

GOD'S SAINTS THE TRUE REFORMERS IN HIS CHURCH.

IN the article on the family, early education, and first monastic labors of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, the reader has only seen, faintly and rapidly outlined, the preparatory period of the Saint's extraordinary mission in the Church. We have now to follow him through the principal phases of the providential career fulfilled by him from 1127 till his death in 1153.

The effect produced by his "Apology," or Defence of Citeaux, and his brief work on the "Duties of Bishops," was not limited to the total change wrought in the life of the great French Chancellor, the Abbot Suger of Saint Denis; the lecture of these writings made a no less deep and salutary impression on other prelates, whom the influence of feudalism had raised to eminent positions in the Church, and whose lives, at first, had only been governed by feudal notions and the maxims of a worldly ambition.

The Bishop of Paris, in 1127, happened to be another feudal noble, Etienne de Senlis, who had been thrust into the Church by his family, without any vocation, and whose conduct, in his high office, had been altogether worldly and unedifying. The conversion of the Abbot Suger was soon followed by that of the Bishop of Paris, who retired from the gay and splendid court circles, and devoted himself entirely to the discharge of his duties as pastor. As this prelate was a great favorite with Louis VI., and one of the brightest ornaments of his court, the prince, as in the case of Suger, took the withdrawal of the former as a personal grievance. Suger, however, was persuaded to retain his office of Chancellor and Prime Minister. But no persuasion availed to make Etienne de Senlis resume his place near the monarch.

He went further: he reduced his household to what was absolutely indispensable, both in numbers and in expenditure, only retaining in his service such persons as were distinguished by piety and learning. This reform he consistently endeavored to introduce in all the religious houses of his diocese, both secular and regular. He failed to bring back the canons of his cathedral to the practices of common life once in use among the clergy of collegiate churches. The canons of Paris stoutly refused to adopt the new life proposed by their bishop, although he nobly proposed to set them the example.

At length, wearied by their resistance, the bishop deprived them of their benefices, and called the reformed clerics of the Abbey of

St. Victor to fill the places thus left vacant. Inasmuch, however, as the revenues of the cathedral chapter, like those of the See of Paris itself, were derived from the feudal property allotted to them by the crown, the canons had some legal right to appeal for redress to the king. Louis, deeply wounded as he had been, by the disappearance from court of the bishop, whom he had cherished as his bosom friend, warmly espoused the cause of the canons. The bishop's property of every description was therefore seized and all his revenues were confiscated.

This was one of the miserable results of feudalism in its relations with the Church. And modern statecraft, as we know from too many contemporary examples, is only doing in the 19th century what Louis VI. did in the 12th.

The Bishop of Paris, driven from his See, and left without a roof to cover him, took refuge with his metropolitan, the Archbishop of Sens. But, before leaving Paris, he had launched an interdict against the king.

As the latter had sought, in the beginning of his reign, to become affiliated, in so far as he could, with the monks of Citeaux, these were fain to make peace between the sovereign and the bishop. The General Chapter of the Order remonstrated in vain; and, at length, it was thought that the Abbot of Clairvaux should be deputed to Paris as a peacemaker.

Bernard was welcomed in the capital of France with the most extraordinary enthusiasm. The king yielded somewhat, or seemed to yield, and a momentary peace was obtained. But the quarrel soon broke out anew, and there appeared no way of settling the difficulty but by having recourse to Rome. Meanwhile, the Pope, Honorius II., had been induced to raise, unconditionally, the interdict pronounced by the Bishop of Paris. The king was emboldened by this to proceed against the latter with merciless rigor.

The Abbot of Clairvaux at once undertook to defend what he considered to be the cause of right and of ecclesiastical liberty against both the King and the Pope.

"The complaints of the episcopal body," the Saint writes to the Pontiff, "and the tears of the universal Church . . . must surely have reached you. Compelled by necessity to leave the silence of my solitude and to go forth into the world, I now make bold to tell you what I have seen. What I have seen,—let me say it with grief,—is that the honor of the Church is imperiled during the Pontificate of Honorius II. The respectful but firm attitude of the Bishops had already overcome the royal resentment, when the Sovereign Pontiff, by interposing his supreme authority, discouraged their episcopal constancy and furnished the king with new motives for his arrogance. We know that your conscience

has been misled, and that people have not scrupled to lay before you false statements, as is evident from the tenor of your letters,— and all that for the purpose of inducing you to raise the interdict which had been so justly fulminated.

“ Now, however, that the falsehood is made manifest, let it be used us a weapon against its author. Will Your Holiness permit iniquity to pervert your judgment? What astonishes us is that you have judged both parties without hearing them, and that you have condemned the absent.”¹

Meanwhile all the prelates who approved of the conduct of the Bishop of Paris, or who did not openly condemn him, were involved in the violent measures employed by Louis VI. against his former favorite. The Archbishop of Sens and the Abbot of Clairvaux undertook together a second mission of conciliation to the Court. It was all in vain. Then it was that the Saint, like one of the prophets of old sent to the prevaricating princes of Samaria or Jerusalem, uttered this terrible threat: “ Since you despise the voice of God himself,” he said to Louis, “ by turning a deaf ear to the supplications of your bishops, expect a fearful chastisement. Ere long the hand of death shall suddenly snatch away the heir to your throne, now so tenderly beloved.”² The event fulfilled the Saint’s prediction. But Louis VI. paused not a moment in his career of unrighteous and sacrilegious vindictiveness. Nor did the courageous Abbot cease to urge Honorius II. to set aside the considerations of worldly prudence and policy and to come out boldly in the defense of the persecuted Bishops.

At length the Pope sent a legate to France, and a council was convened at Troyes, the capital of the powerful Count of Champagne. To this assembly the legate invited the Abbot of Clairvaux, who, on his return from Paris, was once more prostrated by fever. A first refusal, though based on the peremptory reason of what seemed a hopeless illness, was attributed by the King’s partisans to resentment against Rome. And this determined the sick man to accept, at all risks, the second invitation of the Cardinal Legate.

“ My heart was ever ready to obey you,” he writes to the latter, “ but my weak body did not share the willingness of the spirit. Consumed by a violent and burning fever and deprived of all strength, this poor frame of mine could not respond to your desire. Nevertheless, I only wished to obey you. . . . Illness, not caprice, dictated my first answer. . . .

“ You say that we have to decide a matter of supreme importance. For that you need a man in every way equal to what

¹ Letter 46.

² Chevallier, I, 187.

the occasion requires. If you have deemed me to be such a man I must tell you candidly that I am not the person you need. Either the solution you seek, and which you want to trust to the skill of your friend, while drawing him forth from his solitude, is an easy solution, or it is not. If it is an easy one, there is no need of my agency. If it is a truly difficult one, it surely is beyond my ability. You cannot convince me that I can compass what others despair of.

