calixtus, by confirming the Order of St John of Jerusalem had introduced into the ranks of chivalry that deathless spirit of self-sacrifice and Christian devotion which has lived even to the days of modern society. As he passed through France after the glorious Council of Rheims, the sovereign pontiff also ratified the constitution of the Cistercian Order, which, having for years grown up in solitude, was to surpass in splendour as well as in productiveness all the past wonders of monastic history.

Before his death, Calixtus II, the great pope who gave peace to the Church, might have seen issuing from the bosom of this new-born order, and shining on the horizon like a star without a rival, that Bernard who for thirty years was to animate and purify the Church by his breath, enlighten her by his doctrine, and transport her by his eloquence; who was to speak to the pope as a doctor, to kings as a prophet, to nations as a master; to aid the again menaced papacy, to dissipate schism, to confound in the person of Abelard revolted human reason, to merit the title of avenger of ecclesiastical freedom, and to humble the heir of Henry V and grandson of Henry IV at the feet of an uncompromising champion of the Church and of society.

EPILOGUE

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN OF THIS WORK

This work originated in a purpose more limited than the title implies. After having narrated, more than twenty years since, in the *Histoire de Sainte Elisabeth*, the life of a young woman in whom was epitomized the Catholic poetry of suffering and of love, and whose modest and forgotten existence belonged nevertheless to the most resplendent epoch of the middle ages, I had proposed to myself a task more difficult: I desired, in writing the life of a great monk, to contribute to the vindication of the monastic orders. Happy to have been able to attract some attention to an aspect of religious history too long obscured and forgotten, by justifying the action of Catholicism upon the most tender and exalted sentiments of the human heart, I hoped, by a sketch of another kind, to secure the same suffrages in vindicating Catholic and historic truth upon the ground where it has been most misconstrued, and where it still encounters the greatest antipathies and prejudices.

The name of St. Bernard immediately recurs to any inquirer who seeks the most accomplished type of the Religious. No other man has shed so much glory over the frock of the monk. Yet, notwithstanding, strange to tell! none of the numerous authors who have written his history, excepting his first biographers, who commenced their work during his life, seem to have understood the fact which both governed and explained his career—his monastic profession. By consent of all, St. Bernard was a great man and a man of genius; he exercised upon his age an ascendency without parallel; he reigned by eloquence, virtue, and courage. More than once he decided the fate of nations and of crowns—at one time, even, he held in his hands the destiny of the Church. He was able to influence Europe, and to precipitate her upon the East; he was able to combat and overcome, in Abelard, the precursor of modern rationalism. All the world knows and says as much—by consent of all he takes rank by the side of Ximenes, of Richelieu, and of Bossuet. But that is not enough. If he was—and who can doubt it?—a great orator, a great writer, and a great man; he neither knew it nor cared for it. He was, and above all wished to be, something entirely different: he was a monk and a saint; he lived in a cloister and worked miracles.

The Church has established and defined the sanctity of Bernard —but history remains charged with the mission of recounting his life, and of explaining the marvellous influence which he exercised upon his contemporaries.

But in proceeding to study the life of this great man, who was a monk, we find that the popes, the bishops, and the saints, who were then the honour and bulwark of Christian society, came, like him, all, or nearly all, from the monastic order. What were they, then, these monks?—from whence came they?—and what had they done till then to occupy so high a place in the destinies of the world? It is necessary, first of all, to resolve these questions.

And there is more. In attempting to judge the age in which St. Bernard lived, we perceive that it is impossible either to explain or to comprehend it without recognizing it as animated by the same breath which had vivified an anterior epoch, of which this was but the direct and faithful continuation.

If the twelfth century did homage to the genius and the virtue of the monk Bernard, it is because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated by the virtue and the genius of the monk who was called Gregory VII. Neither the epoch nor the work of Bernard should be looked at apart from the salutary crisis which had prepared the one and made the other possible: a simple monk could never have been heard and obeyed as Bernard was, if his undisputed greatness had not been preceded by the contests, the trials, and the posthumous victory of that other monk who died six years before his birth. It is, then, necessary not only to characterize by a conscientious examination the pontificate of the greatest of those popes who have proceeded from the monastic class, but also to pass in review the whole period which connected the last struggles of Gregory with the first efforts of Bernard, and to thus attempt the recital of the gravest and most glorious strife in which the Church ever was engaged, and in which the monks stood foremost in suffering as in honour.

But even that is not enough. Far from being the founders of the monastic order, Gregory VII and Bernard were but produced by it, like thousands more of their contemporaries. That institution had existed more than five centuries when these great men learnt how to draw from it so marvellous a strength. To know its origin, to appreciate its nature and its services, it is necessary to go back to another Gregory—to St. Gregory the Great, to the first pope who came from the cloister; and further still, to St. Benedict, legislator and patriarch of the monks of the West. It is necessary at least to glance at the superhuman efforts made during these five centuries by legions of monks, perpetually renewed, to subdue, to pacify, to discipline, and to purify the savage nations amongst whom they laboured, and of whom twenty barbarous tribes were successively transformed into Christian nations. It would be cruel injustice and ingratitude to pass by in silence twenty generations of indomitable labourers, who had cleared the thorns from the souls of our fathers, as they cleared the soil of Christian Europe, and had left only the labour of the reaper to Bernard and his contemporaries.

The volumes of which I now begin the publication are destined to this preliminary task.

Ambitious of carrying my readers with me on the way which I have opened to myself, my intention by this long preamble has been to show what the Monastic Order was, and what it had done for the Catholic world, before the advent of St. Bernard to the first place in the esteem and admiration of Christendom in his time. In a literary point of view, I know, it is unwise to diffuse thus over a long series of years, and a multitude of names for the most part forgotten, the interest which it would be so easy to concentrate upon one luminous point, upon one superior genius. It is an enterprise of which I perceive the danger. Besides, in showing thus so many great men and great works before coming to him who ought to be the hero of my book, I am aware that I

enfeeble the effect of his individual grandeur, the merit of his devotion, the animation of the tale. I should take care to avoid this peril if I wrote only for success. But there is to every Christian a beauty superior to art—the beauty of truth. There is something which concerns us more closely than the glory of all the heroes and even of all the saints—and that is, the honour of the Church, and her providential progress through the midst of the storms and darkness of history. I was loath to sacrifice the honour of an august institution, too long calumniated and proscribed, to the honour of a single man. Had I even been thus tempted, that hero himself, Bernard, the great apostle of justice and of truth, would have resented my so doing—he would not pardon me for exalting himself at the expense of his predecessors and his masters.

The subject, thus developed, embraces but too vast a field—it belongs at once to the present and to the past. The links which attach it to all our history are numerous and manifest. When we look at the map of ancient France, or of any one of our provinces, no matter which, we encounter at each step the names of abbeys, of chapter-houses, of convents, of priories, of hermitages, which mark the dwelling-place of so many monastic colonies. Where is the town which has not been founded, or enriched, or protected by some religious community? Where is the church which owes not to them a patron, a relic, a pious and popular tradition? Wherever there is a luxuriant forest, a pure stream, a majestic hill, we may be sure that Religion has there left her stamp by the hand of the monk. That impression has also marked itself in universal and lasting lines upon the laws, the arts, the manners—upon the entire aspect of our ancient society. Christendom, in its youth, has been throughout vivified, directed, and constituted by the monastic spirit. Wherever we interrogate the monuments of the past, not only in France but in all Europe— in Spain as in Sweden, in Scotland as in Sicily—everywhere rises before us the memory of the monk,—the traces, ill-effaced, of his labours, of his power, of his benefactions, from the humble furrow which he has been the first to draw in the bogs of Brittany or of Ireland, up to the extinguished splendours of Marmoutier and Cluny, of Melrose and the Escurial.

And there is also a contemporary interest by the side of this interest of the past. Universally proscribed and dishonoured during the eighteenth century, in the nineteenth the religious orders everywhere reappear. Our age has witnessed, at the same time, their burial and their resurrection. *Here* we have succeeded in rooting out their last remnants, and *there* they have already renewed their life. Wherever the Catholic religion is not the object of open persecution, as in Sweden—wherever she has been able to obtain her legitimate portion of modern liberty—they reappear as of themselves. We have despoiled and proscribed them—we see them everywhere return, sometimes under new names and appearances, but always with their ancient spirit. They neither reclaim nor regret their antique grandeur. They limit themselves to living—to preaching by word and by example—without wealth, without pomp, without legal rights, but not without force nor without trials— not without friends, nor above all, without enemies.

Friends and enemies are alike interested to know from whence they come, and whence they have drawn the secret of a life so tenacious and so fruitful. I offer to the one as to the other a tale which shall not be a panegyric nor even an apology, but the sincere testimony of a friend, of an admirer, who desires to preserve the impartial equity which history demands, and who will conceal no stain that he may have the fuller right of veiling no glory.

CHAPTER II

FUNDAMENTAL CHARACTER OF MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS

Before entering upon this history, it seems necessary to make some observations on the fundamental character of monastic self-devotion—upon that which has been the principle at once of the services it has rendered, and the hate which it has inspired.

Some years ago, who understood what a monk really was? For myself, I had no doubt on the subject when I commenced this work. I believed that I knew something which approached to the idea of a saint—to that of the Church; but I had not the least notion of what a monk might be, or of the monastic order. I was like my time. In all the course of my education, domestic or public, no one, not even among those who were specially charged to teach me religion and history, no one considered it necessary to give me the least conception of the religions orders. Thirty years had scarcely passed since their ruin; and already they were treated as a lost species, of whom fossil bones reappeared from time to time, exciting curiosity or repugnance, but who had no longer a place in history among the living. I imagine that most men of my own age regarded them thus. Have not we all come forth from college knowing by heart the list of the mistresses of Jupiter, but ignorant even of the names of the founders of those religious orders which have civilized Europe, and so often saved the Church?

The first time that I saw the dress of a monk—must I confess it?—was on the boards of a theatre, in one of those ignoble parodies which hold, too often among modern nations, the place of the pomps and solemnities of religion. Some years later I encountered, for the first time, a real monk: it was at the foot of the Grande Chartreuse, at the entrance of that wild gorge, on the brink of that bounding torrent, which no one can ever forget who has once visited that celebrated solitude. I knew nothing then of the services or of the glories which that despised cowl ought to have recalled to the least instructed Christian; but I remember still the surprise and emotion into which that image of a vanished world threw my heart. Today, even, after so many other emotions, so many different contests, so many labours which have revealed to me the immortal grandeur of the part taken by the religious orders in the Church, this recollection survives, and steals over me with infinite sweetness. How much I wish that this book may leave a similar impression upon those who encounter it on their way, and inspire some not only with respect for that vanquished grandeur, but with the desire to study it, and the duty of rendering to it justice!

We may, besides, without excess of ambition, claim for the monk a justice more complete than that which he has yet obtained, even from the greater number of the Christian apologists of recent times. In taking up the defence of the religious orders, these writers have seemed to demand grace for those august institutions in the name of the services which they have rendered to the sciences, to letters, and to agriculture. This is to boast the incidental at the expense of the essential. We are doubtless obliged to acknowledge and admire the cultivation of so many forests and deserts, the transcription and preservation of so many literary and historical monuments, and that monastic erudition which we know nothing to replace; these are great services rendered to humanity, which ought, if humanity were just, to shelter the monks under a celestial

shield. But there is, besides, something far more worthy of admiration and gratitude—the permanent strife of moral freedom against the bondage of the flesh; the constant effort of a consecrated will in the pursuit and conquest of Christian virtue; the victorious flight of the soul into those supreme regions where she finds again her true, her immortal grandeur. Institutions simply human, powers merely temporal, might perhaps confer upon society the same temporal benefits: that which human powers cannot do, that which they have never undertaken, and in which they never could succeed, is to discipline the soul, to transform it by chastity, by obedience, by sacrifice and humility: to recreate the man wasted by sin into such virtue, that, the prodigies of evangelical perfection have become, during long centuries, the daily history of the Church. It is in this that we see the design of the monks, and what they have done. Among so many founders and legislators of the religious life, not one has dreamt of assigning the cultivation of the soil, the copying of manuscripts, the progress of arts and letters, the preservation of historical monuments, as a special aim to his disciples. These offices have been only accessory—the consequence, often indirect and involuntary, of an institution which had in view nothing but the education of the human soul, its conformity to the law of Christ, and the expiation of its native guilt by a life of sacrifice and mortification. This was for all of them the end and the beginning, the supreme object of existence, the unique ambition, the sole merit, and the sovereign victory.

For those who do not acknowledge the original fall, and the double necessity of human effort and divine grace to elevate us above the condition of fallen nature, it is clear that the monastic life can be nothing but a grand and lamentable aberration. For those who neither know nor comprehend the struggles of the soul which seeks, in the love of God elevated to heroism, a victorious weapon and sovereign remedy against the inordinate love of the creature, that mysterious worship of chastity, which is the essential condition of the life of the cloister, must always remain unintelligible. But, to such minds, the Christian revelation and the priest hood instituted by Jesus Christ are equally inadmissible. On the other side, every man who believes in the incarnation of the Son of God and the divinity of the Gospel ought to recognize in monastic life the most noble effort which has ever been made to overcome corrupted nature and to approach to Christian perfection. Every Christian who believes in the perpetuity of the Church ought to discern and venerate in this institution, let its scandals and abuses be what they will, the imperishable seed of ecclesiastical self-devotion.

Thus is explained, on one side, the immense importance of the services which the regular clergy have rendered to religion, and, on the other, the special and constant animosity which the enemies of the Church have always displayed against them. We have but to open the history of Catholic nations, to be impressed by the presence of this double spectacle. Since the end of the Roman persecution, the grandeur, the liberty, and the prosperity of the Church have always been exactly proportioned to the power, the regularity, and the sanctity of the religious orders which she embraces within her bosom. We can affirm it without fear. Everywhere and always she has flourished most when her religious communities have been most numerous, most fervent, and most free.

The religious orders may generally be classed in four great categories : 1st, The Monks properly so called, which comprehend the orders of St. Basil and St. Benedict, with all their branches, Cluny, the Camaldules, the Chartreux, the Cistercians, the Celestines, Fontevrault, Grandmont,—all anterior to the thirteenth century; 2d, *The Regular Canons*, who follow the rule of St. Augustine, and who have neither gained great distinction nor rendered eminent services, but to whom are attached two

illustrious orders, that of Prémontré, and that of La Merci, for the redemption of captives; 3d, *The Brothers*, or religious mendicants (Frati), which comprehend the Dominicans, the Franciscans (with all their subdivisions, Conventuals, Observantins, Récollets, Capucins), the Carmelites, the Augustines, the Servites, the Minimes, and, generally, all the orders created from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries; 4th and lastly, *The Regular Clerks*, a form affected exclusively by the orders created since the sixteenth century, those of the Jesuits, the Théatins, the Barnabites, &c. The Lazarists, the Oratorians, the Eudistes, are only, like the Sulpiciens, secular priests united in a congregation.

To the period immediately following the peace of the Church, the monks of the Thebaide and of Palestine, of Lerins and of Marmoutier, secured innumerable champions of orthodoxy against the tyrannous Arians of the Lower Empire. In proportion as the Franks achieved the conquest of Gaul, and became the preponderating race amongst all the Germanic races, they permitted themselves to be influenced, converted, and directed by the sons of St. Benedict and of St. Columba.

From the seventh to the ninth century, it was the Benedictines who gave to the Church, Belgium, England, Germany, and Scandinavia, and who furnished, to the founders of all the kingdoms of the West, auxiliaries indispensable to the establishment of a Christian civilization.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, the same Benedictines, concentrated under the strong direction of the order of Cluny, contended victoriously against the dangers and abuses of the feudal system, and gave to St. Gregory VII the army which he needed to save the independence of the Church, to destroy the concubinage of the priests, simony, and the secular occupation of ecclesiastical benefices.

In the twelfth century, the order of Citeaux, crowned by St. Bernard with unrivalled splendour, became the principal instrument of the beneficent supremacy of the Holy See, served as an asylum to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and as a bulwark to the liberty of the Church, till the time of Boniface VIII.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth, the new orders instituted by St. Francis, St. Dominic, and their emulators, maintained and propagated the faith among the souls of men and the social institutions throughout the empire; renewed the contest against the venom of heresy, and against the corruption of morals; substituted for the crusades the work of redeeming Christian captives; and produced, in St. Thomas Aquinas, the prince of Christian doctors and moralists, whom faith consults as the most faithful interpreter of Catholic tradition, and in whom reason recognizes the glorious rival of Aristotle and Descartes.

In the fifteenth century, the Church underwent the great schism, and all the scandals which resulted from it. The ancient orders, also, had lost their primitive fervour, and no new institution came to renew the vigour of the Christian blood.

And we know what was, in the sixteenth century, the invincible progress of Reform, until the day when the Jesuits, solemnly approved by the last General Council, came forward to intercept the torrent, and preserve to the Church at least the half of her inheritance.

In the seventeenth century, the splendours of Catholic eloquence and science are contemporary with the great reforms of St. Maur and of La Trappe, with the foundations of St. Francis fie Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, and with the marvellous

blossoming of Christian charity in all these congregations of women, most part of which survive for our happiness.

Finally, in the eighteenth century, the religious orders, absorbed definitively by the *Commende*, infected by the corruptions which were engendered by the encroachments of the temporal power, or decimated by persecution, succumbed almost entirely, but at the same time the Church sustained the most humiliating trials, and the world has never been able to believe her nearer to her fall.

Where can we find in history a lesson more conclusive and incontestable than this perpetual coincidence? And can we not draw the same inference from the war, more or less flagrant, which all the centuries have waged against the Church? Is it not the monks whom the enemies and oppressors the Church have always most detested and most pursued? Without denying their too real errors, or the fatal pretexts furnished by abuses too long unpunished, ought we not to confess that wherever it has been resolved to strike at the heart of religion, it has always been the religious orders who have received the first blows? The attempts against the authority of the Roman See, against the independence of the episcopate, against the constitution and property of the secular clergy, have they not been always and everywhere preceded by the suppression and spoliation of the regular communities? Have not Henry VIII and the first Reformers been servilely imitated in these tactics by Joseph II and the French Revolution? And if we had leisure or courage to throw here a rapid glance over the history of the nineteenth century, should we not see the adversaries of Catholicism everywhere adjured to extirpate the last remnants of monastic institutions, and to smother the germs of that reviving life of the cloister which is always to be found accompanying the revival of the faith and usages of Christianity itself?

God forbid that we should desire to deduce from these marvellous coincidences an absolute identity between the Church and the religious orders! We would not confound institutions holy and salutary, but subject to all human infirmities, with the sole institution founded by God and for eternity. We do not deny that the Church may subsist and triumph without them. But up to the present time it has pleased God to establish a glorious conjunction between the prosperity of the Church and that of the religious orders—between their liberty and hers. During ten centuries these orders have been the surest bulwark of the Church, and have supplied her most illustrious pontiffs. During ten centuries the secular clergy, naturally too much exposed to the influences of the world, have almost always been surpassed in devotion, in sanctity, and in courage, by the regulars, withdrawn within their monasteries as within citadels, where they have regained peace and strength in rebaptizing themselves in austerity, discipline, and silence. During ten centuries the Religious have been, as they still are in our own day, the most intrepid missionaries, the most indefatigable propagators of the Gospel. And, in brief, during ten centuries, the religious orders have endowed the Church at the same time with an army active and permanent and with a trustworthy reserve. Like the different forces of the same army, they have displayed, even in the diversity of their rules and tendencies, that variety in unity which constitutes the fruitful loveliness and sovereign majesty of Catholicism; and, beyond this, have practised, as far as consists with human weakness, those evangelical precepts, the accomplishment of which conducts to Christian perfection. Occupied, above all, in opening to themselves the way to heaven, they have given to the world the grandest and most noble of lessons, in demonstrating how high a man can attain upon the wings of love purified by sacrifice, and of enthusiasm regulated by faith.

CHAPTER III

OF THE TRUE NATURE OF THE MONASTIC VOCATION

But scarcely has our first glance discerned the prodigious influence exercised by the religious orders upon Christian society, when we are led to inquire from whence has come that great body of men, who during so many ages have peopled the monasteries and recruited the permanent army of prayer and charity?

In the depths of human nature there exists without doubt a tendency, instinctive, though confused and evanescent, towards retirement and solitude. Its manifestations are found in all the epochs of history, in all religions, in all societies, except, perhaps, among savage tribes, or in the bosom of that corrupt civilization which, by its excess and over-refinement, too often leads humanity back to a savage condition. What man, unless completely depraved by vice, or weighed down by age and cupidity, has not experienced, once at least, before his death, the attraction of solitude? Who has not felt the ardent desire for a repose lasting and regular, in which wisdom and virtue might furnish a perpetual aliment to the life of the heart and spirit, to science and to love? Where is the Christian soul, however enchained it may be by the bonds of sin, however soiled it may have been by contact with terrestrial baseness, who has not sometimes sighed after the charm and repose of the religious life, and inhaled from afar the perfume which is exhaled from some one of those sweet and secret asylums inhabited by virtue and devotion, and consecrated to meditations on eternity? Who has not dreamt of a future, in which, for one day at least, he might say of himself with the prophet, "*Sedebit solitarius et tacebit?*". Who has not comprehended that it is necessary to reserve at least some corners of the world, beyond reach of the revolutions, the agitations, and the covetings of ordinary life, that there the harmonies of human adoration and gratitude may be added to all the voices of nature, to those choirs of creation which bless and adore the Creator of all ?

But in order that this inclination towards solitude should not degenerate into infirmity of spirit, and weak desertion of the duties and trials of life. Religion, with all that is purest and strongest in her, must come to justify and to regulate it. "I approve", said an illustrious French bishop in the twelfth century,—"I approve the life of those men for whom a city is but a prison, who find their paradise in solitude, who live there by the labour of their hands, or, who seek to renew their souls by the sweetness of a life of contemplation — men who drink, with the lips of their hearts, at the fountain of life, and forget all that is behind them in gazing at that which is before; but neither the profoundest forests nor the highest mountains can give happiness to a man, if he has not in himself the solitude of the souls, the peace of conscience, the elevation of heart, *ascensiones in corde*; otherwise there is no solitude which does not produce idleness, curiosity, and vainglory, with storms of the most perilous temptations".

Thus, for the monks, a life of solitude was neither a weakness nor a caprice; it was an institution in which they found, as was demonstrated even by the language which they spoke, order and rule.

It was not, then, save in the exceptions inseparable from all general phenomena, an unreflecting instinct, an emotion evanescent or superficial, which enrolled so many Christians, in the bloom of youth, under the severe discipline of the cloister. On the contrary, when we search in the monuments of history for the natural interpretation and human origin of monastic vocations, we perceive that they were born, above all, of a conviction, often precocious, but always profound and reasonable, of the vanity of human things, and of the constant defeat of virtue and truth upon earth.

The triumph of evil here below, under its most repugnant form—that of falsehood and deceit—is especially impressed upon us by the history of the human race, as well as by the history of the most obscure individual life. We all receive that cruel and bitter lesson. We have all before us that poignant experience. But it comes to us tardily, and, if I dare to say so, from below. It proceeds out of the disappointments and fatigues of a life in which evil too often disputes the feeble desires of good. It comes at an age when, already enervated by our faults, depressed by our disappointments, and stained by our falls, we are no longer capable of changing our life, of coming to a generous resolution, and of throwing off the yoke.

But on the contrary, for those monks of old who filled the Christian world with their works and their name, that conviction came from above, solely by the revelations of faith, and by the contemplation of God's eternal justice. It seized upon them in the dawn of their existence, at that decisive moment when the freedom of soul which age fetters and annuls existed in all its fullness—at that moment when every noble soul aspires to all that is great, beautiful and strong, and feels itself capable of all efforts, all courage, all devotion, all generous impulses. From the bosom of that fugitive youth, and with that vigour, that moral elasticity, which so often vanishes before we are even entirely conscious of its possession, they took their flight towards a region where virtue and truth are inaccessible to humiliation.

Resolute to escape, as much as was in nature, from the empire of falsehood and wickedness, from the instability of human things and the lamentable weakness of old age, these young athletes sought to put their life in harmony with their convictions; and by the warm and pure inspiration of their free will, they consecrated to the service of their neighbour, to the love of God, to the profit of the soul, a virgin energy of which nothing had yet tarnished the purity or enfeebled the force.

One of the most singular of the errors which many apologists of the monastic life have fallen into, has been to regard it as a refuge for sorrowful souls, fatigued and discontented with their lot in the world, unable to hold the place from which society has banished them, consumed by disappointment, or broken by melancholy. "If there are refuges for the health of the body", says M. de Chateaubriand, "ah! permit religion to have such also for the health of the soul, which is still more subject to sickness, and the infirmities of which are so much more sad, so much more tedious and difficult to cure!". The idea is poetical and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries were never intended to collect the invalids of the world. It was not the sick souls, but on the contrary, the most vigorous and healthful which the human race has ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to fill them. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the feeble, was, on the contrary, the arena of the strong.

Sometimes, it is true, by one of those marvellous contrasts which abound in the works inspired by religion, that career full of supernatural combats and triumphs, that life in which virtue and Christian strength attain their apotheosis, was precisely that in which some souls naturally infirm, and hearts wounded in the combats of worldly life, found for themselves a refuge. And as modern civilization, by the side of its incontestable benefits, has too often the drawback of augmenting the number and the intensity of the maladies of the soul, it cannot be without interest, from a point of view purely social, to preserve for such a shelter, and to secure for them due treatment. It is very possible that, even on this account, the ruin of the religious orders has been a public calamity, and has not been without some influence upon that frightful increase in the number of suicides which is certified each year by the criminal statistics.

But, to tell the truth, it is only in romance that we find disappointments, grief, and melancholy conducting to the cloister. I have found no serious or important trace of it in history, not even in the traditions of the degenerated communities of modern times, and much less in the heroic ages of their chronicles. Without doubt, some have been thrown into the cloister by great unhappiness, by irretrievable misfortune, by the loss of some one passionately loved; and I could cite some curious and touching examples of such. But they are exceedingly rare. To present us with a general theory of the religious life as an asylum for feebleness and sadness, as a place of refuge for that melancholy which was distinctly proscribed and expelled from the life of the cloister as a vice, under the name of *acedia*, is to go in the face both of facts and reason.

The distinctive characteristic which shines from all the series of great monastic creations and existences, and which I desire to exhibit before my readers, is strength: not that strength which man has in common with animals; not that material strength which demoralizes the world with its contemptible triumphs; not that external strength, the dangerous help of which is invoked too often by blind and cowardly Christians; not that strength which consists in imposing on others one's own convictions or interests : but that which signifies the discipline of self, the power of ruling, of restraining, of subduing rebellious nature—that strength which is a cardinal virtue, and which overcomes the world by courage and sacrifice. I do not hesitate to affirm that the monks, the true monks of the great ages of the Church, are the representatives of manhood under its most pure and most energetic form—of manhood intellectual and moral—of manhood, in some manner condensed by celibacy, protesting against all vulgarity and baseness, condemning itself to efforts more great, sustained, and profound than are exacted by any worldly career, and by this means making of earth only a stepping-stone to heaven, and of life but a long series of victories.

Yes! thanks to the robust constitution which they have received from their founders—thanks to that incomparable discipline of soul which all the monastic legislators have succeeded in establishing—the monk draws from his solitude the treasure of a strength which the world has never surpassed, nor, indeed, equalled. "Solitude", says a venerable ecclesiastic of our day, "solitude is the mother-country of the strong—silence is their prayer". The entire monastic history is but a demonstration of this truth. And how could it have been otherwise? What was this life, if not a permanent protest against human weakness—a reaction renewed every day against all that degrades and enervates man—a perpetual aspiration towards all that soars above this terrestrial life and fallen nature? In all monasteries, faithful to their primitive constitution, that scorn of life which is the secret of heroism, was taught and practised at every moment of the day. The soul, elevated to God even by the least important practices of its daily rule, offered to Him without ceasing that triumph which the purest

forces and most generous instincts of human nature gained over the senses and the passions.

