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A table of contents for *Bibliotheca Sacra* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_bib-sacra_01.php

they are like improvements to a standard commentary on the Scriptures from the stores of Millerite criticism. It is as if a house-painter should set about improving the landscape of a professed artist, by touches borrowed from a journeyman's dab. The man who would really improve such a Lexicon, as the one in question, must trust not to his scissors and his paste, but to long and patient reading of the classics, to years of hard work. If the American editor and the learned gentleman who is to bear the part of supervisor, mean to go to work in this way, whether they have had the comity of obtaining the authors' agreement to the proposed improvements or not, we shall rejoice at least in this, that a better help in studying Greek is furnished to our scholars than they before possessed.

ARTICLE II.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MONASTICISM;—FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCES.

Continued from No. 3, p. 525. By Prof. Emerson.

LIFE OF ST. MARTIN OF TOURS. FROM THE LATIN OF SULPITIUS SEVERUS.

Preliminary Remarks.

[In the last two numbers of this work, an account has been given of the rise of monasticism in Egypt. The object of the present article is to exhibit its early development in the West, by giving the Life of its first distinguished example and patron.

Doubtless a strong tendency to the monastic life had existed in Europe, for a considerable period, before the time of Martin; but to what extent it had been pursued, we have not the means of determining. Only obscure traces remain in history, of a few who practised at least a partial retirement from social life.

The achievements of Martin were early a theme for the poet as well as the historian. Paulinus Petricordius, a Gallic poet, about the year 460, wrote six books of Latin hexameters, descriptive of the life and miracles of this saint, whose aid he frequently invokes in the progress of his poem. It is, however, little more

than an inflated attempt to embellish the facts presented by Severus, and possesses no independent authority. Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, (whose diseased eyes are said to have been cured through the agency of this departed worthy,) also commemorated his acts in a poem of four books. Though a work of some poetic merit, it is of no historic value, except as indicating the exalted fame of Martin in the last half of the sixth century, when the poem was written. Indeed the author, in his dedicatory epistle to pope Gregory, only professes to have given in verse what Severus had recorded in prose.

But little is known of the personal history of Sulpitius Severus, on whose authority the world must chiefly rely for the wonders he has recorded respecting one of the most remarkable men of his age, and the chief thaumaturgist that has ever appeared in Europe. It is singular, that a historian so universally admired for the elegance of his style, and so powerful a champion for the monks, should have none to record the incidents of his own life. He has frequently been confounded with a bishop of the same name who lived about two centuries later. The following are the principal facts on which we can rely, and are chiefly derived from his own writings and from the fourteen letters which his friend Paulinus of Nola addressed to him, and from the brief notice of him by Gennadius, about a century after his death.

Severus was of noble extract, a native of Aquitain Gaul, and early instructed by Phaeadius, bishop of Auges. Having devoted his youth to the study of eloquence, he afterwards acquired much fame as an advocate, and was married to a lady of consular rank. Subsequently he is supposed to have become a monk under St. Martin, with whom he was certainly familiar, as he was also with Jerome and Paulinus of Nola. Gennadius relates that, in his old age he was led astray, for a while, by the Pelagians; but recovering from his error, he condemned his tongue to perpetual silence—a genuine monkish penance. He was likewise a presbyter at Primulum, a village between Narbonne and Toulouse. He is supposed to have died, at an advanced age, about the year 420. Angustine says he was “a man distinguished for learning and wisdom.”

His style, for chasteness, purity, and elegance, is far superior to that of his age, and resembles closely that of Sallust; and hence he has been called *the Christian Sallust*. Mosheim pronounces him “a very good historian.” Certainly he was very good, considering the age in which he lived. His personal acquaintance

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with Martin and other distinguished monks, afforded him signal advantages for preparing the biography now before us.

Besides this work, he wrote a history of the church, *Historia Sacra*, from the creation to the year 400, which is distinguished for its classic style, and is regarded as his best work. He has also left three epistles concerning Martin, and three dialogues. The first dialogue is on the virtues, or rather the miracles, of the oriental monks; the last two, on those of Martin. Several other epistles of his are lost. He was assailed by Jerome as guilty of the millenarian heresy, especially in his last two dialogues, which were also subsequently condemned, for the same error, by papal authority. See Gennadius, *de Viris Illust.* c. 19. Also Cave's *Hist. Literaria*, and Mosheim's *Ecc. Hist.*

The works of Severus have been often published. The edition from which the ensuing translation is made, was edited by Vorstius, at Leipsic, 1703.

In his prefatory letter, addressed to his friend Desiderius, Severus apologizes for the imperfections of his style, in a manner which shows that he was, like most elegant writers, extremely sensitive on that point; and yet he professes to care but little about it. At the close of his apology he says: Let the readers whose ears may be wounded by my vicious style, also remember, that salvation was preached to the world, not by orators, but by fishermen. For when I first made up my mind to write, (as I thought it a sin that the deeds of so great a man should lie concealed,) I learnt not to blush at solecisms; for, if I had ever attained to any great knowledge of these things, I had lost it all by long disuse. But that so irksome a defence may not await me, let the book be published, if you please, without my name.

From what Sulpitius here says, and from other circumstances noticed in the course of the work, it is manifest that this biography was written at rather an advanced period in his life, and about the close of the fourth century. Notwithstanding the general purity and elegance of his style, this work does indeed contain some solecisms, which a translator, if no one else, may well wish he had corrected, as it is sometimes impossible to give the sense, with equal conciseness, without a like solecism in the translation. The introductory paragraph, and especially the first sentence, will strongly remind the classic reader, of Sallust's introduction to his Jugerthine War.]

Early Life of Martin.

Many mortals, vainly devoted to the pursuit of worldly glory, have sought an eternal remembrance of their own names, by writing the lives of illustrious men. This has, indeed, produced a little, though by no means the lasting fruit which they hoped; for they have both transmitted a remembrance of themselves, (though useless,) and, by presenting the examples of great men, have excited no small emulation in their readers. But this anxiety of theirs in noway extended to the blessed and eternal life. For, what benefit to themselves is the glory of their writings, which is to perish with the world? Or what advantage has posterity derived by reading of Hector fighting, or Socrates philosophising? since it were not only folly to imitate, but even madness not most vehemently to oppose their example, because, estimating human life by present action only, they entrusted their hopes to fables, their souls to sepulchres. For they looked for their immortality solely to the remembrance of men, while it is the duty of man to seek eternal life, rather than eternal remembrance—not by writing, nor by fighting, nor by philosophising—but by living piously, holily, and religiously. And this human error, incorporated with literature, has had the effect of rendering many ambitious either of vain philosophy, or of that foolish valor. Hence I have thought it worth my time to write the life of a most holy man, to be hereafter an example to incite the readers to true wisdom, and the heavenly warfare, and divine virtue. And the benefit I also propose to myself is, not the useless remembrance of men, but the eternal reward from God; for although I have not myself so lived as to be an example to others, I have endeavored that he should not be unknown who is worthy of imitation. I shall, therefore, attempt to write the life of St. Martin, and what he did both before and while he was bishop, though I have by no means been able to discover all his deeds, as those are unknown, to which himself only was a witness; for, as he sought not honor from men, he wished to conceal all his achievements as much as possible. And yet I have omitted even many of those I have discovered, because I deemed it sufficient to record only the more excellent. At the same time, a regard was to be had to the readers, lest the accumulated mass should produce satiety. But I entreat those who shall read, to believe what is related, and not to think I have written anything but

what has been ascertained and proved. I would rather be silent than write falsehoods.

Martin was born at Sabaria in Pannonia, [now Stein in Lower Hungary, about the year 338,] but was brought up at Ticinum [Pavia] in Italy. His parents, though pagans, were not of the lowest in worldly dignity. His father, at first a soldier, was afterwards a military tribune. He himself followed carnal warfare in his youth, and served under the emperor Constantine, among the recruits in a course of training, and afterwards under the Caesar Julian;¹ but not willingly, for, almost from his earliest years, the sacred infancy of the illustrious boy aspired rather after the divine service. For, when ten years old, against the will of his parents, he fled to a church and requested to be made a catechumen. Soon being, in a wonderful manner, wholly consecrated to the service of God, at twelve years of age he longed for the desert, and would have indulged his wishes had not his tender years prevented. Still his mind, ever engrossed with monasteries or the church, meditated, even in youth, what he afterwards devotedly accomplished.

But when it was decreed by the emperors that the sons of the veterans should be enrolled in the army, being given up, at the age of fifteen, by his father, who was displeased with his blessed

¹ It is difficult to see how Martin could have served both under Constantine and Julian. For he appears not to have been in the army more than five years, unless we are to add some three or four years for the time spent in preparatory drilling, and which may possibly have been before he arrived at the age of fifteen, when, as our author soon observes, he was compelled to join the army. But with even this addition, the time of service would still be too short, as it could not have amounted to more than some eight or ten years. But Constantine the Great died in 337; and his son, Constantine II, in 340; and Julian was not made Caesar till 355. Our author, therefore, or else some transcriber of his works, must have made a mistake either in regard to the time Martin spent as a soldier, or the names of those under whom he served. The most rational conclusion is, that the name of Constantius, who reigned till 361, should stand in the text instead of *Constantine*, as it appears, from the sequel, that Martin belonged to Julian's army in Gaul, and left it not earlier than the year 356, probably not before 358. And if such was the fact, we are to conclude that Martin was born about the year 338, twenty-two years later than Gregory of Tours and other subsequent authors, deceived perhaps by the mistake just mentioned, have supposed.