"Should it be otherwise, I would ask thee, O, my God, why thou hast erred in calling me to my present profession by hiding under a bushel the light which should have been placed on the candlestick? Why, indeed, have sought to make of me a monk? Why bury, far away from every danger, in the silence of the cloister, the man needed by the whole world, the man without whom our bishops can accomplish nothing? But enough of excuses. Be it as it may, rest assured that I go to you through obedience alone. Only, in future, I pray you, spare me as much as ever you can."¹

The King, apparently, only waited for the meeting of the council to comply with what St. Bernard had so eloquently urged him to do long before. But his tardy acquiescence did not repair the injury done to religion and to his own subjects. Innocent blood had been shed. The calamity foretold by St. Bernard soon afterward fell upon king and kingdom,—an awful warning to the princes and nobles of that day not to trust to might alone in their contentions with the unarmed spiritual power.

In that same council another bishop, whose worldly extravagance had made him sadly notorious, was compelled to submit to canonical discipline, and soon afterwards deprived of his See. Thus the spirit which the Abbot of Clairvaux had evoked was working for the reform of Church and State. A worldly-minded abbot, who had allowed indisdiscipline and a lax morality to creep into his monastery, was also deposed from his office.

This same council, held in the year 1128, will be ever memorable as the assemblage which sanctioned the establishment of the Military Religious Order of Knights Templars. Hugh de Payens and the five noble soldiers, who formed the nucleus of this far-famed society, had begun their devoted services in Palestine in 1118. The King of Jerusalem had lodged them in his own palace near the ruins of Solomon's Temple. And after two years of heroic labor and spotless lives the six founders asked the Council of Troyes and the legate of the Holy See to accept their services officially, and to sanction them by giving to themselves and their future

¹ Letter 21.

companions a Rule of Life and Constitutions in conformity with their purpose.

The Council entrusted to the Abbot of Clairvaux the task of drawing up this body of by-laws for an order destined to be half soldiers and half monks. He did so in obedience to the commands of the august assembly, and framed for the Templars Constitutions so full of the spirit of God and so admirably adapted to the dual life these men were to lead, that so long as they remained faithful to their Rule and its spirit, they were the admiration of all Christendom, uniting the exalted heroism of the Christian soldier with the supernatural virtues of the cloister.

They looked up to St. Bernard as their true founder and spiritual parent. And thus once more did Providence make the light of the Valley of Bitterness shine forth with surpassing splendor and prove that the man whose life seemed to hang on so slender a thread was in very truth, the man needed by the whole world.

No sooner had the Council of Troyes ended its labors than the Abbot of Clairvaux hastened to bury himself in his beloved solitude. The fever which still clung to him, and which was the result both of his extreme bodily austerities and of his superhuman labors, had made him an object of anxious concern to the prelates and nobles assembled at Troyes. When these separated, and the saint was free to return home, the energy which supported him through the sittings of the Council and through the manifold work devolved on himself, suddenly gave way, and the monks of Clairvaux only welcomed back what they thought was a dying man.

But the very atmosphere of the cloister, with its penitential rigors, its silence broken in upon by the psalmody of the divine office, and the holy ardor with which the abbot daily sought to feed with the bread of life the souls of his brethren, lifted the frail body above itself. The light which Bernard of Clairvaux shed unceasingly around him, and the words of heavenly instruction which fell from his lips, seemed to come from a being always hovering between the confines of this visible world of ours and the eternal world unseen.

It was during the intervals of comparative rest allowed him by the termination of some mighty public affair, and by the extreme feebleness unfitting him for the ordinary fatigues of monastic life, that St. Bernard embodied in hastily written treatises the teachings required by the errors which were abroad, or by the aspirations of his contemporaries toward a higher spirituality. Thus were written the two books on "The Love of God" and "The Free Will of Man." When we say that he wrote such works hastily, we do not mean that the composition bore marks of undue haste and consequent incorrectness in the matter and imperfection in the form.

There is in all the writings of this holy doctor of the Church a glow of inspiration which makes the reader feel that the instruction therein contained was poured forth under the pressure of a heavenly and overpowering force. The saint's well-disciplined mind moulded, naturally and instinctively, all his conceptions into perfect form. His beautiful style gave these an easy and graceful expression. When he wrote he obeyed the impulsion of the Spirit; he seemed in haste to give vent to thoughts which he could no longer contain. His mind flowed forth with a force that was irresistible, as the accumulated waters of an Alpine lake rush impetuously downward to the valleys beneath.

But while restored, helpless and feeble in body as an infant, to Clairvaux after the Council of Troyes, the saint was not long permitted to enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted communion with the Divine Majesty, and with the great religious family who worshipped him with more than filial love and reverence. The severe disciplinary decrees enacted by the late Council, and the reforms effected in more than one class of persons, met with a sturdy resistance in men whose ideas of propriety and morality were regulated by feudal pride and tradition much more than by that beauty of holiness so loved by the Church of God, and so ardently cherished by her true children. The worldlings in the Church whom Bernard sought to reform or to expel from the sanctuary, and the worldlings outside of the sanctuary, whose code of morals was framed in accordance with their own love and earthly ideals, soon raised a loud clamor throughout France. The Abbot of Clairvaux, it was said, had been the soul of the Council of Troyes. Nothing had been done there save by his dictation. Louis VI., apparently, had yielded without even a show of reluctance to the wishes of the Holy See and the righteous demands of the French prelates. But the courtier prelates,—and there were not a few of them,—together with the members of the inferior clergy, both regular and secular, to whom the new discipline seemed an intolerable hardship, complained, protested and appealed to Rome.

Papal Rome in every age, and under every Pontificate, likes not to be annoyed by dissensions in distant countries which the wisdom and mutual forbearance of the secular and ecclesiastical authorities might compose between themselves. The secular clergy of France, in 1128, did not want to have the monks of either Citeaux or Clairvaux continually called upon to arbitrate in the differences which arose in Church or State. How, said they, should men buried away in the seclusion of the cloister know better than seculars how to treat of difficulties occurring in the common paths of every-day life in the world? So the discontented and the aggrieved besieged with their complaints the Court of Rome, and, as the

Abbot of Clairvaux was accused of having done all the mischief by interfering in worldly matters which concerned him not, it was judged to be a proper thing to admonish him. "These noisy and importunate frogs must not again come out of their marshes to disturb the Holy See and the Cardinals!" Thus wrote the Cardinal-Chancellor Haimeric to St. Bernard by order of the Pope.

Pope and cardinal were sadly mistaken in the man if they thought that they could disturb his equanimity or quench his zeal for the beauty of God's house by such unseemly reproaches, which, moreover, savored of ingratitude.

"Ought I to regret or to congratulate myself," the saint replies, "that I have raised up enemies by upholding the truth,—nay, by accomplishing a good work and fulfilling a duty? Can people not find in me enough of real defects without imputing to me a praiseworthy deed as if it were a crime? If I have done wrong in anything, it is in being present at these assemblages instead of remaining buried in my chosen solitude, of sitting in judgment on my own conduct alone, of subjecting my own conscience to a severe examination. I do not lose sight of the fact that my calling is to live the life of a monk, that is, to be a recluse in reality as well as in repute.