It results from this, that the monastic life has always been compared to a warfare. “Come and see”, said St John Chrysostom, “come and see the tents of the soldiers of Christ, come and see their order of battle; they fight every day, and every day they defeat and immolate the passions which assail us”. *Milites Christi* they had been previously designated by St. Augustine and Cassiodorus. The term of *miles*, which had been originally borne by armed citizens of the Roman republic, signified, at a later period, nothing more than mercenaries of the imperial armies; but when, later, and in proportion as the noble and free institutions of the Germanic races developed themselves, the word miles once more changed its acceptation and served to distinguish the chevalier of feudal times, that new analogy was adopted by the unanimous voice of the new nations. Charlemagne entitled the abbots of his empire *Chevaliers de l’Eglise*, and all the biographers, all the historians, all the writers who have issued from the cloister, continue to recognize in the monastic order the *Chevalerie de Dieu*. That comparison between the two knighthoods, lay and monastic, is, we can affirm, the everyday language of the history of the religious orders, and of the biography of those saints who have founded and illustrated them. St. Anselm and St. Bernard employ it in almost every page of their writings. A century later St. Francis of Assisi understood his mission in no other fashion. He said, in speaking of his chosen disciples, “These are my paladins of the Round Table”. In the dreams of his youth, this son of a wool-merchant had seen the shop of his father full of bucklers, of lances, of military harness—a prophetic vision of the war which he should wage with the enemy of the human race: and in the decline of his life, the stigmata of the Passion, the marks of which he received, seemed to the eyes of his contemporaries the badge and emblazonry of Christ, whose invincible and valiant knight he was.

And as the sacrifice of self is the principle of military courage, and the cause of that *prestige* which attaches itself to military glory above all other human renown, so, in the spiritual order, the daily sacrifice of self by monastic obedience explains and justifies the supreme regard which the Church has always accorded to the Monk. Thus also is explained the necessity of minute and continual subjection in all monastic government, just as we meet in every army with rules of discipline sometimes puerile and vexatious in appearance, but the least infraction of which, in time of war, is punished with death.

The chivalrous courage which they displayed every day against sin and their own weakness, still animated them when they encountered princes and potentates who abused their authority. It is in this above all that we discover that moral energy which gives to man both the will and the might to resist injustice and to protest against the abuses of power, even when these abuses and iniquities do not fall directly upon himself. That energy, without which all the guarantees of order, of security, and of independence invented in politics are illusory, was inherent in the character and profession of the monks. From the earliest times of their history, and in the midst of the abject baseness of the Byzantine Court, they were remarked as the men who of all others spoke with the greatest freedom to kings. From century to century, and so long as they remained free from the corruptions of temporal power, they pursued this glorious privilege. We shall see it on every page of this narrative; we shall see the monks armed with an intrepid freedom, a courage indomitable against oppression; and we shall comprehend what succour the innocent and unfortunate could derive from them, in those times when no one thought himself defenceless so long as he could invoke against his oppressor the curse of God and of the cowled heads. At the distance of a

thousand years we find the same calm and indomitable courage in the reprimand which St. Benedict addressed to King Totila, and in the answer of the obscure prior of Solesmes to the Lord of Sablé, against whom he found it necessary to maintain the privileges of his priory. This nobleman, having met him one day upon the bridge of the town, said to him, "Monk, if I did not fear God, I would throw thee into the Sarthe!" "Monseigneur", answered the monk, "if you fear God, I have nothing to fear".

It was thus under the dictation of the monks that those civil and political guarantees were written, which the Christian rebels against the abuses of power wrested from their unjust masters. It was to the care of the monks that they confided these charters of liberty, in which the conditions of their obedience were inscribed. It was in the cloister of the monks that they sought a sepulchre not only for the kings, the great men, and the conquerors, but also for the feeble and the vanquished. There the victims of tyranny, of injustice, of all the excesses of human power, found a last asylum. There slept in peace, in the midst of perpetual prayer, the exile, the outlawed, the doomed.

No men have ever showed less terror of the strongest, less weak complaisance towards power, than the monks. Amidst the peace and obedience of the cloister they tempered their hearts every day, as indomitable champions of right and truth, for the war against injustice. Noble spirits, hearts truly independent, were to be found nowhere more frequently than under the cowl. Souls calm and brave, upright and lofty, as well as humble and fervent, were there and abounded—souls such as Pascal calls *perfectly heroic*.

"Freedom", says a holy monk of the eighth century, "is not given up because humility freely bows its head". And at the height of the middle ages another monk, Pierre de Blois, wrote those proud words, which express at once the political code of that epoch and the history of the monastic order: "There are two things for which all the faithful ought to resist to blood—justice and liberty".

It is sufficient to say, that we find them little infected with that political servility which has so often and so lamentably disfigured the annals of the clergy, which began with Constantine, and which, sometimes forgotten or thrown off in those great emergencies, when human liberty and dignity have triumphantly displayed themselves continually reappears, like an incurable leprosy, in those other periods, far more prolonged and frequent, of debasement and servitude. The saints themselves have not always been able to escape the contagion of that fatal delusion, which has induced too many pontiffs and doctors to seek the ideal of Christian society in a resurrection of the Roman Empire transformed into a Catholic monarchy. The monks, more than any other portion of the Christian community, more than any other ecclesiastical corporation, have kept themselves free of it. Seldom, very seldom, do we find among them the instruments or apostles of absolute power. When that anomaly presents itself, it disgusts us more here than elsewhere. I have noted some traces of that baseness, the contrast of which brings out all the clearer the masculine and noble independence which, in social and political matters, has always distinguished the monks of the ages of faith.

Mixing in the world, more perhaps than was expedient, and drawn, even by the trust and affection which they inspired, into the midst of interests and of conflicts to which they were strangers, they did not always issue out of these uninjured; but, on the other hand, they carried with them qualities of which the world stand always in great need, and for which it ought to have been more grateful. They did not believe that piety,

orthodoxy, or even sanctity itself, could dispense with integrity and honour. When such a calamity befell,—when prelates or monks showed themselves indifferent or unfaithful to the duties of public life, to the obligations of uprightness, to the laws of humanity, of gratitude, or of friendship, their indignation was roused, and they did not fail to mark and stigmatize the culprits in their annals. We see that they invariably place the natural virtues, the services rendered to a country or to human society, side by side with those marvels of penitence and of the love of God which they have registered so carefully; and we love to follow through all ages the long succession of monks, as active as they were pious, as courageous as fervent, to whom we may justly apply that brief and noble eulogium pronounced by the Saxon Chronicle upon an abbot who distinguished himself during the convulsions of the Norman Conquest. “He was a good monk and a good man, loved of God and of good men”.

For myself, who for more than twenty years have lived in the good and great company of the monks of other times, I declare that it is there above all, and perhaps there only, that I have recognized the school of true courage, true freedom, and true dignity: when, after long intervals, and from the midst of the painful experiences of political life, I returned to the study of their acts and writings, I met there another race, of other hearts and heroisms. I owe to them, in a point of view merely human, my thanks for having reconciled me to men, by opening to me a world in which I hardly ever found either an egotist or a liar, an ungrateful or servile soul. There I have beheld, there I have tasted, that noble independence which belongs, by right of their humility itself, to humble and magnanimous souls. There I have learned to understand how, and by what means, great corporations and successive generations of good men have been able to live at an equal distance from the unrestrained license and the abject servility which alternately characterize our modern society, in which individual man, conscious that he is nothing, that he has neither a root in the past nor an influence upon the future, prostrates himself entirely before the idol of the moment, reserving to himself only the right of demolishing, of betraying, and of forgetting it on the morrow.

And besides—why should not I acknowledge it?—even in the midst of this contemporary world, the downfalls and miseries of which have been to me so bitter, the Divine goodness brought me acquainted in my youth with the type of a monk of ancient times, in a man whose name and glory belong to our time and country. Although he was not yet professed at the time when our souls and our lives drew close to each other, and although he has since entered an order apart from the monastic family of which I have become the historian, he revealed to me, better than all books, and more clearly than all my studies of the past, the great and noble qualities which go to the making of a true monk—self-abnegation, fortitude, devotion, disinterestedness, solid and fervent piety, and that true independence which does not exclude filial obedience. His eloquence has astonished a country and a time accustomed to the victories of eloquence; his noble genius has conquered the admiration of the most rebellious critics. But he will be honoured by God and by a Christian posterity, not so much as a writer and an orator, but as a monk austere and sincere.

His name is not needed here—all who read will have divined it. All will pardon me for this impulse of a heart younger than its age, and for this homage to the community of contests, ideas, and belief, which has united us for thirty years, and which has lasted through differences of sentiment as well as diversity of career. Our union, born amid the charming dreams and confidence of youth, has survived the reverses, the betrayals, the inconstancy, and the cowardices which have overshadowed our mature age, and has helped me to overleap the abyss which separates the present from the past.

Such an example, in spite of all the differences of times and institutions, helps us also to comprehend the influence of the noble character and powerful associations with which the monastic order has so long enriched the Church and the world. For the reality of that influence is incontestable. We are obliged to acknowledge, under pain of denying the best ascertained facts of history, those succours which the most difficult virtues and the most generous instincts of man, even in temporal affairs, have drawn from the bosom of the cloister, when the whole of Europe was covered with these asylums, open to the best intellects and highest hearts.

None can deny the ascendency which a solitude thus peopled exercised upon the age. None can deny that the world yielded the empire of virtue to those who intended to flee from the world, and that a simple monk might become, in the depths of his cell, like St. Jerome or St. Bernard, the centre of his epoch and the lever of its movements.

Let us then banish into the world of fiction that affirmation, so long repeated by foolish credulity, which made monasteries, and even religion itself, an asylum for indolence and incapacity, for misanthropy and pusillanimity, for feeble and melancholy temperaments, and for men who were no longer fit to serve society in the world. The very incomplete narrative which I shall place before my readers, will, I venture to believe, suffice to prove that there has never been in any society, or at any epoch, men more energetic, more active, or more practical, than the monks of the middle ages.

We shall see how these *idlers* were associated during ten centuries with all the greatest events of the Church and of the world—always the first in labour and in combat. We shall see them issuing from the cloister to occupy pulpits and professors' chairs, to direct councils and conclaves, parliaments and crusades; and returning thither to raise monuments of art and science, to erect churches and produce books, which astonish and defy modern pride. We shall see that these dreamers were, above all, men in every meaning of the word, *viri*—men of heart and of will, with whom the most tender charity, and humility the most fervent, excluded neither perseverance, nor decision, nor boldness. They were masters of their will. Throughout the whole duration of the Christian ages, the cloister was the permanent nursery of great souls — that is to say, of that in which modern civilization most fails. And for that reason we repeat it without ceasing. The most brilliant and enduring glory of the monastic institution was the vigorous temper which it gave to Christian souls—the fertile and generous discipline which it imposed upon thousands of heroic hearts.

CHAPTER IV

SERVICES RENDERED TO CHRISTIANITY BY THE MONKS

There are some services and triumphs of a deep and silent kind which acquire their due honour only from posterity, and under the survey of history. Such are those which we have just described. But there are others more visible and more palpable, which seize at once upon the admiration and gratitude of contemporaries. When we inquire into the causes which have given to the religious orders, from their origin, and as long as their fervent spirit lasted, a part so important in the destinies of the Church, and so high a place in the heart of all the Christian population, it seems easy to recognize them in the two great functions common to all the orders and to all their branches—Prayer and Alms.

The first of all the services which the monks have conferred upon Christian society was that of praying—of praying much, of praying always for those whose prayers were evil or who prayed not at all. Christianity honoured and esteemed in them, above all, that great force of intercession; these supplications, always active, always fervent; these torrents of prayers, poured forth unceasingly at the feet of God, who wills that we should supplicate Him. Thus they turned aside the wrath of God; they lightened the weight of the iniquities of the world; they re-established the equilibrium between the empire of heaven and the empire of earth. To the eyes of our fathers, it was this equilibrium between prayer and action, between the suppliant voices of humanity, timorous or grateful, and the incessant din of its passions and labours, which maintained the world in its place. In the maintenance of this equilibrium lay the strength and life of the middle ages; and when it is disturbed, all is disturbed in the soul, as in the world.

We will not inquire to what extent this disturbance exists in our modern world. It would be too sad to enumerate all the points of the globe where prayer is extinct, and where God listens for, without hearing, the voice of man. We know only that the universal need of prayer, and that ardent trust in its efficacy which characterized the middle ages, and which their detractors instance as a mark of childish simplicity, had been bequeathed to them by two antiquities, from whom they accepted the inheritance. The wisest of men has said, “The prayer of the humble pierceth the clouds: and till it come nigh, he will not be comforted; and will not depart till the Most High shall behold to judge righteously, and execute judgment”. Homer, who was nearly contemporary with Solomon, brightened his mythology with a light almost divine, when he made Phoenix say to Achilles, in that famous address which survives in all memories, “Even the gods permit themselves to be persuaded. Every day men, after having offended them, succeed in appeasing them with vows, with offerings, with sacrifices, libations, and prayers. The Prayers are daughters of the great Jupiter. Tottering, and with a wrinkled brow, scarcely lifting their humble eyes, they hasten anxiously after the steps of Wrong. For wrong is haughty and vigorous, and with a light step always precedes them. She hastens throughout the earth outraging men, but the humble Prayers follow her to heal the wounds which she has made. These daughters of Jupiter approach to him who respects and listens to them. They bring aid to him, they hearken in their turn, and grant his requests. But if a man, deaf to their desires, repulses them, they fly

towards their father, and implore of him that wrong may attach herself to the steps of that man, and rigorously avenge them".

I cannot imagine a finer subject than the history of prayer—that is to say, the history of that which the creature has said to her Creator; the tale which should instruct us when, and wherefore, and how she places herself to recount to God her miseries and joys, her fears and her desires. If it was given to a human pen to write it, that history should be the history of the monks. For no men have known, as they did, how to wield that weapon of prayer, so well defined by the most illustrious bishop of our days, who has lately showed us how "the great witness of our weakness becomes, in the poor and feeble breast, a power redoubtable and irresistible to heaven itself: *Omnipotentia supplex*". "God", continues that eloquent prelate, "in throwing us into the depths of this valley of misery, has willed to bestow upon our feebleness, upon our crimes even, the potency of prayer against Himself and His justice. When a man makes up his mind to pray, and when he prays well, his weakness itself becomes a strength. Prayer equals and surpasses sometimes the power of God. It triumphs over His will, His wrath, even over His justice".

The Gospel has assured us of nothing more certain than this omnipotence of prayer. "If ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, it shall be done. And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive". "Jesus Christ", says Bossuet, "expressly uses comparisons so extraordinary to show that all is possible to him who prays". And he adds, "Behold hero the prodigy of prodigies—man reclothed with the omnipotence of God!"

Penetrated by this conviction, men of old neglected no means and no occasion of augmenting and maintaining the intensity of prayer in its highest form. Of old, as today, there were doubtless many Christians no better instructed how to pray than he who writes these lines. But all recognized the importance—the grandeur—the necessity of prayer. All admitted that the greatest blessing of Heaven to a nation, to a family, or to a soul, was to shed abroad upon it the spirit of prayer. All understood and all acknowledged that this flame of the heart should ascend to God by hands specially consecrated to that august mission. All passionately invoked that pledge of true fraternity. All thirsted for that alms; and, to obtain it, all turned towards the monks.

Thus, as long as the monks remained faithful to the spirit of their institution, their special mission, their first duty was to pray, not only for themselves, but for all. They had been the veteran and indefatigable champions of Christianity in the "holy and perpetual struggle of human prayer with the divine omnipotence". Gathered together and constituted by rule for prayer in common, they were regarded with reason by the good sense of the Christian populations as a potency of intercession, instituted for the salvation of souls and of nations. Thanks to them, prayer existed in the character of an institution of permanent and public force, universally recognized and blessed by God and by man.

"Where goest thou?" said the Emperor Valens one day to a noble Persian, Aphraate, who had become a monk and missionary of the Nicean faith. "I go to pray for your empire", answered the monk. In the midst of the pomps of the Byzantine Court, the most ancient and eloquent apologist of the order, St. John Chrysostom, declared in words which have not grown old, the sovereign efficacy of monastic prayer—"The beneficence of the monks is more than royal: the king, if he is good, can solace the hardships of the body; but the monk, by his prayers, frees souls from the tyranny of demons. A man who is struck by a spiritual affliction passes before a king as before a

body without life, and flies to the dwelling of the monks, as a peasant terrified by the sight of a wolf, takes refuge near the huntsman armed with a sword. What a sword is to the huntsman, prayer is to the monk ... Nor is it we alone who seek that shelter in our necessities; kings themselves invoke them in their dangers,—all, like mendicants fleeing, as in time of famine, to the houses of the rich".

The words of St. John Chrysostom became a historical truth when the Christian royalty had replaced, at the head of new nations, the dishonoured majesty of the Caesars. During a thousand years, and among all the Catholic populations, we perceive what an enviable resource the princes find in the prayers of the monks, and how they glorify themselves by confidence in them. At the apotheosis of the feudal age, when the fleet of Philip Augustus, sailing towards the Holy Land, was assailed in the Sicilian seas by a horrible tempest, the king reanimated courage and confidence in the breasts of the sailors by reminding them what intercessors they had left upon the soil of their country. "It is midnight", he said to them; "it is the hour when the community of Clairvaux arise to sing matins. These holy monks never forget us—they are going to appease Christ—they go to pray for us; and their prayers will deliver us out of peril". A similar story is told of Charles V, a great emperor in spite of his errors, who, in the decline of the Catholic ages, fired by a last breath of that flame which had illuminated the Crusades, twice led his fleets and his armies against the infidels; first to victory, and afterwards to defeat, on those coasts of Africa where St. Louis died.

Like its chiefs, the entire mass of Christian society, during the whole period of the middle age, showed a profound confidence in the superior and invincible power of monastic prayer; and for this reason endowed with its best gifts those who interceded the best for it. All the generations repeated, one after the other, with an inexhaustible diversity in form, but with a steadfast unanimity in spirit, the formula used by St. Eloysius in 631, in his charter of donation to the monks of Solignac—"I, your supplicant, in sight of the mass of my sins, and in hope of being delivered from them by God, give to you a little thing for a great, earth in exchange for heaven, that which passes away for that which is eternal".

Thus, in receiving perishable riches from the hand of the faithful, the monks appeared to all to return the price of them in the unmeasured and unparalleled beneficence of prayer. By their mouth the voice of the Church rose without ceasing to heaven, drawing down the dew of divine benedictions. They inundated the whole soil of Christendom with a fertilizing moisture, inexhaustible source of grace and consolation. If it is true, as human wisdom has said, that he who works prays, may we not also believe that he who prays works, and that such work is the most fruitful and the most meritorious of all? "To occupy one's self with God", said St. Bernard, "is not to be idle—it is the occupation of all occupations". It is this, then, which has justified and glorified in the eyes of Christian people all the orders, and especially those whom the world has comprehended least—those whom it has blamed for idle contemplations and prolonged prayers. How can we forget that it is precisely those who have merited and obtained the first place in the esteem of the Church and the gratitude of Christians? Has not St. Augustine even said, "The less a monk labours in anything else but prayer, the more serviceable is he to men?". To deny that, is it not to deny the Gospel? Did not God himself judge that cause and determine that question, when he took the part of Mary against Martha?

But have the monks confined themselves to this solitary class of benefits? Has prayer been the only proof of solicitude, of affection, of gratitude, which they believed themselves able to give to their brothers, to their benefactors, to all the Christian

community? Did they practise the giving of alms only under this purely spiritual form? No; all history witnesses to the contrary. All her monuments prove that the religious orders have practised a charity, active and palpable, such as had never been before them, and can never be exercised by other hands. They have displayed in that task all the intelligence and devotedness that is given to man. To that unfortunate multitude condemned to labour and privation, which constitutes the immense majority of the human race, the monks have always been prodigal, not only of bread, but at the same time of a sympathy efficacious and indefatigable—a nourishment of the soul not less important than that of the body. What delicate cares, what tender foresight, what ingenious precautions, have been invented and practised during twelve centuries in these houses of prayer, which count among their dignitaries *les infirmiers des pauvres*, the nurses of the poor. After having given an incessant and generous hospitality to the indigent crowd whom they never found too numerous, after having edified and rejoiced them by the sight of their own peaceful and gentle life, they offered to them, besides, in time of war, a shelter, an asylum almost always respected by Catholic conquerors. After having given all that they could give on their own account, they inspired to marvels of generosity all those who loved and surrounded them. Their aspect alone seems to have been a permanent sermon to the profit of charity. Their habitual familiarity with the great has always benefited the small. If they were richly endowed by rich Christians, they in their turn endowed the poor with this purified wealth, and became thus the intermediary agents, delicate and indefatigable, from whose hands the alms once bestowed by the rich descended in perpetuity upon the poor.

They have nobly and faithfully fulfilled that mission; and everywhere, even in the depths of their modern decadence, that supreme virtue of charity has specially distinguished them. In recent ages, the spirit of the world had everywhere invaded them, but had never been able to extirpate from their hearts the pious prodigality of their ancestors. The world had never succeeded in closing that door, from which has flowed forth upon the surrounding population the inexhaustible current of their benefits, so well symbolized by that wicket of Clairvaux, which, in the time of the monks, was called La Donne, and which we can still see standing, though defaced and blocked up by the modern desecrators of the monastery of St. Bernard. No; the most enterprising traveller, the most unfriendly investigator, may search thoroughly, as we have done, through the ruins and traditions of the cloisters; he shall nowhere find a single monastery, however it may have been in its last days, which has not deserved the funeral oration, which we heard on visiting the remains of the Val-des-Choux, in Champagne, from the lips of an old woman contemporary with the monks—"It was a true convent of charity!"

Our modern experience can, doubtless, easily conceive of means more intelligent and efficacious for relieving poverty, and, above all, for preventing it; but how can we refrain from feeling and acknowledging gratitude to those who, during so long a time and with such an inexhaustible munificence, have accomplished all the duties of charity and Christian brotherhood, according to the measure of the light of their times? Besides, it was not solely by direct almsgiving that they served, and softened, and improved Christian society: it was still more by the honour which they rendered to poverty. This, as one of their most courageous and most regretted defenders among ourselves has already indicated, is one of the principal advantages which the religious orders offer to the world, but it is also one of the aspects which is most repugnant to that spirit which would fain exclude God from modern society. The infidel loves not the poor—they remind him too much of a compensating justice, of a future in which everyone shall be put in his proper place for eternity. He loves not those who regard them with kindness and sympathy. He knows well that the power of the priest is

enrooted in the miseries of this life. He would willingly say with Barrère, “Almsgiving is an invention of sacerdotal vanity”. He will never be able to eradicate the laws and necessities of afflicted nature; but we know that he has too often succeeded in securing a temporary triumph for that fatal system which seeks to make charity a humiliation, alms an impost, and mendicity a crime; and by which the wicked rich man, more pitiless than he of the Gospel, will not even tolerate Lazarus upon the steps of his palace.

It is precisely the reverse of this that the religious orders have designed and accomplished. They were not satisfied simply to solace poverty; they honoured it, consecrated it, adopted, espoused it, as that which was greatest and most royal here below. “The friendship of the poor”, says St. Bernard, “constitutes us the friends of kings, but the love of poverty makes kings of us”. “We are the poor of Christ”. *Pauperis Christi* is the enviable distinction of the monks: and to prove it the better, we see, when the great orders proceeding out of the Benedictine stock declined, an entirely new family of Religious arise, taking as the basis of their existence the voluntary exercise of poverty in its most repulsive aspect—that is to say, mendicity—and lasting until our own days under the name of *Mendicant Orders*. But long before this, and at all times, the monks knew well how to ennoble poverty. At the beginning they opened their ranks, and placed there, from the origin of their institution, slaves, serfs, and men of the extremest indigence, beside, and sometimes above, princes and nobles: for it is above all to the monastic condition that the fine expression of the Comte de Maistre upon the priesthood in ancient society applies: “It was neither above the last man of the State, nor beneath the first”.

And even to the poor who did not enter into their ranks, the monastic order presented a spectacle more adapted than any other to console them, and to elevate them in their own eyes—that of the poverty and voluntary humiliation of the great men of the earth who enrolled themselves in a crowd under the frock. From the cradle of the institution, the fathers and the doctors of the Church had already ascertained the consolation which the poor experienced in seeing the sons of the greatest families clothed in these miserable monkish habits, which the most indigent would have disdained, and the labourer seated upon the same straw as the noble, or the general of an army : the one as free as the other in the same liberty, ennobled by the same nobility, serfs of the same servitude, all blended in the holy equality of a voluntary humility. During the whole course of the middle age, each year, each country, saw the perpetual renewal of that marvellous sacrifice of the most precious and envied possessions in the world, which their possessors immolated as they immolated themselves upon the altar of some obscure monastery. What lesson of resignation or humility is it possible to imagine for the poor, more eloquent than the sight of a queen, of the son of a king, or the nephew of an emperor, occupied by an effort of their own free choice in washing the plates, or oiling the shoes of the last peasant who had become a novice? Now we can reckon by thousands, sovereigns, dukes, counts, nobles of every order, and women of equal rank, who have given themselves to such vile offices, burying in the cloister a grandeur and a power, of which the diminished grandeurs, ephemeral and unconsidered, of our modern society can give no idea. And even now, in our own days, wherever the cloister is permitted to survive or to be resuscitated, the same sacrifices, in proportion to our social inferiority, reappear—the same homage is rendered to poverty by the free will of the rich—so natural has the immolation of self become to a man who is governed by grace, and so inexhaustible is the treasure of consolation and respect which the Church, mother of all the religious orders, holds always open to the poorest among her children.

These first foundations laid, and these primary conditions of the true grandeur and supreme utility of the monks sufficiently indicated, let us pass to those services less brilliant, but also less disputed, which all agree in reckoning to their credit.

And if you would have us speak, in the first place, of the services which they have rendered to knowledge, we desire no better. We can never adequately tell how marvellously their life was adapted for study, for the ardent, active, and assiduous cultivation of letters. We can never sufficiently celebrate their touching modesty, their indefatigable researches, their penetration almost supernatural. We can never sufficiently regret the resources and the guarantees offered by these great centres of literature to the most elevated works of erudition, of history, of criticism, by that spirit of succession, that transmission of an intellectual and moral inheritance, which encouraged them to the longest and most thankless undertakings. Ah! who shall restore, not only to studious readers, but, above all, to authors, these vast and innumerable libraries, always keeping up to the day, and receiving the contemporary stream of all publications seriously useful, which, by that very fact, secured to these publications an utterance which they lack at the present time, and which they ask, like everything else, with anxious servility from the State? Let us add, that we can never regret sufficiently that disinterested devotion to science, apart from the self-satisfaction of vanity or an}r material advantage, which seems to have perished with them.

But the service which we should most desire to secure ourselves from forgetting, and which the religious orders have rendered longest and with most success to the human mind, has been the purifying it by charity and subduing it by humility. They have thus converted a larger number of savants than they have made; and these were, of all conversions, the ones most highly considered in the middle age, which understood that of all pride the most dangerous and incurable is that of knowledge. We owe to a monk that saying which pronounces the eternal condemnation of intellectual pride — “To know, is to love”.

And let us once more celebrate all that they have done to cultivate and people the West. There we can say nothing that does not fall short of the truth. But every attempt at justice, however tardy and incomplete, will be at least a commencement of reparation towards those pretended sluggards, so long and so unjustly calumniated, and of legitimate protest against the odious ingratitude of which they have been victims. Who will be able to believe, hereafter, that the French people has permitted the men and the institutions to which three-eighths of the cities and towns of our country owe their existence, to be, in their name, ignominiously driven forth, pursued, and proscribed? Let us unfold the map of France. Let us mention the names of towns actually existing. St. Brieux, St. Malo, St. Leonard, St. Yrieix, St. Junien, St. Calais, St. Maixent, St. Servan, St. Valery, St. Riquier, St. Omer, St. Pol, St. Amand, St. Quentin, St. Venant, Bergues St. Vinox, St. Germain, St. Pourgain, St. Pardoux, St. Diey, St. Avoid, St. Séver. All these bear the names of men; yes, and the names of saints, and, what is more, the names of monks! The names of men admirable, but now unknown, forgotten, disdained, even in the midst of these ungrateful towns, which owe their existence to the devoted labours of these ancient fanatics! Ask an actual inhabitant of one of these towns, it matters not which, who was the founder whose name and memory ought, we might suppose, to be identified with his earliest and most lasting impressions. He cannot answer. Yet the pagans themselves felt, acknowledged, and consecrated, a sweet and inoffensive respect for municipal traditions, for the genealogies of places, and that holy old age of cities, which Pliny, in his admirable epistle, loves to describe and identify with their dignity and liberty itself.

But besides these, how many other flourishing towns are there everywhere, which, without bearing their origin written in their name, are not the less born in the shadow of the cloister, and under the protection of the paternal government of the monks! In France, for example: Guéret, Pamiers, Perpignan, Aurillac, Luçon, Tulle, St. Pons, St. Papoul, St. Girons, St. Lizier, Lescar, St. Denis, Redon, La Réole, Nantua, Sarlat, Abbeville, Domfront, Altkirch, Remiremont, Uzerches, Brives, St. Jean d'Angély, Gaillac, Mauriac, Brioude, St. Amand en Berry. In Franche Comté alone: Lure, Luxeuil, the two Baumes, Faverney, Chateau-Châlons, Salins, Morteau, Mouthe, Montbenoit, and St. Claude, all founded by the monks, who have peopled the Jura and its hillsides. In Belgium: Ghent, Bruges, Mons, Maubeuge, Nivelle, Stavelot, Malmédy, Malines, Dunkirk, St. Trond, Soignies, Ninove, Renaix, Liége. In Germany: Fulda, Fritztar, Wissemburg, St. Goar, Werden, Hoxter, Gandersheim, Quedlinburg, Nordhausen, Lindau, Kempten, Minister. In England: Westminster, Bath, Reading, Dorchester, Whitby, Beverly, Ripon, Boston, Hexham, Evesham, St. Edmundsbury. St. Ives, St, Albans, St. Neots. In Switzerland: Schaffhausen, Soleure, St. Maurice, Appenzell, St. Gall, Seckingen, Glaris, Lausanne, Lucerne, and Zurich.