Sozomen, (Ecc. Hist. III. 14), says, that Martin distinguished himself as a soldier and became the commander of a band of two cohorts. He probably belonged to the cavalry, as he might have had more than one servant assigned to him.

deeds, and being forcibly taken and chained, he was subjected to the military oaths. In this situation, he was content with a single servant, as a companion—whom, however, the master served, insomuch that, for the most part, he took off his servant's shoes and cleaned them. They ate together, but Martin the more generally served. He was in the army nearly three years before his baptism, yet far from the vices in which that class of men are commonly involved. Great was his benignity and wonderful his endearment to his fellow soldiers; while his humanity and patience were more than human. It were superfluous to praise his frugality, which he practised to such an extent as, even at that time, to be regarded, not as a soldier but as a monk. By these things, all his fellow soldiers became so attached to him, that they most affectionately revered him. Though not yet regenerated in Christ [i. e. baptized], he performed the part of one already arrayed in the good works of baptism;¹ for he assisted the distressed, aided the miserable, fed the needy, clothed the naked, and reserved nothing from his stipend but daily food. Even now attentive to the precepts of the gospel, he took no thought for the morrow. Thus, at a time when he had nothing but his arms and his simple military tunic, in the midst of a winter so uncommonly severe that many perished by the cold, he met with a naked beggar at the gate of Amiens, who was imploring the pity of those who were passing. But as all passed by the wretched man without compassion, Martin perceived that he must take care of the beggar. But what could he do? He had nothing but the cloak in which he was clad, for he had already disposed of his other garments in charity. Drawing the sword with which he was girded, he divided the garment and gave half of it to the poor man, and put the other half again upon himself. Meanwhile some of the bystanders began to laugh at his grotesque appearance in his mutilated tunic. Many, however, who were of a sounder mind, grieved sadly that they had done nothing of the kind, especially, as having more, they might have clothed the poor man without stripping themselves.

¹ An astonishing power was then attributed to baptism, not only for washing away past guilt, but also for preparing the individual for a holy life. The person baptized was accordingly arrayed in a white robe, which he wore for a week, in token of the purity he had thus attained, and which he was to preserve. Should he afterwards fall into sin, this robe, which was to be kept by the priest, might be produced as a witness to his baptismal vows. The text seems to allude to this robe of righteousness.

The following night, while asleep, Martin saw Christ clothed in the part of the tunic which he had given to the poor man. He was commanded most attentively to observe the Lord, and to recognize the garment he had given. Immediately he heard Jesus saying in a distinct voice, to the surrounding multitude of angels: Martin, as yet a catechumen, hath clothed me in this garment. The Lord, truly mindful of his own words—who had before said, Inasmuch as ye have done these things to one of the least of these, ye have done them unto me—acknowledged himself to have been clothed in the person of the poor man, and, as a confirmation of his testimony to so good a work, he deigned to appear in the same habit which the poor man had received. At this sight, the blessed man was not elated with human glory; but, recognizing the goodness of God in his deed, he resorted to baptism, at eighteen years of age. Still he did not immediately renounce the military life, being overcome by the entreaties of his tribune, who was his intimate friend and who promised to renounce the world at the expiration of his tribuneship. Induced by this expectation, Martin remained nominally a soldier for nearly two years after his baptism.

In the meantime the barbarians were rushing into Gaul, and the Caesar Julian, having concentrated his army at the city of the Vangiones [now Worms], began to distribute donatives among the soldiers. According to custom, they were called, one by one, till Martin was summoned. But then, thinking it a fit time to seek his discharge—for he did not deem it right for him to receive the donative when not intending to act as a soldier—Hitherto, said he to the Caesar, I have been *your* soldier; permit me now to be the soldier of God. Let *him* accept your donative who is to pursue the military life; I am the soldier of Christ. It is not lawful for me to fight. Then, at this declaration, did the tyrant rage, saying, that he refused to serve through fear of the battle which was to be on the ensuing day, and not on account of religion. But Martin, undismayed, nay, the more firm as terror threatened him, said, If this is attributed to cowardice, not to faith, tomorrow I will stand unarmed before the front of the battle, and, in the name of the Lord Jesus, protected, not by shield or helmet, but by the sign of the cross, I will penetrate, unharmed, the battalions of the enemy. Consequently, he ordered him into custody, that he might verify his word by being opposed, unarmed, to the barbarians. The next day the enemy sent am-

bassadors for peace, surrendering themselves and all they had.¹ Hence who can doubt that the victory belonged to the truly blessed man, who was thus prevented from being sent unarmed to battle. And although the good Lord could have preserved his soldier even in the midst of the swords and weapons of the enemy, yet, lest the sight of the holy man should be polluted by beholding the death of others, he removed the necessity of fighting. Nor ought Christ to have afforded to his soldier any other than a bloodless victory over the enemy, in which no one should die.²

His Adventures and Achievements after leaving the Army.

After this, Martin left the army and sought saint Hilary, bishop of Poitiers, whose fidelity in the things of God was then proved and known, and with whom he remained for a considerable period. By imposing upon him the office of deacon, Hilary sought to connect him more closely with himself, and to bind him to the sacred ministry; but when Martin constantly refused, declaring himself unworthy, this man of deep penetration perceived, that he might be constrained by assigning him an office in which there would appear to be some abasement. He therefore appointed him an exorcist. This appointment, he did not reject, lest he should seem to despise it as too humble.

Not long after, being admonished, by a dream, with pious care to visit his native country and his parents, who were still pagans, he departed with the consent of saint Hilary, but adjured by him

¹ Julian's campaigns in Gaul commenced in 356. Of course this event cannot have occurred at an earlier date. Probably it did not in fact occur before 338, for Ammianus asserts, that up to this period, Julian's army had received neither a donative, nor even their regular stipend. (*Am. Rerum Gest.* 17: 9). And this well agrees with what seems to be suggested in the text, that Martin had been, for about two years, but nominally a soldier, and without pay. And as he was only about five years in the army, and must consequently have been now at the age of twenty, I have ventured to place his birth in 338.

² From such passages as the above, it has been too hastily inferred by some, that none of the early Christians would bear arms. But nothing is more certain than that Christians had been very numerous in the Roman armies from a period anterior to the reign of Constantine; and there are strong reasons for the opinion that, from the earliest ages, the number was not small. The "thundering legion," in 174, are said to have consisted principally if not wholly of Christians, and to have obtained, by their prayers to Christ, a shower of rain which saved the army from famishing of thirst. Still there were doubtless many who, like Martin and Severus, and others since, supposed carnal warfare entirely prohibited by Christ.

with many prayers and tears to return. In sadness, as it is related, did he commence that journey, calling the brethren to witness that he should meet with much adversity, which the event afterwards verified.

And first, while pursuing the sequestered paths among the Alps, he fell among robbers. And as one was aiming his lifted axe against his head, another arrested the blow by his hand. But, Martin, with his hands bound behind his back, was delivered to one of them to be preserved and plundered; the robber, when he had led him to a more secluded spot, began to inquire who he was. Martin replied that he was a Christian. The robber then asked him whether he was afraid. But he most firmly declared, that he was never so secure, because he knew the mercy of the Lord would be especially present in time of danger; and that he rather grieved for him who, as he was practising robbery, was unworthy of Christ's compassion. And commencing a religious conversation, he preached the word of God to the robber. But why be more minute? The robber believed; and accompanying Martin back, implored his prayers, and left him to pursue his journey. The robber seems afterwards to have led a religious life, as the things I have here related, are said to have been heard from himself.

Martin proceeded. And when he had passed Milan, the devil met him on the way, in human shape, and inquired whither he was going. And when he had received from Martin the reply that he was going where the Lord called him, he said to him, Wherever thou goest or whatever thou attemptest, the devil will oppose thee. Then he answered him in the words of the prophet, The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man may do unto me. And immediately the adversary vanished from his sight. And then, as he had purposed in his mind, he freed his mother from the error of heathenism, his father still continuing in its errors. He also saved many by his example.

Subsequently, when the Arian heresy had sprung up throughout the whole world and especially in Illyricum, and when Martin strenuously contending, almost alone, against the perfidy of the priests, had suffered much,—for he was publicly beaten with rods, and finally compelled to leave the city,—and when, on coming into Italy, he had found that the church in Gaul was also in confusion by the departure of Hilary, [bishop of Poitiers,] whom the violence of the heretics had driven into exile, he built a monastery for himself at Milan. And here also Auxentius,

the leader and chief of the Arians,¹ most sorely persecuted him, and drove him, loaded with injuries, from the city. Thinking it therefore necessary to yield to the occasion, he retired to an island called Gallinaria, accompanied by a presbyter who was a man of great virtues.² Here, for a time, he subsisted on roots; at which period he ate some hellebore for food, an herb which is said to be poisonous. But when he felt the power of the poison acting within him and death to be near, he met the threatening danger with prayer, and all the pain immediately ceased.

Not long after, when he learned that, by the repentance of the emperor, permission had been given for Hilary to return, he endeavored to meet him at Rome, and went to that city.³ But as Hilary had already passed it, he followed him; and after a most grateful reception by him, he built a monastery for himself, not far from the town [of Poitiers].

At this time a catechumen joined him, anxious to be taught the discipline of the most holy man. A few days after, he was seized with a fever. Martin happened then to be gone; and on his return, after an absence of three days, he found him a corpse. So sudden was his death that he departed without baptism. The body, exposed to the view of all, was receiving the mournful attentions of the afflicted brethren, when Martin arrived weeping and lamenting. Then, his mind filled with the Holy Ghost, he directed the rest to leave the cell where the dead body lay; and the doors being closed, he stretched himself upon the lifeless members of the deceased brother. And when he had fervently prayed for a while and perceived by the Spirit of the Lord that virtue was present, rising a little and fixing his gaze on the countenance of the deceased, he confidently expected the event of his prayer and of the Lord's compassion. And scarcely had two hours elapsed, when he saw the dead man gradually beginning to

¹ Severus can only mean that Auxentius was the chief of the Arians in that region. He now filled the episcopal chair at Milan, from which the orthodox bishop, Dionysius, had been expelled.

