

THE LIFE  
OF  
ST. IGNATIUS  
OF LOYOLA,

*Founder of the Society of Jesus.*

BY  
MRS. PARSONS.

“Ignem veni mittere in terram.”—Luc. xii.

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*Superiorum Permissu.*

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MANGALORE

PRINTED AT THE “ODIALBIL PRESS”

1883.

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LIFE OF

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OF LOYOLA.

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CHAPTER I.

THE SAINT'S EARLY LIFE.

EVERYWHERE, as we look around, we see the marks of one period of time—that period known to Protestant historians as the Reformation. By a natural impulse the mind goes back to that time, and dwells on those who lived in it. We think of the promise of the early years of the second son of Henry VII., of his ascending the throne of England as Henry VIII., and of the religious wreck of his kingdom and himself. We think of Calvin and of Luther. The soul turns to Heaven almost wondering at the birth of so much sorrow, almost asking if God had forgotten to be gracious to the church which is His own, and shuddering to think that the evil that then began only the trials of the last days can surpass.

But God had not forgotten. With the mysteries of God's permitting providence, with the Babel tongues of heresy, there mingles a cry—"Ad maiorem Dei gloriam." It seems a wonderful sound to rise amidst the confusion of opinion, the destruction of authority, and the strife of sin. But there it is, and it will mix for ever with the sad thoughts of those days as a compensation to the church upon earth from the loving Majesty of Heaven. We wonder, submit, and adore.

"Ad maiorem Dei gloriam"—to the greater glory of God—it was the thought that lay in the depths of the heart of St. Ignatius; it was the moving principle in all he did; and it remains the motto of the society which he was inspired to institute.

Ignatius Loyola was the youngest of eight sons and three daughters. His father, Don Bertram, represented two of the greatest houses in Spain, Oñez and Loyola. His mother was of noble lineage, Dona Maria Saez de Balde. At his birth, in 1491, Henry VII. was king of England, Charles VIII. was king of France, Frederick III. was emperor of Germany, Ferdinand and Isabella reigned in Spain, and it was the last year of the Pontificate of Innocent VIII. The time in which Ignatius was born was a wonderful time in the history of the world; it was the time of the discovery of America. It was when he was one year old that Christopher Columbus, under the patronage of Queen Isabella of Spain, went out as an admiral in the

Spanish service, and with the commission of viceroy of all islands and continents which he might discover. This resulted in the accession to Spain of the Spanish West Indies. These discoveries, which so greatly enlarged the field of the Church's missionary labours, demand a few more words, for their history belongs to the saint's early years.

In 1492, Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, had convinced himself by a process of reasoning founded on the fact of the earth being a globe, that there was land, and a habitable country, on the side of the earth opposite to that which we inhabit. He obtained the necessary vessels from Spain, and discovered those islands which lie opposite to the coast of Florida. About the same time a Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and thus opened the way to the East Indies. Afterwards, in 1500, the Portuguese extended their discoveries to the Brazils, and established themselves there; and the name of Americus (Amerigo Vespuccio), who directed this expedition, was given to the whole continent then made known.

We can scarcely imagine the astonishment that fell on men's minds at the discovery of these vast tracts of country. It must be difficult to the great number of persons of this nation who are interested in its commerce, to realize a time when there was, to us, no West Indies. But the discovery of the New World, as it has been called, came on people suddenly, and it was a new world inhabited. New men and women,

new tribes of people, new branches of the human family became known to us—no discovery can be imagined which could have more distracted and occupied men's mind. We know how, in all times, the worldly, the ill-disciplined, and the badly taught are quickly drawn aside from God and religion by any new thing. Here was a new thing brought before Christendom. Men were called upon to believe that which a short time before had scarcely ever entered into the human mind except to be treated as impossible; and the New World offered what has always been an engine of power in the hands of the devil—it offered gold. It was not every one who gave the firstfruit of his wealth to God, like Ferdinand and Isabella, when they covered the interior of the roof of St. Mary Major, in Rome, with the first gold they received from their new possessions. Sudden wealth, even the sudden prospect of wealth, is always a trial, and often demoralizes; and so it was in the time of which we write—the devil used the world, and made an onslaught upon man. These times saw the birth and early life of St. Ignatius. The heretic Luther was eight years older, and Calvin ten years younger, than the saint.

Ignatius Loyola, as a man, had all that beauty of person which belongs to our idea of the noble Spaniard. He is described as having an olive complexion, fine features, with luxuriant hair, which he wore long upon his shoulders, and beautifully curled, a majestic mien, and an expression of intense sweetness and dignity.

The child was full of cleverness and spirit, with, as we are told, a remarkable discretion. But it was a temperament of fire and pride, impatient of rule, and ambitious of glory and renown.

It was not the manner in those times to give what we call education to youths who were not intended for the priesthood. The education of all young men of family was wholly military, and in their ideas renown could be earned only by the sword. If they could read and write their own language, that was enough. This was all that Ignatius was taught to do. But his love of glory showed itself early, and his father placed him, as soon as it was possible, at the court of King Ferdinand, to be his page.

He was a great favourite with the king. But it was a luxurious, inactive life, and did not suit the heroic aspirations of the noble boy. His brothers had distinguished themselves in military employments, and so must he. He told what he felt to his relation, Don Antonio Manrico, a grandee of Spain, and one of the most accomplished men of that day. The duke took great delight in the spirited youth, encouraged the ardour of his wishes, and had him well taught the military art, in which Ignatius is said to have attained to the greatest perfection. He remained as a soldier in the service of Spain till he was twenty-nine years of age, having attracted the highest admiration by his skill, courage, and judgment.

Among these great characteristics there

contrasts—were to be seen, which were to be fully developed in after years in the service of God, and which were to distinguish the saint. “Never,” says one of his historians, “was a cavalier more hardened to labour, and at the same time so gallant and polite.” Never, we shall see, was a servant of God more unceasingly laborious, and at the same time so tender, so sympathizing, so considerate, so merciful. Never, it is said, was there a spirit so quick to revenge the least injury, yet he was the peacemaker among his soldiers. And in his after-life, there never was a saint more quick to feel an injury done to the cause of Christ, and to revenge it, even on himself; and yet so conciliating, that the worldly-minded were afraid of his attraction. He was the most disinterested and generous of soldiers, refusing to take his share of the pillage of a town, contented with the glory of victory. And this spirit also stayed with him. We see it in the love of poverty, in the refusal of honour and dignity, in generous acts of self-sacrifice for the greater glory of God.

But the perfect soldier of the world was not the perfect Christian. When the saint looked back on those days, he saw that which not only melted him to tears to think about, but which moved him to such contrition that the hardened were won to repentance by the sight, and became holy from that hour. Yet, it is recorded of him that never, even in the temptation of a licentious camp, did he utter an impious word or an immodest expression. He always showed

a reverence for holy places, and sacred persons; and he loved poetry, and hated gambling, and showed a great taste for drawing. In his leisure hours he was himself a poet; but of his writings only one was preserved. It was a long poem, and the subject was St. Peter.

It is pleasant to linger over these early days, and see how the saint was the perfect development of the man. But they are nearly over, for now the event comes which was the means of taking him from the world, and giving him unreservedly to God.

Ferdinand of Spain was dead. He had, in his last days, possessed himself of the kingdom of Navarre. The King of Navarre had left a son, Henry of Brittany, who claimed Navarre, and a daughter, who was the wife of Francis I. of France. When Ferdinand died, he was succeeded by Charles V. This king was elected Emperor of Germany. He went into Germany to take possession of the imperial crown, and immediately Francis I. of France invaded Navarre with a powerful army, in order to recover it for his brother-in-law.

At this same time an insurrection arose in Castile, and to check it, troops and ammunition had been withdrawn from Navarre. Navarre was, therefore, in a comparatively unprotected state, and the French, with great skill and promptness, advanced, taking possession of the country till they reached the chief town, Pampeluna, which is not far from the castle of Loyola, Loyola being situated on the borders of Spain.



The viceroy of Navarre was that accomplished soldier, the kinsman of Ignatius, Don Antonio Mañrico, who had taught him the art of war. He left Pampeluna, in order to get assistance from Castile; and he left his relation, Ignatius, charged with the task of keeping the soldiers in good heart, and courageous in their duty, though the real command was with an older officer.

But when the French appeared, the people and army were panic-struck. There was no other thought than to admit the enemy. Ignatius would not allow a surrender. He reproached, he promised, he entreated, he threatened; but all was useless, and the French were admitted into the town. However, there was an armed citadel, and to it Ignatius retired, one soldier following him.

The French offered terms of capitulation, which the governor and the older officers wished to accept. Ignatius opposed this in vain. But he was present at the conference; and, when the French proposed what he considered disgraceful terms, he received them with such disdain that the treaty was broken off.

It is said that the fierceness of the young Spaniard incensed the French, and that they proceeded with the attack on the citadel with fury. Perhaps it was so. Certainly Ignatius now felt that he was to look death in the face, and he prepared for it by an act of humiliation occasionally practised in past times. There was no priest to hear his confession; he could only trust to the contrition

which God sees; and, under such circumstances, accepts. But his heroic heart would not dispense with the mortification it had deserved, and, choosing one of his companions, he declared his sins to him and so prepared himself to meet the enemy. The soldiers now made a brave defence, animated by the example of Ignatius, and depending on his command. The French had made a breach in the wall, and where the breach was widest made the attack. Ignatius, with the bravest of his soldiers, received them sword in hand, and on that perilous spot there was an obstinate fight and a great slaughter. Then there came a cannon-ball; it broke a fragment from the wall, which struck his left leg, and wounded it; and the same ball, recoiling against his right leg, broke it, and he fell. With him fell the hope and courage of the soldiers, and the citadel was surrendered.

The French, who before had offered such hard terms, were now full of moderation. They took Ignatius to their camp, and treated him with honour and great attention. And when, after several days, they found his wounds still in an unsatisfactory state, they gave him his liberty, and had him carried to Loyola.

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## CHAPTER II.

## THE CHANGE OF HEART.

It was the year 1521. The troubled spirit of Luther had, for some time, been harassing the Church, and now he had received the emperor's mandate to appear at the Diet of Worms: Ignatius Loyola was sick in his father's palace, with a wounded and a broken leg, helpless, and a great sufferer. The pain he endured was so unusual, that the surgeons examined the broken limb to ascertain the cause, and discovered that there had been a displacing of the bones, and that they were uniting improperly. To remedy this, the leg had to be broken again. Weak as he was, he suffered the operation without shrinking. Over the usually eloquent countenance there did not pass a trace of the agony that he was enduring. Not a sound, not a sigh escaped him. He clenched tightly the fingers of one hand, and that was all. But flesh and blood grew fainter and fainter; even beneath the power of his strong will it quailed and sank, and his medical attendants pronounced that he had only a few days to live.

Had he, then, given his life to prove his passion for glory? Was he, in his thirtieth year, to die martyr to his military ardour? Was the world to lose one who had inherited

all that man can inherit, and who had achieved all that the world allows. On the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul he received the last sacraments: he grew weaker and weaker; everybody believed that the end was approaching, that before the coming day he would receive the world's final reward—an honourable death.

The world is to lose him, but he is not to die. At this moment the Almighty Will interferes. It will be remembered that the ardent young poet had not forgotten the prince of the apostles, and now St. Peter is sent to give him a new life, to be spent for God and the Church. In the depth of the night the dying man saw St. Peter by his side; the great apostle touched him, and he was instantly cured. His strength returned, all pain left him, and the next morning he was pronounced to be out of danger.

It was the healing of the body; it was not an irresistible and Divine drawing of the soul. He had prepared to meet God through the gate of death. He had confessed, and had been anointed, and had laid himself down to die. Having done this sincerely, he was in a state of grace, and the visit of St. Peter had given life back to him, and placed him once more in a position to choose between God and the world. It had not worked any miracle upon his soul: it had not obliged him to serve God; it had returned to him what every Christian possesses, the power of choice, and given him life and strength to follow it.

He rose from his sick-bed the same Ignatius.

No doubt his noble spirit had felt submission under its chastisements; no doubt a heart like his was thankful for God's mercy; but still, he rose from his bed the same Ignatius.

The leg that had been twice broken exhibited a deformity; under the knee a bone protruded. The Spanish boot was a part of the dress of a cavalier, which was highly ornamented, and thought a good deal about in those days; and Ignatius could not reconcile himself to a defect which injured his appearance as a man of fashion and of perfect form. He determined to have this bone sawed off; and it was done. The pain was excruciating, and the operation was one of great danger. He would not submit to be bound, or even held. He kept himself immovable while the surgeons performed their task, and, but for a slight change of countenance, no one would have known that he felt anything. But when he was recovered from this operation, another mortification was in store—he was lame. Some sinews had shrunk in consequence of the wound. He had a sort of rack constructed; and on this he extended himself for several days together, hoping that by means of an iron machinery his leg might be forcibly stretched to its former length. Tens of thousands have had his vanity, but who has had the courage, his endurance, his determination? In these noble qualities we lose sight of the weakness of his vanity. And there is a certain greatness in it: he was true to his character, faithful to himself. By nature he

was the possessor of great personal beauty, and he would do anything, short of sin, to preserve it. And as we look at him now, we acknowledge his power; we know of what he is capable; we feel how great he *can* be. When, with all their energies consecrated to religion, he and his followers shall welcome any severity—the knife, the saw, the rack—for the sake of that beauty which is the image of God in the soul, how great he *will* be.

The rack did not accomplish its intended purpose. The leg remained shorter than the other, and Ignatius was always a little lame. We cannot help being glad when we think of the saint, long after, walking about Rome, leaning on a stick, with that little limp in his gait which distinguished him from others; we are inclined to rejoice at the speck which remains to identify him with Spain and Pampeluna. Ignatius had been perfectly well in health since the night of St. Peter's visit to him; but the operation on his leg obliged him to stay in bed, and to remain in a posture of perfect rest for some time. This was a tedious necessity. Day after day passed; he was obliged to remain in this inactive state, and he became extremely wearied. To amuse himself he desired to have some romances brought to him. The Spanish romances of that day were highly wrought stories of love and knight-errantry, and were the fashionable reading of such young men as Ignatius, and in such houses as Loyola. It seems extraordinary, therefore, that when he asked for such works,

his attendants could not find him any. But to pass the irksome hours he must read something; so they brought him what they could find, and this proved to be the Life of our Blessed Lord, and some Lives of Saints. Ignatius read at first from no better motive than to wear away the time; but at last he began to like these books, and to find a wonderful interest in them.

It gratified his courage to read of what the saints had done; his fortitude was satisfied with what they had endured. He admired them; he saw that they were great men, and that they had become great by rejecting the world, and choosing the cross. He began to understand that to be the servant of God was to be the greatest thing that man could be upon earth; and a holy ambition rose up in his mind, prompting him to be that great thing.

The Blessed Apostle, who had been his preserver, doubtless helped him to love God. Ignatius sometimes thought that he would visit the holy sepulchre, and there pass the remainder of his days as a hermit. But then the prospects of this life spread themselves out before him, and he longed to return to the scenes and the employments that awaited him in the world. Again and again the choice came before him; and sometimes he would think of holy things, and determine to serve God, and as often he would be tempted back to the pleasures of his former life. At last he observed that after his heart had dwelt upon the honour and pleasure, and true greatness of a life devoted to the ser-

vice of God, he enjoyed a great peace and elevation of mind, and that a solid joy stole over his soul; but that the contemplation of the rewards of this world produced agitation and discontent.

It was by the grace of God that his intellect made this great distinction. He yielded himself to the attraction of divine love. He resolved to serve God, entirely to change his life, and to break off from the world for ever. He began a rigorous examination of his past life and he determined to revenge himself on himself, most severely, for his offences. He would go barefoot to the Holy Land, clothe himself in sackcloth, fast on bread and water, sleep only on the ground, and live in a solitary desert. There was not anything too great for his courage, or too severe for his repentance.

But still the state of his broken limb kept him inactive; and he could only plan these things in his mind, and meditate upon the life that he had resolved to lead. Many friends came to visit and entertain him; he suffered their society, but when they were gone he returned to his penitential thoughts, and shed tears abundantly.

There was in his room an image of our Blessed Lady. Night after night, when others slept, he used to rise from his bed, and, notwithstanding his suffering limb, prostrate himself before this image of the Refuge of Sinners, and offer himself with fervour to our Blessed Lord, beseeching the Holy Mother to intercede for him, and present him to her Son, and vowing a perfect fidelity to both. Once, when he had



ended this prayer, there came a terrible sound. The palace of Loyola was shaken to its foundations, the windows of the room in which he knelt were broken, and the wall was rent. This has been always considered as a supernatural occurrence.

He continued to read the Lives of the Saints, and he varied this employment by making coloured drawings of those actions and scenes that most affected him, and writing down those sayings which he most desired to remember. Some say that he varied his colours as he wrote; always using gold or vermilion for the words of our Lord, and blue for those of our Blessed Lady.

Certainly he was faithful to grace, and God bestowed a wonderful favour upon him. The Blessed Virgin, holding our Lord in her arms, appeared to him, standing in an atmosphere of radiant light. The permission and the power to gaze upon this glorious vision were granted, and he remained for a considerable time beholding it. In that glorious presence the remembrance of all sensual things faded away for ever; his heart ceased to respond to the invitations of the world; it was, as it were, purified and transformed within him, and from that hour, only God Himself could satisfy his soul. It was now with flaming aspirations that his ardent soul sought Heaven; and as he lay on his couch, he would look up to the bright skies in longing, loving contemplation, renewing his resolutions, and desiring the recovery of his strength, that he might have

power to perform them. It was a habit that continued with him through his life. He loved to look up in the clear starlight night, and contrast the bright still heavens with the dark turbulent earth; the spirit of the painter and poet was absorbed in God.

Still all his resolutions were secret things. They lay in the depths of his heart, and were known only above. He wished to leave the world without noise. His brother, for his father was dead, would be sure to interfere with his designs; he, therefore, never spoke to his friends of his intentions. But they saw that he was changed, and gave him plenty of the world's advice—not to be rash, or run into extravagances, but to remember the great perfections with which he had been endowed by nature, and to return to that life in the world which he had adorned so well. Ignatius answered as well as he could, and assured his brother that he would “endeavour always to live like a man of honour;” and this seems to have satisfied Don Martino, at least for the time.

But we like the elder brother's interest in the reputation of the younger. We feel kindly when we read of his reminding him of all he had achieved—of the glory of Pampeïuna—of his being one of the most illustrious soldiers of Spain—of his having created for himself a name worthy of the greatness he had inherited. When we read of the tenderness of the brotherly love that remonstrated with him, we feel kindly towards the man of the world as he appears

with the saint, and we think how few would have known Don Martino, or cared about Loyola, if Ignatius had not turned his back on both of them for the love of God.

## CHAPTER III.

### PENANCE.

As Ignatius was now recovered, he arranged to leave Loyola on a visit to the duke, his kinsman, who had left him at Pampeluna. The duke had constantly visited him during his illness, for he lived at Navarret, a small town only a short distance off. He went on horseback, attended by two servants. When there he made some excuse for sending his servants home, and then proceeded by himself to the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, which was distant a few days' journey from Barcelona. On leaving his kinsman's house, he made a vow of perpetual chastity.

On his way to Montserrat he was joined by a Moor, a Mahometan, who happened to be travelling on the same road. There was a miraculous image of our Blessed Lady at Montserrat, and this produced an argument about her immaculate purity. Ignatius heard the blasphemies of the Moor with horror. Anger sprung up bet-

ween them, and the infidel hastened on, not wishing to brave the consequences of his companion's displeasure. When he was gone, Ignatius wondered whether a man ought to live who could so speak to the dishonour of the Mother of God. We know how quick he had always been to revenge any injury or insult to himself—we know of the glorious vision which God had granted to him; it seemed as if by natural temperament, and by Heaven's favour, he was obliged to act as her soldier and her son; and so he spurred after the Moor, intending to do as God might inspire him. A short distance on, the road divided; one way leading to the monastery, and the other to a neighbouring village. Not knowing which way the Moor had taken, he let his rein fall on his horse's neck, and determined to leave himself to the animal's guidance, and to follow the way he should choose as the direction of Providence. The animal took the road that was narrow and rugged, and turned away from that which was wide and smooth. The rugged road led to the monastery, and then Ignatius began to see that such a mode of defending the Blessed Virgin's honour could not be acceptable to God and to herself.

A village lay at the foot of the mountain on which the monastery stood. There Ignatius stopped. All his resolutions were fresh and strong as at first; one of them we know was to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. So he bought his sandals, a coarse long canvas garment, a girdle, a wallet, and a pilgrim's staff. He took

them with him to the monastery, where he had resolved to begin his penitential life by a general confession.

There was, among the Benedictine monks of Montserrat, a man of eminent wisdom and sanctity. He was a Frenchman, called John Chanones; he was chief confessor to the pilgrims, and the tender care of Almighty God brought Ignatius to his side. To him Ignatius revealed his aspirations after a life of austerity. He confessed with the most edifying contrition, and he asked for rules for the guidance of his future conduct. The holy monk confirmed him in his designs, and did all that he required.

In the evening, carrying his pilgrim's dress, he went out to find a poor man, to whom he could give his clothes, the rich and costly garments which he had determined never to wear any more. He found a poor man, and, taking off his clothes, bestowed them upon him; then, slipping on the sackcloth garment, and binding his girdle round him, he returned to the monastery.

Entering the church, he recollected how the heroes in the romances he had read watched whole nights in their arms. The soldier of Christ would do this in the spirit of holiness. He remained in the church before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, sometimes standing and sometimes kneeling, devoting himself to Jesus and to her, and praying for grace and strength to serve them faithfully. Then he hung up his sword on a pillar by the altar, and so let the



world go, and gave himself to God; and in these pious dispositions, early in the morning, he received Holy Communion.

It was the Feast of the Annunciation. It was always kept in that church with great solemnity, and people from the whole neighbourhood, and a large number of pilgrims, used to assemble in it to assist at Mass. Ignatius was afraid that some among that vast multitude might recognize him, even in his pilgrim's weeds; so he left Montserrat at an early hour, and walked forth alone, leaving his horse at the monastery. He went forth bareheaded, with his staff in his hand. By his side was slung his scrip, but only one foot was bare, for the other still swelled at night, and it required to be cared for, so he wore a shoe made of hemp upon it. He did not walk with a melancholy air, or with steps that seemed slow and painful; he trod the way with vigour and speed, for the strong spirit within was willing, and he had made of himself a cheerful offering.

It is pleasant to think of him on that bright March day, wearing the divery of self-denial. But the rich locks of his beautiful hair fell on his hemp-clad shoulders, and notwithstanding his modest mien and downcast looks, there was that about him which made all men know that he was noble. He pursued a by-road towards Barcelona, whence he intended to embark for the Holy Land, as soon as the plague should cease in that town, and the port be opened. An inscription in memory of his visit to Montserrat

was afterwards cut on the pillar by the altar where he had made his vigil, and hung his sword. It was in Latin, of which this is a translation:

“The blessed Ignatius Loyola here devoted himself to God and to the Virgin with much prayer and tears. Here, covering himself with sackcloth, as with spiritual armour, he passed the night. Hence he went forth in the year 1522 to form the Society of Jesus.”

But he had not gone far when he was overtaken by an officer of justice. A poor man had that morning been put in prison for having in his possession the rich habiliments of a knight of Spain; and to account for this he had told a most improbable story. He had said that the evening before, a nobleman, whom he had never seen till then, had given him these clothes; that, to do so, he had stripped himself to his shirt, that he had then clothed himself in a pilgrim's dress, and gone back towards Montserrat. “Did you give rich clothes to a beggar?” the officer of justice exclaimed: already he believed the story, the truth of which he had come to ascertain. Ignatius confirmed the poor man's account with tears of distress. When asked to say who he was, he boldly refused to tell. “Where are you going in that disguise?” asked the officer; but Ignatius would give him no answer.

• Further on there was a chapel by the roadside, dedicated to the Holy Apostles. There he found a party of pilgrims returning from Montserrat. It consisted of a woman, whose



name has come down to us as Agnes Pascal, three other women, and two young men. She immediately observed the superiority which hung about Ignatius; she observed, too, the marks of a higher nobility which appeared in his face and manner. She was sure that he was a different person from what his poverty pretended him to be, and she felt a pious devotion to him.

Ignatius asked her a question about the nearest inn; Agnes replied that it was at Manreza, to which place she was returning, and she offered to provide for him, as far as she was able, if he would accompany her. Ignatius consented and followed humbly behind the slowly-moving party. Seeing he was lame, they offered him a horse, but he refused it. Manreza was a small insignificant town; there was a Dominican convent in it, and outside the walls the church and hospital of St. Luke. One of the women who were with Agnes was a widow, who held a situation in this hospital; Agnes sent her forward to make preparations for the reception of Ignatius, and that night he slept within its walls.

It is impossible for the heart, that has thus far followed St. Ignatius, not to feel that something more is wanted. Meek and contrite, self-denying, and separated from the world as he is, yet, something more is necessary. Instinctively we feel that there must be a still more complete obliteration of the original man before Ignatius Loyola can become the founder of the society which has borne through Christendom the name



of Jesus.

As the incorruptible and immortal body which will live eternally in the presence of God must spring from that which has passed away and decayed in the grave, and yet be the same; so the heart feels that the man, with all that there is to be admired in him, must pass away and be lost, before the saint shall arise, who is to receive God's inspirations and do His work, and yet be the same. This thought prepares us for the severity of his penance.

No one now is any more to feel his old nobility raying forth through the folds of his sackcloth covering. No one any more is to observe the habitual courtesy of the favourite of kings, which even his downcast modesty could not wholly hide. No one now is even to guess that he is not what he seems. He is to lose all, that he may gain Christ; and it is not to be a loss of necessity, it is to be the voluntary poverty, the willing degradation, the self-inflicted chastisement, the heart's own offering of holy revenge: it is to be a death of all old affections, a purgatory for old indulgences,—and then, a new existence through the life-giving love of God.

He fasted the whole week, except Sundays, on bread and water; he sprinkled his Sunday food with ashes; he wore a hair-shirt beneath his coarse hemp garment, and under that an iron chain. He slept but little, and he lay on the bare ground. Every day he was present at the services of the Church: he would kneel seven hours in prayer, and he was so recollected, that

for a large portion of that time he would appear motionless. At first the motive for this was to make amends for the indulgence of his past life; but soon he rose to another motive—the greater glory of God. And by these personal rigours he thought to revenge the injury that had been done to the honour of the Divine Majesty. He strove to eradicate every motion of pride and self-love.

Behold him, then, appearing like a real beggar, closely adopting the manners of the meanest sort of people, and asking his bread from door to door. No one suspects him to be a great man now. His face is covered with dirt, his hair hangs matted and uncombed, his beard and his nails are so grown and neglected, that there remains not the faintest trace of his former gracefulness; the children hoot after him as he goes along; when he asks for charity, the people laugh. He is followed with shouts of derision, and stones are thrown at him in the streets; some even go to the hospital on purpose to revile and insult him. He suffers silently, looking like an idiot; but inwardly he is glad that the young Spanish noble is lost and forgotten, and that he is reproached for the sake of the Cross of Christ. He waited on the sick in the hospital and was ardent in doing the most menial offices for them; he chose to wait particularly on those whose diseases were of the most offensive kind, and this last he did more especially to meet a temptation that then beset him. Satan whispered at

once more at court, or in the army, his example would reform every one about him. At the same time a strong sense of the loathsomeness of the hospital came upon him, and even an inward shame that he should see himself among beggars. But he conquered the temptation as we have said, and then Satan took another course.

The tongue of gossip spoke. A report got abroad that this poor beggar, who seemed to be alone and destitute upon the earth, whom nobody knew, and everybody scorned, was a man of quality, and so disguised for penance sake. The story of the beggar at Montserrat was the authority for this. As soon as it was believed that he was in reality great, and noble, and rich, then people could begin to see that he was patient, modest, and devout. He had stood the trial of the world's scoffs and insults; now he was to be tried in the furnace of its flattery. The people of the hospital combined with those of the town to revere and admire him—and Ignatius fled.

Near the town there was a secluded valley, of such sweet scenery, and so shut in and peaceful, that the people about had called it the Vale of Paradise. Within this valley there was a cave, known only to a few; and a thick entanglement of briars and bushes overgrew the entrance. It was dark and deep, and formed out of the bosom of a rock; it was so hideous that no one ever ventured into it. He has lived among the lowest of human beings, let him now go and make his lodging with the brutes.

The horror of this place still more excited his love of penance; and here he was alone, and could indulge his fervour without restraint. Four and five times a day he scourged his body with an iron chain; he remained three and four days together without food; and when he ate, it was of the raw roots which he found in the valley, and a morsel of the bread he had brought with him from the hospital. Seven hours of prayer were not now enough to satisfy his soul: night and day were spent in lamenting his sins, and in praising and glorifying God.

When he came out into the light—for it was but little of the sun's beams that could find a way through the one narrow cleft in the cavern's roof—he looked on the world with eyes that could see only the things of God. Contemplating the torrent that washed the foot of the hill, he could only think of how the things of this world pass and perish; and of how unworthy they are of the love and care of an immortal soul. Some persons came out from Manreza to search after him. When they found him, he was lying faint at the entrance of the cave. They had provided themselves with food: and having recovered him and persuaded him to eat, they took him back again to the hospital.

And now the evil spirit again tempted him. His constitution was broken, and his natural strength seemed gone. The devil suggested to him that he was still young, that a long time lay before him, and how could he bear to think of supporting, perhaps for fifty years, so peni-

tential a life? Ignatius repelled the tempter quickly: "You cannot promise me a single hour—is not God the Master of our days? and what are fifty years to Eternity?"

Human nature had been indeed severely tried, and Ignatius was prostrated by a frightful fever. He had long been very weak. He often visited the church of Our Lady at Villa Dordis, a mile and a half from Manreza. He had swooned in this church, and had been with difficulty recovered by the exertions of some pious persons who venerated him. Long after, the prickly leaves with which he had girded himself were still preserved there. For the second time in his life he lay apparently at the point of death.

But now there is no St. Peter to heal him with his hand. The trial of his interior strength is not over, and he has another conflict to endure. The prince of darkness tells him not to fear: Ignatius hears it like an inward voice, and it is repeated to him boldly. Satan tells him not to fear death, because he is a saint. He tells him that he has reached so high a degree of perfection in so short a time, that he need not fear the temptation of the devil, nor the judgment of God. It is an awful moment—such a contrast to the sick-bed at Loyola. His room is not now luminous with the vision of God the Son in the arms of His immaculate Mother; his soul does not now gaze, in mysterious peace, till it is filled with the divine illumination and purged from all fleshly affections; he looks forth upon another

scene. It is before him so vividly that he cannot put it away: there are his sackcloth, his chains of iron, his hair-shirt, and his instruments of penance. On one side is his cave, bedewed with his tears and sprinkled with his blood; on the other is Heaven opened—angels crowd around the gate; he sees extended to him the martyr's palm and the conqueror's crown, and he is invited to come in. The scene comes before us like a magician's enchantment—a vision of beauty, to take part in which is sin.

The humble saint knows how to arm himself against its attractions. He summons up before his soul the remembrance of his most shameful transgressions; he sees in them that he has deserved hell. "What is one month of penance," he says to his soul, "compared with an eternity of torment?" The vision goes, for he has vanquished the temptation. But it left him terrified and trembling, and he begged those that were about him to repeat frequently in his ears these words: "Remember your sins, and think not that heaven was made for such offenders as you."

Now came the last and the worst of his interior trials. Since he had given himself up to God he had been very happy in religion. It was as if a healing joy had been poured upon his soul; but now all pleasure departed from him. He was deprived of all consolation, and he was tormented with doubts and fears. Every variety of a scrupulous state of mind is said to have troubled him, and in the greatest intensity;

perhaps, say pious writers, that he might know by experience the disease he was afterwards to cure. No prayers, nor arguments, not the directions of his confessor, nor even Holy Communion, could abate this terrible torture. He was tempted to despair of his salvation, and in the violence of his grief was urged by Satan to end his troubles by throwing himself out of the window. The temptation that he should destroy the life that God had given was never consented to for an instant. The trial was a great and mysterious one. It was a trial that Satan had proposed to the Divine Master who was preparing Ignatius for His own work; and the servant conquered in the Master's strength. At intervals the usual serenity of his mind would return, and to it would sometimes be added transporting consolations; but these joys were rare, and desolating anxieties followed them. Often he would exclaim, "What new war is this? Into what unknown lists do we enter?"

The monks of St. Dominic, knowing his misery, took him into their house; but here he was more than ever tormented by a storm of scruples. But faith never failed. The prayer that was now often on his lips tells the state of his mind, all its troubles and its trust. "Succour me, O Lord! My support and my strength, succour me! It is in Thee only that I hope, nor do I seek for comfort in any other. Hide not Thy face from me! Since Thou art my God, show me the way by which Thou wouldst have me come to Thee!"



At last, in imitation of a hermit of whom he had read, he determined to ask for peace of mind from God, and to eat nothing, provided his life were not endangered till He heard him. And he did actually remain seven whole days without eating or drinking, yet still continuing his usual exercises of devotion. He began his fast on a Sunday, and when the next Sunday came he had not broken it; and yet his strength was scarcely at all impaired. This looked miraculous, as if God was willing that he should go on with this most courageous act. But when he told his confessor on the Sunday, the good monk reproved him, and commanded him to break his fast immediately, or he would not give him absolution. Ignatius obeyed, and though the heroic fast had not brought him ease, yet, on his obedience, his scruples vanished, and for two days he was in great spiritual peace and tranquillity. But on the third day, as if to show us that love and faith had been tried to the utmost, all his miseries and perplexities came back; and with such violence, that the body must have died under the dejection of the soul, if God had not willed it to be otherwise. This time he was tempted to abandon the life he had chosen, which was represented to him as so full of care that it was no longer bearable.

It seems that, in this last trial of a perplexed and miserable mind, God had had the whole offering of his soul—in his fervent prayers, in his courageous fast, in his unreasoning, unhesitating obedience, and in a perseverance that



could not be shaken.

Faithful to God's grace, he has sustained assault after assault; and now, though he lies on the floor of the cell, his misery forcing from him low cries as of a person in strong pain, he is entirely the Lord's, and in that strength has conquered. He never again, during the whole of his arduous life, suffered from these trials; and he obtained a gift for curing these diseases of conscience in others. It is said that none so afflicted ever had recourse to him unsuccessfully; ever have recourse to him now, in his blessed order, in vain.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DIVINE TEACHING.

BRIGHT hours follow of heavenly comfort and enlightenment—God's great reward, and His preparation for the work He had ordained for him. God Himself filled his mind with knowledge, and made his soul rich in comprehensions of spiritual things.

The mystery of the most Holy Trinity was opened to him as he was saying the office of our Blessed Lady on the steps of the Dominican

not restrain his tears. When he spoke of it, the most learned were amazed, and yet the most ignorant understood him. By some unknown misfortune, his written ideas on this subject—written at this very time—have been lost. The invaluable manuscript is said to have amounted to eighty pages.

A devotion to the sacred mystery of the Holy Trinity, more tender than common minds can conceive, now distinguished him, and remained with him throughout his life. Another illumination represented to him the order which God observed in the creation of the world, and the motives which therein directed the Divine Wisdom. Once also at Mass, at the Elevation, he was taught to understand the fact and the manner of the real presence. Again, on the bank of a river which runs through the plain by Manreza, he was blessed with a profound knowledge of all the mysteries at once: and another time, when he was going to Barcelona, and paused to pray before a wayside cross, all the truths of Christianity were set so clearly before him, that without any other evidence he would have died to maintain them; even the loss of the Holy Scriptures would in no degree have affected his faith.

Thus Almighty God prepared His servant for the greatest of His favours, which was now bestowed upon him. Ignatius had left the convent, and was again living in the hospital. On a Saturday evening he fell into a state of insen-

dead. Days passed on; they thought of burying him, and would have done so, had not some who came to see the inanimate body fancied that there was something like motion about the heart. When the next Saturday came, he opened his eyes calmly and placidly, as a person awaking from sweet and refreshing sleep, and spoke—he spoke the Name that is above every name, the name which has since been everywhere associated with his own. In a voice of indescribable devotion and tenderness, he said, “Ah, Jesus!” But the secrets of that long rapture were never told. When questioned, he only answered that God’s favours were inexpressible.