"Well, I have mixed myself up with the affairs of which you write. What induced me to do so? I was called thither and compelled perforce to go. My friends regretted that I yielded, but my regret was greater than theirs. Rest assured that I sincerely wish I had never consented, even as I now do, never to find myself under a like necessity. And who is better able than you, my excellent friend, to relieve me of such a necessity? You have the power to do so, and I know you have also the will.

"I am happy to think that you judge me to be unfit for the management of such affairs. In this you are right. I see in it a proof of your friendship. Yes; forbid 'these noisy and troublesome frogs' to leave their obscure and marshy abode. Let them never again be heard to croak in public assemblies. Let them not dare to obtrude themselves into the palaces of the great. Let no necessity, no authority, prevail on them to be mixed up with disputes or important transactions.

"Thereby will your friend be enabled to escape any just suspicion of being presumptuous. I cannot foresee what should justify the reproach of his being so. For I am firmly resolved never again to set foot outside of my abbey, unless compelled to do so in the interests of our Order, or by the formal command of the Holy See, or that of my own bishop. These are the only cases in which to refuse would be sinful.

"Never send me such commands. I shall then live in peace; and I shall let others do the same.

"Nevertheless, it will be in vain to bury myself here, in vain to keep silence; the whole Church will meanwhile cry out against the Court of Rome, if it condemns the absent to please its own familiars."¹

Certain it is that the brief interval which elapsed between their correspondence and the death of Honorius II., on February 14, 1130, was employed to good purpose by the Abbot of Clairvaux. But the schism which followed fast on the election of the successor of Honorius, Innocent II., and the distracted state of Christendom, divided between the claims of two rival Popes, soon forced St. Bernard to quit his retreat.

Louis VI. determined to put a speedy stop to the schism, and summoned a general meeting of bishops and prelates at Etampes; he wrote to the Abbot of Clairvaux, in particular, begging him to be present with his brother-abbots. When this assembly met, toward the end of April, St. Bernard failed not to be there. His early biographer relates that on his way to Etampes the Saint had a vision, in which he beheld the assembled universal Church singing with one voice the praises of the Most High.

At any rate, no sooner did the Council of Etampes meet, than the prelates unanimously besought the Abbot of Clairvaux to pronounce on the rival claims of Innocent and Anacletus, pledging themselves to abide by his decision. The judgment of the assembled bishops was also to be ratified by the king.

Bernard pronounced in favor of Innocent II., who had been the first chosen by a part of the Sacred College. The bishops at once ratified the judgment of the Saint, which was also sanctioned by the king; and thus was France won to the obedience of the lawful pontiff.

Meanwhile, Innocent, obliged to quit Rome and Italy, by the feudal nobles and the Italian Free Cities, who supported Anacletus, had crossed the Alps, and was welcomed by Louis VI. and the majority of his people. The ambitious Bishop of Angoulême, disappointed at not being maintained in his office of Papal Legate by Pope Innocent, afterward went over to Anacletus, and carried with him the Duke of Aquitaine. But this local schism was, in due time, to be healed by the eloquence and miracles of St. Bernard. In 1130 all France was at the feet of Innocent II.

The king of England held aloof, uncertain as to whom he should pay the homage due to the Vicar of Christ. But he, too, soon yielded to the arguments and influence of the Abbot of Clairvaux.

¹ Letter 48, as quoted by Chevallier.

Then came the turn of Germany, where the emperor-elect, Lothaire, was first partly won over to the legitimate Pope by St. Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg.

This happened after the Assembly of Etampes. Innocent, who gladly acknowledged in the Abbot of Clairvaux the man specially raised up by God to heal the wounds of the Church, and to reunite divided Christendom, would not part with him, and would have him constantly by his side as the counsellor and guide in whose inspired wisdom he could wholly trust. The Chancellor Haimeric, also, who had been chiefly instrumental in the election of Innocent II., was but too glad to make the Saint forget the unjust and offensive letter about frogs quitting their marshes and annoying Pope and Cardinals by their croaking.

We need no other assurance, however, than our knowledge of St. Bernard's own unselfish character and entire devotion to the dearest interests of religion, to believe that he needed no apology from the Chancellor or the Pontiff before he espoused the cause of Innocent as that of the true successor of St. Peter.

Innocent had arranged to meet the emperor-elect, Lothaire, at Liège, on March 24, 1130. The meeting was one to be long remembered. The Pope entered the city having St. Bernard by his side, and followed by a cortege of Cardinals, prelates and nobles. Lothaire, on foot, led by the bridle the Pope's white hackney, and with a wand made way among the dense throng for the Holy Father.

The next day, the 25th of March, the Pope celebrated pontifical mass, and Lothaire paid him solemn homage as to the lawful head of the Church, binding himself by oath to restore him to the peaceful possession of Rome.

But in the very midst of this solemn scene, the Emperor-elect demands, as the reward of his services, that Innocent shall acknowledge the imperial right of *investiture*. This was reopening the old bitter quarrel between Church and State, between the temporal power and the spiritual—the feudal lord demanding that the Church shall do him homage for its temporal possessions, and that Pope and bishop shall hold themselves his vassals and inferiors in the political order. To resist this unhallowed claim, Pope St. Gregory VII. had resisted to the utmost the pretensions of the German emperors, and died in exile.

St. Bernard, who had been the guide and stay of Innocent II. up to that moment, then stood forth as the defender of the most sacred rights of the Papacy and of the Church. He appealed to the entire assembly, laymen and clergymen, setting briefly and luminously before them the grounds of the Imperial claim, and the imprescriptible rights of the spiritual authority. Recalling eloquently

the deplorable and sanguinary dissensions which had arisen in Europe from the urging of the pretensions now again put forth, the Saint asks his hearers to give their judgment fearlessly.

With one voice, repeated again and again, they declare that the Emperor-elect is wrong. The latter was too much of a politician to persist in pressing a demand which the popular voice thus energetically condemned. He openly declared that he would abide by the Concordat of Worms, concluded in 1122 under the pontificate of Calixtus II., and by which the Emperor had renounced the assumed right of investing bishops with the ring and the crozier.

The sovereigns of Spain and Portugal, then struggling heroically with the Moors, were not long in giving in their adhesion to the cause of Innocent II. And here again history attests that it was the influence of the Abbot of Clairvaux and the fame of his transcendent virtues, which were the determining motives of this accession to the party of the lawful Pope.

In October, 1131, Innocent II. held the Council of Rheims, in which all these sovereigns renewed their homage to him, thus practically condemning the schismatic Anacletus. In this Council, Louis VI., who was still plunged in grief for the loss of his son, cut off suddenly by a tragic death, as St. Bernard had foretold, caused the Pope to crown his second son, Louis VII. This solemn ceremony reminded all present of the prophetic warning given to a tyrannical king, and of the crimes against the Church, which drew down on royalty such an awful punishment.

That same year the Pope visited Clairvaux, wishing not only to give the Abbot a public testimony of his gratitude, but to see with his own eyes an establishment of which universal fame spoke such wonders.