² Gallinaria was a small and uninhabited island in the Tuscan Sea, on the coast of Liguria. See Sozomen.

³ Severus gives a more full account of Hilary's permission to return, in his Sacred History, II. 45, by which it would seem that the bigoted Arian emperor, Constantius, rather ordered, than permitted him to return to Gaul, and that, not from repentance of his own wicked deed in banishing him to Phrygia, but because of his great influence there against Arianism. He was banished in 356, and ordered back to Gaul in 360; but, as we learn from Jerome, was not restored to his see till the accession of Julian, in 361.

move in all his members, and his loosened eyes to quiver for the purpose of seeing. Then he, turning and with a loud voice giving thanks to the Lord, filled the cell with his shouting. On hearing this, those who stood before the door immediately rushed in. Wonderful spectacle! they saw him alive whom they had left dead.¹

Being restored to life he immediately received baptism, and afterwards lived many years. He was both the first subject and evidence among us of Martin's miracles. The same man was accustomed to relate, that, after leaving the body, he was conducted to the tribunal of the Judge, and doomed to receive his sad sentence in obscure regions and among the vulgar throng; but then it was suggested to the Judge, by two angels, that he was a man for whom Martin was praying; so he was ordered to be conducted back to Martin and restored to his former life.² From this time the name of the blessed man [Martin], shone so that he who was already regarded as a saint, came also to be regarded as mighty and truly apostolic.

Not long after, as he was passing the field of one Lupicinus,

¹ And how "wonderful," too, the contrast between the manner in which this truly able and dignified writer relates these miracles, and that of the evangelists and prophets in relating the wonders they record. Athanasius, in relating the deeds of Antony, deviates less from the style of the Bible. Our modern Papists, on the other hand, set no bounds to their exclamations.

² This miracle, if wrought at all, was wrought in attestation of one of the most poisonous heresies that has ever infected the church—the necessity of baptism for admission to heaven. For had this devout catechumen been baptized before his death, Martin would not have attempted to raise him from the dead; and he was manifestly sent back into life for the special purpose of being delivered by baptism from his "sad sentence." Otherwise, like the heathen who could not pass the river Styx if his body remained unburied, he would have been doomed to wander "in obscure regions and among the vulgar throng." This heathenish heresy, which had long been gaining ground in the church and had before been sanctioned by the visions of Antony, was now completely established, by what Severus, in his third dialogue, regards as the greatest wonder that had been wrought after the days of the Apostles. The following passage will show the light in which many of the fathers of that period regarded the necessity of baptism. Ambrose says, "The catechumen believes; but unless he be baptized he cannot obtain the remission of sins." *De his qui Myst. initiantur*, c. 4. To this may be added a specimen from Fulgentius, of the sixth century. "Without the sacrament of baptism, no one can receive either the kingdom of heaven or eternal life, except those who in the church pour out their blood for Christ." *De Fide ad Petrum*, c. 3. Such as suffered martyrdom were said to be baptized in their own blood, and therefore could pass to heaven without purification by water.

an honorable man in the world's esteem, he heard the lamentations of a company in affliction. He stopped and anxiously inquired the cause of their grief, and was informed that a slave belonging to the family, had strangled himself with a halter. On hearing this, he entered the cell where the body lay; and all the multitude being excluded, he stretched himself on the body and prayed for a short time. Soon, with reviving countenance and languid eyes, the deceased looked him in the face; and endeavoring with feeble effort to raise himself, he took the hand of the blessed man and rose upon his feet, and thus proceeded with him to the vestibule of the house, in the sight of all the multitude.

Martin as a Bishop and a Monk.

About the same time, [perhaps 371], he was sought for the bishopric of the church of Tours. But when he could not easily be drawn from his monastery, Ruricius, one of the citizens, by pretending that his wife was sick, and prostrating himself at his knees, prevailed on him to come forth. Multitudes of the citizens being already arranged on the road, he was conducted to the city under a kind of custody. In a remarkable manner, an incredible multitude, not only from that town but also from the neighboring cities, had assembled to give their suffrages. There was but one will, one desire, one opinion in all, that Martin was most worthy of the episcopate and that the church would be happy under such a priest. A few, however, and some of the bishops who had been called to constitute him bishop, impiously opposed, saying, that he was a contemptible person, unworthy of the episcopate, a man of despicable countenance, sordid dress, and ugly hair. Thus, the madness of those men, who extolled while they wished to vituperate the illustrious man, was put to shame by the people, who were of a sounder mind. Nor was it lawful for them to do any thing different from what the people, by the will of God, compelled them to perform. But among the bishops who were present, one by the name of Defensor, is said to have made special resistance; and hence it was observed that he was fitly designated in a passage of Scripture then read. For, when the reader, whose duty it was to read that day, happened to be away, because prevented by the people, the ministers being in confusion while the absent man was waited for, one of the by-standers took up a Psalter and read the first verse he found. The passage was, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings

thou hast perfected praise, that thou mightest destroy the enemy and the *defender* (defensor). At the reading of this, a shout was raised among the people, and the opposing party were confounded. And so it was thought that the psalm was read by divine guidance, in order that Defensor might hear its testimony of his conduct, as out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the praise of the Lord was perfected in Martin, and the enemy was likewise both detected and destroyed.

What and how great he showed himself, after assuming the episcopate, it is not in my power to describe. For he most firmly persevered in his former course. There was the same humility of heart, the same simplicity in apparel; and so full was he of authority and grace, that he sustained the dignity of the bishop without deserting the purpose or the virtue of the monk. For some time, he occupied a cell adjoining the church; but when he could no longer endure the disturbance from the multitude around him, he built a monastery nearly two miles from the city.¹ The spot was so remote and secluded as to afford the solitude of a desert. For on one side, it was surrounded by a lofty and precipitous crag of the mountain, and the river Loire, by a gentle curve, encompassed the rest of the plain. There was but one way of access to it, and that rather narrow. He had a cell constructed of sticks compacted together. Many of the brethren had made receptacles for themselves in the same manner, but more by an excavation in the rock of the overhanging mountain. There were eighty disciples who were trained after the model of their blessed master. No one there had anything as his own; all was put together in common stock. Unlike the custom with most monks, they were not allowed to buy or sell anything. No art was there practised except that of writing, which labor was assigned to the younger monks, while the older were left at leisure for prayer. Rarely was one to leave his cell except when they assembled at the place of prayer. All received their food together-

¹ "The famous convent of Marmoutiers, between the Loire and a steep rock. This is regarded as the oldest abbey of France."

Martin is said to have been the third bishop of Tours, the gospel having been first preached there by St. Gratian in 250, who founded the see and governed it for fifty years. See Gregory of Tours. It is manifest from the notices we here find, that Gaul was but very slowly evangelized, even before it had been overrun by the barbarians. We may also conclude, from the manner in which the term *rustics* is here so frequently used, that the lower and more illiterate portions of the people, the descendants perhaps of the original inhabitants, were the last to abandon their idols.

er, after the hour of fasting. No one tasted wine unless compelled by infirmity. Most were clothed with camel's hair; and to wear softer raiment was then deemed a crime. This was of course the more wonderful since many among them were ranked as nobles, who, being educated quite differently, had compelled themselves to this humility and patience; and most of these we afterwards saw as bishops. For what city or church was there that did not desire to have priests from Martin's monastery.

But I proceed to the other achievements which Martin performed in his episcopate. There was a place not far from the town and near the monastery, which the false opinion of men had hallowed, as though martyrs were buried there; for there was an altar which was supposed to have been placed there by previous bishops. But Martin, not hastily giving credit to uncertainties, demanded of the more aged, whether presbyters or clergy, the name of the martyr or the time when he suffered, because he had great scruples, inasmuch as tradition afforded no self-consistent certainty in the case. When therefore he had kept away from the place for some time, (neither derogating from its religious regard, because he was uncertain, nor accommodating his authority to the vulgar, lest superstition should increase,) on a certain day, accompanied by a few of the brethren, he proceeded to the place. Standing over the sepulchre itself, he prayed the Lord to show him who was buried there, and what were his merits. Then turning to the left, he saw a ghost standing near him, foul and cruel. He ordered him to declare his name and merit. He gave his name; confessed his guilt; that he had been a robber, slain for his crimes, honored by mistake of the vulgar, and having nothing in common with the martyrs; while they were in glory, he was in torment. Those present heard the voice speaking in a wonderful manner, but saw not the person. Then Martin divulged what he had seen, and commanded the altar which had been there, to be removed from the place; and thus delivered the people from the error of that superstition.¹

It happened afterwards, while he was on a journey, that he met the body of a certain heathen, which was being borne to the

¹ In this, Martin was but executing the fourteenth canon of the fifth council of Carthage, which directs, that "the altars which are everywhere erected in the fields or roads, as though in memory of martyrs, in which no body or relics of martyrs are proved to be buried, be overturned, if it can be done, by the bishops who preside over those places." This shows the great prevalence of such mistakes in those days of tender but superstitious regard to the honored dead.

grave with superstitious rites. Beholding the coming crowd at a distance, and not knowing what it was, he stopt a short time; for, as it was nearly half a mile distant, it was difficult to distinguish what he saw. But as he perceived it to be a rustic band, and that the linen clothes spread over the body were fluttering in the wind, he thought the crowd were performing pagan rites; for it was the custom of the Gallic rustics, in their miserable infatuation, to carry the images of demons through their fields, covered with a white veil. Therefore, making before them the sign of the cross, he commanded the crowd not to move from the place, and to lay down their burden. Here might you have seen the miserable men, at first, wonderfully fixed like stones. Then, when they endeavored with all their might to proceed, and were unable to go on, they whirled round in a ridiculous manner, until overcome by the weight, they laid down the corpse. Astonished and looking one upon another, they silently thought upon what had happened to them. But when the blessed man discovered, that it was a funeral and not a religious procession, raising again his hand, he gave them power to depart and bear away the body. Thus, when he wished, he compelled them to stand; and when he pleased, permitted them to depart.