So lately returned from communion with God, is there any human being now who can direct one wise with supernatural teaching? How the heart thanks God for the unaltering Church and for her priesthood, by whose lips He speaks, when the saint is next seen, not trusting to his own light, but consulting the friars of St. Dominic, and quietly following their directions, and again on his knees by the side of his old confessor, the holy religious of Montserrat. It is true that all were edified, and that the aged Benedictine prophesied of his penitent that he should be the support and ornament of the Church, a reformer of the Christian world, a successor of St. Paul, an apostle who should transmit the light of faith to idolatrous nations, and that all this came to pass; but it is equally true that the Divine intentions could be fulfilled

only in the Divine way—the way of the Church. If Ignatius could have left her multitude of trodden paths to depend upon himself, what a victory Satan would have gained! What would seven days sustained in a supernatural manner in the presence of God have been to him?—only his greater condemnation. With the humility that *must* characterize a saint, Ignatius spoke of himself only to his directors; from others he concealed God's favours under the strictest silence. But so bright a light was not to be lost. God permitted that he should become famous in all the country round Manreza, and even his worldly rank, though not exactly known, was never doubted. And so, when Ignatius again suffered a violent attack of sickness, he was taken to the house of a rich man in the city, and the people, out of reverence, called him Simon, and his wife Martha, after those who received and waited upon our Lord.

When he recovered, the people flocked to see and to hear him. They crowded round him when he went to places of devotion to pray, and showed him every mark of veneration. And from this arose what we may call a new development of the saint's character. We see the birth of the first missionary idea. He began to use that gift of the Holy Ghost, which is wisdom, for other souls as well as for his own. All saints are wise for themselves, but Ignatius had the gift of wisdom for others. He began to meditate on the value of a soul.

It has been said, that to make this world

cost but one word, but to redeem it, when man had lost it, cost Calvary. It was Calvary, with its Divine Victim on its sacrificial cross, that taught Ignatius the worth of souls; it was Calvary that taught him the greatness and the strength of that love which the majesty of God bears to man; and these thoughts showed him that in nothing else does God's glory shine as it does in the salvation of souls. The greater glory of God was the desire of the saint's heart, and that desire took him, as it were, away from himself, and bestowed him on his neighbour—on the world.

He never now fled away from those who followed him, or discouraged the people's advances; he would attract them and talk to them of God. He loved solitude, but he left it for his neighbour's good. He loved his penitential garb, that shroud within which all worldliness lay dead; but lest he should frighten timid souls, he gave that up also, and adopted a decent dress. And now that he embarked in the cause of Christ for others as well as for himself, he moderated his austerities; health and strength were treasures consecrated to the salvation of souls, and he put on garments of coarse grey cloth, for the winter was extremely cold, and his health still very weak.

He began to speak of religion in public. A stone was long shown outside the hospital, on which he used to stand and preach to the people. There crowds assembled, and great numbers went away hating vice and loving virtue. He

also received persons in private, and the most hardened sinners were converted by him. The means he used were meditations on the maxims and duties of Christianity; and these became the groundwork of the book he then wrote, so well known as "The Spiritual Exercises." The book was the result of divine illumination; not that Almighty God taught Ignatius any new thing in religion, but rather that the saint obtained an apprehension of the process which will most certainly lead to a reformation of life, provided the meditations are entered upon with the necessary dispositions. The conversion of a sinner becomes a science.

This book is the reflection of the mind of the saint. As a man looks in a glass, and sees the reflection of his friend by his side, so we see St. Ignatius in his "Exercises;" and we see also the spirit of the saint. By his "Exercises," the saint teaches a perfect unworldliness: the things of this world are to be sought and enjoyed only as they conduce to honouring and serving God. They are to be valued only with a view to that end. Sickness and health, riches and poverty, are good or bad, just as they are helps or hindrances in the life of the soul; and we should be indifferent in these things, as well as to all worldly distinctions. But if we must make a choice, we should choose that which appears to lead most directly to the end of our existence, which is the saving of the soul.

He teaches a horror of sin. He incites to the service of God. He animates to the fight.

He encourages in resolutions to follow our Lord Jesus Christ in obedience and virtue. And the world is to see it. Edification is not to be forgotten. In the meditation of "The two Standards," the choice is pressed upon the soul of whom it will serve—the Son of God, or Satan. And to the heart of St. Ignatius it was not enough merely to be a Christian. He teaches us to advance, to aspire, to renounce everything that can hinder—to desire nothing that shall not contribute to perfection; and even, if consistent with God's glory, to prefer the lowest lot in life, the heaviest trials, the deepest mortifications, because of the life of the Son of God upon earth. This is the course of the soul inflamed with the love of Jesus Christ. It is the highest idea that we are able to conceive of man. It presents to us the highest ardour in the most powerful and perfect love; resolution, to whose strength suffering is a mere name; perseverance, laying up merit day by day with untiring gladness; and heroic intrepidity that defies the world and the devil. It is freedom, and victory, and power; because it is service; and meekness, and love. It is the picture of St. Ignatius, as we see it in the "Exercises."



## CHAPTER V.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

IN these days we scarcely know what a pilgrimage means. It is not every one who realizes that state of mind which took men to Jerusalem, not as travellers, or antiquaries, or historians, or even as people piously interested in seeing the actual scenes of the Gospel history, but meritoriously for the sake of their souls. Yet such there are still, and in the days of Ignatius there were many. The plague had now so much abated at Barcelona, that the merchant vessels were again making their accustomed voyages, and the saint grew anxious to fulfil the promise he had made to his soul on his conversion, and to set out for the Holy Land. But he had a further idea in going; he desired to serve God in the conversion of infidels and schismatics. Infidelity and schism are bad enough anywhere; but, in the land trodden by our Blessed Lord, whose skies looked down upon Him, and whose air He breathed—where His life was spent—where His sepulchre survives—whose towns and deserts, whose rivers and lakes, and mountains, and fields are like the open pages of a book, on which are inscribed the acts of the life that He condescended to lead—above all places in the world, they seem to our human hearts to be



most dreadful there. Thither, then, his love led him, and there he would spend his life in labouring for souls.

He prepared to leave Manreza, and he told his friends that he was going to Palestine; but he did not say that he intended to remain there. Reasons were urged, and many entreaties used, to turn him from his purpose, but he was not to be persuaded. Then, as he would go, many offered to go with him; and many brought him money, that he might not suffer privations by the way. But Ignatius accepted neither companions nor gold. He had left the world, he had chosen poverty, he had given himself to God. He had in his heart that prayer, which has since risen from so many lips, and been answered to so many souls—“*Sume Domine!*” “Take away, O Lord! and take up to Thyself my liberty, my memory, my intellect, and all my will, whatever I have and possess. Thou hast given all these things to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore them. All are Thine. Dispose them according to any will of Thine. Give to me love of Thee, and grace, for this is sufficient for me.” He said to one who urged him to be what the world calls prudent—“We are not Christians by faith and charity only, but also by hope; and hope is a virtue which cannot be perfectly exercised except in the waste of all things.” So this true pilgrim, once more with his staff in his hand, and with sandalled feet, arrived at Barcelona, and looked out for a vessel in which he could sail to Italy.

He had to go to Italy and to Rome; for a pilgrim must receive the Pope's permission and blessing before going to Jerusalem. Our Lord must receive him from St. Peter's hands. Two vessels were going from Barcelona, a large and a small one. The smaller was going first, so Ignatius determined on sailing in it: but before its departure he was in church; and there, also, was a holy woman called Isabella Rosella. She saw him among some children, who were placed at the foot of the altar, and his face appeared to her surrounded by light; and she heard a voice, "Call him, call him." On her return home she told her husband of this, and he sent immediately for the saint, who was still in the church. Wishing to honour our Lord, in the person of a poor man, they made him sit at their own table, and began speaking to him of holy things. The sublimity of his conversation made them feel that they were entertaining a great servant of God, and they begged him to remain with them; but he told them how he had fixed to leave Barcelona in the vessel that was on the point of sailing. When Isabella heard this, a secret instinct moved her to declare that his life would be in danger if he went by that vessel, and Ignatius believed her. The vessel was hardly out of the harbour when it was lost in a furious tempest, and not a soul on board was saved.

The captain of the larger vessel was now applied to; he agreed to give the pilgrim a free passage, out of charity, but Ignatius must bring

difficulty; to provide for the future seemed contrary to holy poverty. So he had recourse to the confessional, where he explained his scruple, and was told to accept the condition proposed. However, he would take nothing of Isabella Rosella, but begged the necessaries for the voyage from door to door. Some persons had forced money upon him, and he looked about for some poor persons on whom to bestow it, but he saw none. He was unwilling to give it away to the sailors on board the ship, as it might purchase him attentions which it was his object to avoid; so he laid the money on the sand of the seashore, and then entered the ship.

A short but stormy passage of five days brought him to Gaeta, and on the night of his landing he lodged in the stable of an inn. The next morning, fasting, he took his way on foot towards Rome, begging his food as he went along. He arrived in Rome on Palm Sunday.

The day of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem was a good day on which to enter Rome. He sees it for the first time: he treads its streets a stranger. Hosannas rise around him, and the people bear their palms; but, if he is seen, he is unnoticed, unthought of, known only to God. He is on his way to Jerusalem, and he has no thought of ever coming back; yet Rome is to know him, and love him, and gave him canonized to Christendom. His name is to be heard in councils, and to be carried beyond the limits of civilization—to be set, like his Blessed Master's, for the rise and fall of many and for a sign which

shall be contradicted. But the barefooted pilgrim knows nothing of this. He only knows that he has given up his will to God, and that he has ceased to shape his conduct by the maxims of the world.

In the Church's commemorations the Hosannas of Palm Sunday gave place to "Crucify Him, Crucify Him:" the saint was still in Rome, for he was to make his Easter there. We linger on the thought. Among the vast crowd that people the holy city during that festival, we single him out as the founder of the Society of Jesus: we know him, and we cannot pass him by. From north and south; from east and west; from the new world and the old; from pulpits and from schools; from the courts of kings; from the holds of slave-ships; from pest-houses and from cholera haunts; where men are mowed down in the battle-field; where heresy slays souls; and from those dark places of the human heart where the troubled waters of overflowing bitterness have been made calm and sweet, come the evidences of his work and the records of his merits; and a noble army of his martyred sons crown the triumphs of grace. We know the saint so much better than he knew himself; the mind rests, as it were, *with a smile*, on the thought. We know him by the Church's experience of three hundred years; and we know him by the commentary with which the lives of his sons provide us. And a multitude can claim a closer, a personal experience. Men and women of the nineteenth cen-

to touch the very hem of his robe in their intercourse with his sons. Ignatius remained in Rome till eight days after Easter, and then set out for Venice, from which port the ships sailed which took the pilgrims. Before leaving, he received the Pope's blessing, and his permission to make the Jerusalem pilgrimage. Adrian VI. was then the Pope.

The journey to Venice was full of difficulty. Ignatius could only talk Spanish, and the country was full of the plague. People were not allowed to enter any town without showing a certificate of health, and guards were placed at the gates to examine all who would enter in. Ignatius met with some of his own countrymen in Rome, who represented these difficulties to him, not to deter him from going, but to prevail with him to accept a sum of money which they had collected among themselves for his use. He took their gift; but afterwards his conscience was disturbed for doing so. He accused himself of cowardice, and he said to himself, that it was better to pass for a fool among men, than to distrust the providence of God. To make amends for his fears, he gave all the money to the poor.

This reduced him to great misery. The villages were all very wretched, and he was denied entrance into the towns, because of his thin figure and pale, sickly face. Night after night he passed in the open air, enduring every hardship. He joined himself with a company of persons who were going the same way, but

when they arrived near Venice, he was so spent with fatigue, that he could no longer keep up with them, and was left behind, alone, and in an open country, where not a house could be seen.

The saint only felt that solitude was suited to prayer, and knelt down, that his soul might have intercourse with God. Our Blessed Lord appeared to his servant in a vision, and spoke to him; He gave him great inward strength, and promised him entrance both into Venice and into Padua. So, rising up, he pursued his way, and arrived at a very late hour at the city gate. The company who had left him, although provided with certificates, had not been able to satisfy the guard, and, in consequence, had not been able to enter the town; but Ignatius walked into Venice unquestioned. He walked quietly past the guard, and through the gate, and went straight to the great square of St. Mark. He knew nothing of Venice, he had no friend to give him a lodging; he did not know where to beg one; so he lay down to rest under the porch of a house in the square.

One of the senators of the great Venetian Republic was a man of remarkable piety. His name among the people was, "the Saint of Cyprus;" so great was the edification he had given during the time in which he had filled a public office in that island. His house was in the square of St. Mark. He was a man of unbounded charity, and, this night, a voice told him, in his sleep, that while he slumbered at ease, a servant of God lay on the stones of the

porch. He rose up immediately, and went to seek for the person whose cause Almighty Providence pleaded, and he found Ignatius. He brought him into his house, and treated him as one whom God had sent. The next day Ignatius left the place. He refused supplies for his voyage and present maintenance, although he had the disappointment of finding that the ship for the Jerusalem pilgrims had sailed some days before. A vessel, however, was going to the island of Cyprus, to take a new governor there. Through a Spanish merchant, Ignatius got an introduction to the Dóge, who granted him a passage in this vessel.

At this time all Europe was disturbed by the quarrels and jealousies of its sovereigns. The Turks had taken advantage of this degraded state of things, and had become a power formidable to the whole of Europe. Only the noble Republic of Venice and the Pope seemed alive to the great danger that threatened Christendom. The Pope had sent his legates to the Christian sovereigns to entreat them to unite against the common enemy; and to raise money to carry out this holy war, he granted indulgences to those who should give alms for a cause which was unquestionably the cause of Christianity. The Turks had conquered Egypt, they had now taken the island of Rhodes, and had got possession of the town of Belgrade in Hungary. They also infested the coast of Syria, and made slaves of all who were found in the vessels they captured. On this account, the greater part of the



pilgrims of that time had to return to Venice, not being able to encounter the perils of the voyage. Ignatius knew this, but nothing could discourage him. He was then taken extremely ill; his physician said that it would cost him his life if he went, but the Saint replied that if he could not get a ship to take him, he would put to sea on a plank, depending on the succour of Heaven. He embarked, and grew well from that hour.

The vessel was manned by a profligate crew. There was not only the absence of all religion, but the presence of scandalous vice. Ignatius first tried to convert them by mildness and loving exhortations, and then, finding gentleness useless, he spoke boldly of God's judgments upon sinners. This conduct exasperated them. They formed a plan to leave him on a desert island, and steered the ship with that purpose. But when they had nearly reached the shore, a tremendous wind arose; it blew from the land, and in a few hours carried them, even against their will, to Cyprus. The ship St. Ignatius had missed at Venice was there, just ready to sail; he went on board immediately, and after a voyage of forty days, landed at Joppa, on the 31st of August, 1523. He kept in the company of the other pilgrims, and on the 4th of September they reached Jerusalem.

When, in the distance, he saw the Holy city he wept for joy; but horror mingled with his emotion, for he could not forget God's terrible judgments, and the things that had been done in her. And yet there was the strong still calm of



thankful love, and the sense of that sovereignty which Jerusalem asserts in virtue of Him Whose history she tells. He visited all the Holy Places several times: again and again he represented to himself the progress of the life of our Lord. The grotto of Bethlehem; the Temple; the Garden of Olives; and Mount Calvary. It was on Calvary that his tenderest devotions were poured forth. Fresh from Holy Week and Easter in Rome, he is fit to pray at Jerusalem. His heart has found the right place for a season of sweetness and consolation. He is where, by the Cross, stood Mary, and where Magdalen poured forth her grief. His tears flow, and he covers the ground with kisses. His heart of adoring love lies prostrate at the foot of the Cross. He himself wrote an account of this visit, and related something of what he had felt. It was his desire to fix firmly in his memory every circumstance connected with the Holy Places. It was the natural impulse of a soul which had been so greatly favoured. Inexpressible love viewed with an inexhaustible devotion whatever had been connected with the object of that love. Every place united to the name of Jesus was sacred, was awful, was sanctifying. He Whom he had seen in visions, and dwelt with in ecstasy, Whose name was written on his heart—He was everywhere; and there everything spoke of Him.

But to Ignatius had been given a missionary's spirit; and he turned his mind to those for whom he so ardently desired to labour. He had

letters to the Franciscans, who had charge of the Holy Places, and he spoke to them of wishing to spend the rest of his life in Palestine. At this time the provincial was at Bethlehem; he had power from Rome to send back pilgrims at his discretion, and to excommunicate them if they resisted. He would not hear of Ignatius remaining; he could offer no security against the hatred of the Turk; they themselves found it difficult to subsist, and he commanded the saint to leave with as little delay as possible. Ignatius resigned his will instantly. He did not care to examine the Pope's bull by which this authority was conferred, though the sight of it was offered to him; he only wished to see once more the print of our Saviour's feet on Mount Olivet. He wished to observe in what direction the sacred feet were turned, and he ran great risk to satisfy this devotion. On becoming aware of his danger, the Franciscans sent after him an Armenian servant known to the Turkish guard. The man, in his anger, treated the saint roughly, but the indignity was not felt by Ignatius; perhaps he was not even aware of it. He had another Guide, and another presence protected him. The saint walked on rapt in joy, with fixed, uplifted eyes, and a beaming countenance. An apparition of our Lord was before him in the air, shining with glory, and showing him the way.

The next day he left Jerusalem, and, embarking on board a vessel, reached the island of Cyprus. There he found three vessels ready to

sail for Italy: a Turkish galleon, a Venetian merchant-ship, and a small vessel which was ill-manned, and scarcely seaworthy. He applied, through some of those who had come with him, for a free passage on board the Venetian ship, but when they spoke of Ignatius to the captain, they called him a saint. The captain answered that if the pilgrim were a saint, a ship was unnecessary—he might trust the waves of the sea to support him, and carry him where he would. The master of the little vessel was more charitable, and offered him a free passage; and Ignatius, not deterred by possible dangers, accepted the offer thankfully. All three vessels sailed together with a favourable wind; then a severe tempest arose, the two large ships were lost, and of the Turkish vessel, all the crew and passengers; but that which carried the saint, though in great danger, survived the storm. A favourable wind brought her to a small port on the coast of Naples, where she was refitted; and, putting to sea again, he reached Venice in the end of January, 1524, having been rather more than two months on the passage.

“During his voyage,” says an early biographer, “Ignatius had leisure to make many reflections.”

Amidst storm and tempest, imprisoned within the limits of a frail, unseaworthy vessel, on what did the saint reflect? Two fine ships had been wrecked almost by his side; his own was seriously damaged, and the saint reflects: with wonderful faith, peace of mind, and clearness of

judgment, he reflects on his power and fitness for carrying out the work of the conversion of souls; and he settles with himself that he is wanting in scholarship. And what is the result? Does he relinquish the work as one for which he is not fitted? No—he will go to school. It had been revealed to him at Manreza that he was to labour in the conversion of souls; but it remained for him to fit himself for the work; for God works by means. And though all saints lead, in an especial way, a supernatural life, they are not exempted from that diligence, forethought, and preparation which are the ordinary means through which all success is obtained.

Ignatius can only read and write; and he is now thirty-three years of age: but great souls see difficulties only to meet and overcome them. He is not discouraged. He knows a few persons in Barcelona; he knows Isabella Rosella and her husband; and he knows Agnès Pascal, whom he met at the wayside chapel, when he was on the way from Montserrat, and by whose good offices he had obtained a lodging in the hospital at Manreza. Her home is at Barcelona, and her brother, Antonio Pujol, is a man of great learning, and possesses a valuable library. He will therefore go to Barcelona to take the advice of his friends. Such, with great faith and humility, were the reflections and resolutions made by the saint in that perilous storm.

He made no stay at Venice, and saw only the Spanish merchant; weak as the sea voyage had made him, he desired to press on. The

clothes for which he had put off his beggar's dress at Manreza, were now so worn, and his feet were so miserably shod, that the good merchant wished to clothe him more comfortably. But Ignatius refused all his gifts, except one piece of coarse cloth, which he took to wear over his stomach and chest, where he suffered great weakness and pain. He also accepted fifteen or sixteen pieces of a coin worth about twopence, and called a real; these he took to give to the poor, and not to discourage the generous charity of the merchant. He reached Ferrara on foot, and went to pray in a Church. A poor man came to him, and held out his hand. Ignatius dropped into it a real; and so another came, and another, and again and again Ignatius dropped into each beggar's hand a real. At last they were all gone. The poor creatures watched this wonderful stranger. They saw him finish his prayers, and go out of the church. They followed him, and when no longer within the sacred walls, he begged of the passers-by for himself—then a cry arose, "A saint, a saint!" This was enough to put him to flight, so he proceeded on his way immediately, and took the road to Genoa.

As the French and the Spaniards were at war, the whole country was overspread with their camps and soldiers. People advised the solitary traveller not to go on, or, at least, to try to make his journey by unfrequented ways. But to do so appeared to Ignatius to be a want of trust in God's providence; so he went on bravely by the usual

road. It was a bad season of the year for an ill-clad pilgrim, weak, and worn, and penniless. The rain and snow were severe, but he travelled all day, through both French and Spanish armies, and begged his lodging in poor cottages by night.

One day, on coming near a village which the Spanish soldiers occupied, he was arrested as a spy. Unable to get anything out of him by their questions, they stripped him to his shirt, and took him in this state to their captain. Strength and comfort came to him in this great humiliation from the name of Jesus. He was fortified by the thought of what our Blessed Lord endured, when, for our sins, He bore the gaze of the multitude, and gave His naked body to the scourges and the cross. But they spoke of torture, and his spirit shrunk. A temptation came.

He has only to speak—one word; they are soldiers and Spaniards: one word will set him free. For Loyola is powerful, and Pampeluna is not forgotten; and his own great name is as fresh in men's minds as when, but three years before, he was the most distinguished of the young nobles of Spain. It is Satan that counsels him to turn from God, and take succour from the world. He meets the temptation with the weapon that always conquers—a perfect humility.

He stood like an idiot. He was downcast, motionless, silent; only, when asked if he was a spy, he said, "No." The officer reproved the



soldiers for not knowing a fool from a spy, and commanded them to return him his clothes. Displeased at being reprimanded for a poor man's sake, they struck and abused him. Ignatius remembered Jesus in the court of Herod, and gave God thanks. But one of the soldiers had pity on him, and this man gave him food, and a ledging for the night. The next morning he set out again on his way to Genoa.

He soon came upon the French camp; here again he was brought by the soldiers to one of their captains. This officer was a man of high character and great discrimination. The guileless countenance of the pilgrim impressed him favourably; he treated him with great civility, and let him go.

He now reached Genoa. There he met a Spaniard whom he had known at the court of King Ferdinand, Roderiguez Portundo. They recognized each other, and Portundo obtained Ignatius a passage to Barcelona in a vessel just ready to sail. After an escape from pirates and other dangers, the vessel entered the harbour of Barcelona in safety.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SAINT AT SCHOOL.

WHEN arrived at Barcelona, Ignatius went to the house of Isabella Rosella. God had once provided for His servant's safety by means of this devout woman; and now the saint told her what was in his mind. She heard him with great happiness, and proposed that the charge of his maintenance should be on her husband and herself; she also arranged that he should lodge in the house of Agnes Pascal. A man of great learning and piety, called Jeronimo Ardebale, kept the public school, and Ignatius presented himself with the children to learn the grammar of the Latin tongue. Every day he was there, with the meekness of the child, the energy of the man, and the perseverance of the saint. He had no taste for learning; he was wholly devoted to the practice of the interior life, and such labours as these were very dry to him. But the greater glory of God is his aim, and this is the way to it.

Such steadfastness of purpose Satan saw with hatred and fear. The evil spirit provided distractions. He instigated Ignatius to practices of piety, and proposed to his soul the tenderest sentiments of love to God. When he should have conjugated the verb *Amo*, he was making acts of love. I love—he said to God. You



love; to love; to be loved. He could not say anything more. And when his master explained the rules of grammar, his thoughts flew up to heaven, and his soul grasped the difficulties of religion, and comprehended the mysteries of faith. In fact, Ignatius learnt nothing.

Had there been a particle of self-love in him, he would have thought that perseverance in study was an obstacle to perfection; he would have left his grammar and his schoolmaster, and adopted some other way of life. But the fire of self-love had ceased to burn within him. His soul was filled with heavenly light. It was easy, by that light, to distinguish good from evil. Pure intention and clear judgment usually go together; but Ignatius had received, with God's gifts at Manreza, a power of discernment not possessed by common men—he knew that the Evil Spirit had tempted him. He never for a moment flattered himself by thinking that if God had called him in an extraordinary manner to work for souls, He would in an extraordinary manner fit him for the work. A knowledge of Latin, in ordinary cases, was necessary: he must, therefore, acquire it. Convinced of his being the object of an extraordinary call, he met the conviction by a faithfulness to ordinary means. There is a commanding sincerity and a magnificent reality in this. It illustrates the simplicity that belongs to saints, and is of God.

Near the school was a Church, called by the name of Our Lady. It overlooked the ocean, and was dedicated to her as the Star of the Sea.

Ignatius took the schoolmaster there; then, falling on his knees, he asked pardon for his inattention: and there, at the foot of the altar, he vowed to continue his studies with the greatest diligence. He also begged the schoolmaster to treat him with severity—to punish him when he did not perform his task, just as he would punish the smallest of his scholars. But Satan was overcome. Ignatius had no more distractions. He was very careful to maintain the strength of the interior spirit of unreserving love. He read diligently “the Imitation of Christ,” and spoke of it as a book full of the Spirit of God. “Study,” he said, “when close and persevering, may produce dryness in prayer; but if such study is pursued for the glory of God, then that dryness is better than the delights of sensible devotion.” This is one of his precious sayings—sayings founded on experience. And still more to sustain his devotion during this time of application, he renewed, with the permission of his director, some of his austerities. Faithful to the determination he had formed not to alarm people by his appearance, he put on a cassock, and contented himself with wearing a hair-shirt beneath it. He lived on alms, and always contrived to give to the poor out of the things that were bestowed upon him. This was not done without difficulty; and yet he always gave away the best. Agnes remonstrated with him, but he answered, “When Jesus asks an alms, can we find in our hearts to give Him the worst that we have?”

Agnes Pascal had a son who was called John. This boy had a great devotion to Ignatius, and with the simplicity and curiosity of youth was always watching the saint. He would even sometimes rise in the night to go to the room where Ignatius slept, that he might know what he was doing. He often found the saint praying. Then he would listen for his words, and watch, noiselessly, the deep sighs that accompanied his prayers. The same words would at different times be repeated; they were such as these: "O God, my love, the delight of my soul. If men knew Thee, they would never offend Thee. How good Thou art, my God to bear with such a sinner as I am." They come coldly from our lips now, perhaps; they seem neither very fervent, nor very eloquent words; but when John Pascal heard them, and stored them in his heart, they were often uttered by the saint lying prostrate on the ground, and shedding tears abundantly, and *always* with a countenance shining with a glittering light. No wonder that the youth could not rest—no wonder that he stole on the saint's privacy to witness such a sight. And sometimes he beheld a greater thing: the saint prayed in the midst of a halo of light, and the boy saw that he was elevated in the air. Afterwards, when Ignatius was desired by his director to leave off wearing the hair-shirt, John Pascal possessed himself of it; and when, in after years, he married, and became the father of children, he used to speak to them of the time which, as a youth, he had spent with Ignatius,

bitterly regretting that he had profitted so little by the saint's residence in his mother's house, and telling them that, if they had seen what he had seen they would never have ceased kissing the floor and the walls of the room which the illustrious servant of God had occupied. The family of Pascal preserved the hair-shirt till the year 1606, when the viceroy of Catalonia, the duke of Monte-Leon, by great entreaties, possessed himself of it. It is not now known what has become of it.

All those hours which were not devoted to study, Ignatius employed in endeavours to draw souls from vice, and to attract them to the paths of virtue. He was the reformer of manners; and to prevent sin he willingly risked his life. In consequence of one of these efforts he was waylaid, out of revenge; and with a good priest, who was his companion, was so severely beaten by two hired Moorish slaves, that the priest died a few days after, and he himself remained, as his friends thought, in danger of death for some time. He was seven weeks recovering. God, > Who had spared his life, for His own further purpose, prepared for him the greatest reward that even his magnanimous soul could have desired. The most hardened and furious of those who had hired the slaves; and had been the cause of the saint's sufferings, touched with repentance, came and threw himself at his feet, and begged to be forgiven.

Ignatius remained about two years at Barcelona, studying diligently. He was advised to

read some of the writings of Erasmus, for the sake of their excellent latinity. Erasmus was famous throughout Europe as a scholar. It is a name well known to England. He had rooms in St. Mary Hall, in Oxford, and had a parish in Kent. His scholarship obtained the admiration of the learned, and he wrote against Luther. But there was a spirit in his writings which at the time gave great umbrage to Catholics, and has ever since been a scandal to them. Ignatius began to read his works, but, with that discrimination which was a blessing on his intellect, he perceived that they had a tendency to dim devotion and to lessen faith. He put them all aside with horror. When he became general of the society he cautioned his followers against the use of these books, and of all others having the same tendency; and his judgment is revered to this day.

It was during his residence at Barcelona that we have his first recorded miracle. Two brothers, named Lisani, were engaged in a lawsuit. There was a mortal hatred between them. The one who lost the suit hanged himself from a beam in his house, and was cut down dead. Ignatius was passing by, and on hearing the outcry of the people, inquired the cause and went into the house. Faithful to his spiritual apprehensions, he viewed what he saw only in relation to the man's soul. Inspired by Him to Whom all things are possible, he fell on his knees by the dead body, and prayed aloud. The crowd around him were astonished at his

prayer; it came from his lips loud and distinct; and they waited—but not long. He prayed for so much life to this miserable man as would serve him to save his soul by a good confession. Immediately the still limbs moved, and the glazed eyes were filled with light—the current of life flowed once more in the lately stagnant veins. The brief experience of the parted soul had been fruitful of repentance, and the man lived to be reconciled to God. A priest comes; he makes his confession, and expires immediately.

St. Ignatius was now so well skilled in Latin that he was advised to go to the University of Alcala. It had recently been newly founded by Cardinal Ximenes, and enjoyed a high reputation. He went there; and three young men, whom he had brought to the practice of virtue, went with him. They lived on alms, but not together. They were lodged, out of charity, by two pious persons, and Ignatius had a lodging in the hospital. The hospital was full of poor people when the saint applied to be taken in. There was only one vacant room; and that no one could occupy. It was haunted. St. Ignatius took up his abode in it with perfect ease of mind; and with a perfect simplicity he acknowledged himself frightened the first night by hideous spectres, and a terrible noise. But he was never troubled again; he had vanquished them by prayer.

A young Frenchman was brought into the hospital, who had been wounded in a quarrel in

which his master had engaged as he passed through Alcala. Ignatius attended upon him; and the result was that the youth left his master's service, reformed his life, gave up his hopes in the world, and joined himself to the three from Barcelona, who were the companions of Ignatius. He also was lodged by one of those pious persons, out of charity. They were dressed alike, in grey cloth gowns, and hats of the same colour.

St. Ignatius longed for the time of his study to be over. He longed for the time—the promised time—which still seemed far off in the distance, when he should labour to bring souls to God. He set about his learning with an extreme zeal. To lengthen the day he robbed hours from the night, and he began everything at once. He studied the works of the great masters in divinity, logic, and philosophy. But St. Thomas, Aristotle, and the Dominican saint Albertus Magnus, could not all three be mastered at once. So the saint used great diligence and got but little benefit. He was disheartened. With his four disciples he set himself to good works: he gave himself to prayer, to teaching children, to attending on the sick, and to begging for those who were ashamed to beg for themselves. But above all, he devoted himself to the employment of the special talent bestowed on him by Heaven for the reformation of men's lives. He worked among the scholars, and produced wonderful effects.

It was the misfortune of the young men of

the University of Alcala to have before them, in a high place, an example of profligacy, which at once tempted them to sin, and countenanced them in doing wrong. Ignatius determined on going to this man, and attempting his conversion. He begged for light and strength from God, and then went boldly to the great man's house. He obtained an interview with him; he spoke as he had determined to speak, and he was called madman and fool, and was threatened with violence. But of a sudden God's blessing fell. The incensed dignitary grew suddenly calm. With an altered manner, he asked the saint to sup with him, and Ignatius willingly stayed. The result was that the man wholly changed his life, and that the effect on the University of Alcala was most salutary. And not only this, he became zealous to reclaim all whom his bad example had corrupted, so that his conversion became every where known.

St. Ignatius held assemblies of devotion in the hospital. Crowds of scholars came at these times, and with the usual result; they grew to abhor vice and to love virtue; a blessed reformation was working all around.

It is the misfortune of bad times, that the good suffer with the evil, and because of them. Heresy was desolating Germany. A set of visionaries, called the Illuminati, had lately been put down in Spain. People who had been reposing unsuspectingly in the arms of holy Mother Church, had been roused to suspicion and dread; and when the good deeds of Ignatius got talked



about, and when they saw that a power went with his words, and that there was an attraction in his example, they began to be afraid. In these times we have ceased to suffer this sort of fear. We have so long seen heresy face to face that we know its lineaments at a glance. We can pronounce upon friend and foe in an instant. We have no hesitating dread as to whether a man may be right or wrong. We are ready with our tests, and quick at their application, and certain of their results; for a terrible experience has endowed us with knowledge, and the mind of hesitation and fear is not known now; but the state of the world was different then.

The work that Ignatius was doing could not be denied; questions arose. He may be one of the Illuminati, or a Lutheran, or even a magician. He may, pretending to instil piety, be teaching false doctrine, and ruining souls. The reports reached the Inquisition at Toledo. The officials came themselves to Alcala, to make their examination on the spot. They did not call the saint before them, for his life and his doctrine were blameless; but they left the matter to the Grand-Vicar of Alcala. He sent for Ignatius, and told him that the juridical examination had been much in his favour; but as he and his companions belonged to no order, he wished them not to appear in habits all alike. So the result was that Ignatius gave his grey gown to the young Frenchman, got two of his Barcelona friends to wear brown, and he and the others put on black. He also put shoes, and he never

left off shoes from that time. The confidence of the people was entirely restored by the judgment of the Inquisition. They abandoned their fears, and let their love for the saint flow freely. They spoke of him as one filled with the spirit of God, and called him a successor of the Apostles, and "the holy man."

But, after a time, distrust arose again. Some persons, who had been converted and drawn from the world by Ignatius, had, in their first zeal, without the knowledge of the saint, done disedifying and indiscreet things. These were but errors in judgment; but certain persons in high places, who were the friends of these reformed characters, were exasperated at their conduct, and threw the blame on Ignatius. They said, and with some show of justice, that men of small learning would be likely to fall into youth's failings; that Ignatius, as a layman, ought not to tamper with the direction of consciences; and that he was an unsafe person to be allowed such liberty.\* Accordingly, Ignatius was arrested, and publicly taken to prison.

The people, in their alarm, grew frantic. How often he experienced the truth of those words, "The servant is not above his Master!" He is no longer the inspired of God—holy, and an apostle; amid the shouts and clamour of the gathering crowd he is led to prison.

As he passes through the streets with the officers of justice, he meets a princely train. It consists of the friends and attendants of Don Francisco de Borgia, the son of the Duke of

Gandia. The youth himself is there. He is only seventeen years of age, and Ignatius knows the meaning of all he sees perfectly well; for he was just such a youth himself when he left the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Don Francisco fixed his eyes on the saint, and there beheld a meekness and modesty which he never forgot. It was the first meeting of the founder of the Society of Jesus and one whom the Church afterwards received from his hands as the blessed Francis Borgia, the third Father-General of the Society, and a canonized saint.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### IMPRISONMENTS AND OTHER TROUBLES.

No sooner was it known in Alcala that the saint was in prison, than people of all classes flocked to see him. He spoke of holy things with more freedom than ever. He was not the least cast down or afraid. He had the courage of simplicity, and that freedom from anxiety which belongs to the forgetfulness of self, and the pure intention of serving God. He had no arrogance, no self-esteem, no love of his own way. If he had fallen into any error, it had been without intention, and he desired nothing better than to be set right by those whose duty it was

to judge and to censure him. Many persons of high rank offered him the aid of their interest, but he refused their proposals. He would not even have a legal adviser. He would leave all to God, and to those who had power in His Church.

He had been seventeen days in prison, when the Grand-Vicar came to examine his case. The result was that he was discharged by a public sentence. There was nothing proved against him, and on the 1st of June, 1527, he was again at liberty.

But the Grand-Vicar insisted on two things not very pleasing to Ignatius. One was that he and his companions should wear the ordinary dress of the scholars; and the other, that, until they had studied divinity for four years, they should abstain from speaking to the people on the subject of religion. As to their dress, they had not the means for immediately conforming to these instructions; and as to not speaking about holy things, Ignatius doubted the lawfulness of obeying the injunction. But the Grand-Vicar was peremptory. He had been worked upon by other people, and he spoke of Ignatius introducing novelties into his discourses. The saint replied that he had spoken in praise of virtue, and had tried to attract youth from vice; and that it was no novelty among Christians to speak of Jesus Christ. He also felt that to teach as a catechist, as he had done, did not require much knowledge of the mysteries of faith; and that he should neglect the inspira-

tions with which God had blessed him, if he gave up his endeavours to reform men's lives. In this difficulty, he determined to go to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was then at Valladolid, and to conform himself to his instructions. But before he left Alcala on this business, Almighty God permitted a wonderful thing to happen, as if to testify to the innocence, and to repair the injured honour of the saint.