The monks came forth to meet the splendid pontifical cortege, and it was a sight which neither Innocent nor his companions could ever afterward recall without the deepest emotion. At Clairvaux, monastery and church were spacious enough to contain the ever-increasing family, from which, as from a teeming hive, swarms of holy religious were continually issuing, bearing with them wherever they settled the sweet odor of Christ and the supernatural spirit of self-sacrifice received from the lessons and examples of their saintly parent. From the lowly gates of the great monastery, Innocent II. beheld issuing to meet him a long train of white-robed monks, who, with eyes never raised from the ground, chanted the prescribed anthems of the ritual, and welcomed him as the one who came to them in the name of the Lord. There was in the sacred songs sung in Clairvaux nothing resembling our harmonized nineteenth century music. But the Gregorian music

of anthem, psalm and hymn was the echo of Eastern harmonies coming from far-distant ages, reminding one of St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and St. Martin of Tours, of St. Benedict and St. Maur. The grave and unearthly melody lifted the soul upwards, and as one looked upon the pale, emaciated, spiritualized and love-lit features of the singers, with their downcast eyes and angelic modesty, one thought not of earth but of heaven, and fancied that the life here led was indeed supernatural.

At the head of the white-robed procession was borne aloft a cross composed of a knotted pole with a transverse arm of the same wood and shape. There was no sculptured image of the Crucified. His likeness was deeply impressed on the heart and the life of every one of these blessed solitaries. Aye, blessed, and most blessed, in very truth were they deemed and called by those who looked on them as on some vision of the regions nearest Paradise!

They lead the Pontiff to the Church. There, too, everything his eye rests upon is unlike anything ever yet seen in such holy places. The walls are naked; the very altars speak of poverty. Their sole ornament is a simple crucifix, reminding the beholder of the God of Calvary, the Guest of our Tabernacles. The stalls for the monks are made of rough planks, and so are the benches on which they support themselves during the long psalmody. Everything is wanting in their sanctuary in the wilderness, save the one TREASURE which is to the inmates all in all, their Emmanuel, the God ever with them to inspire them continually to higher aims and holier deeds, and to give them by His abiding presence the foretaste of the everlasting possession.

"Joy filled all hearts on that day," says Ernaldus in his "Life of St. Bernard."¹ "It was a great feast in the Abbey. But it was not one celebrated by the fare usual in worldly banquets. The bread on the tables was made of coarse flour. The wine was thin and sour. Instead of turbot the dishes contained the vegetables grown in the monks' garden. Before the Pope was placed a poor fish that had been sent from a distance and which no one remarked."

Innocent could not restrain his admiration. Clairvaux surpassed all that he had heard of monastic austerity and religious heroism. He could not leave it without recording his grateful sense of the Abbot's services. He drew up on the spot a bull conferring on the Cistercians special privileges which Bernard neither asked for nor could decline.

"It is to thee, Bernard," the Pontiff says, "it is to thy invinci-

¹ Letter 352.

ble constancy and zeal in the dark days of schism; it is to the courage shown by thee in defending our Israel; it is to the authority begotten of thy influence, bringing back to the fold of Peter kings, princes, and all powers ecclesiastical and secular, that we owe the triumph of the Church and the peace of the Holy See." ¹

The work accomplished up to that moment by the Abbot of Clairvaux was only half the work yet to be done, to extinguish the schism totally.

Innocent II. returned to Italy in the spring of 1132, taking St. Bernard with him, much against the will of the latter, and to the great regret of the monks of Clairvaux. The Pope relied on the solemn promise of the Emperor-elect Lothaire, who was, at the head of an army, to expel Anacletus from Rome, to restore Innocent to his See, and to receive from the hands of the latter the imperial crown. But the Pope relied more on the preternatural influence exercised by the Abbot of Clairvaux than on the support of the German armies.

The anti-Pope had for his allies Roger of Sicily and his Normans, the Republic of Milan, whose archbishop, Anselmo di Pusterla, had warmly espoused the cause of the schismatics, and the powerful Roman barons devoted to Anacletus, and who counted numerous adherents among the nobles of the Free Cities of Italy. Florence, Bologna and Siena were still to be won, and far more important was it to gain the maritime republics of Pisa or Genoa, whose fleets swept the Mediterranean.

Innocent rightly believed that the very appearance in Italy of the saintly Abbot of Clairvaux would act like a spell on the populations,—that the prestige of his sanctity and of the miracles which he wrought everywhere, much more than his marvellous eloquence, would overcome all opposition and secure the triumph of the Holy See.

And the event justified the hopes of the Pontiff. Piedmont and Piacenza gave Innocent and his companion an enthusiastic welcome. Pisa opened her gates to them, and pledged to the exiled Pope a fidelity that never afterwards wavered. Genoa, meanwhile, watched with no friendly eye the proceedings of her neighbor and rival. The adhesion of Pisa to the cause of Innocent was, in the state of feeling which then prevailed, a good reason why Genoa should declare for Anacletus.

To prevent such a calamity, Bernard hastened to Genoa. His progress along the Riviera was what might have marked the advance of an archangel had one come down visibly from heaven to visit the northern shore of the Peninsula. The proud Genoese restrained at first their true feelings. The Saint was received re-

spectfully, joyfully even, but there was a shade of distrust in the popular joy. No sooner, however, did the white frock of the Cistercian show itself in the pulpit of the Cathedral, no sooner did the pale, emaciated features of the man of God look down on the rapt multitude beneath, than the usual spell began to work. His words fell like electric sparks on the hearts of his hearers.

The fame of his sanctity, as well as that of his learning, had long ago crossed the Alps. Learned men Italy possessed in abundance. But the very appearance of Bernard brought with it the conviction that he was one of God's messengers, sent to bring peace to troubled souls, and to make peace as well between warring peoples. Nevertheless, the Abbot of Clairvaux, accustomed to thoroughly instruct his audience, whether in his own monastery or in the cities of France and Germany, on the great truths he expounded, had resolved to enlighten the Genoese on the true origin of the existing schism, and the grounds on which Pope and anti-Pope rested their claims to the obedience of Christendom. Three times each day he called the citizens to the Cathedral. It needed not many days' labor to convince them who was the rightful Pontiff.

Having gained this first victory, the Saint profited by the enthusiasm and veneration manifested by the multitude to bind Pisa and Genoa together by a true sisterly feeling. The chords of brotherly charity in these Christian hearts, touched by the hand of a saint, break forth in divinest harmony. The prisons in which the captive soldiers of Pisa have so long languished, unransomed and despairing, are at once thrown open. Genoa can refuse nothing to Innocent II. and his eloquent representative.

Innocent, on his side, raises the See of Genoa to Archiepiscopal rank. The occupant of the See, carried away by the current of generosity which sweeps over the warlike city, declares that he will vacate his position, and asks the Abbot of Clairvaux to take his place. The people, moved by the spontaneous act of their Bishop, with one voice demand of the saintly Abbot to be the first Archbishop of Genoa, and close the gates of the city lest he should escape the honor thus thrust upon him. It is all in vain. Friends who appreciate the Saint's humility help him out of this new danger. And he returns to Pisa to receive the grateful thanks of the Pope and the citizens.