Again, when he had destroyed a very ancient temple, in a certain village, and was about to cut down a pine tree which was near it, the priest of the place and the rest of the heathen multitude began to resist him. For, though they, by command of the Lord, were quiet while he overturned the temple, they would not suffer the tree to be cut down. He earnestly reminded them that there was nothing sacred in the tree; that they should rather obey the God whom he served, and that the tree ought to be cut down, because it had been dedicated to a demon. Then, one of them, more audacious than the rest, said; If you have any faith in your God, whom you say you revere, we ourselves will cut down the tree, and do you let it fall upon yourself; and if your Lord, as you call him, is with you, you will escape. Then he, firmly trusting in the Lord, promised to do it. Thereupon the whole band of heathen agreed to the condition, readily consenting to the loss of their tree, if by its fall they could destroy the enemy of their shrines. And as the tree leaned in one direction, Martin, being bound, was placed at the will of the rustics, where no one doubted it would fall. Then they began to cut down their pine, with great joy and gladness. The admiring crowd stood aloof. And now the pine began to nod to its fall.

The monks stood pale at a distance, and, terrified at the approaching danger, gave up all hope and confidence, expecting only the death of Martin. But, trusting in the Lord and remaining undaunted, when the descending pine had already cracked and now falling, was just coming upon him, raising his hand against it, he opposed it with the sign of safety [the cross]. Then, in the manner of a whirlwind, (you would have thought it driven back,) it fell in the opposite direction, so that it well nigh prostrated the rustics who were standing in a secure place. Then a shout arose to heaven. The pagans were astonished at the miracle. The monks wept for joy. The name of Christ was extolled in common by all; and it was sufficiently manifest that salvation had that day come to that region. For there was scarcely one from that immense multitude of pagans, who did not crave the imposition of hands, believe on the Lord Jesus, and abandon his impious error. And truly, before Martin, very few, nay almost none, in those regions, had received the name of Christ, whereas it so prevailed through his deeds and example, that now there is no place there which is not filled either with numerous churches or monasteries. For where he destroyed temples he immediately erected either churches or monasteries.

About the same time he performed an equal achievement in the same work. For, when he had set fire to a very ancient and celebrated temple, in a certain village, the flames were driven by the wind against a near and even adjoining house. When Martin perceived this, he hastened to the roof of the house and opposed himself to the coming flames. Then might you have seen the fire marvellously turned back against the force of the wind, like some conflict among the warring elements. Thus by Martin's power did the fire operate only where it was commanded. But in a village called Leprosum, when he endeavored to overthrow a temple which superstition had greatly enriched, he was resisted by a multitude of pagans, and repulsed with some injury. He therefore withdrew to a place near by, where, for three days, covered with sack-cloth and ashes, constantly fasting and praying, he besought the Lord, since he was unable to overturn the temple by human means, that he would destroy it by divine power. Then suddenly two angels appeared to him, armed with spears and shields like the heavenly hosts, saying, that they were sent by the Lord, to put to flight the rustic multitude, and bring aid to Martin, so that none might oppose him while destroying the temple; and that he should therefore return and accomplish the

work he had undertaken. So, returning to the village, all the heathen looking quietly on while he was destroying to the foundation the profane building, he reduced all the altars and images to dust. On beholding this, as the rustics perceived themselves to have been stupified and terrified by the divine power so as not to oppose the bishop, almost all of them believed in the Lord Jesus, exclaiming openly, and confessing, that the God of Martin should be revered, and that idols should be despised as unable to help themselves.

I will also relate what was done in the town of the Aedui [probably Bibracte, now Autun]. When he would overturn a temple there also, a furious multitude of heathen rustics rushed upon him; and when one more audacious than the rest, assailed him with a drawn sword, throwing aside his robe he offered his bare neck to the smiter. Nor did the heathen delay to strike. But when he had raised his hand aloft, it fell down powerless; and terrified by the fear of God, he begged for pardon. In like manner, when he was destroying some idols, a man endeavored to strike him with a pruning-hook; and in the very act of striking, the instrument was wrested from his hands, and disappeared. And often, when the rustics opposed his destroying their fanes, he so influenced the minds of the gentiles by his holy discourse, that, being convinced by the light of truth, they themselves destroyed their temples.

His miraculous Cures.

He possessed the gift of healing to such an extent, that scarcely a sick person came to him who was not immediately cured; as will appear in the following example. A certain damsel at Triers was afflicted with a severe paralysis, so that for a long time she had been unable to use her body for any purpose. Prematurely disabled in every part, she with difficulty drew her feeble breath. The sad relatives stood around, expecting only her death, when suddenly it was announced that Martin had come to that city. When the father of the girl heard this, he ran to him to entreat for his dying daughter. It chanced that Martin was just entering the church, when, in the sight of the people, and in the presence of many other bishops, the weeping old man embraced his knees, saying, "My daughter is dying of a grievous disease, and, what is more cruel than death, her spirit only lives, her flesh is already dead. I beg you to come and help her; for

I believe you can restore her to health." Astonished and perplexed by this declaration, Martin refused, saying, that he had not this gift; that the old man had erred in judgment; that himself was not worthy that the Lord should work a miracle by him. The weeping father most vehemently persisted, and begged that he would visit his lifeless daughter. At length, constrained by the surrounding bishops, he went down to the damsel's abode. A great crowd waited before the doors, to see what the servant of God would do. And first, employing his customary weapons in such cases, he prostrated himself on the ground and prayed. Then, looking upon the sick girl, he desired them to give him some oil; and when he had blessed it, he poured a quantity of the sacred liquid into her mouth, and immediately her voice returned. Then, by degrees, each of her members began to revive at his touch, until she arose, with firm steps, in the sight of the people.

At the same time one Tetradius, who had been a proconsul, had a slave who was possessed with a devil and tormented with deadly pain. Martin, being requested to lay his hands upon him, commanded him to be brought. But the vile spirit could by no means be brought from the cell where it was; and it raged with rabid teeth at those who approached. Then Tetradius flew to the knees of the blessed man, beseeching him to go to the house in which the demoniac dwelt. But Martin declared he could not go to the house of a profane and heathen man; for as yet Tetradius was a heathen. He therefore promised, if the demon should be expelled from the boy, that he would become a Christian. Then Martin, by laying his hand upon the boy, cast out the unclean spirit. Upon seeing this, Tetradius believed in the Lord Jesus, became immediately a catechumen, was soon baptized, and ever after, with great affection, regarded Martin as the instrument of his salvation.

About the same time, in the same city, when entering the house of a certain master of a family, he stopped on the threshold, saying that he saw a horrible demon in the hall. When commanded to depart, the demon took possession of one of the slaves in the interior of the house. The miserable man began to gnash his teeth, and to tear all he met. The house was in commotion; the servants were in confusion; the people fled. Martin placed himself before the raving man, and first commanded him to stand still. But when he gnashed his teeth, threatening with open mouth to bite, Martin put his fingers into his

mouth, saying, If you have any power, devour these. Then, as if a red hot iron had been placed between his jaws, opening his mouth wide, he took care not to touch the fingers of the blessed man. And when he was compelled, by pains and penalties, to leave the body of the possessed, but not permitted to come out through the mouth, he was cast out in another way.

In the mean time, when a sudden rumor of a movement and inroad of barbarians had disturbed the city, he ordered one possessed of a devil to be brought to him, and commanded him to declare whether the report were true; and he confessed, that there were sixteen devils who had spread the rumor among the people, that they might at least cause Martin, through fear, to flee from the city; and that the barbarians had no thought of making an invasion. And when the unclean spirit had confessed this in the midst of the church, the city was relieved from present fear and commotion.

Once when entering the gate of Paris, accompanied by great crowds, to the horror of all he kissed and blessed a leper of a miserable appearance; and the leper was immediately cleansed from all disease. The next day, coming into the church with a clean skin, he gave thanks for his recovered soundness.

Nor should I fail to mention, that the hem of his garment and pieces of his sackcloth, frequently had power over infirmities. For, when bound around the fingers or placed upon the neck, they often put to flight the diseases of the sick.¹

A certain Arborius who had been a prefect, but was a man of pious and sincere disposition, had a daughter who was consuming always with the violent fevers of a quartan ague, and he placed on her breast, at the commencement of a fever fit, a letter from Martin which happened to be brought to him; and imme-

¹ This is no singular or even uncommon instance of the credulity of the age in regard to the miraculous power of relics. Such a belief had long been increasing and was now extreme. To allude to one instance out of many in the most respectable authors of this age; Augustine, as Gibbon states, enumerates more than seventy miracles, three of them resurrections from the dead, which were effected in his own diocese, in the short space of two years, by some relics of St. Stephen. And yet he selects only those which were publicly certified either by the subjects or the spectators of the miracles. Nor was his diocese so much favored in this respect, as other cities of Africa. Well might Gibbon remark, in view of such attestations, "that a miracle, in that age of superstition and credulity, lost its name and its merit, as it could scarcely be considered as a deviation from the ordinary and established laws of nature." See Gibbon's Rome, III. 132, and Augustine's City of God, Book 22.

diately the fever left her. This had such an effect upon Arbo-rius, that he immediately dedicated the girl to God and devoted her to perpetual virginity. And going to Martin he presented the girl to him, as a proof of his power which had healed her although absent; nor when she had assumed the habit of virginity, would he allow her to be consecrated by any one but Martin.