He was passing a place where many persons were assembled playing at tennis. He stopped before the house of a man named Lopez Mendoza, and asked for alms. Lopez, pointing at him, said, "I will be burnt if that man does not deserve to be so." It was a speech that meant that Ignatius deserved to die a heretic's death. God accepted the imprecation, and cleared the saint. Lopez met his sentence that very night and was burnt in his own house. He was discharging some small cannon from the roof, in honour of the birth of the Prince of Spain, of which the news had come that day, when the gunpowder ignited, and he was burnt alive.

The Archbishop of Toledo received Ignatius with great urbanity. He heard all that he had to say, and then advised him not to remain at Alcala, but to go to Salamanca, and finish his studies there; he advised him also to take his companions with him, and continue his good offices for the souls of his neighbours. He promised him protection, and supplied the necessities for their journey. Ignatius and his friends arrived at Salamanca; his zeal for study

had returned, but it was more than matched by his zeal for gaining souls. And now his heart felt free to speak, because he had received the sanction of the Archbishop. Great numbers of the poor who had lived in the neglect of religion were the first to feel his power; then his reputation rose, and others talked of him, and came to see him. At length the most considerable persons in Salamanca flocked to hear him teach his evangelical maxims. Still, some would be disedified, and good people too; he was a layman, and, his advice being taken, he became a director of consciences. There was a great fear of heresy, and some jealousy for the honour of the priesthood, to which the direction of conscience absolutely belongs; and many tongues spoke against him.

Among those who suffered themselves to be most scandalized were the religious of the order of St. Dominic, and they resolved to search into the matter. St. Dominic, and St. Ignatius are good friends now. Maria de Escobar saw these great saints in a vision, standing in the presence of God, united by a golden chain; and St. Dominic, if it pleased God to give him knowledge, knew Ignatius, and loved him, as their spiritual children have loved each other since.

But so it happened, the Dominicans of St. Stephen's judged Ignatius somewhat severely, and were rather easily scandalized. One was confessor to the saint; and, by order of the sub-prior, for the prior was absent, he asked Igna-

tius to dinner. The world of Salamanca talked so much of this teacher, that there was a great curiosity to know him. Ignatius had with him one of the friends who had accompanied him from Barcelona, whose name was Calisto. Now, Calisto made a very odd appearance at the monastery. We are all, more or less, obliged to judge from appearances at a first interview, and we need not be surprised if the three Dominican fathers who entertained Ignatius thought that there was some affectation of singularity in Calisto's worn-out jacket, which was very much too short for him, and in a torn hat which had once had a broad brim, and which, now that it had none, made him a most ridiculous figure. The circumstance reads now like a joke, but it had disastrous consequences when it happened. The friars catechised Ignatius most severely. What learning had he and his companions? They were not learned. What right then had they to preach? They did not preach; they catechised, and tried to draw souls from sin. If they only catechised, what did they talk about? "Of virtue and vice," Ignatius answered; we speak of the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other." "Pleasant men!" exclaims the sub-prior; "you talk of virtue and vice, and are neither divines nor philosophers. Are you inspired? Tell us what revelations you have had." The sub-prior little knew how closely he touched upon the truth. "Father," said Ignatius, "it is enough. I will answer no more until one to whom I owe obedience shall command me."

The sub-prior was angry—he turned on Calisto, and poor Calisto is obliged to confess that he left Alcala in the decent dress of a scholar, but that his charity had constrained him to exchange clothes with a miserable pilgrim on the way. But somehow there seems to have been nothing conciliatory in this explanation, for he and Ignatius were locked up in a cell for the night. The sub-prior then goes to the Grand-Vicar at Salamanca, and gives him his impression of the saint; and three days after, he and his companion were carried to prison, put into a dungeon, treated as seditious and heretical persons, and chained together with an iron chain. All night long they sang hymns and gave thanks. The authorities confined the other companions of Ignatius in the same prison, but not with him and Calisto.

The town was in uproar. All day people were going to the prison; some to see them, some to take them clothing, some to sympathize with them, and some to show their anger and resentment. But, Ignatius, speaking to them through the bars of the prison cell, admonished them to be patient and faithful. What were prisons and chains when borne in the service of Jesus? People were inflamed to desire suffering and humiliation by beholding his example and hearing his words. He taught them to know that there is a treasure in a cross carried in the service of God.

The Grand-Vicar now came to examine him. The saint placed in his hands the mirror of his



mind; he delivered to him his book of the "Spiritual Exercises." The Grand-Vicar, with three doctors of divinity, examined this book; and then they sent for Ignatius. They put questions to him, not only on the subjects contained in the book, but on deep theological points. The saint protested that he was not a learned man, but he answered their questions. His examiners were astonished. They proposed a difficult question in canon law; the saint replied that he did not know what canonists had determined, but, in obedience to them, he gave his own opinion: it was perfectly correct. Then they asked him to explain the first commandment, in the manner he commonly used to the people. We cannot imagine any subject more calculated to bring out the full fervour of the saint's heart—the love of God. He acquitted himself like a man inspired, and his hearers were persuaded that the Holy Ghost spoke by his mouth.

While this was going on, a riot took place in the prison. The doors were broken open, and the prisoners escaped; all except the companions of Ignatius, who, with the doors open, remained in voluntary captivity. This was a great thing in their favour in the minds of the people.

They remained three weeks in confinement, and then Ignatius and the others were summoned to hear their sentence read. They were declared to be good men, and their doctrine sound. They had full permission to speak of heavenly things, and to instruct the people in their usual way;

but then came this clause—Ignatius was not to speak of the difference between venial and mortal sins until he had studied divinity for four years. The saint knew that his enemies had had this clause inserted; he looked on it as a snare by which new complaints might be made against him. It seemed designed to deprive him of liberty, and to hinder his usefulness in speaking to those persons to whose benefit he had devoted himself. He therefore determined to leave Salamanca, and go to Paris, where there was a celebrated university.

He was moved by a strong inspiration to recommence his studies, and carry them to a conclusion. It then occurred to him that he had hindered his progress in learning by spending time in begging for his subsistence from day to day. So, when he went to Barcelona, which he did on foot, driving a donkey loaded with books, he accepted the money which his friends offered to him. His companions were not willing to accompany him to France; he, therefore, left them at Salamanca, with the understanding that he should prepare the way, and that they would follow him. Towards the end of December, he set out on foot from Barcelona on the journey to Paris. But his friends were not faithful to him, and he saw them no more.

A troubled and eventful year had just closed on the world and the Church—the year 1527. Besides the great irruption of the Turks into Hungary, and the successes of their arms in that

France and the Emperor was the cause of ruinous wars. In the midst of these troubles, Rome was attacked by the Constable of Bourbon, at the head of a mutinous army, for the sake of the spoil, which might enable him to pay his troops. The Constable was killed in the assault, and his army committed great barbarities in the Holy City.\* The Pope himself was confined in the castle of St. Angelo. After six month's imprisonment the Holy Father escaped in the disguise of a merchant, judging it best to secure his own safety, though his ransom had been agreed upon; for the Christian powers of Europe were ready to make common cause for the Church, and deliver him by force of arms. Still there was expectation of peace between France and the Emperor. Though the treaty of Madrid had been declared too unjust for fulfilment, there were hopes of some other adjustment of their differences; and the conclusion of the treaty of Cambray was not many months off.

There was little security for a lonely traveller in such a time as this. It was a very severe winter, and the snow lay so thick as to make the roads almost impassable. However, Ignatius accomplished his journey without any extraordinary difficulty, and arrived in Paris in the month of February, 1528.

\* Thomas Cromwell, afterwards made by Henry VIII. Earl of Essex, and his Vicar-General, was in this army.—Noble's *Cromwell*, vol. ii., p. 2.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SAINT IN PARIS.

WHEN St. Ignatius reached Paris, he got himself lodgings, for which he was now able to pay, with some Spanish students in the university. Not liking to have the care of money, he trusted one of these students to keep it for him. But the young man spent part of the money, and then ran away with the rest. So Ignatius could no longer live in a hired room in the university, and had no other resource but to go to the hospital of St. James, which had been founded by Charlemagne, and where Spaniards were received.

This was very inconvenient. He was a long way from his college. He had no food provided for him. He was, therefore, again obliged to beg for his support; and this occupied so much of his time, that he could not be punctual at the lecture hours. He hardly knew how to manage. He found that some of the poorest scholars hired themselves as servants to the masters, reserving a sufficient time for study; he tried to get hired, but unsuccessfully, so he was obliged to lodge at the hospital, beg for his food, and attend to his studies; and, hard as this was, he found time to labour for souls.

His zeal made a great impression on three Spaniards who belonged to the university.

They made the spiritual exercises, and then sold all that they had, gave the money to the poor, and going with Ignatius to the hospital, begged, as he did, for their sustenance. This enraged their friends. But, notwithstanding all persuasion, these men persevered in labouring after perfection and would not leave the hospital. The question of their manner of living was soon settled by their friends entering the place with armed men, and taking them away by force.

This affair was everywhere talked of, and brought great suspicions on Ignatius. The chief person who accused him was a Spanish doctor, whose name must not be forgotten, because we shall meet him again—Peter Ortiz. Jealous as he was of the saint's orthodoxy, he was to become one of his greatest friends. Now, however, Ignatius was accused of bad designs in leading away young scholars, and he was informed against to Matthew Ori, the prior of the Dominican convent in the Rue St. Jacques, who was the inquisitor. When the inquisitor sent to the hospital for Ignatius, he was not there; neither was he at the collegio. No one knew where he was, and by no search could he be found. The saint had no knowledge of the inquiry which was making. He was not in Paris; he had left his friends and his studies. He had heard the cry of a wandering soul, and was gone to comfort and to help.

He has left Paris, and is pursuing the way to Rouen. He has had no time to beg; he has had no food; he walks on, fasting. He walks

barefoot, too, for he thinks he can walk quicker if not encumbered with a poor man's shoes, and his soul is so earnest that it cannot bear any delay. Once he had found his heart heavy, and his body weary, but it was only an opportunity for courage and perseverance. He grows ashamed of his exhaustion, and reproaches himself for his cowardice at every step he takes, as he climbs the summit of a weary hill. Spiritual joys meet him at the top. Nature, tired and failing, is endowed with vigour and strength, and his motions are more like the glad flight of a bird set free than the steps of a fatigued and fasting man. He stops sometimes, but it is not to ease aching limbs, nor to regain exhausted breath; it is to give forth, in burning sighs, those flames of love towards God which purify every lesser affection, and make him hasten on his work, lest the glory of God should suffer from delay.

His enemy lies at Rouen destitute and sick—his enemy who wants to be forgiven. There cannot be a stronger call; such brought the Master down from heaven; such takes the servant, with almost miraculous speed, upon his way. His countryman, who had deceived and robbed him, who had obliged him to suffer the inconveniences of the hospital residence, who had shortened those precious hours of study, who had brought him to beggary, who had reduced him to seek for servitude—he lay at Rouen sick and in poverty; and he had sent for Ignatius.

When he reached the town he found out the

poor man's residence, and was soon at his side. He embraced him with the tenderest love; he comforted him; he became for the time his servant. He went out and begged, not for himself, but for him whose repentance had made him inestimably dear. He got money enough to enable his friend to continue his journey. He wished to go to Spain; Ignatius procured him a passage on board a merchant-ship, and gave him letters of recommendation to his friends at Barcelona. And then Ignatius—his magnanimous soul fragrant from such a paradise of love and joy—hears from the only friend who knows where he is gone that the inquisitor is making search for him, and that his absence has darkened the suspicion which hangs over him.

Love had taken him to Rouen; obedience, no less heartily, brought him back again to Paris. When arrived, he did not stay to be sent for; he presented himself immediately before the inquisitor. But Matthew Ori dismissed him without reproof. He had caused the strictest inquiry to be made into the saint's life and doctrine, and both were blameless.

Now Ignatius began to suffer severely from poverty. He could not give up his time entirely to begging, and, owing to the recollection of the war, the Spaniards were not liked by the French. A holy monk who knew his circumstances advised him to go to Antwerp and Bruges during the university vacation, and beg alms of the Spanish merchants who traded there. This advice was taken. He went on his journey, giving

edification and receiving help. Many were greatly struck with his holiness, and with his manner of speaking about spiritual things. Ignatius contrived to live in Paris for two years on the alms which this journey produced. When these years were over his modesty prevented him from going to the same friends a second time, but, as many Spanish merchants lived in London, he crossed over and landed in England. London was not then that great cauldron boiling over with life which it now is. It was not as large, nor as rich, nor as wicked. The green fields and wooded dells of England had not then sent in their hunger-stricken inhabitants to find in large towns crowded homes, precarious subsistence, and ready graves. What with the great fire, the ravages of Protestantism, and the (so called) improvements, there is but little left of the London which Ignatius saw.

We should like to know which of those ninety-seven parish churches received him when he prayed; where he made his meditations and thanksgivings; and at what altars he heard mass. He was unknown in England, yet, thanks be to God, he had many English friends. But they were not here. They had passed hence. They saw him from the "many mansions" of their Father's house, and rejoiced in heaven. The hour was coming when he should take his high place among them, and receive his incorruptible crown; but now he stands, a poor Spanish student, past the age of youth, near where the merchants of his country live, and asks for alms.



We should like to know exactly where this happened. Bishopsgate Street within, where Crosby Hall, close by Great St. Helens, still stands; Hart Street, where Whittington's house stood, in great beauty, in 1806; Old Broad Street, where formerly, in Winchester House, the Spanish ambassador lived—in these streets, and others within five minutes' walk of the Stock Exchange, the merchants lived, and in them St. Ignatius probably stood and begged of his countrymen.

Of the things which remain of the London that was then, one stands gloriously—the church of Westminster Abbey. We think that, for the sake of John Chanones, the holy religious to whom he first told his aspirations after a life of austerity; for the sake of Montserrat, where he changed his courtier's dress for the habit of a pilgrim; for the sake of that church where his sword is hanging against the pillar; for the sake of that miraculous image of the Mother of God, before which he watched all night, and solemnized his choice by a vow—we think that, for the sake of such recollections connected with the monks of St. Benedict, he will sometimes enter that glorious monument of Benedictine love, and take his chaste soul to confession and feed there upon the Bread of Life.

He begged alms in London and received them bountifully. Antwerp and Bruges had given much, but London gave more than both. Let us rest our thoughts for a moment on what England was at this time. We may suppose

that the saint was begging in the city during the summer months of 1530, two years before the idea of parting from his wife and the desire to put Anne Boleyn in her place had entered King Henry's mind. Anne Boleyn loved the teaching of Luther. Its doctrines were such as to be very convenient to the King of England, and the faith of this country was soon to be sacrificed to the passions of the most tyrannical and unscrupulous of men. Such was the position of things, when Ignatius stood asking alms at the doors of the Spanish merchants.

This was the last of his begging journeys. He returned to Paris, and the Spanish merchants of Antwerp and Bruges, knowing his virtues, and what his wants must be, sent him money, so that he was able to pursue his studies without distraction.

There was at this time a Spaniard living in Paris, called John Madera. He discovered, by some unknown means, who Ignatius was, and was much scandalized at his leading a life of poverty. He took him aside, told him what he thought, and assured him that, for a man well born, and of rich inheritance, to live on alms must be offensive to God, Who had regulated the degrees of life according to His own adorable will. The saint, of course, knew the unsoundness of this reasoning; but he also knew that Madera was not going to be convinced by assurances from a person he believed to be in the wrong. So, as he wished to undeceive his countryman, and relieve his mind of the trouble

of this scandal, he drew up his case for the decision of the doctors of the Sorbonne. He put it in this way—Whether a man of position, who had renounced the world to follow Jesus Christ, did anything against conscience in begging from place to place, or from country to country. The unanimous decision was, that there was neither sin nor the shadow of sin in it. Ignatius showed this reply to Madera, and thus vindicated the honour of voluntary poverty, which the choice of Jesus had ennobled.

There was now a time for rest, and he advanced in learning very fast. Study was the employment of his life, for he was fitting himself for fulfilling the designs of Almighty God. He was going through his course of philosophy, and to avoid distractions, he refused to give the spiritual exercises, though asked to give them; he abstained from engaging in some charitable works, which would have occupied too much of his time. He avoided everything that was likely to distract his mind in study. So faithful was he to his determination, that, in the hours of study, he would not even speak of heavenly things, though the companions of his room desired to hear him. He found that when he began to speak of holy things, his mind could not turn to other subjects; so, during the hours devoted to learning, he restrained his ardent soul, and honoured God by his silence and industry. But when the opportunity came, in the hours when he was free, he spoke to the scholars who crowded around him as he had been

accustomed to speak, and many, conscience-struck, left the haunts of sin and temptation, and began to lead Christian lives.

St. Ignatius was studying philosophy at the college of St. Barbara. It was the custom at this college to have disputations on Sundays and holidays for the exercise of the pupils. Those whose hearts Ignatius had won to virtue, spent these days in frequenting the sacraments and studying religion. The professor of philosophy complained of Ignatius to the principal of the college. He was ill thought of, as one who introduced irregularities, and deserved some marked punishment. The principal had not forgotten how the three Spaniards had embraced poverty, and had gone with Ignatius to the hospital; he was easily persuaded to think ill of the saint, and without properly examining into the professor's charges, he resolved on having him publicly corrected.

In this college there was a particular way of punishing any scholar who had scandalously led away his companions. All the members assembled in the hall, the delinquent was called out, the regents of the college came forth with rods in their hands, and each, in his turn, gave him a severe stroke. A deep disgrace was attached to this punishment; it was a chastisement inflicted only for degrading offences; and Ignatius, when he heard that he was to suffer it, shrank with horror from the open shame. But he immediately conquered these natural emotions, and determined to suffer cheerfully

and willingly, if he must suffer; and when his friends advised him to quit the place, and conceal himself, he refused to go. At the same time, he recollected that others would suffer in his degradation. Among those whom he was leading to virtue, some might be thrown back by the fact of his punishment. Could he expect that they would all have strength to come to one who was made infamous; and listen, and learn, as they had done before? Meekly to suffer so great a mortification for so holy a cause, would, no doubt, tend to his own perfection; but he had received wisdom for others, and he would not, if he could help it, undergo a punishment which might hinder his neighbours' spiritual advancement.

Everything was prepared for the infliction of the chastisement; but the principal was in his own room. Ignatius went to him. All that he said we do not know; but we may guess something by the fruits. He followed the teaching of the inward light. He declared his motives and said that in the prisons of Alcala and Salamanca he had learnt not to be afraid of suffering. The principal listened to him with attention, and Ignatius went on as the Spirit of God directed him. Then the principal took Ignatius by the hand, and led him into the hall, where the whole college was assembled. Before them all, he fell upon his knees at the saint's feet, and asked pardon for so easily believing the false reports against him. Then, rising up, he said that Ignatius was a saint,

and had no other aim but to save souls. A more edifying instance of reparation can scarcely be imagined.

It was the will of God thus to testify to His servant's honour. His name became famous; several persons of the highest dignity desired to see him; and one of the doctors, called Martial, received from him such religious instruction that he ever after called him master, and declared his belief that God Himself had enlightened him. But more than honour was to come out of this remarkable trial. The professor of philosophy, who had been the cause of all the trouble, was so convinced of the saint's worth, that he loved him ever after; and now he studied how to help him, and to advance him in learning.

There was a poor youth, of brilliant talents, who had finished his course of philosophy, and lived in the same room with a young man of distinguished family, but of straitened means, in the college of St. Barbara. We feel that we have advanced some way in the saint's life when we come to that poor youth's name. He was called Peter Faber; and the other with whom he lived was Francis Xavier. It occurred to Pegna, the professor of philosophy, that Faber could help Ignatius; so he ordered the poor youth to repeat and explain to the saint the lessons that were given in the school. God's ways are not man's ways, and far above out of our sight are the movements of His will. The persecutor repents, and is used to bring those three great

names together. All the world knows that these men came together never to be disjoined; and that fervent Faber and loving St. Francis are stars in the crown of St. Ignatius.

It is a study for the devout soul to see Ignatius learning of young Faber, and to find him making marvellous progress with the poor youth's help. He finished his course of philosophy, which was of three years and a half; he had been eighteen months at study before he began it; and now, after a strict examination, he was permitted to proceed to the degree of Master of Arts.

The study of divinity came next, and he began it with the Dominicans. Almighty Wisdom, by little and little, had revealed His intentions to His servant's mind. Ignatius now felt sure that he was not to work alone. He saw that he was to establish a society of men who would have power and grace to spend their lives for souls. And the heart and the judgment suggested to him that Peter Faber might be the first of these. He was modest and humble, and a solid education had given power to his mental gifts. He was of blameless life, and, from a child, had offered himself to God by a vow of chastity. The youth was tried by anxieties on account of his soul, and he confided his troubles to Ignatius. He told him that he should like to live in some wild desert, where the senses could find no gratification, and where, night and day, he could mortify his body. The severe school through which the saint had passed during his



sojourn at Manreza had obtained him wisdom as could have come by no lesser means. knows all that Faber can tell; he discerns the temptation which the youth cannot see; he shows him that even in a desert he will still have himself. He arms him with virtues, and clothes him with humility, till the spirit conquers the flesh, and Faber is free.

Ignatius has a strong desire to speak to Faber of his being his first companion. But prudence prevails, and he determines not to enter on the subject for two years. He continues to instruct him, and Faber's soul grows strong under his care. Ignatius still preserved his idea of spending his life among the infidels in Palestine: he had not yet been taught that he was intended for a more enduring work. So, one day, after they had been conversing together on holy things, he said to Faber that he purposed going to the Holy Land when he had finished his divinity. Faber embraced him, and exclaimed with the greatest ardour that he would follow him, even to death. He determined to bind himself absolutely; but first he would visit his home in the diocese of Geneva. So Faber goes for a short time to the village where he was born, and to the mountain district where he had kept his master's sheep, and studied in a little school in a neighbouring town, till a relative, who was the prior of a Carthusian monastery, had taken notice of the holy boy, and had sent him to Paris.

During Faber's absence Ignatius turns to Francis Xavier. Francis Xavier is a teacher of



philosophy now. He possesses all those gifts which make a popular man. He is full of life and wit; he has high spirits, and a generous mind. He is very poor; and his talents and his learning must earn for him that place in the world to which he has an hereditary right, but from which poverty shuts him out. The world is before him, and he feels strong enough to grapple with it. He is vain, and a little ostentatious, but he intends to be great, and he only acts it a little before the time. He leads an irreproachable life. Ignatius, too, intended him to be great, but great in another way. It was just the genius to do great things for God, if he could only turn his heart, unreservedly, to His service.

Ignatius talked of the worthlessness of earthly greatness, and Francis Xavier was unbelieving, and even amused. But the saint was not disheartened; he congratulated him on his well-earned reputation, and exerted himself to get him pupils. And still he laboured for others; still he sought for souls to bring back to virtue, working diligently in the cause to which he was devoted.

He now spoke French easily, so that his zeal found work to do in the city. And it seems that he was no longer afraid of interrupting his studies: to one so learned in the mysteries of religion, there could have been nothing hard in the study of divinity.

There were no devices that he would not use to startle a soul in sin, or to attract it to repentance. Wonderful instances are recorded of the

ingenuity of his love. There was no humiliation which he would not embrace to draw ~~his~~ neighbour to God. And we have no instance of the "Spiritual Exercises" being used unsuccessfully.


A few examples of his works must be given. One day an errand of charity took him to the house of a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man of high birth and great learning. He led a regular life, but he was not a devout character. When the saint was admitted, he found the doctor playing billiards. He asked Ignatius to play. But the saint had never played billiards in his life, and confessed his total ignorance of the game. The doctor, however, pressed him to try, and urged him so earnestly, that he complied.

It is impossible not to be struck with the liberty of spirit and tenderness of soul which this little incident opens to us. And it is highly characteristic of the saint. Before beginning, Ignatius makes his own bargain. "What shall we play for?" he asks the doctor pleasantly. "I am a poor man, and cannot play for money. Will you consent to this? If I lose, I will serve you a whole month, and do as you command me; if you lose, you shall only do *one* thing that I will ask." Well pleased and greatly amused, the doctor accepts the conditions, and he and Ignatius begin their game. But the billiard-player's experience serves him nothing; thought and skill are useless. Ignatius plays, and keeps his game, and wins it, though he has never made

a stroke before. There is something more than chance in it. The doctor is struck with the fact; he places himself under the direction of the saint, and makes the spiritual exercises—he is a changed man from that hour.

Take, as a contrast, another scene. The saint is fasting three whole days, neither eating nor drinking. He is lying at the foot of an altar; he is weeping abundantly, and he prays without intermission. He asks for God's grace to fall upon a soul that has lapsed from faith to indifference. He prevails; not only penitence, but true fervour is granted to the soul for which he has wrestled and suffered.

Here, again, is an instance of his treatment of himself. He is working among the sick in the hospital, and he waits upon a man who has the plague. Sudden fear seizes him. There is something the matter with his hand; he thinks he has caught the infection, and for one moment his spirit shudders at its task. It is but for a moment. He repents, and hates himself for that instant of cowardice. He puts the suspected fingers into his mouth, and says to himself, "If thou art so afraid of one part, let the whole body take its share."



## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SAINT'S FIRST COMPANIONS.

PETER FABER returned to Paris. He had bade farewell to his home and his country, and had disengaged himself from all human ties. He was faithful to the idea of following Ignatius, and looked upon him as a father. The first thing he does, on his return, is to go through the exercises. It would require the eloquence of Xavier to describe the fervour of Faber. We must pass it by. He seems to have seen clearly that it was the will of God that he should follow Ignatius. And when he returned to college his life was so devout and exemplary, that his friend and master told him the secret intention of his heart, and looked upon him as his beloved son in Christ Jesus.

The holiness of Faber won the attention of Francis Xavier. Though he was himself a man of blameless life, he saw that between him and Faber there was a vast difference, and he dwelt upon the contrast, and reflected on his own state with wonder and interest, and some perturbation of mind. At this juncture, Xavier learnt, for the first time, the real quality and birth of Ignatius, and the discovery had a great effect upon him. This we can easily understand. Francis Xavier was just in that situation where a man may be supposed to value the world very

highly. To hear such a man as Ignatius *seemed to be*, talk of the world with contempt would impress him but little. He would only feel that the speaker had no knowledge of his subject. But when he saw in him a man who had left earth for heaven, his mind was arrested at the discovery; he could listen to him, believe in him, and think of him with an inexhaustible wonder and respect.

Ignatius, who never for a moment lost sight of this man's soul, nor slackened in his desire to secure him, conversed with him, in these interviews, in a manner intended to attract so ambitious and magnanimous a spirit. And he succeeded. He made him see what a little speck this world's existence is, when compared with eternity. He made him pass over the glory of this world to contemplate the greater glory enjoyed in the presence of God. He led him away from the thought of the honours of earth to the recollection that the honour of God was wrapped up in the work of redemption; and that to be spent for His honour was the only fit ambition for generous souls. Xavier heard, and felt his natural ardour not quenched, but increased. His ambition, purified, was directed to higher aims, and his soul expanded with desires greater than any he had ever known before. Thus Ignatius won him for God, and the world lost the scholar to find him again in the saint.

A Spaniard, a bad man, called Michael Navarre, was so enraged at the loss of Xavier's

companionship, that he determined to revenge himself on Ignatius, and even thought of murdering him. He climbed, at night, by a ladder, to the window of the Saint's room; a threatening voice said to him, "Wretched man, where are you going? What would you do?" Michael hastened away terrified, and his own lips told the story.

And now Ignatius reaped the harvest of seed sowed, and sowed unconsciously, during his residence at Alcala. Great names cluster round him. Walking out, he met two young men; one twenty-one, the other eighteen years of age. They had been studying philosophy at Alcala, and had there heard Ignatius called a saint. They were coming to Paris to finish their studies at the university, and they hoped to know Ignatius, and to place their souls under his care. The elder was James Laynez, the younger Alphonso Salmeron; they were both youths of extraordinary talents. It was as if Ignatius had gone out on purpose to meet them; and they seemed to know him, though they had never met before. Laynez was struck by something sublime in his countenance, and spoke to him, without any doubt as to who he was. And Ignatius, on his part, cordially embraced them, as if they had been sent to him from heaven. They went through the Spiritual Exercises; and with an abounding zeal they longed for nothing else but to spend their lives in apostolic labours. The next great name is that of Bobadilla, so called from the

place of his birth, a village in the kingdom of Leon. Before he came to Paris, he had taught philosophy at Valliadolid. He had great talents and was very poor. His poverty was a blessing to him. It sent him as a beggar to Ignatius; and Ignatius was so well supplied with voluntary alms that he could assist the necessitous. When relieving Bobadilla, he conversed with him, and was struck by the poor scholar's learning and virtue. He tried him with the exercises, and Bobadilla became his fifth companion. The sixth great name belongs to a Portuguese of good birth, personal beauty, and great attainments—Simon Rodriguez. His father, on his death-bed, had prophesied of him that he should be a great servant of the Church. The King of Portugal had paid for his education. He had been several years at Paris, and had long known Ignatius. He had been faithful to great grace, and was a man of angelical purity. Ignatius found that the only thing that prevented Rodriguez joining him was his desire to visit the Holy Land and Jerusalem, and to labour for the conversion of the infidel. Ignatius declared himself to Rodriguez as he had done to Faber. Their hearts being set upon the same things, Rodriguez gave himself up gladly. Here, then, we see the beginning of the society—Ignatius and his chosen six.

These men heard from the saint what was to be his and their design through life—they were to spend themselves in promoting the cause of Jesus. They were to labour for their own



perfection, and for the salvation of their neighbour. He told them also that, as he looked out upon the great field of the world, there seemed no harvest like that which was offered in Palestine. As he spoke of the glory of bringing into God's Church the souls of those to whom the Holy Land was enslaved, his face shone with a dazzling light, and he ended by making a solemn vow to renounce all things of the world, and, if God permitted him, to go, again, for His glory, to Jerusalem.

All, with one mind, declared as he did. They accepted him as their spiritual father, and embracing with brotherly affection, promised themselves to each other in an indissoluble union.

At this time—July, 1534—they came to these resolutions—that they should not quit their studies before they were completed, but would continue them till the 25th of January, 1537; that they should bind themselves to the life they had chosen by a vow, to be made solemnly on the coming 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption; that, on finishing their studies, they should all go to Venice to be ready to sail for Palestine, but that, if for one year they should be prevented from going, they should take it as a sign of the will of God that they should labour elsewhere; and that then they should offer themselves to the Pope to go wherever he might chose to send them.

When the 15th of August came, they all met at a monastery near Paris, on a hill, where



the blood of many Christians had been shed, and which was therefore called Mont Martre. Under-ground there was a chapel, where tradition declared that St. Denis, the apostle of France, had suffered. They had now the happiness of having a priest among them. Peter Faber, the pure-minded shepherd-boy, on whose brilliant parts the charity of a relation had bestowed the treasure of education—the poor scholar, whom Pegna the Professor had sent to teach philosophy to Ignatius—the young man who had gone through the Spiritual Exercises with an ardour that may not be described—he, now, having received the order of priesthood, clad in the white vestments of the day, said Mass. He, and they, stood on blood-stained ground. This, their first solemn step, was taken among the glorious dead in the sight of their great reward. The Queen of Martyrs, of Confessors, of Virgins, heard her children's vows, and knew that before long another title would be hers, the glad offering of loving hearts—"Queen of the Society of Jesus, pray for us!"

Father Peter Faber gave them holy communion; and afterwards, each one in a loud and distinct voice, declared his intention and spoke his vow. Ever since, that great day has been especially great in the society. St. Ignatius desired that they should, ever after, renew their vows in the same way, and they have done so.

The society sprang into life at the moment when heresy was everywhere insinuating itself.

men to France; who brought, together with their scholarship, the new opinions of Germany. Calvin and Zuinglius were now known as well as Luther. The first endeavours of Ignatius and his companions were, therefore, directed against their errors. They instructed the ignorant, and confirmed the wavering in the faith; and many who had fallen were, by their means, brought back to the Church. During this time, the saint himself, though labouring for others, though praying for his beloved sons, was returning to something like his old life of penance and contemplation. There was a church, then called the Church of Our Lady in the fields, and afterwards the Church of the Carmelites; there he spent whole days; the Divine Mysteries giving themselves, as it were, to the gaze of his soul. And, again, in a cave near the monastery, where their vows had been made, he subjected his body to great severities. His health and strength failing, medical advice was taken, and he was ordered to leave France, and breathe his native air. His companions were grieved at the thought of parting with him, but dreaded losing him altogether from earth. As Xavier, Salmeron, and Laynez could not absolutely renounce all their worldly goods until some family affairs were arranged in Spain, Ignatius undertook to go there for them. And he had another reason; he thought that he might now make reparation for some scandals he had given in his youth.

St. Ignatius therefore prepared for his

journey. But the trial of misrepresentation again fell upon him. A rumour spread that he and his companions were tainted with the new opinions. People saw men of different ranks closely bound to each other, and living with persevering strictness; again the weak took alarm, and the wicked plotted their destruction; and again Ignatius was accused to Matthew Ori, the Inquisitor. Curiously enough, his enemies declared that the whole evil lay in the book—"the mysterious book," they called it—of the *Spiritual Exercises*. It was nothing to Ignatius to suffer in his own person and character, but now, for the honour of the Gospel they aspired to preach, and for the sake of the holy priest whom they reckoned in their number, Ignatius deferred his journey, in order to vindicate his companions and himself.

Matthew Ori knew the saint well. He would not listen to his accusers; but he asked to read the book of the *Exercises*. If Ignatius had desired a triumph, he now had such as even a saint might have accepted gladly. The Inquisitor asked to copy the book, not as evidence against the writer, but to benefit his own soul, and to assist him in directing other people. Ignatius consented. But this was not what he had sought. He wanted to clear the characters of men who professed and aspired to serve God. He therefore obtained from the Inquisitor an attestation, in writing, of the sound doctrine contained in the book. Matthew Ori added such words of praise, that when Ignatius



received the document, he was confounded.

As there was nothing more to keep him from his journey, he took leave of his beloved companions, exhorted them to perseverance and put Father Faber in authority, he being the only priest among them. It was agreed that on finishing his business in Spain, he should go to Venice, and wait for them to meet him there. It was the beginning of the year 1535, and they had no hope of meeting till January, 1537. But the value of education, when consecrated to God's service, was very great in the saint's eyes. A chosen few, of mighty talents, had gathered round him, and he wished their powers to be perfected; so they looked forward calmly and patiently, and even fixed the day for their leaving Paris, the 25th of January. The saint was too weak to walk; his companions bought him a horse, and so, leaving Paris, he directed his course to the Pyrenees. His health improved daily.

He arrived at a place about two leagues from Loyola. Shortly after, another person named John d'Equibar, arrived. In other days he had known Ignatius. Having asked the master of the inn what company he had, he was told of a single cavalier, meanly clad, speaking, with a pure accent, the language of the country. Curiosity took Equibar to the room where Ignatius was. The door was locked, but there was an aperture large enough to allow of his looking in. The saint was on his knees, and Equibar recognized him. He was changed by

sickness and austerity, but there was no loss of the grandeur of mien which distinguished the nobility of Loyola, and he was known instantly as Don Garcia's brother. We may imagine how such a discovery must have delighted such a man as d'Equibar. He rode to Loyola, to tell the tale. Don Garcia was full of joy at the tidings, for he had not long before heard that his long-lost brother was leading a saintly life in France. Of course, Ignatius would come to Loyola, and he went forth with princely magnificence to meet him. Yet, with a very natural suspicion of his brother's humility, he sends, first of all, a holy priest with a message of welcome. Ignatius received the message kindly, but he did not go to Loyola. He went aside to a small town called Azpetia, not far from it, and entered the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene. His brothers came to him, and his nephews also, and they entreated him to come to Loyola. "It is your home," they said, "come, and be master there." But he answered that he had no home in this world, and was no more than the servant of the poor. Then they sent him a rich bed and other furniture. The things were arranged in his room at the hospital, and he allowed them to remain, not to wound the affection of his relatives. Every night he tumbled the bedding, in order that it might look as if he had slept upon it, but he lay always on the floor. So, when they sent him meat and delicate food, he divided it all among the poor and the sick, and daily begged his

own bread from door to door. Thus he lived, and never went to Loyola but once. He had not wished to go at all, and had refused his brother's most earnest entreaties; but he went this once, because he would not withstand the importunity of his brother's wife. She longed to have him in the house. She longed for him to rest beneath her roof, *because he was a saint*. So she did not speak of this world's things; she said, "Grant my prayer, for the sake of the Passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ," and then Ignatius went. The sight of the ancient home affected him much. Then came the recollections of his youth, with its worldly designs and proud aspirations. He looked back upon the past with sentiments which the world will never understand. Some writers, as if to enhance his virtue by the force of contrast, have been tempted to use expressions which might lead people to believe that his youth had been dissolute and grossly corrupt. But there is no authority for this, and let us thank God for it, for it is in His saints that the Lord is wonderful. Sin must always remain the greatest degradation and calamity of life. We thank God, then, that, when this great saint looked back on the scenes which the walls of the old home brought to his recollection, he had not to reproach himself with those transgressions which separate the soul farthest from God. Still he was profoundly humbled, and, after one night divided between prayer and such rest as the bare floor allowed—after some holy words

on the blindness of worldly men, and the vanity of the things for which they live—he returned to the hospital, once more to put on a sharp hair-shirt and an iron chain, to discipline himself severely every day, and to teach poor children their catechism.