It is, for us especially, who have so lately visited Pisa and Genoa, studying their annals and examining the splendid monuments of the bygone days of Catholic living faith, of heroic and fruitful liberty inspired by faith, unspeakably sad to think of what these two glorious little republics were in 1132 and what they are to-day. We cannot read without emotion the noble letter which St.

Bernard hastened to write to the Genoese on his safe arrival in Pisa :

“With what blessed results for the Church my mission to you has been attended,” he says. “With what demonstrations of honor you received and treated me during my too brief stay. . . . May the Almighty take on Himself to repay you. For how can I make you a fitting return for that love of yours so full of reverence, trust and devotion. . . . O happy days that have passed away all too rapidly! No, indeed, never can I forget you, devoted people, great-hearted commonwealth, illustrious city! . . .

“I had come to sow the good seed among you. See what an abundant harvest has come of it. A single day, as it were, has witnessed the scattering of the seed and the ripening of the grain. It was such a blessed mission, bringing to the exile and the prisoner the hope of recovering their liberty and beholding once more their native land; a mission which filled our adversaries with dismay, which covered the schismatics with confusion, while it was fruitful in glory to the Church and happiness to the nations.

“What remains to me now to do, O beloved ones, but to exhort you to persevere. Perseverance alone, as you know, secures the glory won by the brave of heart and the crown due to the heroic. . . . Treasure up jealously, therefore, the teachings to which you listened with so much fervor.

“Foster peace with your brethren of Pisa. Continue in your obedience to the Pope. Be faithful to the Emperor, and careful to promote the glory of your city. . . . Should you enter upon warlike enterprises, let them not be directed against your neighbors or your friends. Attack rather the enemies of the Church. Then shall your conquests be both more glorious and more just. May the God of peace and love be ever with you.”¹

Meanwhile, Anacletus, the better to secure the support of Roger II., of Sicily, gave over or guaranteed to the latter, by the treaty of Avellino, the possession of Sicily and of all southern Italy, together with Capua and Naples.² Conrad of Hohenstauffen, the rival of Lothaire, who was also pledged to the anti-Pope, had received the Iron Crown of Italy, at Monza and Milan, from the hands of Archbishop Anselmo. So the odds stood formidable in the Peninsula in favor of the Schism. And when Lothaire crossed the Alps, in August, 1132, with his German army, this only amounted to a body of 2000 cavalry. Verona closed its gates against him as he arrived in the plains of upper Italy, and Cremona only received him to insult and deride himself and his escort.

Innocent and St. Bernard joined the Emperor-elect at Roncaglia,

¹ Letter 129.

² Chevallier, i., 260.

and the little army set out for Rome, while the united fleets of Genoa and Pisa watched the mouths of the Tiber to prevent the Sicilians from landing any forces along the coast. The anti-Pope, terrified by the approach of Lothaire, shut himself up in the Castle Sant Angelo, leaving the rest of the city to Innocent and his ally.

Thus it happened that Lothaire was crowned Emperor by the Pope at St. John Lateran on the fourth of June. This was all Lothaire wanted. He forthwith set out for Germany, leaving the Pope to face his enemies singlehanded. Unwilling to shed the blood of his own people, the lawful Pontiff returned at once to Pisa. There, at least, he would be safe from the attacks of the schismatical Italians. And there the Abbot of Clairvaux left him until the spring-tide of 1134.

Innocent had convened a council in Pisa with the well-founded hope that the deliberations of such an assemblage would contribute to put an end to the scandalous division in the Church. The King of France, however, would not allow the prelates of his kingdom to obey the summons of the Pope. He fell back on the pretension of the Byzantine Emperors, that to the secular power belonged the privilege of assembling such councils. It was a claim as old as Cæsarism itself, both ancient and modern, that the Church is the servant of the State, and that both Pope and bishops should act, meet, deliberate and legislate only in conformity with the Imperial or Royal will. Here again St. Bernard stepped in to enlighten Louis VI., and to dissuade him from his purpose.

The Council of Pisa met on May 30, 1134. The Abbot of Clairvaux, who had faced and accomplished gigantic labors since he had parted with the Pope toward the close of 1132, hesitated not to cross the Alps once more, and to be at the Council of Pisa what he had been in those of Troyes and Rheims, the oracle of the assembled Fathers. Pope and Bishops seemed to have as much reverence for the man of God as the lowliest priest and layman. In the Council he spoke while all listened. Outside the Council, the monastery where he lodged was besieged night and day by the multitudes who came from far and near to consult him, to lay before him the wants and sores of soul and body.

“How describe the worshipful veneration of which he was the object,” says his biographer, Ernaldus. “The crowd of persons ever anxious to see him was so great that the priests themselves had to wait the whole night at his door in order to be received in their turn. There was no end to those who went in and came out. So that this man, the very embodiment of humility, who would not allow that he was worthy of any honor, was not only burdened

with the affairs of the Church universal, but held as one clothed with the loftiest secular power.”¹

Then it was that Bernard resolved to extinguish the schism by facing its partisans in their chief strongholds. Clothed with the title of Legate á latere, and accompanied by two Cardinals and the Bishop of Chartres, he sets out for Milan. Here, again, the fame of his sanctity and the miracles which attested it preceded him at every stage of his journey. It was in vain that the powerful feudal nobles, who followed the leadership of Anselmo di Pusterla, tried to stir up the populations against the envoys of Innocent II. The popular heart, whose instincts in divining and acknowledging genuine holiness in man or woman, are infallible, had already been won. How could Bernard perform the prodigies which marked his every footstep on both sides of the Alps if God were not with him?

At his approach all Milan went out to greet him. The nobles and clergy were carried away in the stream of popular enthusiasm. He is soon surrounded by the worshiping crowd. The nearest kiss his hands, his feet, the very hem of his garments. Those farther off kneel and beseech his blessing. Nay, when he comes down from horseback, the pressure is so great that his cloak having fallen off it is immediately seized upon and torn into fragments by the crowd, “who,” says his historian, “draw out the very threads of the cloth in order to bear home with them something that has belonged to the Saint.”

Of course, under such circumstances it needed no long discourse to persuade the Milanese republicans that the cause for which the Abbot of Clairvaux was sent to them was the cause of God, that of the Church, that of the lawful Pope.

The very day after his arrival is marked by the miraculous cure of a woman who, for seven entire years, had been a prey to the terrible, demoniacal sufferings described in the Gospel. She had been brought into the presence of St. Bernard by a crowd of her fellow-citizens, who earnestly besought him to have pity on her. He at first hesitated, says his biographer, but seeing the ardent faith of the people around him, he knelt in prayer, and they knelt with him. The woman was cured instantaneously.

Another extraordinary cure was effected in the Basilica of St. Ambrose, and in the presence of the worshippers who filled it.