Also, when Paulinus, afterwards a man of great repute, had a severe pain in the eye, and a thick film had covered the pupil, Martin touched it with a brush, and all the pain was removed, and it was restored to its former soundness.

And when Martin himself, by some accident, had been precipitated from the upper part of a house, and falling down the rough stairs had received many wounds, and while he lay half dead in a chamber, suffering excessive pains, an angel came to him by night to cleanse his wounds and to touch his bruised limbs with a healing ointment. And the next day he was restored to soundness, so that he seemed as if he had received no injury. But as it would be tedious to relate each event, let these few suffice out of many. Enough for me, not to have withheld the truth in things so important, nor to have produced satiety by relating too many.

Martin's interview with the usurper Maximus.

And, to insert small things among things so great, (though such are our times, in which all things are depraved and corrupt, that it is almost a peculiar excellence for clerical firmness not to have yielded to royal adulation,) when many bishops had assembled, from different parts, around the emperor Maximus, a man of ferocious disposition, and elated by victory in the civil wars; and when the base adulation of all about the prince was notorious, and the sacerdotal office had subjected itself with degenerate inconstancy, as a client to royal favor, the apostolic authority remained in Martin alone. For although he had to supplicate the king in behalf of some, he rather commanded than entreated; and when frequently invited to the king's feast, he declined, saying, that he could not eat at the table of a man who had killed one emperor and driven another from his kingdom. Finally, when Maximus affirmed that he had not assumed the empire of his own accord, but had defended it by arms, after it had been thrust upon him by the soldiers agreeably to the divine will; that God, under whom the victory had led to so incredible a result, was not displeased with him;

and that none of his adversaries had fallen except in battle; then Martin, conquered at length either by reason or entreaties, came to the feast, the emperor marvellously rejoicing in having gained his object. There were present at the entertainment, as if called forth on a festal day, the greatest and most illustrious men, Evodius who was both prefect and consul, and than whom no man was ever more just, and two consuls of the highest power, the brother and the uncle of the king. Between these reclined one of Martin's presbyters; himself was seated in a small chair by the king. Near the middle of the feast, an attendant, according to custom, brought a goblet to the king, which he commanded to be given to the right reverend bishop, expecting and desiring to receive it from his hand. But Martin, when he had drunk, gave it to his presbyter, as he thought no one more worthy to drink after him, and that it would not be right for him to prefer to his presbyter, either the king himself or those next to the king.¹ This deed the emperor and all present so admired, as to be pleased with the very thing in which they had been treated with contempt; and it was noised through all the palace that Martin had done, at the king's dinner, what no one of the bishops would have

¹ It is quite possible that this goblet, thus ceremoniously passed round, according to custom, at the imperial feast, contained wine. And if so, what became of that excellent rule of temperance, by which this same St. Martin had before bound both himself and all his monks to drink no wine except when compelled by bodily infirmity? Was the monk to be considered as now merged and lost in the bishop? Certainly not; for our author has assured us very positively, that Martin maintained the same rigid self-discipline when a bishop that he had before practised. This rule, too, is recorded as in force for him and his monastery after he became bishop. We have then some reason to fear, that, amid the glory of this imperial feast, and the signal honor he was there enjoying and the superior dignity he was claiming both for himself and his presbyter, the bishop had forgotten his monastic rules. Or perhaps he would justify himself on the score of expediency, in departing from his good rules, as in the case of his communing with the persecutors of Priscillian, recorded in the third dialogue. Be this as it may, we need not much wonder at his own complaint of the diminution of his power to work miracles after he became bishop, if that power was, as he supposed it to be, in proportion to his integrity and humility. See Dialogues II. and III. Nor need we so much wonder at the people of France for regarding their patron saint as also the patron of wine-bibbers, and for celebrating his annual festival, which occurs on the eleventh of November, with carousals. This monk and bishop might surely have thought of another reason besides the one he urged, for not participating in the imperial carousals. But why did it not occur to Severus, while describing this scene, that he had before committed a slight mistake while depicting the undiminished virtues of Martin's monastic life?

done at the feasts of the lowest judges. He also long beforehand predicted to the same Maximus, that if he proceeded, as he desired, to carry the war into Italy against Valentinian, he would be victorious in the first attack, but would perish in a short time. And so we saw it to be. For at his approach, Valentinian was put to flight; but, nearly a year afterwards [388], he slew Maximus, who was taken within the walls of Aquileia.

Martin's power over Devils.

It likewise appears that angels were often seen by Martin, and that they conversed familiarly with him. And he had the devil so completely subject to his vision that he recognized him in any shape, whether in his proper substance or transformed into diverse figures and spiritual wickednesses [Eph. 6: 12]. But when the devil perceived that he could not elude him, he often assailed him with reproaches, because he could not deceive him by wiles. At one time, holding the bloody horn of an ox in his hand, the devil rushed with a great noise into Martin's cell, and displaying his bloody hand and exulting in his recent villany, said: Where, Martin, is your power? I have just killed one of your people. Then, calling together the brethren, he related what the devil had indicated, and directed them to examine every cell, to see who had suffered in the case. They reported that no monk was absent, but that a rustic, hired to bring wood in a cart, was gone into the forest. He therefore ordered some to go and meet him. And so he was found, not far from the monastery, almost dead; but drawing his last breath, he indicated to the brethren the cause of his death and of his wound,—that, having yoked the oxen, and while tightening the loose thongs, one of the oxen, tossing his head, thrust his horn into his groin. Soon after, he died. You see by what judgment of the Lord this power was given to the devil. It was remarkable in Martin, that not merely this which I have just related, but many other things of the same kind, whenever they occurred, he saw long before hand, and told them to the brethren as they were announced to him.

Often the devil, among the thousand arts of mischief with which he attempted to impose upon the holy man, appeared to him in the most diverse forms; for he presented himself, sometimes in the shape of Jupiter, frequently in that of Mercury, and very often with the countenance of Venus or Minerva; while Martin, never daunted, defended himself against him with the

sign of the cross and prayer. There were also often heard the taunts with which a throng of demons would insolently assail him; but knowing all to be false and vain, he was not moved by their reproaches. Some of the brethren even testified, that they heard a demon reproaching him, in insolent language, for having received into the monastery some of the brethren who had lost their baptism by diverse errors, but were subsequently converted, the devil setting forth the crimes of each. Martin, contending with the devil, firmly replied, that past offences are purged by the practice of a better life, and that, through the mercy of the Lord, they who cease to sin, are to be absolved from their sins. The devil rejoined, that the offenders could not be pardoned, and that no mercy was offered by the Lord to those once fallen. Upon this, Martin is said to have exclaimed: If thou thyself, O wretch, wouldst desist from pursuing men and wouldst repent of thy deeds, even at this time when the day of judgment is at hand, I, assuredly trusting in the Lord, would promise thee the mercy of Christ.¹ O what holy presuming upon the compassion of the Lord, in which, although he could not adduce authority, he showed his feeling. And, as I am speaking of the devil and his arts, it seems not out of place, though a foreign matter, to relate an anecdote, both because it shows something of Martin's powers, and because the occasion of the miracle may well be recorded as an example of warning, if any thing of the kind should hereafter occur.

A most noble youth, by the name of Clarus, afterwards presbyter, now blessed in a happy departure, left all to follow Martin, and soon shone on the pinnacle of faith and of all the virtues. And when he had pitched his tent not far from the bishop's monastery, and many brethren were dwelling with him, a youth call-

¹ Whether Martin or the devil was here the greater heretic, might be a matter of doubtful disputation. It is manifest, from the next sentence, that Severus is anxious to put the best possible gloss upon that part of Martin's avowal, which himself thought rather too bold and unsustained by scripture authority. But, on a subject so grave as that of the nature and extent of Christ's atonement, and the consequent conditions of pardon to penitent men, it is most lamentable to observe the deep and increasing ignorance that appears to have rested on nearly, if not quite, all the uninspired writers in the early ages of the church. Hence, on the one hand, their notions about the power of baptism to wash away sins, and of the well nigh forlorn condition of those who relapsed after baptism, and of the atoning nature of penances, and of purgatory; and, on the other hand, the bold fancy of Origen and Martin and some others, that even the devils might enjoy the benefits of God's grace, if they would repent.

ed Anatolius came to him, under the profession of a monk and feigning all humility and innocence, and lived for a while in common with the rest. In process of time, he affirmed that angels were accustomed to converse with him. And when no one gave credit to his pretensions, he persuaded a great part of them to believe by certain miracles. He finally went so far as to declare, that angels passed between himself and God; and now he would fain be regarded as one of the prophets. But Clarus could by no means be induced to believe; and Anatolius began to threaten him with the wrath of God and present plagues, for not believing in the saint. At length he is said to have broke forth in this declaration: Behold, the Lord will this night give me a white robe from heaven, and clad in it, I will appear in the midst of you; and it shall be a sign unto you that I am the power of God, who am presented with God's robe. Great then was the expectation of all, at this declaration. So, about midnight, every monastery in the place seemed to be disturbed by the noise of men leaping about, and you might see the cell in which the young man was, gleaming with many lights; and there was heard in it, a noise of those running about, and a murmur of many voices. A silence ensued, and he came forth, and called one of the brethren, named Sabatius, and showed him the tunic in which he was clad. He, astonished, calls together the rest, and Clarus himself comes with them. A light is brought, and all carefully examine the garment. It was of the utmost softness, and of surpassing whiteness and brilliant purple; but it was impossible to tell of what nature or substance it was. Still, on the most minute examination by the eyes or fingers, it seemed a garment and nothing else. Meanwhile, Clarus warns the brethren to betake themselves to urgent prayer, that the Lord would show them more clearly what it was. The rest of the night was therefore spent in hymns and psalms. And at break of day, taking him by the hand, he endeavored to conduct him to Martin, well knowing that he could not be imposed upon by the art of the devil. Then the miserable man began to resist and to cry out against it, and said he was forbidden to show himself to Martin. And while they were compelling him to go against his will, the garment vanished from between the hands of those who were dragging him along. Hence, who can doubt, that even this power belonged to Martin, that the devil should no longer be able to sustain or conceal his illusion when it was about to be subjected to Martin's eyes.