The undisciplined heart exclaims, “Was it worth while to leave Loyola for this?” Don Garcia thought it, and said it. The saint replied, “If but one poor child will learn, it is enough to satisfy me.”

Thus he turned from the home of his fathers, and never saw it any more. But what he gave up for God, the Almighty in after years bestowed on the Society. For very long the place where he had slept, and the rooms he had formerly inhabited, were visited as sacred spots. And when evil thoughts were wilfully entertained in them, the Divine vengeance fell upon the sinner. At last the Society became possessed of Loyola, and it returned to the saint as a Jesuit house for his sons. The Society still possess it.

Students of divinity were allowed to preach, and the saint had the happiness of preaching every Sunday, and on two or three days of the week. Crowds flocked to hear him, and he was obliged to meet them in the open fields. Here he made reparation for one of the sins of his youth. With several other boys he had once broken into a garden, and taken and destroyed a considerable quantity of fruit. What they had done in a boyish spirit of mischief was laid to a man's charge, and he was severely punished.

Now Ignatius publicly confessed the truth. The man who had been unjustly treated was before him; he called him by his name and begged his pardon; and then, out of his inheritance, he gave him two farms as a reparation. He preached boldly against all kinds of vice, against gaming and extravagant pleasures, and against those fashions which produced an appearance of immodesty in women. On the ten days from Ascension-day to Pentecost, he preached so successfully that gamblers threw cards and dice into the river, the most abandoned characters left their evil lives, and all swearing and blasphemy were exterminated in the town. But when the saint saw the saddest sight on earth—sin in holy places; when he saw such sacrilegious provocation, then came the triumph of the success with which it had pleased God to bless and reward him. His courage equalled his sanctity. He would seek for punishment on those who would not be reformed, and did not hesitate to call for the rigorous execution of the law against scandals. He was, in truth, a great and a safe reformer, for he was a saint.

He had not yet given away the whole of his property, so he founded a charity, with practical wisdom and tenderness, for the poor who were not beggars. It was called the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. An ancient Spanish custom had fallen into disuse—that of praying every night for the dead. Ignatius revived it. For his sake his relatives at Loyola undertook to give away, on every Sunday, twelve loaves of



bread in honour of the twelve apostles. He also established the devotion of the *Angelus*. Witnesses from Azpetia, during the process of his canonization, summed up the success of this visit of the saint in this way—"He did what he liked."

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE SAINT REACHES BOLOGNA.

THE reputation of Ignatius increased every day. The people brought the sick to him that he might cure them. A poor woman, possessed by the devil, was brought, that he might deliver her from his power. He bade her submit to the exorcism of the Church, and not ask a poor sinner to command devils. But they entreated him only to make the sign of the cross over her—he did so, and God gave her freedom and strength. At this time he heard from Paris that Faber had added three more to the Society, and that these three had made their first vows when the six others had renewed theirs, at Mont Martre, on the Feast of the Assumption. Their names were Claude le Jay, John Côtarus, and a Pascal Brouet. So, on the 15th of August, 1525, the Society of Jesus was increased in number.

While rejoicing over this addition to his companions, in the midst of the exercise of his great power over souls and dominion over disease, Ignatius was struck with a sickness so severe that his death was expected. Again his brother entreated him to make Leyola his home, or that he would accept from him such comforts as his state seemed to require; but these offers were refused. However, he could not prevent two women, his cousins, coming to the hospital, and nursing him in his sickness; their names were Maria Doriola and Simona d'Alzaga. At night they occupied a room next to that of Ignatius; and once, from this room, they heard his sighs so plainly, that, in great alarm, they went to assist him. They found him lying with joined hands, and eyes raised towards heaven. The fervour of his soul was seen on his face, and they hid their eyes from the dazzling sight. Confounded at being thus discovered, the saint entreated them to keep what they had witnessed a secret. He could not bear that God's great favours should be spoken of.

He recovered, and as soon as he was well enough he left Azpetia. His brother sent him money, a horse and servants. There is an exquisite politeness in the hearts of saints. He would not distress Don Garcia by refusing these things; he used them till he was beyond the fear of grieving him, and then got rid of them. He went to the castle of Xavier, passing the walls of the well-known Pampeluna, and then to Alamazon and Toledo, to arrange the affairs of Francis Xavier,

Layne, and Salmeron. Thence he proceeded on the way to Valentia, from which place he designed to sail for Venice. At Segorbe lived one of the three Spaniards of whom the reader has heard, who, in imitation of Ignatius, left the university of Paris, and took up their abode in the hospital of St. James, and who were carried forcibly away by their friends. This was Don John de Castro, and Ignatius stopped to see him. He was a novice in the house of the Carthusians, and a man of great piety. Ignatius now told him all that had been done; he spoke to him of his hopes, and ended with asking his opinion and advice. Don John refused to answer him at the moment; he asked to be left to ponder on the matter till the following day. He spent the night in prayer—the whole night. The next morning, at daybreak, he came forth in such transports of joy as could not be restrained, saying that the whole design was from God, and that all Christendom should be benefited by it. In his zeal, he offered himself to Ignatius. But the saint saw that Don John had been called to a different life, and he only confirmed him in his vocation. The whole transaction was entered in the records of the Carthusian house.

At Valentia, Ignatius embarked on board a merchant ship, which was leaving the port for Genoa. It had not long put to sea when a tempest arose, such a tempest as no man living on that coast remembered before. The vessel was almost gone. Not a shadow of hope remained. Not a creature on board had any

thought of life. But amid all the terror, and despair, and lamentation that such a moment brings, Ignatius was tranquil, and in perfect peace. Perhaps we think that he was calm because he knew that he was not to die, because he had God's work to do, and must live till it was accomplished. No; not a thought of the kind darkened the lustre of his humility, or attracted to himself the slightest portion of a trust that was placed exclusively in God. He believed, as others believed, that the hour of death was come; and he who but a little while before had even fixed the day when he should commence the great work for which he had been so long preparing, had no grief, no regret, no thought beyond the adorable will of God. We rest amazed on the simplicity of his love, for out of his love this great strength grew. He sorrowed because he had not more faithfully corresponded with the grace that had been bestowed upon him; but he could repose all things on his love. Like St. Peter, he could appeal from his own heart to Omniscience: "Thou knowest—Thou knowest that I love Thee." His deep humility had nothing to give up, his absorbing love had nothing to fear. The existence of the Society of Jesus seemed to tremble on the fate of a few shattered planks, and the founder, a penitent to the last, looked for death, and was at peace.

All at once the wind changed, the storm abated, and the vessel, with broken masts, and having no rudder, swept on her way, and entered the harbour of Genoa in safety: not a soul

was lost. It was piously believed that He Who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, and Whom the waves obey, had called up this storm, not only for the trial of His servant, but for his protection. The pirate Barbarossa occupied the Mediterranean with a fleet of a hundred vessels. He committed all kinds of outrage, seizing every ship that came within his power, and making slaves of crew and passengers. But he had not dared to encounter this dreadful tempest, and so the ship carried Ignatius found safety in the storm.

He went from Genoa to Bologna, and lost his way on the Apennines. When speaking, long after, of this, he said that it was the greatest danger he had ever been in. Having missed the beaten track, he found himself on the edge of a steep mountain, and had to climb along its precipitous face, clinging for his support to jutting rocks and stunted bushes, with scarcely any support for his feet; and in the far depth a foaming torrent swept its way rapidly. Imploring the help of Heaven, he went on, and at last, reaching the right road, he got to Bologna.

At the entrance of the town, having to pass over a narrow bridge, his foot slipped, and he fell into a ditch. Wearied and foot-sore, and covered with mire, the saint entered Bologna an object of contempt and derision. All day he begged for bread, and all day he was refused both food and money. At last the students of the Spanish college took compassion on the miserable-looking beggar, and gave him shelter

and relief.

We expect to find a saint in fasting, poverty, and humiliation; but what strange vicissitudes are found in the trials of Ignatius. One hour miracles are worked for his preservation; at another, he is allowed to fall into a muddy ditch, and to enter a large town, suffering and scoffed at. The sea—the mightiest of all earthly objects—is under obedience to bear him safely; yet no man's heart is moved to give him a piece of bread. What a new noviceship was this. What new trials. To see the vessel, rudderless and without masts, pursue her course by the great power of God; soon after to be in peril that called for his own strongest efforts; then to be in danger of death by famine, as if everything depended on his neighbour. We can see in these things a picture, as it were, of the trials through which the Society of Jesus was always to be passing. At one moment, the admiration of those among whom they live; at another, mocked by the idlers in the street. We see the wisdom of their founder's life of preparation for his work.

Up and down the world; a beggar in London, a student in Paris, the preacher of supernatural power at Azpetia; a pilgrim in Rome; and blessed with visions of unutterable glory in Palestine. Believed in, suspected, applauded, derided, accused, acquitted; the friend of to-day to be the enemy of to-morrow, and yet, in suffering successful, in weakness strong, and triamphant amid shame; it was, indeed, a new

novitiate, and a picture of what was to come.

Ignatius was to prove himself under all kinds of trial. Some may appear very small to us; but no trial was small that might have moved his soul to a sentiment of self-laudation.

The power of the saints lies in their humility. Humility conquers self. Ignatius came forth from Manreza, having thus conquered; and, in his humility, he conquers the world. It saved him from ever being taken by surprise; it saved him from all anger, and confusion, and human respect; at once the lowliest and the most independent of men. So emptied of self, that God worked in him and by him with an extraordinary power. It is a supernatural state, and the world cannot understand it.

The spirit of the world has never understood the spirit of St. Ignatius, and never will: as little can it understand the trials of the saint; all is folly or madness in its sight. For, to understand him, it is necessary to believe in God far more perfectly than suits with the vague general acquiescence of the worldly soul; the world beholds, and possibly may *intellectually* understand, the withdrawal of holy souls from their pursuits and pleasures into convent life. But that a whole society of men, living in the world, should walk the length and breadth of the earth, distinguished in literature and science, learned in divinity and the art of saving sinners, and yet free and undistracted, with their own souls safe in the sweet captivity of Jesus—having but one

above its comprehension. Again and again it raises up and accuses these men of being like itself. But they cannot use their great gift of wisdom for others, to their own loss; and God, Who gave them to the world, protects them in it.

And now that we are come to the end of the peculiar personal trials of the saint, we may dwell on them a little longer by the light that time flings back. As we gaze, we see more and more clearly that the great and distinguishing gifts of the saint were humility, and wisdom for others as well as for himself. We have no record of emotion to measure by. We can only say we know, or we guess his humility by his stillness; by his emptiness, for he did not feel that he had anything to relinquish; by his peace, for all in his soul was God.

We will now take the great day of the Society's trouble—their day of shipwreck—and look for a moment at the reflection of their founder's spirit in the storm. At the suppression they were dumb. For more than forty years they worked in the world as secular priests. Their acquiescence in their sentence was not only ready—for that a perfect obedience secured—but it was mute. Every possession passed away—and the admiration of Christendom had expressed itself in vast gifts to the Society—and they became poor without an effort. For above forty years the madness and sensuality that had clamoured for their suppression ruled Europe, for this great barrier against sin and infidelity was gone. The disbanded



members of that holy force, year by year, buried their dead till only 86 were left of the 20,000 that existed at the time of the suppression.

The suppression of the Society dates from the 17th August, 1773. In the year 1814, on the 7th of August, the Pope's bull restoring the Society was published in Rome. The Holy Father declares this to be in answer to the unanimous voice of the Catholic world. Pius VII. was accompanied by a vast and rejoicing multitude from the Quirinal to the Gesù, where the bull was read in the presence of such of the Jesuit fathers as could assemble there. They shed tears as they listened. The oldest of them was Albert de Montalto, who had reached 126 years, and who had been 108 years a Jesuit. Quietly and peacefully the old men came in, dropping into their places, doing their work again; uniting others to them, and existing once more as if these forty years had been but a single day. Now that the trial is past, the world might envy the survivors—only that the world does not know how to envy those whom nothing elates. But we can bless God because the spirit of those peaceful depths whence their great founder drew his strength is living in the Society, and blesses and reanimates our own day.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MEETING AT VENICE.

HAVING remained a short time at Bolôgna, supported by the charity of the Spanish college, Ignatius went on to Venice, where he arrived about the end of the year 1535. He employed himself in works of mercy. The saint could not be hid. There was a man of good family at Venice, a Spaniard, called James Hozez. He had heard of Ignatius; and, as evil reports travel fast, we are not surprised to find that he had heard of him as a person suspected of heresy. James Hozez was a learned man, and a good one. He had also heard of Ignatius as a master of the science of the saints, and he determined to go through the Spiritual Exercises under him; but, fearing the taint of heresy, he armed himself with many books, of perfect orthodoxy, including an abridgment of the Councils of the Church; and so, desirous of improvement, yet fearful of error, he set himself to his holy task. Ignatius triumphed. Hozez edified and convinced, pledged himself to join the Society.

There were also two brothers now at Venice, whom Ignatius had known at Alcala. They had just returned from the Holy Land.

of God as to their future life, and declared their intention of joining the Society that the saint should form. Among other Venetians who sought him, and regulated their lives by his direction, was Peter Contarini. He was afterwards Bishop of Baffo. \*

Ignatius had again to endure the trial of misunderstanding and evil judgment. Again he heard the cry that he was a heretic in disguise; that he was wandering about, infecting the world; and even that he had a familiar spirit, who told him secret things, and directed him to go from place to place when danger arose, so that justice could never overtake him. The saint applied to the Pope's nuncio, demanding to have the reports examined into, and his guilt declared, if he was guilty. The nuncio gave sentence in his favour. At this moment Ignatius derived great benefit from his friendship with one who led a religious life in Venice, and was held in the highest respect by the people. This was Peter John Caraffa, afterwards Archbishop of Theate, who gave up his archiepiscopal see to found the order of the Theatines. Caraffa subsequently became Pope by the title of Paul IV., and filled the Papal chair at the time of the saint's death.

\* In the translation of Bouhour's life by Dryden, this name is given Batto. The place is most likely Baffo, the ancient Paphos, in the island of Cyprus, which was a Bishop's see until the taking of Cyprus by the Turkish infidels under Mustapha, in the year 1571.

Ignatius had expected to remain alone in Venice till early in the following year, 1537, when his companions in Paris were to join him; but war broke out between Francis I. and Charles V., and the Emperor having entered Provence, there was a fear of the passages on the frontier being closed. This determined those who were in Paris to leave it for Venice immediately, and they set out on the 15th of November, 1536.

They went on foot, and through Lorrain; they each had a strap and a wallet, in which they carried their writings. Three of them were now priests, Faber, le Jay, and Brouet. Every day they said Mass, and every day the others received communion. When they passed through Germany, they hung their beads round their necks as a profession of faith. It was a season of great rigour, and the journey was a severe one, but they declared that their desire of seeing Ignatius made the way less painful. On the 8th of January, 1537, Ignatius, weeping for joy, embraced them. James Hozez had now joined him, so they were eleven in number. They immediately set themselves to works of mercy, dividing their labours between two hospitals, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and teaching children. So they went on till the middle of Lent.

By this time Peter Caraffa had been made a cardinal, and lived in Rome. And here we come upon one of those instances of distrust and suspicion which can never be explained. Though

Ignatius had owed, in some measure, the cessation of calumny at Venice to Caraffa's esteem for him, yet now the cardinal had himself become suspicious of the saint. So when, in the middle of Lent, his companions went to Rome, Ignatius remained at Venice. It was thought that his cause would prosper better without him, and yet the cardinal was a most holy man. However, God had provided another friend.

At that time Henry VIII. of England had roused the indignation of the Emperor Charles V. by his treatment of Queen Katharine, who was the emperor's sister. The emperor sent to Rome, maintaining the validity of the marriage. The learned doctor selected for this office was that same Peter Ortiz who had known the saint so well in Paris, and to whom Francis Xavier and Peter Faber were familiar names. He received them gladly, and presented them to the Pope. He spoke of them as learned, humble, and very holy men, who desired nothing so much as the conversion of sinners, and only sought permission to go into the Holy Land to preach Christianity to the infidels. They did not remain long in Rome. After their interview with Pope Paul III., they visited the holy places, and returned to Venice. They found Ignatius still at his work in the hospitals, and they met him with good news.

The Pope had himself proposed to them some difficult points of theology, and the modesty and accuracy of their replies gave the Holy Father the greatest satisfaction. Though

he had never seen Ignatius, he knew him in his children, and was so convinced of their piety and learning, that he not only granted them permission to labour in the Holy Land, but gave leave to those who were not priests to be ordained by any bishop. He included Ignatius in this permission; and by a dispensation allowed Alphonso Salmeron to receive ordination also, though he was only twenty years of age. He gave them sixty crowns of gold, and sent them back to Venice; but at the same time he told them that he did not believe that they would be able to fulfil their desire of going to Palestine, as the Holy See, the emperor, and the republic of Venice, were on the point of entering into a league against the Turks, which would prevent their reaching the Holy Land. Other persons gave them money; and this, with the gold bestowed by the Holy Father, they put aside for their voyage to Palestine, whenever it should take place.

They now made their vows of poverty and perpetual chastity, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, and worked in the hospitals till midsummer, when, on St. John's day, those who had not received priests' orders, were ordained by Vincent Nigusanti, Bishop of Arbe,\* who was moved even to tears by their devotion.

And now Ignatius is a priest, and he has consecrated hands, and on his words the Beloved of his soul will wait, and come down from

\* A city and bishopric in the island of Arbe, in the Adriatic, on the coast of Dalmatia.

heaven and be with men; the power to bind and to loose is his, and to bless as he has never blessed before.

We come now to a sight of that gift of fear, which he used to tell people to pray for. That fear of God that is not slavery, but homage. It is a gift that those whose lives are cast in an enterprising age should know the value of.

They could now say Mass, and yet they feared. So they separated, going into solitary places apart, but not so far but that they might re-assemble if an opportunity occurred for reaching Palestine. Ignatius went to a ruined cottage, a short distance from Vicenza. He never went out except to beg for food. He fasted every day. He was incessant in prayer. And here he received that wonderful gift of tears that even endangered his eyesight. So passed forty days, but he could not approach the altar as a priest. September came, and October; the others had said their first Masses. Month after month passed by; the end of the year had arrived, and another year begun, and still the saint dared not celebrate the sacred mysteries.

It is important that we should understand that this fear had no connection with scrupulosity. It was the holy fear that accompanies supernatural knowledge, and is found side by side with burning love. He had been healed by St. Peter, he had beheld the Immaculate Mother of God, explanations of the mysteries of faith had been vouchsafed to him; and now



that this last and greatest gift had come, he received it with gladness and adoration, but with the worship of fear. As he loves as few have loved, so he fears as few have feared; and he goes to the Masses of his sons, but he fears to say the words himself. There is a wealth of edification in this. He will say Mass one day, and neither fear less nor love less. He will approach the altar, impelled by the Divine condescension, which uses His creature, who is nothing, for His own ends, and Whose will must be done. And so in Rome, at St. Mary Major, the Christmas twelvemonth after his ordination, Ignatius said Mass for the first time.

After their ordination, they all waited in the neighbourhood of Venice, diligently employed in the service of souls, till the year was out. They used to preach to the people out of doors, in the streets and market-places. They spoke bad Italian, and their appearance was so unlike what the people had been accustomed to, that curiosity brought them hearers. But they preached with such unction as to produce great fruits of penitence; and having thus spent the day, they begged from door to door, and passed the night in their solitary shelter, lying on straw.

This life was too austere to be borne without suffering. Most of them fell sick, and Simon Rodriguez who, with le Jay, lived with a hermit called Antonio, on the top of a hill near Bassano, was expected to die. Ignatius was himself very ill of a lingering fever; but on



hearing of the danger of Rodriguez, he set out to walk from Vicenza to Bassano, which was a long day's journey. Faber went with him, and Faber was strong and well; but he could not, in his strength, keep pace with the saint in his weakness, so great was the desire he had to reach Rodriguez. When Ignatius had to wait for Faber, as was often the case, he waited for him praying on his knees, and an assurance came into his mind that Rodriguez would not die; he told it to Faber, and the event proved it true. On arriving, they found that the hermit despaired of his friend's life, and that the physician had given him up. But Ignatius took him in his arms, and said—"Fear nothing, you shall recover." Rodriguez began to amend rapidly, and in a few days was well.

A singular temptation now befell Rodriguez. He felt that restlessness and fatigue were associated with Ignatius, and that in the hermitage there was solitude and peace; he believed that God called him to be a hermit. It was a temptation likely to succeed with a man recovering from sickness. And there was great truth in the form it took. He argued that outward employments dissipate the saintly spirit, and that an interior life unites with God; that the followers of Ignatius must always mix with the world, and that great danger must attend them; that a man's first duty was to his own soul; and he would stay there, and serve God in solitude. He had better be secure than adventurous. Only the thought of his vow and his regard for

the saint restrained him from leaving the infant society. He was at Bassano with Ignatius, Faber, and le Jay. He stole out, left them without a word, and proceeded towards the hermitage. But he was met by a vision of a man of giant stature and terrible aspect, armed with a sword, and standing across his path. At first he thought that his eyes deceived him; but on finding it to be supernatural, he returned, even running, to the town. Ignatius met him with an embrace, and these words: "O man of little faith, why hast thou doubted?" Then Rodriguez knew that God had told the saint, and he was immediately confirmed in his vocation.

The year of waiting was now over. The League, of which the Pope had spoken, prevented the sailing of the ships which took the pilgrims to Jerusalem; and now their vow obliged them to present themselves to the Pope, and offer their services to him for the Church. Ignatius went to Rome, accompanied by Faber and Laynez. The others repaired to different places. Xavier and Bobadilla went to Bologna; Le Jay and Rodriguez to Ferrara; Pascal and Salmeron to Sienna; Codurus and Hozez to Padua; where they severally earned a great reputation for piety, and for the direction of souls. Before they had separated, they had drawn up a sort of rule of life. They were to lodge in hospitals, and live on alms; each was, week by week, to be Superior over the other; they were to preach whenever they were allowed; they were to teach children. Christian

doctrine and good manners, and were not to take money in payment for their work: the glory of God and the good of their neighbour were always to be present to their souls.

It was now that, for the first time, they took their proper name. When asked who and what they were, the saint bade them answer that they were called THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. This title had been kept for them even since the interior illuminations of Manreza; it has always been believed that God not only then revealed to the saint what the Order should be, but also its glorious appellation.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SAINT BEGINS HIS LIFE IN ROME.

IGNATIUS, with Laynez and Faber, set out for Rome. He received communion every day from the hands of one of his companions. He journeyed the whole way on foot, in uninterrupted meditation on the mysteries of the Life and Passion of our Blessed Lord. It was at this time that he was favoured with one of his most remarkable visions.

By the roadside, somewhere between Sienna and Rome, was a ruined chapel. The saint, attracted by the sight, went within its walls to pray. His prayer was a recommendation to

the favour of God of the society which he was on his way to offer to the Vicar of Christ, in Rome. Hardly had he begun to pray, when he beheld the Eternal Father, how we know not, but He presented him to God the Son, Who bore on His shoulders a heavy cross. Then Jesus, looking on Ignatius, said—"I will be propitious to you in Rome." When he was come to himself, he went forth with a countenance that bore evidence of this favour, and said to Faber and Laynez, that he knew not what trials or ill-treatment might be in store, but this he knew, that Jesus would be propitious to them. He then related all that he had heard and seen; and the particulars of the vision were repeated at a conference by Laynez, when he became general of the society. Throughout his life, the saint was always reserved when speaking of God's favours; and when questioned concerning this wonderful occurrence, he used to refer to Laynez, and say that he had told him all the circumstances at the time. However, when Ignatius wrote the Constitutions, he spoke of his interior dispositions as being the same as they were in that hour when the Eternal Father put him with His Son. \*

It was the end of the year 1537, when Ignatius and his two friends entered Rome. Ortiz presented them to the Holy Father, who gladly

\* Dryden quotes the Spanish—"Quando el Padre

received the saint's offers of service; he appointed Laynez and Faber to teach divinity in the college of Sapienza; and he assigned to Ignatius the work of reforming manners by means of the Spiritual Exercises and Christian teaching. Then Ignatius returned the money that he and his companions had received for their journey to Jerusalem.

Ignatius gave the Spiritual Exercises to Cardinal Contarini, one of the most learned doctors of the day. This great man took the saint for his director, and with his own hand made a copy of the Exercises. The Spanish Doctor Ortiz also put himself under the saint's direction, and in order to make the Exercises with the best advantage, went with him to the seclusion of Monte Cassino. He said that he had there learnt from Ignatius in forty days more theology than he had before learnt in forty years.

While the saint was at Monte Cassino, he heard that at Bologna, Xavier was ill and not expected to live; and that at Padua, Hozez and Cordurus, having been imprisoned for one night, under some accusation of treason against the state, had been liberated in consequence of the feeling of the town in their favour; but that Hozez was ill of a fever, and in the greatest extremity. The saint knew immediately that this illness would be mortal, and that Hozez was to be the first of their dead. At the moment of his departure, he beheld him carried by angels into Paradise; and he was favoured with a second

vision; when hearing Mass, at the words "*Omnibus sanctis*," in the Confiteor, he saw Hozez, as it were in Heaven, surrounded by the blessed, and presented to him in great glory, because, said the saint, God would have Hozez noticed by him. Ignatius wept for many days after this consoling sight.

The earthly place of Hozez in the society was soon filled. Ignatius, on his way back to Rome, met a young Spaniard, whom he had known before: it was Francis Strada. He was a youth full of life and energy; ambitious, and a little angry with the world, in which he had been over-eager to succeed. He spoke to Ignatius of his disappointments, and said he was going to be a soldier, and hoped to make himself a great name. Ignatius invited him to follow another Master; and going back with Ignatius to Rome, he gave up his thoughts of the army, and became one of the society. He did indeed gain a great and glorious name—a name known through all Europe, and never to be forgotten—that of one of the most successful preachers in the Church.

Almighty God now infused into the saint's mind clearer notions as to the nature of the new Institute which it was His will he should establish. He wished to begin it at once, and he communicated his thoughts to Faber and Laynez. In the end of Lent, 1538, he summoned all the others to Rome.

A man whose name deserves to be remembered, Quirino Garzoni,\* lent them a house.

\* It is possible that he might have heard or known

and there Ignatius spoke out all that God had put into his heart. All were ready to agree to whatever he desired. But it was his wish that they would each ponder on the matter, and recommend it to God. When the fixed time had expired they met again, and being all of one mind, it was determined that application should be made to the Holy Father to erect the society into a Religious Order. But just at this moment Paul III. left Rome for Nice, to meet Francis I. and Charles V., hoping to make peace between these sovereigns. Here, then, was a delay at the outset, and, of course, being human, they were sorry. But Ignatius placed himself in the hands of Him Who, in the majesty of His eternity, permits those delays at which we sometimes tremble, and too often chafe. It is pain to many minds not to have that immediately accepted which they are ready to give, but the intentions of Almighty God are not less secure for the delay which makes them uneasy. It is pain, but pain is discipline, and discipline begets patience, and patience brings us God's love; and if, when the hour of acceptance comes, it comes with the earnings of

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something of the saint when he was at Venice. For Guillim gives—"Azure, issuant out of a mount in base, three wheat stalks bladed and eared, all proper," as coat of a Venetian house called Garzoni. The Jesuit father, Sylvester Petra Sancta, in his "*Tesseræ Gentilitiæ*," published in Rome, in the year 1638, gives the coat of Garzoni, and, it is curious to observe, quotes Guillim as his authority for it.

patience, then accumulations of favour are the results of the delay. The Institute of Ignatius was not confirmed till September 27th, 1540, and the remainder of this chapter must be given to preceding events.

They all remained in Rome during the absence of the Holy Father. Cardinal Caraffa was the Pope's legate; Ignatius applied to him for leave for himself and his companions to preach, and obtained it without trouble. They were distributed among the churches in Rome. Under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin, Ignatius had begun his life of renunciation; before her miraculous image he pronounced the vows which he had for many years been fulfilling. Where should he preach in Rome so fitly as in the church of our Lady of Montserrat? There, accordingly, he did preach, and in Spanish, propounding the truths of the faith with precision as the Church teaches them, and with the unction derived from his own experience. His preaching produced great fruit. It was the resistless strength of his sanctity and courageous sincerity; it was the steady burning of his apostolic zeal for souls—for he was not what men call eloquent—which touched his hearers. Sometimes he preached in Italian, when he was not always sure that he was properly understood.

At that time the holy and sanctifying practice of receiving Sacraments frequently was not in general use; and it is not too much to say that the Church owes the revival of this devotion to the Saint and his sons. Rome felt their pre-



sence, and acknowledged it by an increase of holiness.

They were so busy working for souls that they were obliged to consult together concerning their Institute at night. In one of these assemblies they resolved to add the third vow of obedience to the vows of poverty and chastity already taken, and to elect a superior, with absolute authority, who should bear the office for life. It was at another of these night meetings that they agreed on the distinguishing fourth vow which bound them to go wherever the Vicar of Christ might send them. It was an act worthy of those who had chosen the name of Jesus thus to bind themselves to be the active, unhesitating servants of His Vicar on earth. It was indeed a perfect obedience which they offered to the Vicar of Christ. The gift of wisdom made these men place their souls under the yoke of obedience to their general, and that wisdom which they had received for others took them the farther step that laid them at the feet of the Pope. It was as absolute a gift as free-will ever offered.

It was a self-denying—a crucifying vow. It brought all possible trial and suffering before them, and within their probable endurance. It was offering themselves to those terrors from which human nature shrinks, and which however well, by God's grace, they are borne, are not usually approached by a life-long determination. It at once placed them in the second rank of martyrs—the martyrs in will; and it was soon acted out in

deeds at which the most fervent hearts may shudder.

They have never been unfaithful to this vow. They fulfil it to-day, while we write and read. They bear it so lightly that the world does not see it, or it laughs as if it was one of its own shadows. But lightly as loving hearts always carry the burden of affection, it has eaten itself into their souls, and changed them. It deadens them to human respect; their friendships are with souls. Men seek them, and they are found everywhere, yet they are never in captivity to social intercourse—they never can be, for they are vowed to that which cannot allow it. And this distinctness of character is the result of their fourth vow, and it is the object of the especial malice of the world and of the devil.

In another of their conferences they resolved that the professed members of the society should have no possessions, but that their future college might be endowed for the maintenance of students.

They were thus laying their foundations when a great persecution grew up against them. There was a religious in Rome of the Augustinian hermits, who was a great preacher, but in his heart he was a Lutheran. It was not easy to suspect heresy beneath that garb, and Ignatius was unwilling to believe the reports of unsound doctrine which from time to time were brought to him. He desired Laynez and Salmeron, who had a perfect acquaintance with the new opinions, to go and hear the preacher. They

went more than once, and pronounced against him. Ignatius succeeded in having him privately admonished, but with great tenderness and charity. So far, however, from taking warning from these admonitions, he propagated his false doctrines with all the greater openness. Then the saint opposed him publicly. He and his companions refuted his errors from the pulpit, and defended the true faith. When this man found that their preaching was successful, and that the people were beginning to detect his true character, he resorted to the bold measure of accusing Ignatius himself of heresy. Nor did he stop here; he declared that both the saint and his companions were men of wicked lives, who misled the people by a show of sanctity, and he engaged three Spaniards to bear evidence against them. More than this the wretched Michael Navarre, who had been kept back by a voice from killing the saint at Paris, and who happened to be in Rome, swore to the truth of these assertions. Michael had twice offered himself to Ignatius, but had not been accepted, and this circumstance no doubt increased his animosity against the saint.

Declarations so solemn were believed by the governor of Rome. Cardinal Caraffa had appointed two priests to assist the Jesuits in hearing confessions, and these priests fled from Rome, expecting nothing but the destruction of those with whom they had been associated. The excitement against them was universal; they were charged with infamous crimes, the

power they had obtained over men was attributed to sorcery; and Navarre declared that Ignatius had been burnt in effigy at Alcala, at Paris, and at Venice. In fact, the saint stood forth in the eyes of all Rome as an old, hardened, convicted offender, who was leagued with others for the destruction of souls.

Of all his friends there was but one who did not abandon him. This was Quirino Garzoni, who had lent his house to Ignatius. He had known their daily life, and now he everywhere spoke well of them. He was reproached for this by his kinsman, the dean of the Sacred College, and a cardinal, and advised to break off all intercourse with them. Garzoni answered, that if the cardinal knew them as well as he did, he would himself seek their society. When Garzoni reported this conversation to Ignatius, the saint praised the dean for having desired his relative to avoid bad company, but he expressed a wish to wait upon the cardinal, if Garzoni could procure him an audience. The wish was granted: they were together two hours. Then the cardinal threw himself at the saint's feet, and begged forgiveness. He brought Ignatius forth with every mark of esteem and honour: and every week afterwards, as long as he lived, he sent him alms for the society.

The tide of the world's favour was again ready to flow, but the saint asked for a trial. The Governor of Rome fixed a day, and Ignatius

every charge. The saint produced a letter—"Whose handwriting is this?" "It is mine," said Michael. It was a letter written to a friend a few months before, in which he spoke of Ignatius and his companions as men whom he had known at Paris, and at Venice, and as persons of pure and apostolic lives. It happened also that the three judges before whom the saint's cause had been tried at Alcalá, at Paris, and at Venice, were all at that time in Rome. They became witnesses for Ignatius, and Navarre was condemned to perpetual banishment. But as if this was not enough, the three Spaniards who had accused him retracted all their charges; and then came in a flood of witnesses testifying to their good lives.

Ignatius now demanded that the sentence in his favour should be judicially recorded. But so great had been the tumult of feeling, that people were suddenly for peace—that unjust peace which has no regard for the honour of the innocent. The governor declared the cause concluded; and even some of the saint's own friends objected that it would be contrary to Christian charity to pursue the matter further. But in Ignatius the humility that annihilated self was allied to a zeal that never overlooked the honour of God and the interests of the faith. He would have the orthodoxy of their teaching formally established. Unable to obtain this justice from the governor, he went to the Pope in person. The Holy Father was now at Frascati, and by his orders the governor of Rome caused the book

of the Exercises to be examined, and delivered judgment upon it. That judgment was not a mere assent to the truth of its doctrine; it was the highest commendation both of the book and the men. The saint sent copies of the sentence wherever the calumny had reached.

In such ways came the Cross, which the saint had seen borne on the shoulders of our Lord; and so, too, came the fulfilment of the promise that He would be propitious to him in Rome.

But now came another, and a very different trial. There fell a famine upon Rome, and a winter of terrible severity. In a climate where preparations are not made against cold, and where the food of the people consists largely of fruits and vegetables, an inclement season is always a trial to the poor. But this year the distress was of an extreme and awful character, and the starving people lay about helpless and dying in the streets.

Ignatius and his followers possessed nothing—they lived on alms—but they went out into the streets and brought the afflicted creatures into their house. Behold them walking through the streets, carrying these sufferers on their backs. They gave up their beds to such as most required them, and begged straw for themselves and for the rest. This work went on till ten men, who possessed nothing, found themselves burdened with four hundred dependents. What a picture for faith to gaze upon. There was no miraculous multiplication of loaves, nor

jars of undiminished oil and wine; they put their trust in God, and appealed to the charity of the faithful. Soon they had alms enough, and more than enough, and their four hundred poor became four thousand, who were all fed and clothed, nursed and cared for. Of those who came, out of curiosity, to see what was doing, many did not leave till they had stripped themselves of half their clothes to cover the sufferers. But the charity of Ignatius did not limit itself to their bodies. Prayers, instructions and the sacraments, blessed the living, and prepared the dying; and then rose from the eternal city a voice of benediction and praise, and the people called Ignatius their father.