A tiresome enumeration, certainly; but how is it that these men of whom we speak were never tired of founding, of constructing, of building up, of making populous and fruitful? How is it that they have had the gift, the art, and the taste of creating and preserving, just as the modern instinct has too often that of destruction? Ah, yes; it is fatiguing to listen while we narrate and celebrate the works of those who build, as it is fatiguing to listen to the praises of virtue. Those who write and those who read the history of our days, need fear no such lassitude. But it is necessary to bear with it for a little, if we wish to have the slightest notion of monastic institutions.

And it is not only their incredible fertility which we must admire, but also the prodigious duration of that which they have brought forth. Oh, miracle of Christian greatness! it is in preaching the frailty of human things, the nothingness of all human productions; it is in demonstrating this by their example, by their retirement, by a steady sacrifice of rank, of family, of fortune, and of country, that they have succeeded in creating monuments and societies the most lasting which we have seen upon the earth, and which would seem able to brave indefinitely the action of time, if modern barbarism had not appeared to substitute itself in the place of time, as in that of right and justice. How many monasteries have lasted seven, eight, ten, sometimes even fourteen centuries, that is to say, as long as the French royalty, and twice as long as the Roman republic!

We admire the works of the Romans: masters and tyrants of the world, they used the strength of a hundred different nations to create those constructions which archaeologists and the learned have taught us to place above all others. But what then must we say of these poor solitaries? They have taken nothing from any one; but, without arms and without treasure, with the sole resource of spontaneous gifts, and thanks to the sweat of their own brow, they have covered the world with gigantic edifices, which are left to the pickaxe of civilized Vandals. They have achieved these works in the desert, without roads, without canals, without machinery, without any of the powerful instruments of modern industry, but with an inexhaustible patience and constancy, and at the same time with a taste and discernment of the conditions of art, which all the academies might envy them. We say more—there is no society in the world which might not go to their school, to learn at the same time the laws of beauty and those of duration.

CHAPTER V

HAPPINESS IN THE CLOISTER

What lasted most amidst the monks was not only their monuments and works, material and external: it was the interior edifice, the moral work, and, above all, the happiness which they enjoyed—that pure and profound happiness which reigned in them and around them.

Yes, even in the bosom of that life which they despised, and which they had offered as a sacrifice to God, God by a permanent miracle of His mercy has caused them always to find a joy and felicity unknown to other men. Yes, happiness, that rare and much desired gift, reigned without rival in those monasteries which were faithful to the rule of their founders, to the law of their existence. This is evident even in the charming names which the monks gave to the places of their retirement and penance—Bon-Lieu, Beau-Lieu, Clair-Lieu, Joyeux-Lieu, Cher-Lieu, Chère-Ile, Vaulx-la-Douce, Les Delices, Bon-Port, Bon-Repos, Bonne-Mont, Val-Sainte, Val-Benoite, Val-de-Paix, Val-d'Esperance, Val-Bonne, Val-Sauve, Nid-d'Oiseau, Font-Douce, the Voie-du-Ciel, the Porte-du-Ciel, the Couronne-du-Ciel, the Joug-Dieu, the Part-Dieu, the Paix-Dieu, the Clarte-Dieu, the Science-de-Dieu, the Champ-de-Dieu, the Lieu-de-Dieu, the Port-Suave, the Pré-Heureux, the Pré-Bénit, the Sylve-Bénit, the Régie, the Reposoir, the Reconfort, L'Abondance, La Joie.

And this joy, so lasting and so lively, reigned in their hearts with all the greater warmth, in proportion to the austerity of their rule and the fidelity and completeness with which they observed it. Their testimony is so unanimous in this respect that we are obliged either to believe it, or to believe that all which is holiest and most pure in the Church has, during successive centuries, directed the publication of a lie to humanity—a supposition so much the more absurd that monastic historians have never shunned the sad duty of recording the disorders and sufferings produced by any relaxation or contempt of their primitive constitution.

The indisputable evidence of this happiness shines from every page of the writings left to us by the monastic fathers, doctors, and historians. They passionately loved those monasteries which we consider prisons, and the life which they led in them.

Toto corde meo te, Centula mater, amavi.

It is with this exclamation of love that the beautiful and curious chronicle of the great Abbey of St. Riquier, in Ponthieu, is concluded; and five centuries later the Abbot Trithemius, one of the most celebrated historians of the Benedictines, made a similar exclamation on completing the first half of Iris celebrated annals of the beloved abbey where he had been trained: “Me sola Hirsaugia gaudet”. The echo of that joy is prolonged from century to century. The austere St. Peter Damien calls Cluny a “garden

of delights". St. Bernard, the father of a hundred and sixty monasteries, which he had filled with the flower of his contemporaries, was never weary of repeating "Good Lord! what happiness Thou procurest for Thy poor!". And Pierre de Blois, in leaving the Abbey of Croyland to return into his own country, stopped seven times to look back and contemplate again the place where he had been so happy. They loved these dear retreats so much that they reproached themselves for it, as we might reproach ourselves for loving too much the world and its fascinations; and when it was necessary to leave them, were obliged to recall to themselves their inviolable laws of Christian self-denial. "Oh, my cell!" said Alcuin, at the moment of leaving his cloister for the Court of Charlemagne, "sweet and well-beloved home, adieu for ever! I shall see no more the woods which surround thee with their interlacing branches and flowery verdure, nor thy fields full of wholesome and aromatic herbs, nor thy streams of fish, nor thy orchards, nor thy gardens where the lily mingles with the rose. I shall hear no more these birds who, like ourselves, sing matins and celebrate their Creator, in their fashion—nor those instructions of sweet and holy wisdom which sound in the same breath as the praises of the Most High, from lips and hearts always peaceful. Dear cell! I shall weep thee and regret thee always; but it is thus that everything changes and passes away, that night succeeds today, winter to summer, storm to calm, weary age to ardent youth. And we, unhappy that we are! why do we love this fugitive world? It is Thou, O Christ! that puts it to flight, that we may love Thee only; it is Thy love which alone should fill our hearts—Thee, our glory, our life, our salvation!"

The happiness of the monks was natural, lasting, and profound. They found it, in the first place, in their work, in regular labour, sustained and sanctified by prayer; then in all the details of a life so logical, so serene, and so free—free in the highest sense of the word. They found it, above all, in their enviable indifference to the necessities of domestic and material life, from which they were delivered, partly by the simplicity and poverty of their condition, and partly by the internal organization of the community where all such solicitudes rested upon an individual, upon the abbot, who, assisted by the cellarer, undertook that charge for the love of God and the peace of his brethren.

Thus, in the midst of tranquil labour and a sweet uniformity, their life was prolonged and wrought out. But it was prolonged without being saddened. The longevity of the monks has always been remarkable. They knew the art of consoling and sanctifying old age, which, in the world—but especially in modern society, where a devouring activity, wholly material, seems to have become the first condition of happiness—is always so sad. In the cloister we see it not only cherished, honoured, and listened to by younger men, but even so to speak, abolished and replaced by that youth of the heart which there preserved its existence through all the snows of age, as the prelude of the eternal youth of the life above.

They were, besides, profoundly impressed by the beauty of nature and the external world. They admired it as a temple of the goodness and light of God, as a reflection of His beauty. They have left us a proof of this, first in their choice of situation for the greater number of their monasteries, which are so remarkable for the singular suitableness and loveliness of their site; and also in the descriptions they have left of these favourite spots. We read the pictures drawn by St. Bruno in speaking of his Charterhouse of Calabria, or by the anonymous monk who has described Clairvaux, and we are impressed with the same delicate and profound appreciation of rural nature which has dieted to Virgil and Dante so many immortal verses. Like the feudal nobles, and indeed before them, the monks possessed that taste for the picturesque—for nature in her wild, abrupt, and varied aspects—which prevailed in the middle ages, and which we find, like the apparition of an ideal desire, in the landscapes of Hemling and Van

Eyck, although these great painters lived only in the monotonous plains of Flanders. That taste disappeared later, with many other forms of the good and beautiful. The successors of the old monks, like those of the knights, abandoned as soon as they could the forests and mountains for the prosaic uniformity of towns and plains. But the Religious of the early ages discovered and enjoyed all the poetry of nature.

And if inanimate nature was to them an abundant source of pleasure, they had a delight still more lively and elevated in the life of the heart, in the double love which burned in them — the love of their brethren inspired and consecrated by the love of God. The same monastic pens which have written treatises upon the beauty of the earth, have written others still more eloquent upon Christian Friendship. Love, these writers say, derives its life from knowledge and memory, which, in turn, take from it their charm. But their example is better upon this point than the most eloquent of essays. What a charming book might be written on friendship in a cloister! What endearing traits, what delightful words might be collected from the time of that Spanish Abbot of the eighth century, who said, “I have left but one brother in the world, and how many brothers have I not found in the cloister!”—down to those two nuns of the order of Fontevrault, one of whom having died before the other, appeared in a dream to her companion, and predicted her death, saying to her, “Understand, my love, that I am already in great peace; but I know not how to enter paradise without thee; prepare then and come at thy quickest, that we may present ourselves together before the Lord”.

And how indeed can we wonder at the development given in the cloister to these sweet emotions of virtuous souls? The Religious require and have a right to seek in these mutual sympathies a preservation against the hardships and disgusts of their condition, an aliment for the dreams and ardour of their youth. In seeking under the robe of their brethren for tender, disinterested, and faithful hearts, they obeyed at once the instructions of the divine law and the example of the God-man. The Holy Scriptures, on which they meditated every day in the psalms and lessons they chanted in their choral liturgy, presented to them immortal examples of the affection which might exist among the elect. In the Gospels, and, above all, in that one, the author of which has not feared to call himself “the disciple whom Jesus loved”, they saw the radiance of that tender and profound friendship which the Saviour of all men vouchsafed, during His short life here below, to some predestined souls. In the Old Testament they found its type in the delightful history of that Jonathan who loved David as his soul—of that David who loved Jonathan more than a mother can love or a woman be loved; in the vows, and tears, and kisses which sealed the union of the king’s son with the son of the shepherd. Everything invited and encouraged them to choose one or several souls as the intimate companions of their life, and to consecrate that choice by an affection free as their vocation, pure as their profession, tender and generous as their youth. Thus initiated in the stainless pleasure of a union of hearts, they could again, with the sage, recognize, in the fidelity of these voluntary ties, “a medicine for life and for immortality”.

But where shall we find among ourselves a pen sufficiently pure and delicate to record these annals of real love? The most charming poet of our generation, though by his own errors the most unhappy, seems to have caught a glimpse of it, when, out of the midst of strains so strangely and dangerously beautiful, he permitted to escape him such lines as the following, a singular testimony to the high and generous inspirations which he knew too well how to interpret, and too often how to stifle:

"Monastic arches, silent cloisters, lone

And sombre cells, ye know what loving is.

These are your chill cold naves, your pavements, stones

Which burning lips faint over when they kiss".

With your baptismal waters bathe their face:

Tell them a moment how their knees must wear

The cold sepulchral stones before the grace,

Of loving as you loved, they hope to share.

Vast was the love which from your chalices,

Mysterious monks! with a full heart ye drew:

Ye loved with ardent souls! oh, happy lot for you!"

Should we not say that the hand which has traced these lines had been turning over the pages of that immortal code of divine love written by St. Bernard in his discourse upon the *Song of Songs*, where he speaks with such passionate earnestness that universal language of love, "which is understood only by those who love"; where he celebrates the nuptials of the soul with God, and depicts in lines of light that bride who loves only for the sake of loving and being loved, who finds in love alone all that she seeks, all that she desires, all that she hopes, who no longer fears anything, nor doubts the love which she inspires any more than that which she feels? Human tenderness, however eloquent, has never inspired accents more passionate or profound. And to prove how little the divine love, thus understood and practised, tends to exclude or chill the love of man for man, never was human eloquence more touching or more sincere, than in that immortal elegy by which Bernard suddenly interrupts the course of his sermons upon the Canticles of Solomon, to lament a lost brother snatched by death from the cloister, where they had lived in so much harmony and happiness. We all know that famous apostrophe—"Flow, flow, my tears, so eager to flow!—he who prevented your flowing is here no more! ... It is not he who is dead, it is I who now live only to die. Why, oh why have we loved, and why have we lost each other?" It is thus that natural tenderness and legitimate affections vindicate their rights in the hearts of the saints, and penetrate there by means of that which Bernard himself calls the broad and sweet wound of love. Thus this great disciple of Jesus loved and wept for him whom he loved, even here below, as Jesus loved and wept in Lazarus a mortal friend. "Behold how He loved him!"

Without always exalting itself so high, the mutual affection which reigned among the monks flowed as a mighty stream through the annals of the cloister. It has left its trace even in the formulas, collected with care by modern erudition, and which, deposited in the archives of the different monasteries, served as models of the familiar epistles exchanged between communities, superiors, and even simple monks. We find

here and there, in the superscription of these letters as well as in their text, those impulses of the heart which charm and refresh the patient investigator of the past. “To such an one, his humble fellow-countryman, who would embrace him with the wings of a sincere and indissoluble charity, sends salutations in the sweetness of true love”. And again—“I adjure you, by your gentleness, visit us often by letters and messages, that the long distance which separates us may not triumph over those who are united by the love of Christ”. “To the faithful friend”, says another of these forgotten rubrics, the barbarous Latin of which has doubtless served more than one loving and delicate soul. “Let us aspire, dearest brother, to be satisfied by the fruits of wisdom, and bedewed by the waters of the divine fountain, that the same and sole paradise may receive us, and open to our enjoyment the freedom of the celestial kingdom ... If thou wilt, it shall be well for us to be divided by vast territories, and withdrawn from each other under different skies—our tribulations are the same, and our prayers shall strengthen us by the union of our souls”. Sometimes verse, faintly outlined, is mingled with the prose, to repeat the perpetual burden of all that correspondence. “Remember me—I always remember you; I owe to you, and I give you, all the love that is in my heart”.

But with how much greater force than in these anonymous formulas, with what constancy and impetuosity does that inexhaustible tenderness overflow in the authentic letters of the great monks, the collections of which certainly form one of the most precious monuments for the study of the past, as well as for that of the human heart. The more celebrated and powerful they are, the holier are they and the more they love. The correspondence of the most illustrious, of Geoffrey de Vendome, of Pierre le Venerable, and of St. Bernard, give incontestable proofs of this at every page, and the pleasure of our researches will be proportioned to the frequency with which we encounter them upon our road.

But even at the present moment we may appropriately quote certain lines which portray the heart of St. Anselm, who lived, loved, and was happy for sixty years in his Norman Abbey of Bec, before he was condemned to the glorious contests of his episcopate. “Souls, well beloved of my soul”, he wrote to two of his near relatives whom he wished to draw to Bec, “my eyes ardently desire to behold you; my arms expand to embrace you; my lips sigh for your kisses; all the life that remains to me is consumed with waiting for you. I hope in praying, and I pray in hoping—come and taste how gracious the Lord is—you cannot fully know it while you And sweetness in the world. I would not deceive you; first, because I love you, and further, because I have experience of what I say. Let us be monks together, that now and always we may be but one flesh, one blood, and one soul. My soul is welded to your souls; you can rend it, but not separate it from you—neither can you draw it into the world. You must needs then live with it here, or break it; but God preserve you from doing so much harm to a poor soul which has never harmed you, and which loves you. Oh, how my love consumes me! how it compels me to burst forth into words!—but no word satisfies it. How many things would it write! but neither the paper nor the time are sufficient. Speak Thou to them, oh good Jesus! Speak to their hearts, Thou who alone canst make them understand. Bid them leave all and follow Thee. Separate me not from those to whom Thou has linked me by all the ties of blood and of the heart. Be my witness, Lord, Thou and those tears which flow while I write”

The same earnestness is evident in his letters to the friends whom he had acquired in the cloister, and from whom a temporary absence separated him. He writes to the young Lanfranc—“Far from the eyes, far from the heart, say the vulgar. Believe nothing of it; if it was so, the farther you were distant from me, the cooler my love for you would be; whilst, on the contrary, the less I can enjoy your presence, the more the

desire of that pleasure burns in the soul of your friend". Gondulph, destined like himself to serve the Church in the midst of storms, was his most intimate friend. "To Gondulph, Anselm", he wrote to him: "I put no other or longer salutations at the head of my letter, because I can say nothing more to him whom I love. All who know Gondulph and Anselm know well what this means, and how much love is understood in these two names". And again: "How could I forget thee? Can a man forget one who is placed like a seal upon his heart? In thy silence I know that thou lovest me; and thou also, when I say nothing, thou knowest that I love thee. Not only have I no doubt of thee, but I answer for thee that thou art sure of me. What can my letter tell thee that thou knowest not already, thou who art my second soul? Go into the secret place of thy heart, look there at thy love for me, and thou shalt see mine for thee".

To another of his friends, Gislebert, he says: "Thou knewest how much I love thee, but I knew it not. He who has separated us has alone instructed me how dear to me thou wert. No, I knew not before the experience of thy absence how sweet it was to have thee, how bitter to have thee not. Thou hast another friend whom thou hast loved as much or more than me to console thee, but I have no longer thee—thee! thee! thou understandest? and nothing to replace thee. Thou hast thy consolers, but I have only my wound. Those who rejoice in the possession of thee may perhaps be offended by what I say. Ah! let them content themselves with their joy, and permit me to weep for him whom I ever love".

Nor could death, any more than absence, extinguish in the heart of the monk those flames of holy love. And when these gentle ties were broken, the dying carried with him a certainty that he should not be forgotten, and the survivor believed in the invisible duration of his tenderness, thanks to those prayers for souls, incessant and obligatory, which were identified with all the monastic habits—thanks to that devotion for the dead which received in a monastery its final and perpetual sanction. They were not content even with common and permanent prayer for the dead of each isolated monastery. By degrees, vast spiritual associations were formed among communities of the same order and the same country, with the aim of relieving by their reciprocal prayers the defunct members of each house. Rolls of parchment, transmitted by special messengers from cloister to cloister, received the names of those who had "emigrated", according to the consecrated expression, from "this terrestrial light to Christ", and served the purpose of a check and register to prevent defalcation in that voluntary impost of prayer which our cenobites solicited in advance for themselves or for their friends.

Here let us return to Anselm. When he was elected prior of Bec, a young monk called Osbern, jealous of his promotion, was seized with hatred towards him, and demonstrated it violently. Anselm devoted himself to this young man, gained upon him by degrees by his indulgence, traced for him the path of austerities, made him a saint, watched him night and day during his last sickness, and received his last sigh. Afterwards he still continued to love the soul of him who had been his enemy; and, not content with saying mass for him every day during a year, he hastened from monastery to monastery soliciting others to join him. "I beg of you", he wrote to Gondulph, "of you and of all my friends, to pray for Osbern. His soul is my soul. All that you do for him during my life, I shall accept as if you had done it for me after my death, and when I die you shall leave me there ... I conjure you for the third time, remember me, and forget not the soul of my well-beloved Osbern. And if I ask too much of you, then forget me and remember him ... All those who surround me, and who love thee as I do, desire to enter into that secret chamber of thy memory where I am always: I am well pleased that

they should have places near me there; but the soul of my Osbern, ah! I beseech thee, give it no other place than in my bosom".

Great is the history of nations—their revolutions, their destinies, their mission, their glory, their punishments, their heroes, their dynasties, their battles; the tale is great, noble, and fruitful. But how much more fruitful and vast is the history of souls! Of what importance, after all, are his ancestors and his descendants to a man? Of what importance to an atom is the orbit in which it moves? That which does concern him is to love, to be loved; and, during this brief life, to know that he is the being dear above all things to another being. "It appears manifest", says Bossuet, with his solemn gravity, "that *man is the delight of man*. There is no real key of the heart but love. Love is the law of the heart. It is this which moves its most secret inclinations and energies". The solitary sufferings of that love, its emotions perpetually renewed, its crises, its revolutions, its confidence, and its enthusiasm—all that great world which palpitates within the narrow enclosure of a man's life, of a heart which loves, ah! this is the most beautiful and absorbing of histories; this is the tale which endures and moves us all to the depths. Of all the scanty number of immortal pages which float upon the ocean of time, almost all are filled with this theme.

But let us see here the glory and unparalleled force of religion—it is this, that in resolving all social problems, and interpreting all historical revolutions, she retains everywhere, and above all, "the key of our hearts". She has a balm for all our sufferings, and an object for all our tendernesses. She knows how to discipline passion without weakening it; better than drying up our too precious tears, she makes them flow from a source purified for ever by an eternal object. She replaces the twilight of our transitory dreams by the radiant and enchanting serenity of an undying light. She encircles our hearts with that flame, the rays of which shine through infinitude. She has originated and consecrated the supreme triumph of love. She crowns the most tender and powerful passions by something sweeter and stronger still, the happiness and the glory of sacrificing them to God. It is in monasteries that this science of true happiness and real love has been longest taught and practised. We have seen that religion does not interdict either the warm impulses of affection, or the endearing accents of the most penetrating sympathy to souls united in God. Let us ever listen to the sounds which are audible in that sacred silence: they will reveal, perhaps, some sweet and touching mystery of the history of souls. Let us give ear to the gentle and perpetual murmur of that fountain which every cloister once enclosed—an emblem and an echo of the spring from which gushed such inexhaustible love.

Therefore our monks were happy, and happy by love. They loved God, and they loved each other in Him, with that love which is strong as death. If we would seek the natural consequence, the general condition, and the best proof of all his happiness, we recognize it without difficulty in that external and internal peace, which was the predominant characteristic of their existence. A sweet and holy peace which was the radiant conquest, the inalienable patrimony of those monks who were worthy of their name, and of which no one else, in an equal degree, has ever possessed the secret or the understanding!

St. Benedict, the greatest of monastic legislators, has received no nobler title from a grateful posterity than that of Founder of Peace.

We are, said St. Bernard, the *Order of the Peaceful*. He had the most perfect right to say so: in the midst of that belligerent world of the middle ages, entirely organized

for war, the monks formed a vast army of soldiers of peace, and that was indeed, the title which they gave themselves: "*Deo et paci militantibus*"

See, therefore, how happiness, according to the divine promise, accompanies the ministers of peace. "To the counsellors of peace is joy". It is not enough even to say happiness; we should say gayety, *hilaritas*, that gayety which Fulbert of Charters, describing its union with the simplicity of the monks, called angelical.

Of all the erroneous conceptions of Religious life, there is not one more absurd than that which would persuade us to regard it as a life sad and melancholy. History demonstrates precisely the contrary. Let us cease then to waste our pity upon all these *cloistered victims* of both sexes, phantoms created by false history and false philosophy, which serve as a pretext for the prejudices and the violence by which so many souls, made for a better life, and so many real victims of the most cruel oppression, are retained in the world. A truce to all these declamations of the wretchedness of being condemned to a uniform life, to unavoidable duties, and unvaried occupations. There is not one of the objections made against the life of the cloister which does not apply with quiet as much force to conjugal life. The Christian, the true sage, knows well that perpetual obligations, voluntarily undertaken, never render a man permanently unhappy. He knows, on the contrary, that they are indispensable to order and peace in his soul. That which tortures and consumes, is neither obligation nor duty; it is instability, agitation, the fever of change. Ah! when the spirit of the world penetrated the cloister, and ended by stealing it away from the spirit of God—when it had introduced there the *commende*, the principle of individual property, indolence, coldness, all that corruption which lay usurpation sowed everywhere throughout the field, which she took upon herself to confiscate—then, doubtless, that which had been a rare and guilty exception, became an abuse too habitual and general. Then, doubtless, there was a crowd of vocations false or compulsory, and of bitter sorrows, stifled under the frock or the veil. But whilst it was permitted to the monastic orders to flourish in freedom under the wing of the Church, sheltered from secular invasions, melancholy was unknown, or at least appeared only now and then like a malady, the rareness of which renders it more frightful. "They had no sadness", is the testimony given of them in the fourth century, by the first of their apologists: "*they wage war with the devil as if they were playing*"

We see it unceasingly specified among the qualities of the most pious abbots and exemplary monks, that they were gay, joyous, amusing, loving to laugh, *jocundus, facetus*. These expressions overflow above all from the pen of Orderic Vital, who, speaking of himself in his long and precious history, tells us—"I have borne for forty-two years, with happiness, the sweet yoke of the Lord". St. Anselm, that great and irreproachable monk, certainly knew what he said when he thus challenged the secular clergy of his time: "You who believe that it is easier to live religiously under the habit of a priest than to bear the burden of monastic life, behold and see with what lightness that burden is borne by Christians of each sex, of every age and condition, who fill the entire world with their songs of joy". And six centuries after him, the Abbot de Rancé, who has been so often instanced to us as a type of monkish melancholy and suffering, opposed to the calumnies with which his Religious were then assailed, their conjunction of gayety and edifying charity.

But they made no monopoly of that peace and joy which was their inheritance; they distributed it with full hands to all who surrounded them—to all who gave them permission—everywhere. They evidenced it, they preached it, they bestowed it upon all who approached them. "The monks", said the great Archbishop of Constantinople,

whom we here quote for the last time,—"the monks are like the lighthouses placed on high mountains, which draw all navigators to the tranquil port which they light—those who contemplate them fear no more either darkness or shipwreck".

The happiness enjoyed by the people who were subjects or neighbours of the religious orders when they themselves were free and regular, in a fact, the evidence of which is declared by history, and consecrated in the memory of all nations. No institution was ever more popular, no masters were more beloved. Doubtless they have had their enemies and persecutors in all times, as the Church and virtue itself has had. But while Europe remained faithful, these were but a minority disavowed by general opinion. And even when that minority became master of the world, it succeeded in destroying the monastic orders only by violence and proscription. Wherever the orders, still free from lay corruption, have perished, it has been amid the grief and lasting regret of the population which depended on them. And if elsewhere, as in France, where the epoch of their ruin was contemporary with the ruin of faith in the whole nation, their fall has been seen with indifference, at least it has never been called for by popular vengeance or antipathy. The spoliations and crimes of which they were the victims, have been the work of princes or assemblies who plumed themselves upon their scorn for the affections as for the faith of the vulgar, and have inspired only regret and alarm to the people of the country, or to those inferior and indigent classes whose necessities and passions awake so much just solicitude at the present time. This testimony has been borne by all who have sincerely studied the history of their destruction, even among their adversaries. Above all, it should be rendered to them by the author of these pages, who has visited, in many countries, the site of nearly two hundred monasteries, and who has collected, wherever any contemporaries of monastic charity survived, the expression of their gratitude and their regret. And how could they fail to exercise that influence,—they "whose trade was doing disinterested good?" How could they fail to be loved, they who loved so well? It was not only for their alms, for their practical generosity and hospitality, that they reigned thus in all hearts; it was for their benign and paternal sympathy, their active and cordial interest in the people; it was still more by their constant and active solicitude for the salvation and happiness of all suffering souls.

"Weep with the unhappy", said one of the patriarchs of the monastic order, St. Columba; and it was a precept which they never disobeyed. Nowhere has the human race in its joys and sorrows found sympathies more living and productive than under the frock of the monk. A life of solitude, mortification, and celibacy, far from extinguishing in the heart of the monk the love of his neighbour, augmented its intensity, and redoubled by purifying it. We have proof of this in their innumerable writings, in their animated chronicles, in all that remains to us of them. Their writers employed, to designate that disposition which was native to monastic souls, a special term, that of *benignitas* — that is to say, benevolence elevated and purified by piety; *benignitas*, a word entirely Christian, entirely monastic, and as difficult to translate as the other two habitual virtues of the cloister, *simplicitas* and *hilaritas*.

Their doors were always open, not only to the poor and exiled, but to all souls fatigued with life, bowed down under the weight of their faults, or simply enamoured of study and silence. To all these different guests the monk offered his peace and shared it with them.

Thus there was not a necessity, moral or material, for which the monks, who, of all the benefactors of humanity, were certainly the most generous, the most ingenious, the most amiable, disinterested, and persevering, had not attempted to provide. From

thence resulted much happiness imperceptible in the annals of history, but distilled in abundance into the heart of the Christian people during all the period of monastic fervour: from thence came that invincible peace, that luminous serenity, which held sway over so many souls—even in the midst of the most stormy epochs of the Middle Age.