It has, however, been remarked that there was a young man in

Spain, about the same time, who, after acquiring authority by many miracles, became so elated as to pretend that he was Elias. And when many inconsiderately believed in this pretension, he proceeded to say, that he was Christ. And even in this, he so far succeeded, that a certain bishop, named Rufus, adored him as the Lord; on which account we afterwards saw him ejected from the episcopate. And many of the brethren have likewise told us of one in the East who, at the same time, boasted that he was John. Hence, from the existence of false prophets of this kind, we may conclude, that the coming of Antichrist is at hand, who is now working in them as the mystery of iniquity.¹

Nor should I omit to mention with what art the devil assaulted Martin in those days. For, at a certain time, as Martin was praying in his cell, the devil stood before him, preceded by and himself surrounded with purple light, that he might the more easily elude by the brightness of the assumed splendor, clad also in a royal vestment and crowned with a diadem of gems and gold, his shoes embroidered with gold, his countenance serene, his aspect joyful, so that he would be thought anything else rather than the devil. And as Martin was dazzled at the first sight of him, both for a

¹ Severus, with many in his time and before, believed the day of judgment and the end of the world to be near, and that antichrist, whom some supposed to be Nero, would first make his appearance. Severus, speaking of Nero, (*Hist. Sac.* li. 29,) says: 'Although he transfixed himself with his sword, he is believed to be alive, his wound having been healed, according to what is written of him, "His deadly wound was healed," and that he will be sent near the end of the world, to practise the mystery of iniquity.' But in regard to this pretended re-appearance of ancient prophets and apostles, if this is a part of the mystery of iniquity, we may well suppose it will not cease to work till men shall cease to become insane, as no hallucination of a disordered mind is now more common than for one to imagine himself to be some other person, whether of the dead or living. The records of our lunatic asylums present many singular though mournful instances of this kind. Nor have men as yet entirely ceased, even in our own land, to be influenced by the imaginings or the pretensions of such men. A few years ago, I was acquainted with the case of a man of reputed piety, and who gave no other indication of insanity except that, in a religious meeting which he was accustomed to attend, he surprised his pastor and his friends by the declaration that himself was one of the old prophets. This declaration he continued to maintain, till some began to give heed to his prophesyings and his denunciations.

It is to be remembered in reference to what follows, that our author, though in later years revered as one of the saints by the papal church, was considered as favoring the millenarian heresy and expecting the speedy appearance of Christ to judge the world, and to reign visibly upon the earth; just as he has often been expected, and is now expected by some.

long time kept profound silence. Then the devil said, Martin, acknowledge him whom thou beholdest. I am Christ. About to descend to earth, I would first manifest myself unto thee. When at this, Martin was silent and made no reply, the devil dared to repeat the audacious profession : O Martin, why art thou slow to believe, when thou seest ? I am Christ. Then,—the Spirit so enlightening him that he understood it was the devil, not God,—Martin said, The Lord Jesus has not predicted that he will come clothed in purple and glittering with a diadem. I do not believe in Christ's coming, except in the same form and habit in which he was crucified, and bearing the marks of the cross. At this word, the devil immediately vanished like smoke, and filled the cell with such effluvia as to leave indubitable proofs that it was the devil.

Severus visits Martin.—Martin's Character.

That this fact took place as I have above related, I have ascertained from the mouth of Martin himself, lest some one should perhaps think it fabulous. For, having formerly heard of his faith, his life, and his miracles, and having a burning desire to see him, I joyfully undertook a journey for the purpose. And, being at the same time eager to write his life, I sought a part of my information from him, so far as he could be interrogated, and learned a part of it from others who knew what they related. It can scarcely be accredited with what humility, what benignity, he received me on that occasion, greeting me much and rejoicing in the Lord, because I had regarded him so highly as to undertake a journey to see him. Miserable indeed was I, when he deigned to give me a seat at his sacred feast, (I scarcely dare to confess it,) and himself brought water for my hands, and at evening washed my feet ; nor had I the firmness to resist or oppose ; so overborne was I by his authority, that I should have thought it impious not to acquiesce. But his discourse with me was all to this effect, that the allurements of the world and the burdens of this life should be abandoned, so that, free and unencumbered, I might follow the Lord Jesus. And he pressed upon me the example of the illustrious Paulinus [of Nola], whom I have before mentioned, an example the most noble in our times, who, having given away immense wealth and followed Christ, was almost the only one in those days that had fulfilled the gospel precepts. Follow him, imitate him, cried Martin ; and blessed is the present age in an

example of such great faith and virtue; since, according to the Lord's declaration, being very rich; and selling all and giving to the poor, he has, by his example, made that possible which it was impossible to do.¹

But now, in words and conversation, what gravity, what dignity was there! And how sprightly and forcible, and in solving questions of scripture, how prompt and ready was he! And, as I know many are incredulous in regard to this part, because I

¹ From some remarks in his own letters and from other sources, it would seem that Paulinus, after all, did not quite perform the *impossibility* here ascribed to him by Martin, as he still retained some of his great estate. In one of his letters, he compared his own conversion with that of our author, and gave the decided preference to the latter, "because he [Sulpitius] had at once shaken off the yoke of sin and broken the bands of flesh and blood, in the flower of his age; and at a time when he was renowned at the bar and in the career of worldly honor, he despised human greatness, that he might follow Jesus Christ." Paulinus was born at Bordeaux in France, about 353, of patrician rank; became a popular advocate at Rome, and finally a consul, about 375; and married Therasia, a rich lady, by whom he gained a large estate, and by whose pious counsel he was led to enter upon a more retired life. Accompanied by her, he travelled in Italy, Gaul, and Spain, and became acquainted with Ambrose, Martin, and others of distinction in the church. "He was baptized at Bordeaux, in 391, and gradually parting with most of his large estate, which he bestowed in charity, he retired to Barcelona in Spain, where he lived some years as a recluse or monk. In 393, he was ordained a presbyter at Barcelona. The next year, he removed to Nola in Campania, where he had a small estate." Here he became a bishop, in 409, in which office he continued till his death, in 431. "This holy bishop," says Milner, "was the delight of his age. He led a retired and temperate life, but with no great austerity." See Mosheim's *Eccl. Hist.* i. 306; Milner, ii. 503; Gennadius de *Viris Ill.* c. 48.

As it is not probable that Martin would speak of Paulinus, in such exalted terms, till some time after his baptism, we may conclude that this interview between him and Sulpitius, was very near the close of the fourth century, and therefore just before he wrote this life of Martin. Indeed, as a great object to be accomplished by his visit to Martin was, to collect materials for writing his life, we may well suppose that he immediately committed to writing the stories which Martin then told or confirmed to him. And moreover, as this biography, so far as it goes, was actually published during the life-time of Martin, we cannot believe that it contains anything which Severus did not suppose Martin would sanction as true; nor do we learn that Martin ever contradicted any part of it. What, then, are we to think of these wonders? Are they all only part and parcel of the pious frauds of the age? Then did that age need to be taught one of the first principles of the oracles of God. Or were both actors and spectators, and the subjects likewise, all deceived? Then was the age as simple as it was superstitious;—unless we are indeed to suppose, that at least a portion of the miracles were real. But Severus, as it would seem from the next paragraph, was suspicious that men would be more inclined to doubt Martin's mental, than his miraculous powers.

have seen those who did not believe even upon my word, I call Jesus to witness, and our common hope, that I never heard from the mouth of any one so much of knowledge, so much of talent, so much of good and pious discourse. Still this is indeed faint praise for a man of Martin's virtues, but it is wonderful that such grace should be found in an illiterate man.

But as my book must now end, I close my narrative ; not that all has been said which might be said of Martin, but because, like an indolent poet, negligent at the close of the work, I succumb under the mass of materials. For although his acts might be exhibited in some way, yet his inner life and daily conversation and mind ever intent on heaven, his perseverance and due proportion in abstinence and fasting, his power in vigils and prayers, the nights as well as the days spent by him without any cessation from the work of God for indulging in either rest or business, can never be depicted in any language, as I verily believe. Nor did he allow himself either food or sleep, except as compelled by necessity. And truly do I confess that not Homer himself could give the description, were he to emerge from the shades ; so much greater were all virtues in Martin than words can express. Never an hour or a moment passed in which he was not engaged in prayer ; even if he were doing anything else, he relaxed not his mind from prayer. For, as with blacksmiths who, at intervals in their operation, strike on their anvil as an alleviation of labor, so Martin, while he appeared to be doing something else, was always praying. O truly blessed man, in whom there was no guile ; judging no one, condemning no one, rendering to no one evil for evil. For such patience had he acquired against all injuries that, although a chief priest, he could be injured with impunity by even the lowest of the clergy ; nor did he, on that account, either remove them from their places or, so far as it was in his power, repel them from his charity.¹

No one ever saw him angry, no one saw him disturbed, no one saw him grieving, no one saw him laughing. One and the same always, bearing on his countenance a kind of celestial joy, he seemed beyond the nature of man. Never was there any-

¹ John Vorstius, the editor of the works of Sulpitius, says that Sulpitius "calls the door-keepers, readers, and acolyths, the lowest of the clergy: For the order of clergy included not only bishops and priests, but also deacons, subdeacons, acolyths, exorcists, readers and door-keepers."—Here are about as many orders in the clergy as are now acknowledged by the Nestorians, who were separated from the catholics soon after this period.

thing on his tongue but Christ, never anything in his heart but piety, anything but peace, anything but compassion. He also used often to weep for the sins of his calumniators who, with envenomed tongues and a viper's mouth, assailed him while quiet and remote from them. And I have in fact found some, envious of his miracles and his life, who hated in him what they saw not in themselves and what they were unable to imitate. And, O lamentable and doleful impiety! his traducers, were no other than bishops; though very few, they are still said to have been no other than bishops. Nor is it necessary to name any one, though most of them are barking around me. Enough, that whoever of them shall read and appropriate this, should blush; for if he is angry, he will himself confess it spoken of him, when perhaps I thought of others. But, if there are any of this sort, I am not loth to share their hatred with such a man. This I am confident of, that this little work will be grateful to all the pious; and as to the rest, if any one shall read these things unbelievingly, he will sin. I am conscious of being impelled to write these things by the certainty of the things and by the love of Christ, and that I have set forth what is manifest, and spoken what is true; and, as I hope, not he that reads, but he that believes, shall receive the reward prepared by God.