Not only in their first zeal did the society thus labour. There is neither first nor last to the fire that is heaven-sent, and therefore unquenchable. When the cholera raged in Rome we saw a living picture of their early days. They bore the pestilence-stricken, even in their arms, to the hospitals. When the trials of 1848 fell upon them in the same city, the poor remembered it.

The moment of benediction was chosen by the saint for offering to the Pope the abstract of their Institute. Cardinal Gaspar Contarini presented it. It was received graciously, and given for examination to Badia, who filled the office—always held by a Dominican—of Master of the Sacred Palace. The Institute received his commendation. The Pope himself then read it, and exclaimed—“The finger of God is here!”



The Institute had now to be confirmed, and three cardinals were named by the Pope to give it their approval. But still there was to be the cross. Cardinal Guidiccione, a great divine and canonist, disliked new things so much, that he declared the Church had no need of the Institute, however good it might be, and the other two cardinals could not differ from one so able and learned.

While things were in this state, the Pope put one of their vows to the test. He called upon the saint to send some of his beloved sons to distant places, and to difficult services. The world had asked for them; princes and bishops had sent to beg them of the Pope.

The Portuguese had recently obtained their possessions in the East Indies. It will be remembered that the English acquisitions in the East began with the marriage of Charles II. with Katharine of Braganza, the Infanta of Portugal, who brought Bombay for her dower. The King of Portugal, John III., wished to Christianize his possessions in India; and John Govea, who at Paris, as the principal of the Portuguese College of St. Barbara, had so nobly vindicated the saint's honour, and who had sent Faber, the poor scholar, to read with him, wrote to Ignatius, and proposed that he should preach Christianity in India. The saint's heart burned to go, but he answered, that they were at the service of the Holy Father. The King of Portugal then sent, by his ambassador in Rome, to ask for six of the society. When Ignatius

was told of this request, he gave that remarkable reply—"If, out of ten, six go to India, how many will there remain for the other countries of the earth?" Already his soul had grasped the world. He said, he thought that only two could be spared for India; but that all depended on the Pope. It ended in Xavier and Rodriguez setting out for Portugal. But Rodriguez remained in that country, and Xavier went to India alone. Of the others, the Pope sent Brouet to Sienna; Le Jay, to Brescia; Bobadilla, to Ischia; Laynez, to Placentia; and Faber, to Parma, whence he was afterwards called to attend Ortiz to the Diet of Worms.

The saint now prayed earnestly for the confirmation of the society, and success came speedily. The Pope beheld the rapid, and in some places overwhelming, career of Protestantism, and felt that God was sending extraordinary assistance at this moment, and by these men. At the same time a wonderful success attended the preaching of the society, and Cardinal Guidiccione changed his opinion so suddenly and so entirely, that he himself attributed the change to God. The Institute, therefore, was formally confirmed, under the name of the Society of Jesus, by the bull of September 27th, 1540, in which the Pope passed a personal eulogy on the first ten fathers, and gave them leave to draw up their constitutions. The number of the professed was limited to sixty, but two years afterwards this limitation was removed. And the Pope then declared

that the interests of Christendom required its removal. •

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### ELECTION OF THE GENERAL.

THE Society of Jesus being now instituted, it was necessary to choose a superior. With the permission of the Pope, Ignatius called to Rome such of the fathers as could come. Xavier and Rodriguez, Faber and Bobadilla, could not come. The two first had left their suffrages in writing before they went. Faber sent his, and Bobadilla afterwards confirmed the choice of the others. After three days of prayer, Ignatius was chosen. His own vote was given in a remarkable way. It was for him whom the majority should choose, provided that it was not himself. Some of the suffrages, all of which were in writing, are preserved.

Ignatius, overwhelmed with grief, refused the office. He assured them that he was incompetent to discharge its duties, and he left them to deliberate, with fasting, prayer, and penance, for four more days, that they might elect one who was really capable of governing the society. In their profound respect for him, they consented to deliberate again, but the result

was the same. He then agreed to refer the matter to his confessor, and to abide by his decision.

Previous to the Pope's confirmation of the Institute, Ignatius had been in the habit of making his confession to a Franciscan monk of San Pietro in Montorio. He employed the three last days of Holy Week in making a general confession; describing imperfections, both bodily and mental, and which, in his own judgment, unfitted him for the office of general of the society. But the Franciscan father declared that in refusing he would be resisting the Spirit of God, and this decision, at the saint's request, he sent in writing to the fathers.

Ignatius returned to the city on Easter Sunday, and immediately on entering the house performed a miraculous cure on a young man who was grievously afflicted. On the following Friday, being the 22nd of April, 1541, the fathers made their vows.

In the morning of that day they visited the stations of the seven churches,\* and on reaching St. Paul's, Ignatius said Mass at the altar of our Lady. He was the first who took the vows. Turning round to his companion, and holding in one hand the Body of our Lord, and in the other the paper on which the vows were written, he pronounced them with a loud voice,

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\* These churches are those of St. John Lateran, St. Peter, St. Mary Major, Santa Croce, St. Sebastian, St. Laurence, and St. Paul. The three last are outside the walls of Rome.

and then communicated. The others now kneeling round the altar, he turned round again, holding the paten with the sacred Host on it. He received their professions, and communicated them. Ignatius vowed obedience to the Pope. The others vowed obedience to him. Their profession was made at the altar of our Lady, whence they passed to the High Altar, where they venerated the holy relics; then, embracing the saint, they kissed his hand, in token of their submission to him.

Since the close of the year-1540, the society had been in possession of a church of their own, situated at the foot of the Capitoline hill. It was called the Church of Santa Maria della Strada. Previously to this—probably in 1538, when they were all in Rome—they had left the house of Garzoni, which stood in a vineyard on the hill-side, under the Trinita dei Monti, and gone into another, which the people's alms permitted them to hire. This second house joined the Church of Santa Maria, now so well known as the Gesù. The church has been rebuilt, and the house altered and enlarged, but the rooms occupied by the saint remain as they were.

St. Ignatius came back from St. Paul's this bright Easter week in April, on a Friday, one of the greatest men of modern days. The world, if it has not recognized the saint, has recognized the society he formed, and the place he filled in it.

When he stood on the threshold of their house, his institute numbered but a few; yet it had made good progress for the short time of

its existence. Besides the professed fathers, some were studying in Paris, and about twelve were in Rome. They had survived persecution, and turned bitter enemies into ardent friends, and they had separated to go where the successor of St. P  ter had pointed out. They had done wonders of charity; and the Church had now acknowledged them as a new development of the love of God.

With Luther and Calvin, a new trial had fallen upon Christendom, and the Society of Jesus was just what the Church at that moment wanted.

A cry had arisen against religious orders. And this cry was met, not by a cowardly hiding of the evangelical counsels as a cause of offence, but by the confirmation of a new order, which was to live in the world's sight, and whose enclosures were to be nothing less than the boundaries of the earth.

Ignatius, as the servant of God, now began his generalship by setting his house in order, and writing the constitutions. We look on these acts with a peculiar interest.

With India present to him, with America waiting, and the sorrow of England anticipated by his soul, with the spirit of disobedience wandering through the earth, he yet arranged his house with as much attention as if it had been all his world, giving to each father some particular duty, and taking himself the office of cook. Those who have to meet in their own persons the

constantly recurring little difficulties of daily life will not be sorry to dwell upon this.

But neither his home duties nor the great responsibility of writing the constitutions interfered with his works of charity. Preaching in churches, teaching Christian doctrines to the young, seeking sinners, reclaiming heretics, and the conversion of Jews—these were the daily works of his life, and they were done with great energy and success.

He had now mastered the Italian language sufficiently to preach in it, but he did not speak it well. His catechising was attended by persons of all classes, and by some of the greatest divines in Rome; and there was an unction with his simple words which produced wonderful results.

He catechised, on being made General, for forty days together. Many of his hearers went straight to the confessional, and from that hour began their lives anew. He not only preached to the Jews and converted many, but he gave these converts protection and shelter, and obtained from the Pope that they should not lose any of their lawfully-acquired property; and that such of the gains of usury as could not be restored, should be applied to the foundation of a house of instruction for them. He taught his converts how to suffer all things, and then exerted himself that they should suffer as little as possible.

But his wisdom and courage were never more perfectly shown than when, safe in the



gift of the Immaculate Virgin, he ventured into the darkest haunts of sin. The divine words, "Neither do I condemn thee!" were carried to those who were indeed far off. There was, in Rome, a religious house where penitents of this description, who wished to leave the world, could be taken in. But the grace that called a soul from sin might not be such as would incline it to the life of a religious. St. Ignatius, therefore, with the help of some of the chief people in Rome, founded a house for such persons, and called this refuge the house of St. Martha. How like a worldly cunning was the pious wisdom of the saint. Be ye wise as serpents, his Divine Master had said; and so he did not choose the name of Magdalen, because it would have told too plainly whence his penitents had come, and what they had been; and divinely tender was the thought that would associate them with holy diligence, loving cares, and the appointed duty of Christian women. The saint also founded the house of St. Catharine for those who had not the blessing of safe homes; and two orphanages, one for boys and another for girls. When these charities were established, he withdrew from their management. In his great humility he desired not to be constantly associated with his good works.

The saint's knowledge of the world comes out very strongly as we follow him from one good work to another. His love and forethought; his contrivance and tenderness; his patience and kind judgment come before us in

such perfection, that we feel ourselves face to face with a friend; and it seems like a natural impulse to trust ourselves to him. And now, let us recollect that it was necessary that St. Ignatius should understand the world, because the work of the Society was to be done in it. A saint may know the world well; not by an evil personal experience, but by an intuition which is a divine gift. And so the saint comprehended the position of people living in the world, their temptations and difficulties, in a manner which is peculiarly endearing. We find him, then, the confessor, the teacher, the friend, the founder of charities—he is also the cook of his household; and we wonder, with a natural surprise, how the constitutions of the Society of Jesus are ever to be written.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE GENERAL WRITES THE CONSTITUTIONS.

THE constitutions were written in a wonderful way, and in a great measure by night, for there was little time for this work by day.

The saint had received the gift of wisdom; but it was not intended to free him from the possibility of error. The gift increased his responsibility instead of lessening it. And so the

saint went to his work with thought; devoutly pausing, earnestly meditating, weighing every part with a wakeful judgment, and fixing on what best represented his idea of the Society with the most faithful accuracy. As an instance of the thought and solemn earnestness that he brought to this work, it must be told that, on one point, he prayed during ten days to discover what should be most pleasing to God, and that he also meditated for thirty days before he could determine the question.

This was a hesitation quite distinct from feebleness of judgment and the weakness of human vacillation. When he had settled with himself what would be best, he hesitated no longer, but wrote freely and fearlessly those words of wisdom, from which there has never been any deviation.

The members of the Society of Jesus were to be diligent in catechising and preaching; to visit the sick, attend prisons, and be ready, if necessary, to maintain the truths of religion in controversy. They were never to seek after honours; they were not to be bishops. Only by an order from the Pope could they fill any of the high offices of the church. The manner of their government was laid down in the constitutions, and of their education; with such regulations as, by God's grace, should keep up their fervour and preserve them faithful to their vocation.

We see by these things, that they were intended to be among us as working men. The

painstaking manner of the saint's life, and his unexampled diligence, were to be impressed on the Society. Labour—cheerful, unceasing, laborious heart-service, the saint gave to God in the world, and it has been preserved to us in his followers. As far back as the days of Manreza these constitutions had been in his mind. The rules of the Society in their chief points were made known to him in those solemn and mysterious hours of communion with God. The saint's great reserve, in speaking of God's favours to him, was such, that he would never distinctly declare what it would have been a pious gratification to know; but words equivalent to what has always been believed fell from him more than once. After writing the rules and directions that, after prayer and meditation, he had determined upon, it was his custom to place the manuscript on the altar when he next said Mass. ~~Then~~ he offered it to God, praying to know whether what he had written was agreeable to the rules of Christian perfection. And in this manner the constitution<sup>s</sup> were completed.

Now, if we stand, as it were, with Benedetto Palmia, who kept the saint's door, in order that, at this time of working for God, he should not be disturbed; we shall see him acting as one not writing out his own ideas, not forming his own thoughts into rules and obligations—we shall see how he writes as one discharging a trust with an exceeding faithfulness. Without fear, anxiety, or any disquietude of mind, he

contemplates with firmness the objects to be attained, and considers the best manner of attaining them; all has been supernaturally shadowed forth to him. As he writes he feels that he is doing God's will.

Sometimes he went to a retired garden, and wrote there. It had been lent to him for that purpose. Penetrated with the desire of God's greater glory, he writes with prayers and an abundance of tears; and this extraordinary fervour was always united to a perfect tranquillity of soul. He often wrote with the New Testament and Thomas A'Kempis by his side. And we are told by those who watched him in his room, that those hours of diligent faithfulness were seasons of rapture and celestial apparitions. They beheld him clothed with light, and with a flame-like fire above his head.

At this time he wrote down some account of the divine favours bestowed upon him. When, before his death, he caused his manuscripts to be destroyed, this one, happily, by an accident, escaped. He describes what he felt on Saturday, the sixth week after Pentecost, during the time of his saying Mass. The saint wrote in Spanish. The substance of his description is given here.

While others prepared the altar, there came upon him the thoughts of Jesus in His poverty, and an intimate knowledge of His being the head and leader of the Society. Tears and sobs, which he cannot control, tell of his love, and with his soul filled with an unutterable steadfastness, he puts on the sacred vestments.

These feelings increase in strength. He feels that God the Holy Ghost is assuring him in a peculiar manner of God the Son; being the Head and Promoter of his work, and the remembrance of the vision of the Eternal Father, when on his way to Rome, comes upon him vividly. When clothed for Mass, the adorable name is impressed upon him with an extraordinary sense of joy and consolation, and an interior strength, which is willing, and sensibly able, to meet whatever trials may be in store.

Again tears and sobs burst forth, and yet there is no sorrow—neither sorrow nor penitence; all is a mysterious joy. God speaks, and His servant is overcome. Human nature, at once willing and weak, is overwhelmed; and the soul which receives these overflowings of God's abundant love, under the heavenly trial shakes the mortality that shrouds it.

Thus mysteriously agitated, he begins to say Mass with extraordinary fervour; and when Jesus gives His adorable Majesty into His servant's hands, then an internal colloquy ensues—our blessed Lord encouraging and assisting—the saint in a rapture of obedience. He goes on to the end of the Mass, fresh sweetness falling on his soul; and all day afterwards he dwells on the thought of Jesus.

Thus the constitutions were written for the ratification of the Pope, and for the direction of the lives of all whom God should add to the Society of Jesus.

As one divine ~~ly~~ enlightened, the Church

received the saint; and beneath that mother's watchful eye, and with the blessing of her approving love, the Society went forth; not with wild fervour, nor with first rushings of undisciplined zeal, but with quiet strength, and that courage which is emotionless. They went forth with patience, and peace, and a great generosity. And they all had learnt their founder's prayer—"Give me, O Lord, a tender reverence, and that humility which shall be love alone."

Yes, love indeed! But not the love of God in His glory only. St. Ignatius meant the love that embraces Jesus suffering; the love that works and is triumphant by the cross, and likes to have it so.

Looking on those saints who have been founders of religious orders and congregations, we see in them persons who have been faithful to peculiar graces; given to them because it has been the will of God to ~~accomplish~~<sup>perform</sup> certain purposes by their means.

The graces which are most necessary to the order, are most prominent in the founder. He, writing the constitutions, writes out himself; and in proportion to the faithfulness observed towards this rule, the order resembles him.

It is not that every individual of an order is a St. Benedict, a St. Dominic, or a St. Ignatius; it is that, on the whole, his impress is seen—that, in a body, they do the work which God called him to begin. As they are faithful to their rule, they show their founder to us; as they leave their rule, they lose his likeness.



As St. Ignatius wrote the constitutions, he traced out the picture of a society of religious who were to be wise for others; and save their souls working in the world; who were to be familiar with learning of all kinds, and to direct, in a considerable degree, the education of all classes of society. New occasions for the direction of consciences were coming on the world through the heresies of Luther and Calvin; and this new intimacy between an order of religious and the multitude was before the mind of St. Ignatius as he wrote the constitutions that were to form them for their work, and, by God's blessing, preserve them in its accomplishment. As the saint wrote, he determined the character of his followers—he made the men of the Society of Jesus.

Did he see them in his mind as we see them in history, and by experience? We know them as masters in science, and theology, and classical learning, and we know that even the enemies of the Church of Christ teach and learn by their books. Poets and painters turn to them; heraldry owes them its language of signs; they have written on the art of military defence, and politicians cite them. Not one of these things went beyond their founder's intentions; but how much of all this he saw in those hours we do not know. One thing he knew—he knew that while those constitutions lasted, the glory of God would be the moving principle of the Society; and accordingly we see that the Society has been glorious in the better way—

the way of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They have kept the counsels of perfection, and all that they have done besides is only an inferior offering to that majesty who gave them to the Church in her hour of need, and allowed them to stand amid the world as missionaries, and teachers, and the vindicators of religious vows.

Though the Society of Jesus is among the youngest of the religious orders which the mercy of God has given to the Church, it ranks among its members ten canonized saints and forty-three of the beatified.

And now, as the saint wrote the constitutions, he began the prayer that sounds to us so awful—the prayer of the father for the children—the prayer of the founder of the Society of Jesus for all who should belong to it. Years afterwards he told Laynez that at last this prayer had been granted. ~~What~~ Then, was it that he asked thus long and perseveringly? It was that the Society that bears the name of our blessed Lord should never cease from a participation in His Passion.

Here was a heritage sought for, and obtained, we know how truly.

It was not that they should suffer in a manger, with a new star sent to bring them worshippers—not that they should fly into Egypt in the custody of a Mother who could never desert them—not that they should be in the desert and have angels ministering to them—not that, though her clerical

should yet walk with miraculous steps the troubled seas of life. The saint's prayer meant more than this. It meant that they should suffer betrayal, and misunderstanding, and insult; that they should be exposed to the world's scorn, and suffer its false-witness; that they should carry this heavy cross with willing hearts, and die for the love of Him Whose name they bore. For the fulfilment of this prayer we need not look far off—we will only look at home. With sorrow, but yet with the encouraging hope that fastens itself upon the recollection of their sufferings, we turn to the thought of those who joined the seminary priests, and came to this country to fulfil in their own persons their sainted father's prayer. The saint in heaven received them from the disembowelling knife of the executioner; he heard them utter, as so many uttered, the sacred name of Jesus, as with death the Lord came, and they knew Him face to face.

But it was not only in blood and fire that the fulfilment of the saint's prayer was to be written. It was to be, and it is fulfilled everywhere and every day. Because these religious are in the world in a peculiar way, they suffer from the world in a peculiar manner. The lead that the Society has taken in education, both secular and religious, has been a great means of influence, and, in licentious times, a cause of offence. When lawless persons try to cast aside the restraints of God and man, the first obstacle to be got rid of is always the Jesuits.

We all know what preceded the French revolution, and how the powers who pressed most severely on the Holy See to obtain the suppression suffered, when the intrepid conservators of order were removed. Then came another awful fulfilment of the saint's prayer—the earthquake, the darkness at noonday, the carrying of the cross even up Calvary's Hill, and its embracing even unto death. And then, after a time—forty years—God gave more than the saint had ever asked—not only the Passion, but the Resurrection. Life again, to work, to suffer, to bless; to save more souls, to win more crowns, still to have their loving part in working for the glory of God.

During the time of writing the constitutions the fervour of the saint's soul seriously affected his health. He was spent with tearful devotion—weak with excess of love. His humility deterred him from speaking of the divine favours that at this time were lavished on him, but sincerity obliged him to confess some of them. He did this, saying he was an unprofitable servant, who had received much, and returned but little.

He had received instruction supernaturally. A voice of heavenly music spoke to his heart. The love of our Lord attained such strength in the saint's soul that he longed for death with an ardour which made him weep for joy as he thought of the hour when he should see the sacred humanity of our blessed Lord in glory. It was sweeter to his soul to contemplate the

glory of his Lord than to dwell on the happiness of his own soul. He desired suffering for Jesus' sake, and in his prayers he even asked to be spared the consolations which his soul had so much enjoyed. He desired to give a disinterested love to God.

Great things, indeed, happened to him at this time; favours that could not be concealed. When saying Mass a flame was seen playing above his head. Some persons, thinking it an earthly fire, rushed forward to the altar; then, finding it supernatural, they adored God. And, in answer to his love, Almighty God bestowed another favour on him—let us think of it with souls full of confidence—in the presence of a large number of persons the Adorable Host took the visible form of God the Son in His tender infancy when the saint elevated the Blessed Sacrament at Mass.

What were the prayer of one brought so close to God? The saint never lost sight of his sins. Not all God's gifts could make him forget them; and he prayed for reverence, humility, and holy fear.

Thus did this great man, in the quiet of a still room, or in the solitude of a retired garden, give himself up to God, and faithfully provide for the fulfilment of the idea that had been imparted to him; thought took form under his pen, and the constitutions of the Society of Jesus remain to this day as the saint then wrote them.

One glance at the outward man and we will

pass on to other things. He is not young now, and the beauty of his face and form is gone. The hair, that was once an object of so much care is short, and he is bald on the top of his head. His eyelids are red with the gift of tears, and his sight is impaired. He walks with a stick, and his gaze is towards heaven. He suffers from great bodily weakness, and is often in pain.

Everything about him interests us; every circumstance has its value.

Afterwards, when persons possessed with devils were released from their bondage by his invocation, the evil spirits on leaving them cried out "Shall we yield dominion to a weak old man, bald, lame, and almost blind?"

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SAINT'S GENERALSHIP.

THE five years following the election of St. Ignatius to be the General of the Society are full of interest—of the interest that belongs to things on trial. The new order undertook much; what could it accomplish? The success was unexampled. They seemed to make no

noise, yet the world felt their presence. Learned men of many nations came to Rome, and embraced the institute. They were rooted in Europe, and receiving converts from India, and sending divines to the Council of Trent, even while their historians seem still to be telling of their infancy. As events came, the society was ready for them. We hear of no clamour, no loud solicitations no eager offer of help, no vain assurances of sufficiency. All things were met with the perfect peace that belongs to union with God. There was a generous correspondence with grace, and a great forgetfulness of self. "Not to the axe, but to the hand that guides it, be honour," said the saint; so, yielding themselves, as mere machines, to the divine will, they did heaven's work in peace and with a true humility.

In April, 1541, the saint was made General, and in the September of the same year he sent two of his sons to Ireland. The particulars are very interesting.

The Pope had appointed a Scotchman, called Robert Waucop, to be Archbishop of Armagh. He was a man of great piety, and extraordinary talents, and had been blind from his childhood, some say from his birth. Henry VIII., not choosing to admit the right of the Pope to appoint the archbishop, nominated Cromer, who accordingly administered the archbishopric. It seems that Cromer was not a bad Catholic; and in holding this ecclesiastical position without the Pope's permission, we can only suppose that he looked for better times, and



hoped that by zealously opposing Henry, as he did, in his persecution of the Church, he might bring things back to their right footing. Certainly the Church took some merciful view of conduct which was unquestionably wrong; for we find that when, in Queen Mary's reign, the Pope had again to appoint an Archbishop of Armagh, he appointed Cromer, and that he died a true archbishop, in London, on the 15th of August, 1558. However, in the first year of the saint's generalship, Waucop, the Pope's archbishop, was in Rome, and giving an account of the harrowing condition of things in Ireland to the Holy Father. Paul III. heard with deep emotion of the cruel position of his children in those dominions. Like a true father, if he could not free them from their troubles, he would strengthen and console them. So he sent to the General of the Jesuits for two of the Society to bear to afflicted Ireland the blessing of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

It was a service of danger in a country where martyrdom was not hard to win. Cordurus was one of those first fixed upon, but another voice called him. It was a mission well suited to the devout heart of the man who, with Laynon, had walked first when they made their pilgrimage and took their vows at St. Paul's. Such devotion had then filled his heart that he had been unable to restrain his tears. And this was thought of now when he died on the 29th of August, the feast of the decoration of St. John the Baptist. He had been born on the feast of

that saint's nativity, and had been called after him in baptism on the same day, and on this anniversary he had also received the order of priesthood.

On the death of Cordurus, Salmeron and Brouet were fixed on to go to Ireland; and the Pope invested them with the prerogatives of apostolic nuncios for that country, and for Scotland.

These men prepared to leave Rome without money or provisions. The holy city beheld these fathers of the Society of Jesus invested with their high powers, and provided with faith and obedience only. They were dressed as poor men, and were to beg their way. The sight of this awoke the zeal and charity of a Spaniard who lived in Rome, and practised as a notary. He was a rich, industrious, earnest man, whose character reminds one of the declaration of the saint, that the persons who were most fit for the world were most fit for religion. The Spaniard's name was Francis Zapata, and it had sometimes occurred to his mind that he would join the Society of Jesus. Now he applied to the Pope and to St. Ignatius for leave to accompany the Jesuit nuncios, and to defray the expenses of the journey. He obtained the desired permission, and the three left Rome on the 10th of September, 1541. The fathers carried secret instructions, written by the saint's own hand.

What were the secret instructions given by

the General of the Jesuits to two of the fathers of the Society leaving Rome for these kingdoms, and given independently of instructions from the Pope? These men, disguised as poor foreign beggars, were going to Ireland, where force, fear, doubt, and unsuspecting ignorance had brought many into wrong positions; and where persecution had made a population of living martyrs.

Their instructions were to address themselves to hearts, to love and prize people's good gifts and dispositions, to encourage and foster the pious inclinations of that faithful people, and then to attack vices.

Salmeron was a high-spirited man, likely to be wrought up to anger by the sight of the fruits of persecution. He was directed to encourage the weak, to praise the persevering, to strengthen the people's faith, and to do all he could to establish their enduring course. But if their cause should have to be pleaded before the powers that ruled, he was not to speak. It was Brouet who was to plead the cause of Ireland, if such a necessity should arise, for he was of those who, great among the great, can offer their cheek to the smiter, and he, not Salmeron, was to speak in the cause of the oppressed. How triumphant is the simple godliness of such instructions as these.

The Holy Father laid on them one injunction—that they were to avoid martyrdom. This was done for the sake of Ireland. Their martyrdom would probably have led to the death of

those who had received and harboured them.

The three travellers reached Scotland safely. They were the bearers to James V. of Scotland of a letter from Pope Paul III., in which the king was told that they were Jesuit fathers, accredited as legates in Ireland and Scotland. The Pope sent a message to James, encouraging him, to resist the advice of his uncle, Henry VIII. \*

They passed over to Ireland, and contrived to avoid the examination of the soldiers who guarded the frontier.

So complete was their disguise that they were fled from by the Irish, and doubted as priests. But these first difficulties were soon got over, and they began to do their work.

In the space of thirty-four days they went through the whole of the island, using the powers with which the Holy See had endowed them.

The consolation derived by the Irish from

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\* In 1560 the Pope sent a nuncio, chosen from the Society, to Ireland. Laynez chose one of that country, Father David Wolf, for the office. Father Thomas Gilling, of the Society, was also sent on a secret mission to this country by the Pope. And in 1562 the Pope himself selected a father from those who were in Rome—Nicholas Gaudan—to go to Edinburgh, to Queen Mary Stuart. The thralldom in which she was kept by the sectaries around her obliged the Pope's messenger to reach her in disguise. Accordingly a pedlar walked the streets of the ancient city, and obtained access to the queen three times with his wares. Father Gaudan delivered to her the Pope's instructions, and blessed her with St. Peter's power.

this visit seems to have been beyond the power of words to describe. The love and consideration of the Holy Father encouraged this suffering people to an almost unexampled endurance of insult and persecution. With a bounty that has always belonged to that generous nation, they collected money for the Pope's messengers, and with the spirit of renunciation that belongs to the Society of Jesus, this generosity was refused—all but a small sum, made up of trifling offerings, which the fathers devoted to the restoration of some of the injured churches, and to the protection of orphans and young women, whose virtue was, and is, one of Ireland's glories.

The Jesuit fathers never dared to sleep two nights in the same place. And so the visit of power and healing ended, and the people bore up heroically, strong in the blessing of the Holy See.

As soon as the government knew of the arrival of the Pope's messengers in Ireland, a price was put upon their heads, and confiscation and death was pronounced against those who had harboured them. Yet their visit ended safely, and it was only the prohibition against martyrdom that prevented their attempting to obtain an interview with the king. They wished to plead before him the cause of Ireland, England, and his own soul. But the Holy Father's orders had been positive, so they returned to Rome.

Pascal Brouet lived to be Provincial of

France, and died of the plague when it raged in Paris and Lyons.\*

Only seventy-seven years\* after this visit to Ireland, nearly 200 English members belonged to the Society. In 1619 England was made a Vice-Province, and one of an English house, which through trial and tribulation has always preserved the faith—Father Blount—was made Vice-Provincial. Under his management the members increased steadily, and England was raised into a Province in 1623, Father Blount being the Provincial.

About twenty years after the return of Salmeron and Brouet to Rome, the Irish missions began to be regularly supplied with Jesuit fathers. They were generally—at least till the year 1620—attached to the houses of the gentry.

Ireland, always faithful to the Pope, soon repaid her debt of gratitude to St. Ignatius. Many of her sons have entered the Society, and done the saint's work well. They have made his name known on earth, and their own names illustrious in the Church.

We may here continue the story of Zapata, for it will illustrate one of the characteristics of the saint. In his treatment of his sons he was tenderness itself. Careful as he was of the design of the institute being in all its points fulfilled, and therefore *strict*; bringing absolute power and energetic action immediately to bear upon any unfaithfulness; he yet was possessed by a tenderness which the early fathers of the Society declare to have exceeded the natural

love of a parent for his children. We are told that St. Ignatius was tender to his sons in the highest conceivable degree. We find him watching with the gentlest solicitude; giving them encouragement, feeling for them in their difficulties, entering into what seem to us very little trials, understanding their characters, making allowances for dispositions, and helping them in their varying needs—for each had his own difficulties in gaining that victory over self which would fit him for the Society.

We can easily understand this kindness; for human nature desires sympathy, and leans towards those who exercise tenderness. But it is difficult to preserve the recollection of this touching gift, possessed even in such perfection as God grants to saints, and then turn to proofs of rigour and severity, and understand that the exercise of the one was consistent, and together, with the possession of the other. It was not that the illustrious General was tender one day and severe the next. He was always both. As occasion required he exercised either characteristic, and both were virtues. The saint, then, was severe—and severe to Francis Zapata.

On his return to Rome, Zapata joined the Society. But it happened that one of the fathers went out to preach in the streets of Rome, being more drawn to do this by the love of the cross—there being a possibility of suffering insult—than by any necessity on the side of the people. Zapata was disturbed, and very angry at this. He said such conduct was un-



worthy of a man of honour and position. He called the father a charlatan.

That night—almost at midnight—the saint heard of what had passed. He called Zapata from his bed, deprived him of the Jesuit habit, and sent him away. Now, there was no doubt of Zapata being a good man, or of his having been called to the life of a religious; but he had forgotten the spirit of the institute. He repented, and sought with great ardour to be replaced in the Society; but the saint remained unmoved. He loved him, but he would not have him among his sons. Zapata became a Franciscan, and through the whole course of a spotless life retained the highest admiration of the Society, and a great attachment and veneration for St. Ignatius.

The faithfulness of the saint to the idea he had received is very edifying. He could not be tempted from it. No matter to him if a man was rich, or learned, or influential, or even holy; if such a man wished to join the Society, and, on trial, was found unsuited to it, St. Ignatius never hesitated about dismissing him. But when the saint met with those who judged themselves too harshly, and saw in them the latent power to rise to the happiness which, in their weakness, they were ceasing to covet, then he held on to them with an extraordinary tenacity; and he never ceased his encouragements and instructions till hearts that had almost fainted were strong in an heroic courage.

More extraordinary cases arose sometimes.

There were instances in which the wish to leave the Society was a temptation of the devil: and others in which some unconfessed fault was the obstacle to spiritual progress. By the gift of God, the saint could discern the spirits of such persons; and his treatment wrought their cure.

St. Ignatius was rigorous in preserving discipline, and gave heavy penances for any deviation from the rules, even when made on pretence of greater perfection. Perfection, in his eyes, lay in humility and obedience; and he would have the rules of the Society observed absolutely.

The fourth vow required that obedience should be perfect. It placed them in the hands of the General in a manner that annihilated their own wishes, and made them obey, even against that deceitful thing, their judgment. The fourth vow carried them beyond the usual obedience of religious to their superiors. It gave them, through their General, to the Pope, to do, at any time, whatever the Vicar of Christ might desire. The Society must, therefore, be bound to their superior with no other will than to obey. They must be his—for a man cannot give to another that which is not his own.

No force of language can go beyond what the saint says on the virtue of obedience. No one could be admitted into the Society, however great in parts or in holiness, unless he could embrace this double renunciation of himself. And it has been enforced with a stringency admitting of no debate.

The teaching of humility, and the enforcing of obedience, are the two most striking things in all the saint's dealing with his sons; as if all virtue sprang from one, and all strength from the other. • Obedience was to be entire at once; humility had to be attained by degrees. It is delightful to see the saint directing the master of novices to a tender attention on this last point. One day, seeing a young Roman of high rank engaged with others at the removal of some building materials, and observing that ~~he pursued~~ he pursued his task under a sense of the work being degrading, he had him removed to another occupation. But when any more advanced religious showed indications of human respect, the saint visited the failing with severity.

On this subject Rodriguez well expressed the mind of the Society on an occasion which arose in Portugal, when he was Provincial there. "The Society," he says, "does not want those who are governed by human respect. Let them go; and let the world go with them. We do not march under the banner of vanity. Jesus carried His cross, not only in His own house, but through all the town of Jerusalem, and beyond its walls. Let such as will not follow Christ depart from us. Let him go and seek another master. ~ Ours is Christ crucified."

And yet Ignatius was so careful of humility, that he feared lest Rodriguez—the man who could write such words—who was tutor to the King's son, and possessed of great influence at court, should be led away by the world from

the perfection he desired to see in him. The saint wished to recall him, and but for the entreaties of the king that he would spare him to the prince, his son, Rodriguez would have returned to Rome.

One edifying story of the saint's power, and his tenderness towards a soul lost and found, may be told here :

A Portuguese, called Antonio Monis, left the College of Coimbra from the worst motives. He wandered about, the slave of sin. It pleased God to direct his steps towards Montserrat. He went into the church, to gratify an idle curiosity only. A sword hangs before the image of our Lady; he sees it, knows whose it is, and the work is done. The repentant prodigal says—"I will go to my father." Antonio reached Rome. Worn down, and in great distress, he seeks the Hospital of St. Antony, and is admitted there. He wrote to the saint—he dared not ask to see him. St. Ignatius immediately took him out of the house of charity, and placed him in a lodging. The sinner's repentance was complete. He even made it public, as his transgressions had been. He visited the seven churches, scourging himself courageously all the way. After a time the saint admitted him into the Society's house, where he received such kindness as the pure of heart can best feel and show—such as unites itself to the joy which is in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. The reconciled man, though thankful and happy, never forgave himself. Through a

low fever he praised God unceasingly for having brought him back to the Society, until in the saint's arms he breathed his last.

The first session of the Council of Trent opened on December 10, 1545. The Pope required the saint to supply him with two divines, to assist his legates at the council. Laynez and Salmeron were accordingly fixed upon; Laynez was thirty-four years old, and Salmeron was only thirty, but the greatest theologians acknowledged their powers and extraordinary learning. ~~They~~ received the title of the Pope's divines.

St. Ignatius a little feared the effect that such a distinction might have on the ardent minds of men so young. He instructed them minutely as to what their conduct was to be. It may be here summed up shortly. They were to be modest, humble, laborious; to work in hospitals, to catechise children, to preach repentance, and to excite people to pray—especially to pray for the council then sitting. They were to be joined by Claude le Jay, whom Cardinal Otho, Bishop of Augsburgh, was sending to Trent as his divine and legate, and by Peter Faber, who was also to go there by the command of the Pope.

They were directed to confer together each night on the proceedings of the day; and every morning they were to deliberate on what was to be done. They were to live together in concord, animating each other to lead unblamable lives, and admonishing each other tenderly of their faults.

When we look back on the Council of Trent, with the knowledge of how all Christendom listened to these men, when, they are associated in our minds with the deepest theological learning, and with extraordinary gifts of wisdom and eloquence—when we picture to our minds the scene of the heads of the Church listening to Laynez, and giving him a high place to speak from because his voice was weak, and they would not lose a word of his learned arguments, and his holy speech—when we think of these things, and then turn to the parting advice and last thought of their illustrious father, it is indeed edifying to read that they are never to forget the poor, the sick, and the little ones of the Church; or meekness, modesty, humility, poverty, and brotherly love. And in addition to all this, we read that their cassocks were so exceedingly shabby, that it was thought well to give them new ones; and that they were obliged to live on alms.