Who knows, besides, how much the mere sight of their worship, the pomp of their ceremonies so majestic and solemn, and the very sound of their chants, delighted the surrounding population? These were during many centuries the favourite spectacles, the fetes most sought after by the poor and by the country people, who resorted thither in crowds, and always found a place. Those who were prosperous in the world—the great, and rich, and even strangers—found a heartfelt enjoyment in contemplating close at hand the peaceable course of monastic life, though they did not cease to navigate for themselves the agitated waves of the world; they loved to quench their thirst in that pure and fresh stream. The mere sight of the monks, who were at the same time so austere and so happy, often sufficed to determine remarkable conversions; and always renewed in the heart salutary thoughts of eternity. The most beautiful souls, the highest intelligences, have yielded to that attraction, and have eloquently confessed it. True philosophy has rendered to it, by the mouth of Leibnitz, a generous homage. True poetry has appreciated its singular and unconquerable charm. At a time when more than one symptom of approaching decadence obscured the horizon, Petrarch spoke of monastic solitude like a Father of Vallombrosa or of the Chartreuse, and Tasso has never been more happily inspired than in his sonnet addressed to the order of St. Benedict, the touching melody of which comes opportunely to interrupt this poor prose : —

Nobil porto del mondo e di fortuna,

Di sacri e dolci studj alta quiete,

Silenzi amici, e vaglie chiostre, e liete!

Laddove e l'ora, e l'ombra occulta, e bruna:

Templi, ove a suon di squilla altri s'aduna,

Degni viepiù d' archi, e teatri, e miete,

In cui talor si sparge, e 'n cui si miete

Quel che ne puo nudrir l'alma digiuna.

Usci di voi chi, fra gli acuti scogli,

Delia nave di Pietro antica e carca,

Tenne l'alto governo in gran tempesta.

A voi, deposte l'arrae e i feri orgogli,

Venner gli Augusti: e 'n voi s' ha pace onesta,

Non pur sicura: e quindi al ciel si varca.

Beside that great Italian and Catholic poet, we quote the master of English prose, the Protestant Johnson, whose masculine genius appreciated, even in the eighteenth century, the holy beauty of monastic institutions. “I never read”, said he, “of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet: never of a monastery, but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement”.

Thus, then, by acknowledgment of the most competent and impartial judges, the much abused monks had found the secret of the two rarest things in the world—happiness and duration. They had discovered the art of reconciling greatness of soul with humility, a tranquillized heart with an ardent mind, freedom and fullness of action with a minute and absolute submission to rule, ineffaceable traditions with an absence of all hereditary property, activity with peace, joy with labour, social life with solitude, the greatest moral force with the greatest material feebleness. And this marvellous contrast—this strange union of the most diverse qualities and conditions—they had been able to maintain during a thousand years, through all the frailties of human things, and despite a thousand abuses, a thousand causes of corruption, decadence, and ruin. They would have lasted still if tyrants, sophists, and rhetoricians, under pretext of curing the sick man whom they hated, had not slaughtered him to enrich themselves with his spoil.

Now all has disappeared: that fountain of the purest and most inoffensive happiness to be found upon earth is exhausted; that generous stream which flowed through ages in waves of incessant and fruitful intercession is dried up. We might say a vast interdict had been cast upon the world. That melodious voice which the monks raised day and night from the bosom of a thousand sanctuaries to assuage the anger of Heaven and draw down peace and joy into Christian hearts, is silenced among us. Those fair and dear churches, where so many generations of our fathers resorted to seek consolation, courage, and strength to strive against the evils of life, are fallen. Those cloisters which offered a safe and noble asylum to all the arts and all the sciences—where all the miseries of man were solaced—where the hungry were always satisfied, the naked clothed, the ignorant enlightened, exist no more except as ruins, stained by a thousand ignoble profanations. Those sylvan heights, those holy mountains, those elevated places, where thoughts of God had their habitation—“He dwelleth on high”(Isaiah XXXIII. 5)—which heretofore cast upon the world a light so pure, and shadows so fresh and salutary, resemble only the unwooded summits which we encounter here and there, transformed by the devastating axe into arid and naked rooks, where a blade of grass or a green leaf reappears no more, In vain the sun gilds them with his fruitful rays — in vain the dews of heaven suffuse them. The hand of the destroyer has been there: burned, dried up, condemned to an eternal sterility, they subsist no longer but as monuments of ruin and folly.

Often, however, nature has had pity upon these ruins, which testify to the pitiless ingratitude of men. She has thrown around these monuments of their rapacity decorations perpetually renewed—she has veiled their shame under the inexhaustible riches of her abundant verdure—she has wrapped them, as in a shroud, with her immortal robe of ivy and eglantine, with creeping plants and wild flowers. She attracts to them thus, even from the indifferent, a sympathetic and attentive gaze. And where the climate, or the still more cruel hand of man, has not permitted that struggle of nature against scorn and forgetfulness, sometimes a plaintive legend survives and

resists them, like a last protest. Thus amid the ruins of the Abbey of Kilconnell, in the western extremity of Ireland, the Irish peasants, themselves spoiled and dishonoured for so many centuries, still show in the pavement of the ruined church certain long lines and little hollows, furrowed in the stone, according to their tale, by those drops of fire, the burning tears of the poor monks when they were expelled forever from their well-beloved sanctuary.

CHAPTER VI

CHARGES AGAINST THE MONKS — MONASTIC WEALTH

But whilst we abandon ourselves, with tender and melancholy respect, to the contemplation of that extinguished grandeur, the world still retains in its recollection the clamours which, during three centuries, have assailed the monastic order, and does not cease to celebrate its fall.

"Monk!" said Voltaire, "what is that profession of thine? It is that of having none, of engaging one'' self by an inviolable oath to be a fool and a slave, and to live at the expanse of others". That definition had been universally accepted and applauded in the kingdom which was the cradle of the order of Cluny and of the congregation of St. Maur, in the country of Benedict d'Aniane, of St. Bernard, of Peter the Venerable, of Mabillon, and of Rancé. It had crossed the Rhine; and the Emperor of that Germany which was converted by the monk Boniface, his Apostolic Majesty Joseph II, wrote in October, 1781: "The principles of monasticism, from Pacome to our own days, are entirely contrary to the light of reason". The French Revolution, and the secularization imposed by Bonaparte on Germany, gave effect to these oracles of the modern world. The instructions of Madame Roland, who wrote—"Let us then sell the ecclesiastical possessions—we shall never be freed of these ferocious beasts till we have destroyed their dens", having been punctually executed, we might have hoped that hate should have been quenched by proscription.

But it is not so. The cruel passions which have buried that long-enduring institution under the ruins of the past, live still among us. Steadfast and implacable, they watch around that which they believe to be a tomb, fearing someday the resurrection of their victim; and at the least appearance of a renewed life, they pursue even his memory with trite and vulgar calumnies.

The diatribes which have been drawn from too celebrated pens by a culpable complaisance for these victorious prejudices, are expounded and aggravated by the unknown voices which bellow in the shade, and swell the echoes of falsehood and of hate. Whilst one denounces to his hundred thousand readers "the beatified aberrations and ignorance of monkish asceticism", others repeat, in emulation, that "the monks and the nuns are but sluggards, fattened at the expense of the people". This is said and resaid every day in spite of the many monuments, old and new, of historical science, which prove beyond refutation how generally the people have been fattened at the expense of the monks.

These commonplaces of ignorant and triumphant wickedness have taken their place as a final judgment in the mind of the crowd. All obsolete and repugnant as they are, let us listen to them and recall them, if it were only to confirm ourselves in a horror of falsehood and injustice.

Let us take up, in the first place, at the head of these slanders of misled reason, the grand reproach for which it will shortly begin to blush, but which the sophists of the last two centuries employed with so much success as to diminish the credit of the

monks with statesmen. They were vowed to celibacy, and celibacy put a troublesome limit to the progress of population. This was then the most universal and incontestable of their crimes. We know what has become of that reproach nowadays. It is almost as if God had waited till the lie had achieved its triumph, to overwhelm it with confusion. That population which the religious orders were accused of stemming up in its source, has become too often the most cruel of embarrassments, and the world is covered with doctors and economists, licensed to seek the best means of arresting its progress.

Who does not know to what monstrous consequences the heirs of these accusers of monastic celibacy have come? There is here an abyss of error and of darkness which it is not our business to fathom, but into which, at least, we do not fear to follow that illustrious archbishop, who has sealed by martyrdom the constant moderation of his opinions, and the noble independence of his life. “An antichristian science”, said M. Affre, “had encouraged an unlimited development of population. Overwhelmed now by this novel increase, she sets herself to calculate how much misery and oppression is necessary to restrain it. All other barriers proving too feeble, science has conceived a moral restraint as favourable to vice, as Christian continence is favourable to virtue. Never cease to contemplate these deplorable errors which God has permitted in order to render your faith more dear and venerable to you. St. Paul has said to a small number of the elect, ‘In that which concerns virgins I give you only advice’. Heavenly souls, sufficiently courageous to follow him, have been blessed by Jesus Christ: but the Saviour required to add, ‘Far from all being able to raise themselves to that perfection, all are not even able to comprehend it’. The Church authorizes none to embrace it, but after long and severe trials. A science, altogether material, announces to men that this voluntary chastity was a crime against society, because it deprived the state of citizens. In vain innumerable virgins, angels of innocence and goodness, have consoled the poor, have formed the Christian life in the mind of childhood, have appeased Heaven by their prayers and by their touching expiations, and have offered sublime examples to all; in vain legions of virgin apostles have bestowed new sentiments of peace and charity upon the Catholic nations, and brought unknown virtues to life in their bosom; an impure philosophy comes to proclaim that these sacred ties, the source of so many benefits, must be replaced by bonds less perfect; and now she says to the beings whom she has freed from all moral laws, intoxicated with sensual sensations and heaped together in one place without distinction of sex, Thou shalt not form a family. She says this precisely to those whose passions she has rendered most precocious, and to whom a legitimate union is most necessary for resisting seductions which might pervert angels.

“We scarcely dare to point out to you a maxim still more perverse. Other sophists have comprehended the impossibility of such a restraint; but in giving that up, they have dared to counsel Christian spouses to cheat the desire of nature, and to throw back into nothingness those beings whom God calls to existence.

“Oh, Saviour God! who has sanctified the love of marriage by bestowing on it indissolubility, unity, and primitive purity, I bless Thee. I bless Thee, also, for having consecrated the vows of virgins, and filled with grace a life which raises itself above the earth, only to draw down the blessings of Heaven. I bless Thee for having found even in the outrages of an impious philosophy the justification of Thy holy Gospel. Since she has disclosed her infamous doctrines, Thou art avenged but too completely of her blasphemies against Thy angelic counsels”.

However, in the eyes of modern authorities the monks were not only guilty of abstracting themselves from the duty of reproduction, and of refusing to give life to others; their own life was useless to the world and their kind.

At this present time, and in view of the results, each more unlooked for than the other, of recent historical studies, there is not one, perhaps, among men who pretend to any authority whatever in the realm of knowledge, who would put his name to such an assertion. But we know too well how it is still repeated in the lower classes of literature; it counts for something in that false coin of knowledge which is current among the immense majority of the so-called enlightened men of our days. We send back these blind sages, with confidence, to the study of the monuments which they ignore, of the books which they have never opened. We defy them to find a country, an age, or a society, in which the direct and positive practical utility of the monks has not been written in incontestable lines, as long as their hands were free, and before the *commende* (which was the crime of kings, not of monks) had come to perpetuate enervation and disorder in their ranks. We say nothing further here of the supreme utility, in the eyes of every consistent Christian, of prayer, and a life hidden in God; nothing of that powerful and constant intercession, always hovering between heaven and earth, for the salvation and the peace of men; nothing of the immense and beneficent influence of monastic peace upon men of war and of business, of its virtue upon the passions, of its solitude upon the age. No, we descend from that sphere of too lofty reality to place ourselves on a level with those who keep their eyes always cast down towards the earth, always absorbed in whatever is to pass away or to bring profit. We invite them to instance in the annals of the world, a body, an institution, any organization whatever, which can bear even a distant comparison with the monasteries which were, for ten centuries and more, the schools, the archives, the libraries, the hostelries, the studios, the penitentiaries, and the hospitals of Christian society. And when they refer us to those times, in which the religious orders estranged themselves almost entirely from the political, literary, and external life of the world, and which, for the very reason that they were thus concentrated more and more in themselves, should have drawn to them the indulgent toleration of the masters of the new world, we answer with the great writer, who, upon so many points, has reopened to us the gates of historic truth: “Whoever is able to subdue human will without degrading human nature, has rendered to society a service beyond price, in freeing government from the care of watching over these men, of employing them, and above all, of paying them. There has never been a happier idea than that of uniting pacific citizens, who laboured, prayed, studied, wrote, cultivated the ground, and *asked nothing from those in authority*”

Modern governments ought to comprehend this, although none have yet confessed it; and to those who assure them that the modest and peaceable independence of the monk, and that satisfaction with his lot, which it will soon be impossible to find, are the fruits of superstition and fanaticism, more than one statesman might be tempted to respond: Restore us this tree which bears fruits of such a lost species!

“The whole aim of man is to be happy”, says Bossuet; “place happiness where it ought to be, and it is the source of all good; but the source of all evil is to place it where it ought not to be”. But, here are myriads of men, who, from age to age, succeed each other in declaring themselves happy and content with their lot. And we proclaim them useless! As if the world could have anything more useful than happiness; as if universal happiness was not exclusively composed of that of individuals; as if each individual who calls and believes himself happy, and who is so, without taking anything from his neighbour, or envying any man, whoever he may be, was not in himself alone an inappreciable element of social prosperity! No matter, all this happiness must disappear; it must be proscribed and sacrificed; it must be extended upon the Procrustean bed of a pretended public utility, defined, modified, travestied by emulous

theorists, as pitiless as they are powerless, but insane, enough to believe themselves invested with the right of constraining human nature, and of exercising sovereign rule over the vocations, the inclinations, and the preferences of their fellow-creatures. Be it well understood, besides, that this insupportable tyranny applies itself only to good, never to evil; and that it imposes upon virtue, upon prayer, upon holy retirement, such a yoke and fetters as no enlightened legislator has ever dreamt of imposing upon vice, idleness, or dissipation.

But they persist, and add, "The monks were indolent. Is it so indeed!" Such, then, was the vice of those men who, by unanimous admission, have with their own hands cleared the soil of half the Western world, and whose laborious vigils have preserved to us all the works of ancient literature and the monuments often centuries of our history. The monks indolent! But of all the monks, the most ancient and the most numerous were the Benedictines; and that name has become, even in vulgar speech, the type and the synonym of serious, modest, and indefatigable labour. The monks indolent! But who, then, if not the monks, have borne the burden and heat of the day in all the missions to the East and to America, in the persecuted Christendoms of Europe, in the work of redeeming captives, in the strife against heresies and immorality, and even in the spiritual administration of the most Catholic nations? It would be well to see those who have been most lavish of this reproach upon the monks, confined for a single day to that life of incessant fatigue, of disgusts, of privations, of vigils, and journeys, which is the portion of the least of the missionaries or the most obscure of the confessors which the monastic orders furnish to the Church!

The indolence of the monks! Can it be possible that this refers to those monks, few in number, who devote themselves exclusively to a life of contemplation?—to the anchorites, these emulators of the Fathers of the desert, who, having learnt to content themselves with necessaries more scanty, even than those required by the most miserable labourer, certainly believe themselves entitled to give to their soul the time, strength, and nourishment, of which, by a superhuman courage, they have deprived their flesh?

We have already answered, that for every Christian, prayer is the most legitimate and useful labour; to contest that truth is not simply to deny the principles of the Monastic Order, but the fundamental basis of religion altogether. We shall add that always, and everywhere, the cenobites who have been most faithful to the rules of mortification and to the spiritual life, are precisely those who, like the Trappists of our own day, have obtained the most marvellous results in agriculture, or like the Jesuits, are the most devoted to education, to the sciences, and to all mental labours.

The reproach of indolence can then be addressed, with an appearance of justice, only to those among the monks—Benedictines or others—who, having inherited the possessions with which the industry of their predecessors or the generosity of the faithful had endowed their monasteries, lived there in ease and leisure.

We must indeed admit that, especially in the later times, their primitive strength being lamentably lessened by the abuses of the *commende* (which shall be discussed further on without reserve), indolence did glide into more than one monastery. But that was a crime which should be laid to their charge before God, and not before men. Besides, such a reproach cannot be raised without redescending with all its weight upon its authors, nor even without menacing the entire mass of civil society. Have all these severe critics examined themselves on this score? Are they all confident of escaping the accusation which they lavish upon others? The politicians, the philosophers, the men of

letters, who declaim against the idleness of the monks, are they always such laborious and productive citizens? Have not they too already beheld, in tumult beneath them, a greedy crowd which throws upon them in their turn the epithet of idle? What right has the world to account their fortune and their leisure a crime to the monks more than to all the other rich and free proprietors of our age or of any age? Whatever the abuses of the Monastic Order might be—and again we repeat that we shall conceal none of them—they were especially responsible for them towards the Church. They could, without much fear, defy the lay society of all ages to show many rich men more active and more usefully occupied than they. Up to the time of our recent Socialist follies, the world has not assumed the right of demanding from him who reaps the harvests of a field long laboured and fertilized, the same energy as was necessary to him who first brought it under cultivation. On the contrary, all societies and legislatures have endeavoured to stimulate human activity by promising to parents that their industry, sweat, and fatigue, should result in the leisure, ease, and well-being of their offspring. It is by this means alone that the desire and pursuit of property is free from the charge of selfishness. By what right do we apply a different rule to the monks? The peace and comfort which they enjoyed even in the midst of their spiritual decadence was the product of the labours and sweat of their spiritual ancestors—the most legitimate and unassailable inheritance that ever existed. The Church alone could and ought to stigmatize here that capital sin which religion everywhere interdicts. We say without fear that this, which is called indolence among the monks, is simply that which is called leisure among the wealthy; society has no more right to punish one than the other with civil death and the confiscation of his goods.

But further, we are told, the monks were not only rich—they were too rich. Yes, certainly, there were communities of extreme opulence, and this was one great cause of decay and corruption: I admit it freely. The Church, remaining faithful to the intentions of the founders, had there a legitimate cause of intervention for the better division and more useful employment of monastic wealth. But was this a rear son for its appropriation to the profit of the State? No, a thousand times, no! And who can venture to raise such a complaint from the midst of modern society, in which wealth, henceforward to be the only distinction and sole evidence of social importance, has naturally become the object of covetousness less restrained, and more rapacious desire than at any other epoch? Too rich! but what human authority is entitled to fix the limit at which excessive wealth commences, or to trace boundaries to property legitimately acquired? It is religion alone which can distinguish here the necessary from the superfluous, and determine on a fit destination for that superfluity: and yet, by a revolting wickedness, it is against herself only, against the sacred weakness of the Church, that men have systematically violated the rights of property. The Church alone had a right to say that the monks had too much wealth; we can say only that they were rich, and we can justify their fortune in two words, by its origin and its employment.

As for its employment, even in the midst of the most palpable abuses and complete enervation, that can still be concentrated in one word, charity!—a charity which has never been questioned and never equalled. Upon this point, before refuting the objectors, let us wait for what they advance.

But this fortune is specially justified by its origin. We can affirm, without fear, that never property had an origin as legitimate, as holy, and as inviolable as the monastic possessions. They proceeded entirely from the generosity of the faithful, fructified by the labour of the monks. It is the only property, taken altogether, which has had its origin in the most noble act of man; the gift, the pure and free gift of love, gratitude, or faith.

"Can it chance to be", says a celebrated statesman of our days, little suspected of partiality or complaisance for the religious orders—"can it chance to be that you intend to regulate the employment of my goods to such an extent that I shall not be able to use them in the manner most agreeable to me? After having accorded to me the physical enjoyment of property, is it possible that you can refuse me the moral enjoyments, the most noble, the most exquisite, the most useful of all? What then! odious legislator, you will permit me to consume, to dissipate, to destroy my possessions, but you will not permit me to bestow them on whom I please! For me, for myself alone, see the melancholy end which you assign to the painful efforts of my life? Thus you would debase, you would disenchant, you would arrest my labours ... To give is the noblest mode of using property. It is, I repeat, the moral enjoyment added to the physical."

But the proprietors of old were not moved only by the idea of enjoyment. They believed themselves obliged to protect their property before God and man, purifying it by sacrifice. Christians of all ranks and times have indeed given, and given much to the monasteries; and while they enriched one, they did not cease to nourish and raise up others. That munificence was neither unreflecting nor blind; it was, on the contrary, the fruit of a calculation, but of a calculation most just and noble. The Catholic nations repeated to the monks during twelve centuries, those beautiful and simple words by which, in the baseness of the Lower Empire, St. John the Almoner endowed the two monasteries founded by him at Alexandria. "I shall provide, after God, for the necessities of your bodies: and do you provide for the necessities of my soul". Five hundred years later, at the other extremity of Christian society, it is thus that one of the great feudal chiefs expresses in two lines the motives of feudal munificence—"I, William, Count of Poitou, and Duke of all Aquitaine, transfer from my hand, into the hand of St. Peter of Cluny, this Church which, God helping, I have freed and snatched from lay usurpation:—and I make this gift because I remember my sins, and because I would that God might forget them".

In bestowing gifts upon the monks, the Christians of old gave, in the first place, to God, and next to the poor—for we all know that the monks were the almoners of Christianity. They gave up their superfluous wealth, and sometimes even necessaries, in obedience to the two most exalted motives of life—the salvation of the soul and the consolation of the poor—the love of God and the love of man.

If we would retrace the history of the most generous instincts and pure emotions which have ever moved the human heart, it could be clone with ease; we need only transcribe the preambles of the acts of foundation and donation which have established monastic property. There, all the affections and all the sorrows of man appear in turn to be sanctified, purified, and made immortal; devotion towards God, towards His mother, towards His saints; adoration and humility, repentance and gratitude; love, conjugal, filial, and paternal, the love of one's neighbour in all the inexhaustible variety of its inspirations, and above all, the desire of contributing to the salvation of those who have been beloved on earth, and of rejoining them in heaven. In public and solemn acts, designed to remove all suspicion of fraudulent or occult manoeuvres, these generous Christians have enumerated the motives of their sacrifices; they declare themselves to have offered them sometimes for the expiation of a crime, a misfortune, or an accident of which they have been the involuntary cause; sometimes to confirm their renunciation of ill-acquired wealth, of unjust pretentions, or of inveterate enmities; sometimes to thank God for a signal grace, for a danger turned aside, for a happy return from pilgrimage or crusade, or to draw down His protection at the moment of entering the lists; sometimes, and especially to sanctify their wealth and their increase to the best advantage, by making it profit able to the poor and to

travellers. They desired thus to consecrate before the Lord, perhaps, their resignation under an incurable malady—perhaps the foreseen extinction of an ancient and illustrious race—perhaps the desire of repose after a disturbed life admiration of a picturesque or solitary site—the choice of a family sepulchre—above all, the memory of a long line of ancestors, of a wife faithfully cherished, of a child prematurely taken away, or even of a faithful servant or follower. Sometimes, also, they designed that offering for the salvation of one loved unlawfully and beyond measure, but whom the Church had not forbidden them to cherish beyond the tomb. It was thus that Philip Augustus endowed a convent of a hundred and twenty nuns near the tomb of Agnes de Meranie.

Thus, from every page of these annals of feudal generosity, rises some monument of the mysteries of divine mercy, of human grief, and Christian virtue: and we perceive, besides, how the motives of donation became unceasingly motives of conversion, and how often a man who had commenced by giving to God his lands and possessions, finished by the offering of himself.

The munificence of kings assured the existence of these grand and royal abbeys, such as St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Denys, the Mont-Cassin, Cluny, Canterbury, Westminster, Hautecombe, which served at once for archives, for sanctuary, and for the sepulture of dynasties. Others were regarded as the special patrimony of certain noble races, which, from father to son, they believed themselves obliged to maintain and enrich, and in which each exploit, each alliance, each degree of their genealogy, each death, was commemorated by new gifts. A similar conviction discloses itself, and beams like a luminous torch across all that ocean of munificence which inundated the monastic institutions during the Catholic ages. “Give me”, said St. Eloy to his master, “this site, that I may construct there a ladder by which you and I shall mount to the celestial kingdom”. Six centuries later, upon the shores of the Baltic, the same thought is reproduced in the same terms—a Count d’Orlamunde, in endowing a monastery in Hamburg, inscribed this axiom upon its charter of foundation: “He who erects or repairs a monastery builds himself a stair to ascend to heaven”. And at the same period, one of the chiefs of the Norman nobility, then masters of England, the Count of Chester, saw in a dream his ancestor, who pointed out to him one of his domains, saying: “Here must be erected a ladder by which the angels shall ascend every day to carry men’s prayers to God, and descend with His blessings”. Enlightened by the infallible light of the Gospel, they perceived that their inheritance, of which they thus despoiled themselves for God, was that which did them most honour and endured the best. They believed as the Emperor Frederick II believed, when he wrote at the head of one of his charters this noble thought: “In the midst of the universal decay of human things, man can always snatch from time something that is stable and perpetual—namely, that which he gives to God: he thus links his terrestrial patrimony to the patrimony of God”.

But kings and nobles had no monopoly of this inexhaustible liberality. The Christian people, *sancta plebs Dei*, claimed and exercised in their turn the right of giving to God and to the saints, and of mingling their offerings with those of their superiors. The most insignificant gift, coming from the humblest hand, to immortalize the benefit and the benefactor—the offering of the poor, of the serf, of the widow, and of the beggar—was registered in the daily prayer of the monks, and immortalized in their annals, side by side with the magnificent foundations of princes and lords. “Mathilde has given us a vineyard; Barbe, a lay woman, has given a tablecloth; Alaide has given a calf”—thus we read in the Necrology of Lorsch, amidst the evidences of the generosity and grandeur of the Carolingians. And when Croyland, the principal monastery in

England, had been burned down in 1091, and rebuilt, thanks to the gifts of the Norman nobility, the Abbott Ingulph was careful to enter in his Chronicle, which is one of the most important historical monuments of the time : “Among so many benefactors, let us not forget the holy memory of Juliana, the beggar of Weston, who, in her misery, gave us all that she could, and all that she had—namely, twisted thread to sew the vestments of our monks”.

Great and small thus confirm the truth of the definition which a Council has given of the possessions of the Church, and more especially of monastic possessions: “They are the offering of the faithful, the patrimony of the poor, and the ransom of souls”.

It is thus, then, that the treasure of the monks has been formed—these are their titles of possession. No family, no state, no individual has ever possessed titles more glorious or more legitimate.

Such is, however, the wickedness and blind perversity of man, unfaithful to the law of salvation, that of all human property, the only one which has been everywhere attacked, everywhere calumniated, and, in our own days, everywhere suppressed, is monastic property! Kingdoms and republics, autocrats and demagogues, you have preserved and consecrated the spoliations of force, the triumphs of speculation; and you have confiscated the fruits of sacrifice, the gifts of repentance, the legacy of grief; you have annihilated the works created by two things which, when they are pure, are the loveliest in the world—freedom and love!

Heaven grant that this crime may not be cruelly punished! Heaven grant that the logic of spoliation may not be carried to its utmost conclusions, and that implacable avengers, improving upon your example, may not appear to envelope innocent and guilty in one common proscription, in the name of those principles which had their first victory in the spoliation of the monastic orders! The sons of those who destroyed the monasteries everywhere, have already learned, to their cost, that of all the arguments which have overthrown monastic property, there is not one which might not batter a breach in general property. This cannot be sufficiently kept in mind; they too, desperate and trembling, have seen men rise before them to demand their goods, throwing at their head that same name of idlers with which they had despoiled the monks. Are they at the end of their experiences and chastisements? Does not the storm approach hour by hour, and may we not hear yet once more, surging up to the gates of modern palaces, the tide of that multitude which confounds all property, ancient and modern, in a common reprobation, and whose apostles have declared that leisure was a crime against society, and property a theft?

CHAPTER VII

DECLINE

But there is a last and more serious complaint which must be traced without evasion—the corruption of the religious orders. Great disorders and abuses, we are told, reigned among the monks, especially in their last times. So they did. Yes, we confess it. They were given up to laxness and enervation. Again we say, yes. They no longer observed those laws of fervour, of austerity, and of discipline, which were the implicit condition of the liberal gifts with which they had been overwhelmed. In one word, they were in full decline. Yes, it is but too true; save some glorious exceptions—such as the Chartreux, the Trappiste, and the Jesuits—the Religious were in decadence at the moment when they were reached by the devastating scythe of the past century and of our own time.