[It has already been mentioned, that three letters from the pen of Severus are still extant. And as they all treat of Martin, it may be well to present the more important parts of each. The first is addressed to Eusebius a presbyter, and begins thus.]

Yesterday, when many monks had come to me, amid our continual conversation and long discourse, some mention was made of the small book I published on the life of the blessed man, Martin, and that it was studiously read by many, which I most gladly heard. In the mean time, it was told to me, that some one, incited by an evil spirit, had said that Martin, who had raised the dead and repelled the flames from houses, was himself liable to dangerous casualties, having been lately scorched in a conflagration. O this wretch, whoever he is! In his words we recognize the perfidy and the language of the Jews, who reproached the Lord on the cross in these words: He saved others; himself he cannot save. [After filling nearly half his letter with invective and argument against the audacious unknown—in which he maintains that it was at least as great a miracle for Paul to emerge alive from the deep, when he had been buried beneath its

waves for three days and nights, as for Peter to walk secure upon its surface,—he thus proceeds]. Hence this which is adduced in proof of Martin's weakness, is full of dignity and glory; since, being tried in a most perilous casualty, he conquered. But no one need wonder that this was omitted by me, in the small book I wrote on his life, as I there professed that I could not embrace all his deeds; for, if I would have given the whole, I must have put forth an immense volume. But that I may not suffer the one on which the question was started, to lie hid, I will state the whole affair as it occurred, lest I should seem arbitrarily to have passed by that which could be adduced to the disparagement of the blessed man.

When, near mid-winter, Martin had come to a certain parish according to custom, (for it is the practice for bishops to visit their churches,) the clergy prepared him a lodging in the vestry of the church, and placed much fire under a now shattered and very small pavement [or furnace], and made him a bed with much straw. Afterwards, when Martin had placed himself to lie down, he recoiled from the unwonted effeminacy of the alluring couch, as he had been accustomed to lie on the bare ground, with only a sackcloth thrown over him. Therefore, as though indignant at an injury, he threw away the whole bed. By chance he heaped a part of the straw he had removed, upon the little furnace. Weary with his journey, he reposed, as was his custom, upon the naked ground. About midnight, the fire, burning through the shattered pavement, kindled the dry straw. Martin, on being roused from sleep, betook himself more tardily than he ought to the aid of prayer, having been prevented by the unexpected occurrence, the critical peril, and especially, as he said, by the snare and the instigation of the devil. For, wishing to escape abroad, and struggling long and hard at the bolt with which he had fastened the door, he found the flames around him so intense as to burn the vestment he had put on. Coming at length to himself, he saw that his help was not in flight but in the Lord; and seizing the shield of faith and prayer, and turning wholly to the Lord, he lay down in the midst of the flames. Then, the fire being miraculously caused to retire, and the circle of flame being rendered innocuous to him, he prayed. But the monks who were before the door, as the fire was crackling and raging, broke down the bolted doors; and the fire being parted asunder, they brought out Martin from the midst of the flames, when he was supposed to have been already entirely consumed by the fire which had been

so long burning. But, as the Lord is witness to my words, he told me himself, and not without a groan did he confess it, that in this he was deceived by the art of the devil, as, being roused from sleep, he had not the wisdom to resist the peril by faith and prayer; and that the fire raged around him as long as he, in his troubled mind, was striving to break through the door. But when he had sought the aid of the cross and the weapons of prayer, the flames in the centre receded; and he then felt bedewing him what he had before found sorely burning him. Hence, whoever reads this, may understand that Martin was indeed tried by danger but approved.

Martin's death.—His funeral.

[The second letter "is on the death and apparition of St Martin."]

Sulpitius Severus to the deacon Aurelius, health.—After you left me in the morning, as I was sitting alone in my cell, that came into my mind which very frequently occupies it, the hope of the future, a disgust at the present, a dread of the judgment, a fear of punishment; and, as the consequence and the cause of the whole train of thought, a recollection of my sins had made me sad and dejected. Afterwards, when the anguish of my mind had spent itself and I had lain down upon my couch, sleep stole upon me, as a common effect of grief. This sleep is always in the morning more light and uncertain as well as suspended; so that, being almost awake, you know yourself to be asleep,—which does not happen in other sleep. In this condition, suddenly, I seemed to behold the holy bishop Martin, clothed in a white robe, with a glowing countenance, shining eyes, purple hair; and he so appeared to me in the same form and habitude of body which I had known, that, what is rather difficult for me to express, he could not be beheld (*aspici*) although he could be recognized. And smiling upon me a little, he reached forth the book I had written on his life. Embracing his sacred knees, I employed as usual his blessing; and, by the blandest touch, I felt his hand placed upon my head, when, amid the customary words of benediction, he repeated what was so familiar to his mouth, the name of the cross. Soon, while my eyes were intent upon him, (as I could not be satiated with his countenance and aspect,) he was suddenly borne away on high, until, having passed the immensity of the air, though I still followed him with my

eye as he was borne upward on a swift cloud, he was received into the open heaven, and could be seen no more. And not long after, I saw his disciple, the holy presbyter Clarus, who had lately departed, ascend the same way as his master. I, impudently desiring to follow, awoke while meditating and attempting lofty strides; and being roused from sleep, I began to rejoice in the vision, when a boy of the family came in to me, sadder than common, and with the countenance of one speaking and at the same time lamenting. What are you, so sad, attempting to say? Two monks, said he, have come from Tours; they say Martin is gone! I confess I fell; and tears arising, I wept profusely; and even while writing these things to you, brother, my tears flow, nor do I admit any solace of my most ungovernable grief. But I wish you, when this is announced, to be a partaker of my grief, as you was a companion of my love. Come, therefore, to me immediately, that we may equally bemoan him whom we equally love; though I know the man is not to be bewailed, who has vanquished and triumphed over the world and received his crown of righteousness. And yet I cannot command myself and cease to grieve. I have indeed sent my patron before me, but I have lost the consolation of the present life; and, if grief would admit of any reason, I ought to rejoice. For, as he is now mingling with apostles and prophets, he is, as I hope and believe and am confident, (I would say it with the leave of all the saints,) inferior to no one in that assembly of the just.

[After portraying his monastic life as that of a continuous and voluntary martyrdom, and telling how gladly he would in fact have been a martyr had Nero been now on the throne, our author thus proceeds].

O man truly ineffable in piety, compassion, love, which, in this cold age, is daily becoming colder, even in pious men. But in him it continually increased to the end. This goodness of his I even especially enjoyed, as he loved me peculiarly, though unworthy and undeserving. And again my tears are flowing; nay the groan bursts from my breast: In what man hereafter shall I have a like repose?—in whose love, a solace? O miserable, wretched me! Should I longer live, can I ever cease to grieve that I survive Martin? Shall life hereafter be pleasant? Shall there be a day or an hour without tears? Or in speaking with you, can I ever speak of any but him?¹

¹ The ancients, except some of their philosophers, appear to have given much freer scope to the emotions of grief than is common among us; or, at

But why move you to tears and lamentations? Behold, I, who cannot console myself, would now console you. Believe me; he will not desert us, he will not, he will not desert us. He will be present to us while discoursing of him; he will stand by us while praying. And, as he has now this day deigned, he will often allow himself to be seen in his glory; and, as but lately, he will protect us by his frequent benediction. And then, according to the order of the vision, by which he has shown heaven to be open to his followers, he has taught whither he is to be followed; he has instructed us whither our hope is to stretch, and to what the mind should be directed. But what shall be the event? For I am conscious to myself that I shall not be able to ascend that arduous height and enter, my grievous burden of sin so exceedingly oppresses me, precludes my ascending to the stars, and is dragging me, wretched, down to Tartarus. But yet there is hope; that one, that last hope, that I may at least acquire by Martin's praying for me, what I cannot by myself obtain.

[The last letter of Sulpitius was written from Toulouse to his mother-in-law, Bassula, at Treves. In the first part of the letter, he complains of some one for having sent her the letter he wrote to Aurelius, and consents to comply with her request for further information respecting Martin's death, on condition that she "will read the account to no one." He proceeds.]

Martin foreknew his own death long before it took place, and told the brethren that the dissolution of his body was at hand. In the mean time he had occasion to visit the parish of Condate; for the clergy, of that church were contending among themselves, and being desirous to restore peace, though not ignorant of the end of his days, he did not for such a reason refuse to go, thinking it a good consummation of his achievements if he should

least, they talk much more of their tears, if they did not in fact weep more profusely or feel more keenly than we do. The above is only a sample, though a strong one. I have given the more of it, for the purpose of showing this characteristic of the times and especially of our author. By this, as well as by his general manner of writing, it will be seen that he is somewhat prone to the eulogistic and the extravagant.