Having begged for themselves, they also begged for a number of poor German Catholic soldiers who were at Trent, and in great distress. They relieved and comforted these suffering men with the devotion which the Society has so often shown towards those whose profession of arms pleads to them powerfully because of the early life of St. Ignatius.

The year after the appearance of the Jesuit fathers at the Council of Trent, as the Pope's divines, the Society's first schools were opened in Europe— that is six years after the confirma-

tion of the institute, and five years after the election of St. Ignatius to be the General. Alcala, Valentia, Gandia, Cologne, Louvain, and Padua were the first cities that sought for them. Previously to this, St. Francis Xavier had gone to India. He had left Rome on the 15th of March, 1540, and had taken three months to get to Lisbon, riding on horseback, and sometimes walking, having occasionally lent his horse to a fatigued follower, some of whom were on foot. He travelled with Don Pedro Mascaregnas, the Portuguese Ambassador. He sailed with two other fathers for India, on the 7th of April, 1541. In this year the King of Portugal had sent out a divine, called James de Borda, to his Indian possessions. This holy man began the school at Goa, and called it the Seminary of Holy Faith; and this school he gave up to the management of St. Francis Xavier, immediately on his arrival. Their teaching at Goa therefore dates from the year 1541; but the school was not in the independent possession of the Society till the year 1548, after the death of James de Borda. It was then called the College of St. Paul, from the title of the church which the Portuguese had built close by the school. And so, in India at that time, and long after, the Jesuits were often called Paulists.



## CHAPTER XVI

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SAINT'S GENERAL-  
SHIP CONTINUED TO THE DEATH OF  
POPE PAUL III.

IN the year 1546 Peter Faber died. He died in Rome, at the age of forty. His death fell as a great sorrow on the Society; so great a sorrow that the saint assuaged it by saying prophetically—"Grieve not; Almighty God will give us another, who shall have all his zeal, and more than his power". The circumstances of Faber's life gather round his memory as he takes his leave of earth. The shepherd boy, the charity scholar—the poor student of Paris made known to St. Ignatius at a time of trial and difficulty; the saint's assistant in learning, and himself receiving that teaching of the heart which never wore away. The first to whom the idea of the Society of Jesus was communicated, and the fervent embracer of it—the learned, the pure, the gentle, the loving, the zealous—he was gone to his reward in glory, and who was to fill up his place on earth?

When St. Ignatius was being taken to prison, at Aleria, amid the shouts of a deriding populace, he met in the public street a youth, whose noble birth was marked by the multitude and magni-

science of his followers. They looked at each other, and the boy never forgot the countenance of the man. It pleased God, in the course of His wonderful providence, that Faber should, in after years, put that same boy, when Duke of Gandia, through the Spiritual Exercises; and now the Duke of Gandia was to fill up Faber's place.

This great man had written to St. Ignatius about founding a college for the Society in Gandia; and Faber being at that time at ~~Valla-~~ Valladolid, the saint sent him to the duke.

The Duke of Gandia went through the Spiritual Exercises with great fervour and advantage, and it was through his representations that, two years after Faber's death, the Pope, by an express bull, approved the Exercises as being "filled with the spirit of God, and very useful for the edification and spiritual profit of the faithful." The Pope recommended them to the devout use of "all the faithful of both sexes," and speaks at the same time of "the great good that Ignatius, and the Society founded by him, ceases not to do in the Church among all sorts of nations." This bull is dated July 30, 1548, \*

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\* It seems well to mention in this place what it will interest the reader to learn. About sixty years after Faber left Valladolid, that is, in December, 1604, a lady of that city, Aloysia de Caravajol, gave twelve thousand ducats for the foundation of the English novitiate at Louvain. In 1614, by the additional bounty of George Talbot, of Grafton, afterwards the ninth

Faber died, and the Duke of Gandia, better known by the more glorious title of St. Francis Borgia, joined the Society, but not by entering the novitiate immediately. Though his choice was made of the Society of Jesus, yet his position in the world, and his duties towards his family, prevented his doing this.

On the Holy See approving the book of the Exercises, the duke wrote to St. Ignatius, and put himself under his direction. Here we see the peace and patience of the saint's spirit come out very strongly; we see that reliance on God which kept him from hurrying events, though, by his great fidelity, no gift ever escaped him. There was no anxiety, such as the world might call holy, to fill up Faber's place; no solicitude which the same tribunal would pronounce harmless to secure so great a man, and so fine a character, as the Duke of Gandia to the Society. To be interested, soul and body, in a work, and yet to be above all anxiety concerning it, is contrary to the experience of the world, because it is above nature.

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Lord Shrewsbury, and through the exertions of Father Gerard, the novitiate was removed to Liege; and this Establishment Prince Maximilian of Bavaria endowed in 1626. Also, by the gifts of Anne Dacre, Countess of Arundell, and widow of the Lord Arundell, who, suffering for religion, died in the Tower, after a confinement of ten years and a half, the third house at Ghent, was begun, and opened in 1621. "Hither," says the learned antiquary, Dr. Oliver, from whose writings these facts have been taken "the veterans often retired to prepare themselves for the last passage into eternity."

St. Ignatius, in his answer to the duke, thanks God fervently for the resolution with which he has been inspired, and says he receives him from that day, in the Lord's name, as a son. Then he directs him as to his conduct.

As his daughters are of a proper age, ~~he~~ desires him to provide for them according to their rank, and marry them eligibly. He tells him, also, to provide for his younger sons, so that they may not be left dependent on their elder brother, when he becomes Duke of Gandia.

With such worldly advice and considerations he presents the man who has been telling him of a supernatural call to leave the world, and all, even its innocent pleasures and pursuits, and its commendable ambitions, for religious vows. But worldliness ceases to be worldliness, in the usual sense of the word, when issuing from the mind of a saint. St. Ignatius is only urging the duke to a meritorious performance of a parent's duties while he holds a parent's place—even to a more abundant fulfilment of them than is generally thought necessary; for worldly ties may be broken for God, but not neglected. The duke was to look forward to joining the Society, but he was to come to it in God's way, and be perfect as far as he could, as a father and a prince. He was to fill up the measure of the glory that belonged to his earthly responsibilities before, leaving children and home, and honour, he should give God sublimer glory as one who had left all for His name's sake.

The duke had led the life of a religious in

secret, without the strength, the merit, or the happiness of vows. But now he desired to take the vows privately, retaining his power, titles, and place in the world, for three years, in which time he hoped to fulfil finally the obligations of his position. St. Ignatius applied to the Pope, and the Holy Father, moved by the duke's fervour, gave the required permission. So, before a few chosen witnesses, the vows were taken in the private chapel of the duke's palace, and from that time he lived under the rule of St. Ignatius, and was known to him as Father Francis Borgia.

Father Francis was one of those who have been drawn in a peculiar way to the contemplation of the adorable sufferings of our blessed Lord. He increased his austerities to an extraordinary extent. The thoughts that came with the most overwhelming tenderness to this great man's spirit were those of Almighty God, in His human nature on this earth—wearied, wandering, homeless, working for man; and his heart was in the dust before this awful contemplation.

Among his fellow-men, Father Francis wore his princely rank well; but in his secret life he stripped himself of his glory, and weeping and praying, scourged himself to blood every day, in memory of the scourging of our blessed Lord. He seems to have had great happiness in prayer and devotional exercises, and he fasted much beyond the requirements of the Church. Here, then, was a willing spirit to accept the

cross, and courage to carry it; here was the renunciation of the world and its glories, and that linking of the spirit with the Passion of the Redeemer which makes suffering sweet. No doubt the heart of St. Ignatius swelled towards a spirit such as this; for who, better than himself, could understand it? But Father Francis Borgia had been inspired to become a member of the Society of Jesus; and the founder was faithful to the idea he had received, and the position he held. He told Father Francis ~~without~~ out a word of blame, that he must learn another lesson. It was comprised in words the saint often used—he must “leave God for God.”

There had already been a risk of losing Father Francis, whose devotion had led him to think of a life of solitude. But neither fear nor love, nor the sympathy that might have grown out of recollection and experience, had the smallest power over the saint. He bade the man of prayer read theology, and he told the man of fasting and scourging to nourish the body, whose strength was to be spent in a world of souls; and Father Francis obeyed. It was not a little thing for so fervent a soul to give up practices from which great spiritual joy had come; and St. Ignatius was not seeking cold and formal souls. He was seeking men who could understand that it was best to relinquish their own joys for the sake of doing God's will with their neighbour—and that such renunciation was necessary to the character of a Jesuit.

The saint had gone through all, and more

than all, that he asked of others. The devotion which, in Palestine, had been rewarded by heavenly apparitions—even by the appearance of God the Son—was not all that was required for the founder of the Society of Jesus. Relying ~~entirely~~ on God, he had yet to work diligently to make himself fit for God's use. The saint, restraining his soul, making it obedient to his mind, and seated with the little boys on the bench at school, learning Latin Grammar, was ~~leaving~~ God for God, and was not less devout for thus doing his Lord's will. He taught in his letters, that study, undertaken for the noble end of labouring for the advancement of God's glory, is itself an offering of the heart, and prayer in a very high sense. So the obedient Father Francis was in a higher state of merit than the devout Duke of Gandia, though one was a man of transport and unutterable consolation, and the other a laborious student of theology.

The faithful saint found in that ardent and obedient spirit a humble son; the Society, in after years, prospered under his rule as General; and the Church placed him among the Saints. It was not till the year of the Jubilee, 1550, that Father Francis, still wearing his worldly dignities, came to Rome. He was lodged in the house of the professed fathers, but lived separate from the community. But to this date we have not yet arrived.

A new sort of trial now came to the General of the Society. Before Claude le Jay went to



the Council of Trent he had attracted the notice of Ferdinand, of the royal house of Hapsburgh, Arch-Duke of Austria, who bore the title of King of the Romans. Trieste was in his dominions, and while Claude le Jay was at Trent, the Bishop of Trieste died. Claude le Jay's preaching had effected great good at Worms, and of this Ferdinand had himself been a witness; and he had heard of him at Ratisbon, Ingolstadt, and Nuremburg. So he wrote to Le Jay, saying he should ask the Pope to nominate him to the vacant see.

Bold as Claude might be in preaching and disputation, he was by nature a modest and retiring character, shrinking from public notice, and loving better to serve than to rule.

Besides these natural feelings, he, as a Jesuit, avoided honours. High places were not sought by those of the spirit of St. Ignatius; and a bishopric could not be held, without, on one point, ceasing to be a Jesuit. We can understand that a great trial may grow out of this to one who has with an unhesitating preference chosen to be a member of the Society.

The members of this new order had added to their other renunciations the gift of their own will, in a way which has been already dwelt upon. Their fourth vow bound them to go wherever they were sent as missionaries. They had cast from their minds all thought of enduring homes, and peaceful holy rest. They had nothing to do with governing; they were servants themselves. To hold the office of a bishop was, then,



to be, in this particular, separate from their brethren. It was to be placed where their General would not command their wills, and where the Pope would never again ask of them extraordinary services.

Claude le Jay was struck with so severe a terror of an office being forced upon him, of which the dignities and duties were not suited to the rule he had embraced, that he became extremely ill. He wrote to Ferdinand, declaring ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~weakness~~ <sup>weakness</sup> both as a man and a Jesuit for the bishopric; and, as to a tender parent, he poured out his soul to St. Ignatius. He says that, but for obedience, he would hide himself where no man should find him.

Ferdinand liked Le Jay all the better for being true to his calling. He sent his own confessor to plead with him, and ordered his ambassador to press the matter with the Pope.

St. Ignatius also appealed to the Pope. But the Holy Father and the Cardinals wished for Le Jay; and though it was acknowledged that the Society of Jesus had been formed on a rule that excluded from ecclesiastical dignities, yet, obedience is to be perfect, and the Pope may make Le Jay Bishop of Trieste if he chooses to do so.

The saint betook himself to prayer. He knew that to hold high dignities was not consistent with the Society's rules; but if it was God's will that exception should so soon be made, then,

he acted as he always acted, as if everything depended on himself.

He makes a direct appeal to Ferdinand, praying him to show his affection by helping them to keep their rules, not by assisting their departure from them. He tells him it is contrary to the spirit of the Order to be removed either to employments or places; and that, in this early stage of their existence, separations from the body made by the bestowal of dignities might destroy them. He speaks of the possible scandal which he would be unwilling to excite, and seeks the protection of Ferdinand to preserve the infant Society for the glory of God.

The sovereign was overcome by the saint, and he made known his change of opinion to the Pope. In the mean time poor Le Jay had remained inconsolable at Venice.

No persons ever loved rule, and order, and the Church's sacred power, and her holy discipline, better than the Jesuit fathers. But theirs was the love that had no desire to govern. They had given their hearts to another idea. They were men of the wandering foot, and the homeless head; living under their beloved obedience; rejoicing in the vow that deprived them utterly of will, which left them not even an hour of their lives for their own. The return to them of that will, and the possession of the freedom necessary to the action of a bishop, was to separate them from the rule that made them one; and

professed fathers, four or five had already refused ecclesiastical dignities.

Scandal had early been busy with the saint himself. When he made the journey to Rome with Faber and Laynez, the ambassador of Charles V. told him of some reports against them. One was, that under a seeming humility, he was ambitious of a mitre. The saint made no other answer at the moment but the sign of the cross. When he spoke it was to utter a vow never to accept ecclesiastical dignity, unless obliged by the Pope to do so, under penalty of mortal sin.

When the matter with Ferdinand was settled, St. Ignatius sought an interview with the Pope. He wished to enter, with the Holy Father, on the subject of the Society's avoiding dignities.

The saint went over the distinguishing points of difference between his new institute and the venerable religious orders which had long been the glory of the Church. He spoke of the danger that must attend the acceptance of power by the members of so young an institute; and he represented to the Pope that the members of the Society had embraced their mode of life from motives the very opposite to all ideas of government. To press honours upon them was to tempt the purity of their motives, and to shake the institute to its foundations. He said that they ought not to have anything to hope for here on earth; and no recompense to look forward to except the eternal reward which is

the crown of good works. He described the nature of the institute in military language, and spoke of the ancient orders as the armies of the Church, who have their own ground to keep, and remain at their posts in unbroken ranks, preserving one fixed manner of fighting. "But we," he said, "are as the light horse of the Church. We must be ready for any occasion—always prepared to obey orders; alert to move—in order for the attack; and firm to stand against the Church's enemies. We must be willing to go from one end of the earth to the other at the bidding of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

The Holy Father heard the saint, and perfectly comprehended him. He said that the Jesuits should be allowed to refuse dignities. The interview was a great comfort to St. Ignatius.

Indeed, it would have been hard to withdraw any of these men from the labours in which they were engaged. There were not in all more than two hundred members of the Society, and of these only nine were professed fathers. The schools they were opening were a work of extraordinary magnitude, requiring great talent and energy. The Indian children were being taught Latin, under the direction of St. Francis Xavier, and by those who had been sent out to him. The College of Gandia, opened in 1546, was soon after erected into a university by the Pope and the Emperor, degrees being conferred there with the same privileges as at



Alcala and Salamanca. Laynez was superior in Sicily, and colleges were opened at Messina and Palermo, and a German, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard were now sent to help him. A rule formed for the benefit of the whole world was immediately found to be adapted to persons of all nations, so that they all worked together without difficulty.

The saint valued learning, and he had made teaching one of the duties of the Society. The invention of printing had made the desire of learning general because it had placed the possession of books within the reach of the multitude.

Europe had now, for about one hundred years, possessed this mighty engine of power, and yet at the time of the saint's childhood it was not every man who could read. And even at this day it is, at least outside the Church, not decided whether to teach the whole multitude to read is good or bad for the morals of men. But there was no doubt in the mind of St. Ignatius on this matter, nor any fears on the part of the Church that trusted and blessed him.

The European colleges and schools, with Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris at their head, were not enough. There was a demand on the part of the mass of the people for scientific, classical, and literary knowledge, and the Church met the requirement by the help of the Society of Jesus. The manner in which the saint entered on a work, enormous in its power and eternal in its consequences, has a simplicity about it

that almost startles us. The Society had entered on a work about which the world was alive, and full of words, and in a hurry, and concerning which heresy raved, and made promises, and prophesied its own success: and on the subject of learning there was a great emulation rising in the hearts of men.

St. Ignatius was sending twelve of his best scholars to the schools in Sicily, and thirty-six was the number of those in Rome. He took this opportunity of catechising all of them.

He asked if those who were going to Sicily were quite ready not to go, and if others were as willing to go as to stay in Rome. If those who should go would be as willing to teach one thing as another, to teach what they best knew or what they might not know well, or not to teach at all, to impart learning or do domestic service, to work in the schools or the kitchen. And whether they should be in a state of deliverance from the bondage of the will, not because of indifference to their work, but for the love of holy obedience. Having satisfied himself that his sons had no will but to obey, no desire but to serve, and no love but for the will of God, then the saint knew that they were fit to go forth and teach religion and learning, and he sent them away.

This spirit of obedience is a great puzzle to many who do not know the truth as the Church of Christ preserves it. To them it seems that to live under obedience is to become something less than man: and not to insist on the use of the

intellect in the pursuits most congenial to ~~it~~ to sink in the scale of intelligent beings; and from this arises much wild talk of the Catholic faith narrowing the compass of men's minds, and binding their intellects in chains.

It is not that the superiors of the Society of Jesus systematically put men to do those things to which their gifts are least suited. The mathematician is not, on principle, put to sweep the kitchen, and he whose talents would not carry him above the care of conscientious housekeeping is not always placed in the schools. But the members of the Society should have such a spirit as to sink to the one or rise to the other, if within the compass of possibility, without any personal feeling, but with simplicity, as doing the will of God, and with willingness, as embracing that will, and with joy, knowing that whatever God wills is best. This spirit is distinct from that indifference, which means that a man has lost the energy to enjoy his work, and the interest that cares for the result. It is not the ground-down spirit that cares for nothing, but the living zeal that embraces everything. "Go," said the General to his sons, on their departure, "go and spread about that fire which our Lord Jesus Christ came on earth to kindle." St. Ignatius took them himself to the Pope for his blessing, and so sent them away.

Besides the usual branches of education and classical learning, the Jesuits had schools of poetry, rhetoric, philosophy and divinity, in their colleges. The saint greatly interested



himself about the younger scholars, carefully attending to their pronounciation, and to the exercise of their memory. He had disputations, to make them ready in the use of the knowledge they had acquired, and they heard Mass daily, and went every month to confession. Once a week they had catechism and exhortations, and it was a general habit to commence their studies with a short prayer to God. Also, at various times the fathers spoke to the young men of heavenly things. So piety and learning flourished together.

About this time the King of Portugal begged for two of the Society to go into Africa. A great many Christians were in slavery at Fez and Morocco. King John III. piously desired to free them if possible, and, at least, console them in their affliction. The king of Portugal also arranged with the saint, through Rodriguez, who was still at court, that four of the Society should go to Congo, where Christianity, which had been planted by his predecessor, had nearly disappeared. And at the desire of this sovereign, St. Ignatius also sent members of the Society to South America, landing first in the Brazils, where the Portuguese were building and making large settlements.

It would be edifying to follow these missionaries in their works, if the limits of the life of their founder allowed it—to see how heavenly crowns were won in India, and Christianity planted in Ceylon; to contemplate the martyrdom of Father Alphonso de Castro by the



Turks, and their condemnation of another of the Society to slavery—but we must only pause for a moment to say something of the progress of Christianity in the Brazils.

The inhabitants of the Brazils were barbarians. They practised some sort of worship, but it was not of God; and some developments of diabolical agency were produced by incantations, so that sorcery and magic were attributed to them. They were cannibals of the worst sort, for they did not confine themselves to eating the bodies of their enemies only.

The Portuguese determined to build a city on the sea-shore, and to call it after our Blessed Lord—San Salvador.

Six Jesuits went out with them. As the Portuguese marked out their city, the fathers laid the foundations of a glorious church. It reads like a strange enterprise, for, as the city grew, and the church rose in its midst, there were few besides the workmen to walk the streets and gaze on the houses, whose silent walls there were none to inhabit.

It was the work of the fathers to Christianize the native people, and to bring them into this city; and there to teach them the ways of civilized life, and bring their children up in piety and learning.

To this end they sought out the savages, and they got trusted by them. At last, the fathers were in their turn sought out. The savages flocked to their house in San Salvador, and to other houses established by the fathers in two

of the most populous villages.

100 Peter Corea, a descendant of the royal family of Portugal, and who had lived for some time in the country, joined the fathers, and became a Jesuit.

The fathers worked systematically. Some took one part and some another. Father Nunez devoted himself to the cause of the slaves. A large house was built for the reception of their children, to whom a Christian home and education were thus secured.

The savages were much attracted by singing, and generally had a good ear for music. The fathers composed hymns embodying the truths of religion, and taught the poor heathens to sing. It had a most happy effect, particularly among the young men. They learned to believe heartily all that was thus impressed upon their memory.

The work of trying to put down cannibalism was both difficult and dangerous. When one of these horrible feasts was to be held, some of the fathers would go and plead for the intended victim. To take his part was to run the risk of sharing the same dreadful fate. When they could not prevent this feast, they obtained access to the sufferer, and did their best to save his soul, and baptized him. But they were at last opposed in this also. The degraded heathen imagined that the waters of baptism had some effect on their victim's flesh, and deprived the feast of its excellence. The Jesuits were threatened with the fate against which they had argued and implored.

Father Joseph Anchieta, a poet and scholar having gone on a mission to one of these tribes, was informed immediately of the day fixed by the savages for a solemn feast upon his body. He had been preaching Christianity to them. He had been telling of Almighty God! And now, when an opportunity occurred for his escape from the loathsome peril, he would not accept it. He only again declared the truths of religion to them, saying that life and death were in God's hands, that he did not care to lose this life because he believed in the eternal reward, and that he preferred to trust their generosity rather than take advantage of the opportunity of escape.

The sincerity of this father's heroism not only won him safety, but obtained for him an extensive and diligent hearing when he again preached divine truth. Such were the beginnings of religious teaching in Catholic South America, and such the way in which the work was carried out that Rodriguez, during the life of St. Ignatius, had begun.

And now Laynez left his office of superior in Sicily, to go with the army sent by Charles V. against that pirate of terrible fame, called Dragat, who had made his home on the coast of Barbary. And thus, from Rome, where it was the saint's will that the General of the Society should live, St. Ignatius saw his sons in the four quarters of the globe.

This while the Eternal City beheld daily in her streets and holy places a man bowed down

with infirmities, enduring with a martyr's courage great bodily pain, yet never failing in the performance of his share of the charities of life. He was preaching, teaching, seeking lost souls, and reconciling them in the confessional. He had reached that high state of offering that seems to require no recreation. To him work was recreation; and to be worn out in the service of God was to rest. The wearing out of the body was the approach of that longed-for hour when he should see Jesus in His glory; and so fatigue brought peace.

There was never one weak thought of himself, and of what the world would say of him; nor one thought of the things that history would record of his glorious sons. All was God's work, not his.

He was a man of prayer as well as of action. When he prayed wonderful changes passed upon him. His face, which was usually very pale, gradually kindled into the hue of health. He became to the beholder like some being more than man, for his face would shine and become luminous as with heavenly rays. A violent palpitation of the heart often came on when he prayed, as if the seat of life and love, longing for its eternal home, troubled and shook the weak flesh that still detained it. Laynez once spoke to the saint on this subject, and he answered that, when he prayed, God acted more in him than he acted in himself; he knelt before God, and received what God sent. The Omniscient Father, Who had not said in vain to this man,

“My son, give Me thine heart,” Himself filled it with good things.

So entirely did the saint's mind conquer the body, that, even when confined to his bed by illness, if any business of importance arose, he would rise as if miraculously cured. “Infirm as I am,” he declared one day, “I could go with this staff to Spain on foot, if any emergency required it of me.” When speaking of his bodily sufferings, he never lamented them. “God sends me sickness that I may feel for others when they are ill,” he would say. And so, to nurse the sick, was one of his unfailing charities. By night and by day he would wait upon them, and it is recorded that he once sent for some of the fathers, in the night, to sing to one who was sick, and who fancied he should be soothed by listening to sweet sounds.

This union of strength and gentleness can only be contemplated with delight and gratitude, while his zeal, and never-ceasing industry, with a worn-down and failing body, excites our wonder and our love. It is we see a dying state—the dawn, to him, of the eternal day.

In the year 1548, the Emperor Charles V. published the Interim. This was a confession of faith, drawn up by the authority of the Emperor, and published at the Diet of Augsburg, in order to satisfy the minds of his people until the reassembling of the Council of Trent. The Council had moved from Trent to Bologna, and had now ceased to sit at Bologna, chiefly on account of

the disturbed state of Germany, where the Protestants had fought and lost a great battle.

The Interim contained things contrary both to the doctrine and discipline of the Church, whose power the emperor usurped when he published a formulary of faith. How far the emperor intended to favour the rising heresy, or how far he did this from ignorance, or whether he hoped to take a middle way, and make peace by yielding something, we need not inquire here. It is consolatory to know that, indefensible as the emperor's conduct was in this instance, he did not always persevere in evil, but, by God's grace, made his peace with the Church, and died, away from the trials of a crown, in a small house adjoining the Hieronymite Convent of St. Justus, in Spain. \* However, at this moment Charles V. justified his publication of the Interim, and treated those who dared to disagree with him as rebels.

The Jesuit father Bobadilla had been for some time at the court of Charles V. He was the confessor of many of the influential persons who surrounded the emperor, and now he could not keep silence. Bobadilla had always been dreaded by the heretics. He was a man of great ardour and courage, and now he declaimed with zeal against the Interim, and blamed the

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\* The traveller in Spain will know this place as Yuste, where the Emperor's rooms are still shown. The Convent of St. Yuste was burnt by Soult's soldiers

emperor with severity. Father Bobadilla was doing the right thing in the wrong way. The emperor took the deepest offence at the warmth he had displayed, and the language he had used. He not only forbade him the court, but banished him from the empire. The champion of truth came to Rome; he only felt that he was suffering in the cause of religion; but St. Ignatius did not receive him as he expected to be received. The General blamed Bobadilla because he had forgotten to treat one of an exalted station with proper respect. It must have grieved the good father to find that trouble fell on the whole Society through his misconduct. The ill offices of enemies were sure not to be wanting at such a moment; and so a Spaniard, called Melchior Cano, a Dominican and a scholar, who had given himself up to a visionary idea of the reign of Antichrist, and the end of the world being close at hand, suddenly perceived, as he fancied, the precursors of Antichrist in the followers of St. Ignatius. He said the Jesuits had forgotten the respect due to princes, and he called them Inigists, after the saint's name.

Perhaps the trial of misrepresentation is one of the hardest that Christians can be called to bear. It was a trial often borne by the saint. Cano drew attention to the Society as a body of religious not living in the seclusion of the ancient orders: this he called a disedifying novelty, and a freedom which could never be for a good purpose. Then they wore no distinguishing



habit: this was enough to justify Cano in suspecting them of bad conduct. They were intimate with persons leading busy lives in the world: then they must themselves be worldly men. They were found in the courts of princes: then they were ambitious, and intrigued for power. But the thing that most puzzled and displeased Cano was that the Jesuits incited people to make retreats with them; and there could be no doubt that of those who attended these retreats, and made the Spiritual Exercises, a large number were in some way changed, and came back to the world praising God for St. Ignatius. Cano had never made a retreat himself, but he had no hesitation in declaring that these retreats were mysterious abominations. Here was a disheartening complication of misrepresented facts. But people believed Cano, and began to wonder over those men whom they had deemed so holy, and had turned out impostors.

The voice of the multitude is never to be despised. The mere repetition of an untruth gives it strength, and gains it credit. What has been said ten thousand times has power, and is believed by a well-intentioned multitude of listeners, who have no time to inquire, and are not in the habit of reasoning. So St. Ignatius, to whose holiness even the distant parts of the earth were bearing witness, rose to silence the clamour that had begun in the land of his birth.

Immediately on hearing of this persecution,

the saint gave God thanks heartily. He was not agitated by anger, or troubled by fear. There was not one infected sheep in his little flock. All that was being said against them rose from calumny and rash judgment only : and the saint remembered that to suffer persecution for the sake of the cause of Christ is to be blessed.

St. Ignatius desired the fathers who were in Spain to show the Pope's bull, which confirmed the institute, to Cano. They were to represent the case with great modesty to him, saying that Paul III. had chosen his divines for the Council of Trent from the Society, and that one was at that time the Pope's legate in India.

And the saint sent a copy to Cano of the sentence in their favour pronounced by the governor of Rome, when they had before been falsely accused ; and also a brief by which the Pope constituted the Bishop of Salamanca protector of the Order.

But Cano had not been declaiming for truth's sake ; he did not want to be convinced of the excellence of a society which he had been traducing. All the saint could say or do had no effect upon him. But he was silenced in a way that it is very agreeable to think of.

Some writers say that the lives of St. Dominic and St. Francis were those that first awakened the desire after perfection in St. Ignatius. Now the General of the Dominicans wrote a circular letter in favour of the Jesuits, declaring the advantages that the Church re-

ceived from the new institute. He recommended them to the love of his own order, and even commanded them, in virtue of holy obedience, never to allow themselves to be tempted to speak against them. Still Cano remained an obstinate persecutor of the Jesuits, and still the Dominicans spoke everywhere in favour of them; at last they wrote in their favour, and in refutation of Cano's wild accusations and conceptions; and then this persecution ceased.

In 1549, Isabella Rosella, whose name has long been dear to us for the saint's sake, came to Rome. She wished, with a few holy women, to live, not as nuns under religious vows, yet secluded from the world and practising the counsels of perfection. She obtained leave of the Pope to try this design, and she sought the saint as a director. The experience gained by St. Ignatius with these pious persons, determined him that the government and obedience of women should not be accepted by the Society. He wrote to the Pope about this; and the Pope, by his letter apostolical, exempted the Jesuit fathers from all obligations as to the direction of convents, or of women whose devotion might lead them to wish to place themselves under obedience to the Society.

Thus we have women living under the rule of St. Dominic and St. Benedict, and well known to us as Dominicans and Benedictines, but there are no female Jesuits.

The Jesuit fathers are often chosen as the confessors of convents, where schools are attach-

ed to them, under the care of the nuns. But they never take any part in the direction of convents. The superiors owe them no obedience. They work there as they work elsewhere, teaching Christian doctrine, and helping to save souls by the Sacraments, and by giving Retreats.

The letter written by St. Ignatius to Isabella Rosella giving up the direction of herself and her companions, has been preserved. It is written with great gentleness; and he tells her he shall always regard her as "the very good mother which she had long been to him." This letter is dated the 1st of October, 1549. In this year, on the 10th of November, Pope Paul III. died. He had been very bountiful in his alms to the Society, and his death led to trials of poverty, which were very severe; for he had bestowed regular alms bountifully on the Jesuits' house in Rome.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE JUBILEE, AND FOLLOWING YEARS.

THE year 1550 saw Pope Julius III. in the chair of St. Peter. But before his election the Cardinals had remembered St. Ignatius. When in conclave, deliberating on the choice of the new Pope they sent him money. Extra-

ordinary things also happened to the Society at this time of their great poverty. Brother John of the Cross returning one evening from St. John Lateran met a stranger close by the Colosseum, who, as he passed, put a hundred gold crowns into his hand; this brother, also, was out very early, before daylight, and again a person whom he did not know gave him money. This time it was a purse full of newly-coined gold pieces. The good brother felt afraid. When he got back, the fathers said it must be a trick, and that what looked like gold must be false coin. But the pieces were good gold, and no explanation on the subject of the mysterious benefactor ever reached them. Gold came again in another remarkable way. Father Polancus, who kept the papers of the house, and was called the secretary, looking one day in a box where papers were preserved found there a number of gold crowns, apparently fresh from the Mint; neither was this ever explained.

And now, as if to try the saint's faith, new novices-presented themselves. The saint never for a moment depended on such aid as has been instanced, and they were in a state of absolute want. Yet the saint received the novices as if the questions of food and the necessities of life had not to be considered. He said that if they were fit for the Society, God had sent them, and that He would provide for those He sent.

The consideration of daily sustenance was a great addition to the cares of the saint's daily life. He chose a man for the management of

the household whose talents fitted him for the office; he continued his own exertions with unabated vigour, and placed all his dependence upon God.

He was doing everything to encourage learning in his schools and in the Society at this time. Every week an account of what they were doing came to him from Sicily; and he received the compositions of the Spanish students, never failing to read them, and having them also examined by competent persons. The Dominicans were exalting the Society in Portugal, and holy men were declaring in Spain that the institute of St. Ignatius was the work of God. The Carthusians, edified by the lives of the saint and his sons, desired a mutual participation in all their prayers and good works—an alliance which shows how high their veneration must have been for the new Order.

But in Paris things were less promising. Many persons, and among them the Bishop, spoke against the Jesuits. The loudest accusations were against the young men who were studying in the university; possibly they were prejudiced against them on account of their poverty, for we find that they advised people rather to bestow their alms on common beggars than on them, and they wished them to be expelled the country. But the Jesuits had friends as well as enemies at Paris, and there was no moral accusation against them.

Immediately on Julius III. becoming Pope, he distinguished St. Ignatius kindly. He had

been the Pope's legate at the Council of Trent. He knew the learning of the fathers, the holiness of their lives, and the effects wrought by the Spiritual Exercises, and now the founder of the Society came to him to beg a favour. The blessings of the Jubilee were for those who came to Rome. Several of the Society could not comply with this condition, so the saint asked that they, and those whom they had instructed and received into the Church, might gain the indulgence by the substitution of another condition.

The Pope embraced the saint when he came into his presence, and assured him of his love for the society. He granted the favour he asked, and added to it; he extended it, for his sake, to the troops which had gone from Sicily into Africa; and for St. Francis Borgia's sake the same favour was granted to the town of Gandia. Knowing of their sufferings from poverty, he put the General under an obedience to come and tell him when they were in distress; and by a fresh bull he confirmed the institute.

The Jubilee brought many of the professed fathers to Rome, and the saint so arranged that they were all there at the same time. Rodriguez did not come, being still detained in Lisbon, notwithstanding his little love for a court life, and his great desire to preach Christianity in Africa, India, or America.

St. Ignatius collected the fathers together, in order to submit the constitutions to them. He wished to have them examined and delibe-



rated upon, and accepted or rejected as the fathers should determine. Copies were sent to Rodriguez and other absent members, of whose judgment the saint thought highly. No one would allow a word of the constitutions to be altered. Yet the saint would not suffer them to be made of absolute obligation. He would have that left for some future time, when the whole Order might be assembled. And this happened. After his death a general congregation authorized the constitutions, and they were confirmed by the Holy See. But St. Ignatius had another view in calling the fathers together at this time. The desire to serve—to obey and not to govern—was as strong as ever in his heart. And now he hoped that the time was come when he might give the government into other hands. It was a thought full of joy to the saint. He longed to take the lower place. He thought, too, of the ease that would come to him, and the time that would be his own; for his infirmities had increased, and he was constantly in pain. He was growing old, and the hour thought of so long, the contemplation of which brought tumults of joy to his soul, was drawing near. The worn-down pilgrim would like to rest and gaze on the heavenly city near to which he had now approached—so near, that its portals gleamed within his sight. And he would like to watch, without even the distraction of his own success, till they opened to his longing gaze, and showed him his own country and his Father's house.

But there was a little trepidation at the saint's heart. He was afraid of being refused. He cannot trust his hopes to his own voice. They may refuse to hear him. So he writes what he hopes they will accept, and then wait God's will. The assembled fathers were plunged into the deepest distress. It was impossible to give up their beloved General. One with an exquisite simplicity, doubted whether, as the General had asked it, they ought not to comply, *because he was a saint*. But this good father was glad to yield, and so an answer was given, not only refusing the saint's desire, but burthening him with the office for life. They said they would never have any other general while he lived.

At this time of the Jubilee he was going through an amount of work which it is astonishing to read of. The world was appealing to him, and there was a personal responsibility upon him for all that his sons were doing. He had also his own loving charities to perform, for people crowded upon him for the consolations of religion, and for advice under difficulties. They sought his prayers for sinners; they begged him to bless their children, and say Mass for their dead; and some came to see him from idle curiosity, and to talk of the news of the day. He had time and sympathy for all but the last. When he spoke to them there came out that remarkable hardness which seems at first to be like incivility, and we are so used to his gentleness and sweetness that for an

instant we shrink from it. The saint was not really unkind; but he was a saint, and could be perfectly sincere. To these persons he would speak of the value of the soul, and he would not enter with them upon worldly topics. It generally happened that they retreated abruptly from his presence. He had no time to waste on listless souls enslaved by indifference; yet he had time for the innocent playfulness of childhood, and he was loved by little children, and felt to be no restraint to their mirthful hearts. One boy in particular, the child of noble parents, knew the hour when the saint usually walked in the cloisters, and he would often run there, and walk and play and look up to the saint for the smile that would be ready for him, and hang on the words of eternal truth that the saint gave for the child's reward. One day St. Ignatius was walking as usual, but a friend was with him, with whom he was conversing. The boy came in a hurry; he was dressed magnificently, and showed all the elation which fine clothes excite in the impressionable mind of a child. The saint saw the moment for giving a lesson to his little admirer. He took no notice of the boy. The child did not think himself overlooked. With the wisdom of innocence he sought for a reason worthy of the saint. Rushing back to his home he dressed himself with his usual propriety, and then returned to the cloister. The usual welcome, the loved smile and longed-for blessing were ready for the child, though the saint's conver-

sation with his companion was not over. From that hour, through his whole life, that boy shrank from all extraordinary adornment of his person.