I do not evade this charge. I admit and confirm it. I even dare to believe that there is none among the enemies of the monks who has studied more attentively than myself these disorders and abuses, no one who has dwelt longer upon the dark side of an admirable history. I know these abuses, I confess them; and what is more, I shall narrate them. Yes, if God permits me to continue my work, I shall relate them with unmitigated sincerity, and henceforward in the pages which you are about to read, wherever occasion presents, I shall show the evil beside the good, the shadow beside the light; I shall say what were the errors, and sometimes the crimes, of the monks, at the risk of surprising and even wounding affections which I respect, and a modesty which is dear to me, because it is necessary to truth, and because I would not have any one suspect of blindness, partiality, or ignorance, my very insufficient apology for these illustrious victims.

I shall relate these abuses. But on whose authority? On that of the monks themselves; for it is most frequently to them alone that we owe the knowledge of these abuses; to their confessions, to their lamentations, to their narratives, to the chronicles of their houses written by themselves with a frankness and simplicity still more admirable than their laborious patience. They were not acquainted with the rule dictated by the prophet of their persecutors: “Lie boldly, lie always”. They spoke the entire truth, and to their own cost; they spoke it with sadness, blushing when that was inevitable, but with a legitimate certainty that the evil which they denounced to posterity, very far from being the natural result of their institution, was its direct contradiction, and that to vanquish and dethrone it nothing more was necessary than a return, always possible, to its primitive rule. And I also would, like them, speak the truth, and the entire truth, not only concerning the monks, but even of the Church and her ministers, whensoever it is needful. I shall conceal neither the prevarications nor the weaknesses of those who have failed, that I may feel myself empowered to render a free and pure testimony to those who have fought well, and that I may have the right of stigmatizing among the enemies of truth the evil which I shall not spare in her own children and ministers. For by what right could I be severe towards the wicked, if I had

not begun by being severe towards those who, charged by God himself to combat vice, have become its instruments and accomplices?

If I threw a lying veil over the corruption of the religious orders during the last period of their existence, how could I explain to the eyes of Christians, or even of unbelievers, the terrible decree of the Almighty, who has permitted that this long-enduring grandeur should be swept away in a single day, and that the heirs of so many saints and heroes, delivered bound hand and foot to the mortal stroke, should almost everywhere succumb without resistance and without glory?

And again, I do not write a panegyric but a history: I despise these pitiful mutilations of history, dictated by a false and feeble prudence, which have perhaps done as much injury to the good cause as the shameful falsifications of our adversaries. When I meet with such in the books of certain apologists, I seem to hear the remarkable interrogation of the patriarch—"Will ye speak wickedly for God? and talk deceitfully for Him?"

Some timid minds will blame me, I know; but I prefer the authority of St. Gregory the Great, who was not less great as a monk than as a pope, and who has written—"It is better to have scandal than a lie". I declare myself of the opinion of the two most illustrious and most zealous champions for the rights of the Church with whom I am acquainted. I say with Cardinal Baronius: "God preserve me from betraying the truth rather than betray the feebleness of some guilty minister of the Roman Church"; and I add with the Count de Maistre, "We owe to the popes only truth, and they have no need of anything else".

But, above all, I shall speak that holy and necessary truth when it concerns the monks and their faults, because, as St. Bernard, that great denunciator of the disorders of religious life has so well said, "It is not against the Monastic Order, but for it, that I contend, when I reprehend the vices of men who make part of it; and I do not fear thus to displease those who love the order—far otherwise, I am sure of pleasing them by pursuing that which they hate".

But let us add also, with a great monk of our own day, "Abuses prove nothing against any institution; and if it is necessary to destroy everything that has been subject to abuse—that is to say, of things which are good in themselves, but corrupted by the liberty of man—God himself ought to be seized upon His inaccessible throne, where too often we have seated our own passions and errors by His side".

And who shall dare to assert, besides, that these abuses were a natural or necessary consequence of the monastic institution? Good sense and history prove to the contrary; but it is only too well known how little human weakness is compatible with sustained perfection. No human institution has been able to produce results always excellent; but the most numerous and purest of such have been produced by the monastic orders. So much for the institution, and all that naturally proceeds from it. Abuses and disorders proceed only from that natural depravity of man which follows and finds him out everywhere. There is not a single accusation made against the religious orders, which may not be imputed with as much or more reason to all human institutions, even the most august. What do I say? there is not one which may not penetrate direct to the Church herself and entire Christianity. Yes, the Church, although of divine institution, has too often seen her purity tarnished among her children as among her pontiffs by crying abuses and monstrous disorders. Jesus Christ has promised to the Church that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her; but not that

He should exempt her ministers from human weakness. God delivers no man from the responsibility of free-will; he has left a power of choice, between good and evil, even to the angels, in order to insure the glorious liberty of well-doing, and to endow His creatures with the right of meriting the happiness He offers them. And when we reproach the monks with having degenerated from their primitive fervour, and no longer resembling their founders, we forget that most modern Christians have still less resemblance to the Christians of the primitive Church. This remark was made by Erasmus three centuries since, and has lost none of its truth. This is certain, that at all ages, even those which have most detracted from the renown and dignity of the Church and monastic orders, the primitive honour of those great institutions remained intact, since all the scandals with which they were reproached proceeded exclusively from the violation of their own rules and the decline of their original spirit. It is not less incontestable that till their last days they continued to produce a certain number of holy souls and great minds, worthy of the everlasting admiration and gratitude of Christians.

Voltaire himself made the same admission, in speaking of the eighteenth century. He knew it well; and when he was compelled to do justice to religion, we may well believe him.

Having said this, and very far from wishing to justify, or even to excuse, the degenerate monks who were contemporaries of Erasmus and Voltaire, we approach at once to the dark side of our subject, which, besides, we shall encounter more or less during the whole course of our researches.

Pointed out and stigmatized from the origin of the monastic institution by those saints and doctors who were its most ardent apologists, by Chrysostom as by Augustin—combated, pursued, and repressed by the authors of all the rules and of all the reforms, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard—these abuses and scandals periodically renewed themselves, like the heads of the hydra, sometimes under new appearances, but always grafted upon the old stock of perversity and corruption which is found in all consciences, and in every human society. Ten centuries passed without wearing out the perseverance, the courage, the austere and fertile genius of the reformers, whose labours we shall relate. The modest and silent virtue of the great majority of monks counterbalanced the exceptional abuses, and continued to merit the admiration of men and the clemency of God. But there came a time when the abuses overpowered the law, when the exceptions eclipsed the rule, and when the triumph of evil seemed irreparable. At the end of the fourteenth century, the flame which St. Bernard had rekindled everywhere in aid of the Cistercian institution having languished, the breath from on high, the true inspiration of the monk, seemed to abandon the old orders, that it might give life to the mendicant orders, and, after these had perished, to the great congregations, which, up to our own times, have been the honour and consolation of the Church.

The great Benedictine order, with its immense property, its vast patronage, its magnificent monuments, and the position which it had acquired amidst all the movements and interests of the social and political world, remained notwithstanding one of the greatest institutions of Christendom. Many partial, local, even national reforms, which arrested the course of evil, and retarded its decline, rose from time to time in its own bosom. But no universal, general, sustained, and sovereign effort was attempted. Some branches alone blossomed for a time, and seemed to promise an abundant and immortal growth: however, the old trunk continued tainted at heart, and wasted by an internal decay, which became rapidly more and more apparent, and was a

permanent subject of scandal and reproach among good men as well as among the wicked.

Whilst the pure and generous indignation of Dante breathed forth in those memorable lines which he places in the mouth of St. Benedict himself, invectives more frivolous, founded upon accusations more precise and dangerous, came to light in the novels of Boccaccio, and of all those imitators who, after him, infected Italian literature with their weak libertinage. We find such in all the songs of the feudal or popular poets of the Western kingdoms. Monastic corruption became the commonplace of satire, whilst at the same time it was the constant subject of too just lamentation to all pious souls, as well as to all the high authorities of the Church.

"For many ages", says Bossuet, in the first page of the best book which has ever been written against Protestantism—"for many ages the reformation of ecclesiastical discipline has been desirable". By confession of all, that reformation, "desired by the people, the doctors, the Catholic prelates, and unhappily evaded", should have first been brought to bear upon the religious orders.

Many of the monasteries excited envy an scandal by their excessive opulence. This opulence, produced by the generous efforts and painful labours of their first inhabitants, was no longer justified by the sight of the personal toil of the monks in the cultivation of their domains, a work which was now left to the peasants. Without depriving its legitimate possessors of this wealth, it might easily have been turned into other channels not less profitable to the Church and to the poor, instead of allowing it to engender that idleness, and those other irregularities still more shameful, which were its inevitable consequence.

Whilst the fundamental laws of the institution, in the midst of this moral ruin and material prosperity, suffered the gravest alterations, the bishops were grieved to see the ties of ecclesiastical discipline and authority put to scorn by the abuse of exemptions. These privileges, specially legitimate and necessary at the origin of the great monastic foundations, had become, by the progress of time and the blind indulgence with which they were lavished, a useless, dangerous, and sometimes even ridiculous anomaly. St. Bernard had already employed some of the boldest accents of his impetuous eloquence 11 to mark out this abuse, which diminished without disappearing under the blow of the solemn condemnation of the Council of Trent.

Unhappily that great and holy assembly, ill seconded, and struck with impotence besides by the ill-will of princes, could not bring an efficacious or durable remedy to the abuses, truly fatal and revolting, of the *commende*. The Fathers of the Council poured forth on this subject prayers which were not granted, and decreed prohibitions none of which were carried out.

We shall see hereafter the origin and special nature of this scourge, which was contemporary with the earliest times of the institution, but which, more or less restrained during the middle ages, only attained in the sixteenth century to those shameful and formidable proportions which have made it the leprosy of the Monastic Order. Let us only say here that the result of this *commende* was to bestow the title of abbot, with the greater part of the revenues of a monastery, upon ecclesiastics who were strangers to monastic life, and too often even upon simple laymen, provided they were not married. It inflicted thus a deep and radical taint to these institutions, and wherever Protestantism had not, succeeded in battering them down violently, it inoculated them with a disgraceful and deadly poison.

Subsequent to the Reformation, Catholic Germany was happy enough to get rid of this incubus. Belgium, thanks to her ancient political freedom, could impose even upon her most powerful sovereigns, such as Charles V and Philip II, the obligation of preserving her from that ignominy. Italy was less happy: Monte Cassino, the cradle and home of the Benedictine order, suffered the disgrace of being included amongst the sixteen abbeys, with which the son of the Medicis, afterwards Leo X, was provided from his cradle as with so many babbles. There too the ancient and illustrious Abbey of Farfa was bestowed about 1530 upon one Napoleon Orsini, who made it the headquarters of a band of brigands, and who, at their head, ravaged all Central Italy, up to the time when he was killed in the attempt to earn off his own sister from her bridegroom. I grieve to say that similar incidents appear in too many pages of the history of those tempestuous times.

But it was especially in France, after the concordat of Leo X with Francis I, that this evil attained its utmost limits. This concordat gave to the king the right of nominating to all the abbeys and conventual priories of the kingdom. It certainly warned him to confer these benefices only on the Religious, but that condition was invariably eluded or violated. The individuals invested by the king with these benefices, without any intervention of the community whose revenues they were about to devour, had only to make interest with the Pope, who despatched to them the bulls of their new dignity, surrogating them to the rights of the elective and regular abbots of former times, and reserving to a cloistral prior the spiritual administration of the monastery thus despoiled of its most precious rights. This frightful state of things lasted till the Revolution. For the partial irregularities which, especially in houses not directly subject to the influence of the great feudal families, had followed elections, the direct nomination of the kings, established by the concordat of 1516, substituted a criminal, radical, and incurable disorder. The title of abbot, borne and distinguished by so many saints, so many doctors, so many illustrious pontiffs, fell into the mire. Neither residence nor any of the duties of the religious life were any longer compulsory. It was nothing more than a lucrative sinecure, which the Crown disposed of at its pleasure, or at the pleasure of its ministers, and too often to the profit of the most unworthy passions or interests. In vain did the permanent scandal of these monasteries deprived of their natural heads, and farmed by strangers who only appeared among them to grind down the inhabitants, call forth their unanimous and frequent complaints; in vain did the estates of Blois and Paris, like most of the political and religious assemblies of the sixteenth century, petition for the restoration of ancient discipline: all was useless. The evil grew more and more aggravated. The very idea of the pious and charitable destination of these glorious creations of the faith of our fathers, was soon obliterated from the minds of those who thus disposed of the treasures of the past, as well as of those who were nourished by them. This magnificent patrimony of faith and charity, created and augmented by the ages, and consecrated by its originators expressly to the maintenance of a life regular and in common, and to the help of the poor, was thus transformed into a fiscal reserve attached to the royal treasury, which the hand of the sovereigns exhausted at will in the endeavour to satisfy the rapacity of their courtiers, or, as has been said, to *gorge* and to *enslave* their nobility.

My readers, I venture to say, cannot be more sad and distressed than I am, to see myself condemned to relate how abbeys, the most ancient and illustrious in the annals of the country and the Church, have served as appanages to the bastards of kings or to their most unworthy favourites,— and even sometimes as the price of the disgraceful favours of a royal mistress. Later, and during the course of our civil discords after the League and the Fronde, they were the object or an avowed and revolting traffic, and formed the common money of all markets in the negotiations of the times. And at

length, when absolute monarchy had triumphed over all resistance, these great and celebrated houses most frequently a prey to ministers who had nothing of the ecclesiastic but his robe; after having gratified the ambition of Richelieu and the cupidity of Mazarin, they went to swell the cynical opulence of the Abbé Dubois and of the Abbé Terray.

It was perhaps for lesser treasons that the angel of the justice of the Lord pronounced against one of the communities of the primitive Church the formidable sentence—"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead!"

Let us imagine to ourselves what could become, in most of these monasteries, despoiled of their most essential prerogatives, of the true motives of their existence, and metamorphosed into farms belonging to strangers, of some five or six unhappy monks, abandoned to themselves and overwhelmed under the weight of their past glory and their present debasement! Can we wonder at the progress of corruption, of spiritual and intellectual decline? What were they else but so many isolated detachments of soldiers, forgotten by their army, without leader and without discipline, who found themselves thus naturally exposed and almost condemned to all the temptations of idleness?

Life ebbed away from them, little by little—not only religious life, but life of every kind. In spite of the attractions which an existence easy and rich, almost without care and mortifications, offered to vulgar souls, a sufficient number of monks could not be found to people these dishonoured sanctuaries. Let us well observe, to the honour, of human nature as of Christianity and religious life, that the corrupt orders were always barren. The world would have none of them, as God would not. Like God, the world addressed them in these words : "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spur thee out of my mouth".

It was in vain that, to fill up these vacancies, they had recourse to another abuse, to which the Church has too often closed her eyes. Forced vocations, that too legitimate cause of ruin and unpopularity to the religious orders, dates back, like the *commende*, to a far-distant age. They were made subservient to political purposes under the Merovingians and Carolingians, as the well-known fate of Clodoald and Tassilon testifies. But in the middle ages, during the highest period of monastic fervour, we can scarcely find any trace of them. They reappear at these epochs of decadence, and corruption, in which the self-love and cupidity of families too often found in the ecclesiastical superiors accomplices all the more docile, as they were themselves strangers to the true conditions of cloistral life. That modern tyranny which has produced the revolutionary spirit, and which proscribes the vow, was then preceded and represented by a tyranny which, with an equal disdain for the liberty and dignity of the human soul, imposed that vow. "Consent", said one of our old and illustrious jurisconsults, "is the seal, the source, and the soil of the vow". "Wretched hypocrisy", says again the eloquent Antoine Le Maistre, "which you shield under the shadow of a profession so holy in itself, and so sweet to those on whom God has bestowed the choice, spirit, and love of it, but which reprobates the inhuman hardships suffered by poor children to whom no such impulse has been given, who have been forced to enter there by the violence of their parents, who are bound to it by chains of fear and terror, and who are retained there by the same force, by the same terror, which prisons and tortures would hold over them".

This criminal abuse was incessantly counterbalanced by a multitude of freely-conceived vocations, nobly persevered in and accomplished, despite the resistance of

their families, by scions of the highest aristocracy. Bossuet, in his sermons for the profession of Mademoiselle de Bouillon and other daughters of great houses, has cast his eagle glance upon these astonishing contradictions. “What has not covetousness spoiled?” he says elsewhere: “it has vitiated even paternal love. Parents throw their children into the cloister without vocation, and prevent their entering when they have one”.

Of these two evils, the last is still often seen among ourselves. The first had gradually diminished before the great catastrophe which destroyed, at once, all the abuses and all the rights of cloistral life. It yielded to the irresistible empire of manners and public opinion. If moral constraint was still sometimes employed in Italy and elsewhere to introduce daughters of the nobility and middle classes into chapter-houses and female convents, we can affirm that in the French monasteries, in the last period of their existence, there was scarcely to be found a single individual who had not entered by her own choice. The startling contradiction which the declarations of Diderot, La Harpe, and many others, upon cloistered victims, received in 1791, proved this abundantly. In a single day all the cloisters were destroyed and the monastic vow declared null. How many monks, how many nuns, married? Certainly not one in a thousand. Most part of the women, in particular, voluntarily re-entered the cloister as soon as they had the power.

Instead of obliging any man to become a monk, or using restraint to keep him so, there seems to have been a greater inclination to make the abandonment and transformation of that state more practicable. Individual requests for permission to leave the cloister and live in complete independence, such as that which several Benedictines of St. Maur addressed in 1770 to the Parliament of Paris, were repulsed. But when entire communities demanded to be secularized, their prayer was granted: three of the most ancient abbeys of the diocese of Lyons solicited and obtained that melancholy favour, in the second half of the eighteenth century.

Under the influence of all these united causes, the monastic institution hastened more and more to complete decay. It would be unjust to make this condemnation too general, and above all to forget the generous attempts which, from time to time, lifted up their protest against the invasion of evil and interrupted its march. Many luminous points shone still in Belgium and in Germany, as well as in Italy, Spain, and France. The reform of the order of Citeaux, undertaken in the sixteenth century by the Abbot of Feuillans, was the worthy prelude of that which, a hundred years later, renewed the marvels of the Thebaid, in immortalizing the name of La Trappe. In the seventeenth century, more than one worthy scion of the Benedictine stem, such as Sfondrate and D'Aguirre, showed themselves worthy emulators of Bellarmine and Baronius, by their zeal for sacred science and the defence of the liberties of the Church; whilst the immortal pleiad which is grouped in history around Mabillon and Montfaucon, crown the name of St. Maur with a glory which remains unrivalled. Mabillon, above all, the most illustrious of modern monks, merits a place by the side of the greatest and most holy, not only for his colossal erudition and inappreciable labours, but especially for the purity of his life, the nobleness, uprightness, and ardent integrity of his character.

But these glorious individuals, and their partial, local, and temporary reforms, were not sufficient to redeem the increasing miseries and infirmities of the general mass of an institution, which would have required the employment of all the strength and solicitude of the Church to save and regenerate it. In France especially—that is to say, in the country of all Christendom which, whether for good or evil, exerts the strongest influence upon the rest of the world—the great majority of the monasteries

escaped every regenerating influence, remained a prey to the *commende*, and sank deeper and deeper into disorder and discredit. It was thus during all the eighteenth century, and towards its end, a learned Benedictine of St. Germain-des-Prés could thus write to one of his brethren of the congregation of St. Vanne: "Of all the monks of your congregation who come here to lodge, I have scarcely seen one who has edified us. You no doubt would say as much of our brethren who go to you".

A sentiment of contempt, exaggerated but universal, had everywhere replaced the profound veneration with which the great monastic orders had so long inspired the Catholic worlds. However large a part impiety, and the hatred of the wicked for the Christian name, had in this general sentiment, it is impossible to deny that the religious order, taken altogether, had undergone the most melancholy change. The tables were turned. From the time of the peace of the Church, and throughout the whole middle ages, the contrast between the two bodies of the clergy, regular and secular, had been startling, and entirely to the advantage of the former. The regular clergy had not only eclipsed, but in some measure swallowed up, the secular clergy. Strictness, fervour, self-devotion, all the priestly virtues, had their home almost exclusively in the cloister. In more recent ages it was precisely the reverse; and when the Revolution came to separate the good wheat from the tares, and to bring out the Gallican Church triumphantly from the most glorious trial to which any Church has ever submitted, the bishops and parish priests almost always showed themselves superior to the monks.

Is it needful to ascertain further the depth of their fall, or to explain the true case of their ruin? When a religious order becomes inferior in virtue or in faith to the remainder of the clergy, it loses the motive of its existence, and signs beforehand its own death-warrant. It is no longer anything, to use the words of Bossuet, but a "spiritual corpse" and its own "living tomb".

Those who may accuse me of an excess of severity, I shall refer to the imposing and incontestable authority of two great lights of the Gallican Church, at a period when monastic corruption was still far from being complete. It is true that their eloquent lamentations were addressed to nuns; but it is unquestionable that abuses and scandals, too frequent in female communities, where still more so in the monasteries of men, of which the *commende* had become the general law, while it was only to be met with in exceptional cases in abbeys of women. Let us listen then to the significant words of Fenelon, preaching, before he was a bishop, the panegyric of St. Bernard before the Bernardine nuns—"Oh reform! reform! which has cost Bernard so many vigils, fasts, tears, sweats, and ardent prayers, can we believe that thou shalt perish? No, no; never let that thought enter my heart. Perish rather the unhappy day which should like such a fall! Whit! shall Bernard himself see from the sanctuary where he is crowned, his house ravaged, his work disfigured, and his children a prey to the desires of the age? Rather let my eyes change into fountains of tears: rather let the whole Church wail night and day lest that which was her glory be turned into her shame! ... Oh daughters of Bernard! let me see your father living in you. He reanimated monastic discipline, which was almost extinguished in his time: will you permit it to perish in yours?"

Similar expressions, not less pointed, are to be found in that famous discourse upon the advantages and duties of the religious life, which is sometimes attributed to Fenelon, and sometimes to Bossuet, and is worthy of either:—"This house is not yours: it is not for you that it was built and founded; it is for the education of young girls ... If then it should ever happen (suffer it not, oh God! rather overthrow these walls!)—if it should ever happen that you neglect your essential function; if, forgetting that you are in Jesus Christ, the servants of this youth, you think only of enjoying in peace the

consecrated possessions here; if in this humble school of Jesus Christ we find only vain and gorgeous women, forgetful of their birth, and habituated to a disdainful haughtiness which quenches the Spirit of God and effaces the gospel from the depths of the heart,—alas, what a scandal! the pure gold should be changed into lead, the spouse of Jesus Christ, without wrinkles and without blemish, should be blacker than coal, and He should know her no more!"

In the same discourse we find other sad disclosures of the internal condition of the great communities in the seventeenth century. "Poverty is not only unpractised, but unknown. They do not know what it is to be poor, by coarse food, by the necessity of labour, by a simple and many lodging, by all the details of life. ... It is, however, by these means that communities can be liberal, generous, and disinterested. In other days, the hermits of Egypt and the East not only lived by the labour of their hands, but dispensed much alms; ships might be seen on the sea charged with their charities. Now it requires prodigious revenues to support a community. Families accustomed to poverty spare everything — they subsist on little; but the communities are not satisfied with abundance. How many hundreds of families could subsist honestly on a sum which scarcely suffices for the expenditure of one of these communities which profess to renounce the possessions of the families of the age, in order to embrace poverty! What a satire! what a contrast! If you have business with poor people charged with great families, you often find them upright, moderate, capable of yielding for the sake of peace, and of an easy disposition. If you have business with a community, it makes a point of conscience to treat you rigorously. I am ashamed to say it—I speak it only groaning and in secret—I only whisper it in the ear to instruct the spouses of Jesus Christ; but I am obliged to say it, for unhappily it is true: There are none more easily offended, more difficult, more tenacious, more ardent in lawsuits, than those who ought not even to have any business affairs. Mean and contracted hearts! can it be in the school of Christianity that you have been formed?"

In sight of these revelations, and of so many other incontestable proofs of an inveterate evil, we are unavoidably led to put to ourselves a melancholy question: How did the Church allow herself to be consumed by that lamentable decay? Why did she not intervene with her divine authority to save this precious portion of her inheritance? This is, I will venture to say, the darkest and most unaccountable page of her history—that fatal indulgence can never be sufficiently regretted. The most energetic remedies, the most inexorable severities, would scarcely have sufficed to arrest that cancer. What, then, could come of contrivances and inaction? It was necessary to meet this plague with fire and sword. No means should have been neglected of preventing by radical and inexorable reforms that disgraceful and universal fall which was to inflict an irreparable injury upon the Christian republic; and nothing was seriously attempted! Let no one tell me of the immense obstacles which the Church would have encountered in the interested opposition of temporal power, in the cupidity of the aristocracy, in the laxness of the clergy, and their too frequent and close complicity with the evil. Since her existence began she has always encountered such obstacles; and when she willed, and willed strongly, has always braved and surmounted them. All the reforms—even the most laborious, such as those of St. Theresa and of Rancé—ended in success, they all won the approval even of worldly opinion. They only required to be perpetuated, propagated, and imposed, by supreme authority. The popes, it is true, no longer exercised throughout Europe the ascendency which they had in the Middle Ages. However, it is difficult to believe that in the sixteenth century, or even in the seventeenth, a vigorous and prolonged effort of the Holy Chair, supported by the episcopacy, would not have succeeded, if not in extirpating all the roots of the evil, at least in arresting its growth, repressing its excesses, and, above all, in exciting the zeal

of the good monks and the sympathy of the faithful people and orthodox princes. Louis XIV himself, who showed so much sympathy for the individual and partial enterprise of Rancé, would not have refused his support to a more extensive reform, originating in a higher quarter. Perhaps even in the eighteenth century the attempt would have succeeded. In any case it was well worth undertaking.

I know and admire the generous but partial endeavours of St. Charles Borromeo, of St. Francis of Sales, of the first Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld. I am not the less compelled to say, that we seek in vain in the annals of the Church, since the Council of Trent, for a great and energetic effort against the evil, or even for a generous and resonant appeal, destined to awaken all hearts, to show the danger, to point out the abyss, and to excite to resistance. That the bishops, and even the greatest among them, should have ended by remaining passive witnesses of so many scandals, may be, if not justified, at least explained, by the abuse of exemptions, which had disarmed and set them aside from all intervention in the life of the communities. But how shall we explain, that, among so many good popes, not one was found to refuse the bulls which delivered the honour and possessions of the most celebrated monasteries to persons notoriously unworthy, such as Bussy d'Amboise, and the Abbé Dubois? How shall we explain that all of them have left that purulent plague to eat deeper and deeper, until the day of irremediable ruin?

To this formidable question there is, however, one answer. The reform of the religious orders is scarcely more in the power of the Church than their foundation. The Church has never directly founded one religious order. The fact is incontestable. To found a religious order, there are required men specially raised and destined by God to that work, a Benedict, a Francis, a Dominic, an Ignatius. The Church approves and encourages such men, but does not create them by an authoritative act. And could it be otherwise with reform, which is, perhaps, still more difficult than foundation?

Men were, then, required, and none were to be found. God had not given them, and the Church could not create them. Some appeared from time to time, but not enough for a grand, general, and definitive reform. Such was the reason why the religious orders were not reformed.

There remained, it is true, a remedy—the suppression of the greater part of these establishments. But the Church recoils before so extreme a cure. It suits her spirit to build; but to destroy is always infinitely repugnant to her. Is she wrong? She is always patient—some may, perhaps, think that she is too much so.

However that may be, the evil continued and increased, till at last it exhausted the patience of God himself. “Divine justice”, says Bossuet, “avenges excesses by other excesses”. That which the Church left undone, was done by the crime of the world.

But we must never consent to absolve any crime, under pretext that its victims merited their fate.

“God’s justice is often served by man’s injustice”, but it remains no less injustice.

“The universe”, says M. de Maistre, and he has said nothing more true, “is full of penalties most justly inflicted on guilty men by executioners who are guiltier still”.

We will not deny that the monks—not all indeed, but too generally—were unfaithful to their duties, to their mission, and to their oaths; but did it belong to secular power, or, above all, to triumphant revolutions, to punish them? Were the

disorders, abuses, and scandals of which they are accused, and which are too often proved against them, a crime against social order, that they gave that right of repression, and even of suppression, which has been arrogated? No; the Church alone had the right of exercising against them her sovereign and infallible justice, and Christians only are entitled to mourn or complain that she did not exercise it in time. They know that God will demand a severe account of those who had betrayed that imprescriptible duty. But they know also that He will judge and chastise more severely still those who have completed that great immolation, not certainly with the view of regenerating these holy institutions, or of appeasing divine justice, but solely to gratify the most ignoble instincts of human passion.