Anselmo di Pusterla had fled from the city. The Milanese, whose avidity to hear and see the holy man, drew the citizens of every degree and attached them to his footsteps, now began to wish that God might give them for chief pastor one whose golden elo-

¹ Ewaldus, lib. ii., cap. 2, n. 8.

quence and miracles reminded them of their own great St. Ambrose. One day when he was celebrating some solemn office in the Church of San Lorenzo, a voice suddenly shouted, "Bernard, Bernard for our Archbishop!" The cry was taken up by all present, and there was no stilling it. At length, the Saint told them that on the morrow they should have his decision. He should mount on horseback in their presence and leave the animal he rode to go his own way. If he remained in the city then they should be gratified. If the animal left the city behind, then they must be content to seek another man for their prelate.

On the morrow the animal the Abbot of Clairvaux rode started off at full gallop toward the gate leading to Pavia. The people, disappointed, bewailed their loss; but they remained true to Innocent II.

Bernard was to return later to the noble city of St. Ambrose, and to meet with a still more triumphant reception. But the image of the white-robed man of God, with his etherealized features all radiant with the light of another sphere, with those modest blue eyes of his which kindled all hearts with a fire from above when he spoke to them in the name of God, was a vision which never could fade from their souls.

Pavia and the other cities of upper Italy soon followed the example of Milan. Then the Pope sent Bernard across the Alps to Germany to reconcile Conrad and the other Hohenstauffen princes with the Emperor Lothaire, and thereby to extinguish in that country the last embers of the schism. From Germany the Saint was recalled to Pisa, his journey, going and returning, being one continuous series of ovations, marked everywhere by the conversion of sinners, by the revival among the people of a living faith and practical piety.

Innocent II., after the successful accomplishment of the Saint's mission to Germany, yielded to his entreaties and permitted him to return for a time to his beloved Clairvaux. But his path through Lombardy and Switzerland was beset by the eager multitudes whom the report of his passage drew together from every side. Flocks in the plains and herds high up on the flowery Alpine slopes were forsaken by their guardians, who could not, would not forego the opportunity of seeing the Messenger of God to the Christendom of the twelfth century. No one will be surprised to learn that in that distant age of bad roads slow travelling and intolerable hardships in traversing a whole continent, the worn-out frame of the Abbot of Clairvaux should have succumbed to all this succession of labor and endless journeyings.

In very truth as he left Geneva and turned himself toward Burgundy and Champagne, Bernard, scarcely able to keep his seat

on horseback with the aid of his companions, looked more like a dying man than one who had any prospect of living through the long years of trial which might await a man of forty-three.

Among his companions on this memorable return to Clairvaux was another Bernard, a Canon of Pisa, who yearned for the solitude and austerities of the Valley of Bitterness, and whom we shall presently meet again as Pope Eugenius III.

The monastery of Clairvaux was now too narrow for the numbers which the fame of its Abbot and the holy thirst for suffering and sanctity which he had kindled in the souls of the *élite* of the European youth, had attracted to the angelic life of the Cistercians. Besides, the site first chosen for the monastery was both insalubrious and unfavorable to the wide culture necessary toward feeding a large community of monks. So, yielding to the solicitations of the most experienced of his companions, Bernard consented to accept from the Count of Champagne another site with a wider range of cultivable lands and a better soil, and the second Clairvaux was built where the State Prison of that name stands in the France of 1890-91.

The half-hearted support given by the German Emperor to the lawful Pope and the powerful aid given, on the other hand, by Roger of Sicily to that of the anti-Pope, prolonged the schism till the death of Anacletus in the beginning of 1138. Meanwhile the Abbot of Clairvaux labored unceasingly to make of the new monastery built for himself and his community a spiritual paradise more marvellous even and more fragrant with the bloom of every supernatural virtue than had been their first blessed abode in the Vale of Bitterness. During these years of comparative repose the Saint, among other instructions daily delivered to his brethren, commented for them the Canticle of Canticles, with an elevation and purity of thought, with a most perfect chasteness of diction, which are worthy of the admiration of all ages. These sermons, preserved for us and all time by the painstaking monks of Clairvaux, should serve as a model to all commentators of Scripture, who presume to treat of the mysteries of Christ's love for His Church, and of the return made to Him for His unspeakable charity by that Church and by the privileged souls on whom He vouchsafes to bestow the divinest graces of His predilection. We have seen certain treatises of mystical theology and certain biographies of modern saints written with such a total disregard of what is due to innocent and virginal souls among their readers, that it is hard to look upon their books in any other light than that they are a calamity.

The sermons of St. Bernard, a Doctor of Holy Church and the last of the Fathers, ought to satisfy even the most learned, and

teach the most experienced in spirituality how to treat holily of the holiest things.

Toward the middle of 1137 the Emperor Lothaire, whose title was challenged by the warlike and skilful King of Sicily, resolved to return to Italy with an army which should bear down all resistance, while compelling Roger II. and his adherents to do homage to the Imperial Crown and to acknowledge Innocent II. as the sole legitimate Pontiff. This would, the Emperor thought, end all divisions in Church and State. But Lothaire, ever intent on obtaining from the Pope the concession of the right of *investiture* and such privileges as would leave the spiritual power at the mercy of the temporal, was determined to wrest from Innocent II. in his extremity the rights so long contested or denied. This, Innocent was well apprised of, and as St. Bernard had been the most efficient auxiliary of the Holy See in defeating Lothaire's former pretensions, so the Saint was now summoned once more to Italy. This time also Bernard's presence in the opposite camps, and his eloquence in dealing with the churchmen, statesmen and warriors who upheld the cause of Anacletus served most efficaciously, under the divine blessing, toward the victory of right and the pacification of the Church.

In the last battle between the Sicilian and the Imperial forces, the Abbot of Clairvaux betook himself to a neighboring monastery, where he ceased not to pray, till, against all expectations, the Sicilians were utterly routed. The victory was attributed, on both sides, to the prayers of the Saint, who also prevailed on King Roger to have the rival claims of Pope and anti-Pope discussed in public conference at Salerno. There, again, the eloquence of St. Bernard, inspired by his ardent faith, triumphed over the arguments of Peter of Pisa, the great orator of the schismatics, whose wonderful discourse seemed to have carried away the very supporters of Innocent.

No one ventured to reply to the Saint, who, taking Peter of Pisa by the hand, led him to the feet of the lawful Pope. Roger of Sicily still hesitated, when the death of Anacletus, forsaken by his own partisans, ended this long schism of eight years' duration. The anti-Pope, Victor IV., whom the schismatic Cardinals selected in the place of Anacletus, soon gave up his pretensions, and was pardoned by Innocent.