Another story shows the sweetness with which the yoke of obedience was worn by the novices, and the fearlessness of their love for their General. The saint had admitted a youth of great genius, and good education, to try his vocation for the Institute. He went on in a way that satisfied the saint. To try him he was placed for a time to work in the kitchen of their house in Rome. He fulfilled the duties assigned to him perfectly well. Then the saint appeared unexpectedly and said—"My son, will you write me a copy of verses?" "I can try, father," was the answer. So the youth left his work and went to his task, and soon returned with a short poem, the subject of which was the General. "But," said St. Ignatius, on reading the lines, "you have given me a saint-like character; do you believe that I possess all these virtues?" "I do not know whether you possess them or not," answered the youth, "but I know that you ought to possess them."

St. Ignatius had a great consolation at this time in the personal intercourse that arose between himself and St. Francis Borgia, who had come to Rome for the Jubilee. He was lodged in the house of the professed fathers, but separated from the community, and there he told St. Ignatius of his life, and the desire and emo-

tions of his soul. He had married his eldest son and his two daughters. His work was done in his family and his dukedom, and he was now to belong to the saint and the Society. It is a relief after dwelling on the saint's great labours to think of the intercourse of such souls as these. They are in no sense strangers; and Father Francis, even in that early dawn of his own greatness, could comprehend the splendour of that glorious light in which the soul of the saint was steeped, and the influence of which was like an attraction from heaven. It was a sad and yet a glorious Jubilee. It saw thousands of souls launched on those troubled waters, with whose future there was no promise but danger and death. But it saw, within the vineyard of the Lord, labourers rising, strong and true, of various powers, and many in number; and in that glorious year there were many saints in Rome. The sight must have strengthened St. Ignatius for the labour that still remained to him.

Father Francis, on publicly joining the Society, made a gift of six thousand crowns towards the endowment of a college in Rome. But he refused to be called the founder of the college, because he hoped that some other person might make a still stronger claim to the title. And, therefore, though by this gift the Roman College was actually begun, yet Pope Gregory XIII. is always mentioned as its founder; for it was by the magnificent clarity of that Pontiff that it became what it still is.

The Society now suffered a great trial in the increased hostility of its adversaries in Paris. Their doctrine was suspected, and their morality doubted. But the saint was not disheartened; on the contrary, this trial seemed to inspire him with new life, and he would prophesy success to those around him, and give God thanks. The saint thought that the best answer would be to establish a house in Paris. They had no evil deeds to hide—to let his sons be seen and known would be the best answer he could give.

The Jesuits, though studying in the university, had to lodge in the college of the Lombards. The bishop of Clermont now bestowed Clermont House upon the Society; but there was no professed father in Paris to take possession of the gift in the General's name. Letters of permission from the king had also to be obtained, and when these were got, through Cardinal Guise, who introduced them to the notice of Henry II., they went to Clermont, and one of their number, John Baptista Viola, made his vows, and the bishop of Clermont received his profession.

But, till the Parliament consented to register the king's letter, the Society could have no property in Clermont House, neither could they call it a college. And to get the letters registered seemed for some time to be impossible. At this date, however, we see the beginning of that famous college where the greatest men of France were afterwards educated.

lay and ecclesiastical students, and the co-operation of the bishops of the Church, who established seminaries at their advice, roused the anger of the heretics, and Melancthon joined with others in a scheme for infecting their house in Rome with heresy. They sent a Lutheran, called Michel, to propose himself to the General as a Catholic wishing to join the Society. He is described as a man of a modest and interesting appearance, and he was admitted among the novices. This unfortunate person, whose every word and action was a lie, obtained the good opinion of his companions; and then he began to throw doubts on the truth of the teaching of the Church. At last he disputed openly in favour of Lutheranism, and at the request of two of the Society, put his arguments in writing. Oliver Manor, who had detected him, carried the whole matter to Cardinal Caraffa, the grand inquisitor. Michel acknowledged the whole deceit, and was condemned to the galleys.

After this, the fathers in Rome were tried by another artifice. They received a present of two large boxes of books. On opening them, all that appeared were works of devotion and instruction. But beneath this fair surface were vile works of heresy. St. Ignatius had all the books cast into the fire.

And here may be mentioned the strong feeling which this great saint entertained against allowing young persons to read any books written by those not within the fold of the



Church. It is one of his maxims to avoid the pleasure which may be derived from the writings of those whom the Church does not recognize among her children. He used to quote St. Basil as his teacher on this point.

It is a maxim which, if not to be practised to the letter in these days, at least, need not be utterly forgotten.

As we proceed with the saint's life through this and the two following years, it is impossible not to feel glad that the Society refused his offered abdication. Trouble after trouble came upon them. The archbishop of Toledo got stirred up against them. He had no proper understanding of the Institute; and he confused them with the Theatines. He seems also to have misunderstood them on the point of their administering the sacraments in various places. Although the Institute and the Spiritual Exercises had been approved by Papal bulls, the archbishop declared that the practices of the Society interfered with episcopal authority. In a state of great indignation he placed the fathers of the college of Alcalá under an interdict, and declared all persons excommunicated who should confess to them. He told his clergy and religious that he forbade their having any of the Society to preach for them, and he suspended all those priests from hearing confessions who had made the Spiritual Exercises.

Once more the saint's faith was triumphant. He said to Ribadeneira—"This is a good sign. God will be served by us in Toledo." The saint

tried every way to appease and satisfy the archbishop, but without any effect. Then the saint grew bold, and resorted to decisive measures. He ordered the fathers of Alcala to give in their complaints to the Privy Council of Spain, and he himself laid the matter before the Pope. The Pope commanded a letter to be written to the archbishop, expressing surprise at his conduct; and the Privy Council, after examining the bulls, and the privileges of the Order, declared that the archbishop, by his conduct, had opposed the Holy See.

The archbishop, on receiving this double representation in favour of the men he had begun so violently to persecute, immediately annulled his orders, and re-established the fathers. St. Ignatius, thanking God, wrote a letter full of gratitude to the archbishop; and he ~~now~~ so far restricted the fathers as to order them not to use their privileges except with the archbishop's approbation.

Another anxiety now falls on the Father-General. Father Francis Borgia was at a college near Loyola, having chosen that neighbourhood in which to complete his renunciation of the world. While this man is stripping himself of all distinctions, while he is on his knees and kissing the ground in the room where St. Ignatius was born; while he is praising God with repeated thanksgiving for having sent the saint into the world, and asking grace to form himself upon his example, the emperor, bent on doing him honour, begs the Pope to raise him to

the rank of cardinal. This was taking him from the Society before they had obtained entire possession of him. St. Ignatius was hoping great things of this man. He had left much, loved much, waited long for his reception into the Society, and had privately practised the counsels of perfection. He was a man of perseverance and single-mindedness; a man such as the Society desired, and loved to possess.

St. Ignatius hoped to avoid the completion of this trial. He went to the cardinals, and explained to them particularly the nature of the Institute; but the cardinals were too happy at the thought of adding so good a man to the Sacred College to have any sympathy with the General of the Jesuits. With the Pope, however, he so far succeeded as to get a promise from ~~the~~ Holy Father that the honour of the cardinalate should not be forced on Father Francis; and so he left it.

The offer reached this holy man in his solitude, and he declined it with great respect. He had learned to despise the dignities of the world; and though the high places of God's Church no Christian can despise, yet, one who had learned to love the lowly ways of suffering and obedience, put them unhesitatingly aside, and preferred to be a labourer rather than a master in the vineyard of the Lord; and Father Francis filled up Faber's place. But there were other places vacant in the Society. Who will now, to Austria and Vienna, fill up the place of him who lies among their dead—the beloved Claude le

Jay? And the apostle of the Indies has filled up the measure of his mighty works, and choirs of angels have received him from the roofless log-but in the desolate little island of Sancian, on the coast of China. The contemplation of the glorious career of St. Francis Xavier overwhelms the soul with wonder and thanksgiving. When the sum of his works is known it does not seem strange that he should have possessed the gift of miracles, or that the Church should have crowned him with the nimbus of the saint.

This was a great loss for the Society of Jesus to suffer, and they met it with mixed feelings. He had really been a son after his father's heart; but that father thinks of the final accomplishment of the Lord's will in one who was already throned in heaven, and he can only give thanks.

St. Francis Xavier died on the 2nd of December, on a Friday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the year 1552. His last look was given to his crucifix, and his last words were—*In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.*

A cousin of St. Francis Borgia was now added to the Society of Jesus, who is known to us as Antony of Cordova.\* He soon became

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\* He was the son of the Conde de Feria, of the illustrious house of Figueroa, in Spain. His mother was Katharine Fernandez, of Cordova. The name of Figueroa has a very interesting origin. An ancient and shameful tribute of one hundred girls, of whom fifty were noble, and fifty of the working classes, and all of whom were Christians, was paid yearly to the Moors,

eminent in the Society. And now the foundation of the German college occupied the thoughts of St. Ignatius. The bishops of Germany found it very difficult to obtain trustworthy persons to take care of the souls of those who were faithful to the truth. St. Ignatius set himself to the consideration of some way of assisting both bishops and people. He made up his mind that the right thing to do, in order to obtain a succession of orthodox ecclesiastics for Germany, was to found a college for the purpose in Rome. Cardinal Miron and Cardinal Santa Croce were consulted on this subject, and they spoke of it to the Pope. The Holy Father commanded St. Ignatius to form this college, and to take the management of it himself; and the Pope proposed to erect a fund for its maintenance.

The saint selected twenty-four promising young men out of Germany to begin with. He appointed some of the fathers from the house of the professed to take charge of the new college, and to instruct its members; and he drew up the statutes himself. In this way the German college, now so well known, was begun. But Julius III. died before he could endow it. As

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by the kings of Leon. This was given up, probably about the middle of the ninth century, when the cavaliers of Galicia freed the girls and overcame the Moors in a part of the country which was full of fig-trees. The name of Figueroas was given to those men; and the honourable appellation had descended to the father of Antony of Cordova.—*Sée & Moreri Supplement. Amsterdam, 1716.* \*

is customary, the college had a cardinal protector. So the German college had an existence, with protector, students, statutes, and masters, when it had neither a house, nor any money beyond what was bestowed in alms.

When Julius III. died, his gifts were lost, and just at the succession of Paul IV. there was a great scarcity in Rome, which threw the support of the German students entirely on the saint. The cardinal protector declared that the idea had failed, and would have given up the college, but St. Ignatius entreated him to have confidence in its ultimate success; and as the young men could not be supported in Rome, he dispersed them among several of his colleges, and so saved the German College, at least for the moment.

Before the death of Julius III., Laynez had again joined the Council of Trent, which the Pope had re-assembled. A very strong proof is recorded of the esteem in which Laynez was held by the assembled divines. He fell ill of an ague: every fourth day he was unable to take part in the proceedings, and the Council did not deliberate on the days when Laynez was incapable of attending.

The sitting of the Council being again suspended, owing to war breaking out in Germany, Laynez was made Provincial of Italy. Brouet had held this office, but he was now sent to Paris, where the success of the Society was a matter of great interest to the saint. Laynez was not willing to take the responsibility proposed to him.

He assured the saint that he had not yet learnt the lesson of obedience well enough to rule. But he was only told to obey the order of his General, and to receive it as the expression of the will of God.

When Laynez became Provincial of Italy, he did his work with extraordinary interest and diligence. He desired with all his heart that the colleges under his rule should prosper; and when, time after times, St. Ignatius picked out his best men and transferred them to Rome, Laynez was distressed, and he wrote to the saint, and complained. St. Ignatius answered that it was best, and even necessary, to do as he had done. Perfect obedience required that this should be enough. But Laynez had a will of his own in this matter; he expostulated with the General. This forgetfulness of that law of perfect obedience to which he was pledged, drew upon him a severe remonstrance. But St. Ignatius, knowing that there was no real rebellion in his beloved son's heart, told him to reflect on what he had done, and then write him an account of his fault, and fix his own penance.

Laynez was quite overcome by the saint's manner of acting towards him. The whole evil and danger of his conduct appeared to him in the clearest light. He wrote confessing his fault, praising God, and humbling himself most deeply. Indiscretion, vanity, disobedience, and wounding the heart of their beloved General—these were the faults of which Laynez accused himself, and for these he sought most earnestly for a corresponding penance. Because



he has thus fallen after twenty years of perseverance, he thinks he ought to do a greater penance, and to be far less esteemed than if he had been one of the younger members of the Society. He entreats the saint, for his penance, to deprive him of power, and neither to allow him to teach, preach, or study. But, for the future, he asks to live on alms, and be employed in menial offices, and in teaching the rudiments of Latin to the youngest and most ignorant in the schools—he wished to live thus humbly for the remainder of his life. But with a true fear that beloved father would not allow of such a surrender during all his life, he proposes, in the second place, that at least he may so suffer for a few years; and then, supposing that this kind of penance may possibly not be permitted by the General, he proposes to keep himself humble by fasting and prayer, and self-examination, never again allowing himself an occasion of sacrificing the precious virtue of humility to a thoughtless zeal.

The sincerity shown by Laynez was enough for St. Ignatius. He sent two fathers to assist him in his work as provincial, and so obtain him leisure to write a book of divinity, especially against the controversial works which had been published by heretics.

The saint inculcated a real humility; not a timid self-distrust, nor a mistaken shrinking from responsibilities which might be undertaken for the glory of God.

John III., King of Portugal, happened to

have gone to confession a few times to Father Gonzales: when the occasion for choosing a confessor arose, he chose Gonzales for that office. But this father had been working in Africa, and he greatly desired to return there; he had also a dread of a court life. The king, on learning this, chose another Jesuit father called Miron.

Miron first became speechless through his great distress, and then assured the king that he was not of the right age, nor endowed with the necessary talents for such an office, and, further, that he was a stranger to his majesty.

But the king said that no Jesuit was a stranger to him; and that he required neither an older nor a more talented confessor than other people. "The Jesuits are confessors to all ~~the~~ world," said the king. And he added that, by God's grace, he should always follow his confessor's advice. Miron answered that they were all willing to work, and to serve his majesty, but that this seemed too honourable an employment for him. So Gonzales and Miron each excused themselves from being the king's confessor.

When they told St. Ignatius how they had acted, and what they had felt, he said that they were wrong—that there was not anything in being a king's confessor which need interfere with holy humility. They were called to administer the Sacraments to all, without distinctions of worldly rank. The lowest and the highest were to command their services; and he

said, that it was an actual fault to turn away from courts and princes when they had been plainly asked to work among them.

Thus he taught them to live above all human respect. And when we place by the side of these instructions the reproofs with which he met the conduct of Bobadilla, when he spoke disrespectfully of the emperor on the publication of the Interim, we shall see how justly the saint held the balance which gave the right weight to the respect which is due to princes, and an equal measure to that holy independence of all earthly rank which the confessor who acts for God must preserve in all ministrations for the souls of men.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### TO THE DEATH OF JULIUS III.

AGAIN we may be glad that the saint's resignation of the generalship was not accepted by the Society; for circumstances arise in which, not only is his great intelligence needed at the moment, but his conduct becomes an invaluable legacy of precedent to the Society. To blame the guilty and reward the virtuous is an easy part of the duty of the ruler of a religious society compared with the real work, which is to keep

always in view the good of the whole—the perfect result of the one work which many hands are labouring at. It is like working a great machine. And too much energy in the wrong place—too much zeal at the wrong time—even too much love—may impede the general usefulness of that which has been put together, not for any individual's praise, but for the glory of God.

Bobadilla and Oviedo were, in their separate places, governing the college at Naples; but they could not agree. They were both saintly men, but they took different views of the best method to be pursued in their work. Bobadilla was remarkably generous in judgment and feeling. He fixed his eyes on the attainment of true piety, and so directed the desires of those under his charge. If sure that this was the end for which the youths around him strove, he passed over small neglects, and treated little defects lightly. On the other hand, Oviedo, having the same end in view, would not pass over trivial irregularities. He considered that youth was the time of discipline, when regular habits should be formed, and he would not allow that there was anything little in God's service; so Bobadilla and Oviedo disagreed.

Now, St. Ignatius was magnanimity itself. He could not take a contracted view of anything. And for a moment we wonder in whose favour he will decide.

He decided for Oviedo. He gave him the whole authority over the college, and removed

Bobadilla. The saint judged that, in a community, the neglect of little duties was a great evil. That such defects sometimes became habitual, and wore away by degrees the very first principles of their constitution; and he judged that it was a false generosity to pass them over. He who was all forgiveness towards the faults of the repentant sinner, saw neither wisdom nor kindness in extending unnecessary relaxation to the little neglects of the devout.

And again the perfection of the saint's judgment is shown in his conduct towards Rodriguez.

This holy father had now been a long time in Portugal, desiring to be sent among the heathen, but condemned to a familiarity with the luxuries of the court, and to all the great responsibilities of the tutorship of the prince. He was the head of the college at Coimbra, which the king had founded.

This extraordinary man was a singular instance of being in favour with the great, being beloved by the people, and at the same time an object of God's peculiar grace. He was so advanced in the love of God that the divine favour had poured on him the gift of miracles. He was also a man of extraordinary ability and scholarship, and no doubt dear to the Portuguese from himself being one of that nation.

During his government of the college he had received into it above a hundred students of

great promise, and many of them were from the highest rank. The college had attained to such a degree of learning and piety as to be regarded with wonder. And the rule of Rodriguez was that of a tender saint, who healed the sick by taking them into his loving arms, and cured a horrible leper by lying in his bed with him. The noble youths of the court, Prince Don John, his cousin the Duke d'Aviro, and the king himself, lived in the most affectionate admiration of this edifying man.

It is sad to throw any doubt upon the perfection of this picture. But all the youths of the college of Coimbra were not to be won by such excellence. To enforce rules with necessary strictness, to exact obedience, and to guide those wills forcibly which required restraint, were acts of perfection to Rodriguez, and he fell short of their performance.

St. Ignatius had previously had some intention of recalling Rodriguez. He had been twelve years in Portugal, and had done much. But the saint not only thought that it would be well to recall his son, but also that it would be desirable to give to the Portuguese a man of a different nation. For he wished to destroy the distinctions of country in the Society as far as possible. He had thought, therefore, of placing a Spaniard at Coimbra, and sending Rodriguez to Spain; and the evils arising from his government now decided the saint, and he recalled him.

The side of feeling to which this order gave

rise was a sufficient proof of its wisdom. The young Portuguese Jesuits declared that they could obey no other Superior. It was plain that Father Rodriguez had stood between them and God. Many of the young men were struck with a strange sort of distress, as if they could not serve God without him.

St. Ignatius wrote to the king and queen, and to the Prince Don John. He entered fully into the reasons which made him so unyielding. He wrote also to Gonzales, and Henriquez, and to Rodriguez himself.

When the General's letter reached the devoted Rodriguez, it threw him into a state of boundless delight. The Holy man pressed it to the heart that loved the holy General, and to the head that would have no thought in opposition to him. He solicited leave to depart so earnestly that no further objection could be made to his going. And so, delivering up the province to the government of Miron, who had been appointed to it, and asking leave to refuse the provincialship of Arragon, which had been offered to himself, he fled, like one made suddenly free, to a house attached to the college of Coimbra, on the confines of the kingdom, desiring, for a time at least, to hold uninterrupted converse with God.

But now the saint had to restrain the reforming zeal of the new provincial. If Rodriguez had been too mild, Miron was too suddenly severe and inflexible. Defects that arose more from the want of disciplined habits than from



wilfulness and neglect, were to be treated tenderly and not rigorously. Miron wanted the necessary spirit of discernment, and the saint almost determined on going himself to Portugal to settle these disorders. But he did not go himself. He sent a visitor, a learned and holy man, Michael Torrez, whose character was at once mild and firm; and who deserved respect as a doctor of divinity of the university of Alcala, and as rector of the college of Salamanca.

He first addressed himself to the king, and the result of his representations to the monarch was that that sovereign wrote to St. Ignatius by Gonzales, who was just then sent for to Rome, declaring his affection for the Society, and his certainty that any arrangements which the saint should make would be right.

Rodriguez left his holy solitude, and proceeding into Spain, took the office of provincial of Arragon. But still things could not settle themselves rightly in Portugal. At Coimbra those who had been negligent under Rodriguez, and rebellious under Miron, were suddenly seized with a knowledge of their faults, and emulating each other in new virtues, they mounted to an extreme of religious enthusiasm, which again required the interference of the saint. He always regarded a fevered enthusiasm as a dangerous error, and a fault very difficult to meet. Study was almost given up for prayer and contemplation. The strength of the body was exhausted by fasting, and the health injured by austerity. For all this there was one

cure, and one only—obedience. The advice first sent to them by the saint was not attended to. Their fervours increased; and the spirit spread beyond the college, and through the country, and even into Spain.

Then the saint wrote his epistle on Obedience. It was addressed to the Portuguese, but it was published everywhere—even in India and Japan. In this invaluable epistle he declares it to be an illusion to suppose that austerities are agreeable to God when undertaken contrary to the will of a superior; that in the spiritual life, the law by which the soul is to regulate itself is as easily broken by watching as by sleeping—by work as by idleness. And of obedience he declares that the blindest and the most unreasoning is the best—the best, and the *highest*—the highest that man can offer. The eye of the religious which is blind to a superior's imperfections, and the reason which is unconscious of a superior's inferiority, is thus blind, and thus unconscious, because the contemplation of the creature is lost in the contemplation of Jesus. If among the servants of Jesus the lot has fallen upon persons to mark out work and to keep order in His household, and if to preserve this order and to accomplish this work for God they have bound themselves by a vow of obedience to these persons, that vow is for Jesus and in Jesus; and he who best realizes the Master Who is in Heaven, will be the blindest in his obedience to the master who is on earth.

The heart of the saint has now to be again

wrung by accusations made falsely against two of his sons, whom, by the command of the Pope, and at the entreaty of the government of Genoa, he had sent to Corsica. This island was scarcely better than heathen. The nominal Christians were ruled by a person called the Grand-Vicar, and they had their priests; but almost the only witnesses for God were the Franciscans. When the sons of St. Ignatius appeared there, the return of the people to a sense of religion was scarcely less than miraculous. But the glory of this revival of Christianity was met by a terrible persecution, and the Grand-Vicar sent persons to Rome with accusations against the Jesuits. These false witnesses were so positive in their testimony that Cardinal Santa Croce complained to the General. The saint had no doubt of all that was said being calumny. But still he had to convince those of the Sacred College who had been misled. He therefore chose a good man, named Sebastian Romé, who was in the Society's house in Rome, and who was not yet a priest, to go to Corsica, appearing as a layman, to discover the truth, and return to him with such proofs as he could procure. Romé went on his errand, dressed as a cavalier of the day. And when he came back he brought with him letters from the provincial of the Franciscans, and also from the governor of the island, so perfectly satisfactory to the General and the cardinals, that those who had spoken to the saint of the supposed misconduct of his sons now declared to him that they had been too easily led away.

But slander could not stay quiet. Their old enemy, Melchior Cano, who had been so bravely silenced by the Dominicans, now instigated another person to speak against the Spiritual Exercises. Perhaps it was a part of the providence of God that all that could be said against this book, and the practice of retreats, should be said during the saint's life, and that these persecutions should produce every testimony in their favour that the mind of man could require. Again, then, the book was delivered into the hands of the inquisitors, in hopes of getting it censured.

The doctors of Salamanca were consulted, but they made the cause of St. Ignatius one with the honour of the Holy See. The book had been printed with the bull of Paul III., and it had received such examinations and such approvals as made it disloyal to doubt its orthodoxy. The persecution only produced new friends and fresh witnesses in favour of the Society. One of the doctors of Salamanca, Bartholomew Torrez, called God to witness not only to the excellence of the book, but to the extraordinary benefits which had been derived from its use.

Cano, however, did not rest. He forged some passages, and offered them, in what he called a manuscript copy of the Exercises, for examination. But the manuscript was compared with the original, and the unfortunate man's sin found out.

And now the King of Portugal again

addresses the saint. He wants to send a patriarch and bishops into Ethiopia, thus making another opening for the Society in Africa.

The Portuguese had come upon this part of Africa in their voyage to the East Indies. They had instructed the king in Christianity, and he had submitted to the Pope. His son had been brought up a Christian, and was the friend of John, King of Portugal; and this son, who had now succeeded his father, had for some time desired to get a patriarch and bishops from Rome.

This country was in a strange state. And yet its people had been among the first whom God had called to know Him, and they had received Christianity from St. Philip and St. Matthew. The people had mixed Judaism with Christianity, and they had also embraced heresies, and conformed in many points to Mahometanism.

The petition of the King of Portugal to the Pope was for a patriarch and two bishops for Ethiopia, and he besought the Holy Father to choose them from the Society of Jesus. He then wrote to St. Ignatius, entreating him to consent to this plan, and to name those of the Society whom he would recommend for these dignities. St. Ignatius, with very little hesitation, agreed to all that the king asked. He named three to the Pope and the king; Nunez, whose life had long been spent in redeeming slaves, and who now happened to be in Portugal begging money for this object, Carnero, and Oviedo. And he suggests that the bishops

should each in turn succeed to the higher dignity of patriarch as the occasion might arise. Yet the General of the Jesuits had not changed his mind about dignities. To bear them in this instance is a carrying out of the missionary spirit, and an exception, and he shows the greatness of his mind by not treating it as a difficulty. The fathers, however, who were distinguished by his choice, were overwhelmed at the intelligence of the work that awaited them, and Nunez entreated the General to send him the order in his own writing, that gazing on this proof of his will might strengthen him in conforming to it.

But the will of their General being beyond the demand of their rule, was not of absolute obligation on these fathers. Each one required the command of the Vicar of Christ; and under the power of that last obedience they made ready to go to Ethiopia. Their lawful resistance and their ready obedience were equally praiseworthy in the sight of the saint, and he comforted his sons before their departure by describing to them what their honours, positions, and revenues really amounted to. Their position meant danger of many sorts, harass of mind, and fatigue of body. Their honours would be those of the burthen and heat of laborious days among ruined souls. Their rewards would be poverty; a history whose best parts would be unrecorded; separation from all they best loved; the attraction to themselves of the most difficult trials; and possibly the palm of martyrdom. 6



Thus the highest dignities of the Church descended on the obedient heads of the chosen fathers, and the saint himself saw the first bishops of the Society.

Ten of the Society accompanied the patriarch Nunez, Oviedo, bishop of Nice, and Carnero, bishop of Hierapolis; and the Pope made Father Gasper Barzee, the rector of the college at Goa, the apostolical commissioner, who was to make, from time to time, the proper visitations. The letter to the king, which St. Ignatius sent by the patriarch, is a summary of the office of the Church of Christ, and of the power which our Blessed Lord conferred upon her as His spouse.

All this while Rodriguez had been begging to be relieved from the office of provincial of Arragon. And when the General yielded to his wishes, Rodriguez hoped to be sent back to Portugal. But this was not thought to be a desirable measure, and Rodriguez, exquisitely pained by hearing it said that all the disorders which had troubled the Society in Portugal and Spain were to be attributed to his infirm conduct, complained to the General, and desired to have a sentence pronounced upon him. This was a momentary swerving from that perfect path which welcomes the cross, and embraces persecution; or perhaps Rodriguez might have felt that the censure was too true, and he might have desired a public sentence and a public expiation. Whichever way it was, we find Rodriguez in Rome and complaining to his father. The tenderness of the saint's heart was overflow-



ing, and he knew very well the pure-hearted devotion of the son who now asked justice from him.

He who was both saint and General could rebuke with a severity that seemed to make the very walls tremble—for so an eyewitness described his just displeasure. But this severity had nothing to do with those weaknesses of temper, and outbursts of pride, which make the anger of common men. Such awful assertions of right the saint could make without losing any part of that perfect command to which he had attained over his own passions. One glance of his, too, could correct with a sweetness that seemed never to lose its influence. A smile of his had carried the love of God into many hearts; and one sharp admonition—one quick withdrawing of the veil in which sin conceals itself, had brought the tempted and the strayed back to safety and virtue.

But now the saint would try a new way of love on Rodriguez; neither rebuke nor explanation; not remonstrance, not command. The General could distinguish between the cry of a proud heart that felt itself injured, and a sore soul's lamentation. So he granted all that Rodriguez asked; the sorrow of that grieved spirit was to be cured in its own way. Judges were fixed on; and they examined into his conduct, and considered his answers. Their sentence was against him. Immediately, with a profound humility, Rodriguez knelt down before them, and acquiesced in their decision.

He confessed the scandal he must have given, and asked for a penance in proportion to his fault. But there was no penance given to him; only, he was not allowed to go to Portugal. The General gave him leave to visit the Holy Land, which it had long been his ardent desire to do. But, on reaching Venice, his health; which had been declining, was not sufficiently good to allow of his undertaking the voyage. He therefore returned to Spain, where the edification of his holy life was felt universally.

At this time, for a short season, a cloud of terrible darkness overshadowed the Society in Rome. Pope Julius III., whose kindness and approval had always been a great joy and blessing to St. Ignatius, was suddenly overcome by a feeling of great anger against the Society, and the fathers were forbidden to come to him, or even to enter the palace. And when this storm burst, the saint was so ill as to be confined to his bed. The Pope's conduct arose out of a misunderstanding with the emperor.

The emperor had issued an order, in conformity with a decree of the Council of Trent, as to what we should call the non-residence of beneficed priests. Some Spanish ecclesiastics living in Rome complained to the Pope. The emperor answered the Pope's inquiries with a rude and boasting message, intimating that he acted in conformity with decrees which the Pope should maintain rather than question.

It was whispered about that the Jesuits at the Spanish court had influenced the emperor, and the Pope, extremely displeased, withdrew his favour suddenly from the Society.

But Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, writes to the Pope on some important business of their own; and all at once the great advantage and consolation that it is to exalted personages to be able to confide in men living in the world, but from whom the love of the world is extirpated, appears, and appears very plainly. Ferdinand tells the Pope that he has given his confidence to Father Ignatius; that Father Ignatius will not impart what he knows to any one but the Pope; and he begs the Pope to inform himself by sending for the General, who will tell him everything that he feels on the matter; and as soon as the saint could rise from his sick bed he obediently waited on his Holiness.

The Holy Father had never ceased to love the saint; and he was pained to see him enter his presence weak and trembling and so worn with sickness as to be apparently scarcely fit for the exertion he had made. The saint, bare-headed, was going to speak upon his knees, but the Pope would not allow him to remain in that attitude, and bade him cover his head before he spoke on the business that had brought him there. Immediately St. Ignatius gave to his Holiness the information he required; and then he asked to speak on the subject which must have been nearest his heart—their inno-

cence of such interference as the Pope resented upon them. His justification was complete. The affection for the Society which the Pope had so long entertained returned with its old fervour. He assured the saint that he should never again think ill of the Jesuits; and he promised an annuity for the support of the Roman College. The Holy Father asked the saint if the house of the professed fathers required help. The saint replied that the alms they received were sufficient. The next day five hundred gold crowns were sent to the house; and the saint was privileged to obtain audience of the Pope at all times.

And now St. Ignatius was inspired to leave a precious legacy to his children, which consisted of rules, the result of the diligent thought of his own perfected mind. The rules referred to the exterior behaviour of his children—to that uniform propriety of action and manner which was to belong to them.\* Minute as his directions may appear, they are the result of a superhuman wisdom. Above all things, the saint desired that a perfect modesty should adorn his followers; that this virtue should be

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\* Their appearance was not, in some things, as uniform as at the present day. St Ignatius is sometimes represented with a beard and moustache, and sometimes without them, but always with the hair short, and kept away from the mouth. A fine old medal represents him with the moustache only, and he is thus shown in the last medal struck in England. A profile of St. Francis Xavier, with the head thrown back, on a medal, shows

strictly guarded and treasured; and he taught that it was like a tower of strength, within which human nature was safe from a thousand assaults, any one of which would be injurious to the heart that was not dwelling within its shelter. He ordered these rules to be read to the fathers in Rome. While they were reverently listening a gallery fell, which was so situated as to have injured some of them, had they not been piously entertained. St. Ignatius thought that this lecture, having preserved them from imminent personal danger, and probably saved some from death, was a token of God being pleased with rules which were directed to the preservation of the life of the soul.

It was Laynez who read the rules, and who explained and enforced them by the saint's desire. The attention with which they were received was such, that no interruption was caused by the sound of the accident, which was very great. With an unruffled composure, they

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the whisker by the side of the ear, and meeting a narrow strip of beard under the chin; and the portrait of Cardinal Bellarmine with the moustache cut short, and meeting his thick, square-cut beard, is familiar to us. They probably avoided extraordinary singularity, and did not divest their faces of hair while Popes and Cardinals wore beards and moustaches. The reader will remember the portraits of Cardinal Caraffa, Cardinal Pole, and Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester; and the portrait by Raphaël of Julius II. in the National Gallery.

heard their General's instructions read to the end; and not till then was the cause of the alarming noise inquired into.\*

The exact observance given by all the fathers to these rules produced an uniformity of manner which was soon observed and remarked upon. Some persons sought St. Ignatius, and accused his sons of hypocrisy, because they were all so much alike; equally possessed of a sedate and composed exterior. The saint smiled at the charge, for he knew that the face and manner were a true index of the heart and mind. "I know but two hypocrites in the Society," said the saint, smiling. He pointed out Salmeron and Bobadilla. Every one knew what he meant. Good as they seemed, they were better than they looked. And so he silenced the fault-finders.

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\* Once, when St. Francis Xavier, was saying mass an earthquake shook the church violently. Every one of the congregation fled, but the saint went on with the Mass without pause or fear. And in the twelfth century the tower of the abbey church at Gloucester, fell down when Roger, bishop of Worcester, was saying Mass. The crash was terrible, and the danger very great, but the bishop was unmoved.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

## TO THE DEATH OF THE SAINT.

WHEN Julius III. died, he was succeeded by Marcellus II.,\* whose pontificate of only twenty-one days was followed by the election of Cardinal Caraffa to be Pope.

Cardinal John Peter Caraffa had been for many years intimately acquainted with St. Ignatius. He was a man of learning and piety, and had known the saint well in Venice. But he was now a very aged man—nearly eighty—and as he had suffered some disappointment through the saint's conduct, it was feared that he might not favour the Society.

Pope Paul IV.—in which name Caraffa ruled the Church—was the founder of the Theatines, with whom he had wished the Jesuits to be incorporated. St. Ignatius had refused his consent to this. He could not have done otherwise. Caraffa, with all his admiration for the Society, had not then perfectly entered into its idea, and he was supposed to resent the saint's refusal. The saint had again, and very lately, been opposed to him. He had received the son of the Duke of Monte Leon into the

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\* Cardinal Santa Croce, who had been to consult with Pope Julius III, about the German College.



Society. He had been received with his father's consent, and had gone through his noviceship. He had then been sent to Messina, and afterwards had been recalled to Rome. Some affairs of moment had brought his parents to Rome at this time, and the duke repented of having allowed his son to leave him, and sought to get him back again. He had appealed to the Pope through Cardinal Caraffa; and he certainly managed to impress them with the idea that his son had left him against his consent, and had been enticed and persuaded away—which was not the truth. The duchess, too, longing to get her son back, did all she could to second her husband's petition. The case raised many questions, and caused excitement throughout Rome; for the duchess went about the city, bewailing herself, and telling a story of sorrow, and deprivation, and undue influence, which was sure to get her listeners.

When the Pope was appealed to, he referred the matter to Cardinal Caraffa for examination, and commanded him to decide upon it. The cardinal decided against the youth and the saint. He ordered St. Ignatius to send the young man back to his parents. Disobedience to such an order would draw down ecclesiastical censure. On hearing this sentence, the saint had gone to the Pope. The Holy Father had then himself examined the case; and the sentence of Cardinal Caraffa had been annulled as one not in conformity with the maxims of the Gospel and the teaching of the fathers of the Church.