Yes, reforms are necessary; and the absence or inefficacy of these reforms rendered the catastrophe possible and natural. But it does not follow that the wicked effort which cut the thread of monastic existence can ever be justified or excused. For never crime was more wicked or more insane. Montesquieu has justly stigmatized despotism, by comparing it to certain savages in America, who cut down their trees to gather the fruit. But what can we think of these modern savages, who, under pretext of pruning it and cleansing it, have laid low and uprooted that venerable tree which had sheltered for so many centuries, labour, knowledge, happiness, and prayer?

God preserve us, then, from becoming, in any degree whatever, the accomplices of those who have led on, prepared, or justified that catastrophe by their invectives or calumnies! To preserve us forever from such a danger, it is only necessary to remind ourselves what has been the impure source of these attacks, and the character of the accusers. Let us judge of the equity of the tribunals which have condemned the monks in the past by that of the processes entered against them in our own days, in Switzerland, in Spain, and in Piedmont, in the countries where they have survived the terrible trial of the French invasion, and profited by the Revolution. Let us weigh the contradictory reproaches which overwhelm them. If they are strict in observing their rule, it is said that they are behind their age; if they do not observe it, the same voices which in suited them as fanatics, exclaim against their laxness. If they manage their domains badly, these are taken away, under pretence that nothing is made of them; and if they manage them well, they are still taken away, for fear they should become too rich. If they are numerous, they are forbidden to receive novices; and when that state of things has reduced them to a handful of old men, having no successors, their patrimony is confiscated. It has always been thus, from Henry VIII and Gustavus Vasa, down to our contemporary sophists of Turin and Berne. The religious orders have been specially reproached with corruption and uselessness only by those powers which would inherit their wealth, and who begin by condemning them to barrenness. Nothing was left for them to do, and then it is said that they did nothing.

And more: almost all the vices which have first enfeebled and then dishonoured monastic life, have resulted from the invasions of the lay spirit and temporal power in the government of monastic things. If discipline and austerity had perished, without hope of return, from many of the cloisters, was not that caused, as we have seen, by the introduction of the *commende*? and was not this odious and flagrant violation of the formal will of the founders, always solicited or imposed by princes? It is consequently as much by the covetousness and bad faith of Jay power, as by the culpable weakness of pastors too docile to that power, that the work of charity became thus the prey of egotism and sensuality.

We shall see hereafter by what a series of encroachments, hindrances, and deceptions, many Catholic princes, aided by their law officers, attempted to wear out

and weaken the religious spirit — the spirit of penitence and austerity, which is always a spirit of strength and liberty — in those cloisters, which at last seemed to breathe no other spirit than that of the world and of profane life.

But even now we have a right to say to the habitual detractors of the monks, who are at the same time the apologists of their proscription, “Do you know what is the only reproach which you can justly address to them? It is that of resembling yourselves. What is this degradation, this sensuality, this *relâchement*, of which you accuse them as a crime, if not too exact a conformity to your own manner of life?”

And from whence do these strange censors come? What? is it amidst the joys and freedom of secular life, its wealth and its leisure, that you have learned to judge so strictly the different degrees of mortification and austerity, of facts and vigils? Is there not enough in history of one Henry VIII, a king himself so temperate, so just, and so chaste, that he might well despoil and ruin monasteries, under pretext of punishing their incontinence and irregularity? Is it you, who perhaps have never been seen to bend the knee in a Christian temple since your childhood, who thus sit in judgment on the regularity of prayers and of the canonical office? Have you so scrupulously repressed in yourselves all the desires and weaknesses of the flesh, that you are entitled to weigh in the balance of the sanctuary the irregularities, more or less established, of certain monks? “Tell us your own efforts”, said Bossuet to some rigorists of his time. Ah! if you would begin by trying the most relaxed rule, by constraining yourselves to follow the observance of the most degenerate order, you might ascend with some authority the tribunal of history, and your bitter censure would inspire some confidence. What! the Benedictines eat meat! the barefooted Carmelites wear shoes! the Cordeliers do not encircle their loins with a cord! Indeed! and you who accuse them, what have you done of all that? They do not practise discipline upon themselves so often as formerly. But how many times a week do you practise it? They do not devote so many hours to prayer and labour as they ought. But where are the fields which you have fertilized by your sweat, or the souls which you have saved by your supplications? After all, the most criminal, the most depraved, live only as you live: this is their crime. If it is one, it is not your part to chastise it. What! you taint the Church with your vices, and then you reproach her with being tainted and stained! You administer poison to your victim, and impute it to him as a crime when he succumbs to it! Ah! let the faithful, the zealous, and the pure, indignantly mourn the monastic downfall; let a Bernard, a Pierre Damien, a Charles Borromeo, a Francis de Sales, a Catherine of Sienna, a Theresa, denounce them to God and to posterity. That we can conceive. We could not, indeed, imagine them to be silent. But you, the heirs or panegyrists of the authors of that evil which has corrupted the monks, as well as of that spoliation which they have sustained,—you ought to be the last to express astonishment or regret; for in so doing you pronounce judgment against your fathers, or against your own selves.

It is surely time to close the domain of history to these false philosophers, to this mean literature, to these base sycophants of oppression, who, bent on following in the train on the Vandals, endeavour still to tarnish the memory of those whom their predecessors have scarcely yet delivered from the axe of the headsman and the hammer of the destroyer.

Modern society, which has fattened on the spoils of the monastic orders, might content itself with that; their remains should not be insulted. Let it leave to Christians, to the apologists of the Religious life, to those who endeavour to re-establish it by purifying it from all recent dross, the task of denouncing in the past, in order to prevent the possibility of their return, those disorders which have degraded it. In the midst

even of their degeneration, the most lawless monks have been guilty only in the eyes of God and the Church. Whatever may have been their sins against their own rule, against their condition, against their conscience, they have committed none against their fellow-creatures or against society.

Vain will be any endeavour to alter the distinctive character of their social historical part, which is that of having lived to do good. Humanly speaking, they have done nothing else: all their career is occupied with peopling deserts, protecting the poor, and enriching the world. Sadly degenerated towards their decline, much less active and less industrious than in their origin, they were never less charitable. Where is the country, where is the man, whom they have injured? Where are the monuments of their oppression? the memorials of their rapacity? If we follow the furrow which they have dug through history, we shall find everywhere only the traces of their beneficence.

And even if it had been otherwise in the time of their decay, might not we find in their glorious past overpowering claims upon the respect and consideration of posterity? Can we forget the shelter which was open during so many centuries to the new-born forces of Christendom? Shall that Christendom, matured and emancipated, use her vigour and liberty to dishonour the sacred cradles of her infancy? Ought not that long succession of acts of charity, courage, patience, magnanimous and persevering efforts against, rebellious nature and human weakness, of which the history of the first times of all the religious orders is composed, disarm injustice and ingratitude forever? Ought not all these accumulated labours, all these services rendered, all these benefits lavished on so many generations by the spiritual ancestors of the most obscure monasteries, have sufficed to assure to their successors the right common to all men, of peace, freedom, and life?

CHAPTER VIII

RUIN

But no! neither justice nor pity; neither recollection nor gratitude; neither respect for the past nor care for the future: such has been the law of modern progress when it has encountered these old and venerable remains upon its road. Hate and cupidity have spared nothing.

Of all the human institutions which have been assailed or overthrown by revolution, something has always endured. Monarchy, although weakened and shaken, has proved that it can reassume its ascendency. Nobility, although everywhere, except in England, annulled and degraded, still exists among us. Industrial and mercantile wealth has never been more powerful. The ancient monastic orders alone have been condemned to perish without return. The only one of all the institutions of the past which has been totally spoiled and annihilated is the most useful and the most legitimate of all—the only one which never had an abuse of strength or conquest of violence to reproach itself with, but which all the violences and tyrannies have joined hands to annihilate by the vilest of aggressions, that which kills in order to rob.

The torrents of lava vomited forth by Vesuvius and Etna have till now stopped and turned aside from the dwellings which the Camaldules and Benedictines have chosen for themselves upon the sides of these terrible craters. The moral volcano which has ravaged the Christian world with its eruptions has had less discernment; it has carried away the whole. All has been swallowed up in the same ruin. It is not only in the towns, in the great centres of population, in contact with the strong currents of modern life, that this destruction has had its full course: it has marched through deserts and forests to seek its victims. There has been no solitude so profound, no mountain so precipitous, no valley so sequestered, as to balk it of its prey. It has regarded neither sex nor age. It has laid its hands upon the defenceless old age of the monk as well as upon the innocent and touching weakness of the nun; it has seized them both in their cells, expelled them from their lawful dwelling-place, robbed them of their patrimony, and cast them out as vagabonds and outlaws, without asylum and without resource, upon the world. Disciples of Christ, too often imperfect, but re-established and consecrated by an odious persecution, they have henceforth been able to say, with their Divine Master: “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head”.

To be thus put out of law, and under the ban of humanity, it is necessary that you should be the most ancient and constant benefactors of Christian society! And by what hands is this done? By the miserable power of a crew of sophists and calumniators, who in reality have done nothing for humanity —who have bestowed upon it, under the guise of a benefit, only an increase of pride, jealousy, and discord,—who have built nothing, preserved nothing; but who have begun to write their discourses with the venom of falsehood, who have signed their conclusions with blood, and whose theories all end in the strokes of the axe. Divine justice, for the most part, has already seized

them. Some have learned to know, even in this world, that the wealth wrested from others is neither profitable nor satisfactory. More than one, before the end of his career, has had reason to envy the repose of those whose patrimony he had cruelly spoiled, and whose peace he had troubled.

And as if such wickedness by itself was not enough to bring down the vengeance of God, the forfeit was aggravated by all the details and all the circumstances of its execution. We find nowhere in history the record of a devastation more blind and brutal. What good man has not shuddered at the sight, or even at the thought, of a ruin so vast and pitiless, of desolation so universal, of these remains which still lie around us, melancholy, polluted, and shapeless? What invasion of barbarians has ever annihilated and devoured at once so many admirable monuments, so many popular recollections, so many treasures of art and poetry, so many resources for public charity and the pressing necessities of the people? What an ignominious contrast between those ancient races, which thought only of building, enriching, and preserving, and the recent generations, which know only how to overthrow, to destroy, and to confiscate—between the fathers, who were always giving away, and the sons, who are always stealing the alms of their fathers!

However, throughout Europe, already so much dishonoured by the ravages of the Reformation and the French Revolution, that ignoble impulse has still been prevalent since the commencement of our century. The licensed robbers of revolutionary spoliation, and those tame Vandals who did not even redeem their barbarous sacrilege by the savage energy of the French republicans, have continued, in Russia, in Spain, in Switzerland, and in Piedmont, the murderous work of Joseph II and of the Constituent Assembly.

Not only amid the storms of a triumphant or struggling revolution, when the people in their delirium seem scarcely to be conscious of their crimes, have these acts been committed. No; it is in times of peace, and in direct contradiction to the wish of the population, that a sapient bureaucracy, eager to detect and chastise as a crime the least error in accounts, has .been seen proceeding with methodical gravity to the work of spoliation, to a palpable and permanent violation to the rights of property. It is not the work of foreign conquerors, nor even revolutionary hordes; it is too often the crowned descendants, the old founders and benefactors, the governments, regular, pacific, and recognized by all, who have raised destruction into a system, and prefaced it by confiscation.

The son of Maria Theresa suppressed in his states a hundred and twenty-four monasteries, and confiscated their goods, valued at more than two hundred millions of florins; which has not prevented his empire from being three times bankrupt since then. But even during our own lifetime it has been calculated that in five years, between 1830 and 1835, three thousand monasteries have disappeared from the soil of Europe. In the kingdom of Portugal alone, three hundred were destroyed under the regency of Don Pedro. I am not aware that the number of those which Queen Christina annihilated in Spain by a single dash of her pen, has yet been estimated. Two hundred others were drowned in the blood of Poland by that Muscovite autocracy which always maintains so perfect an understanding with the democrats of the rest of Europe to enchain and despoil the Church.

To annihilate thus *en masse* these venerable retreats, which for so many centuries have furnished a shelter to the most precious monuments, and a sanctuary to the dearest recollections, of all the nations of Christendom, implies an avowed and

practical contempt for ail that men have hitherto respected and loved. This has not been wanting. The desecrators of monasteries have not hesitated to outrage the glory, heroism, and holy traditions which are essential to national life and independence, in order to reach more effectually the men and things of God. What the atheistical Republic dared to do in France under the Terror, the Protestant monarchy had already done in England. Henry IV and Louis XIV were not the first kings whose remains had been profaned and scattered by the destruction of cloisters. The body of King James IV of Scotland, killed in defence of his country, was disinterred and decapitated by workmen, after the confiscation by Henry VIII of the abbey whither his noble remains had been carried. The bones of Alfred the Great met with no more respect, when the last remnants of the monastery which he had founded for his own sepulchre were removed to give place to a prison. The most popular memories have found no more grace than the most obscure cenobites. Neither Richard Coeur de Lion nor Blanche of Castile have been able to protect Fontevrault or Maubuisson from the common fate.

The heroes who slept under the guard of the monks have had the same fate as the kings. The ashes of the Cid have been carried away from the confiscated monastery of St. Pierre de Cardenas, which he had chosen for his tomb, and where he left his Ximena when he went into exile, tearing himself from her “as the nail is torn from the linger”. The magnificent convent which Gonsalvo de Cordova founded in Grenada for the Jeronymites has been changed into barracks, the church into a magazine, and the sword of that great captain, till then suspended before the high altar, taken clown and sold by auction!

These wretched devastators have not even spared the memorials of human love, purified by the peace of the cloister and the prayers of the monks, but which the barbarous enlightenment of our days has confounded, in brutal blindness, with the relics of faith and penitence. The tomb of Heloise has been destroyed at Paraclet, as well as that of Laura among the Cordeliers of Avignon; and the body of Inez de Castro, confided by the unpitying grief of Pedro of Aragon to the sons of St. Bernard, has been snatched from its royal mausoleum to be profaned by the soldiers.

But even in confiscating the secular abbeys, and condemning their peaceful inhabitants to exile or death, the ruins at least might have been preserved; still, as in England and Germany, we might have been permitted to behold in their funereal beauty, some remains of those monuments of inimitable art and sublime architecture. But the modern Vandals have improved upon the example given them by the pretended reformers of three centuries ago. In Spain, in Portugal, and, above all, in France, the art of destruction has reached a perfection unknown to the most barbarous of our ancestors.

Among us it has not been enough to pillage, to profane, and to confiscate; it has been necessary to overthrow, to raze, not to leave one stone upon another. What do I say? to ransack the bowels of the earth that the last of these consecrated stones might be rooted out! It has been said with too much truth, that no nation has ever suffered herself to be thus despoiled by her own citizens of those monuments which best attested, in her own bosom, not only the culture of the arts and sciences, but the noblest efforts of thought and the most generous devotedness of virtue. The empire of the East has not been ravaged by the Turks as France has been, and still is, by that band of insatiable destroyers, who, after having purchased these vast constructions and immense domains at the lowest rate, work them like quarries for sacrilegious profit. I have seen with my own eyes the capitals and columns of an abbey church which I could name, employed as so much metal for the neighbouring road. Colour-sellers who

should remove with a palette-knife the carmine or ultramarine from the pictures of Van Eyck or Perugino to increase the stores in their shops, could do no more.

In Asia Minor, in Egypt, and in Greece, there still remain, here and there, some fragments which the rage of the unbelievers has spared, some celebrated places where the pious ardour of the pilgrim and the curiosity of the erudite can still satisfy themselves. But in France and in the countries which imitate her,

Tota teguntur

Pergama dumetis : etiara periere ruinae.

Vandalism has only paused when there was nothing more to crumble down. Sometimes the very name and local recollection of monasteries which have peopled and put into cultivation the entire surrounding country are thus obliterated. Whilst a recondite erudition exerts itself to analyse the Etruscan or Pelasgic ruins, and falls into ecstasy before the least fragment of a Roman road, we have ignored tor years the very site and new destination of such illustrious centres of virtue and Christian knowledge as Cluny, Citeaux, Fleury, and Marmoutier, and, still more so, of many other abbeys less celebrated, each of which, however, had its history, full of merits and services worthy of everlasting recollection.

It is in maps and books of ancient geography that the sites of these admirable creations of faith and charity must be sought; too often it is vain to question the failing memory of the neighbouring inhabitants, a race stupefied by incredulity and a frightful materialism. They reply to you as the Bedouins of the desert reply to the traveller who questions them of the genealogy of the Pharaohs or the annals of the Thebaid.

Elsewhere, it is true, these august sanctuaries remain standing, but only to be mutilated and metamorphosed, to be devoted by the hand of the spoiler to such a destination as shall inflict upon them an ineffaceable stain. Here it is a stable, there a theatre, in another case a barrack or a jail, which we find installed in all that remains of the most renowned abbeys. St. Bernard and his five hundred monks have been replaced at Clairvaux by five hundred convicts. St. Benedict of Aniane, the great monastic reformer of the time of Charlemagne, has not been more successful in turning away this outrage from the house of which, even in heaven, he bears the name. Fontevrault and Mont St. Michael have submitted to the same fate. These houses of prayer and peace have become what is called in our days central houses of detention, in order, no doubt, that they might not contradict M. de Maistre, who had said, “You will have to build prisons with the ruins of the convents which you have destroyed”.

Profanations still more revolting have been seen among us. At Cluny, the most illustrious monastery of Christendom, the church, which was the largest in France and in Europe, yielding in dimensions only to St. Peter’s in Rome, after having been sacked and demolished, stone by stone, for twenty years, has been transformed into stud-stables, and the starting-post of the stallions occupied still, in 1844, the place of the high altar.

Le Bec, the Christian academy immortalized by Lanfranc and St. Anselm, the cradle of Catholic philosophy, has been made useful in the same fashion. Why, indeed,

should St, Anselm have found mercy for his abbey any more than Pierre le Venerable? Is it not thus that the sons of strength and fortune are accustomed to honour the great men of the past? Have not the Turks done the same with the places where Aristotle and Plato taught, and where Demosthenes spoke?

If a certain indignation mixes itself with the bitterness of these regrets, it may be pardoned to a man who has given up much of his time to seek, in almost all the countries of Europe, the vestiges of monastic grandeur and benevolence, and who, in his laborious course, has stumbled everywhere over the ruins accumulated by modern barbarism. He has studied with scrupulous attention the means employed to put the hoarded treasures of charity once more, as it is said, in circulation, and to restore the wealth of *Mort-main* to what is now regarded as life. He has collected the last recollections of old men, often octogenarians, who had seen the monks in their splendour and their freedom. He has sometimes reached the site of these sanctuaries just at the moment when the pick-axe of the destroyer was raised to break down the last arch of their churches. He has been denied admittance at the gate of the Chartreuse of Seville by a Belgian Vandal, who had built up therein a china manufactory. He has found swine installed by German Lutherans in the cells of *Nothgottes*, and by French Catholics under the admirable sculptures of the cloister of Cadouin. Thus he has learned that it is possible to meet with men whose voracious cupidity and impious grossness degrade them beneath the brute.

It is not so everywhere, I know. In many quarters industry has shielded these spoils from the destroying hammer for a time, that she might enthrone her speculations and manufactures there. In such a transformation nothing would seem more natural than to profit by the example and tradition recalled by these sacred places. A new and effective application of monastic principles might have been made, by prudent and continuous means, to the great gatherings of workmen who had replaced the monks, and to these grand asylums of labour, where the regularity of the work, the morality of the workers, their intellectual satisfaction, and temporal and spiritual interests, assuredly require other guarantees than regulations purely material. But the world has remained insensible to the teachings of the past. With very rare exceptions, the most undisguised materialism has everywhere replaced the lessons and recollections of spiritual life.

Upon the site of these monuments, created by disinterestedness and charity, or beside their ruins, there rises now some tame and ugly recent erection, designed to propagate the worship of gain, and, with it, the degradation of the soul. In the place of those communities where the dignity of the poor was so eloquently proclaimed, and where their sons walked hand in hand with the sons of kings and princes, the genius of cupidity has placed a kind of prison, where it too often exercises its ingenuity in finding out to what point it can drain away the strength of the artisan, reducing his wages by competition to the lowest possible rate, and his intelligence to its most restrained exercise, by the employment of machinery. Sometimes, also, the spinning-mill is installed under the roof of the ancient sanctuary. Instead of echoing night and day the praises of God, these dishonoured arches too often repeat only blasphemies and obscene cries, mingling with the shrill voice of the machinery, the grinding of the saw, or the monotonous clank of the piston. And upon these doors, heretofore open to all, where charity kept unwearied watch, we read in great letters, "*It is forbidden to enter here without permission*"; and this for fear the secrets of this profaning manufacture may be purloined by some inopportune visitor or greedy rival.

Not thus were marked the gates of those monasteries of old, which remained to their last day accessible to all; where, far from sending away the poor and the traveller, they feared no indiscreet look, no untimely visit, thanks to the sentiment of pious and fraternal confidence which reigned everywhere, and which dictated that inscription, perceived by us some years ago upon the door of one of the dependencies of the Abbey of Morimondo, near Milan, "*Entra, o passaggiere! e prega Maria, madre di grazia*".

And even where, as most frequently happens, it is the agricultural class which has indirectly inherited these fruits of spoliation, is there no room for grave reflections? Who could venture to deny the incontestable progress of well-being and independence among our rural populations since 1798? Who does not applaud and admire their freer and happier condition? Where shall we find a man so unnatural as not to enjoy doubly his own free patrimony, in thinking that upon this soil of France, of which the monks were the first cultivators, all his fellows can, and ought, to reach the same comfort, thanks to the results of their own free labour? Still further, who does not foresee, with a happy certainty, the increase of that general comfort, if no new storms or economic errors come to interrupt the regular and natural progress of things? But which of these aspects of modern progress was incompatible with a respect to the right of property among the monks?

The monks have everywhere been the founders and precursors of the progress and well-being of the agricultural classes, by the relative superiority of their culture, and at the same time by the facility, and especially the permanence, of the conditions which they offered to the workers of the soil. Enlightened and competent witnesses are unanimous in establishing the universally beneficent influence of monastic property upon the populations which depended on them. The moral decay and spiritual irregularity of these communities have never derogated from the distinctive character of their existence, not even in places where a melancholy attachment to obsolete usages made them still maintain the remnants of serfage, which, however, were much less odious in reality than in principle. Even under this pretended servitude, with which the eighteenth century, led by Voltaire, so much reproached the successors of the ancient monks of Jura, the population subject to mortmain constantly increased, in spite of the sterility of the country, and the power, guaranteed to all, of seeking other masters. "Experience teaches us", says an old historian, "that in the Country of Burgundy, the peasants of the places under mortmain are much more comfortable than those who inhabit the free lands, and that the more their families increase, the richer they grow". "Generally", says an erudite Protestant of our own days, "there was more ease and prosperity among them, and their families multiplied with fewer obstacles, than in the other class of cultivators". The same phenomenon has been remarked everywhere; in England, immediately after the suppression of monasteries in the sixteenth century, as in Belgium, where during the eighteenth century, the Prémontrés created the agricultural prosperity of La Campine, by sending from the bosom of their abbeys, into all its parishes, curds who were, as says a historian of 1790, like so many professors of agriculture. In Lombardy it was the monks, and principally the sons of St. Bernard, who taught the peasants the art of irrigation, and made that country the most fertile and rich in Europe. In Spain and Portugal, all candid travellers, English or French, Protestants or free-thinkers, have not only recognized in monastic labour the principal origin of national agriculture, but have further proclaimed the constant prosperity of conventual lands, the excellence of the methods of culture there employed, their superiority in comparison with the domains of the crown or nobility, and, above all, the services rendered to the peasants by these industrious, persevering, and always resident proprietors, who consecrated the entire amount of their revenues to the working or to the improvement of their patrimony, and held the place of generous

capitalists and indulgent lenders to the labourers of the country, in districts where capital was wanting, as it still is wanting in France, for agricultural enterprises.

The low fate of the rents, which called and retained around each monastery agriculturists easy and prosperous, has been everywhere remarked upon monastic lands. Is it certain that these low rents have been maintained by their successors? Let us go further, and ask if it is certain, that the universal and permanent advantage of the inhabitants of the country has been consulted, in substituting everywhere for this rural ownership of the religious orders—always stable and never exacting (for there is not an example to the contrary) which resisted all attacks, and spread everywhere around it an increasing and enduring prosperity—the rapacity of individualism, the variations of industry, the mercantile and egotistic spirit of modern proprietorship, deprived even by the law which has constituted it of all foundation in the past, and every engagement towards the future? Again, it can enter into no one's intentions to rouse reaction against the fundamental institutions of modern society, to preach the universal reestablishment of great landed properties, or even of cultivation on a grand scale, and to generalize thus an order of things which, by its very nature, could and ought to be only exceptional. But must we absolutely refuse every asylum to the spirit of conservation, to the science of duration, and proscribe without exception all these oases of peace and disinterestedness? Must we render compulsory everywhere that circulation and division of the soil, which, pushed to extremity, destroys even the domestic heart of one generation before it has had time to renew itself, and which, in a wider sense, teaches man only too easily how human society reduces itself into dust, and how property may have no aim or rule save the art of drawing out of it, without measure or relaxation, all that it will produce?

But let us suppose all these questions resolved against us : still we may at least inquire whether the mind most entirely satisfied by this manifest progress in material things, does not pause, doubtful and uncertain, when seeking an analogous progress in the morality and even intelligence of the population which has succeeded that which surrounded the cloisters. There are, thank Heaven, exceptions everywhere: but if we inquire into the state of souls—if we sounded the consciences or scrutinized the intelligence of the people who have replaced the monks, what should we too often find there? Would it not be an ignorance of God, of the soul, of a better life and of eternity, too general and voluntary? an absorbing preoccupation in the lowest functions of human vitality? a wild application of the faculties of the soul to lucre? the exclusive worship of material instincts and profits? Upon this point, I fear, the testimony of bishops and rural priests would be as unanimous as indisputable. No, the rural classes have not gained in morality as they have increased in laborious comfort and legitimate independence. Alas! the dishonoured ruins of the monuments which we regret are often but too faithful an image of ruined consciences and ruined souls.

We can then affirm, without fear, that modern society has gained nothing, either morally or materially, by the savage, radical, and universal destruction of monastic institutions. Has intellectual culture profited more? Let us inquire where the taste for literature and study, the pursuit of the beautiful and true, the pure and upright knowledge, the true light of the mind, exists now in those places heretofore occupied by the monks, where they had been first to carry the torch of study and knowledge to the bosom of the plains, to the depths of the woods, to the summits of the mountains, and even into so many towns which owe to them all they have ever known of literary or scientific life. What remains of so many palaces raised in silence and solitude for the products of art.

For the progress and pleasure of the mind, for disinterested labour? Masses of broken wall inhabited by owls and rats; shapeless remains; heaps of stones and pools of water. Everywhere desolation, filth, and disorder. No more studious retreats, no more vast galleries full of rich collections, no more pictures, no more painted windows, no more organs, no more chants, no more libraries above all! no more of books than of alms and prayer!

And what have the poor gained by it? The reply is too easy and too painful. That they have reaped no advantage becomes especially apparent in those sites where we would fain invite the destroyers and detractors of the monastic orders to discuss with them the value of their work. In places where once was found a refuge, an hospice, an hospital, a fireside always open and always bright for all miseries and all weaknesses; where, at the end of a hard day's journey or work, the evening bell announced to the poor and fatigued traveller a benevolent and assured reception, what do we find today? One of three things : most frequently a ruin, without either shelter or consolation for any one; sometimes a private dwelling closely shut up, where there is nothing either to receive or to demand; at the best, an inn, where it is necessary to pay for everything.

But, above all, what has been gained by the State, by the public power, whose irresistible name and arm have everywhere consummated the outrage conceived and calculated by private hate and avarice. Admitting, for a moment, the right of the State to seize upon private property, the most sacred and inviolable property; supposing it, by a possible agreement with the Church, legitimate master of these immense spoils; and placing ourselves at a point of view merely political and material, how shall we justify the use it has made of them? How shall we explain those sales, made bit by bit, for ridiculous prices—that instantaneous and barren crumbling down of so much solid, durable, and fertile capital—otherwise than by the imaginary necessity and wicked determination to identify the cause of revolution with new interests and individual covetousness? I appeal to all economists worthy of the name, to all who have managed public affairs or seriously studied great social questions: was this what should have been done? Should not an attempt have been made to put aside these enormous common funds for public necessities and general interests? The orphans, the deserted foundlings, the poor lunatics, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the old sailors, the old field-labourers, the old soldiers of labour and industry, so many different miseries which modern civilization creates or discovers every day, and which she owes it to herself to take in charge, because she has everywhere enervated the freedom and the initiative of private charity,—had not they acquired a claim upon these treasures amassed by the charity of the past?