"On the eighth day after Pentecost," writes St. Bernard to his brethren of Clairvaux, "God crowned all my wishes, by giving unity to the Church and peace to Rome. On that day, all who had favored the schism of Pietro de Leone (Anacletus) came to kneel before the pope, and swear to him fidelity and obedience. . . . What joy this event caused the Roman people! For some time past I had foreseen this issue. And the hope of it kept me

far away from you. Nothing now requires me to stay in Rome. . . . So I return to you. I leave this rewarded for all my labors. Christ has conquered, and the Church is pacified."¹

The General Council of Lateran, held by the Pope in 1139, fulfilled one of the most cherished desires of the Abbot of Clairvaux, the reform of the clergy. If one looks back from the year 1139, down to the days of Constantine the Great, it will be seen, on perusing the acts of each succeeding Pontificate, how large a space is taken up by the records of the uninterrupted battle of the Popes and the Catholic hierarchy everywhere against the usurpations of imperial and kingly power, which, while pretending to protect the Church, labored persistently to take away from her and her ministers everything that resembled true liberty and independent action, even in spirituals. Feudalism, after the invasion of the barbarians, only contributed to make more intolerable the yoke imposed by Cæsarism. Century after century, the powers of this world practically denied to the Church the proper freedom of action essential to a society constituted by Christ Himself, and holding its authority from Him. And the Cæsarism of feudalism, which oppressed the Church, encouraged, fostered, protected in the clergy the vices condemned by the Gospel, and reproved by the decrees of the succeeding Councils.

Every Pope, during his Pontificate, had to fight with Cæsar, king, and feudal lord, for the very life proper of the Church of Christ, while his efforts to reform the morals of cloister and sanctuary met with invincible resistance from the great of this world, whose sons were thrust, perforce, into all high stations and offices of honor and emolument. The Pope, during each successive reign, was like a man continually called to defend his house against brigands, or to extinguish the flames kindled by incendiaries. What time or opportunity had he to attend to its external or internal beauty and order, when his whole strength was wasted in repairing the breaches committed by the foe, in protecting the lives and liberty of his family, and in keeping a roof above them?

When Innocent II., after getting possession of Rome and extinguishing a long and disastrous schism, attempted to reform the clergy, he met with but little assistance from the reigning sovereigns of Christendom.

While the Council of Lateran was sitting in the cathedral church of the Popes, the king of Sicily, relieved from the presence of the Imperial armies, had repossessed himself of the kingdom of Naples and all southern Italy, and was threatening Rome itself and the patrimony of St. Peter.

Innocent II., who, it must be said, was getting tired of the aid and counsels of St. Bernard, collected an army, marched against

¹ Letter 317, quoted by Chevallier.

the Sicilian monarch, who took the Pope prisoner, and wrung from his captive an acknowledgment of his sovereignty over all the dominions held by his arms.

But even then, Roger proclaimed openly that in submitting to Innocent as the lawful successor of St. Peter, he was only yielding to the salutary influence exercised over him by the words and saintly example of the Abbot of Clairvaux. He solicited from the Pope the favor of having a colony of Cistercians in Sicily, and Innocent willingly yielded to his prayer.

Thus Sicily was blessed, as Portugal had lately been, as Milan and all Lombardy would soon be, by the possession of these sons of St. Bernard, who would effect at Alcobaça, Chiaravalle, and Morimondo, what they had achieved in the Valley of Bitterness—make the desert bloom like the springtide of Eden, and fill the cloister with the virtues of the angelic spheres. Now is the time to tell a too forgetful age that it is to the Cistercian recluses that Lombardy, and all upper Italy, owe the culture which transformed the land from a marshy wilderness and unproductive upland waste into a region of waving cornfields and fruitful vineyards, literally flowing with milk and honey; the home of agriculture, and every peaceful industry, where a faithful, pious, liberty-loving people made every foot of God's earth beautiful, every one of their cities the cradle of learning, art, and song, every one of its teeming homes the dwelling of laborious, thrifty, contented freemen. Let Cesare Cantú teach Europe what it owes to the sons of St. Bernard; Mariana and his brother-historians will also tell us what marvellous changes in agriculture, even, these poor, despised monks wrought in the Portugal of Affonso-Henriquez, as well as in the Sicily of Roger II.

If there is decay in France, in Italy, in Spain, and Portugal, the historian may trace the beginning and progress of such decay to the decline of the virtues which St. Bernard and his glorious disciples taught by word and example, wherever they were left free to exercise an influence the most salutary ever felt by the generations of mankind.

It is the influence of the supernatural Gospel virtues. Let governments favor and foster to-morrow the men who inherit the spirit of St. Bernard, and you will see Burgundy, Champagne, and all France, renew their Christian youth, and repeat the heroic achievements of the twelfth century. Let the divine freemasonry of self-sacrifice be allowed to do its work in the Italian and the Iberian peninsulas; let Christian Faith, and Hope, and Charity, be encouraged once more to speak to our modern generations of toilers, to elevate their aims and their lives above the low level of the prevailing naturalism and egotism, and the world shall behold beautiful Italy repeating the history of her mediæval wonders; Spain and Portu-

gal reascending to the level of the prosperity and greatness from which they fell by allowing irreligion to poison all the springs of their social life.

Distant Ireland, at the western extremity of Europe, had heard long before 1138 of the fame of St. Bernard. And Ireland, since the days of St. Patrick, had never ceased to yearn for that supernatural life with which the name of Clairvaux was identified.

During the summer of 1138, the successor of St. Patrick, Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, knocked one day at the gate of the new Clairvaux. He was on his way to Rome to ask the pallium from Innocent II., the successor of that Celestine who, in the fifth century had sent Patrick to evangelize the Celts of Erin. On his way through Gaul, the venerable pilgrim had turned aside to the abode of St. Bernard, drawn to that great kindred soul by the magnetism of sanctity. Malachy also hungered and thirsted insatiably for that life of sublime self-sacrifice taught and practiced in Clairvaux. The first meeting of the two Saints bound their souls together in a friendship which was to live forever.

From Clairvaux the Archbishop sped to Rome buoyed up by a great hope. He besought Innocent II. to allow him to lay aside the burden of his episcopal dignity and to become at Clairvaux the last and lowliest of the Cistercian novices. But Innocent knew too well how much Ireland, so long desolated by the heathen and ferocious Danes, and even in 1138 still coveted by the Northmen who had conquered England, needed such holy pastors as Malachy. So his petition was refused. One consolation was left the great Archbishop as he returned, disappointed but submissive, to his church beyond the seas, that he might soon possess in the Isle of Saints a colony of Cistercians. For this purpose, on arriving in Armagh, he selected among the clerical youth around him several of the most fervent and promising, whom he sent to Clairvaux. There they were carefully trained by the great master of spiritual life, and when they had made their religious profession, they were sent back to Malachy with the blessing of his friend. How it fared with them, and what plentiful fruit they bore on that soil, where all the flowers of holiness blossom and ripen under God's most special grace, we need not tell the reader.

Malachy, ere he quitted Clairvaux, had obtained permission to wear the white Cistercian robes. He had always emulated in his conduct the virtues which distinguished Clairvaux. In 1148 St. Malachy, who still yearned for the life of the cloister and the companionship of his twin soul, St. Bernard, once more reappeared at Clairvaux. This time the Archbishop of Armagh was sustained by a new hope. There then sat on the chair of Peter Eugenius III., that same Bernard of Pisa whom the Abbot of Clairvaux had formed with such fatherly care till he sent him to Rome at the head

of the colony of Cistercians whom the Pope wished to establish in the Eternal City. On Bernard of Pisa the choice of the Sacred College fell in 1145, at the death of Lucius II.