Such were the circumstances which made many of the Society, and their friends, fear that the new Pope would be biassed against their order. But St. Ignatius never feared for the event. He made it an occasion of prayer, and then declared that they would find a good friend in Paul IV. And so it proved. The favour of the aged Pontiff supported the Society through many trials. The saint in his first audience was distinguished in the kindest manner. And on several other occasions, in which the affairs of King Ferdinand and the Holy See, and also the affairs of the Society, were discussed, the Pope openly showed the affection and value in which he held his servant. The Pope resolved to add to the foundation of the Roman College. It now consisted of two hundred persons. Such endowments as they had already received, were not sufficient for their maintenance. The Pope did not like to see so important an institution thrown so largely on public alms for its support, and therefore determined to add to its resources in a permanent manner. But this desire, which so well showed the Pope's feeling towards the Society, he was never able to fulfil. The calamities of war gathered round Rome, and there was nothing to spare in the midst of great general distress from the Papal treasury to the Roman College.

As soon as Paul IV. ascended the papal chair he announced his intention of making Laynez a cardinal. He told St. Ignatius of this, and also mentioned his intention in the

consistory. The reputation of Laynez as a theologian had gone forth from the Council of Trent to the whole world. He seemed to be a person every way suited to the Sacred College, for not only was his learning admitted, but the perfection of his life had attracted the veneration of the good, and the affection of the Vicar of Christ.

If St. Ignatius could have been unfaithful to the idea he had received from God, and which the Society embodied and presented to the world, he might have been unfaithful now. There could be no doubt of the value of such services as Laynez might render—there was no question that his experience fitted him for the office of cardinal in those days of peculiar difficulty—and the wish of the Pope, expressed with such strength and openness, might have made any but a saint yield without remonstrance. But those who, in following the development of the Society and the character of the Saint, have seen the position which he occupied in the Church, will perceive that for St. Ignatius to have yielded would have been wrong, for he had to obey the inspiration with which he had been blessed, and to the following out of which the Church had assented. He was responsible before God. And though it was no less his duty to obey the Holy See, through whom God speaks, yet, until that unerring voice was heard, it was his duty to oppose the elevation of Laynez by every means in his

use, was prayer. He prayed, and in his own way; not as one who doubted—not as one asking guidance as to whether he should consent or not—not as one biassed in the smallest degree by the power offered to him, for at that moment to have among the cardinals one of such influence as Laynez was a prospect of great power—not as one who could leave for an instant, even in imagination, the fixed point upon which he stood as General and founder of the Society; but as one who must be faithful, and to whom the elevation of Laynez must come, if it came at all, as an act of obedience, and as nothing else. He prayed, then, distinctly, that Laynez might not be made a cardinal. He besought with tears the intervention of his Heavenly Father to change the mind of the Pope, and, as one seeking to be saved from a calamity, he offered vows to Almighty God when seeking His protection.

Laynez had many friends in the Sacred College; and to live in the exercise of his scholarly learning and Christian wisdom—to devote his powers to the Church in Rome itself, endowed with such authority, as would assist in enforcing what religion required, could not have for it anything at all depressing to the natural man. But the relinquishment of all honours by the Jesuits was not an idea of the natural man. It had nothing in it of those motives of disregard and disrespect, of indifference and renunciation, which belong to the wisdom of human arguments. It was because their call had been to something else, because,

to return to the saint's military comparison, the light cavalry of the Church could not work under the weight of such impediments; and because to live under the obligations, the sacred obligations, of high office in the Church would be to seek the glory of God out of the path which He had permitted them to choose. Laynez was with the most acute grief on hearing of the Pope's intentions. Day and night he prayed to God to avert this honour from him; and he besought the cardinals themselves with such fervour, that, at last, seeing exactly how this man felt, and worked into a great admiration of his sincerity, they could not help taking part with him, at least in their hearts.

The Pope hoped to overcome something of this reluctance by having Laynez to live in the Vatican, and do some work in the Dataria. Of course he went. But, like one who felt himself in some secret danger, he made an excuse to return to the Jesuits' house, and there flung himself on the compassion of the saint. He dreaded lest this constant attendance at the Dataria, and his residence at the Vatican, should accustom men's minds to the idea of his separation from the other fathers, and so add to the difficulty of avoiding the cardinalate. The simplicity of this conduct, as well as the sincerity and steadiness of his resistance, seems to have had its effect.

St. Ignatius found, to his inexpressible joy, that the danger had passed away, and that the

Pope no longer contemplated the elevation of Laynez. The whole Society joined with their General in giving God and his Holiness thanks. And Paul IV., who seemed never to have perfectly understood the Jesuit spirit till now treated them with a still greater exhibition of esteem and confidence. He became so convinced of the wisdom of the saint, that he constantly consulted him on matters of moment, and frequently referred things to his decision.

At this time a great persecution of the Society in Paris began. The things said against them were of the most distressing kind, and the heat of their accusers amounted to fury. The king's letters had not yet received the necessary registration in the French Parliament. The calumnies which the enemies of religion uttered first, and which, floating forth, caught the ears of good men, were believed and argued upon without examination. Reports, originally entirely evil, thus got the reputation of being credited by persons of authority, and really were accepted by them. These calumnies no doubt influenced the French people and Parliament, and made them jealous of the king's good opinion of the Fathers, and unwilling to do what would give them permission to introduce themselves in their full strength into France. The Parliament refused to register the royal letters, and still refused when the king sent new letters in the place of the old ones; and a decree was passed which provided that the Bishop of Paris and the Dean of the Faculty of

Divinity should examine the bulls which confirmed the Society.

The bishop was their known enemy, the dean was his devoted servant; and the dean had private reasons for disliking the fathers, a near relation of his having lately insisted on joining them, against his advice.

The Faculty of Divinity, under the influence of the representations of the bishop and the dean, made a decree. Many of the doctors of the Sorbonne, when this decree was given to them for publication, refused to sign it. Notwithstanding this, it was published, and an awful document was thus given to the world.

As it has been with all the most mischievous accusations of the Enemy of religion, this decree, in the midst of its furious declarations, exhibited a travesty of truth.

We can see in the accusation of their receiving into their body without hesitation the most infamous of sinners, a deformed vision of that charity which led them fearlessly to seek the salvation of the farthest-wandering souls. But the accusation was absolutely false in itself.

The accusation of having brought disrespect upon the religious life—of violating the modesty of monastic retirement by living in the world, was plausible, because it was true that they lived in the world; but then it was not true that the sacredness of religious vows suffered in their hands; on the contrary, the world could see for itself a body of men whose religious obligations had made them the admiration of the holy and



the learned—men who were chosen at once by the world and the Church, by kings and pontiffs, and who were only in the world for the good of the Church and the glory of God.

It was plausible, too, to say that the privilege granted to them by the Church, which gave them the power of gaining souls far and wide, apart from the restrictions of parish priests, was not consistent with the rights of the hierarchy, and of other religious orders, even of temporal rulers, and the heads of existing colleges; but it was not true.

The decree, however, declared that they were the enemies of the peace of the Church, and the instigators and the causes of quarrels and divisions; that they were destroyers of the monastic life, and come into the world for the ruin of the faithful, and for the disedification of souls. This looked like a great triumph to the enemy.

The General, on obtaining possession of the contents of this decree, published with the signatures of some of the doctors of the Sorbonne, and passed by the Faculty of Divinity at Paris, communicated it to the fathers in Rome. St. Ignatius had, like a true scholar, a great veneration for the doctors of the Sorbonne. It may be imagined how this decree would affect him. But the fathers were to consult together about it.

The fathers felt that the theologians who had thus spoken against them in Paris did not understand their institute; that the French people

were led away by statements which had no foundation in fact; and that justice, and the honour of the cause to which they were devoted, demanded that they should make some attempt to disabuse the minds of those who had spoken against them. And this opinion they gave to their General.

It may, for a moment, surprise the lovers of justice to be told that the saint was not of the fathers' opinion. There was a peculiarity in this trial. They had never suffered exactly in this way before. It was not the General who was spoken against—nor the book of the Exercises—nor any one of their devout practices—nor the conduct of any particular fathers; but the whole idea was struck at. The Jesuit institute was pronounced wrong in principle, and ~~and~~ in fruit, a curse rather than a blessing, and even in its appellation a taking of God's name in vain.

Believing in his heart that the institute was the work of God, the General acted on that belief. The decree contained statements which, passing over the declaration of the Vicar of Christ in their favour, carried the question of their existence back to its beginning, and pronounced it not of God. To God, then, the saint would leave it. He could justify His own, if it was His pleasure; and the saint, therefore, decided that the fathers would abstain from all answer, and any attempt at explanation. He quoted to them the words of our Blessed Lord: "Peace I leave you, My peace I give unto you,"

and he besought each one to consider that those words were addressed to himself. He said it was an occasion when silence was best; that truth could vindicate herself. And "God is our defence," he said; "our cause is in His hands."

Then he instructs them to preserve a true respect for the Paris divines, because they were great men; but not to fear them, for that truth must prevail in the end. And he also assures them that the time will come when the institute shall flourish in France, and that the college in Paris will be one of the greatest in Europe.

It is a striking proof of the respect and veneration in which the Society held their General, that not one demurred to this. Much as they had wished to justify themselves, and to explain the nature of their institute, they were now quite contented neither to speak nor to act.

Men may give up a great deal, and by those very acts of renunciation may be classed among Christian heroes; but to be silent even from good words when motive and character are assailed—to be dumb before false accusations, is to yield up all. No heroism exists for him whose virtuous reputation has been a pretence from the beginning. But under such an imputation the fathers of the Society were content to remain, as long as God willed, at the desire of their General.

However, St. Ignatius made this an occasion for writing to all the Society's houses; and he procured from the governing powers of the Church and the world, wherever they were

established, written attestations concerning their doctrine and their manner of life.

This was a satisfactory method of obtaining evidence concerning those whose duties kept them far off from their General's eye. He had no suspicion of his sons, but he desired to possess the testimony of the universe—for it cannot be called anything less—and reserve it to weigh against the decree of a small number of persons, when the right occasion should come. In this way, princes and bishops, houses of learning, governors of provinces, and civil magistrates, all became witnesses for the Society.

In the meantime, the excitement in Paris was very great. Learned men and clergy took part against the Jesuits; the populace insulted ~~them~~; and papers exhibiting shameful satires and wicked accusations were posted on the walls, and met their eyes in the streets. But amidst all this clamour, there was a Will working in silence—and working for the Jesuits. It was truly working in silence, for never in Rome, nor at the Vatican, was St. Ignatius known to speak at all of the decree or its consequences.

It happened that the Cardinal of Lorraine had to visit Rome. He came, and he brought with him four of the doctors of the Sorbonne. The saint got a day named for seeing the cardinal and the doctors of the Sorbonne, and he went to them, accompanied by Laynez, Olavius, and Polancus. One of the four doctors had been a

principal person in obtaining the censure conveyed in the decree, and now he declared himself ready to prove every point of that censure to be just and true. This, accordingly, he attempted to do; the fathers who had accompanied the saint replied to him, the cardinal and the other doctors being by. When the whole thing had been gone through, and when the Society had been perfectly justified, so that it was acknowledged they had been ignorantly and unjustly condemned, then even their great traducer, Penet, was struck by the meekness and patience which their silence under persecution proved. When it was found that not a single complaint had been uttered, that they had made no appeal to the Pope, nor ever mentioned the case to the cardinals, the admiration of the French doctors was very great; and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with many words of holy praise, assured St. Ignatius that he was perfectly convinced of the excellence of his institute.

The decree was heard of no more. The popular feeling subsided first, and then turned, gradually and steadily, in their favour. They lived in Paris quietly, and were not the least interfered with; and five years afterwards the Society was received by authority.

It was at this time, and at the suggestion of the King of Portugal, that St. Ignatius attached to the Jesuits' college at Coimbra a school where young boys could be received and brought up under the care of the fathers. The house where these youths resided was separated from

the house of the fathers, and this arrangement was the first precedent for what now exists in the principal colleges of all the provinces—for what we see in this country at Stonyhurst. It was a great step, and one which has been extraordinarily blessed. It was a completion of St. Ignatius' desire to see learning spread, especially among those classes whose intellectual cultivation acts most powerfully on their country.

No one ever estimated the power which education gives more justly than he did. He showed an unceasing solicitude for its advancement. He desired to make the Roman college a model for all others. He gathered into it the best masters he could get, and was indefatigable in informing himself concerning the advancement of the students. They had days for disputations, and he brought people of rank to hear them. He had the theses which they maintained printed, and circulated them everywhere. By a wholesome emulation, he urged the students on, making the Roman college a monument of the great and accurate learning to which those under his charge were to aspire. They pursued the Aristotelic system of philosophy, and added the Hebrew language to a critical knowledge of Latin and Greek, and their reputation as mathematicians was very great. Although, first of all, St. Ignatius laid thus wisely and deeply the foundations of the learned man's character, he yet found time for the acquirement of modern languages. The

members of the Society would most probably have to preach and teach in other languages than their own, and he chose that they should do this well. He himself set them an example. By the assistance of Ribadeneira he had obtained an accurate pronounciation and a fluent use of Italian, and he had made himself a master of French. Perfection seemed to be his aim in everything. He declared that a correct style of language was a means of good; and he would have language studied, that those who preached might attract people to listen to divine truth. He often said that he would give no advantage to the enemy of mankind and the Church—not even the advantage of graceful speaking and elegant writing. He claimed all that was beautiful, and all that was great, and gave all to God.

All this time the Roman college was supported chiefly on alms. It possessed the gifts of Father Francis Borgia and of Julius III., and that was all. The alms of the faithful did the rest; but the dark prospect of war was closing round Rome, and it was a season of great grief to the Church. He who is both Prince and Pope must suffer, even in victory, for all are his children; and when the Vicar of Christ has been constrained to use the sword, it has always been considered as one of the greatest calamities that can befall the Holy See.

The preparations for war absorbed the resources of Rome and the Papal States. The people were straitened into poverty, but still



there was found something to give to the Roman college; they were never reduced to absolute want, and many looked upon this never-failing supply, from persons who were themselves in difficulties, as scarcely less than miraculous. When this opinion was mentioned before the General, he said that it would be more wonderful for things to be otherwise, because Almighty God had given His word that those who served Him should not want.

He had dispersed the members of the German college among his houses in other provinces, and now many persons tried to persuade him that it would be a wise measure to lessen the number in the Roman college in the same way; but the saint would not consent to this. They were not suffering absolute want; even in the existing scarcity of provisions, he would not fear for the future, when for the present they had sufficient, and he busied himself about the welfare of the Society, as if it had been a time of leisure and plenty.

The father of one in the Society was an architect. He sent for him to make plans for the German college and the Roman college, and to calculate the expense of erecting these buildings; and at this very time he did actually build a house out of the town, to which those who were recovering from illness might go for fresh air, and that the scholars might spend one day in the week there for recreation and refreshment.

Many people were surprised to see him spend money in building, when how to pro-

Secure food was a matter of consideration and difficulty. It was suggested to him that it would be better to lay money by to obtain the necessaries of life, if trouble should increase or charity fail. But the saint declared that the health of the least in the house was of greater value to him than the treasures of the whole world. It was his duty to take care of those whom God had given him, and he would depend upon God to continue to him the means of doing so. But his faith was to have a great trial.

Father Polancus managed the temporal affairs of the house, and had, as a part of that duty, to pay the workmen who were engaged on the building. There came a day when the workmen were to be paid and when Father Polancus had no money. He told the General, who immediately left him, and locked himself in his room to pray. When he came out, he called Father Laynez, and Father Christopher, of Madrid, and Father Polancus. "I am assured," he said, smiling, "though neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, that our Lord will not abandon us." Then going on, and turning to Father Polancus, he said, "Only manage for the college for six months—after that I will take care of it."

God immediately assisted Father Polancus. It was night, but, notwithstanding the hour, two persons of high rank, though they had no knowledge of the immediate necessity in which the fathers stood, sent them a considerable sum of money; and before the six months named by

the saint, an abundance of alms had made them free from debt. Father Olavius, in a letter to Ribadeneira says that no miracles beyond such events as these, that were every day occurring, were required to prove to them that their General was a saint.

Paul IV. had claimed the protection of France, and three thousand men were being sent into Italy, to be joined by other forces, under the command of the Duke of Guise. Then the emperor astonished the world by sending in his resignation to the electors. The empire was to go to his brother Ferdinand, and Naples and Sicily, the duchy of Milan, the "Low Countries," Spain and the Spanish possessions in the New World, were to belong to Philip, who had married Mary, queen of England. Spain, now threatening Rome, was already at war with France; and the sins and the miseries that these turbulent times produced—but, above all, the feud between his own country and Rome, seemed to weigh more heavily on the saint's heart than his feeble body could endure. The time was near when the Duke of Alba, in the name of the King of Spain, publicly asked pardon of the Pontiff, and by such an act secured to Spain a better glory than had crowned her successes in arms. But this was not to happen in the saint's life.

Illness confined him to his bed. Yet he did not give up the care of the Society. He only desired that someone might be named by the

fathers to assist him in those duties which he now found himself absolutely unable to perform. With one voice—but not till they had given three days of prayer to so important a decision—they named Father Jerome Nadal to assist the General. There was some consultation as to whether Father Nadal was to have any distinguishing title while he filled this office. But, at his own entreaty, the idea was given up. It was feared lest such an act might look like a lessening of the power of their most beloved General and Father.

St. Ignatius reserved to himself the charge of the sick. The care he bestowed on those who were ill is not to be described; every one of these labourers in our Lord's vineyard was inexpressibly precious in his eyes. He said that he trembled at the obligation of a superior ~~when~~ thought of his duties towards the sick. But it was not only the feebleness of the body with which he thus acutely sympathized, but all sorrow and any sort of misery that might befall his subjects—as if his responsibilities towards those who were ready to give up all human consolation for Jesus' sake could never be entirely fulfilled—as if he must always feel as a debtor towards those whose lives were dedicated to our Blessed Lord.

It was now, during these last days of a glorious life, that the saint expressed his happiness that, by the holy thought of those Loreto fathers who were on a mission at Macerata, the people had been attracted from an immodest play acting at the theatre to the exposition of the Blessed

Sacrament in a church which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. This was during the carnival, when mirth often degenerated into excess and sin; and this was the origin of the forty hours' exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, which is now commonly made during the last days of Shrovetide. The saint ordered the practice to be continued in all the houses of the Society. It was one last expressions of his will that was to be given to his children.

He grew weaker and weaker. It was easy to see that the time left for this world was very short. And those around him knew that the perfection of the General's rule on earth must soon change to the power of his intercession in heaven. But still there were no indications of ~~immediate~~ death. It was now more than fifteen years since that Easter-day when the first fathers made their professions to him in the church of St. Paul before the Blessed Sacrament, and he made his promise to the Vicar of Christ upon earth in the same Adorable Presence. Now the Society has spread over the world. It was divided into twelve provinces, and these contained more than one hundred colleges. Some of his sons had died in the midst of their labours, and God had shown them to him in heaven, and the crown of martyrdom had already been three times won. A lay-brother and two fathers had been the leaders in this glorious way. Learning and piety were working, not separately, but together, for the

seeds of knowledge had been scattered up and down the earth, and the Society had joined, for the greater glory of God, in the work with a success that was triumphant. They had given their best powers to the sowing of the seed, that they might have a right to reap the harvest, and give it to God.

The three things that the saint had most earnestly desired had all been granted to him. He had wished his Society to be confirmed by the Holy See, and it had been done again and again.

He had desired to see the Spiritual Exercises approved; and they had been approved and recommended in a manner that must have satisfied his heart to the full.

And he had hoped that the Constitutions of the Society might be published throughout the world among his children. This, too, had been done; and the future showed that they were to remain as he left them. Not a word dictated by his faithful heart was ever to be altered.

The saint, reviewing these things, said that there was no more to do, no more to desire—that his work was done.

Yet he would leave them some precious words, something that might be looked on as his last will.

This last will enriched them with some further maxims on obedience, for obedience was the necessity of their condition, and the cause of their success. “Write,” he said to a secretary who had been called to him—“write what

I shall dictate; for I desire the Society to know my last thoughts concerning the virtue of obedience." And he dictated in this way—That when a man entered on the religious life he must give himself up entirely to the guidance of his superior;—that it should not be a mere passive intention, but a sincere desire to be placed under such a superior as should be resolute in subduing his judgment;—that in all things, not sin, he should prefer his superior's judgment to his own.

There is no denying that this wisdom is opposed to the wisdom of this world. Even more—it would not answer in the world, supposing for a moment that it could be practised in it. We are not to think that there could be merit in God's sight in a man to whom He had given great powers of mind, clearness of judgment and force of character, for giving himself up throughout his earthly career to the guidance of a person of inferior gifts. It is true that such a man may save his soul safely by the ministrations of a priest whose powers as a man are beneath his own, because the question becomes a supernatural question, as the cause is supernatural. But for a man of great mental strength to give up the guidance of his earthly career to a person of feeble powers, would be a wild caprice, and an act of folly.

And so there are people in the world reasoning from their places in the world—from places where the teaching of the Church concerning the merits of the lives of religious is un-



known, or not understood—who cannot comprehend how such obedience as the saint taught should not interfere with a man's duty to himself, with his responsibilities in connection with those talents with which God has blessed him, and for which he must hereafter answer.

• But away from the place whence obedience is thus contemplated, and regarded from that position which the Church affords, obedience becomes a subject of no difficulty.

A religious, or—to keep close to the subject—a Jesuit, in becoming a Jesuit, ceases to be a creature by himself, and becomes an item in a great whole. He has lost himself in an idea large enough to satisfy him. In this one great act of judgment and free-will he has, at a single stroke, fulfilled all the obligations of a reasonable creature towards the Creator of ~~his~~ reason. Even the glory to himself which might lawfully have been his, from their right use, is given to the Society, and he no longer calls it his own.

Merged in a Society in this manner, it may happen that the greater mind is ruled by the lesser. But the Society has not been formed with the view of the personal aggrandisement of its members. The Jesuit knew this before he was a Jesuit; and this was among the things that won his heart. The success of the Society he has chosen is his own. He annihilates himself—he becomes, as far as in him lies, what he is told to be; he secures, as far as rests with himself, the harmonious moving of that great

machine, whose living member he is. And he secures it by his own silence—by being like soft wax in a modeller's hands, by losing his judgment as well as his will.

Can any greater idea rise within the human mind than that of a society formed of such men as such obedience makes? Has a man really lost anything who shares in such great glory? And when we think that this Society was formed, and now exists, for the one sole end of securing the salvation of souls, then the great aim proposed, and the great end so constantly secured, puts out the thought of individual rights and rewards. We can only see the one great army that the saint saw, and the universal obedience secured to one regulating voice; we see that the Church would never have benefited by undisciplined troops.

St. Ignatius, knowing how soon he should now be called to give an account of his stewardship, wished to have time for such preparation as he thought his soul required; and wishing also to mourn in secret over the calamities that threatened Rome, he thought of the country house he had lately built, and desired to retire to it.

It was July, and the heat was very great; the fathers were fearful about his going, for the house was new, and the journey to one so weak, in such weather, might be injurious. He consulted his physician, who, after visiting the house, said that he might go safely. But the saint had not been there more than a few days

When he became so much worse that he returned to Rome. Still there was no sign of immediate danger. There was a good deal of sickness, both in the town and in the Jesuits' house, and some of the fathers seemed to be more near death than the General. Laynez and Olavius were both extremely ill, and Father Laynez had received the last Sacraments.

Some of the fathers felt so sad when St. Ignatius spoke of his death, that they gently ventured to say he was deceived, and to remind him that their medical advisers did not see anything that betokened death in his weakness. The saint never undeceived them. No doubt his knowledge of the close approach of the last earthly hour was something more than an opinion arrived at without judgment; no doubt *he knew* the truth of what he said.

If he did, it must have been a thought too glad for words. Each minute as it passed must have left its happy consciousness of bringing the great moment near; each hour must have tolled like a step towards God, bringing him sensibly nearer to the sight and the enjoyment of all that his soul, with unutterable longing, yearned after.

But with the joy, how deep a humility must have settled upon that sainted soul, for he never said to any of the fathers what he knew, but contented himself with speaking simply, like another man, and saying that he was going to die, as so many have said—and he was no more believed than they have been.

He did not bid them give him the last Sacraments. He did not demand it of them on the authority of the interior knowledge which had fallen like a promise on his soul. His humility made him dumb on this point. And as neither the doctors nor the fathers thought him dying, he went to confession and received the Blessed Sacrament with the awful hour before his own mind only; knowing as he knelt how soon the veil was to be taken away—how soon the Christian's faith would be required no more—how sweetly soon it would be lost in sight.

Two days afterwards, in the evening, he called to Father Polancus, and having desired those who were around him to leave the room, he said, "My hour is come." He bade him go to the Pope for his benediction to strengthen him in his last passage, and he commanded him to tell the Pope that he had prayed for him on earth, and that he would still pray for him in that place to which, by God's mercy, he hoped to go.

But Father Polancus, comforting himself rather than the saint, exclaimed—"What, must we lose you so soon?" and then stood reminding him of the opinion of the medical men who had seen him, and of the hopes of the Society that he would be preserved to them yet longer.

"Go," replied the saint, "and ask the benediction of the Pope for another father also;" and Father Polancus believed the saint to allude to Laynez, who was given over. When he had left the room, he felt very much puzzled about

the order he had received, for the saint's strength had certainly increased lately. Vigour was returning, and they all believed that the danger of death had passed for the present. How, then, with these convictions, could Father Polancus go to the Pope for his benediction on a dying man? He therefore returned to the saint's room, and asked him to put off sending him to the Pope till the next day.\* The humble spirit shrunk from explanation. The answer was in very few words—"Do as you like."

Polancus, relieved from a difficulty, put off his visit to the Pope; and when the doctor came at a later hour, he said that there was no danger now—the saint was better. \* It was an opinion that argued no want of medical skill. There is no reason to suppose otherwise than that, according to human calculations, it was true.

Two of the fathers remained with the saint till a late hour. They spoke of some matters of business relating to the Roman college. With perfect calmness he gave his opinion, and then they left him.

That night he spent alone. It is an overcoming announcement. Alone—yet not alone. He spent his last night on earth alone with God. He had no pain, no anxiety. Ease had come to the body, and it had been to all around him as the promise of life. Had the holy austerities of his past days won him this peace?

There is a singular awe about this lonely night that knew no pain except that of waiting,

and whose consolations were such as could best be welcomed in secret.

The sun rose upon the world and lighted up the hills of Rome. One hour, and only one, remains of life to him who lies in a room which now all Christendom knows, and which is to be holy from that time.

The fathers came to him at sunrise, and saw that he was in his agony. They were overwhelmed with surprise and grief. Father Polancus, blaming himself, went to the Papal Palace, and gave the message of the evening before to the Holy Father, and received the asked-for help.

Those who were with the saint, still willing to cling to hope, entreated the dying General to take some restorative, and they say it may only be a fit. But the saint answered, that the need for such treatment was past.

He lay quite straight in his narrow bed. His face was towards heaven, and he joined his palms together, and placed his hands on his breast as one in prayer. His loving sons, with anxious hearts, weeping to think of the hour that has come upon them suddenly, stood round the bed, and watched him as he lay. He was perfectly calm; his face was unmoved, like a statue; his eyes wide open, not looking on them, but raised a little and still, as if waiting; and at last they believe that he is waiting for death.

They gazed on him steadily. They would store up the memory of those solemn moments,

the few that now remain to them, for they feel that soon they shall see his face no more.

He was very pale, and thin, and worn; but the bright eye, though it stayed so still, was full of a wonderful vivacity. The fountain of love that had quenched its wordly fire had not robbed it of its power or brilliance; and now it told that the spirit was strong that lay in the wasting body, and perfect master of itself. They watch him, and the eyelids close. He will never see them again till God shows them to him from his place in heaven; but yet he is not dead. They listen to his quiet breathings; the pulse of life throbs fainter and fainter; there is no death-struggle; no parting pang; but the flicker of a smile, like the passage of heaven's own light across that upturned face, as he says, "Jesus," and the wings of the dove are come, and God's last gift is death.

The last and tenderest gift of all. For it is to him what he has longed for with tears, and thought of with inexpressible emotions of desire. It is the entering into the joy of his Lord—the seeing Him in His glory.

They knelt by his corpse, but not with broken-hearted sorrow, for they knew where he was, and that the moment he had longed for had come, and brought an eternity of delight.

Within an hour they had taken a cast of his face. The wax model formed from it is preserved in the Gesù. As soon as the fact of his death got abroad, people going about the city, and hurrying to Mass, said everywhere—"The



saint is dead;" and from all lips, the answer came—"St. Ignatius, pray for us!"

One of the fondest hearts, and the faithfullest of all whom the Society numbered, had not been by the saint's death-bed. Laynez was so ill as to be thought dying, and now he uttered the first prayer that asked the saint's intercession for a special object. He entreated St. Ignatius to intercede that he might not be parted from him. The saint heard, and prayed; but not as Laynez asked, for he was immediately restored to health, and afterwards elected to be the saint's successor as General of the Society. But though Laynez may not follow him, he cannot wish him back. He is only lost in the body to them, and others have found him—Hozez, the first of their departed ones, devout Cordurus, fervent Faber, Claude le Jay, St. Francis Xavier, and those whose martyred-bodies have won them palms—these glorified souls, whose joy has long been full, in some ineffable way have received additional happiness on the saint's entrance into heaven. They place him in his coffin, and make his resting-place in the church, and give thanks to God.

He has been a faithful servant; he has done the work that was given to him to do. It is finished, and he is gone. He is gone to heaven, for he is wanted on earth no more.

The mind that was in him is not gone—it dwells with the Society. The spirit that was in him is theirs—his character, his perfections are

Each in his desire is like his sainted father; each has his measure of resemblance. So, some have his force, and some his sweetness, all partake of his simplicity. Some add to this his courage, the far-reaching ardour of his missionary spirit, his zeal for learning, his industry, his perseverance, his patience, and all love Christ crucified, and embrace with the heart's most willing affections the yoke of obedience. Bound together by a perfect charity, each heart burning with the same fire, the body presents one idea; and, in virtue of a perfect obedience, the General unfailingly directs the one mind that animates the Society. Such they were when the saint left them; such they remain to us now. This best tells us that he had finished his work, and that Almighty God, Who condescends to engage men to do His will, when that will was accomplished, took him to his rest.

They laid him in the church of Sta. Maria della Strada—not yet called the Gesù—and the words which afterwards marked the resting-place of his body seemed at the time few, and simple enough. But as years passed by, and still as time goes on, those few words increase in interest and sublimity. They have acquired new meaning as the Church has gone through the trials and triumphs of her allotted course; and now, when we read "*Ignatio Societatis Jesu Fundatori*," we feel that there is no praise to exceed it.

His sons, when they attached his remembrance to that fact, left its illustration to God and

His Church, and pious hope and faithful zeal have had their reward. They wrote the words, and ever since, by God's grace, and their faithful correspondence with it, they have been telling us the meaning of them.

The body of the saint has been moved; devotion has adorned the grave, and miracles have attested the sanctity of that pure temple of the spirit, and of the saint's great power above. But no change has been made in the words that were first placed over him; he is still known to us most dearly, and will ever be valued by the Church, as *The Founder of the Society of Jesus*.

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## CONCLUSION.

THE Society had the sympathy of Christendom on their loss. Religious Orders wrote letters of condolence, and, from the beggar on the church-steps to Paul IV. in the chair of St. Peter, all were sorrowing and witnessing to the merits of the saint. Laynez was well; Olavius, of whom the saint had prophesied, was dead; and as the saint's body lay in the church, the diseased were healed by touching him, and pieces of the cloth that wrapped him wrought cures. St. Ignatius was buried at the foot of the high altar, on the Gospel side. Two years afterwards, the Gesù being then building, and including within its walls the spot where the saint lay, he was removed to another part of the church; but when the Gesù was finished, Father Acquaviva, who then was the General, replaced the body before the high altar, on November 19th, 1587.

His fame had spread greatly : miracles were worked at the cave near Manreza, and in the room he had occupied in the hospital, and at the castle of Loyola. Grace fell on people's hearts where he had lived and prayed. The room the saint had occupied in the Society's house, in Rome, and the bed in which he had slept, became powerful. Bobadilla was cured instantaneously of a terrible fever, by being

placed in the bed, and there invoking the saint. The hair-shirt that John Pascal had secured was found to work miracles; the sick who were wrapped in it recovered immediately. These things went on, and twenty-three years after the saint's death the necessary proceedings with a view to his canonization were commenced. He was beatified in the year 1609, when his day was appointed in the order of the saints whom the Church commemorates at Mass; and he was canonized on the 12th of March, 1622, when six hundred and sixty witnesses made their depositions, and above two hundred miracles were offered to undergo the severity of the necessary examination. His day in the Roman martyrology is the anniversary of his death. The pious custom of making a short declaration of the saint's virtues on this day is preserved in all the churches of the Society. At this time also, those living in the institutions founded by him, assembled in the Gesù to invoke him, and give thanks to God.

So, on the last day of July, year by year, are seen in Rome the girls of his orphanage kneeling at the altar before which his body rests; and on that day the orphan boys serve the Masses that are said there. The German college still remains. Those who have lived in Rome will remember the youths, in bright red cassocks, who are the German students. But the most interesting of the things that are left to speak of him with the mute eloquence of association, are the rooms he occupied. On the

House being rebuilt, they were preserved. The room in which he died is used as a chapel, and here the Father General usually says Mass. The altar is placed on the spot where the mystery of the Holy Trinity was presented in a vision to the saint.\* The bed on which he died still stands in the room; and, in a glass case, is a figure of the saint, clad in his own cassock, and a vestment in which he said Mass. The shoes are those he wore—one foot protrude from the case, and is kissed with much devotion. The face of the figure is of wax, taken from the cast that has been mentioned; it is very fine, but death-like. The door through which the saint went in and out is not the one now used, but that one is preserved in its original state. The outer room is approached from one of the corridors in the Gesù. A few steps, with a hand-rail, lead you to a door over which is a remarkable inscription in Latin, to the effect that here St. Ignatius lived and died; here St. Francis Borgia died; here St. Philip Neri often went and came; here St. Charles Borromeo said his second Mass. In the room the saint occupied by day are various inscriptions. One tells us the place where the saint burnt and read many

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\* A large and beautiful medal, being one of those struck to commemorate this divine favour, was dug up a few years ago in the churchyard of St. Bride's, in Glamorganshire. The vision is represented on one side, and on the reverse is the figure of the saint. It was shown to the writer of this life by the gentleman into whose hands it happily fell.

letters on temporal matters, and, among them, a letter relating to the marriage of his niece, who had become the heiress of Loyola.\* Some of the saint's writing, and some of his linen are also shown.

The church of the Gesù is large and magnificent. The statue of the saint is of silver, and as large as life. The altar of St. Ignatius has been enriched by costly gifts, and is highly ornamented. The roof of the nave is painted in a manner intended to illustrate the words, "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow." The painting represents the Heavenly host surrounding the I.H.S., which is in the centre, in attitudes of adoration; a further circle shows the saved souls adoring, supported on clouds; and beyond, the devils and the lost appear to be in the act of casting themselves upon the pavement in agonies of submission.

The church of the Novitiate, St. Andrea, on the Monte Cavallo, was built from the designs of Bernini. There is on a marble tablet in the ambulatory before the church the following interesting inscription, which was copied on the

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\* A Catholic, writing towards the end of November 1853, says—"We made a visit to Loyola, and heard Mass, and received the Blessed Eucharist in the Chapel, which is formed of the room, in which the saint lay during his illness, and where he saw our Blessed Lady and St. Peter. The family residence of St. Ignatius, as it was left in the last civil wars, forms the centre of the house of the fathers.' The designs of the church were made by Carlo Fontana, in 1671.



spot in the year 1847. It commemorates, as will be seen, the restoration of the Society of Jesus, under Pius VII.

PIO VII. PONTIFICI MAXIMO  
 PARENTI OPTIMO INDULGENTISSIMO  
 SOCIETAS JESU  
 POST DIVERSAS CLADES IN PRISTINAM DIGNITATEM  
 NUNC EIVS RESTITUTA  
 AD MEMORIAM TANTÆ BENEFICENTIÆ  
 DEDICAVIT  
 PRID. KAL. DEC. AN. M. D. CCC.XIII.  
 QVO ILLE DIE  
 NOVOS IGNATI CONDITORIS ALUMNOS  
 AUSPEX FAVSTITATIS INVISIT  
 ET MAIORVM EXEMPLA REFERRE IVSSIT.

To Pius VII. Chief Pontiff  
 Father best most indulgent  
 the Society of Jesus  
 after long distresses again to its former dignity  
 by his will restored  
 memory of so great beneficence  
 dedicated (this monument)  
 on the last of November in the year 1814  
 on which day  
 he the author of its happiness visited the new children  
 of their Founder Ignatius  
 and bade them to imitate the examples  
 of their predecessors.