But no! Hatred of the past, blind hatred of all that endures, of all that comes from afar, of all that has a sacred origin, has swept away all the calculations of foresight, and the well-understood interests of the State, as well as those of the laborious and indigent masses. They have preferred to slay at a blow the goose of the golden eggs! They have destroyed the capital of ages, the inviolable trust of Christian nations, of charitable families, of knowledge, labour, and virtue. By the same blow has the future been sacrificed and the past calumniated. And they hold themselves justified by declamations upon Mortmain, that is to say, upon that immortal hand which has given life to the most durable and fertile creations of Christian genius.

Let us admit even that the crime or blindness of the destroyers of the sixteenth or eighteenth century might find an excuse or explanation: there is none for those who, after the cruel experiences which contemporary Europe has passed through, and in presence of the menaces of the future, persevere in the same course.

By what madness could we explain the renewal of persecution and prohibition against the new germs, born again, but still so few and feeble, of cloistral life? against the only men who, in our society, would be content with their lot; who would use their liberty only to abdicate all ambition and lucre, and seek, as the height of their desires, abstinence, mortification, and voluntary poverty, while all around them resounds with the glorification of wealth and of the flesh?

Yet how much have we seen, for some years past, in France and everywhere around us, even in Spanish America, of these mad persecutors, less intelligent and more perverse even than their predecessors, who aggravate unceasingly their ignorant hatred and obsolete calumnies to obtain new proscriptions! How many politicians, legislators, and magistrates could we name, who have obstinately maintained a cruel interdiction, aided by annoyances derived at the same time from the Roman tax-gatherers and the Spanish Inquisition, against all the attempts of Christian devotedness to re-establish the cloistral life! Incapable themselves of the least sacrifice for God, they madly pursue those who demonstrate, by their example, that such sacrifices are still possible; they would fain banish forever into the past, as a dream and aberration, such fidelity to evangelical counsels.

It is the *esprit de corps*, the vitality of association, that force, increased tenfold by a life in common, which the Church has always produced, and in which she always re news herself, that they specially pursue in her. It is for this, above all, that they set themselves to confine and thwart her. They are willing to let her live, but to live mutilated. They treat her like a prisoner of war, like a captive garrison, whom they divest of their arms and banners, to make them pass under the caudine forks

Hypocritical advocates of a liberty which they have never understood, they proscribe the supreme act of liberty. “What folly and cruelty!” said St. Peter Damien eight hundred years ago : “a man has the power of disposing freely of his goods, but he shall not have that of offering himself to God! He has a right to give up all his fortune to other men, and they refuse him the liberty of giving up his soul to God, from whom it came!”

I stood in Grenada one day, in the Albaycin, at the gate of the convent of Santa Isabel la Real, founded by Isabella the Catholic, in memory of her conquests, still occupied by its noble inhabitants, but condemned to self-extinction, the dictatorship of Espartero having interdicted them, as well as all the other convents in Spain, from receiving novices. A woman approached and explained to me that savage interdict: then, extending her hand towards the condemned convent, and flashing on it one of those burning glances which cannot be forgotten, she exclaimed, with the accent of a Roman and the ardour of a Spaniard, these two words, *Suma tirania*! She was right: tyranny has invented nothing more oppressive than this stifling of devotion, chastity, and charity in the human soul. Let us believe, for the honour of the human species, that posterity will repeat that sentence, and define by the two words of the indignant Spanish woman the policy and justice of these comedians of liberty, when they shall stand finally unmasked before its eyes.

Besides, the Son of God has already pronounced their sentence : “Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering, to go in”.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRUE AND FALSE MIDDLE AGES

But let us leave, for a time, these memorials of ruin and oppression. It is neither the decay nor the fall; it is the youth and flourishing maturity of the monastic order that we have to relate. This narrative carries us into, and will detain us long in, the bosom of that grand era of the middle ages, which is the perpetual object of opinions so impassioned and diverse. In the time of its greatest splendour the monastic order was only one of the branches of that great Christian society, governed by the Church and the feudal system, which has reigned successively in all the countries of the West, from Gregory the Great down to Joan of Arc.

We are necessarily led to study and appreciate this vast conjunction of Christian institutions, doctrines, and manners, when we approach the history of the religious orders; and we feel the necessity of rendering to it also complete and definitive justice. But here, as elsewhere, profound admiration, deliberate and avowed, does not exclude the most complete and severe impartiality. God forbid that we should imitate our adversaries, those men who hate and denounce the preponderance of Catholic faith and truth in the middle ages! God preserve us from forgetting or concealing the sombre and vicious side of that period, from proclaiming only its splendours and virtues, and from turning thus against its detractors the disloyal and lying method which they have used so long, of keeping silent upon all its grand and noble features, and pointing out to the execration of posterity only its abuses and disorders. To be impartial it is necessary to be complete. To show only the vices of a human creature, or a historic period, is to betray truth; but it is equally so to show nothing but the virtues.

The most important point is, to distinguish carefully between the Middle Ages and the epoch which followed, and which is commonly called the *ancien régime*; and to protest against the confusion which ignorance on one side, and on the other the policy of absolutism, has introduced between two phases of history totally different, and even hostile to each other. To believe, for example that the fourteen centuries of our history which preceded the French Revolution, have developed only the same class of institutions and ideas, is to go in the face of truth and fact. The *ancien régime*, by the triumph of absolute monarchy in all the kingdoms of the European continent, had slain the middle ages: but instead of rejecting and trampling underfoot the robes of its victim, it adorned itself with them, and was still thus arrayed when it came, in its turn, to be overthrown. Time and space fail us to insist upon this truth, which becomes more and more evident, in proportion as the paths of history are cleared from all those errors with which superficial writers have encumbered them. But it is important to free the true middle ages, in their Catholic splendour, from all affinity with the theory and practice of that renewed old pagan despotism which still here and there contends with modern liberty: and this distinction should be specially recalled in presence of all those historic phantasmagoria which, after having so long assimilated the kings of the middle ages to modern monarchs, exhibiting Clovis and Dagobert to us as princes of the fashion of Louis XIV and Louis XV, have all at once turned round, and attempt to make

us regard Louis XIV and Philip V as the natural and legitimate representatives of St. Louis and St. Ferdinand. An attentive study of facts and institutions will convince every sincere observer that there is less difference between the order of things destroyed in 1789 and modern society, than between the Christianity of the Middle Ages and the *ancien régime*.

That *ancien régime* corrupted, enslaved, and often despoiled all that it had not killed, and the religious orders suffered that fate as much as, or more than, any other institution of Christianity.

It is not necessary to go far back to find a time ill which all the great social forces, even those whose roots penetrate furthest into the Catholic middle ages, and which the modem mind is accustomed to confound with that period, were unanimous in disavowing any sympathy or affinity with the previous age, and in which the intelligence of that age, withdrawing from them, abandoned them, discrowned and disarmed, to the perils of the future. It was then that the throne, misled by servile lawyers and historians, renounced the Christian humility of the kings of the middle ages; that the nobility, unfaithful to the traditions of their furthest back and most illustrious ancestors, sought their glory and life only in the royal favour; that the clergy themselves blushed for the ages, named barbarous by their own writers, in which, however, the Church had been so strong and flourishing, so free and so respected, so well obeyed and loved. Yes, ignorance, or, if you prefer it, historical carelessness, had so infected even the sanctuary, that the clergy, exclusively preoccupied with wrongs and disorders, which we should be careful not to deny, did not hesitate to sacrifice the highest glories of their order to the rancour and prejudices of the world. It must be said, in order to verify all that we have gained; in everything which concerns the most heroic struggles of the Church during nearly two centuries, we had accepted on their own word the lies of our tyrants, and had served as their echo. Multitudes of Christians, of priests, of Catholic doctors were to be found, who, ranging themselves with enthusiasm on the strongest side, had taken the part of evil against good, and transformed lay tyranny into an innocent victim of the Church. It is scarcely a hundred years since French bishops expressed in their charges the wish to see *the enterprises of Gregory VII buried in eternal oblivion*! Fleury, so long the oracle of ecclesiastical history, put his vast knowledge and incontestable talents at the service of the enemies of Rome, and dared to say, in beginning his description of the ages which intervened between St. Benedict and St. Bernard, that *the great times of the Church are past*. Whilst Voltaire decreed the untoward tribute of his praises to such decisions, no one, in France, at least, ventured openly to combat them. We must even admit that it is not the clergy who have given to history that new and salutary impulse which has animated it for forty years, and served the cause of the Church so well. They have rather suffered, than inspired, the vindication of the middle ages. That work, so indispensable to the honour and enfranchisement of Catholicism, has been begun by Protestants, by indifferent persons, sometimes even by declared adversaries. It has been specially carried out by laymen. Perhaps it is by some secret and beneficent purpose of supreme Truth that the profane, and men who are strangers to the true faith, have been the first and most ardent to study and admire those great and profoundly Catholic ages.

But perhaps, also, it is to the absence and silence of the clergy in the beginning of this unforeseen and brilliant return to historic truth, that we must attribute the untoward character which has diminished its value in the eyes of many pious Christians. In giving up to the poets, artists, and novelists the exclusive right of using, with no very exalted purpose, the treasures of an age in which the Church governed and inspired everything, Catholics have permitted the study of the middle ages to

degenerate into a kind of fashion, exaggerated and ephemeral, a frivolous and puerile rage for its furniture, statues, and stained glass, parodying the exterior, the costume, and the language of a time, whose fundamental characteristics these explorers affect to ignore, and whose faith, especially, they will neither profess nor practise. How few among us have approached the middle ages with that tender and profound respect which should conduct us to the sepulchre of our ancestors, to the monuments of their glory, to the cradle of our spiritual and moral life! Perchance it might be better to let that past sleep, under the dust and disdain with which modern paganism has covered it, than to resuscitate it for the fitting out of a museum.

However this may be, a great progress is manifest, and continues every day. The study of the middle ages has become more and more general, serious and popular. Its historical vindication progresses, and works itself out. Those who, first among the Catholics, put their hands to this task five-and-twenty years ago, having clue reason for congratulation. At that time much courage was necessary to brave prejudices which were universal, and to all appearance invincible, and bold perseverance to overcome the scorn of ignorance and routine, and some perspicacity to divine that the wind was about to change, and that its breath would rekindle the true light. The hands of enemies have themselves largely contributed to that unhoped-for victory. Illustrious adversaries of Catholicism have popularized periods, races, and personages which last century had condemned to eternal scorn and oblivion. Penetrating into the catacombs of history, they have dug and cleared out many unknown or lost ways, and have brought back inestimable materials for the work of reparation. Perhaps they expected to have sealed the tomb of their victim for the last time under these stones, which serve every day to reconstruct the sanctuary of historic truth.

Thanks to them, above all, we know now what to believe concerning the *barbarity of the middle ages, feudal anarchy*, and most of the invectives cast upon the Christian society by accusers who have designedly forgotten or misconceived her first motives. With Catholics, especially, the revolution is complete; among them we scarcely find sufficient opposition to verify the triumph. They have taken up again the sentiment of their historical honour and patrimony. But how many efforts and struggles are still necessary against the ocean of vulgar prejudices, against the decision of hate and voluntary ignorance! Amongst the clergy as amongst men, many industrious writers continue a task which we must beware of believing achieved. The legitimate and imprescriptible insurrection of truth against error is not the work of a day, and a victory so desirable cannot be achieved so quickly or so perfectly. We require to have our arsenal filled every day with the serious arguments and irrefutable demonstrations of honest knowledge, and we help to reconquer our forgotten glories when we increase the riches of historical truth.

Meanwhile, though there is still much remaining to be done for the consolidation of that conquest and arrangement of its riches, we already see the result compromised by that disastrous fickleness which belongs to the French character and which extends even into the sphere of religion! Men have passed from one excess to another, from one pole of error to the opposite pole, from a contempt founded upon ignorance, to a blind, exclusive, and no less ignorant admiration. They have made an imaginary *moyen age*, in which they have placed the ideal of those daring theories and retrograde passions, which have been brought to light by the downfalls and recantations of our last times. The school of literature which has launched a decree of proscription against the great works of classic antiquity, comes to swell the ranks of that school of politics which has returned with a desperate confidence towards force as the best ally of faith, which has placed religion and society under that humiliating guardianship, and which takes a

perverse pleasure in crushing human conscience and human dignity under strange and insupportable pretensions. Disdaining the reality of facts, and of all the authentic monuments of the past, both take delight in seeking weapons against the rights of reason and of freedom, in recollections of those middle ages which their own imagination has falsified; and both have slandered the Christendom of our ancestors, by representing it as the model of that intellectual and social condition of which they dream, and which they preach to the modern world.

And immediately, by a natural reaction, the old prejudices and declamations against the ages of faith have regained life and favour. The ill-extinguished and scarcely disguised animosity of those who yielded to the laws of recent impartiality rather from regard to good taste than from conviction, blazes up anew. To the indignation excited in many minds by the reawakening of those helots who were supposed to be resigned and habituated to the abnegation of their ancient glory and liberty, is added the natural uneasiness of all who rely upon the legitimate conquests and progress of modern intelligence. By combining the vindication of the middle ages with the apotheosis of contemporary servitude, a horror of the Catholic past has been reanimated, strengthened, and, in appearance, justified. The cause which seemed to be gained is once more put in question, and even in risk of being lost again. Passion and hatred have again found a pretext and refuge—they constitute themselves the auxiliaries of betrayed liberty, menaced conscience, and reason outraged and justly alarmed.

The laborious and conscientious worker in this great and good cause has thus too often good reason to pause, sad and discouraged, when he perceives the volcano which he had supposed extinguished re-open, to throw forth, as heretofore, calumny and outrage against the truth; but sadder still when he sees that truth condemned, by superficial and rash apologists, to an unworthy alliance with baseness, fear, and voluntary blindness. These last have cruelly complicated the task of the upright man, who would defend and avenge the truth without becoming the accomplice of any persecution or servitude. Perhaps he is not warranted in saying to them, “Ye know not what spirit ye are of”; but he is at least entitled to establish the fact that he is not, and never was, of their camp; that he neither follows the same path nor bears the same flag. He would willingly speak with the prophet of “the wall between me and them”. For there are times when it is needful that he should separate himself, with the melancholy and resolution of the patriarch when he said to his nearest relative, “Is not the whole land before thee separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left”.

The middle ages stand unfortunately between two camps at the deepest enmity with each other, which only agree in misconstruing it. The one hate it, because they believe it an enemy to all liberty: the others praise it, because they seek arguments and examples there, to justify the universal servitude and prostration which they extol. Both are agreed to travesty and insult it, the one by their invectives, the others by their eulogiums.

I affirm that both deceive themselves, and that they are equally and profoundly ignorant of the middle ages, which were an epoch of faith, but also a period of strife, of discussion, of dignity, and, above all, of freedom.

The error common to both admirers and detractors of the middle ages consists in seeing there the reign and triumph of theocracy. It was, they tell us, a time distinguished forever by human impotence, and by the glorious dictatorship of the Church.

I deny the dictatorship, and I still more strongly deny the human impotence.

Humanity was never more fertile, more manful, more potent; and as for the Church, she has never seen her authority more contested in practice, even by those who recognized it most dutifully in theory.

Unity of faith was the reigning principle then, as unity of civil law and national constitution is the reigning principle of the present time, in all modern nations. But among a free people, like England or the United States, where do we see that civil and social unity stifle the vitality, the energy, the individual and collective independence? It was thus with the Catholic unity of the middle ages. It quenched in no degree either political or intellectual life. The uniformity of a worship universally popular, the tender and sincere submission of hearts and minds to revealed truth and the teachings of the Church, excluded no prepossession for, no discussion of, the most elevated and difficult questions of philosophy and morality. The principle of authority implied no rupture, either with the free genius of antiquity, so faithfully and ardently cultivated (as we shall prove) in the Benedictine cloisters, nor with the natural and progressive development of the human mind. Need we recall the immense developments of scholasticism, those exercises of intelligence at once so bold and subtle, so propitious, despite their undeniable blanks, to the force and elasticity of argument? Need we enumerate those great, numerous, and powerful universities, so full of life, so free, sometimes even so rebellious, where the independence of the masters was equalled only by that of an ardent and turbulent youth, attacking every day a thousand questions, which would terrify the suspicious orthodoxy of our days? Need we adduce, finally, the liberty, and even license, of those satires, which, in the popular and chivalrous poetry, in fables and songs, even in the products of art which were consecrated to worship, carried almost to excess the right of public criticism and discussion?

In those times so ridiculously calumniated, a devouring desire to work and to learn animated all minds. The heroic and persevering ardour which carried the Marco Polos and Plancarpins to the extremities of the known world, through distances and dangers which our contemporaries have lost the power of conceiving, inspired travellers not less intrepid in the regions of thought. The human mind exercised itself with Gerbert and Scotus Erigena in the most arduous and delicate problems. The most orthodox, such as St. Anselm and St. Thomas Aquinas, shrank before none of the difficulties of psychology or metaphysics. Some might be led astray into audacious theories, hostile to the spirit of the Church and the Gospel. But not an individual, we can affirm boldly, resigned himself to the abdication or slumber of reason.

Let us go further, and ask if, today, despite printing, despite the happy but insufficient progress of popular education, despite our apparent universal acquaintance with the sciences and arts, if' it is entirely certain that the necessary equilibrium between material cares and the moral life of the world is as well maintained as then. Let us ask if the spiritual element of human nature, cultivation of ideas, moral enthusiasm, all the noble life of thought, is as well represented, as energetically developed, and as abundantly provided for among ourselves as among our ancestors. For my own part, I permit myself to doubt it; and I believe that, well considered and compared, no period has more richly endowed and more ardently cultivated the domains of the mind and soul, than the Middle Ages.

Religion, it is true, governed all; but she stifled nothing. She was not banished into a corner of society, immured within the enclosure of her own temples, or of individual conscience. On the contrary, she was invited to animate, enlighten, and

penetrate everything with the spirit of life; and, after she had set the foundation of the edifice upon a base which could not be shaken, her maternal hand returned to crown its summit with light and beauty. None were placed too high to obey her, and none fell so low as to be out of reach of her consolations and protection. From the king to the hermit, all yielded at some time to the sway of her pure and generous inspirations. The memory of Redemption, of that debt contracted towards God by the race which was redeemed on Calvary, mingled with everything, and was to be found in all institutions, in all monuments, and at certain moments in all hearts. The victory of charity over selfishness, of humility over pride, of spirit over flesh, of all that is elevated in our nature over all the ignoble and impure elements included in it, was as frequent as human weakness permitted. That victory is never complete here below; but we can affirm without fear that it never was approached so closely. Since the first great defiance thrown down by the establishment of Christianity to the triumph of evil in the world, never perhaps has the empire of the devil been so much shaken and contested.

Must we then conclude that the middle ages are the ideal period of Christian society? Ought we to see there the normal condition of the world? God forbid! In the first place, there never has been, and never will be, a normal state or irreproachable epoch in this earth. And, besides, if that ideal could be realized here below, it is not in the Middle Ages that it has been attained. These ages have been called the ages of faith; and they have been justly so called, for faith was more sovereign then than in any other epoch of history. But there we must stop. This is much, but it is enough for the truth. We cannot venture to maintain that virtue and happiness have been throughout these ages on a level with faith. A thousand incontrovertible witnesses would rise up to protest against such a rash assertion, to recall the general insecurity, the too frequent triumphs of violence, iniquity, cruelty, deceit, sometimes oven of refined depravity; to demonstrate that the human and even diabolical element reasserted only too strongly their ascendency in the world. By the side of the opened heavens, hell always appeared: and beside those prodigies of sanctity which are so rare elsewhere, were to be found ruffians scarcely inferior to those Roman emperors whom Bossuet calls *monsters of the human race*.

The Church, which is always influenced, up to a certain point, by contemporary civilization, endured many abuses and scandals, the very idea of which would today horrify both her children and her enemies. They proceeded sometimes from that corruption which is inseparable from the exercise of great power and the possession of great wealth; sometimes, and most frequently, from the invasions of the lay spirit and temporal power. Yes, cupidity, violence, and debauchery revolted often, and with success, against the yoke of the Gospel, even among its own ministers; they infected even the organs of the law promulgated to repress them. We can and ought to confess it without fear, because the evil was almost always overcome by the good; because all these excesses were redeemed by marvels of self-denial, penitence, and charity; because beside every fall is found an expiation; for every misery an asylum; to every wickedness some resistance. Sometimes in cells of monasteries, sometimes in caves of the rocks; here, under the tiara or the mitre; there, under the helmet and coat of arms, thousands of souls fought with glory and perseverance the battles of the Lord, fortifying the feeble by their example, reviving the enthusiasm even of those who neither wished nor knew how to imitate them, and displaying over the vices and disorders of the crowd the splendid light of their prodigious austerity, their profuse charity, their unwearied love of God. But all this dazzling light of virtue and sanctity ought not to blind us to what lay beneath. There were more saints, more monks, and, above all, more believers, than in our days; but I do not hesitate to say that there were fewer priests, I mean good priests. Yes : the secular clergy of the middle ages were less mire, less exemplary than ours; the

episcopate was less respectable, and the spiritual authority of the Holy See much less sovereign than now. This assertion will, perhaps, astonish some in their ignorant admiration; but it is not the less easy to prove it. The pontifical power has, at the present time, subjects less numerous, but infinitely more docile. What it has lost in extent, it has more than gained in intensity.

And besides this, the dominion of the Church, usurped by some, disputed by others, and balanced by a crowd of rival or vassal authorities, was never all-powerful nor uncontested. She saw her laws perpetually violated, her discipline altered, her rights scorned, not only in temporal matters but in spiritual; not as now, by declared enemies, but by the so-called faithful, who, when their pride or their interest required it, knew how to brave her thunders with as much coolness as the spirits forts of our own time. The true grandeur and strength of the Church of the middle ages lay, not in her wealth or power, not in being loved, served, and protected by princes, but in her freedom. She was free by right of the general liberty, such as was comprehended and practised in those days, which belonged to all corporations and proprietors; she enjoyed the largest amount of freedom known, because she was at the same time the greatest corporation and the largest landowner in Europe. This freedom, which has always been the first guarantee of her majesty, of her fruitfulness, of her duration, the first condition of her life, she possessed more completely then, than at any previous period; and never (save in those few States where modern liberty has been able to shake off all superannuated fetters) has she possessed it to the same degree since. And as the destinies and rights of the Church and each Christian soul are identical, never was the soul more free, free to do good, to give itself to God, to sacrifice itself to its neighbour. From thence come these marvels of devotion, of charity, and of sanctity, which charm and dazzle us.

But it would be the most complete and inexcusable error to imagine that this liberty was universally recognized and uncontested. On the contrary, it lived and triumphed only in the midst of storms. It was necessary to struggle for it unceasingly, to wrest it from the grasp of lay pretensions and rivalries, from the dominion of temporal interests. The Church was, besides, happily and usefully “restrained by civil liberty, which kept her from degenerating into a dominant theocracy”. We must then acknowledge that the Church had never, and in no place, an absolute and permanent supremacy—that she has never, and nowhere, seen her adversaries annihilated or chained at her feet. This was precisely the pledge of her long and glorious influence, her lasting ascendency, her blessed action upon souls and laws. She required to be always in resistance, always renewing herself by effort. During the entire course of the true middle ages the Church never ceased her struggle for a single day; it was granted her oftener to vanquish than to fall back; she never underwent a complete defeat; but never either could she lie down to sleep in the pride of triumph, or in the enervating peace of dictatorship.

Never, then, was anything more false and puerile than the strange pretence maintained by certain tardy supporters of the Catholic renaissance, of presenting the middle ages to us as a period in which the Church was always victorious and protected; as a promised land flowing with milk and honey, governed by kings and nobles piously kneeling before the priests, and by a devout, silent, and docile crowd, tranquilly stretched out under the crook of their pastors, to sleep in the shade, under the double authority of the inviolably respected throne and altar. Far from that, there never were greater passions, more disorders, wars, and revolts; but at the same time there were never greater virtues, more generous efforts for the service of goodness. All was war, dangers, and tempests, in the Church as in the State; but all was likewise strong, robust,

and vivacious: everything bore the impression of life and strife. On one side faith, a faith sincere, naive, simple, and vigorous, without hypocrisy as without insolence, neither servile nor narrow-minded, exhibiting every day the imposing spectacle of strength in humility; on the other, institutions militant and manful, which, amid a thousand defects, had the admirable virtue of creating men, not valets or pious eunuchs, and which one and all ordained these men to action, to sacrifice, and continual exertions. Strong natures everywhere vigorously nourished, and in no direction stifled, quenched, or disdained, found their place there with ease and simplicity. Feeble natures, with the fibre relaxed, found there the most fitting regimen to give them vigour and tone. Worthy people, relying upon a master who undertook to defend all by silencing or enchaining their adversaries, were not to be seen there. We cannot look upon these Christians as on good little lambs, bleating devoutly among wolves, or taking courage between the knees of the shepherd. They appear, on the contrary, like athletes, like soldiers engaged every day in fighting for the most sacred possessions: in a word, like men armed with the most robust personality and individual force, unfettered as undecaying.

If, then, the middle ages deserve to be admired, it is precisely for reasons which would bring upon them the condemnation of their recent panegyrists, if they understood better what their enthusiasm, by mere misconstruction, extols.

I admit, on the other hand, that these times may well appear frightful to eyes which appreciate order and discipline above everything else, provided they give their consent to ml proposition that its virtues and courage were heroic. I admit that its violence was almost continual, its superstition sometimes ridiculous, its ignorance too widely spread, and its wickedness too often unpunished; provided you grant to me, in return, that the consciousness of human dignity has never been more vividly impressed in the depths of men's hearts, and that the first of all forces, and the only one really to be respected, the strength of the soul, has never reigned with less disputed supremacy.

As for those among its detractors, who accuse the Catholic past of the Western races of being incompatible with freedom, we can oppose to them the unanimous testimony, nor only of all historical monuments, but of all those democratic writers of our own day, who have profoundly studied this past; above all, of M. Augustin Thierry, who has shown so well how many barriers and guarantees had to be overthrown by royalty before it would establish its universal sway. This ancient world was bristling with liberty. The spirit of resistance, the sentiment of individual right, penetrated it entirely; and it is this which always and everywhere constitutes the essence of freedom. That freedom has established everywhere a system of counterpoise and restraint, which rendered all prolonged despotism absolutely impossible. But its special guarantees were two principles which modern society has renounced—the principles of *héredité* and association. Besides, they appear to us under the form of privileges, which is enough to prevent many from understanding or admiring them.

Certainly the misfortunes, disappointments, and stains of modern liberty, should not weaken the faithful love which she inspires in generous souls. No fault, no grievance ought to detach those whom she has once warmed with her love. But, at the same time, these faults and grievances compel us to be modest and indulgent in regard to the restrained or imperfect forms in which she has been clothed among our fathers. Liberty had no existence then in the condition of a theory or abstract principle applied to the general mass of humanity, to all nations, even those who neither desire not know her. But freedom was a fact and a right to many men, to a larger number than possess

her now; and for all who appreciated and wished for her, was much more easy both to acquire and to preserve.

To whom is freedom especially necessary? To individuals and to minorities. They found her, during these ages, under limits, which the mutual control of natural or traditional forces imposed upon all authority and sovereignty whatsoever. They found her specially in the happy multiplicity of those small states, those independent monarchies, those provincial or municipal republics, which have always been bulwarks of the dignity of man, and the theatre of his most salutary exertions; where the courageous and capable citizen finds the greatest scope for his legitimate ambition, and where he is less swallowed up and lost in the general mass than in great states.

Further, our proud ancestors ignored the very idea of that unlimited power of the State which is now so ardently appealed to, or easily accepted everywhere. What have been called the necessary evils of unlimited monarchy, were nowhere recognized among them. Since then the unity and absolute independence of sovereign power have replaced in the world the sentiment and guarantees of personal liberty. The better to attain and secure equality, we have applied ourselves to the work of suppressing all little states and local existence, of breaking every link which unites us to ancient freedom. All connection has been cast aside with the traditions of dignity and right which she has produced. A dead' level has been regarded as a mark of progress, and identity of yoke as a guarantee. It has been said, in so many words, that the triumph of the despotism of one is better than the maintenance of the liberty of many. People will put up with a master, in order to have no chiefs; and have voted the death of right, in fear of aiding the resurrection of privilege. They have succeeded; an equality like that of China has been attained ; and we know too well what price must be paid for that acquisition, and how much honour and liberty it leaves behind to the nations which have yielded to its sway.