What follows will indicate the superstitious regard which had then begun to be paid to departed saints. It is said, that "Saint Martin was the first to whom the Romish church offered public adoration." This, if true, was doubtless owing, in no small degree, to these glowing accounts of him by Severus, then so universally read and admired.

leave peace restored to the church. So, departing with that most holy retinue of his disciples, as always very numerous, he espied cormorants in the river, pursuing the fishes and gorging their rapacious crops with the prey they were continually taking. This, said he, is a type of the demons. They lie in wait for the incautious; they take the ignorant; they devour their captives, and can never be satiated with what they devour. Then, with the potent virtue of his words, he commands them to leave the stream in which they were swimming and seek the dry and desert regions, using the same command over those birds with which he had been wont to put demons to flight. So, all those fowls, being congregated into one flock, left the river and sought the mountains and woods, to the admiration of the many who saw such great power in Martin as to command even birds.

At length, after spending some time in the village or the church to which he went, and peace being restored among the clergy, when he now thought of returning to his monastery, he suddenly began to fail in the powers of his body; and calling together his disciples, he told them he was now to be released. Then was there sorrow and grief in all—one voice of those wailing, Why, father, dost thou desert us? Or to whom wilt thou leave us, desolate? Rapacious wolves will invade thy flock; and when the shepherd is smitten, who will prevent them from devouring us? We know thou longest for Christ; but thy rewards are safe for thee, nor will they be diminished by delay. Rather pity us whom thou art deserting. Then, moved by these tears, (as he was always all bowels of compassion in the Lord,) he is said to have wept; and addressing the Lord, he answered the weeping company in this brief sentence: O Lord, if I am still necessary to thy people, I refuse not the labor; thy will be done. For, between hope and love, he almost doubted which to choose, as he wished neither to desert them nor to be longer absent from Christ, yet, leaving it not to his own desire or will, but committing himself wholly to the will and power of the Lord. Does he not seem to you, in these few words, to say,—O Lord, the battle of this corporeal warfare is indeed severe, and it is enough that I have thus far contended; but if in this labor thou commandest me still to stand before the camp of thy people, I refuse not, nor will I plead my drooping age. I will devotedly discharge the duties thou dost assign; under thy banners will I war as thou shalt order; and though a release after labor is desired by the aged, yet courage is victor over years, and knows not how to

yield to age. And if now thou dost spare my age, good, O Lord, is thy will to me. But these for whom I fear, thou wilt guard.—O ineffable man; neither conquered by labor nor to be conquered by death; who inclined to neither part, neither feared to die, nor refused to live. Accordingly, when he had now for some days been confined by fever, he ceased not from the work of God. All night long in prayers and vigils, he compelled his weary limbs to serve his spirit, lying in that noble envelope, sackcloth and ashes. And when he was entreated by his disciples at least to suffer some poor straw to be placed under him, Children, he replied, it becomes not a Christian to die but in ashes. If I leave you any other example, I sin. With eyes therefore and hands continually directed towards heaven, he relaxed not his unconquered spirit from prayer. And when requested by the priests who had then flocked to him, to relieve his body by a change of position, Suffer, he said, suffer me, brethren, rather to look towards heaven than earth, that my spirit, now to take its journey, may be directed to the Lord. As he said this, he saw the devil standing near: Why, O bloody beast, said he, art thou standing here? Dismal being, thou wilt find nothing in me. Abraham's bosom receiveth me. And while his spirit, by divine aid, was uttering these accusations, he surrendered it to heaven.

Those who were present have declared to me, that they now beheld a glory in the body of the glorified man. His face shone clearer than the light; and not so much as a small spot obscured his other members; and even in those parts which in him alone were not shameful, there appeared the comeliness of a boy of seven years. Who would believe him ever to have been clad in sackcloth, or enveloped in ashes;—so much purer than glass, whiter than milk, was he now presented, and in a kind of glory of the future resurrection, with the nature of his flesh changed.

It is incredible what a multitude of men now assembled at his funeral. The whole city rushed forth to meet the body. All from the fields and villages, and many even from neighboring cities, were present. O, what weeping of all; and especially what lamentations of the mourning monks, nearly two thousand of whom are said to have assembled,—the special glory of Martin; so fruitful, by his example, had been the stock, to the service of God. Verily, the dead shepherd was driving before him his flocks, the pale bands of that holy multitude, the mantled hosts both of the aged who were excused from labor and the tinos bound by oath to Christ. And then the choir of virgins, ashamed

to weep, because they saw they ought rather to rejoice over him whom the Lord had now taken to his bosom, with what holy joy did they mantle their grief, though affection extorted a groan while faith forbade them to weep. For exultation on account of his glory was as holy, as grief at his death was pious. You would pardon the weeping; you would congratulate the rejoicing; for it is both pious to rejoice with Martin, and pious to weep for Martin, as each one has occasion to weep for himself while he ought to rejoice for Martin. So the multitude followed the body of the blessed man to the place of burial, chanting celestial hymns.

Let men compare now if they please, the secular pomp, I will not say of a funeral, but of a triumph, and what will be found like the obsequies of Martin? Let them conduct forth before the chariots the captives with their arms bound behind their backs. Those are following the body of Martin who, under his direction, have conquered the world. Let the insanity of the people honor them with their confused plaudits. Martin is applauded in divine psalms; Martin is honored with celestial hymns. They, after their triumphs, are thrust into cruel Tartarus. Martin, joyful, is received to Abraham's bosom; Martin, here poor and small, enters heaven rich. Thence, I trust, does he look down as a guardian upon me while writing and upon you while reading these things.

Concluding Remarks by the Translator.

The period of Martin's death, like that of his birth, is a matter of some uncertainty. Ambrose died in 397; and Gregory of Tours asserts, that Martin died seven months after. Many therefore suppose him to have died in the course of that year; but the greater part place his death in the year 400. If we are right in fixing his birth in 338, he was probably about sixty two years old when he died.

From age to age, both his memory and his relics have been exceedingly revered, especially in France and Germany. A contention arose for the possession of his remains even before they were placed in the grave. The author of the Lives of the Saints, in his account of Martin, tells us, that "the inhabitants of Poitiers warmly disputed the possession of his body; but the people of Tours carried it off." He was interred in a small grove at some distance from his monastery. The same author goes on to state, that "St. Martin's successor, built a chapel over his tomb; and

St. Perpetuus, the sixth bishop of Tours, about the year 470, founded upon that spot the great church and monastery, the saint's sumptuous tomb being placed behind the high altar." Such facts are, indeed, worthless, except as showing the character of the times, the superstitious regard which was then paid and has since been paid to such personages as Martin. In this respect, they are replete with instruction. I will therefore give a few more sentences from the pen of the same devout papist. After mentioning the kings of France, the patriarchs of Jerusalem, the archbishops of Mentz, and a multitude of other prelates and princes, as officially connected with the monastic establishment at Martin's tomb, he adds: "The extraordinary devotion which the French and all Europe has [have] expressed to St. Martin, and to this church for the sake of his precious tomb, would furnish matter for a large history. The Huguenots rifled the shrine and scattered the relics of this saint. But this church recovered a bone of his arm and a part of his skull. Before this dispersion, certain churches had obtained small portions which they still preserve;—two of his teeth are shown in St. Martin's at Tournay.—Many miracles wrought at the shrine of St. Martin and through his intercession immediately after his happy death, some of which are recounted by St. Gregory of Tours, Fortunatus and others, excited exceedingly the devotion of the people."

Such is the superstitious reverence with which Martin has been adored, from the day of his first notable miracle in raising from the dead his unbaptized catechumen. While alive, his disciples kneeled before him to receive his blessing; and now, when dead for fourteen centuries, the devout papist honors him in his prayers, and the drunken papist honors him in his cups, and both regard him as a patron and an intercessor.

To this brief view of the life of Martin, might be added about an equal amount of the like matter respecting him, from the dialogues of Severus, and from the works of such later saints as Gregory of Tours. There are also abundant materials for continuing the early history of monasticism to a much greater length. But perhaps enough has already been given to accomplish the chief object I had in view. In the lives of Paulus, Antony, and Martin, as given by their own admirers, the reader will see, if he did not know before, what sort of men the more enlightened part of the world will have to follow, and themselves to become, if they see fit to revert to papal institutions. Here are its founders and its principal saints—still adored, and to be adored and im-

itated while monkery shall last. If their spirit is the right spirit, if we are to sacrifice our reason on the altar of superstition, if we are virtually to depose Christ from his mediatorial throne and substitute our own righteousness in the place of his, and if we are to count it a sin even to allow ourselves "some poor straw" to die upon—then may we think the present widely extended movement towards Rome, the brightest as well as the most conspicuous characteristic of the church at this period.

But I have preferred and still prefer to leave the reader to his own reflections. My object has been to supply an unpardonable chasm in the materials for *just* reflection on themes so important as those which are continually presented in these memoirs. I will only repeat, what I suggested at the beginning, that the chief light in which the lives of the early monks can now be regarded as important, is that of beacons to warn the whole church, and each individual, so far as his action is concerned, of the fatal rocks on which the early church was dashed. In this respect they are invaluable, especially to those who are to act as her pilots in the present storm.

ARTICLE III.

LIFE OF JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

By James Davis Butler.

THERE is a chapel in St. Peter's at Rome which bears the name of Chrysostom, because his ashes repose beneath its pavement. Whoever enters the Basilica makes haste to this chapel; for it is daily filled with the Sistine choir, it is near the matchless dome of Michael Angelo, and still nearer the mosaic of Raphael's last and greatest work.

As few of the Fathers were more worthy of perpetual anthems than Chrysostom, we are glad that so many adventitious circumstances combine to secure due homage to his remains. But we lament that the papal world is so hostile to the principles of him whose sepulchre it has built, and that the protestant world is at so little pains to commune with one so well fitted to be its ally,