Would not a Cistercian Pope, the favorite disciple of the Abbot of Clairvaux, favor the suit of Malachy, and allow him to end his days in the cloister where Eugenius had himself spent his happiest days?

The yearning of the gentle Irish saint was to be satisfied at length, though in a way he little anticipated. He arrived in Clairvaux footsore and wearied. The joy of meeting his friend, the more than brother of his soul, and the happiness of breathing once more an atmosphere redolent of Heaven, made the aged prelate forget, at first, the fatigues of his long journey across sea and land. But the end had come for him. One supreme happiness on this side of the grave was vouchsafed him,—to die clothed with the white tunic of Clairvaux, with St. Bernard by his side, and ministered to in his last hours by the loving hands of those whom he had longed to call by the sweet name of brothers.

On the very evening of the day which witnessed the departure from earth of that saintly soul, the Abbot of Clairvaux made of this most edifying death the subject of his homily to the monks:

“We must see a special design of Providence in His permitting Malachy to die in our midst,” the Abbot says. “It was by a favor of Heaven that he thus fulfilled the wish so often expressed of closing his life here. He came from the ends of the earth to put off his mortal coil in this house. This was the secret hope which he so fondly cherished when he set out on the long journey that ended at Clairvaux.

“On his arrival we welcomed him as if he were God’s angel, so deep was the veneration which the holy man inspired. He, on his side, impelled by his charity and his characteristic modesty and gentleness, lavished on us the marks of a friendship which we did not deserve. . . .

“It remains for us to deplore the cruel death which, in cutting off this one man, inflicts such a loss on the whole Church. Cruel indeed and pitiless is death which causes our tears to flow so abundantly; blind and undiscerning is that death which froze the tongue of Malachy, paralyzed his feet, struck down his hands, and closed forever these eyes which were wont to fascinate the sinner and draw him to the sweet joys of repentance. These blessed hands of his never ceased from austere labor save when they offered up in sacrifice the Victim of our salvation, or were raised in supplication toward the throne of mercy. Blessed hands, that showered so many graces on the sick and the needy, and were the instruments of so many miracles. Blessed feet, so beautiful on the hills of Erin as they bore everywhere the Gospel of Christ; feet so often

wearied with their apostolic journeyings, and whose prints on the earth we should kiss with devout rapture. Blessed those priestly lips which were the guardians of knowledge; blessed the mouth of the just man who meditated science ere he poured forth its treasures, and blessed the tongue whose every utterance was a benediction and a consolation. . . .

“Let us congratulate, O brethren, this father of ours as it now bescemeth us. If filial piety impels us to weep over Malachy dead, a higher piety should prompt us to rejoice with Malachy living. Yes, he truly liveth. He is everlastingly the fellow-citizen of the saints, and the most happy inmate of God's own household on high.”¹

We have in this extract a sample of the style of St. Bernard's addresses when some great loss deeply touched his heart, and made it pour forth in unpremeditated eloquence the sentiments which filled it to overflowing. St. Malachy had expressed before dying the wish that he should be buried in the poor, white tunic of the Cistercians, as the lowliest of the community, a member of which he had ever yearned to be. But St. Bernard would not permit the successor of St. Patrick, the Primate of a Church so renowned as that of Ireland, to be consigned to the grave like a brother of Clairvaux. The body of the Saint was clothed in pontifical vestments, a solemn funeral service was performed, and all that was earthly of Malachy was put in a tomb in the chancel of the monastery church. Later, Bernard himself, on his death-bed, directed that he should be buried by the side of Malachy. The poor, white tunic in which the Irish Archbishop died the Abbot of Clairvaux kept for himself as a relic and a treasure beyond price. When in August, 1153, five years after the death of his friend, the great Doctor of the twelfth century, lay at death's door, the brilliant light of God's House upon earth as it was about to be extinguished forever, Bernard asked for the tunic of Malachy, was clad in it, and in it received the last Sacraments of the Church, and breathed his gentle and mighty spirit into the bosom of his Maker. Who can doubt that Malachy's glorified spirit stood invisibly by that bedside; by the side of the hard pallet on which expired the most wonderful man ever born within the limits of ancient Gaul or modern France?

By the side of St. Malachy's tomb the weeping monks of Clairvaux raised another for their great parent. Both shrines were in the very shadow of the Altar on which Christ descended in the morning sacrifice, and on which He dwelt in His sacramental Presence evermore. Both tombs were the united object of veneration to the inmates of the monastery and the population far and wide.

¹ Sermon on the day of St. Malachy's death, nn. 3-5.

The two sepulchres were rifled by the French Revolutionists of 1793, and their contents cast forth into one indiscriminate heap. Thus the ashes of the saintly dead were mingled together. A pious monk of Clairvaux, however, gathered up these precious remains, which, after various vicissitudes, are now enshrined in the not far distant church of Ville-sous-La Ferté. Several well-authenticated portions of the relics of St. Bernard, together with what time has spared of the hard pallet on which he died, and a portion of the chasuble worn by him at the altar, are at present enclosed in a magnificent shrine at Fontaine-les-Dijon.

As we mentioned in a preceding article, the heads of both St. Malachy and St. Bernard belong to the Cathedral Church of Troyes, where pilgrims venerate them side by side in the same beautiful reliquary.

Are not these remains of the saints a pledge that France and Ireland shall ever be united in the Faith, and united as well in undying friendship? Shall we not believe that no violence of the persecutor, no length of time, shall ever extinguish in the Green Isle or the Kingdom of St. Louis the religion glorified by the lives of St. Malachy of Armagh and St. Bernard of Clairvaux?

O sister nations, bound to each other through the centuries by the ties of a love God-given, who shall separate you now from HIM or from each other? O Churches, united so long by sympathies stronger than those of blood or earthly interest, how the hearts of your exiles go forth to you from beyond the seas in the deep and bitter trials which assail you. A thousand grateful and glorious memories ever live in the land of St. Malachy recalling what France did or dared for Ireland in the darkest hours of her need. The very mention of France has still power to move the Irish heart. Nor has the decline of the Catholic faith among so many Frenchmen killed in their souls the traditional sympathy with suffering Ireland. But among the believing millions of St. Bernard's countrymen the love of Catholic Ireland, ever suffering and ever true to the ancient faith, is still a religion for the French heart in its incomparable generosity.

Oh! that the clouds of distress were lifted from sorely-trying Ireland in the year of grace 1891, instead of lowering so terribly on a people threatened chronically with famine and extermination; how gladly would the children of the Green Isle flock to France to celebrate the eighth centenary of St. Bernard's birth. How they, too, would glory in contributing to restore to somewhat of its former splendor the Sanctuary at Fontaines-les-Dijon, where was born the great son of the Blessed Alèthe de Montbard and Blessed Tescelin-le-Roux.