God forbid, despite the appearances and melancholy teachings of this actual time—God forbid that we should assert equality to be incompatible with liberty; but up to the present time, the art of making them live and last together has not been discovered in any of the great countries of the European continent. We should therefore exercise forbearance, at least, towards an age in which, without caring for an equality which no one claimed or dreamt of, men possessed the sentiment and use of freedom, which they knew how to reconcile more or less with authority, as variety was reconciled with unity, and a profound respect for individual right with the force and fruitfulness of the spirit of association.

It was the energetic and manly character of their institutions and men, which secured the reign of liberty in the middle ages. We have already pointed this out, but we cannot revert to it too often. Everything there breathes freedom, health, and life—all is full of vigour, force, and youth. Tis like the first burst of nature whose spontaneous vigour had not yet been robbed of any portion of its grace and charm. We see limpid and healthful currents everywhere springing forth and extending themselves. They encounter a thousand obstacles and embarrassments upon their way: but almost always they surmount and overthrow these, to carry afar the fertilizing virtue of their waters.

A generous leaven ferments in the bosom of that apparent confusion. Virtue and truth take the lead, by sustained efforts, and the prolonged sacrifices of a multitude of admirable souls. We discover unceasingly, and contemplate with joy, these unwearied souls devoted to a constant struggle against evil, and all oppressions and tyrannies,

laboriously initiated into the triumphs of moral force, and heroically faithful to that faith in God's justice which it is so necessary but so difficult to maintain while waiting here below for the rare and uncertain manifestations of that justice in history.

In our days, it is true, we have destroyed all the institutions and superior powers whose duration and grandeur weighed often with too heavy a burden upon the common mass of men. But what inestimable resources for the strength and happiness of the people have we not condemned to annihilation with them! How often have we acted like those insane destroyers, who, under pretext of exterminating the birds of prey, have unpeopled the forest of its guests, of its songs, of its life, and overthrown the harmony of nature? You think you have got rid of the eagles? Be it so! But who shall free you now from the reptiles and venomous insects?

Once more, let me assert that I would not deny the violences, abuses, and crimes of that misunderstood past. In the course of my narrative these will be very apparent. I deny none of the advantages, the progress, and real benefits which have resulted from the change of manners and ideas in modern society. Such indisputable and most fortunate advantages do exist, in the comfort of the inferior classes, the improvement of manners, the administration of justice, the general security, the abolition of many atrocious penalties against spiritual and temporal errors, the happy impotency of fanaticism and religious persecution, the shorter and less cruel wars, and the universal respect for the rights of humanity. I only question whether there may not have been a proportional loss in energy of character, in love of liberty, and in the instinct of honour. I do not think that 1 ignore either the rights or necessities of my time. I accept without reserve and regret the social condition which is the product of the French Revolution, and which, under the name of democracy, reigns and will reign more and more in the modern world. I hail with joy that inestimable advantage of equality before the law, which is a thousand times more precious to the vanquished than to the victors, provided hypocrisy does not confiscate it to the profit of the strongest. When political freedom, under the sole form which it can bear in our country, reigned among us, and seemed likely to spread through all Europe, I loyally served and practised it, and, thanks to Heaven! never feared its reign for the truth. If that freedom should ever reappear, far from feeling alarm, I should bless its return.

The powers of the day teach us that it is incompatible with democracy, which is the inevitable law of the New World, and that this can only live and prosper along with equality and authority. Let us hope that they deceive themselves. And even if they are right, let us entreat democracy not to benumb and enervate democratic nations, not to render them incapable of self-government, self-defence, and self-respect. Let us hope, that, after having bowed down every head, she may know better than to enslave every heart.

But while I hear the accents of that frightful adulation of fallen humanity, which is the distinctive characteristic of too many modern writers—whilst I see them lying prostrate before that idol which personifies their own vanity as well as that of their readers, and exhausting all the resources of a frivolous enthusiasm to intoxicate contemporary generations with impure incense—I remain sadly impressed by the spectacle of the debasement, feebleness, and growing impotence of each individual man in modern society. Does not this stupid and servile apotheosis of the wisdom and power of the masses menace us with the extinction at once of every personal initiative and all strong originality, and with the annihilation, at the same time, of all the proud susceptibilities of the soul, and the genius of public life? Shall we not be condemned to see every distinction, hierarchy, nobility, and independence, swallowed up in that

invading and corrupt servitude which is exercised in the name of the omnipotence of numbers, and which debases men so far as to make itself beloved by them? Do we not risk the disappearance, beyond return, of individual dignity and liberty, under the absolute sovereignty of the State, of that despot who never dies, and who already extends everywhere his irresistible and pitiless level over prostrate human dust? And even beyond the sphere of politics, who can throw an attentive and affectionate glance upon the actual world without being struck by its intellectual and moral impoverishment, even amidst the imposing grandeur of its material conquests and comforts? Who does not recoil before that flat monotony, that vast ennui, which threatens to become the distinctive characteristic of future civilization? Who does not feel that the moral jurisdiction of souls lowers itself every day under the empire of material interests? Who does not tremble at that universal and progressive empire of mediocrity in theory as in practice, in men as in things? Who does not dimly foresee an era of general baseness and weakness, so much the more incurable that these sad infirmities are the natural and logical product of principles and institutions in which blind philosophers have pretended to concentrate the laws of progress, where quality is always stifled by quantity, and right sacrificed to force?

Weakness and baseness! these are precisely the things which were most completely unknown to the middle ages. They had their vices and crimes, numerous and atrocious; but in them strong and proud hearts never failed. In public life as in private, in the world as in the cloister, strong and magnanimous souls everywhere break forth — illustrious character and great individuals abounded.

And therein lies the true, the undeniable superiority of the middle ages. It was an epoch fertile in men —

Magna parens virum

What and where has been always the great obstacle to the triumph of virtue and truth upon earth? Surely not in the laws, the dogmas, and sacrifices, which impose or imply the possession of truth. We find it rather in those men whose duty it is to proclaim truth, to represent virtue, and to defend justice, and who, too often unequal to their task and unfaithful to their mission, turn back towards error or evil the generations whose guides and responsible teachers they were. Faith and laws have never been wanting to man: it is man himself who betrays his doctrine, his belief, and his duties. Give the world for its masters and models, men, pure, devout, energetic, humble in faith and obedient to duty, but intrepid and incapable of softness and baseness—real men; and the world will be always, if not saved by them, at least attentive to their voice, inspired by their lessons, and often led on or kept in order by their example. They will almost always triumph over evil; they will invariably make themselves respected by all and followed by many.

The middle ages produced a multitude of men of this temper; they produced many of a different kind; profligates and wretches were numerous then as everywhere, and in all times; but their number was balanced and even surpassed by that of saints and good men, men of heart and honour. They appear, one by one, to our astonished eyes, like the summits of the mountains after the Deluge, and they rise higher day by day in proportion as the waves of falsehood and ignorance abate and retire. Let us study these men; let us sound their hearts and reins; let us dissect their deeds and their writings—they have nothing to fear from that analysis, even when made by the most hostile hands. We shall there see whether, as incorrigible ignorance maintains, Catholicism weakens man, whether faith and humility lessen intelligence and courage,

and whether there has ever been more energy or grandeur than in those souls which a vulgar prejudice represents to us as the creatures of fanaticism and superstition.

"It appears", said one of the greatest and most honest writers of our age", in reading the histories of the aristocratic ages, "that, to become master of his own fate and to rule his fellows, a man has only to overcome himself. But in running over the histories of our own times, one would say that man can do nothing, neither for himself nor those around him"

From whence comes this miserable decline? Since man has lost the rein which directed and controlled him, since imprudent and impious hands have proscribed that discipline of Catholicism which human liberty has such imperative need of, the souls of men have subsided upon themselves; in place of Christian liberty they have encountered servitude, and in the midst of revolt have permitted themselves to fall into impotence.

M. de Tocqueville has said truly, "To subdue self is the secret of strength". First to subdue and then to devote one's self, was the foundation of the monastic institution; but it was also in civil and public life the foundation of the noble characters as well as the solid institutions and robust liberties of our Catholic ancestors.

When we have long contemplated and studied them thoroughly, we fall back with sad astonishment upon the tame and feeble temperaments, the failing hearts, the weakened character and enervated will of which modern society is formed, and which would make us despair of the future, had not God made hope a virtue and a duty.

For it is not evil, nor its undeniable progress, more or less, which should disquiet us. We tremble rather before the weakness of virtue. I do not know that vice has not been more flagrant, intense, and universal in other times than the present; but I do know, unless history is a vast falsehood from beginning to end that virtue has never been so enervated and so timid. I speak especially of public life. I admit and admire the treasures of faith and charity which the actual world encloses in its bosom. But are the virtues of private life enough for nations emancipated by the blood of Christ? and besides, is it not always, sooner or later, infected and injured by social degeneration? At the present time, and in public life and the social sphere, virtue seems only to exist in men's consciences long enough to be sacrificed at the first appearance of danger, or touch of fatigue. If a struggle is inevitable, we may endure it for the space of a morning, but only on condition either of being crowned with victory before nightfall, or capitulating next day.

Success only is esteemed, the vile success of an hour, of a moment. This inspires the most worthy souls with involuntary respect. Resistance, long and thorough, appears to them insane and impossible. We no longer know either the secrets of courage, the holy joys of sacrifice, or the magic: of danger nobly encountered in a noble cause. Thus the reign of the infidel is less assured than that of the coward. Alas! it is our own weakness which is our worst enemy; it is this which makes the good man not only the involuntary slave, but the docile servant, instrument, and accomplice of the wicked. Of all the arts, that one which has been brought to the greatest perfection among us, is the art of laying down our arms and stooping our neck under the yoke. We live in the age of concessions, of failures, of base complaisance for everything that has the appearance of strength. Fear is our queen. We long, like Esther before Ahasuerus, to kiss the end of her sceptre.

This being so, we might at least, in the midst of our modern enjoyments and security, render justice to the great men of the ages of faith. In the tranquil enjoyment of those good things still guaranteed by the Catholic faith, of the domestic virtues, conjugal fidelity, and the security of the fireside, all which we owe to the stubborn courage of the generations which have preceded us, we might learn to bless and honour these chosen soldiers, who died on the ramparts which protect us still, who fought to secure to us those truths and virtues which constitute the common patrimony of Christian nations.

As for us, we ask for these men and their times not favour, but justice. Our ambition is to restore their aureole to those old and forgotten saints who were once the heroes of our annals, the divine ancestors of all Christian nations, the patriarchs of all faithful races, the immortal models of spiritual life, the witnesses and the martyrs of truth. Our duty is to recognize in their life the ideal of Christian humanity, but an ideal which all men in all times can approach, and which has never ceased to be realized, in different degrees, in the bosom of Catholic unity.

Through the clouds which shroud their memory, they offer to us the grandest and most encouraging of spectacles—that of an army victorious in the service of a good cause. The time in which they lived and fought had, like all other times, its disorders, excesses, abuses, and ruins. But the cause was not the less good, nor the army less heroic.

Yes, it may well be asserted, the middle ages are, and shall remain, the heroic age of Christendom. But be not afraid; we cannot return to it. You, its blind panegyrists, will attempt it in vain; and you, its detractors equally blind, are foolishly alarmed by a chimerical danger. Man can neither be kept in his cradle nor sent back there. Youth does not return. We can neither resuscitate its charm nor its storms. We are the sons of the middle ages, we cannot continue them. Emancipated from the past, we are responsible only for the present and the future. But, thank God! we need not blush for our cradle.

The question is not, then, in any respect, to reconstruct that which has disappeared forever, or to save that which God has permitted to perish; the question is solely to claim the rights of justice and truth, and to reassert that good fame of Catholic men and times which is our inalienable inheritance. Such ought to be the sole aim of this renewal of Catholic history, which some men follow through a thousand obstacles and disappointments, oftener excited than arrested by the renewed attacks of the enemy, and still more frequently troubled and afflicted in the sincerity of their efforts by the follies and miseries which they incur the risk of appearing responsible for. But they know that often, after long darkness, the truth finds secret issues, unforeseen outlets, marvellous blossomings, which no human power can arrest. They trust in the tardy but inevitable justice of posterity.

If the end of historical studies is, as Montaigne says, “to converse with the great minds of the best ages”, this could be nowhere better attained than in surveying this epoch which has been so long sacrificed. The most eloquent priest of our times has not calumniated history, in saying of her that she was “the rich treasury of man’s dishonour”. She demonstrates most frequently only the triumphs of injustice, and, what is worse, the base connivance of posterity with these triumphs, and its perverse adulation of successful crime. But notwithstanding, a noble and consolatory mission remains to the historian; to protest against the perverse instincts of the crowd; to raise just but lost causes to the appreciation of the heart; to vindicate legitimate resistance,

modest and tried virtue, perseverance unfruitful, but steadfast in well-doing; to throw light upon forgotten corners, where languishes the betrayed memory of good men overcome ; to batter down, or at least to breach usurped glories, and wicked or corrupt popularity; but, above all, to bring to light and honour man himself, his individual soul, his efforts, his strength, his value, and his worth, and to protest thus against the odious oppression of those pretended general laws, which serve an apologies for so much crime and cowardice. Is it possible to imagine a nobler or purer task for any man who is not bound to the worship of strength and success? And where could he fulfil it better than in the inexhaustible mine and vast unexplored regions of the Catholic ages?

And moreover, beyond all systematic and polemical research, the study of history, especially in those depths which are at once so obscure and so closely connected with our origin, exercises upon every delicate mind an influence deeply attractive, and full of melancholy sweetness. It attracts, enlightens, and awakes, like the echo of the songs of our youth. If it happens to an old man to listen, in the decline of his years, to a melody which has charmed his childhood, it transports him, not without profit to his soul, into the midst of the dreams and hopes of former years. It restores to him neither his strength nor his youthful vigour, but it makes him breathe again the breath of his spring-time. He lives anew; he is reanimated and retempered in his primitive ardour; and if happily inspired, he recalls all that he has learned, suffered, and accomplished; he perceives his own modest and laborious place in the long succession of his race; he binds together the chain of time; he understands his life, and he is resigned. Before that past, which opens to him the perspective of the future, he bows his head with love and respect, without at any time confounding what was only its young and fragile beauty with its essential virtue and undying soul.

CHAPTER X

OF THE FORTUNE OF THIS BOOK

But now is the time when the enjoyments which this long labour has brought me draw near their end. “When a book appears”, says a woman of genius, “what happy moments has it not given to one who writes according to his heart, and as an act of worship! What sweet tears have fallen in his solitude upon the marvels it narrates!” She was right; and without aspiring to the rank which she has attained—without venturing, like her, into the domain of imagination—it is possible to find inexhaustible attractions in a graver and less brilliant sphere. Those long and indefatigable researches through the labours of others, in search of a date, of a fact, of a name, of a striking or speaking detail; those discoveries which every author flatters himself that he has been first to make or restore to light; that truth which he perceives, which he seizes, which escapes him, which returns, which at last he lays hold of, and sets forth luminous and victorious forever; those interviews, intimate and prolonged, with so many great and holy souls who come out of the shadows of the past to reveal themselves by their acts or their writings; all the pure and profound enjoyments of a conscientious historian—behold them finished!

Things won are done : joy’s soul lies in the doing.

They must give place to the trials, to the disappointments, to the dangers of publicity—to the numerous chances of malevolence, indifference, and forgetfulness. Now rises a melancholy anticipation of the dangers which we are about to brave, of the troubles which we have spontaneously drawn upon ourselves. Now appears in all its bitterness the difficult and thankless task of the writer who loves his own soul and that of his neighbour: now, but too late, we discover all the good reasons we had to be discouraged, to renounce the task and hold our peace.

Among so many dangers there is one which the most indulgent critic cannot fail to point out, and which I am conscious not to have avoided—that of monotony. Always the same incidents and the same motives! always penitence, retirement, the struggle of evil against good, of the spirit against the flesh, of solitude against the world—always foundations, donations, vocations—always self-devotion, sacrifice, generosity, courage, patience! The result of this wearies the pen of the writer, and, still more, the attention of the reader. Let us, however, remark, that the virtues so frequently evoked in the following narratives are still sufficiently rare in the world, and appear but too seldom before the ordinary tribunal of history. Here we shall see them almost on every page. They are, it is true, accompanied by the inevitable train of human inconsistency, feebleness, and wretchedness; but these we encounter, perhaps, less here than in any other narrative. I venture even to affirm that we shall see less here than elsewhere of those triumphs of violence and deceit, of injustice and falsehood—thanks to which, the annals of humanity are so repulsive, and the lessons of history so immoral. I may perhaps be led astray by a certain degree of self-estimation; but I am fain to hope that the reader who is sufficiently patient to follow me to the end, will come forth from this

study with a soul at once tranquillized by the sweet influences of the purest virtue, and stimulated both by the love of all that renews and exalts human nature, and by aversion for everything which taints and debases it.

However, I must repeat again, I have never extenuated the evil nor magnified the good which I might find upon my road: I have sought to represent the monastic orders, and the society in which they occupied so important a place, by reproducing faithfully the features and the colours furnished by contemporary authors.

And I may be permitted to say that it is impossible to have been more rigidly scrupulous in all that concerns the correctness of these researches. Every word which I have written has been drawn from original and contemporary sources, and if I have quoted facts or expressions from second-hand authors, it has never been without attentively verifying the original or completing the text. A single date, quotation, or note, apparently insignificant, has often cost me hours and sometimes days of labour. I have never contented myself with being approximately right, nor resigned myself to doubt until every chance of arriving at certainty was exhausted. It is a thankless and painful task, but one which ends by having a certain attraction, and becoming a habit, of which it is impossible to divest one's self. "Truth", says a celebrated historian of our day—one who can boast with truth that his age has read him— "Truth is the object, the duty, and even the happiness of a true historian: when we know how noble she is, and even how convenient—for she alone explains everything—when we know her, we seek her, we desire her, we love her, we set forth her image only, or at least something which we take for her".

I have thought it a duty, at the risk of enlarging these volumes, and even of making them less accessible to the general reader, to add as notes the original text of the most important passages of the authors quoted, and especially of the correspondences embodied in my text. I have acted thus, certainly not out of ostentation, or to give myself credit for an easy erudition, but by a natural taste for exactitude and for the uttermost sincerity. The voluminous works from which I have personally extracted all these passages, and which have hitherto been difficult of access, have recently become much less rare and costly. I desired at the same time to give examples of the Latin of the middle ages—that idiom, retempered and transfigured, so to speak, by Christianity, which retains, beside the inimitable beauty of the classic models, a grace of its own. But above all, I lacked courage to reduce the magnificent language of our Catholic ancestors to the mean proportions of my own feebleness. I have almost always found my translation, however literal it was, so imperfect and unfaithful, that I give it only as a sort of indication, to put my readers upon the road, of the beauty and truth of the originals. I love to believe that those among them who appreciate historical sincerity will remember with kindness, in the future, this increase of labour and sacrifice of self-love.

The task of the historian, thus understood, resembles that of the engraver, who lavishes his labour, his time, and his eyesight, and sometimes consecrates ten or twenty years of his life, to reproduce with a religious scrupulousness the smallest details of the canvas of the great painter whom his admiration has chosen. His pious labour is devoted to spread far and wide faithful copies of a model which he despairs to equal, and thus to convert the treasure, known only to a few, into the patrimony of the many. His task is often interrupted, but perpetually returned to, until his persevering graver has accomplished the cherished work. Thus have I laboured, a modest and diligent workman, for a glory which is not mine. I have attempted to raise a monument, not certainly to my own renown, but to that of virtue, truth, and sanctity, of which I am

only a distant and unworthy admirer. I have hoped, not to create a great work of my own, but simply to reproduce and multiply the image of the great deeds of our fathers, and to promote the admiration and study of their honour.

Public events, in which duty and honour had assigned me a part, have long and often interrupted this work. When I have taken it up again, and recalled the time in which it was begun, I am obliged to acknowledge that many changes have taken place around, which still more diminish the chances of success, and dissipate all the vanity of authorship.

This work, which, published sooner, might perhaps, like the *Histoire de Sainte Elisabeth*, twenty-five years ago, have opened a new path across the vast field of Catholic history, can only pretend now to take its place among a series of contemporary studies. The subject, then completely ignored or forgotten, has been since approached by many. Although no extensive view of the entire field of monastic history has been attempted, the ground has been broken by monographs sufficiently numerous and detailed, to have already in some degree fatigued the public attention, and to deter the reader from that which he can already look upon as a beaten road, and a landscape already too well known. For the same reason, many results attained by laborious researches are no longer held to be discoveries, and scarcely arrest the gaze of the curious.

Besides—and this is still sadder and more important—the spirit of many amongst Catholics has changed. The religious public has fallen a prey to the domination of a school whose very existence would have seemed a dream when this work was begun, but whose empire is sufficiently established to enable them now to pronounce a kind of ostracism against all who will not bow beneath their yoke in the religious sphere.

It is unnecessary to say that a book which proclaims the divinity of the Gospel, and the infallible authority of the Church, is not likely to be received as work of any worth by the popular arbiters of taste and distributors of contemporary fame. Discarded amongst those whom they call the slaves of orthodoxy, the author, in the eyes of the most indulgent of these authorities, can only be entitled to silent pity.

But, moreover, it must be known and acknowledged that a book which recognizes the rights of reason, and searches with ardour through the past fur the effaced vestiges of liberty and honour, to make them cherished and regretted by modern generations must renounce all hope of success with too great a number of those who call themselves orthodox.

Twenty years ago all studies favourable to the re-establishment of Catholic truth, especially in history, were received with indulgent sympathy by the faithful and the clergy. In their ranks, in their hearts, we found an assured asylum against the disdains and derisions of our natural adversaries, and against the absence of that great public favour, which for a long time has belonged exclusively to productions hostile or indifferent to religion. Now it is no longer thus; the merits of the defenders of the Catholic cause are too often judged according to those oracles who inflict wilfully, on all who reject their authority, the reproach of liberalism, rationalism, and, above all, of naturalism.

I have achieved a right to this threefold reproach. I should be surprised, and even mortified, not to be thought worthy of it, for I adore liberty, which alone, in my judgment, secures to truth triumphs worthy of her. I hold reason to be the grateful ally of faith, not her enslaved and humiliated victim. And, lastly, although animated by a

lively and simple faith in the supernatural, I have recourse to it only when the Church ordains, or when all natural explanation fails to interpret undeniable facts. This will be enough to call down upon me the anathema of our modern inquisitors, whose thunders we must know how to brave, unless, as said Mabillon in an encounter with certain monastic denunciators of his time, “unless we choose to renounce sincerity, good faith, and honour”.

Thus, then, disdained by one party as bearing the stamp of superstition and credulity, this book will still be marked out by the other as “written in a spirit of complacency towards the present times”. For this is the language used against such as me. It will stand ignored, and still more certainly unknown, between two kinds of enmities. I am grieved at the thought, but not afraid. I consent willingly to be treated as a suspected person on the one hand, and as a fanatic on the other. It is the fate of him who belongs to no party, and no party has a claim upon me. I owe nothing to any man. I no longer aspire to anything, unless to the ineffable joy of confessing the good cause, and braving the wretched triumphs of falsehood and baseness. The yoke of truth I bear with pride, and have never known any other.

But I would not only confess, I would fain also serve this truth; and it is in this respect that 1 fear to have betrayed it.

In terminating this first foundation of an edifice which has consumed many years of assiduous labour, I feel myself confounded and humiliated by the worthlessness of my work compared to the labour which it has cost me, and, above all, to the ideal which I had formed. The consciousness of a double weakness seizes and overpowers me. I feel myself beneath my task, both in soul and talent. Of these two inferiorities, the first is doubtless the most poignant and painful. Others much less unworthy than myself have confessed it with trembling, in proportion as they entered into the annals of the monks and saints. The illustrious Mabillon, in completing one of his incomparable volumes, said, in terms which I must quote for my own confusion, “May it please God not to impute it to me as a crime that I have passed so many yean studying the acts of the saints, and yet resemble them so little!” The great apostle had already expressed that humble distrust of himself in the memorable text: “Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway”. And the psalmist seems to address to us specially that formidable warning: “Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?” “Whosoever”, says St. John Chrysostom, “admires with love the merits of the saints, and exalts the glory of the just, ought to imitate their uprightness and sanctity... We ought to imitate them if we praise them, or cease to praise them if we scorn to imitate.”

To quote these formidable words, which bear witness against me, is enough, or more than enough, to show that a deep sense of my insufficiency is not wanting. Happily there are authorities whose indulgence is more encouraging. “It is”, says St. Jerome, “a kind of candid and ingenuous confession to praise in others that which is awaiting in one’s self”. And do I need to protest besides that I have never pretended to write a work of edification, nor believed myself authorized to give to others lessons of penitence or sacrifice, of which I had but too much need for myself? So arrogant a thought has never glanced upon my soul: a just conviction of my own inferiority was enough to recall to me that such was neither my right nor my mission.

A simple child of the Church, I do not pretend to be either her organ or her minister; and much more justly than Mabillon I ought to reproach myself in relating

these marvels of Christian virtue, that I know so well how to admire them, and so little how to imitate.

But on a lower level than these heights, and without any other title than that of a sinner who has not denied his faith, without any other pretension than that of rendering a distant and humble homage to truth, may not we be permitted, even with an infirm hand, and colours tarnished by the breath of the world, to trace the image of that which we venerate and love? The painter who attempts to reproduce the ideal of beauty does not pretend to resemble his model; and no one reproaches him with that impotence. The Church accepts graciously, and even permits to be offered in her name to the faithful, images often coarse and rustic, without demanding too much of the artist, and on the sole condition that his design does not injure the majesty of the symbol. She allows him to share thus in the blessing which descends upon all acts of goodwill. She also allows the obscure Christian, who walks in the splendid processions of her worship, lost among the crowd, and is neither pontiff nor priest, nor even a modest acolyte charged with the censer or candlestick, to join his sincere voice to the concerts of the sacred ministers, and to sing without pride, but without fear, the praises of the Most High.

Should I speak, finally, of my literary insufficiency to this colossal task which I have had the temerity to undertake? No one can be more convinced of it than I am. After the history of the Church herself, there is no vaster or more noble subject than the history of the monastic orders. I feel a melancholy certainty that I have not done it justice. Let others arise, then, to replace and efface me; let their better inspired labours restore to chaos this incomplete essay.

I will not venture to say with the prophet: “Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!” Alas! I am too sensible that I have not received that sublime gift of genius, that pen that graves, not on the rock, but even on the hardest hearts, the ineffaceable stamp of truth. My only merit will be that of compiling, of translating, and of transcribing events which so many saints and heroes have inspired and accomplished.

There is, however, a thought which ought to warm the courage and restore the strength of the humblest soldier of the faith: it is the recollection of the immense evil done to humanity, not only by the genius of the great enemies of God, but by that cloud of obscure scribes, of vulgar and servile copyists, who have distilled in detail the venom of their masters, and have diffused it through all the lesser veins of the social body. In sight of the daily-increasing mischief they make, one can understand how it might be a legitimate ambition and honourable duty to become the scribe of justice and the copyist of truth.

Even in these modest limits, how often have I felt that I had undertaken a work above my strength! How often have I been tempted to renounce this excessive task, and to fly from that abyss which seemed ready to swallow up the passing and shortened years of life, an exhausted patience, and worn-out strength!

But how often also, in the silence of night, under the roof of the old manor-house in which most of these pages have been written, behind the heavy folios in which their acts have been registered by their laborious successors, have I imagined myself to see, appearing around me, that imposing train of saints, pontiffs, doctors, missionaries, masters of word and deed, who have issued, from age to age, out of the crowded ranks

of the monastic orders. I contemplated with trembling these august resuscitated forms of the glorious and unappreciated Past. Their austere yet benevolent looks seemed to stray over their profaned tombs, their forgotten works, the despised monuments of their unwearied industry, the defaced sites of their holy dwellings, and then to rest upon me, their unworthy annalist, confused and overwhelmed by the weight of my unworthiness. I heard a voice, noble and plaintive, come forth from their chaste and masculine breasts: “So many incessant labours, so many evils endured, so many services rendered, so many lives consumed for the glory of God, and for the good of men! and behold the return —calumny, ingratitude, proscription, contempt! In these modern generations, which are at once overwhelmed by our benefits and oblivious of them, will no man rise up to avenge our memory? No apology, no panegyric; a simple and exact tale—the truth, and nothing but the truth—justice, nothing but justice,—let that be our sole revenge!”

And then I felt a thrill of ardent and melancholy emotion run through my veins. “I am but a creature of dust”, I answer them, “but that dust may perhaps be animated by contact with your sacred bones. Perhaps a spark of your fire may come to light up my soul. I have only a cold and sad pen for my weapon, and I am the first of my blood who has fought with the pen alone”. But, notwithstanding, if it serves with honour, it may in its turn become a sword, in the bold and holy warfare of conscience and the disarmed majesty of right, against the triumphant oppression of falsehood and sin.

THE END

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